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THEY ARE NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet—
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood,
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal; and we shall surely know
These are not lost.

—Richard Metcalf, in Christian at Work.

THE TRAMP'S REVENGE.

His Life Paid the Penalty of His Crime.

FARMER LESLIE sat smoking in his doorway in the most contented frame of mind possible to a man, for he was at that moment basking in the warm sunshine of prosperity. It gave him a great content, but it was purely an animal content—no chord of his higher nature was touched. As far as the eye could see the hills and the flocks on the hills were his. The excellent woman attending to his corporeal comfort within the dwelling was his. The bright girl sewing at an upper window and the handsome boy galloping along the valley on his new pony were his children. The great barn filled with harvested grain was his. He did not look up and claim the sky, but all else about him was of value as a part of his domain. "Me and mine" was the refrain of his song.

At that moment something came around the corner of the house that did not belong to him, and it gave him a shock—a very disagreeable thrill, that was mostly disgust, and no quality of fear in it. The something was a tramp. The name is synonymous with obloquy, and this specimen did not belie the name. He shivered in the sunlight as if he had the ague. His rags stood out like splinters of distress, telling of a long friction with time. His limbs had that flaccid, relaxed motion which is tpyical of the drunken vagabond. His eyes were bloodshot. The only redeeming features were his voice, which was musical and pathetic, and his manner, which was that of a man who had not always tramped the thoroughfares of the world.

"Sir," he said, touching the rim of a despoiled hat, "will you be so kind as to give me a bite to eat—I am very hungry!"

One would suppose that sitting there in the sunlight of his own happiness Farmer Leslie, the properous man, would have given a generous meal to this off-scouring of humanity—but he did nothing of the kind.

"Be off," he said, "or I'll set the dog on you!"

"I will work—" began the tramp.

"Oh, you will? I don't need your help. I have men to work for me, and not such cattle as you."

Ah, it cut to the quick, as he intended it should. The tramp made a savage spring forward, and a look of vindictive rage crossed his features—then he stopped, swung around and walked away.

"Cattle!" He flung the words out with bitterness. "You're right, friend only—cattle that are made in God's image, and human!"

"So the fellow's had a schooling," was all the comment the farmer made. He did not see a humanitarian episode that was transacted at his back door when his good wife, who had overheard the dialogue, handed out some bread and meat to the tramp.

"CATTLE!"

No, Farmer Leslie knew nothing of that. He was watching a speck far down in the valley that was a whole world to him, his boy galloping from about farmhouse to farmhouse, where his playfellows lived, showing them his new possession, the pony his father had given him for a birthday present.

Farmer Leslie did have soft spots in his heart, but as I have said, they were for "me and mine." He gave no further thought to the wretched, disheartened man he had repulsed. He did not stop to gently scan his brother man, and he did not believe that to step aside is human. So he put the object out of his mind and gave himself up to the contemplation of pleasanter themes.

The tramp lay on the side of a hill far enough from the house to be unrecognizable, and ate Mrs. Leslie's bounty in a semi-savage mood. These were not his real table manners—he had not forgotten them, but if each mouthful he devoured had been the head of an enemy, he could not have been more ghoulish or vicious. Every few moments he would burst into anathemas of speech:

"Cattle! Curse him! What is he? I'd like to make him suffer—yes, I would. Oh, I could die happy just to see that man in my place."

He lay and watched the man he hated, but he divided his attention. His bloodshot agonized eyes were fixed now on the splendid barn that had cost the farmer so many thousands of dollars, and was the pride of the surrounding country. The fellow writhed with impatience.

"I hope he'll read the writing on the wall, and recognize the tramp's hand. I hope he'll—ha—it's working!"

He saw a thin spiral of smoke rising like a crooked forefinger from the roof of the barn. The farmer sitting now with his back turned did not see it.

The tramp watched it and smiled as Cain might have smiled when he slew Abel. He gesticulated fiercely as if to sustain himself in some awful deed; then another look came into his face as he saw a boy ride gayly up to the barn, turn his horse loose, and carrying the saddle on his arm, disappear inside.

One—two—three minutes passed. Nothing had changed except the aspect of that thin spiral of smoke. It was now a column cut off from the roof by a blaze that the sunlight shielded. Farmer Leslie was asleep in his chair.

The tramp rose to his feet. His expression and the evil purpose that had possessed him changed to a look of disreputable virtue. His form expanded and grew taller, but he stood as if rooted to the hills.

Farmer Leslie was aroused now. His wife and daughter were running here

LIKE SHADRACH OF OLD.

and there, shrieking fire, and he was wildly calling for help, to which summons his men working in the field responded. But there was no help that could save the smoldering mass, and no man that could enter that fiery furnace.

"Let it burn," shouted the farmer; "thank God, we are all here."

And at that moment his eye fell on his son's pony grazing in the field near by.

"Alfred!" he shouted. "Is he in the house? Where is Alfred?"

A man darted past him and disappeared in that seething mass of flame and smoke. The group paid no attention to him, but ran distractedly about, calling the name of the boy who was the pride of their lives.

Then there was a cry from within, a smothered cry, taken up and reechoed by those outside as they recognized his voice.

"It is my boy—let me get to him!" shouted Farmer Leslie, struggling in the hands of his men. "I will save him or die with him."

But they could see the shadow of a man who walked like Shadrach of old in the fiery furnace, but unlike him there was the smell of fire on his garments, and if the Saviour of men walked with him, their eyes were hidden that they could not see. He carried a burden that he had covered with his tattered coat. The fire fought for him and wound its long tendrils around him. It put out the light in those bloodshot eyes forever. He was literally blazing when he gathered up the last remnant of his strength, and threw his burden to those who met him half way. Then there was a roar and a crash, and never had man a more magnificent funeral pyre than this would have made. But he stumbled just outside, and a fallen beam pinned him to the earth.

"He saved me, father—I was asleep and he just caught me up in his arms and ran with me, and, oh, father, you will give him money and clothes, and he shall have my pony, and everything."

"Yes, yes, please God, I will make a man of him," said the farmer, as he bent anxiously over the tramp, who, blind and broken, was coming back to consciousness.

"Father—mother," he murmured, "are—you—you—both—here? Take—my—hand."

Mrs. Leslie and her husband sank sobbing on their knees, and each took a hand of the poor outcast.

"It's—getting—light," he said, "I—must—get—up."

He tried to rise but the effort was useless. His poor head refused to move.

"I know," he said in a clear voice, "it's—the—boy. Is—he—safe?"

"Safe, and it is you who saved him. Live, my friend, that we may show you how grateful we are," said the farmer, suddenly humanized.

"Yes—I—saved him—and lost—myself. Perhaps God will know, and take this into account. Forgive me."

"What! For saving my boy's life?"

"No." There was a brief death agony, then a look of peace as life's latest breath drifted with the words: "I would have been a murderer if I had let him die in the flames that—my—hand—kindled!"—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

A POSTMASTER WHO TUMBLED.

Profited by the Fate of Those Who Had Gone Before.

It was in a far west village of about 500 people, and the postmaster was so bland and courteous when the mail came in that I felt it my duty to give him a few words of praise.

"I hev to do it—hev to do it," he whispered in reply. "Come to the door with me. D'ye see them three graves over thar?"

"Yes."

"Them's my predecessors in office—three of 'em!"

"Postmasters who have died, eh?"

"Postmasters who hev been killed, sir—wiped out right here because they didn't tumble to human natur' around a post office!"

"You must have a special brand of human nature in this town?" I queried.

"Exactly, sir. Mebby you noticed old Bill Wheeler? He's never got a letter in his life and probably never will, but when he asks for mail I go over the whole grist and do it mighty careful, too. If I jest said: 'Nuthin' for you, Bill,' he'd out with a gun and blaze away. Did ye take notice of that one eyed feller, Jim Hastings? Of course I know thar ain't no letter fur him, but I hev to run 'em over and inquire about his health and keep him good natured. He shot the first postmaster here. P'aps you observed the little old woman with a bundle under her arm—John Dawson's wife? Her husband shot the second postmaster because he wouldn't open the office Sunday afternoon."

"And what was the third one shot for?"

"Got too high-toned. Uncle Tom Wallace tried to get him out of bed at midnight to see if there was a letter for him, but he bucked. Uncle Tom kinder hated to shoot, but felt that he orter do it fur an example."

"And do you get up nights?"

"I don't hev to. I leave the mail out here in a basket, keep a light burnin' and the door open, and if anyone wants to paw the grist over he's at liberty to do it. It's the same on Sundays, and I guess the folks are purty well satisfied with the way things is runnin'. Leastwise I hain't bin shot at in the four months I've had the place, and I take that as a sign."—N. O. Picayune.

SHE HAD TIME.

Even Though She Said Good-By, She Had Leisure to Say More.

He was the proud and haughty guard at the railway gate, and they were two ladies who disliked to be separated very much.

"Good-by," said the one with the valise and the red pasteboard box tied up with white string.

"Good-by," replied the one who had no luggage.

"Be sure and tell mother good-by for me, won't you?"

"Yes, and you must be sure to give my love to all the folks."

"I will. They will be so sorry you couldn't come with me."

"I know it; but you will explain just how it was. I certainly wanted to come."

"You won't forget to lock the piano so that baby won't put buttons and scraps into the strings."

"Yes."

"And shut the windows when it rains."

"Of course."

"Well, I must hurry. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Then they kissed and parted and the traveler with some difficulty extracted her ticket from the valise. Just as she got to the guard she gave a little scream.

"Oh!" she said, "there is something I want to say to her. Will I have time?"

"How long will you need?" he asked, as he looked at her ticket.

"Just half a minute."

"Oh, then, you will have plenty of time. It'll be ten hours before your train starts."

"But the time table says it goes at nine o'clock."

"Yes'm. And it is now just one minute past nine."—Washington Star.

—Mistress (who has long suspected her servant of having a follower and thinks she has caught her at last)—"Mary, your master wishes to know the meaning of those large footmarks; can you explain?" Mary—"O, yes, mum; my sister's been here, and she has got the gout so bad she has got to wear big boots."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The Wife—"You are a poor excuse for a man." The Husband—"I must be, my dear, if I married you to get a better half."—Truth.

—Mrs. Fern—"What! Married again, and your wife has only been dead three weeks?" The Carpenter—"Why, yes. Isn't she as dead as she ever will be?"—Soundings.

—Summer Landlord—"Well, how does the thermometer stand this morning?" Summer Guest—"It does not stand, it lies, by about fifteen degrees."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"It must have been a love match, for she knew he was poor." "No, he told her he had only a remnant of his fortune left, and she, of course, thought she'd get a bargain."—Inter Ocean.

—Deacon Bragg—"Do you think it is sinful to marry for money?" Rev. Mr. Tium—"It never occurred to me so; on the contrary, sometimes I have thought the fee was too small."—Boston Globe.

—"Jack Brown and his sister Emily are twins, aren't they?" "They are now, but they won't be when Jack's thirty. Emily will never consent to be the same age as Jack then."—Harper's Bazar.

—"I understand," said the man of general information, "that the King of Siam has a hundred wives." "Great Scott," exclaimed Mr. Meekins; "no wonder he isn't looking for war."—Washington Star.

—"I hope, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher to her new scholar, "that your parents are good Christians." "Well, ma is," replied Johnny; "and pa used to be, but I guess he is a little out of practice now."

—Fizzleum—"I went home full the other night, and had the greatest difficulty in finding the keyhole." Squizzleum—"I can always find a dozen when I go home in that condition."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Not Much Danger.—Mr. Snooper (boastingly)—"I carry my life in my hand." Miss Giddey (with a glance at the size of his hand)—"I should say your life was safe."—Detroit Free Press.

—Colored Philosophy.—"Why, Sam, how do you expect to get that mule along with a spur only on one side?" "Well, boss, if I gets dat side to go, ain't de udder one boun' to keep up?"—Yankee Blade.

—A Dangerous Summer Girl.—He—"So we are engaged. Isn't it lovely?" She—"Perfectly." He—"I wonder if anybody saw me when I kissed you last night?" She—"I hope so." He—"What?" She—"I hope so." He—"Why?" She—"I mean business and want witnesses.—Detroit Free Press.

—From One Point of View.—"I wonder," said one of the loungers," what was the origin of the swallow-tailed coat?" "It is my idea," said the grizzle-whiskered man from Montana, "that they were cut that way in the first place to make it handy for a man to git his gun."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Young Man—"Why don't you go faster? I am going to be married this morning and at this rate I will arrive too late for the wedding." Driver (sympathetically)—"Well, what of that? I am giving you plenty of time to think better of it."—Chips.

—An Experienced Man.—Jeweler—"Yes, sir, I will engrave anything you wish on this ring without extra charge." Young Man—"Inscribe on it 'From George to Alice.'" Jeweler—"H'm. The lady is your sister, maybe?" Young Man—"The fact is this is an engagement ring." Jeweler—"Ah, my young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply 'From George.' Then it will do for another time, you know."—Iowa State Register.

To Fit a Sewing Room.

A most desirable adjunct to a house where much sewing is done is a room set apart exclusively for a sewing room. It need not be large, and it should not be carpeted or contain more than the necessary furniture; but the convenience of such a room where one may be sure of finding needles and thread, pieces of gowns, braid and all the accessories of dressmaking and repairing can hardly be over estimated. The floor should be stained and varnished, so that its daily brushing up will be easy to do. The sewing machine should be placed in strong light by a window; from hooks on the wall should depend all the family piece bags, the pieces carefully sorted; shelves should be put up to hold boxes of buttons, trimmings, patterns, etc. A cutting table or lapboard is of course indispensable, as is a low rocking-chair, without arms. A long mirror in which the full length of one's figure may be seen is the greatest possible convenience, and, if cutting and fitting is accomplished without the aid of a professional dressmaker, a dress form saves the time and temper of some member of the family who must otherwise serve as a dummy.—Philadelphia Press.

He'd Been Backed.

Horseman—That is a remarkably fine animal you are driving, madame.

Lady—O, I wouldn't part with this horse for the world. He's just as gentle as can be, and real fast, too.

Horseman—So I should judge. Has he ever been backed against any noted trotters?

Lady—Well, I don't know, but it seems to me we back against pretty much everything in the street every time I attempt to turn 'round.—N. Y. Weekly.

RAMBLES IN EPPING FOREST.

A Place That is a Favorite Resort for Holiday Parties From London.

On summer Saturdays, Sundays and holidays thousands of trippers go to Epping forest. They come down by train loads and wagon loads, and most of them bring the day's provender in hampers, baskets, and bags, and bundles, from which, as the custom of the country is, the jovial jug and the festive bottle are not wanting, and the alluring cask is often conveyed under the coachman's seat. But no matter how many thousands of holiday makers go up to Epping forest, there are always nooks enough for quiet and for freedom from intrusion. The best places in the woods have, like the best places elsewhere, to be searched for, and, when found, they should be noted for further use.

I went down the other day to visit William Westall, the novelist, who lives in a cozy cottage at High Beech, with the loveliest portion of forest in front of his windows, and the whole range of it, as he says, for his private park. It was like being in some remote place in the Midlands or some pretty isolated spot in rolling Devon. We trudged in the forest half a day, and we were ever coming upon new beauties of woodland and surprises of landscapes. The whole thing was a revelation. I had previously shared the usual notions of London with regard to Epping forest, but this first visit dispersed them all. When a day or two later I heard a friend say that he had driven through the forest and had seen no tree larger than a sapling, and no wilderness beside scrubby underbrush, I unfolded to him a tale of my own tramping there which he could not reconcile with his own experiences on top of a coach. But it was easy then to understand how it is that the average Londoner knows so little about the place. I went there on a Saturday. The trains were well laden, and the roads are well ground under the heels and wheels of half-holiday cockneys. There must have been several thousands picnicking in the forest. In some places we could hear them, and at some places we could see them. But a few strides would take us out of sight and out of hearing, and we might have been fifty or 100 miles away from any living creatures—except the birds, the insects, or an occasional strolling cow.

Epping itself is a curious little town, with an inn, I should think, to every inhabitant. It is a droll, sleepy place, where nobody goes and nothing is done. Waltham (pronounced "Waltam") abbey is not in the forest, but you get a glimpse of it from High Beech, and somebody reminds you that the dust of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, lies buried there. Then there is the flat land of Wanstead and the pretty land of Woodford.

But one does not care a button for the villages. The forest is our concern. It was wise on the part of the city fathers to leave the forest in a state of nature. The only bad roads I have seen in England are in the forest. But they are bad only by comparison with the other English roads. They would be thought amazing fine in the rural parts of most of our states.

There is any amount of delightful woodland scenery in Epping forest. It is old world forestry, altogether unlike our own. There are glades here like old Norman churches, and groves like gothic cathedral naves. As for foliage—there were never such masses of shifting green outside of these islands. And the forest is alive with singing birds. There are great populations of nightingales, and from the neighboring fields the larks mount clamoring.

The forest is set in a pretty country, and you can reach it in half an hour by the train. East London, though, is fond of going down by road. One does not see innumerable wagon loads of hard-fisted, strong-voiced townspeople moving countryward from our American cities for a day's outing. But here the sight is common enough. Part of the pleasure of living in England comes in these road jaunts which everybody takes in one way or another. In America we would prefer electric cars, and by so much miss the fun of the fair. But then we have not the good roads, and if we had them we should still be without the snug inns. In England there is always the inn, and the meat and drink, and one or a hundred and one, can jaunt without taking thought where he may munch and rest. It is a very comfortable country, and you would think so if you could see the Eastenders making for Epping forest.—Boston Herald.

Curiosities of the Wild Fig Tree.

The wild fig tree is found at various points along the southern coast, being entirely tropical, and most every island in the Everglades contains more or less of them. This is a remarkable tree. It first makes its appearance as the creeper and seizes on the largest tree it can find, continuing to encircle it in its meshes until it deprives it of life, when it feeds upon the decayed matter and becomes a beautiful tree. On one of the islands in the Everglades during Gen. Harney's operations, two of these large wild fig trees were discovered, standing about ten feet apart, which decorated the center of the island. They had each attacked a palmetto and one of them was dead, but the top of the other was still blooming in the center, although completely surrounded. The Indian name of the wild fig tree is "ho-co-moth-locco."—St. Augustine News.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Germany's average annual production of wine during the past thirteen years has been 56,000,000 gallons. The area of land under vine cultivation has varied but little in that time, being about 300,000 acres. A third of the total product is made in Alsace and Lorraine.

—The milk production of the chief European countries must be estimated by the millions and millions of gallons a head. Germany heads the list with 3,127,960 millions of gallons; next comes France with 2,225,740 millions of gallons; England is third with 1,963,500 millions of gallons.

—Northern Delaware will have some of the best wheat lands in the country. One farmer in New Castle county reports an average of 30 bushels per acre upon 160 acres; another reports an average of 33½ bushels per acre, and another an average of 35 bushels per acre. A small field, recently in asparagus, yielded an average of 50 bushels per acre.

—The largest band-sawing machine in the world has recently been completed in England and sent to Tasmania. The machine can saw through a maximum depth of seventy-five inches, and the carriage will accommodate logs fifty feet long and weighing about fifty tons. It is asserted that this saw cuts even faster than a circular saw, while wasting 75 per cent. less wood.

—It seems hard to realize that the lightest whisper must continue its rounds of existence throughout all eternity, yet on the belief that such is the fact is based all modern physics and very many of the useful adjuncts of modern civilization. It is now realized that force, like matter, is indestructible, and that where matter is we must look for force or energy in close relation to it.

—Interesting experiments with rattlesnake venom are in progress at the pathological laboratory of Johns Hopkins university. The captured rattler is excited to strike at a glass saucer, into which the poison from its fangs falls. This is then injected in minute quantities beneath the skin of rabbits, and as soon as the unsuspecting animals are dead they are dissected to show the action of the venom.

—The age of the late dragon tree of Orotava was variously estimated at from 6,000 to 10,000 years. On the lowest estimate it surpassed not only Domesday oaks and Soma cypresses, but the Hedsor yew, with its 3,200 years, and Alphonse Karr's baobabs, of Senegal. Balfour gives the ages, as ascertained by De Condolle, of the cypress as 350 years, the oak 1,500, the yew 2,820 and the baobab as probably the same as the yew.

—A prominent English physician of large experience with drunkards, says that he can recall hundreds of recoveries among men, but only five among women. As an instance of the cunning with which female inebriates gratify their appetite for liquor the following story is related. Some women in a retreat asked for curling tongs, a very natural request. Next, they wanted methylated spirits with which to heat the irons, and finally they wheedled hot water, sugar and lemon juice out of one of the maids. Out of these liquids they contrived a concoction to satisfy their craving for alcohol.

—Various attempts have been made to account for the diversity in shape seen in eggs. A recent study convinces Dr. Nicolsky that the differences may all be traced to gravity, and he finds his idea confirmed by all the eggs in the zoological collection of the St. Petersburg university. He supposes that pressure by the sides of the ovary tends to elongate the egg before the shell has hardened. In birds which keep a vertical position while at rest, as do the falcon and the owl, the soft egg is made short by the action of the weight of the body against the ovarian pressure; while in birds that, like the grebe, are nearly always swimming, the egg is lengthened, because the bird's weight acts with the compression by the ovary. The egg is made more pointed at one end than at the other in birds that, like the guillemot, are frequently changing their position, sometimes swimming and diving, sometimes perching on the rocks, etc.

The Comfortable Corset Cover.

In speaking of the corset cover it may be said that a great many women dispense with it. It is claimed that taking away, as it certainly does, from the shape of the stays, it tends to make the bodice less perfect in its fit. Naturally, every woman has her own ideas on this subject, but the correct cover of to-day and that of ten years ago are so entirely different that it may be doubted as to whether the argument holds good. In the first place it is not laden with trimmings, it is made to fit as closely as possible, and its seams are very small ones, done after the fashion of a French hem. Sleeves are no longer noted, but if a cover is low in the neck a simple band is all that is necessary, while if it is high and cut out round, square or pointed, the shoulder portion forms all that is necessary. The arms' eyes oftenest have a simple hem finish, very narrow and very flat. Lace outlines the opening of the neck, and this may be drawn in with a love ribbon, but anything that will in any way make a "bunchiness" is avoided. Small pearl buttons are used for the closing, and the cover itself should be fitted to be a little longer than the stays.—Ladies' Home Journal.