

## SINGING IN THE RAIN.

Tell me, what's the use of fretting when we think that things go wrong?  
It never makes them better; but I've heard it said a song  
Makes the heavy load seem lighter, and will cheer the troubled heart  
Till it quite forgets its worries, and its vexing cares depart.  
As the wind that sweeps the marshes where the fog hangs, chill and gray,  
Moves the mists that mar the morning till it blows them all away.

So, whenever storm clouds gather till they hide the sun from sight,  
And it's darker in the morning than it ought to be at night,  
Then let's sing about the sunshine that is on the other side  
Of the darkest cloud, my comrades. Let the song ring far and wide  
On the listening ear of others who climb the hill with you,  
Till the lifted clouds are scattered, and the gray old world seems new.

Of gladness and of beauty. Let the faith that cannot fail  
In the great external Goodness over fear and doubt prevail.  
As the robin's song sounds sweetest when we hear it in the rain,  
So this song of ours, my comrade, in a time of tears and pain  
Will to those who grieve a message full of hope and comfort bring.  
So, look upward toward the sunshine, though it's out of sight, and sing.  
—Eben E. Rexford.

## Hod Turner's Mortgage

**A** GAIN Aunt Martha and I were on the broad, pleasant veranda, she in her sewing chair and I in the hammock. Not even an invalid could have taken cold that day, so the patchwork quilt was neatly folded and laid on a convenient hassock, in readiness for use if a sudden breeze should spring up. Auntie was busy, as usual, not darning stockings this time, but putting a neat patch on a shirt that looked much too small for Uncle John or either of my two stalwart cousins. Dear Aunt Martha! I suspected she was earning a blessing from poor overworked Widow Austin, who, with her five children, lived "down the road a piece."

I lay passively watching her flashing needle, longing for a story, but hesitating to suggest even lingual exertion on so enervating a day. Presently,



TELL ME ABOUT THIS ONE, PLEASE, AUNTIE.

however, glancing up and catching, I suppose, a wistful look in my tell-tale eyes, Auntie seemed to divine my unspoken wish and smiled indulgently.

"A story? Well, choose a block and we shall see if there is anything worth telling about it."

Delightedly availing myself of the kindly offer, I leaned over the edge of the hammock and scanned the folded quilt for an interesting-looking block. A dark blue one with fine lines of white caught my eye.

"Tell me about this one, please, Auntie."

Aunt Martha laughed. "Why, dear child, that is a piece of one of my kitchen aprons. The only story connected with that is prosaic enough. Three words tell it—baking, churning, dish-washing. Try again."

"Well, then, this dainty little pink and white stripe?" A glance at Aunt Martha's face told me I had not chosen wrongly this time.

"Ah, that! Yes, I can tell you something about that. Let me think a minute," and she dropped her work in her lap and rocked idly back and forth a few minutes, summoning memory to her aid. Soon she resumed her work again and the story began.

"When I was a little girl a family named Larkson lived near my father's home. The husband and wife were thrifty people, but very poor, and they had a large family of children. There were seven of them, between the ages of 12 and 3 years, and it used to be a mystery to me how they all managed to live in their tiny story-and-a-half cottage. The fact is, they didn't live in it, they only stayed there nights. At all other times, summer and winter, rain or shine, they lived out of doors, and a happier, healthier brood it would have been hard to find.

"My story principally concerns the youngest of these children, little Roy. He was the beauty of the family. With his pansy eyes and tightly curling, golden hair he was an animated sunbeam. I remember how sweet he used to look in that little pink and white dress. His mother gave me a piece of it for my quilt.

"Across the road from this family lived the village oddity, Horace Turner, familiarly called 'Hod.' He lived all alone, without so much as a cat or

dog to keep him company, and his large, gloomy-looking house was a striking contrast to the little beehive opposite. He had the reputation of being cross and crabbed and not one of the older Larkson children would have dared venture inside his stern, white picket fence.

"But little Roy was different. On the day he was 3 years old he toddled sedately across the road and straight into the house where Hod Turner was reading his paper. Hod glanced up in astonishment, his sharp gray eyes gleaming under his bushy brows, at the pretty picture of little Roy in his pink and white dress, hands clasped behind him, a pair of stray sunbeams playing tag in his hair, and his solemn baby eyes scanning with evident approval the grim man before him.

"'Man, Roy tum to see 'oo,' he announced gravely at last.

"'Oh, he has, has he?' grunted Turner. 'Well, take a chair, sir.'

"That was the way the queer friendship between the two began. Many a day thereafter Roy might have been seen trudging sturdily at Hod's side as the latter walked about, superintending the work on his large farm. They seldom spoke to each other and Roy never complained of weariness, no matter how long nor how rough the tramp. But once, when they had been walking a long time, Hod glanced down and saw tears standing in the baby's eyes; the little lips were pressed tightly together to keep back the sobs. He quietly stooped, picked up the little chap and carried him.

"Who knows what dormant instincts of paternity were awakened in the man as he felt the small, soft form cuddled against him and heard the sigh of content with which Roy dropped his head upon his friend's strong shoulder?

"Matters went on like this for a year. Then trouble began to rain upon the Larksons. First a severe illness attacked the husband and father. No sooner had he recovered than their one cow, which furnished a large part of their living, died, and their horse soon followed. Another horse and cow they must have, but how to get them? Mr. Larkson's illness had eaten up all the small savings which the closest economy had enabled them to make. In this extremity, Larkson bethought him of his well-to-do neighbor, and at last, with much reluctance, decided to ask for a loan.

"'What security can you give?' asked Hod Turner.

"'None but my note,' replied Larkson. 'As you know, I do not own the place where I live, and so cannot mortgage it.'

"'Just so, just so,' grunted Turner, and was silent, while hope died in Larkson's breast. But presently Hod said abruptly:

"'What would you say to mortgaging one of your children?'

"Larkson stared in amazement, then, as it was borne in upon him that Turner was in earnest, he rose from his chair and with an air of dignity that ennobled his careworn, work-lined face, 'Good-evening, sir,' was all he said.

"'No, no,' Turner cried, eagerly, 'sit down, man, sit down, and let me explain. You wouldn't be selling your child. I'll lend you what you want and you can pay me interest. But if at any time the interest lapses for two years, why, the child just comes over to live with me. He'd be yours just the same,' Turner paused a moment and then continued, almost bashfully, 'It's little Roy I want, you know. I— I'd be good to him.'

"Larkson hesitated. His need was great, but could he do this thing? He glanced at his companion, Turner, waiting for his answer, was watching the children at play across the road, and Larkson saw the look of deep affection and longing which came into the older man's eyes as Roy's clear laugh rang out. He suddenly felt

that he, not the man before him, was the richer of the two, and an impulse of generosity came to him. But he said only, 'I'll talk to the boy's mother.'

"In the end it was arranged as Turner had suggested, though not without many tears from the mother, and many sighs from the father. For, in spite of Turner's assurances it did seem as if they were selling their child.

"For some time all went well and the interest was paid regularly. Then another little Larkson appeared upon the scene, typhoid fever attacked the two oldest children, and finally two years had elapsed since any interest had been paid on the strange mortgage.

"Roy was 7 years old when Turner foreclosed and took the boy to live with him. By this time the Larksons had become accustomed to the idea, they saw they never could pay their debt in any other way and knew, moreover, that it was doubtless a fortunate thing for the boy to have won the love of this man who could do so much for him. And really, it was not so very hard to bear, after all. Roy was at home as much as ever, the only difference being that at meal times and at night he went across the road. His mother cared for his clothes as usual, but Turner insisted on paying her for it.

"A change had been gradually coming over Hod Turner. The child's love seemed to have made another man of him and he was now as genial as he had formerly been gruff. He lived in the boy, made plans for his future and spoke of him as his son. As for Roy, he was quite contented and happy with the new order of things.

"One night the climax of the Larksons' troubles came. There was a cry or 'fire!' that awoke Turner and Roy across the road. How the fire had started no one knew, but before it was discovered it gained such headway that there was barely time for all the family to escape when, amid walls of grief and dismay, the roof fell. Not a thing was saved.

"Then Hod Turner gave proof of the change wrought in his character. He opened wide his big house and took in the homeless family, to stay until they could find some other home.

"Mr. Larkson at once sought another farm to rent, without success. As the weeks went on, Turner found that the merry family of children brightened up his gloomy house amazingly. Mrs. Larkson's cooking was better than his own, and Larkson had more practical ideas of farming than his foreman had, and so—well, as the village wag put it, 'Turner might as well have had a mortgage on the whole family.'

"Turner—Hod no longer, but by some indefinable change of feeling, Mr. Horace Turner to the whole village—lived to a good old age with his adopted family, and when at last he died no one was surprised to find Roy, little Roy no longer, his sole heir."

The sun was setting, the shirt was mended, the story was told and it was supper time. Aunt Martha paused a moment when she had folded her work and I am sure I heard her murmur, "And a little child shall lead them."—The Homestead.

After Lee's Surrender.

In Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee, Captain R. E. Lee describes his father's return to private life after the surrender of Appomattox. He says:

"A day or two after the surrender Gen. Lee started for Richmond, riding Traylor, who had carried him so well all through the war. He was accompanied by some of his staff. On the way he stopped at the house of his eldest brother, Charles Carter Lee, who lived on the upper James, in Powhatan county. He spent the evening in talking with his brother, but when bedtime came, though begged by his host to take the room and bed prepared for him, he insisted on going to his old tent, pitched by the roadside, and passed the night in the quarters that he was accustomed to. On April 15 he arrived in Richmond. The people there soon recognized him. Men, women and children crowded around him, cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs. It was more like the welcome to a conqueror than to a defeated prisoner on parole. He raised his hat in response to their greeting and rode quietly to his home on Franklin street, where my mother and sisters were anxiously awaiting him. Thus he returned to that private family life for which he had always longed and became what he always desired to be—a peaceful citizen in a peaceful land."

Hanging a Scythe.

As a youth Daniel Webster was somewhat opposed to physical labor, but he was quick at repartee. While mowing he complained to his father that his scythe was not properly hung. "Hang it to suit yourself, Dan," replied the paternal. The boy immediately hung it on a tree near by. "There, father, it's hung to suit me now."

"The men generally," said a snappy woman to-day, "seem to be in favor of us women living the Simple Life; because they think it would save them money."

## Popular Science.

One of the most remarkable opals in existence is supposed to be a fossil fragment of the *Onchiasaurus*, which once lived in Australia, reaching a length of forty feet. The specimen, lately brought to New York, weighs 1,150 carats.

The successful producer of rubies, by artificial means, Professor Verneuil, has concluded that it is not possible to make artificial emeralds by any process of fusing the essential constituents, and we can expect this peerless gem only as supplied by nature.

On the shores of British Columbia, says Conway MacMillan, grow some remarkable examples of dwarf trees. They are found among the rocks close to the seashore, but beyond the reach of the surf. Among those examined was one about a foot tall, which had a trunk one inch in diameter. The rings of growth showed it to be 98 years old. Another, less than a foot tall, was 86 years old, and the age of a third, which had attained a height of less than 24 inches, was 68 years.

The broad steel tracks for vehicles laid several years ago in Murray street, New York City, have been removed, and the street is to be paved with wooden blocks. The steel tracks were not regarded as a success, principally because of the crowded condition of the street, which prevented their regular use. The *Scientific American* contends that this test was not conclusive, and that such tracks should be tried on long country hills and in districts where smooth, hard roadbeds cannot readily be maintained.

Addition and other mathematical processes are performed by labor-saving machines, and we are next to have mechanical reasoning. The logic machine of Professor C. H. Rieber, of the University of California, is an improvement on that of Stanley Jevons, the English logician. In the "circle notation" of logicians all premises have separate symbols, and conclusions are produced by a combination of these symbols; and on pressing the keys of the new machine—something like an adding machine—a manipulation of circles and electric lights throws into relief all formulas that are possible answers to logical questions. The proper keys have no chance of error.

To determine the number of fish in the sea and how they locate their settlements are obviously problems not easy to settle. The study has been begun for the benefit of the fisheries in the Irish Sea. The first experiments are made to learn the extent and nature of the migrations of soles and plaice, and how great an effect fishing has in reducing the marine life over a given section of the sea. About one thousand fishes—mostly plaice and soles—are returned to the water after being marked with brass labels held by silver wire. Rewards are offered for the marked fishes that may be captured—particulars concerning location, etc., to be given—and the investigating commission expects to hear again from about 25 per cent of these specimens.

Carlo Baese, of Florence, has invented a process for producing bas-reliefs by photography. The basis of the invention is the property possessed by a film of chromium gelatin of swelling in proportion to the intensity of the light falling upon it. The swelling is greater with low than with high intensity, so that the light passing through a photographic negative produces upon a chromium-gelatin plate a positive in distinct relief. The transparency of an ordinary negative, however, is not truly proportional to the relief of the original model, but by an ingenious automatic device, involving a double exposure, this difficulty is avoided, and a negative is obtained having its lights and shades correctly graded to produce the effect of relief.

CONCEALED THEIR TREASURE.

Fortunes Found in Curious Places—A Pillow Hid \$40,000.

It is only a few weeks since M. Bonstuge, a Parisian, discovered a nice little treasure concealed in one of the very last places where he would have expected to find it, says London *Tit-Bits*. He had inherited from an aunt a small statuette to which he attached very little value, but which nevertheless he placed as an ornament in one of his rooms. As luck would have it, his maid, in dusting the statuette one day, dropped it on the floor and, presto! out rolled from its hollow interior a package which on examination proved to contain notes of the value of 11,000 francs, as well as a costly diamond ring.

This is by no means the only occasion on which a statue has been made to serve the purpose of a bank. A few years ago an art collector of Kharkoff, in Russia, purchased a statue of the Apollo Belvedere, of which he was very proud. One day his children, when playing, upset the statue and broke it beyond all possibility of repair. The father, when he saw his prized statue in fragments, was furious, but consolation came to him in a most unexpected form, for on examining the frag-

ments he found concealed in a hollow limb a roll of Russian bank notes of the value of 3,000 rubles. With the notes was a memorandum by a Chevalier Prokheroff, dated 1848, to the effect that the concealed money was the fruit of gambling, and that it was his intention to use it in the building of a church.

A still more curious hiding place for treasure was that chosen by Pere Antoine, a hunchback beggar, who used to hang about the church doors of Paris soliciting alms. When the hunchback died his nephew applied to the authorities demanding that a post-mortem examination should be made. The request was granted, with the result that it was found the hunch was false, and that in its fraudulent interior were stored the beggar's savings, amounting to 96,000 francs. Pere Antoine, it was also discovered, was an ex-convict, who owed his freedom to the influence of a well-known deputy.

An inquest held at the St. Pancras coroner's court some time ago on Walter Samuel Mott revealed another treasure—a small one, it is true—concealed in a most remarkable place. Mott had a wooden leg, and an examination of this limb revealed ten sovereigns concealed in it. The precaution was a very wise one, for it came out in evidence that for some weeks the deceased had been rarely sober, and it would have fared ill with his treasure if it had not been so artfully and effectually concealed.

There was considerable method in the parsimony of an old lady, who, wherever she went, carried with her an old box, apparently full of odd pieces of scrap iron. The box was a subject of jest and ridicule among her neighbors, but the old lady could afford to smile at their jokes, for it was, in fact, the most valuable box anywhere in the district. When she died the box was found open to any one who cared to inspect it, and under the surface layer of old iron were found 3,000 golden guineas, the savings of a lifetime.

In another case known to the writer, after the death of an old woman in the north of England who had for years been in receipt of odd pieces of money from the parish, a sum of £100 was found in a number of places scattered about her one room. Miss J., a notorious miser, died it was found that her low contained securities and notes of the value of over £100, while at an auction sale of the effects of a Lewisham lady of miserly instincts the purchaser of her piano stool found a small mine of gold in the horsehair stuffing, and a gentleman who bought her bedstead discovered £300 hidden away in one of its hollow legs.

Oil on the Coffee.

The cup of black coffee had on its surface a little oil. This oil shimmered. It gave forth delicate, changing colors, like oil on water. The man who was about to drink the coffee gazed at it with delight.

"The oil," he said, "tells me all I want to know about the coffee. Now, without tasting it, I am sure it is superb."

"The whole secret of making coffee," he went on, "lies in extracting and retaining this oil. This oil it is which gives coffee its aromatic and delicious taste. This oil it is also which stimulates you, which makes you feel after you have drunk strong and gay."

"Good coffee—the kind with oil floated on it—can only be made by excellent cooks. In millionaires' houses or in hotels where they employ French chefs you are likely to get it. But the average American housewife does not know how to make this oily kind of coffee at all."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Under Other Conditions.

A young medical student came face to face with a dear, kind, fatherly-looking gentleman, with white hair and of highly respectable appearance.

They both stood transfixed. The same idea flashed across both of them.

"Your face is familiar—very familiar; but I can't remember where we have met so often."

However, the friendly impulse was carried out.

They shook hands warmly and departed, still ignorant of each other's name and occupation.

But the young man was determined to solve the problem, and he seized on a waiter and said to him:

"Tell me, waiter, who is that distinguished stranger with the four white hairs?"

And the waiter whispered lowly:

"Please, sir, that's the pawnbroker."

The Foolish Fish.

Deacon Good—Don't you think it cruel for you to draw a fish out of his native element by a sharp iron hook? Fisher Boy—It's no fault of mine. When I'm just giving a worm a salt water bath, what does a fish want to hook himself on to my line for? It's no business of his.—Boston Transcript.

Its Proper Place.

Assistant—Here's a letter that smells as if it had a sample of Ham-burger cheese in it. It's addressed to—

Postmaster—Never mind the address. Send it to the dead letter office.—Chicago Tribune.