WHAT A CRIPPLE DID.

How long poor David Wilmer had lain on that bed he had almost ceased to remember. He was fourteen years old but eight years before he had received a severe injury, which had affected his spine and warped his right knee in such a manner that he could not walk, even on crutches.

He was one of a large family that depended on his father for daily bread. The father was a good man enough in his rough way, but he felt that this crippled son was an incumberance. Sometimes he forgot himself and showed that he felt this.

A useless member of a busy household, who must be fed and clothed, is certainly in the way in a poor man's home, and Mr. Wilmer used to wonder why such an affliction should be sent him.

The boy's mother was full of tenderness and compassion for him, but she had to work so hard for her other healthy, exacting children, that she had little time to spare for him.

The house was very small. By his own request the unfortunate cripple had been carried to a garret-room at the head of the stairs. The noise made by the boisterous playing of his brothers and sisters made his head ache, and it was a perpetual pain to him to contrast his shrunken limbs and helplessness, with their robust activity.

"Put me out of the way, ma," he said, in a sullen tone of voice. "Folks don't think of nothin' but themselves nohow, and the boys is forever atumlin' and rompin' over my bed, and pa he makes such a fuss hollerin' round. I don't want to see nobody, and nobody don't want to see me. Just git me out of the way. I'm tired of bein' here."

So the mother fixed up the garret as well as her poor means allowed, made it look bright and cheerful, and carried David up there in her strong arms.

"Shet that winder where the sun comes in," he said. fretfully. "Folks that kin walk and run about may like the sun, but I hate it. Yes, I do; I hate everything, tied down to this hateful bed."

"O sonny, don't talk so," said his mother. "It seems like flyin' in the face of the Lord. If he chooses to 'flict you this way, it surely ain't for you nor me to grumble."

"Twant the Lord done it, and you know it, too, ma. It was John Hooper pushed me off his high gallery. I wish he had broke my neck, and be done with it."

You may see from this that Wilmer was not one of the patient, pious lads we sometimes read about. On the contrary, he was not simply ignorant and fretful, but he was surly. Life had been made hard to him, and he saw no justice in it, and his dissatisfaction found vent in ill-humor and passionate outbursts.

One morning he was lying moodily staring at a web that a spider was busily weaving from the closed shutter to the rafters. He could read a little but he did not like books. He insisted that the sunlight should be kept from his room, and there he lay in perpetual gloom, his mind traveling round and round in the same circle: his own sufferings, how much he was neglected, how cruel and selfish everybody was, and how he wished something would happen to those noisy boys who were playing baseball in the next lot.

Just then at the bottom of the stairs, he heard a strange voice. It was that of a woman who was talking to his mother.

"You are Mrs. Wilmer, I believe. I hear you have a son who is an invalid. I should like to see him very much if you please."

"Ma! ma!" called out David, sharply. "I want you to come right up here."

She ran up, thinking from his tone that he was taken suddenly ill. "What is it, David?" she said, breathlessly.

"Now look here! I ain't a-goin' to have that woman come up here. I've had enough of them tract women a-talkin, a-preachin, to me, and I 'bliged to lie still and swaller it. What do they know 'bout how I feel, gabblin' like so many turkeys. I wish they'd take my place for a month, and then they'd know how it feels to have headache and backache and people screechin' like peacocks in your ears. If that woman down stairs comes up, I'll put my fingers in my ears, so I can't hear her."

Miss Morton, in the room below, heard every word of this. "Oh yes, my little man," she thought." "Stop your ears if you wish," and she laughed softly to herself.

"Don't apoligize," she said to Mrs. Wilmer, who red and confused, tried to make some excuse for not taking her up stairs. "I couldn't help hearing what your son said. But I am not a 'tract woman,' as he calls them, and I'll try not to screech like a peacock. Yes, I have a mission, or rather something I'd like to give," laughing as she noticed Mrs. Willmer's eyes fall upon a small basket she carried. "If you'll give me permission to go up, I think I can make myself welcome. I'll go up alone, if you please."

The pleasant, sunny face of the young lady charmed the poor woman into a timid acquiescence. She knew she would have to encounter a storm for disobeying her sick autocrat, and dreaded it, but how could she refuse this lady, one of the most cheerful and pleasant-faced she had ever seen? She had heard of her as a wealthy girl, who tried many ways to be of service to the poor.

As Miss Morton entered the room, she had to stop a few minutes to accustom her eyes to the gloom. David glanced at her. Then he turned his face to the wall. He did not put his fingers in his ears, for the glimpse he caught of her bright, smiling face made him wonder who on earth she could be, and what had brought her there.

"Good-morning," said a cheerful voice. "Your name is David, isn't it? Please dont be angry with me for coming, but I've heard how you are kept in the house and in bed all the time, because of the accident you met with; and I thought it would please you to see some bright flowers that I have. So I've brought them."

Now flowers were a passion with the boy. He seldom enjoyed the sight of cultivated ones. The common wild flowers usually made up the few bouquets his mother had time to gather for him. He turned to see beautiful roses, such as he had never dreamed of; crimson, yellow, white, a great glowing mass that filled the shabby garret with perfume and light.

"Oh!" was all he would say, as she placed the flowers in his hand. "Oh ain't they sweet?" and his hungry eyes devoured them, He did not thank her in words, but those eyes spoke for him.

"That is not all," she continued, in the same cheerful voice. "Here's something else," and she drew from her basket a miniature ship, beautifully carved, and rigged with tiny little white sails and its name "The Hope," printed in gilted letters on the prow and at the stern. "I think this is very pretty. You can ask your mother to put a large tub of water by the bed to sail it in; and it seems to me any boy would enjoy that."

Words of thanks never came freely to David's lips; in fact, he did not know how to thank. but there was something so unexpected, so bewildering, in these presents, and in the lady herself, that he found himself saying,—

"You're very good, ma'am, to bring me those pretty things." And then his heart throbbed violently when he thought they were his own; he, who had never had a sole claim to anything in his life

"I'm glad you like them. Now if you'll let me, I'll sit down here and tell you the story about that ship, and how you came to get it. May I?"

"Yes'm," his interest excited immediately.

"Well, once in a while I visit a hospital, where there are great many children who are cripples, and most of them will never walk. You see, you are not the only one in the world who cannot walk. There are many among those children who are even more afflicted than you are. Some of them cannot use their arms, or sit up. You can do both, and I am glad of it. Some of these children in the hospital are in pain all the time, but I have heard you only suffer pain at long intervals. Besides, you have a home and a kind mother, and those poor little fellows have only strangers to attend to them.

"Among them there is a boy about twelve years old. He has to lie on his back from morning till night. He cannot even turn without help. But he is the merriest, brightest fellow in his ward, and is always singing and working."

"Working!" said David; in astonishment. "How kin he work, I'd like to know?"

"Why, he has his hands, and he carved that ship. We gave him a set of tools, and as he used to live in a seaport town when he was well, he knew exactly how to rig a vessel' The work kept him busy and happy for many days. When it was finished I said to him,—

"It's very beautiful; I'm glad you've made it. Shall I fix a place on the bed where you can have it near you and always see it?"

"No, Miss Morton" he said "I don't think I want to do that with it."

"Then you wish to sell it? I dare say I can find a purchaser."

"No, not this one, ma'am. If anybody'll buy them, I can carve some more. But I think I'd like to have you to find some boy who is a cripple like me, and give it to him from me. I'd like, too, to have you tell him that it makes time pass very quick to do such work. It ain't hard either; and he'll forget all his pain, too. Prehaps if you give him this ship, it may make him try to do something like it, too."

David gazed at the ship, some awe mixing with his astonishment. What, a poor cripple like him—nay, even more helpless—could make such beautiful things? Not only make them, but deprive himself to give pleasure to others who were in pain, and kept in bed like him?

Here was a strange revelation It was too new to his experience to be understood at once.

Miss Morton watched him closely. She saw light dawning in the fretful face and smoothing out its hard lines.

"Shall I tell him anything from you?" she asked.

"Tell him I'm glad to have the ship, and—and—thank him. Look here, ma'am! See the drawer in that table? Yes? Open it. Don't you see a picture? Yes, that's it," he said, as she drew out a wretched, faded chromo of a child playing with kittens. "Take that to—"What did you say his name was?"

"It's Willie."

"Yes, take that to him, and tell him it's the only pretty thing I've got, and I'd like to give it to him. Perhaps he could learn to paint a picture like that. I'd like to ever so much."

"I'll gladly take it," she said smiling. "I'll tell him what you say. But you don't seem to care for your roses."

He took them up and buried his face in them. "Oh, I like 'em better than anything else," he said. "I never saw any like these—only wild flowers, you know, that don't smell sweet."

"I'll put them in this tumbler of water by your bed, so that you can look at them and smell them all the time. But it's too close in here. Roses won't live unless they have light and air. Besides, you want light so that you can can see your ship."

She threw open the shutters. The boy, absorbed in his new interests, forgot to complain of the sunshine. A sealed window in his own heart had been opened, and he hailed the light which made the roses glow, and showed him the delicate workmanship of his vessel.

Promising to return in a few days, Miss Morton took her leave. As she stood on the threshold of the room she stopped a moment to look once more at the picture within. With the light shining on him, all the boy's moodiness had disappeared. His eager, absorbed face turned first to one of his treasures and then to the other. The painful sense of isolation which crushed him was lifted for there was at least one bein in the world besides his mother who was interested in him, and wished to give him pleasure.

The weary round of his sad, complaining thoughts was broken, and no longer dwelt on himself and his own hard fate. What beautiful things roses were, and if he could only paint them!

A week passed. As Miss Morton sat at his bedside, he slyly drew a head he had carved from under his pillow.

"I have seen pictures of vessels with heads in front," he said. "Don't you think this will do to put on my ship?"

Miss Morton looked at it with surprise. It was a rough piece of work, but the features were well cut.

"Why, how well you have done it," she said. "And with only a penknife! If you can do so well with only a penknife, I must get you a box of tools."

"O ma'am, if you please," he cried, in an eager, excited manner, "if 'stead of the tools, you'd only get me some paint! I'm sure I could paint flowers and things. I'd rather do that, it seems to me, than anything else. To be sure, I don't know how to begin?—his voice falling—"but then, I'd try real hard."

"I know how to draw, and I can paint a little, David," she answered, gently. "I'll teach you at first, and if I find you have really a taste for it, you shall have better instructions than I can give."

From that day began David's new life. Miss Morton, when she was interested, never did things by halves, and there was something to her inexpressibly delightful in leading the dark mind to the light.

She never preached to him. The sermon of love and tender sympathy he learned from her gentle heart and kind words and acts, led him gradually to recognize his heavenly Father's care and tenderness, even in his affliction. The day's of darkness and morbid repining in that garret had passed. But you may be sure that he did not grow amiable and gentle all at once. He was often irritable, but he tried to control his temper, and he was too much interested in his work, and too busy with it to dwell on himself.

Eighteen months after these events, there was a charity fair given by the ladies of the wealthy St. Paul's Church. One small table at which Miss Morton presided excited the attention and admiration of many of the visitors. There were china cups and vases on it, admirably painted, the flowers grouped with much artistic grace. There were wooden brackets, wall-pockets, and knife-holders, of most delicate workmanship. But above all, there was a story attached to these things, which Miss Morton told one evening with so much feeling that the crowd pressed eagerly forward so as not to lose a word.

"As I told you," she went on, "he will never walk, but he is an undoubted genius, as you may see from his work; a genius who fretted and pined, unconscious of his powers, until the windows of his soul were opened by a mere chance.

"When I first saw him, he hated a ray of light, Now he cannot have too much of it for these creations of his genius. He is not less of a sufferer than he was, but I declare to you he seems lifted above pain when he is absorbed in his work. It is a pleasure to show what he has done. and I am sure the merit of his work will always delight whoever may purchase these articles that he offers for sale. Besides, we all of us like to feel that we are lessening the amount of suffering in the world, particularly when we know that the sufferer we are helping is a genius—and is likely to make a name." Then she laughed merrily and gave her attention to the active demand for the articles upon the table.

The next day at an early hour Miss Morton paid a visit to David's garret. Through her kindness it had been papered and painted, and boxes and pots of flowers filled the window-sill, and made the room a pleasant, cheerful nook in the poor little house.

"Good luck, my boy!" she cried, gayly. "Your things went off splendidly, and I could have sold more if I had them. Here are over one hundred dollars for you. Of course," laughing, "it's more than the value of your work, but everybody was so kind and generous, and wanted to assist you. And then there's something more. One good gentleman says that as soon as he gets home he's going to send you one of those invalid-chairs on rollers. Just think of that! You can be carried down stairs, and take rides outside as well as anybody. Now let me hear you say again you're not of much use when you can make all this money!"

Poor David put his hands before his face, and burst into a passion of sobs and tears; and then, with a sudden movement raised the hand of his kind friend to his lips. She herself was weeping silently.

"O Miss Morton, I feel as if I can't bear it! To think that I've earned more than a hundred dollars—me, a poor, useless cripple! I can help mother now, and father won't think me a drag on him any more. And it's all you who did it, and I didn't want you to come in my room. Think of that, will you?"

"And you didn't want the sunlight, either," she said, smiling through her tears, "and you hated everything that was good for you then. Ah, my boy when I threw that old cob-webbed shutter open, more came to you than the sunshine, I think!"

He did not understand those words; but he understood, in his own fashion, that one of God's angels had entered with her and changed his life.—Youth's Companion.

Theatrical Osculatation.

Emma Abbott, who has achieved a high reputation as an accomplished stage kisser, is confronted with a formidable rival in the person of a New York actor, who succeeded in throwing a warmth and intensity into his osculatory performances which the lady, it is talked has never yet attained. One of the ladies of the company has left because she could not stand the wear and tear of such exciting exercises, but another has been engaged in her place, capable, it is believed, of standing the most vigorous kisses he can bestow. The kissing, of which there is abundance in the performance, became a decided feature of the play, and the actor leaped into renown by reason of his kissing alone. Instead of permitting him to flourish as a rival, Miss Abbott should engage this impassioned kisser for her own company. The mutual kiss transacted by these experts would undoubtedly be the great attraction of the season.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

Friday, February 16.

SENATE.—The conference report on the Japanese idenmity bill was agreed to. The tariff bill coming up, the senate voted 27—to 19—to fixing a duty on charcoal iron $3 per ton in addition to the duty on iron made with other fuel. An amendment abolishing the tax on whisky and brandy was rejected—3 to 60? An amendment abolishing the tax on tobacco, distilled spirits, fermented liquors, etc., was lost.

Mr. Sherman moved to strike out the steel ingot paragraph of the metal clause and substituto therefor the provision of the house schedule. He said the house bill was wiser and better than the senate bill, and for this declaration he was berated by Mr. Beck who said that he (Beck) had never heard the crack of the party whip as loud as he heard it to-night. If the senate was going to be driven in this sort of way and any of the senators were such galley slaves, they should be told, after three or four weeks of consideration and after receiving in almost every instance, the acquiesence of the senators from Ohio, the cause. If that senator had telegrams from persons who he thought would vote for him for president if he would stand by them now, and who would bring their wealth to aid him in his political ambitions, let it be done. If the senator could denounce the senate and say Kelley would vote against the bill unless amended in conformity with the house bill, and claim his reward hereafter, let the senate so amend it.

HOUSE—The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was passed, with amendments reducing the number of internal revenue collection districts to eighty-two and increasing the hours of labor in the executive departments, An amendment to reduce the salaries of the officials except the president and U. S. court judges 10 per cent. was lost, and an amendment prohibiting the payment of any money appropriated for the general land office clerical force to clerks for making out patents to land grant railroads, was ruled out of order. The house then took up the tariff bill, despite the efforts of friends of the whisky bill to have that measure considered. The bill for an additional Dakota supreme court justice was reported from the judiciary committee. The so-called Fourth of July claim bill passed. Bills were introduced appropriating $60,000 for the relief of sufferers from the floods in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers.

Saturday, February, 17.

SENATE.—Mr. Vest introduced a resolution providing for a special committee to five senators to examine and report to the next session the condition of the Yellowstone Park contracts and what legislation is necessary to protect the timber or objects of interest, to establish a system of police, and secure the proper administration therein. Mr. Voorhees objected to the consideration of the resolution to-day. Mr. Edmunds advocated the resolution, and said it ought to be passed at once. It went over under the rule,

Mr. Allison gave notice that on Monday he would move to lay aside the tariff bill and proceed with the appropriation bills.

The tariff bill coming up, Mr. Sheridan moved a substitute for the iron and steel clauses of the metal schedule, which was practically the provisions of the house bill on the same subject. A long controversy ensued between Sherman and Beck, and no action was taken on any amendments to the bill.

HOUSE.—The committee on elections reported in favor of the contestant in the Sessinghaus-Frost case (Missouri). Discussion of the tariff bill was resumed. The committee having risen, Mr. Haskell moved that all debate on the bill be closed in one hour. A point of order was raised, and a long and heated discussion took place in which Mr. Dunnell, of Minnesota said: I have been surprised that the house in committee of the whole has kept up its interest as well to this hour with the foreshadowing fact upon us that the bill has no earthly chance of being passed. We have been debating provisions of this bill, and at the same time substantially admitting that the bill would not pass. We have now reached a provision of the bill, which, to me has, been of very great importance, because I have believed that in this clause we are to reach some relief to the people. This paragraph of the bill does provide a reduction of about $11,000,000, yet the very men who would advocate the passage of this bill are themselves admitting that it is not to be passed at this session of congress.

Mr. Dunnell was subsequently very severely rebuked by Mr. Kasson for his continued absence from the committee on ways and means during the consideration of the tariff bill. He denounced the action of his party in having kept up appearances by debate on the bill when it had been secretly agreed that the measure should not pass, but be dropped and gave way to an internal revenue bill.

Monday, February, 19.

SENATE.—The tariff bill being taken up the amendment of Mr. Sherman (from the metal schedule of the house bill) regarding the duty on steel, was adopted after the psovision making the duty on steel not especially enumerated or provided for 45 per cent. ad valorem. The vote was 30 to 28 a strict party vote.

Senator McPherson of New Jersey offered an amendment making the duty 40 per cent. ad valorem upon a valuation of 5 cents per pound, 2¼ cents per pound, in a valuation of from 5 to 9 cents per pound, and 3¼ cents per pound upon a valuation above 9 cents per pound. The last clause fixing a separate duty upon a valuation above 11 cents was stricken out entirely. This amendment proposed by McPherson was addopted.

This is a considerable reduction, and may be illustrated by comparing the present and proposed duty on circular saws. The duty now is 3-1-2 cents per pound and 10 per cent. ad valorem. They are worth in this country about 26 cents per pound. They are worth in England about 20 cents per pound. The compound duty, according to the present rate, will amount to say 5 1-2 cents per pound, while the amendment proposes to reduce it to 3 1-4 cents, or about 14 per cent. ad valorem.

In the executive session the following nominations were conformed.

HOUSE —This was the day for suspension of rules but not a bil. was passed. A motion by Mr. Kelley to suspend the rules and pass a bill to reduce internal revenue taxation was lost—165 to 97 (less than two-thirds in the affirmative)

A report in the contested election of Cook vs. Cutts (Iowa), in favor of the contestant, was presented. Bills and resolutions were introduced reducing by 15 per cent. the duties on all importations into the United States; to devote surplus money in the treasury to maintain schools and pay debts in various states.

Among the bills that failed to pass was one providing for an appropriation of $500,000 for the erection of a public library. This is the third time in this congress that an attempt has been made to pass a bill for better accommodations for the congressional library. At first it was proposed to purchase a square east of the capitol for the new library building, appropriating $500,000 for the purpose, but the cry of "a job" defeated the bill. The objection was obviated by providing for setting apart a government reservation as a site for the proposed building, but the numerous economists who have suddenly developed in congress interposed and saved the poor people from an expenditure of $500,000.

Tuesday, February 20.

SENATE.—The house bill extending the time of filing Alabama claims passed. Mr. Sherman offered amendments to the tariff bill increasing the duty on wool and woolen articles. Lost. The tariff portion of the bill to reduce internal revenue tax was agreed to—ayes 37, noes 23. After several amendments had been voted upon, some being adopted and others rejected, the bill passed—42 to 19 the democrats voted with the republicans for it. The nays were Senators Beck, Call, Crockrell, Coke, Farley, Garland, George, Hampton, Harris, Maxey, Pendleton, Pugh, Ransom, Vance, Vest, Voorhees, Walker and Williams.

HOUSE.—The house took up the sundry civil bill, Mr. Kelley giving notice that as soon as the measure was disposed of he would press the tariff bill. Attempts to strike out the provisions for additional vaults for the storage of silver dollars were defeated.

Wednesday, February 21

SENATE.—Resolutions were offered for the appointment of a committee of seven to examine improvement works now in progress on the Mississippi below Cairo, and calling on the president for information regarding the alleged agreement among this and European countries regarding the settlement of the war between Chili and Peru.

The army bill was considered, and Mr. Logan criticised the administration of the signal service. The provisions abolishing the pay corps and limiting the pay for transportation on subsidized railroads to 50 per cent. of the usual charges were stricken out. The bill then passed; also the fortifications bill.

The joint resolution providing for the termination of the fishery articles in the treaty of Washington was adopted. The Utah bill came up and Mr. Hoar moved to strike out the section probibiting the women of that Territory from voting on any question.

This bill is supplementary to Edmund's original measure under which the commission was appointed. It embodies the recommendations made by Hon. Alexander Ramsey, president of the commission, in response to a request for suggestions from President Arthur. In brief, it provides that in presecution for bigamy or polygamy, the first husband or wife is made a competent witness against the defendant, for a system of public record for all marriages and for the abolition of female suffrage in the territory.

The following were the proceedings in executive session: Confirmations:

Lot Wright, United States marshal, southern district of Ohio; James H. Teller of Ohio, secretary of Dakota Territory; Arthur L. Thomas of Pennsylvania, secretary of Utah Territory. Postmasters: Gustave A. Drewiser, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.; George Phillips, Brooklyn, Iowa; M. F. Cheshire, Montezuma, Iowa; W. F. Richards, Clarksbury, W. Va.

Nominations: Algerenor S. Badger, collector of customs, New Orleans, John B. Raulston, collector of the internal revenue Fourth district of Virginia. Postmasters: H. A. Patterson, Janesville, Wis, J. Douglas, Moorhead Minn., B. G. Butts, Stillwater, Minn., Christian Anderson, Valley City Dak.

HOUSE—A further conference was ordered on the postoffice bill, the conference committee having reported failure to agree. The sundry civil bill being taken up, an amendment was adopted for the sale of military reservations no longer required by the war department. Mr. Beltzhoover made a fierce attack upon the administration of the signal service bureau under both Howgate and Hazen.

Thursday, February 22.

SENATE.—The resolution for a special committee to investigate the improvement of Mississippi river navigation below Cairo was adopted. The naval appropriation bill came up, and the clause devoting $1,000,000 for the completion of monitors caused a sharp discussion, in which the old scandals relating to the navy department were discussed. The appropriation was, however, voted.

The clause changing the grade of masters to lieutenants, and midshipmen to ensigns, had been striken out and the change was endorsed without opposition, as was the provision to abolish the pay corps, by assigning line officers to all vacancies. and thus in a few minutes was a master disposed of over which the house wrangled two days. The house clause abolishing the grade of commodore went out without a murmur. Senator Rollins was disposed to plead for some of these amendments, but he was cut off in the most positive manner by Frye, who said that they intended to make this a naked appropriation bill without any legislative features.

HOUSE.—The bill creating three new land districts in Dakota passed. Conference reports on the army, fortifications and Indian bills were made and agreed to. The sundry civil bill was taken up. Mr. Pound offered an amendment repealing the pre-emption laws, also all laws authorizing the filing of declaratory statements for the entry of public ands by an agent or attorney. It was ad opted.

Mr. Washburn advocated the amendment, contending that the pre-emption laws should be repealed. The manner in which the public lands were taken up under these laws was a perfect scandal. No honest man could file a legitimate claim without being prosecuted by adventurers and land sharks. Now was the time to have this matter stopped. The public lands had been dedicated to actual settlers, and they should be guarded for that purpose. Congress should shut out this army of harpies and adventurers, who went out west in order to sap the life-blood of that developing country.

Benjamin Ripley of Newcomerstown, Ohio, while insane entered a room where his cousin, Nathan Baer was sleeping, and drawing a penknife cut the sleeper's head almos completely from his shoulders.