THE LOVING DEAD.

We hold our sacred dead aloof,
We put them by like treasures old,
No more for them or hearth or roof,
But narrow dwellings lone and cold.

The dear, warm hearts that fell asleep!
Why shun them in our secret thought?
Why even at a distance keep,
As if some change were in them wrought?

They cease not from their constant love.
They are not strange and far away;
Their presences about us move
Closer than presences of clay.

How it must grieve them, when they come
Heart-close, and find no welcome there!
Or whisper love, and find us dumb,
Forgetful, hedged with servile care!

Oh, let us hold our dear ones close—
Closer and closer, when they move
Beyond the veil! For no one knows
The preciousness of human love!

—Christian Advocate.

THE COMRADESHIP OF VIRGINIA

HILLIARD turned courteously at Lydia Denning's summons.

"Will you be so kind as to run up to Ted's den and get the book?" she asked. "Then we can settle the question." Hilliard accepted the commission, as befitted Ted's friend and a fellow who was often at the house. He went upstairs and knocked at the door of the den. Expecting no response, he immediately pushed it open. At the same moment a head with a mop of brown curls tied into a bunch at the back lifted itself from above a big book, a pair of brilliant brown eyes looked up into Hilliard's, and Virginia's face broke into a smile as he stood smiling back.

"Oh, come in," she cried. "Why are you up here?" Aren't you having a good time?"

"A charming time," he answered without hesitation, for Virginia was the younger daughter of the house. "Why are you not downstairs? When are you going to be old enough to come to Miss Lydia's parties?"

"Never, I hope," declared the girlish red lips scornfully. "Do you really like them? They sound so stupid to me. Think of staying in the house to dance when you might be out coasting or skating! Now, I've been coasting—just came in. Such fun!"

Hilliard sat down upon the arm of Ted's big chair. "Tell me about it," he requested. "In the first place—who took you?"

Virginia closed her book and came around to drop among Ted's sofa pillows, six feet away. She wore her skating dress yet, he saw; an ankle length, and bordered, gray affair, with a touch of scarlet which set off her dark young beauty effectively.

"Oh, I went with our set," she explained. "It was magnificent. I shouldn't have made Kent bring me in so early if I hadn't forgotten all about Lydia's party."

"But really," he insisted, "when are you 'coming out?'"

"Why, that is a thing that's dependent on several others," declared the girl. "In the first place, I'm in no hurry. In the second place, Lydia's in no——" She stopped abruptly, looking up at him with a shake of the head. "I don't mean that," she added quickly.

Hilliard nodded. "I understand. I was sure you must be—well, nearly 18, at least."

"I am—19—at most," she admitted. "If I should put my hair up, you'd see."

"And they're keeping you back on your sister's account?"

"That's all right," she said defiantly. "It does make a girl seem older to have a big younger sister around. And besides, I really want to stay a girl as long as I can. I hate to put my hair up and my skirts quite down. I don't care a straw for dressing up and going to receptions and teas and parties. Lydia loves it. I love coasting and skating and riding and swimming, and all the rest of it."

"So do I," he said heartily, "and it's a long while since I was 19."

She looked at him critically. "Yes, I should think you must be about 35. No, you can't be, because you were at college with Ted."

He laughed. "Not quite that," he said. "It won't be long before I am, though. But I should like coasting as well as ever. I wish I had been out with—your party—to-night. It's years since I've coasted."

Virginia's eyes turned longingly toward the windows. "It's a heavenly night," she said. "Let's go!" She looked at him, smiling daringly.

He stared at her for a minute, then he leaped to his feet with a laugh. "Come on," he cried, under his breath. "There's nothing I'd like to do better. But how shall we manage it?"

"I didn't really mean it," said Virginia; "but if you do we might have just one coast, and nobody would miss you. We'll slip down the side stairs, and Lucian's bobs are where we can get them."

"I'll tell you," said Hilliard rapidly, his eyes dancing. "I'll just take this book down to your sister, mix in the crowd, slip away in ten minutes, and then we'll be free—see?"

This plan was carried out. The two slide silently away from the house, and in ten minutes more were at the suburban hill, where a few joyful coasters still lingered.

"Can you steer?" demanded Virginia.

"Unless I've grown old faster than I feel as if I had, I can—sure."

He took his place, she started the bobs, and flung herself on behind them. It was a long, swift, breathless flight, and then they stood at the bottom and looked at each other, laughing.

They sailed down the hill again and again, until Virginia realized the daring of this unauthorized, unchaperoned performance. Hilliard never hated to do anything in his life so much as he hated to put up those bobs and go in. He lingered in the shadow of the side entrance. He pulled off his glove and held out his hand.

"It's the best fun I've had in a dozen blue moons," he said enthusiastically.

She nodded, smiling. He retained her hand for a moment, then he gently drew off the scarlet silk mitten.

"I don't like to shake hands with a good comrade with gloves on," he explained. She let him have the warm, firm little hand a moment—a very short one—drew it demurely away.

A GLORIFIED VIRGINIA.

"Good night, Mr. Hilliard," she said. "I've enjoyed it, too."

"Miss Virginia," he urged, taking a step after her, "I've a favor to ask of you. Couldn't you—wouldn't your sister be willing for you to appear at her evenings now?"

"This is nicer—and so is all the rest of my world. Lydia's too much indoors. I don't like to wear my best clothes, Mr. Hilliard."

"Try it. It's more fun than you think. Come down next time—please, Miss Virginia. I can't grow young again and get back into your world. You could put up your hair and put on a trailing skirt and—come into my world. Miss Virginia——"

"I really must go." She was on the top step, her hand on the door. But she could not escape him. He was at her side in two leaps.

"I should like to be in the same world with you," he said rapidly. "Miss Virginia, come down next time—will you? It will just mean that you are willing to be friends—comrades—in the same world. You don't know how long I've been waiting for you to get old enough for that."

She was gone before the words were fairly finished. Presently he was back in the hot rooms and the crowd, a faint flush on his smooth cheek, and a singular sparkle in his eyes.

When at last Lydia entertained again, Hilliard found himself entering the crowded rooms at the Dennings' with a quicker pulse than any social affairs had ever caused him. As the evening drew to a close and no Virginia came, he blamed himself for an unwary hunter who had been following his game down the wind.

"Louis," said Ted Deaning's voice in his ear, just as he had made up his mind to go dejectedly home, "come up to my den for a minute, will you?—or—you run up first, and I'll be along. I've something I want to show you."

Willingly enough, Hilliard escaped to seek the familiar spot. He opened the door unceremoniously—and stopped, with a rush of warm blood to his heart. With a little cry of discomfited surprise Virginia tried to pass him, but his tall, broad-shouldered figure filled the doorway, and he stood determinedly still.

But was this Virginia—this lovely woman with the blushing face, the sweet, bare neck and the trailing white garments? A transformed and glorified Virginia, then! He stared at her, a joyful smile breaking over his grave face. But with her head bent down and turned aside, her hands hurriedly pulling a filmy scarf over her shoulders, she was imploring like a frightened child who has been caught at mischief:

"Please let me go by, Mr. Hilliard. I was not going down stairs—really I was not. I just dressed up for fun—for—for Ted to see. I—it was just for fun——"

"You didn't do it for me, then?" He would not stand aside an inch. He felt with a thrill that her sudden intense shyness was far more significant than her appearance downstairs would have been. The thought swept him off his feet.

"I always liked to dress up," she breathed. "It's a childish trick."

"You told me you hated your best clothes."

"I do!"—vehemently.

"Then why did you put them on?"

"I—you—Mr. Hilliard!" She raised her head and tried to meet his look with dignity, but the lashes fell before the light in his eyes.

"Virginia"—he took a step forward and bent to whisper the words—"you did do it for me, only you didn't dare come down. Tell me, wasn't it so? You were willing to be comrades after all—just comrades for a while, Virginia—till you get used to it," he added, under his breath.

Ted's step was on the stairs. Hilliard turned and closed the door behind him; he set his foot against it. Virginia looked up appealingly—and found herself for one breathless moment in his arms.

"Just comrades—till you get used to it, darling," he repeated softly, "and then, more—more!"

"Hello, old man!" called Ted, outside. "Did you find it?"

"Yes, I found it," answered his friend's voice, with a happy laugh. "Come in."—New York News.

LACKING IN EDUCATION.

Present Method Declared to Be a Failure by an Expert.

Professor Barrett Wendell's article on "Our National Superstition" in the North American Review will be read with profound interest by all who are interested in the education of American youth. Americans believe that our national salvation depends upon education and in that belief they spend vast sums upon schools and colleges. What kind of education do these institutions impart? The answer which Professor Wendell gives to that question is discouraging, is even appalling. He was for years a member of a committee in Harvard whose duty it was to scrutinize the qualifications of students from other colleges who desired to become candidates for degrees at Harvard and his testimony is that the committee were frequently confronted with bachelors of arts who seemed virtually uneducated. In the course of his experience, also, it has seemed to him that the boys who reach college from preparatory schools are proving flabbier and flabbier in mind.

This phenomenon Professor Wendell regards as a proof of the failure of the new methods of education, whereby, after the fashion of the kindergarten, the pupil is permitted to confine himself to subjects which interest him. Such methods make no provision for the training of the will, and it is the faculty of voluntary, as distinct from spontaneous, attention which education, in the broad sense, ought surely to cultivate. Looked at from this point of view, the classics and mathematics were better instruments of education than for a long time many people have supposed them to be. Professor Wendell says:

"You can hardly imagine a subject essentially uninteresting, which would not reward plodding work with a similar result—with substantial ignorance of the matter studied, but with increasingly and lastingly muscular power of voluntary attention. The only actual practical virtue which lies in the traditional subjects comes mostly from the accident that they are traditional. As a natural consequence they have acquired, through the centuries, a degree of precision not yet attained by any rivals. Even unsympathetic and unintelligent teachers can, therefore, keep closer watch of them. If the attention of boys who study classics or mathematics begins to wander, it can instantly be perceived as vagrant. If it errs, its errors can swiftly and certainly be corrected. And the very fact that the classical languages are dead, and that the abstractions of mathematics must generally seem repellently lifeless, is part of the secret of their educational vitality.

"Of late years it has often been supposed that training in natural science would do more for the power of voluntary attention and therefore would have a higher educational value than training in the old humanities. So far as my observation has gone, this has not yet proved the case. And one reason why it has not, I am disposed to think, is because the natural sciences are apt nowadays to prove a shade too interesting. In the end, accordingly like other alluring things, they often excite an attention more nearly spontaneous than voluntary. If so, the study of them would inevitably result rather in technical information and habitual aptitude of a special kind than in any broad general training available for any other service than that immediately concerned."

The Smooth Humorist.

Visitor—Have you lived all your life here, my little man?

Little Man—Nee, not yet.

Science AND Invention

The pulse register of Dr. Gartner, of Vienna, has proven very successful in lessening the surgeon's work in watching the circulation of patients under anaesthetics. It consists of a watch-like box, which is attached to the patient's forearm, and with hands that are moved over the dial by a sensitive spring, very accurately showing the pulse and blood-pressure vibrations. It even reveals pulse action so feeble that the finger cannot feel it.

The much-ridiculed name of "liquid crystals" is still retained by Dr. Otto Lehmann, who has published an enlarged list of the organic compounds having the peculiar properties. These substances, as was first made clear fifteen years ago, have two melting points and at intermediate temperatures move freely like liquids, but polarize light like crystals and show the dichroism of crystals. Whether they are really like solid crystals is still disputed.

In the survey of the Scottish lakes which is now nearly completed, a depth of 1,017 feet has been reached in Loch Morar. This proves to be the deepest lake in the United Kingdom, and, as the surface is but thirty feet above sea level nearly the entire bed of the lake is below the surface line of the ocean. Only seven deeper lakes are known in Europe, four being in Norway and three in Italy. At a depth of one thousand feet the temperature of Loch Morar is fairly constant throughout the year at about 42 degrees.

Beginning with schools to teach spinning by hand in the eighteenth century, Germany has continued to improve the instruction in textile industry offered to its people with every advance of practical science as applied to weaving and spinning. Textile schools, where the manipulation of the most intricate machinery is taught, are now found all over the empire, and it is held by some persons that they constitute the main pillar by virtue of which the German textile industry maintains its competitive power in foreign markets. The courses of instruction are frequently revised, and everything is kept up on a scientific basis.

It is so easy to obtain gold in a very pure state that its melting-point is a fact of much practical importance because it serves as a constant, or basis of comparison, in the measurement of high temperatures. The latest experiments for ascertaininging this point with exactitude have been conducted in Paris by Messrs. Jacquerod and Perrot, using a special type of electrical resistance-furnace, and a nitrogen thermometer of fused quartz. The melting point was found to be 1057.2 degrees centigrade, or in round numbers about 1051 degrees Fahrenheit. This is about 11 degrees Fahrenheit higher than some former determinations, but somewhat lower than others.

Moved by the apparent loss of time and increase of errors caused by the traditional use of Roman numerals in designating volumes in bibliographic references, Dr. R. M. Yerkes of Harvard has submitted the matter to a simple scientific test. Choosing ten well-educated persons, he determined for each the time required for writing and for reading the Roman and the Arabic numerals from 1 to 100, and also the relative number of errors committed. His conclusion is that it takes three and one-third times as long to write the Roman numerals as the Arabic, and the chance of error is 21 times as great. It takes three times as long to read them, and the chance of error is eight times as great. An illustration is the number 88, which in Roman style is LXXXVIII. In the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature the volume numbers are printed in heavy-faced Arabic type.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S GOVERNOR.

He Has Ruled Over Many Savage Peoples—Saved Seventy Lives.

I have just been favored by Sir William Macgregor, the newly appointed governor of Newfoundland, with an interview, says a London correspondent of the New York Herald. I also met his wife, Lady Macgregor. Sir William, in his photographs, is depicted in court dress. Such a photograph really misrepresents the new governor, for he is no carpet knight and there is nothing of the court lackey about him. In some of the wildest regions of the British empire his work has been done, ruling every savage tribe under tropical suns, defying fever and fatigue, taking his life in his hands often and always administering justice with firm and fearless impartiality. After 57 he has earned the right to the comparative ease and quiet which the governorship of England's oldest colony will afford him now that the troublesome French question has been practically settled.

As his name implies, Sir William is a Scotchman, and like most of that sturdy race who achieve distinction he started in life without any wealth or family influence to push him along. His father was a farmer in a small way, but with big ideas as to the value of education and he saw to it that his boy got a good one. When it came to the choice of a profession, the lad elected medicine and obtained his M. D. degree from the University of Edinburgh.

Being of an adventurous spirit and anxious to see something of the world instead of hanging out his shingle in some country town and waiting for patients to turn up he booked himself at the colonial office and was appointed government medical officer at Seychelles in 1873. A year later he was transferred to Port Louis on the Isle of Mauritius and in 1875 was made chief medical officer for Fiji.

It was at Fiji he proved himself a hero. The ship Syria, freighted with coolies and their families, was wrecked on the Nasilai reef. He organized the relief party and took command of it. Repeatedly he swam to the wreck, returning each time with a man or woman on his back and sometimes with a child in addition gripped by its clothes between his teeth. In this way he saved himself no less than 70 lives. It was a feat that only a man of his immense physical strength as well as courage could have accomplished. For this he received the Clarke gold medal and values it far higher than the "K. C. M. G., C. B.," which he is entitled to tack after his name.

It was at Fiji, too, that his talents as an administrator were first discovered and he was appointed receiver-general of the islands. That opened up a new career to him and he gave up doctoring sick folk. In 1888 he was made administrator of British New Guinea. The New Guinea natives are about the worst lot of savages under the control of the British crown, most of them regarding it as a waste of human life to slay a man without subsequently dining upon him. But for ten years he ran the British part of that big island, leaving a record behind him that is a conspicuous example of what can be accomplished among the most intractable people by a judicious combination of firmness and moderation.

It was to Lagos Sir William was next dispatched as governor and this post he held for four years, preserving an even balance of justice to whites and blacks and winning the esteem of all classes.

NEW YORK CHURCH PROPERTY.

Real Estate Worth $216,694,195 Is Exempted from Taxation.

A list of the church properties exempt from taxation in New York, issued by the Federation of Churches and Christian organizations, shows that the Roman Catholic body is the denomination richest in church property. In the entire city it possesses real estate to the value of $55,582,065. Of this $34,419,100 is on Manhattan Island, $7,083,375 in the Bronx, $11,735,615 in Brooklyn, $1,424,025 in Queens and $919,950 in Richmond.

The total value of Protestant churches in New York is $114,970,255, divided as follows: Manhattan, $91,918,200; Bronx, $2,798,235; Queens, $1,504,650, and Richmond, $2,204,650. The total value of church and hospital property in all New York exempt from taxation is $216,694,195.

Of all the Protestant churches, the Episcopal is the richest, possessing in all New York property worth $53,000,450, divided as follows: Manhattan, $48,392,500; Bronx, $659,250; Brooklyn, $3,334,500; Queens, $416,000, and Richmond, $197,300.

Next comes the Presbyterian Church, with a total New York valuation of $16,714, 00, including Manhattan, $13,922,000; Bronx, $872,600; Brooklyn, $1,620,000; Queens, $160,100, and Richmond, $50,500.

Closely following the Presbyterian Church in property values comes the Jewish faith, with $13,420,050 in all New York, including $12,428,800 in Manhattan, $234,000 in the Bronx, $651,400 in Brooklyn, $75,000 in Queens and $30,850 in Richmond.

Then come in order the Union Protestants, with $10,190,700 in all New York City; the Methodist Episcopal Church, with $8,513,050; the Reformed Dutch, with $7,117,120; the Baptist, with $6,564,455; the Congregationalists, with $2,632,085; the Lutheran General Council, with $2,118,550; the Unitarian, with $1,214,500, and the Lutheran synodical conference, with $1,152,645.

The Salvation Army owns $263,500 worth of real estate in New York (Manhattan), and the Volunteers of America $12,000 worth in Queens. The least wealthy denomination is the Christian Alliance, which owns a $2,500 house in Brooklyn. Churches marked unclassified own $1,845,500 worth of property in Manhattan and $7,000 worth in Brooklyn. The yhave nothing in the Bronx, Queens or Richmond. Hospitals own $14,782,400 worth of property in all New York.—New York World.

World Seeks Water Power.

The lesson of the use of Niagara Falls for generating electricity has been put to worldwide application, says the New York World. Throughout the world falling water, according to a paper read before the British Association by Campbell Ewinton, yields to man's use an energy equal to 1,483,390 horse power, of which Great Britain figures for only 11,906 horse power.

The British Aluminium Company gets 7,000 horse power from the falls of Foyers and it expects presently to procure 17,000 horse power from Loch Leven. The North Wales Electric Power Company is about to tap Lake Llydaw, on Snowdon, and hopes to obtain 8,200 horse power for every working day of nine hours. Finally, the Scotch Water Power Syndicate is peering round in quest of waters that it can imprison at lofty levels and so generate electric power. From Loch Sloy, 757 feet above Loch Lomond, it is going to get 6,000 horse power, and at Ardlui, higher up, it proposes to get further energy. Even a modest stream that drops several hundred feet may be a source of power.

Talk all you please, but good men have no monopoly of the offices.

'PHONES IN PATHLESS WOODS.

Canadian Lumber Companies Connect Offices, Camps and Sawmills.

Throughout the forests, from the St. Johns to Vancouver, lumber camps belonging to the same interests are connected by telephone, the lines running thence to the saw mills or wood pulp works at frontier towns, from which communication can be held even to the metropolis.

It was formerly the custom of each lumber interest to maintain a force of couriers, like the voyagers of the Hudson Bay Company, and these hardy men, with knapsack, would travel twenty-five miles a day through the wilderness, over rough forest paths.

Now the mill calls each camp in turn at stated hours and receives reports and gives instructions to the foreman and it is not necessary to dwell on the commercial advantages of maintaining such close touch between headquarters and outposts in any enterprise. Letters are read to men snowed in the forest fifty or a hundred miles away and answers dictated by the lumbermen to a stenographer, who transcribes them in the office and then mails them to their homes.

The relative contentment among the men which is established by this frequent communication is highly advantageous to the working force, and therefore to the employers.

The applications of the telephone to the operations of logging are alike novel and useful. The lines are run upon forest trees along the banks of rivers, and telephones which are placed in sheltering boxes are attached to trees and connected with the line.

The bete noir of logging is the collecting of the logs together at some narrow place in a turbulent stream and piling upon each other in a "jam" to which contributions are made by every log floating down the river to this spot.

The formation of a jam results from some obstacle and generally occurs without warning, and it requires great labor, fraught with peril, to remove the logs from their constricted position. It is frequently necessary to use dynamite, and much lumber is destroyed by such explosions.

With the use of the telephone warning of the initial formation of a jam can be given by one of the men patrolling the banks, who telephones to the men up the river to stop the further flow of logs at calm places termed "trips," and it is an easy matter to break the small jam, for which further assistance can be had by summoning men from points lower down the stream.

As soon as the small jam is removed the men above are told through the telephone to release the logs held at the "trip" and the stream of logs is resumed.

Under former conditions a larger number of men were employed, and when a jam was begun it was necessary to send messengers from one to three miles through the forest in various directions to direct the gangs to stop the flow of logs and others to summon help who are down the stream to come up and break the jam, which had meanwhile time to amplify, and then, after the jam had been broken, second messengers must be sent up the stream to release the logs at the "trip."

By the promptness of telephonic communication the rate of sending logs down the stream is increased by the avoidance of delays.

Beyond this the use of the telephone renders log-driving feasible on the smaller rapid, rough streams, where it was formerly out of the question.—Chicago Chronicle.

Monkeys Do Waggish Things.

Recently a monkey got the better of the common enemy, the carrion crow, by feigning illness, says the Lahore Tribune. He was fastened to a bamboo pole with a running ring. When he was on his perch the crows annoyed him by stealing from his porringer on the ground.

One morning they had been specially disagreeable. He closed his eyes and feigned a bad illness. When his day's food was brought him the crows descended upon it and he had scarcely strength to defend it. By good acting he managed to capture one of the crows. To pluck it alive was the obvious course. Then, instead of pulling it to pieces, like the king monkey whom Kipling and Sir Edward Buck watched enjoying a similar triumph at Simla, the monkey tossed the crow into the air, where its own companions fell upon it and killed it.

Monkeys certainly have a sense of fun. Darwin used to spend hours watching a young female orang-outang in the zoological gardens, and was sure that she had the comic sentiment. She delighted to put upon her head, like a cap, a peculiar-shaped bowl, which had a droll effect, and she was sensitive to the effect which her joke produced upon the spectators.

Good Luck for the Turtle.

The Chinese have a peculiar custom with regard to turtles, which they consider as very good joss, says the Hong Kong Press. Almost any day one can see these creatures, some of them of huge size, being carried on board the river steamers, not to be taken to Canton for culinary purposes, but to be dumped into the sea and restored to liberty and freedom. Good luck is thought to follow.

The trouble is that we all change our minds. You have often determined not to buy a new suit. Did you ever stick to it with the money in your pocket?

There is a kind of man who tells you of some unimportant thing he did, and expects you to fall dead with astonishment.