

MY TREASURE.

I have hidden away from the light of day
A treasure I sacred hold;
And it flashes not with the diamond's ray,
And it is not yellow gold;
And it is not beryl, nor sapphire rare
As blue as the tropic sea—
This treasure, guarded with love and care,
Is worthless to all but me!

It is not the ghost of a rosebud pale,
Or of rose full-blown and red;
Nor a violet plucked in some mossy dale,
With its fragrant sweetness fled,
With its leaf by a lover's touch made dear;
For me it has memories none
Of that springtime of joy and hope and fear
When my heart was lost and won.

But it brings me the sound of baby feet,
And the lip of a silent voice;
And the small moist hands that my own
hands meet

Make my empty heart rejoice.
In the holy calm, when the bright stars
shine

The deepening azure through,
There is kiss of mine, there is tear of mine
For my treasure—a baby's shoe.

THE RICH MAN'S ANSWER

"You see," said the blackmailer decidedly, "I have you in my power."

The rich man shifted uneasily in his seat, so that his face was thrown into deeper shadow, but he made no reply.

"Yes," continued the blackmailer, "it just amounts to this. You come here, as if you had never seen the place before, figuring at Robert W. Harrison, the great American millionaire; you buy Irvingstone park, and think you're a county gentleman, and your girl comes over from her Paris school and appears as Miss Harrison, of the park, the great American millionaire's daughter."

"Who says I am not a millionaire?" interposed the rich man. His face was still in the shade.

"Oh, no, Mr.—or—Harrison! No one says you are not that. I took care to make sure of that before I came here."

"Then what do you want?"

"Merely a little share of your property, Bob Wilde."

He who was known at Robert Harrison started violently; for a moment his



"WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER?"

face came into the bright glare of the reading lamp on his study table, and there was on it a look of unmitigated astonishment.

"You know that!" he cried. Then in another voice: "Well, what of it? I took Harrison for business purposes, and it is legally my own now."

"Well," pursued the blackmailer in smooth tones, helping himself from a box of cigars on the table as he spoke, "call it business purposes if you like. For the present, we can drop Bob Wilde, but—drawing his chair nearer and speaking in an impressive whisper—"what about that robbery in the bank at Carberton, on November 15, some thirty years ago?"

"You know that, too? You know—that?"

"I know you are the man who absconded with £800 of the bank funds that night, and that it's not too late now to tell the whole story to the police, or for you to be arrested for it."

"Don't—don't be hard on me," pleaded the rich man, in a faltering voice.

"Hard on you!"—with a confident laugh—"I like that. Now, I look upon you as my little bank, and I intend you to help me."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then good-bye to Robert Harrison of the park and enter Bob Wilde, the bank thief."

"Have you no mercy?" pleaded Mr. Harrison, pathetically. "Who are you? How did you find all this out? I have never seen you before."

"You'd have seen me dozens of times before if you had kept your eyes open. You see, I work at Williams', Carberton. I've been there a good many years now, slaving away at a miserable two pounds a week; but, naturally, I've always been on the lookout for something better. Well, in the attic at the top of the house there's a lot of old boxes; been there goodness knows how many years. I soon found keys to fit, and after going through a lot of musty old clothes and books, I came on a bundle of ancient letters from old Williams' brother in America. Well, of course, I sat down to read them."

"Of course," murmured the millionaire, faintly.

"In the very first letter I opened I read, 'Do believe I saw Bob Wilde, who robbed the Carberton bank, in the streets here last week.' Further on, in another letter—but here, I needn't tell you how I ferreted it all out; but in the end I made out that Bob Wilde and Robert Harrison are the same person, and you've owned it now."

"Well, if I give you £500—"

The man burst into a loud, rough laugh, which he instantly smothered.

"Five hundred!" he said, scornfully. "I want five thousand."

"Impossible."

"Oh, is it? Just think it over, Bob, my friend. What about your daughter?"

"Ah!" burst from behind Robert Harrison's hands, in a sudden groan. "Ah! I thought that would rouse you. Here's Miss Molly, you see, engaged to the son of Sir John Brandon. What about that engagement if I go and tell Sir John who Robert Harrison is?"

"Enough!" cried the millionaire. "Enough! I give in. But I can't give you the money now. Come to-morrow night, or stay—I've a dinner party to-morrow—say the night after."

"No, I won't, I'll say to-morrow; it suits me better."

II.

People were always willing to come to one of Robert Harrison's dinners. This evening's party had been no exception to the rule. No one was anxious to shorten the evening, but at last one or two prepared to say good-bye.

"I want to beg you all to stay a little longer," said the host. "I have a little surprise, a—a—kind of entertainment. Will you all follow me?"

They all trooped after him to the millionaire's study. Folding doors, covered on the shady side by thick curtains, separated the room from another. These doors had been opened to-night, but the curtains still draped the opening, and opposite to them chairs had been placed.

Smiling rather oddly, the host disappeared into the study, and carefully drew the curtains together behind him.

Then the door into the study from the outside was heard to open, and a man's voice said jauntily, "Well, Bob! Here I am, you see. Now then, where's the tin?"

Was that Robert Harrison's voice that answered in a cringing, wheedling manner, "Certainly, Mr. Gregson—of course—only, won't you reconsider it. Do—do let me off," whined the rich man's voice, and the other took up the strain mockingly. "Let you off? Oh, yes, I'll let you off—when I've done with you. Pay up or take the consequences."

"Is your mind quite made up?" Mr. Harrison seemed to be walking about the room as he said this.

"Quite, you thief, you miserable robber! Pay me my £5,000, or I'll tell the whole neighborhood that you are the man who robbed the Carberton bank thirty years ago."

"Then tell them now!" rang out in the millionaire's deepest tones as he dashed the curtains back, revealing "all the neighborhood" in various attitudes of astonishment.

The blackmailer stood holding to the back of his chair, the picture of bewildered rage.

"It's just this!" panted the blackmailer. "He's a thief! He left Carberton thirty years ago."

"Quite true," said Mr. Harrison smoothly, taking up the tale. "I left Carberton thirty years ago—ran away, in fact. At the same time £300 of the bank money disappeared. I did not know it at the time; I heard of it more than a year afterward. The fellow clerk who was the thief knew himself to be dying of consumption, and he wrote to me and confessed what he had done and how he had always allowed me to be blamed for the theft. The money had been gambled away almost at once. He told me to show the letter, if I must, after he was dead, but begged me, if I could, to be generous for the sake of the young wife he was leaving. I destroyed the letter and simply adopted the name of Harrison. I had run away simply because I was tired of my life in the bank and longed for wider fields. This is my story. I can ask you to believe it; I cannot prove it."

"But I can!" said a voice from the background.

All turned in astonishment. It was Mrs. Cartwright. Deadly pale, and trembling very much, she stood facing them all. "The thief," she said slowly, "was my first husband, James Trevor!"

"Mrs. Trevor! Is it possible? And I did not recognize you!"

"I did not recognize you, Robert, you have changed so much, or I would not have kept the secret as I have done. It has weighed on my mind all these years; but you had disappeared, and I thought it could not matter. Before James died he wrote out a full confession and signed it before witnesses. If ever Robert is in trouble for want of it you can produce it then, he told me. I have kept it ever since. Forgive me—I—"

Every one began shaking hands at this point, except to the general surprise, Sir John Brandon. He stood immovable all this time, with his eyes fixed on the features of Robert Harrison, and an unreadable, somewhat puzzled expression on his own face.

Albert Gregson, still holding to the back of a chair, had been almost forgotten, but he had one more card left.

"Sir John!" he cried, in a high, sharp voice. "Sir John Brandon! You don't know who this man is whose daughter your son is going to marry. You don't know, I say! Why, you knew him well as a boy—he's just Bob Wilde, the son of your father's keeper!"

The rich man turned and faced "the proudest man in the county" with a smile that lit up his plain, strong face.

"Master John?" he said softly.

"Old Bob!" shouted Sir John, dashing at him and overturning two chairs.

"It is! It is! My dear, dear old Bob!"—he was shaking both hands at once now—"to think I never knew you all this time! Oh, Bob! How often I've

wondered about you! The times we had when we were boys—and you never told your oldest friend! Here, where's that blackmalling scoundrel Gregson? I'm a magistrate. I'll deal with him!"

"Why, he's gone!" said a chorus of voices.

And he had, never to be heard of again.—London Answers.

OTHER COLD SUMMERS.

Snow and Sleet on the Fourth of July Not Uncommon.

The first weather of which I have any recollection was July 4, 1844. There was a great celebration in the middle of the town of Vernon, Vt.—it may have had some political significance, I do not remember. The men drew pine trees and set them in the ground on Meeting House Hill to make the pavilion in which the tables were set for the banquet. There were exercises and an oration in the church, a procession, and the local militia turned out; Major Lee and other Revolutionary War veterans were conspicuous. My father was in the military company with epaulets of silver fringe and tassels on his shoulders, and my mother, in a white gown with a white parasol with green figures, marched with the procession and sang in the choir. And I remember that the parasol gave way for a Highland shawl, that everybody suffered with cold and that there were snowflakes in the air, if not a regular snowfall; and of Dr. Cyrus Washburne, the marshal of the day, coming to my grandmother, under whose wing I was, for a cup of hot tea, and making one of his facetious remarks about Providence playing into his hands, that he might have plenty of business for the remainder of the summer—and of her rebuking him for his irreverence, as he intended she should, there being always some sort of a lively tilt between the two.

In June, 1852, there was a thunder shower during which there was a fall of snow and sleet that covered the ground to the depth of several inches. I remember how my father's well-kept garden in West Northfield looked with the corn, peas, onions and other early vegetables sticking up through the snow, and that, as we were walking about in the snow, Eastman Belding came driving along and, stopping in neighborly fashion to exchange experiences about the weather, he said: "Had you heard the news that Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, got the nomination for President yesterday? My Republican came just before I left home, and I saw it in that." And my father said: "He will be elected, but he's a nobody; why did they not nominate a somebody while they were about it? There are plenty in the party."

The spring of 1865 was nearly, if not quite, as backward as this. I remember hearing a man remark that pestilence and famine always followed a war, and that the late spring betokened the famine. I also recall that a large garden was plowed and planted that year on July 4, and there was a good crop and a quick one. The vegetables could almost be seen to grow.

One Fourth of July in one of the late sixties, I think, I remember of hot lemonade being served at our home in West Northfield; and a few days later in Belchertown, where I was on a visit, I remember hearing Mrs. D. Thompson say that she had not had her stove taken from her sitting room, and of the fire she had on Independence Day, and that previously throughout the season she had had a fire much of the time.—Springfield Republican.

A Duel Averted.

Signor Carducci, the great Italian poet, who has recently died, came near having a duel one day, according to a writer in *Le Cri de Paris*. He possessed a fine spirit of contradiction, and had the characteristics of a fighter. Once when traveling in Lombardy he was in a railway compartment with an army officer who did not recognize him. Conversation turned upon the latest literary productions. They spoke of a poem by the author of "Odes Barbares," which has just appeared.

"This Carducci," exclaimed the officer, with enthusiasm, "is a superb genius! The greatest since Dante, the equal of Dante himself."

"Humph!" responded the other. "A genius! That's too much to say. I find him mediocre."

"Mediocre, sir? You don't know anything about it."

"Oh, you are of incapable of judging."

"I!"

"You!"

"Sir!"

The officer handed his card to the disputant.

The other smiled. "There's mine."

On it was the name, "Giosue Carducci, professor of the University of Bologna."

The officer, removing his hat, bowed politely, and then both men laughed.

The Lawyer and the Reformer.

The prison reformer met the convicted lawyer in his striped garb.

"And what brought you here, unhappy man?" she asked him.

His old time cleverness asserted itself.

"An automobile," he blithely replied. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Aggravating.

"Did I tell you the story of the old church bell?"

"No. Let's hear it."

"Sorry, but it can be told only on Sunday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The better acquainted a man is with himself the harder it is to fool him.



A Completed Life.

Erect, but with white hair, vigorous, but with the vigor of advanced age, the Rev. Elliot Walters sat in the little country parsonage in Vermont and read the ten words on the yellow telegraph form again and again.

His son was dead. That he himself must die, and soon, he had long recognized; but his son, who was just beginning to live!

There was no hope which the father had cherished for himself and left behind him with the flight of years which he had not renewed and cherished again in his pride in his son. He had begun with small opportunities, and gained his education by the most heroic sacrifice. Great had been his joy at seeing his son equipped with the best the schools could give to him. In college he had led his class; in the theological school he had received honors; and having entered the ministry, he had risen rapidly and with sure and safe progress.

Two years before his death he had accepted a call to a great city; and there to a cultivated and influential congregation he ministered, with increasing acceptance.

Now and then his sermons were reported in the papers, and his father read them, every word. He would go far, that young man, the father said, and what was best of all, he deserved it. He was a good boy; this was his proud word to other people; and there was no meaning native to fatherly hope and pride which he did not express in those words.

And now he was dead! Dead before his father, and with the plans just at the threshold of their glorious promise!

The old father did not go to the funeral. It was more than a thousand miles, and when he stood in his pulpit at home on the day his son was buried far away he looked so frail, so pale, so suddenly aged, that every heart ached for him, as his had ached a thousand times with the sorrow of others.

Then the church in the distant city, its own membership heartbroken, remembered the deeper sorrow of the lonely old man, and did a beautiful thing. A communion service was approaching, at which forty persons were to unite with the church. They were persons whom the young pastor had led across the threshold into the sweet life of the gospel, and whom he had expected to welcome to membership.

The church sent a thousand miles to the old father, and asked him to come to them and conduct that service.

And so he stood at the communion table and broke the bread and gave the right hand of fellowship to forty of those whom his son had helped onward in the Christian life.

It was a sad service, but as beautiful as it was sad, and as comforting as it was pathetic. Nor did they permit the old man to return at once, but kept him for another Sunday and yet another, and filled the church and listened to his earnest words.

They showed him not only what his son had planned to do, but what he had already done—the good begun which would not be permitted to be lost, the lives helped by his life and sealed by his death. They comforted themselves in helping his greater sorrow; his grief was assuaged in comforting them.

The old man went back to the little parsonage in the hills, still lonely, but with a new sense of comfort; still sorrowing, but not as he had sorrowed before. For God had given him to see that something of his dead son's work was not only begun, but still in progress, and much was completed; and he thanked God and took courage.—Youth's Companion.

Value of Prayer.

If the value of prayer were but known, every one would be assiduous about it. It is a stronghold into which the enemy cannot enter. He may attack it, besiege it, but while we are faithful, he cannot hurt us. Let the dull or hard hearts which can retain nothing come to practice of prayer, and they shall become wise. Come to the Fountain of all good without complaining to weak and impotent creatures who cannot help you. Oh, how much compassion has this sad experience given me for sinners; as it taught me why so few of them emerge from the miserable state into which they have fallen. The devil is outrageous against prayer and those that exercise it, because he knows it is the means of taking his prey from him. No sooner does one enter into a spiritual life, a life of prayer, but he must prepare for strange crosses.—Madam Guyon.

A Golden Text.

A lady tells of a visit she made at one time in a beautiful home where lived a dear old lady, Aunt Abby. Seeing her sitting in her rocking-chair by the window one day, and looking a bit lonely, as she passed by she put her arm around her and kissed her cheek. The old lady flushed with pleasure and said, "Thank you, dear. Thank you."

"Why, Aunt Abby," said the lady, "I am surprised that you should seem to care so much." "My dear," she said earnestly, "kiss your mother; kiss her often. You don't know how much good it will do her. Ah! we kissed them so much when they were little ones, the darlings! but now they have so much to do, and so many cares, it is not

strange that they seem to forget. They are so kind and good. They want us to have everything, and more than we need. It is only that they are always so busy. Don't forget, dear, to kiss your mother every day. It will make her very happy, and—when she is gone, the memory will be all the sweeter."

Come to Us, Lord.

Come to us, Lord, as the daylight comes
When the darkling night has gone,
And the quickened East is tremulous
With the thrill of the awakened dawn.

Come to us, Lord, as the tide comes in
With the waves from the distant sea;
Come, till our desert places smile,
And our souls are filled with Thee.

Come to us, Lord, on our beds of pain,
And soothe the fevered smart;
Come to our grief and our loneliness,
And pillow our heads on Thy heart.

Come to us, Lord, when the tempter dares
Our faltering faith to smite;
Come, that the powers of Satan then
May haste to take their flight.

Come to us, Lord; we watch for Thee;
We shall never feel surprise,
If sudden we lift our eyes and see
The dayspring o'er us rise.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Gratitude.

Probably we are none of us as grateful for life's blessings as we should be.

Gratitude, like faith, hope and charity must be cultivated as we should develop without attention.

Every one will discover, if he looks for it, more reason in his life for gratitude than he ever dreamed of.

In cataloguing your blessings give due emphasis to the spiritual. If you undervalue any, let it be the temporal.

We ought to be grateful for many things which awaken no response in our souls. Are you grateful for hard things, for big loads, for arduous duties? Have you ever learned to say, "I glory in tribulations also?"—Presbyterian Journal.

Having Faith.

I do not know when or how it may please God to give you the quiet of mind that you need; but I tell you that I believe that it is to be had; and in the meantime you must go on doing your work, trusting in God even for this.—George MacDonald.

HIS TACTFUL WAY.

Dr. Hardie surveyed his new extension telephone without enthusiasm. It was exactly where the former tenants of the apartment had theirs—a position which he and his wife had decided was the worst possible.

"What reason did he give for not putting it where you said?" he asked her.

"Oh, he kept saying, 'Short circuit—short circuit; you'd have a funeral in two days,' Mrs. Hardie answered. 'There was something about its being too near the radiator; he said 'twas dangerous. I spoke pretty sharply to him at last, but he absolutely refused to do as I said.'"

"I'm! Didn't want to do the extra work. Well, never mind, my dear. I'll have it changed."

That night the doctor wrote the telephone company a letter which was a masterpiece of tact. "It never does to antagonize people," he remarked, sagely, as he sealed the envelope. "Your speaking sharply to that man was a mistake. This letter will make its point, and still leave them good-natured."

Mrs. Hardie looked doubtful. It seemed to her that the occasion required plain talk. Time went by, and nothing happened. Her husband telephoned numerous tactful messages to the installation bureau, and still nothing happened. At last, however, after three weeks of gentle perseverance, he obtained results.

"They've promised to send a competent man out to-day," he told his wife one morning. "Now before he does a thing you have him call me up. I want to talk to him myself."

The man came, and Mrs. Hardie obeyed orders implicitly. That night she met her husband with a beaming face. "He's fixed everything as we wanted it, Lewis," she announced. "He took my orders like a lamb. Whatever did you say to him? It worked like magic!"

"Just tact, my dear," was the complacent answer. "I began by jollying him; said I knew from his voice that he understood his business, and all that. Then I told him confidentially that the other fellow they sent out was a lazy, pig-headed chump, and—what's the matter, Alice? What! The same man?"

Dr. Hardie backed weakly against the door. "Well," he admitted, after a sheepish pause, "I thought I was being tactful all right, but what I really did was to call him a string of names as long as my arm."

A Hard Proposition.

"Charlie Choofer ran into a fat man with his new car."

"Any damage?"

"Yes, one lamp was broken and a mud guard bent and Charlie thinks of suing the fat man."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You may have noticed that one girl no sooner breaks a man's heart than another comes along and bandages it up.

When a woman is talking she dislikes to be interrupted as much as a man does when he is eating.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



CHRISTIANITY is not in ethics, but in faith. When the Son of man cometh—will He find faith on the earth?

An optimist is one who keeps alive the joy derived from common things.

We should not be with wicked men as their companions, but as their physicians.

Christ did not build His Gospel on a "grand perhaps," but on the eternal "know."

Elijah did not have to wait for a referendum before he began his work of reform.

The trouble with many uplifters is that they love their notions more than the people.

Faith is often as little effective for righteousness as unbelief, because it lacks grip.

Religion may become an escape from duty, rather than its inspiration and fulfillment.

There is something wrong with the man who can be satisfied while the saloon remains.

Jesus was at His best in heart-to-heart ministrations; multitudes always thronged Him.

"It abideth alone" explains away some lives. They have never learned the law of service.

There are two sides to the saloon question—the side that wants to put down the saloon, and the side that wants to put down what is in the saloon.

HOLLAND THE HOME OF CHEESE.

Women Assist at Hoorn in Unloading and Reloading.

Early in the morning the quiet street is awakened by the quick, hard trot of heavy horses, the rattle of many wagons, and when we reach the square on which the weighhouse fronts there are already long rows of cheeses neatly laid in readiness for the market and others being rapidly unloaded from those heavy wagons which had broken our slumbers. Down every street which leads to the market they are still coming, these high, strong, well-built, well-kept wagons, drawn by big, heavy-trotting, well-groomed horses, driven by the cheesemaking Boer and loaded with wife, a blue-eyed child or two and many round, yellow cheeses, says a writer in *Scribner*.

Swiftly they take up their positions on the square, the horse is quickly unfastened and led to a nearby stable, the wife clambers down and hurries off on shopping intent, while the children trot along after her or feast their eyes in nearby shop windows. Some one has already climbed into the wagon, another helper stands close beside it, a third kneels upon canvas stretched on the stone pavement.

Women, as well as men, assist here at Hoorn in the unloading and reloading, the piling of the cheeses, the preparation for the market and the after cleaning. The work goes forward with astonishing rapidity and dexterity. The golden yellow balls fly from hand to hand, sometimes across a considerable distance. Looking over the market the air seems full of them, a peaceful battle of yellow cannon balls in which there are no wounded. Never a cheese falls to the ground, though they are fairly heavy and very slippery. The experts show their skill by receiving and tossing two at a time. The wagon unloaded, it is drawn away into a side street or convenient stable shed and another takes its place. After each farmer's load is arranged it is carefully covered with a layer of straw and a heavy white tarpaulin, a protection from sun or possible showers—dust seems an unknown quantity in cleanly, watery Holland.

Much care, apparently, is exercised in placing the cheeses, in selecting those for the corners and outer rows, and setting them carefully so that their soft roundness shall not suffer, but all this work is done by the regular helpers.