

and divert my mind by 'tending to business.'

'Well, you've at least diverted our minds,' Burke answered. 'Why didn't you tell us so we'd understand?'

Mr. Barnett gave a shame-faced smile. 'I just couldn't,' he said, simply; 'but now I want you all to take a vacation this afternoon. It's Wednesday, and you shall all have entertainment tickets as my treat. And now I'm going to buy some beads for Annie.'

When he had gone, the two stenographers wiped their eyes and nodded sympathetically. The older men cleared their throats, but William, the office-boy, looked about him belligerently.

'Didn't I always say he was all right?' he asked.—'Youth's Companion.'

### The Origin of Coffee.

As to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, six hundred and eighteen years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and then he finally steeped them in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mocha, from which he had been banished, and invited the wise men to partake of his discovery, and they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1723 by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentleman by the name of De Clieux, a captain of infantry on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce it was distributed in rations. De Clieux, with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his portion of water with it, and succeeded in bringing it to Martinique, weak, but not in a hopeless condition. There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns and watched it daily until the end of the year, when he gathered two pounds of coffee, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the island, to be planted by them. From Martinique coffee trees in turn were sent to Santo Domingo, Guadeloupe, and other neighboring islands.

The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing, in its natural state, to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about four thousand feet.—'Success.'

### Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

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### Bald Knob Snowslide.

(Mabel Earle, in 'Good Cheer.')

'Of course I am going to be brave about it!' Honor said, holding fast by the lapels of her father's overcoat. 'Did you think I would fret and cry, as if we weren't partners in business? If there isn't money enough to carry out the plans of the firm, then the firm must make retrenchments. Here's your lantern. Be careful on the step there, dear. Will you want some coffee when you come back?'

Her father turned at the foot of the steps to look back at her bright face, framed in the light of the doorway.

'Not to-night,' he said. 'I'll be back before ten. Don't wait if you're tired.'

Honor shut the door, and mended the fire, and hung up the tea towel carefully before she dropped into a chair by the table, hiding her face in her arms. It was necessary to be brave in the presence of her father, who had had more than enough of sorrow and discouragement in his life. But when a girl is safely alone she may surely be allowed to cry over the downfall of her dearest plans.

Honor had kept up a home for her father, in this two-roomed log-cabin at the edge of a Montana mining-camp, for the three years since her mother's death. She still had memories of the city life which her people had left when she was a girl of ten. The rough life of the mountains, drifting from camp to camp as he found employment in assaying, had agreed very well with her father, building up his feeble health. But the mother had pined away beneath hardships and homesickness.

After she was left alone Honor began to dream the dream which had brightened these last three years. She would go to a normal school and fit herself for teaching; and in due time she would find a situation where she might make a home for herself and father, taking him from the rough, strange world of the mining-camp into that other world of culture and beauty for which her soul was hungry. She had studied faithfully, and the little fund set aside for her expenses had been growing steadily, until the realization of her dream seemed very near. But to-night her father had told her, very sadly, of a reduction in salary and an increase of other expenses which must postpone her schooling for another year at least.

'Never mind!' she said to herself at last, lifting her head from her arms. 'It will come some day, and meanwhile I'm going to make the cabin a bit of real home for father. That means, at present, to finish my ironing. I want to have my sash curtains up by sunrise to-morrow. We're the only family in camp that has white curtains, and we'll have to maintain our reputation.'

She went back and forth at her work, singing to herself resolutely, though more than once she dashed a suspicious moisture from her lashes. Once she paused by the tiny window, peering out anxiously into the darkness.

'I wish father hadn't been obliged to go to work to-night,' she thought. 'Mr. Weston might wait a few hours more for that report! I heard some of the men talking to-day about snowslides. But we haven't had any this winter, and I don't believe they will come now. I wish we didn't live where there were snowslides, and mine accidents, and smelter accidents, and no doctors to speak of!'

At nine o'clock she folded the last piece of ironing, and set the flat-irons carefully on the ledge to cool. As she came back to the table a dull noise struck on her ear, faint at first, but horribly familiar. She sank on her knees, clutching at the ledge of the window for support, while the cabin rocked beneath the sud-

den roar and sweep of the avalanche thundering past it not fifteen feet to the right. The branches of a tall pine, carried down on the extreme edge of the slide, crashed through the window beside which Honor knelt, grazing her shoulder, but she felt no pain.

Before the roar of the slide had died away as it dashed itself against the opposite wall of the cañon Honor had sprung to her feet, and was tearing madly at the fastenings of the door, which, twisted in the jarring of the cabin, refused at first to open.

A sudden gleam of light seemed to stream across her mind, lighting up hidden motives and half-concealed wishes, revealing in terrible clearness a depth of selfishness where she had thought herself most unselfish.

'Father! father!' she sobbed, straining her fingers at the key. 'How could I ever think of leaving you here? How could I dare to be sorry when you said I must stay?'

The door gave way at last, and she let herself down the steps, creeping through the branches of the fallen pine, and making her way into the open road across the snow. She looked out over the clearing toward the group of company buildings, a few hundred feet further down the slope. The office was standing, and the dark bulk of the great boarding-house, from which groups of men were pouring with flickering lanterns and hoarse shouts which came to her across the snow. But the smaller building which contained her father's office and work-room had stood directly in the track of the slide. It was blotted out completely—whether crushed beneath the mass of rock and snow, or carried on with it, she could not see.

'Father! father!' she cried again, trying to gather strength to hurry toward the boarding-house. But her feet failed her, and she sank on the snow.

'Here, Honor!' rang out a voice from the darkness, and her father's arms were around her, lifting her tenderly. 'Thank God, you're safe, and the cabin too! I had just left the office and stepped into the boarding-house when the slide came. No, not a soul hurt this time, for a miracle. It just swept between the main office and the boarding-house—carried off the kitchen, but Sing Lee was in the dining-room. He's sputtering down there now, because he won't have any stove to get breakfast on to-morrow. No more will I have any chance at assaying for a week at least!'

Honor clung to his arm, laughing and crying, while they went up to the cabin together. She tried to tell him of the regret and self-reproach that had overwhelmed her, but he would not listen.

'Nonsense!' he said. 'It's no wonder you wanted to get out of this country. But you must rest to-night, and keep quiet, and we'll have a good time together while this vacation of mine lasts.'

They did have a good time, and the vacation made necessary by the repair of the assay office lasted more than a week. The spring came on while they were waiting, and the sweet, early mountain flowers began to bloom, pushing up the side of the snowdrifts. Honor sat with a handful of these in her lap one day, arranging them in a little glass of water. She was thinking that there were compensations after all in this mountain world.

'Honor,' her father said, coming in, 'I've something to tell you.'

She looked up at him almost in fear, for his voice shook.

'I didn't want to tell you until it was all settled, but I've just signed the papers. It was the slide that did it—in two ways. It came around the edge of Bald Knob, and tore away a bit of ground, and uncovered the pret-