

THE MILLIONAIRE'S CALLER.

He was a tall old man with a slight stoop and thin gray hair. His garments were shiny with wear, the sleeves of his coat being fairly slippery in their thread-bare state. But there was little trace of the infirmities of age in his strong features and the sharp glances of the gray eyes beneath the shaggy brows. These sharp gray eyes turned toward the dingy old clock over the dingy old mantel. It was just noon. There was a door that opened into the counting room, and its upper half was glass. Through this transparent medium the old man could keep a watchful eye on his employees. It saved sudden incursions into the outer room. Those clerks and book-keepers never knew when the sleepless eye would be directed in their direction. There was no loitering or any other form of relaxation in that busy counting room.

crackers. I don't much care for crackers, but it will seem more fair." She held the sandwich toward him. He hesitated again. A frosty smile stole across his wrinkled face. He gravely extended the two crackers and took the proffered sandwich. Then he bit a good segment from it. "Very good," he said. "Mamma made 'em herself. Papa says she's a dabber at making sandwiches. But then I guess mamma's always made things better than anybody else can. Don't you find it so?" He paused with the remains of the sandwich uplifted. His face grew more gentle. "I believe it's a fact that is generally admitted," he said. The child looked at him with a quick laugh. "That's just the way papa talks sometimes," she said, "an' I don't understand a word he says. But sin't we havin' a good time, jus' you an' me?" Why, yes, said the old man. "I think it must be a good time—although I'm afraid I'm a pretty poor judge."

Her little hand pushed the pasteboard box toward him. "You shall have the other piece of cake. These her face brightened. "Wouldn't you buy some presents for yourself?" He shook his head. "No," he answered. "I don't believe I could." Her glance fell on the half-eaten apple and the crackers. "Perhaps you are too poor?" she softly said. "Yes," he answered, "I am too poor." Her little heart was touched. "Have you worked here long?" she asked. "Nearly fifty years." Her quick glance traveled over his threadbare suit. Maybe Mr. Ramsey would give you more wages, she thought. He laughed again. "It seems to think I'm worth only my board and clothes." "Dear, dear! An' he's so very rich. We went by his house once—papa an' mamma an' me—an' it looked so big an' dark. Mamma said she'd just like to have the care of it for awhile. She'd drive out in the air an' the sunshine, an' she'd try to make life really worth livin' for the lonely old man. That's what mamma said. An' papa said he guessed mamma could do it if anybody could. You know Mr. Ramsey. What do you think about it?" He suddenly laughed. "It might be an experiment worth tryin'," he said. Then he stared into the pasteboard box. "Why, look at this!" he cried; "the lunch has all disappeared! I'm sure I ate more than half of it. Come, now, how much do I owe you?" "Mercy," cried the child, "you don't owe me anything! I couldn't eat it all, an' papa didn't have time. I hope you liked it." "It was the best luncheon I have eaten for years," said the old man. "I'll remember an' tell mamma that. She'll be real pleased. An' how she'll laugh when I tell her you asked what you owed me!" The old man put his hand deep in his pocket and drew out an ancient leather wallet. From this he extracted a bill and smoothed it in his knee. "There is a lame boy whose name is Joe," he slowly said. "He needs a chair. Do you know anything about the price of these things?" The child's eyes sparkled as she stared at the bill. "Yes, yes," she answered. "Mamma went an' found out. You can get the kind an' size you want for \$15. An' a real substantial chair, too." "Here's \$20," said the old man. "Get a good one, an' tell Joe it's a present from you. What's your name?" "Elsie."

have created that is on trial to-day. The whole cause of individual property is on trial. Individual liberty of conscience is on trial. And on issues such as these, the attitude of America ought not to be in doubt.—Judge Grosup, of Chicago.

Continuing in the same line of thought, Dr. Briggs goes on to say: "It is evident that Jesus, in speaking to St. Peter, had the whole history of His Kingdom in view. He sees conflict with the evil powers and victory over them. It is, therefore, vain to suppose that we must limit the commission to St. Peter. We could no more do that than we could limit the Apostolic commission to the Apostles. The commission of the prince, no less than the commission of the Twelve, includes their successors in all time to the end of the world. The natural interpretation of the passage, therefore, apart from all prejudice, gives the Papacy a basal authority, as it has always maintained. Therefore we must admit that there must be a sense in which the successors of St. Peter are the authority of the Church, and have the authority of the keys in ecclesiastical government, discipline and determination of faith and morals."



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TO THE CATECHISM.

—or infamous—Diderot, latter part of the eighteenth century, displayed such furious indignation, really esteemed it a disgrace to refrain from glorifying in the clear from an incident related by Buzeeze of the French

one day to Diderot's home him about certain special he wished me to contribute without ceremony, I found the Catechism to be Having dismissed the child of the lesson; he laughed at me. "Why after all," he daughter's education in her what she should be and gentle daughter, and worthy wife and good there, at bottom—since ed to acknowledge it—any compare with that inculcated, any that repose on motives?"

A PROTESTANT PROTEST. It is not as a Catholic or a Protestant speaking to Catholics, that I choose to raise my voice, for whatever my voice is worth, against this invasion of the rights of the church; nor a Protestant merely interested in seeing that the great sister church is not despoiled. I speak as a Protestant; because if such things could be done outside of France, the great Protestant church to which I belong, secure now in the enjoyment of the property that has created, as the human instrument through which it is working out its faith, would be no longer secure.

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