

A PANSY.

A little flower, faded and old,
With purple leaves and a heart of gold,
Wrapped in a kerchief white as snow,
I found it today
All withered away
Where I placed it for keeping years ago.

A story lives in this pansy's dust,
A story pathetic with youthful trust,
And I would I could live it over again,
For it speaks to me—
Out of memory—
Of a love that was sweet, but was all in vain.

The pansy has faded, as did my dream,
In the years that have passed, and yet I
seem,
Through all of life's hurrying din,
To have kept its grace
In the filmy lace
Of the kerchief I wrapped it in.
—Eric Gamgrell in New Orleans Picayune.

DID BOTH OVERHEAR IT?

It was nearly service time on Sunday morning, and the church bells were tolling their cheery welcome on the frosty air. Pious souls, clad in furs and velvets and other forms of modern purple and fine linen, were hurrying to reach the scenes of their devotions.

Foster Millard was not a pious soul, and he did not hurry. He was not sure that he was going to church at all, and he wandered leisurely along, with his hands in his overcoat pockets and his big collar turned high around his throat.

What a world it was, to be sure, and what a fool—but, however—that was all over now, and he was glad of it.

At this moment he became aware of a slight figure enveloped in fur coming down the cross-street, and they met at the corner. She held out her hand with a gesture that bespoke embarrassment and uncertainty, and he took it gravely. "I believe," he said, "it is quite a year since I saw you last, Edith."

"Yes," she said. "Willard turned and joined her in her walk."

"And I believe," he continued, "that I am very glad to see you."

"Miss Arnold was silent on this point. 'You might, perhaps, say as much,' suggested Millard."

"Are you going to church?" asked Miss Arnold.

"Well, I don't know, that is, I will go if you take me with you."

Miss Arnold hesitated a moment.

"Why, of course, if you like," she said. "Why shouldn't he like, wondered Millard. A pretty girl, good music and lots of people? What difference did it make that once—stuff? He had forgotten all that, and of course she had."

"Have you heard the new rector?" inquired Miss Arnold, evidently with an attempt at conversation.

"No," said Millard. "I have not been there. I am a heathen. You are a missionary. Perhaps I am an angel unaware though."

Miss Arnold laughed.

"That's a trifle mixed, isn't it?" she said.

"Well, perhaps," admitted Millard.

"I'm not up in that sort of thing."

"But you used to go to church?"

"Yes, I did—when you took me. I have degenerated. If your theology admits of backsliding, I have backslided. I am now distinctly a heathen."

Miss Arnold laughed again.

"On the contrary, I think you have improved," she said.

"Ah!" said Millard, with faint sarcasm. "I really was not looking for a compliment."

They reached the church and the usher showed them to a seat. Miss Arnold knelt on the cushion and leaned her head on her little prayer book against the pew in front. Millard watched her silently, as he had done so many times before. She made a pretty picture—dainty, fur wrapped and devout, and the hand that held the prayer book was very small indeed. One little lock of hair had squirmed away from restraining hairpins and was curling prettily near her pink ear. He felt a curious desire to put it in place, and then he became conscious of two voices speaking behind him in not inaudible whispers.

"Isn't that Foster Millard with Edith Arnold in front of us?" asked somebody.

"Why, sure enough it is!" said somebody else. "I thought she fitted him a year ago."

"Hush, he will hear you!"

"They must have made it up," Quiser. "Isn't it?"

The choir began to sing again, and the people all rose. Millard heard no more. Edith held her prayer book up to him, and they read the responses out of it. Like those flashes of previous existence that the philosophers talk about, it all came back to him—startling, indefinite, and yet familiar. How often he had heard that smooth, full voice, reading the same old, sweet words of the Episcopal service. He seemed to take up the thread of life a year back, as if the year just passed had been a dream from which he was now awakening.

The Te Deum was over and they sat down again. Presently the two women behind began to whisper again. Edith was intent upon the service.

"Pretty heathen she has," said one.

"A trifle too high, I think. They say she threw Howard Gale over too. I don't see what those men find in her. She is a perfect flirt."

"For that reason probably they like her."

"I suppose Mr. Millard took it too

easily, and she wants to dangle him again."

"Dangle him?"

"Yes. You know what I mean—keep him around and abuse him."

"Hush! Don't let him hear you."

"No, he shan't. It won't be a good warning to him, anyway."

Millard moved uneasily, and the whispers broke off suddenly. He wondered if Edith had heard them. He glanced at her, and she looked so unconscious that he concluded she had not.

The rector had commenced his sermon, and she was giving close attention. Millard listened awhile, but it did not interest him. He seemed to have heard

the same sermon a thousand times, and his thoughts wandered away into other channels. They went back to the days when he had been wont to read the responses out of Edith Arnold's prayer book, and then he thought of the two women he had heard discussing his case.

He looked at Edith surreptitiously as she sat there listening so intently to the sermon, and he thought she did not look like a girl who would care to "dangle" any one. He knew he might be mistaken, for he did not claim to know women. No man does who has once thought he did. But certainly she did not look like a girl of that sort. He knew she had never seemed so to him, even at the last. But then who could tell? Perhaps she would like to "dangle" him, as they called it.

He wondered if he would care, and concluded that he would not. It might even be pleasant. Something suggested to him that he might let her try, and he favored the suggestion.

They rose to sing the last hymn, and then knelt a moment while the rector prayed. The organist played a low, solemn recessional and the people began to file out.

They passed the choir gallery as they went, and the tenor was helping the alto to put on her furs.

"See," said the alto, "there is Edith Arnold, with Mr. Millard in her train again. They must have made up. You're not looking at all."

"I have something better to look at," said the tenor.

"Oh!" said the alto, and then stopped. Millard turned his collar up again when they reached the door.

"Not a long service," he said, for want of anything better to say.

"No," said Miss Arnold absently. "Did you like the sermon?"

"Well, I don't know. I didn't hear much of it. I forgot to listen."

"Oh!" said Miss Arnold, very much as the alto had said it a moment before.

"I think the soprano would do better if she would leave out some of those trills and quirs," suggested Millard.

"Do you?" said Miss Arnold. "I don't know. I'm afraid I was not listening."

"Oh!" said Millard.

"I don't think I meant that exactly," said Edith.

"Meant what?"

"What you thought when I said I was not listening."

"I had no idea you did."

They walked along awhile without saying anything.

"Edith," said Millard at length, "did you hear what those women behind us were saying during the service?"

Edith looked up seriously innocent.

"What women?" she asked.

"In the pew behind us."

"I was listening to the service," replied Miss Arnold with dignity.

"Except when the soprano sang," commented Millard.

Presently they reached Miss Arnold's home, and he opened the little iron gate for her.

"You had better come in and see mamma," she said.

"Well, perhaps I had," said Millard. He wondered if he was beginning to be "dangled."

Mrs. Arnold and the little sister looked a trifle surprised as the two entered, but each received him cordially in her own way. Little sister slipped her hand into his and gave it a comforting squeeze. That was her method. They were alone when she did it, for Edith went to take off her wraps and Mrs. Arnold went somewhere after a few words with Millard. The latter reflected that he had come in to see mamma, but he did not say anything.

"Are you and Edith spoons again?" asked little sister.

Millard laughed helplessly and wondered what to say. Little sister relieved the situation.

"Because," she continued, without waiting for a reply, "because if you are, I am glad. I don't like the others near so well as I do you."

"Don't you? I'm so glad."

"Are you, really? Say, will you keep still if I tell you something?"

"Like the grave," said Millard.

"And never tell any one I told you?"

"Never."

"Not even Edith?"

"Not even Edith," said Millard solemnly.

"Well, then," said little sister, "I'll tell you. Edith's last bean doesn't come here any more, and I guess she wants another one."

"Oh," said Millard.

"Yes, and I thought perhaps if you knew you would come some more. I do wish you would. You don't snub me like the rest."

"What on earth are you two talking about?" asked Edith, coming into the room at this point.

"Don't you tell," whispered little sister.

"Of course not," said Millard gravely.

"We were talking about the weather," he continued to Edith. "Your sister says it is not as cold as it was."

Little sister slid out of the room. "That was an awful fib," she said to Millard as she went out.

A couple of hours later Edith lifted her head from Millard's shoulder and looked up at him a trifle uncertainly.

"Foster," she said, "did you hear what those odious women behind us were saying during service?"

"I did, but you will remember that you did not. You were attending to the service."

"Hush! I am in earnest, Foster!"

"What did my sister say to you in here?"

"I promised not to tell."

"Never mind, then. Did you believe those women?"

"No, Edith."

"Did you believe what my sister told you?"

"Partly. Not as she meant."

"You are a good boy. I should have believed them if I had been in your place."

"Why?"

"Because," said Edith slowly, "because I am not a man."—J. T. Newcomb in Boston Globe.

Carlyle and Some Young Men.

When we think of bores we are tempted to wish that all men had something of Carlyle's qualities. The mighty Thomas was a "good day" to a very conceited young man who had favored him with a sermon on things in general. He was politely to the door, and then—

"Well, Mr. Carlyle, received ye for the sake of your father. Now goodbye; and I earnestly hope I'll never see ye again!"

On another occasion Carlyle looked in a passionless way at a visitor who had been holding forth for ever so long, and said:

"Man, but ye're a pair creature!"

The anecdote recalls one of a cobbler who once got rid of a tiresome caller by putting his hands on his lapels and piously gazing at the talking nuisance. Finally he said:

"I suppose, now, they tell you that God made you?"

The terrible indignation was too much for the bore, and he fled, utterly routed.—Irish Times.

Curiosities About Beans.

Of all edible pods, it is believed that the bean has been the longest known and most widely cultivated. It was used as food by the ancient Jews and considered sacred by the Greeks and Romans. A temple dedicated to Kyaneles, the god of beans, formerly stood on the sacred road near Eleusis. Kyaneles was called the god of beans because he was the first to cultivate them for food. The bean feast, which the Athenians celebrated in honor of Apollo, was characterized by the excessive use of beans.

The Egyptians, contrary to the nations above mentioned, considered beans unclean, and would not venture to touch them. Pythagoras admonished his scholars, "Abstain from beans." The natives of Egypt and most all oriental nations look upon the black speck on the wings of the bean flower as the written characters of death.—St. Louis Republic.

North, the Nitrate King.

Colonel North, the nitrate king, has a daughter Emma, to whom he gave £500,000 and told her to marry whom she liked. All the young sparks in Chili used to laugh about her, but she will probably end by being at least a duchess. He has one son, Harry, or, as he used to be called when I knew him, "Arty." He was then a small boy going home to school, and on landing at Montevideo came off with a box of common grass as a curiosity to take to England. He had never seen a blade of grass at Iquique, where nothing grows, and the boy could not understand our laughter at his greenness. North gave Harry £50,000 on his twenty-first birthday, and told him to have a "jolly spree." I believe Harry is now in the army.—San Francisco Letter.

Safe and Dangerous Railroads.

With the exception of the Chinese railways, with their prejudiced crazed wrecking mobs, the unsafe roads in the world are those of Spain, whose landlides and inundations wreck a train every few weeks, not to mention the risk from bandits and insurgents. The safest are those of northern Germany and England.

Statistics prove that in 1896 and 1899 only three out of 62,000,000 North German passengers lost their lives by causes which could in any way be ascribed to the neglect of precautions on the part of the railway officials. In Great Britain during the same period the ratio was one fatal accident to 19,000,000 safe trips. In America three out of ten fatal casualties can be traced to the disadvantages of the one track system.—New York Telegram.

A Bad Blunder.

Visitor (in jail, to prisoner)—What are you here for?

Prisoner—For stealing.

Visitor—What did you steal?

Prisoner—I stole a girl's affections.

Visitor—Well, that is no infraction of the law.

Prisoner—Hem; I carried 'em off with her father's horse and buggy.—New York Epoch.

WHERE SHE SOMETIMES FAILS.

In the Domain of Woman Man Very Frequently Excels, as Is Shown Here.

Of course, it is rank heresy to mention it, but does it ever occur to the advanced woman that, while as yet she has failed to demonstrate her superior ability in any of the professions or industries of man's province, whenever the man invades her domain he invariably excels her in skill and success? The woman doctor takes second place to the man, yet the man cook is the greater, the better paid, the more successful than the woman.

The greatest lawyer is the world is not a woman, but the greatest milliner is a man, and the most famous dress-maker is also a man. The best tailors for women are men, the greatest designers of house decoration, architecture and furnishings are men, and the best housekeepers are men.

Of course the women will rise up in their wrath, but you ask any man who lives at a first class club, managed entirely by men, if he can have the same comfort, the same excellence of cooking and variety of menu, the same absence of friction and annoyance, for the same amount of money, provided by the most thoughtful, painstaking little wife in the world.

In any household, if a man is allowed to have dominion over his own particular apartment, if he exercises his own unbiased taste in furnishing and arrangement, you will invariably find that the man's room is the favorite place in the house, and that rarely is the man permitted to enjoy in it peaceful seclusion. Why?

"Because it is restful in coloring and has no glaring contrasts of tint. The chairs are comfortable when you sit in them and aren't done up with vatications sashes. The lights are arranged so, you can see to read or write if you like, and are not so buried in frills and millinery and iron from that their original purpose is lost. There are welcome space effects in the man's room, happy contrast with the cluttered, crowded confusion of the woman's room."

Things are exactly where you can put your hands on them when you want them without any forethought. Nothing is in the way of something else. There are no knickknacks to fall down, no traps to trip your feet. Everything has purpose. The pictures are hung where you can see them and are worth looking at. The books are where you can reach them and are books you want to read.

The bits of bric-a-brac have a purpose as well as a history. The whole idea of the man's room is in a word—comfort. Of the woman's room the idea is effect. In searching after his ideal the man frequently attains the woman's ideal as well. The woman often misses both in striving after the one of lesser importance.—New York Sun.

What the Minister Said.

It is a tribute to the basis of real dignity that there is in the American girl's character that a well bred foreigner will take simply as they are meant the constant surprises she affords him in the way of daring escapades, any one of which would at once destroy his respect for one of his own unmarried countrywomen. A transatlantic marriage which was started by a practical joke was that of the young minister from —, who asked his lively neighbor at a dinner how he should make his adieu to his hostess, as she did not speak French and his own knowledge of English was to the slightest. Quite seriously she taught him to say, "Golly, Mrs. A., I have had a bully time," and he repeated the absurd and dreadful little speech with great distinctness to his hostess, who at once detected the source of the poor man's blunder and naturally greatly resented it. M. de F., however, had a sense of humor and, far from harboring a grudge against the impertinent young lady, was greatly amused by her audacity, and thus in this instance began the "wooing o'n't."—New York Tribune.

Regulars Off Duty.

"I want to show you the effects of constant training," said a local military enthusiast.

We were standing on Whitehall street. "You see those two regulars from McPherson barracks coming this way," said he, pointing toward two private soldiers from the barracks. They were walking very rapidly, but with as regular a step as though on dress parade.

"Now watch them. I will give a command as they come up and I'll bet a cigar they instinctively obey it."

"It's a bet."

Just as they passed by my companion, in a deep, commanding voice said:

"Fours left; march!"

As quick as a flash the regulars wheeled to the curbstone. Then they caught themselves, looked around, smiled and went on.—Atlanta Constitution.

One of the south's most successful evangelists is William Evander Penn, who has just finished a great revival in Mississippi. He is a man of sixty-three, and has been constantly preaching day and night for sixteen years.

HE SEEMS TO MAKE IT PAY.

The "Idealist" Is What a Pioneer in a "New Calling" Styles Himself.

The day of the eccentric man has been long delayed, but it seems to have overtaken us at last. If the signs of events count, the "crank," the man with ideas, the odd chap are to get a little nearer to life's figurative clover field hereafter than they are at present.

In a neatly furnished room on the first floor of a quiet hotel up town a nervous, diffident young man, half buried in papers and books, was found, who makes a very good salary by the rather odd occupation of originating ideas. He does nothing else, nor has he for more than a year, and has been during that time rather well compensated for the ideas he has sold—in fact he has no notion of ever abandoning the work on account of its money side.

He is new to New York, having been a Chicagoan until quite recently. He is a German-Yankee, with a very pronounced nervous temperament and of queer history, habits and notions. He was, as an evidence of his originality, married at eighteen to a young lady who was almost an utter stranger to him, under quite romantic circumstances. When seen, the "Idealist" was anticipating very eagerly the arrival in New York of his little family—wife and three-year-old girl, of either of whom he said he would be glad to boast, were it not a commonplace thing to do.

"I plan to remain in New York, at least a year," he explained. "I have contracted to devote my whole time for that period to thinking for and making suggestions to one of your greatest business houses."

It is a mark of courage in a manager to conclude that the firm can afford to pay \$2,000 a year for the privilege of having an odd sort of fellow on the alert constantly to see uncommence phases of the business, to scheme and plan new features of it, to look at it from odd standpoints and to think of it in the attitude of an idea maker. Yet that is just what a shrewd business man has concluded for his firm in my case, and it emphasizes the trend of all our civilization—toward the "this-one-thing-I-do" men."

"Is this calling of the 'Idealist' very numerously represented as yet in New York?"

"I think not—indeed, there are few who depend entirely upon their ideas for a living. We have a number of bright men, artists, designers, advertising solicitors, writers, etc., who make a very good thing of selling their ideas, as a side issue, to whomsoever they seem to fit."

"What pay, for example, can these people command for a good idea?"

"If it is an idea for advertising something in an original way, the pay will vary from one dollar to \$100 for a single idea. A bright man may think of twenty excellent ideas in a day, and then fail to strike one good one in twenty days, it being largely a matter of mood. Some call it inspiration, but it is hard to commercialize 'inspiration,' or 'mood,' either, for that matter. At times when I have particularly wished to catch a good idea at an opportune time, or when the pursestrings have begun to desuetude, and need to again rehearse their parts in the social swift, the mood has utterly failed me, and all the fretting and worrying I am so magnificently capable of have failed to have their effect upon this elusive mood quality."

"What would you advise a man to do with an idea if he gets one—a man not versed in marketing such things to advantage?"

"If a boy or girl or man or woman ever catches an idea that seems good for some special thing I would advise him or her to develop it—think of a special fitness it may have to some business, and then briefly write it of it such business house, usually leaving the matter of compensation to the customer. In this manner a sale will eventually be sure, if the idea is really novel and good, and instead of airing the scheme for gaudy friends and then forgetting all about it and earning the reputation of a dreamer or crank, the idea maker can earn a good purse of side money."—New York World.

How to Use Assurance.

There is just one thing in the latter part of this Nineteenth century that never fails to bring success, and that is assurance. If you desire to make yourself known, don't go to the trouble of doing good work. Just buy a trumpet and blow a blast to shake the stars. The time has gone by for quiet, unpretentious adherence to duty to make any show. The louder you are, the more blatant and vociferous, the sooner you attain the goal of achievement, if it is notoriety you are after. But if you still have a hunger in your soul for the approval of your own conscience and the commendation of that high and holy one whose future day shall bid you enter into the reward laid by for the faithful, and the pure, and the tender hearted, just go on in the quiet way you have chosen and let your trumpet lie unheeded on the shelf.—Chicago Herald.