

## THE WRONG OF YESTERDAY.

I.  
Right were always right  
And wrong were always wrong,  
How easily we might  
Go rollicking along,  
With never a doubt of reaching where  
The righteous hope to go,  
With none to soft and none to dare  
To try to drag us low.  
How gallantly we might  
Be bold and firm and strong,  
If right were always right  
And wrong were always wrong.

II.  
The wrong of yesterday  
Tomorrow may be right;  
The world still has a way  
Of changing over night.  
Self-interest may serve to make  
That which before was wrong  
A thing of beauty; for self's sake  
We join the weak or strong;  
When what was base will pay  
Or help to bring delight,  
The wrong of yesterday  
Tomorrow may be right.

E. Kaiser, in the Chicago Record Herald.

## A Happy Mistake.

"Is it not possible, my dear Lettice," said Miss Vynor, having come to an end of her stock of patience, "to find some occupation that will employ your time more usefully and perhaps with less annoyance to other people?"

"What would you do auntie?" she said, her hands clasped behind her back, her curly brown head, a little on one side, as though it were considering a weighty subject, "what would you do, do you think, if you were to receive two offers by the same post, and you didn't like one any better than the other—the people who sent them, I mean?"

"I cannot—if you refer to proposals of marriage—I cannot at all imagine such a contingency," replied Miss Vynor stiffly, stooping over her knitting to pick up a dropped stitch.

"Surely, Lettice," continued Miss Vynor, "you do not intend to tell me that you know of any person of our acquaintance who has compromised herself so far?"

"Well, no, I can't say I do," answered Miss Lettice—which was very true, in one way, for she certainly did not mean to tell her aunt anything of the kind.

"Then I think, my dear Lettice, that you might occupy yourself more profitably than in making these idle suppositions," said Miss Vynor.

"Yes, auntie, you're right, as usual, see if I can't find something better to do," and Lettice gladly seized the opportunity of escape from a conversation that had seemed in danger of becoming too personal.

She ran lightly upstairs to her own room and, after carefully closing the door, drew from her pocket two envelopes and settled herself in a chair to read their contents, not for the first time.

"Odd they should both have written, and chosen exactly the same time," she said to herself softly.

For quite a long time Lettice sat with the letters before her, considering, for she was in a serious difficulty.

"I like Humphrey Forde best, I do believe, but he's so grave and so quiet, and somehow—it's too ridiculous—but sometimes he seems almost afraid of me! His voice quite trembled once or twice when he spoke to me the other day. A man can't be up to much if he's afraid of a girl! No, it must be Will Heywood; he is a dear boy, so bright and full of fun, and ready to enter into everything; we are sure to get on well together. And yet—I'm half sorry."

She gave a quick little sigh; then rose, drew together her writing materials, and began to write. Only a brief message on each dainty sheet; it was all she could muster courage for. On one she wrote: "Come this evening at 7," and addressed the envelope to W. Heywood, Esq., and on the other, in hasty, uncertain characters: "Forgive me, oh, do please forgive me, but I must go."

Her footsteps mounted the stairs to her room she thrust both notes into envelopes and hid them hastily.

The next moment her aunt rapped at the door and entered.

"I cannot say that I approve," remarked Miss Vynor, in her precise way, "of the habit that young people of the present day seem to have formed of spending so much time in their own apartments. In my own young days a bedroom was a bedroom, and was not intended to be used as a sitting room also; and it appears to me that the habit is conducive to a great waste of time, and here seldom seems to be any visible result from it. I came to propose that we should walk this morning. It is a pity to waste the best part of the day indoors, and especially is it wasteful if spent in one's sleeping apartment."

"With the help of the walk and other occupations the hours somehow passed, but never before had a day passed so long to Lettice Vynor. At length, however, the afternoon drew to a close and she found herself alone, her aunt having an invitation to spend the evening with an old friend.

Perhaps Lettice had counted on this when she dispatched her notes in the morning, but now the time was draw-

ing near when the favored lover might be expected, she would have given a great deal to be able to delay his visit. Twenty times did she wish vainly that she had sent a different answer, even if it had resulted in the loss of both her friends. Will Heywood as a devoted friend and admirer had been everything that was pleasant; but now it came nearer the idea of Will Heywood as a prospective husband—oh, that was a different affair altogether! For she knew that that was what she had meant her message to imply, and he would be quick so to understand it.

Then as last the doorbell rang, and Lettice heard footsteps crossing the hall. The drawing room door opened and shut again, but her heart was beating so loudly that she did not hear the name that had been announced, and she advanced to meet her visitor without raising her eyes from the ground.

The next moment she felt herself caught in a strong pair of arms, and kisses were being rained upon her face.

"My sweetheart—my sweetheart!" a man's voice whispered passionately again and again, as if it would never tire of that delightful repetition.

But what—what was this? The room whirled round, her eyes closed, and for a moment she could make no effort to release herself. For this man who held her so masterfully, who was showering his kisses on her face, and whispering passionate endearments in her ear, was not the Will Heywood she had expected, but Humphrey Forde! Humphrey the grave, the quiet, whom she had imagined to be afraid of her! Why was she here? And why, why had she not known before what those kisses all at once had made clear to her—that this was the man she loved after all, and had loved all along?

Then suddenly it flashed across her what had happened. In her haste she had doubtless inclosed the notes in the wrong envelopes, and he had received the one meant for Will Heywood! But he must know the truth! To the girl's delicate sense of honor no other course was possible; even if it meant the loss of his love she would not keep it by acting a lie.

"Oh, you mustn't, you mustn't! I've made a dreadful mistake!" she gasped almost incoherently, finding voice at last, and striving frantically to disengage herself.

Humphrey's arms suddenly loosened and he held her away from him to look into her face.

"A mistake?" he repeated, slowly, incredulously. "Was that what you really said, Lettice? Do you mean, then, that you do not love me after all?"

The color flushed over the fair little face from brow to chin, and she hung her head in silence. No, she could not say that!

"Speak, Lettice!" he said, his voice grave and almost stern. "I insist on your telling me this. You knew when you wrote it what your letter must imply. Do you mean you were mistaken in thinking that you loved me?"

"No, no, not that!" she whispered, as if the truth were being forced from her.

Humphrey could feel how the slight form trembled. He placed her gently in a low chair, and drew another beside her.

"Come, let me understand," he said more kindly. "You say you love me—is it so? Very good; very good. Then where lies the mistake? Now tell me; I mean to know, and at once."

"I wrote—I wrote two letters," Lettice stammered in desperation, and hid her face in her hands.

Only four words, but they flashed the truth upon Humphrey Forde.

"I understand—at last," he said, and, though he spoke quietly, the girl shrank as if she had received a blow.

"You wrote two letters—at the same time, I suppose—and, somehow, by mistake, you sent to me the message intended for another man—for Heywood? Is that your meaning?"

"It must have been so. Oh, can you ever forgive me?" she cried miserably.

Humphrey rose from his seat without a word, and paced up and down the room, his brows knit, his face dark and stern. The silence grew unbearable to Lettice. If he would only speak, even to cover her with reproaches! Anything would be better than this.

He turned at last, and came and stood before her.

"You told me just now that you loved me, and yet you meant to marry Heywood," he said, as if a thought had just struck him. "Do you love him, too?"

"—I like him," Lettice answered, with an effort, "more even, or so I thought this morning, than I liked you. But I know now that I could never have loved him, and I thank God that at least my mistake has saved me from doing him a cruel wrong."

Suddenly Humphrey took the girl's two hands in his own with a grasp that was almost rough.

"Lettice, when did you find this out?" he asked in a tone that left her no choice but to answer.

"I found it out—when you kissed me," she whispered, so low that he had to stoop his head to catch the words.

"Oh, can you care for me still, now you know everything?" she cried.

"Do you think my love, then, is of slight a thing?" he asked gravely and

teaderly. "Child, do you know that you hold my heart—nay, I think my very life—in the hollow of this little hand? I think there has never been a time when I did not love you. Nay, sweet-heart, look up and smile! This is no time for tears. Are you thinking of Will Heywood? He will console himself in time, never fear. Things do not go very deeply with so light a nature as his. All the same, I do not think we will let him know how near a thing it was for him, 'eh, little girl!'"

Lettice looked up with an April face, smiling through her tears.

"I think you deserve something better than to be married by mistake," she said.

"A happy mistake for me, my Lettice," he answered. "And my wife shall be a happy woman if it lies in my power to make her one."—*Anna Bolton, in Baltimore Herald.*

## HEIRESS FOUND WITH INDIANS.

Stolen When 4 Years Old, but a Ring Proves Her Identity.

Sarah Big Cloud was found recently among a band of roving Cree Indians near Kallispell, Montana, by John Anderson and identified as his cousin, Mathilda Youngquist, for whom a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars has been waiting in Stockholm, Sweden. Anderson had been searching for her for several years.

Nearly 20 years ago the parents of Mathilda Youngquist, who had recently arrived in America from Sweden, took up a homestead in the extreme northern part of Montana, near the Black-foot reservation. They had not been living there long before they were massacred by a band of Cree Indians, and the girl Mathilda, then four years old, was carried away.

When Anderson arrived in the west he learned these facts, but could find no trace of the child and was told by those familiar with the Indian character that the girl had undoubtedly been killed. Recently he met a band of begging Cree near Kallispell and engaged them in conversation.

While Anderson was talking to the Indians a squaw with light hair appeared. He questioned her, and she told him that all she remembered of her parents was that they were white like Anderson and that they were killed. She had lived with the Indians ever since, and was the widow of one of the members of the tribe.

She knew nothing else about herself except that she still possessed a baby finger ring inside of which there was some inscription that she could not read.

She produced the ring and Anderson read in it "To Mathilda, from Papa and Mama Youngquist, 1885." Anderson was convinced that he had found his cousin and tried to persuade her to accompany him, but she refused, being satisfied with her roving life. He then called upon the sheriff for assistance, and when she was threatened with arrest she consented to leave the band and go with Anderson. He will remain in Montana long enough to gather evidence about the Youngquist family and their massacre, and will then return to Sweden with the woman to claim the fortune which he says the Swedish government is holding in trust and in which he will have a share on final distribution.—*New York Sun.*

## Lucky English Clerks.

London philanthropists are trying to improve the condition of city clerks on small salaries by a chain of "Ingram Houses." An "Ingram House" (as described in the Hospital), is something like a residential club. It is a block, six or seven stories high, in the shape of an elongated St. Andrew's cross. It has gardens, a lodge, a bicycle house, and other outside attractions. Within are a lecture hall, billiard rooms, bath-rooms, lockers and box-rooms, a carpenter's shop, elevator, telephone (a notable distinction in London), a reading and writing room, kitchen, dining rooms and bedrooms. The bedrooms are from 7x9 feet upward, and the rents range from seven to twelve shillings a week.

The rooms are artistically designed, and it is expected that the lodgers will be able to live in comfort and even a good imitation of luxury, on salaries of from \$7.50 to \$10 a week.

There is only one little oversight. No provision is made for children, and a clerk who should be so provident as to marry would evidently have to get out. In some countries taxes are levied on bachelors—this Ingram House scheme is equivalent to offering prizes for celibacy and race suicide.—*New York World.*

## Before and After.

"You are all the world to me, he remarked endearingly.

Arabella still looked unsatisfied.

"All the universe!" he corrected hastily.

"And the interstellar space?" demanded Arabella, with the air of a person insisting upon her rights.

And deary me! And deary me! Before they had been married a week she had nearly banged his head off with the rolling pin!—*New York Sun.*

New York, Texas and Illinois get a gain of three votes each in the new electoral college.



Baby's A. B. C.

I want to hear your alphabet  
This morning, baby dear;  
I would, now, if you forget  
What letter this is here?  
But all the little one would say,  
With half inquiring glance, was—"E H?"

"Quite right, my darling, that is A;  
We're getting on much better!  
I wonder, now, can baby say  
What is the second letter?  
The answer came quite prettily—  
"The baby says: 'O, let her B E!'"

"The letter B! Quite right again!  
(Was that a sign I heard?)  
That's A, and B; now tell me, then,  
What letter is the third?  
But baby turned from sister's knee—  
"I've tired o' learnin' lessons! SEE?"

## Millions of Pennies.

To supply the demand for pennies, the United States Mint at Philadelphia is kept pretty busy the year round, and still there does not seem to be enough to fill all requirements. Some idea may be had of the tremendous responsibility assumed by Uncle Sam when it is known that millions of these little coins are made every year. A penny probably changes hands ten times for once that a dime passes from one pocket to another. The metal blanks from which pennies are made are furnished by contract by a factory in Connecticut at the rate of 1000 for \$1. Nearly 100,000,000 pennies were coined in one year recently. To store these in one place would require a very large building, and if one person should attempt to count them one by one it would take him about twenty years, working steadily ten hours a day and stopping to rest Sundays.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## Queer Things About Frogs.

The frog's skin is so important as a breathing apparatus that the creature would die at once of suffocation if the pores were closed by a coat of sticky varnish, by dust, or in any other way. While we are speaking of his breathing, you will notice that his sides do not heave as ours do at each breath we take. A frog has no ribs and cannot inhale and exhale as we do, but is obliged to swallow his air in gulps, and if you will watch this little fellow's throat you will see it continually moving in and out as one gulp follows another. In order to swallow, his mouth must be closed; just try to swallow with your mouth wide open, and you will see what I mean. A frog, then, always breathes through his nose, and if you hold his mouth open he would suffocate as surely as though you gave his skin a coat of varnish. "Mr. Frog" has an enormous mouth for his size, and if we were to put a finger inside it, we would find that he has a row of teeth in the upper jaw, and that his soft white tongue, unlike our own, is attached in front and is free behind. When he wishes to catch any insect, he throws out the free end of the tongue, then draws it in so rapidly that it is difficult to see whether he has been successful or not. As the tongue is coated with a gummy fluid, the insect sticks to it and is carried back into the mouth, which closes upon it like the door of a tomb. Frogs, however, are not limited to one mode of feeding; they often leap open-mouthed upon larger prey, which includes, besides insects, small fish, mice, small ducklings, poliwogs and tiny frogs.—*Ernest Harold Baynes in the Woman's Home Companion.*

## The Pilot Fish.

In one of the tanks of the lower tier at the left side of the aquarium as one enters are a number of shimmering fish which remind one of certain birds in the persistence with which they swim in circles and follow their leader. Whenever their leader turns they wheel behind him like a company of militia behind its captain. The label beneath the tank informs the public that these are yellow mackerel. There is another label under the tank. It reads: "Pilot fish." As all but one of the fish in the tank are wheeling about after the leader, it is evident that the fish resting close down to the bottom is the pilot fish. There is nothing remarkable about the appearance of the pilot fish, and one wonders how it came by its name. Formerly there were two of them, but one has died since they came to live at the aquarium a number of years ago. Sometimes the pilot fish is called the shark pilot fish. That helps to explain its name. The shark and his pilot are by no means friends, or even on an amicable basis in their relations. The shark would soon devour his companion as not. The pilot has to take care that he shall not be swallowed. He never swims in front of his big neighbor, but goes alongside or beneath. From this point he picks up what he may from his big companion—or, at least, it is surmised that he accompanies the shark for this

purpose. It is to be supposed the shark in his voraciousness does not swallow all that he captures. Remnants float back to the waiting companion's paw. It is also surmised that the pilot fish likes to scratch his back on the sandpapery skin of the shark.—*New York Tribune.*

## Topsy's Hiding Place.

All around the kitchen they went, playing hide-and-seek. Topsy hid under the stove; Alice hid in the cupboard; Topsy hid behind the wood-box; Alice hid under the table; Topsy hid in the corner back of the coal-hod; Alice hid in the folds of mamma's big door; but they never failed to find each other, and always had a great frolic after each one's hiding place was discovered.

At last the play was over, and Topsy went fast asleep, lying on her back in the doll's cradle. She looked very funny with her paws sticking straight up in the air.

Soon Alice wanted to put dolly to bed. So Topsy found another nice resting place, stretched out in mamma's work basket, with her front paws lying on the cushion; but, when mamma came for thimble and thread, kitty was forced to move again.

"Meow! Meow!" she said. "I will get out of every one's way, and go where I can sleep as long as I please without being disturbed!" So Topsy sprang upon the table, then upon a tall folded screen near by, and with a big jump landed at last on the very tippitop of the china closet. No one saw her. She crept far back against the wall, and was soon fast asleep, lying in a nice warm corner, just under the ceiling.

After a time Alice grew tired of playing with her doll, and looked around for kitty, but kitty was nowhere to be seen. The little girl went to the door and called, "Kitty! kitty! kitty!" but no kitty came. She called again, but no shrill meow answered her.

"O, mamma, where can kitty be?" said Alice, with tears in her eyes. "I am afraid she is lost. I haven't seen her for ever so long."

"Have you looked in all the hiding-places? Perhaps she has gone fast asleep somewhere, and doesn't hear you call," said mamma.

So Alice began to search for her pet; but, though she looked everywhere, no kitty did she find.

"Never mind, little daughter," said mamma. "Kitty has probably gone off hunting, and will surprise you by and by with a big fat mouse."

So Alice was comforted; and, though she felt very lonely with no furry ball snuggled in her lap and no bright-eyed playmate scampering at her heels, she tried to be happy playing with her doll.

At last the long day was over, and night came. It brought no Topsy, but it did bring papa from his work. When Alice saw him coming, she ran out to meet him, and, throwing herself into his arms, poured out all her trouble.

Papa comforted his daughter as papa's know how to do. "Cheer up, little girl! We will find her after supper," he said.

When the pleasant evening meal was over, and all the family sat around the cosy fire, papa said: "I think I know how to make Topsy come, if she is in the house."

"Oh, how," cried Alice.

Papa said nothing; but he puckered up his lips, and began to whistle in loud, shrill tones. At the first note something stirred on top of the china closet. Then there was a short protesting meow. Papa kept on whistling. Kitty stood up, and began to stretch. As the shrill music continued, Topsy walked to the edge of the cupboard and looked down.

"Oh, there she is! There she is!" cried Alice. "Oh, my own dear kitty! But what a funny place to hide in!"

Longer and shriller grew papa's whistling. Kitty jumped upon the screen, and then leaped to the table. Still papa whistled on. Topsy sprang to the door, and, jumping into papa's lap began to rub her face against his breast. "Meow! meow!" she said. Still the shrill noise did not stop. Pussy put her front paws high up on papa's chest, and rubbed her face against his chin, at the same time nipping it gently with her teeth and calling, "Meow! meow!" which meant, "Stop! stop! Please, master, I am here. What do you want? Oh, do stop that dreadful noise!"

So papa stopped whistling, and Alice and Topsy had a fine frolic before bedtime.

This was the first and only time that Topsy ever was lost; but to this day she will sometimes steal away, and sleep for hours on her lofty perch, heedless of coaxing or scolding, and only dislodged at night by papa's shrill whistle.—*Jane L. Hoxie, in the Kindergarten Review.*

## Birds' Cries as Fog Signals.

The cries of sea birds, especially seagulls, are very valuable as fog signals. The birds cluster together on the cliffs and coast, and their cries warn boatmen that they are near land. Some years ago in the Isle of Man there was a fine fog for shooting such birds.

Electric tramcars have been introduced in Bombay.