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## FAITH

A happy child plays on the floor,
And stacks his blocks and sings,
And he knows naught of ancient lore,
And naught of worldly things;
But faith is in his heart, and when
'Tis dark he kneels to pray,
And what is all the lore of men—
The fairest fruit of brush or pen—
Against the faith he has—the faith I, too,
would claim one day?

Beside the great cathedral door
A poor old woman stands,
A stranger unto worldly lore,
With knotted, tired hands!
But faith is rooted in her breast,
She hears the bell above,
And on the Book her lips are pressed,
And when 'tis night she goes to rest
Triumphantly believing in her Saviour's
holy love!

O sage, what is the lore you teach?
O man of science, all
The wise conclusions that you reach
Are pitiful and small
Beside the faith of him who plays
About upon the floor—
Beside the faith of her whose days
Were sunless if she might not raise
The Book to trusting lips that say an ave
at the door!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago-Times Herald.

## A Narrow Escape

THE end had come. The old firm name which had been carried like a banner above the commerce of the city was down. It was dragging in the dust. Arthur Wilkinson, last of his line, heir to his father's fortune and responsibilities, who had made a mucker of affairs too large and far reaching for him to manage, attained the conclusion that the simplest thing for him to do was to put a sharp quietus to a life whose energies had evidently been misapplied.

There were, of course, complications. There always are. To begin with, there was Winnifred Inderrierden. He had expected to marry her—they had, in fact, had an unusual courtship, the particulars of which it would be a pleasure to relate, if there were time. Which there is not. He knew what her expectations were. She had always been surrounded by luxuries. It would hardly occur to her that there could be any other conditions—for Winnifred Inderrierden. She loved him, he thought, but after all, it had been a love that fed on the beautiful and on the luxurious. They had usually met in the evening, she exquisitely attired and in her best mood, he eager for the diversion which her vivacity afforded him, and the delight which her loveliness gave. They had eaten in the stately Inderrierden dining-room together. They had driven abroad on the boulevard at the gayest hour, in the most fetching of carts; they knew the opera together and the orchestral concerts. Their love had "fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life." How would it weather storms of poverty and self-denial and social oblivion? The simplest way out of his difficulties, Arthur Wilkinson assured himself again, was to make the sharp quietus.

Why could he not stop thinking, having made his resolution? Why must he remember these hideous details that brought the blood in hot rush to his jaded face? Why must he recollect old Effinger, for 20 years the manager of the house, whose careful savings had gone up with the rest? Effinger impoverished, and in his old age, and because of the fatuous folly of an incompetent ass who lacked the ability to run a concern himself, and who had not the sense to ask advice of his elders!

There were other things which were no less distressing to remember. There were the men and women who had counted on steady employment from the firm, some of whom had every reason to suppose that their vocation for life was fixed. He knew some of the young men who had married upon this supposition, men who had been his friends for years, and who trusted him entirely. He was, unfortunately for his peace of mind, acquainted with the private life of many of his employes. He knew what their responsibilities were. He thought of Maggie O'Neill, who cared for five brothers and sisters and who had no one to help her in the fight—patient Maggie, whose eyes had always looked into his with frank good-will and gratitude.

He calmly set a date for his decisive act, and counted the days with something like anticipation. The burden of chagrin and regret upon him was so heavy that the thought of rest was heavenly indeed. He had no doubt, he told himself, that the grave meant absolute oblivion. When that ingenious piece of workmanship, the brain, ceased its restless labors, there was nothing—no knowledge, no fears, no joys. Oblivion was best. Still, what if his reckonings were wrong? What if he found himself plunged yet more irretrievably into a sea of remorse? What if—but what childish folly. The grave was the grave. It was the period. When one achieved death, one wrote "finis."

"This is the day of my release," said he, and the heart which had dragged at him till it seemed an unsupportable physical burden was eased a trifle. He lingered long over his bath and took note of all the comforts he enjoyed in his pleasant rooms. Then he made an inventory of the furniture and bric-a-brac and laid it where it could be easily found. He took his watch, which had been a gift from his father, pawned it for all that it would bring, and sent the money to Maggie O'Neill, giving her no hint of the donor. He wrote a note of abject apology to poor old Effinger—an apology such as a dying man writes to one he has ruined. Then he called on Winnifred Inderrierden.

It was late afternoon and she was receiving, so when he went in he found her with many others.

"Is there no hope that I can see you alone for a moment?" he managed to say, getting close to her at the tea table. She looked up smilingly.

"I'm afraid not, Art. What made you so stupid as to come to-day? Don't you remember that Thursdays—"

"I haven't been remembering anything very well recently," he said, and moved away.

"But you are coming back?" she called. He shook his head, bowed ceremoniously to the ladies near him, and left. What a bright, elate, unsophisticated face his sweetheart had! She dwelt in a world apart from his. She had known nothing but sunshine, and could not even guess at such travail of the spirit as he was enduring. It was just as well, no doubt.

He wondered that he did not suffer more acutely at his parting with the woman he loved, and suspected that he was not living up to the full opportunity for pain. But it seemed a little thing to make a personal sacrifice after what he had endured. If it had only been within his power to give up more and so retrieve the disaster for those who had trusted him, then it might not be necessary to do the dreadful thing that remained to be done that night. He looked at his watch. Dinner had taken him a long time. It had been a good dinner, consisting of the things he liked best. That particular waiter had served him for two years and they silently enjoyed each other's society. Arthur arose now and held his glass in his hand.

"Dixon," said he, "have the kindness to fill that glass over there and to drink with me to—to the past, Dixon."

"But that will do no good, sir," said the colored boy, looking worried. He did not like the gentleman's manner.

"Nothing does any good, Dixon, but drink." So the man did as he was bid. After he had paid for his dinner Arthur laid a little pigskin purse upon the table.

"Dixon, I have often tipped you. To-night I am not going to do so, because you seem like a friend—the last friend I have—and one does not tip one's friends. But kindly take this little purse and in it put the tips of other men, remembering me."

"But are you going away, Mr. Wilkinson?"

"No, Dixon, I don't know that I could say I was going anywhere. Some folks would think I was about to take a long journey. But it seems to me that I am making myself stationary. It depends upon how you look at it, Dixon. Good night."

"Good night, sir. If—if I can be of any service to you—"

"No, no! Good night."

It was strange that the world would keep up its unseemly roar when a man sat preparing himself for death! Why did the streets not grow quiet? They would certainly be quiet before dawn. He would wait till there was silence. A soul ought to have that much consideration shown it when it passed from being.

The young man sat in his most comfortable chair in the darkness of his room. He could not endure the glare of the lights, and the sight of material objects distracted his thoughts. He endeavored to forget the things that tortured him—tried the experiment of concentrating his thoughts upon one idea, and that idea, oblivion. To be extinguished—what more could a weary man desire? To forget the betrayed trust, and entailed misery, the bad judgment, the foolish prodigality, the uneager love, the self-seeking friends, the easy scorn, that was the best thing. And in the grave was forgetfulness.

The night passed feverishly. He had no idea whether it was hours or minutes that were passing. He was merely waiting for the noise to cease, and presently there was silence.

"Now," said he, and lifted a glass in his cold and steady hand. But something came between him and the faint light from the distant street lamp. There was an unexpected darkness at the window. Involuntarily he withheld the glass from his lips. A second later a masked man stood in the room. He could not see Arthur, who was in a black shadow. But Arthur took note of him—of his height, his width of shoulder, of the position of his arms, and then with a cry that was half a laugh he sprang at him. A deep, inarticulate sound, almost a sob, came from the man's throat. He made an effort to reach his weapon. His arm was pinioned to his side. The strength of the young man who had attacked was peculiar and unnatural, like that of a madman, and as he wrestled and clutched and struggled he laughed.

The mask came off, and the two looked each other in the eyes.

The burglar shrieked.

"You're crazy!" he gasped, white and horrified.

"Will you go?" asked Arthur. "Say you will go and I'll let you loose."

The man made a sign. But Arthur would not trust him. He was [illegible] himself, and the man had a weapon. He had no intention of losing his life through mere lack of caution, so he backed the burglar to the window and with one terrible push sent him headlong through it. Listening and still smiling he heard the heavy fall on the pavement below.

"It's only [illegible] feet," said he aloud. "It oughtn't to hurt him much."

Then he sat down in his chair and trembled violently.

"That was certainly a narrow escape," he said to himself. "How it was that he didn't get the drop on me I don't know."

His head hit against the [illegible] place of the shattered window [illegible] he recollected his intention of a few moments before. Then the humor of the situation struck him. He threw back his head and laughed till the crippled burglar heard it and dragged his injured body away as rapidly as he could.

"I think I'll toddle back to the fighting line," mused Arthur Wilkinson. "No one need know I was a deserter. I'll stand by my guns—if there are any which the enemy have not taken. And meanwhile I'll send another letter to old Effinger. I'll ask him to come here and take pot luck with me—play I'm his son—till better days come. He'll give me good advice. I'll win out. I've got to. And I will. As for Winnifred, wouldn't it be more decent of me to leave her to some one who will love her better? We can live without each other too easily, Winnifred and I. Then to work, to work, to work."

The moon came up and was flooding the room. Arthur looked at it appreciatively.

"You are pretty," he said to Cynthia, in his most complimentary tone. He took a drink of water. "What is there in all the world so delicious?" he commented. Then he undressed and looked at the warm rotundity of his young body with something akin to reverence.

"It's a mystic temple," said he. "Who am I that I dare devastate it?" And then he flung himself on his knees and breathed in contrition:

"Surely the hand of Providence was here!"

He slept like a child, and sometimes in his sleep he laughed like one who has a pleasant dream.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Drummer.

Judge Clark, of the North Carolina supreme court, had to open court at Oxford one winter. When he got to Henderson he found a deep snow on the ground, and the railroad from that place to Oxford in those days did not run in such weather. So the judge set out in a buggy, with a driver whose customers had theretofore been commercial tourists. He took the judge for a drummer, and tried to beguile the tedium by talking over the hardware line. Not finding him exactly well posted on that he took up the dry goods business. Not doing much better with that he successively tried him on notions, groceries, liquors and others. Having exhausted all the "lines" he could think of, he finally asked: "You are a drummer, are you not?" "Yes," said the judge, "I am somewhat in that line." "Well, what is your line?" said the driver. "I am a drummer for the state penitentiary." The driver, saying to himself, half aloud: "You are the first one in that line that ever came along here," drove the rest of the way in silence. When the conveyance drove up to the hotel in Oxford the landlord ran out to greet his guest. When the driver heard his passenger called "judge" the point dawned on him, and he dashed around the house, scattering a cloud of snow with his wheels.—N. Y. Tribune.

### The Gunner's Wife.

Among the traditions of the British navy, one centers about a woman. She was the wife of a gunner serving on board the flagship of Rodney, when that famous squadron attacked the French fleet off the island of Dominica. By collusion among the sailors, the woman was smuggled aboard before the fleet left England, and her presence was not discovered until the great battle was in progress. Rodney was on the quarter-deck, when, looking down, he saw, to his amazement, a woman aiding the service of a gun of the main battery. In the heat of the battle, the admiral overlooked this extraordinary breach of discipline, but when the fight was won, he summoned the woman to his presence. "What are you doing here?" he demanded, with sternness. "Fighting the French," she answered, boldly. "My husband was wounded and dragged below, so I took his place. Do you think I'm afraid of the French, just because I'm a woman?" The admiral's discipline weakened for once. He reprimanded the woman, but his words were gentle. The gunner's wife sailed on the ship which carried to England the news of Rodney's victory, and in her pocket were ten guineas from the admiral's purse.—Youth's Companion.

### Quite Funny.

Patience—There's something about Tom's mustache that makes me laugh.

Patrice—Is that so? It tickles me, too.—Yonkers Statesman.

## A SEA OF SNAKES.

### Remarkable Sight Witnessed by a Government Official in the Philippines.

The most remarkable story that has reached Washington from the Philippines up to date has been brought back by Dr. George F. Becker, who was sent by this government not long ago to study and report upon the geology and mineral resources of the archipelago. It is a tale of snakes, and, guaranteed as it is by the asseveration of so distinguished a scientist, it may well excite interest. For, whereas hitherto serpents have frequently figured in popular narrative by dozens or even by hundreds, Dr. Becker describes those he saw as swarming by tens of thousands, over vast areas of sea in the midst of our new possessions. But it will be best to let him speak for himself.

"I was going by steamer," he says, "from Cebu to Jolo, my route lying across the sea of Jolo, and I estimate that on our way we passed through about 100 miles of snakes. I watched them over the side of the vessel, and there seemed to be no end to their numbers. Of course, it is impossible to make a guess worth having in such a matter, but by a simple method of computation I have reckoned that there were about 5,000 serpents to each square mile. As I have said, we passed through 100 miles of them, and if the 'school' was as broad as it was long, one might reckon the entire number of snakes at 50,000,000.

"I had often heard of these sea serpents which swarm in eastern seas, swimming on the surface when it is calm. In the Gulf of Siam they are found in such numbers that vessels at anchor commonly thread their cables through barrels, to prevent the reptiles from climbing up the ropes and coming aboard. They are true snakes and extremely venomous. In fact, they are among the most dangerous of all snakes, being numbered among the Thanatophidia, or deadly serpents of that part of the world. A bite inflicted by one of them is as surely and swiftly fatal as that of the dreaded cobra. Furthermore, they are very fierce and aggressive, and will attack human beings whenever they get a chance. Fishermen in waters infested by them are exceedingly afraid of them and exercise [illegible] chance [illegible] into the [illegible].

"More than 30 species of the hydrophis, as this family of venomous water snakes is called, are known to science. [illegible] one of them is deadly. They [illegible] found in the open seas, not frequenting the shallows. Occasionally they are seen in the tidal rivers, and now and then they are thrown up on shore by the current. They seem to be very delicate, and seldom live long in captivity. Those I saw were three or four feet long, but I understand that some of them attain a length of six feet or even more. They exhibit considerable variety of form. Some are distinguished by very long necks and small heads, while all have fin-like tails. Their bodies are much flattened toward the rear end, so as to enable them to steer better. Those I saw were black near the head and yellow on the belly, the black and yellow combining in a very pretty checker pattern toward the tail.

"These marine snakes have long been regarded as curiosities by naturalists. It is probable that they use their deadly venom to kill the fishes on which they prey. Their bodies are filled almost entirely by their lungs, which are of great size in order that they may be enabled to stay under water for a long time. Their eyes are modified for seeing in the water, and so, when taken out of their natural element they seem blinded and strike fiercely at everything. Their fangs, like those of the cobra, are always erect."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Blessings of Civilization.

The graceful, firm gait of the Hawaiian people, but especially that of the women, has been attributed to the habit of going barefoot. Shoes have never been used. Generally cheap straw sandals of the Chinese were used in muddy weather. The example of another neat race, the Japanese, has had its sway, and clogs are also used, keeping the feet out of the dirt. Alas! the graceful walk must go, for Yankee shoes, with pointed toes and narrow soles and heels, are seen on the feet and in the stores. When the women wiggle along the walk as do the tourists, they will no longer be able to lift their white gowns from the sidewalks to avoid the water which stands in puddles after the sidewalks and streets are watered by hose and carts.—Woman's Journal.

### A Misdemeanor.

Teacher—Thomas, I saw you laugh just now. What are you laughing about?

Tommy—I was just thinking about something.

"You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again."—Tit-Bits.

### He Won the Game.

"How is your brother, Tommy?"

"Sick in bed; he's hurt himself."

"How did he do that?"

"We were playing at who could lean furthest out of the window, and he won."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A CHEMICAL CUPBOARD.

### For the Safe Keeping of Powerful Acids and Alkalis Used in House Work.

The average housekeeper has a natural and well founded objection to "chemicals," by which she generally means powerful acids or alkalis, which are used in housecleaning and in laundry work. Only in exceptional cases are such powerful articles used in cooking, and they should certainly be avoided in the domestic kitchen, as it requires a practical chemist to handle them properly. Acids that are classed as "non-poisonous," yet produce the powerful effects ascribed to them, may be very deleterious to health, and in that sense dangerous to use and poisonous in the hands of an ignorant person who does not know how to use them.

The only powerful chemicals which should be used about the house are those simple alkalis and acids used for cleaning. Virulent poisons, like oxalic acid, should be avoided, because such simple ingredients as vinegar and salt will accomplish the same result. It is a good plan to keep all such articles in a cupboard by themselves. Such a place can be formed by blocking off a corner of the shelf of the pantry where dishes, not food, are kept. There are many of these chemicals which are dangerous in the hands of a young child, hence they should be kept out of reach of children. Ammonia, even weak household ammonia, may destroy the hearing when spilled in the cavity of the ear or destroy the eyesight if it touches a delicate part of the eye. It is valuable as a washing fluid, and is used in the bath to soften water. It should be used, however, very moderately, as it renders the skin dry and rough when used too freely in the water. The same thing may be said of most of the washing powders and other compounds which assist in washing. Soap powders are a fruitful cause of chapped hands. Where any such article as an alkali or soap powder is used there should be a simple acid toilet wash used afterward to correct its effect on the hands. A proportion of one-fifth citric acid, two-fifths of glycerine and two-fifths rosewater makes a very good and perfectly safe preparation to use on the hands. This should be rubbed over the hands after they have been subject to dishwater or laundry suds in which alkali soaps or soap powders or washing fluids have been used. Ammonia is not so good as a little alcohol in washing windows, kerosene lamp chimneys or any glass about the house. Ammonia is apt to leave a blur over the glass which it is difficult to clean off. Strong ammonia eats into the glass, so that a permanent blur is created.

Salsoda is a chemical that must be used very carefully. As a washing fluid it injures delicate goods, and totally destroys the color of most colored goods. Borax is a safer article to use, as it is comparatively mild in its effects.

Galvanized and polished iron sinks and cooking utensils of polished sheet iron are cleaned by the use of boiling hot vinegar and salt. Let spiders soak on the back of the stove with a strong solution of hot vinegar and salt in them. When all signs of black are gone, polish the spiders well and wash and wipe them dry. Sinks may be very successfully cleaned with turpentine and boiling water. Turpentine is a very useful chemical to keep in the closet.—N. Y. Tribune.

## THE STOCK POT.

### A Great Saving to the Household Purse and a Source of Gastronomic Enjoyment.

No house, however small it may be, should be without a stock pot; it is the "save all" of an establishment. There is nothing in the shape of meat that is sweet and wholesome that may not go into the stock pot. For the benefit of the stock pot, you should not allow any one to pick a bone. If you send a joint of cold meat into the kitchen for the servants' dinner never allow them to pick the bone, for the stock pot requires it, and will extract abundant nourishment from it.

In trimming a joint of cold meat for the table, put the trimmings into the stock pot; they tend to clear the stock. Hard crusts of dry bread may be put in; they gather the scum which should be taken off three or four times in a day. Ham, beef, veal, mutton, lamb, pork, bits of poultry, game, in fact the bones or remains of any kind of meat should go into the stock pot. Cold carrots and parsnips or the remains of onion sauce or gravy, the outside stems of celery, thoroughly cleaned and cut up, should go into the stock pot. In this you have the ground work of almost all kinds of gravies and soups.

The stock pot should be made with a faucet. The top being not quite at the bottom allows room for sediment, and thus you can draw off the stock perfectly clear. It should be drawn off and thoroughly cleared out about every 24 hours, when the bones and the like should be removed. The saving in a year by means of the stock pot is something enormous.—Prairie Farmer.

### An Easy Mark.

Bill—I've been to see a palm reader.

Jill—And did you believe what he told you?

"Yes, I did. He told me I was too easy, and then charged me two dollars."—Yonkers Statesman.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

No man ever attains such a high position but some one will call him down.—Chicago Daily News.

Primitive Woes.—Lillian—"What awful hardships our forefathers must have experienced." Blanche—"Yes, just think, they didn't have olives."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Yes," said the Spanish statesman; "we must reestablish our navy." "True," replied the other; "but what have we to begin with?" "Well, thank goodness! we still have plenty of water."—Philadelphia Record.

Visitor—"What was the matter with the man they just brought in?" Doctor—"Stuck his head through a pane of glass." Visitor—"How did he look?" Doctor—"His face wore an injured expression."—Baltimore News.

"Mrs. Wiggins," remarked the minister, "we wish you would let your daughter join the choir." "Oh, I couldn't think of it!" was the reply. "Minnie has such a sweet disposition and I don't want to spoil her."—Ohio State Journal.

"The modern 'old maid,'" said the boarder, "is a good deal more progressive than her predecessors." "Oh, I guess not. The old maid of other days managed to have the latest wrinkle as well as any one," said the Cheerful Idiot.—Indianapolis Press.

## HUNTING CHINCHILLA

### South American Indians Use Dynamite to Capture the Valuable Animals.

Killing chinchilla with the aid of dynamite is one of the lucrative pastimes of the South American Indians which enriches the commerce of the world very considerably. This season more than ever before chinchilla has been the fashionable fur used in the manufacture of cloaks, muffs and for the trimming of costly hats.

High in the mountains the nimble-footed chinchilla are caught and killed by half savage Indians. Tact and skill are needed to allure the cautious little animal from its hole in the earth. Originally the Indians used to use cactus prongs, which are long and sharp, to capture them in their holes by impaling them on the end of this natural formed spear. This punctured the skin and impaired its value. The trappers tried to smoke the chinchilla out by making great fires near the entrance of the burrows, but the smoke, it was found, caused the skin to turn yellow, which seriously depreciated their value. Now the more progressive Indians use dynamite.

After locating the chinchilla they form a network of grass and hardy plants, which is placed around the hill on the side of which the animal digs its holes. A dynamite cartridge, with a time fuse attached is then discharged in the center of the net, which frightens the chinchilla so that they leave their holes and scamper wildly to and fro about the space inside the net. The Indians then dash into the arena with clubs and kill them by striking them over the head. This is considered the easiest and best method of killing them, as it does not in any way damage the skins, which vary in value from three to fifteen dollars each. When it is considered that as many as 100 animals are killed in one sortie of this character the value of the skins to the Indians, who are shrewd commercial traders, may be imagined.

Some of the tribe own ferrets, which they use to good advantage. They pay as much as $50 for one. The ferrets are taken to the mountain tops and sent through the furrows, chasing the chinchilla out into the open, where they are clubbed to death with celerity by the waiting Indians. The skins are removed immediately and placed on shrubs to dry. The evening meal of the trappers often consists of the bodies of the slain rodents, the meat of which is white and tender. The hearts of the latter are given to the ferrets as a requital for their work.

A great part of the trapping is done at night, the chinchilla seldom being visible in the daytime. The nights are cool and clear, and there being but little vegetation at the height where the chinchilla are caught, the mountains are for a long period each month illuminated by the rays of the moon, enabling the Indians to move about with great agility for their prey. The chinchilla lives principally on herbs, and often when they come out to feed are trapped by the Indians.

Four times a year the tribes descend into the semi-civilized villages at the base of the mountains with their skins. There they are met by the agents of the various European fur houses. One American house has its representative there, too. The occasion of the Indians' arrival is usually made a religious festival.

George Herzig, the only American agent there, who is now in the city, says he paid one tribe of 30 Indians for the firm by whom he is employed as much as $60,000—in native money, which is equivalent to $30,000 in American money—last year for skins. This the Indians converted principally into mule and llama stocks, by which they estimate their wealth.

The skins are transported to this city in steel-lined cases.—N. Y. Herald.