



## THE BEGGAR.

A beggar died last night; his soul  
Went up to God and said:  
"I come unasked; forgive it, Lord;  
I died from want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord in heaven:  
"How can this thing be?  
Are not my angels sent to feed the  
And surely succored thee?"

"Tay saints, O Lord," the beggar said,  
"Live holy lives of prayer;  
How shall they know of such as we?  
We perish unawares."

"They strive to save our wicked souls,  
And fit them for the sky;  
Mean while, not caring to eat  
(Crying) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spoke out of heaven  
In wrath and angry pain:  
"O men, for whom my Son hath died,  
My Son hath lived in vain."

## 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 slight  
child made him furious. Some eight or nine  
boys—not the children of the poor, but well  
dressed little fellows from the Queen Anne  
residences and well appointed apartment  
houses of the neighborhood—staring at a  
man who set among the rubbish of a new exca-  
vation abandoned for the time by the work-  
men, 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. The  
blood gushed forth and the boys, fright-  
ened at last by what they had done, dis-  
persed in all directions and were out of  
sight before the doctor, even with his long  
strides, had reached the spot.

"These thugs have hurt you," he said,  
bounding over the man, with his hands  
stretched out to catch the fragment of an  
old handkerchief.

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

"That's true," said the doctor. "See here,  
I always have some sticking plaster in my  
pocket. I'll fix the cut for you." And  
taking off his gloves he produced the little  
case with its plaster sections 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 gone. 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 will find work again.  
I will help you out for today, and after you're  
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 to-  
morrow."

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

He took the dollar that the doctor gave  
him with his card, and bowed in a way that  
proved that he had not always been in his  
present position. The doctor obeyed the  
impulse of the moment, and with a smile  
offered the man his hand. He saw that this  
was no ordinary tramp. For that sort of  
creature there is no hope and no help. He  
is so vile that he scarcely deserves mercy,  
and the doctor knew it well; but to this  
man a friendly hand made was good med-  
icine. It had its effect. A light came into  
the dull eyes, a smile moved the mouth.

"I cannot express my obligations for  
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 associates,  
he took him by the ear and gave him a lec-  
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 would.

"I didn't throw the stone that cut the  
fellow," he said. "It was I did."

"How would this like to be arrested,  
ask him?" said the doctor. Then he walked  
on and the incident faded into insignifi-  
cance. After all, it was unlikely that the  
man would come to him.

The doctor was a very popular man in  
the upper part of the city, and his day was  
well filled. He was, besides, bent on two  
missions, both important ones. He was  
about to make a visit to his friend, and  
heart to a lady whose feelings he had  
very little doubt, and he intended to de-  
posit in a certain bank a sum of money  
which he carried about with him.

Such a sum would endanger a man's life  
if he were known to have it about him as  
he walked across town newly cut streets  
or past blocks of yet uncompleted houses.  
But then, who knew? And the doctor was  
large and muscular.

Need one ask whether his steps first took  
him? Naturally to the first of his lady love.  
She was young enough, to look all the  
sweetest in the bright light of day, and her  
pretty morning dress became her. She had  
expected the offer and accepted it without  
affection, and with a certain respect, and  
sorts of charming speeches and was per-  
suaded more than one kiss.

At last, however, he was obliged to say  
adieu, and as he ran down the steps he said  
to himself that he was the happiest fellow  
alive. Already out of fear of poverty, en-  
gaged to the only girl he ever loved, healthy,  
and with a clear conscience, what young  
professional man was ever in better case?

As he passed through where he had that morn-  
ing seen the boys stoning the unfortunate  
man, the picture came once more before  
him. What a contrast in their positions,  
he thought to himself. Well, he had worked  
for it, and no slight thing that poor fellow had  
worked as hard as another way to bring  
upon himself the fate that befell him.

Still it was pitiful.

"Parents who did their best by me, a  
happy home, more kindness than I deserve  
have been mine," he said. "How do I  
know what the man's childhood was? I  
hope he will come to me to-morrow. I am  
glad I helped him a little."

He was just to leave his apartment. How  
little we know what the best of us do or  
what we have done for others. How little  
we know of our own part in the great  
unimportant scenes.

From house to house the doctor went.  
Audacious motives kept him on in talk.  
There were those who felt that their  
being dropped in telling the doctor all  
about their "quack" medicine and that  
"wonderful" food, and banking hours were  
long over when he emerged from the resi-  
dence of the last patient upon his bed, and  
indeed it was growing quite dark, and  
like all healthy men, the doctor was grow-  
ing hungry, and his dinner waited him.

He stepped forward briskly, but had only  
gone a few steps when an old woman ap-  
proached him, wringing her hands and  
sobbing:

"You're Dr. Chester, aren't you, sir?"  
she cried. "Oh, doctor, doctor, you're  
wanted immediately. My old man is  
taken down in our shanty by the rail-  
road. He fell upon the floor, he died, and

It's strange he's lying. I've the money.  
Come, doctor, come along; a minute may  
make life. It's near—street."

"Then why didn't you go to Dr. O'Shane?"  
His office is close by you," said the doctor.  
"I did, but he was away," said the old  
woman. "And sure but that I know your  
face, and you the kindest doctor anywhere,  
I'd not have stopped you. I've the money  
to pay."

But it was not the fee the doctor was  
thinking about. He felt a curious rest  
come 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 im-  
mediate action, and in a moment more he  
said:

"Go on, I'll come with you," and followed  
her westward.

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

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 struggled 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-  
book.

"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 about him here, we go—dead men  
tell no tales," said the 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."

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  
threw 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 it happened that day of his life had ended.

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His case seemed hopeless, but he spent  
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"Help! On the rails here! Tied to the  
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"Courage! Here we are!" shouted a voice  
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the light of his lanterns he looked into  
the face of his preserver, and saw the man  
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"What does this mean?" he asked. "How  
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I met a boy and bade him find a policeman  
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"Ames!" 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  
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followed them. They found the desperado  
deserving drinking in the upper room without  
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in every direction the festival of Passover  
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and other fruit as a more nourishing food.  
One night there came a snowstorm, and the  
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FANNY DAVENPORT.  
Her Married Life Is Exceptionally Happy.  
Says Edith Sessions Tupper.  
[Special Correspondence.]

New York, April 21.—Off the stage she is  
Mrs. Melbourne MacDowell, and likes to be  
called by her new husband's name, and is  
fond of signing her letters D. Mac-  
Dowell. Her married life was genuinely  
for love, and one seeing the actress and her  
handsome husband 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 darts his socks. In turn her  
husband waits upon her and pays her all  
sorts of charming little attentions. His pet  
name for her is "Gypsy," though Miss Davenport  
is not a gypsy.

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rails of the Hudson River road. Not a soul  
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It Wasn't His Hat.  
While the Hon. Thad. Stevens was prac-  
ticing 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  
a smile. "Well, the next time you have an  
errand here bring Joe with you, so that he  
can take off his hat."—Harper's Young  
People.

Hard to Please.  
Fond Parent—Look here! I bought you  
the windmill. How glad do you want?  
Little Willie—Baw! hoo—o! I want the  
wind.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Hint to Landlords.  
Departing Guest—Mr. Landlord, my ex-  
periences at your hotel have been greater than  
anticipated, and as I am a little short of  
money you will have to wait until I return  
before I can liquidate your bill.  
Landlord—Don't bother yourself about  
such a trifle. I'll just make a memorandum  
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 overcoat with  
me and I'll hang it on the door over your  
bill, and nobody will ever see it."—Texas  
Sifters.

A Redeeming Quality.  
Wild Westerner—In your last paper you  
referred to me as a horse thief, a murderer  
and a liar.  
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.

Eating Crow.  
Brown—I hear you married the broker's  
daughter, and that he gave you \$10,000 as a  
starter.  
Browigger—Yes, he gave me the check,  
together with his advice; I took the money.  
Brown—Well.  
Browigger—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?  
Jennie (sweetly)—Not yet, paw.  
F. (testily)—Well, I want to go to bed.  
D. (sweetly)—All right, dear.  
I think it's the best thing you can do,  
for you've got to get up early, you know.  
Good night, dear paw.—New York Herald.

A Deep Question.  
Richfield—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.  
Richfield—How far?  
Julia—About the bottom of your pocket  
book.—Munsey's Weekly.

There Before Him.  
The hungry guest at the nearest table was  
beginning to lose patience.  
"How long have you been here?" he  
asked a waiter who was passing, busy over  
nothing.  
"About three years."

"Oh, then you were here before I came."  
Philadelphia Times.

No Know.  
"Say, old man," said Comish, the stock  
broker, to the lamb, "I want you to take  
some stock in this mine; there's a fortune  
in it."  
"I know there is," replied the Bab-  
ba; "my governor knew the man who dropped  
the fortune in it."—Racket.

A Point of View.  
Papa—Mamma, baby's awfully cunning.  
Just watch him trying to put my eyes out.  
(Pause, during which papa's sufferings  
are indescribable.)  
Mamma—Bless his little soul!—Puck.

Johnnie's Fun.  
Mrs. Brown—What made you call your  
grandmother down all these steps?  
Little Johnnie—Because since she's the  
rheumatism, she loves 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.

His Remedy.  
Grandma—I can't hear you, George.  
Speak louder.  
George (aged 4)—Why don't you wear  
spec on your ears?—Racket.

At Old Point Comfort.  
Alice (aged 10)—Oh, don't drink that salt  
water, Jack; it'll make you so thirsty.  
Jack (aged 8)—Well, what if it does?  
There's plenty more.—Racket.

Shocked the Equine's Nerves.  
"Did you see that our horse shy when I  
signaled to the driver?"  
"Yes, you said 'Hay' and it scared the  
horse."—Harper's Bazar.

For Revenue Only.  
"And do you indeed love Miss Goldstun,  
Charley?"  
"Indeed—and title, Edith."—

Some Children Growing Too Fast.  
become listless, fretful, without en-  
ergy, thin and weak. But you can for-  
tify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION  
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND  
HYPOPHOSPHITES  
OF Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is al