

FROM DIPLOMA TO DIPLOMA

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER X.

It was beginning to be daylight in the city of Boston, and as the gray east gradually brightened and grew red in the coming day, a young man looked out upon the busy world around him with that feeling of utter loneliness which one so often feels in a great city where all is new and strange to him. Scarcely four weeks had passed since the notes of a tolling bell had fallen sadly upon his ears, and he had looked into a grave where they laid his mother to her last dreamless rest. A prevailing fever had effected what the fanciful imaginations of years had failed to do, and Billy Bender was now an orphan and alone in the wide world. He knew that he had his own fortune to make, and after settling his mother's affairs and finding there was nothing left for him, he had come to the city, and on this morning went forth alone to look for employment, with the honest expression of his handsome face.

"It was foolish in me to attempt it, thought he, as he stopped in front of a large wholesale establishment. His eye caught the sign on which was lettered 'R. J. Selden & Co.' The name sounded familiar, and something whispered to him to enter. He did so, and meeting in the doorway a tall, elegant looking young man, he asked for Mr. Selden.

"My uncle," returned the gentleman, who was none other than George Moreland, "has not yet come down, but perhaps I can answer your purpose just as well. Do you wish to purchase goods?"

Billy, thinking that everyone must know his poverty, fancied there was something satirical in the question, but he was mistaken; the answer was natural to the speaker, who, as Billy made no direct reply, again asked: "What would you like, sir?"

"Something to do; for I have neither money nor home," was Billy's prompt answer.

"Will you give me your name?" asked George.

Billy complied, and when he spoke of his native town George repeated it after him, saying: "I have some acquaintances who spend the summer in Chippewa; but you probably have never known them." Immediately Billy thought of the Lincoln case, and now knew why the name of Selden seemed so familiar. He had heard Jenny speak of it, and felt certain that R. J. Selden was her father.

For a moment George regarded him intently, and then said: "We seldom employ strangers without a recommendation; still, I do not believe you need any. My uncle is wanting a young man, but the work may hardly suit you," he added, naming the duties he would be expected to perform, which certainly were rather menial. Still, as the wages were liberal, Billy for want of a better, accepted the situation, and was immediately introduced to his business. For some time he only saw George at a distance, but was told of the clerks that he was not graduated at Yale, and was not a junior partner in his uncle's establishment.

"We all like him very much," said the clerk, "this is so pleasant and kind, though a little proud. He is all that a man should be. This was all that Billy knew of him until he had been in Mr. Selden's employ nearly three weeks; then, as he was one day poring over a volume of Horace, he had brought with him, George, who chanced to pass by, looked over his shoulder, exclaiming, "Why, Bender, do you read Latin? Really, this is a novelty. Are you fond of it?"

"Yes, very," said Billy, "though I have but a few of my own."

"Fortunately, then, I can accommodate you," returned George, "for I have a tolerably good library, to which you can at any time have access. Suppose you come round to my uncle's to-night. Never mind about thanking me," he added, as he saw Billy about to speak; "I had better be thanked, so to-night, at eight o'clock, I shall expect you."

Accordingly, that evening Billy started for Mr. Selden's. George, who wished to save him from any embarrassment, answered his ring himself, and immediately conducted him to his room, where for an hour or so they discussed their favorite books and authors. At last, George, assistant at Billy's general knowledge of men and things, exclaimed, "Why, Bender, I do believe you are almost as good a scholar as I, who have been through college. Pray, how does it happen?"

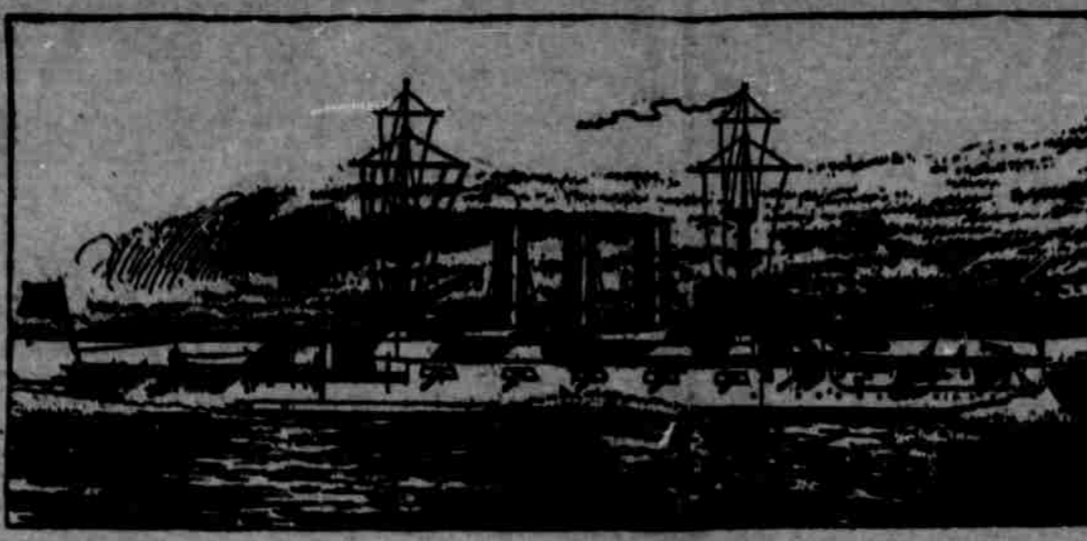
In a few words Billy explained that he had been in the habit of working summers and going to school at Williamsburg; and then, as it was nearly ten, he hastily gathered up the books which George had kindly loaned him and took his leave. As he was descending the broad stairway he met a young girl fashionably dressed, who stared at him with some surprise. In the upper hall she encountered George, and asked him who the stranger was.

"His name is Bender and he came from Chippewa," answered George.

"Bender from Chippewa?" repeated Ella. "Why, I wonder if it isn't the Billy Bender about whom Jenny Lincoln has gone almost mad?"

"I think not," returned her cousin, "for Mrs. Lincoln would hardly suffer her daughter to mention a poor boy's name, much less to go mad about him."

POWERFUL UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP OHIO.



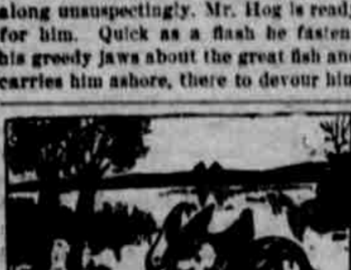
The battleship Ohio, recently launched at San Francisco, is the newest "pride of the American navy." She is forty feet longer than the Oregon and 2,000 tons greater in displacement. She is twenty feet higher than the Iowa with 1,500 tons greater in displacement than that ship. Her largest rifle will be twelve inch caliber. Her secondary battery will contain sixteen 6 inch rifles. The Ohio's dimensions are: Length on the water line, 388 feet; width, 77 feet 5 inches; mean draught, 33 feet 6 inches; maximum draught, 35 feet 8 inches; displacement, 12,500 tons; speed, 18 knots; maximum power, 10,000; total coal supply, 2,000 tons. She will carry one flag officer, one commanding officer, sixteen warfare officers, twelve junior officers and five warrant officers. In many respects the Ohio will be a name for fame. The touch of a button in the central station will close every water-tight door in less time than would take to give the order. Her complement will be about 500 men.

HOW HOGS CATCH SALMON.

Wade into the Western Streams and find the Hog catching salmon.

In the State of Washington, as all school boys and girls doubtless know, are the greatest salmon fisheries in America. Every spring the swift mountain streams are fairly alive with these beautiful reddish yellow fish, three and four feet in length and weighing often twenty-five and thirty pounds, as they go up the river to deposit their eggs in the headwaters of the mountain streams. Then in the early fall they come down again. It is during two seasons that what is known as the salmon run is at its full height, and this is the time to which the Washington boys look forward to all the rest of the year.

But the queerest feature of neither Indians nor boys. They are hogs. No fond are the boys of this delirium, which costs the people of London \$1 a pound, that the farmers who have pastures along the rivers have great trouble fencing the farms so that the hogs cannot get into the streams. Mr. Hog wades in or swims in, according to the depth of the stream, and then watches for the salmon. The salmon swims along unsuspectingly. Mr. Hog is ready for him. Quick as a flash he fastens his greedy jaws about the great fish and carries him ashore, there to devour him.



HOW HOGS CATCH SALMON.

with the greatest relief. Then back he slips into the water to watch for the next traveler along that way. He will keep this up until his hunger is satisfied. The indulgence ruins the hog for pork, however, as it gives it a "fishy" taste, and no one will buy it. That is the reason the farmers keep their hogs as far from the streams as possible.

SIXTY THOUSAND A YEAR.

Chicago System Has Largest Salaries Telephone Official in the Country.

John I. Sablin, president of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company, has entered upon his duties in a larger field of activity as the manager of the Chicago system of telephones. There have been promotions all along the Pacific coast line to fill the places made vacant by the transfer of experts from San Francisco and Spokane to Chicago. Mr. Sablin receives a salary of \$35,000 per annum from the Chicago company. He also retains the presidency of the Pacific States company, receiving from the latter corporation \$25,000 per annum. His compensation is, therefore, \$60,000 a year.

John I. Sablin was born in New York Oct. 3, 1847. When 15 years of age he left the public schools of Brooklyn to enter the messenger service of the Independent Telegraph Company of New York. After an apprenticeship of five months he was sent to New Brunswick, N. J., to open an office as operator on the new line then building between New York and Philadelphia. He remained there for three months.

LORD HUGH, THE HOPE OF THE CECILS.

There are now twenty-seven royal families in Europe. Of these eighteen are German, namely, the Hohenzollerns, Wittelsbachs, Wettins, Wurtembergs, Zähringens, Hessens, Mecklenbergs, Holsteins, Anhalts, Schwarzbürgs, Hapsburgs, Lorraines, Wefts, Reuss, Schaumburgs, Lippe, Waldeck, Nassaus and Leichtensteins; six are Romanic or Greek, namely, Bourbon, Battenbergs, Braganças, Monacos, Bonapartes and Bernadottes; two are Slav, namely, Obrenovitchs and Nenoshs, and one is Turkish, the Osman. Of the forty-one thrones in Europe, thirty-three are occupied by German princes, among which are the rulers of Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, England, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Roumania, Rumania, Monaco, Serpente and Bernadotte; two are Slav, namely, Obrenovitch and Nenosh, and one is Turkish, the Osman. The one powerful house of Bourbon has now but one crowned representative—the boy king of Spain. The so-called Hapsburg house is really extinct since 1740. The present royal family of Austria belongs to the Lorraine line.

Illiterate Rumania. Rumania would appear to be the most illiterate country in Europe. The last census shows that, in a population of nearly 6,000,000, nearly 4,000,000 can neither read nor write, and that only a little over 1,000,000 have any education at all.

Uprooted Trees Still Live. The "life trees" of Jamaica grow and thrive for months after being uprooted and exposed to the sun.

It is an utter impossibility for a short man to fall in love with a tall woman. He simply has to climb for it.

Sixteen year old girls are all alike in two particulars: they are all good looking, and never have a cent.

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VETERAN OF TWO WARS.

General Fitz-John Porter, who died recently at his home in Morrisville, N. J., in his 80th year, was a veteran of two wars and at one time was the most discussed man in military circles in America.

He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1822 and in 1845, on graduating from the United States Military Academy, was assigned to the Fourth artillery. He participated in the Mexican war, receiving the brevet of captain for services at Molino del Rey and that of Chaplaincy. After the war he was promoted to major, and then succeeded to the command of the Fifth Army Corps, participating in the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines Mills. His command at the battle of Malvern Hill offered the main resistance to the Confederate assaults on that day. Already he had been breveted brigadier general in the regular army for meritorious conduct at Chickahominy. He was now made major general of volunteers and was temporarily attached to Gen. Pope's army of Virginia. His corps was unable to move forward at the second battle of Bull Run, Aug. 29, 1862, but in the afternoon of the 30th it was actively engaged and its obstinate resistance it is mainly due that the defeat was not a total rout.

For his inaction on the first day Gen. Porter was court-martialed and cashiered the service, being disqualified for

the man's assistance. The month, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse or a dog, while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, purred, and offered every part of its body to the man, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant.

Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage from the desert had not Pezon with difficulty drawn him off.

His Explanation. The explanations some authors are compelled to make to readers of literal or immature mind—when they are obliged to explain to make them all—are often as good literature as the passage which they are explaining. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, in her "Eighty Years or More," that she once wrote Dr. Holmes, at the request of a young nephew of hers, to ask an important question. Did the doctor really have a servant who almost laughed himself to death, as described in "The Height of the ridiculous?" Dr. Holmes replied: "I wish you would explain to your little nephew that the story of the poor fellow who almost died laughing was a kind of dream of mine, and not a real thing that happened, any more than that an old woman lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do with them, or that a face climbed the beanstalk and found the giant who lived at the top of it."

You can explain to him what I meant by imagination, and thus turn my youthful rhymes into a text for a discourse worthy of the Concord School of Philosophy. I have not my pen by me, but I remember that "The Height of the ridiculous" ended with this verse:

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eyes I watched that wretched man, And since, I never dare to write As funny as I can.

But tell your nephew he mustn't cry about it, any more than because green go barefoot, and bald eagles have no nightcaps.

Habits of the Cat. All the cat's habits show it to be by nature a solitary animal. Even in early life, when family ties bring out the instinct of association, this is apparent. If you compare the play of puppies with that of kittens you will find that in one case companionship of some kind is essential, for if a puppy has no playmate of his own species he will try to make use of the nearest big animal, whereas a cork or a bit of string, is all that is necessary to satisfy the requirements of the kitten. The way in which the cat takes its food is a sign that in its natural state it is not in the habit of associating with greedy companions.

When given something to eat it first carefully smells the morsel, then takes it in a deliberate and gingerly way and sits down to finish it at leisure. There is one of that inclination to snatch hastily at any food held before it which we observe in well-trained dogs, nor does a cat seem in any hurry to stop its goods in the one place where thieving rivals cannot interfere with them. Indeed, no greater contrast in natural ways can be observed anywhere than when we turn from the kennel or the pigsty and watch the dainty way in which a cat takes its meals. That it allows people to approach it while it is feeding without showing jealousy proves that it does not attribute to human beings like tastes with its own—Wild Trails in Tame Animals.

The Huffers of Europe. There are now twenty-seven royal families in Europe. Of these eighteen are German, namely, the Hohenzollerns, Wittelsbachs, Wettins, Wurtembergs, Zähringens, Hessens, Mecklenbergs, Holsteins, Anhalts, Schwarzbürgs, Hapsburgs, Lorraines, Wefts, Reuss, Schaumburgs, Lippe, Waldeck, Nassaus and Leichtensteins; six are Romanic or Greek, namely, Bourbon, Battenbergs, Braganças, Monacos, Bonapartes and Bernadottes; two are Slav, namely, Obrenovitchs and Nenoshs, and one is Turkish, the Osman. Of the forty-one thrones in Europe, thirty-three are occupied by German princes, among which are the rulers of Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, England, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Roumania, Rumania, Monaco, Serpente and Bernadotte; two are Slav, namely, Obrenovitch and Nenosh, and one is Turkish, the Osman. The one powerful house of Bourbon has now but one crowned representative—the boy king of Spain. The so-called Hapsburg house is really extinct since 1740. The present royal family of Austria belongs to the Lorraine line.

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REV. DR. WEBB.

Aged Worker in Home and Foreign Missionary Fields.

Rev. Dr. Edwin H. Webb, the aged and widely known missionary worker of the Congregational Church, died at Woburn, Mass., recently of an illness. His most prominent office in the work of the church was chairman of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, President of the trustees of Hartford Theological Seminary and member of the Executive Committee of the Congregational Home Mission Society.

Dr. Webb was born in Newcast, Me., in 1820. His father was a farmer, and the future missionary labored as a farm boy and afterward as a helper in a country store. His tastes were intellectual, however, and he passed through Lincoln Academy and Bowdoin College, from which last named institution he was graduated with a degree in 1846. In 1847 he entered Bangor Seminary and was called to a pastorate before his graduation. He insisted, however, on a few months' study at Princeton, and thence went to Augusta, Me., to begin his ministry. He was called by a congregation in Boston to

left bitter consolation and despair for those left behind. The tears falling upon his forehead cheeks woke him from his dream.

"None for 50 cents to the only bid-der." The auctioneer sighed heavily as he got down from his stand and watched the crowd depart, and then he went home to his wife, his heart filled with sorrow at the thought of his own dear little one, and the empty cradle.

"Do you believe in 'push' or 'pull' as elements in success?" "Neither." "What then?" "Dig."—Detroit Free Press.

"Bible—You know, I want a husband who is easily pleased. I don't want to worry. Dear, that's the kind you'd get."—Hill-Bilt.

News: "What's your son been doing in the Philippines?" "Fighting for his country." "What! Has he turned Filipino?"—Life.

Teacher—How many commandments are there? Small Boy—Leven. "Eleven?" "What is the eleventh?" "Keep off the grass."—Boston Journal.

All's Well That Ends Well: Timid Lady—Are people ever lost in this city? Bonaman—No, ma'am; we always find them in a day or two.—Fun.

Their Fate: Emma Bird—Did I ever tell you what became of all the little birds when they die? Little Bird—Oh, yes! They're used in the millinery business.—Puck.

The Law: Prisoner—It's difficult to see how I can be a forger, your lordship. Why, I can't sign my own name! Judge—You are not charged with signing your own name.—Tit-Bits.

The Secretary of Agriculture is going to distribute trees. "That's right; I've seen some trees—after a while hammers, saws, and garden settees."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Future Great One's Rhyme: When a mother puts away her baby's first shoe, it is with self-exposed belief that some day the State Historical Society will send for it.—Atchison Globe.

"I tell you your country is painfully new. Why? Haven't you seen any fair tales?" "Haven't, eh? Well, you just come with me and look at the tablets on our best monuments."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Customer—Didn't you tell me this horse was afraid of nothing? Dealer—That's just what I said. "Why, he shies at his own shadow." "Well, a shadow is about as near nothing as anything I know of."—New York Weekly.

"You are wanted in a hurry at Mr. Gassman's." cried the messenger breathlessly. "Are you sure they sent for me?" asked young Dr. Killiam. "Yes, they said you couldn't do any harm, as Mr. Gassman's dying now."—Philadelphia Press.

"What is the marriage rate in these parts?" asked the stranger who was getting statistics. "The marriage rate," replied the man, "is about 75 cents a dollar for the license and a kiss from the bride. The sheriff gets both, and I'm the sheriff."—Philadelphia Record.

Rube—Yass, si! I'm dead; went inter town ter get a tooth pulled; dentist feller told him he'd bet 'em take gas too, eh?—Josh—Dentist get 'em too much, eh? Rube—Oh, no; after the dentist feller told him that, he went back to his hotel and took the gas himself.—Philadelphia Press.

Midwood (peering a room, paraphrasing)—Penelope! Mr. Midwood (apprehensively)—What is it, Mortimer? Midwood—Well, I guess the man who made a geometrical rule that parallel lines never meet, never tied to hang wall paper with parallel stripes in it!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Steelman—Think the latest incubator has reached such a high temperature that improvement would be impossible. Clayton—I don't know about that. The man who would scratch up worms for the little chicks would make a fortune.—Philadelphia Record.

Two workmen were standing before a large advertisement of a hair restorer and discussing its estimated promises. "D'you think it's true?" said one. "True," replied the other. "D'you think if it was true that the hair restorer wouldn't 'ave 'eads of 'air like 'edge-ags?"—London Globe.

Breaking It Gently: Clergyman (after being rescued from the shipwreck)—Mr. Smith, did I really appear scared when we thought all was lost? Mr. Smith—I can't say that you were scared, but for a man who has been trying to get to heaven all these years you appeared most reluctant to accept the opportunity.—Bazar.

Some Eastern singers in a Western town not long ago, whose coming had been heralded by big posters announcing "Concert" all over the place, etc., overheard the following between two of the audience while walking home from the performance. "That was a beauty concert. Notth' but music!"—New York Evening Sun.

Noah's Good Heart: "What did that seed-looking fellow on the dock want of you, father?" inquired Noah's youngest hopeful of the ancient mariner. "He wanted to come aboard with us. And you wouldn't let him?" "I told him it was impossible." "But I thought I saw you hand him some money." "Well, yes; I felt so sorry for him that I loaned him my best umbrella."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

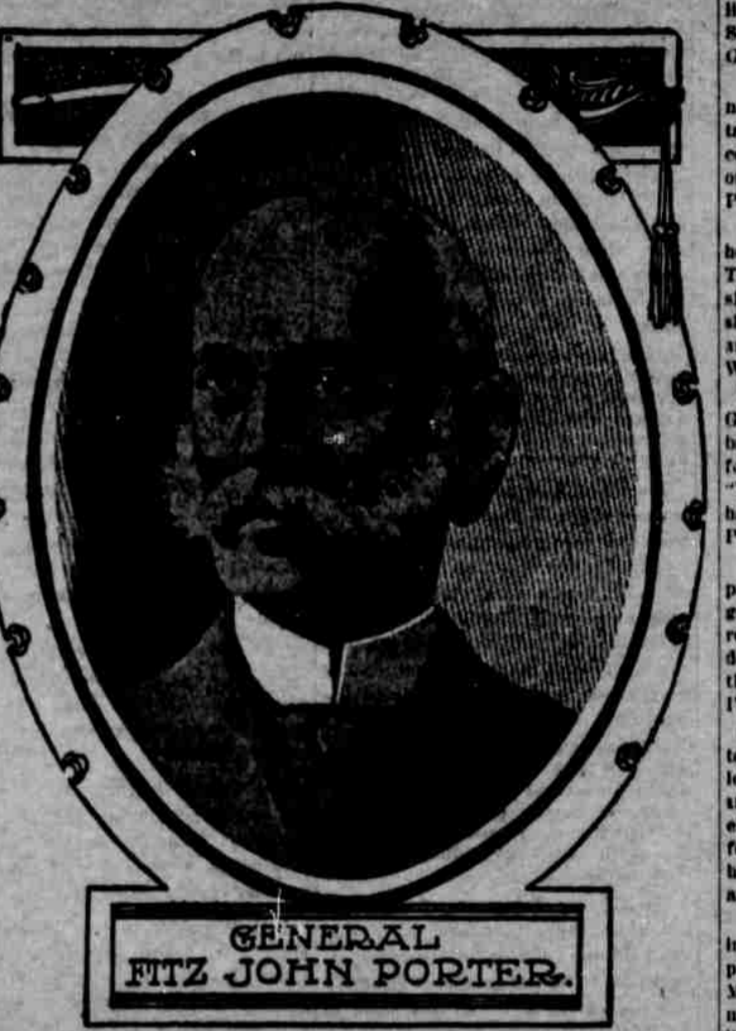
"I say, Scribbler," said Sappy, "how on earth do you think up all these characters that you write about?" "Oh, I take them from real life," replied Scribbler, "but they're never suspect. Take, for instance, the character of 'Woody Britten,' who is always saying 'doosed' this and 'doosed' that. Now, that's a fellow I know very well, but he doesn't know I'm using him." "Oh, come now, I've done doosed 'deah of you! Doosed stupid of him, though!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Pigeons of St. Mark. Venice has inherited the right of ownership over the famous pigeons of St. Mark. Some enterprising bird fanciers who had made a business of killing the birds, when brought up in court, pleaded that the pigeons had no legal owners, and they were fed by the public on the Piazza San Marco. The city authorities maintained that the pigeons were the ward of the public, and therefore of the present municipality, a view that was adopted by the court.

Heat Holidays. In the public schools of Switzerland heat holidays have been established by law. Recognizing the well-known fact that the brain cannot work properly when the heat is excessive, the children are dismissed from their tasks whenever the thermometer goes above a certain point.

The Scotch Language. An effort is being made to establish in one of the Scotch universities a chair for the study of the Scotch language and literature.

Man proposes—and the girl sends him around to papa to see if he approves.



GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

holding any office of trust or profit under the government. This verdict was much discussed at the time and since and Gen. Porter labored long and steadily to have it set aside. In 1882 a bill for his relief was introduced in the Senate, but failed of passage. President Hayes, however, under the finding of an advisory board, recalled that part of the sentence which disqualified Gen. Porter from holding any office of trust or profit under the government. During President Arthur's administration a bill removing the further disability was vetoed, but under Cleveland Gen. Porter was restored to the army as colonel. Gen. Grant after an examination of the matter expressed his belief in Gen. Porter's innocence.

After his forced retirement from the army Gen. Porter engaged in business in New York. In 1884 he became a police commissioner, serving until 1888. In 1880 he had an offer from the Khedive of Egypt to become commander of his army, but declined.

SELLING A CHILD'S BLANKET. The Auctioneer's Last Feat Brought Back Tender Memories.

It had been a very busy day at the exchange, says the New Orleans Picayune, and the auctioneer had grown a trifle weary over the repeated trials which had beset and worried even this Trojan son of the stump. The continual refrain of "Going, going, gone!" echoed in his brain.

For many years he had been a prominent figure in the auction game, and under his hammer had often gone the fruits of a lifetime of accumulation; gone for a song, treasures over which the miser had agonized, the lover sighed, the mother wept—all gone.

"How much am I offered?" had sent to the four corners of the earth so many things that day that the auctioneer hoped there was nothing left; but there was. His indefatigable assistant had raked from a corner a bundle of bedding and handed it up.

"What can I get for this?" he cried, forced to halt forcing him into the bargain. "Another opportunity." As he uncrolled the bundle some one said "Fifty cents."

Then not another voice broke the stillness which had settled over the crowd as a child's blanket hung before their gaze. Why? Did the sight of that small woollen cover tell to them, the callous crowd, a pitiful story? The busy man forgot to cry his refrain as he dropped his eyes upon the little square. Here and there on a small stain, as if tears, had fallen, and his mind went back to a scene he never would forget.

The bedchamber had been darkened. About the blinds the gleams of sunlight crept into the room and fell like golden shafts upon the little cot over which his wife hung in an agony of bitter pain. He saw again the little white hands—hands that had crept so often about his neck at night as he lay by his side—pick falling off at just such a cover as he now held in his grasp. He saw the little hand with its mass of tangled curls moving restlessly on the pillow, and he felt again the hot touch of the child's forehead as he had pressed his own loving breast, eager to soften the pain and woo back into health the loved little form slowly drifting, drifting away.

"Arrah," returned Tom, "why shouldn't I offer it to him? Isn't it like himself, interested and torn in the service of God and the people?"

While the average girl takes about a year to get ready for her wedding, on a pluck a girl could get ready in five minutes.