

LOVE'S SPRINGTIDE.

My heart was winter-bound until
I heard you sing
O voice of Love, hush not, but fill
My life with Spring!

My hopes were homeless things before
I saw your eyes:
O smile of Love, close not the door
To paradise!

My dreams were bitter once, and then
I found them bliss:
O lips of Love, give me again
Your rose to kiss!

Springtide of love! The secret sweet
Is ours alone:
O heart of Love, at last you beat
Against my own!

—Century.

THE HUMBLED PRIMA DONNA

THE prima donna opened her eyes to the gray light of a November morning. Her first sense was one of deep gratitude that her alternate was to sing that evening, and she lay luxuriantly in the thought until a girl came in from an adjoining room with the morning newspapers.

"Let in a little more light, will you, dear?" And she read:
The sumptuous diva looked queenly, and was at her best vocally. Her opulent charms—

The prima donna crushed the paper and sighed heavily. "How hideous, the daily and nightly grind, and then reporters writing impertinent things about one's figure! Chum!"

"Well?"

"I shall never marry."

"I have heard you say you were done with youthful follies."

"I am wedded to my thankless profession, but if I were inclined to make a fool of myself, I should do it to advantage, and annex a nice bald-headed, coupon-cutting bondholder who should spend most of his time at his club. I could never marry a penniless young enthusiast with hopeless ideals for me to strain up to—"

"A young surgical person, for instance, who devoted all his energies to amputating the limbs of the indigent without money and without price," put in the girl innocently.



THE PRIMA DONNA READ HER LETTERS.

"Certainly not. By the way, who was at the supper to-night?"

"Oh, Mme. Bartoli, Claude, and Ramsay."

"And the doctor?"

"The doctor was telephoned for—an emergency case, I believe. The prima donna's voice sounded cold. "I am too ill to see anyone this morning," she added, and gave herself up to the ostentatious reading of a political leader.

The breakfast tray was brought in, and the girl busied herself with the coffee service while the prima donna read her letters. Over one she mused a long time.

"Chum, I ought to go see Fleur-ette. I promised, you know. Do you remember how she cried that morning they took her away? One goes out on an absurd train which leaves at noon."

She looked up vaguely at the clock on the mantel. "And one gets off at an impossible station and walks a mile, more or less, to the farmhouse. Dear me! Really, I am too good natured. I shall not go to-day. I am sure it is wretched out, and I shall take cold or something and hurt my voice."

She placed her tapering fingers on her beautiful throat and essayed a run. It ended in a croak, at which she shook her head mournfully and glanced at the girl, but the girl was writing a letter, and her back refused sympathy, so the prima donna presently arose and found refuge in the compensations of the toilet. This process was not completed before a bell boy brought up a card.

"It is the doctor," said the girl carelessly. "But as you are feeling so ill, I'll just go down and make your excuses."

The prima donna flushed. "Ask him to wait. On the second thought, I will go down myself."

The young man, who had been looking out of the parlor window, turned quickly as he heard a light step. "How is the throat this morning? Surely you are not going out on such a day?"

"I am going to the wilderness to see a poor child who is ill."

The doctor frowned. "Why not send grapes and oranges?"

"The child loves me," said the prima donna. "I cannot send grapes and oranges. I must go myself."

"Very well. I'll call on you. As your medical adviser, I must beg leave to accompany you."

They bought fruit and violets and a white and yellow puppy, which a man on the curbstone happened to offer to the prima donna at a ridiculously low price. She cuddled it in her arms and talked foolishly to it all the way to the station.

The train rumbled along slowly, making frequent stops. The prima donna sat on a distressing plush seat beside a corpulent woman with a market basket, and gazed out at dreary suburbs. The doctor sat in the baggage car and held the white and yellow pup.

At last they were abandoned at a forlorn little station beside the track. The road ran south from the platform, skirting the edge of a mysterious brown wood, and losing itself over the top of a hill. The prima donna led the way with the air of an intrepid explorer. Her fine eyes brightened, an unwonted color flushed her cheek, and she made naive remarks about the scenery. They passed through a field where the whitening stalks floated pennons and the ground was silvery with stubble, and reached the farmhouse, where a child's pale little triangle of a face peered eagerly from the window.

"She will surely come," Fleur-ette had said. "She will come. You do not know my ma'm'selle. She never forgets. She will come!"

"Fleur-ette! Fleur-ette. It is I, your own ma'm'selle. And here is a gentleman who is dying to make your acquaintance, and a beautiful puppy, so new he is not even named!"

"I knew you'd come!" said Fleur-ette.

The prima donna and the doctor sat by her sofa, and she looked from one to the other wisely.

"Do you miss me, ma'm'selle? How do you get along without me at the performances?"

"Yes, yes; I miss you, Fleur-ette; and we get along very indifferently indeed without you."

"Listen. They are kind to me here—kind. But I cannot love them as I love you and Chum and Mme. Bartoli. I miss you so that I lie awake in the night to cry. Do you think I shall get well soon? And have no more pain?"

"I am sure of it," said the prima donna smilingly.

"And may I return and not be lonely any more, but very happy?"

"Not be lonely any more, but very happy," repeated the prima donna, still smiling, but biting her lip.

Later they were in the kitchen. The prima donna was making gruel, and the doctor was making love. She had a brown gingham apron about her waist, and also the doctor's arm. She gazed into the saucepan, sighed deeply, and stirred the meal and water.

"Can nothing be done?" she asked.

"Perhaps. I will consult with a specialist, but—I have never seen you like this before, dearest!"

"This is not my real self. I am masquerading in a new role, that is all."

"Why would you appear to be cynical?"

Conscious that she was not pretty when she really cried, the prima donna tried to wink back her tears, but unsuccessfully, and was reduced to wiping her eyes with the apron.

"I love you," said the doctor. He was so strong she felt like a child in his hands.

"How sad life is!" she murmured, her head against his breast, and she wept—a little at the sorry pageant of humanity, and a good deal for her own joy.

They then went back and gave Fleur-ette the gruel, which as mere gruel was not a success. Not that Fleur-ette cared. She was engrossed with the puppy, who, irresistibly if unhygienically, licked her cheek and then the porridge bowl. By and by she was humming and beating time with her thin little hand.

"To see you as Marguerite—
Oera un re di Thule—
To hear you sing it once again,
Ma'm'selle, what happiness!"

Smiling at her, the diva began to sing, at first very softly. The notes of Marguerite's plaintive ballad fell clear and sweet upon the twilight. The round red eye of the stove glowed upon the little group about the child's sofa, and the shadowy, motionless forms that had gathered in the doorway to listen.

She and lit the gas. A moment afterward she heard the prima donna at the door. She went to meet her and unfastened her coat. Her friend was panting and wore an April face, and the girl suddenly exclaimed:
"Darling! Not really?"
"He is so strong—and dear. Of course I'm a fool, and it's all preposterous and romantic and Arcadian, and too good to be true in this working day world; but—" And the prima donna dimpled and smiled and vamped again.
"Since you are bent on making a fool of yourself, you could do it to much better advantage, you know," the girl reminded her, laughing and crying in sympathy.—New York News.

WHERE ONE CAN LIVE CHEAPLY.

Portugal is the Best Place in Europe for Those of Small Means.

Men with limited means and a desire to enjoy all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life should go to Portugal. That is the cheapest country in the world for the tourist, while the resident there can have a good time by the expenditure of very little money. An American visitor can live there in good style on the equivalent of the mere daily tips exacted in French and English hotels.

If your bill comes to \$1.25 a day at a Portuguese hotel you will be living extravagantly. For half of that sum you can easily get good board and lodging in reputable houses, with two meals daily so full of courses that you cannot help thinking it is sheer robbery to eat even half of the menu.

An Englishman stayed over night at a country inn near Lisbon. The dinner, served especially for him in the evening, comprised macaroni soup, roast veal with pork and spinach, pescada (sardine-like hake), a roast chicken with salad, cakes, quince preserves, fruit and coffee.

He had a good room for the night, and in the morning was served with a breakfast of coffee and buttered toast. Then the landlord presented his bill, with profound apologies and compliments. It amounted to 54 cents in American money.

The same man, a friend of the writer's, did even better than that on another occasion.

"Late one night," he says, "I cycled into a village called Santa Comba Dao, and found there was no kind of hotel there. After some hesitation I ventured to knock at the door of a little house, in which, I was told, lived two maiden ladies, who received or refused guests at their pleasure."

"At first sight of me these gentle souls begged to be excused. They were not accustomed to foreigners, they said, and feared they could not give me satisfaction. But I overcame their objections, and in the most gracious way they then invited me to enter. I must give them a little time to prepare dinner and make allowances for their rural simplicity and roughness."

"Presently dinner came—Hors d'oeuvre, vermicelli soup, puchero, beefsteak (with new peas in shells), trout, salad, chicken (with new potatoes), sweets and cheese, fruit and coffee."

"Every item of the meal was excellent. It was served in a pretty room transformed into a bower of flowers. Masses of carnations and roses filled one side of it, and on the other side a creeper with purple blossoms grew into the house and draped the door of my bedroom."

"When the ladies went to bed they put refreshments on the table for me and blushed with pretty pride when I thanked them for their kindness. They asked me for the equivalent of 40 cents and thanked me cordially when I paid it."

Emigration Laws Seesaw.

Roughly speaking, emigration is promoted in the countries that send us the least desirable citizens and retarded in those that send us the most desirable. Southern Italy must find an outlet for its surplus population; the Italian government resents our restrictions. For the laborer send many postal orders home, and frequently return with modest competencies to establish themselves in small shops or on small farms. De Plevhe has as good as said that he would like to drive all the Jews in Russia to America.

No one realizes better than the German emperor the value of a strong young man to an industrial community. Twenty years ago emigration left a dearth of agricultural labor in Germany. The Kaiser set out to keep his Germans at home, and has pretty well succeeded. German steamship companies carry on an active propaganda in Italy, Slavonia, and in Russia as well; but in the fatherland itself nothing of the sort is permitted. Every German being catalogued by the police, it is not only easy to stop the departure of those of military age, but also to discourage the departure of others. An American visiting Hungary is told politely that "we encourage the worst to go and keep the others."—Collier's Weekly.

He Was Startled.

An amusing story is told of a miserly old gentleman who visited his relatives uninvited. One morning his little niece of five summers came up to him unexpectedly with the indignant question: "Uncle, are you a cannibal?" The gentleman was startled, and said:

"No, of course not, my dear child; but what on earth makes you ask?" The little girl replied:

"Oh, I thought you must be, because mamma was saying this morning, just as you came in, that you always lived on your relations."

PROBABLE AGE OF THE SUN.

Discoveries of Radium Change Views of the Scientists.

One of the first speculations to be retaken by the marvels of radium was that which concerns the age of the sun, says the London Standard. This is a far-reaching conception in science. Geologists used to demand at least 200,000,000 years for the earth, and they were met by the physicists, headed by Lord Kelvin, with the reply that no such draft on the bank of time could be allowed. The veteran professor believed that he had demonstrated mathematically that the sun could not have shone more than 100,000,000 years and most probably not more than 20,000,000. The doings of radium have altered all that, because, as Prof. G. H. Darwin says, in a letter to Nature of London:

"We have recently learned the existence of another source of energy and the amount available is so great as to render it impossible to say how long the sun's heat has already existed or how long it will last in the future." Lord Kelvin treated the solar orb as a condensing white-hot body, slowly cooling, and gave this poor planet of ours some barely 10,000,000 years longer in which to support life; but now, thanks to radium, the old earth may have a length of life before it incomparably longer—that is, if the sun is made up of any similar radio-active materials, in addition to the iron, sodium, hydrogen, helium and other ordinary elements for which alone he has hitherto given credit. Prof. Darwin remarks:

"Knowing, as we do, that an atom of matter is capable of containing an enormous store of energy in itself, I think we have no right to assume that the sun is incapable of liberating atomic energy to a degree at least comparable with that which it would do if made of radium." Hence, he concludes that the sun's latent heat-giving power may be extended ten or twenty times; in other words, our central luminary, this earth and our neighboring worlds in space may have at least 100,000,000 years before them. And thus, even with our slow progress, life may become worth living—in that lapse of time. Needless to say that Prof. Darwin does not assume that the sun is actually to any large extent made of radium. The essence of his communication lies in the words "that an atom of matter (as we now are) is capable of containing an enormous store of energy." The energy of the atom is the new stupendous doctrine of physics, which we owe to the constituent of pitchblende, discovered by M. and Mme. Curie. On the solar surface not radium only but other elements may exist in a condition of radio-activity, which, as yet, we cannot produce here.

A Night Misconception.

Under the subtle influence of the New World the foreigner becomes a good citizen, willing to do his duty by town and State, and to extend it in time of need to his adopted country. But he does not always grasp the entire political scheme. Angelo, a newly naturalized Italian citizen, lived, says the Brooklyn Eagle, in one of a row of neat little cottages built by a man of philanthropic nature in a factory town. The cottages had pretty front yards that faced on a street as nicely kept as a parkway. Before each gate was an ornamental hitching post. One evening, when on a rent-collecting tour, the philanthropic landlord found one of the posts torn up and thrown into the street. Angelo lived in the house to which the post belonged.

"Angelo," said the landlord, "how came that post to be torn up?"

"Me teara him up," Angelo answered. "Me no wanta de pole. He costa too mucha mon." And turning to his wife, Angelo commanded, "Bringa de little paup."

Obedient Mrs. Angelo brought the paper, which turned out to be a poll-tax notice.

"Looka disa," said Angelo, passing the notice to his landlord. "Dei maka me pay de doll' for de pole. De pole he no good to me—me hava no horse. Me no paya de doll; me diga de pole up and throw him away."

"Why He Called Her Peggy."

"I thought your wife's name was Elizabeth."

"So it is."

"Then why do you call her Peggy?"

"Short for Pegasus."

"Why, Pegasus is feminine for Pegasus?"

"Well?"

"Well, Pegasus is an immortal steed."

"What of that?"

"Sh! Not so loud. She's in the next room. You see, an immortal steed is an everlasting nag, and there you are."

Useless Phrase.

Bobby had returned from his first ten party, his round face wreathed in smiles. "I hope you were polite, Bobby," said his mother, "and remembered your 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you,' when things were passed to you."

"I remembered 'Yes, please,'" said Bobby, cheerfully, "but I didn't have to say 'No, thank you,' mother, because I took everything every time it was passed."

WASTED TIME IN STUDIES.

Nothing Is Gained Through a Knowledge of the Dead Languages.

"I tell you professor," I would be better off all around if I had small Latin and less Greek," as was said of Shakespeare, remarked one man to another as I took a seat behind them in a Westport car. "Do you know that I have figured that I have put in 99 per cent of my study time and mental effort on Greek and Latin? And what I have acquired from them in knowledge and mental discipline has been of precious little use to me from any point of view."

"I really believe that I would be better fitted for my business, for citizenship and every relation that I now enjoy if I had cut that 99 per cent, down to 10 per cent and given 90 per cent closer study of the sciences and English literature, which would have included Blackstone and Kent, as well as Bacon, Macaulay, Carlyle and the rest of those chaps."

"If all of the men who are now helping to boost along this busy and progressive world had had to expend 90 per cent of their young mental effort on Latin and Greek we might have a civilization of mummies, who would present a fine appearance in their ancient ceremonies, useful only as fuel, but we wouldn't have much more."

"If Volta, Galvani, Franklin, Edison, and others of their line had expended 90 per cent of their gray matter on foreign language, we would not have the lightning he assessed to this train, and if Gutenberg and his pupils and Hoe and those who preceded him had given to Latin and Greek 90 per cent of their best young thought we might have some fine manuscripts, but you would not have that newspaper in your hand."

"If Watt, Stevenson, Fulton and company had made Caesar, Horace, Homer, Xenophon and Virgil their 90 per cent mental companions while their minds were maturing, they might have been up in the classics, but we likely would be traveling in stage coaches and sail boats. If Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler and those fellows who had been nosing among foreign roots with 90 per cent of their thought we would likely feel proud that our little speck of an earth occupied the center of the universe and would be beating drums to prevent the dragon from swallowing the moon when we saw an eclipse approaching."

"Hello! Here is my town. Sorry, for I have a lot more to say about this 99 per cent matter. I know that some of those foxy chaps dabbled in foreign languages, but they kept themselves down to about 10 per cent and didn't use up their best energies on them. Good-bye."

When Silas "Skeedaddled."

A too ready offering of information has often placed the informer in an embarrassing position, like that of the small boy who heard that the step-ladder was missing. "Why, mamma," he said, "it's in the jam closet." "Oh, yes, I remember," said his mother; and then, looking sternly at him, "But how did you find it out?"

A similar experience befell Silas H. of a small town in Maine, not long ago. A student of history, following the route of Arnold's Quebec expedition, was asking for suggestions as to its probable course above the ponds of Dead River. The villagers disagreed on the matter.

"I tell ye," said Silas, when the debate waxed warm, "Arnold went right up Crosby Pond and over the shoulder or Mt. Louise. Why, I found muskets and bullets and bayonets at his old camp when I was up there in '63."

The historian was delighted. "Is that so?" he exclaimed. "What were you doing up there in '63?"

A titter went round the circle of villagers at the well-meant question, and Silas, much embarrassed, sidled away.

"Ye see, mister," volunteered one of his neighbors, "'63 was the year of the draft. Silas always was touchy to drafts, and when he felt this one coming, as ye might say, he skeedaddled."

Brains and Money.

Francis Bellamy, in a magazine article, declines to indorse the view that "while brains may be more important than money, the best way to convince the world that you have brains is to make money." This idea was enunciated some months ago by a distinguished lawyer, but Mr. Bellamy points out that there has always been a select few who put brains ahead of money. For instance, there was Agassiz, who refused to lecture at \$500 a night because he was too busy to make money. Charles Sumner declined to lecture at any price because, he said, as Senator all his time belonged to Massachusetts. Spurgeon refused to come to America to deliver fifty lectures at \$1,000 a night, saying he could do better—he could stay in London and try to save fifty souls. Emerson steadfastly declined to increase his income beyond \$1,200 because he wanted his time to think.

The Yankee Twist.

The beginning of an international misunderstanding, or the continuation of an old one, is contained in this dialogue from the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

"You can always tell an Englishman," said the Briton proudly.

"Of course you can," replied the Yankee, "but it doesn't do any good."

Normal Weight of Children.

A child of 5 should weigh forty-one pounds, be forty-one and one-half inches in height and have a chest girth of twenty-three and one-half inches.

When a girl informs her folks that she is determined to marry a certain young man that settles it.

A JANUARY THAW.

Out of Doors When the First Warm Days of Winter Come.

There is not always a "thaw" in January, nor do all springlike days in winter come in January. As the old-fashioned almanacs would put it, scattering the words down the page for January: About—this—time—expect—several—warm—days. Even if the "about this time" were the last of February, the country people would regard it as "our January thaw, only about a month late this year." The first of these warm days is often encloudy, and so misty and cloudy that the ground seems to steam. The snow that may have fallen two or three weeks ago is nearly all melted. Then how slushy it is!—how "disagreeable getting about," the older folks would say. But to Howard, in new rubber boots, going to and fro from house to barn, there is a fascination in wading through the soft mixture.

Indeed, it is evident that all young folks know how to make the best of many things that older persons call disagreeable. Some one has said that "everything is fish that comes to the net of the naturalist," meaning that the naturalist takes an interest in all that he observes in nature. And every thing seems to be fun that comes with in the experience of the young folks, because they see only the bright side of life.

Not only the boys, but the girls, enjoy such wading. At the edge of a pool they search for the grass that the protecting blanket of snow may have kept fresh and green—a bit of spring in midwinter.

On such a warm day as this the brook looks like a battle-field where have struggled the forces of heat and cold. Blocks of ice he broken and crushed beside the plunging, foaming spring. In this ravine we find spring strangely intermingled with winter. Rushing down the brook are miniature icebergs, and bordering its banks are panoramas of arctic ice fields. Yet on the hillside the grass peeps green above the snow. In a small branch of the brook is the watercourse, which Thoreau observed on a midwinter day, "as green as ever, warring in the stream as in summer."

If we follow this little branch to its source we shall find a spring by which is the stitewitch with its frost-bitten but wide-open buds. Here is summer indeed, strangely mixed with winter!

A similar mingling of autumn bloom with midwinter surroundings is afforded by the witch-hazel, with its feathery yellow flowers, as beautiful as in late autumn, but they now seem weird and uncanny as they cling to leafless twigs. Autumn as well as spring seems to say, "You can't wholly overcome me, old winter!"—St. Nicholas.

When Father Rode the Goat.

The house is full of smiles,
And mystery profound;
We do not dare to run about
Or make the slightest sound.
We leave the big piano shut
And do not strike a note;
The doctor's been here seventeen times
Since father rode the goat.

He joined the lodge a week ago—
Got in at 4 a. m.
And sixteen brethren brought him home,
Though he says that he brought them.
His wrist was sprained and one big rip
Had rent his Sunday coat—
There must have been a lively time
When father rode the goat.

He's resting on the couch to-day
And practicing the signs—
The halting signal, working grip,
And other monkeyshines;
He mutters passwords 'neath his breath,
And other things he'll quote—
They surely had an evening's work
When father rode the goat.

He has a gorgeous uniform,
All gold and red and blue,
A hat with plumes and yellow braid,
And golden badges, too,
But, somehow, when we mention it,
He wears a look so grim,
We wonder if he rode the goat,
Or if the goat rode him.

Brains and Brains.

There are two shades of brains, white and gray. Brains do not come in the more fashionable tints. Brains and fashion have little in common, anyway.

Gray brains are business brains. White brains are more for hot weather. Some are born without brains. But these have only to become rich, and about all the brains in the world are at their service.

Brains are the seat of sense perception. Brains, for instance, enable the eye to see. Thus we begin to understand the importance of society women, being under the necessity not to see anybody who isn't anybody, not having brains.

Artists sometimes mix brains with their colors; but if they are adroit they will always reserve enough to blow out for advertising purposes.—Puck.

Taking Due Precaution.

"Oh how me name an' address is so me pocketbook."
"Why hove ye?"
"Bedad, that if a pickpocket stiales it he will know where to find it back to."
"Do ye think he will be afther returning it?"
"If he is an honest man he will."
—Kansas City Journal.

They All Hit Him.

"And what was the striking feature of the play?" asked the amateur actor's friend.

"Well," he replied, rubbing the sore spots, "I think it was a tie between the egg and the turnip."—Baltimore News.

When a man falls in business he begins to look around for a political job.