MAKING THE WEDDING GRAB.

When I was weeping,
In my pain I said:
"I weary of my life—would I were dead,
In silence sleeping,
Where troubles are no more, nor cares, nor tears,
Nor visionary hopes, nor fears
Like dark-night shadows all around us creeping—
Would I were dead!"

Were death but sleep,
Small harm to wish into the grave to creep,
And no more weep;
But were death life,
Far truer life than that men live on earth;
Were death but birth
To life where cares, and tears, and toil, and strife
No longer are,
But which the Just alone
With other Just may share—
Could I still dare,
Whose days so little justice yet have shown,
To seek an entrance through death's golden gate?

Nay! Rather for long season let me wait,
And with embroidery of love and prayer,
And holy deeds, and suffering, prepare
The wedding garment for the wedding feast,
That I be not the lowest or the least
In that great throng.
Nor shamed the Royal Bridegroom's guests to greet
Whose voices sweet
Catch up the angelic song
And Holy, Holy, Holy, without end repeat.
—Frank C. Devas, S. J., in Catholic World.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

[Copyrighted, 1901, by Ward, Lock & Co.]

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

In reply he handed me a letter written on good note paper, but without an address. It ran as follows:

"Mr. Gideon Hayle returns thanks for kind inquiries, and begs to inform Mr. Fairfax that he is leaving England to day for Algiers."

"If he thinks he is going to bluff me with that sort of tale, he's very much mistaken," I said. "I happen to be aware of the fact that he left for Southampton by the nine o'clock train this morning. If I might hazard a guess as to where he was going, I should say that his destination is the Cape. But let him go where he will, I'll have him yet. In the meantime, send Williams to Charing Cross at once, Roberts to Victoria, and Dickson to St. Paul's. Furnish each with a description of the man they are to look after, be particular about the scar upon his left cheek, and if they see him tell them that they are not to lose sight of him, happen what may. Let them telegraph should they discover anything definite, and then go in pursuit. In any case I shall return from Southampton to-night, and shall call here at once."

Half an hour later I arrived at Waterloo, took my ticket and boarded the train for Southampton. When I reached the port I was met at the station by my representative, who informed me that he had seen nothing of the man I had described, although he had carefully looked for him.

"We'll try the various shipping offices first," I said. "I feel positively certain that he came down here by the nine o'clock train."

We drove from shipping office to shipping office, and made the most careful inquiries, but in every case without success. Once we thought we had discovered our man, only to find, after wasting a precious hour, that the clerk's description was altogether a wrong one, and that he resembled Hayle in no sort of way. We boarded the South African mailboat, but he was not among her passengers; we overhauled the American liner, with an equally barren result. We paid cursory visits to the principal hotels, but could hear no tidings of him in any one of them. As a matter of fact, if the man had journeyed to Southampton, as I had every reason to suppose he had done, he must have disappeared into thin air when he got there. The whole affair was most bewildering, and I scarcely knew what to think of it. That the boots at the hotel had not been hoodwinking me I felt assured in my own mind. His anger against the man was too real to allow any doubt upon that point. At last, having exhausted all our resources, and not seeing what I could do further, I returned to my subordinate's lodgings, where it had been arranged that telegrams should be addressed to me. On my arrival there a yellow envelope was handed to me. I tore it open eagerly and withdrew the contents. It proved to be from Dickson, and had been sent off from Dover. I took my code-book from my pocket and translated the message upon the back of the telegraph form. It ran as follows:

"Man with triangular scar upon left cheek, brown bag and traveling rug, boarded train at Herne Hill, went through to Dover, and has booked to Paris. Am following him according to instructions."

"Then he slipped me after all," I cried. "He must have gone on to Waterloo, crossed to Cannon street, then on to London bridge. The cunning scoundrel! He must have made up his mind that the biggest bluff he could play upon me was to tell the truth, and, by Jove! he was not very far wrong. However, those laugh best who laugh last, and though he has had a very fair innings so far, we will see whether he can beat me in the end. I'll get back to town now, run down to Bishopstowe to-morrow morning to report progress, and then be off to Paris after him on Monday."

At 8:45 that night I reached London. At the same moment Mr. Gideon Hayle was sitting down to a charming little dinner at the Cafe des Princes, and was smiling to himself as he thought of the success that had attended the trick he had played upon me.

CHAPTER VII.

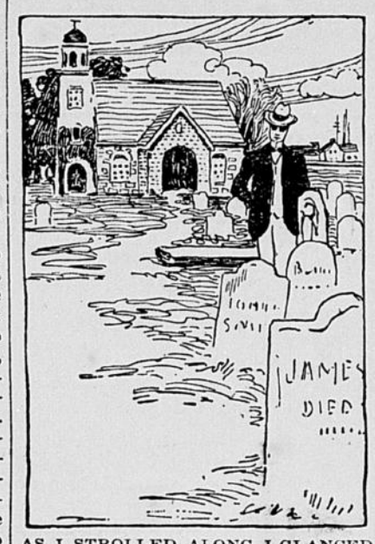
When I reached the charming little Surrey village of Bishopstowe, I could see that it bore out Kitwater's description of it. A prettier little place could scarcely have been discovered, wih its tree-shaded high road, its cluster of thatched cottages, its blacksmith's shop, rustic inn with the signboard on a high post before the door, and, last but not least, the quaint little church standing some hundred yards back from the main road, and approached from the lychgate by an avenue of limes.

"Here," I said to myself, "is a place where a man might live to be 100, undisturbed by the rush and bustle of the great world."

That was my feeling then, but since I have come to know it better, and have been permitted an opportunity of seeing for myself something of the inner life of the hamlet, I have discovered that it is only the life of a great city, on a small scale. There is the same keen competition in trade, with the same jealousies and bickerings. However, on this peaceful Sunday morning it struck me as being delightful. There was an old-world quiet about it that was vastly soothing. The rooks cawed lazily in the elms before the church as if they knew it were Sunday morning and a day of rest. A dog lay extended in the middle of the road, basking in the sunshine, a thing which he would not have dared to do on a weekday. Even the little stream that runs under the old stone bridge, which marks the center of the village, and then winds its tortuous course round the churchyard, through the Squire's park, and then down the valley on its way to the sea, seemed to flow somewhat more slowly than was its wont.

Feeling just in the humor for a little moralizing, I opened the lychgate and entered the churchyard. The congregation were singing the last hymn, the Old Hundredth, if I remember rightly, and the sound of their united voices fitted perfectly into the whole scheme, giving it the one touch that was lacking. As I strolled along I glanced at the inscriptions on the various tombstones, and endeavored to derive from them some notion of the lives and characters of those whose memories they perpetuated.

"Sacred to the memory of Erasmus Gunning, 27 years schoolmaster of this parish. Born 24th of March, 1806, and rested from his labors on September the 19th, 1876." Seating myself on the low wall that surrounded the churchyard, I looked down upon the river, and, while so doing, reflected upon Erasmus Gunning. What had he been like, this



AS I STROLLED ALONG I GLANCED AT THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE VARIOUS TOMBSTONES.

knight of the ferrule, who for 27 years acted as pedagogue to this tiny hamlet? What good had he done in his world? Had he realized his life's ambition? Into many of the congregation now worshiping yonder he must have driven the three R's, possibly with the assistance of the faithful ferrule aforesaid, yet how many of them gave a thought to his memory! In this case the assertion that he "rested from his labors" was a trifle ambiguous. Consigning poor Erasmus to oblivion, I continued my walk. Presently my eyes caught an inscription that made me halt again. It was dedicated to the "Loving Memory of William Kitwater, and Susan, his wife." I was still looking at it, when I heard a step on the gravel-path behind me, and turning round, I found myself standing face to face with Miss Kitwater. To use the conventional phrase, church had "come out," and the congregation was even now making its way down the broad avenue towards the high-road.

"How do you do, Mr. Fairfax?" said Miss Kitwater, giving me her hand as she spoke. "It is kind indeed of you to come down. I hope you have good news for us?"

"I am inclined to consider it good news myself," I said. "I hope you will think so too."

She did not question me further about it then, but, asking me to excuse her for a moment, stepped over the little plot of ground where her dear ones lay, and plucked some of the dead leaves from the flowers that grew upon it. To my thinking she was just what an honest English girl should be; straightforward and gentle, looking the whole world in the face with frank and honorable simplicity. When she had finished her labor of love, which only occupied her a few moments, she suggested that we should stroll on to her house.

"My uncle will be wondering what has become of me," she said, "and he will also be most anxious to see you."

"He does not accompany you to church, then?"

"No," she answered. "He is so conscious of his affliction that he cannot bear it to be remarked. He usually stays at home and walks up and down a path in the garden, brooding, I am afraid, over his treatment by Mr. Hayle. It goes to my heart to see him."

"And Mr. Codd?"

"He, poor little man, spends most of his time reading such works on archaeology as he can obtain. It is his one great study, and I am thankful he has such a hobby to distract his mind from his own trouble."

"Their coming to England must have made a great change in your life," I remarked.

"It has made a difference," she answered. "But one should not lead one's life exactly to please one's self. They were in sore distress, and I am thankful that they came to me, and that I had the power to help them."

This set me thinking. She spoke gravely, and I knew that she meant what she said. But underlying it there was a suggestion that, for some reason or another, she had not been altogether favorably impressed by her visitors. Whether I was right in my suppositions I could not tell then, but I knew that I should in all probability be permitted a better opportunity of judging later on. We crossed the little bridge, and passed along the high road for upwards of a mile, until we found ourselves standing at the entrance to one of the prettiest little country residences it has ever been my lot to find. A drive, some 30 yards or so in length, led up to the house and was shaded by overhanging trees. The house itself was of two stories and was covered by creepers. The garden was scrupulously neat, and I fancied that I could detect its mistress' hand in it. Shady walks led from it in various directions, and at the end of one of these I could discern a tall, restless figure, pacing up and down.

"There is my uncle," said the girl, referring to the figure I have just described. "That is his sole occupation. He likes it because it is the only part of the garden in which he can move about without a guide. How empty and hard his life must seem to him now, Mr. Fairfax?"

"It must, indeed," I replied. "To my thinking blindness is one of the worst ills that can happen to a man. It must be particularly hard to one who has led such a vigorous life as your uncle has done."

I could almost have declared that she shuddered at my words. Did she know more about her uncle and his past life than she liked to think about? I remembered one or two expressions he had let fall in his excitement when he had been talking to me, and how I had commented upon them as being strange words to come from the lips of a missionary. I had often wondered whether the story he had told me about their life in China, and Hayle's connection with it, had been a true one. The tenaciousness with which a Chinaman clings to the religion of his forefathers is proverbial, and I could not remember having ever heard that a mandarin, or an official of high rank, had been converted to the Christian faith. Even if he had, it struck me as being highly improbable that he would have been the possessor of such princely treasure, and, even supposing that to be true, that he would, at his death, leave it to such a man as Kitwater. No, I fancied if we could only get at the truth of the story, we should find that it was a good deal more picturesque, not to use a harsher term, than we imagined. For a moment I had almost been tempted to believe that the stones were Hayle's property, and that these two men were conducting their crusade with the intention of robbing him of them. Yet, on maturer reflection, this did not fit in. There was the fact that they had certainly been mutiliated as they described, and also their hatred of Hayle to be weighed in one balance, while Hayle's manifest fear of them could be set in the other.

"If I am not mistaken that is your step, Mr. Fairfax," said the blind man, stopping suddenly in his walk, and turning his sightless face in my direction. "It's wonderful how the loss of one's sight sharpens one's ears. I suppose you met Margaret on the road?"

"I met Miss Kitwater in the churchyard," I replied.

"A very good meeting place," he chuckled, sarconically. "It's where most of us meet each other sooner or later. Upon my word, I think the dead are luckier than the living. In any case they are more fortunate than poor devils like Codd and myself. But I am keeping you standing, won't you sit down somewhere and tell me your news? I have been almost counting the minutes for your arrival. I know you would not be here to-day unless you had something important to communicate to me. You have found Hayle?"

He asked the question with feverish eagerness, as if he hoped within a few hours to be clutching at the other's throat. I could see that his niece noticed it too, and that she recoiled a little from him in consequence. I thereupon set to work and told them of all that had happened since I had last seen them, described my lucky meeting with Hayle at Charing Cross, my chase after him across London, the trick he had played me at Foxwell's hotel, and my consequent fruitless journey to Southampton.

"And he managed to escape you after all," said Kitwater. "That man would outwit the master of all liars himself. He is out of England by this time, and we shall lose him."

"He has not escaped me," I replied, quietly. "I know where he is, and I have got a man on his track."

"Then where is he?" asked Kitwater. "If you know where he is, you ought to be with him yourself instead of down here. You are paid to conduct the case. How do you know that your man may not bungle it, and that we may not lose him again?"

His tone was so rude and his manner so aggressive, that his niece was about to protest. I made a sign to her, however, not to do so.

"I don't think you need be afraid, Mr. Kitwater," I said more soothingly than I felt. "My man is a very clever and reliable fellow, and you may be sure that, having once set eyes on Mr. Hayle, he will not lose sight of him again. I shall leave for Paris to-morrow morning, and shall immediately let you know the result of my search. Will that suit you?"

"It will suit me when I get hold of Hayle," he replied. "Until then I shall know no peace. Surely you must understand that?"

Then, imagining, perhaps, that he had gone too far, he began to fawn upon me, and what was worse praised my methods of elucidating a mystery. I cannot say which I disliked the more. Indeed, had it not been that I had promised Miss Kitwater to take up the case, and that I did not want to disappoint her, I believe I should have abandoned it there and then, out of sheer disgust. A little later our hostess proposed that we should adjourn to the house, as it was nearly lunch-time. We did so, and I was shown to a pretty bedroom to wash my hands. It was a charming apartment, redolent of the country, smelling of lavender, and, after London, as fresh as a glimpse of a new life. I looked about me, took in the cleanliness of everything, and contrasted it with my own dingy apartments at Rickford's hotel, where the view from the window was not of meadows and breezy uplands, but of red roofs, chimney-pots, and constantly revolving cowls. I could picture the view from this window in the early morning, with the dew upon the grass, and the blackbirds whistling in the shrubbery. I am not a vain man, I think, but at this juncture I stood before the looking-glass and surveyed myself. For the first time in my life I could have wished that I had been better-looking. At last I turned angrily away.

[To Be Continued.]

THE MAN WHO WAS ROBBED.

A Fable with a Moral That Will Be Very Generally Coincided With.

A stranger in a strange land once fell in with thieves, who found him on a lonely road, beat him, robbed him, and then tied him to a tree.

After a long wait another traveler came by, and the stranger, in a weak voice, pleaded for help, says Judge.

He told the story of his wrongs, and the traveler said: "How sad!"

"I cried out, but my voice is not strong, and my cries were of no avail," said the victim.

"How unfortunate!" said the traveler.

"And the robbers tied me so fast I am utterly helpless."

"How interesting!"

"Interesting? Do you think it interesting to have been beaten and robbed? Why, the thieves took all my money except a small sum in my inside pocket."

"How careless!" commented the traveler.

Then, having satisfied himself that the stranger's story was true, that he was really tied securely, that his voice was weak, and that there was a small sum in an inside pocket, he secured the small sum and went on his way.

Moral—Hard-luck stories are seldom successful.

She Gained Papa's Consent.

A pretty girl announced to papa her engagement to dear Cholly. The old man became very grave at once. Cholly had a good salary, was to all appearances a nice, steady young man, "but then," said papa, "let the engagement be a long one, my dear. In that case you will have time to find out each other's faults and failings, and discover serious defects of character which would make you wretched for life if you marry." "But, papa," interposed the sweet girl, "I object to long engagements if they are so apt to be broken, don't you know?" And while the old man meditated she rushed off into the parlor to tell Cholly it was all right and resume the yum-yum business.—Louisville Times.

No Thoughts.

"The postman just brought me Aunt Jane's present," said the poet's wife. "What do you think of it?"

"I don't know," replied the poet, disturbed at work.

"But can't you think?"

"Gee whizz! How do you expect me to think now? I'm writing something for the magazines."—Philadelphia Press.

Up with the Times.

Kind Lady—What is your name, dear?

Little Girl—My name is Mame—M-a-y-m-e.

"And the name of your dog?"

"His name is Fido—P-h-y-d-o-u-g-h!"—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Flirts and Love.

Flirts laugh at love, and love laughs at flirts. — Chicago Daily News.

TWO TALES OF TACT

How a Couple of Bright Women Managed to Smooth Over Two Unfortunate Situations.

Henry Loomis Nelson, in his article in the Century, on Washington society, tells these anecdotes of the capital as representative of the light and shade of official life:

"Madam," said an old diplomat at his own table, "I have some bonbons here from Paris. They have medallions of the potentates of the world, and I have had your ruler's face stamped on one of them. Is it not a good likeness?" And he handed a chocolate to the woman on his right, who, for reasons of her husband's, did not like the new president.

"We have no rulers in this country," said the graçious guest, throwing the chocolate under the table.

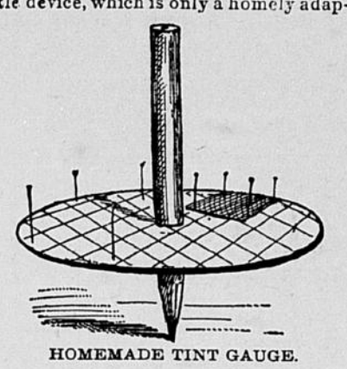
The host's attention had been attracted elsewhere, and he did not see the insult, but he was made aware of something by the silence which followed. However, before he could know what had happened, a young woman's voice said to the butler: "Won't you find that bonbon which Mrs. C—— dropped? I want to look at it."

One day a delighted and awkward new statesman was taking tea at the house of a clever woman, and was suddenly plunged into terror, agony and shame by the annihilation of the delicate and costly Sevres cup from which he had been drinking; but before his palate was dry or his tongue responsive to the scared mind, his hostess broke its mate, saying to the servant as she did so: "Never put these cups on the table again, Smith; they're too brittle for use."

SIMPLE TINT GAUGE

Very Useful for Matching Trimmings and Dress Goods and for Harmonizing Colors.

How many girls there are, and for that matter men and boys as well, who, without going actually color-blind, yet seem to lack the power of judging whether certain colors blend, or whether two colors, or combinations of colors, will harmonize when placed in juxtaposition. For instance, to an inexperienced and not specially trained eye it is no easy matter to say whether a trimming will match a material in which, perhaps, seven or eight colors are employed in various proportions, or what is the dominant color in another material that consists of a medley of colors. The following little device, which is only a homely adap-



HOMEMADE TINT GAUGE.

tation of a toy to be purchased at most places, took my attention at once, as I recognized in it an aid to supply a want I had long been conscious of.

Take an ordinary piece of cedar pencil, from 3½ to four inches in length, cut to a point; secondly, a circle of cardboard, with a diameter of about four inches, and, having made a hole in the center of this, thrust the pencil through it until the point is about an inch below the cardboard; with a little gum or a drop or two of sealing wax you can secure the disk to the pencil. You have now a kind of top or teetotum, which you will find spins easily, and your apparatus is complete.

Suppose we want to find out if a trimming really matches some dress material; all you have to do is to cut a circular piece of the material four inches in diameter, make a hole in the middle of it, and put the longer portion of the pencil through this, when it will be flat on your cardboard disk, to which you can secure it by small pins. Cut a small piece of the trimming, about three-quarters of an inch square, and fix it on the edge of your disk (see Fig.).

You have now only to set your teetotum spinning and watch the result. If the material you are using had a pattern, that pattern disappears, and in place you get the general shade of the stuff, and the same with the trimming, so that if the two exactly match, the two shades will be the same; but if they do not, you will perceive a lighter or a darker ring at the edge of your disk.

If again you wish to learn if two materials, each composed of a variety of colors, will harmonize, proceed in exactly the same way, and the predominant color in each will give the shade, and you will at once be able to ascertain if they clash. In the same manner you will be able to see if one single color will "go" with a mass of others in a way pleasing to the eye.—Girls' Companion.

Stoning Raisins Made Easy.

To stone raisins keep the fingers moistened with cold water and the seeds will not cling. Some people prefer to pour boiling water over the raisins and let stand a short time, when the seeds are eaily pinched out.

WOMAN WINS DEGREE.

Miss Florence A. Fensham, First Woman Bachelor of Divinity in Congregational Church.

When Christianity and the Christian church were given to the world the promise was: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." This ideal of Christian womanhood has been a long time in evolving. Modern conditions, however, make it increasingly possible for women to "follow the gleam" where it may lead. The number who have been led into the ministry of the church is yet small, but more and more are the Scriptures being verified in this respect.

Miss Florence A. Fensham, of Constantinople, Turkey, has achieved the signal distinction of being the first woman in the history of the Congregational church to receive the degree of bachelor of divinity. This honor has just been conferred upon her at the annual convocation of the Chicago

FLORENCE A. FENSHAM.

Theological seminary in the First Congregational church, and when President Dr. J. H. George, who conferred the degree, came to Miss Fenshaw he remarked, with much feeling: "This shows what a woman can do."

Florence A. Fensham is a native of East Douglas, Mass. When she was very young her family moved to Albany, N. Y., where she was brought up. At an early age she showed unusual mental ability. This spirit was fostered by her parents, who gave her every possible advantage. In this country she has been a student at Cornell and at Harvard, afterward going abroad to study in the University of Edinburgh and afterward studying theology at Mansfield college, Oxford, under Dr. Fairbairn.

After completing her course of study at Oxford, Miss Fensham went to Constantinople, where she occupied the chair of biblical literature and comparative religion in the American college for girls in this oriental city. She also holds the important position of dean of the college.

This college for girls is the outgrowth of a high school founded in Constantinople in 1871 by the woman's board of missions for "the thorough education and Christian culture of girls in the orient." The growth of the school was so rapid and its work so important that the institution was incorporated as a college by the legislature of Massachusetts in 1890. In 1894 an imperial irade was granted the college by Abdul Hamid II., assuring its permanency by the official recognition of it as an educational institution in the Turkish empire.

Miss Fensham has thrown herself, heart and soul, into her work, in which she is a great enthusiast.

"The object of our work," she explained, "is to give the higher Christian education to the oriental women. Our students number from 150 to 200, in which 15 nationalities are represented, Bulgarian, Armenian, Greek, Hebrew, American, English, Turkish, Albanian, French, German, Italian, Russian, Hungarian, Roumanian and Australian. The language of the college is English, and the facility with which these eastern girls acquire it is really remarkable."

During the whole period of her study at the Chicago theological seminary, Miss Fensham held the "high honor scholarship," which is awarded to the attainer of 95 per cent. in every branch of study. It is a remarkable and noteworthy fact, however, that this scholarship has never before been bestowed, Miss Fensham being the first to hold it. She will leave Chicago in a few days for three months' rest in the east before returning to her arduous labors in the orient.

Made in Heaven.

Little Ethel, a Columbus five-year-old, recently hear her mamma say that there wasn't a match in the house. That night when the mother heard Ethel's prayers the little girl concluded by saying: "And please, Dod, send us a box uv matches. Amen."

"Why do you ask God for matches, Ethel?" asked the parent, in surprise.

"Coz," replied Ethel, "didn't Aunt Ruth say that matches wuz made in Heaven?"—Ohio State Journal.

His Impression.

"I have often wondered what I would do if I should find a burglar in the house," said Mr. Meekton's wife. "I don't think I'd faint."

"No," answered Leonidas. "I am sure your presence of mind would not desert you. And if you can remember some of those talks you rehearse to me, I don't know what mighta't happen to the burglar."—Washington Star.

Knew What Was Coming.

Ida—You look nervous, dear.

May—Yes. I am sure Dick is going to propose when we get out on the links.

Ida—What makes you think so?

May—Why, I heard Dick bribing the caddy to make out he was too tired to keep up with us.—Tit-Bits.