

## LET ME ENJOY.

Let me enjoy the earth no less  
Because the all-enacting Might  
That fashioned forth its loveliness  
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,  
Who throws me not a word or sign;  
I will find charm in her uncare,  
And land those lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song,  
Inspired by scenes and souls unknown,  
I'll pour out raptures that belong  
To others, as they were my own.

Perhaps some day, toward Paradise  
And all its bliss—such should be—  
I shall lift glad, afar-off eyes,  
Though it contain no place for me.

## THE UPROOTING OF JIM

Jim Lesterton was rapidly settling down into confirmed old bachelorhood. It was a pity, but he had played the part of father and mother both to his orphan brothers and sisters, six of them, all told—and played it so well that from their very childhood they had felt no sense of loss. To him they had turned in all their joys and sorrows, and he had never failed them. To outsiders his life had always seemed a singularly noble and self-denying one. To him his course of action had seemed the only one which could be followed.

Now his "children" had stretched their wings, and the quaint old house in Danechester High street knew them no more. The three stalwart lads, Roy, Leslie and Maurice, were making their way rapidly in Canada. The girls had married wisely and happily.

Jim had only recently parted with the youngest, Dorothy, his pet and darling, and perhaps it had cost him more to let her go than any of the others. She was so full of life and vivacity that he seemed to find in her bright youth the youth which had passed him by. For he had been so intensely occupied with family cares from his boyhood that he often felt he had never been young at all. The small income left by his parents had been miserably inadequate to supply the needs of a growing family, and Jim had "toiled terribly" to supplement it.

He could have told, had he been so minded, sad stories of those early years, when there were so many hungry mouths at home. It was so easy for him to live hard and work hard, he told himself. The Spartan-like simplicity of the regime, fortunately, did not affect his constitution. He had never been absent from his daily work by reason of illness. He could have told also of garments bought ready-made, on account of cheapness, which his soul secretly loathed; of threadbare greatcoats worn through bitter winters, and of sundry other economies cheerfully undergone for the sake of "his children," as he called them; but these things were hidden in his heart. Jim Lesterton would have scorned himself had he been spoken of them, and if he sometimes felt a little bad and over-anxious during those long years in which the young ones were growing up, it was never suspected by them. He was an arch-dissembler in his way, this big-hearted, lovable Jim; but the dissembling was such as angels smile over, always for the cheer and well-being of others.

God makes His heroes out of such stuff, and, quite unconsciously, they are as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to those around them. There are more of them amongst us than we know, for often in our own worldliness and self-seeking our eyes are holden.

But "the years which the locusts had eaten" lay behind the man now. He had risen to a trusted and prosperous position, one which far exceeded his early ambitions, and was free from all anxiety concerning those dear to him. Yet he was possessed at times with a rather painful sense that his present comfortable life was not actually as full and happy as the old toiling meager existence had been. His days seemed empty and gray, and he was settling down to feel as he looked—a dull old bachelor.

The great crisis of our lives often come to us in a most homely and commonplace fashion. Jim Lesterton, sitting at his breakfast one morning, and enjoying a morning paper supported by a rather battered tea-cosy, which he would not have replaced because his pet sister had made it for him, suddenly caught sight of his own name in the "Agony" column.

If James Lesterton, eldest son of the late Marcus Lesterton, of Felversea, Derefordshire, will communicate with the Messrs. Lawson, 6, Chancery Lane, London, E. C. he will hear of something to his advantage."

Jim gave a violent start, thereby provoking the keen resentment of a magnificent Persian cat, which had perched herself on his shoulder with an eye to stray tit-bits. She sprang to the ground, and esconced herself in an easy chair opposite, keeping, however, a watchful eye on her master.

"Gloriana, my dear, I beg your ladyship's pardon," Jim said gravely, and with a slight inclination of his head in the Persian's direction. "But when a fellow hears quite suddenly that a fellow has only got to show himself to hear something to that fellow's advantage, why it's enough to make his manner lack Vere de Vere's repose."

He read the advertisement through carefully once more. There was a possibility, of course, that some mistake had been made in regard to name.

that he, Jim Lesterton, was not actually the man wanted, he told himself. But his early years had been spent in Felversea, Derefordshire. It was not until the death of his parents that he had taken a house in Danechester, owing to its easy access from London.

"Domine dirige nos," said Jim Lesterton. It was a habit of his to murmur the simple old Latin prayer in the difficulties and perplexities of life. Then he set out for Chancery lane.

"Miss Faithfull is wanted." Madame's voice was raspy. She had much work in hand, and resented the interruption.

May rose and put her hand to her heart. It was beating quicker than its wont. Various remarks saluted her ears as she made her exit.

When she entered the room where Jim Lesterton was waiting, her white little face was flushed; her eyes were shining like stars. Despite her patched black gown, she looked beautiful.

They proceeded at once to the business in hand.

"Mr. Lesterton," said the one who appeared to be the elder of the two. "Can you call to memory a certain night in March, about seventeen years ago, when a man stopped you at the gate of your home, your father's home? It was then, saying he was starved and half-dead with cold?"

Jim Lesterton's memory was a good one, but he had to think hard before he could recall the night in question. He paused before he made any reply.

"The name of the man was Francis Faithfull," said the brothers, this time simultaneously, and with rather odd effect.

"Oh, yes, I remember. The name helped me to recall him. It struck me at the time as rather quaint," said Jim.

"You fed and clothed him," said the elder brother, solemnly.

"Any decent chap would have done the same," said Jim hastily, disclaiming any glory in the matter. "He was down on his luck."

"He took a fancy to you, and vowed as he left your father's house that, if



THE GRAY OLD WORLD WAS A NEW PLACE.

ever the wheel of fortune turned for him, he would stand your friend. Quite recently the wheel of fortune has turned for him. For years he has been disowned by his family, on account of an early imprudent marriage, and he fell on evil days. Last week, by the falling of an avalanche on Mont Blanc, two lives were lost, which stood between him and a baronetcy. Sir Robert Faithfull and his son Herbert now lie dead at Chamonix, awaiting burial in the English churchyard.

Francis Faithfull was found, by the merest chance, working as a caretaker in a motor works, and he went, at our instigation, to Switzerland. There was no difficulty in proving his claim. Yesterday he wired to us to find you, and to send you on to Chamonix. He has never lost sight of you, or forgotten his debt to you, and he is eager to repay it—at least in part."

Jim Lesterton listened like one in a dream, and the two old men began to give him instructions as to his journey. The elder presently handed him a pink slip of paper. "You must not be offended, Mr. Lesterton. Doubtless you know your Bible, and a certain passage which refers to bread—cast upon the waters."

"But I don't need it," began Jim.

"My dear sir, you have not only yourself to consider on this journey. Our client wishes you to take his daughter to him. She does not at present know of the change in her father's circumstances. You are to fetch her from this address," giving Jim another slip of paper. "Get what she needs. Miss Faithfull is an heiress, and must want for nothing. You will look after her comfort generally."

"But I don't know anything about girls," protested Jim Lesterton. "All my friends would tell you so."

"What about your care of your sisters?" The two old lawyers looked archly at him, and shook their forefingers. It was too much for Jim's sense of humor. He laughed as he had not laughed for years, and because he was a good and strong and altogether pleasant fellow, they laughed too.

Then Jim went on his mission, feeling curiously young.

May Faithfull was a dressmaker's hand, and only a junior hand at that. She had recently been promoted, however, into making buttonholes, for which she had a peculiar aptitude. It is an occupation, however, which, if persisted in for several hours at a stretch, day after day, week in, week out, has a tendency to pall.

To-day May was tired, dreadfully tired. Last night, she had dreamed of buttonholes. They had come staring and grinning at her, like grotesque, impish faces. And they were bad buttonholes, such as one may see in a child's first attempt at needlework, so excruciatingly bad that she had sobbed in her dreams. Poor little May!

Any woman can make a fool of a man by complimenting him on the superior brand of wisdom he possesses.

she was hoping as she worked this morning that they would not haunt her again, but she had her misgivings. She bent her pretty head, with its coronal of wavy hair, over her work, with an increase of application.

Suddenly a name rang through the workroom, pronounced in a clear and resonant voice by "Madame Etoile," whose homely English name was Betty Star!

"Miss Faithfull is wanted." Madame's voice was raspy. She had much work in hand, and resented the interruption.

May rose and put her hand to her heart. It was beating quicker than its wont. Various remarks saluted her ears as she made her exit.

When she entered the room where Jim Lesterton was waiting, her white little face was flushed; her eyes were shining like stars. Despite her patched black gown, she looked beautiful.

Jim Lesterton hesitated for a moment. The girl had dignity and grace despite her youth. Then she lifted her face, and he saw how wistful and lone she looked. His heart went out to her.

"Child," he said, "your father wants you. I am to take you to him. He wants you to share some unexpected good fortune."

She laid her hand in his, and quite suddenly the gray old world was a new place to Jim Lesterton. All things had changed. He felt the joy, the exhilaration of a lad of 20 whilst the small work-worn hand lay in his own.

It was a wonderful journey those two took together into the playground of the world, for Jim Lesterton was the kindest and most fatherly of protectors to the young creature put in his charge.

When the two had their first glimpse of the "Monarch of Mountains," when Mont Blanc raised his magnificent crest, crowned with eternal snow, before their vision, she clung to his arm, and sobbed like a child. "It's so lovely," she said. "And it was always here, but we might never have seen it, but for—"

She paused abruptly; Jim swiftly divined her girlish thought of her unknown kinsfolk lying still and dead, victims of the mountain avalanche. He liked her for her tenderness, but managed to turn his thoughts in his own kindly way, by pointing out the manifold beauties of the panorama through which they were passing.

When they reached Chamonix a tall and aristocratic-looking man came to greet them, his face lit with a smile of welcome. Jim Lesterton vainly strove to recall the starving wanderer as he looked at Sir Francis Faithfull, but Sir Francis held his hand in an iron grip and looked at him with almost fatherly affection.

"Welcome, my lad," he said. "A thousand thanks to you for bringing my little girl to me. It will be a threefold cord now, and a threefold cord is not easily broken."

It never was. That visit to Chamonix was a sowing that bore in the after years flowers of marvelous joy and happiness. It was, in truth, "The Uprooting of Jim," who grew younger and happier every day, till bride and bridegroom seemed well matched to sympathizing onlookers at his wedding with May Faithfull.—London S. Times.

## ON THE WITNESS STAND.

### The Right of a Witness to Qualify His Answers.

Like Stevenson's child, as a rule, the witness should speak only when he is spoken to. He should not volunteer anything except that when he is asked a question which with apparent innocence could really be answered "Yes" or "No" he has a right to qualify a plain "Yes" or "No." This, of course, happens most often in the case of experts. The "Yes, but I will explain," of one of the distinguished expert witnesses for the Commonwealth in the case of Commonwealth versus Quay, which was tried before Judge Biddle in the court of quarter sessions of Philadelphia county several years ago, still linger in the writer's memory.

Formerly candidates were tested with colored lanterns. One railway has a test of its own. The candidate looks along a tub and tells the names of the colors he sees on an illuminated revolving disk at the far end.

It is not generally known that a man may become temporarily color blind; in fact, excessive tobacco smoking may cause this infirmity.

**WHAT HE WAS.**  
Miss Bixby was not given to coquetry, but she was pardoned anxious to make an agreeable impression upon Prof. Clark. He was young and handsome, and, like herself, learned, she gathered from the common friend who was plotting to bring them together. Also the friend, a sprightly North Carolina woman, referred to him as a "tarheel."

"A what?" Miss Bixby inquired.

"Tar-heel," it appeared, was the vicious name for a native of North Carolina.

Miss Bixby, who modestly felt the need in herself of an added touch of vivacity, impressed the term upon a memory, which, surcharged with knowledge, had been known to be treacherous.

However profound a conversation is destined to become, it should begin, in society, Miss Bixby was aware, with graceful nothings. "You are a tarheel, I believe?" it seemed to her would serve the purpose of breaking the ice.

He was handsomer and more intellectual looking than she had expected, even; also shyer and more reserved. The polite commonplace which she had prepared would be just the thing to set him at ease. Raising her voice, she addressed him across her friend's dinner table.

"I believe, Prof. Clark," she remarked, with sweet graciousness, "that you are a tadpole."

### Would Start Her.

"My wife is prolonging her visit. I need her at home, but it seems useless to write suggesting that she return."

"Get one of the neighbors to suggest it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is easy for the man who never wears a dress suit in his life to blame the discreditable things he hears on polite society.

## DO YOU SEE RED?

### What the World Looks Like to Mutilated Eyes of Color Blind.

Color blindness is far more common than is generally supposed. It has been estimated that about fifty-three people out of every 100 are either positively color blind or are suffering from what is called "feeble color sense." A man who can make out six of the seven colors in a rainbow has excellent color vision. If four, his color sense is feeble. If three or less, he is color blind.

There are several sorts of color blindness, London Answers says. Some people are absolutely blind to color; so that they see everything in one neutral tint, just as in a photograph, but the commonest sort is "red-green" blindness. A man afflicted with red-green blindness cannot distinguish between red and green. He will take certain hues of green for the corresponding shades of red. The other shades of green he will call white. The colors that a man of normal sight calls red, orange and yellow seem to him red, pale red and a still paler red.

Color blindness has nothing whatever to do with acuteness of sight. In fact, it often happens that men who are blind to color have exceptionally acute sight. Sometimes a man is color blind in one eye and not in the other. A man has been known, when blindfolded over one eye, to call a half sovereign a sixpence, though when the bandage was taken off he recognized the coin perfectly.

If red and green are the most difficult colors to the color blind, and if color blindness is so general, it may seem strange that these should be the colors chosen for railway signals and for signals at sea. But it cannot be helped. Yellow and orange, when seen through a fog, look too much like white. A blue glass lets through only one twenty-fifth of the light behind it. Red, on the other hand, transmits light easily, and green is the only other vivid color possible.

Naturally, as millions of lives daily depend on the sea and railway signals, every man who wishes to obtain the responsible post of signalman, engine driver or ship's officer has to undergo a thorough test of his sense of color. So important is the matter that recently the board of trade sent on a special voyage in their own yacht a ship's mate who had failed in the examination three times and passed it three times, in order to settle finally the question of his ability to distinguish colored lights at sea.

The ordinary board of trade test, which has been adopted by most of the railway authorities, is with colored wools. On a white cloth or white paper a pile of tangled skeins of Berlin wool is laid. No two are of the same color as the test skein, and as close to it in shade as possible. He is not allowed to hold several in his hand at once and compare them. Each one he lifts he must either put back or lay beside the test skein.

Naturally, as millions of lives daily depend on the sea and railway signals, every man who wishes to obtain the responsible post of signalman, engine driver or ship's officer has to undergo a thorough test of his sense of color. So important is the matter that recently the board of trade sent on a special voyage in their own yacht a ship's mate who had failed in the examination three times and passed it three times, in order to settle finally the question of his ability to distinguish colored lights at sea.

To avoid delay and to make sure that every candidate understands what is to be done, the examiner gives his instructions to all the candidates at once and keeps them in the examination room together, watching and waiting their turn.

The ordinary board of trade test, which has been adopted by most of the railway authorities, is with colored wools. On a white cloth or white paper a pile of tangled skeins of Berlin wool is laid. No two are of the same color as the test skein, and as close to it in shade as possible. He is not allowed to hold several in his hand at once and compare them. Each one he lifts he must either put back or lay beside the test skein.

Formerly candidates were tested with colored lanterns. One railway has a test of its own. The candidate looks along a tub and tells the names of the colors he sees on an illuminated revolving disk at the far end.

It is not generally known that a man may become temporarily color blind; in fact, excessive tobacco smoking may cause this infirmity.

**OMISSIONS OF HISTORY.**  
Pope Gregory had revised the calendar.

"The spelling needs reforming, too," he said, "but I'm afraid to tackle that."

Which shows what he missed by not having Prof. Brander Matthews handy to brace him up and give him courage.

### Unjust.

Fluffy Young (at the play)—I believe this man in front of us is trying to hear what we're saying!

Man in front (turning around)—You do me an injustice, my dear young lady. I am trying not to hear it.—Chicago Tribune.

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of taste when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from responsible physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is made internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Indigestion and Stomach Remedy.

&lt;p