MY SWEETHEART.

The camera's lens was opened;
 A vision quickly passed
In through the lifted shutter,
 Which closed and held it fast.
Although 'twas but an instant
 By some mysterious art
The camera drank its beauty,
 And treasured it at heart,
And wrote the vision down
 With all its charming grace,
And gave to me a copy—
 It was my sweetheart's face.
So here it is before me,
 Perfuming all the room
Among sweet wild rose blossoms
 Which never cease to bloom.

A picture and a frame—
 Which sweetest, who can tell,
The frame of June's fresh roses
 That from the magic spell
Of her deft touch drew life,
 And seeing her blushed pink,
Or her own pretty likeness
 Of whom it's sweet to think?
 With flowers for a frame
So rare that nature's flowers
 Would wonder whence they came.

—Detroit Free Press.

MISS THANKFUL.

It seemed to be one of the ironies of fate that her name should have been Miss Thankful Hope. Strangers smiled instinctively at the name when they first met her, for to them there was so little in her narrow life to be thankful for, and nothing to hope for. And yet to those of the limited number who grew to know Miss Thankful the name was, after all, quite appropriate.

She was a faded looking little woman of 45, whose plain face was only redeemed by a pair of smiling brown eyes. She was a day seamstress and made enough to pay her board and usually to keep herself suitably clothed.

It was a standing joke among the other boarders that no matter how disagreeable the day Miss Thankful could always find something pleasant to be said about it. And, no matter how unprepossessing the last new boarder, Miss Thankful's kind heart was sure to discover some excuse.

She had watched Florence, Mrs. Simmons' young daughter, grow up into womanhood and had shared her timid confidences and opinions about the different young men of the house, confidences which Florence would never have thought of telling her practical mother. There was something about Miss Thankful which invited confidence, and the two were warm friends.

It was a dull February evening, a slight snow was falling, and Miss Thankful hurried along toward home in the early dusk. The windows were lighted up and presented a tempting array of millinery, dry goods, flowers and confectionery.

But Miss Thankful did not notice any of them until she turned into Bond street, and there she walked slowly, coming to a standstill at last in front of Cooper & Cooper's large dry goods house.

She smiled as she looked in at the window. "Yes," she said softly, "it's there yet. I made sure it would be sold. So cheap too. Only $1.50." She was gazing at a blue satin party bag, lined with delicate pink, one of those dainty French affairs which always catch a woman's eye if she has any soul for pleasing effects.

"I can't afford a new dress this year. That three weeks I was sick last month put that out of the question, and so it does seem as if I could buy that bag if I want to. Only it would be silly—downright silly!" and she sighed.

"I never had anything as pretty as that. Maybe that's why I seem to have set my heart on it. Even my dresses have been brown or black. They last better.

"I've had a kind of brown and black life anyway. But there now, that sounds complainin, and I've no cause to complain. The Lord's been good to me and prospered me right along."

"Good evening, Miss Thanfkul," said a cheerful voice at her side. "Right nice window. Our trimmer beats any in town. Lots of pretty things, too," he added, with the pardonable pride of a head clerk.

"Good evening, Mr. Jones," answered Miss Thankful. "Yes, I was just looking in at the goods. I"—she hesitated—"was just noticing that blue satin bag over there in the corner—see?"

"Oh, yes, that pretty bag. Pretty thing. Cheap too. I know a good piece of satin when I see it. Funny it was not sold today. Will be tomorrow likely."

Miss Thankful felt her desire to possess the bag increasing.

"On your way home? Let me take your umbrella," and they walked on together.

Miss Thankful had a decided liking for this one of the boarders, partly because he never forgot to show her the same courtesy that he would show to Florence or any younger woman. And this is very gratifying to a woman who has no claim to youth or beauty.

He was a timid young man, with a colorless mustache and crab hair, who talked with a jerk, but Miss Thankful always liked him.

When they reached the boarding house, she went very thoughtfully up to her room. Mr. Jones had discoursed most of the way upon the amiable qualities Florence possessed, all of which remarks she had heartily seconded. When she had lighted the gas, she sat down with the thoughtful expression still on her face.

"I wonder," she said. "I do just wonder. But he would never under the shining sun have the courage to tell her," and she smiled.

"Mr. Jones—a name I do abominate, and Florence so pretty—and him with those colorless eyes and washed out hair! But then he is just as kind as he can be, and I make no doubt would be a good provider."

The next night when Miss Thankful came into her room she turned on both the gas jets—an unheard of extravagance. She carried a small parcel done up in tissue paper, and before she stepped to take off her bonnet she went over to the bed and untied the package. It was the blue satin party bag.

"It's a lot prettier than it was at the store," she said, smiling at it where it lay spread out on the white cover in all the arrogance of assured beauty.

"Those pink roses are lovely. I'm silly as I can be. I know that well enough! That's why I asked Mr. Jones not to speak of my getting it. Maybe next summer I can have a lawn with a little blue sprig in it. This would go beautifully with that. I don't think I'm too old for a lawn on a hot day, and I'm just glad I got it—so there!" Then she wrapped up the bag and put it away in her trunk.

After supper Florence came up to visit her, and Miss Thankful was tempted to tell her about it. But she was full of her own plans, and the bag was not mentioned.

"There is to be a party tomorrow evening at Mary Moor's. It's the 14th, you know," said Florence happily. "I am going to wear my blue cloth dress. I've worn it a lot, Miss Thankful, but mother says I may have a new sash. That will freshen it up. But, oh, I wish, I do wish I could have a party bag that I saw down in Cooper's window. It was a light blue and lined with pink. Such a beauty! I wish you had seen it. I can't have anything but the sash, though, and so there is no use in wishing."

"I did see it," said Miss Thankful, "and it was pretty. I sorter wished for it myself."

Florence laughed. "Oh, of course, you would not want it, but if you had seen it 20 years ago you might have," she said, with the serene thoughtlessness of youth.

Miss Thankful grew silent.

"Mr. Jones has asked me to go to evening service twice lately," she went on presently.

"I think he is about the best looking young man here, don't you, Miss Thankful? He never talks much, but I suppose he thinks a great deal. I used to think he disliked me, he stammered so whenever I spoke to him, but I guess it was just because he didn't feel acquainted." And then followed a recital of Mr. Jones' sayings.

After she had gone Miss Thankful sat for a long, long time in front of the grate, with sad dreamy eyes fixed on the fire. She was going over in her mind a time 25 years before.

"He was nothing like Mr. Jones," she said. "He was good looking and so tall, but he was just as timid, and I acted as careless and indifferent as I knew how. Girls are foolish creatures. He never got up the courage to tell me. And then we moved away, and that was all. No other man ever looked at me, and I can't say as I want them to."

She undressed slowly. She felt old. This looking back at one's youth has a tendency to make one feel old if it lies 25 years behind one.

When she was all ready for bed, she opened the trunk and took out the party bag.

She opened the door and listened. Everything was still in the dim hall. Florence's room was only a few doors away. Miss Thankful slipped noiselessly along, and when she reached the door she hung the ribbon over the knob and as softly stole back.

She had put no card in the bag; there was no need. Florence would know who sent it, and then she went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning Florence knocked at the door almost before Miss Thankful was dressed and came in with a flushed, happy face.

"Oh, Miss Thankful," she cried, "I have had the loveliest gift! What do you think—that blue satin party bag!

"Of course Mr. Jones sent it. I asked him last night if it was sold yet, and he grew just as red and stammered so. I know why now. Mother says I may keep it, and I wrote him a note of thanks this morning and put it under his plate. That was the easiest way of thanking him. He is having an early breakfast now, so I thought I would wait and go down with you this time." And she fluttered about the room in happy excitement.

Meantime Mr. Jones was in a very uncertain and puzzled state of bliss. The note had thanked him for his beautiful gift, but neglected to tell what the gift was.

He left the house without being able to get a glimpse of Florence.

At noon there was another tiny white missive under his door. But this, much to his disappointment, proved to be from Miss Thankful.

DEAR MR. JONES—Florence thinks you sent that satin bag. It would be dreadful for her to know differently after thanking you for it. For her sake, please do not ever tell her that you did not. Your friend, THANKFUL HOPE.

Mr. Jones studied this note with smiling eyes.

"For her sake," that clause gave him a quick thrill of pleasure. She would be sorry to find out, then, that it was not his gift.

He must answer Florence's note, and this was the result of a half dozen attempts:

DEAR MISS FLORENCE—That bag could not hold the valentine I would like to give you if I dared. It is the biggest and homeliest valentine a young lady ever got. If you care to have me tell you about it, please carry the blue satin bag when you come down to dinner.

ERASTUS JONES.

He could hear Florence singing in her room, and he called the bellboy and sent the note to her.

"There now," he said, when this had been accomplished, "if it had not been for Miss Thankful I would never have had the grit to send that, and, what's more, I believe Miss Thankful knew it, bless her!

"If Florence does have that blue thing on her arm, I'll give Miss Thankful the very best dress that Cooper & Cooper have in the store."

And Miss Thankful got the dress.—Ann Deming Gray in Hartford Courant.

THE EVENING STAR.

By the rapt ardor of my gaze
 I sought to hold the evening star
 Above the dark horizon bar,
 Where, lamplike, swung its mellow blaze.

But toward the deepening glow it drew,
 And nearer to the crimson belts
 Wherein the amber affluence melts,
 Seeking for heavens fresh and new.

So sought I once to hold a soul,
 Fair as the holy star of night,
 Above the earth line, in my sight,
 By force of Love's supreme control.

But gloryward it dipped and drew,
 Nor staid for ardor of my gaze,
 Passing from out our earthly ways
 To those far heavens which are the new.

—Mrs. Merrill E. Gates in Youth's Companion.

A LOYAL HINDOO.

My servant Sajad was by no means an extraordinary fellow. I picked him up in Benares one scorching afternoon in midsummer. I was in want of a kitmutgar, and he seemed to have nothing to do. He could not speak one word of English, and, to tell the truth, that was the first and only recommendation upon which I engaged him.

In religion he was a Mussulman, but he was far from being devout. Indeed I very soon rated him as rather below the average in everything. However, as I did not require anything remarkable, we got on well enough to the end, for he followed me, poor fellow, to his death.

Steal? Most decidedly. He would invariably steal anything belonging to me that attracted his fancy. If I discovered it and went about it in the right way, I could usually get it back.

Sajad never left me for an hour from the time he entered my service. He followed me all day and slept on a rug at my door or lay on the sand at my feet or just outside my tent at night, as the case might be, and he received just as many lectures on veracity and made just as many promises as the time allowed, but I am sure that he told me just as many lies the last week of his life as he did the first week he was with me. It is as much the nature of the oriental to lie and steal as it is of a dog to bark at a horse or of a cat to help herself to cream.

One who expects too much is apt to give credit for too little. That may be the reason the Hindoo has such a bad reputation in the minds of some who mean to be just, or even generous. Many a good turn Sajad did me right in the line of those two traits. It takes a rogue to catch a rogue, and I know that he saved me from being robbed by others many times over for all that he took himself, while he would detect a lie in what any one else told me as quickly as a negro boy in old Virgin' would spot a ripe watermelon.

We were marching through the Terai once with a small detachment. A soldier was leading my horse, while I walked upon one side of the path, followed at a little distance by Sajad, hunting for a bird I had shot and which had fallen in the tall grass. Suddenly there was a cry from those behind. I looked quickly over my shoulder. A hooded cobra, disturbed by the commotion I was making, had risen out of the grass just behind me. His flat head and flaring hood were already thrown back for a final fling at me. His half open mouth was within three feet of my face when my eyes rested upon it. If I turned, I should only expose more of my face. If I lifted a hand, he would strike it quicker than lightning. There was no chance to get away, and I was utterly helpless.

Before I had time to think a second thought, however, Sajad made one leap from where he was standing, and before his feet had touched the ground he had brought his staff about with a sharp whir as it cut the air, too quick even for a snake to dodge, and the next instant the cobra's body was writhing in the grass, while his head, completely severed, fell at my feet.

Had Sajad waited an instant he would have been too late. No one else could have reached me, yet if he had missed his aim or the snake had dodged his own life would have paid the forfeit. No one knew it better than Sajad, but he took the chance and saved my life. He had in his girdle at the time a bright colored silk handkerchief which he had stolen from me, and only that morning had solemnly declared that he knew nothing about it.

Up in the hills one afternoon I was lying on a low tent bed taking a nap, when Sajad saw a poisonous insect, a kind of scorpion, crawling over my pillow. He had nothing near to use as a weapon and no time to lose. He caught it in his naked hand and threw it out of the tent door. I woke in time to see it flying through the air, and hurrying out killed it before it got away.

I called to Sajad to ask if he had escaped a sting, and receiving a cheerful reply in the affirmative thought no more about it till, chancing to enter the tent softly and unexpectedly, I found him sucking the back of his right hand for dear life. He stopped the instant he saw me and put the hand behind him.

The poison had already begun to take effect. The hand and arm were swelling, and before long Sajad was lying on the floor writhing in agony. The only antidotes I had were ammonia and whisky. Sajad knew the contents of both bottles, for he had the care of all my traps. I did my best for him with the ammonia, but utterly in vain I pleaded, begged, commanded that he take the whisky. He would not touch it.

Why? Only because he was a Mussulman. No matter how intense his agony or determined my command he put his well hand over his mouth and shook his head. He felt sure that he was dying, and he believed my assertion that the whisky might save him, but that made no difference. He came so near to death that he was past seeing anything and beyond hearing. He lay upon the ground, just breathing, panting, as though he was almost at the end. It seemed useless to try again, and yet, now that he was unconscious, I could at least make a last, desperate trial with the whisky. The moment that it touched his lips, he struggled away, clutched his lips with his hand and shook his head.

I believe the very fear that I should succeed in giving him the whisky kept him alive till the poison began to lose its power. At all events he did not die.

Sajad was as fond of hunting as I. Many a time we two slipped away from camp in the gray of early morning. Once, just before daylight, I was out with my shotgun in a thinly wooded jungle a mile from camp upon the shore of a small lake, waiting for birds.

It was just my luck. Because I came prepared for birds, there was not one in sight, but three beautiful antelope came down to drink within a hundred feet of us. I looked at the shotgun in disgust. Then looked again at the antelope. It was exasperating. I was determined to have a shot at any rate, and in the hope that I might stun one of them or at least bewilder him for an instant. I whispered to Sajad to be ready with his knife and make a dash the moment I fired.

Cautiously I raised the gun to my shoulder and was pressing the trigger, when Sajad touched me and whispered: "Wait, sahib! Look there!"

I looked, and my shotgun fell. At a slight angle, but little more than half way between us and the antelope, there crouched a royal Bengal tiger. A single glance was sufficient. He was surely a man eater. Evidently he had been on the point of satisfying his hunger with an antelope when he caught sight of us. He was within an easy leap of the deer, but was deliberately turning away and facing us. The motion startled the deer, and they bounded off, but the tiger paid them no further attention. The huge creature opened his great jaws till his head seemed nothing but a red, yawning gullet bordered by long, ragged, glistening teeth, and with a savage snarl he began to approach us.

There was no need of looking about for a place of safety. The jungle was sparsely wooded at the best, and the largest tree we had passed in coming from camp would not have borne even Sajad's weight 10 feet from the ground. Sajad had only his hunting knife, I nothing but my shotgun.

"One of us must go, sahib," Sajad muttered, without taking his eyes from the tiger. "If we run together, we shall both go. He will overtake us in a moment. Let Allah decide as it is written in our foreheads. Run that way for your life, sahib. I will run this way. Be quick, before he comes nearer!"

There was no time for thought. It seemed a fair proposition, and even as he spoke the Hindoo started at the top of his speed away. It was useless standing still or following him, and acting upon his suggestion I started in the opposite direction.

After running a rod or two I looked over my shoulder. The tiger had made a leap, and was just landing, already crouched for another spring. He was following me!

I will not admit that I hoped he would follow Sajad, but I did hope that he would not choose me. It amounted to the same thing.

I started on for one more desperate struggle. I was doomed. I knew it perfectly well, yet while there is life there is hope, and I ran as I never ran before. I resolved to go as far as I could and then whirl about and give the tiger a charge of fine shot full in the face. It might put out his eyes. There was at least that possibility to hang a desperate hope upon, and throwing my gun to my shoulder I turned. The tiger was not there! Looking farther back, I saw his tawny hide in the underbrush. Instantly it rose. He was making a leap, but it was not toward me. One thrill of gratitude shot through my veins, when my heart stood still with horror. There was one sharp yelp as the huge form swept through the air, and crushing the leaves and branches as it fell landed upon the prostrate figure of Sajad, silently waiting for the blow.

I stood there petrified, the cold perspiration dripping from my forehead. There was not a sound from Sajad. There was only one fierce howl from the tiger; then all was still.

It was only an instant, but in that instant we two, my Hindoo servant and I, stood out before me in very bold relief. I had run for my life, knowing that the chances lay between us two and hoping at least that the tiger might not follow me. He had run, too, knowing that the chance lay between us, and because the tiger did not follow him he had come back again and tempted him—called him away from me and given his life for mine.

He was a poor benighted heathen and only an average sample of his kind. He could not help stealing pretty things. He could not stop telling lies. But surely he was a truer, braver, nobler man than I, and if the image of God can be found today in any of his creatures it would require no very deep theologian to decide which of us two betrayed it least profaned.—Henry Willard French in Romance.

ABSENT.

She never said, "Lost is my dearest one,"
 The phrase "Not living" would have hushed her song
Of faith. How could his silent voyage seem long
 When she, whose joyless days had new begun,
Said "Absent" with a smile which meant the sun
 Was only dimmed by clouds? Then, if a throng
Of painful thoughts pressed hard, it made her strong
 To think how he would wish life's duties done.
In her sweet face, where grief had left its seam,
 A tender gladness dawned as years took flight
And brought the meeting near. Nor did she dream
 That from her trusting heart there shone a light
For eyes too weak to bear the larger gleam
 That led her on, as stars redeem the night.

—Mary Thacher Higginson.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Just before the war broke out between France and Germany I arrived in the latter country with the view of studying at one of the southern universities. In the meantime, however, I was spending a few weeks at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where I found much to interest me, and especially in regard to the early life of Goethe, who was born there. But the pleasure of the sojourn was greatly damped by the trouble the police gave me.

At this time, although well acquainted with German grammatically, I could speak but a few words of the language. Knowing French, however, I managed to get on pretty well, all the waiters in the hotels and cafes knowing something of that tongue, and most of the tradespeople talking it a little. Having besides spent a little time previously in Paris, I had perhaps become somewhat Frenchified. I had to this extent anyway—that I wore my hair rather short and waxed the ends of my mustache. To this circumstance and to the fact that I spoke French in preference to either English or German must, I imagine, be attributed the annoyance, and even trouble, to which I soon began to be subjected.

When I first took up my temporary abode in the imperial city, I made the necessary announcement of my intention to the police. I made it from the Hotel Garni, in which I first installed myself. I made it again from the private lodging I hired. I repeated it when I removed to more commodious and salubrious quarters in the suburbs of the city.

But all this was not enough. I had no sooner settled down in my new quarters—nay, before I had time thus to settle down—I was honored by one of the gentry with the pickelhaube and sword who pass for policemen in that land of soldiers.

He generally commenced by asking my name and profession, where I was born, who was my father and who my mother, what I came to the fatherland for and other similar questions. While thus catechising me he would take minute stock of my apartment. His visit would be followed in a day or two by that of another officer, who would put me through the same or a very similar catechism. Then, by way of variation, I would be summoned to one of the district police stations—places more like barracks than anything else—there to be again subjected to a perfect enflade of questionings and cross questionings. These were all the more perplexing because of my inability to express myself in German and my tormentors' ignorance of either French or English.

This went on, as I say, for some time, till, in fact, I was at my wits' end to know what it all meant. I asked several of my friends, but they could not enlighten me. I proposed to shut the door in the face of the next pickelhaube that called and refuse to respond to the summons of the next inspector—or whatever he might be—of police. But the bare suggestion of such a course horrified my friends, for Frankfort was then a conquered city and was treated as such. They informed me that to act in such a way would be regarded as tantamount to high treason, and that as the result I might find myself in prison or else conducted with scant ceremony over the frontier.

Finally I had a summons from the chief of police himself. He was a major of the Prussian army and was a tall, broad shouldered and very austere looking personage. My first interview with this gentleman lasted over half an hour. He asked me if I had ever been in the army, used a rifle, played with the sword; if I knew Paris, Bordeaux, Strasburg; where I was born, where my mother was when I was born (a literal fact), if I had any brothers and sisters; their names, and so forth.

A second, third, and even a fourth time I was closeted with this same functionary, each time being plied with more and more perplexing, and, as they seemed to me, absurd questions. On the occasion of one of these visits I was asked to produce a photograph of myself, if I had one. As I happened to have one which had been taken a little while previously in Paris, I forwarded this with my compliments to the major, with the hope that when he wished to look upon my face again he would satisfy himself by gazing upon my "counterfeit presentment" instead.

Finally I became so tired of these inquisitions, and, as I had reason to believe, private examination of my papers when I was out, that I was sincerely thinking of relinquishing my real purpose of becoming acquainted with German philosophy and making a little money by newspaper correspondence. I had gone so far as to give my landlady notice to quit, when suddenly a change came over the scene.

Responding one day to a summons from the major, I was agreeably surprised to find the worthy fellow in a remarkably good humor. He shook me by the hand, as though I had long been his dearest friend, smiled all over his face, assured me that I was all "goot" and "recht," and so dismissed me more perplexed than ever.

Very soon afterward war was declared, and in the turmoil, danger and excitement that ensued I well nigh forgot the annoyance and frequent inconvenience I had been put to by the suspicions of the police. Possibly I should have thought no more about them and have quite forgotten them by this time but for an incident that occurred shortly after the close of the war.

I was again in Frankfort, paying a short visit to friends. One evening I was at a party given by a lady residing in the city. While engaged in conversation with the editor of one of the local papers the hostess approached me and said:

"Allow me, Mr. ——, to introduce you to my very good friend, Colonel Gutsmicht."

I turned to be introduced, and who should I see before me but my friend the major, formerly the chief of police at Frankfort!

We both smiled as we recognized each other.

"Ah, you have met before, then?" said the lady.

We both replied in the affirmative.

"Then I will leave you to yourselves. You do not need any introduction from me."

The colonel had been through the war and had distinguished himself greatly. During our conversation I said:

"I wish you would tell me, colonel, why you paid me such constant and unremitting attention when I first came to Frankfort."

"Ah, yes, you would like to know!" he said. "Well, come to my office tomorrow and I will show you. That will be better than telling you," he added, with a broad smile.

He gave the address of his office, which was still connected with the police, and I called there on the following morning.

After a few minutes' conversation on the subject of the war and our experiences in connection therewith Colonel Gutsmicht remarked:

"But you wish to be enlightened in regard to the attentions people paid to you when you first came among us?"

I replied that it would gratify me very much to be enlightened on the subject.

He thereupon unlocked a drawer in his escritoire, and after a little search drew forth a small bundle of papers tied together with tape. Undoing these, he handed to me a photograph and said:

"That, I think, is your photograph, Mr. ——?"

At first I thought it was, but on looking a second time I saw that it was not and said:

"No, colonel, that is not the photograph I gave you a year or more ago, but it seems to me it is so much like myself that it might very well pass for me."

"I beg your pardon. This, then, will be yours."

He handed me another, which was the real one I had given him.

I compared the two and was really astonished at the resemblance they bore to each other.

"Can you wonder," asked the colonel, "that we took you for some one else?"

"I can't," I said. "But who was the some one else, and what did you want him for?"

"This individual," replied the colonel, taking the photograph of my double and speaking with great deliberation, "this individual was an Alsatian and was wanted as a spy. He gave us a great deal of trouble—he was so clever. We took you for him. We were almost certain you were the man, although we were considerably nonplused by your apparent innocence of all knowledge of arms and military matters. But though we had our doubts you would probably have suffered had we not found the right man in the nick of time."

"Suffered?" said I. "In what way?"

"In this way," replied the colonel, and he made as though tightening a rope beneath his right ear, at the same time emitting a sound like the dropping of a catch or bolt.

I comprehended his meaning. I had very narrowly escaped hanging as a supposed spy. It was gratifying, but made my blood run cold.

"We were much troubled with French spies about that time and had to be severe with them," added the police official, with a shrug of the shoulders, as he put away the papers and photographs. "You now know the reason of the little attentions we bestowed upon you."—Alfred J. Story in Million.