

CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.

O mothers, lonely in your house to-day,  
From whence the voice of glad young life has flown,  
Where joy once reigned, sits silence cold and gray,  
The children now have dear homes of their own.

That this might come to us one day we knew,  
For always, ere the frost had kissed the flowers,  
The full fledged birdlings from the home nest flew;  
But, ah, the autumn seemed so far from ours!

And not for us the hope the fond birds share,  
That brings them hastening over hill and plain  
To build and rear anew with tend'rest care;  
For never may we build and rear again.

But would we keep our dear ones, though we might?  
Nay mother hearts, not self love do we know;  
When once they prove their strong young wings in flight,  
We hide our tears, and, smiling, bid them go.

Some day, perhaps, when little fingers twine  
In clinging trustfulness about our own,  
And eyes so strangely like to yours and mine  
Look up with loving glances we have known,

With joy we'll clasp the precious thing and say  
This is reward for all our loss and pain;  
This is God's plan, that haply thus we may,  
Through children's children, build and rear again.

—Helen Marquels.

The Summer Entertainer.

TO the Boy, the Girl seemed as far above him as the stars he watched so often at night, lying out under the trees, listening to the leaves rustling over his head and breathing the cool fragrance that comes out of the grass and woods at night. He dreamed dreams, too, and somehow, though he told himself it was useless, the Girl was always in those dreams. He had not spoken to the Girl then. He was but a helper about the hotel, working for his board and very small wages, so it was preposterous for him to even think of her.

The Boy was sore and sensitive and smarting under the sudden change of fortune that had befallen him. All of his life he had supposed that his father was rich, and then, suddenly he was summoned home from college to be told that his father was dead.

"Worry killed him," his mother sobbed. Later it was revealed that the worry was over money affairs. The final settlement of the estate showed there was but little left, scarcely enough to keep the Boy's mother and sister in comfort, and he was too proud to deprive them by taking his share.

"You needn't bother about me," he said, confidently. "I'll soon get something to do."  
It was in the early spring his father had died, and the "something to do" did not come at once. Its coming seemed, in the Boy's impatience, to be so long delayed that his courage and confidence began to waver and he fancied himself the least of the earth. His horizon brightened when he was promised a good position in the fall, but he had the summer to live through, and, being a big healthy Boy, with a large amount of college-bred muscle to nourish, he found it needful to eat. His mother begged him to stay with her through the summer, but this he refused. "Motherkins," he said, "consider the extent of my appetite and be wise. I'll eat at some one else's expense."

He found a place at a summer hotel where his brawn and size proved useful, as part of his work was to care for the baggage. His humble position did not trouble him greatly until the Girl came. When he saw her he realized he was wearing a porter's cap and reforming a porter's duties. He knew the Girl had only one trunk, for he had taken it to her room himself and she had made a hurried escape for fear she should offer to tip him. He had accepted tips now and then, at first for the fun of the thing, and later because he found the money convenient to have, but in this case it was different. Probably the Girl was not very rich, as she brought but one trunk, but at all events she was a guest at the hotel and he a hired servant. It was not this alone that seemed to place her miles above him. There was something about her that made him feel as if she were a queen from some lovely realm he had never seen and could never hope to enter.

As for the Girl, to the careless observer, she was just a dainty, pretty young woman with charming manners that put one in a good humor with the world and with one's self. She had a lilt in her voice that made the Boy think of the birds singing in the early morning, and when she walked, it was to him as if she were floating on air.

The day when she lifted him into Paradise with one of her sunny smiles and a cheery "Good morning" marked an epoch in the summer. Without being obtrusive, he tried to be near when she passed, so that she might give him a greeting and a chance to see the blue of her eyes and the color the sun and fresh air were painting her cheeks. She was pale when she came, now she was taking on warm

tints and a bloom like a rose. The Boy watched and adored her from afar and wished that something dangerous might happen, and so give him an opportunity to rush in and save her from peril. Perhaps she would faint and it would be necessary for him to carry her. The Boy nearly fainted himself at the thought of taking the Girl in his arms.

He dreamed these dreams, lying out under the trees at night with the swaying waltz music, with all its sadness and sweetness, floating through the hotel windows, and the soft, lazy swish of the waves sliding upon the beach and out to sea again, working havoc with his emotional nature. For the Boy was very young, you know, and very much in love.

The Girl was "the life of the house," so it was said. She attracted people to her, and she had a way of taking everyone into her circle. It was she who was always planning pleasant things for others. It was she who discovered and pointed out the good points of the unattractive, timid girls, and it was she who put bashful youths at their ease. Through her efforts she brought the guests of the hotel



together as one large family, and the Boy, looking on, applauded her tact and unselfishness and adored her the more.

The Boy was never sure how it happened, but gradually it came about that they talked to each other when they met, and when they were over the Boy would go away and call himself assorted names because he had not said the thing he meant to say. The truth of it was, the Girl was almost as much interested in the Boy as he was in her. The proprietor of the hotel had told her his story and she admired him for the determination he showed to earn his living by taking the best that offered until there was something better. She admired him for other things, too, and with reason. He was a good-looking, well-mannered young fellow, and his liking for her was unmistakable, though he never tried to bridge the distance which he fancied lay between them.

The Boy seldom mingled with the employees of the house, so he knew nothing of the hotel gossip, and he resented angrily the giggling insinuations of two of the maids, who, in some way unknown to him, had discovered his heart's secret.

"How dare they!" he fumed, and then, being a Boy given to reasoning, he decided that it was he who was presumptuous for daring to love the Girl.

The Boy hoped for nothing, so far as the Girl was concerned. It might be, some time, he should be in a position to marry, but long before that time came someone else would have won her. Her kind were not to be found every day. It might be she was already engaged! The Boy's

heart stood still at the thought, but then, after all, what concern was it of his since he had nothing to hope for; since he was not even hoping? Still, his thoughts were of the Girl when he lay down to sleep at night, and they rose with him in the morning.

Sometimes it requires an upheaval of the regular course of things to bring about a climax. The Boy might have gone on hopelessly loving the Girl forever—at least that was what he fully expected—had not Madame Fate chosen to be kind and assisted him to make other arrangements.

The summer had worn away to the last of the yellow August days when grapes were turning dark and peaches mellowing. It was just at sundown of one of these days that the Girl came out of the hotel with one of the admiring youths that followed in her train. The Boy contemptuously called him "a cub," and he grew wrathful when he saw they were starting for a sail. There was a high wind going and it gave no sign of sinking with the sun.

"What do you think of the weather?" the Girl asked, in passing. The Boy put up a critical eye to the sky and shook his head ominously.

"Looks squally," he answered. He had to bite his lips and clench his hands to keep himself from telling the Girl she should not go.

The Girl hesitated a moment and looked at him wistfully. The Boy remembering who and what he was, held himself in check and stood silent. The Girl lingered a moment and then, with a smile and a nod, went on her way.

The Boy groaned inwardly when he saw them leave the wharf in a boat with the Girl at the rudder and the Cub managing the sail.

"Oh, the darn fool, not to have a sailor along," the Boy growled, resenting the chances the Cub was taking with the loveliest girl in the world.

The wind, fitful and veering, had stirred up a choppy sea. The Boy saw the boat was erratic in its course, and, unmindful of his duties, he went down to the wharf to be on watch in case of danger. He thought he had not moved his eyes from the boat, at least it was not for more than a second when a gust of wind tore at his cap and he put up his hand to catch it, but when he looked again, he saw the craft lying over on its side with its sail trailing on the waves like a broken wing. The Cub was clinging to the boat with one hand and reaching out the other to the Girl. She had been flung into the sea, and hampered by her skirts, was finding difficulty in getting back to the boat. She was a good swimmer and much at home in the water, so there was no real danger, but the Boy was in an agony of fear. He had taken the precaution to have a skiff, with its oars ready. When he saw the disaster he leaped into it, and, tearing it from its moorings, went cutting through the water, cleaving the waves with long, steady strokes of the oars. The Girl was clinging to the boat by the time he reached her, and knowing that safety was assured, she was moved to mirth by his grimly anxious face.

"It's rather damp here," she said. "I'm glad you've come."

The Boy could not smile; the danger was too lately passed for him to make it a jest. He forgot his stern resolutions in his excitement of fear. "Oh, my darling," he whispered to the Girl when he lifted her into the boat and felt her in his arms.

Her head rested against his shoulder for the fraction of a second longer than it was necessary, and it seemed to the Boy as if it rested there like a caress.

"I'm most disgracefully wet," she quavered, through chattering teeth. The Cub helped himself into the skiff and sat in a huddle, shivering and crestfallen, feeling the disgrace the Boy's condemning manner implied.

The Boy took them safely to shore, and catching the Girl by one of her arms, hurried her to the hotel without speaking along the way. The Girl glanced up at his resolute face, and its expression made her feel vaguely happy in spite of her dripping garments. It was as if he had suddenly become a man with a man's right to take for his own the woman he wanted to love and cherish.

"I should like to see you a few moments this evening, if I may," he said to the Girl at parting. She smiled her consent.

"There must be an understanding between us; I must know one way or another," he told himself.

The weather was as kindly as fate to the Boy and Girl that evening. The wind had blown itself away, and the big, August moon was hung in a cloudless sky. It was a night of still, warm air and soft shadows. The Boy waited for the Girl at the edge of the wood where he had so often looked up at the heavens, powdered with millions of stars, and dreamed dreams he thought then there was no hope of fulfilling.

It was strange how the Girl knew exactly where to find the Boy. She came directly to him across the hotel

lawn, stretching silvery and luminous under the moonlit sky. He stepped back into the shadows to watch the Girl coming and to enjoy her little moment of hesitancy and doubt when she reached the edge of the wood and did not find him there—that is if he could endure the delay.

She looked so fair and lovely in her white gown, moving through the brightness of the night, that his heart leaped ahead and drew his feet to meet her. He went to her with his arms held out, and the Girl, reading his great love in his face, sped to their shelter.

The Boy could not speak for a moment, and when he did it was to whisper, brokenly, "I'm only a porter now, but I'll have a good position in the fall, and—oh, sweetheart, I love you!"

And the Girl answered roguishly, like an echo: "I'm only the summer entertainer. I get paid for being pleasant, I haven't anything to do in the fall, and—oh, sweetheart, I love you!"

Maybe you have known yourself the exquisite happiness that came to the Boy and Girl that moonlit night as they stood at the edge of the wood and told each other the old, old story which has come down through the ages and has never lost its wonder. —Toledo Blade.

CHEAP FARES IN ENGLAND.

Excursion Rates Obtainable at Almost Any Time to Any Place.

United States Consul Mabin of Nottingham reports that the multiplicity of special excursion and week-end rates makes it possible to travel almost anywhere in England at almost any time, for a fraction of the regular fare. These low rates usually apply to only the third class, but sometimes are extended to the first, when one may travel first-class at less than ordinary third-class fare—that is, for less than 2 cents a mile in a compartment nearly equal to the American Pullman or parlor car. The regular fare from Nottingham to Skegness, a seaside resort seventy-three miles distant, is \$2.37 first class and \$1.50 third, one way. Round-trip week-end (from Friday to Tuesday) tickets cost \$1.94 first class and \$1.21 third, or 1-1-3 cents a mile first class.

Every week one or more special attractions in London give occasion to offer low excursion rates, and, in addition, every Saturday round-trip reduced rates are given on one-half day up to six-day tickets. The regular third-class fare from Nottingham to London, 125 miles, is \$2.39. The special round-trip fares are \$1.03 for half a day and \$3.40 for eight days. Only the half-day tickets are limited to special excursion trains. The others are good on ordinary trains. Most local people who can arrange to return within the time limit go to London on these tickets. As would naturally be expected, people who do not intend to return often buy day or half-day tickets, because they are cheaper than the regular one-way fare, and sell or give away the return coupon in London, but in spite of this the railways evidently find advantage in continuing such rates.

Similar reduced fares are constantly being given to both near-by stations and distant points on the islands, and for the round trip are less or little more, depending on limit of ticket, than the regular fare one way. In short, if the traveler can suit his convenience to the particular days of the week when reduced rates are given, and to the trains, of which there is often a choice of several, he need never pay more than half the schedule passenger tariff on English railways.

Her Dowry.

When Mrs. Simpson laid down the paper she had been reading she looked thoughtfully at her husband for some moments before she spoke. From across the cold little hall came the sound of Arabella's voice and that of the young man she was soon to marry.

"We haven't got a sign of a dowry for Arabella, pa," said Mrs. Simpson, at last.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Simpson, suddenly roused from his perusal of the weekly paper.

"A dowry is things parents give a daughter when she's married, like heirlooms and money and fine linen," said Mrs. Simpson, impatiently. "You know that, but you've forgotten, Arabella hasn't one thing but the clothes she's made herself. Will wouldn't expect us to give her money, and as they're going to live with his folks, she doesn't need the linen, but I wish to mercy we'd got some heirlooms for her!"

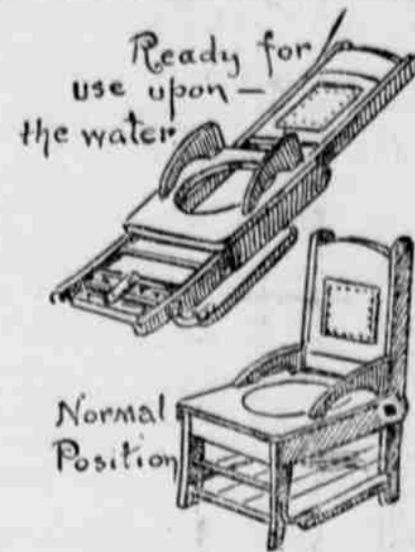
"Well, why haven't we?" demanded Arabella's father, stoutly. "What's the reason she can't have Grandfather Brickett's old powder-horn and flint-lock and the old coonskin cap. She's all the child we've got, and I shan't ever use 'em again. There's his old knife, too, I've got me a new one that cuts full as well. I guess we can fit her out; an' if she wants more, let her have the old bellows."

You will notice a cigar smell about men; a man who can't afford more than a pipe

NOVEL LIFE PRESERVER.

Chair Which Can be Quickly Converted into a Raft.

It is claimed that ocean liners do not carry sufficient boats and rafts to accommodate the large number of passengers and sailors in case of a wreck at sea. In all probability the number of boats is limited on account of the small amount of space available. If such is the case, ocean liners, as well as other passenger steamers should be equipped with chairs of the type shown in the illustration. This chair, which serves all the functions of such an article, can in a moment's notice be quickly converted into a life preserver for use upon the water, the chair taking the form of a raft. It is so constructed that it can be locked in the position of either a chair or a life preserver. The back of this chair is made similar to an ordinary chair, with the exception of a cork cushion covered with canvas instead of a hair



AS A LIFE PRESERVER.

cushion. The bottom frame of the chair has an opening in the center, an auxiliary bottom having a cork cushion attached, fitting into position when the device is used as a chair. The chair is pivoted in such a manner that when the catches are disengaged the whole spreads out, with a cork cushion at each end, which gives buoyancy to the raft—the form it then assumes when it is thrown in the water. The auxiliary bottom being folded to the bottom of the raft, the opening remains in the center, enabling a person to sit on the edges with the legs passed through the opening. Under normal conditions the chair can be used on deck as a steamer chair and in the cabin.

TOW BY ELECTRIC LAUNCH.

Proposal to Fit Coasting Vessels With Small Power Boats.

A proposition has been made to provide coasting schooners with electric launches for towing in a calm. It is declared that since many of our large coasting schooners are fitted with power apparatus for hoisting cargoes, sails and for pumping, and frequently are supplied with dynamos for lighting the vessel, this power might be still further utilized by applying it to one or two suitable launches, which could be used for towing the vessel in calm weather and for shifting her berth in small harbors. Having plenty of power at hand, the launch could easily be hoisted out, the motor connected by means of an insulated cable and the vessel towed at three or four knots.

At four knots an hour in a dead calm a vessel would make ninety-six miles per day, and in this way the cost of the equipment would soon be made up in towage fees and in the saving of time.

If the launch were equipped with batteries it would be of considerable service to the vessel when she lay in a harbor. For this purpose the battery equipment need not be large. It would probably be well to have the motor as large as the electrical equipment of the vessel would stand for, since when towing it would draw its power directly from the dynamo the small battery equipment would not limit its output. The outlay required for this launch should not be large and it would be quickly repaid. Even if the vessel were able to make only two knots, in the course of a day nearly fifty miles would be covered and she would probably be carried beyond the calm.—New York Evening Post.

Explanation of the Tramble.

An Irishman just landed, having to be at work at a certain hour every morning and never succeeding in waking up in time, was told to get an alarm clock. He had never seen or heard of such an article, but, nevertheless, went to a clockmaker and bought one, having the clockmaker explain how it worked. He took it home and set it to the time he wanted to get up, but the following morning the clock did not go off, and he overslept again. Being curious to know why it did not go off, as he was told it would, he took out the back, and out dropped a dead cockroach. On seeing it he exclaimed: "No wonder the thing wouldn't work. The engineer is dead!"

A man may think when a girl agrees to marry him that her judgment of men is good, but he decides later when she takes sides with his daughter in the daughter's love affairs, that it is mighty poor.