

Boys and Girls.

Two Boy Anecdotes.

Papa—Well, Tommy, what do you want Santa Claus to bring you this Christmas?

Tommy—Oh, for the same as usual—of everything he can think of—Harper's Round Table.

Jack—Papa, isn't it always best to have one head to everything?

Papa—Yes, my boy.

Jack—Well, then, what makes you say two heads are better than one?—Harper's Round Table.

A Lesson in Patience.

One of the happiest little boys I ever saw is a cripple and will never walk. His lower limbs are paralyzed, and the little fellow is wheeled around in a chair made for his special use. When I first saw him I thought how awful it must be for a 7-year-old boy not to be able to run and play like other children, and, without thinking, I asked: "Isn't it lovely here? Don't you wish you could run and jump?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "I might like it, but I'm happy where I am, and perhaps I'd get hurt. Little boys do."

Real Heroism.

In Mr. Frederick D. Greene's book, "The Armenian Crisis in Turkey," occurs the following sentence: "A handsome, newly wedded couple fled to a hilltop. Soldiers followed, and told them they were pretty and would be spared if they would accept Islam; but even the thought of the horrible death which they knew awaited them did not prevent them from confessing Christ."

This is only one of thousands of heroic martyrdoms, equal to any in world has ever seen, and which, in August, 1894, when the atrocious Turks destroyed many villages and massacred thousands of Armenians for no other reason than that they were Christians.

This massacre in Sassoun only proves again that of all nations the Armenians are perhaps the most heroic in endurance for the sake of their religion. The following story will illustrate the national characteristics.

Fifteen hundred years ago, when Armenia was a province of Persia, the Persian king wished to convert the people to his own religion, and sent an embassy bidding them abandon Christianity and become fire worshippers. To this delegation Vartan, the Armenian leader, boldly said:

"All our goods and possessions are for you. If you leave us our faith, we will not accept any other lord in place of you; but we will accept no God in place of Jesus Christ. We are not better than our fathers, and we are for this testimony of our faith, their chattels and their lives."

The King of Persia was amazed and enraged at the temerity of the reply. Persia was invaded, and Armenia was a spot upon the map. He sent an army of 200,000 against the stubborn mountaineers, and Vartan, with a handful of patriots, met his fate in battle under Mount Ararat.

The resistance was obstinate. Vartan was killed, while old men and women and children fought with the strong for their religion. An old Armenian quietly put it thus: "The necks of the slayers grew dull, but the necks of the conquered were not weary."

The Persian high priest seeing that although the battle had been won, the people had not been conquered, said to the king: "These men have put on Christianity, not like robes, but like their flesh and blood. Men who do not dread fetters, nor fear torments, nor care for their property, and what is worse of all, who can stand against death."

The people proved then, as they did a few months ago, that while they were ready to give up their faith, and to this day, although the celebration has been forbidden by the Turkish Government as seditious, the mountaineers of the Caucasus solemnly put at their festivals to the health of the dead Vartan; and the legend goes that even the nightingales in Armenia sing, "Vartan! Vartan!"

Beside a story of martyrdom like this, how can we take a day to bring the religious struggles of our sheltered lives?—Youths' Companion.

Jack Tennant's Start.

(By LONDON YORK.)

All his life young Jack Tennant had had pretty much what he wanted. His mother was dead, and his father's upmost thought was to give Jack as much pleasure as possible. As a child he had a surfeit of toys; as a boy, he had everything that is dear to a boy's heart, and the fact that the things were dear to someone's pocket was of no consequence. When the fishing season opened Jack had rods of all varieties, and the most elaborate tackle; his guns were of the latest pattern; at the Tennant's summer home his naphtha launch and the rest of his navy was the envy of the lake. When he took it into his head to organize a telegraph circuit among his friends his father was delighted, and furnished the best telegraph instruments to be had for the five boys who "belonged." His driving horse was the handsomest horse in town with one exception, and the exception was his riding horse. Some people thought him inclined to be cocky. They were usually persons who didn't know him intimately, and perhaps thought so because he always dressed well and sometimes carried his name in the middle. His cards had it J. Tennant.

And then the crash came. When the banks were trembling and going down, one after the other, no one feared of the International, and yet after weathering the storm the day, it too went down, and with it the Tennant fortune. The poor old colonel went to pieces under the strain. The doctors sent him to a quiet place in the country, with orders that no one should talk business to him. Before he left he gave instructions to have everything sold, and everything was sold. Jack found himself alone, with nothing to think about but what he was going to do to earn a living. In a few days of trouble his principal satisfaction was in a few things over with Bess. She was

a year younger, and a girl in the bargain, but in spite of these drawbacks Jack thought her opinions worth having.

Bess was sitting on her porch one day when Jack strolled into the yard wearing a long face.

"I've been down to see Bartlett & Co."

"And what did they say?"

"Oh, the same old story—hard times, and not taking any additions to their force." Jack was kicking a hole in the gravel walk.

"What made me tired was something old Bartlett said. I left my gloves there, and when I went back for them I heard him say to someone, 'We don't want any pink-silk clerks around here.' I tell you, Bess, it's tough to have things knocked in the head in this way, and then when you're doing things keep going against you!"

"Of course, it's all tough," said Bess. "You see, Jack, you've lived on desert all your life, and it's hard to come down to bread and butter. It's hard, really. Do you know, I think the bread and butter is going to be good for you."

"Well," Jack answered, "I'm sure I've tried to think of every possible way of getting started. I thought last night if I could go abroad and write letters home to some paper I might get an opening into journalism. Father always thought I wrote good letters, and I like to write them."

"It's a pretty big 'if' in the way, isn't it? Wouldn't the practical way be to go down to the Times and see if they need a reporter?" The suggestion struck Jack as being about as agreeable as one as could be made, and yet in the end he decided to act on it.

"And, Jack," Bess called after him, as he went out at the gate, "perhaps you had better leave your gloves at home this time."

Jack jogged up to the top of the Times in a shaky elevator. The hallway smelled of printers' ink, and there was a number of presses, and the rattle of typewriters.

"Have you had any experience in newspaper work?" was the first question the managing editor asked. Jack noticed he said newspaper work instead of journalism.

"I wrote you something on canoeing once, but you sent it back to me."

"Oh, I remember it. It was a good little story, too. We had just printed something of the same sort, or I should have used it."

At the end of the interview, which the editor carried on with his pencil heading of an editorial, he took Jack's name, and told him if ever the Times needed a reporter his application would be considered. As Jack was leaving the room the city editor hurried in.

"Say, Jack, I've got a job for you. Put on that investigation." There was a word between the men, and the managing editor called Jack back.

"I'm going to write an anniversary editorial tomorrow. If you like, you can write it up for us, and then if we need what you can, we'll know something of what you can do. You can bring the copy in with you in the morning."

Jack had only fifteen minutes to reach his train, but he made it, and at midnight was cooped up in a stuffy little room of the country hotel, working away at his report by a kerosene lamp. It wasn't as easy a task as he thought it was going to be. He was thoughtful, and by a most uncomfortable position, and by the time the last page was in sight, he felt that his back were broken. Still a sense of satisfaction was uppermost when he went to the window to stretch out the cramps.

"Hello, there's a fire some place!" There was a red reflection on the clouds above as if the fire were on the other side of the hotel. He ran downstairs and met the proprietor and his clerk starting out, half-dressed. Men were running through the streets shouting at each other, and the church bells began to ring. Turning the corner they found the end of the street in a blaze. There were three or four houses on fire, and as the wind came down from the north it scattered the hot cinders and swept the flames on from house to house in an incredibly short time. As yet the fire was among the small frame dwelling houses, but it was fast making its way toward the business part of the village, and the volunteer fire department with its poor equipment was almost helpless before it.

"My house is gone!" said a man with tears in his eyes; "if help don't come quick the town'll be an ash pile in the morning! There goes the church!"

Jack watched the flames catch at the base of the spire and run up quickly to the gilt cross at the top, until the whole steeple was a roaring column of fire. Men and women pushed through the crowd headed with beds, trunks, furniture and trunks; and under their arms little bundles of valuables jingled and clinked as they hurried. On the walk stood an open piano, a pile of pictures and a broken lamp on top of it, with the kerosene running down over all. Some had their things in wagons and without waiting for horses were hauling them themselves. And still the fire swept on with fearful rapidity.

All at once the thought came to Jack that he was the Times' representative here, and that this was something that would be of more importance to the paper than the report he was sent to do. He didn't know what arrangements the paper had for getting such news, or whether it was already too late for the morning edition, but he started on his run for the telegraph office to do what he could to insure the Times a report of the fire.

Some men ran up the stairs into the office after calling him to the operator to ask Buchananburg to send over all the engines it could. The operator was leaning over his keyboard apparently asleep.

"Wake up there!" yelled one of the men striking him roughly on the back, and then as the operator didn't raise his head, the man took him by the collar and turned his face back.

"Drunk!" the men looked at each other helplessly. "It'll take a half hour to bring him around, and I don't know where we are going to find a man to telegraph! This is a nice fix!"

"You'll take him out of the way," said Jack, "I can wire for those engines."

He sat down and clicked off the message to Buchananburg, which was the next town to Galesville; then he threw off his coat and settled down to tell the Times what had happened. He was out of practice, but soon his speed improved, and in five minutes the key was working in fine style. A message came from the Times, "Holding edition open. Give us all you can."

Jack got a man to go up on the roof to report the progress of the fire, and a lanky, freckled-faced boy, called Jeffy, agreed to bring in news from Galesville. Jack couldn't have got a better assistant if he had tried a week. Jeffy knew every inch of the town, and every inhabitant; and better than all he could run, and had an unlimited supply of wind. Before Jack had exhausted one batch of information Jeffy would dash in with another relay, puffing like a porpoise.

The fire's got over on this side of Davis street; Jones' chair factory's caught on the roof and the burning stuff's dropping down the elevator shaft. There won't be nothing left of it, but they're tryin' to save Hunkins' mill."

And then while Jack moved his forehead with one hand, and with the other began to tick "Jones' chair factory" burned to ground—the man on the roof would call down through the door, "Hunkins' mill has ketch'd, an' the Baptist Church's blazin' like thunder." Just then a young man hurried in and looked surprised at seeing Jack.

"Can you send this to the city right away for the Globe? The Globe was the Times' principal rival, and Jack answered up brusquely that he could not.

"Say, I'll give you \$5 if you'll get it on the wire for me. I'm the local correspondent."

"The wire's engaged for the Times," said Jack, "and you can't have it for \$5 or for \$50 until I'm through with it, then you can have it for nothing, but you'll have to do your own sending."

Jeffy stood panting in the doorway: "It's through to Beech street. If they don't stop it there you'll have got out of here in ten minutes."

"I'll see what right you have to monopolize this wire," snapped the correspondent, and he disappeared down the stairs after Jeffy.

The light from the burning town made the room as light as day. It grew hotter and hotter. Jack threw off his waistcoat and worked for dear life. There was a racket overhead. The man from the roof came scrambling through the trap, and almost fell down the ladder into the room.

"Come on, quick," he called, making a dive for the door. "We're all on fire!"

"Office burning," Jack ticked. "Can't send any more. The flames were beginning to come through the trap door," he said. Jeffy turned to say that the engines had come, and Jack stopped to put on the wire, "Buchananburg engines arrived at—"

and there the key fell limp under his hand. The managing editor's knock came, his coat and lamp down to the street after Jeffy.

"We didn't get out any too quick," said Jeffy, looking back at the blazing building.

"No," Jack gasped. Then he stopped short and grasped Jeffy's arm. "That fellow—the telegraph man—'he's up there!'"

He didn't stop to call for help—there was no time for that—but turned and made a dash up the stairs. The room was filled with smoke, and in one corner the flames shone through the white vapor. Jack tied his handkerchief around his neck, and he crept along the floor. He knew exactly where the bench was on which they had laid the operator, and yet he groped about for a minute before his hand touched the man's foot. He pulled the unconscious man to the floor, and getting him by the feet, drew him to the door, where Jeffy and a fireman met him, and the three got their burden to the street.

There were shouts in the distance, and the crowd changing, then the crowd surged back with a hoarse cheer and Buchananburg engines came rocking down the street.

At 9 o'clock the morning Jack arrived at the Times office and handed in his report of the entertainment. He was pale and grimy and pretty well fagged out, but he had to go over the whole story to the two editors. "Well, sir," said the managing editor, "slapping him on the back, 'we scooped the town on that fire. The other paper didn't have a word in it. And you did the telegraphing yourself down and introduced him to the editor-in-chief, and the two agreed that Jack was just the man the Times could use, and that if he wanted to start in at \$10 a week he could have the job.'"

The best of it all was telling Bess about it. "Great luck, wasn't it?" said Jack.

"I don't call it that," said Bess. "You worked hard for the place and you got it. Of course the hard work has only begun, but you'll do it all right. You don't surprise me a bit. I knew it was in you. And," she added, with a laugh, "I want you to make your first report on Buchananburg. I know that it really isn't best to judge a man by his clothes, and that 'clothes' means good clothes just as well as any other sort."—The Interior.

Why comes Temptation, but for man to meet And master, and make crouch beneath his feet, And so be pedestal in triumph? —Broening.

Our Advancing Physician.

Great are achievements of contemporary science in the department of therapeutics. No one who has undertaken to read the family doctor's work at least should fail to be thankful for anti-toxin. It has really annihilated the worst terrors of diphtheria, and grateful voices rejoice in it wherever it has been used. Its success revives hope that the wise men will presently learn to deal effectually with the bacilli of consumption, and of cancer, too, if it should turn out, as begins to be suspected, that cancer is a communicable disease.

Every great medical discovery seems to tend to run itself somewhat out of breath at the start. After the operation for appendicitis was invented it was thought that the family doctor knew how to do it, and it was somewhat willing to perform it, and sit open a good many people who would have got on better unopened. One source now that the novelty of the operation has worn off, the doctors take grown more used to it. It is used with a riper discrimination than at first, and has grown surer and safer and a little less frequent.

Just now the medical novelty seems to be the pursuit of the microbe. It is carried on with an ardor that sometimes make both laymen and doctors smile. One hears such stories as that of a man who went to his physician with a slight sore throat, and his of the lining of it to be examined, got a gargle and went home. That night he went to the theater but was called off in the middle of the performance and told that the members of his throat had diphtheria microbes in it, and that he must go home, which he did, but all the folks with sore throats in the audience who happened not to have seen a physician staid the show out.

We laugh at the multiplication of precautions, and think our medical masters aspire for us to an impracticable degree of security. But we don't laugh very hard, and we do as we are told, confident that after all that is known has been done for our protection there will still be a great deal to be done for us. —Harper's Weekly.

With the Poets.

St. Michael the Weigher.

Stood the tall Archangel weighing All man's dreaming, doing, saying, All the triumph and the pain, All the triumph and the gain, In the unimagined years, Full of hopes, more full of tears, Since old Adam's hopeless eyes Backward searched for Paradise, And instead, the flame-blade saw Of inexorable Law.

Waking I beheld him there, In his blind, flickering hair, In his blind, flickering hair, And the scales were in his hand; Mighty were they, and full well They could pierce both heaven and hell.

"Angel," asked I humbly then, "Weighest thou the souls of men? That time office is, I know." "Nay," he answered me, "not so; I weigh the hope of man. Since the power of choice began, In the world of good and ill, Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place All the glories of our race, All the glories of our race, Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast, Gems, the lightning of the East, Kubler's scepter, Caesar's sword, Many a poet's golden word, Many a skill of science, vain To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw Things, regardless, outcast, few, Many a rash, arena sand, Of St. Francis' cord a strand, Beechen cups of men whose need Fastened that the poor might feed, Disillusions and despair, Of young souls with grief-grayed hairs, Broken hearts that broke for Man.

Marvel through my pulses ran Seeing then the beam divine, Simply on this hand decline, All the splendor and renown Mounted light as thistle-down. —From James Russell Lowell's "Last Poems."

Io Victus.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life— The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife.

Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim Of names was lifted in chorus, whose brows were the chaplet of fame, But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart.

Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part; Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away.

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day, With the wreck of their life all around them, unlit, unheeded, alone.

With the swooning down of their failure, and aub, but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts a chorus—the paen for those who have won, and you stand on the field of defeat.

In the shadow, with those who are fallen and wounded, and dying, and there Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer.

Hold that hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win, Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within."

Who have held to their faith unswayed by the prize that the world holds on high; Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die.

Speak, History! Who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say, Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day? The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylae's trust, Or the Persians and Xerxes, and his judges, or Socrates? Pilate or Christ? —William Wetmore Story.

Magic Keys.

In a rude voice screamed little Tom—"Open the door for me!" "Yes," was the answer from within. "If you will bring the proper key."

"If you please, mamma," said little Tom, Putting down his pride; At mention of the gentle words The door flew open wide.

Hearts, like doors, are often locked; "Thank you," and "if you please," Spoken with a pleasant smile, Are the magic keys. —The Outlook.

Congressional Repartee.

There is a good deal of verbal sharp-shooting and badinage in Congress, and frequently this is not only very enlivening to the session, but well worth repeating.

Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, the "society" statesman, and Representative Caruth, of Kentucky, have been among the very quickest at repartee. A Louisville exchange relates the following incidents of them:

When Jerry first took his seat the other members thought it perfectly safe to be familiar with him. They evidently believed he would turn out very dull, and incapable of protecting himself from their badinage. Before they got through, however, they learned that Jerry was a serious thing, and whoever picked him up must be careful as to where he took hold.

One day Payne, of New York, was making a speech. It was of tariff kind, and Simpson, who sat very near the speaker, turned suddenly about and asked that gentleman a question which was going to be very hard to answer. To reply directly would be a blunder, but the talker somewhat within Simpson's power, and Payne saw it. He took another way out, and not a very graceful one.

"The question is such a foolish one," said Mr. Payne, surveying Mr. Simpson with an air of lofty patronage, "that if I were inclined to be ingenuously I would resort to the gentle-

man by asking him if his ancestors were monkeys."

"And if you did," responded Mr. Simpson, surveying Mr. Payne with great cheerfulness, "I should reply to it as did the elder Dumas when asked a similar question by a French dandy, and say that my ancestors were monkeys, that my family began where yours leaves off."

Caruth recently rather disturbed the equanimity of that metropolitan edifying and statesman, Lemuel Eli Quigg:

"The Republican party, Mr. Speaker," shouted Mr. Quigg on an occasion when, oratorically speaking, he was sailing, and soaring, and sailing, a new speck in the heavens of the House, "the Republican party, Mr. Speaker, 'on that occasion of the nation's greatest peril stood like a gladiator, belted and buckled, booted and spurred.'"

"Will the gentleman," interrupted Caruth, with a look of one who was taking a consuming interest in Quigg's speech, and wanted full information on all points as he went along, "will the gentleman please mention when and where it was that the gladiators wore boots and spurs?"

The House, as usual, full of approving delight, yelled its glaze over the interruption; and all very much to the confusion of Lemuel Eli Quigg, who was exceedingly busy at that time posing as a maker of metaphors of excessive purity.

HAPPENED IN A SLEEPING CAR.

The Deplorable Result of a Change of Berths Made Late at Night.

"My friend and I had secured two lower berths opposite each other. He was not a smoker, so he concluded to tumble in, while I went forward to the smoking compartment for a cigar before I followed his example. Possibly I found the game of cards which was in progress between two commercial travelers interesting, or else the cigar was more soothing than usual, but however it was, I remained longer than I had intended.

"In the mean time we had made a stop and taken on a couple of passengers, an aged couple of dimmed, aristocratic appearance. Every lower berth was taken and over half of the uppers, so the worthy pair were not jubilant over the prospect of climbing into an upper berth, and their objections were plainly audible to others than the porter. At least that subtle gallant, driven to his wits' end, came in to where I sat placidly smoking, apparently unconscious of what had been going on in the car with a deplorable air he approached and asked me if I would exchange my lower berth for an upper in favor of the old people. I readily assented, and the couple, grateful and moved, immediately took possession, and, judging from the duo of discordant vocal sounds which soon emanated from 'lower 10,' they had fallen into peaceful slumber.

"For answer, several feminine shrieks rent the air, while two wrathful faces rose up and confronted my friend, who shrank back aghast. Every head popped out between the curtains, my own included, and quickly grasping the situation I sank back, convulsed. In the meantime the porter had appeared, and in due course of time and with many explanations, succeeded in pacifying the aged couple.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Prosperity is consistent with intense worldliness, intense selfishness, intense hardness of heart; while the grander features of human character—self-sacrifice, disregard of pleasure, patriotism, love of knowledge, devotion to any great and good cause—these have no tendency to bring men what they call fortune.—Froude.

George Eliot.

Madame Belloc knew George Eliot as a child and all through her career. The last letter of the great novelist ever written was probably one addressed to Madame Belloc. This is her estimate of that wonderful woman:

"Born myself in the very bosom of Puritan England (Madame Belloc was a convert to Roman Catholicism), I lived daily upon the subtle letter of the Scripture with profound reverence, I am in a position to declare that from her to last, George Eliot was the living incarnation of English Dissent. She had 'chapel' written in every line of the thoughtful, somewhat severe, face; not the flourishing Dissent of Stoughton or Parker, or the blood-kindness of Ward Beecher, or the culture of Stopford Brooke, but the Dissent of Jonathan Edwards, of Phillip Henry, of John Wesley as he was ultimately unflinching industry, and sedulous use of all her talents, her extraordinary courage—even her dress, which, spend as she might and ultimately did, could never be lifted into fashion, and retained a certain quiet solemnity of cut and gesture like an eighteenth-century diction applied to clothes—everything about her, to me, suggested Bunyan in his Bedford prison, or Mary Bosanquet watched by Fletcher of Madeley, as she bore the pelting of the stones in the streets of Northampton. No one has ever before said this, so far as I know; no one has ever attempted to describe her as I saw her in her younger years, but I think I saw the truth. She has been compared personally to Dante and Savonarola. I think that her real affinity may be traced nearer home; that there was in her nothing Italian, nothing in any sense foreign; in the Wars of the Roses her ancestors would have adhered to any leader who promised best for the people; in those of the Reformation she would have followed the Duke of Norfolk presented her away. She had his right hand and her aged head and blessed her, telling her he would meet her again 'in Paradise.' On the 30th of January she passed away in her sleep.—The New Age.

A Smile--A Laugh.

Judge—Have you any children, Mrs. Flaherty?

Mrs. F.—Yes, yer amner; I have two livin' and war married.

Mistress—So your are going to leave me service? Now, what motive impels you to go away?

Servant—It's no motive, madame; it's a soldier.—Paris Gaulois.

Defining by Ear.—A teacher requested each scholar to give a sentence containing the word "toward." One boy of 9 years evolved: "I toared my pants."

Uncle Harry—Well, Johnnie, and how did you like the ride on Uncle Harry's knee?

Johnnie—Oh, it was very nice; but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday.

Fishing with Faith.—Boy (on the stump, who has been patiently watching the strange angler for about an hour)—You ain't caught anything, 'ave yer?

Stranger—No, not yet, my boy. Boy—There wasn't no water in that pond till it rained last night.

More Loving Than It Seemed.—Walter's mamma was very sick with rheumatism, and he was rubbing her arms, when she said: "Walter, it is too bad that mamma is such a trouble to you."

Walter replied cheerfully: "Never mind, mamma, if you are only just alive, we don't care how much you suffer."

Unexpected Truth.—A lady teacher in one of the public schools, in trying to explain the meaning of the word "slowly," illustrated it by walking across the floor. Then she asked the class to tell her how she walked. She nearly fainted when a boy at the foot of the class shouted, "Bow-legged, ma'am!"

"Mrs. Boggles," said Mr. Boggles, angrily, "will you kindly tell me why you have put this thermometer over the fireplace?"

"It was only to please you, John," replied Mrs. Boggles. "You were so uncomfortable this morning because the mercury was 'way down there, and brought it in here in the hope of raising it."

"Your wife is very successful on the lecture platform, Binks."

"Yes."

"She is indeed. She speaks right to the point, and never seems a bit afraid."

"Glad you think so. I'm responsible for all that."

"You? How?"

"I sit in the audience, and she fixes her eye on me and fires ahead. She says she feels just as she does when she's got me in a corner with something I ought to hear."

The Conquest of Opportunity.—At a picnic given the waifs of Chicago, a plate of tarts was passed to two little boys, evidently chums. One, whose mouth was