

A BIRTHDAY PRAYER.

The field Thou gavest me to keep Is choked with weeds, or bare. Scant time is left to plant or reap— O Master! dost Thou care? I planted seed; Thy sun and dew Wrought silently their part. But while the green blades upward grew, Ah, careless mowed my heart!

THE COLLEGIANS.

On that critical February afternoon Margaret Ford sat alone in the Greek seminary room of the university, planning a life drama of highly colored elements. She had just bought her Doctor of Philosophy degree at the cost of eight years' stiff work, as devoid of the picturesque as the white plastered walls of the seminary room, against which the classical busts stood out faintly.

She felt that she had earned the right to warm dreams of which she was the central figure. The scene of these visions was Mercer University, whose favorite she had been for these last eight years. No masculine record had been as brilliant as hers. She had wellnigh convinced the most sceptical members of the faculty that the feminine mind can grasp even those subtle mysteries of the universe embodied in the higher mathematics.

The two girls looked at each other for a moment. Margaret's somewhat austere beauty was somewhat lightened by Miss Leonard's too childlike and obvious charm. She felt herself altogether at an advantage with this fluttering little thing. Under the older woman's calm gaze, Peggy grew very red. She apologized again for her intrusion, and hastened to the door. When it was closed upon her, Margaret breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank Heaven! she is gone before he comes. I want to be all alone with you, dear. I wonder why she is interested in his doctorate? She has no business to be. Fiske, why don't you come?" Her imagination ran riot as to possible causes of delay. Three-quarters of an hour passed, dragging large cargoes of her impatience. At six she heard his step in the corridor. She found herself wondering if he had on heavy shoes. His key in the door brought her face to face with a crisis. So great was her nervousness that she had a sensation of physical sickness. She could not bring herself to look at him till she had regained her self-possession. She turned to a window and stared out into the darkness. His voice would break the spell, and she would cry or laugh. But he did not speak. Yet she knew he had entered the room, had closed the door behind him. Why was he keeping her in suspense? She turned slowly around and faced him. He stood, leaning one arm heavily upon the table. He seemed so very tired. His eyes were raised to her as a dog's who expects the lash.

she said once to Fiske. "Peggy Leonard's untidy hair has taken her as far as her Junior year, but I doubt if it graduates her." Fiske did not reply. He liked the owner of this blond fluffiness, but he knew better than to defend her to Margaret. He liked her cheery ways, her honest admiration of scholarship and learning and serious endeavor, and the rest of the program that she made no attempt to carry out. He had seen a good deal of her this winter, for they were boarding at the same house. She had flashed past his study door in bright array many an evening that he was to devote either to Margaret or to study. Cavaliers were always waiting for her on the foot of the stairs, young undergraduates, who adored her, and whom she treated with kind nonchalance. With Fiske she was always a little shy. She stood in awe of his attainments. She did not talk with him much, but sometimes Fiske was conscious that she watched him. He felt her friendliness like a genial atmosphere. But of late he had not quite understood her conduct. Some days she would seek him with a certain feverishness of manner, would talk with him in a mature fashion that seemed very unlike her. At other times she would openly avoid him. On this afternoon she entered the seminary room with the timidity she always showed in Margaret's presence. Her color had fled before some stress of thought. The pallor of her face and the blue shadows about her eyes gave her a look of maturity, heightened by the dark gown she wore.

"She looks as if she had been really studying," was Margaret's first thought, after she had recovered from the slight annoyance caused by the girl's entrance. Peggy in the Greek seminary room seemed as much out of place as an Angora kitten. "I beg your pardon Miss Ford. I hope I am not disturbing you. I came to consult a book." "Not at all," Margaret answered coldly, turning on the electric light. Miss Leonard gazed about among the books as if she scarcely knew what she had come for. Suddenly she turned. Her face in the glare of the electric light seemed haggard.

"The doctorate examinations are not over yet, I suppose," she said. "They should be by this time," Margaret answered crisply. "I am expecting Mr. Willard every minute." "Of course he'll make a wonderful showing." Miss Leonard said, with a certain wistful intonation. "He will probably do what is expected of him," Margaret replied.

"I wish that I had not broken our engagement," she said aloud. She rose and went to a long mirror. "I am beautiful yet," she thought. "Is it possible that we—that he—might care yet. He loved me so!" She knew that she would not appeal to the rank and file of men, but Fiske Willard was not of the rank and file. She went back to the desk and began to re-read the letter.

"I have scented Fiske Willard for a dinner—a triumph! The man who has written the most successful novels of the day is not a prey, but I—depending on you." "I must have skipped a page," Margaret thought. In her excitement she had hurried again and again to the essentials of the letter. It filled two sheets of note paper. She twisted and turned the second sheet until she found the missing page. "But—but I engineered and gained my point. His wife is with him. She was a Mercer girl, a Peggy Leonard—not his equal intellectually, but wonderfully fitted to hold up the social end of his busy life. From New York they go straight to Mercer the day after my dinner. It is rumored that the university will offer him a chair. The romance began at Mercer, it seems, and—"

He was miserably silent. "Leave me now, Fiske. I want to be alone." He obeyed her. Peggy Leonard was in the porch of the library as she came out. She had heard the news of his failure. Fiske bore the confirmation in his face. He did not see her as he flew through the great doors. She put herself in his way. "Mrs. Denton asked me to supper to-night, Mr. Willard; told me to bring along anyone I met on the campus. You know the generosity of her invitations. What's better she means them! I want you to come with me, please."

She placed herself in front of him. Fiske looked down on her, thought she seemed very young and small. Her tone was jesting, but her blue eyes were bright, as if with tears. "It is good of you, Miss Leonard; but, you see you mustn't be friendly just now. I've failed of my doctorate." She shrugged her shoulders. Her eyes gazed into the night with an expression that was very, very odd. "What of it?" she said. "One might lose more valuable things. I dare say you'll get the next time. But don't bother now. You need hot coffee, and Mrs. Denton. She's motherly and sweet, and she never frightens one with epigrams. Please come," she pleaded. She raised her eyes to Fiske's. He had the sensation of a half frozen man, stumbling into light and warmth out of a dark tunnel.

"I will come," he said. She drew a long breath. The rose leaf color came again into her face. Ten years later Margaret Ford sat at her desk reading over and over again a letter that had just come from a friend. As she read it she forgot that she was thirty and three, a teacher in a New York school, a lonely inhabitant of a tiny flat filled with her books and her large vague ambitions. She forgot her surroundings, and was back again in Mercer the most distinguished girl in the university, engaged to a man who promised to be distinguished. She ran over the brilliant courtship. She knew now that she had gone through a magnificent experience, with but little appreciation of its wonders. Her train of thought led her direct to that last scene in the Greek seminary room.

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Helen Keller's Last Triumph. One of the most notable and remarkable triumphs in this country was that of Helen Keller. Her physical afflictions have elicited the sympathy of thousands of people. Other young women are blind and deaf and dumb, and receive the sympathy of many people, but what has made Helen Keller unique among women who with afflicted is the fact that she has been enabled in large measure to triumph over her afflictions. Her case has received much attention in the public prints for a number of years, and each new victory that she has won has been heralded far and wide.

Three months ago she added another triumph to the list, that she had achieved. Having completed her preparations for college in three years instead of four, which it was thought necessary for her to take, she presented herself last June for the regular entrance examination for Radcliffe College at Cambridge. The necessary, therefore, to bring her to the examination on this occasion were geometry, algebra, elementary Greek, advanced Greek, and advanced Latin.

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There is a wonderful cockatoo in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean, near New Guinea. It is as large as a full grown pheasant, and it is of a jet-black color. The bird is remarkable for its immensely strong bill and the clever manner in which it is used. The bill is as hard as steel, and the upper part has a deep notch in it.

There are grades and qualities of the horse hair used in making violin bows. The horse hair used in making violin bows is imported from Germany, a considerable part of the hair thus imported, however, coming originally from Russia. Horse hair for these purposes is white and black; the black is the heavier and stronger, and is used in making bows for bass viols, because it bites the fine strings better. In preparing the hair for use in bow making the white hair is bleached, and the black hair is bleached to bring it to its final whiteness.

The Indian Wives. The probability that more land in Indian Territory will be thrown open to white settlement has caused a flood of inquiries as to the personnel of the Indians who live in the territory. Most people are under the impression that they wear blankets and live in tepees. The Indians are as thoroughly civilized and most of them as well educated as the upper class of citizens of the larger Eastern cities.

There are five nations—Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek and Seminole. About 10 per cent of the five tribes are full bloods while the remainder are quarter, sixteenth and thirty-second blood. The young men are almost all highly educated, as well as the girls. Each nation has a school, where these young people are educated and boarded free. The school is maintained by the United States, and all the higher branches are taught. The Indians are compelled to send their children to these schools. Perhaps the most interesting characters of the Indian nation today are the girls and young women.

During the last quarter of a century the number of white men who have married girls belonging to the five civilized tribes has been astonishing. The advantages of marrying these girls are many. The man who marries one is at once adopted into the tribe and receives a tract of fine land and his share of the annuity funds, which in some tribes amounts to \$50 per month. The white adopted citizens have become a power among the Indians of the Territory, and it is largely due to them—at least the more honest ones—that the Territory is being opened to settlement. Not long ago one of these attractive Indian girls, for a joke, inserted an ad. in a matrimonial paper, and it was a good paper or else the ad. was a very attractive one, because she received 250 proposals of marriage.

Nothing New Under the Tent. I wandered to the circus, John; I sat beneath the tent and saw the man from Borneo, likewise the tattooed man. I heard the toothless lions howl, while men in spangled clothes stepped fearlessly into their dens and whacked them on the nose. I saw the sacred elephant spout water gently from his trunk, the salamander eating lead and other melted junk; I heard the merry clown get off the jokes we used to know when we were boys together. John, some twenty years ago. The same old horses waddled 'round the same old kind of ring; the same old comic vocalists proved that they couldn't sing; the same old jugglers were grunting with disgust; the same old Persian ox was kicking up the dust; the same old rheumatic acrobats crawled painfully around, and the ossified contortionist was crawling on the ground, and ladies rode barebacked steeds to music sad and slow—the same old girls we used to see some twenty years ago.—Minneapolis Messenger.

Falling Off in Farm Values. In a report made by E. T. Peters, special agent of the Agricultural Department at Washington, relative to the agricultural condition of Lancaster county, he shows that there has been a surprising decrease in farm values. He says that a farm here that once sold at public sale at \$250 or \$300 an acre now brings only \$125 an acre in the market, and farm properties generally bring only one-half their former prices. In many instances farming is being conducted at a loss, and this is the case with some of the finest properties in the county. From careful inquiries he believes that fully 50 per cent of the farmers are tenants. He concludes that it is a bad indication for the welfare of a country when the returns from soil are so small that the owners refuse to live on their farms.

Users of Morphine. The amount of morphine used by women in New York is increasing at an alarming rate," said a physician. "I do not give the drug at all, save in extreme cases, for I believe we doctors are largely responsible for the spread of the evil. It seems such an easy, merciful thing to relieve acute suffering by a dose of morphine, and it would be all right if the patients couldn't get the drug themselves. They can get it. There's the trouble."

"I was called to see one of my patients last week. She is a wealthy woman. She developed the morphine habit two years ago, when she had a serious illness. Since then she has had periodical sprees with morphine, in spite of all we could do to prevent her. She always says that the deplorable state she gets into is due to other causes, but I can tell, as soon as I see her whether she has been taking morphine. Last week, when I went to see her, she was a nervous wreck and said she had been agonizing with rheumatism. Rheumatism is a handy thing. A doctor can't swear that a patient hasn't got it. I accused the woman of having been on a morphine spree. She denied it. I appealed to her husband. He searched her bureau and chiffonier and found 200 morphine pills. She had bought them all at one time, but wouldn't tell who sold them to her."

"Of course there's a law against selling morphine except on prescription. But a morphine fiend can always get it if he is persistent, and generally he is so. Any physician can tell a habitual morphine taker at a glance. So can a nurse. The latter reads the unmistakable signs in a man's face, and if he hasn't a conscience, will sell the morphine victim what he wants. The druggist knows that the purchaser will guard the secret quite as closely as he could. But, if a person with no symptoms of the morphine habit wants the drug, he will probably have great difficulty in getting it. No pharmacist, even if not particularly reputable, wants to take the chances of being hauled up for a breach of the law."

I am constantly running across cases of the morphine habit, especially, as I said, among women. The life they lead, and they actively socially use up their nerves, and they take morphine for neuralgia and they can't get along without it. Usually they are ashamed of the habit and conceal it carefully, but sometimes they are quite open about it, take their morphine regularly and will not list to be treated. A short time ago a beautiful young woman showed me a new chateleine ornament she had just bought. It was a remarkably handsome gold case, studded with jewels, and looked like a vinaigrette. The top opened, and inside were a tiny hypodermic syringe and tube of morphine. She said something more forcible than polite and tried to make her see the insanity of the thing, but she only laughed and told me she carried morphine pills in her chateleine bouffant, so that she would be all right if she happened to be where she couldn't use the hypodermic, which she preferred. I threatened to tell her husband, but she said she knew about it and didn't care. She didn't bother him, and he didn't bother her. I went to the husband, and he merely shrugged his shoulders and said he never interfered with his wife. Then I relieved my mind again and told him what I thought of him, and now there is one family less on my list of patients.

That was an exceptional case, I admit. Usually relatives and friends of a person who takes morphine do everything possible to break up the habit, but a morphine fiend is remarkably able to tell her husband, but she said she knew about it and didn't care. She didn't bother him, and he didn't bother her. I went to the husband, and he merely shrugged his shoulders and said he never interfered with his wife. Then I relieved my mind again and told him what I thought of him, and now there is one family less on my list of patients.