THE THIRD DEGREE.

If the Master cares to judge me by the
things that I have done,
There will be no place in heaven for his
foolish, erring son;
If the Master's seen the things that I
have wanted most to do,
There'll be no salvation for me, for the
devil knows 'em, too!
But I've wanted true to want to do the
things I knew were right—
Say, can it be the likes of me'll have
virtue in his sight?

I have soiled my hands with mischief,
and I've wanted to do more,
And 't was but because I didn't dare, it
wasn't done before;
But behind the dirty deed I did, behind
the wish I had,
There's been a longing to be straight, a
feeling I was bad;
Though he alone has seen and known
beyond that double sin—
He knows my soul is somehow whole—
say, will he let me in?

If there's any place beside the gate to
live a life or so,
I'd like to try it all again, before I'm sent
below;
I'd like to try to want to do what's right,
and then, maybe,
I'd get to try to do it, and at last I might
be free!
For a full-grown saint I know I ain't,
and there's plenty more as bad,
But give us time and I know we'll climb
and make his heaven glad!
—Gelett Burgess in "A Gage of Youth."

Clouds Cleared Away.

I WAS lying lazily in the hammock, meditating upon the falseness of womankind in general and the falseness of Dorothy Shepard—in whom I had trusted so fully—in particular. We had been sweethearts ever since early childhood and were now only waiting for the time when I would be able to provide a home. But the newspaper which had come in that morning's mail contained an account of the marriage of Miss Dorothy Shepard to her cousin, Reginald Pierce.

I had been jealous of this cousin, the year before, when he was visiting at Dorothy's home. He was handsome and wealthy, while I was only an ordinary looking fellow and a struggling young lawyer.

But my reverie is broken by a sigh from Mrs. Farley, my portly and motherly landlady, who for six summers has boarded me in her comfortable home in the picturesque little village of Hopetown. She is in her rocking chair on the piazza opposite me, engaged in the construction of a fearful and wonderful thing which she calls a "tidy."

Again the heartrending sigh.

"What is the trouble, Mother Farley?" I asked.

"Well, Mr. Harry, I suppose you'll think I'm a foolish old woman, but I'm feelin' that bad this mornin' you wouldn't believe—and all because I can't have my picture took."

"Well, Mother Farley, I didn't think vanity was your besetting sin. Why are you so anxious to be photographed?"

Then the good old soul told me that her son, who was out west, and whom she had not seen for ten years, had sent her some money, and had begged her to have her picture taken for him. The photographer who had been settled in Hopetown had "skipped" one night about a month before, leaving all his apparatus in his studio, which he had rented from Mother Farley's husband. The nearest town was ten miles away, and, owing to a weakness in her back, Mother Farley was unable to drive so far; but she was inconsolable at the thought of disappointing her son Richard.

In my college days I had used a camera a good deal in an amateur way, and presently I left the piazza and strolled over to the potato field to interview Mr. Farley relative to a plan which I had in mind.

"Law!" he ejaculated, "you don't say you kin take pictures, too! My! But won't ma be tickled!"

I got the key and went over to the forsaken studio; found camera, plates, paper and chemicals all in good order, and early that afternoon Mother Farley, beaming with smiles and attired in her "Sunday best," came over to pose. How delighted she was when I showed her the proof the next morning, and that evening she carried it to the weekly prayer meeting and exhibited it to all her friends at the close of the service.

I finally yielded to their urgent request to keep the studio open for a week, and to make photographs of all who cared to have them.

On the afternoon of the last day which I was to spend in the studio I was mounting some photographs of an old maid with a hooked nose and corkscrew curls when I heard a gentle tap at the door. I called "Come in," and a very pretty girl, dressed in a neat bicycle suit, entered.

"Good afternoon," she began, with a bright smile. "My friend and I are on a wheeling tour, and would like a tintype taken with our wheels, if you are not too busy."

"I shall be glad to oblige you, and am at liberty to do so immediately," I said.

"Well, then," she said, "would you please bring in our wheels for us? My friend is at the door with them, but I am afraid we cannot manage to get them up the stairs."

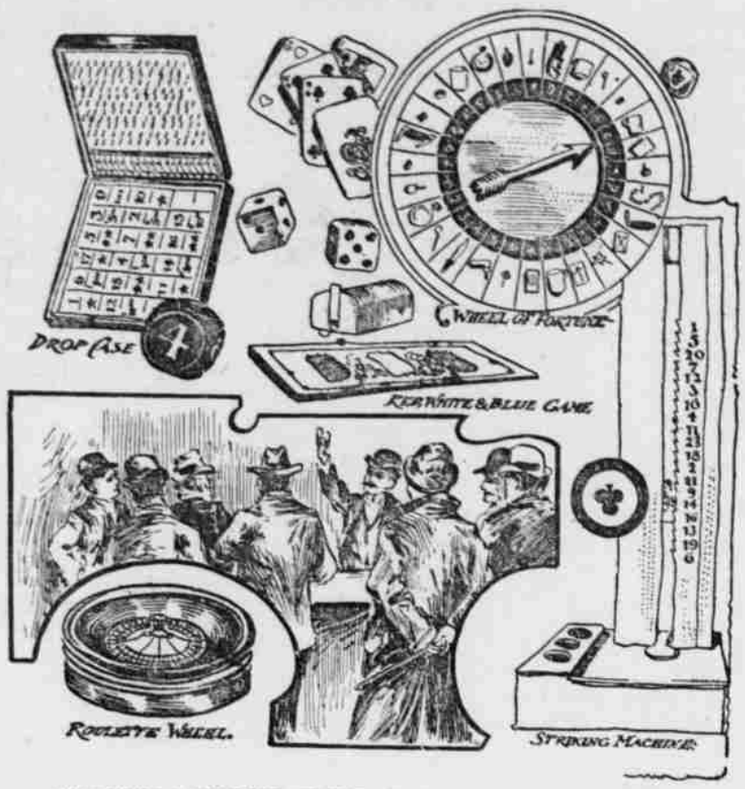
We went down together, and there on the doorsteps stood Dottie! Before either of us could speak the other young lady exclaimed: "He will carry our wheels up, Dot, and will take our tintypes right away."

Dottie paid no attention to her, but came forward, all smiles and blushes, with outstretched hand. "Why, Hal!" she said, "I never dreamed that you had gone in the photo business! I knew you were in Hopetown, of course, and when Nell suggested that we should wheel down here and see her auntie, who lived in this neighborhood, I consented, and didn't write to you last week for fear I should let out the secret, for I wanted to surprise you. This is my future husband, Mr. Oakley. Miss Curtis, and now come on, let's get those tintypes."

Dorothy has been my wife for two happy years, and I have only one secret from her. That is, that I thought, even for a moment, that she had been false to me—my own loyal darling!

Reginald Pierce has taken the house opposite ours. "The twin Dorothys," as we call our wives, are inseparable friends.

TRICKS OF COUNTRY FAIR FAKERS.



CROOKED GAMBLING TOOLS SOLD TO FLEECE FARMERS.

THE country fair is the harvest time for the genial faker. The faker is not a husbandman and he sows not, and neither does he gather up and bind into bundles, and yet, when the harvest season is over the faker has more money than the honest farmer who has tilled many golden acres. For the faker gets up early in the morning and goes to bed late at night, and he makes money all the livelong day.

The temptation to get something for nothing, or at least much for little, to flirt with coquettish fortune, is irresistible. Though a man knows full well that the faker is not at the fair merely for the sake of his health or for a pleasant outing, and that his tricks put to shame those of the heathen Chinee, still the victim will take the one chance out of a million of beating the game. He doesn't beat it, for the game wasn't rigged up so that he could beat it. Still he is willing to take the chance, and he suffers no disappointment when he fails.

Chief among the catch-penny attractions of the faker is the cane rack. The cane rack outfit does not cost the faker much. A net rack may be bought for from 65 cents to $1.25 and a canvas one for from 50 cents to $1.30. Canes cost from 50 cents a dozen to $1.50 per dozen. Rings cost 65 cents per hundred. With this outfit and a permit the faker sets up his rack on four stakes, which are purposely loose, so as to allow the rack to sway slightly. Then he plants his canes.

The cheaper ones predominate, but canes with swelled heads are occasionally seen and here and there are crooks, some reproducing a miniature, a lower member missing, the torso of Venus. The rings vary from one and one-qquarter to one and three-qurters inches inside diameter. The heads of some of the canes are almost as great in diameter, and those with crooks are turned in such a way that it is almost impossible to ring them unless the ring is dropped immediately upon them. It is difficult even to ring the smaller canes, for they stand loosely in the rack, and a side blow tips them so that the ring slides off.

Next in favor is the knife board. A board costs from $1.50 to $3.50, and a complete outfit—board, 100 rings and eighty-four knives—may be had for $14.50 and upward. Knives may be had from 30 cents a dozen to $3.98 a dozen. These knives, the cheaper predominating and costing about two and a half cents apiece, are conspicuously displayed with all the blades open, and therein lies the secret of the knife board. The cunning faker arranges his knife board so that the rings slide over them as water does a duck's back.

The wheel of fortune seems as fair as any game can be, yet the arrow has a "sneak" and the faker can stop it at any number or article he desires. A wheel may be bought as low as $10, including 250 pieces of jewelry, but this is of the cheapest kind, rings, for example, being quoted as low as one cent apiece. With this cheap wheel the first profit at 10 cents a whirl, without any sneaking, amounts to $15, and the business "requires no previous experience." A full outfit of 250 pieces of jewelry costs but $5, thus making a gain of $20, and some fakers make as much as $50 a day.

The higher the cost of the wheel the more easily and quickly the money is made, as they are fitted with large pins to separate numbers or colors, and the arrow point has a screw feather, making a certain winner of any desired number or color and avoiding all possibility of dispute.

Nothing is more tempting than the striking machine, and nothing looks fairer. But these striking machines are ingenious arrangements, and, in the words of an advertisement of a new kind now on the market, "can be manipulated without a helper." One of these may be had for $50, while prize cigars are offered to the fakers for $10 a thousand.

Red, white and blue is a dealing game. There is a "layout" with three shields on it, one red, one white, one blue. A box and sixteen balls, five of each color and one "dealer's percentage" goes with the outfit. Players place their money on a given shield, a slide opens in the box, and out pops a ball. If the ball is of the same color the player puts his money on he wins. If not he loses. If this was a fair game the player, by the law of chance, would stand some show of winning, but as the box is "fixed" the dealer can produce a ball of any color he desires, yet any one not in the secret can examine the box at any time and find it apparently square, yet it is a tricky box.

There are half a hundred tricks worked with cards, and all of such a nature that they can be worked without the slightest fear of detection.

But the visitor to the fair is looking for fun. The faker and his outfit entertains him and he doesn't begrudge the money.

TRAPS TO CATCH TIGERS.

Powerful Steel Snares that Hold the Brutes Securely.

Capturing tigers by a novel method is now being adopted in Sumatra and is proving almost invariably successful. As soon as a tiger's lair has been found natives are employed to construct a wooden fence nine feet long and four feet wide a short distance away from it and in this inclosure is then placed as a bait a dog, which is tied to one of the fence posts. A narrow entrance leads into the inclosure and there, deftly concealed under earth, leaves and boughs of trees, is placed a strong steel trap, which is so designed that any animal that places its foot on it is certain to be held captive.

This trap is of recent invention and consists of strong steel plates and equally strong springs. When it is set the plates form a sort of platform and as soon as the tiger which has been lured thither by the dog sets his foot thereon the springs are released and the cruel steel grips the leg and holds it fast.

Powerful as the tiger is, he cannot free himself from such bondage and as those who have set the trap are never far away he is in a short time either killed or securely caged. At the same time the dog is released and, indeed, he could not be removed from the inclosure as long as the trap was set, since this instrument, strong as it is, nevertheless is so delicate that the pressure even of a dog's foot would release the springs and cause the animal's leg to be crushed in a twinkling.—London Telegraph.

Desirable Qualities in an Opal.

In judging an opal, color is of the greatest importance. Red fire, or red in combination with yellow, blue and green, are the best. Blue by itself is quite valuless, and the green opal is not of great value unless the color is very vivid and the pattern very good. The color must be true; that is to say, it must not run in streaks or patches, alternating with a colorless or inferior quality. Pattern is described as being an important factor, the several varieties being known as "pinfire," when the grain is very small; "harlequin," when the color is all in small squares, the more regular the better, and the "flashfire," or "flashopal," when the color shows as a single flash, or in very large pattern. Harlequin is the most common, and is also popularly considered the most beautiful. When the squares of color are regular and show as distinct, minute checks of red, yellow blue and green, it is considered magnificent. Some stones show better on edge than on top.

Sunday School Work.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-four Sunday schools were organized in destitute places by the American Sunday School Union last year. Besides these, 594 were reorganized and 9,123 old schools were visited or otherwise aided. About $146,101 was received for misisonary work, and 222 men were employed.

The proofreader points out the typographical error of the compositor's ways.

AMONG THE BIG ONES.

CHICAGO BRANCH POSTOFFICES RANK WITH BIG CITIES.

Amount of Business Done at Board of Trade Station, Which Is the Largest, Surpasses That of Buffalo, Detroit, Kansas City and Minneapolis.

In the 190 square miles covered by Chicago's letter carriers there are forty-six postoffices known as stations, the building on the lake front known as the postoffice being the mother institution. The fact that they are only stations does not clothe some of them with the dignity they should have, for when the business of the Board of Trade station alone is considered it ranks with many of the great cities of the country.

The ten largest postoffices of the United States, not counting Chicago as a whole, are, in their order, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Baltimore, San Francisco, Pittsburg and Cleveland. Then comes Chicago's Board of Trade station, the business of which in 1900 was $876,000. This figure exceeds the postoffice business of the city of Buffalo by $69,000, Detroit by $114,000, Kansas City by $187,000, and Minneapolis by $213,000.

Next in volume of business transacted is the Monadnock Building station, with a business of $650,000, followed by Milwaukee with $638,000. Incidentally the Chicago and Milwaukee postmasters receive the same salary. Chicago's Stock Exchange station is the next postoffice in size, and ranks with New Orleans, Indianapolis, Rochester, Denver and Newark. The "Crilly" station, at 167 Dearborn street, with a business last year of $408,000, and the Masonic Temple station, with $403,000, rank with Omaha, Providence, Columbus and Toledo. South Water street station leads Hartford, New Haven, Richmond, Jersey City, Dayton, Los Angeles and Memphis. The station at the Union depot is in the same class with Albany and Syracuse.

The next largest postoffice in the United States is substation No. 10, away out on West Polk street, which has the honor of being presided over by Clerk Jane Addams of Hull House. Although there are few people in that neighborhood who carry on extensive correspondence, Miss Addams' station did a business last year of $223,000, putting it in the same class with Nashville, Tenn.

The Stockyards station does the same volume of business as Seattle and Scranton. The station at 428 West Madison street travels with Troy, Utica and Salt Lake City. The one at Lincoln Park ranks with Trenton, Duluth, Houston, Harrisburg, Mobile, Galveston and Spokane.

At this point offices doing a business above $100,000 practically end, the 22d street station coming next with about $80,000 of business, and ranking with Springfield, Ill.; Elmira, N. Y., and Little Rock Ark.—Chicago Post.

SOME DIVORCE FIGURES.

Percentage of Separation in Europe and Australia.

Happy marriages are commoner in England and Wales than in any other country, if the statistics of divorce are any criterion. These statistics at least show that comparatively few marriages are so unhappy as to occasion an appeal to the divorce courts. John Macdonell, the editor of the civil judicial statistics, has added to that publication the results of a foreign statistician's inquiry, showing the proportions of divorces to every thousand marriages in various countries. In Switzerland they were 40, in France they were 21, in Roumania 20, in Prussia 18, in the whole German empire 17, in Denmark 13, in Holland 12, in Belgium 11, in Sweden less than 11 (10.6) and in Austria under 5 (4.8), but in England and Wales they were well under 2 per 1,000—that is 1.6. The figures for Russia are given in a form unavailable for comparison, as the country is divided up into religions. Catholic divorces are naturally as low as 0.2, divorces of orthodox church people 1.7 and Protestant divorces 6.7. Mr. Macdonell has supplied the number of divorce petition in the Australian colonies for every 100,000 population. According to this there is a remarkable preponderance of divorce in New South Wales. For 26.5 petitions granted in that colony there were only 7.5 granted in Victoria, 4 in Western Australia, 3.7 in New eZaland, 2.7 in Tasmania, 1.6 in South Australia and one in Queensland. There has also been a great increase in recent years in the number of divorces and separations in the Australian colonies grouped as a whole.—London News.

A CONGRESSMAN TAKES RANK OF KING EDWARD.

Congressman James D. Richardson, of Tennessee, Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, has received the highest office in the gift of Scottish Rite Masons and he, therefore, ranks as a Mason with King Edward VII. and President Diaz of Mexico. The Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States met in Washington to celebrate its centennial. Upon the death of Sovereign Grand Commander Thos. H. Caswell, of San Francisco, a few months ago, Mr. Richardson, as Deputy Grand Commander, assumed the active duties of the exalted position.

Ceremonies befitting, almost, the coronation of a king, attend the installation of a Sovereign Grand Master. Only active members of the Supreme Council participate in these solemnities, and of such there are but twenty-three, the Supreme Council being limited by the ritual to thirty-three, one for each State in the jurisdiction. There are a number of honorary members who are permitted to take part in the deliberations of the council, but have not the power to vote.

The office of Sovereign Grand Commander carries with it a salary of $3,000 per annum. In addition the Grand Commander is given a residence for life in the holy house of the temple.

Here is probably the most interesting building in the Capital city. It is located in the heart of what was once Washington's most fashionable residence district. To-day the building—a spacious three-story brick with white stone trimmings—and its contents are valued at $150,000. It belongs to the

J. D. RICHARDSON. HOLY TEMPLE.

Scottish Rite Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction

Grand Commander Richardson has already completed arrangements for moving into the building. The offices of the Supreme Council are located here, and Frederick Weber, Secretary General, is always in charge. The secretaryship, like the office of Commander, is a life position.

Waste of Postage.

The lawyers were discussing the merits and demerits of a well-known member of the New Orleans bar who had been gathered to his fathers, and one of the party, says the Times-Democrat, recalled the time when he studied in the old man's office.

We had a copying clerk whose inefficiency continually worked the judge up to a point of explosion. One day a wire basket fell off the top of his desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court-plaster, he slapped on three postage stamps and went on with his work.

A little later he had some papers to take to the United States Court, and forgetting all about the stamps, he put on his hat and went out.

As he entered the office the judge raised his head and fixed him with an astonished stare. The clerk stopped and looked frightened, and finally asked:

"Anything—er—wrong, sir?"

"Yes, sir!" thundered the old gentleman. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter."

Forestalled.

A retired sea captain and a lawyer, who were always at loggerheads, lived next door to each other. One very windy night the lawyer was reading a book in his study when a terrible crash upstairs startled him.

Upon investigation he found that a chimney had hurled itself through his roof, doing considerable damage, and soon discovered that it was the sea captain's chimney. Hastening down to his library he pulled out his law books and hunted up similar cases, devising and scheming how he could secure satisfaction from the detestable captain.

While thus engaged a note arrived from his enemy that read as follows:

"If you don't return those bricks at once I will put the matter in the hands of the law."—London Tit-Bits.

Three Times and Out.

Mrs. Fosdick was sure she heard the crash of breaking china in the kitchen, but she felt she must be mistaken when she entered and saw the joyous face of her cook.

"I'm so glad Ol've broke it, mum," Bridget said, brimming with delight.

"Why, it's one of my best cups," said Mrs. Fosdick, surveying the remains.

"Yes'm," added Bridget, cheerfully, "but Ol'm so glad it's done. Ye see, I had broke two of 'em before, an' I knew Ol'd have to break another before Ol quit, an' it's a great comfort to have it all done."

"Well, see that you don't begin on another three," said Mrs. Fosdick, sternly.—Detroit Free Press.

Serving a Double Purpose.

The proprietors of a Hartford restaurant utilize their garbage in a profitable way. Three years ago they bought an outlying farm. It was in a run-down condition, unsightly, and overgrown with weeds and bushes. A drove of hogs was placed upon the farm, and the table refuse carted out daily in cans and fed to them in a yard of several acres in the edge of a dense wood, half a mile from the road. Since then the farm has been brought into good condition, mowing lots cutting nearly five tons to the acre, the old "bush pasture" burdened with a heavy growth of millet, fourteen acres showing corn seven feet high, and ten thousand cabbage plants making a fine growth.

Strong Men.

Miss Touriste—You have some strong and rugged types of manhood out in this Western country?

Stage Driver—Yaas, miss, we hev men out here thet don't think it's nuthin' t' hold up a railroad train.—Ohio State Journal.

A Definition.

First Boarder—What is the exact meaning of "viands?"

Second Boarder—Oh! Things you get to eat when you don't board.—Puck.

Many a man's shiftlessness is due to the fact that his father bore down too hard on the grindstone when he was a boy.

BIRTH OF A FAMOUS HYMN.

Mr. Sankey's Story of How He Composed "The Ninety and Nine."

In the Ladies' Home Journal Cleveland Moffett tells how the greatest of all singing evangelists, Ira D. Sankey, came to give the world a hymn that will live long after his voice is stilled. It was during Moody and Sankey's first visit to Great Britain. As they were entering the train in Glasgow, Mr. Sankey bought a copy of a penny religious paper called "The Christian Age." Looking over it, his eyes fell on some verses, the first two lines of which read thus:

There were ninety and nine that safely
lay
In the shelter of the fold.

"Mr. Moody," exclaimed Mr. Sankey, "I have found the hymn that I've been looking for for years."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Moody.

"It's about a lost sheep."

Two days later, in Edinburgh, they held a great meeting in the Free Assembly Hall. As Doctor Bonar finished, Mr. Moody leaned over the pulpit and asked the singer if he had not a solo for the occasion. The thought of the verses he had read in the penny paper came to Mr. Sankey's mind, and opening his scrap-book, in which he had pasted the clipping, he placed it before him on the organ, and after a moment of silent supplication, struck a full chord and began to sing. And note by note came the now famous song. He composed it as he went along. What he sang was the joy that swelled in his own soul, hope that was born, the love for those who needed help. Thus he finished the first stanza.

Then, as he paused and played a few chords waiting to begin again, the thought came to him: "Can I sing the second stanza as I did the first? Can I remember the notes?" And concentrating his mind once more for the effort he began to sing. So he went on through for five stanzas and after the services he put the melody in music.

QUEER STORIES

Saturn's largest moon is 2,092 miles in diameter, slightly smaller than our own.

As President, Washington first lived in the house at 1 Cherry street, the site of which is covered by one of the piers of the Brooklyn bridge. Later he moved to the Macomb house at 30 Broadway.

There are nine members of the Supreme Court of the United States—one Chief Justice and eight associate justices. They are appointed for life by the President, with the concurrence of the Senate.

A pigeon in harvest time eats its own weight in grain a day, and a blackbird or thrush will eat its own weight daily of ripe fruit. Many kinds of birds exist in summer largely upon plants raised by man for his food.

In order to obviate the frequent disputes as to the ages of children, the steamboat authorities in Switzerland have decided that in every case where doubt arises the child must be measured. All children under two feet are to have free passage, while those between two feet and four feet are to pay half fares.

The dressing of the hair is the most important part of a Chinese woman's toilet. The district she comes from may always be known from the manner in which she does her hair. It also indicates her station in life. Young girls, whether married or single, wear cues, coiling up their hair, as their Western sisters do, on attaining a certain age.

There are three nut-cracking plants in St. Louis, giving employment to considerable number of people. The nut-crackers are driven by electricity, each nut being fed individually into the crusher. After the shells are cracked the nuts are winnowed by an air blast, and the meat is picked from the crushed shells by hand, women and girls being employed for this part of the work.

A Warning Against Cheap Furniture.

It is one of the saddest sights in our modern life to see a young couple, when starting to furnish a home, go out with good money and buy bad furniture. It is positively nothing short of criminal for cheap department and furniture stores to be allowed to sell the furniture which is being offered to-day in our great cities. Young people are attracted to this rubbish because of cheap prices. Every stick of the furniture offered at these stores is cheaply put together, and by glue and thick coats of veneer is made only to sell. It barely gets into the new house before it falls apart, and what was thought to be a cheap purchase turns out to be a very expensive investment. It is strange that folks cannot get it through their heads that a bed, a table and two chairs, honestly made, are cheaper at sixty dollars than one of those fearful concoctions known as "bedroom suits" which are sold at forty dollars and eighty-three cents.—Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Contrary to Ethics.

"We had to send him out o' town," said Bronco Bob.

"He was always talking about his record as a desperado," remarked the visitor.

"Yes. That's what got Crimson Gulch down on him. He wasn't satisfied to brag decently. In makin' up the list of people he'd shot he wanted to count innocent bystanders."—Washington Star.

People who have soft snaps are usually the ones who don't enjoy them.