

THE HEART OF THE TREE.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh,
For song and mother crown of bird,
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the forest's heritage;
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty,
And far east thought of civic good.
His blessing on the neighborhood,
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land,
A nation's growth from sea to sea,
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

—H. C. Pinner.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



MISS AURICULA Pendham was neither young nor beautiful. In the world's eyes she was long past the age of romance. But in the heart of a true woman there is always a soft spot where youth and hope bloom eternally.

She lived in a little hall bed-room, in one of those great, unhome-like boarding houses, where people are packed together like sardines in a box, and worked for Mademoiselle Vicini, the fashionable milliner of Playport. She had a speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Bloom, the plump widow, who sat opposite her at table; Kitty Supple, the pretty shop-girl on her left, who despised homely people, and thought no one ought live after she was past thirty; and Mr. Mills, the foreman in the printing office of the Playport Eagle, who sat at the corner beyond, and that was all.

During the day she worked hard at the store; in the evenings she sat at a window, with a shawl across her shoulders, and mended her clothes and read her Testament, and crocheted on a black worsted mat, which had been on hand for a year at least, because Kitty Supple generally had beaux in the parlor, and audibly declared that "she thought old maids had no business to be peeping and prying!"

And upon the whole, it was not a very lively life.

Mr. Mills, up in his second-story front, was as solitary as she, no doubt. But he was a man. He could go out to theatres, reading-rooms, chess clubs. Miss Pendham was tempted to wish at times that she was a man.

There was such an utter loneliness in her heart, that when Billy Parks, the landlady's little boy, brought his mittens to her to mend early on the morning of the first of April, he was glad of the chance to talk to somebody.

"I say, Miss Pendham," observed this artless youth, "why don't you get married?"

Miss Pendham colored. Or was it the reflection of the red yarn where-with she was threading a slender darning-needle.

"Everybody doesn't get married, Billy," said she.

"Yes, that's true," remarked Billy. "Mother, she says she wishes she'd never gone and got married, when father goes on a spree. But Miss Supple, she says, you'd have got married to old Mills long ago, if you could have caught him."

Miss Pendham was silent a moment. She was used to these satirical stings of Kitty Supple's vivacious tongue; but all the same, they smarted.

"Miss Supple ought not to talk so," said she. "She knows that Mr. Mills is nothing to me."

"Mother says that Miss Supple wants old Mills herself," says Billy. "I don't like her. I wouldn't marry her, not for a hundred dollars! She told mother about the comic valentine I sent her, and mother gave me a licking. But I'll be quits with her yet. I'll April-fool her, see if I don't! Did you ever get April-fooled, Miss Pendham, when you was a girl? Or April-fool other folks?"

"Sometimes," said Miss Pendham, a moisture blurring her vision as she remembered the great, fragrant barn at home, and the slim girl—could it be possible that it was herself?—filling the hens' nests with empty egg shells and deceptive china eggs, to deceive the laughing little brothers who were dead and gone long ago.

"Wasn't it fun, though?" said Billy, with a chuckle. "I mean to April-fool everybody in the house. Thankee, Miss Pendham!"

And snatching the mittens from her hand, he scampered cheerily down stairs, three steps at a time, finishing up with a prolonged slide down the banisters.

While Miss Pendham tied on her bonnet, arranged her little gray shawl and went to Mademoiselle Vicini's, with a bandbox in her hand, which contained Miss Helena Montrose's wedding bonnet—a marvel of white tulle, orange-buds and point-lace—upon which she had worked late the preceding night.

And Kitty Supple, who was late at the store, tripped after her, with fluffy, brown fringes of hair escaping from under her turban hat, and blue eyes sparkling with mischief.

But she had a pale, frightened look when she got to the store.

"Of course I didn't mean it," said Kitty; "and I don't suppose it signifies anything. But the parcel was just slipped in under the string that tied the bandbox, and it was the easiest thing in the world to pull it out. I couldn't help laughing to think how astonished she would be to find it gone. And I opened it and peeped in to see what it was. Elegant point lace, that must have cost five or six dollars a yard! And I put it in my pocket; and when I next felt for my pocket-handkerchief it was gone. Now I've walked twice over the road, and asked every one I met if they had seen a parcel, wrapped in brown paper and tied with pink twine, and no one had. I wish to goodness I hadn't touched the old thing. But Miss Pendham will never know who took it—that's one comfort."

And Kitty Supple cried at intervals all day behind the counter. The joke had not proved so jocose as she had imagined it would be.

"Gone!" shrilly shrieked Mademoiselle Vicini. "That point lace! Miss Montrose's elegant Point d'Alencon, imported directly from Paris for her wedding hat—gone! Of course you know, Miss Pendham, that I shall hold you responsible for the twenty-five dollars which those five yards of lace were valued at. Nor do I care to retain in my service a young person so exceedingly unreliable as you have shown yourself to be. You will be good enough to provide yourself with another situation by this day month."

So Kitty Supple was miserable, and so was Auricula Pendham; and the only happy person concerned in the point-lace transaction was Master Billy Parks, who was the scamp who had abstracted the parcel of lace from Kitty's pocket, as she stopped momentarily to look in at the window of a print-shop, and taken instantaneous flight.

"Lace, eh?" said Billy to himself. "I was in hopes that it was her young man's photo. But I'll settle her."

When Kitty Supple took her purse from her pocket, at dinner-time, as she sat down at Mrs. Park's table, well spread with beef stew and baked potatoes, with a substantial bread pudding to follow, out tumbled a flat, paper

parcel. Her heart gave a joyous upward leap.

"So it was there all the time!" she thought. "How could I have possibly missed it?"

She opened it, surreptitiously, while the green eyes of Master Billy, gorging his noontide meal, were glued to her face.

It was filled with coarse, common cotton batting.

And in that one second Billy Parks tasted the sweets of unlimited revenge.

"Struck all of a heap!" said he to himself. "Well, I guess we're even now!"

But the piece of lace had not fulfilled its mission yet.

When Miss Pendham went up to her room she found a letter under the door, but she had no spirit to open it.

"It's one of Billy Parks's April jokes," she thought, as she pushed it aside with her foot. "Oh, dear—oh, dear! I wonder if I shall ever laugh again? Twenty-five dollars to pay for that lace, and I have twenty-five cents when my week's board is settled and my pew rent paid! And discharged from Mademoiselle Vicini's, too. What is to become of me?"

It was growing dusk now—a sweet, purple, April dusk, full of faint scents and sounds of spring even there in the city streets.

She lighted her lamp and sat down with her head resting on both hands.

Just then there came a soft "tap, tap!" at the door.

"Come in!" said Miss Pendham.

The door opened, its hinges revolving with a diffident squeakiness.

"I hope I don't intrude?" said Mr. Mills.

"Dear me, Mr. Mills, is it you?" said Miss Auricula.

"Are you ready?" asked Mr. Mills, hovering on the threshold, like a respectable middle-aged genius.

"Ready?" faltered Auricula.

"For the concert," explained Mr. Mills. "We had some tickets sent to the Eagle office. I thought perhaps you would enjoy the music. Didn't you get my letter? I slipped it under the door."

"Oh!" cried Auricula, suddenly stooping for the neglected envelope, which still lay under the table. "I did see it, but I thought it was one of Billy Parks's April fools."

"But you'll go, won't you?" pleaded the forman in the Playport Eagle office.

"I should like it very much," said Auricula, feeling herself color to the roots of her hair.

"And, speaking of April fools," slowly added Mr. Mills, fumbling in his pocket, "when I was on my way to the office this afternoon, one of our devils—I beg your pardon, Miss Pendham; that is an entirely metaphorical appellation—told me that my coat-tails were festooned with something white. I didn't mind it much, because I had three different labels pinned on my back this morning; but when I came to look, it seemed very nice lace. Perhaps you can use it for something. I'm sure it is of no service to me!"

Thus speaking, Mr. Mills drew from his pocket the five yards of point-lace, which matched Miss Montrose's bonnet.

Miss Pendham gave a smothered shriek of joy as she clutched at the disorderly parcel.

"Oh, Mr. Mills!" she cried. "I never was so glad of anything in my life. Oh, Mr. Mills, how good you are!"

And with sobs and tears she explained to him the history of that piece of lace.

They took it at once to Mademoiselle Vicini before they started for the concert; and somehow this little incident seemed to establish a mutual understanding between them.

"I always thought Miss Pendham was a superior young woman," said Mr. Mills. "I am more than ever convinced of it now."

"Mr. Mills is really very sensible and agreeable," thought Auricula. "After all, there is something in the printer's profession that broadens and enlarges the mind."

So Master Billy Parks succeeded in "April-fooling" everybody to his

heart's content, and Kitty Supple breathed more freely when she heard that the point-lace was safe.

"But I'll never play any more practical jokes," she thought.

She turned up her pretty little nose when she heard of Mr. Mills's engagement to Miss Auricula Pendham, a few weeks later.

"Two old things like that setting up for lovers! How utterly ridiculous!" she said.

But Miss Kitty Supple had yet to learn that life's blossoming-time does not always come in April.—Saturday Night.

Hypnotism and Crime.

It is possible that special legislation will have to be resorted to in the matter of the connection of hypnotism and crime. Two murder cases have brought a general belief in the necessity of importing medical experts or scientists into such questions. In Kansas recently a man, Gray, was convicted of murder for putting another man under hypnotic control to the extent of killing a neighbor. The verdict was set aside by the Supreme Court, but experts hold that it was sound. The Hayward-Ging case, at Minneapolis, is associated with the same sort of surroundings. In Bjornstrom, one of its most able men, Sweden has probably the best European authority on hypnotism. He says:

"But that persons can by positive suggestion be compelled to criminal actions is not all; by negative suggestions they can also be made to neglect their duties and to omit what they ought to do. Thus they can be prevented from writing their names and even be made to forget them, and to forget their duties; fears have even been expressed that marriage could in this way be prevented, if, for instance, by suggestion a rival compelled a bride to say 'nay' at the altar. It has been sufficiently proved that it is possible by hypnotism and suggestion to use others as willing tools for the execution of criminal actions of almost every kind. The danger of this is greatly increased, partly by the fact that the somnambulist upon awaking does not remember the contents of the suggestion nor who gave it, while at the same time it is irresistibly and faithfully performed at the appointed hour; and partly that there are persons, but fortunately those who have been hypnotized many times, who, even in an apparently entirely wakeful state, are susceptible to hypnotism."

Some European Nations have already passed laws restricting the practice of hypnotizing to medical men, and rigidly defining the conditions under which even they shall use it. M. Bjornstrom is of opinion that hypnotism is as dangerous as a deadly poison, and that the public should be guarded against its general use.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

How Troy's Great Industry Started.

I have tried to learn how this collar and cuff industry began and centred in Troy, N. Y., writes H. L. Stoddard in the Peterson Magazine, but without result. Like Topsy, it appears to have "just grown." The original collar and cuff maker, it is said, was a Troy woman—the wife of a blacksmith. While washing and ironing her husband's linen she noticed that his collar and cuffs were badly soiled while the shirt was still clean. She then evolved the idea of separating them. The wives of the blacksmith's neighbors saw in it a saving of labor for them, and their husbands had her make collars and cuffs for them. Soon she established herself in business, and from that the industry developed to its present proportions. When the sewing machine came it aided in centralizing the business there. The foreigner would not have the separation of collars and cuffs from shirts, hence the Troy concerns prospered because they created and supplied a home demand for separate collars and cuffs. Then, however, came the great strike of the Troy workers, and German and French shirtmakers went to making collars and cuffs to meet the scarcity here caused by the strike.