

A CHARM OF BIRDS.

What was it, then? Some mystic turn of thought
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that dost but moan and mourn,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak.

A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and main,
Nor more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it, thou has got
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether an Eden or a desert be
Thy home, so thou remain'st alive and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird; may thy small nest
With little ones all in good time be blest.
I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I! oh, ask not, what I do with mine!
Would I were such!

—Jane Welsh Carlyle.

A TORTOISE OF SENTIMENT.

STON KEYWOOD had decided to spend the summer in a little Hampshire cottage. With the egotism of temporary proprietorship he had arrogantly ignored the fact that another cottage lay side by side with his own. But that was before his installation within the rural abode had made it clear that for a neighbor he had a girl who dressed in white and wore ravishingly broad, shady hats. It was then that he discovered that he was living next to a place of importance.

There are times when the presence of a hedge becomes almost insupportable. The systematic laying of a white cloth upon an afternoon tea table beneath a chestnut tree is a preliminary to poor sport—if it be on the wrong side of the hedge. Keywood's stare grew more hungry each day until the maid servant in impotent resentment was wont to shake out the tablecloth with a violence that sent bees and insects humming affrightedly from the scene. There was an elderly lady, too, who came out from the house at rare

intervals—happy in the possession of reflected glamour. Beyond that she did not count.

Keywood was walking slowly upon his side of the hedge. He was wondering how long it was to last, this isolation of his. Then he stopped suddenly, his eyes attracted by the sight of a small variegated dome that lay beneath a mass of flowering stock. As he lifted it a snake-like head wagged in protest ere it withdrew within the shell. It was a motionless tortoise that he held.

Such a creature is not wont to travel abroad in wanton recklessness, nor was it sufficiently ethereal to have dropped from the skies. Keywood was lost in idle wonder when a light footstep sounded upon the other side of the hedge. The girl in white was almost abreast of where he stood. He moved hastily forward, his hat in one hand, the tortoise outstretched in the other.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but—I think this is yours."
The gray eyes upon the other side of the hedge opened wide.

"Oh, no," protested the girl, "I have never kept a tortoise in my life."
"Neither have I," retorted Keywood. There was an awkward pause.

"Might it not have arrived from somewhere else?" suggested the girl at length.

Keywood scowled at the thing in his hand.

"I suppose so," he admitted, regretfully. Then for the second time he became inspired.

"Would you like it?" he asked.

It was with intense eagerness that he watched the blush that mantled upon the girl's embarrassed face. Heavens!

She was going to accept! At all events astonishment had deprived her of the means of refusal.

Snatching a gigantic rhubarb leaf from its stalk he wrapped the reptile within it. A second later it lay within the girl's unwilling hand.

Keywood returned to the house filled with a variety of emotions. He had seen a schoolboy present a pig-tailed girl with a peppermint—and he had laughed. He wondered why.

The next day he walked through the bed of stocks in a reminiscent mood. To his surprise he found the tortoise there once more. He remained by its side until he saw the flutter of a white dress.

"Your tortoise," he said, as he handed it back.

He ventured some comment upon the habit of the creatures. He was glad to see her smile.

The following day he returned to the spot where the stocks bloomed. He knew that he had little right to expect it to be there, yet its absence filled him with a curious sense of disappointment.

In a restless mood he was walking by the hedge that separated his neighbor's garden from a meadow when, without the slightest warning, he came upon the reptile. It was crawling among the long grass. Keywood's forehead grew wrinkled. The hedge was quickset and impenetrable, and a tortoise cannot jump. He embraced the first opportunity of restoring the creature to its owner.

"Thank you so much," said the girl. "I found it in the meadow," said Keywood.

It seems to him that her eyes fell before his.

She blushed a little beneath his gaze. It seemed to him that she hesitated for a moment.

"Lost it?" she replied. "Certainly I have not lost it."

Keywood recovered his wits.

"Then," he said, "you refuse to accept this as a companion to the other. It will feel less lonely."

On the next day it was necessary for Keywood to journey to the neighboring towns. On such occasions the carrier's cart served as an efficient if loitering omnibus. As he sat within the vehicle his trend of thought fell from more sentimental matters to the habits of creeping things. The sudden realization that he had been gazing absent-mindedly upon an object that was strangely in keeping with his thoughts awoke him abruptly from his musing.

Through the broadly perforated holes that honeycombed a small box he could discern the shell of a tortoise. The case was directed to an address in the Shetland Isles.

Keywood's suspicions were confirmed by Jim Preston, the driver. It was at his neighbor's hands that the box had been received.

An argument ensued between the pair. The carrier's views upon honesty and the retention of situations were altered in the end by a sovereign and a solemn guarantee against evil to come.

That afternoon Keywood deliberately leaped the hedge. The girl was reading beneath the walnut tree. At the sight of her visitor and of that which he bore her look fell to the ground.

"Oh!" she cried, "not another—surely not another one!"

Keywood handed it to her in unimpaired gravity.

"You will now have three," he said. She turned a pair of puzzled eyes upon him.

"Confess," she said, "that you have other means of obtaining these things. To find three, one after the other—"

"But I did," he interrupted. "I found it really and truly—in Preston's cart."

The girl's face flamed suddenly.

"Oh!" she cried, "in Preston's cart. But how dared you?"

"I suppose that you could get Preston six months?" mused Keywood. "I should probably get rather more—as the instigator; but you would not trouble to do that unless the tortoise belonged to you."

The color was still in the girl's face, but she was laughing.

"I detest tortoises," she said. "I may as well tell you that I tried to lose this one, but I did not succeed, for there was only one—in different places—do you see?"

"I knew that quite well," replied Keywood.

"So you took the credit for three presents when there was only one?"

Keywood grew desperate.

"But I have received nothing in return, you see," he protested, "not even an invitation to tea."

For a moment as he sought her eyes he feared impending disaster; but just then appeared one of those benevolent factors which go toward the easing of a strained situation. In this case it was the maid with the tea cloth. The girl in the white dress laughed again.

"I will forgive both Preston and you upon one condition," she said, "and that is that you promise never to give me a tortoise again."

"There will be no necessity for that now," Keywood assured her.

A little later they were seated in company at the tea table, which, of course, was the beginning of the end.—The Tatler.

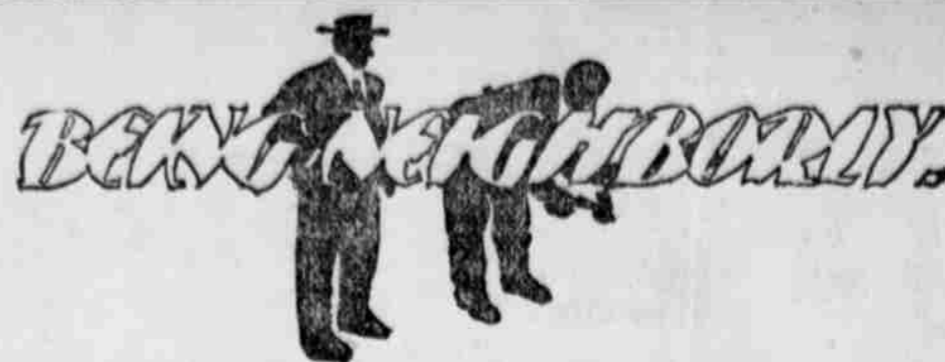
TEN-STORY LIGHTHOUSE.

Diamond Shoals Beacon a Model for Future Construction.

The new Diamond Shoals lighthouse will not only safeguard a dangerous coast but will be in itself a model in construction. Livingston Wright in the Technical World Magazine describes it as follows:

"The lighthouse is to have eight different floors, besides the lantern gallery and watchroom. The first will be equipped with three lifeboats, with a crane for hoisting or lowering on the outside. The second floor will be divided into four rooms and contain the fog-signaling apparatus and two oil engines. The third floor will contain the hoisting engine for operating the crane, two large provision rooms and a bedroom. The fourth and fifth floors will each have two bedrooms, a writing room and a bathroom. One-half of the sixth floor will be devoted to the dining room, the other half to the kitchen, pantry and refrigerator. The seventh floor will have a double sitting room or library and a laundry. On this floor also will be placed a tank holding 1,600 gallons of fresh water. The eighth floor will be properly equipped for the lighthouse service room. The ninth floor will contain the watchroom and will have a gallery extending all the way around it. The floor above this will contain the light itself, visible in storm or calm for about twenty miles."

The trouble is, when a horse is driven free, he is driven too hard. Same way with a man; when he tries to be a good husband and father, he is worked too hard.



"Hard at work, I see," remarked the man in the wide-brimmed straw hat, looking over the fence. "My name's Pegram," he added.

The man who was hammering on the back porch nodded unsmilingly. "How do you do?" he said. Then he went on nailing.

"Do you mind if I come over?" asked Pegram. Without waiting permission he vaulted the fence and strolled up to his new neighbor. "First-rate job you're doing there," he said, approvingly. "I'm glad to see it done. Billings, the man who had this place the last time it was rented, just let it go to rack and ruin. I was always looking to see some of his kids tumble through that porch."

"Uh-huh!" grunted the man with the hammer.

"Billings wasn't a bad sort of fellow, though," said Pegram. "Only he was a little shiftless about such matters."

The man with the hammer missed a nail three times in succession and swore at the hammer. His neighbor looked a little uncomfortable.

"It's a fine day," he hazarded at length.

"Uh-huh!"

"Just the sort of weather we are needing for a spell. I don't suppose you are going to put in a garden?"

The man with the hammer shook his head and took up the saw.

"Well, I suppose it is a little late. Still, there are a good many things you could raise yet if you had a mind to, Mr.—er—I don't think you told me what your name is."

"Rogers."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Rogers. Glad to have you for a neighbor. I see you're fond of knocking around, just as I am—only I'm not as clever at it as you seem to be. Now the way you saw! Quick and clean, zip, zip, zip, zip, and down she goes! I can't get the hang of it at all. When I go to saw I stick in the wood about the fourth time I push it and then I snag my trousers."

LONDON'S TRANSIT METHODS.

New Motor Buses Congest the Streets of the City.

London's streets, always in a crush of congestion, both on the sidewalks and on the pavements, are at present thrown into new fits by the sudden accession of a swarm of motor buses, says the Boston Transcript. The field of public transportation is still open in the great metropolis to all comers; and as one result of the practical success of automobilism motor bus companies have multiplied there beyond the capacity of the streets, and beyond the limit of safety for passers, and beyond that of investors in the financing of the flock of new undertakings. The only motor buses we have seen here are the "Seeing Boston" cars. The London type of motor bus is similarly huge, heavy, emitting much smoke, churning the streets into mud and splashing walls and pedestrians with it when not throwing clouds of dust with their broad, heavy wheels. The dirty and worn-out look that many of these comparatively new vehicles have already taken on suggests the overworking of a novelty and the overdoing of the whole business, with an inevitable financial crash not far away.

A cry is consequently going up in London for the co-ordination of the bus service into something like the municipally regulated Paris monopoly, where numerous competing private companies have been legislated into one combination paying a big franchise tax for the use of the street into the municipal treasury. In London the many competitors for the business are using the streets without any payment whatever. Moreover, all this service does not accommodate the public to the best advantage, because the buses are going in bunches of four or five together, whereas regulation sending the same number out would have them pass any given point at intervals of a few seconds, and so form a continuous service to the complete convenience of everybody. A service at regular intervals, such as is afforded here by the street cars, is what is wanted, with stops at regularly appointed posts, not the go-as-you-please stopping and starting, with straining of the machines and jolting of the passengers at every point anybody chooses, prevailing in London to-day.

Evidently London has yet to be brought up to date in its street transit. And, as usual, of late years, the London County Council is the power looked to to bring this to pass. Already that body has supplemented its establishment of river steamboats to carry off part of the heart of the city's congestion, with an extensive free tram ser-

I couldn't any more follow a line the way you're doing than anything in the world. It isn't because my tools aren't good, for I've got as good a set of carpenter tools as a man need have. If at any time you want anything of that kind just come over the fence and I'll be glad to let you have it. They might as well do somebody good as lie in the tool chest. Don't be afraid to ask me. I'm one of these fellows who like to be neighborly. But as for those tools, I don't suppose I ever shall use them myself."

"What's the time?" asked the man with the hammer, indistinctly.

"Two o'clock," answered Pegram. "No," he resumed, "I'd like to carpenter around, but I haven't the knack of it. That's what it is, a knack. You've got it and I haven't. But when it comes to gardening I don't take a back seat for anybody. I'll tell you, if you want to put in a little patch I've got some seeds left over, and they might as well be growing and doing somebody some good as lying around the house. I've got about everything planted and quite a little of it up. Don't you want to drop your work a few minutes and look at what I've got? It won't take more than a few minutes."

His last words were drowned by the pounding of the hammer and he repeated his invitation.

"Why, no," replied the man with the hammer. "What would I want to look at your garden for?"

Pegram colored a little. "I thought you might be interested," he said, "but if you're not, of course, I wouldn't want you to waste your time. I'm sorry I intruded on it at all—very sorry, but, as I said, I'm a man who likes to be neighborly, and you're quite evidently a man who doesn't. Good afternoon, sir, and you can go to the Dickens for me."

"Here," said the man with the hammer. "What are you getting mad about? I can't look at your garden. I'm working by the hour. Come around when the boss is at home; he'll look at it for you."—Chicago Daily News.

vice over the Westminster and Blackfriars bridges and the Victoria embankment.

The other day practically all of the owners of omnibuses on the lines of the proposed tramways appeared in opposition to the scheme at a public hearing, and incidentally confirmed all the apprehensions of the swamping of London's streets by the motor buses. One omnibus manager said that within a few weeks he would have forty more motor buses running over Westminster bridge, making sixty in all. Another said his company had sixteen motor buses running over the bridge, and that number would be nearly doubled, in all probability, within the next eight or nine months. They intended to replace all their horse buses by motor buses as quickly as the latter could be supplied. He considered that motor buses must sooner or later be the mode of traction for the public.

Skyscraper Chance in Earthquake.

Chicago's newer skyscrapers, with their foundations far beneath the surface, on the bed rock, would, according to the Seismological Society of Japan, stand a much better chance in an earthquake than would many of the older type of buildings. It has been demonstrated that the complete isolation of the foundations of a building from the surface of the soil obtains for the building comparative immunity from damage. The reason is that the surface shakes more than the adjacent lower layers of the soil, just as, if several billiard balls be placed in a row, an impulse given to the first one will make only the last one fly off, while those in the middle remain nearly motionless. For the same reason it is dangerous to build near the edge of a cliff.

Would Imitate Vesuvius.

A genius at Fort Sill is planning to give an imitation of Vesuvius in eruption at Mount Signal, a peak of the Wichitas, next spring. This mountain is about 1,000 feet in height and is covered to the summit with grass. The idea of the promoter is to form an artificial crater on top and explode patent explosives that pitch out balls of fire, which falling upon the grassy sides of the mountain would produce a conflagration. In a short time the entire mountain would be one solid mass of flames, which could be observed for a distance of about 100 miles.

So long as a man thinks he is smart, he cannot amount to much. A man must be humble before he can amount to much.

When there is no business keeping a store must be very discouraging.