

were several slabs of marble with the inscriptions: 'In memory of my sister,' 'To the best of husbands,' and the like.

'As we were in the shop three or four idle tourists had halted to laugh at the uncultivated taste shown in these cheap votive offerings. Apart, and quite unconscious of them, stood a poor Swiss maid servant. Her eyes were full of eager longing, and the tears slowly ran down her cheeks. The slab which she coveted was the cheapest and ugliest of the lot, a black slab, white lettered, but the inscription was "To my dear mother."

"She stops every morning to look at that," whispered the shopkeeper. "But she won't have enough money to buy it in years."

"Tell her she can have it," said one of the tourists, a well-dressed man, in a loud voice. "I'll pay for it."

"Monsieur is very generous," answered the shopkeeper. "But I doubt—she is no beggar."

While they were speaking a young American girl who, with sympathy expressed in her face, had been watching the woman, drew her aside. "I am a stranger," she said. "I have been very happy in Berne. I am going away to-morrow, never to come back again. I should like to think somebody here would remember me kindly. Will you not let me give you that little slab to lay on your mother's grave?"

The woman's face was filled with amazement, and then with delight. The tears rained down her cheeks. She held the girl's hand in both of her own.

"You, too, have lost your mother? Yes? Then you can understand. I thank you gracious lady."

That was all, but two women went on their way happier and better for having met.

Almost every one has at heart the wish to heal the hurts of life for others, but few have the delicate tact which can touch a wound without giving pain.

As an Irish proverb puts it, 'A copper farthing given with a kind hand is fairy gold, and blesses at it goes.'

SUITS LOST EVERY DAY

The other day a lawyer was airing his indignation. He had been robbed. It was shameful the way things went on right under the eyes of the law. Finally the judge noticed the fretting and fuming.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

'Matter? It's a confounded outrage! Had my overcoat stolen right from this room!'

The judge smiled. 'Overcoat, eh?' he said. 'My dear fellow, that's nothing. Whole suits are lost here every day.'

THE BUSINESS ENDS

Henry was very proud of the new kittens, and fetched them to show to the visitors.

His mother heard them coming along the hall, and, alarmed at the noise of the procession, called out, 'Don't hurt the kittens, Henry.'

'No, mother,' came the reassuring answer, 'I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems.'

A SILKEN TEST

It appears that in Japan one factor entering into the problem of the choice of a daughter-in-law is her skill in raising silk worms. The thread spun by the silk worm is said to be regular and even in proportion as the worm has been regularly and carefully fed. The prospective mother-in-law carefully and minutely examines the evenness of the silk thread in the material of the garments worn by the young lady before giving her assent to the betrothal.

HOPEFUL SIGN

The following bit of conversation, reported in *Harper's Bazaar*, contains a lesson for others beside painters:

'How are you, Harley? I hear you've given up art,' said a successful artist to a younger man.

'Yes. I found out I couldn't paint, and I gave it up.'

'How absurd! Why, man, when you find out you can't paint you are just beginning.'

OUR QUEER SPEECH

It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a robbery has been committed, and the next day that the robber has been committed.

A WITTY REMARK

Speaking at a public banquet in New York, a well-known politician said:

'At all seasons, and at the Christmas season especially, we should avoid quarrelling and try to bring about a spirit of good will.'

In short, we should imitate Father Healy, the Irish wit, to whom an official once said:

'Father Healy, I've got a crow to pick with you.'

'Make it a turkey,' said Father Healy, 'and I'll join you at 6 sharp.'

FAMILY FUN

An Easy Little Trick.—Let the conjurer obtain a piece of glass, cut round to exactly the size of a penny, and to be as near as possible of the same weight. This he conceals in his hand. He then asks for a tumbler of water and the loan of a penny and a silk handkerchief. He pretends to cover the penny with the silk handkerchief, instead of which he substitutes the piece of clear glass. Then he gets a member of the audience to hold this piece of glass, covered by the handkerchief, over the tumbler, and the assistant naturally assumes that he is holding the penny. The conjurer takes hold of the sides of the handkerchief, while the assistant—or shall we call him the victim?—holds the penny that is the disc of glass which is still covered by the handkerchief. 'Let go,' says the conjurer, and the disc of glass drops through the water and lies flat upon the bottom of the tumbler, where it is quite invisible. The penny has apparently disappeared into space, and the conjurer can reproduce it from anywhere his fancy chooses.

CURED AT ROTORUA.

A speculator who was recently in the North Island inspecting a large tract of land, tells how he was permanently cured of a chest trouble at Rotorua. 'I was riding over rough North Island lands for several weeks,' he said, 'and it is indeed fatiguing work. I was in the saddle from sunrise to sunset—continually mounting and dismounting to inspect the soil, dragging an unwilling pack-horse behind me, slushing through swamp-lands and sleeping in the open. I made a thorough investigation of the land, but it was work that taxed my physical strength and endurance to the utmost. Sleeping one night on pretty damp land, I picked up a severe cold, and every night after that I was kept awake with incessant coughing. By the time I got in to Rotorua I was pretty bad—my chest seemed inflamed, my throat tickled, and my coughing hurt me. It was impossible for me to proceed further. I felt ill all day, and coughed all night, till one night I thought of Baxter's Lung Preserver. Next morning I got a bottle—and just one, for it cured me. I was surprised at its quick action. I was instantly relieved, and from that on I was not troubled in the slightest with a cough. I have reckoned that the 1/10 I spend on Baxter's saved me pounds, for I should certainly have been a case for the doctor in a little while.' Baxter's Lung Preserver is sold at all chemists and stores—you try it for your cold. 1/10 the large-sized bottle.