

### GRANDMA.

When grandma puts her glasses on  
And looks at me—just so—  
If I had done a naughty thing  
She's sure, somehow, to know.  
How is it she can always tell  
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,  
'Tis written in your eye!"  
And if I look the other way,  
And turn and seem to try  
To hunt for something on the floor,  
She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on  
And look in grandma's eyes,  
Do you suppose that I should be  
So very, very wise?  
Now, what if I should find it true  
That grandma had been naughty, too?

But ah! what am I thinking of?  
To dream that grandma could  
Be anything in all her life.  
But sweet and kind and good!  
I'd better try myself to be  
So good that when she looks at me  
With eyes so loving all the day  
I'll never want to turn away.

### MOLLIE'S DOUBLE.

If a man ever loved a woman—faithfully and with all his heart—I loved Molly Toppington just as truly. It had only been a matter of a couple of months since she had promised with the sweetest and most becoming of blushes to be mine for good and all, and I was the happiest beggar on earth until one day I received orders from the head of the firm with which I was connected to go to New York and attend to some business there which would keep me away from Boston for three weeks. Three long, miserable weeks without Molly. The thought was unendurable, but it had to be endured, nevertheless. For although I was getting along very well in my chosen profession, that of architecture, my fortunes were largely dependent upon the well-known firm which employed me, and naturally I was compelled to do their bidding. So I broke the news as gently as possible to Molly, comforting her as best I could with the assurance that three weeks were not so long after all, and that some day there would be no separation at all for us. Dear little girl, she was almost heart-broken, but she had a brave spirit, and she smiled at me so lovingly and sweetly through the tears which glistened in her dark eyes that I felt almost



SO I PULLED MYSELF TOGETHER WITH A JERK.

tempted to throw my position over and stay by her. However, I concluded that such a course would be extremely foolish, if not altogether unfair to Molly, whose future was concerned as well as my own, and accordingly I summoned up all my courage for our parting.

"Mollie, sweetest," I said, "I wish so very much we could go together—but we can't—can we?"

"No, Dick, but you will write to me, won't you—every day?"

"Yes, darling—twice a day."

"Good-by, sweetheart."

"Good-by, Dick, dear."

And so we parted. And her image haunted me all through my journey and seemed to speak to me all the next day, although I was busy every minute of it with plans and estimates and calculations. When the day's work was over it was worse than ever, and I started to walk down Broadway, the bluest, loneliest and most pitiable object on earth, when by one of those strange dispensations of Providence I ran plump into Harvey Gaskell, my old chum at Harvard.

"Well," he cried, "of all the long-faced, God-forsaken-looking individuals you are the worst. Have you lost your last friend, or what other catastrophe has overtaken you?"

I felt somewhat ashamed of the cause of my down-heartedness being discovered. So I looked up with a forced smile and tried to answer him lightly. I remembered suddenly that I had neglected to write to Harvey to tell him of my engagement, and he probably knew nothing of it. I would wait, therefore, until a more suitable occasion to announce it to him, as I felt sure he would rally me on my remorseful state.

"I'm all right," I answered. "Can't a man pull a long face for his own amusement without his friends making remarks?"

"You can't pull any more to-night, anyway," said Harvey. "I'm going to take you home with me, and you shall meet the jolliest little girl in New York. You will like her, I am sure. She is just your sort."

I looked at Harvey suspiciously and questioningly. I knew he had no sisters and lived alone with his widowed mother.

"Oh, no," he laughed in answer to my look. "You're wrong there. Not this time, old chap. She is just a little cousin we have only just discovered, and mother is very fond of her. That is all I haven't been affected yet, and I guess I will not be."

What could I do? I didn't care a straw to meet the "jolliest little girl in New York." There was only one "jol-

liest little girl" for me, and she was in Boston. But if I refused Harvey would be offended, and when he found out that I was engaged he would think me a love-sick chump. Besides, what was the harm? Mollie herself, the dear, unselfish creature, would be only too glad to have me pass my evening in pleasant company. I could not have her, and there was no use making myself more miserable than I need be. So I determined to go home with Harvey.

I wanted to have a long talk with him over college days, and as for the "jolliest little girl in New York" why—she could take care of herself.

After a brief talk we arrived at Harvey's home, a cosy little house in East Fifteenth street, and I waited in the drawing-room while Harvey went in search of his mother. She came in almost immediately, a handsome, white-haired woman, whom I remembered very well from college days. I used to be quite a favorite of her's and she welcomed me very warmly.

"Yes, Mollie is home," she said in answer to a question of Harvey's. "She will be down presently."

Mollie! I started at the name, but recovered myself immediately. It was not such a very uncommon name, but it was a little singular that Harvey's cousin should be a Mollie, too. We chatted together all three of us for a few minutes, and then there was a rustle of skirts in the hall and Harvey's little cousin stood in the doorway.

For a moment I thought my brain had been suddenly affected. Harvey arose from his chair, but I kept my seat and clinched my hands in the effort to regain my senses. Standing there in Harvey Gaskell's drawing-room door—the "jolliest little girl in New York"—was Mollie, my Mollie Toppington—or else my eyes deceived me. It takes a long time to tell it, but a hundred thoughts passed through my mind in the instant she was standing there. Then the truth or what seemed to be the truth, flashed across me—that it was simply a wonderful resemblance intensified by my love for Mollie, and that the wish was father of the thought. So I pulled myself together with a jerk and managed to exchange the usual commonplace of an introduction. But I could not take my eyes off her for an instant, and I finally detected Harvey looking at me in a most amused manner.

It has often occurred to me as strange that among so many million people there should not be some who are more alike as to features and form. It would seem to be the merest chance that nature does not create more duplicates than she does, for after all we must all have the same features, the indispensable nose, eyes, mouth, and so on, and the mere fact of one nose being Roman or retroussé and a pair of eyes being blue or brown and a mouth being large, small, ugly or pretty—these things are mere accidents, and I have often wondered that people should differ as much as they do. I was not prepared, however, to find an example of my theory in the person of a duplicate to Mollie Toppington, for surely she and this other Mollie, who was introduced to me as Miss Forsythe, were duplicates.

I could scarcely eat a mouthful of dinner for watching her across the table. She had Mollie's brown hair precisely, and it was done up just as Mollie does hers, even down to the little escaping ringlet that fell over her tiny ears. Her eyes were dark and had the same soulful expression as Mollie's—and her mouth had that same indescribable droop and fullness to it which made me want to kiss it, until I suddenly remembered that she was not Mollie—my Mollie.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like a gown I had seen Mollie wear half a dozen times. It was terribly bewildering. I did not know what to make of it all, and I answered when spoken to quite at random. I detected Harvey and his mother glancing at each other in an amused way. They must have thought me terribly and suddenly smitten with Mollie Forsythe. Once or twice I was tempted to explain



I MADE LOVE FAST AND FURIOUS.

my state of mind and ask them for a solution of the mystery, but I refrained from doing so because I thought it would sound foolish. Probably the resemblance would not be nearly so wonderful to anyone other than myself.

After dinner we went into the drawing-room, and Miss Forsythe went to the piano to play. Even here the wonders were not to cease. As soon as she touched the keys I thought how much her touch resembled Mollie's—Mollie Toppington, and when she began the first few bars of a serenade, a dreamy thing that was my Mollie's favorite, I gave the whole mystery up as a bad job, and then and there a very strange thing happened. I blush to relate it, even now, but I went over to the piano to turn her music for, and in the intoxication of her presence I forgot the very

existence of Mollie Toppington, of Boston, while I made love fast and furiously to Mollie Forsythe, of New York.

She seemed a little surprised first when I spoke to her in tones of undoubted admiration, throwing all the meaning I could into my commonplace. But on the whole she took it very well, and in the brief time during which she was playing over a lot of tender melodies and I was whispering sweet nothings into her ear, we became to all intents and purposes lovers. And it was not until, with a start, I remembered that it must be growing late and took my leave—not until I had emerged into the street—that I thought of Mollie Toppington, of Boston, and of what a miserable creature I had been to her. The very thought of my conduct filled me with the deepest shame, and I actually blushed at my own duplicity. How could I ever look Mollie—my Mollie—in the face again? For now I had loved Mollie Forsythe! I knew that I only loved Mollie Toppington, and I longed to see her and speak to her as only a true lover may. What a pita-



I TURNED AND FLED.

ble specimen of a true lover I was! My brain reeled with perplexity. Yet surely the situation had extenuating circumstances. Although for a time I had completely forgotten Mollie Toppington and made love to Mollie Forsythe, I should never have given her a second thought had she not so wonderfully resembled my Mollie. In fact, to all intents and purposes, she was my Mollie. I honestly do not believe I could have told them apart. I do not expect people to believe this statement, but it is true nevertheless. I could only partly justify my conduct by assuring myself that I had been under the delusion that it was really Mollie Toppington, but I felt in my heart of hearts that such an explanation would hardly be satisfactory to Mollie herself—and, besides, there was Mollie Forsythe to be considered. I have always hated male flirts—even when they were free and had the right to indulge—and it would have been putting it very mildly to have called my conversation with Mollie Forsythe a flirtation. I thought of everything, even suicide—for I felt that I had proven myself unworthy of Mollie Toppington, but I didn't do anything quite so rash.

Instead I determined to forget Mollie Forsythe and that evening at the Gaskells as completely as if it had never been, and by rigorous self-denial and self-sacrifice for her sake to atone to Mollie for the deviation from faithfulness to her, of which I hoped she would never know. Comforted somewhat by these high resolves, I sought my hotel and was soon lost in dreams of Mollie Toppington, of Boston—the only Mollie I ever really loved.

I wrote to Mollie the first thing the next morning as cheerful a letter as I could under the circumstances, for I knew the dear girl missed me terribly, and I would have given a good deal for a sight of her. Then I started out to attend to my business. When evening came I was bluer and lonelier than ever. Oh, for five minutes talk with my Mollie! Was ever a lover so unhappily placed? I walked aimlessly up Fifth avenue, hoping to find some diversion in watching the throng of people, the fashionable hurrying home to dinner and the working people returning from their day of labor. Suddenly my heart gave a great thump and I rushed forward to meet my Mollie—then I remembered that it was not my Mollie, but Mollie Forsythe, of New York. She seemed very glad to see me, though, and in an instant the same shameful thing had happened again—I had forgotten Mollie Toppington, of Boston, in the presence of Mollie Forsythe. Oh, the pity of it!

In a few short minutes I had spoken words which I would have given half of my life to recall. As we walked slowly toward the Gaskells I told Mollie Forsythe that I loved her—that it was a case of love at first sight, and that I could not live without her—that she must promise to be mine some day; to try to learn to care for me then if she could not now. When a fellow makes love for the second time he learns how to go about it, and I don't think I said a word to Mollie Forsythe that did not carry weight. But never one word did I say of Mollie Toppington, of Boston. We parted at the Gaskells' door, or rather just within it. For Mollie Forsythe had promised and I had gathered her into my arms and pressed a kiss upon her warm, red lips.

That night I went to Boston by the late train, meaning to see Mollie Toppington, confess my duplicity and release her. I meant to do the same with Mollie Forsythe, for I felt I was unworthy of either of them. But the nearer I got to Boston the stronger my love for Mollie Toppington became, and the more indistinct the memory of Mollie Forsythe. I saw Mollie Toppington the next morning, and the dear girl was so glad to see me that I completely forgot Miss Forsythe. I determined to write her a letter explaining the strange case, ask her forgiveness—and never see her again.

But my business in New York had to be completed, and I thought after all it would be better and manlier to see

Mollie Forsythe and ask her forgiveness in person. So I said good-by again to my Mollie and went back to New York.

To make a long story short, when I saw Mollie Forsythe I reverted to my unfaithfulness once more, and so I was for nearly a year. I was compelled to be in New York about half my time on business, and when I was there I loved Mollie Forsythe. When I was in Boston I loved Mollie Toppington. Was ever a man so situated? Was there ever such a case of "how happy could I be with either?" I was perfectly happy with either Mollie; when away from them I was consumed with remorse. Neither knew nor dreamed of the existence of the other, and the strain of keeping this knowledge from them, together with the consciousness of my own guilt, was killing me by inches. I grew pale and thin. Couldn't eat or sleep. It was dreadful.

To cap the climax, Mollie Forsythe, of New York, announced to me one day that she was going to Boston to visit her aunt who lived there. Of course I could not raise any objection. Instead I had to appear delighted. This, I thought, would bring forth the inevitable climax to the past ten months of deception and intrigue. The time had come, I thought, to get myself out of the way, and once more my mind reverted to suicide. But suicide is cowardly, and as I had sinned, so must I face the consequences, I thought, and I determined to see the affair out.

It was several days after the arrival of Mollie Forsythe in Boston. I had managed to see her and Mollie Toppington both often enough to avoid suspicion on the part of either of them so far, but I did not know how long I could manage it. Mollie Forsythe and I were taking a walk and had wandered out into Cambridge. Suddenly I felt as if every drop of blood had left my body. My knees smote and I almost fainted. There straight ahead of us and coming toward us rapidly with her light graceful step was Mollie Toppington. There was no turning back, no escape from any quarter. The crisis had arrived.

I looked at Mollie Forsythe. She was smiling a happy, conscious smile. Suddenly she caught sight of Mollie Toppington and her face became a study. Mollie Toppington was so engrossed with Mollie Forsythe's resemblance to herself that she did not even recognize me at first. Nearer and nearer the two women approached each other while I—I looked on with about the same degree of morbid interest which a helpless traveler might feel in viewing a quarrel of two wild beasts for the privilege of eating him. My strength had failed me and I stood rooted to the ground.

The two Mollies came nearer to each other. In another moment they would meet. A curious smile came over both their faces. The seconds seemed years to me. Suddenly my truant strength came back. I did not think. There was no time to think. But, acting on the prompting of instinct, I turned and fled—actually ran as hard as my legs would carry me.

The next five years of my life I spent in Japan.

### The Church of the Nativity.

We return in time to see the procession of bishops, priests, and people that is forming in the square in front of the church. Each is dressed in his most gorgeous robes. Turkish soldiers line both sides of the street to keep the way open for the procession to pass. The Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem has just arrived. The procession of priests, carrying banners and immense candles, meets him, then turns, and all go into the Latin chapel through the main entrance. Following, we are surprised to find the main entrance so small. It can admit but one at a time, and that one must stoop to enter. From the masonry it can be seen that the entrance was once much larger. The reason for the change was that the Mohammedans at one time did all in their power to injure and annoy the Christians, and even used to ride on horseback into the very church. The door, therefore, was made small to protect the church from this sacrilege.

Once inside, we see we are in a very ancient structure. Part of the masonry dates from the time of Constantine, who built a magnificent basilica on this site, about the year 330 of our era. All we can see of the oldest work, however, probably dates from not later than Justinian's time, about 550 A. D. In any case, the church is a venerable building, and it has witnessed some stirring scenes. In it Baldwin the Crusader was crowned, king of Jerusalem. It has been repaired a number of times; and once, when it needed a new roof, King Edward IV. of England gave the lead to make one. This was about the year 1482. The lead roof did good service for about two hundred years, and might have lasted much longer had not the Mohammedans melted it up to make bullets. However, another roof was soon provided.

Inside, the building consists of a nave and double aisles. The aisles are separated by two rows of columns made of red limestone. These columns have plain bases, and are surmounted by Corinthian capitals. They are nineteen feet high, and at the top of each a cross is engraved. The church is now owned by the Latin, Greek and Armenian Christians.—St. Nicholas.

### Too Inquisitive.

The young woman with the auburn hair who had come after the marriage license looked at the probate clerk in indignant surprise.

"Want to know my age?" she sarcastically repeated. "My age? Why, say, young feller, you must think you're a Li Hung Changarung, don't you?"

It requires more sense to remain silent than to talk.

### KUBLAI KHAN'S PALACE.

Marco Polo's Description of the Famous Building of the King.

You must know that for three months of the year, to wit, December, January and February, the Great Khan resides in the capital city of Cathay, which is called Cambaluc, and which is at the northeastern extremity of the country. In that city stands his great palace, and now I will tell you what it is like.

It is enclosed all around by a great wall forming a square, each side of which is a mile in length, that is to say, the whole compass thereof is four miles. It is also very thick and a good ten paces in height, whitewashed and loop-holed all round. At each angle of the wall there is a very fine and rich palace in which the war-harness of the Emperor is kept, such as bows and quivers, saddles and bridles, and bowstrings, and everything needful for an army. Also midway between every two of these Corner Palaces there is another of the like, so that taking the whole compass of the enclosure you find eight vast palaces stored with the Great King's harness of war. And you must understand that each palace is assigned to only one kind of article; thus, one is stored with bows, a second with saddles, a third with bridles, and so on in succession right round.

The great wall has five gates on its southern face, the middle one being the great gate which is never opened on any occasion except when the Great Khan himself goes forth or enters. Close on either side of this great gate is a smaller one by which all other people pass; and then towards each angle is another great gate, also open to people in general; so that on that side there are five gates in all.

Inside of this wall there is a second, enclosing a space that is somewhat greater in length than in breadth. This enclosure also has eight palaces corresponding to those of the outer wall, and stored like them with the King's harness of war. This wall also has five gates on the southern face, corresponding to those in the outer wall, and hath one gate on each side of the other faces as the outer wall hath also. In the middle of the second enclosure is the King's Great Palace, and I will tell you what it is like.

You must know that it is the greatest palace that ever was. Toward the north it is in contact with the outer wall, while toward the south there is a vacant space which the barons and the soldiers are constantly traversing. The palace itself hath no upper story, but is all on the ground floor, only the basement is raised some ten palms about the surrounding soil, and this elevation is retained by a wall of marble raised to the level of the pavement, two paces in width, and projecting beyond the base of the palace so as to form a kind of terrace-walk, by which people can pass round the building, and which is exposed to view, while on the outer edge of the wall there is a very fine pillared balustrade; and up to this the people are allowed to come. The roof is very lofty, and the walls of the palace are all covered with gold and silver. They are also adorned with representations of dragons, sculptured and gilt, beasts and birds, knights and idols, and sundry other subjects. And on the ceiling, too, you see nothing but gold and silver and painting. On each of the four sides there is a great marble staircase leading to the top of the marble wall, and forming the approach to the palace.

The hall of the palace is so large that it could easily dine 6,000 people; and it is quite a marvel to see how many rooms there are besides. The building is altogether so vast, so rich, and so beautiful, that no man on earth could design anything superior to it. The outside of the roof also is all colored with vermilion and yellow and green and blue and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite that they shine like crystal, and lend a resplendent lustre to the palace as seen for a great way round. The roof is made, too, with such strength and solidity that it is fit to last forever.

On the interior side of the palace are large buildings with halls and chambers, where the Emperor's private property is placed, such as his treasures of gold, silver, gems, pearls and gold plate, and in which reside the ladies of the court.—St. Nicholas.

### The Spirit of Accommodation.

There are few greater necessities of social life than that spirit of accommodation which is realized in mutual compromises.

Two persons may think independently on many subjects; they may have different hopes, fears and desires, their tastes and inclinations may lead in opposite directions, their judgments may form contrary conclusions, and as long as they are alone they are free to cherish and develop them as they please.

But directly they come together into more or less intimate companionship they find the necessity of making mutual concessions, both in speech and conduct.

If there is to be any peace, any goodwill, any happy intercourse, any successful action together, each one must give up something that he likes, sacrifice some cherished plan, postpone some pleasure, yield some interest of his own.

The closer the relation between them the more imperative is the need for this reciprocal surrender.

No friendship can long subsist without it; no marriage can offer any hope of happiness where it does not exist.

All concerted action is dependent upon it.

### Giants in Those Days.

Among the many queer stories related in the old Jewish Talmud is one concerning the action taken by the great race of giants at the time of the deluge. According to Rabbi Eliezer, when the flood broke upon the earth the giants exclaimed: "If all of the waters of the earth be gathered together they will

only reach to our waists, and if the fountains of the great deep be broken up we will stamp them down again." The same writer, who was one of the compilers of the Talmud, says that they actually tried to do this when the flood came. Eliezer says that Og, their leader, planted his foot upon the fountain of the deep and with his hands closed the windows of heaven. Then, according to this same queer story, "God made the waters hot and boiled the flesh from the bones of the haughty giants."

The Targum of Palestine also says that the waters of the flood were hot, and that the skin of the rhinoceros lays in folds because he was not allowed to enter the ark, but saved himself by hooking his horn under the sides of the vessel and floating with it. But the water which was directed under and at the sides of the ark, was not hot—the rhinoceros loosened his skin swimming from a mountain peak to the side of the vessel. One account says that Og and another giant named Lami also saved themselves by taking refuge in the cool water under the edge of the ark's hull, along with the rhinoceros. One rabbinic authority quoted by Gould in his "Patriarchs and Prophets," says that Og saved himself by climbing upon the top of the ark, and that when Noah discovered and tried to dislodge him, he swore to be a slave to Noah's family forever, if allowed to remain.—St. Louis Republic.

### Bundle Not What It Appeared.

A young colored woman with two big bundles boarded an Illinois Central train at Randolph street last Wednesday. She took one of the seats that look forward, deposited her bundles in the seat opposite, and waited for the train to start.

One of the bundles was wrapped in heavy brown paper and the other in a man's coat, buttoned around the parcel and fastened at the collar and skirts with pins. It was evident to the few passengers that both bundles contained soiled clothes.

When the train stopped at Jackson street enough passengers got on to fill the car. Among them was another colored woman, who sat near the door. The woman with the bundles lifted her brown paper parcel, saw what under the coat in front, and offered the place to a man with a red necktie.

At Park row more passengers got on and some got off. Among the latter, was the woman sitting next to the colored woman near the door. The owner of the bundles went down the aisle to her and began chatting. Her parcels she left where they were.

At Sixteenth street more passengers got on. Some of them had to stand up. One, a man with narrow shoulders, picked the colored woman's bundle off the seat and deposited it on the floor. After sitting down, with the assistance of the passenger opposite, he showed it underneath the seat where the other bundle was. There they rested all the way to Woodlawn.

As the train began to slow up the two colored women arose. The owner of the bundles hurried up the aisle. Neither of her bundles was in sight, and four men sat where lately herself and her parcels had been. Anxiety on her face changed to terror.

"My baby," she gasped. "What have you gone and done with my baby?"

"Baby?" the thin man said. "There ain't any baby here."

But the woman had caught sight of the bundles under the seat. Sure enough when the old coat was unbuttoned there was a black-faced infant inside, sound asleep.—Chicago Tribune.

### The Artist Was Preoccupied.

Charles G. Bush, the cartoonist who made his name worth a royal salary in newspaperdom through his drawings in the New York Telegram and Herald, is the victim of a recent story which he cannot honestly deny.

The other night he was chatting with his wife and suddenly announced, contrary to custom, that he was going to bed early, as he needed rest.

"You just run along," he said, "and let me draw the outlines of a cartoon I have in my head. I can finish it in the morning."

There had been several ugly attempts at robbery in the part of Staten Island where Bush has his house, and as he was rapidly drawing the "outlines" he heard a slight noise in the hall which assured him that burglars had broken in. Seizing a gun loaded and ready for just such an emergency, Bush swung open the door, and aiming his weapon at random in the dark, was about to pull the trigger when a woman's scream stopped him.

Cowering at the foot of the stairs was the cook, who was earnestly engaged in begging Bush not to shoot, and for the love of heaven to turn his gun the other way.

"What do you mean by prowling around in the dark?" he demanded.

"Sure and I was but coming down to cook breakfast," was the reply.

Bush looked at his cartoon, and finding that he had not only drawn the outlines, but completed the cartoon, like any other genius, he failed to grasp the situation and went to bed grumbling about servants who had to spend the whole night in preparing breakfast.

### An Early Bird.

"Uncle Dick, ain't I see you votin' twice yistiddy?"

"Befo' br'akfas' er after br'akfas'?"

"Hit wuz dinner time."

"No, suh, dat's my time fer restin' up. You's up de wrong tree dis time. All my votin's done fo' de sun gits hot!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### A Corker.

McSwatters—Hear you have great snipe shooting out near your place?

McSwitters—Yes. Why, I shot two yesterday that were as large as New Jersey mosquitoes.—New York World.

The output of coal from the mines of India yearly is nearly 3,000,000 tons.