

DO GOOD TO-DAY.

Whatever kind words you wish you'd said, Whatever good deeds you wish you'd done, When weeping o'er your dear friend, dead, Give now unto each living one.

For who can tell how soon, how soon Their morning sun of life may set, And leave you, as the rest have done, To bitter tears and vain regret.

The grave may claim your loving wife, Your dear child fade like summer flowers; Then, then will haunt your soul for life, The memory of your passion hours.

O sweet as the breath of flowers at morn, Is life to him from day to day, Who plants the rose and plucks the thorn From his companion's weary way. —William Goldsmith Brown, in Baptist Union.

THE TIN BOX. BY SARA ANDREWS.

I HAD met and married Dorothy while I was holding the post of physician on a Transatlantic liner. We had a little home in Hoboken. I continued my trips for a few months, but Dorothy's grief at every departure added to her constant longing for her early California home, influenced me to make a change. Accordingly I resigned my position and brought my wife to her native state, to settle in the southern town where she was born.

It was a serious matter for a young doctor, with a small capital, to attempt to establish a practice in a country town. Dorothy and I had given it long and deep consideration. She was a woman of resources and economical ingenuity, and we worked out our plans and achieved success—in theory. My first practical effort was to secure a suitable house at a reasonable rent. With this object in view I started out on the day of our arrival, leaving my wife at the hotel. She was lying down when I returned two hours later.

"Did you find a house?" she asked eagerly, as I entered. "I have found one that may suit us. If you are not too tired I would like to take you to see it," I answered. Dorothy's keen interest in our home making would not allow her to think of fatigue, and she was soon ready to start. The house was situated on one of the older streets about ten minutes' walk from the hotel. It was an old house bearing evidence of continued years of neglect. As I held the garden gate open for Dorothy I saw a look of disgust settle on her face.

"Why, Edward, what a dirty, dilapidated old place!" "No, dear, not dilapidated, only dirty and neglected." "Edward, this place will never do for a doctor's residence." "Don't pass a hasty judgment, my dear. Wait until you have seen it, and I tell you what the owner will do in repairing and cleaning."

I unlocked the front door and we entered a spacious hall with large rooms on both sides. A wide staircase led to the upper rooms. The look of disgust never left Dorothy's face, as, with her skirts gathered up, she stepped lightly over the dusty floors. "It has been a fine house," she commented, with a strong accent on the "has been."

"When cleaned, painted and furnished it will be pleasant and home-like," I answered. Then I proceeded to give her a detailed account of the repairs that the owner had promised to make. I reminded her that the house was large enough for office and residence and the rent unusually cheap. "That makes me suspicious," she said in an argumentative tone. "Why has this house remained so long without a tenant, and why is the owner willing to make such extensive repairs and rent at so low a figure?"

"Do you think he is up there now?" I asked her in a lanterning tone, yet more disturbed by her revelations than I cared to show. The fact that the house might have an undesirable reputation was not a pleasant thought to me. As we had been through all the house I suggested returning to the hotel.

We continued our search for a house for several days, but found nothing that was satisfactory. As time passed and our disappointment increased, my repugnance to the unpleasant tradition of the Langton house grew less. I had liked the house from the first, the size and arrangement of the rooms as well as the location suited me. But when I spoke to Dorothy about waiving foolish notions and taking the house she refused positively with a shudder.

One week from the day that we had looked at the old house Dorothy and I had retired, feeling very weary and discouraged. I particularly, for I felt provoked at Dorothy for the persistent objection to the only house that was available to us. Weariness dispelled the worry from my mind and I was soon asleep, only to be awakened by Dorothy speaking to me in an agitated voice.

"What is it?" I asked sleepily, with a hazy notion of burglars. Dorothy was clinging to me and trembling with excitement.

"Oh, Edward, I have had such a strange experience. I saw father." "You saw him?" I exclaimed, incredulously, "you mean that you dream that you did."

"No, Edward," she protested, "I was not asleep. I was lying in a quiet state, just bordering on active consciousness, thoughts, altogether foreign to my situation, were flitting through my mind. I heard my father's voice calling me, and at the same moment I saw him emerging from between the portieres. In a perfectly natural manner he said: 'Take Fred Langton's old house, Dorothy. It will prove profitable to you.'"

I attempted to discuss the improbability of the whole matter, declaring it to be nothing more than a dream. But Dorothy insisted on regarding it as a visitation from her father, and the influence of this belief upon her was such that, much as she was opposed to taking the house before, she was now as much in favor of it. As this was in perfect accord with my own wishes, and while I was skeptical as to the true nature of her experience, its effect upon her was so satisfactory to me that I refrained from further argument. We discussed the matter during half the night, with the result that in the morning I went to see the owner of the house and signed the lease for two years. The owner fulfilled all of his promises with regard to repairs and we furnished the lower rooms according to our means.

One evening I was studying in the sitting room, while Dorothy sat in a low rocker working on a sofa cushion. Her chair rocked violently and she sprang to her feet, scattering her working materials far and near. She stood in the center of the room and looked aghast at the still moving chair. "What is the matter, Dorothy?" I asked.

"Edward, some one rocked my chair," she gasped. "You rocked it yourself." "No, Edward, I didn't. Don't you see, it is rocking yet?" she said, with a nervous shudder.

"The force with which you jumped out of it would cause it to rock," I said to her reassuringly.

"Edward, it rocked while I was sitting in it. I was intent on matching my silks when it seemed as though some one grasped my chair and pulled it back with a jerk."

"Now, my dear," I said, soothingly, "as a physician I pronounce this a case of nerves and recommend you to go to bed. A night's rest will restore you."

Dorothy received my suggestion with a look of indignation and commenced to gather up her scattered work.

Frequent occurrences of a like nature followed this, our first experience, Dorothy always being the recipient of the uncanny attentions. At such times she declared that she could feel the touch of an unseen hand and catch the vibration of an unheard voice. As Dorothy was a brave, sensible little woman, not given to foolish fancies, I finally gave credence to her statements and regretted having taken the house. When alone we spent our evenings in the sitting room and it was here that most of these perplexing incidents took place.

When we had been in the house six months we both sat reading one Sunday afternoon, Dorothy in her favorite rocker, I at my reading table. The sound of Dorothy's book falling to the floor caused me to turn. I was surprised to see her standing facing the door, with one arm raised. Her face was pale, her lips were parted and her eyes set.

With her gaze fixed, she passed through the door and down the hall. I followed. As she walked, she talked in a low even tone, describing her actions before they were committed, as though one grade of consciousness was transmitting intelligence to another grade.

I crept after her noiselessly. She descended the small flight of stairs leading to the summer kitchen. Passing through this she entered a small square space that had been dug out from under the forward part of the house. Here she paused, saying: "Dig, dig here." She stood still for a moment, when the rigor of her frame relaxed and she became aware of her surroundings. She clung fearfully to me for a few moments, but soon regained her composure.

"Oh, Edward," she exclaimed, "I know all now. It was Mr. Langton who robbed father's bank, and the money is buried here. I saw him and he told me. Get a pick and shovel and dig right here," indicating the spot with her foot. I never thought of doubting the truth of her statement and, securing the implements, set to work at what proved to be an arduous task. "There is a large tin box about two feet down. I saw it as in a passing picture," said Dorothy. My work verified her statements, as the tin box was soon exposed to view. I succeeded in raising it, although the weight was almost beyond my strength. With Dorothy's assistance, I brought it up into the sitting room. It was an ordinary cash box of large size and bore the name of Dorothy's father. Lacking a key, I pried it open. Some old papers covered the contents, which proved to be rolls and rolls of money. Dorothy and I spent considerable time in counting it, and found that it contained \$75,364 in gold and United States notes.

When our excitement had somewhat subsided, Dorothy related the incident, as she had experienced it, which had resulted in the finding of the tin box.

"As I sat reading," she said, "I felt a peculiar sensation. It was not drowsiness, for my mind was alert, but I was sensible of a change of conditions, and a slow transference of consciousness. Just within the door appeared a faint cloud or shadow, which gradually assumed the well-defined appearance of a man. He spoke, but in a voice to which no physical ear is responsive. He said that he was Fred Langton who had robbed my father's bank for revenge, after he had been discharged from his position as cashier. He had lost heavily through speculation, and he wished to retrieve his own fortunes, and at the same time ruin my father, whom he believed to be responsible for his discharge from the bank. He feared to draw suspicion upon himself by the free use of much money at a time when it was known that he was almost bankrupt, so he buried it, as you see, trusting to the future for a favorable opportunity to use it."

"Father was so affected by the loss of the money and all the consequent trouble that he suffered a stroke of paralysis, from which he died."

"Mr. Langton found that his act of vengeance did not bring any satisfaction. Father's death added to his sense of guilt, as he instinctively felt that it was the result of his crime. He knew, also, that the bank directors suspected him, and they were conducting investigations that might lead to his conviction. The existing conditions and the possibilities of the future were so appalling to him that he tried to escape from the results of his wickedness by committing suicide. This culminating act of folly left him hopelessly haunting the vicinity of the buried treasure, the discovery of which was the dominating fear of his last days. During all these years he had been a bound soul. In the hope of freeing himself, he has been striving to make known his presence to me and reveal the buried treasure. After he had guided me down the stairs, and shown me where the treasure was concealed, he vanished as mysteriously and suddenly as he had appeared."

It would be useless for me to try to describe the effect that Dorothy's strange, uncanny, but profitable experience had produced upon both of us. However, our fears and repugnance to the haunted house was gone forever.

The old lawyer who had settled the affairs of Dorothy's father, assured us that there were no claims against the estate, and consequently the money was rightly hers.

We subsequently bought the old house, adding to it, and beautifying it, until it was one of the finest residences in the town. Two of our grandchildren are romping in the big hall as I write, but our mysterious visitor has never troubled us since the day we found the tin box.—Overland Monthly.

Ought to Be Grateful.

This story is told of Mr. Mac—a well-known humorist residing at Rockcliffe, Can., who combines the duties of station agent and postmaster.

Having given satisfaction by acting postmaster, but without pay, the M. P. for the district procured his appointment and the head of the department wrote him that he had much pleasure in confirming his position—the salary to be the same as heretofore.

In reply Mr. Mac— wrote: "I feel honored, as in duty bound, by the confirmation of my appointment, and am glad to know the salary is to be the same as heretofore, namely, nothing a year; for I'd hate like fury to have to pay anything!"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Wisdom of It.

The belief of good luck and bad luck coming from certain omens is almost universal, and even people who consider themselves enlightened have pet superstitions. Sometimes, too, it seems as if they were justified in holding them. For instance, a woman warned a friend not to walk under a ladder, which was propped over the sidewalk against a house, because it would bring misfortune. The injunction was not heeded, and the bold defier of bad signs was soon after showered with the contents of a pot of paint which a workman above had carelessly tipped over. This spoiled her new spring suit, and now she avers that there is some wisdom after all in portentous sayings.—Boston Budget.

Rather Indefinite.

"Say," exclaimed the front-row patron of burlesque shows as he climbed into the barber chair, "I think I'll have a hair cut for a change."

"All right, sir," rejoined the tonsorial artist. "Which one shall I cut, please?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.



NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.



Carrye—I didn't accept Fred the first time he proposed. Edna—I know you didn't—you weren't there.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Lover's Quarrel.

Since you desire that we should part, And, taking each his own, Should render back with honest heart What was the other's loan, Before my gems, which at your feet I poured, I want those kisses sweet I gave a hundredfold; Then when in turn you claim your due You will not find that I withhold All those I had from you.—Chicago Tribune.

In Search of Information.

"What a methodical fellow you are, Dobbs!" said Filkins, who had stepped into Dobbs' office during the latter's absence.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Dobbs.

"To think that you should lock all your drawers up when you are only going out for five minutes. 'Tisn't likely that anybody would meddle with your papers."

"Of course not," replied Dobbs; "but how did you find out that the drawers were locked?"—Tit-Bits.

EASILY SHOWN.



"Say, Mr. Bear, have you seen my brother?" "Yes; if you have got an X-ray machine I'll show him to you."—Chicago American.

The Feminine View.

"Mamma," asked small Floramay, "was the earth created before man?" "Certainly, my dear," replied her mother.

"Why was it?" continued the little inquisitor. "It was probably known," explained the wise woman, "that it would be the first thing he'd want after his arrival."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Affinity.

I'd never seen her face before, Yet some affinity divine Us two must link, for as I gazed She turned her head and that turned mine.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.



"Wondah if those girls are talking about us, old fellow?" "Dunnaw, I awsked 'em, and they said they were talking about one thing and another."—Chicago Tribune.

Sorry He Spoke.

"At least," said the young man who was getting ready to spring a proposal, "I'm sure your heart is in the right place."

"I'm so glad you are sure," replied the fair bunch of feminine sweetness, "for I gave it to your cousin Fred last night."—Chicago Daily News.

Weak in Acoustics.

"How do you like the new preacher, Jimmy?" "I think he ort to holler louder; he don't keep me on 'pa awker."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Hard Hit.

First Old Lady (in street car)—There's a case of love at first sight. See that young man hanging to that strap near the door, and that pretty girl in the corner?

Second Old Lady—Yes. First Old Lady—When she came in he jumped as if he was shot by a dart straight from Cupid's bow. He jumped all the way up, too, and gave her his seat.

Judicial Sarcasm.

"What is your age, madam?" asked the judge of a waitress. "Thirty," she replied. "Thirty what?" asked his honor. "Thirty years, of course," snapped the fair waitress.

"Beg pardon," said the judge, "I thought perhaps it was 30 months."—Chicago Daily News.

His Miss-Take.

A young strenuous Mr. Called on a maiden and kr. Said she: "Go seau, You're not my beaud, To you I can be but a ar."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A VICTIM OF HARD LUCK.



"Prof. Stickinud is very unfortunate with his inventions. He blew up with his new gasoline launch and fell in the lake with his improved air ship."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Much Ado, Etc.

He fished all day and he fished all night, With nary a nibble and nary a bite, And then to his friends, with his lying tail, He made a lot out of nothing at all.—Cleveland Leader.

Evaded Walking.

Silas—Old Bender had a terrible skate on last night. Cyrus—That's strange. Thought his wife said he should never put a foot in her yard if he'd been drinking? Silas—Oh, he didn't have to put his foot in it. Some one brought him home in a wheelbarrow.—Chicago Daily News.

Foiled Again.

I bought some patent leather shoes, (It really makes me tired)— I've only worn them three weeks and The patent has expired.—N. Y. Telegram.

TO CHEAT JUSTICE.



"Well, Pat, I heard your brother was sent to prison for life." "Yes, but he's so delicate he'll never live to complete th' sentence."—Chicago Journal.

None Omitted.

"My wife told me when I got in at two o'clock this morning that she didn't propose to wait any words on me."

"Ah! you were in luck." "Not much! She didn't waste any words; she used every one in her vocabulary."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Parental Wisdom.

"I shouldn't think the Smiths would name their new baby 'John'—there are so many John Smiths." "That's a good thing one way. If his name ever gets in the 'police reports' folks won't know whether it's he or some other John Smith."—Puck.

A Particular Lady.

Mrs. Nuritch—I think I'll take this watch. You're sure it's made of refined gold. Jeweler—Certainly. Mrs. Nuritch—Because I do detest anything that ain't refined.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Preference.

"Johnnie, what dentist do you prefer to draw that tooth?" "Well, grandpop, I believe I'd rather have one of these here fellers that gives the absent treatment."—Chicago American.

THREE DAYS WAS ENOUGH.

He Tried the Building-Up Business Long Enough to Get Completely Worn Out.

"I've tried this physical culture business and there's nothing in it," asserted the man with the prominent cheekbones, relates the Chicago Daily News. "I played it according to a system. It was guaranteed to restore the rosy bloom of youth, fill out all hollow places, impart a feeling of energy to brain and body, induce refreshing sleep and a fine appetite."

"I arose at six in the morning, as per instructions—from the waist up. That is, by means of the dorsal muscles I elevated myself to a sitting posture in bed. Then I lowered myself in the same way, without any assistance from the hands, you understand. I did that eight or ten times. Then I got up entirely, opened the window a little wider and took in long drafts of pure, fresh morning air."

"Then I proceeded to the bathroom and took a cold plunge and rubbed myself briskly with a harsh towel. That done, I bent over and touched my toes without bending my knees a few times, then stood upright and with my heels close together twisted my body to the right until I had a clear and uninterrupted view of my left side and then reversed the process. This was repeated until I could nearly make the circuit of myself on my own axis. Still erect, I next raised my hands above my head, brought them down extended with a backward tendency to a level with my shoulders, closed my fists and tightened my muscles until they vibrated. I did this a few times and then got down on all fours and raised and lowered my trunk—I don't mean the receptacle for my clothes, but the upper part of my body. I did this for three or four minutes. The final performance was to approach a sitting posture without actually touching the floor and then straighten up. I did that eight or ten times. Then I dressed and went down to breakfast."

"For breakfast I had tablets of uncooked wheat and a cup of cereal coffee."

"At noon I had some more uncooked wheat and muscular vibrations and I took muscular vibrations, uncooked wheat and fresh air at night."

"Well, it didn't work, that's all. The exercises didn't make me feel energetic. They made me feel as if I needed rest. The drafts of fresh air were too drafty and I got pleurisy mixed up with the oxygen in my lungs. I couldn't notice any bloom of youth on my cheek. I got blue all over after the cold bath and as for sleep—well, I was too blamed tired to sleep. My appetite was also poor."

"How long did you keep it up?" inquired his confidant. "Three days," replied the physical exerciser. "That was a plenty for me."

LIGHT WASHABLE CURTAINS

Fabrics Are Chosen for the Summer That Will Stand the Tub.

When fitting up the summer cottage aim to have everything about the windows dainty and airy. Banish all heavy draperies and substitute only washable sash or long curtains over the shades of dark holland, advises a household authority.

Select a standard curtain in Irish point. Marie Antoinette lace or the newer bonne femmes in ecru net, with renaissance motifs, for the drawing room and library. Dining-room curtains are charming, as are also sash curtains of dotted Swiss or figured net. Cut them the desired length, hem and mount them on small rods of brass.

For chambers there is an almost endless variety in ruffled and plain muslins and nets which will relieve monotony in furnishing. For instance, there are dainty, dotted Swiss, with plain ruffles or profusely trimmed with lace insertion, with dainty, fluted ruffles. The ruffled nets are very attractive and possess the advantage that they do not burn out so quickly after a season's use as do those of Swiss.

Window draperies catch such enormous quantities of dust that the wise housekeeper selects only standard fabrics, which will launder perfectly, and she has them dainty and well-made, so that they will return from the frequent journeys to the tub exquisitely fresh.

Bread Pudding and Prunes.

Bread pudding and prunes—the two nightmares of the boarding house table—can be made into a very palatable dessert by the following process: Dry the bread in the oven or toast it until it is sufficiently hard enough to grate. Take raw prunes, remove pits and chop prunes. Mix in equal proportions, put in whites and yolks of eggs (allowing one for every three portions), beaten up well separately. Sugar to taste, flavor with vanilla, and finely grate the peel of half a lemon. Add this, as well as juice of the same, and bake pudding one-half hour. Serve plain, or with any pudding sauce preferred.—Boston Budget.

Injurious Habit.

Habitually sitting with the legs crossed is apt to do injury. The weight of the one leg is thrown upon the other, pressing upon and overheating and interfering with the action of the nerves and blood vessels of the under leg. A little footstool on which to rest one foot makes an easy and comfortable position in sitting.—Medical Talk for the Home.

Olive Sandwiches.

Olives and little sour pickles wiped dry and cut in slices make good sandwiches. The bread is spread with butter mixed with anchovy paste.—N. Y. Post.