THE REWARD OF MEPIT **

The snow was falling in feathery and huge masses of white against the walls and outbuildings of Mme. M.'s school for young ladies, a fashionable seminary in the town of N. It was the month of February, and as the end of the second term of the school year was drawing near the quarterly examinations were in progress. In one of the coziest apartments in the buildings six young ladies, all members of the art class, were assembled, busity engaged in conversation. It was a typical college girl's room. Photographs and souvenirs of various kinds decorated the walls and mantel, and a heterogeneous assortment of bric-a-brac was scattered here, there and everywhere. The latest magazine, with its leaves uncut, lay upon the center table. In one corner of the room stood an easel with an unfinished painting thereon, while charcoal drawings, pencil sketches and studies in still life gave mute evidence of the presence of the student Amy Hildreth, the hostess, a bright faced girl of sixteen, was just now the central figure in the animated group. She was the daughter of a clergyman and one of the most popular girls in the ing one, and Miss Graves was thor sity of departing from an old rut and

"I say it's a shame," cried Minnie May, a curly haired blond. "You're tive disposition the little annoyances opponents of the proposed innovationthe most talented girl in the class, and which daily beset her were almost un. so strong, in fact, that Cyrus Jute, to think of your having to leave now, bearable. The giggling comments up himself a business man of the old without even a chance to try for the prize. You'd be sure to win it. The rest to her. It was the name of a maiden but to her. It was the name of a maiden but to her. It was the name of a maiden but to her. It was the name of a maiden but to her. It was the name of a maiden but to here. of us wouldn't have the ghost of an

painting a rose which can be distinguished from a cabbage by any means except its color."

"As far as I am concerned," said Emma Brainard, a tall, stately looking girl with a profusion of wavy black bair framing her piquant face, "Mme M.'s prize is perfectly safe. You know. girls, I don't pretend to paint anything except miniatures. Should I ever be come a celebrity in that line I shall tour Europe and paint all the crowned heads."

The prize referred to was a gold med al and a scholarship for the coming year, to be given for the best flower piece painted by any member of the art class after one year's course of lessons in the seminary. Amy's work up to this time had shown unusual excellence, and her talent, if opportunity to develop it were given, would without question have enabled her to take precedence of all the others, even those of the students who had had the ading the school for a special course. But a letter from her mother, received that very morning, had given her hopes in that direction a decided blow

"You know, daughter," she had written, "your father's salary is not large. and I am really afraid we shall have to have you come home at the end of the term. If your board were the only thing, it would be a different matter. but the lessons a ery expensive, and as it is not at all probable that painting will ever amount to anything more than a mere accomplishment I do not see my way clear just now to help you out, much as I would like to have you continue. It pains me to tell you this, for I know your heart is set on completing the course, but I see no other ferred to into which she had put all her way unless something unexpected soul (inspired, indeed, by the very should happen."

"What's this, Amy? A valentine?" asked one of girls, holding up a combi- had not brought her the happiness she nation of painted flowers and satin rib- craved, she had sought to hide herself bon which she had discovered among from every one by accepting the postthe collection of souvenirs on the man-

"Yes," said Amy, with a merry laugh. "And, by the way, tomorrow is the 14th. Suppose we each surprise Green's when we go out for our walk."

poky little country town." "I shall give mine to Miss Sue, the

Latin teacher, and it will be lilies of the valley," said Bess. "She always thought repentantly. "I know I am sweet and graceful." "What about our town teacher, Miss

Graves?' ventured Amy.

A general laugh arose. "Her name is certainly suggestive,

said one. "For instance, one might compose a couplet after this sort: "Struphina, I adore thee! Take these flewers, I implore thee!

"Where do you suppose she ever got that name? And she is so funny looking with those old fashioned little cork-

"I don't think wile is funny looking," said Amy. "I think her white carls are an envelope for "Miss Amy Hildreth quaint, and then her work-why, it's from Miss Graves." simply grand! You know that painting! in the reception room, The Ruins of say it took the first prise at the Paris in her studies."

exposition." Rains of Carthage! Probably they and a personal sympathy for ancient at one another in repentant silence. reins," suggested one.

"Had you lived in Pope's days, Amy," said Ella Howard, "he never would have inquired, 'Why has not final and unanimous verdict. man a miscroscopic eye? If you can

orb in question is certainly yours." "She always hoke so shabby," said Emma. "She never wears anything ment of the seminary with the highest but that rusty old black dress. I must honors of her class, the assistance so admit she is a good teacher, but she is opportunely rendered by her teacher so quick tempered. She gets red in the developing between them a friendship face if any one whispers of time which endered for many years.

and hateful. And then she always thinks ever, one is laughing at her." "Well, perhaps she can't afford to while it is true she is not always pleas. ant, I magine we might not show such angelic dispositions ourselves if we flakes and piling itself in great drifts were placed in her position. But there goes the tea bell. We'll have to adjourn now."

> "I will send her a valentine," thought apon me in mute wonder, Amy that evening as she laid away her books for the night. "I think Miss Graves has a hard time, and some of pipe on the arm of his chair. "Moved more I became convinced that the way special committee to make the way the girls don't treat her half way respectfully."

On the following day during exercise hour the six girls visited the village florist in a body and each secured her flowers. Amy's choice was a bunch of I would have had a little of the weed purple and yellow pansies. She tied on hand, but I thought you were far them with a narrow satin ribbon, and. taking a blank card, she penned upon it the following lines:

"Could all my thoughts to pansies turn Within the meadows of my heart, Upon the purple field would burn In golden bloom thy name, apart.

Your loving pupil, Softly tapping at Miss Graves' door, which stood ajar, as she passed on her front stoop fun of flat dwellers, climb way to the class and receiving no response, she tossed the flowers in upon the counterpane of the bed, where they up tobacco. Explain it all, Dockboy; lay when the teacher returned to her

she had always been, and to her sensi to its office I was one of the strongest



BETTER

in the high degree of excellence which characterized her work. Disappointed in one whose friendship she had valued too highly, she had become bitter and suspicious of all humanity, and after envelope in the scrap basket, and it a final effort the painting already rethought so flippantly suggested by Amy's classmate) and whose success tion she now occupied in the obscure town which contained the seminary.

As she sank wearily into a chair her eyes fell upon the bunch of pansies. As she picked them up and read the lines our favorite teacher with a bunch of a look of astonishment overspread her hothouse flowers. We can get them at face, succeeded by a glow of genuine pleasure. Amy was one of the few real-"Capital!" said Lottie. "I'll give a ly polite pupils in the large class which bunch of American Beauties to Miss she daily instructed, and the feeling Wiltkin has found a bunch of them on Whitely. I think she is too sweet for which she had entertained for her was as nearly one of affection as she ever "So do I," assented Minnie. "She's cllowed herself to hold. She had been entirely too pretty to be buried in this apprised that morning by one of the girls of Amy's expected departure, but had given it no thought at the time.

"Perhaps I have been too hard." she makes me think of a lily, she is so bitter and unforgiving. Of what use has Aunt Seraphina's money been to me? I have benefited nobody with the talent intrusted to my keeping-have refused to say 'Thy will be done.' And if they really do hate me, as I have often heard them say, I suppose it is my own fault. I will help this young girl if I can," she mentally resolved. "She

may have a future before her." Study hours were over, and the "inseparable six," as they styled themselves, were again assembled in Amy's screw curis and her dainty, minding room, when a knock came at the door, which was opened to admit a member of the junior department, the bearer of

It contained a receipted bill for Amy's lessons for the remainder of the Carthage? I heard one of the teachers, year, "For superior excellence shown

"Judge not," quoted Amy soberly, with tears in her eyes, as they looked

"I never will again," said Minnie

"Miss Graves is an angel," was the I am glad to be able to record that detect any beauty in Miss Graves, the Amy's picture, "A Study In Panaies," won the prize and also that she was later graduated from the art depart-

around and says something snappies Our Office Romance lowers, bout and stalled pleasantly

"Confound it! Dockboy, how could dress any batter," said Amy. "And Fon have done it?" cried Lieutenant Swash, panting vigorously and mopping his forehead.

He laid his hat and cane on a chair, grew from the depths of his pocket his Butternut, the glossy, cynical stare of sipe and then gianced about the room, Highstule and the jealous gage of for my tobacco bowl. It was not in Bocks upon me; I felt her innocent sight, a fact that caused him to gaze 'I've stopped." I said, smiling,

"Stopped!" he shouted, thumping his to this flat in the skies and stopped smoking! Man, man! what have you not done while I have been away? You've given up-" He ceased abruptly and looked toward the door.

"Had I known that you were coming way from town." "I suppose I would be more welcome

if I were far away. Things have changed in the last six months. In the old boarding house days Swash was always welcome to your easychair and your tobacco bowl. I go away; I return and see you; I have to mirney to Harlem, pick my way through a up five flights of astirs and get out my pipe to find that you have given explain it."

When the conversative house of Jute The day had been an unusually try Brothers began to consider the necesoughly tired out. Physically delicate introducing a typewriting machine in-

aunt, long dead, whose fortune had I had from the very beginning an anbeen given her on condition that she tipathy to Miss Evelina Wiltkin. "Bess takes lessons simply for the adopt it. Her parents had died, leaving Against the young woman personally I name of the thing," said Lottie Moore her an orphan at an early age, and had nothing, but it was only natural "Now, with me it's different. I expect with her aunt's money she had pursued that she should be the victim of some to teach some day if I ever succeed in her artistic studies and obtained there- of that aversion which I had conceived for the post that she occupied.

When she entered in the morning I bowed, and after that she was nothing to me. I never even heard the rattle of keys behind me, although her deak was but a few yards ditsant,

Such being the condition of affairs it was impossible for me not to be surprised, startled I might better say, when Cyrus Jute, one morning that I was in his private office, seized my hand and cried heartily: "Well, Dockboy, I wish you joy." "Mr. Jute, please explain yourself,"

I cried, for I was greatly puzzled. "My dear fellow, although you will deprive us of a charming type-

"It is a terrible mistake," I interrupted with warmth. It was all plain to me now: in some manner my name had become linked with that of Evelina Wiltkin. In reply to my remonstrance Mr. Jute whirled around three times on his office chair and laughed.

"Come, come, Dockboy," he cried. "1 know you are a sly fellow, but why deny this? It has been the talk of the my feet he was running for the door ternut declares that it was a case of him. mutual first sight, but the assistant bookkeeper is positive that she didn't were down together and rolling and get 'em until you began the violet scheme."

"Mr. Jute, there is some terrible mis-Harry Butternut, I have suspected more than once that he had 'em him- so by bumping his head on the floor by self, as you put it, for I constantly hear him behind me whispering to her, and I am sure that Columns neglected to balance up his books the other night when it rained that he might take her to the D station under his umbrella. know that Bocks, the shipping clerk, sent her a valentine, because I saw the was in his own handwriting, disguised. As for me, I assure you, sir, that I have never given the young woman a thought; I have been oblivious to her presence. Why, you know how I objected to her introduction into the of-

"It is useless for you to deny it." retorted my employer. "If I have been a little premature I beg pardon. But you know the boys gave me to believe that there were grounds. How about the violets?"

"Violets! What violets?" I was astounded.

"Now, see here, Dockboy, this coyness is depressing. You know as well as I do about those violets; how every morning for three weeks Miss her desk. All the boys deny that they are responsible, and so no one else but you could have done it. And they say her smile when she gets them is worth -well, I possibly envy you."

Apparently every man's hand was against me. Confusion to them all! to Cyrus Jute, the impudent young Butternut, Columns and his superior, Highstule, Bocks and the whole crew of the outer office. "I deny it all, Mr. Jute," I cried. And

with that I fled from his presence. I thought over the violet problem long and carefully in a vain endeavor to decide whether it was possible fur any one but me to have put them on

the desk. Butternut at \$12 a week could not atford them at winter prices, old High-stule was married and the father of eight children; Columns was too noteriously economical to waste his salary in such directions; Books supported his sister at a woman's college; Fixnegan, the office boy, had been saying for months to get money with which

to buy a baseball suit.
This possibilities with Jute; Mike, the Italian porter, and myself; the first impossible, the second improbable, the third certainly not guilty.

Could there be any enceptracy on the part of the office to drag me from the shell of single blossedness in which I had enclosed myself for twenty years, to crush in a day those boarding house ties it had taken a decade to form, to banish me to a top floor, seven room flat in Harlem?

I was at the office a few minutes earlier the next day, and the first thing that met my eyes was a bunch of violets on Mics Wiltkin's deak. A few moments later she arrived, and I swung around in my chair for the purpose of more closely scratisfying her to learn if there were grounds for the

"Good morning," I ventured, and to my horror felt myself smile, too. As the days went by the burden of suspicion that rested on me became nore and more irksome. Even in my ireams I saw the impudent eyes of imile of gratitude to the supposed ionor of the violets. All day long my mind dwelt upon my unpleasant position, and the more I pondered the for me to clear myself was to expose the real donor of the flowers. This not have done better than they now lecided, my plans were quickly formuated and as quickly carried out. Our store is opened at 8 o'clock by

out experience had taught me that the arst one is never to be expected until half-hour later. So I went down at 7:30, let myself in by my key and took up a post in the whole Catholic hierarchy. We will private office. The door was left half have undermined the superstitions

open, so that a good view could be had

Mike, the porter. The younger clerks

are supposed to report at that hour.

of Miss Wiltkin's desk, Plat was Mike. I could tell by the neavy tread. I heard him roll up the plinds and advance toward the offices. He was in view now through the open loor, and I saw him lay something on Miss Wiltkin's desk.

"Is that you, Mike?" I called. He quickly reached out his hand to seize the flowers, but before he could get them out of sight I was at his

sarned wages purchasing violets at \$1 a bunch for our typewriter. He must hour, from 10 o'clock at night till 5 be an agent, and it behooved me to learn for whom, if ever I was to regain my position in the office.

"Mike," I began sternly, "what were you doing with those violets?" "Givva de young lade," he replied, sullenly.

violets to put on Miss Wiltkin's desk? Fathers took turns in giving the mediwon't stand any fooling." "Me givva de flow," he growled.

"Me lovva de lade." that I doubted not that my fifteen years' daily exercise with dumbbells would stand me in good stead. I was angry, terribly angry, as I felt that the moment when I could know all had come and this man who had the power to clear me refused.

"Mike," I cried, in a threatening tone, "tell me quickly who got you co put those sviolets there or I will shake you within an inch of your life." "Mike nev tell. Leggo me," he doggedly retorted.

"Not until you tell me." I replied. grasping his arm tighter.

He gave a quick jerk that loosened my hold and threw me violently against the safe, and when I regained

In a minute I was on his back, we grappling over the dusty floor. At length I emerged from the struggle bruised, bedraggled, but triumphant. take," I said solemnly. "As for young I had my opponent face downward on the floor and was seated on his back. way of emphasis I said:

'Now, Mike, I mean you no harm, You and I have always been friends, and I trust that we will continue so. But I sit right here until you tell me who gave you those violets to put on Miss Wiltkin's desk. Was it Mr. Butternut or Mr. Brooke or-

"Mike nev tell," panted the prostrate porter, making a feeble and casily frustrated effort to free himself. 'And Mike is right. I appreciate his faithfulness," came a quiet voice from behind me. And I looked up into the face of Mr. Cyrus Jute,

With a heavy heart I followed the senior partner into his private room. Where his early days were passed He sank into his chair and for a time gased on me in silence as I stood waiting the coming of the storm, for it seemed to me that my offense of fighting with the porter would be ample justification for the infliction of the most severe measures. But instead of a downpour of reproach I heard:

"Well, Dockboy, I don't blame you much. Perhaps I should not have deceived you, but you see I was jealous. I had the violets put there, and then I heard the boys whispering about you and I thought that I would sound you -er-to see how you stood. This morning I came early to tell Mike not to put them there any more, because after certain incidents last night-He hesitated, and then added: "Unless you're a fool you'll know all about it. anyway. After certain incidents that occurred last night they would be out of place. She won't come down any

"Mr. Jute." I said, grasping his hand, "until I got hold of Mike I did not know just what my wattiments were. I thought I was mad at being suspected of being a little foolish. Do you know I begin now to apapeer stayle I was jealous. Have you got magazines. But these safeguards are her address?

I had finished my explanation Liout Swant picked up bis case and then carefully scanned every neek and cranny in the room. be whispered tra

"No," I said, "but she will be He brought his same down floor with a crash and cried:

"Then I'll have time to rep words: Confusion to Cyrin Jule Hit ternut. Books. Columns and the who erew of the enter ember. Those were my words in the beet ning," I said, "but not now!"-Cita

An exchange denies that gaseling will remove paint, but no one and tions its success in removing servant girls.—Aurora News.

Block hen's 1806 of a Posts

PARSON STUNTE'S REPORT. The Rev. H. C. Signts, who edits a sethodist paper in the Philippines, is in this country at present. He owne home to report on the outlook. He is satisfied that they are going to do wonders, and that Catholicity will soon become a memory in the islands. He told his backers that, "if the monks had sat up all night for the special purpose of devising a plan to play into the bands of the Protestants, and the Catholic Church had appointed a easy for the Protestants, they could are doing. The friare are greedily guarding their holdings, devoting all their attention to retaining their property, while the Protestants wisely are awakening the people. In ten years we will have a majority of the people with their votes, and we can then snap our fingers in the face of the which now bind the people, and they will no longer fear the priests." "aik-The hands of the clock indicated ten like this usually yields well. It brings minutes to the hour when I heard a plenty of good American dollars, but cey rattle, the door open and footsteps. souls are won by language a little nearer to truth and not so far away

ADORED THE BLESSED SACRA-MENT THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT The Paulist Fathers of St. Paul the Apostles' church, New York City, are more than pleased at the generous response which was given to their call for men of the parish who would give My mind rapidly scanned the whole an hour during the night for adoring situation. It could not be that this our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament poor Italian was spending his hard during the recent Forty Hours." "We had an average of 80 men for each o'clock in the morning. The men who were fortunate enough to take advantage of our invitation may they will never forget the spiritual joy and com- This is that apperimposed upon fort that hour gave them. To be alone consolousness, as is that faculty during the dead of night in the great "See here, you ruscal," I cried, seiz- church, shut out from the whole world, ing his arm, "you might as well tell and in the presence of God-it-was the me the truth. Who gave you those hour for prayer and meditation. The tation. The men wore a handsome' badge with the word-'Emmanuel'-'God with us'-inscribed on a silver He was short and stout, but so fat shield. The same nocturnal adoration was observed on Holy Thursday also."

from charity,

CARDINAL MARTANELLIS. The return to Rome of His Emi-Lence Cardinal Martinelli indicates that a consistory will soon be held. probably for the creation of new Cardinals, certainly for bestown of the Cardinal's hat on the former Delegate: Apostolic to Washington, At the present moment the number of members in the Sacred College is again reduced by the deaths of meveral Cardinair. The present Pontist has filled the College of Cardinals twice over a circumstance probably unparalleled in the history of the church. There are still three Cardinals living who were members of the conclave which elected Leo XIII-Cardinals Oreggia di San Stefano, Parocchi and Ledo;

choweki. It is affirmed that only in one case has a Pope outlived the whole conclave which elected him, and that this notable occurrence is commemorated on a medal. The Pope was Urban VIII, of the Barberini family, and the medal bore the inscription: "I have

elected ye; ye have not elected me." A residence is being prepared for Cardinal Martinelli in the well-known Palasso Borghese, in which apartments are now let out. The situation of this palace is almost the center of the city and, at a comparatively short distance from the Vatican, renders it convenient as a Cardinal's residence. As he will pass to the Vatican in his carriage along the bank of the river he way have some difficulty in recogn - 3s, the site of his old residence in that v-cinity-the Irish Augustinian convent of Santa Maria in Posterula.

A new perochial echool building for A new percental school building for can make them, and must be children who attend the Church tously affected by being sould of St. John the Baptist in Willoughby, notely for twenty-fuer mount avenue, near Lewis avenue, Brooklyn water and then thoroughly is to be built on the southwest corner water mains a good grade of Lewis and Willoughby avenues. facing St. John's College.

The report of the collection for the completion of the towers of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle Columbus ave nue and soth street, New York, ha been distributed to the congregation. The total is \$10,250.25.

Thunderstorment Sec. on

An electric storm at sea is one of the

alarming experiences to which a mariner is exposed, but as a matter of rece ord it is one that is least fruitful in dia astrous results. As a rule few precautions are taken to guard against a stroke of lightning, especially in the merchant service. Ships of war are usually fitted with lightning conduct ors, a precaution made necessary by wise the explosives stored away in their section seem on a merchant years and judging by the extreme meety of the cases where they have been struck. Jack's claim that he is series on the ocean than on shore during an electric al disturbance must be admitted.
It is: a well established theory that one englit in a thunderstorm should not take abelier under a tall true sope cially if it stands in a clearing. Thy lightning should strike an isolated place of timber on shore and spare it after it has been couvered into a re sel's mast is yet to be satisfactorily ax plained? their man ten Weter Tight Bulkbeide

Another meritorious so called modern invention, the water tight builthead is now attributed to Chinese experience. In a paper presented to the line of Marine Engineers the use of the bulkhead principle on Chinese Tunks from time immemorial was pointed but

He-I wonder what your father

"Ho-onlied telepathy and

ance seem to be speciment of faculties. I place in the same of phenomena of what is ofte spiritualism.

The labors of the Society chical Research have made plain that these phenomena, in the case of W. Stainton Mo ally exist. And I think that of the above mentioned wase, be with that of Mrs. Piper and in Mary J. Fancher, of Brooklys. compel any unprejudiced pe make the same admission. Be these are not cases in which agents are acting on or through a an being but are cases in which a g human being has faculties which net commonly possessid.

Whether any given faculty, and one of those now alluded to shall great become common, and finally unive in the race, or wither and dispension will depend upon the general lives. natural selection, and upon when is advantageous or not to the fact ual and to the race. But of inde more importance than telepaky and called spiritualism (no matter wh planation we give of these, or was their future is destined to be) to the final fact to be here touched w simple consciousness, a third and er form of consciousness is at most making its appearance in our race D

This higher form of coun when it appears, occurs, as it i the full maturity of the individual, about the age of thirty five bet allow always between the ages of thirty There have been or cases of it for 2,000 years and 25 becoming more and more common. fact, in all respects, as far as observed it obeys the laws to which every me

cent faculty is subject. "Many more or less perfect exam of this new faculty exists in the w to day, and it has been my priviles know personally and to bayes opportunity of studing several med women who have possess course of a few more milles there should be born from the poseeming this higher com

"The new race, as it may called, would occupy; as tow position such as that per toward the simple comthe grounds of which I have ed to lay befor you, that a

The Making of Mice

The buntles used in the s all mide in Lovell, Mass. It come up to certain requirements gard to polor and strength. It. be made entirely of wool of quality, showing no imperfection must weigh 514 pounds avoidance piece of 40 yards, 19 inches wide yarn must be evenly spen, the and filling to contain not less the threads to the luch, and the war be two-ply and the filing properly twisted. The fabr have a tensile strength of W to the warp and 45 pounds ing in test pieces two test The colors must be as "fast" duced may the by the at AND A RESIDENCE spansfel passe; b dags are all made in the manuel every stille and measured with com