MRS. PHELPS'S REVELATION.

"Madam, I need help; won't you give me something!"

The question was addressed to Mrs. Phelps, who had just entered her carriage.

"No, I've no money to waste on lazy vagabonds!" was her sharp reply as the carriage door slammed shut.

Mrs. Phelps, a wealthy young widow, prominent in fashionable society, was in an unpleasant frame of mind. She had just visited three of the largest stores in the city in a vain search for a certain costly fabric, and now felt that she was an exceedingly unfortunate and most ill used individual. Presently the carriage drew up before another store, which Mrs. Phelps entered after instructing her four-year-old son to remain seated in the carriage until her return. Master Phelps was very obedient for about three minutes. Then his attention was attracted by something which appealed to him quite as strongly as to a less aristocratic juvenile—the antics of a monkey under charge of a peripatic musician. Standing on tiptoe, he laid his hands against the door, which, having been accidently left unfastened, yielded to the pressure and partly opened; and in a very short time the young gentleman was out of the carriage and half-way across the street. Then, in an instant, there was a hoarse cry of warning, a woman's shriek—and something grasped the boy, swung him from right in front of a runaway team, and laid him, frightened and screaming, in his mother's arms.

After she had soothed the child and put him into the carriage, Mrs. Phelps turned to the rather shabbily dressed man to whose agility her son's rescue was due.

"You have saved my Arthur's life!" she exclaimed. "Come to-morrow to my residence and name your reward. Meanwhile, take this;" and she handed him a twenty-dollar gold piece.

But the man refused the proffered gold.

"Why should you reward a lazy vagabond? That is what you called me a bit ago when I asked you for something," he remarked.

Mrs. Phelps looked at him closely, and recognized him.

"I was out of humor," she explained. "Pardon what I said, and tell me how I can assist you."

"Madam, you've invited me to come to your home. If you'd do me a kindness, come to mine instead."

Mrs. Phelps looked at him in amazement.

"I can hardly do that," she said. "I would much rather—"

"As you please, madam. I'm glad I was able to rescue your child. If you're glad, I wish you'd visit my home. It isn't much to ask."

"What is your name, and where do you live?"

He said his name was James Thompson, and named an obscure street as his address.

"After I've taken my child home, I'll call to see you," said Mrs. Phelps.

"I'll be there by the time you are," he responded.

An hour later Mrs. Phelps, accompanied by a trusty servant, having driven into a narrow street, entered a most uninviting tenement, and ascended three flights of rickety, filthy stairs, was admitted to a small attic room, lighted by a single window. The floor was carpetless. A cracked stove, an old table, a large box which served as a cupboard, a bed, and two or three broken-backed chairs, were the only furniture. But though so bare and comfortless, the room was clean. Upon the scantily covered bed lay two persons—a woman of perhaps thirty-five and a little girl of about six—both evidently ill and both sleeping uneasily.

"I asked you to come here because I wanted you to see this," said Thompson in a low voice. "This"—with a comprehensive wave of the hand—"is my home. You see all my furniture, except what's at the pawnshop. I have no fire, and no fuel to make it with; no food, and no money to buy it with. I have a little medicine left by the doctor, but none of the comforts needed by my sick wife and child. This, madam, is why I asked you for help this morning."

Mrs. Phelps covered her face.

"I never dreamed of anything like this" she said,.

"There are many things which you rich people never dream of," said Thompson bitterly.

"How long have you been in this deplorable condition?" asked Mrs. Phelps.

"To-day is the first I've had to beg," was the reply; "something I'd have thrown myself into the river rather than do if it hadn't been for them. But I couldn't see them starve. I came to the city five years and more ago," he added after a moment's pause. "I had bad luck, for work was dull. From having a little house by ourselves, we were obliged to move here, and then my wife, who was a good seamstress, succeeded in getting men's trousers to make at eighteen cents a pair."

"Eighteen cents a pair!" exclaimed Mrs. Phelps.

"Yes, but the price soon fell to fifteen cents, and as I was out of employment, I helped with the sewing. By working from early in the morning till late at night we managed to earn enough to pay our rent and buy sufficient food to keep us from starving. But the rates went down, down, down, to thirteen, to twelve, even to ten cents a pair."

"What! Ten cents for making a pair of trousers? Who is mean enough to pay such wages as that?"

"The great clothing firm of Phelps & Co., madam!"

"Phelps & Co.! Impossible!"

"The firm, madam, of which your husband was the head. I wonder if, when he gave largely to some library, church or hospital, he ever thought of the poor wretches who toiled day and night, summer and winter, with aching eyes, weary fingers and hungry stomachs, that the mill which ground out his money might turn him out a good-sized grist! I can take you to half a dozen families in this very house who make trousers for Phelps & Co., at the same prices, and who, like us, have finished coats at from five to ten cents each, and made knee pants at sixteen to eighteen cents a dozen pairs."

"Eighteen cents a dozen pairs! You don't mean that?"

"Yes, madam, I do. When Phelps & Co., pay ten cents for making a pair of trousers which sells for five dollars, is it any wonder that the firm prospers exceedingly, and that your husband was able to give away his thousands?"

"This is a revelation to me," said Mrs. Phelps. "I cannot see how you managed to exist at all."

"It's been a hard, hard struggle," replied Thompson. "With the aid of our little girl—for she has been sewing ever since she was four years old—we were occasionally able to earn a dollar a day; but that was seldom. We had to pay a dollar and a quarter per week for this room, and hardly ever had more than four dollars a week to feed, clothe and warm the three of us. But for the last six months, the child has been ill. Ten days ago my wife took sick, and because of having to wait on her and the child, I was able to do so little sewing that the foreman got angry the other day and refused to give me any more work. Besides, we have been falling behind with rent, and only yesterday I received notice that if I don't pay up by the end of the week, I and my sick family must leave."

"Outrageous! Who is your landlord?"

Thompson took a paper from his pocket, and remarking that it was his last receipt, handed it to Mrs. Phelps, who, after a single glance, started, and then stood staring at it in open-mouthed astonishment. For her own name was affixed to the receipt!

"What!" she ejaculated as soon as she could find her voice. "This house—mine!"

"So it seems."

"This is my agent's work," said Mrs. Phelps, half to herself. "And he would have turned you into the street! Horrible!"

She opened her pocketbook and took out some bills.

"Mr Thompson," she said, "I thank you for insisting that I should come here. You have opened my eyes to some things I was blind to before. Take this—it is only a very small part of the heavy debt I owe you. Buy fuel, food, clothing, furniture, medicines—whatever you and your sick family most require. Spend it freely, but pay no rent; this room shall never cost you another cent."

"God bless you, madam!" Thompson exclaimed, his eyes filling with tears. "I take your gifts now with a glad and thankful heart. I felt sure that all you needed was to see and understand. But, O, remember that there are others in this house almost as badly off as you found me."

"I shall not forget," said Mrs. Phelps as she departed.

Upon reaching home, Mrs. Phelps went to her room and shut herself in. Her visit to James Thompson had indeed been a revelation to her. How had she discharged the responsibility which the possession of great wealth carries with it? By lavishing money on flowers, music, rich viands and the like, when so many were lacking the necessaries of life. And most humiliating thought of all, much of the very wealth which she enjoyed had been earned for her by those same starving poor. Theirs it was—not hers—if justice were done. In her humiliation she knelt and offered what was, perhaps, the first real prayer that had risen from her lips for a long time; a prayer in which she craved pardon for the thoughtlessness, selfishness and frivolity of the past, and consecrated her wealth to the service of Christ and of those concerning whom he said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these * ye have done it unto me."

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A year has passed. James Thompson with his wife and daughter, both of whom have been restored to health, are living in a neat, pleasant house, the gift of Mrs. Phelps, through whose instrumentality Thompson has secured lucrative employment. The year has witnessed some other changes, too—especially in the real estate owned by Mrs. Phelps. Very promptly she called upon her agent and gave that individual some instructions which fairly took his breath away. She obtained from him a list of all tenements owned by her, and then set to work to systematically visit each house and the families occupying it. Such poverty, squalor and degradation as she encountered! As a result of this inspection, she ordered a general reduction of the rents, a thorough cleaning of all the houses and numerous repairs, while some crazy habitations she ordered to be demolished.

A company of philanthropic persons organized through her efforts purchased an entire block of rickety tenements, tore them down, and erected a series of modern structures in which suites of rooms were offered at rates far lower than those prevailing in the surrounding tenements. The houses were soon filled with a population who had clean quarters to start with and every inducement to keep them so. And contrary to all expectations, the enterprise has yielded a fair rate of interest on the money invested in it.

Phelps & Co. no longer pay starvation wages to their employees. Mrs. Phelp's husband had bequeathed her a controlling interest in the firm, and one day startled the other partners by proposing a heavy increase in the rates paid for making up clothing. They demurred, and said that such an increase would bankrupt the firm. But Mrs. Phelps persisted in her demand, and finally induced the senior partner to accompany her to the abodes of some of the people employed by the firm. They had not visited many places when he said he had seen quite enough.

"How do you suppose the patronage of Phelps & Co. would be affected," asked Mrs. Phelps, "if our customers were aware that their new garments had been lying a few hours before on the dirty floor of a tenement or on the bed of a child sick with a contagious disease?"

Being unable to answer this question satisfactorily, both partners quietly submitted to the inevitable. The wages were raised, and far from becoming bankrupt, the firm of Phelps & Co. is more prosperous than ever. And Mrs. Phelps to-day is a very cheerful, happy woman—far happier than when she was a devotee at the altar of fashion. For she knows that she has the smile of Him to whom she has consecrated, not only her wealth and her time, but herself.

ICEBERGS IN THE TRAIL.

DANGERS THAT LIE OFF THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Big Berg, the Growler, the Field Ice and the Fog, and the Peril in Which They Envelope the Great Passenger Steamers—Safety Only in a More Southerly Route.

"Although all the known rocks and shoals can be avoided by common prudence and care, there is one source of danger lying at certain seasons in the path of the mariners from which the stoutest ships navigated by the most careful officers cannot always escape—the icebergs; those pests of the Atlantic, which probably have been the cause of more losses than all the storms and tempests. Hundreds of vessels which have started under the most favorable conditions from the ports of Europe and America, even in the finest seasons of the year, have never reached their destinations."

But no mere statement of numbers can convey to the landsman an adequate idea of the peril into which ships run while the iceberg season of the North Atlantic lasts. One needs to stand on the bow of a ship that is driving at full speed, through a dense fog and, when the fog suddenly lifts, find "twenty-five icebergs all around us of various shapes," a field of pack ice thirty miles long, fair across the bow, or better yet, to repeat the experience of the Captain of the Glenivet, that not only got where the ice was all around her, but drove hard against it and crushed in her bows. But it is not in the largest icebergs that the greatest menace to the ship is found. In the thickest fogs these are indeed concealed as effectually from the navigator as

A SUBMARINE TORPEDO,

but because of a peculiar radiant light that is inherent—a light that makes the berg seem to have stored up the sun's rays on a bright day in order to give them out in dull weather—the berg can be seen in a haze either by day or by night for a distance sufficiently great to enable an alert officer of the deck to get his ship out of the way. It is in the comparatively small "calf" from the big berg that the greatest danger lurks. Whenever the big bergs and their trains of field ice come down from the north there are found with them huge boulder-shaped masses of indigo-blue ice, wholly different in color from the snow-like fields and bergs. The ordinary sailors call these growlers, but the old Arctic whalers speak of them as "fresh-water ice." Floating so low in the water that the top is just awash, a solid mass of 100 tons can hardly be seen, even in clear weather, until so near as to be unavoidable. The breaking of a wave over the mass looks almost exactly like an ordinary white cap. It is the opinion of old Arctic whalers that such ice destroys more ships than the bergs do.

The worst feature of the danger which ships risk in running through the ice-infested routes lies in the fogs which the ice currents engender. Naturally the cold water current that brings these huge masses of ice from the north affects the air above it. If the wind be from the north it may be, and very often is, colder than the water, and in that case the air remains clear. But a breeze from any southerly point comes, warm and humid, in contact with this ice and ice water, with the unavoidable result of condensing the moisture into a fog which the eye cannot penetrate. Not only does the ice lie in wait to destroy the ship, but it creates its own ambush.

Quite as startling as a portrayal of the actual danger is a consideration of the area over which the danger lurks. A glance at the pilot chart of the North Atlantic shows accurately the ice infected space, as well as the reason why the space must remain dangerous in the spring and early summer as long as ocean currents run in the sea and glaciers flow in Greenland. The reader has only to recall that the icebergs are but

MASSES OF ICE.

that break off from Greenland glaciers that flow into the sea, and that these ice masses float away south with the Arctic current until that current reaches and dips down under the Gulf Stream. Of course, both iceberg and field ice are influenced by the wind, but because of the proportion of the mass sunk in the water the bergs often travel not only against the wind, but against a shallow surface current like the edge of the Gulf Stream, and in the north, through frozen fields of ice as well. The meeting of the Arctic current and the Gulf Stream is to be found between the 43d and 53d meridians, and along a line (often to be distinguished as easily as the bank of the Mississippi) that usually lies between 41 deg. and 42 deg. north of the equator. As everybody knows, the banks of the Gulf Stream move about with the winds, a nor'wester driving the stream away south, and a sou'easter sweeping it up toward the shores of Newfoundland. The Gulf Stream, because of its warmth, is of course a barrier that the icebergs cannot pass. But because they can enter it and because its position varies from day to day, and because the bergs are relentlessly moving down every day, there is an area of 200,000 square miles in which no ship master can say he is safe for a single watch. As an old Cunard shipmaster once wrote in the London Nautical Magazine:

"I never begin a voyage across them without a fervent aspiration that I might once more elude these special dangers, or close the voyage when I have escaped catastrophe without a prayer of thankfulness."

A consideration of the signs by which ship-masters are supposed to be able to detect the presence of icebergs enveloped in fog is not reassuring. They can see an iceberg in any but the heaviest fogs at a distance of two miles, but when it is remembered that steamers cover a mile in three minutes, that distance seems remarkably short. It seems shorter still when one remembers how slow a long liner is in answering her helm. But, though the ship might dodge an 800-foot iceberg when she had that much space for turning, she would still have the wide field of pieces broken from the berg in her course, not to mention the possibility of the bergs having a train of

GENUINE FIELD ICE.

But without a view of the ice, the hope of the ship-master is supposed to lie in the sudden decrease of temperature due to proximity of ice.

How utterly useless this warning is will be apparent when it is remembered that the fast steamers will cross the half-mile zone of cold water and so reach the ice in just a minute and a half. Moreover, the temperature of the water in the dangerous region varies from other causes. A better danger-signal of the approach of an iceberg in a fog is the echo of the fog horn. That is commonly a good signal, and yet nothing is more uncertain than the movement of sound waves in fog-laden air. In fact, no device is yet invented and no experience or ingenuity of man is likely to develop or invent a method by which fog-hidden ice may be located within a distance that will enable the master to save his ship once she enters the ice-bearing waters. That neither experience nor a careful lookout can always save the ship is attested amply by the long lists of vessels which, like the Glenivet, have steamed into port with bows stove in by contact with ice.

From time to time one sees in the newspapers well-written protests against the habit of driving passenger ships at full speed through the fog. Occasionally, though rarely a ship-master will say that steamers should be run "dead slow" when passing through the dangerous zone. The futility of both protest and advice may be comprehended when it is remembered that the ships famous for fast passages always have the largest lists of passengers. More than that, the danger of a passage through the ice region is not due to ice alone, for in the fog the most careful ship-master is at the mercy of a careless officer who sleeps at his post on some other ship. It is said often, and is believed by most old travellers, that the fastest ships run fewer risks, on the whole, than slower ones because remaining a shorter time at sea.

It must be conceded that the danger, which is just now at its height, cannot be avoided as long as ships cross

THE DANGEROUS ZONE.

But while it is useless, and probably an error, to ask that ships be slowed while going through the fogs, it may not be out of the way to say that no passenger-carrying ship should enter the dangerous region during the season when ice is sure to be in the path. Public opinion long since led the packet companies to advertise that their steamers travelled in lanes a good many miles apart in order to avoid the dangers of a head-on collision. The east-bound ships are supposed to keep well to the south of the west-bound ships. Very likely they usually keep some distance to the south of the west-bound route, but the attentive reader of nautical news will not infrequently see telegraphic reports of an east-bound steamer sighting a west-bound steamer of the same line. Moreover, it is found that even when the routes that are advertised are followed carefully the west-bound steamer must pass away within the ice-covered area, and so run frightful risks that might be absolutely avoided by taking a route 200 miles longer.

The common west-bound trail crosses the 50th meridian in about 42 deg. 30 latitude. It is a somewhat shorter route than the east-bound trail that crosses this meridian nearly a degree further south. But neither the east-bound nor the west-bound trail runs clear of the ice and fog. The pilot charts show clearly, as the reports of the ships' officers do, that the biggest and most crowded passenger ships, as well as the cheap cargo carriers, pass through the ice and incident fogs.

By removing the routes to the south, so that ships bound east crossed the fiftieth meridian in 40 deg. 30 north latitude and the west-bound forty miles further north, all danger of ice and fog would be avoided. The most dangerous months are April and May, though the ice often appears as early as February, and is seen in quantities up to July, and occasionally into August. Stray bergs may be seen the year around; but the danger from these is too remote to be considered. April, May, and June are the important months. If, during this season, ships were to take the route that is but 200 miles longer (a run of ten hours), and confine their record-breaking trials for a reputation to the ice-free months, the passage to Europe would become as free from danger as a trip across Lake Ontario.

HE STOLE CARMEN'S MOTHER.

Now He Is in Penitentiary and Carmen Is Betrothed to His Rival.

Jose Maria Marsinez is a young Spanish peasant, whose tiny farm is near Sabas, Galicia. He loved Carmen, the daughter of a widow who owned the largest shop in Sabas. Carmen was willing, but the widow thought such a handsome girl out to marry money, so she withheld her consent to break off the watch.

All efforts of the lovers to meet proved vain. Jose heard that a young groceryman from the next town was trying to marry Carmen. His friends told him he must get her then or not at all. So he resolved upon a bold Galician scheme to seize her and make her his at once.

The evening of April 13 was the time, and the bed chamber of Carmen was the place for the execution of his plot. He climbed up to the bed chamber window after everybody in the house was asleep and unlatched the doors leading down to the street. He grasped the white-clad form that he found on the bed fast in his arms and hurried from the house across the fields.

"I am going to the priest," he repeated several times, to rouse her from the silence which fright had laid on her tongue.

There were two or three sons that made Jose's heart stand still, and then an outcry that caused him to drop the white-clad figure hastily. He lighted a match and saw before him, not Carmen, but Carmen's mother. He started away on the run, but Carmen's mother had recognized him, and she began to scream for his arrest. The night watchman of Sabas came; Jose was arrested. On April 18 he was sent to the penitentiary by the criminal court of the district, and on April 19, which was Sunday, Carmen's betrothal to his rival was announced in the Sabas church.

The road to success that is not particularly steep.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

It is said that "Bill" Nye left an estate worth from $50,000 to $60,000.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton has only one private car, that of General Manager Waldo.

A few days ago Little Black Bear, a Nez Perce Indian chief in Oregon, traded thirty heads of horses for a bicycle.

Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburg millionaire, has been refused honorary membership in the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce.

The police census of Washington just completed gives that city a population of 270,519, an increase of 12,088 in three years.

Recent statistics show that the increase of divorces exceeds in percentage the increase of population in nearly all of the United States.

The thirteen locomotive works in the United States in 1895 turned out 1,100 locomotives, against 695 in 1894, and last year 31,863 freight cars were built, against 17,029 in 1894.

Joseph Whisenant, of Burke, N. C., has nine sons, the eldest 30 years old and the youngest 14, the aggregate weight of whom is 1,806 pounds.

Central Park, New York, contains 862 acres; Phoenix Park, Dublin, 1,760 acres; Hyde Park, London, 400 acres; Yellowstone National Park, 2,280,000 acres.

Belvoir, the name of President Cleveland's summer home, in the suburbs of Washington, is the name of a famous English castle, Belvoir castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. It is pronounced there "Beaver."

Uncle Jake Lawrence, of Uniontown, Ky., is eighty-four years old, and has reason to be delighted. For years he has been without teeth, and now a new set of natural ones are showing themselves in his gums.

By the will of the late Ezekiel J. Donnell, the New York cotton merchant his estate of $600,000 will, in the event of the death of his wife and daughter, be used to establish a free circulating library in New York.

By dropping a penny in the slot passengers on the Newark, N.J., railway lines are able to secure a copy of a certain daily published in that city. The publishers state that nearly 5,000 papers are sold in that way every day.

In the middle of an onion she was peeling a few days ago a woman in Bath, Maine, found a gold ring. The story is vouched for. The explanation offered is that some one dropped the ring in the onion bed, and the onion grew around it.

Rockland, Me., has a resident, 61 years old, who has been driving a cart with lime rock to the railway station for twenty-six years and yet never has ridden on the cars. He also has the distinction of never having been under a doctor's care.

Mrs. Celia W. Wallace, of Chicago, has given the Central church of that city $75,000, and will add to this real estate worth $40,000. Mrs. Wallace, it will be remembered, is the lady who gave the Tiffany Chapel to St. John's Cathedral, in New York, as a memorial of her son.

An unusually large octopus, with eight arms, each measuring a little less than six feet in length, was killed at Alamenda, Cal., a few days ago. The fish fastened its tentacles on a boat which a fisherman was rowing in the harbour. The man rowed his boat ashore, the fish still clinging to it, and killed the octopus with an oar.

A race against death was lately made by Samuel Lance, a boy of 14, of Akron, Ohio. He was drawing a charge from a rifle, when the weapon was discharged, lodging a bullet just below his heart. He saddled and rode his horse two miles to a doctor's house where he fainted on the dorrsteps, and soon after died.

Twenty farmers brought the tails of 9,171 ground squirrels to the commissioners of Spokane county, Wash., one day last week, to collect the bounty of one cent per tail. One man brought in 1,334 squirrel tails, and another 1,056. All the squirrels were killed in one not large district, where they are so thick as to almost make the farmers despair of making any profit by their crops.

Abraham Life, a veteran soldier of Farmland, Ind., who lost his right arm during the war, is suffering from a peculiar affliction that is troubling the culiar affliction that is puzzling the doctors. A few months ago his right leg began to shorten, and it is now five inches shorter than it used to be and ought to be. Mr. Life is wondering whether there is any connection between the loss of his arm and the contraction of his leg.

Nineteen citizens of Macon, Ga., some of them said to be prominent, were subpoenaed a few days ago to appear at the City Hall, provided with picks and shovels, to go to work on the streets of the town for five days, under the direction of the Board of Public Works. A new law provides that a citizen who fails to pay his street tax shall work out the amount of the tax on the streets and this was the first time it was put in operation.

In a Western court, a witness who had served in the Civil War and been severely wounded, was called upon to testify. "Hold up your right hand," commanded the judge. "I was shot in that arm, and can't hold it up," responded the witness. "Put up your left arm, then," continued the judge. "Can't do it, judge; they hit me there, too." The judge glared sternly at the afflicted witness. "No man can be sworn in this court unless he holds up something," he said. "Sit down, man, and hold up one of your legs, and I'll let it go at that."

A lawyer of Biddeford, Me., is afflicted with a peculiar mania for collecting lamps of all sorts. His house is filled with every kind of lantern he has been able to buy, including a full line of bicycle lamps. He visits Boston frequently, and always brings back with him a new lot of lamps. His craze costs him a good deal of money, and he declares that he is aware of the folly of it, but is entirely unable to resist it.