

THE LAMP OF CHEER.

There's a light as full of comfort as the sun and stars above,
The light of stubborn cheerfulness within the hearts we love.

OLIVIA.

By NORA C. USHER.

He was a postman every inch of him, a very jaunty, alert, up-to-date postman.

She—Olivia—was a step girl. Such an incongruous name for a step girl in tatters and grime, with a small, pinched face and toll-worn hands.

The little drudge had another characteristic that usually belongs to the higher classes—she was singularly reserved; few people knew anything about her.

Mrs. Hitchens had also known Olivia's mother with as much confidence as of the flowers.

And the other she—for there is generally another she in this disappointing world—was a useful help in one of the houses where Olivia cleaned the steps.

Of all this Olivia was in ignorance, as she usually passed No. 42 long before the postman came upon the scene, and was, therefore, unaware of Lily's conversations at the front door while the family waited for their letters.

The postman had obtained a right and proper introduction to Lily at the house of a mutual friend, but he had never been introduced to Olivia, who cared nothing for such useless ceremonies.

"And who do you think yourself to be, messing my clean steps with your dirty feet when there is a scraper at the bottom?"

The idea of a postman stopping to scrape his boots tickled the culprit, and he laughed. Then he looked down at the wistful face with the wonderful eyes, and answered jestingly:

"I'm the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Germany rolled into one, so don't give me none of your cheek, Eliza Jane."

Olivia dipped her fannel into the pail and wrung it out preparatory to removing the footprints.

"Oh, as to that, I'm the Queen of England and Empress of India, and I'll ask you to remember it when you walk up my steps," she answered smartly.

So their acquaintance began. However, James T. Butler never took any account of Olivia till he met her one Sunday in May by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens.

He looked at her and looked again.

A well-fitting coat and skirt of gray cloth, a gray straw hat to match, with clusters of violets above and below the brim, the gift of a lady at one of the houses where she worked, had transformed the girl.

"Hullo!" said Olivia, stopping as he came up to her. "Hullo!"

"Oh, stop, stop," protested the postman. "It wasn't that at all. It was only that I didn't recognize you—it was only—"

Then a new life opened for Olivia. They took tea under the shade of the trees in the Gardens; they lingered by the Serpentine and fed the water-fowl; they wandered in an enchanted world where there was no drunken father, no evil smelling court, no tatters, no grime, no step cleaning; a world of tenderness and bliss seen through the dawning light of awakening love.

But on the morrow—the hard, cruel, inexorable morrow that comes to all—he was once more the postman engaged to Lily at No. 42, and she was the down-trodden step girl.

So it came to pass that through the summer one Sunday James T. Butler walked out with Lily, the other with Olivia, and neither of the girls suspected the existence of a rival.

But the earthquake was bound to come.

It came duly one morning in the early autumn when Olivia, having been detained to do some extra work for one of her patrons, was late in reaching No. 42 and arrived there only a few seconds before James Butler the perfidious. On her knees on the top step with her back to the gate, she did not see him enter, nor did he notice her, as Lily, the usual meeting place being occupied, beckoned him to the side entrance. Having finished the broad slab of stone immediately before the door the cleaner rose to her feet and lifted the pail to descend to the next step, when her eye lighted on the two figures in the area below. The postman's time was limited, but he, in the shelter of the area door, was making the best use of what he had. Olivia saw little, but what she saw was enough. A minute later Lily's lover ran smartly up the garden, and the gate clanged behind him.

The sharp rat-tats were faint in the distance before Olivia moved. She stood clutching her pail, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, white, panting and numb, until the master of the house passing out to business roused her, and she resumed her work. She did not cry, she was not angry—why should she be? She was only a step girl—she had known all along she could never be anything to him really. It was right that he should love Lily, who always wore a smart blouse, and wavered her hair with irons, and looked like a lady; it was all as it should be, and had nothing to do with the step girl. She had nothing to complain of—nothing—but the sun-

shine had gone out of her life forever; that was all. Half an hour later the debonair postman, his empty bag slung over his shoulder, his cap rakishly tipped to one side, having completed his round, was walking with his usual jaunty air towards the postoffice, when his path was blocked by a crowd at the corner of the street.

"What's up?" he asked, elbowing his way past the people. "What d'ye mean by interfering with His Majesty's officials like this? By your leave—by your leave, please. Stopping me in my work won't help the old lady that's tried to overturn the motor."

"Hold your tongue, young men, do," said a woman in the crowd sharply. "The doctor says the life's crushed out of the poor child; she's dying. Can't you be quiet?"

Thus adjured Butler restrained his impatience, and waited for the throng to allow him to pass, when suddenly between the people he caught a glimpse of the motionless figure on the ground. At that glimpse all his careless gaiety forsook him; his face blanched, his head reeled.

"Let me through," he cried; "I must go to her—I know her—she will know me—let me through."

With wondering looks and heightened interest the bystanders parted, and in a second he was kneeling beside her. The white lids were shading the wonderful eyes, and the limp, nerveless hand lay passive in his when he clasped it. Forgetful of the gaping crowd, of Lily at No. 42, of all save the small, shabby figure stretched on the dusty pavement, he knew that he loved Olivia—and she was dying.

The incident was soon over. The ambulance arrived, the still, fragile body was carried away, the crowd scattered, the errand boys beginning to whistle, and the women to gossip ere they moved from the spot. London is too full of tragedies for one more or less to be affecting.

"It's a Providence for that young man that she was taken," observed a stout, over-dressed woman. "A decent young fellow like him, and her nothing but a step girl."

"I don't see that it matters what she was so long as he loved her," retorted a girl at her side.

"But I happen to know that he didn't," replied the first speaker. "He's engaged to a young woman as is a useful help, and a good wife she'll make him, too. He's far too smart a young man to be caught by a common girl."

Mr. James T. Butler had been married about two months when one evening sitting by his fire smoking, his attention was arrested by a loud explanation from his better half, who was reading the newspaper.

"Goodness me! It's only the other day we were speaking about that step girl who was run over by a motor. I thought she was killed—folk said so."

Her husband started and looked uncomfortable. "When I inquired at the hospital they told me she was dead," he said. Mrs. Butler eyed him sharply.

"Did you go to the hospital to ask after her? What call had you to do that? I didn't know you even knew her; you never told me."

The injudicious speaker pulled himself together. "No, my dear! I wasn't married then, and it wasn't necessary to tell you everything at that time, whatever it may be now. But what of Olivia Betsy Jane?"

"Well, here's an account of her, and her life, and all. She didn't die. A swell saw a notice of the accident in the papers, as proved to be her grandfather what had cast off her mother when she married against his will. Sir Robert Broughton his name is."

The postman left his seat and went to read over his wife's shoulder. "There it is," said she, indicating the place. "The old gent never knew his daughter had a child, and now he's overjoyed to find Betsy, as calls herself Olivia; but the end is the most astonishing—The most interesting part of the story is that, though Miss Henderson's case—that's Betsy, Miss Henderson—was at one time so hopeless that it was rumored she was dead, she was actually won back to life by the efforts of the clever young house physician at Hospital, Dr. Alan Westover,

to whom, we understand, she is shortly to be married."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Olivia's sometime admirer. "Bless my soul!"

The wife of his bosom again regarded him with suspicion.

"This isn't the first time I've seen you change color when I've spoken of that girl. You seem very much knocked over; perhaps you think if you'd known before you'd have been married to her instead of me."

The postman did not think at all about it. Nay, more, as a matter of fact, at the time he went to inquire for Olivia at the hospital, his resolve was taken to marry her if she recovered, step girl or not. But he did not tell his wife so; he only coughed, and remarked that the beastly wind had caught his chest during the last delivery.—Glasgow Herald.



Jean Comandon announced before the Academy of Sciences the development of a new method of photographing bacilli by the combined use of an ultra-microscope and a cinematograph.

After examining the documents presented for consideration by Lieutenant-Commander Peary, the National Geographical Society decided that he reached the North Pole, and awarded a gold medal for his exploit.

Professor Metchnikoff advocates the drinking of much fermented milk to check the intestinal putrefaction of food, and thus prolong life. In furtherance of his end, bonbons have been prepared, consisting of a lactic acid product surrounded by a sweetened chocolate coating. The sugar of the coating assists in lactic acid fermentation.

Artificial ice making in the tropics comes high. Water of sixty degrees or sixty-five degrees can easily and cheaply be thrown into icy ingots of cooling joy, but when it comes to cooling water of seventy-five or eighty degrees the difficulty is strangely increased, even to doubling prices. Ice in Buenos Aires retails at \$1.25 gold a hundred.

The Yukon territory now has a fleet of sixteen gold dredges, or ships, as they are spoken of by the miners, and five or six more are being equipped. A dredge built ready for operation in the Yukon costs \$150,000 on an average, and handles daily from two thousand to five thousand cubic yards of gravel, which will yield from twenty-five cents to \$25 of gold a cubic yard. The daily output of gold a dredge is from \$1000 to \$5000, although it is said that there have been days on which a single dredge has taken out \$15,000.—Popular Mechanics.

A demonstration of the practical advantages of good ventilation has been experienced at the Cambridge station of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. The tollroom in the building is long and narrow, with windows at the front and back. In winter, when the windows could not be opened with safety, the air became vitiated quickly. In the spring of 1907 a duct was built along the ceiling, opening to the street at the front, and discharging air into the room by one and a quarter-inch holes, fans being placed in the rear wall to exhaust the vitiated air from the room. The entire cost of the installation was \$75, and a marked improvement in the comfort and general condition of the operators followed this change. In the winter of 1907-8 the average percentage of absences among the sixty-odd operators was cut in two. In the three winter months alone this saving amounted to 1.8 times the wages of the operators, equivalent to a profit of \$195 for the company, on its capital investment of \$75.

Sir! At dinner the professor of history was seated between two young ladies, who, in accordance with their training in the art of conversation, sought to draw him out upon the subject in which he was most interested. They did not meet with much success; his answers were short—"Yes," "Oliver Cromwell," "No," "1492" and the like.

Finally one of them in desperation ventured: "Professor, we were wondering only this afternoon, and none of us could remember: How many children did Mary Queen of Scots have?"

This was too much. "Madame," said the professor, facing her with squelching dignity, "I am not a scandal-monger."—Everybody's Magazine.

Successful Treating of Ties. The tie treating plant of the Mexican Central Railroad has reached an output of 3500 ties a day, making it one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world. It is expected that the treatment will prolong the life of each tie from eight to twelve years.—From Arboriculture.

Exit the Birdie. Modern Photographer (to Willie Richmug)—"Now, listen just a minute, little boy, and hear the stock ticker hum."—Puck.

Each of the British Dreadnoughts has a hospital with a capacity for sixty patients.



Bread Sauce.

For bread sauce to serve with poultry or game scald a large minced onion in two cupfuls of chicken stock and stir in a good cupful of fresh soft bread crumbs that have been rubbed very fine. No crust should be used. Cook over hot water for five or six minutes. Then add a bit of ground mace—as much as one can lift on the end of a spoon—salt and paprika. Beat with one of the revolving egg whips until the mixture is perfectly smooth. Add a tablespoonful of butter and serve at once very hot. Milk is sometimes used in place of the stock.—New York Sun.

Apple Roll.

Mix and sift two cups of flour with two teaspoons of baking powder; rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter or lard; make a dough by adding three-quarter cup of milk; roll thinly about twice as long as the dough is wide; brush over with softened butter, spread evenly six chopped apples and add sugar and nutmeg to taste; roll like jelly roll, cut in slices an inch thick and lay cut side up on a greased baking pan; bake in a moderate oven and serve hot with a sweet sauce. Sauce—Beat two eggs until very light, add gradually one cup of sugar and beat again; add one teaspoon of vanilla or lemon.—Boston Post.

Chocolate Pudding.

Soak one cup of stale bread and one of stale cake crumbs in four cups of scalded milk for thirty minutes. Melt two squares of chocolate in a saucepan over boiling water, add one-quarter of a cup of sugar, and squeeze into this a little of the milk from the crumbs and milk, so that this chocolate mixture will pour. Add it to the bread mixture with an additional quarter cup of sugar. Then add one-quarter cup salted, blanched and shredded almonds, one teaspoonful of vanilla and lastly two beaten eggs. Pour into a buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven one hour. To be served with cream or hard sauce.—New York Press.

St. James' Pudding.

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter and add one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of milk, one and two-thirds cupfuls of flour (mixed and sifted) with one-half teaspoonful of soda and one-fourth of a teaspoonful each of salt, clove, allspice and nutmeg, and one-half pound of dates, stoned and cut in pieces. Turn into a buttered mold, cover and steam two and one-half hours. Serewith the following sauce: Beat the whites of two eggs and add gradually, while beating constantly, one cupful of sugar; then add one-fourth of a cupful of hot milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla.—Indianapolis News.



When broiling halibut cover the fish with minced green pepper. The seasoning will be found to be delicious.

To preserve parsley for winter use, put the freshly picked leaves into a jar and sprinkle salt on each layer. It will keep fresh all winter, and is better than drying it.

When the cheese is too dry to serve with pie, grate it and spread a layer over the pie while it is still warm. Do not make the cheese hot, as that makes it tough.

In order to heat your irons quickly place a roasting pan over them and lift the pan up each time you want to take one out. You will notice the difference immediately.

Save stray cards, and when baking cake or other pastry, use a card to clean the mixing bowl and you will find it will yield to any curve or angle as nothing else will, making it possible to save every bit of the batter.

One tablespoonful of chloride of lime added to an eight-quart pail of lime will remove stains when nothing else will; even pear stains of long standing will succumb. Let articles lie in this water for a day or two, or until stains are gone.

Porcelain ware can be mended with ordinary putty mixed with oil. Work a small particle into the worn place, set it aside for several days and food can be cooked in the vessel without danger of the unpleasant taste one naturally supposes will take place when putty is used.

When a vegetable burns, or, in fact, when any article on your stove has burned, place the vessel containing the burned substance immediately in a pan of cold water. Let it remain there some minutes and then remove it to a clean pan. The burnt or scorched taste will have disappeared.

Always keep a small slip of white paper and a magnifying glass in the sewing machine drawer. If the machine is in shadow, slip the piece of white paper behind the needle and then hold the magnifying glass at the right angle between the eyes and the needle. The threading hole will come out into perfect distinctness and the needle can then be threaded with ease.—The Delicater.

No Chance on Spooks. Is the New York public superstitious? A Forty-second street auctioneer insists that we are, and adduces this incident as proof of his contention:

One day there came into his shop a table to be auctioned off. It was a table with a past. It had belonged to more than one medium and had figured in many a tipping seance. The auctioneer expected that psychic history to boost the price of the table and he related it in his characteristically racy fashion before the bidding began. Instead of exciting competition that table inspired fear. It was regarded as an interesting curiosity, everybody wanted to examine it, but no one would buy. A price had been set on the table under which it was not to be sold, and no one bidding up to that figure, it was withdrawn from the sale. On five different days did the auctioneer introduce the table with the same preamble. On the sixth day he omitted all reference to the table's psychic powers, and it fetched a good price. His deduction is that the average New Yorker has more or less faith in spiritual manifestations and he doesn't want his repose disturbed by mysterious messages delivered through the medium of uneasy tables.—New York Times.

NEW STOCKINGS.

Stockings with insets of real lace, and stockings with sparklets of jet and silver and gilt fastened upon them—yes, that's what milady will wear this winter, when she's "all dressed up."

Of course, for ordinary wear, one will don stockings of modest color, to harmonize with the costume, or of plain black. With her tailored costumes milady will wear mixed or shaded stockings, in various combinations, if she wishes to be right up with Mme. Mode.

But for dress occasions—ah, that is a different story. That is where the real lace and the jet and the silver and gilt come in.

A stock may be elaborately embroidered, also, or show the finest of openwork, and it is said that both embroidered and openwork stockings will compete for favor this winter.

The great novelty, however, is the stockings with the sparklets, and it's said that the glistening things will wash, at that! Five dollars and up will purchase one pair of these novel hose.—Boston Globe.

WOMAN DISCOVERS MEANEST MAN.

Mrs. Caroline Cornelius of Ithaca, N. Y., believes she has uncovered the meanest thief on earth. She returned from a visit to Brooklyn to find her home had been entered. Although every room was in disorder, Mrs. Cornelius did not miss anything, and was puzzled until a few days afterward, when she went to her bank and found that a check for \$138.57 had been cashed against her account. "Why, I never signed a check for that amount," exclaimed Mrs. Cornelius. The check was produced and the signature was found to be genuine. "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Cornelius, seeing a light. "I remember I signed one check, but didn't fill in any amount." The thief had found the check book, filled in for the \$138.57 and collected the money.—New York Press.

A SAFEGUARD.

A pitch dark nest where the hens are unable to see the egg is a safeguard against egg-eating. With sand, coal ashes, and crushed shell to run to the chickens have not the excuse of a lack of lime in the system which might induce egg-eating.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Who are ready to believe are ready to deceive.—Dutch. So. 2-10.

Travelers and connoisseurs who have tasted all the fruits of the world are of one voice and rap opinion in pronouncing the oranges of Bahia, Brazil, the king of all fruits.

A WOMAN DOCTOR.

Was Quick to See That Coffee Was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning, and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it.

"I had neuralgic headaches for 12 years," she says, "and suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110. I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day a woman doctor told me to use Postum. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned."

"So I began to drink Postum and I gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and continued to gain, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks—long enough to get the coffee poison out of my system."

"Since I began to use Postum I can gladly say that I never know what a neuralgic headache is like any more, and it was nothing but Postum that made me well. Before I used Postum I never went out alone; I would get bewildered and would not know which way to turn. Now I go alone and my head is as clear as a bell. My brain and nerves are stronger than they have been for years."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MATRIMONIAL CATECHISM.

- What is marriage? Marriage is an institution for the blind. Why do some people never marry? Because they do not believe in divorce. When a man thinks seriously of marriage, what happens? He remains single. Should a man marry a girl for her money? No. But he should not let her be an old maid just because she's rich. When a girl refers to a "sad courtship," what does she mean? She means that the man got away. Is an engagement as good as a marriage? It's better. In selecting a husband, why does a girl prefer a fat man? Because a fat man finds it hard to stoop to anything low. When asking papa, how should a young man act? He should face papa manfully and never give him a chance at his back. When the minister says, "Do you take this woman for better or for worse?" what does he mean? The bridegroom's people construe it one way, and the bride's family interpret it another. It is very sad. When a man says he can manage his wife, what does he mean? He means he can make her do anything she wants to. When a child is smart and good, to whose family is it due? To its mother's. When a child is bad and stupid, to whose family is it due? We refuse to answer. Is it possible for a married man to be a fool without knowing it? Not if his wife is alive.—United Presbyterian.