

Upon the Stair

I found a bleeding-heart upon the stair—
Some hand—filled with flowers had
lost it there.
Nor knew its absence from the cluster
sweet.
Alas it perished 'neath an hundred feet!

I found a fragile human flower one day—
Dropt heedless from a full life's fair
bouquet—
He who plucked it climbed to heights
of art.
But, on one step he left a woman's
heart.
—Lida Keck Wiggins in Madame.

AS LANK JIM SO TOLD IT

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
"Lank" Jim, as they called him, had been driving a hack in Southern Arizona for fifteen years, and when I took my seat beside him he knew I wanted information or entertainment. But we were ten miles on our journey before he even opened his lips.

It was a relief to me when he finally turned towards me, and asked whether I had ever been over the road before. "If you haven't," said he, "just take a squat at that cabin."

As we drew near the structure I observed it closely. "Rather out of proportion, I should say, for a log cabin. In fact it is entirely too high."

"That's it, that's it! Why, I have pointed out that cabin, to men with eyes, and yet, when it came to noticing anything unusual about it, they were blind as bats, and to them it's just a pile of logs; but you see things. I'll tell you now that when we round the hill and look back, like as not, you'll see a mighty different looking building standing on that spot. Some see just the cabin, as I said before, but you'll see more. I can't explain it and don't try. Of course I know a mirage belongs to the desert, but I reckon this one strayed and couldn't find the way back. This country's near enough like a desert to deceive a mirage anyhow."

"As you say, that cabin is too high, but I have seen it when it was low, so low that a man would have to crawl to get into it."

"You knew it then in its infancy. Nice climate to grow such tall cabins."

"See here, mister, I have my own little jokes sometimes, and if there's any fun in a thing I'm not likely to lose sight of it. But the going down of that cabin ain't a funny story. If you're inclined to hear and not butt in—"

"I promise; go on with the story."

"The owner of the cabin (and builder, too) came out from the East, and landed here in Arizona to make his fortune, and he was in an all-fired hurry about it. Back there in God's country he had left a piece of dry goods that he thought was worth slaving for. (He wasn't married, more's the pity). I knew, for I took letters back and forth. Whenever he got one of them little violet scented letters he was the happiest man alive, and wrote her about three before he got another. It he was expecting one, he walked five miles down the road to meet me. She had corralled him all right, and no mistake. This was a rough country, and I saw he didn't fit in very well; but he took off his gloves and went to work. He learned to use the shovel and pick like the rest of us, and it wasn't long before things were coming his way. He kept saving his pile and it did grow amazingly. Then he began to improve his cabin, like he was getting ready for company. But just then I noticed that them little violet scented letters were getting few and far between; but he wrote just the same. Finally none came for weeks, and then one day I brought him another. He read it while I waited; then as usual, he rode with me to the mines."

"Somehow his face looked pinched and white. I said to him, 'Bad news from home, Mr. Lupton?' He knew I meant it kind, for I had showed my hand. 'Yes,' he said slowly, 'and it's rather hard on me.' It seemed like he caught his breath before he added, 'She wants her freedom.'

"She does, does she? Well, she would get it, and quick.' I was riled.



"A piece of dry goods that he thought was worth slaving for."
"A woman that wants to go ain't worth holding." I saw I wasn't easing the pain much, so I shut up. She must have dealt him a bum hand, for no matter what the trump was he couldn't play. He took to roaming round and didn't work much, and began setting up the drinks. I thought then it was all up with him. He lost interest in the cabin, and drank a lot more than was good for him.

ABOUT WEARING OLD CLOTHES.

We Can Do This Gracefully if We Know We've Good Ones at Home.

"Now, why is this?" said a pretty girl who likes nice things, but hasn't money enough to buy as many as she would like. "My gloves are all worn out, so that there are holes in all the finger tips, and I'm positively ashamed to wear them, and I buy a new pair. But when I've got the new pair I keep on wearing the old ones, and I wear them then without being ashamed of them at all."

"Now, why is this? Well, I suppose it's on account of the moral support I get from the new gloves that I'm saving up now at home. The people I meet may think, just as they did before, that the old gloves are the best I've got, but I know better. I could wear just as good as anybody, now, if I wanted to, and so I trot right along without worrying, wearing the old."

"And it's just the same about anything else. If you've got good goods you're not ashamed to wear old ones."

"I've worn skirt until it was so shabby that it was a disgrace to appear on the street in it, and then bought a new one and hung it up in the closet and kept on wearing the old one and feeling just as chipper as could be. It is, and I've known other girls to do just the same thing."

"If you haven't got the things, you are miserable; but if you have got them, you can wear what you like." —New York Sun.

SIGNS OF GOOD MANNERS.

Elder Sister's Effort to Uphold Reputation of Family.

As the oldest of the family, Anna felt keenly the necessity of keeping a close watch upon the manners of her two younger sisters, lest disgrace be attached to the good name of the family. Her intentions, at all events, were beyond cavil, although as much could not always be said for her manner of carrying them out.

Certainly the provocation was great when Anna's younger sister deliberately put an entire hard-boiled egg in her mouth in the crowded steam car on the way home from school. Only a few persons saw the dreadful deed.

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"After that he left the boys alone and went back to work. His cabin was terribly inconvenient, but he

"One day as I was starting on this trip he took the seat beside me, and I said to him, 'Mr. Lupton, you don't seem to have much use for your cabin; you are away so much.' I could see he was feeling bad, and ashamed, too, for naturally he was straight goods enough. When he answered he said, 'No, Jim, I haven't, and I don't deserve a roof to cover me.' Then he looked off over the dry, hot sand, like he was looking for a oasis in a desert. It was a long time before he spoke again. 'I'm going to make some changes in my cabin,' he said quietly. 'It's coming down until there is just room enough to crawl in at the door. Why shouldn't it be on a level with its occupant?'

"Going to do penance?" I suggested.

"Call it what you please, but the cabin is coming down, and it won't get a raise until I elevate myself."

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Sunday Rest Is Gone

Sunday, from being a day of rest for man and beast, has become the busiest day of the week. So many society people live in the suburbs that the English week-end parties have become an established custom in this country, and the guests must be amused. Dinners, at homes and musicals, not only in town but out of town, have become the regulation mode of entertainment for that day. Sunday, too, is the day now selected for repairing streets and altering car tracks in the business sections, which it is impossible to do during the rush and crowding of the week.

The old-fashioned Sunday has disappeared—that slow, easy-going day of rest and family reunion, when church and a good, solid dinner were the only distractions, and Sunday papers were of small import. Simple pleasures, and yet how restful!

The city's growth and the opening of new and convenient routes by the trolleys are in a great measure responsible for the change, and the truthful excuse is given that Sunday is the only day that one is free to visit. But have the majority of this excursionists been to the beach? The Pilgrim Fathers have to say if they saw the very vanities they had turned from in the Old World becoming daily more established in the New? Think of the austerity of the Puritan Sunday—the

long journeys to church, the long, tedious services—and it cannot be wondered at that a reaction should ensue.

Then came the Sundays of the last century—the Sundays when the breakfast was deferred to an hour later than on week days. Oh, the luxury of that extra hour's sleep! The regulation Sunday breakfast of hot bread or griddle cakes, and the haste to be ready in time for church, for to church or meeting one must go, unless able to give some plausible excuse. The children all went to church, too, in those days, and if the sermon seemed endless and far beyond the comprehension of such youthful listeners there was always the compensation of dropping the bright penny on the collection plate, or watching poor old Mr. Blank nodding gently and waking with a start at regular intervals.

Sacrilegious amusements without doubt, but compensating in a measure for the penance of sitting still, which is so irksome to the young! How much the children enjoyed being allowed to keep on their best clothes in honor of the day! Light literature was tabooed, only to make it more enjoyable during the week, and there was the solace of knowing that if story books were forbidden, lessons, too, were laid aside. Childish and simple this sounds now, yet how restful that Sunday routine in modern ears!

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