## IN OUR DAILY PATH.

Say not, "Were I that man, or this,
I would create a world of bliss
For some one. I would upward lift
The saddest heart, and bring a gift
And lay it down at weary feet.
Oh, I would live to make life sweet
To such as in their sharp distress
Have said, "Life is all bitterness."

Whate'er we are, whate'er our place,
God's gifts to us—His gifts of grace—
We may with all the suffering share,
Till faces smile with answered prayer.
Our very presence virtue hath
For those who daily cross our path,
If eyes are kind and hearts are true,
We can all blessed, good things do.
We need not reach out hands afar,
But drop our blessings where we are.

## Was He a Brute?

BY OPIE READ.

Office buildings and stores were pouring their streams of life into the crowded streets. It was six o'clock at evening. At a corner where a human tide swept like a torrent from a broken dam a woman stood under a lamp-post. She was tall and dark, and so motionless that she might have been a statue. Her arms were folded under her cloak. A policeman edging his way through the crowd, touched his cap (for she was neatly dressed), and asked her a question. She shook her head slowly, and did not look at him. The policeman passed on, and the next moment there were two quick pistol-shots; a scream and a stampede. The officer ran back, fighting his way through the swirling crowd. He found the woman, pistol in hand, bending over a man lying upon the pavement. The officer seized her wrist, and looking at him with a strange smile, as she relaxed her hold on the pistol, she said:

"I am a woman, and I demand to be treated as such."

When she had been taken to the station and asked to make a statement, she said: "My name is Laura Hoytt. The name of the man I shot is Douglass Brown. I shot him because he ought to be killed. He was engaged to marry my sister. He did not keep faith with her, and she died of a broken heart. He is a brute, and ought to be dead."

Brown was taken to the hospital. His wounds were pronounced dangerous. An effort was made to interview him. But all he would say was, "I guess she thought she had a right to shoot me." He asked if they had put her in jail, and appeared to be pleased when told that influential friends had given bonds for her release.

Three weeks later the wounded man was sitting propped up in bed, when a card bearing the name of Laura Hoytt was handed to him. He looked hard at it, rubbed his eyes, held it further away, then closer, and then remarked, "I don't understand why she should want to see me. Let her come in."

With a timid, awe-struck air the woman approached the bed. She coughed in embarrassment as she seated herself on a chair which the nurse placed for her. She put back her hair, made aimless motions in her confusion, and then, looking straight at Brown, said:

"I'm awfully sorry I shot you."

Brown smiled. "And are you sure you haven't come to shoot me again?" he asked.

She frowned in reproof. "You know I haven't. If you had thought that, you would have told them to keep me out."

"No, I wouldn't. You have come so far out here that I couldn't have found the heart to disappoint you."

"A plaster of sarcasm won't draw out a soreness, Mr. Brown. I have suffered so with remorse that I have come to see if I could not find some sort of consolation. You don't know how I have suffered. And I must go through a hateful trial, too, with everybody looking at me. Oh, I do wish I hadn't shot you!"

"Yes," he drawled, "I rather wish so myself. So, you see, we have something in common. But you needn't be worried over the trial. I shall not appear against you."

The nurse had withdrawn. They were alone. She put back her hair again, and he followed the movement of her graceful hand—the hand that had shot him. "No, I will not appear," he went on. "It is something of a distinction to be shot by the handsomest woman in Chicago." He hesitated as he saw the tears gathering in her eyes. "I take it all back," he said. She wiped her eyes, and sat looking far away through a window. The mystery that lies in the cloudland was reflected in her eyes, and he gazed at her. She turned her eyes upon him, and the mystery flew from them.

"Yes, I am sorry I shot you," she said; "but I hate you, and can never forgive you."

"Ah! and I am therefore consoled by the thought that you never can forget me."

"Brute!" she said. "I almost wish I had killed you."

"When a woman almost wishes a thing, she wishes it doubly," he replied.

"I don't know but there is some truth in that," she assented. "But what a beast you were to treat Helen so. How could you?"

"Because I was a beast, I suppose."

"Yes, you were. She was taken down with fever shortly afterward, but it was a broken heart that killed her." Her eyes shot shafts of hatred at him, "But I didn't come to reproach you," she said.

"Then why did you come?" he asked.

"To ask why you could have been so heartless. I simply want to know. Was it because you had no heart at all?"

"It was because I had too much heart?"

She darted a fierce look at him. "Ah! it was because you loved another woman?"

"Yes. Helen made me promise to tell her if—if I should love any one better than I did her. It was not my fault if another woman set my soul afire, when Helen had only warmed my heart. God knows I fought against it with all my strength, all my philosophy. But at last I had to tell her, and I left it with her whether or not I should keep my promise of marriage. Then she drove me from her presence."

"Ah! And then you went to the other woman and told her of your love, and she spurned you."

"No, I did not tell her. Indeed, I was determined that she should not know."

She looked at him searchingly. "You killed my sister, but you are more of a man than I thought."

He smiled sadly. "A man is always more or less of a man than a woman thinks."

"If you hold so poor an opinion of women, I don't see how you could love one."

"I don't see, either."

"Fool!" she said.

"Yes; I'm a man."

She smiled at him, and then after a silence she said:

"Do you intend to tell the woman of your love?'

"No."

"If you do, and she loves you, I will shoot you again."

"That's consoling."

"Then let it console you. But really I am sorry for you—for your weakness. You ought to have had more strength than to let that other woman—and I know she is a fright—win your love. You ought to have known that she was playing with you."

"Reason addresses the brain, but it cannot reach the heart. I told you that I fought—"

"Yes, I know." And after a long silence she said: "I wish you would tell me the name of that woman."

"Laura Hoytt."

She sprang to her feet with a cry, and a nurse ran into the room. She found the visitor on her knees by the bedside. "Leave us," the man said, and the nurse withdrew. He put his hand on her head, and she sobbed under his touch. "And that was the reason I could not keep faith with her," he said. "You set my soul on fire, and in the flames I could see your smile." She caught his hand, and it was wet with tears. "And for that love I was willing to die," he said, unable now to see her, kneeling beside him, but feeling the warm tears upon his hand.

"Oh, don't—don't say that!" she sobbed. "In my despair I hated you because I loved you so."

### Moth-Ridden Boston.

Agent O. A. Hubbard of the Massachusetts gipsy moth committee has been temporarily detached and detailed by the state board of agriculture to look through the brown-tail moth territory. He has now been at work some weeks. He makes a careful inspection of the trees, and wherever he finds eggs delivers a bulletin describing the pest, and a special circular from the board, signed by Secretary Sessions, reading as follows;

"Dear Sir: This is to notify you that the premises under your management are infested with the brown-tail moth, and your attention is called to the law, chapter 516, acts of 1897, making it your duty to exert yourself persistently to confine and suppress it."

Mr. Hubbard is meeting a cordial reception, and has no trouble in interesting householders in the work.

Professor Howard, entomologist of the United States department of agriculture, has been in the vicinity spending three days watching the work of the gipsy moth committee about Malden and Medford. He will issue a special bulletin from his division, with illustrations, describing the process of extermination for the benefit of Congress.—Boston Transcript.

### Smoking Statistics.

Holland holds the first place in the world as a nation of smokers. Every Dutchman consumes, on an average, 100 ounces a year. The Belgian comes a good second with an annual consumption of eighty ounces, followed closely by Turkey with seventy ounces and the United States with sixty. Germany, France, Spain and Italy tread closely on their heels, while Great Britain comes comparatively low on the list with twenty-three ounces.

A San Jose (Cal.) girl, stopped by a footpad, landed in his face with such force as to knock the ruffian out.

## PROPITIATING THE DEMONS.

**Strange Chinese Ceremonial on a Junk in San Francisco Bay.**

Many Celestials gathered recently at Oceanic wharf to see the high priest, Whan Ti, and his attendant acolytes, embark on the junk Fung-Hi.

At 1 o'clock the joss, Kwong Goon, was brought onto the wharf in a hack, accompanied by Whan Ti and eight attendants, all in full canonicals. Platter after platter of sweetmeats and delicacies dear to the Mongolian palate followed the joss along the wharf, to the incessant squealing of a reed instrument, played by one of the joss's attendants.

Following the sweetmeats came bearers carrying huge plates, on which were various roast pigs, ducks and sundry vegetables. The ducks were the strangest items of the collection. They were placed on the dishes in all attitudes some as if attempting to fly, and others resting in a dignified manner on one leg.

At last, however, the procession was in order, and a move was made toward the junk, the joss in the lead. When the end of the wharf was reached, at a signal from Whan Ti, the idol was lifted on to the junk and placed against the mast, on which it leaned with a wabble in its legs suggestive of locomotor ataxia after three years of a sitting posture. Punk sticks were at once lighted and placed at the feet of the joss, and the roasts and dessert were then—very carefully this time—carried on board. Enormous bundles of prayer papers completed the junk's cargo, and, after a large table had been fixed up as an altar and a few prayers had been said, the high priest ordered the ropes to be cast off and the Fung Hi floated out into the bay. The vessel was gaudily decorated with lanterns, tinsel and colored cloth, and appeared to be worthy of the honor of carrying such a dreadful divinity as Kwong Goon.

The junk sailed out for about a quarter of a mile, and then the priests began casting their bread on the waters, believing that it would be swallowed by the evil spirits, of whom Kwong Goon is king, and so deter them from eating up all the flesh. Fowls, ducks, pigs and rice were thrown to these demons amid a deafening din of cymbals and drums, and the wondering Chinese on the wharf did obeisance to their deity which was out on the water. At 4 o'clock the junk returned, and the priests and their altar servants repaired to the joss house on Pine street, where they conducted the closing services of the Kwong Goon festival, which will be celebrated again three years hence.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Tailoring With a Scythe.

Old Jed Buzzell, who lives in the meadow land near Greenfield, Me., has turned tailor after having passed threescore years on a farm, and is getting rich by making suits for a New York wholesale firm, as well as for wealthy visitors who go to Maine every autumn. Though none of the garments which he constructs are made to order, they all give good satisfaction to the purchasers, none of whom complain about the wearing qualities or the fit of Buzzell's clothes. This is all the more remarkable because most of his men are rich men, who are accustomed to purchase the best articles in the market. Buzzell made two hundred suits last year, and will sell more than five hundred this season. He cuts them with a scythe, sews them up with common white wrapping twine, uses manila spun yarn for buttons, and sells a complete suit for 75 cents. Mr. Buzzell manufactures grass ducking suits for hunters, and is the only man in New England who is engaged in the business.—Boston Transcript.

### Bootblacks in London.

The force of American demand is being once more exemplified in London by the placing at all important railroad stations of chairs in connection with the bootblack brigade. This work is undertaken by the Central Shoeblack society. There is already such accommodation provided at viaduct station. It appears that American gentlemen visiting London express surprise that they are expected to stand while they have their boots blacked, as they are accustomed to sit during the operation when at home.

The society has sixty boys who are lodged, taught and partially boarded on the premises of the institution, and there is an ingenious allotment of their earnings into three parts, after an allowance for food required out of doors, one-third being their own, another third the society's and the remaining third going to their banking account, on which they can draw for special purposes.—London News.

### An Artistic Gavel.

Miss Blanche Dillaye, president of the Plastic club of Philadelphia, has a most unique gavel with which to call to order these first meetings of the new, ambitious art club of women. Miss Dillaye's own clever hands fashioned the gavel, which is of burnt wood, with a conventional design in rose leaves running over the entire surface. Around the ends of the gavel runs the cleverly chosen quotation: "Lend me your ears."

## FAMINE IN DAWSON CITY

### FRIGHTFUL SUFFERINGS AMONG THE KLONDIKE GOLD HUNTERS.

**Food at Fabulous Prices and the Police Won't Arrest Lawless Loafers Because There Is Nothing to Feed Them With—A Lucky Tinner—Woebegone Adventurers.**

James R. Keene, the famous Wall street speculator, has received the following letter, dated Dawson City, Northwest Territory, at his office in New York, from an expert mining engineer who, with an assistant, was sent to the Klondike region last fall by capitalists to investigate and report on the situation there:

"A more God 'forsaken place you never saw. The town lies on a flat on the east side of the river, immediately back of which are hills about five hundred feet high. The river is about three-eights of a mile wide, and is, I should judge, quite deep. The elevation above sea level is approximately one thousand feet. Where the town is located must have been an old moose swamp. During the summer time it is undoubtedly a regular quagmire.

"There are fully five hundred loafers in town who won't work and expect to be fed, and there is no food to feed them with. The police won't arrest them, because they haven't any food with which to feed them. Everything is frozen except the whiskey, and there seems to be an unlimited supply of that article at fifty cents a drink, or $10 per bottle. Champagne is $36 per bottle, and I suppose other beverages are at corresponding figures.

"Five cent cigars cost fifty cents each, and flour, outside of the company's contracts, $125 for a fifty-pound sack; candles, $1 apiece. Seventy-five dollars is paid for a five-gallon can of coal oil. In fact, none is for sale. Sugar is thirty cents and tea $1 a pound. Coffee $1 a pound and not fit for dogs. Ordinary dog meat, which means dried fish, $1 a pound. No man works for less than $15 for nine hours, and confers a very great favor upon you even at that rate. Cordwood, sawed and split, is $50 a cord in the yard. Can't say what it will be before this winter is over.

"Cooking stoves are not to be had for love or money. Some sheet iron ones can be obtained at a cost ranging from $75 to $100. There is one tinner in town working five men, and his orders are thirty days ahead. Sawed lumber, the poorest quality, sells, when you can get it, for $160 for a thousand feet, and flooring is twenty cents a foot. The restaurants are all closed because they cannot buy supplies. Bakeries closed because there is no flour to be obtained. There is no hotel and there are no lodging houses.

"What in the world these people are going to do before the season is over I cannot say. Every building on the Main street is either a saloon with a gambling outfit or a dance house. There are only two stores, which belong to the companies, respectively, the Alaska Commercial company and the North American Transportation and Trading company. They close at five o'clock because they have no candles or oil to burn. There is absolutely no place to go. There will be no more steamers here until next July.

"The people are still coming in over the trail without provisions. The police here are driving every one down the river as he arrives, and the companies will assist in pushing out of town all persons who are not supplied with food.

"The condition of affairs is very precarious here. There is a possibility of there being bloodshed on account of the starving population. The stores sell nothing, and are only partially filling orders in rotation to the best of their ability. I do not dare to move until I am first settled. Caches, where individual supplies are kept, are being nightly robbed, and people are on the qui vive. In several instances thieves have been detected and shot, and I do not dare to leave this place without some one in it, for to lose our supplies at this stage of affairs in Dawson would simply mean—Death. Money can't buy food, and the actual staple of life, flour, is unobtainable."

## THE ART OF MAST MAKING.

**A Big Item of Expense for Yachtsmen and Ship Owners.**

The business of furnishing masts and spars for yachts has developed to a wonderful degree during the past five years. So much so, indeed, has this business grown that fully a dozen firms, whose business was formerly confined to supplying the great fleet of working vessels with spars, have devoted the major part of their efforts to supplying the thousands of pleasure craft along the coast and in the adjacent waters with selected sticks upon which to stretch their spread of snowy canvas.

The value of these masts is far beyond the price that would appear adequate from the point of view of a layman. For instance, a mast similar in size and quality to those of the schooner Colodia costs a sum equal to that which supports many a mechanic's family for an entire year, or in the neighborhood of $1200, while other spars on the craft are proportionate in value. Of course the figures are much lower for boats of a less stately type.

Although these prices appear exorbitant, they are reasonable when one examines into the trouble and expense necessary before the finished stick can be stepped and the sail spread to the breeze. Big timber is required for the large masts, and when the suitable and accessible trees have been culled from Eastern forests, mast timber must be brought from Oregon or some other far-away spot. The expense of bringing these logs around from the Pacific, of course, adds greatly to the ultimate cost. Then, again, it is always difficult to get a solid stick of suitable size that if free from blemish. For these reasons sparmakers began constructing built-up masts, and for some racing craft the hollow mast glued and dowelled together has proved successful.

When the great modern American schooner came out, the demand for mast timber was greatly increased. With the extensive demand prices went up in proportion, and "made-up" masts were stepped in the big schooners. These masts were bolted together, and proved perfectly satisfactory and serviceable. The yachtsman, however, could afford to pay more for his luxury than the sailor could afford to pay for the spar for a merchant ship, with the result that in time it was the yachtman's trade that was most sought after.

In making built-up masts, composed of a number of smaller pieces, it is easily possible to select only perfectly sound material. They are usually made with a spindle—a big, square timber forming the centre, or heart—the round of the mast being formed by slabs laid on the sides of the spindle. These parts are not always a single piece. As a matter of fact, the spindle itself in its length is composed of two or three pieces scarved or spliced together, and the slabs bolted to the sides are often lengthened in the same manner, the scarves in the slabs, however, not being brought opposite to those in the central spindle. The finished stick is usually banded with hoops of iron, and is subject, only as a solid stick might be, to decay. In another method that is often used on the coast of Maine the round of the timber is formed of three pieces instead of a spindle and slabs. Most of the deep-water ships built nowadays have lower masts of iron.

There is at the present time lying at the South street pier a big American wooden schooner whose three masts are all different. It is an unusual case, but the explanation is simple. When she came from the Maine shipyard, where she was built, her masts were all of wood, built up. In the course of time her foremast showed signs of decay and it was condemned and taken out. She was at that time in New York and a sparmaker of Erie basin had a handsome stick of Oregon pine, out of which a foremast was made. Later on decay appeared in her mainmast. She was in an English port then, and it was cheaper to get an iron mast, which was fitted in place in due course.—New York Sun.

### Among the Plain People of Spain.

Every fifteen minutes at least the train would stop for five minutes at a small station. The platform was always crowded with men wrapped in long black overcoats, one end thrown over their shoulder, and their heads covered with sombreros or immense soft felt hats. The women, in short skirts of bright colors, mostly red or yellow, and tight-fitting blouses, their heads covered with mantillas of gay patterns, were indeed most picturesque. They all came there to see who was on the train, to hear the latest news from other stations where we had stopped. Conductor, engineers, and guards would leave the train, chat with these people, tell them all they knew, laugh with them. How happy, quiet, tranquil indifferent to the struggles of the world all those men and women appeared. I asked a number of them whether there was news from Cuba. A sad expression would come over their faces; they would shrug their shoulders and shake their heads, their big black eyes would suddenly look into the distant horizon, far, far away, as they said: "No, senor, no news. Cuba is a bad place. It takes the strong boys and hard-earned pesetas, and does not even give us news in exchange. Oh, no; we do not hear, except when our boys and our pasetas are needed." Among the gaily attired crowd I began to notice, keeping somewhat away, sad-looking women in dark dresses. Were they mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, mourning the loss of a dear one?—A. B. De Guerville in Illustrated American.

### Another Death Dealer.

Military experts are at present interested in a new self moving car, which is to be a veritable carriage of death. It is to be driven by a sixteen-horse power engine at the rate of over forty miles an hour over a country reasonably level. The climax and purpose of this remarkable machine is to carry two rapid-firing cannon. One man only is needed to run this terrible wheeled weapon of war, and this same man also attends to the firing and loading.