

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



would soon come to a standstill if there were no unselfish love in the world. When we become so self-centered that we think only of ourselves and the gratification of our own desires, our lives are a discordant note in the harmony of the universe. We must be loving and unselfish to pay back the debt we owe.

Do Your Duty.
Let us do our duty, and pray that we may do our duty here, now, to-day; not in dreamy sweetness, but in active energy; not in the green oasis of the future, but in the duty desert of the present; not in the imaginations of elsewhere, but in the realities of now.—Canon Farrar.

Subjects of Thought.
The person who groans a good deal about the sins of others will bear watching.

The public is a baby, depending largely upon the nature of the indulgence of its nurse.

Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright, energetic character and conscientious observance of duty.

There is none made so great, but he may both need the help and service, and stand in fear of the power and unkindness, even of the meanest of mortals.

I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right, said Jean Ingelow, but only to discover and to do, with cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

Because charity begins at home is no reason that it should be restricted to that limited sphere; of all the virtues she is the one who needs to have the most constant exercise.

God is in our souls, as our souls are in our bodies. He never ceases to speak to us, but the voice of the world without and the tumult of our passions within bewilder us from listening to Him.

The true way to be humble is not to stoop until you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatness is.

Expect to escape, know that you can escape from the consequences of having been wicked, only by being good. Crave the most perfect mercy. Ask for the new life as the only real release from death. So only can your religion glow with enthusiasm, and open into endless hope.

The truest criterion of a man's character and conduct is invariably to be found in the opinion of his own family circle, who, having daily and hourly opportunities of forming a judgment of him, will not fail in doing so. It is a far higher testimony in his favor for him to secure the esteem and love of a few individuals within the privacy of his own home, than the good opinion of hundreds in his immediate neighborhood, or that of ten times the number residing at a distance.

NEGROES SANG AT WORK.

French Opera Stars Listened in a New Orleans Street.
The French opera singers were spectators of a picturesque street scene a night or two ago in the vicinity of the old French opera house, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Bourbon street is being paved with asphalt, and the work was being hastened so as to have that portion of the street near the opera house accessible for carriages by the time of the opening of the opera season.

On this account an unusually large force of workmen was engaged and in order to push the work at an early completion the men worked at night, huge torches being used in one block between St. Louis and Toulouse streets, and between a hundred men were working.

Every one familiar with the negro knows that, in so far as he is able, he sets his work to music. It is a fact often marveled at that the negro, when he is singing or chanting in a sort of rhythmic mood, works with more ardor than under different conditions. And if an extra demand is made on the negro workman he sings or chants the louder.

The members of the French opera, or at least, many of them, heard for the first time the real melody of the negro voice that night. It was that swift, poetic thing caricatured in the ragtime of the stage, a certain subtle, indefinable something which no composer has ever been able to fit to the well measured octaves of musical arrangements. It was the tuneful, haunting call of the levee, the mellow snarling cry of the cotton fields. The flaring torch, the bustling throng and thither, the heavy fall of the implements of toil—all these things gave exquisite tone to the setting.

All the Others Said.
Mrs. Hauskeep—I want a dozen eggs. If you're sure they're fresh. Dealer—Oh, you can be sure they're fresh, ma'am; we haven't any of the other kind this morning.

Mrs. Hauskeep—No?
Dealer—No'm. You see, there was an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show in the opera house next door last night.—Philadelphia Press.

Or Wholesaling It.
Tess—That's Miss Gabbie, isn't it? Jess—Yes, poor thing, she leads a hand-to-mouth existence.

Tess—Nonsense! she's quite well off. Jess—I know, but she's forever peddling some bit of scandal.—Philadelphia Press.

Drawing the Line.
Mrs. De Fashion—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you.

Miss De Fashion—Very well; but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress, I am going to select the materials myself, so there.

A Discardant Note.
Life is made possible to us by the sacrifices of other people. The wheel

QUEER STORIES

Four-fifths of the Irish immigrants arriving in New York are young women between the ages of 17 and 20.

Fort Snelling, at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers, will be preserved by the War Department as an interesting ruin.

Prof. Braun of the University of Strasbourg has undertaken to heat a room in Munich by a flashlight in Nuremberg, which is one hundred miles away.

The trolley car is not drawn or pushed by the electric current at all, but is lifted again and again by the attraction of magnets for the armature coils of the motor.

The home of Samuel Dove, an ex-slave who is more than one hundred years old, was sold recently at Union, N. Y., under mortgage foreclosure proceedings to satisfy an indebtedness which Dove contracted to secure the freedom of his son nearly half a century ago.

The most marvelous of all rocking stones is that of the island of Cephalonia, off the coast of Greece. This is a great rock, about a rod square, in the edge of the sea, and it is in perpetual motion, alternately touching the land and receding from it about twenty times a minute. The regular oscillations of this natural pendulum are unaffected by calms or by tempestuous seas that break completely over it. The weight of ten persons did not perceptibly change its rate of motion, and when an English captain attempted to drag it away the oscillations snapped his chains like thread.

Eight vegetables, new to this country, are being cultivated in the Government experiment stations with reference to introducing them to the truck gardeners. They are described as follows: A European okra of giant proportions is a very valuable starch producer. From Mexico is a pepper largely used in that country, and a hunk tomato, which makes delicious sweet pickles. A decorative and medicinal vine is a cucumber, also Mexican, which distributes its seeds broadly when ripe, by violently exploding. Chevril, a sedge-like plant from Europe, produces a taste of hazelnut seed, which, eaten raw, tastes like cocoanut. The Indian basella, a vine, has blossoms like an arbutus, and fruit like a blackberry bush.

FASHION HINTS FROM FLOWERS

What a Woman Can Learn in Dress by Studying the Fields.

What can a woman learn in dress from the flowers? Can the lilies of the field teach her the principles of beauty in color, line and form that she may be arrayed as they?

The woman who plans her own gowns and has the artistic sense will find abundant suggestion in the colors, shades and harmonious blendings of the flowers. Of course, in some of the freak blossoms into which florists nowadays delight to distort nature, combinations of color may be found as inharmonious as it is possible to imagine. Discretion, too, is eminently necessary. Nature throws masses of color together promiscuously and then blends and softens them by various effects of the atmosphere. Many a flower looks beautiful nodding in its native haunts surrounded by masses of foliage, which, if taken in the hand and examined by itself, would be found most crude in coloring. Much of the success of such a plan would depend upon a woman's ability to produce the whole effect of any flower in her gown. The restrained eye looking at the rose will see pink. The eye of the artist looking at the same flower will see a variety of colors—grays and purples, whites and pinks. These are the colors, not just plain pink, with which he must produce the rose upon his canvas. There are, however, never more than two positive colors in any flower. This teaches a valuable lesson, a woman should never have more than two positive colors in her costumes. There is something also in the idea that large women would do well to copy their costumes from the larger flowers. Such flowers—the tulip, poppy, etc.—are generally variegated. A big mass of a single color is never beautiful—nature avoids it.—London Express.

Over the Telephone.
"Hello."
"Hello."
"Tut-tut, Pim?"
"Yeh, Hoozat?"
"Smee—Nell."
"Hello, Nell! Smatter?"
"Nothin'. Thought 'd call yep. Say, Jim, Juno Tom Dixon?"
"No. Oozee?"
"Letcha know some time. Say, jeeer about Kitten Jim?"
"No, what's 'bout 'em?"
"Don't speak to her other."
"Wot strubble?"
"Ida know, Cumminover soon?"
"Yeh, Guesse. B' choir cummin-over tower house first."
"Willican, Gotteny fudges?"
"Lot zuvven."
"Well, I'll come. G'by."
"G'by. Say?"
"Well?"
"Don't tell whattoldabout Kitten Jim."

Some Brands of Charity.
"Papa, what is charity?"
"Charity, my son, is giving away what you don't want."
"What is scientific charity?"
"Scientific charity is giving away what you don't want to someone who does not want it."
"What is organized charity?"
"Organized charity, my son, is giving away something that you don't want to some society which will give it away to someone who does not want it."—Life.

Prim Miss From the Back Bay.
Miss Wabash—Last Saturday was your birthday, wasn't it?

Miss Boston—Preposterous! How can you be so silly?

Miss Wabash—What's the matter with that?

Miss Boston—Last Saturday was the anniversary of my birth. I'm not an infant.—Philadelphia Press.

Me fur the home-made weddin', the good, old-fashioned kind. Where there's a hope, and not splendor, are uppermost in the mind; Where there's a joy, and not a show, the one we have known for years; Some honest spoken "God-bless-you's," some smiles an' perhaps some tears. Where every word of the service has a meaning that's deep and true, An' a promise is made that is strong enough to last for a whole life through; Where there ain't no sneer in a smile, an' no mock an' no pretense; Where the flowers are the simple sort that bloom in the sunshine of home an' friends.

When 'Mandy and me was married—the time is years away; Yet the memory of it stands as clear as if it was yesterday. There wasn't no crowd in waitin' to see us as we went past. It was jes' a home-made weddin' that was guaranteed to last. There wasn't no pomp and glitter. The presents was rather few, But we spoke from our very inmost hearts when we uttered the words "I do." An' the skies was blue an' happy; an' the light that shines in the skies Is no more constant from year to year than the love in 'Mandy's eyes. —Washington Star.

Red Head and Whistle Breeches

WHEN Tim Murphy let his enthusiasm get the better of his judgment, and in the excitement of that disastrous night, joined the front rank of the strikers in a general mix-up and cracked the head of a deputy sheriff, the result was what he might have expected—two years in the penitentiary. That was all right. The peace of the Commonwealth must be preserved, and that is why laws and penitentiaries exist, but sometimes goes awry with the most goodly of intentions. That is also to be expected, and the boy should have thought of it before he crowded to the front of the angry mob or struck the deputy. It went very hard with the boy's mother and wife. It went hard with his old man, too. It is a cruel thing to have one's only boy in the penitentiary, even if one is only a village hod carrier.

Maggie Murphy, the boy's wife, did not suffer for food or shelter after the boy went to wear stripes, for old Mike had a handy little roll in the bank and shanty of his own, and he took Maggie into his home, and made a daughter of her; but the girl grew thin and had no spirits. She cried a good part of the time, quite as if Tim had been a law-abiding citizen, instead of a law-breaking rowdy. Then the baby came, and after that she cried more than ever.

As for the boy's mother, it was to be expected that she should weep also. Mothers have a way of weeping over the son they love, even if he has gone wrong. It is not logical, perhaps, but it is a fact. It is one of the grand facts of human life.

When Maggie's baby came the boy's mother could stand it no longer. It had been urged—and there was some evidence to support it—that the boy had acted in self-defense. He said so himself, but he admitted he had been in the front rank. The strikers had carried things with a high hand all along, and the jury had decided against him. Night and day the boy's mother begged the old man to try for a pardon, but Mike knew it was not worth a trial. The Governor was an old man and a strong man, and not one to forgive an injury done to the State or to himself. He had never been known to forget a wrong nor to leave a debt unpaid. He was a just man, as the ancient Jews were just.

It was this that had made him Governor; his uncompromising righteousness and stanch fearlessness were greater than cliques and bosses.

Old Mrs. Murphy, however, was only a woman, and the boy was her boy, and she pardoned him. She knew he was innocent, for he was her boy. Mike refused a thousand times to ask the Governor for a pardon, but as Mrs. Murphy was the boy's mother and had a valiant tongue, the old man changed his mind. One day he put on his old sack hat, and with Father Maurice, the good, gray priest, went up to the capital.

A strange pair they were to sit in the Governor's richly furnished reception room—Mike, with his smoothly shaven face, red as the sunset, his snowy eyebrows, his white-flecked red hair, and the shiny black of his baggy Sunday suit; Father Maurice, with his long gray beard that had been his before the days of the smoothly shaven priests, his kindly eyes and the jolly rotundity of his well-fed stomach. The priest's gentle heart was hopeful, but Mike sat sadly with his eyes on the toe of his boot, for he knew the errand was folly, not alone because the Governor had never pardoned a condemned man, but because it was he, Mike Murphy, who came.

He remembered an incident of his boyhood, and he frowned as he recalled it. Think of it! He, Mike Murphy, had bullied the Governor; had drubbed him and chased him and worried the life out of him. That was why he had told the old woman it was no use to try it. Who was he to come asking pardons, when years ago he had done his best to make life miserable for the quaking schoolboy who was now the stern-faced Governor; the Governor who never forgot nor forgave, nor left a debt unpaid?

When the Governor entered the reception room he came in unexpectedly, as Father Maurice was leaning forward with one of Mike's red hands clasped in his two white ones. Mike was wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve.

The Governor paused in the doorway and coughed. His visitors started in surprise, and then arose.

It was Father Maurice who started their errand, his seamed face turned upward to the serious eyes of the Governor, and as he proceeded, choosing his quaint Frenchified English carefully, the Governor's face became grave. He motioned them to their chairs.

He was a gray-haired man, and his face was the face of a nobelman. Clear gray eyes were set deep under his brows, and his mouth was a straight line of uncompromising honesty. He sat with one knee thrown over the other. With one hand he fingered a pen on the desk at his side; the other he ran again and again through the hair that stood in masses on his head. His face was long, and his cheek bones protruded. His nose

was power and his chin was resistance. He listened silently until Father Maurice had ended. Then he laid the pen carefully by the inkstand, unfolded his gaunt limbs and arose.

"No," he said, slowly, "I cannot interfere."

"But his wife—his mother?" asked the priest.

"He should have considered them before," said the Governor, sadly. "If you prepare a petition, I will consider it, but I cannot offer you any hope. They all come to me with the same plea—the wife and the mother—but they do not take the wife and mother into account when the blow is struck. It is late to think of them when the prison door is closed. You will pardon me, father, but I am very tired to-night."

He extended his hand in token that the interview was at an end, and Mike arose from his chair in the shadow. He stood awkwardly turning his hat while the Governor shook the priest's hand, and then shuffled forward to be dismissed.

"Good-night, sir," said the Governor. "I did not hear your name—"

"Murphy," said the priest, quickly; "Michael Murphy. He is the father of the boy."

The Governor looked the old man over carefully, and the old man's eyes fell under his keen glances.

"Mike Murphy?" asked the Governor. "Are you the Mike Murphy who used to go to old No. 3 school in Harmondton forty—no, fifty—years ago? There was a Mike Murphy at my school. Are you the boy they called Red Head?"

The old man tried to answer. His lips formed the words, but his voice did not come. He nodded his head.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said the Governor, and Father Maurice sat down hopefully. Mike Murphy dropped into a chair with deeper dejection.

"Well, then," the Governor nodded his head slowly, his gray eyes searching the ruddy face before him. "So you are the Mike Murphy who used to drum me?"

He smiled grimly. His eyes strayed from the old man's face, and their glance was lost in the air above his head. He smiled again, as he sat with the fingers of his left hand pressing the thin skin into a roll above his cheek bone, for he recalled an incident of his boyhood.

The Governor had once been an ardent little crowd. His mother lived in the big white house two blocks above the schoolhouse on the opposite side of the street. Red Head Mike lived across the alley in a shanty. The Governor's mother bought milk of Mrs. Murphy, and Red Head brought it every evening. He was the first to go barefoot in the spring, picking his way with painful carelessness over the clods in the street, and he was the real thing. He even chewed a real pipe without dire consequences, and laughed at the other boys' mild substitutes of corn silk and "lady cigars," while the way he swore was a liberal education. All the boys swore more or less, especially when they were behind the barn smoking corn silk, but they knew it was not natural. It was a puny imitation, but the Red Head article sounded right.

But it was when it came to fighting that Red Head proved his right to the worship of the words. He could lick any two boys in the school.

The Governor, who was plain Willie Gary then, could not fight at all. His early youth was one great fear of being whipped. The smallest boys in the school were accustomed to practice on him until they gained sufficient dexterity or courage to attack him another. He had a hundred opprobrious nicknames, which he accepted meekly. "Cry Baby" was the favorite. When he was attacked he hid his face in his arm and howled, leaning his arm against any convenient fence or tree, while his tormentor drubbed his back at pleasure. He was happy when he could sneak home unmolested. The chiefest of his tormentors was Red Head, but there was no partiality. All the boys drubbed him.

One day Mrs. Gary made him a pair of breeches. They were good, stout breeches of dove-colored corduroy, and his mother was proud of them. So was Willie. As he walked to school he felt that every one saw and admired them. He felt as conspicuous as when, in a dream, he went to school in his night dress, but he felt more comfortable.

He took his seat in the schoolroom proudly, and when he was called to the blackboard to do a sum he walked with a strut. He felt that even the big boys, the wonderful youths who had money to jingle in their pockets, observed him, and he blushed as he imagined the eyes of the little women on the girls' side of the room following him.

As he crossed the floor the legs of his breeches rubbed against each other, giving forth the crisp corduroy sound of "whist—whist—whist." It could be heard in the farthest corner.

Clayton's eye upon him and his cheek flamed. She had blue eyes and yellow curls and snubbed him daily.

Even the teacher glanced at his new breeches. Willie paused in his sum and looked at them with satisfaction himself. Then he walked back to his bench, and the corduroy spoke again, "whist—whist—whist." It was as musical as the clumping of a new pair of red topped boots.

As he slid into his place on his bench, Red Head turned his face and made a mouth.

"Don't you think you're smart, Whistle Breeches?" he whispered. "Whist—whist," said the breeches in reply, as Willie moved, and every eye in the school seemed to gaze on him, not enviously as before, but sneeringly. Who'd want whistle breeches?

When the recess bell rang, Willie walked to the playground with short steps, but still the corduroy whispered. Two boys behind him laughed, and Willie burned with shame. They must be laughing at his new breeches. Bessie Clayton passed him, and he stood motionless crowded against the wall, until she was out of hearing.

He paused in the doorway timidly. Red Head was standing just outside, one shoulder turned toward Freckles Redmond. It was the signal for a fight, and the small boys were crowded about them.

"Aw, you're one yourself," Red Head was saying, "an' you dassn't say it agin. I dare you to it." He cried, but he caught sight of Willie.

"Huh!" he shouted, "look here, fellows. Here's Whistle Breeches. Let's spit on 'em!"

The boys crowded into the entry and spat on them. Red Head pulled Willie's hair twice, drawing his head forward as he would pull a bell rope.

"Don't he think he's smart?" "Wouldn't have 'em," "Whistle Breeches!" "Whistle Breeches!" They shouted in derision, and Willie whimpered and edged into a corner.

"Don't you do that," he said in a choking voice. "I'll tell teacher, I will."

Red Head stuck his freckled face close, and shoved him with a warlike shoulder. His fists were doubled, and he jabbed Willie with his elbow.

"Aw, you tell him then, why don't you, Whistle Breeches?" he inquired. "Just you tell him, an' I'll punch your face off."

He drew his arm back and feinted. Willie crooked his elbow to hide his face, and sobbed.

"Aw, come on, fellows," said Red Head with deep disgust. "What's the use of foolin' with him? He ain't nothin' but a cry baby in whistle breeches. He ain't no fun."

That noon Willie remained in the schoolroom until the boys had gone. Some went home for dinner, and the rest ate their lunches under the oak tree at the side of the school. When the room was clear, Willie stole out by the back way and ran rapidly up the alley. He knew he was branded for life. The shame of the name of Whistle Breeches bore him down. He meditated wild plans for getting rid of the offending garment. He would burn it, lose it in the river. He even considered running away from home.

After dinner he slipped quietly away from the table, crept up to his room under the slanting roof, and put on his old, patched breeches. He came down quietly, but his mother caught him tiptoeing through the hall.

"Why, Willie," she said, "where are your new breeches, dear?"

"Up stairs," he said, simply. "I don't want to wear them. They—they're too tight."

His mother saw the prevarication in the drop of his head.

"Nonsense!" she answered lightly. "They fit you perfectly, dear. If they are a little stiff now, they will soon wear soft. Go up and put them on."

"I don't want to," he replied stubbornly. He meant, "I will not," but he had learned the disadvantage of contradicting his mother flatly.

"William," said his mother sternly, "go up stairs and put on those breeches this instant."

He climbed the stairs slowly. He hoped he would be late to school. He would be so leisurely in dressing that his mother would make him stay at home to avoid the greater disgrace of being tardy. He thought of playing sick, but decided such an illness would be too sudden to excite his mother's sympathy. If only the schoolhouse would burn down, or word came that the teacher was dead! But neither came to pass, and his mother's voice sounded from the hall, bidding him hurry.

With his load of shame, he slunk out of the gate and crept to school, hugging the fences and making himself as insignificant and small as possible, walking with short steps to avoid the endless "whist—whist" of the corduroy. He sniffed as he thought of the woe the day still held for him. Some men, going back to business, glanced at him to see the cause of his whimpering. He imagined they were thinking cruel things of his breeches.

He heard the tardy bell ring, and then he ran in and hurried to his seat. As he hastened down the aisle the corduroy spoke louder than before, but if Red Head heard, he made no sign, and as Willie sidled on to the bench beside him he kept his nose buried in his book and did not look up.

Willie did not go to the playground at the afternoon recess. He would have died rather, and for once he saw the advantage of the rule that the tardy scholar must lose that half hour of play.

When school ended for the day, Willie hoped the teacher would keep him in. He was willing to be whipped rather than meet Red Head again, but he was dismissed with the rest. He paused in the doorway gathering his breath to make a run for liberty, as he had often run to escape his persecutors. As he waited, he saw Red Head approaching, and he drew back; but Red Head stepped up to him and took him by the arm.

"You let me alone now," whimpered Willie.

"Aw, shut up," said Red Head roughly. "I ain't goin' to hurt you. You shut up an' don't be a cry baby. Come along an' I won't let 'em hurt you."

One of the boys came forward from the group by the gate.

"Hil, here comes Whistle Breeches!" he shouted gleefully.

Red Head turned, and clinched his fists, his blue eyes blazing.

"Shut up, Bob Palmer!" he cried fiercely. "Don't you call him that. That ain't no name to call a feller. You just wish you had breeches like 'em."

Bob stopped suddenly. He looked at Red Head in astonishment. Then he turned and ran to the boys by the gate. They listened to what he said, and then began a loud sing song chant: "Whistle Breeches—Whistle Breeches—Whistle Breeches."

Red Head bounded forward, his eyes glowing with anger. He toppled two boys over, and rained his blows right and left.

"Don't you call him that!" he cried.

It was a surprise. The boys drew back and stood ready to scatter at the next onslaught. Red Head waited, puffing, with clinched fists.

"The next feller that calls him that, I'll break his face!" he threatened. "An' I ain't foolin', neither."

They saw that he was not, and they waited respectfully as Red Head and Willie walked away.

Willie went with Red Head to drive the cow home, and Red Head taught him how to double up his fist for battle according to the traditions of the school, with the knuckles of the second finger protruded.

"You just do that," he explained, "an' you can hurt 'em worse. An' if they fight back, kick 'em in the legs. That's how I do. Why, you're as big as I am, an' I bet you're just as strong. You just stand up to 'em. There ain't nothin' in fightin' when you know how. If you just stand up to 'em, they'll most always back down. You begin on Tom Ament. He's a bigger baby 'n you are. Anybody kin lick him. I kin lick him with my little finger. An' then you tackle Shorly. He's a baby, too. You're just afraid."

It was Red Head who egged Willie on to strike Tom Ament the next day, and Red Head coached him until Tom took to his heels, defeated. Then Red Head made him lick Shorly and with the last of victory in his veins Willie worked his way upward, and soon the other mothers began telling Willie's mother that he was a bad boy, always fighting, and Mrs. Gary wept over him. But no one called him Whistle Breeches, and he learned that he was as much of a man as any of them, and more of a man than most.

Then came a little row, when Red Head and Willie stood face to face and pounded each other for a good half hour for supremacy, and Willie went down with a bleeding nose and an eye that was dark for days.

But Red Head had taught him self confidence, and self confidence made him the Governor of a great State.

When the Governor's eyes came back to Mike Murphy's face, they rested a moment on the grizzled red hair, and a smile softened the lines of his mouth.

"Mike," he said, "I believe you used to give me a drubbing about once a day."

The old Irishman moved uneasily, and his hands played nervously with the rim of his hat. He drew his feet quickly under his chair, and slowly moved his lips without speaking. He thought of that last fierce battle, the bleeding nose, and he shifted his eyes from spot to spot on the soft carpet. He felt as does a mouse when the cat plays with it.

The Governor turned to Father Maurice.

"Father," he said, "I do not often allow myself a personal indulgence, but I have an unsettled score with Mike. I shall settle it now. I am going to pardon that boy."

Two tears fell from the priest's eyes and rolled slowly into the white furrow of his beard. Mike Murphy stared straight before him, while his fingers felt vaguely for the rim of the hat that had fallen from his hands.

"Go home, Mike," said the Governor gently. "Go home and tell the wife and the mother."

When his petitioners had departed, the Governor sat long in the reception room thinking of the old days. When he opened his watch it was nine to the hour, but to look on a woman's face and buried his face in them. The old days had given him much that the later years had stolen from him. He sighed and lifted his head.

"Poor old Mike!" he said. "I'm square with him at last. I wonder why he took my part that day" and he wearily climbed the stair to his lonely room.

He did not know that when Red Head went home that noon, fifty years before, he had found Mrs. Murphy cutting out a pair of corduroy breeches.—New York News.

His Name for It.

Professor—What would you call a body holding within itself another body of smaller size, but of similar shape?

—A peanut, sir.—Harvard Lampoon.

A woman's age is one of nature's greatest secrets.