

BROTHERHOOD.

BY MAMIE S. PADEN.

*Tis said—in olden days
A mighty king, at whose command almost
The sun stood still, before whom knelt a host
Of mighty men, sought the prize.
"The gem through which most happiness can be
Brought to most men—so shall they worship me."*

Through every land he sent
His heralds. Rich would be his prize who
brought the mighty secret that the wise king sought.

A vast crowd went
Up to him, to see on the final day,
When they who strove should bring their gems
that way.

One bore a jewel with the gleam of gold
Caught in its yellow heart.
He shook his head; that umpire wise and old
Bade them "Set it apart!"

Wealth implies poverty, as sunlight shade.
Who hath too much, a burden on him laid—
His brother's lack is by his surplus made.

One brought a brilliant stone, whose flashing
light
Caught every eye. "Fame wins!"

They said, "Not so the judge. "Great names
are bright."

And yet success begins
Where failure ends. Yea! One who rises climbs
O'er hundreds who have fallen. One's joy
chimes

Ring in for others their life's saddest times."

Red flashes the fierce jews next behind—
The victor's jem. "Even this,
Tho' its warmth is unexceeded,"

He says, "O think you what a victory means
To other fellow-men! Defeat! Sad scenes
Of blood and flames, as Death his harvest
gleans."

A fair white gem brings one,
Its milky depth the sage sees pondering.
At last, "You have the secret now, my king;
With this the search is done."

In it I read reflected the great truth
That is the prop of age—the hope of youth—
Men, high and low, are brothers. This, in sooth,

"Leaves none forsaken. No man stands alone;
Union is strength for all.
Help each your brethren, and when comes your
hour,

Distress you will not call

In vain for aid. So shall the balance just
Be e'er maintained. Grief and oppression must
Grow less, and man meet man with perfect
trust."

"PAT."

BY M. C. FARLEY.

I'll own up that from the very first
she interested me, but it is a compulsory admission on my part even yet.
We were all lodging in a big up-town
boarding-house, where boarders were
thicker than whortleberries in July, and
where "help" was hardly to be had
for love or money. The landlady had
one day been "taking on" at a fearful
rate over the difficulties surrounding
her position, when in walked a young
person in search of a situation. She
was a perfect godsend. Nobody
stopped to ask her for reference. Indeed,
the landlady said shortly that she
was only too glad to find somebody
who could do something, and, for her
part, she didn't care a fig where the
girl came from, nor who she was, so
long as she did the duties allotted to her.

Inasmuch as we had been taken in a short time previous by a certain
immaculate young Jezebel, who had
not only stolen the hearts of all the
gentlemen about the house, but had
also eloped with all their other valuables as well, some of us rather felt
cross-grained toward the worthy
hostess, and wished she would be a
trifle more particular in the selection of her servants, especially the
parlor maids. But as she wasn't
particular, and acted in an outrageously
independent manner in the bargain, we
women all determined among ourselves that, come what would, the new girl
should be well watched, and if she was
inclined to be tricky we would catch
her in her tricks and expose her. Even
married ladies, you know, don't relish
having the graces of a servant rung in
their ears by their husbands and friends. There
were thirty of us all told, and we were divided up into half a dozen
little cliques, as "boarders will divide
up when domiciled together. We each
tried at different times to be the belle
of the house, and as such one and all of
us had met with but indifferent success;
to be left in the shade by the new girl
was unbearable. And that girl! The
gentlemen to a man had declared in
favor of her at the first sight. Even
young Howe—whom report said was
smitten with a cousin he had never seen
—in two days was ravaging over the
parlor maid. I notice that men seem to
have a propensity for falling in love
with servants, any way, and this particular
one hadn't been in the house two
weeks before she had earned the undying
hatred of every woman in it—excepting
the landlady.

She said her name was Patty, and
Patty we called her to her face—for
there was something about her that
conquered our insolence when in
her presence, and forced us to treat her
politely, no matter how we felt toward
her. But among ourselves we invariably
cut her name down to the first syllable
and called her Pat. That is the
spiteful way women take to vent their
dislike on a person they dare not attack
openly. And what a way she had.

The Princess of Wales herself never
entered a room with a grander air than
Patty did, when, duster in hand, she
walked about the rooms dusting the
things and putting the furniture to rights. She had a tall, willowy figure,
that swayed like a reed in the wind as
she moved, and a pair of eyes as
big and bright and black as eyes
could well be. It was astonishing to
hear some of the gentlemen raving over
Patty's "delicate figure" and her "midnight eyes." As for me, I've always said,
and say it again, that I'd as soon embrace
a lightning-rod as one of those tall slim
girls. I am not an ardent admirer of thin
people myself, but tastes differ. We
watched Patty as closely as cats would
watch a mouse. We were literally dying
to catch her trying to inveigle some
of the gentlemen into a flirtation, but
we did not succeed in so doing—the sly
boots!

At this juncture there was a new ar-
rival—a lady. She was young, pretty,
not too tall, but round and plump. All
the women were in ecstasies. Here
was a rival to that awful Pat. We all
immediately "called" on the stranger,
and we not only called on her, but we
opened our hearts confidentially and
told her about the parlor maid who was
at present reigning like an uncrowned
queen over the male element of the
boarding house.

Miss Prettyman smiled disdainfully
over our woes.

"You ought to be ashamed," said

she, in her clear, high tones. "Here
you are, fifteen ladies, all under 35
years of age, and yet you let a servant
girl carry away the honors before your
face and eyes. I detest entering the
lists against a hired maid, but, to save
the reputation of the house, I'll think
it over, and let you ladies see what I
can do."

We thanked her humbly and went
away. As I re-entered my room I
spied the tall figure of Pat approaching
my door.

"Now, then, Pat," said I, shaking a
wrathful finger at her, "now, then,
you'll drop your colors. We've got a
match for you at last, you jade!"

"Were you speaking to me, madam?"

"This one 'takes the cake,' as the
saying is," went on Hanford. "Now,
listen a moment, ladies and gentlemen,
and then give me your opinion."

"Miss Cleopatra S.:

"Cousin: If my presence is distasteful to you, I will try to find you no longer. But, for the sake of your father and mother, return to your home. I will not force myself upon your notice, but will say that half of your grandfather's money shall be given to you, providing you will let me know where to send it. Sorrowsfully yours,"

"F. S. H."

That was Howe's advertisement, and
I recognized it instantly, for he had
showed it to me privately one time, and
I wondered how he would take Hanford's scathing criticism.

At the words "Miss Cleopatra S." Pat
had stiffened up straight as a ramrod
and turned a pair of big-surprised
eyes upon Hanford—anger, amazement,
and incredulity expressing themselves
by turns upon her face.

Nobody thought to express an opinion;
we were all struck dumb at Pat's look and action.

"It strikes me," said Miss Prettyman,
with an arch glance at Howe, who,
quite pale, stood glancing furtively at
Pat, "it strikes me that the object for
which I entered this house is attained at last."

The object for which she had entered
that house! Good gracious! We
women looked askance from one to the
other. What on earth did Miss Prettyman
mean? She smiled at Howe and made a
motion with her hand. "Of course these women," with a slightly
scornful emphasis on "these women,"
are burning up with curiosity to know
what all this means. Let us explain.

Pat reached out a trembling hand for
the paper Hanford still held.

"Will you let me look at that personal?" she faltered.

And then that false, deceitful, good-
for-nothing Miss Prettyman put her
arm around Pat's waist, and said, in a
voice that would have melted an iceberg:

"Somebody ought to tell her about
Pat."

"I'll tell her myself, if you'll give me
time enough," said he, lounging away.

There was a little romance attached
to the story of Mr. Howe and his
cousin. The story, as I heard it, was
something like this: Mr. Howe's grand-
father had two daughters. One ran
off and married an Englishman against
her father's wishes; was disowned,
and disinherited. The other one married
a merchant prince, and died young,
leaving a child—one other than young
Howe himself. Finding himself on
his death-bed, the grandfather relented,
and causing a search to be made for his
discarded daughter, found her still living,
though in humble circumstances, with her
Englishman. The issue of
their marriage was one child—a daughter.

Like you shall see the paper all you
like, dear girl, after awhile. But just
now let me introduce you to all those
people in your proper character of
Miss Cleopatra Sherman, heiress to
half a million of money, and cousin of
Mr. Frank Sherman Howe."

And some way Mr. Howe had hold
of Pat's hands the next moment, and
began telling something about his sus-
pecting her to be his cousin, from her
strong resemblance to the photograph
he carried in his pocket, and that, not
daring to let her know of his suspicions,
he had hired a female detective to come
into the house and watch her, and how,
just the day before, Miss Prettyman
had actually discovered proof of his
suspicions in a box of letters she had
found in Pat's room, and—to make a
long story short, that detestable
Pat was a great heroine for
the next four and twenty hours,
and the landlady gave a very lofty toss
to her head when one by one we
slipped out of the parlor and hunted
her up to tell her the news.

"It don't surprise me at all to hear
that Patty's somebody," said she, with
a very superior air. "But what does
surprise and amuse me is the way you
ladies have been taking on over that
Miss Prettyman, who is nothing but a
female detective. I think this time
you pulled the wool over your own eyes."

Mr. Howe conducted Pat to her home
next day; but, before they went away,
he called at my door.

"Good-by, madam," says he, blithely;
"you always told me that I would
marry my cousin at last if I would
only persevere in carrying on the siege.
And I am glad to let you know that I
think you're a true prophet. I shall
send you cards for the wedding."

From behind my window-blind I
watched them enter the carriage, and as
Pat—I will call her so still—raised
her hands in the sunlight, I saw glitt-
ering on the first finger of the left
one a blazing stone, which convinced
me that the poor old grandfather's
fortune would be settled as he wished
it had been given him by her mother.

The lawyers were obliged to turn
over the whole great fortune to Mr.
Howe, who, worried at his cousin's
passing her life in poverty and care,
determined to transfer half the prop-
erty to her, and visited her home for
that purpose; only to find she had dis-
appeared, none knew whither.

The upshot of the matter was that
he inserted a masked personal in the
Evening Journal. But so far he had
never seen his cousin, but he had an
excellent photograph of her that had
been given him by her mother.

Of course, this little romance in his
history made Mr. Howe quite a hero in
our estimation, and when he so far for-
got himself and his high position as to
turn his eyes toward Pat popular indigna-
tion reached a climax. Miss Pretty-
man was making a "dead set" at Mr.
Howe, and I fancied Pat sometimes
gave her a scornful glance from her big
eyes when they met, and meet they did,
quite often, for it seemed as if Miss
Prettyman could not be satisfied with
the services of the other servants, but
must always insist on having Pat to
wait upon her. We were all delighted with
the way Miss Prettyman managed
to make the maid's heart ache, for Pat
began to show plainly enough that she
liked Mr. Howe better than a person in
her situation ought to have done, and
Miss Prettyman would casually allude
to him in her presence in a way that
was exasperating to say the least.

Pat began to look taller and thinner
than usual, and her manners were
prouder and more scornful than ever.

She was actually unbearable to us, and
we longed for something to happen that
would take her down a notch or two.

We were all in the parlor one even-
ing, and a stranger who had come that
day began a long tirade on the folly and
mawkishness of the personals in the
Evening Journal. "Now, here's one," he
declared, "that is sillier and more
romantic than all the rest."

At that moment Miss Prettyman ac-
cidentally knocked over a rare vase and
smashed it into atoms.

Pat answered the bell.
"Gather up the debris, Patty," said
Miss Prettyman, loftily, to the maid;
"and be as noiseless as possible, for Mr.
Hanford is going to read."

Patty stooped over the pile of broken
china, and Mr. Hanford cleared his
throat.

"The gentleman is about to give us a
sample of the 'personals' found in the
city papers," whispered Howe to the
parlor maid, in a distinctly audible
tone. "What do you think of them, as
a rule, Miss Patty?"

"I don't think of them at all," said
she, coldly. "I never read them."

"This one 'takes the cake,' as the
saying is," went on Hanford. "Now,
listen a moment, ladies and gentlemen,
and then give me your opinion."

"Miss Cleopatra S.:

"Cousin: If my presence is distasteful to you, I will try to find you no longer. But, for the sake of your father and mother, return to your home. I will not force myself upon your notice, but will say that half of your grandfather's money shall be given to you, providing you will let me know where to send it. Sorrowsfully yours,"

The Vanderbilt Family.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder at
least of the wealth of the family, was
born on Staten Island, N. Y., May 27,
1794, and was the son of parents who
emigrated from Holland and were
among the early settlers of New York.
Cornelius was not given to book-learning,
but early displayed an aptness for
accumulating, which formed the foundations
of the great fortune which he and
every wealthy man have had to leave
some day or other. The lad of 16
bought a boat of his own, and for a time
ran a ferry between New York and
Staten Island, and business so increased
during the war of 1812 that he built a
small schooner to carry Government
supplies to various posts around New
York, and in 1815 he built a larger ves-
sel for the coasting trade. It is related
of him that when 23 years of age he had
accumulated \$9,000 and was free from
debt. About that time he became
captain of a small steamboat running
between New York and New Brunswick,
N. J., on the road to Philadelphia, and
took charge of hotel at New Brunswick.
He remained in the same employ for
twelve years, during which the
steamboat line had become an important
one, and then he started out on his own
account, building several small steam-
boats and running them to points on the
Hudson and other places near New
York. In 1851 he established the route
of steamships between New York and
California via Nicaragua, and by 1853
was known as a man of immense wealth.
His enterprises after these events were
such as establishing an independent line
of steamships between New York and
Havre; presenting the United States
Government in 1862 with his first steam-
ship, the Vanderbilt; withdrawing his
money from vessel property and investing
it in railroads. Then he became
President of such roads as the New York
Central, the Harlem, and the Lake
Shore and Michigan Southern, and
Director in the Western Union Telegraph
Company. His benefactions were as
great as his wealth, and may be guessed
from the fact of his buying the building
known as the Mercer Street Presby-
terian Church in New York, and pre-
senting it to the Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems,
which he in 1868 organized under the
name of the Church of the Strangers.
In the year 1873 he presented the M. E.
Church South with \$500,000, afterward
increasing the amount to about \$1,000,
000, to be used in founding a university
at Nashville, Tenn., for the education
of the youth of the church, and the
institution has been named after its
wealthy patron. Mr. Vanderbilt was
twice married, and had thirteen chil-
dren. He was familiarly called the
"Commodore." His death occurred at
New York, Jan. 4, 1877. That member
of his family who has inherited most of
his wealth and ability, and who is most
widely known, is Wm. H. Vanderbilt,
who was born at New Brunswick, N. J.,
May 8, 1821, while his father was the
manager of the hotel there. It is estimated
that the wealth of Wm. H. is about
\$100,000,000.—*Inter Ocean*.

St. Anthony!

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