

Sunday Reading.

By Harry Lee Hallmark in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Story the Doctor Told.

It was Sunday morning in summer. All was peace and quietude. There was sunshine after a fortnight of dreary weather. The fragrance of flowers was over the land. The wife of the resident physician of the almshouse had given a year to teaching the harmless insane how to sing. This morning the result was to be given to the world.

The whitewashed assembly room of the insane was transformed this Sunday morning. The money of the rich who made of philanthropy a cult, and the flowers of those who loved all humanity, depraved or diseased, for the dear Christ's sake, had made of this place a bower.

The imbeciles sat in rows on a large platform waiting for the organ music. They were dressed in white. Some were nervous and jittered, others were giggling and nudging their neighbors as they saw come into the room a pauper whom they knew. Some of the paupers in the room looked on with glee; others with contempt. A few elegant women with their maids were eying the scene with an enthusiasm born of well doing. The doctors, keen eyed, eager, watchful, were sprinkled through the audience. The head nurse was talking to a distinguished nerve specialist as eminent in letters as in medicine. Leaning against the wall was a brain surgeon of international repute; over in a corner lounged a man who knew more about insanity than the insane could tell him.

The resident physician was in his adjoining office talking to a nurse. He kept his eyes shifting to and from a bent woman who sat by the window. Her face showed a pair of weary eyes, beyond weeping, and as she lifted her veil for a moment a mouth of unusual melancholy.

In a few minutes a lovely woman, in the last of her twenties, came through the door from the room where the paupers were singing.

"You want me, Doctor?" she said, and greeted the doctor's sister who stood near. "Yes, I sent for you," the physician said, "to tell you a story." He continued after a pause: "They say that you are proud and cold, Miss Carter, as well as the most sought after woman in society, but Alice and I know better than that, including his sister with a half turn of the head. 'This is a beautiful Sunday morning; you might have heard a sermon had you stayed in there; but instead I want you to hear a story. God grant that it may end with a benediction,' he added in a prayerful undertone.

"I want to tell you the story of this lady who sits here," he went on. "It won't take long, and you will be interested." She is nearly fifty years old, and in those glorious old days before the civil strife Virginia knew no lovelier girl.

Her father sent her to a well known seminary near Charlottesville, for Virginia was the land of her dear, dead mother. Her father—a Philadelphian, and had great expectations for his daughter. He would make her rich; she was already beautiful; she would be a leader in society; she would marry a great man. But she married a senior at the University, and they kept the marriage quiet until he should be graduated.

"Foolish? Yes; but they loved each other ardently. The day that he was graduated they announced their marriage to a few friends, and a month afterward he was in that hopeful band of young Virginians who followed Lee.

"One day a little girl was born, and, a fortnight after, a straggling soldier brought a letter from the boy husband with his last goodby. He saw death the same day that the babe saw life. The young mother's father had never written to her since the day she announced her marriage, and in her poverty and agony she came to Philadelphia to find him. She found no trace of him, for he had gone to the support of the victorious flag, and had met death when honor had just crowned him."

Miss Carter was leaning forward with both arms on the table watching the doctor's face with growing interest. He loved a dramatic story, and he was telling this one with all the resource of voice at his command.

"In this city," the doctor went on, "she found no one to whom she could turn. She had placed her hopes on her father, and he was gone.

"When I tell you the next step bear in mind she was young—only seventeen—she was starving, she was hopeless, she believed death would claim her any moment; worse than all, the child was dying of hunger. She left it on the doorstep of

some rich people whom she had heard her father speak of as philanthropists, and watched in the icy twilight while the butler took the child into the warmth. She, poor girl, hurried away to face a six months' illness in the charity ward of a hospital.

"Truth is stranger than fiction, for when she applied to a church society for sewing she found it possible, upon application, to get clothes to make for the adopted child of the philanthropist. For twenty-four years she has sewed for this child; first its baby garments so delicate, demanding such gentle work; then the underwear for the school girl; then the dainty things for the young lady in society.

"Women friends of the girl wondered and grew envious at the exquisite work done on these garments; each was hand-made, delicate as a spider's web. Three times a year the girl would send for the seamstress, and each time the girl would be too bed with hands that trembled, and had her eyes noted the woman's that look of love and hunger must have had its explanation.

"Time and again the mother would pray to God to give her strength not to say a word nor give a look that would ruin this girl's chances of wealth and happiness. She would beguile the girl into talking of her beads and her parties, of her life as a young lady, and of her hopes, and ambition as a schoolgirl. When the girl's beauty became society's pride the mother kept every mention of her daughter's name made by the newspapers, and when her ball gowns were described she knew that in them was the work of hours of her love. Twice the papers rumored her betrothal, and the seamstress would find a pretext, some new measurement, to go to the house and ask the girl if the rumor were true. When it was denied she was happy, for she knew that the girl was safe in her present home.

"Then came an awful day. The girl went to Europe with the philanthropist, and the seamstress had to find other work. Four years she has been struggling, but her eyes gave out, and to-day she sits here an applicant for a room in the almshouse," and the doctor's voice broke.

"On this beautiful Sunday morning," he went on, she has just walked from the hospital and has given up," and the doctor turned away sobbing.

The veiled head of the woman had dropped on the table. Miss Carter was edging her way toward the figure, groping with her hand along the side of the table. She reached the bowed head and moved her hand over it. Slowly she drew the veil back, revealing first the mouth, then the weary eyes; it was the face of the dear old lady who had made her underwear from childhood.

"Oh, you poor, suffering—oh, my mother!" cried the girl as she dropped to her knees and gazed at the woman with tear-filled, imploring eyes.

"Oh, my child!" cried the woman; "this is all wrong! It is the doctor's doings. I did not know he was going to tell you anything. I did not know you were in this country. I mustn't make your life wretched. You have others to think of, and you are in luxury and comfort. Oh! it is cruel to have told you—forget it, forget it!"

The girl drew the needle-scared but still aristocratic hands down from the half-blind eyes.

"Forget it?" she cried, as she caught her mother in her arms, "I have just begun to live. Oh! thank God for this revelation. He whom you left me with—my Uncle Jack as I called him—is dead, and has left me all his money. They told me I was an orphan, who had been left to them, and let me think you were dead. But I am rich, do you hear?—rich, and we shall have all that the world gives; and your eyes shall be made well. You shall give to these people, instead of being one of them; we shall never know a sorrow. Oh, my mother! I am so happy; I will be so good to you."

The mother took the young face between her hands and dwelt upon every line and feature. "Then, 'My child!' she cried as she surrendered.

"Oh, I am so happy!" cried the girl, as she bent over the worn old wedding ring, and kissed it between her sobs.

And from the hall came the voice of the man of God in solemn tones, over the heads of the paupers, saying:

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, be with you, now and forevermore. Amen!"

Too Late.

Not long ago a young man of twenty was arraigned in one of the Boston district courts for assault with intent to kill. The case as reported was so peculiar that the writer took occasion to look into with care. The preliminary history of the boy is interesting, because it indicates a dangerous road down which any hot-blooded youth is liable to make a swift descent.

Charles, as we will call him, belonged to

a respectable family, but from very early years he showed a fiery temper, and his parents were too busy or too thoughtless to correct and restrain it. The habit of giving way to anger grew upon him, and he became quite uncontrollable. At times no one dared to oppose him, and the youth who was generally pleasant and good-natured, became the periodic tyrant of the household.

At one time he beat his little brother into insensibility, and might have killed him, had he not been forcibly restrained. The apology made for him at home was, "It's Charles's infirmity. He can't help it."

When his father died the young man began to earn his own living, and contribute to the support of his mother and uncle, who lived in the same house. Before long he lost his place, owing to an outburst of temper, which his employer would not excuse. He found out in other ways that people outside his own family were not disposed to treat his "infirmity" with much indulgence, but the lesson apparently did him no good.

Early one morning Charles went to his uncle and demanded two bank-books that he knew were in his uncle's possession. Receiving a refusal, he flew into one of his fits of rage. Beside himself, and probably not clearly knowing what he did, he seized a cane and struck his uncle several blows till the old man sank to the floor. In an instant, terrified at his own violence, the youth came to his own senses; but it was too late.

People expressed surprise when he was arrested, as he was considered generally a well-behaved boy. The newspapers said: "He bears an excellent reputation, and is quiet in manner." Too long neglect of self-government was the only explanation of his crime. When asked why he did it, he replied: "I just got mad."

On last Christmas day a boy of nineteen got into a quarrel with his father at the table. The father, it is true, was drunk and abusive; but the boy, who ought to have controlled himself, became transported with rage, and snatching up a knife, stabbed his father fatally. He was tried for manslaughter, and the jury failed to convict him, he will carry with him to the day of his death the consciousness that he is a patricide. He gave loose rein to an ungoverned temper, and when the bounds of filial sensibility and of law and order were overstepped, it was too late.

"Anger is a short madness," but it is also a swift mischief; and a mad moment may ruin a lifetime. Unless early checked, a fiery temper becomes one's master. Its best antidote is the study of the Great Example—a timely cultivation of self control under divine aid. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

AFTER-DINNER STORIES.

Anecdotes Related by Senator Chauncey M. Depew.

Senator Depew's fame as a teller of amusing stories and anecdotes is quite as widespread and well-founded as are his achievements as a man of affairs. It is therefore, to have him indicate a few of the anecdotes which seem to him to contain the essential ingredients of that rare work of art, "a good story," and the following tales are the result of this selection.

Englishmen, as a race apart are sensitive about their slowness in appreciating the point of a joke, and sometimes in their efforts to cover up this national defect they succeed only in getting deeper in the mire of their mental befuddlement, as the following illustration given by Senator Depew demonstrates:

"I was delivering a speech at the annual banquet of the St. George Society, and in the course of my talk I casually remarked that if my jokes were not always appreciated by my British hearers at the moment they were sprung upon them, by the time the next yearly dinner came around they were sure to see the point. 'I don't think that's such a deucedly funny thing to say,' growled a stolid, red-faced son of Johnny Bull, who sat opposite me at the table. He had broken in loudly and interrupted my flow of language. 'Oh,' I replied before taking up the thread of my speech, 'that's all right, my dear fellow. You'll see the fun in it a year from now.'"

The Wit That Won the Teachers' Woodchuck.

To illustrate the position of one of the great national parties during a campaign noted for its partisanship, Mr. Depew tells this story of the youthful politician and the woodchuck:

"The tutor in one of the smaller schools near my native town of Peekskill had drilled a number of his brightest scholars in the history of contemporary politics, and to test both their faith and their knowledge he called upon three of them one day and demanded a declaration of personal political principles.



"If you

see a thing too often, you no longer see it; if you hear a thing too often, you no longer hear it." Perhaps you've seen and heard so much of "Pearline" that it makes no impression upon you. Then it's time to wake up and look about and see what Pearline is doing for other women. Pearline gives the easiest, quickest, most economical washing and cleaning.

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not?"
"Yes, sir."
"And Bill, you are a Prohibitionist, I believe?"
"I am, sir."
"Well, now, the one of you that can give me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck which I caught on my way to school this morning."
"I am a republican," said the first boy, "because the Republican party saved the country in the war and abolished slavery."
"And Bill, why are you a Prohibitionist?"
"I'm a Prohibitionist," rattled off the youth, "because rum is the country's greatest enemy and the cause of our overcrowded prisons and poorhouses."
"Excellent reasons, Bill!" remarked the tutor encouragingly. "Now, why are you a Democrat, Jim?"
"Well, sir," was the slow reply, "I am a Democrat because I want that woodchuck."
"And he got it, too," added Mr. Depew.

The Colored Porter who runs a Railroad. Senator Depew does not tell how the following came to be reported to him, but it is such a good story that he uses it continually in dismissing dignified bores or influential beggars from his office. The Senator was on his summer vacation when a pompous little man called to see him and encountered the colored porter who guards the outer gates of the Depew sanctum.
"I want to see Chauncey Depew," said the little man.
"You can't see him. He's gone to Europe, sah."

Well, then I'll see his secretary.
"Sorry, sah, but Mistah Duval, he's done gone to Europe."
"Then I'll see Cornilius Vanderbilt."
"He's in Newport, sah."
"Well, is W. K. Vanderbilt in?"
"No, sah. He's done gone to Newport too."
"That so? Then I'll see the Vice President of the road."
"He's in Albany, sah."
"How about the second vice president?"
"He's down to Long Branch, sah."
"Is the Superintendent in?"
"He's out inspectionin' de road, sah."
"How about General Passenger Agent Daniels?"

"He went away to Cape May dis maw nin."
"Who in thunder is running this road, anyway?" shouted the little man, getting very red in the face.
"Well, I tell you, boss," replied the ebullient attendant, "dis yere road j's runs hisself, sah, en dere bain't nobody needed 'round to look after things but me."

Reminiscence of Daniel Webster.

As a bank-broken slip at a well known member of Congress who is too fond of looking upon the wine when it is anointed, Mr. Depew tells this anecdote:

"The member of Congress was being shaved by an aged colored barber in Washington. The shop was a favorite one with the prominent men of the Capital, and the old darky who presided over it often boasted that he had shaved every great statesman since the Madison Administration, which may or may not have been true. The member of Congress referred to was being shaved by the veteran one day, when he said to the latter:

"Uncle, you must have shaved many famous men?"
"Oh, yes, sah; I has indeed."
"And a great many of those famous personsages must have sat in this very chair where I am sitting, eh?"
"Dat's right, sah. Dey's set jes' whar yo' is a settin' dis moment, sah. Yes, sah. An' I'as jes' been a noticin' a mighty cur'us similarity between yo' and Daniel Webster, sah."
"You don't say?" exclaimed the highly delighted law-maker. "Is the similarity in the shape of my head, Uncle?"
"Oh, no, sah. 'Tain't dat."
"Is it my manner?"
"No, boss, 'tain't yore manner nudder; hit's yore breff."

The Hotel Clerk's Liquid Autograph.

Here is a typical Depew story, and its author is particularly fond of this off print, born as it is under sunny skies and rehabilitated to point a moral in one of the Senator's famous political speeches:

"Last time I was travelling in the South

I had to put up over night at a second-rate hotel in Western Georgia. I said to the clerk when I entered: 'Where shall I autograph?'

"Autograph?" said the clerk.
"Yes; sign my name, you know."
"Oh, right here." As I was signing my name in the register, in came three roughly clothed, unshorn fellows immediately recognizable as genuine Georgia Crackers. One of the men advanced to the desk.
"Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, his face aglow with the pleasure that comes from the consciousness of intellectual superiority.

"Certainly," said the Georgia Cracker, his face no less radiant than that of the clerk; mine's eye."

"There was no escape for the clerk, and he treated with as good grace as he could command under the circumstances. Next morning I said to him: 'That was too bad, the way you got caught last night.'"

"Well, I suppose I shouldn't complain," he replied; "but the next time I speak a foreign language in my own country I'll know what I am talking about."

Mr. Tabor's Bloodless Battle.

A great deal has been made of Rudyard Kipling's connection with the Horsemount School, in Kent England. His contribution to the publication issued by this school has attained world-wide fame. The best-known head master that the school ever had is now living in New York, directing clubs for boys. He is Francis H. Tabor, who was head master from 1890 to 1894. His father was head master in 1857, and the present incumbents are young Mr. Tabor's cousin and brother-in-law.

To get a king. Within an hour he was beaten ten games. It went on this way for three nights without the stranger winning a single game. Finally he turned to the club member and asked:

"Say, do you know the superintendent of this club?"

"Why?"

"Oh, nawthin, only I'm a-goin' to lick him. I've licked every superintendent this club has ever had, and I don't intend to break my rule now. See?"

"Well, you've got to fight better than Mr. Tabor, jr. left Horsemount in 1894 and went to Cambridge university. Thence he came to New York, where his special fitness for instructing and entertaining boys won for him instant success. Mr. Tabor is smooth of face, slight of build, but he has muscles of steel and he does not know what fatigue means. One night at his club a young man lounged in with his hands in his pockets and an ugly look on his face. He happened into the checker room, and sat down.

They began a game and the visitor failed you play checkers if you lick this superintendent, and you'd better begin right off, because I'm the man you're lookin' for."

"I guess we'll break the rule this time. If you can fight as well as you play checkers I'm not in your class," was the slow reply.

Colors the Hen Didn't Like.

The people of Elkhart, Indiana, affirm that whatsoever the defects of hens in general, they have seen one hen which was not color-blind. She and her brood were displayed in a druggist's window, says a dispatch to the Louisville Commercial, as an advertisement for dyes.

The druggist dyed the twenty chickens, some red, some brown, blue, violet, green and yellow. The hen, a big Plymouth Rock, evinced a remarkably violent dislike for the little fellows who wore the red and the brown, and fought them from her with all the vehemence at her command. She regarded the others with varying degrees of favor, and was particularly fond of her violet-bued offspring.

As night came on and the difference in colors became less noticeable, the hen's antipathy always lessened, and by the time the electric lights were turned on she would have all the twenty snuggled under her wings. Day-light, however, was sure to bring on a renewal of her troubles.

"Sure, Pat, and what are ye wearin' ye'r coat buttoned up loike that for on a warm day loike this?"

"Faith, ye'r reverence, to hoide the shirt Oi haven't got on."