

JARED HARPWICK'S TASK.

HE task was brought upon Jared Harpwick by a letter, which came to him one September afternoon as he sat reading on his vine-shaded porch.

Gray eyed him keenly from under his shaggy brows; then rising, he walked to a lever, pulled it aside, and stopped the saw.

"Sit down on the log, Jared," he said. "We can't hear each other when the saw's going. I see by your face that something has happened.

"I've got a letter from Joe. 'He's in trouble.' 'Just as I supposed. Bankrupt, I'll warrant!'

"That's about it." "And he has written to you to get me to help him!"

"That's true, but, John, don't be angry. This matter must be considered with our coolest judgment."

"I'll not consider it with cool judgment nor any other kind. He'll get no help from me, Jared."

Continuing, do your best. I know you will do your best, Jared—do your best, and I'll be satisfied.

The final arrangement came when Joe declared that he intended to leave home. He had invented a machine for compressing sawdust into ornaments, and was wild over his prospects of wealth.

Through the mother's influence, aided by Jared, who hoped that gratitude would touch the boy's heart, the loan was mortgaged.

"Here are a thousand dollars," the father had said on the morning Joe went away. "You want to leave us, so go! This is all the help you can expect from me. If you lose it, you must shift for yourself. If you succeed, I shall look for you to pay it back. I wish you success, but I don't expect it."

No sympathy was in the words or tone, and Joe went away, feeling that there was no love for him in his father's heart.

Jared knew that Joe had been lacking in his duty to his parents. He had written enthusiastically of his prosperity, but had not offered to pay a dollar; so there was at least a little reason for the father's refusal of help.

But something must be done. This trouble and his father's refusal would be likely to drive Joe into recklessness and ruin. As he sat upon his little porch, he almost fancied he heard Sallie telling him that here was the opportunity she had hoped for.

But he did not know what to do. He had little knowledge of business. His early life had been spent in farm work, and consequently a lucky rise in land values had brought him resources sufficient for a quiet, humble life.

He saw that help from the father would certainly touch the boy's heart now; but without it, he felt that a hard task was before him. Sallie's request, however, was strong upon him, and he decided to go to Philadelphia next morning.

He arrived in the evening, and sought Joe's room. As he tapped, he heard Joe's voice.

"Come in, fellow!" Jared entered, and Joe, who had come half-way to the door, stopped in surprise, and then turned, confused toward a table.

It was to be late to hide what lay upon it—cards, a box of cigars, and two or three open bottles.

"I wasn't expecting you, Jared," Joe stammered. "I thought it was the fellows knocking."

Jared walked forward; and clasping his hand warmly, said, "I see you weren't expecting me, Joe. But I'm welcome, ain't I?"

"Yes, yes—certainly. Sit down. Here, take this rocking-chair, and give me your hat."

Joe was handsome, and in stature, attire and bearing, a striking contrast to plain little Jared Harpwick.

"I see that I've come at a wrong time," he said, pleasantly. "Just when you're expecting company."

"Yes, you did—but don't worry about that, Jared."

"Joe, my boy, what kind of company are you expecting?"

The two weeks brought the evening of Joe's arrival. Jared met him at the little station, and walked with him toward home. They heard the rasping of the saw from a distance, and as they went nearer, Joe's eagerness to clasp his father's hand and enter upon a close relation impelled him to start ahead.

Jared quickly caught him by the arm, and said, "Joe, I wouldn't say anything to him about the money. A word might ruin my hopes. Just act as if there had been no trouble."

The father sat upon a log, and they came quite near before he sprang forward. He hastily arose. Joe heard forward, extended his hand, and said: "Father, I've come back to be a son to you."

It had been two years since they met, and Jared, anxiously watching Gray now, saw the old hardness come to his face. But as the father looked upon his boy, he saw a manlier look than he had seen before, and a look of regret and hope as well.

The hardness was driven from Gray's face, and clasping his son's hands in his, he said, with tears starting, "Joe, Joe, you're welcome home, and I'm your father!"

Gray turned quickly and stopped the saw. Then, hurrying to the end of the mill, he called loudly, "Mother! mother!"

His wife soon appeared, hurrying, as if she feared an accident had taken place. Joe was hiding behind Jared, and the old father caught him by the arm, and asked joyfully: "Mother, who is this?"

"Joe," she cried; "my son!" "And mine, mother; and all forgiven and forgotten."

They walked toward their little home, but Jared said good-by very strangely, the three thought, and turned away.

He stopped after taking a few steps, and called Joe to him; "I wouldn't say anything until tomorrow, my boy," he said in low tones. "It might spoil it all. It's glorious that this has been brought about."

He turned away, and the three, watching him, thought he had never looked so sad and lonely since he had lost Sallie.

Next day Joe and his father went to town to see Jared. Their rap at the door brought a stranger to the door.

"Jared Harpwick?" he replied. "Why, don't you know that he has sold his place here, and left this morning on the early train? I thought every one knew it here. But are you John Gray? Harpwick left a note that he wanted me to give to you."

He brought it, and the old man read: "DEAR JOHN.—I have lost all my money, except a very little, and am going far into the West to begin life again. God bless you and Joe. Always be kind to him. He's a good boy at heart. Good-bye. JARED."

Father and son turned to each other, knowing then how Jared had performed his task.

WHY THE BOYS CROD. An Affecting Street Scene Caused by a Theatrical Poster.

The fence on the Eighth avenue side of the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, between Fifty-sixth and Fifth seventh streets, is always covered with theatrical posters. Within the past few days a large and highly-colored picture representing the death of the heroine in a melodrama attracted the attention of passers-by.

The prostrate figure of the woman is life size, and the words "She is dead" appear on the right side of the tips of a man who is standing over her.

One evening two small boys paused in front of the picture. They were ragged and dirty, but pert and quick-witted, as most New York gamins are. There was an unbroken line of pedestrians moving up and down the street. Suddenly, with a gasp, the young man touched the arch of his foot.

BEECHER AND HUGHES.

THEY ARE HONORED WITH TWO COSTLY MONUMENTS.

Their Trip to Europe in the Interest of the North During the Rebellion Made Them Dear to Northern People.

The statue of Archbishop Hughes was unveiled at the college of St. John, Fordham, New York, June 24, the Feast of St. John the Baptist. Fifty years previous the college was founded by the distinguished prelate whose life-like image will, perhaps, for centuries to come seem to smile at the scenes of his usefulness. It is a notable fact that a statue to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was unveiled on the same day. It is indeed true that both were dearly beloved by the people of the nation in respect of their religious affiliations.



Statue of Archbishop Hughes

The two great men went abroad in 1861, at the request of this government, in order to exert their personal influence with the foreign powers and prevent the recognition of the Southern confederacy. Mr. Beecher went to England, while the Archbishop visited the court of France and the emperor in the Northern cause. The amount of twelve thousand dollars was raised by a committee of the admirers of the prelate, who are by no means confined to the Roman Catholic church. Judge O'Brien was chairman of the fund, and the friends of St. John's college have furthered the work with enthusiasm. The statue of the Archbishop represents him in the ecclesiastical street dress of his rank, which is only used in this country at outdoor ceremonies. The figure is dignified and stately, corresponding to the manner of the man, and is the work of Mr. William R. O'Donovan. The statue is cast in brass, being eight feet two inches in height, resting upon a brass plinth one foot high. About this plinth are the symbols of the four Evangelists, the eagle, the ox, the lion, and the man. Willing the front one, as emblematic of the Archbishop. The pedestal is five and one-half feet in height, of polished pink granite, perfectly plain. The cast was made by Maurice J. Power.

This statue was presented to the college by Judge O'Brien, and accepted by the president, Father Scully. Archbishop Corrigan then unveiled the work and an oration was made by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. These ceremonies followed upon the commencement exercises of the college. The monument of Henry Ward Beecher unveiled at Brooklyn with such impressive ceremonies is the work of the master sculptor, J. Q. A. Ward, and is one of the best productions of his skill. It stands on a simple polished pedestal of dark Quincy granite, with rounded sides and heavy cap and base designed by Richard M. Hunt, the architect. This has on the left the figure of a negro girl in course of her coming, and on the right those of two children, a boy and a girl, huddled and shivering. Mr. Beecher is shown with overcoat on and soft felt hat in hand, as if stopping for a moment.



THE BEECHER STATUE.

ment in a walk or to address an out-of-door assemblage. The statue itself is nine feet high and the other figures are life-size.

"HOW'S YOUR WIFE?" Don't Ask This of an Amoy Chinese If You Wish to Live.

The domestic life of the Amoy Chinese is admirable and detestable. The wife is not a companion but a drudge. Unless she belongs to the coolie or boatman class, her feet have been bandaged in infancy, so that her gait suggests a young boy learning to use stilts. Her costume is unique, consisting of four to seven blouses, as many trousers, hood and low-cut shoes. She wears no hat, and in lieu of gloves, buries her hands in the folds of her long sleeves. In appearance she is neat as a fashion-plate. Her hair, oiled every day and shampooed every week, gleams like carved jet; her face shines from soap, water, and friction; her clothes are spotless and are brushed and ironed every morning. She is mild-mannered and courteous. But her ignorance is unfathomable and her superstition is unfeeling. She burns incense at the door to keep away evil spirits; in the garden to scare midges and parasites from her plants; in the dining-room as an antidote to poisons, and in the bedroom to intimidate the nightmarers and burglars and wild beasts. She reserves no company but the few women of whom her husband approves. She knows no man outside of her family circle.

It is a deadly insult to ask a Chinese gentleman how his wife is. She is said when her better half makes money by

cause she fears he will take an additional wife or two and purchase one or more concubines. If he dies it is her duty, prescribed by a custom 7,000 years old, to commit suicide, so that her soul may rest in peace with that of her husband. "A Virtuous Widow." She goes nowhere, reads little or nothing, sees no amusements and has no social pleasures. She never complains, because she has been taught to be what she is, and no thought of change or difficulty probably ever crossed her mind. At times she catches a glimpse of European women, but regards them with more contempt and deeper loathing than the outcasts of her own sex and race. Her happiness is in her kitchen, her garden and her children. It is through having nothing else to do that she has acquired her marvelous skill in raising silk worms, in spinning the thread, weaving the tissue and making the exquisite embroideries for which China is famous.

AN HISTORIC CARRIAGE.

It Was Born Abraham Lincoln and Other Men of History.

Forty-seven years ago June 27 a band of masked men suddenly emerged from a strip of timber west of Carthage, Ill., and crept stealthily along an old rail fence until they came within a few hundred yards of the old stone jail wherein the Mormon prophets, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, were lodged. The mob stormed the jail and put the prophets to death. That day made Carthage historic. Mormonism will never forget the event, and each anniversary their people think bitterly of the Gentiles in Hancock county. Although nearly half a century has passed since the murder, interest in the scenes of those has not died out. Strangers come long distances to view the jail, now a private residence, and to gaze upon the wreck of the old Hamilton hotel where the bodies of the slain were cared for by brave old Artois Hamilton.



THE CARTHAGE CARRIAGE.

It was used in connection with his hotel, driving stangers from one point in the country to another as early as 1843-3. Joseph Smith, while on some of his proselyting tours, was a passenger in it. So was Stephen A. Douglas. Abraham Lincoln went to Carthage once to defend a man called Willkinton. His stay was brief. A railroad ran in ten or fifteen miles of Carthage, then, and the old hack made regular trips for the convenience of passengers. The sad-faced, kindly looking man was a passenger on this occasion. His stay was brief. The case had been brought from Schuyler county. There was no hope for the man. Lincoln filed a bill of exceptions, the original of which is now on file in the recorder's office. The man was carried, and in a few weeks was hanged in the presence of a multitude. If the old trap hangs together long enough some enterprising party will take it to Chicago.

ABUSE OF THE NOBILITY.

How England's Swells are Often Labeled by Her Newspaper Artists.

The duke and duchess of Teck recently celebrated their silver wedding. That they had a perfect right to do this is the deed of a nobleman, and he has no excuse for the alleged portraits of them which appeared in an English newspaper and are produced here with the duke in made to look like a London "holby." His prominent nose and helmet stops and there is some uncertainty as to whether the disfigurement which appears just beneath his lower lip is meant for a goatee or is merely a slip of the artist's pen. The duchess is made to overshadow the duke in the matter of height. One would suppose her lady who is in the habit of taking in washing or going out to do the same by the day. The decoration on her dress may be a de-



DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK.

After two people have withstood the storms of twenty-five years of married life it is ungenerous in the extreme to caricature them especially when they are members of the nobility.

The Jews of Warsaw.

In the town of Warsaw the Jews now number 40 per cent of the population, and the average in all the other towns of Poland is 30 per cent, while in the villages it falls to 7 per cent, and in the rest of the country to nil. Consul Grant says the trades and industries in the city of Warsaw are almost entirely in the hands of the Hebrew population. In the higher branches of commerce the ratio is sixteen Jews to three Christians, in the lower branches nine Jews to two Christians, and in the agency and brokerage business forty-three Jews to one Christian. Of the large industrial enterprises of the city 93 per cent are in the hands of the Jews and only 10 per cent belong to the native Christians. As common workmen and as domestics the proportion is of other way, only 11,000 Jews, or 8 per cent of the total population, are employed, against 48,000 Christians, or 20 per cent of the total Christian population.

A Mat Shooter.

Jack H. Bonner, a Scotch dog belonging to Henry Henner, of Macon, has been all along noted for his prowess at rat killing, but he surprised all former records Saturday. He killed just twenty-one rats within fifteen minutes. He failed to eat as he had disposed of the last one. The rats were monster ones, some being almost as large as an ordinary squirrel.



Portrait of a man

The military and naval academies

The military and naval academies the government furnishes everything useful. No cadet need call for a dollar in sickness or in health. In every class there are numbers of young men whose one chance in life to obtain a liberal education is found in this bounty of the Government, otherwise their parents would have been utterly unable to support them at a college.

Where is there a foundation for aristocratic feeling with such conditions? It cannot be found, and is no such thing, nor has there ever been, except in the minds of those who make the charge.

The training to habits of obedience, cleanliness, order and self restraint gained at our military schools is never lost. Of course it is aristocratic among ignorant people to have a good education, or to have good manners where others are ill-mannered. Of course West Point has sent out such aristocrats, but so have all institutions of learning. Its offense begins and ends there.

United Service Club.

The United Service club's new home in Washington is now under roof, and work on the interior of the building in progress.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Managers Lieutenant Commander Couden and Lieutenant Fechtler were appointed members of the building committee, and the committee was instructed to include the matter of furnishing and decoration in their duties.

The club is to be presented with portraits of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan by the Army members, and of Farragut, Porter and Rowan by the Navy and Marine Corps members. Artist Uhl, of Washington has been commissioned to execute the Farragut portrait.

The club telegraphed its heartiest congratulations to General Schofield the day of his marriage, and received a happy acknowledgment from the General.

The following gentlemen were recently elected to membership: Ad. C. R. P. Rodgers, U. S. Army; Colonel Guy V. Henry, U. S. Army; Lieutenant Charles W. Taylor, U. S. Army; Lieutenant Alexander W. Ferry, U. S. Army; Lieutenant J. Reynolds Landis, U. S. Army; Paymaster Edwin Putnam, U. S. Army; Lieutenant Walter McLean, U. S. Navy; Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, U. S. Navy; Paymaster Peter K. U. S. Navy; Lieutenant Stephen C. Traub, U. S. Army; Lieutenant Ugo Noel, U. S. Army; Lieutenant Simon Cook, U. S. Navy; Mr. John C. Pegram, ex-naval officer.

The General and the Chaplain.

General Sir Evelyn Wood, who has just been appointed Grand Cross of the Bath, is the most dashing and popular commander of the English army, and possesses the distinction of having served both in army and in the navy. Although somewhat of a martinet, he gets on very well with his officers, much to the surprise of those who, when campaigning at any rate, as encumbrances. During the Nile expedition he became anxious to get rid of the chaplain attached to his column, and sending for him one morning, addressed him as follows:

"When are you going to leave, Mr.?" "Oh, about the same time that you do yourself, I suppose," meekly answered the parson.

"I don't know so much about that," said Sir Evelyn, "for I want you to stay, and moreover, I cannot spare your rations much longer."

"Ah! But I want my tent myself, General, though I certainly don't want spare rations."

"Very good, then," exclaimed the general, much nettled, "but there is a Roman Catholic chaplain about to join us, and when he does, I declare I'll put him in your tent."

"If you do, I dare say I shall have sufficient strength to put him out again," mildly observed the parson, and so the interview ended.

At Sacramento Oratory.

At Sacramento Avenue Methodist church, Chicago the other evening, Col. James A. Sexton delivered an eloquent address in which he said: "The person who has been inspired to present these medals for the best essays on patriotism, evidently knows that a large share of our present population has been born since the close of the war, that their eyes never greeted that stars and stripes until by the christening blood of our dead soldiers and by their great sacrifices our flag has been made to mean what was ever claimed for it—liberty to all men." Who knows but that among these bright and happy children there may be a future president of the United States or a commander of the army or navy? To love our country, to sing its praises, to defend its rights and institutions against enemies from within or foes from without, and to endeavor to perpetuate the blessings vouchsafed to us by the organic laws of the land would seem to be a natural impulse, a sincere desire, as easy to explain as the law of self-preservation. And what great things were accomplished in that grand march of progress! We broke the fetters that held 4,000,000 slaves in subjection and captivity. The cheek which slavery furrowed with the hot tears of anguish have we smoothed with the rippling laughter of joyous liberty."

Gambling in the British Army.

The Secretary of State for War, in the House of Commons, replying to a question put to the Government by Henry Peyton Cook, Radical and Non-conformist M. P. for the Rugby Division of Warwickshire, said that he would consider whether the request for a three years' return of the names, etc., of all non-commissioned officers and privates in the British army who had been punished or who had been reduced to the ranks for conducting at card playing or gambling, or for taking part in such card playing or gambling, could be granted. He added that he did not see the necessity for an order calling the attention of commanding officers to the army regulations in regard to gambling, as he did not believe these regulations had been broken.

No man in a position to really enjoy riches until he has been happy without them.