OUR DEAD.

I chanced, one sun-lit summer day, to stroll Amid the busy silence of the wood; And in the shelter of the sturdy oak, I saw a feathered pair and birdlings four, And marked their happy life.

I went that way again. The winter wind Moaned thro' the leafless boughs. Their strains of sadness chilled my heart, I tho't

The sighing branches walled a funeral dirge. And grieving mourned the dead

How sad, I thought: the happy birds are dead Their songs will cheer no more. How changed it seemed-that little house of

sticks-The life all gone, it lost the power to thrill, That now the birds were dead.

But, further musing, I remembered then That birds had gone before. And tho' I saw them not, nor heard their songs, I knew they were not dead; but happy living on In sunny southland woods

But when the winter's cold is done the oak Will cease its moaning then. It shall not thus unheeded ever stretch Its pleading arms. The birds will come again And fill the empty nests.

Weep net for loved ones gone-for summer's

Nor mourn to have them back, To want and suffer in this winter world. Let them awhile in sunny southlands live; The winter o'er we meet again,

Think how a Saviour wept a Lazarus gone, And wept for what-him doud? Ah, no! He knew too well what he would do; I think he wept that one from Heaven's bliss Must soon to earth return. -T. B. Edwards, in Interior.



CHAPTER VI.-CONTINUED.

"I have a good deal of patience, Olive," said her lover, lifting his eyebrows. "I will remind you that if we always had to stop and consider the interests of the stupid ones we should never advance at all. But I won't argue with you! It is always waste of time to argue with a woman. I have got to think and act, my dear, and your part is to trust me and enjoy the fruits of my toil. Most people would say that you had no reason to complain of your lot. Some would go so far as to call you a very lucky girl."

"And they would be quite right, dear," she cried, resting a gentle hand upon his arm. "Don't think that I do not appreciate all your energy and pluck-don't think that I am not grateful for your willingness to work for me. Only-only, I am sure we shall be all the happier if we can honestly tell ourselves that no one is any the worse for our success."

He laughed, a little indulgent laugh. "By and by, when we have reached our goal, we shan't remember the obstacles that we cleared away from our

path," he said gayly. "You talk very prettily, Olive; I am pleased to hear you express yourself so well. But later on, when you have plenty of money to spend on dresses and knickknacks, you won't sing the same song. tou will give to charities, of course, d buy things at bazaars, and patronize concerts, and that is all that can be reasonably expected of you."

He did not see her disappointed look. She had turned her face away, and was

as she pleases. I have got to think and work

"I shall work, too," said Olive, with a quick, bright glance. "I must begin tomorrow."

Michael's brow darkened. "If I had my will you should not do

anything," he cried.

"But you cannot have your will, dear Michael," she answered, gently. "You knew that I was coming here to get work; and Uncle Wake has satisfied himself that my employers are respectable people. Besides, I don't want to be idle."

Michael turned back to the books with a dissatisfied look, and Samuel Wake began to point out the merits of some quaint old engravings. Then came tea and the young pair set out for Westminster Abbey

A slight rain had fallen, and Michael laughed at Olive's enthusiasm for the showery lights shining everywhere and and the thin clouds blown by soft winds across the crowd of housetops and spires. She was silent when they drew near the abbey, and her hand clung closely to his arm. They were late, the service had already begun, and a great wave of music came sweeping towards them. The girl bowed her head and



SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

hid her tears; already she was realizing that she must not let Michael get too many glimpses of her inner self. Of course he loved her. Did he not speak confidently of the future life that they were to live together? But what sort of a life would it be?

Here in the solemn old abbey, with the misty arches overhead and the waves of music rolling over her, Olive's heart was throbbing with awe and gratitude. So much had been given already; she had been led out of a narrow world into a wide one; here were chanting voices and deep organ-notes expressing all that words could not say! A flood of feeling overwhelmed her; she was worshiping and giving thanks in her tears and silence. And Michael by her side stood perfectly unnoved, wishing that they had not come.

"I'm glad it is over," he said as they were coming out. "Another shower, and a heavy one, too. After all, Olive, it is a good thing you have your old bonnet on; it will stand wetting, and I have not seen a single acquaintance all day.'

CHAPTER VIL AMONG FLOWERS.

Mrs. Wake was ready to acccompany Olive to the flower-shop on Monday morning. Pale and shadowy as ever, gazing across the park with grave, sad the little woman was quite equal to the She did not forget Lucy Cromer, that eyes. She had dreamt of a life that occasion, and even spoke a few words "Michael Chase doesn't want you to work," she said. "But you will be all the happier for an occupation, Olive. I wish we had found something for our Jessie to do. We kept her here, mooning about the house and going for aimless walks; and so it came to pass that the idle young woman met with an idle young man. He thought she had money because she had nothing to do. Idleness is a sign of riches. If she had been a busy working girl she would have escaped George Burnett." "The wife isn't always wrong," said Samuel, who had been listening with rather a sad smile. "And the foolish father was the chief person to be blamed. It was my fault, Olive. Poor Jessie was a delicate-looking white thing, pretty in her way; and I thought she was too fragile to go into a business. George Burnett took her for an heiress, I suppose. He' believed that I could afford to keep her, and her husband, too." "You are fortunate, Olive," sighed Mrs. Wake. "Michael isn't courting you for what he can get. He loves you, doesn't he, Samuel?" Samuel nodded, and added, mentally: 'As much as he can love anyone." He always preserved a vivid remembrance of his own youth, and nothing would have induced him to meddle with the course of a love affair. But was this a true love affair? One person was in love with himself, and only wanted a wife to feed and nourish his self-love; the other was elinging fondly to an ignoble being, tricked out in a fancy costume of her own making. True love dwells among dreams and fitfal lights and shadows; but its dreams take a definite shape and come to life, and then it is not afraid to stand face to face with them. This curious, unsuccessful old man understood Olive very well, and as the days went on he saw that she suffered from feelings that were many and complicated. She was always trusting and mistrusting; doubting and longing to believe; unquiet, because the truth that was in her would not let her be satisfied with shams. Very gladly would he have toiled for her, and spared her all necessity of work. But he knew that work was good for her-that the world was good for her-that the sight of many faces and the sound of many voices would help her along that difficult, unseen path which every one of us must trend alone. She settled easily and naturally into hen place in Burridge's flower shop, and all Lucy Cromer's predictions were fulfilled. It was only with Michael that Olive was nervous and shy; with other people she could hold her own modestly and quietly, yet with resolution. The ceaseless roar of the great street soon

"But Olive may read as many verses ing her small brown curly head over the fragrant blossoms. There was always a great deal to do. Wreaths and crosses for the dead; bridal bouquets; sprays and graceful trailing clusters for ball dresses. Her deft fingers did wonders with flowers, arranging them among many shaded leaves and delicate maidenhair. The window was filled with specimens of her handiwork; passers-by paused spellbound; the charm of her fancy gave a new beauty to the fair, frail things that she touched with dainty skill.

One day some one came into the shop and ordered a spray of yellow roses. Olive was as busy as usual; but when he spoke she looked up. He was a well built man, slightly above middle height, and he was looking at her with a pair of thoughtful gray eyes, dark and rather lethargic. He had a clear, gentle voice and slow manner, in which, however, there was not the slightest affectation. Nothing in his face was remarkable; the skin was bronzed, the features irregular, and a tawny mustache drooped over the mouth. Yet there was something in those heavylidded gray eyes that made Olive think of them again.

There was a lady with him; a well made woman, not beautiful, but distinetly thoroughbred. She wore a jacket and gown of brown tweed, and the plain costume seemed to adapt itself to all the easy movements of the wearer. She too looked at Olive; and the girl's quick car caught the sentence that the man said to her in a low voice. It was something about Dante's Matilda, "who on the edge of happy Lethe, stood wreathing flowers with flowers."

They departed, and Olive went on with her wreathing. Often, in a silent fashion, she talked with the blossoms as she picked them carefully out of the scented heaps before her, and confided her thoughts

"To the lily bells tender And gray beliotropes."

And they in their turn breathed out fragrant memories of her childhood and early girlhood; of the plants that her father and mother had tended in their cottage garden; of the May garlands that the village children had carried from door to door; of the nosegay that Michael had brought her one summer morning, his first love-gift. Simple memories indeed, yet they helped to keep her spirit fresh and sweet, and cherish her old love for the humble country home that was now so fer away.

Nowadays, with all the stores of Uncle Wake's shop at her command, she spent a great deal of time in bookworld. And the books filled her mind while her fingers were busy, and kept her brain so happily occupied that she missed many undesirable things which she might otherwise have seen and heard. While she set cluster beside cluster, she thought sometimes of Perdita at the sheep-shearing, offering posies to the shepherd's guests; or perhaps of Nydia, the blind flower-girl of Pompeii, weaving her chaplets in the Thessalian fashion; or of those heavenly flowers which St. Dorothen sent to Theophilus after her martyrdom. And all the while the roar of the great world was going on, and the endless procession went sweeping along palatial Regent street, while one quiet maiden dreamed her dreams and wove her garlands in peace.

TEACHING HORSES TRICKS. Infinite Patience is Required to Accomplish Anything.

to do one's courting unobserved. The

birds of the air tell the secret; the

trees whisper it; the stream babbles of

it night and day. Aaron's unspoken

love was freely discussed by all his old

neighbors: and poor Jane's unuttered

hopes were the property of all her girl

Aaron Fenlake had always been a

men who fail to express their feelings

week, Sundays excepted. On Sunday

she belonged exclusively to Michael,

and some instinct warned her that he

did not want to be intimate with Aaron.

Yet, submissive as she was in most

things, Olive felt that a tried friendship

had its claims and that something was

due to Aaron Fenlake. It pained her to

think that Michael did not acknowledge

that claim, and then she soothed herself

by fancying that he had shown his grat-

itude and good feeling to Aaron in ways

unknown to her. But that was not

enough; she would be kind also, and

"Oh, I am glad to see you at last!"

have you been so long in coming?"

his words with a visible effort.

she must see Aaron for Jane's sake.

and a bright face.

messages.

friends.

his love.

It requires an immense amount of time and patience to teach a horse the tricks with which he astonishes an audience. Take, for instance, the finding of the handkerehief that has always surprised children since the first circus took the road.

shy, slow fellow, one of those unlucky First the horse must be taught to by look or voice. He had often scowled bite. To do this the trainer tickled the nt Jane when he had meant to smile animal on the shoulder. It made no sweetly, but Jane preferred his frowns pression at all, apparently, for nearto the smiles of other men, and in her half an hour. At last the horse grew heart she did not envy Olive for having ired of it and made a snap at the hand. won the magnificent Michael, so dear The hand was taken away and the was poor gloomy Aaron to her. Olive lekling began again an instant later. herself respected Aaron and liked him, Another snap and another tickle, until not only for his devotion to Michael but inally the horse realized that there was for the steadfast honesty that she had always found in him. No, she did not a method in all this seeming madness, and responded with a snap directly the believe that he had changed to Jane. hand approached his shoulder.

Men of his stamp do not change, but Then a handkerehief was introduced they sometimes despair. Aarou might and more time was consumed before he lose his hope but he would never forget could get it through his head that he must take it in his mouth, more time One day when June was drawing to a still for him to understand that he must close she wrote a little note to Aaron pick it up from the ground, and then Fenlake and sent it to Battersby's came the burying of the handkerchief works. She asked why he had not been and the finding it, which invariably to see her and told him that he would awakens enthusiasm. find her at home any evening in the

Here the whip comes into play, but never as an instrument of torture. Mr. Dockrill believes that nothing was ever gained by striking a horse. The whip is used only as a pointer. Three or four mounds of sand are formed, and the handkerchief buried in one. The whip leads the horse to all of them in succession, and remains by the last one, and so the horse is told that the handkerchief is there. In the same way a horse is taught to take a silver dollar and even a live fish from a tub of water, but the time required would break an ordinary man's heart.

Practically everything is done by She had posted her note on Monday, touch. In this pretty stepping that a and on Tuesday evening when she was horse does when a woman is on his sitting alone in the room upstairs, back, every move is directed by the Aaron came in. He paused awkwardly rider's heel on one side, the gentle on the threshold, and Olive rose and touch of the whip on the other, or both. went to him with an outstretched hand If he is to walk, raising his feet high in the air, the rider presses her heel into his side, and an attendant raises one of she cried in her sweet voice. "Why his forefeet, urging them forward at the same time. This is repeated time He looked at her in an odd, conafter time and time after time until the strained way. "I didn't know where you were living," he said, bringing out horse understands what is wanted. Press a tiny boot against his side while he is standing in the stall, and "You did not know? Then Michael

must have forgotten to give you my were operated by some kind of mechan-"Did you really send messages to me?" There is one good thing about a horse

he asked eagerly. "Indeed I did," she answered, "and -he never forgets anything, and he is always looking for a reward, if that rehave been thinking you quite unkind." ward partakes of the character of some-He looked at her again very searchthing good to eat. Neither will he do ingly, as she stood illuminated in the wrong after he has once learned that a evening light that touched her brown certain act on his part is to be followed hair with gold. She was wonderfully by an unusual and disagreeable act on pretty-prettier than he had ever seen the part of his muster. her yet; it was as if she had suddenly

While, of course, Mr. Dockrill's estibloomed into fresh sweetness and mate of a horse's intelligence is exagbrightness. Her altered style of dress erated, there is no question that he can had something to do with her new asbe taught a wonderful lot of tricks, but pect; but Aaron, being a man. could the man not possessed of patience outnot be expected to understand this. He shining Job's would do well not to take did full justice to her beauty, but he the contract to become his instructor .took no pleasure in it. And yet when N. Y. Recorder. she spoke again and drew him gently

THEOSOPHICAL CALENDAR. According to It, We Now Live in the Iron

Age. From a theosophical point of view the (golden age), 1,728,000 years; Tresta the gravy to remain. Drain the chicken Yuga (silver age), 1,206,000 years; Dwa- and roll in flour, season with salt and

para Yuga (copper or bronze age), 864,-000 years: Kali Yuga (iron age), 432,000

years. The total of these four ages

make one Maha Yuga, or great age, of

-Chocolate leing.-Put into a sauce sugar, two ounces of grated chocolate and about one gill of water. Stir on the fire until the mixture assumes the consistency of smooth, thick cream .- Detroit Detroit Press.

-Baked Tomatoes -- Cut the tomatoes in halves; pour juice and pulp over some crumbled bread; pepper and salt. Fill up the tomatoes with the mixture; put in a baking-dish; sprinkle with crumbs of bread, little salt and pepper, some bits of butter, and bake.-Boston Budget.

-Lemon Jelly with Banana.-Make some lemon jelly, using three lemons, a cupful of sugar to half a box of gelatine. Let it get a little stiff. Peel and slice quite thin some fine solid fine bananas. Pour a layer of jelly in a mould, then put in a layer of bananas, then another of jelly, and so on, until the mould is full. Let it stiffen, and serve in a bed of stifly whipped cream.-

Household Monthly. -Lobster Soup.-The liquor from a can of lobster, a pint of milk and a pint of stock. Heat to boiling in different vessels the milk and stock. Heat the lobster liquor, but do not boil. Pour the stock into the tureen, whisk in the milk, and the lobster liquor, salt, a speek of cayenne and a grating of nutmeg. Whisk thoroughly and serve .-Ladies' Home Journal.

-Deviled Biscuit .- Make two tablespoonfuls of butter very soft, and stir into it one teaspoonful of mixed mustard and about one-tenth of a teaspoonful of cayenne. Spread this on six thin water crackers or eight Saltenas, putting a thin coating on both sides of the cracker. Place in the toaster and hold over the fire until brown on both sides. Serve hot with cheese.-Good Housekeeping.

-The suggestion is offered by a clever needle-woman that a better stocking darner than the wooden or porcelain egg or polished solid cup is a discarded slipper sole, or rather the sole of a discarded slipper, for the two should remain united. This inserted in the stocking offers a smooth and more available surface for stretching the hole over than any other .- N. Y. Times.

-Roasting Coffee.-Many people grind their coffee but do not rokat it, and if it is bought in large quantities the delightful aroma that always attends one of his forefeet will go up as though it freshly roasted coffee is in time lost. If the cook will place in the oven each morning, for a few minutes before grinding, the quantity she is to use, the same result may be obtained as if it were freshly roasted .- Food.

-For burns take equal parts of linseed oil and lime water mixed and poured over the burn. A cotton or linnen cloth wrung out of the mixture and laid upon the wound. If this preparation is faithfully used it will be found to remove pain and give a great deal of comfort. Pure glycerine is a most excellent remedy also. When first ap-plied it causes smarting, but this soon ceases and the actual pain from the burn is much relieved. Glycerine is said to favor rapid healing. The sooner it is applied after the accident the quicker good results will be obtained. —Fried Chicken, — To prepare the chicken, dress and wash thoroughly; cut up the usual way, put into boiling water to cover it and boil until tender,

four ages are as follows: Sata Yuga then remove from the vessel, allowing

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

was to be lived with him-a life full of of encouragement to her companion. deep meaning and brave effort, a life that was not made up of show and selfseeking. Perhaps she had not counted much on enjoyment; her pleasures had been simple and few, and all her ideas of happiness were centered in him. But she had pictured them as working together, not for themselves only, but for others' welfare also, and in a dim way she had realized that if we want to know what kind of life we are living, we must look for its reflection in the lives around us.

"I suppose I need not caution you." he said after a brief silence; "but it is important that no one should be told anything about my plans. Don't discuss my affairs with your uncle Walke; he is a man with whom I can't sympathize, a man who has wasted his capacities in an absurdly unreasonable way.'

"Of course I won't tell him anything, Olive answered; "but I wish you liked him better, Michael, for I already love him."

"Love is a valuable article and ought not to be given away in haste," said Michael with one of his indulgent smiles. "But as you are to live under his roof, it is well that you don't find him unendurable. You will have a feast of books, little woman. Ah, that pleases you!"

She looked up with all the light of youth and joy in her beautiful face. "It seems," she said, "as if I should

never get to the end of all my delights. Are you going to take me home now? Well, Michael, we must go to church this evening."

"To satisfy you, I suppose we must," he replied. "You women seem to think that you can't keep good without going to church."

He was very kind and gracious as they went homeward, and told her the names of the streets, pointing out objects of interest with untiring good nature. The Wakes did not ask where they had been. Samuel Wake's own face brightened when he saw that his niece looked happy. And then came the Sunday dinner, and afterwards a pleasant afternoon spent in a larger sitting-room upstairs; and Olive and Michael turned over piles of books to their hearts' content. The shopkeeper sold second-hand volumes as well as new ones, and Olive liked the old books best of all. She was a little disappointed when Michael said that he never read any poetry nowadays.

"You used to like some of the verses in my "Christian Year,'" she said regretfully; "I have heard you repeat them."

"Very likely; but I have outlived all the poetry of life. That only comes to us at the beginning of the journey," he answered

"And at the close," said Uncle Wake. "Well, I'm not near the close yet." ceased to be confusing. She sat steadily Michael spoke with high good humor. at her work behind the counter, bend-

dear friend who had once sat in this very place, busy with the same dainty work that she was doing now. Little as Olive knew of Lucy's story, she had guessed at some of its details, and felt that a weary, passionate heart had throbbed over the flowers in those days. Why had life been made so bitter to Lucy, and so sweet to Olive herself? Why had the one been taken and the other left? This bright girl, young and undismayed, thought pityingly of her who had leant upon a broken reed, and rejoiced proudly in the trusty staff that supported her own footsteps. The time of loneliness and desertion was nigh at hand; but she was happy and confident still.

Nothing of importance happened in these days of early summer, while Olive sat wreathing flowers in the Regent street shop. The routine of her business life was seldom broken. One



IN BURRIDGE'S FLOWER-SHOP

customer, who had ordered the spray of vellow roses, came in and wanted more. He seem to require a great many bouquets and sprays, and sometimes the oung lady in brown tweed came with him, but more often he was alone. The flowers were packed in tin boxes and sent to Seaward Aylstone, Esq., Cecil street, Strand.

If Olive had forgotten the existence of Aaron Fenlake, Jane Challock's letters must have recalled him to her mind. But she had not forgotten him, and had asked many questions of Mi-chael about their old friend. She had soon discovered, however, that Michael hated to recall early associations, and his answers were so curt and unsatisfactory that at last she dropped Aaron's name altogether. Still, it vexed her sorely that she hid no news to send to Jane, for although there had been no openly avowed engagement, everyone in Eastmeon had known that Jane Challock and Aaron Fenlake were lovers true. In a village it is not easy THE USUAL WAY.

to a seat by the open window, he was

touched by the tender gentleness of the

face. There was a look of humility in

TO BE CONTINUED.]

the liquid eyes that softened him.

Perhaps All of Us Will Appreciate This

lit of Description. "Have you seen a short, stout man with a red mustache around here during the last few minutes?" asked a

stranger of a deck hand at the Camden & Atlantic ferry house about 4:30 the other afternoon.

"Yes," replied the deck hand.

"Walking nervously up and down,

of his feet with an exceedingly thick

sole, thus endeavoring to make up me-

chanically for what nature had denied

him. "How much shall I pay you?" he

asked the boy. "Five cents, sir." "Oh,

but you should have more than five

cents for polishing my shoes," said the

gentleman, tapping the thick sole sig-

said the boy; "five cents is enough. I

don't want to make no money out o'

your hard luck." The customer handed

out a coin, laid his hand on the young

ster's head for a moment, and passed

on. Who says the days of chivalry are

Is the Earth's Axis Changing?

Observations made for some time past

at Berlin, Potsdam, Prague and other

cities of Europe have shown that their

geographical latitudes have decreased

by 2-10 of a second. It is supposed that

the axis of the earth has shifted by that

the matter an expedition has been sent

out to Honolulu, which, being the anti-

if the explanation is correct. The ex-

pedition will remain there for a year

under the direction of Dr. Macuse, of

Ashamed.

"What a beautiful red that rose is."

the Berlin observatory.

over?-United Presbyterian.

nificantly with his cane. "No, sir,

4,330,000 years. One thousand Maha Yugas make one Kalpa, or day of Brahma, equal to 4,320,000,000 years. after which the night of Brahma, a period of equal duration, comes on, and the earth vanishes from the objective plane of existence. Three hundred and sixty days and nights of Brahma make one year of Brahma, and 100 years of Brahma make the Great Kalpa, a period of 311,040,000,000,000 years, after which the entire solar system passes into its night, and everything in it is destroyed on the objective plane. The "great night" then lasts for an equal period, and then a new sun arises on a new solar system, and evolution begins once

more, the Karma of the previous system being carried over to the new one. According to the "Secret Doctrine" we are now living in the Kali Yuga, the ast of the four ages, and it began nearly 5,000 years ago, with the death of Krishna, B. C. 3102. The first minor cycle of the Kali Yuga will end in the rears 1897-8. We have still some 427,000 years left, however, before we arrive at he end of our present age. The Kali

shoeblack had just finished polishing Yuga is known as the black age, the age of spiritual darkness, and during its exthe shoes of a well-dressed and gentleistence the human race pays up for its misdeeds in the previous ones.-Baltiappearing man. The latter was unfortunate in having a deformity which more American. compelled him to wear a shoe on one

NEW KIND OF A SKIRT.

It is Exceedingly Brilliant and Very Protty How to Make It.

A welcome relief from the overworked bell skirt idea is the daring innovation of a famous French milliner, and expressed in one of the daintiest of summer materials, striped moire, cream white, with lines of the pompadour colors, blue, green, and pink. The striped material is draped in a fitted tablier over a plain petticoat, ornamented with three ribbon ruches, each made of the three colors in the stripe as follows: Ribbon, two inches in width, green in color, is plaited in box plaits, and through the center of this the pink ribbon, half an inch wide, is plaited and overlaid in turn by the blue, still narrower. The single row of stitching through the middle leaves the loose full edges to flutter out in a soft frev-frou of color. Through the center of this much in space, and in order to settle tablier the stripes meet in a succession of mitred points, which continue up into the bodice. A tight-fitting jacket of rich lace covers the bodice in the back podes of Central Europe, will show an and slopes back in front, exposing a equal change in the opposite direction girdle of the plaited ribbon. Full sleeves finish at the elbow with broad lace ruffles over undersleeves of lace. The train, cut in the conventional lines, is finished on the underside with a ruch of ribbons, which makes a pretty effect when the gown is lifted up in walking. "Yes-it's probably blushing at the price they ask for it."-Life. -N. Y. Sun.

and roll in flour, season with salt and pepper. Place in a hot frying-pan a lump of butter, into which you place the chicken, frying it to a nice brown and turning it often. Have a flat dish in the oven which will be warm to receive the chicken when done. To make the gravy use the liquid the fowl was boiled in, put it into the frying pan and thicken with a teaspoonful of flour and season with pepper and salt; pour a lit-tle over the chicken and garnish with celery leaves.-N. Y. World.

DISHONEST PRACTICE.

The Way Many Men Justify Unprincipled Dealings,

A few years ago a well-known financier died in New York. His family were overwhelmed with grief. He had been faithful and tender husband and father. The servants of his household stood sobbing around the door of his chamber when he was dead. He had been always, they said, kind and just to

When the estate was settled there was not the claim of a penny against it from any tradesman. Butcher, baker, all persons whom he employed, had been paid cash day by day.

One of his maxims had been, "It is dishonest to owe a poor man for his labor. That is his capital. Pay him cash or allow him interest."

Yet this man, who in his individual dealings was scrupulously honest and kind, had gained his fortune by shrewd, remorseless management of a great corporation that controlled a monopoly, and fattened on the necessities of the people. The public was preyed upon by the monster as by some ravenous beast, and a whole community suffered that it might grow rich and powerful.

This man used to try to answer the reproaches of his conscience by saying, with a laugh:

"I am not personally responsible. I keep my own hands clean. You must not look for a soul or conscience in a corporation."

His peculiar moral blindness is common disease, and his method or reasoning a popular one.

Corporations, firms, town councils even school committees will be guilty of unjust, cruel and sometimes dishonest acts from which the individual members would turn with indignation in a private transaction. A merchant who would scorn to cheat a customer by adulterating his goods will join a corporation in watering stock, and thus, by enriching himself, will rob every ignor-ant purchaser who may afterward be-come a shareholder.

The corporation, it is true, has no soul of its own, but the soul of each member is responsible for its acts if he member is responsible for as acts if he aids and approves them. He forgets, too, that there will come a day of reck-oning when God will deal, not with rings, or clubs or firms, but with each man who has belonged to them. Youth's Companion.