The Heart of The World

Gray shadows were creeping over the sand dunes beyond Pacific Heights. Only here and there a lanceolate beam touched the hills from the crimson ball going out to sea through the golden gate. There was a scent of lilies in the air mingling with the more wonted perfume of February roses. The hum of the city sounded far away and the song of a meadow lark could be heard from a treetop.

The door of the house stood open, revealing a broad hall. There was a suggestion in the dim light of waving ferns and the silvery gleam of a fountain in the conservatory at one side. From the door jamb there swayed in the breeze long ends of soft, snowy ribbon holding in place a cluster of white roses.

In the center of a stately apartment that opened upon the hall stood a tiny white casket on slender pillars. Two candles burned at its head. By a window a man sat gazing with unseeing eyes into the creeping shadows of the trees. A woman lay in a crushed heap among the pillows of a divan. Neither had moved for a long time. The little form in the white casket had been their all. Now it lay scarcely stiller than they.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of a woman's voice high-pitched and clear.

"Willy! Willy! oh, Willy!" it cried. A friend within the house hastened to the door. Along a pathway through the shrubbery a handsomely dressed woman appeared. "Oh!" she exclaimed, advancing, "have you seen a little boy about four years old? My little boy is lost! Some one said they saw him come in here. I cannot find him, and I am afraid he has fallen somewhere in the sand dunes."

"Have you notified the police?"

"Long ago. They are all on the lookout for him. But he may be buried in the sand. We have been searching for hours. Oh, I have lost two little ones through death but I never felt as I do this moment!"

The mother's heart wailed forth behind the cultured woman's enforced composure.

The woman who had been lying among the cushions came through the hall to the door.

"What is it?" she asked.

The friend put her arm about her and would have drawn her back, but the stranger spoke.

"My little boy is lost," she said excitedly. "He is only four years old, we are afraid he is among the sand dunes."

"Oh," cried the younger woman, "I am so sorry! Cannot we help you look for him? The poor little fellow! Think of him all alone in the dunes! How did it happen?" And she put her hand in the stranger's for sympathy.

The latter was full of her story of coming home from a round of calls to find the child missing and the other children seeking him. Even as she spoke, voices could be heard calling from the sand dunes, "Willy! Willy! oh, Willy!"

"I must go," cried the mother. "Oh, my heart is breaking! Willy! Willy! Where can he be?"

As she turned a passing zephyr blew the white ribbon on the doorpost straight out across her cheek. She started back dismayed.

"Why," she cried, "you have a dead child in this house!"

"Yes," said the other mother, "my only child, a little boy, just four years old, died this morning."

Tears came into the stranger's eyes. "Oh," she cried, "do forgive me! I am so sorry. I did not know. Dear heart! to think I should have troubled you. I too have lost two children by death, but this is more terrible. My little boy! You see I do not know where he is."

"I know," the other said, calmly. "You must let us do what we can for you. Oh, I am sure you will find him. Let me go with you. We will search together. Not to know where your baby is! Ah, what trouble there is in the world!"

She seized a wrap, and the two women went down the walk together. At the corner they were met by a boy of perhaps a dozen years.

"Some children say they met a little boy like yours goin' down toward North Beach," he said.

They hurried down the hilly street. "Have you seen anything of a little boy about four years old, playing about here?" asked Willy's mother of a homeward bound laborer. "My little boy is lost."

"Shure, mem, now that's very bad, an' I'm sorry," the man said, halting, "mebbe he'd be at the p'lice station?"

"No, I've telephoned all the stations. Some one thought they saw him down here. What shall I do?"

The face of the big rough man worked sympathetically.

"I'll kape me eyes open ez I go along home, mem," he said; "an mebby I'll see th' little feller. Tut, now! What if 'twore me own little Tim? He's just four years old, the rascal, an' 'twad kill 'z mother shure. Ah, but it's wearyin' and comfortin' to th' heart, mem, the children bez."

The way grew more squalid as they kept on toward the beach. On a doorstep a woman sat holding a little child and looking anxiously down the street.

"Have you seen a little boy?" the older mother began, and again the sad little tale was told.

"No," said the other woman; "but I hope you'll find him lady. I know how you feel. Me heart is sore over me own little Joey, here, and me man away looking for worruk. The baby is that sick! an' Jim, the other one, he's gone for the medicine. I don't know what's keepin' him."

"Let me see the baby," and the mother, whose little one lay dead at home, reached out her jeweled hands. The child was placed in her arms.

"Why, he is very ill indeed!" she exclaimed. The little one's face was livid! The baby's fingers were clutched over each tiny thumb and the tiny body shivered convulsively.

Willy's mother eyed the little form knowingly. "The child should be put into a warm bath at once," she said. [illegible]

The three women entered the house and busied themselves over the sick baby. She whose child had [illegible] found a battered kettle and put water to heat over the [illegible]. The other one dressed the [illegible] while the wee sufferer's mother [illegible] wringing her hands [illegible].

They worked rapidly [illegible]. It was nearly an hour before the terrible convulsions were over and the baby resting on the bed.

"God bless you, ladies," the poor woman cried as she saw [illegible] ing over the drawn face. [illegible] saved my baby's life."

"But, oh, my own little boy!" and the other mother hastened to the door. "It is quite dark and I do not know where he is."

"Sure, lady, the good God [illegible] let your baby be [illegible]." But the two strangers were gone.

"Oh [illegible]" murmured [illegible] is safe [illegible] where [illegible] mine?"

Up the street [illegible] came tearing [illegible] cried [illegible] man's found [illegible] taken [illegible] home!"

"Oh, thank God," [illegible] child was with [illegible] Father [illegible] God!" But [illegible] speak.

It was a triumphal progress back to the more aristocratic quarter.

"They've found [illegible]" a street urchin [illegible] ing papers on the street [illegible] Mexican tamale vender [illegible] the same information in broken English, and in the next block a woman threw open a window and leaned forward.

"A policeman took [illegible] the boy home [illegible]" she cried joyfully.

Nearer home a [illegible] band of children met them.

"He's found, he's found," and the chorus rang through all the neighborhood.

The two mothers kissed tenderly and parted. As the younger one turned to enter her childless home her eyes were swimming with the first tears she had shed that day, but they were tears of thankfulness.

On the doorstep of the other home a man stood holding a child in his arms.

"We've got [illegible]" [illegible] as he bent to kiss his wife and then his arms closed tightly around them both.

"Oh, Willy," he said, "how could you frighten us so? Why did you do it?"

The curly head was raised and the blue eyes opened in surprise.

"Why, papa," said the little voice, "Mary said there weren't any [illegible] [illegible]."

Idea of University Education

In University Administration former President Eliot of Harvard says: "The bread and butter motive should not prevail in a university's professional school to any greater extent than it should prevail in a college. In such departments it is reasonable for each individual student to keep in view the means of earning a livelihood, but in both alike the dominant motive should be the desire to be serviceable, to be well equipped to give and to enjoy giving effective service."

Alaskan Moonshine

Up here in Alaska the moon rises in the south and sets in the north. Its beams are liquid and they enamel the landscape with a porcelain loveliness. It casts a spell more potent than ever did the magicians of the East. Under its wizardy the rocks turn to silver and the brown old mountains are conjured into giant pearls. True wealth exists in the mind, and whoever beholds an Alaskan moonlight is thrice hundred times a millionaire.—Ketchikan Miner.

The Originals.

Theodore Hallam, one of Kentucky's most able lawyers, was often provoked to exasperation by the play his friends made on his name. Hallam had borne allusions without end to the "Middle Ages," "Constitutional Law," and the rest of it, when one day in Washington he was introduced to Gov. Hogg, of Texas.

"Hallam? Hallam?" the governor queried. "Are you the original?"

"No, Gov. Hogg," replied Hallam. "Are you?"

The Modern Way.

Alfred Henry Love, the president of the Universal Peace union, said in the course of an Easter address:

"Lincoln abolished slavery, but what good is that, whilst war still goes on?

"Men no longer steal the poor savage and sell him into bondage. They now steal his country and charge him an outrageous rent for the privilege of living in it."

Cypress Has Longer Life.

Water tanks of white pine used on railway work, states the Engineering Record, have in the past had a maximum life of 20 years, while the maximum life of cypress is 25 years.

A Cook Who Saved the Day

Dorothea and I decided to go to Canada. I say we decided, but the pronoun is indefinite. Dr Harris had looked over his spectacles at her and said, benevolently, "A trip to Canada, my dear. That is all you need. Just a little outing in the wilderness." As if little outings in the wilderness were provided for needy personages like us in fairy tale fashion!

We held a meeting of the committee on ways and means. There were Dorothea and I and Ellen. Ellen is an expert [illegible] everything.

"I think you are all [illegible]," said [illegible] other, moving [illegible] among her wrappings. [illegible]

"No, we are [illegible]," I said firmly. "You are going to Canada. I don't know how you are going [illegible]. I wish I had some of those [illegible] coupons just now. A few railroad shares or something like that you know. [illegible] of course. But it isn't worth the [illegible]."

"How can you think of it?" she cried. "The idea! [illegible] your [illegible] there are lots of other things [illegible] lace and [illegible] jewels."

An odor of fish [illegible] and onions was wafted [illegible]. We both [illegible] through [illegible] door.

"Would ye be havin' th' salad wid' French or [illegible] dressin'? Phwat's the [illegible] other dressin', sor? Is [illegible] day? I didn't see what [illegible] thinkin' of. Me [illegible] was there [illegible] and [illegible] but snow [illegible]. Sure that's no place [illegible]. But Heaven [illegible] savin' no [illegible] grand [illegible]."

Dorothea [illegible]. Ellen always is a [illegible].

"Yes, Ellen," she said, "we were talking about the Canada trip, but I'm afraid the [illegible] of our going."

"It's throuble ye're in, I know it. Ye know [illegible] grateful girl to help ye. Why [illegible] sorr? There's [illegible] savin's down to the bank [illegible] years widout askin'."

"Yes, yes, I know, Ellen, and if there was [illegible] other way you see we [illegible] think how to raise [illegible]."

Ellen [illegible] her brows capably.

"There's the horse, Kentucky."

"The very idea!"

Neither of us had thought of Dorothea's saddler Kentucky eating his head off in a stable.

"Splendid," she cried. "It was clever of you to think of it, Ellen!"

"I never tried to sell a horse before," said I.

"Oh, it's easy enough," Dorothea declared. "You just advertise. And it ought to be easy for a writer man to take up an advertisement. All you want is a pencil and paper. I hate to sell Kentucky, but but there's no other way [illegible]."

"I don't [illegible]," I said doubtfully. "Shall we [illegible] the advertisement, [illegible]?"

After much labor we produced this:

For sale—good bay horse, saddler, safe for [illegible]. Apply [illegible]

"[illegible] give them our address," Dorothea said. "We can see who [illegible] ourselves and not have to take the stableman's word for it. Besides, Uncle Peter keeps his horses at that stable and you [illegible] there [illegible]."

"No [illegible]," I said grimly. "[illegible] temper gets away [illegible]."

The answers began coming the next day. While Ellen ran down and emptied the box after each delivery, we sat in solemn state, Dorothea and I, and read the various communications. Her eyes sparkled brighter as the pile grew higher.

"See," she cried. "I've got a letter here from a clergyman who wants a kind and gentle steed for his daughter's use and wishes to know whether some reduction would not be made in favor of the cloth."

"He's got his nerve with him," I commented. "We shan't favor any reductions with all these offers to pick from. I've a good mind to raise the price from that three hundred we agreed upon. Still, I should say it would be safest to pick out half a dozen favorable answers and send the people nice letters."

We wrote the letters. Several days passed, and no answers. Secretly, I began to fear that all was not well. Dorothea wondered slightly at the delay, but accounted for it by saying that they doubtless wanted to take time to think the matter over. At last, on the morning of the third day, there was an envelope in our mail box. It was a large, imposing piece of stationery, and in one corner was printed in Gothic type, "The Rectory, St. Mary's Parish."

"The clergyman," exclaimed Dorothea.

This was what I read to myself:

Dear Sir: Other than through a knowledge of your alleged name, I am not acquainted with you, personally. Permit me to say, however, that I was able to see through your atrocious sham with my own eyes, though ignorant of the finer points of horsemanship. I do not know who or what you are, let me repeat. But I wish to warn you that your path leads to but one end—the penitentiary. Strive, sir, in a more worthy way to amass your share of worldly goods, and adjure the godless practice of endeavoring to swindle ministers of the gospel and thereby the church itself.

"Read it to me, please," said Dorothea, impatiently.

I dropped the letter into the grate, as though accidentally. It flared up and vanished.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried. "Was it important? Can you remember it? What did he say?"

"Dorothea," I managed to say, with a forced smile, "he has made an appointment with me at the stables and I shall have to go there right away."

"How splendid! I just knew the luck was going to turn. Didn't I tell you so? Here, come back. You've forgotten your hat. My, how nervous you are. Now be good, dear, and go around the back if you see Uncle Peter."

"No fear," I muttered and rushed through the door. I went straight to the stable. The proprietor met me. "Good morning, sir," he said. "I've been wonderin' where you were for the last few months. There's been a [illegible] of people here lookin' at Kentucky this week. Said you'd advertised him. But Lord, sir, you can't [illegible] him the way he is. You oughtn't [illegible] without speakin' to me."

[illegible] reproachfully.

"[illegible] mean?" I demanded. "[illegible] my letters?" he [illegible] surprised.

"[illegible] Sure, man! You don't [illegible] I've been sending [illegible]? Why, I [illegible] here for months [illegible] now, that does beat the [illegible]."

[illegible] I was that [illegible] I must go [illegible]. [illegible] I [illegible] myself [illegible] and headed for [illegible] and gritted [illegible] I found only [illegible] for a little [illegible] while I [illegible] means of sup[illegible] confoundedly [illegible].

The little [illegible] was dark as I [illegible] the bastrnade. [illegible] I thought [illegible]. And I've [illegible]. One [illegible] and she [illegible].

[illegible] opportunity [illegible] set about get[illegible] occupa[illegible] flow of [illegible] account of [illegible] of the day [illegible] the door [illegible] Dorothea [illegible] and I know [illegible].

[illegible] next morn[ing] [illegible] the prem[illegible] the cook [illegible] half thank[illegible] that would keep [illegible]. Then the thing struck me like a chill that [illegible] the morning I [illegible] the day with Dorothea. How could I keep up the [illegible]?

As I was wondering about the [illegible] the door flew open and Ellen entered.

"Sure, sorr, won't ye thry to forgive me for slippin' the night away? I was that busy I couldn't get back what wid the corpse and and the like ye know. But I'm forgittin'. Here's a letter I picked up be the door. Read it. Don't it look important?"

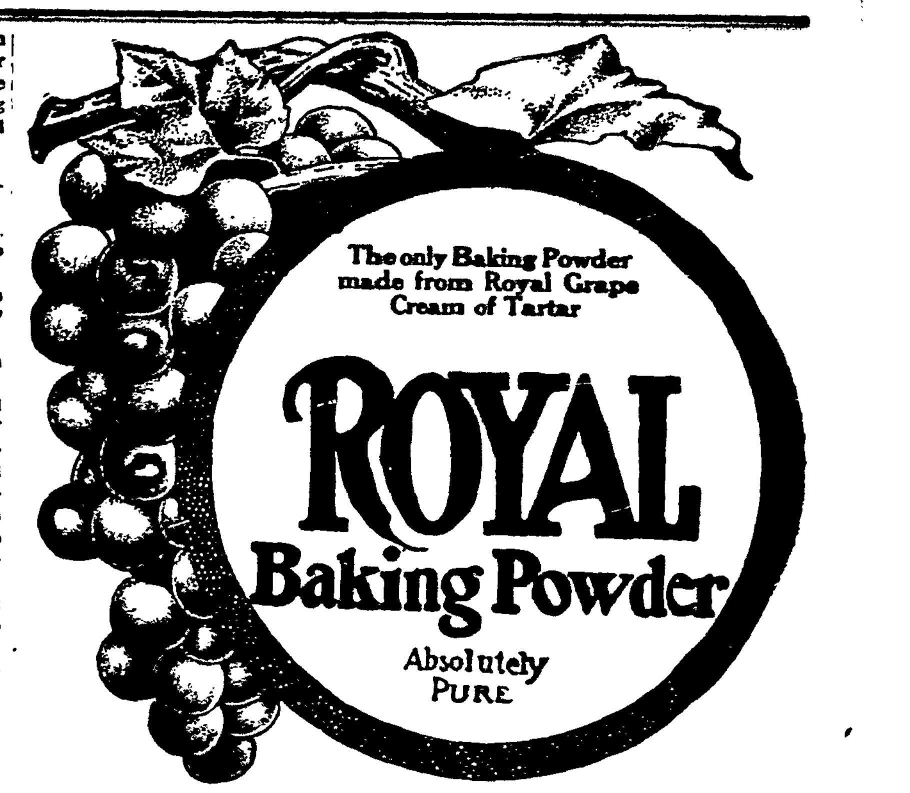
"Maybe it's another about Kentucky," said Dorothea.

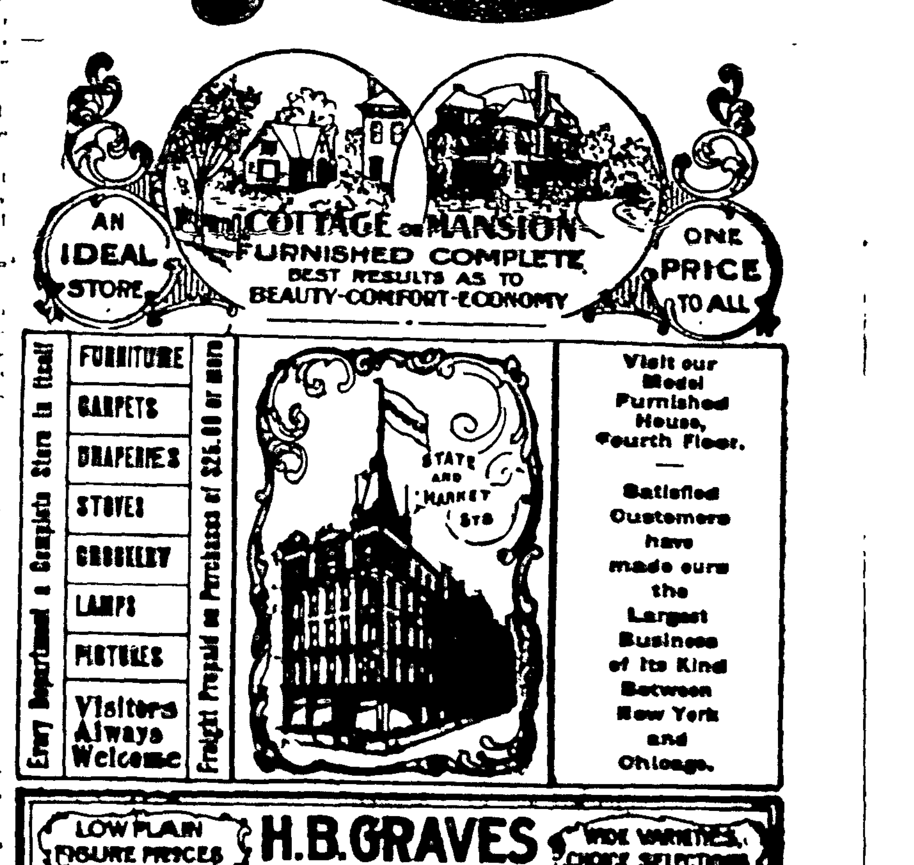
I read:

My Dear Nephew: I understand from my stableman and from an advertisement which has been brought to my notice that you wish to sell my niece's horse. I shall be pleased to purchase him. As I bought him originally, I am sure it is only right that I should pay the price I gave for him in the first place, and I enclose my check in your name. Affectionately yours,

"The old—dear!" gasped Dorothea. "Wh—who—would have thought it of him? And—and we can go, now. We can go to Canada and I can get well and you can get famous. Isn't that —. I want to cry, but I won't."

I said nothing. Instead, I looked at Ellen, beaming from the kitchen door. Yes, I said nothing at that time, and my later inquiries met with blank failure, even when I subjected Uncle Peter to a rigorous cross-examination. But I have my own suspicions, and I have never been able to learn which one of Ellen's relatives really did die.—Arthur D. Howden Smith, in New York Post.





ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK

RESOURCES $38,380,570 39 — SURPLUS $1,626,068.34

The small account

Don't think that because you can only save a little at a time, it is not worth considering. The savings bank was designed primarily for the small saver. You can begin with a dollar, if you wish.

Did you know that the average savings bank account in the United States, is only $40? When you think how many large depositors, up to $3,000 there are, how many more there must be between $1 and $50 to make up the average.

We would much prefer to have a hundred $10 accounts than one $1,000 depositor. Begin this week.

MONEY TO LOAN ON BOND AND MORTGAGE
WEST MAIN AND FITZHUGH STREET

JOHN M. REDDINGTON,
Lehigh Valley COAL.
Brightest, Cleanest, Best.
West Main Street — Telephone 331

Patronize our Advertisers.