

THE MOTHER.

She was so tired of toll, of everything,
Save loving those who needed all her love!
Her heart was like the golden heart of spring
When white clouds sail above.

Autumn of life and tears were hers, and yet
She sang and loved and gladdened us the while;
Nor storms, nor snow could make her once forget
Young April's radiant smile.

She was so weary; but we never guessed
How weary, till she smiled at set of sun,
And whispered, as she drifted into rest—
"My loving now is done."

"Tired of all save loving." Let this be
The epitaph inscribed where now she lies.
Time shall not hide the words, nor memory
The love look of her eyes.

—Woman's Journal.



BY ELIZABETH AVRES

They tried to take comfort with that, but as they walked on in front of us, the way they held their heads made me think of flowers after they've been beaten by a storm.

My Girl asked me, in a low voice, "did he really get left?" "I don't know," I answered, "but I had to tell them something." My Girl sighed and said, "Oh, dear."

I felt myself turning into an uncomfortable humor between sympathy for Mary and irritation because our good time might be spoiled with worry for other people's trouble, and I began to be afraid I might get cross.

"Forget it, My Girl," I whispered. "we can't help it." In the next breath I asked, "where's Little Son?"

I'd missed him, but thinking he was taking a few hours of needed sleep, in the excitement of the moment, I'd neglected to inquire after his lordship.

My Girl brightened up. "He's down on the beach with some of the children. They're perfectly crazy over him and hardly let me have him a moment," she explained. "The instant he's bathed and dressed in the morning some of them are around to ask 'can't we take the baby?' It's good for him to be with young people," she went on with the air of an aged person. "You'll hardly know him, he's grown so and has learned so many cunning ways."

"Is it possible," I remarked, grave as a judge, "that my memory has failed so Little Son can grow out of it in a week?"

My Girl flashed me one of her quick looks. "The idea," she exclaimed, "the idea! Wait until you see him."

"I can't wait," I insisted, "I have to see him now." It delighted My Girl to have me in such a hurry, and we went galloping off in search of Little Son, forgetting all about the missing Jimmy.

The lake was still and smooth that evening and the glow from the setting sun turned it to a great pond of liquid gold. I told My Girl what it looked like to me and added, "if it only was gold and we could dip up a few pauls wouldn't it be great, My Girl?"

She pretended to be scornful and tilted her nose.

"It's vulgar to have too much money," she said, with her Mrs. Vanderbilt manner.

It was so quiet and peaceful and so fresh and cool and sweet up there after the city's grime and noise, that I felt good all over, even though I hadn't stopped to take a brush and wash. I wanted to get acquainted with My Girl and Little Son first. Presently we left the walk and went into the sand. My Girl skimmed over it like a bird in the direction of the children near the water's edge. Their clear, shrill, little voices floated back to us like music. I could hardly wait to get there. I saw Little Son rolling around in the sand in a pair of doll overalls, the jolliest little sandboy you ever saw.

"My Girl," I called, pointing at my son and heir, "is that a crab or a laboring man?"

My Girl laughed so hard she had to sit down and wait for her breath to overtake her.

The rascal knew me in a second, even from a distance. He held out his arms to be taken and kicked with his heels so hard he jarred himself all over. My Girl and I ran a race to see which should get to him first, and I bent. I had him up in my arms, a little soft, round cuddly ball, all sand and wriggles, and I was so happy to feel him against my heart I came near squeezing him flat. But he liked it, he takes after his mother in being able to stand any amount of love and affection.

"How are you, old fellow?" I asked, as man to man, holding him on one hand up in the air.

He poked his pink foot in my eye, so I knew he was able to sit up and take notice.

My Girl looked on with pride and joy written in capitals all over her face.

Pretty soon Little Son forgot all

about his dotting parents and wanted to go back to his party in the sand. He started to take a flying leap through the air, but I held him and set him down right side up with care, which was care I needn't have taken, as he immediately rolled over on his stomach and began to play crab. My Girl could hardly tear herself away, but after a desperate effort and a promise from the children to bring him home soon, we started for the cottage.

Lakeville is not a stylish place, and most of the cottagers prepared their own meals. There was a savory smell of cooking all along the board walk, and now and then you'd hear something sizzle, and it smelled and sounded mighty good to a hungry man.

"My Girl," I observed, just to give her a hint, "I brought my appetite with me."

"Teddy," said she, quite baughty, "that's one thing you never mislay."

Mary and the Little Mother had supper ready when we reached the cottage. They were trying to cheer up and not worry, and they'd been losing their trouble by getting the best supper that ever graced a table. My, how I did eat! I talked some, too, and kept bringing in how much Jimmy and I were together since they had been gone and how like a lost dog Jimmy had acted. That made them more contented, and the approving glances I had from My Girl made me feel like a hero. Mary went singing around while they were clearing away the dishes. I had to laugh to myself. Not for worlds would she have Jimmy unhappy, but, at the same time she was glad to know he'd felt misery because she was away. Girls are funny.

After My Girl had scraped the sand off of Little Son and put him to bed, we left him with Mary and the Little Mother, and went down on the beach. It was so beautifully quiet and the air so still. Somewhere, some one was playing a mandolin, and the tinkly music came to us clear and sweet. It made me feel romantic. We were sitting on the sands with our backs against a log and cushions put in between to take off the hard edges. My arm was where it had a right to be and My Girl's head was snuggled up close to my shoulder. We didn't talk very much. Someway, we didn't want to, but we sat and watched the big moon lift itself lazily out of the water and go climbing up into the sky, and pretty soon there was a broad patch of glistening silver stretching across the lake, and leading from where we sat straight up to moonland.

"It looks as though it led to heaven," My Girl whispered with her eyes on the silver trail.

"Heaven is here, My Girl," I whispered in return, holding her close. I told you I was feeling romantic.

We sat out there until a scandalously late hour. The night was such a beauty I hated to miss it. Anyway things like that didn't happen to us every day, and we wanted it all.

In the morning, almost as soon as the birds were up, there was Jimmy, and about the same moment he arrived, along came a boy with the telegram Jimmy had sent the night before, telling Mary he'd missed the train.

They thought in the village any time was soon enough to deliver the message, so Mary and the Little Mother had all their worry for nothing. But, maybe it was worth it, they felt so chirky when it was over and they had Jimmy there to worship like a graven image.

We had a regular old folks at home time that Sunday. The girls fed us like they thought we'd never have a chance to eat again, and Little Son behaved like a cherub. It is astonishing how bright that child is, and he grows more so every day. My Girl thinks he's beginning to talk, and to tell the truth he said something the other day that sounded like Dad.

Jimmy, since he missed his train Saturday evening, arranged to stay over Monday, but I had to get back to town which was not a joyful occasion as I wanted most awfully to stay out and play some more. But I had to go so I tried to smile and look pleasant about it. They all went to the train to see me off, and My Girl kept saying, "Oh, dear, I wish I were going, too," and Little Son acted as though he was going to weep, but he didn't.

"My Girl," I said, at the last moment, "stay as long as you are happy, but please come home as soon as you can."

The train made the run to town a good deal faster than it did when I went to Lakeville, and this trip I was not in such a hurry. Oh, well, I've had a good time. It's mine to keep in my memory, and I know the place now where My Girl and Little Son are staying so I can fit them in the picture. And there's another thing I know, and that is, that My Girl and Little Son will soon be coming home with Micky to head the procession.—Toledo Blade.

On the Heaving Ocean.
First Passenger—What was in that stew we had for supper?

Second Passenger—I give it up.

First Passenger—I believe I will, too. Let me at that rail, please.—Louisville Courier-Journal.



To Mary in Heaven.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, the hawthorn bear
Twine'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
The fowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear, departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
—Robert Burns.

The Singers.

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedra's dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Conitribion from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be,
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of
might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."
—Henry W. Longfellow.

IRON USED AS MONEY.

Ancient History Tells of a Team of Oxen Required to Move \$88.

Plutarch says: "Not content with this—the equal division of the lands, etc., of the Lacedaemonians—he (Lycurgus) resolved to make a division of their movables, too, that there might be no odious distinction or inequality left among them; but finding that it would be very dangerous to go about it openly, he took another course and defeated their avarice by the following stratagem: He commanded that all gold and silver coin should be called in and that only a certain kind of money made of iron should be current.

A great weight and quantity was of little worth, so that to lay up twenty or thirty pounds there was required a pretty large closet, and to remove it nothing less than a yoke of oxen. With the diffusion of this money at once a number of vices were banished from Lacedaemonia, for who could rob another of such a coin? Who would unjustly detain or take by force or accept as a bribe a thing which was not easy to hide nor a credit to have, nor, indeed, of any use to cut in pieces? For when it was just red-hot they quenched it in vinegar by that means spoiling it, and made it almost incapable of being worked."

Clare, in his "Universal History of the World," says: "To render the State dependent only on its own territorial products and to prevent any individual from accumulating an undue amount of wealth, he (Lycurgus) prohibited the use of any money except an iron coin with so small a value in comparison with its bulk and weight; that the necessity of using it as a medium of exchange would make it difficult to carry on trade, especially foreign commerce. By subjecting this iron coin to a process of rendering it brittle and unfit for any other use, Lycurgus endeavored to destroy every desire to hoard it as a treasure."

Rollin, in his "Ancient History," says: "First he (Lycurgus) cried down all gold and silver money and ordained

that no other should be current than that of iron, which he made so very heavy and fixed at so low a rate that a cart and two oxen were necessary to carry home a sum of 10 minae (500 French livres, about \$88.80) and a whole chamber to keep it in."

This was done for the purpose of sapping the foundation of avarice.

From the above quotations, says the Scientific American, it would seem that while iron was much more valuable than it is now, still it was not so valuable as to justify its being coined into money. It seems that a team of oxen could haul about \$88 worth of coin. I presume the same sort of team might haul one-fifth that value of iron at the present date.

ENGLAND'S 932,267 PAUPERS.

Great Increase of Able-bodied Unemployed in the City.

On the first of this year 932,267 persons were in receipt of poor law relief in England and Wales. Of this number 148,013 were in London, being an increase of 11,500 on the figures on Jan. 1, 1904. Outside London the number was 784,254, the increase in this instance being 51,539.

The number in receipt of relief, says the half-yearly statement from which these figures are taken, was comparatively high throughout last year, and the total on Jan. 1 last year was 7.3 per cent higher than on the previous Jan. 1. The proportion to the population was one in thirty-six, or 27.6 per 1,000. In London the proportion was higher, being one in thirty-one, or 31.8 per 1,000.

Exclusive of the insane and the casuals, 46.8 per cent of the total consisted of 110,094 families, comprising 378,513 persons. There was a considerable increase in the class of married couples relieved with children, particularly in the number receiving outdoor relief. The total number of adults returned as ordinarily able-bodied amounted to 132,689, an increase of 17.7 per cent; those classed as not able-bodied numbered 428,469, an increase of 3.4 per cent. London had 21,549 of the able-bodied paupers, an increase of 23.7 per cent, but the greatest increase was 142.2 per cent in Essex, which had 9,163 able-bodied paupers.

Compared with the corresponding figures in the previous year, the class of men returned as relieved "on account of want of work or other causes" shows the highest increase, amounting to 6,287, including increases of 7,351 in London and 2,210 in West Ham. Under this heading 3,244 were relieved under a labor test in labor yards.—London Mail.

The Resourceful Artist.

It was very cold in the studio and the guests from the country missed their air-tight stoves, says a writer in the New York Sun, as a prologue to an illustration of artistic economy.

"Do build a fire in the grate," said the hostess, who paints menus and place cards, to the host, who paints scenery for a Broadway manager.

The host disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, but soon put his head in the studio door. "There's lots of coal, but no kindling," he announced.

"Oh," answered his wife, vaguely, "Well, just look round and you'll find something that will do."

He "looked round" for a few minutes, and returned with the necessary supplies for a crackling fire. His thrifty country aunt exclaimed in horror, "Melvin! What are those kindlings?"

"Oh, they're just the clothes-plugs," his aunt gasped, but his wife, gazing at him with admiration, exclaimed, "Isn't he the most resourceful man!"

The Only Important Question.

Two men were disputing over their respective churches. Finally one called a neighbor who was passing and asked his opinion as to which was the only church in which to be saved. "Well," said he, "my son and I have hauled wheat to the same mill nigh on to forty years. Now, there are two roads that lead from our place to the mill—one's the valley road, 'tother takes over the hill. And never yet, friends, has the miller asked me which road I took, but he always asks: 'Is your wheat good?'"—Kansas City Journal.

No Terrors for Him.

"Sir," exclaimed Rev. X. Horter, "I'm surprised to hear you swearing at the heat. What will you do in the next world, where there's not a drop of water to moisten your parched—"

"Huh!" grunted the fat man. "Are you sure there's no water there?"

"Positive."

"Ah! then there's no humility; that's what knocks me. I can stand the heat."—Philadelphia Press.

Reminiscences.

Marie (after the honeymoon)—Max, dear, here is the tree under which you kissed me for the first time.

Max—You're always raking up old memories. I'll have that tree cut down.

Marie (after the tree has been cut down)—Do you remember, Max, dear, this is the very spot where the tree grew? Tableau.—Translated for Tales from Fliegende Blaetter.