MONEY.

Veiled in kindly seeming beney wasted is a friend Lost beyond redeeming.

learded, it is like a guest Won with anxious seeking, living nothing for his board Save the care of keeping.

Twice its worth behind it; and who thus hath lost it bere

THE MISER'S HAND.

One evening in the year 1520, a woman, enveloped in a long black mantle, walking toward the bridge of the Rialto in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and at intervals she looked with a hurried, frightened She paused on the center of the ridge and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then closing her eyes and murmuring faintly, "Antonio! my Antonio! Adien!" she prepared to throw herself over the

Just as she was falling a man rushed ferward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and, drawing her back, said: Girll destroy not thy life which Provimoe has given thee. If thou art unhappy enter thy church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out thy sor-row and thank thy Maker that thou hast m preserved from crime—from rushing uncalled into his presence!"

"The girl impatiently tried to shake the strong, kind hand that held her. and said: "Let me go! I must die!"

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which conled her features. They were very evely, and the man gazed on her with ler and admiration as she was gradanlly restored.

By degrees she told him who she was ad where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: An ricious father, a poor lover, a mutual

Vainly did Maria plead with her father, a rich innkeeper of Venice, the mass of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsome gondolier beneath the bridge of Sighs. At length this evening er father, Gianettini, forgot himself so r as to strike his daughter with some e, and she, with far more culpble neglect of her duty, ran wildly from e, and, as we have seen, was arrest i just on the verge of committing sui-

The person who had saved her led her ently to her home, and, having given up to her father, seated himself in cure corner of the hostelry. Giastini received his child with rude re-seaches, and bidding her retire to her wn apartment and betake herself to her mining, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who brought her home, home stout, manly figure and firm stenance, however, deterred the innper from addressing him in a hostile

As Maria turned to depart a young midolier appeared at the door and fur-vely approaching her, said, "Dearest! stini rushed forward, shouting:

but of this! Out of my house, fel-

he young man did not stir. "Have you finished?" he said, in a good mored tone. "Wherefore these hard dat Have you never loved, Signor the feelings of your youth? Know you not that since I was ten years old and Maria five we have loved each other adly? Will you not, then, allow us to ow your old age with our tears?

"I don't want to have a parcel of begroughly.
"Beggars!" replied the young man.
"You surely forget yourself."

"Not I, indeed," returned the father. "I refuse my consent. Therefore get "But hear me for one moment,"

leaded the gondolier.
"Tis useless. I again repeat that ch as you shall never wed my daugh-

x. Your position is too mean. "Certainly, you are rich," replied the come man; "but what hinders that I bould become so too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul will, with the help of heaven, do much.'

"A fool's dream!" 'Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense. Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merant; Duke Giacomo Siorza a cowherd.' The man in the corner had hearkened ttentively to this dialogue. He rose and, touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said:
"Well spoken, gondolier. Courage brings cess, and struggles bring conquests. Maria shall be my wife."
"Never!" cried Gianettini.

"Be that as it may, you must remem-ber that be is now little better than a

Benvois, librarian at the palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it 600

innkeeper. "I would not give a zecchin for it."

The gondolier took the parchment and looked at it with astonishment. He then turned doubtfully toward Maria, but a glance from her soft dark eyes reassured him, and he set out on his mission.

With folded arms and a moody brow the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room in the hostelry. casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance at the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Gianettini, he seem-ed unable to shake off the strange ascendancy gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him, and for the first time in his life he dared not break silence.

An hour passed. Then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared bearing in his hand a bag and a letter. The bag contained 600 pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist and prayed him to honor the senator with

"Take these coins and weigh them, said the unknown, as he threw the bag toward Gianettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor pale and trembling with joy. "One favor more," he said. "Who

"What does it matter?" "What does it matter, say you?" cried the gondolier. "Much-much to me! Tell me your name, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life." "Men call me Michael Angelo. It is my turn now," he said, "to ask you a

favor. It is to allow me to perpetuate on canvas the lovely features of Maria." The girl approached. She could not speak, but she clasped the painter's hand and raised it to her lips. A tear fell on it, and Michael Angelo, as he

drew her back, turned away to conceal

his own emotions. Twenty years passed on and found Antonio, the once humble gondolier, the happy husband of Maria and general of the Venetian republic. Yet his brilliant position never rendered him unmindful of his early life, and his heartfelt gratitude, as well as that of his wife, accompanied Michael Angelo Buonarrotti to the end of his days.

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814 it was unfortunately lost, and so far as can be ascertained has never since been recovered. The story of its production. however, still lingers among the tradi-tions of Venice.—M. A. in Chicago Globe.

The Zuni Game of the Kicked Stick. All is now ready: each rider has his eye on his favorite side, an old priest rides in advance and sprinkles sacred meal over the course, the starters kick the sticks and the wildest excitement prevails. As each racer left his home he put into his mouth two shell beads-the one he drops as a sacrifice as he starts, the other when he has covered about one half the course.

The stick is tossed rather than kicked, and a good racer will toss it from eighty to a hundred feet. Over the heads of the runners it goes and falls beyond the first man. He simply points to where it lights and runs on. The next man tries to kick it, but should he fail to get under it he goes on, and the next man takes it. The race is not to the swift alone, although this has much to do with it. The stick can in no case be touched with anything but the foot, and should it fall into a cactus bush, a prairie dog hole or an arroyo much valuable time is lost in getting it out.

Not infrequently it happens that one side will be several miles in advance of the other when the stick falls into some to the quiet, restful hours he feels he yelling which takes place as those who were behind come up and pass can only be imagined and not described. So skill in tossing it plays a prominent part. On. on they go to the southern hills, east to Ta-ai-yal-lo-ne, north to the mesas, follow these west for miles, then to the southern hills and back again to the starting point.

The distance traversed is nearly twenty-five miles, and they pass over it in about two hours. Racing is indulged in by the excited horsemen as they approach wrong, and the necessity for doing so by the excited horsemen as they approach the goal, and it is not unusual to see a nettles him. And they both get irritated Popular Science Monthly.

It is generally stated that it is to Jonas Hanway, the well known philanthropist, that we are indebted for the valuable exa raised umbrella in the streets of London. It is difficult now to conceive the amount of persecution which this strange proceeding entailed upon that honorable gentleman, whose object was doubtless less the protection of his own person than that of showing his countrymen how they might protect themselves from drenching showers.

Long after they had come into occa-ional use, a gentleman, accompanied by

WE EXPECT TOO MUCH.

MARRIED PEOPLE DEMAND UNREA SONABLE ATTENTION.

Why Love's Young Dream Is Ofton Sadly Dispelled Shortly After the Honeymoor Is Over-Why Man's Taste Is Generally

riage a failure?" came up at a small social gathering a few evenings since. In the company were an old bachelor, a widow, several married people and a couple of young persons who were absorbed in unsuccessful attempts to persuade the company that they never heard of such a thing as love's young

Various opinions were advanced and some little warmth was becoming evident in the remarks of some of the married guests. The bachelor was cynical, the youngsters somewhat shocked and sorrowful and the entire company uncomfortable.

At length a lady who had hitherto remained silent was appealed to for her

opinion. "If we judge by the amount of happi-ness we find in families," she said, "I think we may call it a failure, for a perfeetly harmonious household is very hard to find. There is so much selfishness and so much indifference displayed, so much I and so little you, that the instinct of self preservation springs up and takes alarm, and the individual is at once put upon the defensive as to his or

"Young people marry and begin their homelife on a wrong basis. Courtship and marriage, while often merely an incident to the man, is all absorbing to the woman. She dreams about it, lives in it, worries and cries over it, and throws her whole life into the ideal as she has read it in books. Her ideal husband is always gentle, tender and considerate; always comes home with a smile on his face, and, although burdened with care and perplexed with business, is never other than a hero. She is quite likely to forget the ideal man can be very disagreeable when he is hungry, and finds little to comfort him in kisses and blisses if the laundress has failed to bring home his linen, or he hasn't a quiet corne where he may sit down and rest.

"For man is a more solitary creature than woman. There is an old legend to the effect that God's original plan was to U. create woman the mother of the race first of all, but, in his far seeing wisdom, he decided that a woman should never be alone in the world; so man was created first, that she might find a compan-ion even in her earliest hours of exis-tence, and from her infancy she craves society, and all through her girlhood has her little girl friends, and their associaation is much more intimate than that of the boy with his mates. And all through her young days how she con-fides in her girl associates and tells them all of her little secrets, reads her first love letter to them, and tells them all about the ideal which she has fashioned and clothed with graces as with a gar ment. How natural that she should carry a great deal of this ideal into her married life and expect love and devotion all of the time, and that the hus-band will be as devoted and as self sacrificing as the lover.

"But all the same he isn't, and she feels chilled and unhappy when, after one greeting kiss, he looks beyond to see if there are signs of dinner, or frowns if there are a number of girl friends scatneeds so much after the day's business He is certain that she cares less for his society than that of the girls, and nat-urally resents it. He thinks he married this company. Then he reflects that he is selfish and a brute, and will do nothing of the sort.

"But such reflections never make the pony drop over dead from exhaustion as and petty jealousies spring up, and there they near the village.—J. G. Owens in are sharp words and bitter feelings, and everything goes wrong. Perhaps good sense comes to the rescue, and they come to a perfect understanding, but much oftener they grow worse, until he rushes away to the club, and she sits down to that we are indebted for the valuable ex-ample of moral courage in first carrying following his example, seeks congenial society, and their lives end in dissipation or an open rupture.

"And all because each expects too much of the other. Indeed, this is the keynote of almost all unhappiness in life. We expect too much. Our ideal is too high, and not finding plain, practical facts to meet it, we are disappointed and discouraged, and become soured and

Maria shall be my wife."

"Mare Jew," asid the unknown.

"Maria youth could lay down 600 pistoles
would you object to the marriage?"

"Be that as it may, you must remember that be is now little better than a
pauper."

"Pohaw" said the unknown: "babbless are more tiresome than thieves.
Before tomorrow you shall handle that
sus."

So saying he drew from his pocket a
piece of parchment and a crayon, and
tarning toward a table began rapidly to
backts a man's hand. It was represented open, impatient, with bollow palm,
as if expecting a shower of gold pieces
was encircled with a massive ring.

"The my hand," cried Gianettini.
"And your history," said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, its anthere described with a massive ring.
"And your history," said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, its anthere described with a massive ring.
"And your history," said the artist.

Calamities that swell the death rate of
a malmapolis Sentinel.

Calamities that swell the death rate of
a mation—epidemics, for instance—ipraisely found not give a seechin
for it."

Without speaking the artist turned
haughtily away.

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