

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

The voice of the wind has spoken; has not your spirit heard?
Out of the night a whisper, out of the dusk a word.

Once it seemed to be sorrow only it crooning told,
Sorrow and helpless longing and memories manifold.

But now, when I wake and listen, I hear a lovelier strain,
A crying of "Rise and follow; the quest shall not be vain."

A murmur of "Trust and conquer," dearer than words can tell,
Is the answer that meets our longing, in the land where all is well.

So when the wind comes calling by night about your eaves,
Say not that always, only, for some lost hope it grieves.

But hear the whispered tidings of countries love has known,
And catch, beneath the sighing, joy's endless undertone.

—Independent.

LOVE IN A GARRET

SINCE he had obtained his degree in science and an appointment. Stephen Portway had determined to leave his poor lodgings in Soho; but he still delayed. At first, he was not frank, even to himself. But at length he had to confess to the dark of a sleepless night that a woman held him—a woman to whom he had never spoken except with the commonplace greetings of the day.

She was French, she called herself Mademoiselle Lemoine, was, perhaps, 24 years of age, and she lived alone in a room on the opposite side of the landing before his door. She appeared to be very poor, very proud, and very solitary. The landlord, a little Swiss watchmaker, would shake his head to Stephen's guarded inquiries, as to how she lived. He only knew that she gave French lessons at one or two schools in the suburbs.

Without thinking, Stephen had got to wait for her going out in the morning, so that he could greet her when passing. In the evening, too, when he heard the light footsteps coming up the stairs, he would carefully begin descending, so as to look into the tired, quiet eyes and hear the soft voice answer his salutation. But at last he became aware that his comings-in and goings-out were but shadings of her movements, and in shame he put restraint upon himself. For some miserable days, therefore, he still listened for her footsteps, but forebore to encounter her. But when, at the end of that time, he found he had not seen her face for a week, he threw self-control to the winds and watched to meet her.

He was surprised and stirred at the change he saw in her face. Once there had seemed to be the possibility of archness and coquetry, but now it was pale and gaunt, and in her eyes were fever and a great trouble. He could not be deceived; whatever was her mental anguish, he knew there was a manner, a grimmer despair beneath it all—she lacked food. All the evening and long into the night he asked himself what he could do to approach her. Once he would fiercely resolve to go to her to-morrow and bluntly offer her help and friendliness; next moment, he would enrage against the suspicious conventions that were reared about them.

Next day was Saturday. She did not appear in the morning, and he went listlessly to his work. Reaching home quickly in the afternoon, he sat in his room, near the door, and listened for her. Some time elapsed; he was in great disquiet, wondering what might have happened to her. Suddenly the quiet steps sounded on the stairs below, and seizing his hat, he strolled, whistling, out of the room. She was coming up the stairs with a basket on her arm, and, at the sight of the weariness in her face and the frailty in her figure, he felt impelled to speak to her tenderly. As she looked at him with shining, feverish eyes, he thought that for a moment she seemed shaken before his gaze, and she hesitated in her reply to his greeting; then she responded and passed on with her usual distant bearing. As she went by, he glanced at the basket. A cloth was over something within it, and, for the moment, he was glad and then half-sorry with the thought that she was not in such dire straits as he had imagined. As she placed her foot on the stair, he saw the cloth was pulled aside at one place and a piece of charcoal jutted up. He descended, feeling pleased to think she was going to cook something over her stove.

In another ten minutes he came bounding into the house and up the stairs. Half way toward the Museum a terrible suspicion had entered his mind; perhaps she meant to destroy herself! He stood on the landing and looked at her door. It was closed. He listened, but no noise came from the room. He tried to think of an excuse for knocking and speaking; then, happening to cast his eye to the top of the door, he caught sight of a piece of blanket jammed between it and the frame.

Quickly he bent; no light came

through the keyhole, and at the bottom of the door flannel was thrust. He knocked with restrained force, the blood beating thickly at his heart. A slight movement came from within the room, but no reply. He knocked again and called, "Mademoiselle!"

Then her voice answered, in sleepy tones, "Who is it?" "It is I," he replied. "What are you doing with the door blocked up?" "Go away," said the girl, drowsily; "I am all right now. . . . I thank you."

He pushed wildly at the door, all his fears realized, but the lock held.

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, angrily. "Get up and open the door, or I will burst it in!" He reflected for a moment, and then added: "Think—the whole house will know!"

He heard a movement as of some one slowly rising, and groans, "My head! my head!" then a heavy fall to the floor. At that, exerting all his strength, he struck the lock with his foot, the door flew open, and thick, white smoke, as from a wood fire, curled out toward him. A stove stood in the middle of the floor, from which the vapor rose, wreathing and twisting. From the clearness of some part of the room he believed the fire had not been long burning. Quickly lifting the girl from beside the bed, he bore her into his own room, where, placing her on a couch near the open window, he drenched her head and throat with water. Anxiously he watched for signs of returning consciousness, and was on the point of running for help, when her bosom fluttered, the lips twitched, and the eyelids slowly opened. She gazed into his tender eyes for a moment as if she did not recognize him; then, turning, she burst into passionate tears.

As her hands leaped to cover her face he noticed a wedding ring upon her finger. It had never been there before.

He rose from bending beside the couch and began preparing a meal. He would not look toward her as he went about the room, but was conscious of the restraint she put upon her weeping. In a little while she was silent and slowly rose from the couch. He was instantly beside her. She murmured that she wished to change her dress, which was wet. She was trembling and seemed very weak. When he had helped her into her room, which was now cleared of smoke, he said, a little brusquely:

"Mademoiselle, you will promise to do nothing rash again?"

"I will promise you, yes," she said, almost humbly, her eyes dropping before his.

"Whatever may be troubling you," he went on, "you can always depend on me to help you."

"Thank you," she replied, with so quick an emotion in her voice that he was startled and moved.

As they sat at tea, he tried by cheerful talk to bring her mind away from brooding, and after the meal she was betrayed into some brightness on seeing him wash up the tea things and wished, against his laughing protestations, to do it for him. Suddenly, in the midst of their almost gay talk, she became silent, the face clouded, and shining drops started from her eyes.

"I never dreamed you were so kind," she said, looking at him, the tears falling down her face. "I always thought you were so stern and cold. I called you in my mind 'the man with the hard eyes.'"

"Oh, but you mustn't trust to appearances!" he replied, cheerfully. "I've often thought you were in trouble and—hadn't many friends, perhaps."

"I have no friends since my poor father died, a year ago," she said, sadly, when she had wiped her eyes and could speak quietly. "He had a concession which he thought some rich men here would pay him for, but they took it and gave him worthless papers. When he died, disappointed, I tried to keep myself. All our friends seemed to have hidden themselves. I have suffered many things but I cannot

starve. It is so base. It is intolerable. Oh, Monsieur, I know you despise me for being a coward to-day, but—"

"Don't say that," replied Stephen. "None of us know how weak we may be when the time comes. But now, listen! You must begin again. You must let me lend you some money to go on with; and we must look about and see what work you can get. Will you do that?"

She shook her head, putting his offer from her with a quick forward gesture of her hands, which seemed to him both pretty and pitiable.

"But consider," he said, sternly. "You've got to do it. What else can you do? Remember, you've promised me to do nothing rash again."

He looked keenly into the distressed eyes which sought to escape his gaze. Pity and love moved him at sight of her pain.

"Oh," she said, with trembling voice. "I almost wish you had not—not found me to-day!" Then, with a sudden quickness in look and tone, she said, "How, Monsieur, did you come to suspect soon what I was doing? I thought you had gone out."

His face flushed before her searching eyes, and, for the moment, anger took him to think she was beyond all his dreams, which now were revealed to her. As she watched his face, her fine eyes suddenly chilled and looked down.

"Never mind that now," he said, brusquely. "You must take my offer. It will only be a loan which you can repay when you have work."

"Thank you, Monsieur," she replied, in cold tones. "I will take the money as a loan."

He passed some gold to her across the table, and her face went proud and pallid as she murmured thanks. Then,



"I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH."

hot at the thought of what might be in her mind, he tore a leaf from his note book, made out an "I. O. U." and handed it to her, with his pen. She signed the paper in silence. To him the flimsy page seemed a wall of ice between them that, for his part, he swore to himself he would never break down.

Next evening, she came to tell him of the efforts she had made that day to obtain work. Her manner was somewhat distant, with, at the end of their talk, a checked flash of warmth. He noticed there was now no ring upon her finger, and wondered what was her story. Perhaps, he thought, bitterly, when she had gone, she was only one of the many possible intrigantes of the French colony, with sordid experiences better left unknown. But instantly her womanliness appealed against his hardness.

Three weeks passed. He could not but confess the quiet perseverance with which she tramped London through and through in her efforts to get work. She had procured one or two pupils, but her ambition was to obtain some clerical berth. In this, however, her lack of business experience seemed to be the great hindrance, but several of her compatriots had promised to aid her.

As to Portway, he had soon cast away all doubt. For him she was sheer honesty, and daily, in their short evening talks, the question came to him—How long he could keep the barrier of mere friendliness before him? Every turn of her lips and eyes pulled him to her; every gesture was the dearest thing in life. Outwardly, his bearing was that of a friend who, though interested in all she did, was himself too greatly occupied to give any but the smallest time to talk.

One evening, she met him on the stairs, her eyes eager, her manner agitated. She told him she had at length obtained a small berth in a commercial office. She was to work at the London branch for six months, and then be transferred to Paris. In spite of his quick cheerfulness, her brightness dulled at the sadness that came into his eyes as she told her news.

He knew what he must do; he must leave her at once. To feel the time shorten to the day when he should see her for the last time would gradually undermine resolution. By one strong action he could save himself from his own disesteem and, perhaps, her scorn. At the heart of him he did not know what to think of her. She did not fear him, yet she did not try to draw him. Her grace and gentleness hid so much that was brave and strong that doubt of her was impossible. Yet, who was she? What was she? Had that ring meant anything? Why had she removed it?

He had for some time been able to take a vacancy in a laboratory at Liverpool, and now made definite arrangements for the change. By the time these had been concluded, Mademoiselle had been ten days in her new position, and the restful mind had quickened grace and charm in every gesture. He realized that every day he stayed made it the harder to go from her.

On the evening that he had determined to tell her of his leaving London, she stopped at his door, and, on entering to his call, he had not the heart to look up, but returned her greeting with eyes bent on his book. After a little talk, she seemed to think he was preoccupied, and as usual, in her sensible manner that had always half-pleased and half-embittered him, she rose soon as if to go away.

He looked up quickly. "Don't go," he said; "I have something to tell you. I have got an appointment at Liverpool and shall be leaving London in a few days. I suppose you, too, will be getting new quarters soon?"

She went pale as she sat, and in her eyes came a look of terror.

"You are leaving London? I—I am very sorry."

"I, too, am sorry," said Portway, hurriedly; "very sorry; but I think it is best for—for my prospects as an analyst."

She nodded her head, looking at him with eyes of sadness. She rose and went to the door in silence, stopped, came back to where he stood, and held out her hand.

"Monsieur Stephen," she said, in low, soft tones, "I can never thank you enough for your goodness. You have been more than a friend to me, but—"

She shook her head sorrowfully, and her eyes darkened as if with fear. She dropped his hand, and, with a wan smile, shrugged her shoulders.

"What is it, Mademoiselle?" he said, his voice quick.

"I fear myself," she said. "I am a coward." Her face and figure seemed suddenly shadowed in gloom. "But, as you have seen, my friend, there is something that leaps into us French women when things are at their worst, and it drives us—it drives us to—"

She made a curious gesture, in which indifference and despair seemed to be flung over a verge. "But this," she said, instantly bright, "this is ungrateful talk. You have put me on a safe road. I thank you, Monsieur Stephen. There are not many men like you, I fear. I will be strong, like you. I thank you for your goodness—I thank you with all my poor heart."

Her voice trembled. She would have caught his hand and taken it to her lips, but he clutched her fingers and restrained her.

"Marcelle," he said, looking into the eyes that shone with unshed tears; "you think I leave my talk half done. You think I do not care. But, Marcelle, if you care for me and can—"

He stammered and was silent; he could not frame all the opposing thoughts that thronged, and, instead, he held her hand, looking at the finger on which he had seen the ring. He raised his head and met her eyes, and instantly complete knowledge seemed to bridge their minds.

"I have no one in the world," she said, her eyes and cheeks aglow. "It was my fancy to wear my ring that day, for I thought I soon should see him that I had lost. We had been so happy for a little while after we were married, and then he became ill and had to go away from me, and I never saw him again till he lay dead. That was four years ago. Then my father's ruin came upon us, and, oh, that little happy time seems so far away!"

"Do you care enough for me to be my wife?"

The smiling, flushing face looked fondly in his eyes, and then, as she was drawn within his arms, she said: "I cared for you on the day I told you that your eyes had looked so hard, for I saw then how very tender they could be."—Henry Gilbert, in Sketch.

Millions Yearly for Golf.

Few people are aware that something like fifty million dollars are spent yearly on the game of golf. To begin with, there are 879 golf clubs in England, 769 in the United States, 632 in Scotland, 124 in Ireland, 43 in Wales, and 63 in different parts of the continent. There are, all told, probably not less than 3,000 organizations devoted to golf playing.

These clubs, counting their grounds, buildings and preliminary expenses, represent a permanent investment of \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000, and comparatively few of them can be run at a yearly expense of less than \$5,000. The average membership of a club is about 200 and the average yearly subscriptions of these 600,000 golf players amounts to nearly \$20,000,000. Each of the players is equipped with an outfit that costs on an average about \$20; and the yearly purchase of golf clubs, all over the world, amounts, therefore, to several millions of dollars.

We claim that any one too old to enjoy a woolly lamb for Christmas is entirely too old to be in the game.

SUITS OF BOTTLES.

Unique Building in a Remote Mining Town in Nevada.

In the remote little mining town of Tonopah, Nev., there is a dwelling the walls of which are made of empty glass bottles laid in mud. Its dimensions are 16 by 20 feet, and it is divided into two rooms. The bottles were placed in rows, the bottoms outward, the walls being about a foot in thickness. The corners are of wood covered with mud. As one approaches it the walls suggest a great mass of honeycomb, a section of cement side-



HOUSE BUILT OF BOTTLES.

walk turned on edge or an immense wasps' nest. This architectural freak was erected by a miner, who used bottles because other material was scarce. It is claimed by the owner that his house in winter is the warmest in Tonopah. The interior walls are covered with thick roofing paper, which adds to the warmth and excludes the light, which otherwise would flood the inside of the dwelling.

The Sorrows of Sea Gulls.

One who has no speaking acquaintance with sea-gulls would hardly dare to say they do not suffer when the weather is bad, but it is impossible to read without a smile the quotations by London Answers from a circular sent out from Whitby, on the northeast coast of England. A society has been formed there for the prevention of sickness among sea-gulls, and for the purpose of bringing cheer and comfort to them.

One of the prime objects of the society is to establish places along the coast, where on wet and stormy nights bonfires can be lighted, at which sea-gulls can dry their feathers, and thus prevent croup, rheumatism and other ills caused by damp.

"Often on a cold, damp afternoon," declares the Whitby lady who inspires the circular, "when walking along the cliffs or on the seashore, my heart has ached sadly to hear how full of pain and how hoarse are the cries emitted by the gulls, which, dripping wet, and evidently suffering from croup, rheumatism, sore throat and billicache, fly inland, their plumage dripping wet, in vain endeavor to find warmth and shelter."

"In my small way I have endeavored to alleviate their sufferings by spending a night on the beach, with a charcoal fire, round which gulls have fluttered all night, evidently appreciating the warmth and light."

Another clause in the circular goes on to say that, in addition to these bonfires, shelters are to be established near by, "wherein food and drink and a constant supply of hot water will be provided." In the presence of all these privileges and attractions, the sea-gulls may decide to change their habits and live on land.

London's Fogs Are Costly.

An ingenious but depressed London newspaper writer estimates that a recent five days' fog inflicted a loss of \$3,750,000 upon the metropolis. A British fog statistician declares that the gloom costs London \$25,000,000 every year.

It is asserted that London burns more than 150,000,000 cubic feet of gas on a foggy day, "enough to supply a town of 50,000 inhabitants a whole year. Extra electric light is consumed to an extent equal to its ordinary use, and oil lamps and candles are used in extraordinary quantities." Trade suffers a loss from a London fog which cannot be estimated.

The following extract from the London Express seems to have been inspired by a fog:

"People are generally too depressed to buy anything, and appetites are so seriously affected that the restaurant-keeper loses much of his profit. Places of entertainment are neglected, business is lost through persons failing to keep appointments, and the course of justice is delayed by late trains and fog-bound cabs."

The only interests benefited by the gloom are shareholders of the gas and electric light companies. A foggy winter increases dividends 1 per cent.

Big New Wheat Fields.

Along the international boundary of the Canadian northwest, twenty years ago, was an acreage of 250,000 undeveloped, yielding 1,200,000 bushels of wheat. Now the acreage is over 4,000,000, and the annual yields 110,000,000 bushels, while population, acreage and output are augmented at a rate in other country can approach.

Norwegian's Unique Device.

A Norwegian named John Eggen has invented an electric apparatus for indicating the presence of a school fish in the deep. It consists of a metal plate and a microphone in the water connected by wire with a telephone board ship.