

"IT WAS THAT BOY."

A Story of the Success of One of the Waifs of the World.

Among the callers at the house of the gentleman recently was a gentleman whose striking appearance would have attracted attention anywhere. His clean shaven face, expansive forehead and piercing black eyes attested the man of intellectuality, the small, well kept hands the man of refinement, and his shining silk hat, black broadcloth suit and white tie his profession. His urbanity betrayed the man of good breeding.

"I am a clergyman from the south," began the stranger as he entered the boys' dormitory. "I am fond of visiting institutions of this kind. Ah, here's a bright little fellow," he continued as one of the little ones, less bashful than his fellows, approached, and stroking his blond curls the suave minister spoke kindly words. Soon the others crowded about him, and for one and all he had a smile. Thus he passed from dormitory to dormitory, from school-room to playground, seemingly interested in everything he saw and commenting upon the excellent provision made for the comfort, education and training of the waifs rudely tossed on life's ocean who have found a haven and refuge in an asylum so fittingly named.

At last the workshops were reached, and entering the large apartment devoted to the manufacture of shoes the visitor looked long and silently about him. His glance at last fell upon an indentation on the wall near the ceiling.

"How was that dent made?" he asked President Thomas, pointing to the wall.

"That—oh, that," replied Mr. Thomas, looking at the mark, "was made by a boy—an inmate—many years ago."

"Tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell. You see, two boys were quarrelling, and one of them, a lad of high temper, picked up a heavy tool and hurled it at his antagonist. The boy's aim was bad or it might have ended in murder. That's the dent the tool made."

"And did you punish the boy?"

"Only to the extent that we isolated him from the others and soon after had an opportunity of placing him with respectable people, who adopted him."

"Of course you never heard of him again?"

"I believe not. You see, it's so many years ago."

"Well, sir, I was that boy."

"You! You!" Mr. Thomas only managed to reiterate, looking at the card in his hand and then at the man before him.

"Yes," replied the stranger, smiling.

"I was the boy, and from the day when I made that dent in the wall my reformation began. The people you placed me with, God bless them, gave me a liberal education. I studied for the ministry, and with his grace have become loved and respected by my people. You may tell my story. It may point a moral if it does not adorn a tale. But, of course, my reasons for withholding my name and identity when you tell it must be obvious to you."

Mr. Thomas readily acknowledged the justice of such a request, and when they parted it was with a promise on the part of the clergyman who graduated from the Cincinnati House of Refuge that he would revisit the scenes of his childhood.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Private View.

Miss Slimmer has been suffering from nervous prostration for the past week owing to a severe shock she received when she went to the photographer's.

Miss Slimmer is very thin, very prim and very proper, and Mr. Kammerer, the photographer, is the very pink of politeness in the opinion of most of his customers. But Miss Slimmer declares that he is a wretch.

This is how the difference of opinion came about: She wanted a clever photographer to take a view of her drawing room, so she went to Mr. Kammerer.

"Do you take interiors, Mr. Kammerer?" she asked, after the usual polite introductory remarks about the weather.

Mr. Kammerer looked troubled and hesitated, but finally he replied:

"Well, I—er—have not begun to do—er—that sort of thing yet. It takes a good time to—er—get a picture of the interior. But I shall have an X ray apparatus added to my outfit shortly, and"—here he spoke in some confusion—"if you wish to have a picture of your interior, I shall—"

But Miss Slimmer fainted on the spot.—Strand Magazine.

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HORSE TALKS.

Bonnie E, 2:18 3/4, by Bowshot, is said to have been timed a half in 1:03 in a race.

Gus Macey has received two Star Pointer 2-year-olds from Pennsylvania for training.

Drexell, the brother of Axtell, who was not a success as a trotter, has been set to pacing and is said to be fast.

Geers says that it costs at least \$700 a month to support the 48 horses and their grooms that he is wintering at Selma, Ala.

Ixia, 2:18 3/4, half sister of Mahogany, 2:12 3/4, will be driven next year by E. R. Bowne, who gave Mahogany his mark in 1897.

Aragon K, by Adrian Wilkes, who took a record of 2:15 as a 4-year-old in 1897, is tipped as likely to prove a sensational trotter.

Dandy Jim, 2:09 3/4, had won 123 heats in standard time at the close of 1896, and the past year he rolled up enough more to carry him over the 150 mark.

Thomas Keating, the crack California reinsman, although advised to winter in Arizona by his physician, on account of his lungs, has a string of horses at Pleasanton.

J. W. Lash, well known as the owner and driver of Pat L, 2:09 3/4, has gone to France with a shipment of trotters. Among them was the young horse Grant L, brother of Pat L.

Richwood, one of the few remaining sons of Hambletonian, is now owned by Dr. F. R. Eversole of St. Louis, who writes that he can show a 2:30 gait today. He is coming 26 years old.

The Ohio pacing gelding Red Streak, 2:24 3/4, by Knick, was worked but three weeks for speed previous to the race in which he took his record last summer, having done farm and general road work all the spring.

Rosebud, the only living daughter of Goldsmith Maid, 2:14, is now in the great brood mare list. She is the dam of Rigby, by Wickliffe, record 2:30 in 1897, and of Epoch, sire of Dot Miller, record 2:20 3/4 in 1897.—Horse Review.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Small gold buttons, closely set on, form a new and pretty closing to the bodice. They are either bell shaped or flat and are especially rich looking on velvet.

The new shirt waists for spring will be made up in the zephyr goods, with pockets, it is said. Instead of buttons many of the prettiest shirt waists will be laced up with cords.

Fancy ribbon is passed once or twice around the waist and then tied on the left side in short loops and ends, making pretty, dressy looking belts. The ribbon is from 2 to 4 inches wide, and from 2 1/2 to 3 yards is the best length.

White chantilly, with a narrow edging of black lace in lightweight pattern, makes a pretty trimming. Lace vests are much worn, and bands of lace insertion, with a tiny chiffon ruche on each side, makes a beautiful trimming.

Brocaded silks are not so much worn now as the plain taffetas and grosgrains. Satin duchesse is fashionable and promises to continue so. Striped novelty silks are seen, and plaids and checks are smaller and more quiet in tone.

Lumiere is the name of a new wash material that is exceedingly rich in effect. At a little distance it looks like pure silk of an excellent quality. The finish is fine and delicate and is warranted to stand any amount of washing. It comes in ten different colorings and shows single stripes and wavy clusters.

White petticoats will be much worn next spring and summer and will be elaborately lace trimmed. They will be worn beneath the silk skirt. Many of the white skirts are made of the sheerest fabrics and have a Spanish flounce trimmed with fine lace in vandyke points. A fall of lace, put on full, edges the flounce.—New York Tribune.

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