

WHEN PETER HELPED.

"Well!" exclaimed Rita. "You've come at last!"

The young man standing at the side door lifted his hat doubtfully.

"They said at the agency they would send you up by 9 o'clock, and here it is almost 12. Dinner must be ready promptly, because we must be in time for the first act at the next play. Now, for pity's sake do hurry to make up for the lost time!"

The young man smiled amiably, and stepped into the hall.

"I will do my best," he said, "if you will tell me where to begin."

He looked eagerly at the slim little figure in the trim blue and white gingham gown, and the big, enveloping white apron with the be-ruffled bib. The delicately-featured young face was flushed with exertion, anxiety—or both.

"Oh, there is so much I hardly know where to tell you to begin," she began, with a wild little gesture of bewilderment. "There's wood and coal to be brought in first, and that kitchen stove must be made to burn. And you'll have to help me with the dinner. I know, as he would have said, 'I didn't stipulate you'd be obliged to do it, but I'll do it if I can.' I told them to send me a man of all work, but—breaking down in helpless laughter, 'if you're really that you won't mind—and I'll do it if I can.' Leave your hat and overcoat here. You won't have time to get on your working clothes." She glanced at the heavy traveling bag he set down. "I'll give you one of Selma's aprons when you get the fire started. Oh, dear! That she should have left at such a time! Come this way!"

She whisked away to the kitchen regions, the newcomer striding after. "Can you make that fire burn?" she demanded desperately. She flung out two little smudged and blackened hands. "I've tried—this I've tried. We'll have a splendid blaze in no time," the man cried cheerily. He had removed his coat and tied the big blue apron around him. "I've made lots of fires when I was in camp. I mean when I had to," he ended lamely.

But Rita Carlton, energetically chopping savory herbs into the rolled breadcrumbs preparatory to stuffing the big turkey in the kitchen table, was paying slight attention to his words. She did look up, however, to smile approvingly when presently a roaring fire repaid the labor of her assistant, and he came to her—triumphant if disheveled, for further orders. "I'm awfully sorry you have to have in your best clothes, Peter," she said sweetly. "I believe Mr. Marsh said your name was Peter, next? Why, I believe you'd better bring up the case of Burgundy you'll find in the cellar. It must be the right temperature, you know?"

And when he had done so, and gently ranged the bottles sidelong at precisely the proper distance from the fire, she looked at him curiously.

"You seem to understand about wines," she remarked. "Perhaps you have held their ostension of butler?"

The vastness of her question, and the fact that he had the air of one who commands, rather than that of one accustomed to accept orders.

"I've never held a butler!" he instantly replied, a quizzical smile. "I know something about wines, though. What shall I do now?"

"Would you mind—being the putatoes?" she asked timidly. The imperious manner in which she had met him was melting in the most miraculous fashion.

"Not in the least," he replied heartily. "If you will show me where they are."

With the burden of preparation lightened for her, Rita found herself smiling and humming snatches of songs through the doorway as she had brought the folded put paste from his child retreat, and was reaching it out on a marble slab, her sleeves tucked over her dimpled elbows, she became almost confidential—or at least explanatory.

"Out here in the suburbs it is so impossible at times to get or keep servants. The man who used to attend to the chores broke his arm yesterday, and the cook left without warning. Then, we must have a visitor, a gentleman, whom my sister, Mrs. Miller, met while cast, telegraphed he would be passing through town to-day, and, of course, we could not let him eat dinner at a hotel. She asked him to come early so they might have a long visit together. Indeed, I should not wonder, if he came here any time now. There! The mince pies were slipped into the large oven beside the hissing turkey. 'Everything is going beautifully. I can run upstairs and change my dress before it is time to make the salad. A wo-



ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT. "Here, Chuck it, Mister! You're spoiling the ice!"—The Sketch.

Crisis In Russia One Step Closer to Liberty.

By Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

If any man would be king over you, let him become your servant.

These are God's images whom the noble has marred, debased, and brutalized and turned into demons.

It is a pitiful story. What will happen? For bread, the noble answered: "Eat grass, you dogs! That night they tore his head from his shoulders. The starving women put his head on a spike and on the fingers of one hand. They pulled a handful of grass from the ground, and, prying his jaws open, stuck it between his teeth and they screamed: 'Tonight Foulon eats grass!'"

Then they said: "There is no hope. Neither the king nor the nobles will serve or help us. First, they chopped off the heads of Louis and Marie Antoinette. Then they set about the task of slaying the 30,000 landowners.

Has the beginning of the end come for Russia? Is the volcano to enter upon its fiery eruption? Are the downtrodden about to turn against the state of the country, wishing to end the world's worst slavery, the serfdom? God only knows. But if every drop of blood by the lash now paid for by another drop drawn by the sword, nevertheless, not as of old, "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

The people, having reflected long on the state of the country, wished to express their views. The censor and the czar have met the demands by exiling the editors to Siberia. The students had said: "Give us liberty, or death!" in the lecture halls of the universities, and the answer was to lead them to the headsman's axe or to the dungeon.

Now, Christ's law of service offers the secret of influence and peace today for princes and cabinet officials, for the money goes where its maker and owner desires it to go, without dispute, without depletion by lawyers' fees—and incidentally without the payment of an inheritance tax. The giver is alive to receive the gratitude of his beneficiaries and to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them happy.

This is one side. The other presents the pain of consciously "letting go" of great riches, foolishly acquired. The passion for accumulation is one that apt to increase with age. A man must have great faith and a truly generous heart to be able to place a trust in the hands of a child, or to reflect that one of the most precious things in life is the death of the heaping up of a great fortune for heirs to quarrel over.—New York World.

No Pockets in a Shroud.

Stephen B. Roth, a wealthy octogenarian of Norwich (Conn.), has just distributed a second \$100,000 among his relatives. He adopts this course to "avoid any contest over his will after he is dead."

This plan has some obvious advantages. The money goes where its maker and owner desires it to go, without dispute, without depletion by lawyers' fees—and incidentally without the payment of an inheritance tax. The giver is alive to receive the gratitude of his beneficiaries and to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them happy.

Monkeys Brand help removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

Alligator hunters are wanted in Venezuela, where the animals are said to exist in untold numbers. The hunting is good sport, the skins are valuable, and the oil, which is used for medicinal purposes, also fetches a good price.

WHAT IT IS

The Mucous Membrane and the Important Part It Plays in the Health or Sickness of the Body.

The Mucous Membrane is the inside lining of the body, and of all its vessels and organs. The moment this membrane becomes out of condition, ever so little illness follows swiftly, in some form or other.

In Russia today the nobles and clergy are largely exempt. But not the poor. Their wage is a pittance. Over against the splendid palace and country seat of the Russian noble are the 10,000 on the vast estate. The huts average 15 by 20 feet. The traveler tells us that in one end of an open fireplace with no chimney, black dirt floor, a bare old bedding rolled up in one corner, a couple of calves tied in the other corner. The coop for the hens is found there also. There, too, are a toothless old hag, a woman of thirty, a man and a half-dozen children, stolid, ignorant, half-fed, debased, unable to read or write. Simply one of the 10,000 peasants on the estate. The man has a low forehead and a thick back-head.

FACTORY LIFE PHASES OF FUN

ALTHOUGH AN ERROR TO THINK THAT THE LIFE IS ONE OF GLOOMINESS.

Humorous Incidents Related by an English Laborer—A Weaver Like Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"People who imagine that factory life is all gloom make a great mistake. But every class has its own brand of nonsense, and ours was delighted sometimes with even the poorest excuses for laughter.

In the factory where I worked for many years malapropisms yielded an unfailing supply of merriment. We had a manager who was possessed of a decided leaning towards using "words of learned strength and thundering sound." Some strong language used to him by his majesty's inspector of factories on the occasion of an unexpected visit he denounced as unworthy of the inspector's "dignitary."

He would talk about the "state of the atmospheric air," enlarge on certain things which he said were "essentially necessary," discuss learnedly on the many advantages of "consecrated" floors, when he meant concrete, and he always would "presist" that his own opinions on everything and everybody were right. We had a weaver, too, who ran the manager very close. Her talk used to remind me of Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." With her "reserved" people were always "resigned," a synonym was a "signature," a primitive "privative" one day she gave me quite a shock of surprise by declaring that she always used "steel engraving" to clean her fire-iron. "But you can't afford that," I objected, feeling sure there was a mistake somewhere. "Oh, yes, I can. A penny-worth will last me nearly a month." Then it gradually dawned on me that she meant steel filings.

When I was a small half-timer in the spinning room I recollect that a favorite joke which was invariably played on all newcomers was to send them in search of a leathern oil can. One of the youngsters known in factory circles as a "sweeper-out" would be called aside and confidentially told to go in another room and bring back the leather oil can for the use of the overlooker. Of course the "hands" in the other room would very quickly smell a rat, and the boy would eventually get sent all over the mill before the plot was exploded. The weaving shed always groaned for its full share of practical joking, and many a learner gets sent on bogus errands, to the great delight of the surrounding weavers. While I was in the mill there was a big boy of 14 or 15 who had come to learn to weave under the able tuition of his mother. The boy was not over and above sharp. As the weavers put it, he had all his buttons, but they were not all bright; thus it came to pass that the mother had no little difficulty in imparting her knowledge of weaving to her promising offspring.

One day he had come round once again, and the mother had "felled," i. e., finished—her piece and was ready to deliver it in the pieceroon. Just as she was leaving the shed with her piece in her arms she turned round and said to the boy: "Tha mun think on, Sam, an' follow up wi' t' edge-hooks," meaning that he was to take the edge-hooks out of the piece, he had then looks up as the piece came through the loom. But the boy put an altogether wrong interpretation on his mother's words, and taking the edge-hooks out of the piece, he innocently followed his parent into the pieceroon, where he exactly transpired in the pieceroon that afternoon of never known in the weaving shed, but the story leaked out, as such stories do, and for some time afterwards Sam nearly had his life bagged out of him by weavers shouting to him from every nook and corner to "follow up wi' t' edge-hooks." Nowadays, the story is a factory classic and all new weavers are religiously regaled with Sam's exploit.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

Among other practical jokes in which weavers indulge may be mentioned the trick of drawing a string tightly around a man's hat—of course, under the ribbon—thereby making the unfortunate owner wonder why his hat should suddenly have grown several sizes too small, and thinking in a vague sort of way that he must have secured some new and elastic hat by mistake. Or again, sewing up the sleeves of a jacket belonging to an overlooker who may have put himself temporarily out of favor.

Many a laughable mistake has been made over dialect words. A girl working in the factory was a native of the state of England. When she first came north she went as servant to a small farmer, and she used to relate how she misinterpreted the word "harangue" her as to her duties, and after recounting them in detail, she wound up by saying: "An' mind I be and get a-gait I good talm i' t' mornin', an' I'll t' firs." Rather astonished, but still thinking she quite understood this injunction, the poor girl was seen wandering about the fields in a disconsolate sort of way in the early morning as if in search of something. Upon coming downstairs the mistress found no fires lighted, and on asking the reason the girl assured her that she had searched in all directions for an old disused gait to use as kindling, but without success, and so, of course, no fires had been lighted.

The Wise Doorkeeper.

Sometimes a senate official, even a doorkeeper, has a sufficient sense of humor and sufficient intelligence to put him on a proper footing with the great men. Such a one is Charles S. Draper, who has been on the United States Senate pay-roll in various capacities for over 40 years.

On one occasion the senate showed a disposition to vote down a proposition to give an extra month's pay to the employees, and Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, made a characteristically bitter speech in opposition to the gift. The burden of his speech was, "There is no precedent for this, Mr. President; there is no precedent for this. The employees held an indignation meeting, and Draper was selected to plead with Mr. Ingalls to withhold his indignation. Senator Ingalls listened to the tale of hardships endured by the clerks, doorkeepers, messengers, laborers, etc., in being compelled to work twelve months out of 24 without getting thirteen months' pay each year, and then asked abruptly: 'Draper, if you are so dissatisfied with your job, why don't you resign and let some one else get it?' The doorkeeper looked the Kansas senator a moment in the eye, and then replied with unconscious imitation of Mr. Ingalls' voice and manner in debate, 'Why, there is no precedent for this, Mr. Senator; there is no precedent. Ingalls' astonishment gave way to loud laughter, and when the extra pay proposition came up again for final action he was out of his seat, and it passed.—Pearson's.

CASTORIA

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Charles H. Fletcher

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