

pers remained. She told him her story. She had stayed with her dead father until hunger had driven her to seek aid.

Best took her to the station house, where the sergeant started a vigorous canvass for contributions. Hattie received the first good meal she had enjoyed for three weeks—the period of her father's illness. She will be taken care of in the future.—News Story in N. Y. World.

THE EMPEROR AND THE PLANTER

(Stories from the Rabbis.)

The Emperor Hadrian, passing through the streets of Tiberias, noticed a very old man planting a fig tree, and pausing, said to him:

"Wherefore plant that tree? If thou didst labor in thy youth thou shouldst now have a store for thy old age, and surely of the fruit of this tree thou canst not hope to eat."

The old man answered:

"In my youth I worked, and I still work. With God's good pleasure I may even partake of the fruit of this tree I plant. I am in His hands."

"Tell me thy age," said the Emperor.

"I have lived for a hundred years."

"A hundred years old, and still expect to eat from the fruit of this tree?"

"If such be God's pleasure," replied the old man: "if not, I will leave it for my son, as my father left the fruit of his labor for me."

"Well," said the Emperor, "if thou dost live until the figs from this tree are ripe, I pray thee let me know of it."

The aged man lived to partake of that very fruit, and remembering the emperor's words, he resolved to visit him. So, taking a small basket, he filled it with the choicest figs from the tree, and proceeded on his errand. Telling the palace guard his purpose, he was admitted to the sovereign's presence.

"Well," said the emperor, "what is thy wish?"

The old man replied:

"Lo, I am the old man to whom thou didst say, on the day thou sawest him planting a fig tree, 'If thou livest to eat of its fruit, I pray thee let me

know;' and behold I have come and brought thee of the fruit, that thou mayest partake of it likewise."

The emperor was very much pleased and emptying the man's basket of figs, he ordered it to be filled with gold coins.

When the old man had departed, the courtiers said to the emperor:

"Why didst thou so honor this old Jew?"

"The Lord hath honored him, and why not I?" replied the emperor.

Now next door to this old man there lived a woman, who, when she heard of her neighbor's good fortune, desired her husband to try his luck in the same quarter. She filled for him an immense basket of figs, and bidding him put it on his shoulder, said: "Now carry it to the emperor; he loves figs, and will fill thy basket with golden coin."

When her husband approached the gates of the palace, he told his errand to the guards, saying: "I brought these figs to the emperor; empty my basket I pray, and fill it up with gold."

When this was told to the emperor, he ordered the old man to stand in the hallway of the palace, and all who passed pelted him with his figs. He returned home, wounded and crestfallen to his disappointed wife.

"Never mind, thou hast one consolation," said she; "had they been coconuts, instead of figs, thou mightest fared much worse"—Ex.

YANKEE PRODIGES IN GERMANY.

Germany's annual season for musical prodigies has arrived. Two of the most promising candidates for honors hail this year from Pennsylvania.

One is 13 years old and a Philadelphia violinist, named Franklin Gittel-son, who just arrived with his American teacher, Dan Visanski, for the purpose of completing his studies under a local master and making a concert debut in the winter.

The other American aspirant for Berlin's recognition is an 18-year-old pianist, David Sapira, a native of Pittsburgh. The local critics before whom he played privately pronounce him a genuine wonder. He will give a couple of concerts in Berlin in December, Paderewski prize.

Copy for next week's paper should reach this office NOT LATER than 10 a.m, Tuesday, September 14.