

TEMPTATION OF BERNARD STRONG.

THE electric light went out with the click of the switch, plunging the room in total darkness, except where here and there a faint glimmer came through the window from the lamps in the street below, and the under-cashier of Brown & Brown's sank into his superior's easy-chair with a sigh of unutterable relief.

As usual, all his fellow clerks had gone hours ago, leaving him in solitary grandeur to continue working out rows of apparently interminable figures. At last, however, his task was finished, and he sought to rest his aching eyes by gazing blankly into darkness.

Bernard Strong was overworked and underpaid, which will, perhaps, account for the thoughts that crowded through his tired brain.

As he sat there in the darkness the full hopelessness of his position was borne home to his overworked mind. What was the use of working like a slave till 12 o'clock, as he had done to-night? What did he gain by it? Money? No; he had asked for an increase of salary till his very pride stayed him from repeating the attempt. Credit? No; the head cashier had never been known to say a good word for Strong, though it was very seldom that he found cause of complaint in the latter's work. Prospects? There were none.

He had asked himself these questions till the very thought of them sickened him, and always came to the same conclusion. He would slave no more in a dingy office; he would go to the director the very next morning and give notice, and when asked the reason for so doing, would throw these bitter arguments in his face, leave the house forever and go away, away to Australia, South Africa, anywhere, so long as he was far from his present hated surroundings.

But in the morning the same despairing answer to all these questions would come as if to haunt him, "You cannot go! You have no money!" and he would again wend his way wearily to the same office, the same high stool, and go through the same daily routine of drudgery. It would be easier to bear, he had told himself a hundred times, if there was only himself to think of, but there was Kitty, poor little Kitty, waiting so patiently and saving as much as possible herself to hasten the day that seemed so far off.

As Strong sat there in the darkness, building the usual castles in the air, to be dashed to the ground the next morning, his abstracted gaze alighted on a large black object in the opposite corner of the room. Yes! the little strongroom tucked away behind that iron door contained enough to take Kitty and himself out of the country, where he could start afresh and perhaps make a fortune. He smiled bitterly at the irony of the situation; the money that safe contained was in his power; he had the key in his pocket at that very moment. Why not? Yes, why not? It would mean nothing to such a wealthy firm as Brown & Brown's, but what a lot to him! He would only take enough to pay their passage, and he would save every farthing he made to pay it back. It would not be stealing if he returned it. No; and only £20, that was all, but enough to take Kitty and himself away from this hated city and give him a fresh start in a new country, where, perhaps, they would give him a chance of showing his worth.

Yes, there were quite £20 in gold in that strongroom, and gold could not be traced like notes, and by the morning he could be safe away where no one could trace him. He would do it—do it for Kitty's sake. Half rising in his chair, he felt for the key in his pocket, but sank back immediately, guilty and terror-stricken, as a slight scraping caught his sharpened ear; the next minute he was sitting stone still, his fascinating gaze following every movement of a huge dark figure kneeling on the window sill. Slowly and deliberately the figure went to work. It produced a little pencil-like object from its pocket, it applied it to the window pane, and four distinct lines made their appearance on the glittering surface, accompanied by a slight crunching sound; now a long, thin hand is thrust through the neat little opening; noiselessly the catch slips back, and the next moment a man stands in the room, gazing searchingly round into the darkness with the aid of a bull's-eye lantern.

His investigations appear to prove satisfactory, for he gives an appreciative grunt and steals quietly toward the corner in which the iron door looms indistinctly out of the darkness.

There was no doubt in Strong's mind as to the intruder's intentions, as he sat huddled up in his chair, hardly daring to breathe, and vaguely wondering what would happen next. He was no coward, but the whole thing had happened so quickly that he hardly realized what had taken place. It would not be the least use showing himself, for what could he do against a man nearly double his size, and who most likely carried a revolver. All his previous plans and schemes were forgotten in a moment, the one great sense of duty remaining. He was responsible for the contents of that safe, would save them at all costs. Could he crawl out of the room unobserved and summon the police? No, that was impossible in that limited space, and, in

a silence that caused every sound to echo through the room like a pistol shot, it would be courting observation.

While thus cogitating on the best course to take there was a slight click in the farther corner, and Strong guessed what had happened by the repetition of the appreciative grunt—the door of the strongroom was open.

At last Strong's mind was made up, all his nerve returned, and he was as cool and calm as ever.

Very slowly and silently his hand crept up to the little brass knob above his head, there was a sharp click, and the next moment the room was flooded with a brilliant light.

The intruder was so taken aback by the suddenness of the act that for a moment he seemed glued to the spot, and could only stare vacantly at the blinding light. That moment Strong was upon him like a tiger, and, hitting him cleanly between the eyes, sent him reeling into the strongroom, there to fall with a dull thud on the hard floor. Like lightning the door slammed to, the skeleton key turned in the lock, and the bolt shot home.

Strong stood for a minute dazed and trembling, listening to the dull thuds and oaths proceeding from the room, then fell fainting to the ground. The excitement of the past ten minutes had been too much for an overworked constitution.

When Strong opened his eyes he was no longer lying on the office floor, but on the comfortable sofa in the director's office, with that worthy leaning over him, anxiety written on every feature.

"You're all right, my lad," he murmured, kindly. "You've had a nasty tumble, but it might have been worse. No, don't trouble to tell me about it yet," he added, as Strong tried to raise himself to speak; "that will wait till you've had a good sleep."

"But I must," persisted Strong, weakly. "He'll die if you don't let him out, and I shall be a murderer."

"Whatever do you mean?" gasped the astonished Mr. Brown, and then, helped by several sips at a glass of water, Strong recounted all the mysterious events of the previous night.

Mr. Brown would now trust Strong with his very life, but little does he imagine how near his money was to being stolen by the very man who risked so much to save it.—New York News.

HOW A TREE IS MURDERED.

Some Growths Are Exceedingly Difficult to Destroy These Days.

A gentleman of means living in a suburban town tells how his mother once undertook to murder a cherry tree. "I was a boy at the time," he said. "The tree stood on our lawn; it had been planted by my father, and he loved it with a parental affection; but it was an eyesore to my mother, for she thought it spoiled the looks of the garden."

"She decided to murder it secretly because she knew that my father would never consent to its removal. For a long time she pondered, asking herself how she might kill the tree without being detected, and finally she decided that she would use for her weapon boiling water. Accordingly whenever my father was away she would get a kettle, and, tiptoeing out to the tree with a guilty look, she would pour boiling water upon its roots."

"At first the tree showed no change under this treatment. After a time, though, a change began to manifest itself. My father noticed it."

"By Jove," he said, "my cherry tree seems unusually fine and hearty." "And this was a fact. The more boiling water my mother poured on the roots the more the tree thrived and flourished. Finally, in despair, she gave up trying to commit her vegetable murder."

"A florist, to whom she narrated this strange story one day, laughed when he heard it. He said it was no wonder the tree had gotten along so well. He declared that boiling water was often used on trees, as it killed off the worms and bugs molesting them."

Canada's Metallic Wealth.

The metallic products of Canada include antimony, copper, gold, pig iron, lead, mercury, nickel, platinum, silver and zinc. In 1891 the metal output of the United States was fifty-five times as great as that of Canada, but in 1901 it was only twelve and one-half times as great, and this improvement in Canada's relative position has been made in spite of the very large absolute increase in the figures for the United States. The principal part of the gain for Canada has been in gold, the production of which increased from \$890,000 in 1891 to \$24,000,000 in 1901.

The Klondike region, of course, has contributed largely to this increase. The production of iron and steel has also grown greatly in the past ten years, with good prospects of a still brighter future. In the production of nickel Canada surpasses not only the United States, but all other countries. The total nickel product of the world for 1901 was \$7,750,000, of which Canada's contribution was \$4,600,000.

A girl's handkerchief is a foolish thing; it isn't as large as one drop of sweat.

A HEDGE SCHOOL.

Peculiar Institution in Which Many an Irishman Received His Education.

Mrs. Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville, in her recent volume of Irish sketches, "Father Tom of Connemara," puts into the mouth of an old Irishwoman a vivid description of the "hedge schools" which so long afforded their only chance of an education to the peasant folk of the "distressful country," before the better days began.

"A hedge school," says Molly Mulaney, "was a cabin protected by a mountain and a hedge, and kept warm by the sods of peat carried by the childer every morning under their arms. The hedge schools turned out some good scholars, too."

"I never learned anything, but that was just me luck. I was always last, and there was only one book to each class, and that was passed round from hand to hand, when we stood up to read; and before it reached me it was always time to ate the dinners; and when we started again in the afternoon it was the same thing. Before me turn came round it was time to go home, for on account of the tree miles of a lonely mountain road before me, I had to leave airly."

"I often t'ought," she added, reflectively, "that the master might have started sometimes at the foot, to give me a chance; but I suppose he niver t'ought of it."

"But you must have learned something?" "I did. I larnt to make ten different kinds of cat's cradles wid the aid of me knuckles and a string. I larnt how many laves there was on a daisy, and how many seeds in the heart of a wild strawberry, as well as how many times I could skip to the beat of a rope widout stopping, and how long I could hold me breath under water."

"I could swim like a duck and climb like a goat. I knew where the blackest sloes and the reddest bottle-berries grew; and how to tickle a boy or girl in front of me wid a bunch of nettles that would raise a blister half an inch high, just before their turn came to read. And I knew how to run away from the rache of the master's cane when a complaint went in."

"Did your mother niver find out?" "She did, in time; but what cud she do to a cripple?"

"Oh, the master was a cripple?" "An' d'ye think any one but a cripple would sit all day long and tache childer, wid fish in the say widin a rod of him waiting to be caught, and kelp on the beach waiting to be gathered? But he was a great tacher entirely. He had the longest rache I ever knew, wid a cane at the end of it."

WAR ON VICE.

A Paulist Priest Begins a Crusade in New York.

Father Grant, a young priest, attached to the Paulist fathers in New York City, has begun a warfare upon vice in the section facing Central Park at the circle on the west side.

This is in the Paulist parish and so rapidly have disorderly women and disreputable drinking places moved therein that it has been named the New Tenderloin. The Paulist fathers have always waged an aggressive warfare upon the evils which weigh down society and, finding them encroaching upon their chosen ground, are up in arms over the invasion.

Father Grant leads in the crusade. His youth, his determination and his high standing fit him for the task. He already has caused to be arrested saloonkeepers for selling beer to minors and for keeping open during prohibited hours. Landlords who lease property for dishonorable purposes he has had arraigned and dispossessed notices served upon the unclean among the tenants. The public are co-operating in this cleansing of plague spots.

Father Grant deals only with the lawbreakers. With those who observe the law he has no quarrel. But the painted street walker must go and the barkeeper who sells beer to children of tender years, especially to girls, who are hardly able to stagger along with a pint measure, must quit his demoralizing business.

Only Language He Knew.

"We are not exactly linguists," remarked the Ellis Island inspector thoughtfully, "but we all have a few stock phrases in nearly every language of the globe—things that we need in our business, you know. We also all have a theory that we can tell the nationality of a person at a glance."

"Well, the other day the regular interpreter was called away and I took his place for a few moments. The first to come before me was a man that I sized up as being an Italian. So I asked him in Italian where he was going. I might as well have been speaking Sanscrit; my Italian never touched him. Then I tried him in Serbian and in three Polish dialects, then in Russian and finally in German and French, but all to no purpose. Just then the regular interpreter came and I said to him with some warmth: 'I wonder what—language this—understands, anyhow?'"

"I understand that, sor," he said.—New York Telegram.

Greenland's Ice Mountains.

The ice in Greenland is melting more rapidly than it is formed. Comparison of the descriptions of the Jacobhaver glacier shows that its edge has receded eight miles since 1850, and it has lost twenty to thirty feet in depth.



Homekeeping vs. Housekeeping.

The truest homes are often in houses not especially well kept, where the comfort and happiness of the inmates, rather than extreme tidiness and the preservation of the furniture is first consulted. The object of the home is to be the center, the pivot on which the family life turns. The first requisite is to make it so attractive that none of its members shall care to linger long outside its limits. All legitimate means should be employed to this end and no effort spared that can contribute to this purpose. There are many houses called homes, kept with such waxy neatness by painstaking, anxious women, that are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home-feeling from their spicily precincts. The very name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care; solid comfort. But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything else subservient thereto. Many housewives, if they see a speck on floor or wall, or a bit of thread or paper on the floor, rush at it as if it were the seed of pestilence which must be removed on the instant. Their temper depends upon their maintenance of perfect purity and order. If there be any failure on their part or any combination of circumstances against them, and they fall into a pathetic despair and can hardly be lifted out. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needful to home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war upon maculateness of any sort increases until they become slaves of the broom and the dust pan. Neatness is one thing, and a state of perpetual house cleaning quite another.

Out of this grows by degrees the feeling that certain things and apartments are too good for daily use. Hence, chairs and sofas are covered, and rooms shut up, save for special occasions, when they are permitted to reveal their violated sacredness in a manner that mars every pretense of hospitality. Nothing should be bought which is considered too fine for the fullest domestic appropriation. Far better is the plainest furniture on which the children can climb than satin and damask, which must be viewed with reverence. When anything is reserved or secluded, to disguise the fact is extremely different. A chilly air wraps it round, and the repulsion of strangeness is experienced by the most insensible.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine, from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.—Cooking Club.

Just Like a Woman.

Miss Annie Ball, of Chicago, has been licensed by the Board of Examining Engineers to run a stationary engine, the only woman so favored in the city.

She was refused a license on her first application. Then she offered to give the examiners \$1,000 each if she could not take an engine apart and put it together in their presence, but was told that was not the way to obtain the permit. She submitted to an oral examination, but failed because, she says, of the "rapid-fire" method of propounding wordy questions. Later she took the written examination and came off triumphant with an average of 84. After she received the license she was asked what she proposed to do with it. "Nothing," she said; "I only wanted it because I was told I couldn't get it."

Covering Furniture.

When you decide to make your old furniture look like new, better begin with a common chair and some cheap material; then, if you fail, the result will not be disastrous. Proceed as follows: Over the cushion of your chair pin a piece of thin tough paper, and cut out an exact pattern, carefully marking all the plaits and little nicks required to make the cover lie smooth and even. Lay this flat on your material, which must be cut out exactly like it; then, carefully rip off the gimp of the chair, brush the cushion, and, with benzine, remove any stain there may be. If you do not do this, you may see it reappear through the new cover. Pin on the new cover, taking care to get it exactly in place; then nail it on carefully with tiny furniture tacks, and finish with a gimp stitched firmly all around to hide the rough edges. If the seat is buttoned down instead of being quite plain, it is more troublesome. The work must be done in one or the other of the following ways: Remove the buttons and fasten on the cover (which must be cut larger than if it were put on plain), rather loosely. Cover the buttons, then, with a long, thin tacking needle and some strong twine, sew them in place. Or lay your material over the seat of the chair, pin it loosely into position, then, with strong thread

of the proper color, pass your needle around the button, catching the new cloth, and so cover the button as it stands, wind the thread around the cloth tightly three or four times and fasten it. Repeat this process for each button, and then fit your cover on as before. This plan is much the neater way of covering furniture where buttons are used, but you must be sure to have the buttons firmly fastened in place. A little practice will soon enable you to do the work nicely, and you will find it a great pleasure to refurbish your rooms at so small an expense.

The Woman with a Baby.

'Mid the herd of human porkers crowded on the trolley car All is selfishness and jostle, making age and sex no bar; Men collapse in seats and stay there, letting shrinking ladies stand With a look of indignation—and a strap in either hand. Yet there's one thing that, you've noticed, never fails to make a stir— When a woman with a baby comes they all make room for her.

I have sat in stuffy coaches on a crowded railway train. Listening to case-hardened travelers who declared with might and main That they'd see the railroad company in hades' fiercest heat. Long before they'd even think of giving anyone a seat. Then, ere they'd ceased their boasting, they would rise without demur— For a woman with a baby, they must all make room for her.

There is something sweet, Madonna-like in pictures such as that, And it makes the lowest ruffian feel like taking off his hat; For it bears him back to babyhood, when loving mother arms Closely clung to him and kept off 'e'en the least of earth's alarms.

So, no matter what his station, he will evermore defer To a woman with a baby—he has reverence for her.

Once I dreamed I stood in heaven, just inside the pearly gate, While to every new arrival good St. Peter said: "You're late; For the places all are taken and the harps are all in use, Golden streets are just so crowded that I had to call a truce."

Then a little, tired-out woman lugged a baby into view, And St. Peter said: "We're full up, but we'll find a place for you." —S. W. Gillian in Leslie's Weekly.

Pyrography Notes.

The wood for pyrography must be well seasoned, of an even grain, and free from sap markings and knots.

Burnt wood is especially adapted for the decoration of hall and dining rooms, where dark wood furniture and paneling is so acceptable.

A good brown stain for wood is made from three ounces of pearl-ash, two drachms of dragon's blood, one ounce of Vandyke brown, and one quart of boiling water.

In burning a flat piece of wood, burn both sides, as it will keep it from warping. Of course you need not burn a pattern on both sides, but "scrub" the back with the side of your burner.

Moss green velvet applied with natural toned sunflowers marked with brown shadings with the pyrographer's needle makes a picturesque pillow, while a cushion of tan suede ornamented with poppy design in red suede looks extremely well on a dark couch.

Beautiful effects in leather are produced by dyes and also by using pieces of colored leather. Flowers and leaves are cut from colored leather and fastened with glue to a background of natural color leather. After which the burning is done around the applique to cover the edges. This gives a rich oriental effect and is much used for table mats, pillows, opera and shopping bags, portières and hangings.

Health of College Girls.

From a study of college girls and school children in the University of California, Mary E. B. Ritter (California State Journal of Medicine, August) holds that the majority improve in health during the four years of college life, that is, those who take their studies seriously and rationally. A college education does not necessarily injure the health of women. The seeds of subsequent ill-health are shown at an earlier age, and are not the consequences of study. The causes of ill-health are mainly traceable to unhygienic living, or the sequence of infectious disease. In a large proportion of women students college life, with the mental stimulus of a purpose, improves their health and fits them to become better disciplined and more intelligent mothers. More careful observation on the part of physicians and instructions to parents would, to a large measure, improve the existing unsatisfactory conditions.—The Sanitarian.

The Wife.

What it means to a man to come home at night to a cheerful wife no one but he who has had to fight in the hard battle of life knows. If he is prosperous it is an added joy; but it is in misfortune that it shines like a star in the darkness. A complaining wife can kill the last bit of hope and courage in a sorely troubled heart, while a cheerful one gives new courage to begin the fight over again.

HEALTH AND SONG.

Breathing Lessons as a Cure for Many Complaints.

The London concert season has called attention to a discovery the doctors have made that vocalism is a healthy profession.

A quiet baby who never gives way to tantrums and tears is not a healthy but a weakly child. When his voice is raised in a piercing crescendo of screams his lungs are expanding, his blood is circulating well, and he is gaining strength and beauty momentarily. Translate the salutary shrieks of infancy into the educated singing of maturity and the net result is the same—namely, a large increase of health and comeliness.

Anaemic boys and girls are now being ordered by doctors to take singing lessons, because such persons do not know how to breathe properly and the singing master teaches them the art. Very few people utilize the whole of their lung power when they breathe, but get into a lazy way of merely gasping or breathing superficially.

Candidates for the army whose chest measurement lacks the requisite number of inches take singing lessons to increase their girth, or, if their voices lack the musical element, they attend breathing classes and learn where their respiration should come from—that is to say, how they should draw each breath, how long they should retain it, and how emit it. Though mankind must breathe in order to live, few human beings know how to breathe properly.

After the anaemic girl with the bowed shoulders and the contracted chest has taken a dozen lessons in singing her back begins to flatten and her chest to develop. Her complexion freshens, and she notices with pleasure a rose-leaf stain reddening her cheeks.

The professional songstress retains the freshness of youth into old age, not entirely as a result of the care she takes of her health and the excellent food she eats for the sake of her voice, but mainly because she breathes perfectly and exercises her vocal organs regularly. It is acting on this principle that middle-aged women inclined to embonpoint now take breathing lessons at a fashionable school in South Kensington, where waists are coaxed back to figures long devoid of them, and new vigor is given to the aging physique.—London Mail.

QUEER STORIES

Sheep draw little express wagons in India and Persia.

Persons with blue eyes are rarely affected with color blindness.

A stalk of Indian corn used up thirty-one pounds of water during its season.

Slide by slide in a Greenfield (Mass.) house is a portion of a shell exploded in Paris at the time of the commune insurrection, and one of the fossil footprints made millions of years ago in mud which is now our red sandstone. The species of bird which made the track is now extinct.

It is commonly assumed by ornithologists that every species of migratory bird breeds in the most northern portion of its range. It has been found, however, that the Australian sandpiper goes south to breed, traveling to the south of New Zealand, or as far toward Antarctic as it can now get.

The best calculation that can be made shows that the average number of children in the white native family a century ago in the United States was more than six; in 1830 it had fallen to less than five; in 1890, to less than four; in 1872, to less than three; in 1900, among the "upper classes" in Boston, to less than two.

The first typewriter that produced good results, although it was very slow, was made by a Worcester man, Charles Thurber, in 1843. The first typewriters that were put on the market were made in 1874. Since Thurber's machine was made there have been over two thousand patents granted for machines and improvements.

There are but three primary colors as pigments, red, yellow and blue. The other four colors, green, indigo, orange and violet, shown in the spectrum and the rainbow, are in art forced out of a combination of the three primary colors. All others, brown, pink, buff, lavender, etc., are based upon and derived from the seven foundation colors.

In Alaskan waters is found a monster clam, the "geoduck," one of which would afford a meal for several persons; not so large, however, as the great tridacna and its species, which weighs, with its two valves, five hundred pounds, the animal alone weighing thirty. This shell, though common in California, is from the equatorial regions of the Pacific, where, buried in the soft rock, its viselike jaws partly open, it is a menace to the natives who wade along the reefs searching for shells.

Figures on Lynchings. All the lynchings within twenty-one years, that he could verify, have been tabulated by Mr. Cutler, of Yale university. In that time 1,872 negroes have been lynched and 1,256 whites. Since the whites are about six times as numerous as the blacks, the proportion of negroes lynched is, of course, very much higher than figures indicate. Only 35 per cent. of these negroes were lynched for the social crime that is usually associated in the mind with this method of punishment. (The number of lynchings has diminished since 1892.)

After all, a marriage license is but another name for a lottery ticket.