

Mother.

There in the quiet room I stood
At midnight's hour all alone,
And through my falling tears I gazed
Upon a thing of stone.

With trembling lips I kissed the face
So dear to me—but she was sleeping,
She wakened not beneath my touch,
To still my weeping.

Here are the fingers that caressed,
So tenderly in days ago,
My boyish brow—she is so still!
She lists not to my woe.

"Mother," I whispered in my grief,
But she was deaf to my sad pleading,
She hears me not—she is so still!
Death is unheeding.

—Horace Seymour Keller.

Love's Last Laugh

BY HENRY W. THOMAS

It was only a question of weeks, possibly months. You will guess, if you read a little way, and the details of the matter are of small concern to the world.

Still, Tom Morleigh was far from thinking that Pansy was as good as his, although he had reached her heart as he thought a long way.

Like most of his gender in such cases, he revealed for a while in the placid belief that when the time came she would be his for the asking. The shock of disillusion came when he offered his hand.

Her prompt rejection gave him a new point of view in regard to women, but it did not hint for a moment that the cause was lost.

"It's the old story," he told himself, "I was too sure." The incident stirred his sporting blood and made him resolve to win her by playing a stronger game.

In due season there came a second proposal, and a third came in quick order. Each met with a definite negative.

Upon the second sally Pansy bestowed a charitable smile and remarked, "Please, Jack, don't be silly."

The next time he tried it she was not so patient. "You seem determined to spoil our summer," she said, as though she were accusing him of a black conspiracy. "Really, if you persist, there is nothing for mamma and I but to go abroad at once. Have you any idea how rude you are?"

One of the tasks a man soon tires of is fruitless proposing. Romance and reality have known many noble exceptions.

Morleigh was not cut out for a seat in their hall of fame. He answered her last question too brusquely, of course, but love and hate are ever waiting upon one another.

"Have you any idea what a heartless flirt you are?" were his words. It was Pansy's cue for tears, and she took it copiously, making the while a hurried exit, or rather an entrance, through the French window.

Morleigh remained standing on the veranda a moment, and, thanks to his changing point of view, took new heart. He began to pat himself for his keen perception.

"Those tears are all right," he said, gleefully. "I'll have another go."

The day came and he looked in at "Elmwood," but the maid, with blighting alacrity, announced that Miss Arkwright was not in.

As she said it a man's laugh that he knew well and detested plagued his ear. It came loudly, aggressively, it seemed to him, from the dining room.

"Even that silly ape would not sit and guffaw to himself," he reasoned. "Of course she's with him."

Despite the new eyes with which he had begun to survey womankind, the outlook seemed serious, even hopeless. He climbed into his trap and drove down the avenue of elms, convinced that he was cast for the role of one who had loved and lost.

"And that boulder wins! By Jove! It isn't right at all! What in thunder



Was far from thinking Pansy was his, does she see in him?" and more of this tenor until he drove into his own stable yard and threw the reins to his man.

A fine grove of firs at the east end of his place was bordered by a lane high hedged with holly. On the other side stretched the level pasture lands that belonged to Pansy's mother.

The lane wound its way to the seashore, and Jack was often seen there in the days that followed with a trio of dogs frolicking after him.

It was remarkable how often he took those dogs for exercise and a

bath since the day that the maid said Pansy was not in and he heard the ape laughing in her drawing room.

Usually he kept an eye cocked over the Arkwright hedge—one had to be pretty tall for that—in the hopes of seeing her, for it was in that field she sauntered now and then, when the cows were feeding somewhere else.

Had he looked to-day as usual he would have saved Pansy a big fright, but their engagement would not have been announced so soon.

The cowman was the primary cause. He did not see her in that field, of



"Please, Jack, don't be silly!"

course, when he opened the gate and let in the cattle; but the cows saw Pansy and straightway approached to make her acquaintance.

This happened at about the moment that Pansy heard the bark of Jack's dogs, and knew that the master was near at hand.

The gray noses and switching tails came nearer and nearer and she pressed closer to the hedge, moving along with the noisy dogs on the other side. She could see him now and again through a narrow opening in the hedge, and it was good to know that he was there.

Presently one of the bold Jerseys was walking beside her and her tail almost brushed her back. This was her cue to call for help, even upon a man who had bored her with his silly proposals.

"Jack," she cried.

He started and caught a glimpse of her blue skirts between the hedge rifts.

"Jack!" came her voice again. "I am—I am at home to-day. Won't you look in—jump in—over the hedge—quick—I've something to tell you."

It was an impossible leap, but there are more things than locksmiths that love laughs at. One is a holly hedge when the man is determined and is not afraid of torn clothes and a scratched face.

The dogs managed to dash through with him, pell-mell, and had a fine chase after the Jersey, who took to her heels at this rude interruption of her friendly tete-a-tete with the maid.

Somehow their engagement was understood from that moment, and he did not have to bore her by proposing. So you were right in guessing from the way Pansy carried on at the outset that it was only a matter of time—and golden opportunity.—Chicago American.

Sash Life Preserver.

A Frenchman, M. Challeat, has invented a new sash, which he thinks will keep everyone who wears it from drowning. The article is made of India rubber, but inside it is placed a little box containing a certain quantity of one of the compounds of calcium. When the sash comes in contact with the sea the compound calcium decomposes, and produces a quantity of gas sufficient to inflate the sash and preserve its wearer from any risk of death by drowning. Experiments have been made with this new idea, and so far they have been satisfactory.

Laughter.

When Johnny was a child they laughed at the ridiculous things he said. When he was a youth they laughed at his half-baked opinions. When he was a man they laughed at his wisdom because they couldn't grasp it. When he was old they laughed at him for a crank. There is always someone to laugh, and this is a jolly world.—Newark News.

QUEER THINGS OF NATURE.

Anomalies of Plant World That Have Never Been Explained.

How does the bulb of the common lawn lily get deeper and deeper into the ground each year? Why does the ginger root hide its blossoms when nearly all other plants flaunt theirs?

Why do the roots of trees flow through the ground like "runnels of molten metal," often separating and uniting again, while the branches are thrust out in right lines or curves? Why is our common yellow birch more often than any other tree planted upon rock?

Why do oaks or chestnuts so often spring up where a pine or hemlock forest has been cleared away? Why does lightning so commonly strike a hemlock tree or a pine or an oak, and rarely or never a beech? Why does the bolt sometimes scatter the tree about and at others plow a channel down its trunk?

Why does the bumble-bee complain so loudly when working upon certain flowers? Why does the honey-bee lose the sting when it stings a person while the wasp, the hornet and the bumble-bee do not? How does the chimney swallow get the twigs it builds its nest with? From what does the hornet make its paper?

I have never been greatly interested in spiders, but I have always wanted to know how a certain spider managed to stretch her cable squarely across the road in the woods about my height from the ground.—Country Life in America.

ART OF PICKLING STEEL.

Process First Tried in This Country at Williamsburg Bridge.

The pickling of structural steel was probably first done in this country in connection with the steel flooring of the Williamsburg bridge in New York city. The specifications for the twelve-inch channels on which the paving blocks are carried required them to be cleaned and painted with pure linseed oil while still hot from the rolls.

When it came time to execute the work these specifications were changed so as to permit the metal to be cleaned in pickling baths, which has long been done to a considerable extent in Europe. In the case of the channels for the Williamsburg bridge the shapes were first boiled in a 10 per cent solution of caustic soda to take off grease, and were then rinsed in boiling water. Afterward they were dipped into a boiling 10 per cent solution of sulphuric acid until all the oxide was removed.

After being rinsed in boiling water they were dipped into a boiling 10 per cent solution of carbonate of soda to free them from any trace of acid. Finally they were rinsed in boiling water, dried over steam pipes and then treated by the Sabin process of enameling.—Engineering Record.

Never Had It.

A short time since a number of amateur musicians in a town of western Pennsylvania made an effort to organize an orchestra. They were successful in procuring all the performers they desired except a clarinet player. One of the number finally volunteered to take up the instrument and try to learn to play it. He had no clarinet, but, hearing that he could probably borrow one from a young man in the place who was thought to own one, he met him on the street one day and accosted him with:

"How are you, Brown? I heard you had a clarinet."

"The fellow looked at him in amazement, and stammered out:

"Well, I—I—was sick about two weeks ago, but I don't think I had that!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dream and Despair.

If I were only bolder,
To her I then should swear
My dawn is her white shoulder,
My dusk her ebony hair;
My day, my night,
My whole delight,
My dream and my despair!

Such beauty seems to fold her
For ever fresh and fair,
Between the dawn, her shoulder,
And dusk that is her hair;
Her soft eyes are
Each one a star,
My dream and my despair!

So let my love be told her,
And let my faith declare
Dawn sparkles on her shoulder,
Dusk hovers in her hair,
And each lip shows
For me a rose-bud fair,
My dream and my despair!

—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Weighty Knight of Pythias.

W. T. Brinson of Waycross, Ga., a prominent Knight of Pythias, weighs 570 pounds, has a waist measure of 92 inches and wears o. 11 shoes. He has a wife weighing 115 pounds and eight children and has refused repeated offers to exhibit himself in northern museums, preferring to run his turpentine still.

German Acrobats.

German acrobats are superseding the English in England. The reason of this is that Germany has a remarkable number of circuses—the best places for the training of acrobats. Only about one in ten of the boys who enter on the training is found physically suited to the work.

Latest Photographic Wonder.

One of the latest photographic wonders is a machine capable of receiving impressions at the rate of 2,000 a second—thirty or forty times as fast as the ordinary cinematograph. It is hoped that with it insects' wings in motion may be photographed and the problem of flight solved.

International Botanical Congress.

The International Botanical congress will meet at Vienna in 1905 from June 12 to June 18.

Boys and Girls

By the Playground.

Which of the summer sounds
Is sweetest to tired hearts?
The low, unwearied hum
Of the bee in the clover bed?
The hymn of the thrush at dusk?
Robins that call in the rain?
The wavy slipping away
From the boat as she sails through the sea?

Whisper of wind in the wheat?
Or from the fresh-smelling field
When the heaven is thick with her stars,
The cricket's comforting chirp
Telling of welcome and home?
Hot winds bearing the noise
Of a city's traffic and cries,
And from the little square
The voices of children in song,
Hundreds of children at play,
Singing and singing their glad
Glad in the gift of to-day,
The sunshine and warmth of the earth,
The joy of youth but begun!
Chorus of mirth and good will,
Childhood's treble of hope—
This is the summer sound
The sweetest the tired heart knows,
Mary White Ovington in the Outlook.

Wardrobe of Mr. Dog.

In Paris they have come to look upon the dog as a member of the family and to study his dress almost as carefully as if he were one of the children. There are dressmakers who design garments for dogs only, and every season brings its new canine fashions. The dog's wardrobe includes such elegant creations as a white hairy cloth overcoat, bordered with white mohair zalone, with a red velvet collar and a pocket for the handkerchief. He also has colored cambric nightshirts, rubber shoes, thick, fluffy dressing gowns to wear after a bath, straw and felt hats, special wicker sofas, cushioned and bedecked with garlands and ribbons; nail files, ear picks, powder boxes and vaporizers.

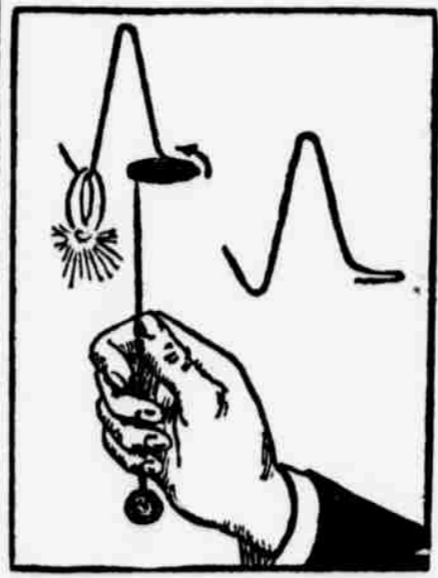
A Neat Parlor Trick.

This is a neat and effective trick to perform before a company of men, women and children, from whom you can borrow the few materials you need. These are a silver half dollar, a large wire hairpin, a heavy ring, and a long hatpin or "stickpin."

Bend the hairpin into the shape shown in the picture. Force the half dollar into the narrow hook on one end of the hairpin, which hook you have punched well together so that it will grip the coin tightly, and hang the ring on the other, more open hook. Now balance the coin at a point near its edge and in line with the two hooks, on the point of the hatpin, which you hold vertically in your left hand.

You can nearly always make it balance on some point, but to make the trick effective the pin should be very near the edge of the coin, so if the ring is not very heavy you may have to borrow another one and slip it in the hook beside the first. Or you can use a light ring and substitute a quarter for the half dollar.

Now, if you blow against the ring the whole affair will turn on its pivot, and by giving a good puff every time the ring comes round you can make it spin very fast and keep on spinning a long time. If the hatpin is very sharp and of very hard steel it will gradually bore a hole in the coin. In



The Needle, Coin and Ring.

deed, it is possible to bare clear through a soft coin in this way.

Of course you should practice this trick before you try it in public. Then, if the ring is a brass one and the coin your own, you can give your merry-go-round to the youngsters, who will have lots of fun with it.

Blind Boys' Football.

Football and many other outdoor games are played by the blind, certain changes being made so that in each game the sense of hearing takes the place of sight, says the Baltimore Herald.

In football, for instance, a tiny bell is fastened to the ball, and by the bell's tinkle the ball's location is determined.

The blind delight in races of all sorts. They do not run toward a tape, as the seeing do, but toward a belt that jangles briskly.

It is odd to see the blind at their games. They play gravely, and they maintain a profound silence, for if they made a noise the voices of their guiding bells could not be heard.

A Peaceful Family.

A parrot, a dog and a cat share the same quarters and eat from the same plate at the headquarters of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Philadelphia. Poll chatters away all day, while Don, the dog, sleeps and watches visitors. Poll sometimes scolds him at meal time for eating too much, but Don takes it

good-naturedly. If a peddler comes in Poll raises a cry, and Don drives out the intruder. Don also meets the letter carrier at the door and takes the mail to the chief clerk.

Joe, the cat, shows impatience occasionally, when Poll screeches so loud that he cannot sleep. Joe is a light eater, and often gives up his dinner voluntarily for the benefit of Don.

As a rule this little family gets on very well. The three are quite fond of each other. Poll sometimes perches on Don's head, but the talkative bird has to be careful to keep the claws from scratching. Don objects to that.

Barrel Swing.

This picture will show you how to make a barrel swing. They are novel and comfortable, and look very quaint



The Barrel Swing Complete.

hanging from the porch of a country house.

All you have to do is to saw away a part of the barrel, as the picture shows, and screw four stout screws into the four sides of the barrel. To these are fastened ropes, which meet above on an iron ring which comes just above the head of the person sitting in the swing.

The barrel head is fitted into the bottom half as a seat, and may be covered with cushions or left bare.

A Geographical Game.

There must be a leader, someone who is "pretty good in geography" and is capable of doing some quick thinking himself. Any number of players may take part in the game. When all are seated the leader takes his place in front of them and tells them that he is going to give them the name of a State and a letter of the alphabet, and is then going to count five slowly.

While he is counting five all the players must be trying to think of a city or town in the State he called whose name begins with the given letter. For example: Suppose he gives Maine as the State and F as the letter. Then the players must all try to think of a city or town in Maine the name of which begins with the letter F. It is necessary for them all to do the thinking, for he has a right to ask anyone of them for the answer, and they never know which one of them it is going to be.

When he has received a correct answer he may ask another player to name some other town beginning with the same letter, or he may change the letter two or three times. Then he names some other State, and continues the game as long as it interests the players.

Two Lively Contests.

For a jolly contest a bottle partly filled with water, and a generous supply of thin nails. Have each guest write down on a piece of paper or a blackboard the number of nails he thinks it will take to make the water overflow. Each guest should have the name of the guesser written beside it. When all have guessed, the hostess begins dropping the nails, one by one, into the water. When the first water runs over the edge she stops; and the various guesses are examined. The boy or girl whose prophecy hits or comes closest to the real number of nails wins a point or a prize.

For another lively sport secure a long-necked vase or pitcher, the opening of which is just large enough to

admit a peanut. Give each player three peanuts, and have him (or her) circle the room three times at a good pace. Each time in passing the vase the player attempts to drop a peanut into the vase. The boy or girl "landing" most peanuts wins the point.

Home-Made Traps.

In Gibson's "Camp Life in the Woods and the Tricks of Trapping," published some years ago, the following effective traps that can be easily made are described:

A mouse trap may be made with a bowl and a knife blade. Put a piece of cheese on the end of the blade of a table knife. Lift one edge of the bowl and put the knife, standing on its edge, under it, allowing the bait to be about an inch and a half beneath the bowl. The odor of cheese will attract the mouse and he will find his way under the edge of the bowl, and a very slight nibble will tip the blade and the bowl will fall over on the prisoner.

A thimble may be used in place of the knife. Force the cheese into the thimble and put the thimble under the bowl with the open end inward, allowing about half the length of the thimble to project out of it. The mouse, in trying to get the cheese out of the thimble, will cause the bowl to fall. If the thimble be too small to allow the mouse to pass under the edge of the bowl, put a bit of paste-board or a flat chip under the thimble.

To make a fly trap, take a tumbler and half fill it with strong soapuds. Cut a circle of stiff paper which will exactly fit into the top of the glass, and in the center of the paper cut a hole half an inch in diameter. A slice of bread may be used in place of the stiff paper. Smear the under side of the disc with molasses before inserting. Flies will find their way downward through the hole, and once below the paper their doom is sealed. In their efforts to escape they will fall into the soapuds and speedily perish. By setting a number of such traps in a room it will soon be rid of the pests

A Devoted Cat.

One day a little dog, a pet in the home of a clergyman, disappeared, says "The Animals' Defender." After a long search it was found in a medical laboratory in almost a dying condition. It was carefully carried back to its home and placed on a soft bed near the fire. All the family ministered to the sick dog, but the most constant care was given by another household pet—a cat. She made the suffering animal comfortable by stretching out her soft body as a rest, and on one occasion, when the dog staggered to his feet to drink from a dish of milk, the cat rose and went over to the dish, to serve as a support for her feeble charge to lean against while he drank. Kitty was thirsty, too, but not a drop of milk did she touch until she had escorted the patient back to his bed.

Fishing Trick.

There are plenty of patented hooks and devices for catching fish, but when they are not available all sorts of ingenious devices are rigged up by those who tire of sitting in the sun for hours wondering why the fish don't hook themselves. Here is one of them. It is not recommended when there is a scarcity of bait, but otherwise it can be used with success.

It must be kept in mind, even with this device, that all fish do not bite on a hook and pull anxiously in the hope of being caught. The slightest pull of



How the Hooks Are Placed.

a line should be responded to by the fisherman, who must pull hard enough to jerk the barb of the hook through the very tough fiber of the mouth. With this in mind a fisherman has better chances with this device than one with the plain hook.

Each hook should carry a very small piece of bait, nicely covering the point and barb. The bottom hook can carry the attractive bait, but the others are used to catch the fish.

A CONSTRUCTIVE PLAY.



To Make a Simple Combination Cut-Out Toy.

Begin by cutting out the stand (Figure 1), cutting around the heavy outside lines. Then cut around the two inside sections A and B, leaving the dotted lines uncut, as these are intended to hold the sections.

Bend the loosened sections down along the dotted lines in such a manner that they will turn toward each

other. Then lap them and pin or paste them together.

Now cut out the rug, the little girl and the cat. Bend the girl's dress down along the dotted line. Also bend the base under cat along dotted line. Fasten both to the rug with pin or paste so that they will be upright.