

THE BEGGAR.

A beggar dies jast night; his soul Went up to God and raid; "I come uncalled; for the it, Lord; I died from want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord in heavens "Son how can this thing be? Are not my saints, on carth; and they Had sarely succural tase."

"Thy saints, O. Lucil," the beggar said, "Live hely lives of prayer; How shall they know of such as we? We perish unaware.

"They strive to save our wicked souls. And ift them for the sir; Meanwhile, not haring bread to est (Forgire) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spake out of heaven In wrath and angry pain:
"O, men, for whom my Son hath died,
My Son hath lived in yeln,"
—Arthur Symons in Woman's World.

### HIS REWARD.

Dr. Chester, hurrying along the upper part of New York, still only half finished and seemingly with years of incompleteness before it, saw as he picked his way through the mud of an unpaved crossing a sight that made him furious. Some eight or nine boys-not the children of the poor, but well dressed little fellows from the Queen Anna residences and well speciated apartment houses of the neighborhood—stoning a man who sat among the rubbish of a new excaration abandoned for the time by the workmen, and who seemed to be quite innocent of any offense against them. So far the stones had been physically harmless in-sults. But even as he looked one flung by the largest boy of the crowd struck the man upon the head and wounded it. blood gushed forth and the boys, frightened at last by what they had done, dispersed in all exceptions and were out of sight before the doctor, even with his long

strides, and reached the spot.
"These imps have burt you," he said. bending over the man, who was trying to stanch the blood with the fragment of an

"Yes," said the man. "It looks cowardly to sit here and stand it, I suppose, but a fellow in alothes like mine would soon get himself arrested if he punished boys like that as they deserved. It's a bad world for

That's true," said the doctor, "See here, I always have some sticking plaster in my pocket. Pli fix the cut for you." And taking of his gloves he produced the little case with its plaster seissors and skillfully dressed the wound.

"I suppose you are out of employment?" he said when he had finished.

"I am out of everything," said the man;
"work, money, health, friends, and luck
and food and shelter just now. I wonder I haven't made a hole in the water. Why men live when there is nothing to live for Is one of the mysteries of this life.

We all have something to live for," said the doctor, "though a hungry man don't think so. You are young and strong. Be temperate and you'll feel well again. Let me help you out for today, and after you've eaten and slept come to me. I'll give you some work—rough work—but it will be a start-if you want it, and come to me sober

Thank you," said the man, rising; "and God bless you. If I don't come soher Pil not come at all. But I think Pil come."

He took the dollar that the doctor gave him with his card, and howel in a way that proved that he had not always been in his present position. The doctor obeyed the inpulsa of the moment, and with a smile offered the man his hand. He saw that this areature there is no hope and no help. He and the doctor knew it well; but to this man a friendly hand grasp was good medicine. It had its effect. A light came into the dull eyes, a smile moved the mouth.

your kindness," he said, earnestly, So they parted. The doctor felt touched, and was rather pleased with himself, and a little further on, meeting a boy he recog nized as one of the poor man's assailants, he took him by the our and gave him a lea ture, threatening to take him to his father and expose his conduct. However, he did not do it, nor did the boy fear that he

"I didn't throw the stone that cut the fellow," he said. "It was 'libbs."
"How would Thbs like to be arrested, usk him?" said the doctor. Then he walked on and the incident faded into insignificance. After all, it was unlikely that the

The doctor was a very popular man in the upper pact of the city, and his day was well illied. He was, besides, bent on two missions, both important ones. He was about to make an offer of his band and very little doubt, and he intended to dewhich he carried about life person. It was a large one-the built yearly salary he had received from the managers of an orphan

asylum to which he was jarystofan. Such a sum would enganger a man's life if he were known to have it about him as he walked across those nawly out streets or past blocks of yet nuterunted houses. But then, who knew? And the doctor was large and musculur.

Need one ask whither his steps first took him? Naturally to the fret of his lady love. She was young seeming, to look all the sweater in the bright light of day, and her pretty morning dress became her. She had expected the offer and negoted it without affectation, and the young doctor made all sorts of charming speciles and was permitted more than one kiss.

At last, however, he was obliged to say adien, and as he can down the steps he said to himself that he was the happinst fellow alive. Already out of fear of poverty, engaged to the only girl he ever loved, healthy, and with a clear conscience, what young pro fessional man was ever in better case? As he passed thospot where he had that morn ing seen the boys stoning the unfortunate him. What's contract in their positions, he thought to binasic Well, he had worked for his, and no shaght that poor fellow had on himself the fateting had befallen him.

"Parents who slid their best by me, a happy home, more kinds as that I deserve have been mine," he said. "How do I know white she most's childhood was? I hope he will come to me to morrow. I am

gind I believe him a little He was just to be start gradder. How little we know wind through of good or ill we braid into our flow by what seem our most

unimperials accords Anxious motions went him on in talk. There were those who fell that their well being depended on telling the dector all about then "queer nemerics" and that "worried feeling," and be raing hours were long over when he converged from the resi-dence of the sixt patient upon his list, and, indeed it was growing quite dark, and,

gone a luw steps when an old woman approached him, wringing her hands and

she cried. "Ock, doctor, darlin's you're wanted immediate -it's my old man is taken bad down in our shanty by the rullroad. He fell upon the fiver, be did, and ft's sinsliss he's lyin'. I've the money. Come, doctor, come along; a minute may

His office is close by you," said the doctor. "I did, but he was away," said the old "An' sure but that I knowed your face, and you the kindest doctor anywhere, I'd not have stopped you. I've the money

thinking about. He felt a curious reluct-ance to do what the old woman asked. Naturally enough, he commented inwardly, nature demands rest and refreshment, Still the case was one that called for immediate action, and in a moment more he

"Go on, Pil come with you," and followed

It was a lonely walk across unlighted streets and down some wooden steps to the rails of the Hudson Riverroad. Not a soul was in sight, but a light gleamed from the windows a dilapidated shanty by the road side, and the woman hobbled in that direction. Sheentered the door; he followed

A man was lying upon the floor. The doctor knelt beside him. As he did so some one from behind pinioned his arms. The supposed patient sprung up and seized him about the waist, and in an instant, strong though he was, he lay bound and helpless upon the floor. Four stout ruffians stood before him. One rifled his pockets while another crammed a handkerchief into his mouth. Before his eyes they examined his watch and counted the money in his pocket-

"It's a good haul," one of the men said. "Come, we must lose no time. No one will find that fellow before to-morrow, still we might as well get away."

"But shoot him before we go-dead men tell no tales," swithe man who had played the part of invalid. "Throw him on the track," said the third

of the group. "The railroad folks will help us keep our secret." The fourth said nothing, but stooping, lifted the doctor by the shoulders, and the

others followed his example.

In vain Doctor Chester strove to break his bonds or to utter a prayer for mercy. They dragged him toward the track and flung him across. Not content with this, they bound him by other cords to the rails and left him thus fettered to his fate; and

thus t. · happiest day of his life had ended. Full of youth and hope, with every reason for living, he must die, and such a hor-rible death! He strove to meet his fatelike a man, but the thought of his betrothed wife was too much for him. He managed by degrees to thrust the hankerchief from his mouth with his tongue, but as he did so he felt the ralls tremble beneath himthe engine was approaching! It was far away yet; but what hope was thore that he would be heard before it was upon him? Again he shouted—again, still again—as he saw the red glare from the head light of the approaching engine shine out through the darkness!

His case seemed hopeless, but he spent all his strength in one wild cry of:
"Help! On the rails here! Tied to the rails! Help! hclp!"
"Courage! Here we are!" shouted a voice

"Courage! courage!" Some one knelt beside him, some one gasped: "Don't despuir, I've got a knife with me."

One of the cords was cut-another-he was freed from the rails and clasped in the arms of his preserver, rolled over into the ittle gully beside the track, safe out of harm's way, just as the express train flew at full speed. And now there were others to help. Stout policemen with clubs and pistols who helped the first arrival to free the doctor from all his bonds, and by the light of their lanterns he looked into the face of his preserver, and saw the man to whom he had acted the good Samaritan

"What does this mean?" he asked. "How does it come that I owe my life to you?" "You owe it to your own kindness, doc-tor," said the man. "An hour ago I found a lodging in a low tavern near this spot. I had great feet a back to the part of the spot. had crept into a bunk without removing my clothes, when four men came into the room. They functed it empty, for early hours are not the fashion in that place, and talked freely, though in whispers. One of them had some pangs of conscience about having left you tied on the track, and spoke your name aloud, saying you were kind to the poor. Happily I am quick of hearing jump at an idea. I crept out of my bunk behind their backs, jumped from a window which was close by and, only stop ping to put on my shoes, I dashed down the I had no klea which way I should go, but felt that the spot mar the tunnel would be the most likely one. On the way I met a boy and bade him find a policeman and tell him that murder had been done.

Happily I was in time. That is all I know about it. Thank God, who led me here." "Ament" said the doctor, "My gratitude must be expressed in deeds, not in words, and there is one who must thank you also —my promised wife."

Meanwhile the police had returned to the tavern, whither the doctor and his friend followed them. They found the despera-does drinking in the upper room without suspicion that they had been discovered, while the old woman who had decored the doctor to the shanty sat at a table gloating over her share of the plunder. They were arrested before they had an opportunity to make resistance, and the doctor was so unusually lucky as to get his own again after thieves had stolen it. As yet fortune favors him. He is married to the woman he loves, and by his aid and throngh his friendship the man who saved his life has become happy, respected and prosperous, and in household he is as a brother.-Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion,

The Frust of the Passover.

Despite the undeniable readency to change in every direction the fastival of Passover survives with all its old time strength and picturesqueness. Many, it is true, no longer sorve it with the strictness of a generation ago, but it has by no means faded from even their memories, and especially when there are children in the household they are glad to witness again the Soder night. Compared little more than a century, St. Patrick's day has greater antiquity, Christmas among our Christian friends has not reached its second thousandth anniversary, the Philadelphia liberty bell is venerable, it is true Guy Fawkus' day has acquired considerable repu- mid. tation, but all of these cannot begin to compete in age with our Passover, which is over three thousand years old and likely to survive three thousand more. Jewish Messenser.

The Boover and the Spowsterns. During a very cold winter, a beaver at the Botanic garden, in Paris, and been furnished with fresh twigs of trees to give exercise to his propensity for guawing, and with apples

vade if it didn't happen to be an umbrella

holder. I wonder way they put it on the

mastel?-Pitasburg Balletin.

and other fruit as a more nourishing food. One night there came on a snewstorm, and the snow best into his dwelling in consider able quantity, till the beaver found out a way to shield himself from it. He cut his twigs into proper lengths, which he wove basket fashion between the bars of his cage; chopped his apples in pieces to fill up the intervals between the twigs, and when even this did

not appear sufficiently storm tight, be kneaded the snow into the holes. By the night, and had completed a very nest and ingenious shelter against the entrance of the like all benithy men, the doctor was grow snow .- New York Mail and Express. ing hungry, and his dinner awaited him. He supped forward origin, but had only The Vaganies of Presumedation.

Pair Bostoulan-Notice that lovely vawsel Fair New Yorker-A sweet vause! Fair Palladelphian-Really, an exquisite "You're Dr. Chester, aren't you, sir!" Fair Chicagoun-It would be a first class

mane life. It's near --- street." Her Married Life Is Exceptionally Happy, "Then why didn't you go to Dr. O'Shane! Says Edith Sessions Tupper. [Special Correspondence.] New York, April 21 .- Off the stage she is

Mrs. Melborne MacDowell, and likes to be called by her new husband's name, and is fond of signing her notes Fanny D. Macto pay."

But it was not the fee the doctor was Dowell. Her last marriage was genuinely for love, and one seeing the actress and her handsome busband together in their cozy flat can quickly realize that for the present, at least, it is a happy marriage.

Miss Davenport is considerably her hus-band's senior, and mingled with the wife's adoration is somewhat of maternal affection. She looks after MacDowell, takes care of his salary and even darns his socks. In turn her husband waits upon her and pays her all sorts of charming little attentions.

FANNY DAVENPORT.



PANNY DAVENPORT.

port looks more like a goddess than a Zingarella. I was spending an hour with them one day and Miss Davenport said to her husband, Come, Will, you go down town and leave us alone. There are lots of things we want to talk about by ourselves." MacDowell rose obediently, put on his overcoat and went out into the hall.

We supposed he had gone, when suddenly he called, "Gypsy, there's a man out here who wants to speak to you." Miss Davenport rose a trifle impatiently and went out, dropping the portiones behind her. I heard a reiding smack and a murmured "Good-by," and La Tosca came back flushed, laughing, happy as a maid of seventeen. This last sea son, while they were playing on the Pacific coast, the California newspapers started a tale to the effect that Mr. MacDowell was in the habit of abusing his wife.

I do not believe any man living could misuso Fanny Davenport, and Melborne Mac-Dowell said to me with great indignation that it was a most outrageous fabrication. I have seen the two together a good bit, and have no doubt that the story was a chimera of some paragrapher's brain. I know that often after the play, when Miss Davenport is completely exhausted by the mental strain of the performance, MacDowell tenderly carries her from her dressing room to the car-

They have a pretty apartment in the Hollywood, on West Thirty-ninth street, a few doors from the Casino. Fanny prides herself ways as dainty, fresh and cheerful as pos-She superintends the ordering of meals, looks through the larder and keeps a supervision of the entire household quite as much as any ordinary housewife. At her country home in Pennsylvania she does all kinds of work, from bread making to churaing butter and milking cows.

She is a kind hearted, charitable woman After the floods last year in Williamsport she sent a large sum of money to be disbursed among the sufferers, with the express directions that it must go to girls who were self supporting. A good part of it went to a young teacher whose school was completely destroyed by water. So grateful was this girl that she wrote to Mes Davenport expressing her thanks, and the actress quickly responded. This last winter the young teacher came to New York, and the writer of this letter presented her to the actress. The meeting between the two was very interest-

will go blocks out of her way to avoid meeting a Sister of Charity, as she vows a sister always brings her bad luck. She carries everywhere a talisman against evil spirits -a. horseshoe picked up at Lake Tance, in California. She is hospitable and good humored and keeps her temper pretty well unless some one slams doors or asks her stupid questions. Then she is heard from!

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER,

EUGENE FIELD'S INKSTANDS.

What They Contain and How They Are Used Editor Stone's Discovery. [Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, April 22.-Eugene Field, the poet and paragrapher of The News, who is now in London writing letters and nursing his dys pepsia, has a smooth face, little hair on his read, and a method peculiar to himself of getting up copy. Ranged on his desk at the office are numerous inkstands filled with writing fluid of various shades and hues. Also paper and pens that "live up" to the ink and contrast and barmonise prettily.

When Mr. Field is seated for the day's teil he lights a cigar and muses. He demands of himself an answer to these queries: "How do I feelf Am I blue, am I gay, sad, senti-mental or humorousf Shall I do something in poetry, or confine my efforts to prose?"
Upon his decision depends the stationery be selects. If his mood is gloomy he traces spiderey characters, in midnight ink, on paper vith a mourning border. Blue is always a warning to the editor-in-chief that he may glance up some moment and find Mr. Field absent. It is used as a delicate hint that the weather is delightful, the sales unclouded, the air balmy, and that "Gene" would prefer the outside to the inside of the office. Blue ink, well laid on with a firm hand, also indicates that he is going to the theatre and that noth-

Speaking of the theatre brings to mind a with the Passover, most popular holidays are story, old, but unpublished. One evening, tiny babes. The Fourth of July goes back a some years ago, Mr. Melville E. Stone, the then editor-in-chief of The News, walked into his private office and rang the call bell. He was in spienced humor and hummed a tune,

"Ask Mr. Field to step here a moment," he

"Please, sir, Mr. Field's over to der show." "Ab, very well. Tell Mr. Ballantyne, the managing editor, I am ready to look at the editorial proofs now." "Mr. Ballantyne left word as how he was

goin' to der Grand Opera house and wud be "He did, eh, did he? Send in City Editor "He went to McVicker's ter see if de bally

dere wur immoral." "Who in thunder is there here?" "Please, sir, me and de compe is on deck." Mr. Stone didn't say much to his lieutenaute when they met, but he started a movement which ended in all the Chicago publishers discontinuing requests for or acceptance of free

seats at the play houses of the town.

Two Ways of Balsing It. Rev. Mr. Choker—Has your congrega-tion raised your salary lately. Brother Thirdly?

Brother Thirdly (from the country)-No. sir; it seldom raises more than half of it any given year.—Munssy's Weekly. Something Unpracedented.

"Did you hear of the accident on your line this morning?" asked a passenger of a street railway official. 'No: what was it?" "I rode seven blocks, and had a seat the

entire distance."-Munser's Weskir

It Wasn't His Hat. While the Hon. Thad. Stevens was practicing law at Lancaster, Pa., a boy sidled

up to his desk. 'Take off your hat," Mr. Stevens said. "I ain't got my hat on," replied the boy, "What do you mean by contradicting me?" demanded Mr. Stevens. "I ain't got my hat on," persisted the

boy; "it's my brother Joe's hat."
"Oh," Mr. Stevens said, as he repressed "Well, the next time you have an a smile. errand here bring Joe with you, so that he can take off his hat."-Harper's Young People. Hard to Please.



A Hint to Landlords.

Little Willie-Boo! hoo-o wind.-Munsey's Weekly.

Departing Guest-Mr. Landlord, my exsenses at your hotel have been greater than I anticipated, and as I am a little short of you will have to wait until I return before I can liquidate your bill. Landlord-Don't bother yourself about such a triffe. I'll just make a memoran

dum of it on the door here until you return. "But everybody will read my name there and I shall be scandalized." "Yes, that's a fact, but I can remedy that, Just leave your fur trimmed overcont with me and I'll hang it on the door over your bill, and nobody will ever see it."—Texas

A Redceming Quality. Wild Westerner-In your last paper you referred to me as a horse thief, a murderer

Editor-Well, what was there wrong about that? Wild Westerner-I don't see why you want to blast a man's reputation with a statement like that. I may be, as you claim, a horse thief and a murderer, but, thank heaven, sir, I am no liar!-Judge.

Brown-I hear you married the broker's daughter, and that he gave you \$10,000 as a

Bobwigger-Yes, he gave me the check, ogether with his advice; I took the money. Brown-Well? Cobwigger-I lost it nearly all, and now I'm going back for the advice,-Epoch.

Cool. Father (shouting down stairs) - Has George gone yet, Jennie? Daughter (sweetly)—Not yet, paw. F. (testily)—Well, I want to go to bed.

D. (sweeter than before)—All right, dear. I think it's the best thing you can do, for you've to get up early, you know. Good night, dear paw.—New York Herald.

A Deep Question. Richleigh-Julia, don't you think you could bring yourself down to love me just a little? Julia-I don't know. I should have to go down pretty far. Richleigh-How far?

Julia—About the bottom of your pocket book.—Munsey's Weekly. There Before Him. The hungry guest at the nearest table was

serinning to lose patience. long have you been here?" he asked a waiter who was passing, busy over Everything Kept in a Firstelass Drug Store "Oh, then you were here before I came."

-Philadelphia Times.

"Say, old man," said Commish, the stock broker, to the lamb, "I want you to take some stock in this mine; there's a fortune "I know there is," replied the Ba-ba

my governor knew the man who dropped the fortune in it."-Hacket.

A Point of View.

Papa—Mamma, haby's awfully cunning. Just watch him trying to put my eyes out. (Pause, during which papa's sufferings are indescribable.) Mamma-Bless his little soult-Puck.

Johnnie's Fun.

Mrs. Brown-What made you call your grandmother down all those steps? Little Johnnie-Because since she's the rheumatism, she looks so funny coming down stairs.-Epoch.

An Ethnological Question. "I would like to ask a question, sir," said a student to the professor. "Well, sir."

"Are the Kaw Indians related to the Crows?"-Judge

Grandma-I can't hear you, Georgie. Speak louder. Georgic (aged 4)-Why don't you wear

specs on your ears? - Racket. Alice (aged 10)—Oh! don't drink that salt water, Jack; it will make you so thirsty. Jack (aged 8)-Well, what if it does?

"Did you see that car horse shy when signaled to the driver!" "Yes. You said 'Hay!" and it scared the

There's plenty more.-Racket.

iorse." - Harper's Bazar. "And do you indeed love Miss Golddust,

'Indeed-and title, Edith." -



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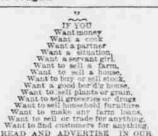
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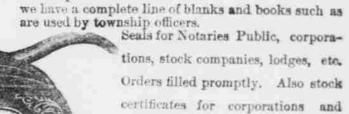
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