THE DIFFERENCE.

I'wo women stand at a cradle side, And gaze on a picture fair.

A nestling child, with dark fringed eyes, Where lurks the deep-toned blue of

skies, And shining, sun touched hair. One of them sees but a sleeping child Clasping a battered doll. She notes the beauty of form and face. And the rich effect of the priceless lace On the caryen cradle—that's all. She kisses the babe as she tarries awhile; Then turns away with a careless smile

The other gazes with misty eyes, And the cradle fades away. Before her stretches the path of life, With all the peril and toil and strife, And the dangers of every day. She sees the tiny form grown strong. And the tender heart grown cold

In the race for pleasure that ends in pain, The eager struggle 'twixt loss and gain,

The madd'ning quest for gold.

And she sobs a prayer, "O God, that Thou Would'st keep him ever as pure as now."

These women stand in the self-same place; They are not unlike in form and face;

They see the same child in a wee white But one is a mother-and one is not. -Boston Globe.

The Young Curate. ‡ *

E looked for the most part straight in front of him as they walked across the field side by waiked across the field side by side. His forchead was puckered, his mouth set, his peculiarly youthful face paler than its wont. "Life," he said, is such a huge responsibility." Unconsciously his voice took the dogmatic tone which so often characterized it in the performance of his clerical duties. "Life is such a serious matter; I do not think we half realize its tremendous seriousness."

"Talking-of-er-tigers?" said she. His voice dropped to one of surprise, almost of irritation. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I haven't grasped the connection." she said. "It is only when I am in pain that I feel like that."

Plainly he was seriously affected, for he even ignored her frivolous aside. "The longer I live," he went on, "the more I am impressed by what I feel convinced is the crying evil of the day, this growing tendency to treat everything lightly, to turn our most sacred aspirations into a mere matter to joke about. This world is not a playground; this life is not a schoolboy's holiday; and this modern craze for hiding the unsightly under a vell of laughter is an utterly false interpretation of our duty, both to ourselves and to others. Who are we, always to enjoy ourselves? What have we done to earn the primrose paths, the easy passage? There is a beauty in renunciation;" he paused a moment, and his voice had grown soft and a little husky.

"Oh, what is it?" she asked. "There must be something!" she continued. "Has the vicar"-here she suriled, although unwillingly-"has his reverence limit for your sermons again?"

conquered the temptation to join her How can I publicly set another in the in smiles

"It must be something," she insisted. "It is not, it cannot be, dismissal?" she inquired. "Won't you tell me?" she pleaded, and now her smiles were all banished, her sweet eyes turned on him in sympathetic alarm. "You can trust me," she added; "and it might be a re-

So he told her. It was in his nature * to wrap his meaning in many words, to erect side altars of sacrifice in unexpected places. But the girl he addressed did not miss the sense of what he said, because of the digressions. She stripped away the hangings and saw his simple plan of life laid bare. This was the trouble, that he was vowing himself to celibacy without a special call in that direction; rather from what she gladly gathered, with a strong, turbulent leaning toward the married state as a preference. And the high aims formed a cloak of righteousness to cover the wound from his own eyes. but a lack of means formed the real support, and very little beyond his curate's stipend to depend upon, what room was there in his narrow life for the contracting of new ties? She had given him an expensive education and had lately lost almost her entire income. So had she not a claim on him impossible to set aside?

The girl at his side, her smiles forgotten, was forced reluctantly to agree with him in every particular, exceptshe being of a practical nature-with regard to the cloak of righteousness. And even that device she considered charming-in him.

"You couldn't neglect your mother for any one," she said, bravely.

"No," he admitted; "no, that's true." "So you are forced to make a duty

of necessity," she said. He waited a moment, repeating her words over to himself as though he had not reached their meaning.

"It is the mother of invention," she put in quickly. "And I like you," she went on, with a change of tone, "so much better for your devotion to duty.

Yes. I do." Her last words banished his perplexity. They also awoke to outcry the man's heart, beating wildly beneath

the correct clerical coat. "But it is so hard," he said between his clenched teeth-"sometimes, my darling, almost more than I can bear!" Her eyes looked no reproach at him for the words he should not have

consolation to help me through the empty days. If there had not been could you-

"Yes, oh, yes!" she said. "I had to speak?" he questioned. "I can bear it better," she said, "since ou have spoken."

"If love were all?" "Nothing else could make me love you like this," said she.

Only his look thanked her. "Now," must only remember me as the concelted young curate who tried—"
"Don't!" she exclaimed, "don't hurt

me like that!" "Take your own way, then," he whispered, with a wintry smile. "And bless you always, my one love. You alone hold my secret-safe with you."

"Dear God; how safe!" she cried. And so they parted. It was the only way.

But that was not the only confidence with which she was honored at about this time, and, strangely enough, it was powers of secret keeping to the test. She prefaced her confession with a touch of flattery.

"I feel I must tell some one, my dear," she said. "I shall feel better then. And there is no one I could tell so easily as you, with so great assurance of sympathy and understanding" blg son, very good-looking, very attractive in manners still. She smiled at the girl, while the girl winced, because she knew that smile so well on another face.

"I hope you will not laugh at me for a silly old goose."

"As if I should!"

"I don't know-wait and see, I suppose that in your idea, no one could possibly fall in love after-well, thirty-five?" "Oh, why not?"

"Very well tried, dear! Very creditably said! But I am more than thirtyfive-and I am in love. I don't wonder you start."

"I don't-think-I did!"

"Not badly! But there, I don't want you to think that because experience has taught me to laugh in the face of misfortune, I cannot still feel. Child, there is no love like a late love for tearing your heartstrings. Practice helps to make perfect, perhaps—I don't know. Women love and marry and live happily ever after-hundreds of women do that. But I have had experience, and I know what I am saying is true, that not one woman in a hundred ever finds her ideal as I, so late, have found mine."

"Oh," said the girl, "doesn't hedoesn't he-forgive my asking-but doesn't he love you?"

"Yes, dear, that's not the barrier. I think at my age, you know, a failure to return my affection would have marred the picture in the beginning. have broken up the likeness to the ideal too soon, would have stayed the springs of love before much harm had been done, No. I am spared that, But I think you know how I have lived for and in my son ever since his father died. I have brought him up to honor his dead been insisting on the fifteen minutes father beyond all living men. How can I now acknowledge to him that a great-"No," he said shortly, and fiercely er than his father has arisen for me? place death has made sacred? Wouldn't it be like sacrilege in his eyes? The seed I sowed in my boy's heart has flourished beyond belief-his very love of me is entwined with it. If I struck at the one, might I not endanger the other?"

She walted a moment, but the girl had nothing to say, and she went on again, speaking rapidly, her voice vibrating. "They say I've spoilt him. If so, it is only in little things-he has a heart of gold; but even for the little things I must bear my punishment. And who can measure the temptation a woman has to face-left alone in the world with her child-to pet and humor him. to make herself indispensable to him at any cost-even at some cost to the beloved object? I haven't had a thought apart from him until lately, and he had always known it. Now the habit of years has blinded him; he sees what he has seen so long-how many of us do that?-and not what is actually before hlm-his father first in the far away reason. With a widowed mother to and he always first and dearest in the present. We have been so much to each other, so much more than only mother and son, when there are others to share the affection each has to give. I am a coward. I cannot tell my son he is no longer first. I have set him before everything all these years, and -and now I must do so until the end." The girl summoned all her store of courage to her aid.

"But if he should-think of marrying -himself, wouldn't that make a difference?"

"That would, of course. He would not need me in the same way, then." Yet even at the thought her tone trembled a little, so strong on her were the 'fat stock show' any more, it seems." chains of the past. "But he is such a boy for his age. He won't think of such a thing for years. The man who loves me now will find me an old woman when my boy goes a-wooing. We are old lovers as it is-I cannot bld him wait."

"He, your son, does not seem such a boy to others as to you, perhaps?"

"You think that because you are so young yourself, dear girl. And how patient you have been to me!" she said. coming back to her accustomed consideration for her companion. "Sometimes I have felt I must speak, just once, or it would kill me-and now I have spoken. You will respect my confidence, I know,"

"Yes," said the girl, "yes." She added as best she could the expression of her sympathy, hating herself for the bald-

"Give me," he said, "one crumb of ness of her words, the preoccupation she could not banish from her manner. But the other had her own preoccupa this plain, straight way of duty for me, tion, and seemed to find nothing lack

ing. These were the questions which trou bled her, filled her waking thoughts, sent her restless to bed-was she justified in disregarding the confidence reposed in her by two people for the sake of saving four lives from sacrifice? If she decided to trample on her own honor, at the desperate pleading of ber he said, "you must forget that once I own heart, should she betray the mothwas tempted to play the man. You er to the son, or the son to the mother? Was there no other way of accomplishing an end so keenly desired? It seemed not; and so she waited on in indecision, although to wait was as hard a thing as she could do.

And while she still waited she be came the victim of yet another confidence, this time from a man again, but middle-aged and iron gray.

"You look a sensible little girl," he began, abruptly. "Are you?"

"I hope so!" She smiled. "Then, although we don't know much of each other, you'll forgive me for askthe curate's mother who next put her ing you a question or two which may seem beyond my limit, believing that impertinence is the last thing prompting me."

> Suddenly arested in interest, the girl nodded.

"Then will you tell me if you ever get below the surface, as it were, in those long and seemingly confidential She was young to the mother of her talks you have with our young curate?" "Have you a right to ask?"

"I have, at any rate, a large interest at stake."

"That sounds almost the same thing. I am afraid of what I may and may not say; but I don't see, at this moment, any reason why I should not speak the truth."

"Then you have?" "Sometimes," she admitted. "Once in particular, perhaps?" "I must not tell you."

"Never mind: that tells me, without your committing yourself, what I want to know." He smiled and turned to her with a greater show of hopefulness. "Honor me," he said, "by listening a few minutes. I have it from his mother that our young curate is not likely to think of marrying for a long time. Now, I am very anxious to marry his mother myself, and it seems, unless he can be hurried into matrimony-cleared out of the way, in fact, and provided with a woman to worship him-I shall never carry out my wish. She thinks she has disposed of me-she is the best woman the world holds-but she evidently a little bit underrates my power of perseverance. When I want a thing I generally worry around until I get it. I told her so; but I fancy she took it as an idle boast, excusable only because of the speaker. Also I fancy she has not watched you and our curate in conversation. Now, I have.'

"What are you going to do?" gasped the girl.

"I am going to tell our curate how matters stand between his mother and myself; he is between-and-"She didn't bind you to secrecy?"

"I have forgotten it if she did. And if she did, she will forgive me 'by results,' or I don't know her."

"And if there are no satisfactory results, she won't know anything about

"Of course not. I thought you could help me." She looked at the man's firm mouth, his pleasant, kindly eyes. "I want to Henry H. Rogers Showering Gifts Uphelp you much more than I've belped

you at present," she said. unless I can secure a bride for our ry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil multicurate-clear him out of the way."

laughed. "And a troublesome conscience won't let me go to him after watching him States, says a writer in Leslie's Weekfollow you about with his eyes, unless ly. Architects, sculptors and contrac-I can hold out some sort of hope that he tors have been given orders to spare no would be successful in yielding to my expense, and the cost is placed anyprompting-in proposing to you, in fact, where from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000. to-er-clear the way-for me."

"Can't you?" she blushed and smiled "I should not like to. Look here, little girl, i em safe as a bouse; you can very well trust me. Has he told you he loves

"Oh, why," she cried, "must you put it round that way?"

The smile deepened slowly in the pleasant, kindly eyes, "I am open to correction," he said. "Do you love our curate enough to share his small income with such additions as a stepfather might be permitted to make to

"I love him enough to take him without a penny-if I got the chance." "Well done, little girl! Then I'll manage it. I'll settle things for the four

of us out of hand." And this is what he did.-London World.

No Offense Intended. At the exhibition of the International Live Stock Association in Chicago last

one of the men in charge of the cattle department, "You don't call this the "No," replied the other. "It's quality that counts with us now, and not quantity. You can put fat on any kind of an animal, and after it's all done he's don, sir! I-I hadn't noticed-I didn't

mean-The portly old gentleman had begun to turn red, and the attempted apology only made the matter worse. After an ineffectual effort to express himself he waddled on, in speechless indignation.

A Quibbler.

sake?" asked she.

"Certainly," answered the coldblooded man; "if there were any occasion for it. But I fail to see why I modations for 50,000. should begin smoking for your sake in the first place."-Washington Star. Hall, a French Gothic structure, with previous time in his career.

POVERTY MADE ===HER SING=

As a Child Patti Prevented Her Family's Starvation

-When 7 Years Old the Great Diva Stood on a Hall Table and Sang-Her Great Wealth and How Earned



PATTI-NICOLINI-CEDERSTROM.

RARON CEDERSTROM:

THE promise of \$5,000 per night has proven sufficient temptation to cause Mme. Adelina Patti, Baroness of Cederstrom, to agree to leave her home in Sweden and her castle of Craig-y-nos in Wales, in the near future and revisit this country. During the few months she will be in America it is estimated that the great diva will increase a fortune already amounting to several millions by at least half a million more.

For over forty years Patti's marvelous voice has thrilled hundreds of audiences and she has passed from one triumph to another, adding, year by year, to the fortune which she started to lay by in the earlier days of her career. And what could be more striking than the contrast between the picture of the Patti of to-day-scoring a last triumphal tour at 60-and the picture of the little girl who, at the age of 7 years, stood on a table in a concert hall and sang trashy songs to a commonplace audience? Little did the parents of the child Patti dream, when her first earnings in this way actually saved the family from starvation, that the cultivation of her marvelous voice would in after years be the means of earning vast fortunes. And now, with all her sixty years upon her, it is said that the voice of the diva retains most, if not all, of its original melody, and even at this late day has the power to earn about half a million dollars within the short limits of a six months' engagement.

The contract under which Patti comes to this country is an ironclad one. She is to sing at sixty concerts; is not to appear more than ten times in any one month. At the conclusion of each concert she is to receive \$5,000. She is to get, in addition, 50 per cent of the box office money in excess of \$7,500. A conservative estimate places the average receipts at \$10,000 a performance; therefore, Patti's total income for each concert will, in round numbers, amount to about \$6,200 and her gross receipts for the entire tour will mount up to \$375,000. The balance of the box office receipts will reach another \$100,000, so that it is no exaggeration to place the earning capacity of Patti's voice during her forthcoming tour at the half-million mark. During the two hours of the performance the divine Adelina will be upon the stage from a half to three-quarters of an hour-possibly an average of thirtyfive minutes. This means that, all told, she will sing for just thirty-five hours, or at the rate of \$10,000 an hour.

Patti, the child of Italian parents, was born in Spain, in 1843. Her first appearance before an English audience took place when she was 18 years old, at the Italian Theater, in Covent Garden, in "La Sonnambula. For twenty years she toured Europe and then, in 1881, came to America. For three years she traveled from city to city, in a triumphal tour. During this and subsequent tours Patti received \$5,000 a night. A tour made to South America in 1889 was conducted on the same basis, with the additional agreement to a share of the gross receipts when they amounted to over \$10,000. When the great Auc. torium at C., cago was formally opened in 1889 Pattl received \$4,000 for singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Patti married the Marquis de Caux, a French nobleman, in 1868, but the matrimonial venture was an unhappy one and divorce followed in a few years. Her second husband was Signor Nicolini, the tenor. More recently Patti married the Baron Cederstrom, a member of the Swedish nobility, several years her junior. The union is said to be a happy one,

on His Native Town.

As the culmination of a long system "But I can't get the woman I want of benefactions in his native town, Henmillionaire, is erecting in Fairhaven, "Don't talk of him like that," she Mass., a memorial church which, when completed, will be the most magnificent edifice of its size in the United



Fairhaven is a quaint and quiet town located on an arm of Buzzard's bay, and, like the neighboring city of New fall a portly old gentleman remarked to Bedford, was once a whaling port of enough, through the medium of the very discovery that destroyed the oldit with a prodigal hand, until Fairhaven has completely forgotten the days of nothing but a big, fat—I—I—I beg par- whale oil, and sings only the praises of Standard Oil. The church now in process of construction is a gift to the Unitarian parish and is to form a beautiful in America.—Century. memorial to Mr. Rogers' mother.

Mr. Rogers' gifts to Fairhaven began some eighteen years ago with the presentation of a well-equipped brick schoolhouse to the town. Next came the "Would you quit smoking for my Milicent Library, a memorial to a dead daughter. The building is fittingly described as an architectural gem. It contains 15,000 volumes and has accom-

Another gift to the place is the Town

OIL KING'S BENEFACTIONS. | a tower 150 feet high. It contains everything, from a postoffice to a police station, to meet municipal needs. The town fathers transact their business in luxurious offices with big fire places of marble.

These are not all of Mr. Rogers' gifts containing a Masonic hall, was built and presented to the local lodge of Free Masons. For its public water supply. its sewerage system and its fine streets, Fairhaven is also indebted to Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Rogers was born in 1840, and afand in 1861 became connected with the Weekly. oil industry in Pennsylvania. When the Stranger-"Have you a good chtarrh came the chairman of its manufactur- very thing you want."

The Restored White House. It being absolutely necessary to

adapt the residence and offices of the President of the United States to in-creased executive and social depends to me that he had nothing to say. If creased executive and social demands, it is our national good fortune that the work was accomplished at a time when the arts of architecture and decoration in America, having passed through phases various, had at last arrived at a period when the work could be done not only with the highest structural four o'clock, and then get up at eight skill, but also in a thorough sympa. to go to my work?" Young lady—thetic spirit Provious thetic spirit. Previous and slighter alrespectable dimensions. Curiously terations showed either that the time was in general unpropitious, or that the wrong talent had been employed. "I'm getting painfully careless, my time industry of the place, Mr. Rogers But that the native tastes and especial dear. I've just found a portrait of has been enabled to lavish gifts upon training of Mr. McKim-and, it may be George Washington in my cost pocket added, of Glenn Brown, his local co- that has been there for the last tens adjutor-all tended in the direction of days." "Well, I don't see anything: fitness of equipment for the important serious about that." "Don't you, my work to be undertaken must be ac. dear? I'm glad to bear it. You see, knowledged by every competent critic the portrait is a part of the stamp on

> Met the Usual Fate. "I hear that he married an actress." "All men do."-Detroit Free Press.

It is one sign of a lack of confidence you, what they borrow, and when.

When a man is buried he gets in on the ground floor, which is true at no solemnly, "Jeremiah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"-Tit-Bits.



of that, pa?" Kind father-"Yes, indeed. I've been borrowing money of him for six mouths, and still he keeps coming."-Stray Stories.

Philosophic Murphy (recovering from a twenty-foot fall)- Well, I had to come down for nails, anyway!"-Glasgow Evening Times. Deacon Johnson-"What yo' doin'

now, Abe?" Abe Hardease-"Cleanin' out a bank." Deacon Johnson-"President, cashier, bookkeeper, or janitor." -Leslie's Weekly. Gilson-Bjenks consults his wife

about everything. Wilson-So I understand. And generally does just exactly opposite from what she says .-Somerville Journal. "I think I have met you before:

Aren't you timekeeper for the Bloss & Goss Company?" "No, sir, I am a singer of topical songs and know nothing at all about keeping time."-Kansas City Journal. Farmer Hayditch (to his neighbor,

Farmer Turniptop)-"Hallo! Going infor barbedwire fencing, eh? Isn't it. rather dear?" Turniptop-"Yes, but then you see my men don't waste timesitting on it?"-Pick-Me-Up. "Drop me a line!" cried the excur-

sionist who had fallen overboard. 'What's the use?" calmly rejoined the alleged funny man of the party. "There isn't any postoffice where you are going."-American Hebrew.

The Senate-"How long can you talk without dropping dead in your tracks?" Senator Morgan-"That is not the question. How long can you listen to me without dropping dead in your tracks?"-New York Evening

How they spend their time: She-How's the motor-car getting on, Sir Charles?" He-"Well, fact is, I've seen very little of it. You see, I'veonly had it three months, and when it isn't in hospital, I am!"-Londer.

Worked Both Ways: Jaggles-Are they good divorce lawyers?" Waggles
-"Best in the business. They've originated over a hundred different ways of collecting allmony, and as many more for evading the payment of it."

Effective: Bjenks-"Do you believe in the possibility of the cure of disease by suggestion?" Bjinks-"Why, certainly. I was feeling pretty sick last week, and my wife suggested I go to a doctor and it cured me right away." Somerville Journal.

Doctor makes no mistakes: Patient "But, doctor, only last week you said would surely die, and to-day you see am as well as I ever was." Doctor "Sir. I never make a mistale in a diagnosis. Your ultimate demise is only a matter of time."-Chicago News: Maud-"I feel so sorry for poor lilillan. She and Reggie had it all planned to elope, and now they have to give it up." Jack-"What is the trouble?" Maud-"She can't persuade her stingy old papa to give them the money to carry it out."-Kansas City Journal. First Citizen-I hope we are not going to have many more of these hideous skyscrapers. Second Citizen-I to Fairhaven. Within a year or two a began to burn soft coal. Now it seems to me the sky needs all the scraping that can be given it.-Boston Transeript.

Physician-The truth can no longer be hidden, madam, I am obliged totell you that your little son is-erwenk-minded. That is-well, it must ter graduating from the Fairhaven be said-he is an idiot. Mrs. Highupp-High School became a clerk in his fath- |-How fortunate it is that we are rich. er's store. Later he tried railroading, No one will ever notice it.-New York

Standard Oll trust was formed he be cure?" Druggist-"Yes, sir; I have the Strangering committee. In a short time he was "Can you recommend it?" Druggistmade a trustee, and for a number of "Sure I have catarrh myself, and years has been a well known and prom- I've used nothing but this preparation inent factor in the affairs of the Stand- for nearly twenty years."-Chicago Daily News.

City Editor-Did you say he had nothing to say? Reporter-Not at all. I'm sure he did have something tohe hadn't had anything to say he wouldn't have hesitated to say it .-Philadelphia Press.

Admirer-"Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until "I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it."-New York Weekly.

that letter you gave me to mail last week."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"A good wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphly the other morning; "she is his joy, his in others to enter in an account book inspiration, and his very soul. Through the names of all who borrow books of her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving bands lead him softly over the rough places. She "Jeremiah," said Mrs. Jarphly,