

WHEN BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every year with its winter,
And every year with its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass grows green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart has its sorrow,
And every heart has its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go north again.

A Subtle Explanation

Chiffon Carroll looked carefully
about the room—nothing had been forgotten.
Closing her eyelids, she turned
to leave, when the sound of muffled
sobbing came to her ears.

"I am not dressing for dinner to-
night, Jane. I shall not go down; I
am too sad and my head aches," came
in muffled tones from the pillows.

"Definitely loosened the heavy
masses of hair, and a gentle, penetrating
massage followed. The surprised
sufferer raised her eyes, catching her
breath with a little half-sob as she
saw it was not her maid, but the one
whose love she despised of gaining.

"This is very sweet of you, Rose,
dear," she said gently.
"Indeed, I want to make you more
comfortable," answered a soothing
voice. "I cannot bear that any one
should suffer. Why are you so miser-
able, Mrs. Carroll? Is your son worse
to-day?"

"Mrs. Carroll! Is that the only
name you can find in your heart to
call me, dear? I wonder if you will
ever call me mother? I have always
longed for a daughter; your own dear
mother could be no more tender than I
would be if you would only open your
heart to me."

SIGNAL CODE OF TRAMPDOM.



LEADERS of stories about the tramp and his ways are, perhaps,
inclined to take what they read with a grain of salt, but this
much may be said with a certainty: Tramps do have a system
of signs and symbols, by which they communicate with their
brethren on the road.

It is not a difficult task, in examining some of these hieroglyphics,
to see why they should have been selected. At any rate, one may hazard a guess
on the subject. There is the symbol used to inform the fraternity of an
arrest; it represents prison bars, no doubt. Notice the warning that a dog
is in the garden; by a stretch of the imagination the rectangular figure
might be taken to denote a garden, and the queer little figure inside, with
the four vertical lines, might very well be the dog itself.

my supposition excepting that your
mother is so young and beautiful."
Then, wistfully, "I thought, perhaps,
that some one whose sweetness and
adorable womanly inconsistencies
have warmed my heart into new life,
some one whose precious encourage-
ment in hours of despair has been un-
speakable consolation, comforting me
and giving hope when I had grown
morbid and felt myself a being apart—
I might, Chiffon, that this dear
girl might marry me and take in the
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Why speculate any longer?
What shall it be—the stock market
first?"
"See anything to indicate that the
defendant had bitten off this man's
ear?"

Very Old.
Head of the Firm—That's a pretty
ancient-looking office coat you are
wearing, Simpson.

He Couldn't Lose It.
All flushed and breathless, the well-
dressed young man poked up the hat
he had been chasing down the street,
and leaned against a lamp post to rest.

MAJORITY RULE IN CONGRESS.

Methods Adopted to Save Time and
to Protect Dominant Party.
This is a big country with big in-
terests and it is manifestly impossible
to consider all matters in which all
the members are interested in open
session of the house, says J. Sloat Fassett
in Leslie's Weekly. Rules have been
devised for appointing committees and
apportioning the work. Only the
more important bills can be reported
and only the most urgent of these can
be considered in the whole house.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Dr. A. Bullied, who discovered the
ancient British lake village at Glaston-
burg in 1892, has now found another
group of lake dwellings at the neigh-
boring village of Meare. The site of
the lake village consists of two fields
covering about twelve acres, and is
marked by a number of grassy mounds
formed by floors of dwellings.

When 70 per cent of cerium is al-
lowed with 20 per cent of iron, the
metal thus produced possesses the re-
markable property of giving off a
shower of sparks when struck by a
steel wheel. This substance has been
employed for making auto-lighters for
gas burners, miners' acetylene lamps
and cigar lighters.

A winter in Nature calls attention to
the peculiar weather which accom-
panied and followed the great Sicilian
earthquake. The sudden fog which
settled upon the Strait of Messina
was paralleled by a heavy mist accom-
panying the Mexican earthquake of
January, 1890, and the writer adds
that rainfall is so frequently reported
as the immediate successor of an
earthquake that we can no longer re-
ject the hypothesis of a real connection
between the two.

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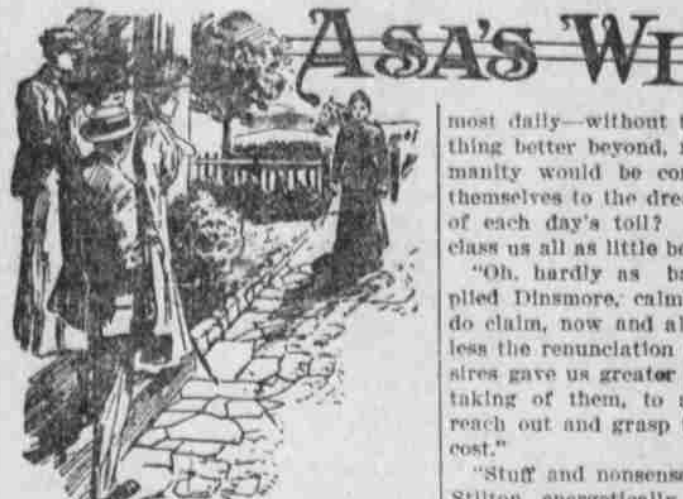
THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet waiting singers slumber,
But cheer their silent sisters' breast
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noly Fame is proud to win them—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story—
Weep for the voiceless who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Lemurian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his longed-for wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

—Offer Wendell Holmes.



(The pathetic life of a woman who had
"married to please." Narrated by
Jessie Anderson Stickney.)
It was drawing near the close of the
month, and the uppermost thought in
every mind that morning was that
within twenty-four hours, what the
simple folk of Grand Manan had been
pleased to call "the queer crowd at the
Turner place" would be no more by
sea or shore.

Asa was even later than usual this
morning, however, and we were corre-
spondingly elated more than usual
when his familiar white horse and long
ramshackle wagon rattled round the
corner. As our antediluvian coach drew
up at the door, we saw that instead of
Asa's beaming, good-natured face and
long loose jointed figure, the driver was
a woman—and such a woman.

As she swung herself over the side
and came up the gravelled walk with a
long, easy graceful stride, Bertie Boyd
was the only one to speak.
"Dianna of Ephesus in a fisherman's
Jersey, by all that's holy!" he said.
Journalism seems to engender the readi-
ness of tongue.

A tall, slender figure, set off by the
close fitting blue jersey and scant flannel
skirt she wore; a grandly poised head
with a wealth of brown gold hair
caught carelessly back from the face as
flawless as though chiselled from mar-
ble, and as colorless, save for the
brownish tinge it had gained through
constant exposure to the sun; dark
gray eyes, so dark as to seem almost
black under the shade of the lashes; a
mouth perfect in curve and coloring,
though perhaps a trifle too closely shut
and severely held for perfect beauty;
top of the whole with a wide-brimmed,
hattered straw hat that had once been
white, and you have our "Dianna" as we
saw her for the first time.

"I'm Asa's wife," she said simply, as
she halted in the open doorway. "Asa's
sick, but I can drive you all right if
you'll let me." Then, with a shade
more eagerness, as no one spoke—"I
really can, and—and we need the
money so."

So that was Asa's redoubtable wife!
We had heard much of her since our
arrival, for it was generally acknowl-
edged among the natives that Asa's
wife was just a little "off" in her head,
and that as Nancy, our chere woman,
graciously put it, "Asa'd got his hands
full and his gaffines to hold up" in the
management of the said better half. In
fact, we had very often forgiven the
fellow for being more than ordinary ex-
asperating breach of faith on the plea
that it was due to another "high fault-
ful" woman Bess had taken—and now
she was the woman! Plainly there
was something wrong somewhere.

thing was coming right at last; but I
wasn't strong the first winter, and Asa
didn't seem to care. He was always
good natured to us, but he drank
harder'n ever, and it seemed as if his
black, easy-going ways would kill me.
If it hadn't been for baby I don't
know what I'd done. But one night
she took croup, and Asa was too drunk
to go for the doctor. I couldn't leave
her for a minute, and by the time I
got Asa sobered up enough it was too
late—my little one died.

"I went out o' my head for awhile
after that, I think, and if I hadn't
been afraid of never seeing baby and
another again, I'd drowned myself;
but as it was I just worried along
somehow, and then the next summer he
came. He was an artist and lodged
with us, and after a bit he got to mak-
ing pictures of me, and telling me
about his world; and one day he—he
asked me to go off with him. God—only
knows how much I wanted to, but
somehow then two gaves on the hill
wouldn't let me, so I sent him away,
and Asa was furious over losing the
money he paid us—said it was just
another of my 'cursed high faultful'
notions. That was three years ago, and
he's written once every year since ask-
ing if I'd changed my mind; but I never
did till to-day; then what you said
opened my eyes, and to-morrow I am
going away to him, and enter upon a
new life."

For a moment or two after she
stopped speaking there was absolute
silence, and then Dinsmore began to
talk. I've heard sermons and I've seen
plays, but for a realistic picture of the
hopeless misery of a life such as she
proposed going to, I have never either
seen or heard anything equal to that
speech. For twenty minutes he talked,
without a break. Little Belle Stilton
now and then noiselessly clapped her
approval, and when he had finished the
girl rose slowly and said, as she turned
towards the door:

"I reckon I'd rather be Asa's wife."
But the funny part of it is that both
Belle and Mark claim the episode as
clear proof of their respective sides in
the morning's argument.—Penny's
Grit.

CATS THRIVE IN WOODS.

Decried by Loggers, They Was
Strong on Fat of the Land.
According to a timber cruiser who
has lately been working on the north
shore of Lake Superior, there are many
domestic wild cats, or rather many
wild cats of domestic ancestry, down
in the territory west and north from
the Gooseberry River. He says that
they are domestic cats that have taken
to the woods for want of some other
place to go, and are making out pret-
ty well.

The cruiser explains that ten years
ago, soon after the Nestor estate be-
gan logging in the vicinity of the
Gooseberry river, their camps were
overrun with rats. The rodents made
such inroads on the stores that some-
thing had to be done. First they tried
poison and woe-wail without reducing
the tribe of rats appreciably. The raids
on the provisions went on as before.
Then the company tried cats. They
advertised in the Duluth papers for
to remind the camp employes that rats
should them to the camps. In about
three days the only thing that was left
to remind the camp employes that rats
had ever inhabited the buildings was
the mangled remains of the provisions
they had destroyed before leaving or
getting caught by the cats.

There were too many rats after the
rats were gone, and some of them wan-
dered off into the woods and when the
camps were broken up a few years ago
the animals that still remained were
left behind to shift for themselves.
They also took to the timber for sub-
sistence, and the cruiser explains that
many of these cats, or their descend-
ants, are to be seen in the woods on
the north shore. One of the animals
is described as coal black and in good
condition, and with a coat as glossy
as a seal. The animals, as far as they
have been observed, appear to be a lit-
tle larger than the average house cat
and nature has provided them with a
heavier and finer fur than if they had
been brought up behind some kitchen
stove or before a fireplace.—Duluth
News Tribune.

Honesty of the "Spotted" Child.
Often, writes Woods Hutchinson in
the Success Magazine, the spotted
child is the one really best trained for
life. Real life, that is, not the sham
travesty upon it so carefully played in
the nursery and the schoolroom and
termed "education." The difference be-
tween a spotted child and a well-be-
haved one is chiefly a matter of frank-
ness of expression. The spotted child
says right out just what he happens
to think and feel, and you hear and are
pained by his expressions of skep-
ticism, of resentment, even of re-
bellion. Nine times out of ten the
"model" child feels exactly the same
sentiments—but refrains from express-
ing them. But the spotted child has
expressed himself—it may be even im-
pertinently or rebelliously—the murder
is all out, the subject is fairly on the
carpet, and you can argue the case with
him on its merits, or if it be beyond
his grasp, assert your authority and
ask him to trust your superior experi-
ence, which he usually will, nine cases
out of ten, if he is appealed to in this
way. In any case, you know the worst
that is in him and can govern yourself
accordingly. Your model child may
submit in silence, without discussion
or remonstrance, but you may depend
upon it that he will discuss the ques-
tion on its merits with the nurse, or the
cook, or the hired man, or the
land boy in the next street; and that
whatever feelings of resentment or in-
justice he may smother in his own lit-
tle interior, so far as expressing them
toward you is concerned, he will pass
on with interest to his puppy, his kit-
ten, or his younger brothers and sis-
ters, or playmates.

A Mean Remark.
"She says she'd rather dance than
eat."
"Well, I'd rather dance than eat any-
thing she can cook."—Birmingham Age-
Herald.

An Old Man Forgets How Many Child-
ren he had five years younger than
his wife forgets it.