

A SONG FOR THE SELFISH.

When you and I were young, my dear,
Ere lines had marked your brow,
Ere God had sent the loved ones here
That cling about us now—

Forgiveness.

THE kitchen was still. Only the
slow pulse of the tall clock in the
corner, the quiet fall of the early
spring rain on the roof and the snap of
the wood in the little cook stove could
be heard.

It was ten years ago to-night, Mar-
cia. Were you thinkin' of that?

"No, 'twan't that, John; leastwise I
was tryin' not to remember. I was
thinkin' it might be a little too cold for
old Nanny and the little lambs to-
night. Did you see that the barn door
was shut tight?"

Heedless of her question, the old
man's voice took on a harder tone as he
asked, "What was it Julia said to you
first that night when you let her see
you understand you knew she'd turn agin' ye?
I've sorter forgot."

"So have I, father. For ten days I
remembered it an' harbored it. I
mixed them words into my dough, and
I stepped the tone of that voice into my
tea, but the good Lord an' His angels
changed my heart, and I've been ten
years a forgettin' what I only remem-
bered for ten days, father."

"Don't call me father. I can't bear
it when I get ter thinkin' it all over this
way. I ain't father to nobody. 'Twas
only fer her we had those names of
father and mother, and now she's gone
they don't mean nothin' any more.
How could she have done it, Marcia?
That's what I could never understand,
when we'd took her in an orphan, and
give her all we had—love and all. I've
got ter believe there's no gratitude in
the world."

"It's them you do the most fer as is
least grateful, John, an' kindness often
brings out the bad in a person, just as
unkindness don't hurt them that's
really good. But I've forgive her long
ago. 'Twas born in her somehow.
I've had more to take my mind from
harborin' it, maybe, than you. There's
been all of Henry's children to take
care of and the lame chickens and
weak lambs to nurse. I ain't had no
time to brood over it."

"Tain't that, Marcia. You're more
of a Christian than ever I was, but I
ain't so much to blame. I wasn't
brought up as you was. I can't forgive
her never. I only left that door un-
locked 'cause of my promise to you,
but I'm a-goin' to bolt it to-night. I
said ten years, and that's over this
blessed night."

"Oh, John!" The old woman buried
her face in her apron, but uttered no
other sound.

"I've said it, an' I'm goin' to do it!
I'm goin' to shut that door an' lock it
from this on, and you needn't 'Oh,
John, for I've kep' my promise."

He rose and wound the clock, and
then turned toward the door, but stop-
ped as his eye fell on a little old
dagguessotype on the mantel shelf.
With a slow step he reached the door,
bolted it slowly, but softly slid back
the bolt.

"Marcia."

"What, John?"

"Marcia, I guess I won't bolt it to-
night. It's pretty cold and Tabby
might want to bring her kittens in by
the fire."

"But, John, Tabby couldn't open the
door even if 'twan't locked."

"Wally, wally, didn't you s'pose
I knew that; but if she came in the
night and mowed I could open the
door quicker if 'twan't bolted, couldn't I?"
After a minute's pause he asked,
"Air ye goin' to bed now?"

"Not quite yet! I want to git them
stockin' done fer little Johnny. His
mother said he hadn't any decent ones
to wear."

"Wall, it's jist as well, fer I orter
shell a little corn for the hens."

So they sat and knit and shelled,
happily and quietly, until the clock
pointed its old hands to 11. Then the
door opened, as if by a timid hand, and
a sad-faced woman of 30 crept into the
room. The old man rose with an
angry, "Wall, have yer come ter ask
my forgiveness at last?" But the old

GREATEST OF AMERICAN CATHEDRALS.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, WITH ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL ON THE RIGHT, SHOWING THEIR RELATIVE SIZES.

Some time during the last half of the twentieth century—possibly at the dawn of the twenty-first—the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, will be formally dedicated. This, the most remarkable building of the western hemisphere, marks the entrance of the United States upon an era of cathedral construction in the manner and the spirit of the cathedral builders of old Europe. For this cathedral is to be comparable in cost, size and beauty with the grandest of the ecclesiastical piles of the old world.

Its construction will require many years, perhaps a century. Its total cost, estimated upon the cost of labor and material to-day, is placed at \$15,000,000. To date over \$2,000,000 has been spent upon the cathedral; the sites, including three city blocks, cost \$872,000. The base of the cathedral stands 135 feet above the sea level. Completed it will be beyond all comparison the most conspicuous building in New York, and will be visible on clear days for about fifty miles.

The new cathedral will be one of the largest churches in the world. It will be built in the round arch Gothic style. The measurements of the structure give little idea of its enormous proportions. When complete two entire blocks of ordinary buildings could be placed along the central aisle. The tallest skyscraper will be dwarfed by comparison with its great spire 440 feet in height. It will be built entirely of solid masonry. The foundations will be required to support a weight of about 60,000,000 pounds. Much time was spent in preparing them. St. Patrick's Cathedral, heretofore the largest church edifice in America, will be completely dwarfed by comparison. St. Patrick's Cathedral was erected at a cost of \$2,500,000. The choir alone of the new cathedral will accommodate more people than any other church in New York, including St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The cost of other American churches seems trifling by comparison with the new structure. Trinity Church, for example, cost \$358,000. The Albany Cathedral cost only about \$100,000. The new "Old South" Church in Boston cost \$500,000. Richardson's Trinity Church, in the same city, heretofore considered the finest church in the United States, involving an outlay of \$750,000.

woman took the trembling form to her heart. "No, father, not your forgiveness. Your curse that night made me angry, but mother's face when she said, 'Oh, Julia, I couldn't believe it! Cut me to the heart; but I wouldn't show it then. I can't live so any longer. I had to come to ask mother's forgiveness—that's all I want. I've got work, and honest work, and one word from mother is all I want here.'"

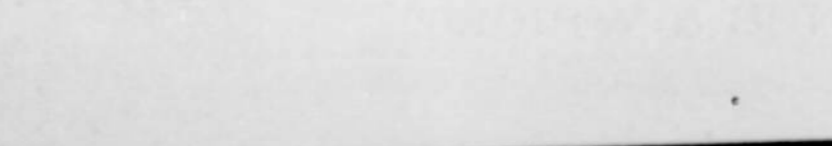
The old man tried to speak, but his wife stopped him. "Now, father, jist put a little more wood in, fer Julia's cold, an' I'll have some hot tea for ye in jist a minute, dear. Yer room is all swept, and aired sheets put on to-day, an' yer pa fixed that door with his own hands so's 'twouldn't jam. I've got some of that but make you like so, and here, you jist be lookin' at my new piece blocks in that basket while I git out the dishes."—Detroit Free Press.

HOW HOGS CATCH SALMON.

Wade into the Western Streams and Dive for the Fish.

In the State of Washington, as all school boys and girls doubtless know, are the greatest salmon fisheries in America. Every spring the swift mountain streams are fairly alive with these beautiful, reddish yellow fish three and four feet in length and weighing often twenty-five and thirty pounds, as they go up the river to deposit their eggs in the headwaters of the mountain streams. Then in the early fall they come down again. It is during two seasons that what is known as the salmon run is at its full height, and this is the time to which the Washington boys look forward to all the rest of the year.

But the queerest fishers are neither Indians nor boys. They are hogs. Sydney are the hogs of this delicacy, which costs the people of London \$1 a pound, that the farmers who have pastures along the rivers have great trouble fencing the farms so that the hogs cannot get into the streams. Mr. Hog wades in or swims in, according to the



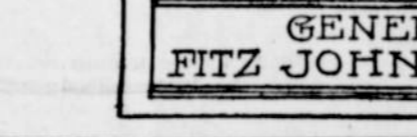
HOG CATCHES SALMON.

VETERAN OF TWO WARS.

General Fitz-John Porter, Who Died Recently. Gen. Fitz-John Porter, who died recently at his home in Morristown, N. J., in his 80th year, was a veteran of two wars and at one time was the most discussed man in military circles in America.

He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1822 and in 1845, on graduating from the United States Military Academy, was assigned to the Fourth artillery. He participated in the Mexican war, receiving the brevet of captain for services at Molino del Rey and that of major for distinguished conduct at Chapultepec. After the war he was for a time a military instructor at West Point. In 1850 he became assistant inspector general and on the outbreak of the Civil War was made brigadier general of volunteers. The following year he took part in the Virginia peninsula campaign and then succeeded to the command of the Fifth Army Corps, participating in the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mills. His command at the battle of Malvern Hill offered the main resistance to the Confederate assaults on that day. Already he had been breveted brigadier general in the regular army for meritorious conduct at Chickahominy. He was now made major general of volunteers and was temporarily attached to Gen. Pope's army of Virginia. His corps was unable to move forward at the second battle of Bull Run, Aug. 29, 1862, but in the afternoon of the 30th it was actively engaged and to its obstinate resistance it is mainly due that the defeat was not a total rout.

For his inaction on the first day Gen. Porter was court-martialed and cashiered the service, being disqualified for



GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER.

holding any office of trust or profit under the government. This verdict was much discussed at the time and since and Gen. Porter labored long and steadfastly to have it set aside. In 1882 a bill for his relief was introduced in the Senate, but failed of passage. President Hayes, however, under the finding of an advisory board, remitted that part of the sentence which disqualified Gen. Porter from holding any office of trust or profit under the government. During President Arthur's administration a bill removing the further disability was vetoed, but under Cleveland Gen. Porter was restored to the army as colonel. Gen. Grant after an examination of the matter expressed his belief in Gen. Porter's innocence.

After his forced retirement from the army Gen. Porter engaged in business in New York. In 1885 he became a police commissioner, serving until 1888. In 1890 he had an offer from the Khedive of Egypt to become commander of his army, but declined.

SELLING A CHILD'S BLANKET.

The Auctioneer's Last Sale Brought Back Ten r Memories. It had been a very busy day at the exchange, says the New Orleans Picayune, and the auctioneer had grown a trifle weary over the repeated trials which had beset and worried even this Trojan son of the stump. The continual refrain of "Going, going, gone" echoed in his brain.

For many years he had been a prominent figure in the auction mart, and under his hammer had often gone the fruits of a lifetime of accumulation; gone for a song, treasures over which the miser had crouched, the lover sighed, the mother wept—all gone.

"How much an I offered?" had sent to the four corners of the earth so many things that day that the auctioneer hoped there was nothing left; but there was. His indefatigable assistant had raked from a corner a bundle of bedding and handed it up.

"What can I get for this?" he cried, force of habit forcing him into the rut again. "Another opportunity. As he unrolled the bundle some one bid 'Fifty cents.'"

They not another voice broke the stillness which had settled over the crowd as a child's blanket hung before their gaze. Why? Did the sight of that small woven cover tell to them, the callous crowd, a pitiful story? The busy man forgot to cry his refrain as he dropped his eyes upon the little square. Here and there on it small stains, as if tears, had fallen, met his eye, and his mind went back to a scene he never would forget.

The bedchamber had been darkened. About the blinds the gleams of sunlight crept into the room and fell like golden shafts upon the little cot over which his wife hung in an agony of bitter pain. He saw again the little white hands—hands that had crept so often about his neck at night as he lay

LET US ALL LAUGH.

by his side—picking flatteringly at just such a cover as he now held in his grasp. He saw the little head with its mass of tangled curls moving restlessly on the pillow, and he felt again the hot touch of the red lips upon which he had pressed his own in loving caress, eager to soften the pain and woo back into health the loved little form slowly drifting, drifting away.

The crowd was gone. This busy man saw nothing but the child who had grown into his very being and then loosed his little grasp on the world and had gone drifting, drifting out into a sea which promised infinite love, but left bitter desolation and despair for those left behind. The tears falling upon his bearded cheeks woke him from his dream.

"Gone for 50 cents to the only bidder."

The auctioneer sighed heavily as he got down from his stand and watched the crowd depart, and then he went home to his wife, his heart filled with sorrow at the thought of his own dear little one, and the empty cradle.

REV. DR. WEBB.

Aged Worker in Home and Foreign. Missionary Fields. Rev. Dr. Edwin R. Webb, the aged and widely known missionary worker of the Congregational Church, died at Wellesley, Mass., recently of senile debility. His most prominent offices in the work of the church were chairman of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, President of the trustees of Hartford Theological Seminary and member of the Executive Committee of the Congregational Home Mission Society.

Dr. Webb was born in Neweaston, Me., in 1820. His father was a farmer, and the future missionary labored as a farm boy and afterward as a helper in a country store. His tastes were intellectual, however, and he passed through Lincoln Academy and Bowdoin College, from which last named institution he was graduated with a degree in 1840. In 1847 he entered Bangor Seminary and was called to a pastorate before his graduation. He insisted, however, on a few months' study at Princeton, and thence went to Augusta, Me., to begin his ministry. He was called by a congregation in Boston in

1850, and became pastor of Shawmut Church in 1853. In that year he was elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, a post which he held until his death. In 1876 Dr. Webb's usefulness in the missionary field took on a wide expansion. He had already visited Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor and other biblical lands, and he entered into his larger labors with spirit and devotion. Dr. Webb, in his prime, was an eloquent and a powerful preacher.

Spontaneous Eloquence. Not unfrequently the Irish peasant utters a saying which amounts to genuine spontaneous eloquence. When Charles Gavan Duffy, defeated in his struggles to make Ireland independent, was about to sail for Australia, a number of Irishmen gathered about him to say good-by. One of them brought an old prayer-book, on a blank page of which he asked Duffy to write his name.

One of his companions, who was provided with a more presentable volume said: "It's a shame, Tom, to offer such a book to Mr. Duffy for his signature." "Arrah," retorted Tom, "why shouldn't I offer it to him? Isn't it like himself, tattered and torn in the service of God and the people?"

The average girl takes about a year to get ready for her wedding, on a pinch a girl could get ready in five minutes.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

He-Can't You Love me and be my friend at the same time? She-Hardly. There is honor among friends, but I can do as I please when I love you.

Good Bargainers. Bass-I got some eggs of Mrs. Fowler for 15 cents a dozen. I praised her baby, you know. Fog-That's nothing. I bought some of Fowler for 12 cents. I spoke in admiration of his dog—What To Eat.

Not That Kind. Observer-You don't sweat much at your work? Laborer-I guess not; a dollar a day ain't sweatin' wages.

Applied Science. "This article says a man shows character by the way he carries his umbrella." "Yes, and he shows character by the way he carries off other people's umbrellas, too."

April Admiration. "Say, that girl in a pink hat is as pretty as a peach." "Oh, prettier than that; she's as pretty as a peach-tree in full bloom."

First Thing Visitors Notice. Clark-I knew Miss Kenosha was a stranger to Chicago before you told me. Dearborn-So? How? Clark-She noticed that all the men in the car had solled collars on—Chicago Tribune.

The Reason. He (penitently)—You protested a much, dear, that I had to kiss you. She-But I don't see why. "Because I love you too much ever to disappoint you."

No Romance Left. Penelope-Why, how could you break off your engagement with him? Perdita-We were seasick together.

Tact. Cobble-There goes Glover, one of my best friends. Never knew him to say one word against me. Stone-Yes. He's a fellow of rare restraint.

His Failure to Emit. Lendaman-See here! How about that \$40 you owe me? You promised to get it and send it to me at Atlantic City by last Friday.

Spandan-Well, I'll tell you. I did start to raise it, but then I remember that even if I did scrape it together I couldn't send it because I didn't have a stamp.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Peril of the Hour. Jenkins-They say the worst tyrant possible is the liberated slave. Diggs-I suppose that is why the typewriter loves to dictate to her husband.

May Millinery. Harold, how do you like my new foliage hat? Harriet, you must hear the truth; you look like a plant stand.

Expert Arraignement. "Mayne, here's a college professor who says he has never kissed a girl." "Oh, well; lots of profoundly scientific men haven't really good common sense."

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Only Half a Success. "Your club meeting was a feast of reason." "Yes, altogether; that committee didn't give a bite of anything to eat."

Cause and Effect. Mrs. Nextdoor-Yes, my daughter is very persevering in her piano-playing. Do you notice that she's improving? Mrs. Sharpe-No, and I notice that my husband's temper isn't.—Catholic Standard.

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