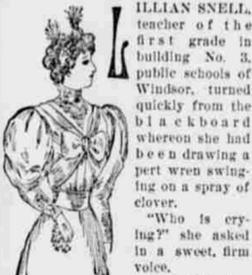


THE FAMILY STORY



GOOD : WEIGHT.



LILLIAN SNELL, teacher of the first grade in building No. 3, public schools of Windsor, turned quickly from the blackboard where she had been drawing a pert wren swinging on a spray of clover.

"Who is crying?" she asked in a sweet, firm voice.

"It is little Agnes Gregory," volunteered a dimpled-faced boy who sat near.

Miss Snell crossed the room and bent over the child.

"Agnes, little sunshine lassie, what is it? Can you not tell me about it?"

Sobs were Agnes' only reply. Miss Snell kissed her gently, then went back to her work. When it was finished and the children all provided with work, she lifted the sobbing child and tenderly carried her to the teacher's desk. Here somewhat removed from the curious little ones, Lillian set about soothing her pupil.

Agnes was a pretty fair-faced child of 6. She had sunny blue eyes and hair, a golden chestnut, curled about her face and neck. Her clothing was clean but worn, and Lillian noticed the gaping hole in the tiny shoe, as well as the thinness of the faded dress. Noted it with a sympathetic thrill of the heart that throbbled with something of the divine spirit of motherhood toward the children in her care.

Agnes' story was soon told. Her widowed mother had had no breakfast for her little ones.

"I don't care so much about myself, Miss Snell," the child went on, artlessly, "cause I'm mamma's brave girl, but when little Margaret Royce wakes up he will be so hungry and he is only 3 years old. He does not know he mustn't cry."

A little more questioning and Lillian learned that some one owed Mrs. Gregory for sewing, also that she hoped to have dinner ready when Agnes came home.

Lillian looked out into the driving storm of a January afternoon. She knew Mrs. Gregory and her heart ached for the pale young mother.

Miss Snell was quick of thought and action. Ten minutes later Agnes was in a warm cloak room, feasting on the dainty lunch Mrs. Snell had prepared for her daughter's midday meal. The young teacher had written a note and a list of articles of food, and was at the door of the room across the hall.

The teacher, Florence Fox, listened sympathetically to Lillian's story and to the suggestion that her own 12-year-old brother be called from the sixth grade to deliver the note.

"Of course Fred can go," she cried, "and Lillian, you say you have written to Mr. Davis the circumstances and asked him for good weight. I'll send an order to Cousin Hugh for a half cord of wood, tell him the story and ask him likewise for good weight."

A faint crimson blush stained Lillian's cheek, but she warmly thanked her friend and hurried back to her work.

Mark Davis was a stout, genial-faced man of 35. He sat in his office, his morning's work at his books just finished. Through the open door he could see the brisk clerks stepping about in the grocery store from which the office opened. There was odor of spices, coffee, fruit and fish in the air.

"Eight hundred dollars more profit this year than last," the grocer said to himself. "Somehow it doesn't do a man any good to pile up money when he has no one to spend it on."

Here his reverie was cut short by the entrance of a clerk, who handed him an envelope, saying: "A boy just brought this."

Two papers dropped from the envelope as he tore it open. The first was a list, including a loaf of bread, potatoes, crackers, dried beef and a few other articles. He glanced over it and opened the other. It was Lillian's note.

"Dear Mr. Davis: A little girl in my room is crying because she has had no breakfast. Her name is Agnes Gregory, and her mother is a poor widow, who lives on the third floor of No. 4 Hampton street. Please send the things ordered at once. I will come in after school and pay for them. And, Mr. Davis, please give good weight. Truly yours, LILLIAN SNELL."

Mr. Davis had been a friend of the Snell family for years, and it was not the first time that Lillian had appealed to him for help in her charitable work. So that was not the reason that so strange a look came into his honest brown eyes.

"Agnes Gregory, and lives on Hampton street," he murmured. "It surely must be Margaret's child. Good God! Margaret and her child wanting bread!"

A half hour later Mark Davis was making his way up the stairs to the floor upon which Mrs. Gregory's rooms were situated. His knock at the first door was answered by a red-faced woman.

"Miss Gregory, is it you air wantin'?" she asked sharply. "An' it's no bad news you air after bringin' her, I hope."

"I wanted to deliver some groceries a friend has sent her."

The clouded face cleared as if by magic. "Heaven's blissin' be on yer seed, then! Miss Gregory, she's gone out, but I've her key here, and will unlock the door. That's her by, an' a swate child he is."

Mark eagerly looked at the pink and white face of the boy. He held out a great, golden orange, and little Royce sprang for it, his childish laugh echoing through the room. Then the grocer followed Mrs. Donovan to the home of Margaret Gregory.

It was a bare place, but clean and neat. Mark sighed as he noted the signs of abject poverty. While the delivery man was bringing up the parcels, Mrs. Donovan volubly explained that Mrs. Gregory had gone to try to get some money due her. The warm-hearted Irish woman had surmised that fortune was on a low ebb with her neighbor, partly because of little Royce's unusual fretfulness, which had been quieted by a huge slice of bread and butter.

"She's worked her precious fingers 'most to the bone," she concluded, "but work's scarce, an' I don't know what ever's goin' to become of her and her babies."

The wood soon came, Florence's half-cord had been re-enforced by a whole cord, perhaps because she had written her cousin that the needy widow was a protegee of Miss Snell's.

As to Lillian's orders for groceries, Mr. Davis had added to it a sack of flour, a ham, coffee, tea, sugar, apples, cookies, cheese, canned fruits and meats, and a big bag of candy.

Mrs. Donovan went back to her own room and the wagons rolled away. Mark hastily built a fire, then sat down to think how best to explain the liberty he had taken.

The bare room faded from his vision as he sat there. In its place came an old country garden overgrown with roses and clematis. It was June and the air was heavy with the scent of many blossoms. By his side was a beautiful girl in whose curls the sunshine seemed entangled. He bent lovingly and the rose-red lips of his companion murmured, "I love you, Mark." Still lower his head sank until his lips touched the ones that had uttered the sweet words.

A start, and he sat upright, glancing around him. That was ten years ago. He was poor then, and Margaret, beautiful Margaret Henson, had been the only daughter of a wealthy home. So their engagement had been forbidden. They parted, vowing eternal constancy. A year later Margaret became the wife of Vance Gregory, but it was not until months after that Mark learned of the treachery and deceit that had been employed to urge her to that step.

It was too late then. There was nothing to do but endure.

He had known for some time that Margaret was a widow and lived in the city. He knew nothing of her poverty, supposing that her means were ample. To go to her now with a story of love had never occurred to him. She knew nothing of what had parted them. He could not blacken the memory of the man who had been her husband, the father of her children.

He sprang to his feet. There was no need of an explanation. He passed out, pausing for a final word with Mrs. Donovan.

"Tell Mrs. Gregory the things came from the teachers at No. 3."

"To be sure, Mr. Davis," responded the woman, who had recognized Mark. "I'll tell her all 'bout it. And may the blissin' of all the saints rest on your dear head!"

Mark hurried away, leaving a shining silver dollar in Royce's hand.

It was only a few minutes after his departure that a thinly clad woman came tolling wearily up the stairs. It was Margaret Gregory. The woman who owed her was out of town. The needy mother had applied at several places for work, only to meet with refusal. Then she had gone to a store and begged for credit, but in vain.

She had reached the end. There was but one way open. She would ask Mrs. Donovan to give her children their dinner. When she had rested and conquered the bitter rebellion in her heart she would go out again and apply to the city for charity.

Margaret Gregory was proud. She

was already faint for the want of food, yet she turned in loathing from the thought of a meal obtained in that way. It would be worse than death, but death doesn't come at one's call, and there were her babies.

A dry sob burst from her lips. She passed Mrs. Donovan's door in silence. She must have a moment to herself before she could ask charity of one so poor as her kind neighbor. Hurrying on she pushed open her own door.

A bright fire was blazing in the cracked stove. Mrs. Donovan had prepared potatoes for the oven and cut slices ready for frying from the ham. The open door of the wood closet showed a huge pile, while the table was heaped high with food.

For a moment she stood gazing wildly around her. Then she dropped on her knees and a shower of tears relieved her overwrought nerves.

The next day's mail brought a letter from Margaret to Mr. Davis. The writer had gone to Miss Snell to thank her. From the young teacher she had learned of Mark's connection with the affair.

It was an earnest, grateful letter, blotted here and there with tear stains. She accepted his generosity; for her children's sake she could not refuse charity. She referred to the friendship that had existed between their parents, but Mark was glad she was too womanly a woman to even hint at the relation they had once borne to each other. When he finished reading the letter his heart was light, for he understood that Margaret knew of the treachery that had blotted the sunshine of his life.

Mark went straight home and told his aunt, who was also his housekeeper, all about it. Mrs. Everts was knitting before the open coal fire. She was a bright-faced old lady, with soft white hair and a serene face. When he had finished she laid down her work and sat for a long time gazing into the dancing flames.

"The only daughter of my old friend, Rebecca Henson, in want of food," she said, a note of pain in her voice. "Mark, you and I both have plenty of money."



HE MET HIM FRANKLY AND WITH UNDISGUISED PLEASURE.

There is room in this house, and in our hearts, for Margaret and her babies. But she is proud. Go and ask her to come and see for me. Tell her I am lonely, and ask her to bring her little ones to brighten me up."

Mark bent to kiss the plaid face.

"Thank you, Aunt Elsie, I see you understand." A few hours later he knocked at Margaret's door. He saw that the years had changed her. The wild rose bloom had faded from her cheeks, tears had washed the joyous light from her blue eyes; yet it was surely that Margaret that he had loved that stood before him.

She met him frankly and with undisguised pleasure. Her voice trembled when she undertook to express her gratitude. Mark made light of the whole affair and insisted on talking of their childhood days. The fruit and nuts he brought proved an open sesame to the hearts of Agnes and Royce, and they were soon on the best of terms with the caller.

Margaret was very grateful for the offer of work. She hesitated a little over accepting Mrs. Everts' kind invitation, fearing lest the children prove an annoyance. But when Mark drew a touching picture of the loneliness of his aunt she gladly consented to come. It was arranged that the carriage come after the Gregories the following afternoon.

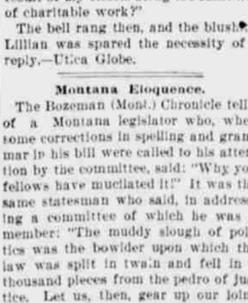
One morning, two months later, Florence Fox tripped across the hall at No. 3 and entered Miss Snell's room.

"Of course you are going to the wedding reception Thursday evening," she began. "I think it is such a lovely marriage, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," replied Lillian, warmly. "Yes, I am to go in the afternoon and help with the decorations. The whole house is to be in green and white, smilax, ferns, roses and carnations. Mrs. Everts says Mr. Davis cannot do too much for his bride; 'our dear Margaret', the sweet old lady calls her."

"And I believe it all came about from your begging him to give her good weight," Florence cried merrily. "He is obeying your request in an extravagant manner. And, Lillian, is not that pretty pearl ring and the beautiful expression on Cousin Hugh's face the result of my efforts along the same line of charitable work?"

The bell rang then, and the blushing Lillian was spared the necessity of a reply.—*Utica Globe.*



AGNES' STORY WAS SOON TOLD.

HORSESHOERS OF OLDEN TIMES

Antiquity of the Craft as Illustrated in Ancient Classic Art.

The early historians made a sad mistake when they neglected to hand down to posterity a record of the lives and manners of these ancient craftsmen, for by them we could be better able to judge of the intelligence of the people of that period, as in all ages the skill has been recognized as the center of intelligence in rural communities. I have no doubt the shoer of ancient times was quite an important chap, as his work was very essential to the preservation of limb and life. While we have been deprived of a knowledge of the shoer himself and his ways, we can feast our eyes on some of his works, at least representations of them in art pictures, and it is doubtful if some of these artists didn't work their imaginations and put the shoes then in use on their subjects. Hans Berghman, in his "Horses of Antiquity," represents a plumed knight on horseback. The horse had raised heels on his shoes, which were fastened on by nails, apparently, three on each side (painted in 1473). He has another showing a groom leading two horses that are apparently shod with flat, thick heeled shoes.

There is another picture by Albert Durer (1471) which shows a knight on horseback, whose horse is shod with a flat shoe having a wide web at the toe, much like the toe weight of the present day. He also has another good picture of a heavy draft horse that is shod with heel calks (1508).

Another German painter, about that time, Lucas Granach (1472) has a horse and plumed knight, the horse having heel calks and nails.

The English in the sixteenth century represent a horse figure called the "Tournament Roll," that is shod with a shoe that looks like the Dunning steel shoe, or the Goodenough of the present day, having fine, small calks on the side, or they might be called large nail heels.

The Italian masters show the toe weight shoe in the fifteenth century. They have a picture taken from a fresco painting in the Campo Santa de Pisa. The horseman is one of the followers of Pilate, and the artist represents him as one of the cortege of Christ bearing his cross toward Golgotha. His horse has heel calks and the shoes nailed on. The French have a picture of a knight on horseback, shod with flat shoes in the twelfth century. He carries a Maltese banner, and it is in the cathedral of Chartres.

A study of these pictures surprises us and somewhat lessens the self-esteem we may have indulged in at our progressiveness, for, after all, many of our supposed new ideas are only resurrections. Even the felt shoe is as old as the hills, as note this little bit of ancient gossip:

In Lord Herbert's "Life of Henry VIII." it is stated that that monarch while in France, having feasted the ladies royally for divers days, departed from Tourney to Lisie, Oct. 13, 1513, whither he was invited by the Lady Margaret, who caused them a joust or tournament to be held in an extraordinary manner, the place being a large room raised high from the ground by many steps and paved by black square stones like marble, while the horses, to prevent slipping, were shod with felt, after which the ladies danced all night.

A shoe of the seventeenth century was found with a fullered margin, or, as we say, creased, and calks, with the letters H. I. stamped on it, evidently the initials of the maker.

There is a complete treatise on shoeing by Caesar Paschi, written in the seventeenth century. Along about 1618 and later there must have been quite a fad in fancy shoeing, and silver cheaper than it is to-day, as we find it was used for horseshoes. When a certain Lord Doncaster, an English ambassador, entered Paris his horse was shod with silver shoes, and when he came to a place where beauties of eminence were stationed the coveting of the charger would make him cast a shoe, which the greedy bystanders scrambled for, while a liveried farrier came and tacked on another one, and thus with much ado he reached the Louvre.

In the eighteenth century the craft gained in prestige and honors, having taken up the art of doctoring. There can be no doubt their methods in this respect were crude and barbarous, but they had a better excuse for such treatment than some of those that continue their methods to the present day. Many farriers held places of honor, and some were just as conceited as many of our youngsters to-day. Many minds could echo the fair Portia's sentiment when she said of her lover that he does nothing but talk continually of his horse, and layeth great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.—*Horseshoer's Journal.*

Political Feeling in Austria.

The bitter feeling between the two races who comprise the Emperor Franz Joseph's subjects finds expression not only in the Austro-Hungarian parliament. An Englishman recently sent the following account of an experience in Prague to the Westminster Gazette: "A day or two ago I entered a Czech cafe, in a little frequented part of Prague, and chanced to forget to take off my hat immediately on entering, a custom which prevails almost everywhere in German-speaking countries. This was apparently taken as an insult by the people in the cafe, and to my surprise I was greeted by a veritable storm of shouts and hisses. For a few moments, having no knowledge of the Czech language, I did not realize my offense, but seeing that they had mistaken me for a German, and fearing that they might really attack me, as several Germans have been attacked and maltreated lately, I called out in German, 'I am English.' The effect of the announcement was instantaneous, and the tumult immediately subsided. But later on, I questioned the waiter, who told me that 'pig' and 'dog' were among the polite epithets the Czechs had shouted at me when they mistook my nationality."

Why They Have Disappeared.

Thirty years ago the vast plains of the West were black from horizon to horizon with buffalo. Col. Henry Inman says, in his interesting book, "The Old Santa Fe Trail," that in the autumn of 1828 he rode, for three consecutive days, through one continuous herd of buffalo, which must have con-

tained millions. In 1839 a train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad was delayed from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m., in consequence of the passage of an immense herd of buffalo across the track. Now the buffalo is almost extinct. Col. Inman's explanation of the disappearance of the shaggy monsters is, abridged, as follows:

From 1828 to 1881, a period of only thirteen years, they were slaughtered for their hides and bones. Between those dates, the carbon works of St. Louis and other cities utilized the skeletons of over thirty-one millions of buffalo. In Kansas alone the agents of these companies paid out for buffalo bones, gathered on the prairies, ten million five hundred thousand dollars. It required one hundred carcasses to make one ton of bones, and the price paid averaged \$8 a ton.

The completion of the Union Pacific Railroad and its branch in Kansas was the occasion of the beginning of the wholesale slaughter of the buffalo. Hunters entered the regions to which the railroads gave them access, and killed the animals for their hides. Crowds of tourists, while crossing the continent, killed the buffalo from the cars.

In those days, the most conspicuous objects along the tracks of the railroads were the dried carcasses of buffalo, slaughtered by passengers, who never sought the tongue or the hide of the animal they killed.

The hide-hunters slaughtered so wantonly that, in some places on the open prairie, one could walk for hours on the dead bodies of the buffaloes, without stepping off them to the ground.

Providence moves in a mysterious way. The India net of the prairies depended on the buffalo for food and tents and robes. The removal of the buffalo means that the Indian must live in frame houses, till the ground, and dress in cloth.

Sang at the Wrong Time.

"I cannot sing, unfortunately," said a Chicago minister in speaking to a Times Herald reporter of his early pulpit experiences, "and so whenever I conducted revival services I used to take along a friend of mine named Vincent, a great, strapping fellow with a voice like the north wind. He never had and no musical training, but Oh, he could sing. Whenever he sailed into a hymn the cornfields would turn their ears toward the church."

"In those days hymn books were scarce, and it was customary for the minister to read two lines of some familiar hymn and the congregation would then sing them, the tune being generally known. On one occasion I read two lines of a long meter hymn and Vincent led the singing magnificently. Then I picked up the Bible and read my text: 'Is there no balm in Gilead? Is no physician there?' I laid down the book; but before I could begin preaching Vincent's voice arose, loud and clear, and the congregation followed him in singing the text."

"Too much surprised to collect my scattered senses, I leaned over the pulpit and in a stage whisper said to Vincent: 'The words I gave you were the text and not a hymn at all.' This time Vincent had a monopoly of the singing, for the congregation had not caught the words; but he never stopped or wavered until he had sung every word of my confidential remark to him."

"I sank into my seat. For the next five minutes I didn't dare open my mouth for fear Vincent would slung me down. I paid him off that night after the services."

The Instalment Plan.

Sometimes, without doubt, American and British judges, who are held to a close accountability to the letter of a law which may have in it no justice for a particular case, may well sigh for the latitude of an Oriental cad. Sometimes, moreover, they may rightfully bend the administration of the law in the direction of absolute justice.

An English paper, for instance, records a peculiar decision in the suit of a usurer against a poor woman. The man had lent the woman money in such a way that it was to be paid in instalments and with monthly usurious interest. The woman was unable to pay the amount due.

The judge satisfied himself that the woman was honest and honorable, and that what she had already paid in instalments would cover the original loan and a respectable interest.

"Will you accept 5 in discharge?" asked the judge of the plaintiff; "you will then have had 10 per cent. on the loan."

The plaintiff would accept nothing less than the full amount to which the law entitled him.

"Then," said the judge, "although I cannot invalidate the agreement, I can make an order which, I think, will fit the case. I give judgment for the full amount, to be paid at the rate of sixpence a month."

This was the "instalment system" with a vengeance, for at this rate of payment the usurer would be seventy-five years in getting his money.

Not His Province.

The New England ministers of early days were expected to preserve an aspect grave to the verge of solemnity on all occasions, not only on Sundays but week-days as well. If they possessed a sense of humor it sometimes made itself evident even in the midst of devotional exercises.

One New Hampshire parish was guarded and guided by a quaint-speaking elderly man, who had a slight lisp. He was fond of outdoor work of almost every sort and was an able farmer as well as preacher; but all domestic matters he relegated to his wife.

One day the old traveling baker seeing the minister at work in the field, drew rein, and when the jingling of his horse's bells had subsided, he called out: "Any crackers wanted to-day, parson?"

The minister raised his head, and surveyed the baker from under his shaggy eyebrows. No smile of greeting crossed his solemn face.

"Abraham 'n the field," he responded, gravely, "Tharah (Sarah) 'n the tent; and without another word he resumed his hoeing, and left the baker to digest his Biblical reproof and drive on to the house to find out if "Sarah" would buy any of his wares.—*Youth's Companion.*

The wife may congratulate herself on having made a good match if her husband never goes out nights.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Her Cup of Bliss Was Full.

She—Well, if you were a man what would you do?

Nell (who has worn an engagement ring for three days)—Why, I'd want to be a girl again.

She Had No Proofs.

Mr. Slowboy—Did you know that I was a member of the Press Club?

Miss Willing—Certainly not. How was I to know?

N. B.—Miss Willing told her chum next day that Slowboy had a perfecting press for printing kisses.

Fond of Art.

Dear Mother—I have tried my hand at art and am taking a number of pictures. Yours, T. A. Ke'm.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

At the Wrong Desk.

Caller (in newspaper office)—Hello, old man! Anything new to-day?

Paragapher—Well, I'm surprised. And you an old newspaper man, too!

Caller—Why, what do you mean?

Paragapher—The idea of any man possessing ordinary intelligence coming into the humorous department and asking if there is anything new.

He Thought It Proper.

"I hope you do not consider it wrong for a young lady to wear fine clothes, necklaces, rings and things of that sort," said Miss Giddy to the young minister.

"Certainly not," replied the youthful parson, "when the heart is full of vain and ridiculous notions there is nothing objectionable in hanging out the sign."

Getting at the Facts.

Dixon—I understand that you said I didn't know as much as your yellow dog.

Hixon—I never said anything of the kind.

Dixon—Then what did you say?

Hixon—I said my yellow dog knew more than you did.

Equal to Leap Year.

"Do you know, Miss Willing," said young Woodie, the other evening, "that your face reminds me of a perfect mirror?"

"Does it?" she asked; "and why so, pray?"

"Because," he replied, "it reflects nothing but the truth."

"Oh," she exclaimed in a tone of disappointment, "I thought it was for a better reason than that."

"What did you expect me to say?" he asked.

"I thought," continued the blushing maid, "that it was because every time you looked in my face you saw your own."

The engagement has been announced.

With His Last Breath.

"Have you anything to say?" asked the sheriff, as he strapped the murderer in the electric chair.

"Very true, dear," replied the other, "but you know her only brother died three months ago."

"Indeed! But what has that got to do with the color of her hair?"

"Why, don't you understand? She's in mourning."

Not What He Required.

Customer—Have you anything that's good for a cough?

Druggist—Yes. I have a delightful cough mixture that I can recommend.

Customer—Won't do. Mine is not a delightful cough.

The Evidence at Hand.

Giles—It is said that the scanty garments worn by the barbarous races account for the unusual longevity among them.

Smiles—I don't doubt it. Just look at the great age attained by our ballet girls.

Two Ways of Expressing It.

"Oh, don't worry about such trifles," said the New York girl. "Just keep a stiff upper lip and you'll come out all right."

"But," replied her Boston cousin, "it is a physical impossibility for me to maintain a superior labial rigidity."

Heartless Wretch.

Mrs. Ferry—That husband of Jenny McCleuzer's is the most heartless wretch I ever heard of.

Mr. Ferry—Really, my dear, you seem indignant.

"Who wouldn't be indignant on hearing of a man who was trying to train his baby to cry every morning at 6 o'clock, so that its father won't oversleep himself?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Descent from a Balloon by Bicycle.

A parachutist, known as "Professor" Anthony, has accomplished a sensational descent at Luton by dropping from a height of 3,000 feet while "pedaling" a bicycle. This is said to be the first introduction of the bicycle into this hazardous kind of exhibition. Signor Balloni, of the Crystal Palace, took the balloon up with the "professor" dangling below the car, and when an elevation of 3,000 feet had been reached, he gave the signal to drop. The parachute opened by an apparatus worked by "pedaling" the bicycle, and the "professor" afterward stated that he dropped fifty feet before it opened properly. During that time he had "pedaled" hard. The descent was very slow on account of the parachute being rather too large, and the parachutist was carried by the wind to some farms near Caddington, from which place he rode back to Luton.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Assured Position.

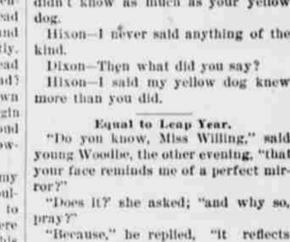
"Squills must consider himself thoroughly established as a doctor now."

"Why?"

"He has quit wearing a silk hat and has nothing but a name-plate on his door."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



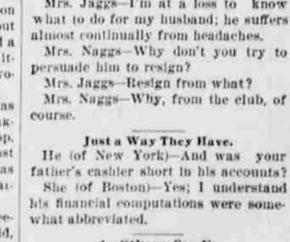
DEAR MOTHER—I HAVE TRIED MY HAND AT ART AND AM TAKING A NUMBER OF PICTURES.



REV. SELDOM STIRSEM—OH, MY FRIEND, TO SEE YOUR PLIGHT MAKES ME TOO FULL FOR UTTERANCE!



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