MERELY TALK.

********************************** KEEN WITS

ROBERT H. BABCOCK.

"Your luckier than I am." his com

what-do-you-call-em's. Those Clemen

girls would have your last dollar for

their blessed poor children's soup kit-

chen. I expect you'll have to give me

But Henderson only half-heard Wil-

lis, for he was taking stock of the

situation. With a start he noticed that

the auction had begun, but it was only

a flowered sofa pillow which the Mayor

was describing to the audience as

"combining comfort with elegance,"

and the young man's attention wan

dered away. He was looking for Nata-

ae Platt, and presently caught sight of

her fair head and graceful figure. She

was standing behind her graceful stall,

now deserted, like the others, and

trifling with the ribbon of a basket

of candy, apparently unconscious of

the auction; but Henderson was not de

coming. But where were her sympa-

"There's Dickson!" whispered Wil-

lis, and Henderson looked in the direc-

tion in which he pointed. His rival

was standing at quite the opposite side

of the crowd. Owing to the position of

Miss Platt's booth, Henderson doubted

if Dickson could see the girl without

leaving his position, and this he was

Just at that moment, however, Hen-

lerson stopped thinking about the ar-

rangement of things, for suddenly he

felt Willis' hand on his arm, and

turned just in time to hear the jocular

Mayor begin: "And now it gives me

peculiar satisfaction, ladies and centle-

men-" after which Henderson heard

Natalie Platt's name, but lost the rest

n taking in the painting which the

Mayor was holding aloft. And he saw

what it was, Henderson knew that

there would be no truce in the contes

for its possession. For the painting

Responding to some little impulse of

vainty, Miss Platt had chosen to por-

ray herself in a character of whose

attractiveness she had been assured

times enough-that of skipper of the

little dingy of which, when summering

at her family's place in Maine, she was

wont to be captain, mate and all hands.

Of course, the girl artist had not given

subject her own face-

represented its author herself.

nclined to consider an advantage.

Miss Platt knew what was

a lift home!"

thies!

When Henderson heard of it, a thrill ! swept through him from head to foot, for he felt instinctively that the outcome of the absurd little contest that he saw impending would decide whether he or Dickson would marry Natalie Platt. I say Henderson felt this in stinctively, because there really was no reason whatever why the prettiest girl that ever neglected her household duties for the sake of studying art should bestow her hand upon one of two rivals merely because he had succeeded in a painting of hers that had been put up at auction. And yet Henderson was sure that this was the

When Amy Burton had told him what was to happen, he was in the act of demanding of a girl in gipsy dress what had been the result of a certain raffle in which, at her behest, he had become possessed of a "chance" carlier in the day. The fair, for the benefit of the village church, which, since two in the afternoon, had been in progress on the church green, was row drawing to a close. To its complete success, the condition of the picturesque stalls. which were on every side, bore witness for the stock of each of them now consisted chiefly of "remnants," while it was noticeable that tractically every member of the crowd which still gaily thronged about the stalls, carried one

cr more parcels. Several hours before, it had been wi.. spered about that toward the end of the day such knick-knacks from the stalls as had failed to find purchasers would be disposed of at auction, with the Mayor of the village in the role of auctioneer, and Henderson had heard it like everyone clae, but with no special interest. And then Miss Burton had whispered in his ear that one of the early items in the sale would be a water-color painting by Natalle Platt, and a thrill had gone through him as he realized what the announcement

son's mind that from the moment the auctioneer called for bids upon Miss Platt's painting, it would be a question only whether he or Dickson got it Their rivalry for the attractive girl who at this moment was presiding over a stall at the other end of the green had lasted for several months, but never yet had the two young men collision. Now.

every second to

of the three n

obvious to H

was about to blic defe was simply because had not been on sale at her here was a booth at which pictures, autographed books and photowere displayed, and there the water-color must have been from the first. Natalie Platt, however, had elected to make the sweet-stall the scene of her activities, which indicates why the contents of the various other booths failed to be examined with any great attention by Messrs, Henderson and

Henderson knew well that the girl whose labors with the brush had been at first the amusement but finally the pride of her well-to-do people was the last in the world to have wished that her painting should be the cause of a public contest between the two men whom she had good reason to know were in love with her. Probably Miss Platt had no idea even that her work was among the unsold articles.

And then there came to Henderson the feeling that he had had so many times during the last few weeks, that the bitterness of losing to his rivaldid he lose-would be lessened had he felt surer that Dickson was worthy of Natalie Platt's love. On meeting Dickson, Henderson had felt a certain distrust that he knew did not spring from jealousy, and later a story had reached him which he preferred not to believe, but could not help remem bering. That Dickson was a danger ous rival there was no doubt. Henderson, looking across the crowd could see him chatting with Mrs. Arn old at the flower stall, and admitted that he was a handsome fellow, and one to attract even so proud a girl as Natalie Platt. As to himself, Henderson always had known that the girl who loved him would do so mainly for the manhood and some brains which he believed he possessed. What chance had he? Henderson's only answer to this was a flash of the eyes and the resolute drawing up of an un der jaw, in the set of which those who new him always had been able to read-the last ditch!

And then the young men glanced up nd saw that it was beginning. The platform, which, until a few minutes refore had been occupied by the village nd, now had been cleared and upon it, behind a table piled high with odds and ends of all kinds, stood the popular Mayor himself, while, at the sight of him, the crowd was deserting the stalls and gathering about the new

It was at this moment that Norton Willis, Henderson's chum, ran his arm through that of his friend with a "Hey, messmate, this way to the auction sale!" and then continued: "By the way. Henderson, old man, did you know that a painting of Miss Platt's is going up pretty soon?" Henderson nodded.

You're not going to let Dickson get it, are you?" Willis went on. "Not if I can help it."

"Good boy!" approved his chum; "but, by George, he'll give you a fight for it. Beatrice Mills told him what was up, and all our crowd is waiting to see the fun.

While talking, Henderson and Willis had taken up their stand in the crowd within a few yards of the auc-tioneer's platform. Suddenly the latter

puzzled horror. And this look was refected on Willis' face as Hender withdrew his hand from his pocket and, without speaking, held out on his palm-a single ten dollar bill. But in an instant Willis realized that they were not "done" yet, for

Henderson's face had grown calm

again, and his jaw was set in a way that his chum knew of old. "fou think you can get the money?" he whispered. "Not from me! I told you that I was cleaned out, you know, rade went on. "I've been regularly who do you expect to get it from?" cleaned out by these eternal raffles and "I am going to try," said Henderson

to get it from Natalle Platt." "You are!" was all Willis could gasp. Now to describe this little developnent of affairs has taken some words but it happened very quickly, and the auctioneer, encouraged by appreciative smiles from his hearers, still was arging them to extravagant deeds.

"You will bid for me," he whispered to Willis, "when it begins again. It may prove wise to withdraw gracefully. With a start of surprise, and an involuntary blush, Natalie Platt found Henderson standing in front of her and she could only look at him with a puzzled expression. Henderson believed-that he had not been observed as he crossed the room but he did not waste words.

"If I am to get that picture," he said, simply, "it will be necessary for you to lend me some money. Can you do it?"

The girl was as quick to grasp the situation as Willis had been, but she, hesitated. She had made up her accounts half an hour before, and it would have been easy to say that her takings had been handed in-a fib that struck her as excusable. But a look into Henderson's eyes decided her. "How much do you need?" she

"I think fifty dollars will be

sked, softly.

enough," he said. Miss Platt took from her pocket a small key, which she inserted into the lock of a black enamelled money-box which stood on a shelf just beneath the counter of her stall, opened the box and took from within it five ten dollar notes, which she silently handed to Henderson. The young man gave her one look which said every thing, and then turning, started back with long strides for the corner where he had left Willis.

Even, as he had stood with Miss Platt, the sound of renewed bidding had reached his ears-a contest that had begun with an offer of forty-five dollars from Dickson upon whom the auctioneer's gibes evidently had not been lost.

"Forty-six dollars!" came from the bedient Willis. "Forty-seven," snapped Dickson. now

But Henderson's rival had been the fact that he no longer at young man, and

WOMEN IN MOST TRADES percent in 10 years. Where, in 1890,

BARRED ONLY FROM SOLDIERING AND POLE CLIMBING.

There Are Female Hostlers, Boller-Makers, Engineers, Teamsters, Ministers, Butchers, Undertakers and Architects-Engaged in 301 Gainful Occupations.

Of the 303 principal gainful occupa ions in which the en of this country are engaged, it is astonishing to learn that there are only two in which no women are found. The reason for these two exceptions, moreover, lics through no fault of the fair sex. In the one case she is prevented by Unle Sam in the other the prohibition is indoubtedly due to the fact that she apparently is physically disqualified from climbing a pole. Thus it comes bout that there are no female soldiers nor are there any telegraph or elephone linewomen in the United States.

In all other branches of labor, suposedly masculine, the women of the Inited States have a free field, and he statistics gathered by the census bureau show they are not backward in taking advantage of it. There are, for instance, female hostlers, some of whom may be employed by the 190 women-keepers of livery stables, There are 193 female blacksmiths. Moreover, that such arduous work has not frightened women away is evident from the fact that ten years ago there were only 60.

In the comic journais the boiler facory has long been synonymous with the superlative of noise, yet the census bureau gravely records the fact that there are eight women steam-boiler nakers at work in this country,

If she cannot climb a pole, she has a east summoned up sufficient courage climb upon the roof of a house, for mong the persons engaged in the ousiness of roofing and slating two women are recorded. Ten years ago there were three, and in lieu of more specific information one can only conjecture what may have happened to the one who dropped out.

The next time your water pipes burst how would you like to have a woman plumber come and fix them, just for a change? You might have to hunt around a bit to find her, for there are only 126 of her in the United States, as against nearly 98,000 of her male competitors; but that sire has evidently found the field a profitable phable, because in 1890 the buly 46. wome Ten

nical

they numbered only 1143, there are now 3378. Their brother clergymen, by the way, number 108,205.

The female "drummer" is not much in evidence. There are only 946 of her- about one-hundredth of the total number of commercial travelers, but of that numerous class known under this generic term of "agents" 10,556 are women. Of the more than 630,000 clerks and copyists, only 85,246 are women, but in the fields of bookkeeping, the 74,153 women employed represent nearly half the number of men similarly engaged. The army of saleswomen is three times larger than it was 10 years ago, and now musters 150,000, but the men still hold their own with 463,000. The real feminine deluge has come in stenography and typewriting, in which 86,118 women find employment as against only 26, 246 men. Even the messenger boy's field has been sadly cut into, for the 6663 girl Mercuries represents a trifle more than one-tenth of the lads thus employed.

An occupation that women are finding especially adapted to their abilitles and tastes is that of pottery. The number of women employed in it has been steadily growing until it has reached almost 3000. Women do not even shrink from shooting oil wells if there is money in it, for 53 are so engaged.

Have we frogotten items in newspapers chronicling the fact that some woman out west has been elect. ed town marshal or even sheriff? Remembering these, let us not be astonished, therefore, when Uncle Sam tells us that there are no less than 719 women on duty as night watchwomen, firemen and policemen.-New York World.

A MAN WITH A MEMORY.

Way He Saved an Accused

Friend From the Gallows. A man'was charged at Sydney with murder and by way of defense called evidence to prove an alibi. At the time the crime was committed he was, he said, in his own home listening to a friend who was reciting a novel to The expression caught the ear of the prosecuting counsel, and when a witness went into the box to say that he was the man by whom the prisoner was being entertained he tackled itual man. him on this word. The witness repeated that he was "reclting" Horace Walpole's "Old English Baron," not reading it, but reciting from memory, and it had taken him two and a half hours to get through the whole book. Well,

> anded a demonstration. page or two. he said,

he could remember it while in a

ember it now in court, and

but in the bush he ought to be able

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN C. AGAR.

Subject: The First Temptation,

Grooklyn, N. Y.-Sunday morning, in the Church of the New Jerusalem John C. Ager, preached on "The First Temptation." The text was from Mat-Temptation," The text was from some thew iv:1-4: "Then was Jesus led up into the desert by he spirit, to be the desert by he spirit, and having fasted forty days and forty nights, He after that was hungry. And the tempter came to Him and said, If thou art the Son of God speak, in order that hese stones may become loaves. But He answering sold, It has been writ-ten, Not by bread alone shall a man live, but by every word that goeth forth from the mouth of God." Mr. Ager said:

The gespel of Mutthew describes pecifically three temptations of the the form of after His baptism. The form he narrative suggests at once that these stories are not history, but are parables, which picture the three general ways in which fallen humanity is approached and enticed nfluences. And when so understood they become in the fullest sense revelation of divine truth to men. And so understood they suggest at one that there is some sort of threefold ness in our spiritual experiences. And when we examine our spiritual ex-periences carefully we are able to dislinguish in our inner life three distinct

planes of thought and feeling. The first or lower of these three planes of life we are all familiar with includes all thoughts and feelings, all motives and impulses and appetites that have reference exclusively to our life in this world. This we call the

natural man, Distinctly above this lies what we call ordinarily the religious life. Its thoughts and feelings and motives have primary reference to those interests that outlive our life in this world. Its largest and dominant factors are faith, conviction and duly. Falt! and conviction are beliefs, though be liefs have been touched and quickenes by religious emotion. Duty is the con duct that belief or faith or conviction imposes; that is, the dominion of truth over the lower impulses and appetites Consequently this realm of the life is predominantly intellectual. Its dominant impulse is love of truth and lov alty to truth. It lies distinctly above the natural man and is called the spin

These two realms of thought feeling nd action we can easily distinguish They make up the twofold life of every honestly trying to live true life in the world. But they evi dently do not include the highest spir-itual possibilities of human life. There is another realm of life clearly set befew Christians know practically much about / 5 It is, in fact, the essence of all ref I the sense of our own goodness and to

are sins we no longer tolerate, so our clarified conscience now demands that our life shall be purged of these conventional and reputable evils. And in this task we are not helped by the approval of public opinion. But there is another selfish satisfaction that does help us. It is the sweet satisfaction of feeling that we are good and are deserving of all the happiness the Lord (Swedenborgian), 'he pastor, the Rev. | has in store for all who are good. This feeling takes many forms in the mind, but in general it is the feeling that we are as virtuous as most of those we know and far more virtuous and kindly and self-denying than very many whom we know. This is the sweetest satisfaction our merely natural life is capable of, and in many wonderful ways it holds us up to the work of re-pressing external evils and discarding all lower satisfactions.

So, when the hunger for a better life has been thus far quickened in us, this is the way in which we are always tempted to satisfy it. It is described sere as a temptation to make the stones of the desert into bread. siones of the desert are the aspect that spiritual truth takes on when it is ap-prehended by the natural mind or the self-life. This is the aspect that spiritual truth takes on in the letter of the word, which is truth adapted to the lowest spiritual needs of men. There reward and punishment are presented as the motives for refraining from evil and doing right. It is an appeal to

what is called enlightened selfishness.
This aspect of the truth is necessary to start us on the way toward the heavenly life. But to convert these stones into bread is to be permanently satisfied with these purely pects of truth and with this selfish stage of right living, this doing right and refraining from wrong doing for the sake of the approval of others and affords. To stop at this point, to be content with this attainment, which is temptation that confronts us all again and again, is to appropriate to shut our eyes to the spirit that unketh alive. For it is making the letter of makes it destructive of spiritual life,

The Lord's nuswer to the tempte eaches us how we must meet this temptation. This answer is quoted from His words of warning to the chil dren of Israel when they had just passed through their forty years rial in the wilderness. To them He said, "Thou shalt remember all the ways which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the desert.

* * And He suffered thee to hun-

ger and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not; neither did thy fath ers know that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live." These words, now quoted in part by the Lord as His reply to the tempter, contain the truth by which this tempta-

tion must always be met. The temp

tation is to permit ourselves to rest in

g our good works of

indulged in by the world about us that He says if he should take a ware,
He'd have an understanding
That in the partnership of life
He'd he the one commanding;
That, while he'd not be mean and cress
He'd have it understood he
Was a'boolutely, solely boss.
He says he owuld—but would he? He says if madam should indulge In too expensive funcies,
She'd quickly find he had the buige
On her extravagances.
If ugly, he'd take her to task;
But if she would be good he
Would buy her all that she could ask.
He says he would—but would he? He talks a good deal in that strain,
And seems to get quite nettled
If doubts are urged. He will explain
He's got the whole thing settled,
If he once tried it with a bit
Of tender womanhood he
Might make her to his whims submit,
He says he would—but would he?
—Chicago News

> JUST FOR FUN feminine. Bella-How mean of him to

refer to your are -Brooklyn Life She-I'm thinking of changing my name. What would you suggest? He -Mine. She-All right,-Cleveland Plain-Dealer. Gracye-Maude asked George to kiss her. Gladys-Well, I like her cheek! Gracye-So did George,-Louisville Courier-Journal. He-Why have you nicknamed your dog "Circumstances?" She-Because

I have absolutely no control over him. -Detroit Free Press. Miss Pert-Which half is it that loesn't know how the other half lives? Miss Caustique-The better half .-

Philadelphia Record. Brother You can't think how nervus I was wi You can't think how nervous she w

intil you did .- Town and Country. Jack-Why do you girls spend so such time and money on dress? Nell candidly)-To interest the men and

worry other girls,-Philadelphia Press. Lip-What was the greatest luck ou ever had hunting? Tuck-Once when a fellow shot at me in mistake for a deer and missed me,-Philadelphia Record.

"Well, this is a put-up job, all ight," said the man, as he struggled inder his wife's direction, to hang the detures on the parlor wall.-Somercille Journal.

Dashaway-I'm afraid I'll never get my ring back from that Piper girl. Cleverton-Why, I thought she was a Dashaway-She is-clingstone

r with the other, dark blue skirt drawn tightly abo her limbs, while tendrils of her luxur ant hair blew out gloriously from eath her crimson tam-o'-shanter was enough! Henderson wanted picture as he had wanted few thi before, and he doubted not that Die son felt similarly.

The auctioneer still was praising th painting to his audience, so Henders had time for another glance round th room. And he thrilled again as he sa that the girl of his heart-abandoning her little pose of unconsciousnesswas now leaning upon the counter of her stall and watching the proceedings with an interest which she made no attempt to disguise. He felt his eyes feast upon her for one instant more, after which they sought Dickson. Through the dense crowd Henderson ould just see his rival, standing beside one of his men friends, with excitement written upon his handsome face, and his eyes riveted upon the picture in the auctioneer's hand.

And then suddenly,"the Mayor's demand for bids was replied to by a vigorous call of "One dollar!" from the center of the crowd, "Two dollars!" from Dickson and the battle was on. "Five dollars!" Henderson's voice ang out, and almost immediately the bidder in the crowd's center responded. "Ten dollars!"

"Fifteen!" came from Dickson. "Twenty!" This offer was made smiling woman who stood near platform.

"Make it twenty-five,' whi Willis to Henderson, and Hen called out, "Twenty-five!" "Thirty!" came from Dickson "Forty!" flung back his rival

Perhaps the two young men's had betrayed their eagerness, events it was now patent to Hen hat even such of the spectators a not know him and Dickson had reall what was going on, and that he ar his rival were being regarded wit looks of amusement, mingled with co osity, as to which would prove winner. All this the young man t in at a lightning glance while he was for Dickson's next bid, but then t were interrupted.

Evidently the Mayor had decided tha he personally was playing a less promi nent part than was desirable in this particular episode of the sale, for he now interpolated a speech which apparently was designed to lend a further touch of humor to the proceedings,

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, in dulcet tones, "a word, a word, I beg! esteem highly the modest offers that have thus far been made, but evidently the attractions of this work of art which I am offering have not appealed to you with that force which might have been expected. A gem of purest ray serene, this picture, my friends; for which the lowest possible further bid should be, in my opinion, not less than twenty dollars in advance of what

has been offered. In this way—"
"Ry George!" gasped Henderson's henchman, turning upon that young nan, though the Mayor had not fin shod his harangue, "can you stand this

easily, as he slipped his hand into his pocket. But then Willis, watching his for suddenly there had appeared on Henderson's face a look of