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Section 2	ACROSS THE STREET	
	Across the street the bright lights flashed and gleamed, And fortune's favored ones were gathered there. The merry music of the dance outstreamed Upon the air.	1 1 5
	Across the street—it seemed so far away, That joyous world, from my unhappy sphere, Made up of weary toil, day after day, And year by year.	
	I turned me from my window, with a sigh. "Thou mak'st life's differences, O God, so wide." I could not conquer that ungrateful cry, Tho' hard I tried.	1
	Across the street, next night, across the street, Death's grim insignia from the door was hung. I heard the passers-by, low-voiced, repeat, "So fair, so young."	1
	Across the street—ah, surely 'twas not so, That they were mourning who last night were gay. That yonder mansion was a house of woe, Where death held sway?	
	Across the street, beside a single light, A cheerless company a sad watch kept, And she, the homaged one of yesternight, Forever slept.	1
Boston Jou	mal.	
	<u></u>	1
JO	HN ALDEN'S INSURANCE	1
		1
TOSIAH	REYNOLDS was a scarcely noticed it, but which, in his	

life had been uneventful and monotonous; he was what one might call an average man. He had obtained, when fourteen years of age, a position as errand boy in a retail dry goods store. From this store no ambition had ever tempted him; there he had remained, and in his methodical way had plodded step by step, higher and higher, till he had become head salesman

at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. Josiah, at the age of twenty-five, had married. He loved his wife in his own way; and then, as he always said, "It is so much cheaper to live!" Poor Josiah discovered his mistake by the time he was the father of eight children; and often in his despondent is not a thing of the moment; I have moods longed for the time when he, a hapy bachelor, had lived in an attic and dined how and when he pleased. But Josiah was a thoroughly honest man, and afterothese retrospective and despondent musings redoubled his exertions to solve the problem-how to pay rent, clothe his family, and settle the thousand and one little bills continually intruding themselves-all on fifteen dollars a week. But, to his credit be it said, his family was provided for well; the children were warmly if cheaply clad; the wife al- fifteen dollars a week, seemed inexways looked neat, nor did they suffer for food; true, they had few amusements or luxuries, and poor Josiah wife, should have a silk dress, and house furnisher's, Alfred's college exoften felt ashamed of his threadbare should rest from the labor which had penses, tailors', grocers', butchers' and coat, for he would rather go shab-

staid, respectable man, whose retrospective glance, under the bright illumination of this magnificent offer,

weighed on his spirits like a pall. What! He an equal partner in the firm! He an equal sharer in the profits! He the heir of Mr. Alden! It seemed incredible.

"Well, Josiah, what say you?" He roused himself and said:

"I don't know what to say, the offer is so unexpected and undeserved. I have never done more than my duty, and why you should be so generous I do not know; really I do not know what to say or do."

"There is nothing you need say; Josiah, and but, one thing to do-allow me to have my own way. My decision thought of it long and often. The store does not pay very much-about four thousand dollars a year-still' it has enabled me to lay up a snug fortune, and to place upon my life an insurance of twenty thousand dollars."

Josiah listened to the old man's talk only with external application; he un- plain Reynolds. It gratified him to derstood what was said, but each word conjured up a picture. At first his Mr. Alden, is not well; he is staying at mind did not wander beyond the yearly income of two thousand dollars; this from out of town: "We dine at six; sum, in contrast with his beggarly haustible. He thought of the many things he could do now. Maria, his

been wearing her out. Martha, his

that I am neither fool nor crazy. This morning Mr. Alden took me into partnership; I hasten to tell you the good news, and you accuse me of being insane; nice encouragement, is it not?" "Oh, Josiah, I am so glad!" said "is it really and truly true?" "Yes, it is true; and, moreover, Mr. Alden is coming to live with/us, and when he dies he will leave all his wealth to me. Maria, we are rich! No more pinching and contriving; we can live like human beings, and the children can have a chance to be somebody." "Oh, Jo.siah, I am so glad!" said Maria, and again the floodgate of tears

were those of joy, and were soon dried up under her sun of happiness. "Now, Maria, as soon as the children come we will have a little excursion and celebrate the birthday of the junior member of the firm of Alden & Reynolds." In the bosom of his family, Josiah, kind and benignant, celebrated the day

which opened to him and his such delightful prospects. Next morning Josiah went to his work at the usual hour. The rest of the help congratulated him-some honestly, some enviously-but all subserviently. He informed Mr. Allen that he could not receive him till a week had passed, for he was about to move into a new house. "You know, Mr. Alden." he said. "it would not do for the firm to live in such a neighborhood as that in which I formerly lived." "No, certainly not," assented Mr. Alden.

In a week everything was arranged. Mr. Alden was installed with his new partner in a fine house, nicely furnished. It was true Josiah was obliged to run in debt for the furnishings, but then the firm was good for it. Martha had her music teacher; Alfred was sent to college; Maria was not allowed to do much of any work, except to

oversee the girl; the children were finely dressed, and everything went as naturally as if the family had never economized on fifteen dollars a week. Mr. Alden made his will, leaving his entire wealth to Josiah; but despite the kind care of Maria, he daily grew weaker. He never went to the store, but Josiah, now always neatly dressed and with a bud on his coat, kept the business up to its usual standard, though he had ceased to work as he was wont to do when a clerk.

Business was very satisfactory; the life just suited Josiah; he felt himself expand and broaden; it pleased him to be called Mr. Reynolds by those who formerly called him Josiah or even say to a good customer: "My partner, my house;" or to say to a customer will you honor us?" For three months all was rose-col-

ored-then the bills began to come in -the quarter's rent, bills from the

time when they were happy and contented on fifteen dollars a week. In the privacy of his own room Josiah gazed once more at the insurance table. The figures stared at him: "Expectancy of Life - eighty-five

with him and had caused Maria many

tears, as her mind reverted to the

years-5.18 years." "Expectancy of Life-ninety years 4.16 years."

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "then he will not die till he is ninetywas opened; but this time the tears .four." As if directed by an external power, his eye followed down the column of figures till he reached ninetyfour. There he read: "Expectancy of Life-ninety-four

years-3.49 years." He groaned aloud. Feverishly he once more scanned the column. "He will be ninety-seven," he

moaned. Once more the figures seared them-

selves upon his brain. "Expectancy of Life-ninety-seven years-three years." Josiah dropped the book, his face blanched to the color of its leaves. "I see it all now," he exclaimed, in a hollow voice, "this man can never die; I might continue this column on indefinitely, but there would always be something left. He shall always live to mock me with the anticipation of wealth I shall never obtain!"

Next morning the old man was found dead in bed: strangled to death, the coroner said. Josiah was arrested. and in one of lucid intervals, for he was undoubtedly insane, confessed the

crime. He was confined in an insane asylum, and the property left by Mr. Alden was managed by Maria with the same care she had displayed in the management of fifteen dollars a week. -Waverley.

EFFECT OF PROSPERITY

Traveling Shows Could Not Secure Enough Helpers to Handle Tents. "A circus handicapped by prosperity sounds like pipe talk, but that was the experience I, had last summer," said George Bowles, who until two months ago was press agent for the Barnum & Bailey circus and was in town on Wednesday doing some advance work for a new star.

"All circus routes are based upon the prosperity of the different sections of the country. A section in which crops are good and the banks are flourishing, gets the circus, but a section where there has been a failure of crops or of big manufacturing enterprises is passed up by the advance agent who maps the route. This is a good policy and is followed by every circus of any size, but last summer for the first time in all my theatrical experience we were burdened by a surplus of pros-

perity. "When the circus was in Washington reports stated that our canvassmen

THE PASSING YEAR.

Across the shadows of the night There come to my expectant ear The twelve deep notes that tell the flight Of yet another passing year. its limits reached, its work is done, Its record sealed and sent on high, Unknown to all and seen by none Except God's own all-seeing eye. Its

Ah, mel those years, those vanished years "Yes, he will live to be over ninety." he said, bitterly. Glancing down the column, his eye fell upon the figure ninety with a cry of anguish; he read: "Expectancy of Life—ninety years

Of grief and ill-so, too, of good; And for them both we give God praise, Though at the time misunderstood. His wisdom measures all understood. Farewell, Old Year! There have been days He knows the weakness of our frame; His love our highest thought exceeds; He calls us by his own dear name.

So pass the years in solemn state Beyond our ken; we count the sun; They come and go, we watch and wait Until our own set time shall come. God of the years, from out whose hand, With all our precious gifts, they come, Give us the grace to understand, And make them helps to lead us home! -Christian Work.



ES, I will do it. It's the only way I stand that I run the mill to put money in manity and her reverent trust in God. my own pocket."

ding expression.

to-morrow I'll announce a cut of ten per churches of the town for Christmas? act upon it, as if there could be no doubt

told how she had grown tired of spend- not a reduction of their wages, but an ing her vacations at the school. assurance of his good will and interest "You know, grandpa, that it is dread- in them. For this child's sake he would ful to have no one of your very own to learn to know and do his duty.

"It will be our first Christmas tobe glad with, and I've come to spend Christmas with you." gether," Florence said dreamily, her-The girl was so sure that her grand- cheek pressed against his.

THE CHILD'S FESTIVAL.

true Children's day.

The Lord of the

feast was a child in

still loves little chil-

ddren as He did when, in the

manhood, He took

them in His arms

and blessed them.

f there were po

children in our

world to receive and

of His

Bethlehem, and He

strength

father was glad to see her that he could "Yes, little girl. It will really be my not tell her she was unwelcome. An hour first, my very first, Christmas."-Homelater they sat at dinner. The old man Monthly.

looked across to where the girl's golden head gleamed in the lamp. She chatted gayly. When they rose

from the table she went with him to the There is a Special Significance in Christmas for the Little Ones. study. Sitting on a stool, she told him of her school life. HRISTMAS is the

"I am happy there, grandpa, but I will be glad when school is finished. Then I can keep house for you. It has been so kind in you to do without me so I could be educated."

He made no response. They parted without the words being said that would send Florence back to school. Mr. Bentley resolved to say them at breakfast the next morning. There he found himself confronted by that smiling face, and was obliged to hold his peace.

Florence stayed. Simpson, the maid, and the man all delighted to serve her. time would lose much of its beauty and A few simple changes were made in the dreary old house. Mr. Bentley chose some new furniture. He ordered that delight. The child's imagination, which good fires should be kept up and bade transforms commonplace things, the Simpson see that the table was well child's receptivity, which does not stop to question, but enjoys-these reflect spread.

themselves upon our minds and bring us Gilbert Bentley was powerless. Florence would think the best of him. She for the moment into the childlike mood of would think that he loved her and was happiness. Nor is the child's thought of can be sure of making a fair profit glad to have her there. She would be happiness simply one of getting. Neither next year. My workmen must under- lieve that he shared her own love for hu- the gif, nor the surprise of the gift, dear as these are to the child's heart, brings She went with him to the mill and as much pleasure as the planning and

There was an ugly frown on Gilbert through the village. There her mistaken the giving. The best of Christmas is en-Bentley's brow as he sat in his shabby idea of his character showed in a strong joyed before ever Christmas comes. We little study, communing with himself. He light. Many of his workmen were living older ones need to be reminded every year was a small, stooping man of 65, with in poverty. She knew he was doing all that love is more than elaboration at the searching blue eyes, and a cold, forbid- he could for them, but was there not Christmas time, and that the value of the some way she could help? What was he gift is measured by the affection of the "I'll do it at once. One week from going to do for the men and for the giver; but unspoiled children know it and

WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.



He had never made a Christmas gift in

-the birth night of our dear Savior, let

us give ourselves anew to the work you

"Little girl, you don't understand. 1

Her dimpled hand closed his lips. "You

have been doing alone."

wife and children.

In this manner Josiah lived until his year' grown more feeble, and left more oh, he would get a new coat! and more the charge of the store to Josiah. Many men under such circumstances would have demanded more pay, but not so Josiah; it seemed only natural to him that he should give his best endeavors to his employer, who, however, made no comment upon his assistant's faithful work:, but Josiah was content with the thought of duty properly performed.

On the morning of the first of March, Josiah's birthday, he came to the store

at his usual hour, but his seedy coat bore upon its lapel a little bunch of hothouse flowers, his natal gift from his wife and children. He went to his work light-heartedly on this particular morning. It was his nature to be happy, and only an occasional he was anxious to confide to some one gloomy spell over some unusual exserenity. This morning, however, he had shared his privations and sorrows? was particularly happy. When he had seated himself for his breakfast of porridge and molasses he had found at wife, amidst the joyful wishes of her fact man had a passionate fondness for flowers, rarely gratified; but to-day, as he started to his work, the remembrance of his happy home and the odor sense of unusual joy.

When his employer arrived Josiah greeted him with a pleasant smile, but diloquently to the pile of shirts, gathnoticed regretfully how weak he seemed.

"Ah!" he thought, "what a sorrowful life for poor Mr. Alden, all alone at this age! I would not change places | crazy?" with him, I am sure. What is money without happiness?"

"Joslah," said Mr. Alden, "I have something to say to you."

"Yes, sir," answered Josiah, surprised at the impressive tone of his master's voice.

"Josiah," said Mr. Alden. "you have been with me ever since you were a boy; I have watched the unfolding of your character, and I know you to be a truly honorable and reliable man. I have not been unmindful of your faithful services, nor am I indisposed to reward them. I am getting old; I am now eighty-four years of age, and, in the ordinary course of events, I cannot live much longer. Since my dear son died I have been entirely alone in the world. What I want to say is this: I wish to give you full charge of the store; I will take you into partnership, and you can have one-half of the profits. All I ask is that you take me into your family, for I am weary of living alone. When I husband; "have I said or done anydie I shall leave you all I possess, in- thing to offend you?" cluding an insurance on my life of twenty thousand dollars. Does that | and go-got crazy!" suit you?"

Mr. Alden, who knew his clerk well, was not surprised that he did not speak; it was, indeed, and he knew it, a most alluring prospect. Josiah was when you are only a clerk getting fifso stunned that he could not speak teen dollars a week?" coherently. Through his mind rushed a picture of his past life; how he had stand. What! He, a partner in the reached his home he savagely repulsed always pinched and calculated to make firm, accused of being a clerk at fifteen the children who came to him with a both ends meet; the continual whirl dollars a week? It was an insult! In recently learned timidity; snarled at

by himself than be ashamed of his oldest daughter, should have the wish in like an avalanche, till the poor man of her life granted, and should study music. Alfred should go to college; forty-fifth year; then he received a the other children should have their great surprise. His employer had each dresses when they grew up-and he-

> With such roseate pictures did the two thousand dollars fill his thoughts: but when he allowed his mind to contemplate the time when he should possess Mr. Alden's entire fortune, it affected him as a flash of lightning does the eve. "Well, Josiah," said Mr. Alden, "let

us go and have the partnership papers drawn up; then, as it is your birthday, you can take a holiday, something you have not had in many years."

"Just as you say, sir," said Josiah. meekly.

Soon the business was transacted. Josiah signing all the papers in a dazed manner, unconscious of their contents. Then he hastened home, for the joy that filled his heart; and to pense broke his generally unruffled whom more properly than to her who When he reached his abode, a dingy house in an obscure back street, he found his wife working upan a pile of his plate a bunch of flowers, which his shirts; this she had done for many years to eke out their meager existchildren, had pinned upon his coat. ence. Josiah was not unused to the Strange as it may seem, this matter-of- sight, since he had witnessed it day after day, but now he felt within his soul an impulse of indignation that his wife should be doing such work; so, while his wife gazed in astonishment of the flowers stimulated him to a at her liege lord, who never before in all their married life had returned so early from the store, he stalked gran-

ered them up and cast them out of the door. "Josiah Reynolds!" exclaimed the

amazement-stricken wife, "are you "No, Maria, I am not, but I do feel

rather strange here," said Josiah, tapping his forehead, "but crazy or not, you shall make no more shirts for Wringer & Starchem."

"But, my dear, what shall we do? made three dollars a week out of them; we can't get along without the money."

"Mrs. Reynolds." answered Josiah, with an air of dignity, "the wife of the junior member of the firm of Alden & Reynolds does not need to make shirts at three dollars a week."

Maria was ready to burst into tears. Never before had her dear Josiah called her Mrs. Reynolds; moreover, he frightened her with his strange actions and incoherent talk, and, with a woman's reasoning, she concluded he was insane. So the tears that had been

gathering burst forth like a torrent, accompanied by a storm of sobs. "My dear Maria, what is the matter?" exclaimed the now awakened

"No," sobbed Maria, "only go-gone

"Why, Maria, I am not crazy; what do you mean by saving so?"

"What do you mean by talking about the firm of 'Alden & Reynolds'

This was more than Josiah could

a thousand and one other bills poured and laborers had gone on strike. These was nearly distracted, and found it even harder to make both ends meet than when working for fifteen dollars a week. Pride would not allow him to recede from his position, and by hook and by crook he managed to

make things come out nearly right; but was obliged to borrow a few hundreds from a friendly broker, who knew the circumstances of Alden's will, and who readily took Josiah's note. Months went on thus, outwardly

pleasant to all, but Josiah found himself steadily getting into debt to the friendly broker on whom he had to call to keep up his credit and appearance. "It is only for a short time," he argued. "Mr. Alden cannot live much

onger, then I will have the whole store and all his money." Thus Josiah went on, calculating on the death of his benefactor, till from calculating he grew to thinking.

"What is the good of his living? He is of no use to himself or others, and only stands in the way of my advancement. Well, he cannot last much longer, for he grows weaker day by day."

This was indeed true; Mr. Alden was unable to leave his room; he had no particular ailment, seeming to succumb merely to old age. A year had passed and Josiah owed the broker about one thousand dollars. When he borrowed his last installment

his friend said: "How long do you think old Alden will last?"

"I do not know. He is now eightyfive years of age, and certainly should not last very much longer."

"I do not know about that," said the broker. "I was talking with a life insurance agent a few days ago, and he said that according to the mortality tables of the insurance company a man of eighty-five years could expect to live for five years."

"What!" groaned Josiah, "do you think Mr. Alden will live to be ninetv ?"

"According to the table he can," said the broker, producing a series of tables compiled by one P. E. Chase. Josiah looked eagerly at the book. Yes, there it was:

"Expectancy of Life - eighty-five vears-5.18 years." "So Mr. Alden will live to be nine-

y," he said, looking blankly at the broker. "So it seems," said his friend, calm-

y lighting a cigar. "And what am I to do, run into debt all this time. Will you wait and still furnish me with money?" and Josiah wetted his lips anxiously.

"I will wait." said the broker. "but you will have to pay me a larger rate of interest." "Anything at all," eagerly responded

Josiah. "I cannot go back now, but, oh, I wish this suspense were over! Why will he not die and leave his money where it will do some good?"

Joslah went home gloomy and thoughtful; he did not notice the many respectful salutations he received; his mind was filled with but one idea; one thought intruded itself and rang in his ears with monotonous insistence-nine-

ty years, ninety years. When he

reports were inaccurate, but they followed us wherever we went. The truth of the matter was, our men deserted upon their individual initiatives and not because of any concerted movements to secure more money or a reduction in their working hours. "Times were so prosperous that any man with a good pair of biceps could not only get a job, but would have people bidding for his services and many employers who wanted good,

husky boys overbid the circus, whereupon the canvassman, figuratively speaking, folded his individual tent and silently stole away. These desertions were so frequent that the circus for about six weeks was constantly in more or less trouble. We sent everywhere for men. From the waterfront in New York and other cities we got sailors because they knew how to handle ropes, but they were with us only a short while, until some enterprising citizen with his own labor troubles

would offer them fancy wages, then they would skip out and we would have to hunt again.

"The trouble was solved only .when, for the first time in the history of the circus. Mr. Bailey imported a large force of Virginia negroes, who were greatly pleased with the excitement and novelty of circus life. He tried hard to avoid this move, but there was too much doing, for white men, to leave any other recourse."-Washington Times.

How to Read.

Edward Everett Hale, in his excellent little book, "How to Do It," discusses the matter of reading. The substance of what he says may be given in the form of the following ten rules: 1. Don't try to read everything. 2. Read two books on the same subject, one solid, one for pleasure. 3. Don't read a book for the sake of saying, I have read it.

4. Review what you read. 5. Read with a pencil in hand. 6. Use a blank book.

7. Condense whatever you copy. 8. Read less and remember it.

9. One hour for light reading should have one hour of solid reading. 10. Whatever reading you do, do it

regularly.

When Golf Was Taken Seriously. On September 9, 1637, Francis Broune, son to John Broune, wabster in Banff, was convicted by the borrow or justice court of the burgh of breaking into the buithe of Patrick Shand and stealing therefrom, "sume golff ballis," and the judges "ordainit the said Francis to be presentlie tacken and careit to the gallowshill of this burghe, and hangit on the gallows thereof to the death, whereof William Wat, dempster of the said assyis, gaive doome."-St. James' Gazette.

Her Status. "Why do you still call her a 'fin de siecle girl'?"

"What's the matter with that?" "Why, since that means literally the 'end of the century girl,' it was only used in speaking of girls toward the close of the last century-

"Well, that's when she was a girl."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Patriotism always stands in with the government.

cent on all wages. One week-that will Then they must remember the little chilbe the twenty-fifth. Why, that will be dren. Christmas, and the men must have a Christmas Eve came.

holiday, Christmas! As if that old super- had shamefacedly ordered Simpson to stition made any difference with the provide a "regular Christmas dinner." world to-day!"

The frown on his brow deepened. leaned back, staring from a window. He persist in talking as if Christmas meant could see the long, low buildings of the as much to him as it did to her. Bentley Lumber Company. In the background was the leafless forest. The sun home that evening. It was snowing, and was setting and the sky, above the tree the wind buffeted him as he mounted the tops, was tinged with a rosy glow. Gilbert Bentley had spent ten years idle, but on the following morning the in that lumbering village. In that time men should be notified of the reduction he had doubled his capital. Now, owing in their wages. How angry they would to a general depression, his profits were be! Gilbert Bentley's lips closed in a

the winter would mean very little profit, himself; others must do the same. but doubtless, the spring would bring a He reached the house. As he passed change. Well, he would not wait for through the hall the dining room door stood open. He noted the vase of scar-

saw her. The door bell rang and there was the

and a sweet voice cried: "Grandpa, are you here?"

son, his old English housekeeper, enter-

you!

girl of sixteen, a dimpled, blonde face andlighted by sunny blue eyes.

are not to malign my dear grandfather. Florence, and I am glad-so glad-to see We will work together, will we not?"

of it at all, and we would all be happier at Christmas if we were to learn of them. Then would the Christmas burden, of Mr. Bentley which so many are complaining, turn to pure delight .-- Congregationalist.

The Porto Rican Christmas.

his life, but now-well, Florence would Christmas in Porto Rico is a church estival of much importance and the cele-He was thinking of this as he walked bration of it is made up chiefly of religious ceremonies intended to commemorate the principal events in the life of slope. The next day the mill must stand the Savior. Beginning with the celebration of His birth at Christmas time. the feast days follow one another in rapid succession. Indeed, it may justly be said that they do not really come to small. To continue his business through firm, cruel line. He had looked out for an end until Easter.

> Sudden and Surprising. "What do you most desire for Christ-

mas, Miss Mabel?" "Oh, George, this is so sudden!" "Wh-what do you mean?" "Why, of course, I want you!"

Foolish Resolutions. The New Year's vows that Perkins made To keep will prove a strain. He yowed to shave himself this year And use not words profane.

Very Easy



Pat-Whoy is th' owld year loike a

spring. Money had always been Gilbert Bent- let carnations, ordered from the city, in ley's god. He had begun life a poor boy the center of the table. Upon a quaint and had worked his way upward, un- old sideboard was a basket of oranges aided. His life had been too busy for and pale green grapes and a plate of the sentiment. To be sure he had married. nuts over which Florence loved to linger His wife lived only a few years. There while he drank his coffee. was a child. Harold had grown up, high The old man's face softened. He sat spirited and proud. In early manhood down before the fire. He was so enhe married against his father's wishes. grossed in thought that he did not hear Estrangement had followed. Harold and Florence enter.

his wife died within a few months of each other, leaving a little daughter. arms were round his neck. "I found Pride prompted Mr. Bentley to pay the your gift, and I thank you a thousand girl's bills at a good school, but he never times. But grandpa, I want to ask you

ound of footsteps and voices in the hall. want to give you my help-myself. It The door of the study was thrown open is a wonderful position . you hold-so much wealth and so many people whom you can help. On this best of all nights

Before Mr. Bentley could speak, Simp

ed. In one hand she held aloft a lighted lamp, thus showing Gilbert Bentley his unexpected visitor. She was a slender have not been what you think I have,

'Why, don't you know me? I am

"Yes, dear."

"You precious grandpa!" Again her for something more. It is a part in your work I want you to give me. And I

