

THE BRAVE LITTLE MAN.

All torn, but sweet, is the old straw hat,
As it hangs on the rack in the hall.
There's mud from home on two little shoes
Where he played on the hills last fall;
There's dust on the kite and the little stick horse
Stands still as ever he can,
Listening, perhaps, in the corner there
For the voice of the brave little man.

There's never a song of bird, nor bloom
Of rose that blows in the spring,
Nor shout of boy, nor gleam of sun
But where some tears will cling.
There's never a flash of the evening star
On the hearthstone's fireside
Of winter night but will bring some tears
For the brave little man that died.

Kind friends they were; we kiss them
For him,
And lay them out of sight—
The little stick horse and kite;
And down in his pocket a rusty nail,
A bit of chalk and string.
A broken knife, an alley or two,
Oh! the birds, the bloom, and the spring!
And star of God at morning's song,
Noon time and twilight tide,
One sweet little face, some tears will
Come
For the brave little man that died.
—Leelle's Monthly.

A Got-Up Thing

MARY lifted her head. Her face was very white, and she clenched her hands to prevent her trembling as she met the old doctor's eyes.

"Yes, I shall marry Captain Tenby now," she said unsteadily. "He—he spoke last night, and I—"

She got up suddenly and turned from Dr. Grey's searching look.

"I said yes," she added abruptly. "I remembered—it breaks my heart to remember how father has wished it and how obstinate I have been, and now—his last wish—oh, I must. It will make him so happy, and I—I shan't have many more chances of making him happy."

Her voice broke, and the doctor got up and, going over to her, put his hands on her shoulder.

"But this young man, Mary," he said. "You think you will be happy with him?"

Mary hesitated. Then for her father's sake she acted a lie.

"Do you think I shall not?" she cried. "Surely he's all I could wish! Oh, yes; I—I shall be happy."

Dr. Grey looked disatisfied as he turned away. It was prejudice, no



"OH, YES; I SHALL BE HAPPY."

doubt, but he did not like the Honorable Arthur Tenby, and in his eyes he was not a fair match for the girl who would soon be the mistress of Treherne Court. He frowned out of the window at the stretch of lawn and the empty beds upon it. A few weeks ago they had been gay with summer flowers, and now a change in the weather had brought all the desolation of winter upon the garden; it reminded him of the change that had come over the house in as short a time. He turned again to Mary. She was staring out of the window, too, seeing ugly things on the patch of grass—she saw Geoffrey Kaye, thrown from his horse, dead or dying on an empty road, and she saw the face of the man she was going to marry and behind it the face of the man she loved.

She shivered a little in spite of her resolve. Her marriage with Arthur Tenby had always been her father's fondest wish. He was of good family, the son of a lord, and marrying with him seemed a wonderfully good thing for the adopted daughter of Geoffrey Kaye, even though she would be rich when he died.

Geoffrey Kaye had adopted her wholly when she was 3 years old, and for nearly 20 years she had been a daughter indeed to him. Now he had been suddenly thrown from his horse and was dying slowly in the great house, and Mary, remembering his wish to see her married to a title, had accepted Arthur Tenby because in a week or so—perhaps in less—she would never have another chance of giving happiness to the old man who had been in every way a father to her. She had told him the same night what she had done, and the smile that had flashed into his face had seemed to her reward enough, until next day, and then with the daylight came the memory of another man, and that morning life seemed an ugly outlook to her.

Dr. Grey turned from the flower-beds and looked at her.

"Geoffrey would only want it if he thought you would be happy," he said. "You know he loves you as much as if you were his own daughter."

Mary faced around quickly.

"Oh, I know—I know," she cried brokenly. "But I am—I shall be happy."

Dr. Grey pulled his beard. A week ago he had seen Mary and another man—Dick Marlone—together, and their attitudes told him something that Mary would not have confessed for worlds. He remembered it now, and that Dick was poor; and he frowned again.

A few minutes later some one came from the sickroom to tell him that Mr. Kaye was rousing, and he and Mary went in together.

His keen eyes told him at once that the change he had expected had occurred. Mr. Kaye was sinking fast. His hands traveled restlessly over the counterpane. Mary bent over him.

"The will," he cried feebly, "I want to sign."

He pointed to a table on which were some papers. Dr. Grey brought them, and a pen and ink, and putting them before him held him up while he scratched his name feebly on the parchment.

Dying men have strange fancies sometimes, and it had been Mr. Kaye's fancy during the last few hours to make a fresh will and to do it without a lawyer. No one could understand why, but he had been unaccountably restless until it was done. Now his dying eyes stared dimly at his feeble signature, and his fingers dropped the pen.

"Read it," he said slowly, and Dr. Grey obeyed. It was apparently the same as his other will, which was at the moment in his lawyer's office, and this had only been done in order to humor a dying man.

Dr. Grey read it carefully.

"The last will of me, Geoffrey Kaye," the sick man repeated slowly. "Yes—everything—to my daughter, Mary—everything to my daughter, Mary."

He fell back and stretched out his hand.

"Take it away now," he said. "Put it in my desk yonder. I shan't be long now."

Dr. Grey obeyed, and Mary took her father's hand.

"Oh, father, father!" she cried under her breath.

He looked into her face.

"My good little girl," he said slowly. "My good little girl. You'll always remember, Mary—I want you to be happy? You'll remember that?"

Mary's eyes filled, and she put her head down on the pillow beside him to hide her tears.

A few days later Geoffrey Kaye was dead, and a few days later still Mary sat facing a small group of people in the library in Treherne Court. She looked whiter than ever in her black mourning frock, and her eyes were heavy and red rimmed.

"I suppose it is all right," she said wearily. "If Mr. Guest is satisfied I shall not dispute it. Oh, I couldn't dispute it."

The woman who faced her lifted her head boldly. She was a dark, thickset woman, as unlike the late Geoffrey Kaye as it was possible to be. Yet, nevertheless, there seemed to be not the slightest doubt that she was his daughter. Mr. Guest, the solicitor, and old Dr. Grey had tried to find some flaw in her story, but it seemed right enough.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Kaye's wife had deserted him, taking with her her 2-year-old baby. They had been very poor, and Mrs. Kaye hated poverty as fiercely as foolish, empty-headed women do sometimes hate it. It was Mrs. Kaye's one strong emotion—hatred of the poverty which kept her from the luxuries she loved, and she left it for what she stupidly believed was far better.

When Mr. Kaye got his divorce she married again, only to plunge some years later, when her second husband had run through his fortune, into poverty deeper still. Apparently it broke her heart, for she died leaving her child to the care of her husband—an adventurer, swindler and thief.

How they had lived since her mother's death Claudia Kaye did not care to say, but she had come upon Treherne Court by accident (so she informed them), had probably tried to blackmail Mr. Kaye, and would no doubt have tried again had he not met with the accident. She had seen him and spoke to him, she said, and he had owned her as his daughter.

Now she claimed the estate, and both Mr. Guest and Dr. Grey were disheartened and troubled, for the last will Mr. Kaye had made had upset everything and played straight into the hands of the woman before them, for he had distinctly written his "daughter" instead of his "adopted daughter," as he had meant to do. His other wills each had "adopted" prefixed, but this last—that strange fancy to rewrite his will—had undone everything.

And it was so absolutely unnecessary—unless, indeed, the memory of the past had affected him and made him wish to reinstate his own daughter.

Yet they could not believe that, for he had not mentioned her—had not even hinted at her existence—before he died. It was Mary's name which had been on his lips.

"Well," said Mr. Guest to the claimant, "if you can prove that you are indeed Mr. Kaye's daughter, I am afraid you will have a clear case. But you must prove it first."

A week later the news was spread in the town that Mary was an heiress no longer—but a poor girl with her living to get. The Honorable Arthur Tenby could not realize it—could not believe that such misfortune would overtake him, for Mary was the prettiest girl he knew, and it was so hard to give her up.

Still, he did it as gently as he could, in Dr. Grey's house, where she had gone to live for a while. It was such a pitiful thing, he thought, that people so well suited to each other should

have to part, and at one moment he was almost tempted to risk everything—to throw away his ambition to marry an heiress and fight poverty with Mary.

The feeling vanished in an instant when he remembered his embarrassed affairs, and he told her outright—that he could not afford to marry yet—that they would have to wait for years, perhaps forever, and Mary decided at once to wait forever.

The odd part of it was that Mary did not care.

After he had gone she sat listlessly over the fire. What would become of her she could not tell; it broke her heart to think. She had not a friend in the world except Doctor Grey, and she could not live forever upon him. She would have to go out to earn her living in some way, though how she did not know. Life seemed horribly hopeless, and she almost wished she lay dead beside the old man whom she had loved as her father.

She was shaking with sobs when the door opened suddenly and a young man entered. He was tall and straight, with a clean cut, handsome face.

"Doctor Grey said I should find you here," he began, and then stopped. She got up hurriedly, trying to stop her tears; and then an odd thing happened considering she was a penniless girl whom nobody seemed to want.

Dick Marlone went up to her and held out his hands.

"You know what I want to say," he cried. "You know I love you and have done so for a long time. Now you are poor and Captain Tenby has gone I can speak. You know—Mary you know I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Mary looked up and gave a little quick sob of happiness.

"Oh, Dick, I believe the will has done me some good after all," she cried.

The odd part of it was that the woman who called herself Claudia Kaye was not Claudia Kaye at all, and that Mr. Kaye had known it and had handed full proofs of the death of his child twenty-two years before to Mr. Guest before he died. Then he had said, if Captain Tenby was the fortune hunter Doctor Grey said he was, it would prove him and save Mary a lot of unhappiness.

And it did. It was a dying man's fancy, and it was the wisest thing he could have done.

What became of Claudia Kaye no one knew. She had come intending to levy blackmail upon Mr. Kaye. She had reckoned without her host, for she did not know that he held proofs of the death of his own child. After Mr. Guest produced them she vanished, and Mary found herself to be a rich woman once more—rich and happy for she married the man she loved and never had cause to regret it.

As for Captain Tenby, Treherne Court never saw him any more. He believes that the whole thing was arranged on purpose and is still angry at being deceived by such a got-up thing.—The Tatler.

RABBIT'S WHITE TAIL

Is It Nature's Mode of Protecting the Animals from Pursuers?

A mild little tilt in this column last week against the eagerness of many folk to-day to find protective devices in the color and markings of animals has drawn several protests from friendly correspondents, writes George A. B. Dewar in the London Express. George F. Taylor's remarks on the rabbit's white tail I will deal with at once, as these white follow-your-leader marks on various animals are being discussed in several quarters just now. Mr. Taylor quotes my remark that rabbits, when alarmed, never fail to make straight for cover, even though there are no white tails to guide them.

"It may be pointed out, however," he urges, "that the white tail is particularly a signal for the doe's young. When alarmed the doe speeds away, followed by her progeny. These, of course, she can easily outstrip and they would soon lose sight of their mother amid the long grass and herbage were it not for the distinguished white tail."

"I think, therefore, that it is correct to say this is undoubtedly nature's mode of protecting young rabbits, which would otherwise become easy prey to their pursuers."

Of course, I admit that the theory is taking and ingenious, and it is also a fact that at present there is no other way to account for the white tail of the rabbits. But to accept it we have to assume—unless we believe rabbits were simply created at the outset in their present form, and with white tails—that white tails were so essential to the continuance of rabbit life in the north that gradually these prevailed till in the end the feature became an absolutely fixed one as we see it to-day.

Now, this may have been the case. Those rabbits not having white tails may have been wiped out as the unfittest to survive; the whiter the doe's tail the more chance would her offspring have had of escaping their enemies, and so on. But it is my strong impression, after a rather long and close observation of rabbits that to-day at any rate, young and old alike would be able to escape their enemies practically as well as they do if the tails were not white.

One on the Sheriff.

Silas—By heck, that was a good joke they played on old Sheriff Hicks of the prohibition town. Some one told him there was a man in his district selling something to brace you up. It took the sheriff two days to catch the man.

Cyrus—What was he selling? Silas—Suspenders.

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



Don't Nurture Your Doubts.

Dr. Henry C. Trumbull, who has just passed by his reward, was a very instructive writer and teacher. His recent books have been largely the records of his own experience as a Christian worker. His latest book, published a few weeks ago, is entitled, "How to Deal with Doubts and Doubters," and will prove of great service in efforts to help "troubled souls." The opening chapter is an exhortation not to nurse your doubts, not to dwell on them, not to count them or seek to measure their magnitude; but to meditate on your beliefs rather, and your doubts will probably shrink and vanish away through neglect. That is wise advice. Some doubts and difficulties must be wrestled with and driven out; but the majority may be safely neglected.

Dr. Trumbull tells of a "charge" given to a keen-minded young pastor of Dr. Horace Bushnell in which he said: "If you have doubts that trouble you very much do not try to solve them at once. Hang them up in your study for a while, and attend to things that you have no doubt about. By and by, when you have leisure, and feel so inclined, take your doubts down. Very likely you will find, when you attempt to examine them anew, that they have settled themselves." That is also very wise advice for young people and those that are older; for preachers and others.

Doubts are often born of indigestion or of disappointments. We suffer some wrong, through betrayal or otherwise, and lo, the heavens are filled with clouds and darkness. We doubt whether there is a sun, or whether it will ever shine again. But peace returns to our life and spirits, and the sun breaks forth, while all the air is filled with the singing of birds and the fragrance of flowers.

"Be sure to eat the specked apples first," said a mother to her daughter, when they purchased a barrel of the toothsome fruit. "And so," said the daughter, "we had specked apples all the way through." New specks came before the old specks were gone. That may be a necessary method with regard to apples, but it is not so with regard to spiritual fruits. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace; where these abound there can be no room for depressing doubts.—Examiner.

How Job Helped a Chinese Boy.

A Christian lady of Oakland says: "Leu Yen worked in my family nine years, and though he was always a good servant, there was a marked change in him after he became converted. He had naturally a quick temper, but was just as quick to acknowledge his fault."

"As I passed the kitchen into the laundry on Tuesday forenoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression in Leu Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes basket was full of tightly rolled garments to be ironed; and that meant a long, steady day's work."

"How are you getting along, Yes?" was my salutation; and the answer came readily and quick: 'All right. Job helped me very much yesterday.'

"Job helped you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sunday school lessons at that time were in the book of Job.

"Yes, Job helped me!" giving emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I have big wash; very heavy quilt, too; and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under the line, hold him up; then wash more clothes, go out, find stick blow down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again. Then I feel so mad, feel like I swear; then I think of Job, how he praise God. Then I praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."

The Christian Life.

The life of a Christian is often so like the sinner that the difference can scarcely be seen. Just as truly as were the Jews called to be a particular people, so are Christians called to be a unique, recognizable, peculiar, separate people. This separateness should be the separateness of invitation, not of exclusion. The Christian's life should be by its character, as well as by word, invite the sinner to serve the Lord.

How nobly men do their life work when they bend every energy to the carrying out of their designs in "the world." How much nobler is one whose life is centered on the best and highest motives in living—the Lord blesses the whole hearted Christian worker. Have you tried being separate and unique?—Pennysylvania Endeavor.

Comfort to the Weary.

The following little poem in gold lettering on watered silk, bordered with sprays of green, is on the wall of

a bed-room in Skibo castle, Mr. Carnegie's country seat in Scotland. It is full of comfort and tenderness, and to a weary spirit it sounds like the benediction that follows after prayer:

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, who'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterday
Disturb thy peaceful heart.

Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend—
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light,
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweetly then. Good night!

Each in His Place.

The attitude of watchful expectation is the normal attitude of the Christian. It is not, however, isolation. We cannot shut ourselves from the world—our scene of watching is the social life in which God himself has put us. And our watchfulness can never be a negative quality. It includes observation of the signs of the times, witness bearing for Christ until all shall know of him and steady application of the law of love to all affairs of life. Each in his place is to do his own work until the absent Lord declares himself.

Youth and Age.

If the joy of youth has more foam and sparkle, the joy of age has greater depth and substance. One is like the reflection of sunlight on the lumps of ore, where there is much dross mingled with the metal, the other like the glance of tempered steel which has been through the furnace and between the anvil and the hammer and has come forth wholly fitted for the Master's use.—I. O. R.

Blessings of To-day.

Enjoy the blessings of the day if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and not born to to-morrow.—Jeremy Taylor.

Sunshine.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word.
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

WARDROBE OF ROYALTY.

Uniforms of Foreign Armies and Navies Worn by England's Kings.

Were his majesty's trip to the continent to be confined to his incog. visit to Marienbad as duke of Lancaster, he need have troubled himself with no more luggage than any other duke or gentleman of quality would require for a summer sojourn at a watering place, says a writer in M. A. P. As, however, he is to wind up his "cure" by a state visit to Vienna, he is precluded from traveling as "light" as he would no doubt like; and the little Hotel Weimar at Marienbad will be overflowing for the next week or two with cases containing the innumerable costumes with which the modern monarch has to burden himself when he drops in on his brother sovereigns.

I am not sure whether Edward VII. holds the same honorary rank in the Austrian army as he does in Germany and some other countries and whether he will, therefore, in accordance with the prevailing fashion among kings (quite a modern one, by the way) appear at Vienna in the guise of an Austrian general of cavalry or something of that kind. There always seems something rather comical about the idea of a hard-working monarch getting into his sleeping carriage or steamboat in a comfortable lounge suit and a traveling cap and emerging next morning disguised as an admiral or general of forces with which he has no earthly connection. The German emperor is perhaps the sovereign who most thoroughly enjoys these royal "quick changes," which recalls a funny incident said once to have been witnessed at a big railway station in Prussia.

An English prince (I think it was the duke of Connaught) was going to Germany on a visit to his imperial nephew on some rather special occasion. At a junction some hours distant from Berlin he was informed that the kaiser had come to meet him there. Alighting from the train, he walked across the platform to where William II. was to be seen leaning anxiously from the window of his saloon. "I have made you an admiral of the Prussian navy," was the emperor's greeting; "come in here quickly." The English prince went in accordingly and appeared again a few minutes later in the complete rig-out of a Prussian admiral, which the kaiser had seemingly brought with him from Berlin for his relative's use!

Kaiser Chooses the Gowns.

It has remained for Mrs. Waldeck-Rousseau to make known a new side of the many sided German Emperor—that of a dictator of fashion. His whole conversation with the wife of the former French premier was devoted to dress.

"Would I be indiscreet, madam, in asking you the address of your dressmaker?"

Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau gave him the information.

"But tell me, madam," lowering his voice, "does M. Waldeck-Rousseau ever occupy himself with your toilettes?"

"Oh, no, never!" cried Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau, laughing.

"Ah!" said the Emperor, gravely.

"I occupy myself a great deal with my wife's gowns. I choose the materials. I advise this or that model. The form of dress that pleases me exceedingly is the princess gown."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A real curiosity is a woman without any.

COUNTESS OF WESTMORELAND, ENGLAND'S BEST DRESSED WOMAN.

The Countess of Westmoreland occupies a unique position in English society. Her husband has not the great wealth of other noblemen, but his title stands eighth in the long list of earldoms, while she is a member of one of the cleverest and most popular families in the kingdom. She was Lady Sybil St. Clair Erskine, daughter of Lady Roselyn and sister to the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Angela Forbes, while Lady Warwick is her half sister. Lady Westmoreland makes dress a fine art. She is an authority on English fashions and is responsible for the great vogue of the picture hat among her countrywomen. She is said to put on her hat better than any other woman in England.

Tall, blonde, with blue eyes, golden hair and well modeled figure, she finds little difficulty in successful dressing. Unlike most English women, she greatly affects dark colors, and black costumes in velvet and taffetas are her



favorite for the daytime, while she oftentimes appears in the evening in gowns of black gauze or chiffon. At Mrs. Adair's famous fancy ball she made a sensation in a misty black robe in which she impersonated "Night."

When Lady Westmoreland appeared in society chaperoned by Lady Warwick and the Duchess of Sutherland she was voted the loveliest debutante of the year. She is now known as one of the most beautiful and charming matrons. She spends much of her time in London, but is also devoted to Scotland, where she rides to hounds, fishes and hunts. Her biggest capture on the Tweed was a salmon weighing 22 pounds. Her taste in dress is not dependent on her dressmaker. She is an excellent needlewoman and embroidery is one of her chief accomplishments.

Justice for a Usurer.

In all lands the usurer is held in contempt and people of all classes inwardly chuckle when one of the class gets the worst end of a bargain. An English paper records a peculiar decision in the suit of a usurer against a poor woman. The man had lent the woman money in such a way that it was to be paid in installments and with monthly usurious interest. The woman was unable to pay the amount due.

The judge satisfied himself that the woman was honest and honorable, and that what she had already paid in installments would cover the original loan and a reasonable interest.

"Will you accept 25 in discharge?" asked the judge of the plaintiff; "you will then have had 10 per cent on the loan."

The plaintiff would accept nothing less than the full amount to which the law entitled him.

"Then," said the judge, "although I cannot invalidate the agreement, I can make an order which, I think, will fit the case. I give judgment for the full amount, to be paid at the rate of sixpence a month."

This was the "installment system" with a vengeance, for at this rate of payment the usurer would be seventy-five years in getting his money.

Choate's Joke Went Astray.

Judge Dickinson of Tennessee, chief counsel for the United States before the Alaskan boundary commission, tells a story about Ambassador Choate which he relates as part of his recent London experience. He says:

"During the boundary proceedings I was a guest at an English home one evening when many distinguished diplomats were present. Among them none received more attention than Minister Choate. One English lady, apparently wishing to be a bit quizzical, said to the minister, 'Mr. Choate, who would you rather be if you were not Ambassador Choate? With the suaveness of manner for which he is noted the minister replied: 'Madam, in such a case I would rather be the second husband of Mrs. Choate.'"

"Needless to say, the retort and pretty compliment to the well-beloved wife of the American ambassador was greeted with laughing approval by the little group that were parties to the conversation. As I was walking away with an English statesman of international repute, I said: 'That was a clever retort of the ambassador's.'"

"Yes," replied the Britisher, 'but by the way, would you mind telling me who was the second husband of Mrs. Choate?'"

Training for Sunday School Teachers.

The Teachers' College of Columbia University is to establish a course of study for the training of Sunday-school teachers. Dr. Richard M. Hodge, the lecturer in Bible study, will have charge of the classes.

A man usually says of his dog: "I suppose it is one of the best bred dogs in America."