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THE OPULENCE OF CONTENT.

I am not rich in heaps of yellow gold; But when the bubbling bobolink has told His dreaming of the twilight in the morn,

I am not clothed in scarlet robes of kings; But when the crimson cardinal so sings, That song and raiment flash at once on me— I have the crumpled, without the stings.

Not mine the learning of some men that are; But when I hear a lambkin, from afar, Bleating, and save it from the pit, my joy Is great as had I found an unknown star.

I have not castles, lands, or gems of art; But not for these would I my treasures part— Content enough to fill my soul with peace, An overflow of gladness for my heart.

—Aloysius Coll, in Success.

Marooned

Miss Joan Rye was having the last hatpin run through the floppiest of hats by her maid, so that, quite plainly, she was going out to brave the sun.

"If any one wants to know where I am," she said, "you haven't the slightest idea." "Not, the slightest," repeated Miss Rye, admonishingly; "unless Captain Suttlebury asks—and then you might fancy that I'd gone in the direction of the kennels."

"And now, if that pin is in, I'm going down to the lake. I do hope nobody will see me." She rose, as graceful as a panther and full of spirits, and went out swiftly and silently into the park, taking care to evade any other of the Wattle House guests who might be about. Not that many were likely to be, for it was still early and their decisions for the day's amusement were not yet arrived at. She dived into the nearest green shade, and took the avenue leading down to the lake.

The kennels were in quite the opposite direction; but then, Miss Rye had a passion for the waterside, particularly this morning, when the sun was riotously hot and the mere sound of the swish in the reeds would be cooling. Also, nobody ever went down to the lake in the morning. She would be alone and unpestered for once. Captain Suttlebury could bestow his insufferable attention upon the hounds. She laughed aloud at the thought.

It was understood, as such matters generally are understood, that Miss Rye was the destined bride of the captain. He was ugly, vulgar and one of the wealthiest landowners, so that he could marry any one he chose. And his choice seemed to be Miss Joan Rye. "Beauty and the Beast," as Lord Wattle remarked to his distant connection and temporary private secretary, Dick Maynard, ancient this affair.

The young man nodded. "I hope she'll refuse him," he said, frowning. "My dear man," said Lord Wattle, "how can she? Lady Wattle gave me to understand that Miss Rye and Suttlebury have fixed it up, kindly making my house the base of operations. He's a vulgar little brute, and he'll flutter round till she's worn out. Then I'll have to congratulate him."

Maynard shut his mouth at this feeble-minded view and busied himself over his work. He spent a restless night trying to devise disinterested schemes whereby Beauty might be saved from the toils, and, woke early and angry, with a conviction that a secretarial post, precludes one from undertaking the duties of a knight-errant. Usually he was sufficiently self-contained and philosophic not to heed his position. He did not even-mind that when Wattle House filled with guests, he was apt to be considered a nonentity among all these rich people, for he did not feel himself a nonentity, and could afford to be as scornful as they. But this morning he found himself grinding his teeth at them all for a fair-haired set of ape.

And having nothing to do, and plenty to think about, he went down to the lake (because in the morning nobody ever went there) not a rod from the waterman's aid, having punted himself across to the shady side, fixed the pole in the reeds by way of anchor, set his float running, slinched his rod in the bows, and promptly fell asleep among the cushions with a pipe in his mouth.

That is why the following things came to pass, when about half an hour later Miss Joan Rye came down to the boathouse, followed at a discreet distance by the irrepressible Captain Suttlebury, who, by an ill-chance, had marked Miss Rye's direction and had not therefore taken the trouble to inquire of her maid as to where she might be found. The captain was feeling uncommonly sulky and spiteful, knowing he had exerted himself for some days past in a manner that "no woman was worth" without marked success. Miss Rye was the girl to marry— if one must marry, but that he should have to run after anybody as if he were a slunk-ey, was he assured Mrs. Rye, contrary to his habits and his dignity. Only because she was infernally pretty and would pay for it in the end had he (so he assured himself) condescended to the chase. "But that end must come pretty soon." His plan was to let her get well on to the lake, then pursue and worry her into an engagement. Getting her to himself, as he could on the water, he would be able to put the case pretty straight and pretty strong without breaking any of the conventions or laying himself open to further rebuff.

Meanwhile Joan came to the water's edge. A shimmering heat haze lay lightly over the lake, making dim the further shore under the hill, whose imminent pines would, as she knew, throw the coolest of shadows, and all among the rushes on either side of the boathouse the coots winged a flustered escape at her approaching. Some white swans, too, oared themselves off shore, under the fashion of shocked dignity. The waterman was nowhere about, and Joan had to unmoor her own craft. She had fixed on a Canadian canoe, and, having seated herself, made away with broad, gentle scoops of the paddle, rejoicing in the liberty and her solitude. This was what she had desired, and for a time at least that broad hazy merriment seemed almost like a sea unknown, inviolable, romantic, into which she might escape forever.

She had disappeared into the haze beyond Captain Suttlebury's view before he was ready with the punt in which he meant to follow. And on the other side of the haze things were happening of which Joan's first intimation was that toward her, from the opposite bank, came an apparently unoccupied punt. It came erratically, with slow jerks and swerves to left and right. A stout pike rod was fixed in the bows and bent almost to cracking.

"Some one must have been fishing from it," thought Joan. The float was invisible, but the taut line and twisted reel showed her what was the matter. The fisher must have gone ashore and a pike hooked himself in the meantime. How annoyed the man would be!

"Why, it's Mr. Maynard!" she cried, quite suddenly. "Asleep!" She had wanted solitude, but somehow was in no way vexed to come on a man. Otherwise she would not have done what she did. That was to paddle up to the punt and step aboard. She took up the rod and freed the reel carefully.

"What a splendid fish it must be!" she said, feeling it delicately as she reeled in a little. It must have been the sporting instinct that was roused, for she forgot her canoe and her desire for solitude and began to play the fish.

Now a pike is not the gamest of things that swim, but even a pike will make some struggle, and this was a big one. Joan reeled in, and the pike resisted, and the punt rocked up and down. Presently from a dream in which he and Captain Suttlebury were exchanging pistol shots across a pocket handkerchief—all for the love of a lady—Dick Maynard awoke and rubbed his eyes. The girl was standing at the far end of the punt, with feet firmly planted, tense in every limb, and beautifully balancing the heavy rod. She had not called out for assistance or begun shaking, as some women do in their excitement. He could imagine her lips quite firm and curved, and it quite piqued him that he could only see her back and the black, curled clouds of her hair.

"Can I help?" he said, half unwillingly. She answered without turning her head. "Have you got the landing net?" "Yes."

He went forward, and she held up the pike nearer to the side. She was a little breathless, but talked without allowing her attention to be distracted from the business on hand.

"You owe me a pair of gloves, Mr. Maynard. Fast asleep—arent you ashamed—only an hour after breakfast?" "Was I really asleep?" "Were you?"

The pike was hoist up, trying to furrow the tops of the water with his narrow tail. Maynard made an ineffectual dive with the net, the fish shooting away to the right. "I'm afraid I must have been asleep," he admitted, "for, to tell the truth, I was in among the reeds the last time I remember, moored to the punt pole. By the way, the pole's gone."

"Of course it has," said Joan. "So would the fish have gone had I not come to the rescue." "But how did you come?" he asked, wondering. "In the canoe, Oh!" She turned her eyes without turning her hands at all, "I forgot about fastening it, and it's gone. But I was so annoyed the fish shouldn't get off. It wasn't very sporting of you to go asleep when you were fishing."

YOUR FOOTSTEPS

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"It was disgraceful," he agreed. "But I'm rather glad, because I couldn't have landed him myself." Joan nodded at this very excellent reason.

"Do you think we shall get him?" "Certain to. Let me have another try. Hope I shan't miss it this time."

She had got the fish right up and seemingly exhausted. Maynard bent over with the net, kneeling by the edge of the punt. "Now!" she said. "Ahem! Good morning, Miss Joan!"

They had been so wrapped up in their fishing that they had entirely failed to notice the approach of Captain Suttlebury in the second punt, and at the very moment that he sent his punt into their Maynard had the tail of the fish in the net. At the sound of his voice, rasping and irritated, Joan started, and for the first time let the rod down. It was the pike's opportunity, and he took it. With a swish of his tail he leaped away, and the line snapped short.

"Bother!" said Joan. She stood there, facing him, with a rising color. Any one less fatuous than Captain Suttlebury would have foreseen danger in provoking her further. But he was wrapped up in his own conceit, and annoyed besides. For, with this secretary fellow about, his well laid scheme was in risk of foundering. Moreover, what business had she to be hobnobbing with the secretary fellow? He had seen her change crafts from afar; he had watched the whole business, and he meant to put a stop to it. Accordingly, he also stepped over from the punt in which he had come, pole in hand, and took a pompous attitude.

"Well!" said Joan, coldly. "Maynard had relieved her of the rod and was reeling up the slack of the line. His own irritation was greater than the other's, for all his previous trouble came back. Here was the Beast again, annoying Beauty, and he, as a mere outsider—not even a guest on equal terms—did not see what to do. She was vexed—that was clear enough. But if she was condemned to marry the man, any interference of his would only make things more detestable. He could see the bully in Captain Suttlebury. And he would have given worlds to have thrashed it out of him, but then it might only compromise her. The man seemed to claim her by his property already, by his look and manner. For all Maynard knew to the contrary there might be grounds for it.

"Well!" repeated Joan, tapping her foot. "Er—I supposed I'd find you on the lake," said Captain Suttlebury.

"You were looking for me?" "Of course, it was just as well I found you." "Perhaps," said Joan. "It made me lose a rather large pike."

Captain Suttlebury was dimly conscious from her part that he was expected to apologize. But that was not his way—on the contrary, he felt that he had a right to demand an apology. "I do not imagine," he said in his pompous manner, "that your mother would approve of this sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" "Fishing with one of the s—." He had meant to say servants, but caught Maynard's eye. Something warned him to break off suddenly. Maynard unclenched his fingers and went on reeling up, with what he supposed was the best policy, that of neutrality. Yet the little captain, standing there, struck him as incredibly vulgar, almost beneath contempt. He wondered how Lord Wattle could tolerate such a man as guest, how any one could accept him as a companion, chiefly how Mrs. Rye could have entertained the idea of such a son-in-law. Then he shrugged his shoulders, for Joan had only smiled a little, as if he amused her tolerably.

Maynard froze up. Nothing would have been more lucky, to his way of thinking, than the contingency mentioned, but he imagined Joan was making her submission. So did Captain Suttlebury, and he assumed a conquering pose. "Lost his pole, has he?" he inquired, loftily. "Yes," said Joan. "It's stuck in the reeds. You can almost see it from here."

"Then, Mr. What's-his-name," said the captain, turning toward Maynard, "you can take my punt and fetch the pole back here. After that you can go, Miss Rye and I shan't need you, d'ye see?"

He held out the pole belonging to his own punt as he spoke, and for a moment his late hung in the balance. Then Maynard put his hands in his pockets and turned to Joan. "Am I to understand that is what you wish?" he asked, stiffly. "Please do," she said.

Because she wished it, he stepped across on to the other punt, disregarding even the supercilious smile with which Captain Suttlebury handed him the pole. Then, without a word, he pushed off. As the gap between the two punts widened to a yard, before either of the two were aware of it, Joan had taken a running leap from one to the other. She was beside Maynard now, and the gap had grown a gulf of a dozen yards, and the captain's smile turned to a stare of dismay.

"What the — what are you doing?" she stuttered angrily. Joan settled herself composedly down among the cushions. "Marooning you," she said. "Maroo — maroo — what do you mean?"

"For bad manners of the high seas," Joan explained affably, "I am the pirate queen of the lake this morning. Anyone displeasing me has to suffer. Your punishment is to swim ashore or else wait until some one comes to you. The pole is in the reeds, remember, in case you want it, and don't forget luteon is at 2. Good-bye, Captain Suttlebury!"

She waved her hand at him mischievously, and beckoned Maynard to nole on. "You are sure you wish it?" he asked anxiously. "I don't think he is the sort of a man to forgive it." "That is what I hope," she said. And at that he had no more scruples.

"As fast as you can, please," said Joan, "for I'm sure he's using bad language now, and I've been insulted enough for one morning. And I'm so vexed to have made you lose that pike, Mr. Maynard."

Later in the day Captain Suttlebury was observed by the waterman and rescued, but that was not until after luncheon, and everyone was curious to know what had become of him. Not having the spirit to confess his discomfiture, he decided to leave Wattle House by the next train, which he did, much to Mrs. Rye's grief. Later in the year—much to her mother's horror—Joan married Lord Wattle's private secretary.—The King.

Monks Were the First Bookbinders.

Earnest Knauff, editor of The Art Student, contributes to last week's issue of our esteemed Protestant Episcopal contemporary, The Churchman, an excellent illustrated article on "Bookbinding—Past and Present."

"Historically considered," he writes, "bookbinding begins with the Middle Ages, for classic books were nearly always mounted on rolls. In most cases the binders were the monks, who were likewise calligraphers and illuminators of the contents of the book. The books were frequently bound in wood, which might or might not be covered with leather. Other materials were used, as metal and ivory. The Henry I. 'Passionale' represents this kind of binding. A breverie for my lady's prie Dieu might also be bound in velvet or satin and embroidered. But for the library book, nirskin, vellum and morocco soon became the favorite materials. The last two were popular in Italy during the Renaissance when Aldus produced the beautiful volumes from his press."

"In Great Britain the binding was for many years in the hands of the handicraft of the Irish monk, Dagaicus, is preserved in the British Museum, and is dated 520 A. D."

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Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong Bnai Israel New York, Jan. 3, 1901

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workhouse ration is affluence and luxury, clothed as no peasant in Europe are clothed. General Gordon thus wrote: "I must say, from all accounts and from my own observation, that the state of our fellow-countrymen in the parts I have named is worse than that of any people in the world, let alone Europe. I believe that these people are made, as we are—that they are patient beyond belief, living on the verge of starvation in places in which we would not keep our cattle. The Bulgarians, Anato-lians, Chinese, and Indians are better off than many of them are."

At a street corner reading the advertisement pages of a newspaper. "Looking for a job?" asked Schwab, abruptly. "What trade?" "Stonemason, sir; but I can't work at that in the frost, so I'm just looking out for something else."

"Good luck," said Mr Schwab, gripping the workman's hand, and then striding away while the man gazed incredulously at the ten-dollar gold piece that lay in his palm.

At a duel the combatants discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the duelists should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "Their hands," said he, "have been shaking this half-hour."

MIR. SCHWAB AND THE STONE MASON.

Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, never seems wholly to forget the days of his early struggles—those days when the wolf was not only at the door, but right at his throat. He was walking up Broadway, accompanied by two other gentlemen, after attending a session of the National Civic Federation, when he saw a respectable looking, middle-aged man standing

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