Story of an Awakened Soul.

By WILLIE LETTUCE.

Helena, "and then-the last of these the first bitterness of her grief. business matters! He has proved a good and trusty friend, and poor verified."

It was now a quarter before 3, and while she awaited his coming her | was sure. thoughts went back to the first time day eighteen months before. She had fore he had known her? been returning home from a visit and had noticed with some amusement clock was striking 3. his complete absorption in a volume of Coleridge and his apparent oblivlousness to all outward surround-

But when the awful crash of the was he whose quickness had saved her from certain death, whose strong | this has come." arms had held her up and at last had borne her from that scene of horror into safety. And it was he who had led the little band of rescuers again and again into the wreck in a noble effort to save the injured. until he himself had been carried out from a burning car, bleeding and in-

She had not allowed this brave man to whom she owed her life to be carried away to a hospital, but had taken him directly to her own home, where the best medical care and skilled attendance was immediately obtained for him.

She remembered her father's look of amazement and perplexity when she had arrived with the insensible man in the carriage beside her, and she remembered, too, his hearty approval as soon as he had heard the story, and his keen satisfaction afterward when he discovered that his involuntary guest was Harry Stevens. high in the business world and not-

While the injured man was slowly convalescing Helena's father had cultivated his society, and in spite of the difference in their years a deep and lasting friendship had sprung up between them. But although he and she had been housemates at the time for several weeks, Helena had not seen their guest until the day of his they were bravely said. departure, and then his extreme reserve had somewhat puzzled her.

their late guest to be present at any | do?" of their larger social functions, alhe had been persuaded to accept their he said, slowly. invitations to small and informal dinners.

On those occasions she had observed him curiously. He was keen, talker, and with men he was entirely at his ease and his words evidently carried weight. But toward women he was silent and reserved. He seldom addressed even her-his hostess-although she noticed that he paid her the rare compliment of listening when she spoke, no matter how much that was better hearing might be going on about him. But he never voluntary approached her, and at last his avoidance piqued her.

Her father talked much about him. "A fine fellow, my dear. I not only like, I honor him. I suppose some would call him a self-made man, but I say that God never made a finer, truer gentleman. He apparently divides his time between his business and his books, and I never knew a abruptly. more finely cultivated mind or a man with higher ideals. His friendship is indeed a treasure, and I am happy in having won it. You think he does not like you? You are mistaken, my dear, he is no ladies' man, he is too reserved and diffident, but he admires your sincerity-quite as much, I think, as I admire him."

So some six months had passed. And then one day as Helena sat reading in the library awaiting her father's return at the accustomed hour she heard a footstep and said brightly, "Father, dear, is it you?"

Then she looked up and say Barry Stevens' agitated face. She arose with a faint cry: "What is it? My father? Oh, he is not dead?"

But she read the truth in his pitying eyes, and, overcome with the sudden violence of her emotion, she fell senseless into his outstretched arms.

From that merciful blank of oblivion murmured words of endearment and the presence of lips upon her hair recalled her to herself. And though her eyes opened again upon the reserved and silent man, the memory of his unutterable tenderness had helped her through the first awful days and weeks of her be-

reavement. They had been thrown much together since that time, for her father had made Barry Stevens and herself co-executors of his will, and although she had found his manner unchanged toward her, at first she was grateful for his reservo. But, sure of his love, she had expected

"At 3 o'clock he is coming," said | him to speak when time had softened

But time had gone on until a whole papa's high opinion of him has been not spoken? What was the reason And that he did care deeply Helena

What was the secret of his life? she had seen him, on that eventful Had there been some other love-be-

She smothered a sigh and rose he had sat opposite to her for half with extended hand to greet the man a day in the drawing room car. She himself, who had appeared as the anew.

"Punctual as ever," she said with a smile.

He had come to explain to her the many papers of importance which he sought and found employment. were now to remain in her hands. He worked by day and studied by collision came-just as the train was And when they were finally locked about reaching its destination-it away in her cabinet she said to him: "You must be glad that the end of all

"It has been my greatest pleasure to be of service to you," he replied, "and so it will be should I ever be able to serve you in any way again."

She sat thoughtful for a moment, playing with a letter, stamped and and set at large by those merciful night, when every one was asleep. sealed, which she had written earlier in the day. Then she looked up at sensible, with a great gash over his him and said quietly: "You can serve papers at that time. There are men decision. I have tried to do it alone, but I want-your advice."

His eyes rested attentively upon her face.

"I cannot go on living in this way -here," she said, after some hesitation. "It is too hard. I have had to until this time, but now the business is all arranged and I am free to go."

"To go?" he echoed, with a change of tone.

"Yes, to go. I know I have many good friends here and relatives, but over the sea lives the dear friend of who-though unknown in the world name and whom I have never seen. of society-was a man of standing My friend has urged me to come to them, and I have put off the decision able for his rectitude, cleverness and until now. But I long to see her and to see her child. I think-I shall

He eyed her still; he had grown "You will-go away?"

"Is there any reason why I should not go?" she asked, quickly.

"No, none that I know of-none."

"If I go I shall not soon return," said Helena. "I may never return. And after this, in spite of her My friend's villa is on the Mediter- a jeweler in Brooklyn, ordering some father's continual endeavors, it had ranean near Mentone. She wants me class pins from him. The postal was proved impossible to prevail upon to make it my home. What shall I delivered last Tuesday, having been

"I know of no reason why you though on a few notable occasions should not go-if it is your wish,"

go. Here is my letter. I did not mail it, because I-I wanted to hear what you would say. I was as unwell read, a good though not brilliant | decided as that. But it must be posted at once to go by to-morrow's steamer. And-and there is no reason why I should not go?"

"None." "Then I will go."

He had grown white and stern, but although he was on the rack he had borne the torture bravely.

"It has gone," she said, quietly, after a pause. "And next month I shall follow. And now, my friend, forgive me-but since my decision is irrevocable, will you not tell me why -you wanted me to go?"

"I wanted you to go?-my God!" It was a cry of agony. The delicate pearl paper knife he unconsciously had been toying with snapped in his hand. "What have I done?" he said

"Nothing. What is that to what you have counseled me to do?" She watched the growing conflict in his face until, half trembling at just what diamond backs sell for, the

the emotion she had stirred, she saw him brace himself to speak.

There was once a boy whose parents, who were poor, died early, and he grew up in the streets. He worked in the factories and lived as such waifs do, picking up little knoweldge that is good, much that is bad. When he was a lad of sixteen hard times came, the factories shut down and he could get no work to do. Then he fell in with an evil comrade older than himself, and at last a plot was formed between them to rob the wealthy manufacturer's house. The boy was to do the work and share the plunder. He made the attempt, was caught in the act and thrown into prison. His comrade, unsuspected, escaped. The boy lay in prison for weeks, and then finally he was brought into the court-roombarefooted and in rags. He acknowledged his crime and told his miseryear had now elapsed. Why had he able story from beginning to end, asking no pity and expecting none. of his continued silence—if he cared? And with the taint of the prison upon him there seemed nothing but its darkness before him forever.

"But those men were strangely merciful. They bought the lad decent clothing, made up a purse for him, opened the prison doors, and bade him go forth and begin his life

"He did so; he left the town where he was too well known and came to a distant city. And there, without even changing his dishonored name, night. He won his employer's confidence and rose to a position of trust. And when, after ten years' time, his friend and employer died, he succeeded him, and has carried on the

business for now five years. "Helena. I am that man; I, Barry Stevens, was that guilty lad caught robbing my former employer's house minded men. It is all on record in that place; it was published in many me again, now. Help me to make a living who remember and could point me out to-day, and that is why but not a person did he see. He came -God help me!-I must let you go. Such as I have no right ever to speak | white stone. of-love.'

> She arose and her fine eyes shone like stars.

"And that is what has made you what you are! Oh, I don't know what I dreaded-but I never dreamed how noble a man could become, rising to such a height on his dead self! And your name-any one would be proud of it now! Why do you look so at me? I am no foolish my girlhood-happily married and girl, talking wildly, but a womanwith a little daughter who bears my proud even to be thought worthy of such a confidence." - New York

A Letter Seven Years in Transit.

Records are being established every day for the swiftness by which mail is delivered, yet there are occapaler. At last he repeated dully, sions when the United States Postoffice slips a cog and a letter gets tangled up somewheres, to be delivered at a later date. A most unusual instance of this kind recently came to The words cost him an effort, but light. On October 4, 1900, Frank Linden, of Brooklyn, then a student at Villanova College, sent a postal eard to his father, Frank V. Linden on the road seven years. Only two dates were printed on the card, one in Villanova in 1900 and the other in Brooklyn in 1907. Where the postal "I have written to her that I will has been all these years is a mystery. -Philadelphia Record.

Religious Instruction.

Sergeant (preparing squad for church parade) - "Recruits! 'Shun! Those as can read will follow the reglashuns. Those as can't read will go through the requisite motions, as follows: One! Extend, left 'and 'olding prayer book. Two! Raise right 'and to level of mouth. Three! Moisten thumb o' right 'and. Four! Turn hover page! "-Punch.

Send Postals to Dogs.

Picture post cards are being sent to pet dogs on the Continent. A young woman residing at one of the leading hotels in Ostend introduced the fashion. The post cards are inscribed with the dog's name and addressed care of the owner.

Canal Zone Fare.

Philadelphia capons are \$3.20 each in Panama, but until we ascertain gravity of the workingman's condition in the zone cannot be understood "I will tell you," he said, at last. -Louisville Courier-Journal.

Word Paintings From Brann.

Success? A Gould must give up his gold at the grave, a sovereign surrender his sceptre, the very gods are in time forgotten-are swallowed up in the voiceless, viewless past, hidden by the shadows of the centuries. Why should men strive for fame, that feather in the cap of fools, when nations and peoples perish like the flowers and are forgotten-when even continents fade from the great world's face and the ocean's bed becomes the mountain's brow? Why strive for power, that passes like the perfume of the dawn, and leaves prince and pauper peers in death? Why should man, made in the mortal image of immortal God, become the subservient slave of Greed and barter all of time for a handful of yellow dross to cast upon the threshold of eternity? "Poor and content is rich," and rich enough. With a roof to shelter those his heart holds dear, and table furnished forth with frugal fare; with manhood's dauntless courage and woman's deathless love, the peasant in his lowly cot may be richer far than the prince in his imperial hall.

Heroes? Why unurn the ashes of the half-forgotten dead and pore o'er the musty pages of the past for names to If you would find heroes, grander, martyrs more noble and saints of more sanctity that a Rubens ever painted or immortal Homer sang; who, without Achilles' armor, have slain an hundred Hectors; without Samsonian locks have torn the lion; without the sword of Michael have thrown down the gage to all the embattled hosts of hell, seek not in the musty tomes of history, but in the hearts and homes of the self-sacrificing wives and mothers of this great world,



THE REASON WHY. "When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,

Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her, Full of delight to find That Betty-bless her little heart!— Had been so sweetly kind;

"Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or, don't you like to tell?"

"I didn't laugh," said Betty,

"'Cause it was me that fell."

PETUS AND AN OGRE.

Once on a time there lived an old King who had one son, whose name was Petus. When the old King was about to die he called his son to him and told him that he wished him to marry the Princess Zobiede of Secto. Prince Petus said that he would, and his father died. After his father had died the prince married Zobiede, princess of Sesto, and lived very happily for some time. He told his princess afterward that he wished that she would let him go out for adventures. She begged him not to go, because she thought that it was very dangerous. He did not go until that Then he stole out and went away.

He soon came to a town which had a white and red wall around it. He went right in and wandered about. to a lofty palace built of gray and

"I wonder whether there is any one inside the palace," he muttered. "I will go and see." He went in, but not a person did he see.

Petus came to a wide and high staircase, and he went straight up it till he came to a door made of iron. Just as he was about to open the door looked up. He saw a lovely fairy raven black, and her eyes were blue, and her voice was low and sweet. Her dress was dark deep blue, like the night sky, and she had a crown of stars on her head. She spoke to him and said:

"Within this room lie all the people of the city. Each night two genii of gigantic size carry one of them away to this room, and leave them for their King to eat. But they are invisible until the monster is killed. Go and see if you can rescue them.

"I should be very glad to," said Petus, and he went in.

ward an enormous ogre came in and looked about him.

"Ho!" he said at last. "Here hare I all the people of the city, and I'll terrior does a rat. Do you think he I all the people of the city, and I'll terrior does a rat. Do you think he wring all their necks, as sure as my magines the shaking improves the flavor? If you watch him you will name's Ofus."

"Oh, indeed, we'll see about that,

you ugly old monster," thought without first giving it a hearty shake Petus, as he sprang out and attacked the ogre. "Hullo! Where did you spring

from? I'll soon put an end to you, ogre, as he sprang upon Petus, who darted quickly out of his way. "What, have I missed you?" roared

the ogre. "Yes, but I won't miss you, you nasty old miser, though," shouted Mr. Williams writes. "He hooked a

"Yow! What are you doing? roared the monster. "First you are an ofter on his line at the same time, here, then you are there. What are and having stout tackle he was able you doing, I say?" But before Petus answered he made a great slash, and sport. The otter, however, caught

went rolling to the ground. "Aha! I think I've done with you,' said Petus, looking around. He saw a lot of people, who thanked him for the on the shoulders of the fish."setting them free, and then went back | London Daily Mail. to their homes. As for Petus, he went back to Zobiede, who was very glad to see him, and lived happily ever after. They had ever so many sons and daughters, who had so many that is, for short distances. Some adventures that it would take ten books to write them out .- Ianthe B. Jerrold, in the London Tribune.

KATIE'S SATURDAY.

"Dear me!" sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning. "What can be the matter?" said

mamma, laughing at the doleful face. "Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katle, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library.' "Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have your breakfast first," mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face. Katle was very curlous to know

what this was, and, as perhaps you are too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of those things which trouble you. A thou-

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT



"O mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma; "put down ten. ' So Katie wrote: "1. It's gone and rained, so we

can't go out to play. "2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to slt with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday.

"3. Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. "That's all I can think of just this minute," she said.

"Well," said her mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

That afternoon the rain cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the wondow, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katle came home from school, she said: "O mamma, didn't like Jean at all at first, but she's a lovely seatmate. I'm so glad, aren't you?"

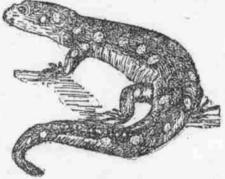
"Oh!" was all mamma said; but comehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper.

"I guess I'll tear up the paper now, mamma," she said, laughing rather

"And next time," said mamma, why not let the troubles come before you cry about them? There are so many of them that turn out very pleasant, if you wait to see. By waiting, you see, you can save the trouble Have the band or about five thickof crying and worrying at all."-Sunlight.

MUD PUPPIES.

Like many other puppies, these little fellows wear black coats dotted both sides. When the garment is with yellow, but each coat seems to soiled the band can be taken and be something of a misfit, to judge by used next day until it becomes soiled. he felt a hand over his shoulder and the wrinkles in it. However, this does not at all disturb the wearers. use again. Two of the bands sufbending over him. Her hair was They are lazy chaps, and taking fice.



search of a few angle worms There goes one now! He has just caught a worm. See how he shakes it, as a flavor? If you watch him you will see that he never swallows anything -New York Tribune.

ALMOST STOLE HIS SALMON.

An unusual incident of particular you young scoundrel," yelled the interest to fly fishermen is narrated in a letter to the Daily Mail from W. Arthur Williams, of Bodmin. "A gentleman residing at Dunmere,

near Bodmin, was fishing in the River Camel on Wednesday night," Petus, as he jumped behind Ofus and fine salmon on a fly, but immediately gave him a dig in the back of the a large ofter darted from under the bank and seized the fish.

"The fisherman thus had a fish and to engage in a few minutes' exciting cut off the monster's head, which sight of the fisherman and dashed up in salted water until tender. Drain stream. When the fish had been landed by the angler the marks of the side of the range. Cook tothe otter's teeth were plainly discern- gether two teaspoonfuls of butter

BEES RACE PIGEONS.

It is not generally known that bees are swifter in flight than pigeonsyears ago a pigeon fancier of Hamme, Westphalia, laid a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hives would reach home in less time than a dozen pigeons. The competitors were given wing at Rybern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee reached the hive a pastry board, and press it flat and quarter of a minute in advance of the smooth. With a sharp knife cut the first pigeon. Three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The bees were also slightly handicapped, having been rolled in flour before starting for the purpose of identification .- The Reader.

DO IT SMILINGLY.

Speaking to the Boys' Brigade at the Albert Hall, London, recently, Major-General Baden-Powell said: 'Do your duty always, and above all things do it smilingly. When you meet with a difficulty tackle it laughingly, and then you're sure to get over it. I've tried it myself, and I ought to know."-Home Notes.

Political Philosophy.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "us folks gits tired o' guessin' 'bout de honesty of candidates an' jes' turns in feah de one dat seems de bes' natured."-Washington Star.



TO COOL THE OVEN.

If the oven becomes too hot while anything is baking, don't open the oven door to cool it, but place a pan of cold water inside. This will cool the oven and the steam which arises will keep the food from burning.

A NEW USE OF OLIVE OIL.

Have you tried olive oil in baking? Those who dislike to use it in some ways will find it invaluable in pastry, biscuit, cake, etc. Those who cannot eat pastry made with lard can use oil with safety and will find a great improvement in the delicate and tasty results of its use. Use a tablespoonful to one cup of flour in pastry. Use a little salt when making cake and you will find the result as good as if butter was used and much cheaper.

TO GET RID OF MICE.

I had been bothered with mice and had tried almost everything to get rid of them. An idea came to me to have a piece of zinc to cover the holes up, so I had a tinsmith fir it. When I saw the neat appearance all around my floor underneath my sink had one put upon the floor, also on my shelf where I keep my kettles. pans, so that now I am bothered with neither mice nor dirt. It is easy to keep clean and is well worth what t cost to have it done. It keeps forever and is as clean as my china

PREVENT "TORN OUT" BUTTONS. Make buttonholes in both sides of garments. Make a narrow band of any firm white goods, or colored goods if preferred for dark clothes. esses, and a little wider than buttonholes. Sew the buttons on this band, as far apart as buttonholes are, Put band on inside of garment and but buttons through buttonholes on when it can be washed and ready for

MITTENS MADE FROM OLD STOCKINGS.

Ribbed stockings are the best for the mitten, and cashmere or fleeced lined for the thumbs. I make them double, using the top of the stockings for the top of the mitten and just above the ankle for the lining: cut one side over a fold and stitch the lining and outside together; make a slit and insert thumb; stitch in and overcast; then stitch lining and outside together around wrist part. Tesla's advice to sleep every moment This is a fine way to use old stock-He could not see anything, but that it is not absolutely necessary ings and have plenty of dry mittens could hear the shricks and screams to be awake, spend three-quarters of for the youngsters on hand at all of the people who were imprisoned the time curled up in the mud, be- times. To get the different sizes, there. He hid in a big box, so that neath old logs and flat stones. When measure the child's hand and then they should not see him. Soon after- they feel hungry, out they crawl in measure the same length on the stocking, allowing enough for a seam.

Creole Salmi of Ducks-Melt in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, and stir into this a half tablespoonful, each, of chopped ham, onth, celery, sweet pepper and parsiey, with a tablespoonful of salt and a half teaspoonful of paprika. Stir for three minutes, then add a cupful of consomme, two cloves and a blade of mace. Simmer for an hour; strain and add to it two cupfuls of cold duck cut into neat pieces an inch long. Boil one minute, heat the meat thoroughly and serve.

Shredded Cabbage and Cheese-Cut a cabbage into shreds and boil and stand in a heated colander at and two of flour, and pour upon them a pint of hot milk. Season with salt and pepper, and stir in three heaping tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Cook, stirring constantly, for half a minute. Turn the cabbage into a deep vegetable dish, and pour the cheese sauce over it.

Potatoes a la Duchesse-Peel and boil enough to make a pint when washed. Mix with them the yolk of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and the same quantity of cream. Turn this mixture upon a potato paste into squares of uniform size. Slip a cake turner under each square and transfer it carefully to a greased baking pan. Set in a cold place to stiffen, then sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown,

Carrots Sautes-Boil young carrots, not longer than your forefinger. for eight minutes in salted water. Rub and scrape off the skins, cover with boiling water and cook tender. Drain, lay for a minute in cold water until you can handle them, and cut each carrot in two, each half into strips. Heat a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan with a half-tablespoonful of white sugar, a little salt and pepper, and when it bolls lay in the strips of carrot. Cook three minutes after the bubble recommences; sprinkle with chopped parsley, tosa about for one minute, drain and serve hot