

JIM THE TRAMP.

He was a bad lot! Magistrates, jail chaplains, and police had all at various times made him so, and he quietly accepted their judgment, knowing it to be pretty near the truth. An outcast from his very babyhood, what chance had he ever had? Left by an unfeeling mother to die in a roadside ditch, he had been taken to the nearest Union, to be brought up a workhouse founding, until he was old enough to be bound prentice and the guardians could wash their hands of him entirely. A drunken saddler covenanted to clothe, board, and teach him his trade; and at his hands poor Jim had a dog's life, until, goaded to madness by every species of ill treatment, he struck his master and fled. For a while he tried hard to get work in the villages through which he passed; but no one would take on the strange friendless lad, and so he made up his mind to enlist for a soldier.

If only he had reached York an hour or two earlier, her Majesty's army had gained a useful recruit, and poor Jim would have had a chance to rise and become a credit to the service. But ill luck would not let him go. He was routed out of an old stable by a zealous member of the city police, and charged next day with sleeping out at night, or some equally heinous crime, the result being that he was committed to prison for seven days. This broke down his last shred of self-respect; and when that happens to man or boy, heaven help him, for his doom is sealed.

Jim came out of jail utterly reckless, with a wild hatred of everybody and everything. He thought no more of soldiering or getting work, but let himself drift resolutely to the East. He soon got into vicious company, and before many weeks were over was again in the clutches of the law. The down-hill road is an easy one, and the pace allways rapid, and so at thirty years of age he was generally known to the authorities as a confirmed rogue and thief, who would not stick at trifles when once he was roused.

Yes, there was no doubting it, he was an out-and-out bad lot! And he looked it, too, as he slouched along the country lane with his hands deep in his empty pockets and his head bent to meet the rain which the November wind drove in his face. But he was too much used to discomfort to heed the weather, and plodded sullenly on through the puddles in the deepening gloom, half asleep, and so utterly careless of everything around that he never heard the beat of hoofs until a cheery voice cried: "Now, my good fellow, if you do not want the whole road to yourself, perhaps you will let me pass."

Jim never looked round, but slunk closer to the dripping hedgerow, expecting the horseman to ride on without another word, but something quite unexpected happened, for the cheery voice said: "Thanks!"

It was the first time any one had ever thanked the good-for-nothing, and he stared in blank amazement, and saw a man of about his own age, in red coat and top-boots, attentively bespattered with mud, looking down at him from the back of a weight-carrying hunter without the least gleam of aversion or suspicion on his pleasant, fresh-colored face.

"You look rather done up; been long on the road?"

"A week an' more!" The reply was scarcely enough—not that Jim resented the question, but simply because he was so used to insults and rough speaking that the idea of a "blooming swell" speaking civilly to such as he took him utterly by surprise.

"Going home?"

Jim gave a contemptuous grunt. "Never see you, guv'nor!"

"Poor chap! But you live somewhere, I suppose?"

"Oh yes"—with a grim chuckle—"I live anywhere—anywhere. I'm not like some folks, must have everything tip-top. No; that's not my style. Ye've a big house, in course, and lots of slaves to wait on ye. I lives just where I can, and has to fend for myself, and don't often get my meals reg'lar."

And the cruel contrast between himself and his companion filled the tramp's heart with bitter thoughts. Why have some folks all the good things of life and others none of them? Here was a man no older than himself with fine clothes on his back and a horse to carry him; while he, poor fellow, had to scudge along ankle deep in the mud with scarcely a whole thread to cover him. Why, the very horse was a long way better off and more cared for; it at least had a warm, dry stable and plenty of food waiting for it, while he had never a resting-place nor a crust of bread to eat.

Again the cheery, kind tones startled him: "But you have friends somewhere, I suppose?"

"No; not me! There's never a single soul, guv'nor, in this wide world as cares a rap for me; and when I lies down some day and dies in a ditch, there'll noan be, man, no woman, or child, as'll miss me. None'll be sorry, 'ceptin' the parish bums as'll have to pad me underground, and they'll grudge doing of that even." Jim gave a short ugly snarl, and slouched on, the water squish, squish, squishing out of the gaping rents of his old boots at every step. He quite expected the "swell" to ride off now and leave him to the rapidly deepening gloom and the wild, cheerless night; but the horse was kept steadily alongside of him, and his rider spoke again.

"Can't you get into regular work and leave this tramp business?"

"No; there's none'll have the likes of me. I don't look respectable enough."

"Nonsense, man. Don't get down on your luck, but pick yourself up. Now, look here; I will give you a chance myself, if you will take it."

Jim could not believe his ears. Some one actually talking to him as if he was an honest man, and not some sort of vermin or venomous beast. A real "tip-top gentleman" too. He must be muddled. But the horse's eyes were looking coolly enough at him, and their owner was saying, "Well, what do you say?"

"Yer don't know what I be; I'm a bad I've been in quod oft enough," blurted Jim, feeling somehow he could not take this new-found patron in.

"I dare say you have, and deserved it, too. But I believe you can pull around yet if you like; and, as I said, I will give you the chance of regular work and pay. Will you take it?"

In the depth of Jim's warped nature there glimmered something like a spark of gratitude and a dim longing after a new life, for a moment; but old habits were too strong for him, and the clouds closed darker again as he shook his head and said in tones which seemed to be civil: "No, guv'nor; yer mean well; but it's no good now. I'm no good for anything but cadding and tramping, an' I

don't want to work for any master—an' won't, neyther."

He expected an angry lecture and round abuse for refusing; but the other said quietly, stroking his boot with the handle of his hunting-crop: "That is a dangerous way of thinking, my friend, and will get you into trouble again. You are a fool not to try and pull up a bit; but you know your own affairs best. Well, here is a supper and a bed for you anyway. Look out." He tossed a half-crown to Jim with careless, easy good-nature, and, shaking up his horse, trotted off with a nod and "good luck."

How costless a word or two of sympathy are, and yet how priceless they may become! How easy to be gracious, and yet how far-reaching the results! We scatter kindly greetings here and there as we journey on life's roadway, and lo! they spring up bright flowers to gladden some sad, weary wayfarer. We perform thoughtlessly now and again trivial services of courtesy and forget them; but they shine in lone loveless hearts as glittering stars to cheer the midnight sky.

Hugh Boynton, smoking his high-priced Havana after dinner that evening in the luxurious ease of his favorite lounging-chair had utterly forgotten all about the few words and the silver coin which he had thrown to the tramp whom he had overtaken as he rode home from hounds. Jim, curled up under the leaf of a clover rick for once turned the half-crown over and over in his hand, and thought of how in his life he had been spoken kindly to by a real gentleman.

Five dreary years passed over Jim's luckless head, their monotony broken by police-court, prison-cell, and vagrant-ward experiences. He had wandered up and down some dozen counties, and seen the inside of most of their jails, and now, as Christmas drew near, had drifted towards York; not that he had any particular reason for getting there, but because it lay in his way north, and he happened to be making in that direction, why, not even he himself knew, for north south, east, and west were alike to him. He had had a run of bad luck lately. Once or twice he had found a casual's welcome and slept under cover; but he had arotted objection to its concomitants, and choose rather the cold and exposure of the open air. He had scarcely tasted food for a week, and had almost forgotten the feel of a copper coin; for some of the near approach of the festival of peace and good-will seemed to have shut up men's pockets, and sharp refusals and scornful smiles were all he got from those of whom he asked help.

The afternoon was closing as he found himself in the long straggling village of Narston, footsore and done up. The lights at the grocer's shop threw a broad band of brightness across the road, and Jim could see a man in a white apron busily piling up a pyramid of loaves which a boy had just brought in crisp and hot from the bakehouse. The sight was too much for the famished fellow and he pushed his way into the shop. "Now then, what is it?" cried the shopman sharply, as he scanned Jim's tattered appearance.

"Will ye give me an ov' them little uns, guv'nor? I'm high clemmed; and he nodded towards the bread pile.

"No, certainly not; I never give to beggars or tramps."

"I've not tasted bite nor sup this blessed day, God knows."

"Can't help that!—Come, get out of the shop, do you hear?—or I'll set the constable onto you. The likes of you ought not to be allowed to go about the country. Come, off with you!"

So the social outcast went forth into the night hungry and insulted, and the sleek tradesman rubbed his hands and stacked his loaves, congratulating himself the while on his refusal to countenance a worthless vagabond, who, regarded from the lofty standpoint of political economy, had no right to live on the earth. And yet Mr. Jonathan Binner was wont to pose on political platforms as the heaven-sent champion of the masses. Then, indeed, his sympathy flowed out in such a mighty torrent towards the universal brotherhood of man that there was not so much as a drop left to give a crust or even a civil word to a starving tramp at his door.

Three times did Jim try his luck down the length of the village street, with no better success; and then he gave it up and bitterly left the houses of his fellow-creatures behind him and faced the bleak open country again. He dragged himself along for a few weary miles, then opening a gate crawled into a half ruined cowshed and flung himself down upon some bracken and straw litter in the furthest corner, and dozed off. When he woke up the moon had risen, and was shining in through the chinks of the roof, and Jim could see the country-side was white with snow. He shivered and buried himself completely in the bracken and tried to sleep again and forget the cold and his hunger. He had almost succeeded, when the sound of voices came to him on the still night air, and a minute later three men entered the shed.

"Curse the cold!" growled one as he drew back just within the shadow.

"Curse him, you mean," said another, as he leaned a thick oak cudgel against the wall and began to blow upon his numbed fingers.

"I'll do more than curse him when the time comes," answered the first speaker.

"Ay, he'd best not have taken us i' hand. Says he, when with the rest of t'beaks he sentenced Tim and Jeff: 'The poaching rascals shall be stopped, if I have to do it single-handed.'"

"Well, he'll be single-handed to-night anyway, for he's no groom w' him. So he can try what he's good for w' three or us; eh, Jack?"

"He'll find it a tough job, I'm thinking."

"Is t'wire right, Bob?"

"Surely! His mare steps high; but I've loved for it, and she'll catch beautifully. It's past twelve now; he oughtn't to be long."

"Hist! mate: there's wheels. Now for't. Come on."

The three men went out quickly, and Jim, following to the door, saw them leap into the road and hide in the hedge on the opposite side; then he stole down to the grate, out of mere curiosity to watch what their game was. In a few minutes the ring of hoofs grew louder, and a high-wheeled dog-cart spinning round a corner came rapidly down the lane. It was occupied by one figure only, the red glow of whose cigar gleamed in the frosty air; and just as the scent of it reached Jim he saw the horse suddenly plunge and stagger forward. The wire-snare had done its work, the animal fell heavily, and the driver, thrown off his balance by the shock, shot out on to the snow. Before he could rise, the men were upon him but somehow he managed to

shake them clear and struggle to his feet. He faced them boldly, and met their rush with a right and left hander which sent one to the ground, but the other two closed in upon him.

Jim looked on with languid interest. Evidently it was some magistrate waylaid by three men who had a score to settle against him. It was no business of his, anyway, and though three to one was hardly fair he was not going to interfere. The gentleman fought well, whoever he was, and again sent an assailant backward with a well got in blow. But the odds were too heavy, and the cudgels told. He began to stagger and give ground, and a blow on the head beat him down. "Give it him, lads, if we swing for't," cried the tallest of the three villains, jumping upon him, mad and blind with rage.

A ray of moonlight fell upon the upturned face of the fallen man: it was that of the gentleman who five years ago had talked with Jim in the lane! In an instant he was over the gate and at the men like a tiger-cat, and so sudden was his onset that they gave ground; then, seeing he was alone, they rushed at him with oaths and threats. Weak from want of food and half dead with cold, poor Jim had never a chance. For a few seconds he held up doggedly against the shower of blows; then feeling he was done for, stooped suddenly, flung his arms round the senseless Squire, and with one last effort managed to roll into the deep ditch, keeping himself uppermost. The brutes jumped down and strove to make him lose his hold of their victim; but stunned and blinded with blood, he clung fiercely to Hugh Boynton, sheltering his body with his own.

The world began to spin round—another and another heavy blow—a chiming of far-off bells—a hollow buzzing—and then—black night for ever.

Next morning they were found together in the blood-smeared ditch—one living and the other dead.

Hugh Boynton often wonders, as he looks at the white cross which he put up over the boy's grave, who his preserver was. But the recording angel will one day tell how Jim the tramp, the "out-and-out bad lot," gave his life for the man who once spoke kindly to him.

ENTOMBED IN A CRATER.

The Remarkable Story Told by a Party of Explorers in New Mexico.

A party who have been exploring the crater or lava beds about twenty miles southwest of Albuquerque have returned, and vouch for the truthfulness of the story related by J. A. Beeton and R. W. Loudon.

These two gentlemen stated that on their way to the Malpais they met a Mexican who volunteered for a few dollars to go and show them what he knew about the crater. As a general thing the Mexicans are superstitious and shun the vicinity of the lava beds, but this man agreed to go. He piloted the Albuquerqueans to a cave on the highest point, through cracks in the floor of which a warm vapor ascended. Viewing the surroundings for a few seconds the men were startled by a low rumbling sound, like distant thunder, and the lava beneath their feet trembled.

The Mexican fled immediately to the open air, but before the gentlemen could realize it a portion of the bottom of the cave fell, and they with it, into intense darkness. Neither was injured, but the ground upon which they fell seemed to sway to and fro. Fortunately one of the party had a candle and some matches, and after innumerable attempts to light it the candle was made to burn.

When light was obtained a lake of water, black as pitch, lay at their feet, while the opposite shore appeared to be moving from right to left. It seemed that they had landed on a floating island or a huge mass of lava which has probably been eddying around in this strange whirlpool for centuries. The Mexican soon returned to the mouth of the cave, and, lowering ladders, by the aid of their horses pulled the imprisoned explorers out of their bondage and to the surface once more. Another party is being organized, and will visit the crater.

The Marking of Bird's Eye Maple.

Prof. Beal finds that the peculiar markings in bird's eye maple do not occur in young trees up to about three inches in diameter, nor very high up in trees which are very much pitted at the base. A specimen taken 50 feet above the ground showed no trace of bird's eye, while another from near the base of the same tree was very strongly marked. If the cause of these formations could be discovered and used to produce the marks, it would add greatly to the market value of the timber, for the wood of this maple and other trees somewhat similarly marked is comparatively scarce and in great demand for veneers.

Into Sahara's Desert.

Undaunted by the fate of Camille Douls, the young explorer who was murdered in the Sahara about a year ago, a M. Fernand Fourreau has now plunged boldly into the country of the Touaregs. He was dissuaded from his enterprise by his friends and the Government of Algeria, but all to no purpose. The Geographical Society, as well as the Government gives him nothing but sympathy, and no one believes that he will come alive out of the mysterious desert where several of his intrepid fellow-country men have already perished.

If Chicago cannot soon raise the guarantee fund of \$10,000,000 the World's Fair will be taken away, and probably given to New York.

A common remark of a drunkard is that he is making a beast of himself. It seems sometimes to happen, however, that a beast is made a drunkard. A Sydney, N. S. W., correspondent who appears to regard the incident as a joke, instead of an act of absolute wickedness, writes: "I am not aware whether Yankee trainers are so great believers as ours in whiskey as a medium of Dutch courage to weak-hearted animals. About this time last year a horse called Southern Buster had no less than three bottles of whiskey poured into him just before starting in a race. It made the horse tight as a lord, and during the running he got mixed up with the pailing fence and his jockey was badly hurt. When the Buster got up he was staggering all over the course and started wagging his head with a ludicrous, drunken leer. Australian horses often have stiff 'nips' given them, but the Buster is the first horse I have seen properly drunk and winking at the crowd."

HOW ROD WAS LED.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

Two ladies stood by Sue Ingram's counter waiting for change.

"What delightful meetings we are having!" Mrs. Walker said.

"Indeed we are," responded Mrs. Currier. "It does my heart good to see the young people so thoughtful and earnest. I've been feeling so anxious all day about one in particular: Rod Carter."

Sue gave a little start as she caught the name, but neither lady noticed it.

"He used to be my Sunday-school class, you know," continued Mrs. Currier, "but he has not been much lately; he has gotten in with a set who do not help him much, I fancy. Some of our boys coaxed him into one of the meetings, however, and he is really very much interested. I hoped he would decide the question last night; I could see he was just halting between two opinions, but he was not quite ready to decide. The worst of it is he could not come to-night, as he had a previous engagement."

Sue started again at this and looked a trifle conscious.

"I'm so afraid he will be drawn back," she heard Mrs. Currier say next. "Somehow I have a feeling that if he willfully stays away to-night, and puts off deciding until a more convenient season, the Spirit will cease to strive with him—now, any way. I am so anxious about it."

"Here's your change, madam," said Sue, just then.

There were tears in gentle Mrs. Currier's eyes as she turned to take it.

"My dear," she said, obeying a sudden impulse as she glanced at Sue's saucy, piquant face, "my dear, don't forget your responsibility in influencing your friends and associates. It will be a dreadful thing at that last day to have any one say we led them astray, away from the right; will it not?"

Sue had no answer ready for this query, and the ladies passed out.

"So Rod is interested in religion, is he?" she thought, as she put things to rights. "Wonder what Mrs. Currier would have said if she had known his engagement was to take me to the theater. I suppose she would have besought me to let him off and send him to meeting. Perhaps I ought; but I don't get very much fun, and I don't see why he can't decide before or after just as well. Still," and Sue fairly shuddered at the thought, "it would be awful if he should get over it at the play and then blame me for it."

All day long Sue was perplexed and troubled, and as unlike her usual merry, saucy self as possible.

"Whatever in the world am I going to do?" she thought as she started for home at night. "I wish Mrs. Currier had gone somewhere else shopping. I don't see what earthly difference it makes; the meetings last a week longer, and Rod can go every evening for all of me, but if I give up the theater to-night the dear knows when I'll get another chance to go. I guess if Mrs. Currier had to work as I do, and didn't have any more fun than I do, she wouldn't think it such a simple matter to give it up. It's all nonsense, any way. I'm not responsible for Rod's not deciding. He had time enough this week, but he hasn't improved it, and very likely he wouldn't to-night, even if he went to the meeting. I'm not going to give up my good time unless he asks me to."

And having come to this decision Sue hastened her steps and tried to think no more about it. But in spite of her best endeavors she felt any thing but comfortable as she made preparations to go. She even kept Rod waiting fully ten minutes while she stood in her own room, hat and jacket on, and thought it all over again. It ended, however, in her coming down with a half-reckless look, and she started out.

But Sue found her companion very sober and absent-minded, yet, while it increased her own disquiet of mind, she apparently did not notice it, but laughed and chatted incessantly.

"We've lost our car and will have to wait a few minutes," said Rod, as they reached the corner. "What got into you, Sue? I never knew you to keep any body waiting before, especially when there was a good time on hand."

"Didn't you? Well, there always has to be a first time, you know," was Sue's only reply; and then for a few minutes neither of them spoke.

Sue seemed to see Mrs. Currier's earnest face, to hear her saying, "Don't forget your responsibility; it will be a dreadful thing to hear any one say we led them away from the right."

Rod was trying in vain to quiet his troubled conscience.

"There's no use in my feeling so uncomfortable. I'll go to the meeting to-morrow night, and decide one way or the other and be done with it."

But, suggested something within, suppose something should happen before then; things do to people many times when they least expect them. What if it should be too late to-morrow night!

Rod shook himself impatiently.

"Here's the car," he said, with a look of relief; but just then they both heard the church bell. "Don't forget," it said to Sue; "Come now," it seemed to Rod to plead.

For an instant their eyes met, and Sue, with quick intuition read the struggle in Rod's face. "It will be a dreadful thing to hear any one say we led them astray." How those words rang in Sue's ears!

"Yes," she said to herself, "it would be horrible, and I will not run the risk of it for all the fun in the world; if Rod goes away from the right it shall not be my fault."

The car was close to them, and Rod put out his hand to help Sue, but she drew back.

"We won't go to the theatre to-night; we will go to the meeting, and if I were in your place, Rodney, I wouldn't hesitate any longer. I'd make up my mind for the right to-night."

Rod turned and looked at Sue, too surprised to speak.

"How did you know?" he asked, presently.

"O, I found it out," she answered, as they went up the church steps. It was an intensely solemn meeting; the text was "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." It came to Rod like a command.

After the sermon, when the minister came down from the pulpit, and, looking anxiously into the faces before him, asked if there were not some who would choose now whom they would serve, Rod was one of the first to rise.

"I have chosen Christ for my Master," he said, and there was a real ring of joy in his voice, "and, God helping me, I will serve him faithfully all the rest of my life."

Two heads bent suddenly as he spoke.

"Thank God," said Mrs. Currier, softly, to herself; but Sue said never a word; only sudden rush of tears blinded her eyes.

"I can never thank you enough, Sue, for your help to-night," said Rod, as they walked home together. "I cannot tell you how happy and thankful I am that I have decided."

"I am very glad also; but you need not thank me, Rod, for I think I helped myself to decide, as well as you," answered Sue.

"I did not do anything worth mentioning for you, yet it made me happier than I ever was before, I think, to feel that I had helped even the least bit. If God will only accept and help me I want to serve him, too."

The Sun-Dance of the Sioux.

Lieut. Schwatka contributes to, and Frederic Remington graphically illustrates in, the March Century a curious custom of the Sioux. From this article we quote the following: "When all had assembled and the medicine-men had set the date for the beginning of the great dance dedicated to the sun, the 'sun-pole' was selected. A handsome young pine or fir, forty or fifty feet high, with the straightest and most uniformly tapering trunk that could be found within a reasonable distance, was chosen. The selection is always made by some old woman, generally the oldest one in the camp, if there is any way of determining, who leads a number of maidens gaily dressed in the beautiful headed buckskin gowns they wear on state occasions; the part of the maidens is to strip the tree of its limbs as high as possible without felling it. Woe to the girl who claims to be a maiden, and joins the procession the old squaw forms, against whose claims any reputable warrior or squaw may publicly proclaim. Her punishment is swift and sure, and her degradation more cruel than interesting.

The selection of the tree is the only special feature of the first day's celebration. After it has been stripped of its branches nearly to the top, the brushwood and trees for a considerable distance about it are removed, and it is left standing for the ceremony of the second day.

Long before sunrise the eager participants in the next great step were preparing themselves for the ordeal; and a quarter of an hour before the sun rose above the broken hills of white clay a long line of naked young warriors, in gorgeous war-paint and feathers, with rifles, bows and arrows, and war-lances in hand, faced the east and the sun-pole which was from five to six hundred yards away. Ordinarily this group of warriors numbers from fifty to possibly two hundred men. An interpreter near me estimated the line I beheld as from a thousand to twelve hundred strong. Not far away, on a high hill overlooking the barbaric scene, was an old warrior, a medicine-man of the tribe, I think, whose solemn duty it was to announce by a shout that could be heard by every one of the expectant throng the exact moment when the tip of the morning sun appeared above the eastern hills. Perfect quiet rested upon the line of young warriors and upon the great throng of savage spectators that blacked the green hills overlooking the arena. Suddenly the old warrior, who had been kneeling on one knee, with his extended palm shading his scraggy eye-brows, arose to his full height, and in a slow, dignified manner waved his blanketed arm above his head. The few warriors who were still unmounted now jumped hurriedly upon their ponies; the broken, wavering line rapidly took on a more regular appearance; and then the old man, who had gathered himself for the great effort, hurled forth a yell that could be heard to the uttermost limits of the great throng. The morning sun had sent its commands to its warrior on earth to charge.

The shout from the hill was re-echoed by the thousand men in the valley; it was caught up by the spectators on the hills as the long line of warriors hurled themselves forward towards the sun-pole, the objective point of every armed and naked savage in the yelling line. As they converged towards it the slower ponies dropped out, and the weaker ones were crushed to the rear. Nearer and nearer they came, the long line becoming massed until it was but a surging crowd of plunging horses and yelling, gesticulating riders. When leading warriors had reached a point within a hundred yards of the sun-pole, a sharp report of rifles sounded along the line, and a moment later the rushing mass was a sheet of flame, and the rattle of rifle shots was like the rapid beat of a drum resounding among the hills. Every shot, every arrow, and every lance was directed at the pole, and bark and chips were flying from its sides like shavings from the rotary bit of a planer. When every bullet had been discharged, and every arrow and lance had been hurled, the riders crowded around the pole and shouted as only excited savages can shout.

"Had it fallen in this onslaught, another pole would have been chosen and another morning devoted to this performance. Though this seldom happens, it was thought that the numerous assailants of this pole might bring it to the ground. They did not, however, although it looked like a ragged scarecrow, with chips and bark hanging from its mutilated sides.

"That such a vast, tumultuous throng could escape accident in all that wild charging, firing of shots, hurling of lances and arrows, and great excitement would be bordering on a miracle, and no miracle happened. One of the great warriors was trampled upon in the charge and died late that evening, and another Indian was shot. The bruises, sprains, and cuts that might have been spoken of in lesser affairs were here unnoticed, and nothing was heard of them."

Great-Grandmother at Fifty.

The youngest great-grandmother in America probably lives near Pomona, California. Her name is Francesca Cordolla, and her age is but fifty years. She is a poor Spanish woman who has lived in that region for over thirty years. She was married when but fifteen years old, and her eldest daughter married when a little over seventeen years old. Mrs. Cordolla was but thirty-three years old when she was a grandmother. Her eldest granddaughter was married last April at the age of sixteen years, and now that a great-granddaughter has been born into the family there is great rejoicing among the Cordollas and their Spanish relatives. Mrs. Cordolla is in superb health, and she says that if the record of the family keeps up she will have the felicity of holding her great-great-grandchild upon her knee before the biblical allotted time for her on earth is measured out.

You will never regret having sacrificed a pleasure to fulfil a duty.