

A Matchmaker

DEAR BROTHER JIM: This is a very nice place, and I am enjoying it accordingly. We are about a mile from the village and the road is good and Miss Laura and I drive over twice a day. Miss Laura lets me drive sometimes, but she's afraid I'll get the horse—his name is The Dook—out of the stile of driving that women prefer. And when I listen up on the lines and The Dook strikes a lively clipp, she says 'Steady, Tommy,' and then I have to pull him in. But she is a nice girl notwithstanding. She has the prettiest brown hair, and such deep dark eyes, and such a sweet way of speakin'. And they have a beautiful home. Its on a hill and you can see miles around it. From my window I can catch site of the lake thru a gap in the hills. It's a very nice lake tho not deep enuff to drown me—and Laura's father owns it. They say he is pritty rich. Mr. Rummidge—he sells books in the village and lets you borrow them for too sents a day—says Laura's father is a village Creeses. It tells about Creeses somewhere in a book and he was the richest man in the State, but I think he is dead now. I guess you must have heard about him. He was a hystorical character. I wish you was here, Brother Jim. We'd have grate times. Laura's most as good as a boy for havin' fun. There I hear her callin'. The Dook is a-champin on his bit and waitin' impashent at the cassel gait. That's the way Laura talks. She's most as good as a play actor. Aunt Emmiline says Lauras romantick. So I must close. Write just as soon as you hear from papa and mamma. From your loving brother,

"TOM."

James Thornton, rising young attorney, smiled over this epistle and laid it away carefully in a pigeonhole of his desk, whence it would be taken and inclosed with his next letter to the absent parents across the sea.

There was a long gap between brother Jim, aged 27, and brother Tom, aged 12, and this gap had seemingly drawn them closer together. To brother Jim, brother Tom had never seemed the aggravated nuisance that little brothers usually appear in the eyes of older brothers. Jim had looked with amused tolerance on Tom's wildest pranks, and as for Tom—well, there were few heroes of childish romance that did not suggest his clever big brother. And Tom had been left in Jim's care while the father and not overstrong mother went abroad for the latter's health. It was a hot summer, and Tom was convalescing from a severe case of measles, and so Jim thought it wise to pack him off to a little village that nestled in the woods of the upper Hudson, where he was sure to receive the best of care at the home of a superannuated bookkeeper of the firm of which James Thornton was the newly admitted junior member. And it was from Bookkeeper Barclay's home that Miss Laura Garman had fairly kidnapped him. True, she wrote a model letter to Jim, in which she requested the loan of his young kinsman, but before his answer could be received she had him installed at Greycrag, and in a position to add his petition to hers.

He was such a delightful boy, she wrote, and he would make the hours at Greycrag seem so much less lonesome. Saving for the presence of a maiden aunt she was quite alone there, her father and mother having gone to California to take an invalid sister of the latter. Besides she was sure the altitude of Greycrag was quite certain to hasten the return of Tommy's strength. She hoped this was not taking a liberty, but she had never seen a boy who charmed her quite as much—perhaps because he reminded her of a little brother who had passed away in his seventh year.

What could Brother Jim do? He wrote a qualified acceptance of this letter of invitation. She must promptly return Tom when she tired of him. She mustn't tolerate him if he proved to be rude or unmanageable. And he would ask it as a particular favor if she would at once communicate to him any infraction of conduct of which Tom might be guilty. "Being so very much the youngest of the family," he wrote, in conclusion, "I fear that we fail to realize how thoroughly he is spoiled. No doubt you will find this out very soon. The moment you do, kindly return him to Mr. Barclay, to be left until called for."

Miss Laura Garman briefly acknowledged Brother Jim's letters, promising to faithfully abide by all its conditions, and thanking Jim for acceding to her request.

So Brother Tom was ensconced in the Garman household, and, as his many letters set forth, was having the time of his life. At least half of each epistle was given up to this theme, while the other half was devoted to the charms of Miss Laura.

"She's just the one girl for you, Jim," he wrote in one of his dilly screeds, for Tom had become quite a letter writer. It may have been brought about by his weakened health and possibly took the place of some more boyish occupation, but it was true that he had Brother Jim hustling in the endeavor to keep up with his busy correspondent. "You'd make a tunning couple. Don't think I'm foolin'. Laura likes me so well that I'm pretty sure she would like you,

too. On my account, of course. Can't you come down for a day or two?"

And Brother Jim, greatly amused, would thank Brother Tom for his kind wishes for his matrimonial welfare, and assure him that it would be quite impossible for him to get away just at present.

And then one day the letter with the familiar handwriting was a little bulkier than usual. When he opened the envelope a photograph dropped out. It was the portrait of an unusually pretty girl. Of course, this must be Laura Garman. Brother Jim looked at the portrait long and earnestly. Brother Tom wasn't so far wrong when he praised this gentle-faced girl. Brother Jim placed the photograph on the desk, where he could use it as confirmation of Brother Tom's praises, and then picked up the letter.

"I've bin fishing for bullheads in the pool," Brother Tom began, "and cot two—and one cot me. It didn't hurt nuth and Laura tied it up with her handkerchief. Ide know about bullheads horns next time. I am sending you Laura's picture. She don't know it. I begged it from her yesterday. I want you to get it framed up nice and charge it to pa. Then when she says, 'What did you do with my picture, Tommy?' He say I'm gettin' it framed. Can't you come up and see a fellow, Brother Jim? N. b. It don't flater her."

But Brother Jim seemed in no hurry to have the framing contract carried out. The picture lingered on his desk just where he could catch sight of it whenever he chose to look up.

"Dear Brother Tom," he wrote in reply, "I am sorry the bullhead horned you. No doubt if you were a bullhead you would have done the same. I remember having some experience with bullheads myself, but there was no charming young woman's handkerchiefs to bind my wounds. By the way, that portrait you sent to have framed reflects credit on your taste. Miss Laura deserves all your praise. She is as good as she is beautiful."

Two days later Brother Tom's reply was received. It was unusually brief, but to the point.

"Brother Jim," he wrote, "I showed your letter to Miss Laura. My, how she blushed. Say, can't you come up next week? There's going to be a big church picnic. Come sure."

Brother Jim scowled darkly. Then he chuckled. What a boy! The idea of his showing the letter. What must the girl think of the liberty he took? Still, there wasn't anything really rude about it. But he must be more careful when he wrote hereafter.

Then he sent Tom a short note, in which he said it would be impossible for him to attend the church picnic.

A few days later Brother Tom wrote in a somewhat melancholy tone. He wasn't feeling quite so well, he guessed he missed his mother—and his father, too, and maybe he was homesick. He wanted to see Brother Jim; so much. But if Brother Jim couldn't come, would he send his photograph. It would be some comfort, anyway.

Brother Jim was considerably alarmed over this epistle. This precious young brother mustn't have a relapse. That would never do. So he hastily wrote an encouraging note to Brother Tom, in which Brother Tom was advised to cheer up and be a man—and with the note he forwarded his photograph.

The answer came back promptly, and it was again to the point.

"I shode your picture to Miss Laura and she liked it. She made me mad tho when she said you was better looking than me. N. b. I told her it flattered you. Can't you come up Saturday?"

Brother Jim scowled again and laughed again. Really, this scallawag of a youngster wasn't to be trusted with anything. Still, if Miss Garman had any sense of humor she must find him amusing. Then he looked up suddenly at Miss Garman's portrait, and it seemed as if a smile was hovering about the pretty mouth.

And then came another disquieting letter from Brother Tom.

"There's a fellow hanging round here that I don't like," Tom wrote. "It seems Miss Laura met him somewhere and he came to see her cos he found out her father was away. That's the way it seems to me. He's got snaky eyes and a little black mustash and he luffs a grate deal. I don't reely think that Miss Laura likes him much. But he's got such a way of smilin' and sayin' soft things. Im going to look after her the best I kno how, but I wisht I was a little older."

Two days later another disquieting letter reached Brother Jim.

"That fellow is comin more than ever," Tom informed him. "I think there must be something fascinatin' about him, cause Miss Laura don't seem able to tell him he ain't wanted here. He is in a awful hurry, too. I guess he is afraid her father will come home unexpected. He bet my life he is no good. I wish I could talk to somebody. But there's no use speakin' to Miss Laura's aunt. All she thinks about is house-keepin and hired girls. N. b. he called me a cub twice agane."

The very next day brought the third disquieting letter.

"We were out riding to-day," Brother Tom explained, "and I was gettin' in the little seat behind and I guess he didn't kno how sharp my ears is. Its like that with measles sometimes I snoop. Anyway I heard a lot that he said and what do you think? He

wants Miss Laura to run away and marry him. You ought to have heard him beg her. Ain't it a shame? Sutch a nice girl and nobody to sho her what a mistake she is making. Anyway I know the fellow is afraid of her father, cos he said as much—and somebody ought to find out about his rite away cos its Friday nite he wants her to go."

Brother Jim looked at the letter long and earnestly, and the frown on his handsome face deepened. Then he pulled a pad of blank telegraph messages from a drawer.

They are waiting for him at the village station, Miss Laura in the pony phaeton and Brother Tom on the platform.

And Brother Tom grabbed him and drew him to the phaeton.

"This is my big brother, Miss Laura," he cried, with a tremor of pride, and Brother Jim found himself bundled in beside the pretty girl, while Brother Tom sat up on the little seat behind.

"We have been expecting you so long and so anxiously—at least one of us has," said the pretty girl, with a quick blush, "that it seems quite impossible that you are really here—doesn't it, Tommy?"

"He looks real to me," replied the smiling Brother Tom, as he landed a heavy thump on Brother Jim's broad shoulder.

And how delightfully pleased this pretty girl seemed! Was it an assumed delight? He looked around at Tommy and caught him grinning.

And what a charming little feast they had, and what a delightful little mistress of the household the fair girl made.

And after dinner Brother Tom drew Brother Jim away from the lovely presence and took him for a stroll to the little lake.

"Well?" said Brother Tom, as they trudged down the shadowy pathway between the trees.

"Well?" echoed Brother Jim.

"Nice. Isn't she?"

"Very nice."

"Did I make it too strong about her?"

"Is this a confidential conversation?" inquired Brother Jim, with a short laugh.

"It is," Brother Tom replied.

"And not a word to be repeated to any third party?"

"Not a word."

"Well, then," said Brother Jim, "you didn't make it strong enough."

Whereat Brother Tom landed a heavy blow from a puny fist in the midst of Brother Jim's waistcoat.

"Good old Jimmy!" he cried.

And then it was that Brother Jim put a heavy hand on Brother Tom's shoulder.

"See here," he gruffly said, "where is that black-mustashed fellow with the snaky eyes?"

"Oh, I just made him up," said Brother Tom.

And Brother Jim suddenly laughed.

—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TIM'S JEWEL DAZZLED REED.

Ex-Congressman Campbell Tells of Triumphs Won with His Diamond.

Ex-Congressman Tim Campbell is still bemoaning the loss of his \$600 diamond stud, or "headlight," as he called it, which was feloniously "lifted" from his shirt front by pickpockets on a Grand street car recently upon the New York World.

"That spark," said Tim sadly, "was a corker and no mistake. It made friends for me wherever I went and, what's more, pushed me to the front on every great and festive occasion."

"The spark had a history to be proud of. I wore it on state occasions and whenever I went to a high and influential dignitary of the United States government to obtain a 'soft snap' for one of my political constituents. I was a member of Washington society when I was a representative in Congress and I would also wear the spark on those most auspicious occasions."

"The late Speaker Reed," continued the ex-Congressman, "had great respect and admiration for the gem."

"Tim," said Mr. Reed to me one day, 'I want you to do me a great favor. I want you to wear that diamond every time you get up in the house to make one of your famous speeches.'

"Certainly, Mr. Speaker," said I; 'I am only too glad to serve you. I thank you for this compliment.'

"I kept my word to the speaker and whenever I would get up and speak he would thank me for it."

"Tim," he said to me, after I completed my last speech in the House of Congress, 'I shall never forget the happy moments which I spent listening to you, which at the same time afforded me an opportunity to look at your most magnificent diamond.'

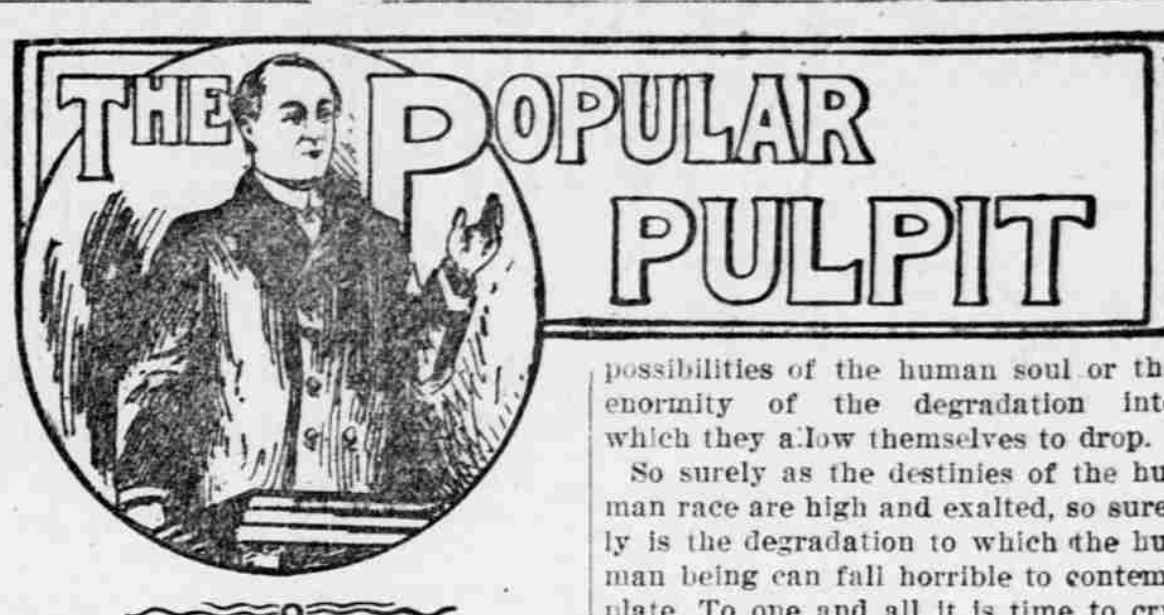
"President Cleveland," continued the great Tim, "was also a most enthusiastic admirer of my lost gem. Every time I would go to the White House to ask a favor of the President he would grab me by the hand and look at the diamond. Knowing that he was fond of the diamond I had made it my business to wear it every time I went to the White House. I called my lucky star because whenever I wore it I was always sure of landing a soft political job for one of my friends in the district."

A Programme of Inquiry.

There was a man who once disburysed Much coin. He had great fun with it They asked, "Where did he get it?" first Then sighed, "What has he done with it?"

—Washington Star.

None of the younger children can understand why a man takes such pride in telling how long he has lived in the same house.



DESIRING AND OBTAINING.

By Rev. F. B. Chetwood

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For he that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.—St. Matthew vii., 7, 8.

These words proclaim an unchangeable, universal, eternal law of the kingdom of God. They are not a three-fold repetition of a single thought. They are rather an announcement of the three successive stages in the upward progress of the one law of desiring and obtaining. These steps are not interchangeable. Seeking is not knocking. Knocking is neither asking nor seeking. Asking is desire; seeking is desire in action; knocking is active desire concentrated upon a definite purpose and plan.

The words of the text are, we believe, not the language of a "character" in fiction, but an utterance of Jesus Christ. Two of their most impressive qualities are their unquestioning confidence and their unlimited scope. There is no suggestion in them of doubt of the reality of the law; no hint of a limit to the law in time, or in space, or in the nature of things. Ask, seek, knock, at any time, anywhere, and for anything, and you shall receive, you shall find, it shall be opened to you. Painful or pleasant, good or what is thought to be evil, what you wish for, what you look for, what you work for you shall have.

The lesson of the reality and the universality of the law of desiring and obtaining is hard to be learned. Like other hard lessons of human life, this is to be learned only by experience. Man gets opinion and belief from observation. Experience alone brings knowledge. When one has seen the fulfillment of a law of God's kingdom in his own life he knows that the law is real. This is the foundation of his faith in the law and in the God expressed in the law. His faith, too, is the real faith, which results from real understanding, which grows out of real knowledge acquired by man in his own individual experience. No argument can shake such faith. No denial can destroy it. Once attained, it is immortal.

It would seem that this kind of knowledge was the foundation of the faith of Jesus Christ in the reality and the universality of the divine law of desiring and receiving. He believed that the law was real and unlimited, because he saw and felt its operation in the concerns of his own holy life. He knew that what he asked was being given to him; that he was finding what he sought; that the doors at which he knocked were opened to him. He lived to do good to others; he desired, he attempted, he planned, to do good to them, and the sick were made well, the lame walked, the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb talked, lepers were healed, the dead were raised, and broken hearts were mended. How could he question the universality of the law when he found that whatsoever good he determined to do, and whosoever and wheresoever he determined to do it, the good was done? This was actually receiving what he asked, finding what he sought, the opening of the doors through which he purposed to pass!

From the point of view of human experience there was nothing peculiar in the earthly existence of Jesus Christ. Tested at all points as all humanity is tested, Jesus found what all humanity finds—the knowledge that results from experience, the understanding that accompanies knowledge, the power, the faith, the love that come from understanding. He came into this world a baby groping after power, with almost aimless hands. At the end of his experience on earth he went out from his cross the God-man, imbued with all power in earth and in heaven. Because we believe that the faith of Jesus in the reality and the universality of the law of desiring and obtaining was an outgrowth from his experience and that his experience was in no essential particular peculiar to himself, we believe the law to be as real for all as it was for him, as real for ourselves as it is for all others. More than this, we ourselves grow into actual faith in the reality of the law, because we find it fulfilled in our own experience, whether in the good which we have desired to do or in the mistakes which we have undoubtedly made.

Whatever we may be doing, therefore, wherever we may be doing it, we will have faith that God gives to those who ask and seek and knock, and that if we desire them and seek them and knock for them we shall receive in due time—that is, in God's good time, all good things—all the knowledge, all the understanding, all the wisdom, all the power, all the faith, and all the love of which humanity is capable!

NEED FOR CLEAR THINKING.

By Prof. Edward A. Ott.

There is no conviction that leads to charity so quickly, nor one, perhaps, that is nearer the truth in explanation of the lives that people are living than that they simply do not understand the

possibilities of the human soul or the enormity of the degradation into which they allow themselves to drop.

So surely as the destinies of the human race are high and exalted, so surely is the degradation to which the human being can fall horrible to contemplate. To one and all it is time to cry out for clear thinking, for a definite definition of life terms, for a measuring of plans and purposes, for learning this art of Christian thinking, for finding one's place in the crowd and knowing what badge one wears. The Christian needs to learn how to think of others, how to think of himself, and what to think of his work.

STRANGERS AND SOJOURNERS.

By Rev. T. W. Wood.

We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers.—1 Chron. xxix., 15.

When David's long and eventful lifetime was drawing to a close, with much to look back upon with thankfulness, and with much also to contemplate with regret, the aged king declared that, after all, we on earth are but strangers and sojourners. If, then, one so exalted as David was, who had passed through so many eventful periods of life—who had done so much for God and for his own people, in spite of his shortcomings—if King David, who had left so much behind him to tell of his greatness, his power, and his might, showing that he had really lived to accomplish mighty purposes—if David could say truly, when all was nearly over, "We are strangers and pilgrims," surely we should consider, now we are passing through the world, as he once did, that we also are strangers here, only going through the world as if we were on a pilgrimage. And yet how few seem to realize what they know well is a plain and straightforward fact, one there is no denying, though much attempt at evading, or at least an attempt to persuade ourselves that our sojourning here is far from being nearly over, and that our pilgrimage has not nearly reached its termination. Yet strangers and sojourners we are, and so we must remain to the end of life in this world.

We use the word "strangers" in common talk in different ways; or, perhaps, I should say, with different meanings. We talk of people as "strangers" at one time; but they do not remain strangers always—e. g.: when a lad first leaves home and goes out into the world he is a stranger among the people where his lot is cast; but in course of time and by degrees he finds out that he knows them and they know him. Then he is a stranger no longer. Again, a man who is traveling in a foreign country, knowing imperfectly the language of the people, unaccustomed to their mode of life, and feeling strange at sights and sounds with which he is not familiar, is, indeed, a stranger in a strange land; but supposing he remains there for some years, by degrees the strangeness wears off, and at length he feels at home where once he seemed to be much out of place. So he is a stranger no more. Or, again, let us imagine another case. Take an enterprising traveler who, burning to make discoveries, ventures across the boundaries of civilization and encounters people and objects which are new and altogether different from what he or any one else has experienced before. Every man he meets is a savage, and every savage perhaps thirsts for his blood. With such surroundings and among such people he is ever likely to remain a stranger. And it is in some such way as this we are taught to look upon our passage through the world as being, I mean, a place where we have no continuing city, but are only strangers passing through it. At any moment we may find out this is true, for at the time appointed, not by ourselves but by God, we may have to strike our tent, and the frail tabernacle in which we now dwell may be broken up, while we ourselves are conveyed to another scene.

And we may well ask ourselves, what will that other scene be to us? We know that there remaineth a rest to the people of God who have passed as strangers and pilgrims through the world. And we know, moreover, we are admonished to labor to enter into that rest. Let us strive, then, so to do, and give all diligence, and take all heed to enter into that eternal rest when our sojourning here is over. Let us not, through negligence or sloth, come short of the promised rest. At good soldiers of Jesus Christ let us fight manfully under his banner, laying aside every weight and the sin (whatever it may be) which so easily besets us. Let us run with diligence and patience the race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Let us always remember that although our toiling along here may not be always pleasant nor agreeable, yet there will be a glorious and everlasting rest for those who have passed through the world, as strangers pass through a country which is not their home. When we now look towards this home and hope one day to enter therein, we may truly say:

Ab! then my spirit faints To reach the land I love, The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above.

It is not what he has, or even what he does which expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—Amiel.

GRANT LOYAL TO LINCOLN.

Would Not Let His Name Be Used for President in 1864.

Colonel James Matecock Scovel, of New Jersey, contributes to the National Magazine a paper entitled "Sidelights on Lincoln." Colonel Scovel, who enjoyed close personal relations with President Lincoln during the Civil War period, says that Lincoln was seriously afraid Grant would allow his name to be used in the Republican national convention of 1864. Lincoln sent Scovel to learn Grant's intentions. Scovel saw General William Hillyer, of Grant's staff. Hillyer said:

"Colonel, you can go and tell the President that there is no power on this earth that could drag Ulysses S. Grant's name into this Presidential canvass. McClellan's career was a lesson to him. The latter tried to capture Richmond with Washington as his base. Grant is as wise as he is loyal to Lincoln. Talking of this very subject, anent the expected action of his Missouri friends in the coming convention, General Grant said: 'I could not entertain for an instant any competition with our great and good President for the succession. I owe him too much and it's not my time. I regard Abraham Lincoln as one of the world's greatest men. He is unquestionably the biggest man I ever met. I admire his courage as I respect his patience and his firmness. His gentleness of character does not conflict with that noble courage with which he changes his convictions when he is convinced that he is wrong. While stating a complicated case to him his grasp of the main question is wonderfully strong and he at once comprehends the whole subject better than the person who states it.'"

Colonel Scovel took this message to Lincoln, whose comment was:

"Ah, Colonel, you have lifted a heavy load from my shoulders. I was a little afraid of General Grant, because I knew the men who want to get behind the great name—we are all human; I would rather be beaten by him than any living man, and when the Presidential grub gets inside a man it hides well. That 'basilisk' sometimes kills."

Mr. Lincoln, still pacing the room, told how General McClellan of Illinois tried to leap into Grant's place before Vicksburg, when he laid his Presidential veto on the intrigants and strengthened Grant's hands till Vicksburg was captured. Lincoln said:

"I met Grant March 9, 1864, and as I handed him his commission I said: 'As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you.'"

A Liberal Contribution.

Two young merchants who occupied adjoining stores in a small town were intimate friends. When business was dull they visited back and forth from one store to the other. Each was fond of a joke. The Brooklyn Eagle gives their names as John Bruce and "Clint" Pease.

One cold, blustery day when customers were few, Clint sat behind the stove in John's store. A young woman—a stranger—came in, and John stepped forward to wait on her.

"I am soliciting subscriptions for the Fresh Air Fund," said she.

Now, solicitors for one charity or another were numerous, and the merchants usually tried to evade their claims, since it was poor policy to refuse to contribute. So John was greatly pleased with himself when a happy way out of his present difficulty suggested itself to his quick mind.

"You'd better speak to the proprietor about it," he said, politely. "You will find him a very liberal man. He is back there by the stove."

John grinned as the young woman approached Clint and related her case.

"How much are the merchants generally giving?" Clint asked, with grave interest in the cause.

"Some are giving as much as a dollar," she answered, "but we are grateful for any sum, however small."

"John," said Clint, with an air of authority, "give the young lady two dollars out of the drawer." And John, of course, had to obey.

With Margi: I Notes.

"I have only a speaking acquaintance with jokes," said a learned man, in great humility. "I know that by the way I take them. If I don't ask to have them explained to me, I am conscious of a consuming desire to explain them to others." This tendency to fit a witicism with a commentary is widespread. The New York Tribune says that John B. Gough, in one of his lectures, told the story of two poets, an old one and a young one, who spent an evening together.

The younger man suggested that they collaborate on a book of verse but the other answered haughtily "would you hither a horse and an ass together?"

"My dear sir," retorted the younger man, in all honesty, "why should you call yourself an ass?"

When the lecture was over, Mr. Gough walked home with the friend with whom he was to spend the night.

"Would you mind?" said the latter gravely, "explaining to me the point of that story about the two poets?"

"Well," said Mr. Gough, slightly confused, "I suppose the point lies in the deftness with which the young man made the old one call himself an ass."

"But," remonstrated the other, "the old poet didn't mean that he was an ass. He meant that he was the horse."

Nothing makes a busy man quite so mad as for idle people to interrupt him at his work, and ask him for money they are not entitled to.