

Belleville, Pa., January 24, 1908.

# THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the town of No-good.

On the banks of the River Slow,  
Where blooms the white-flowered fair,  
Where the Sometime-sometimes grows the air,  
And the Gossamer grows.

It lies in the Valley of Whisthouse,  
In the Province of Letterless.  
That Tiredfeeling is native there,  
It's the home of the reckless Idiotcare,  
Where the Gossamer grows.

It stands at the bottom of Lazyhill,  
And is easy to reach, I declare.  
You've only to put your hands and glide  
Down the slope of Weakwill's toboggan slide  
To be landed quickly there.

The town is as old as the human race,  
And it grows with the flight of years.  
It is wrapped in the fog of idlers' dreams,  
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes,  
And sprinkled with useless tears.

The Coleridge fool and the Richman's heir  
Are plentiful there, no doubt.  
The rest of its crowd is a motley crew,  
With every class except one in view—  
The Foolkiller is barred out.

The town of No-good is all hedged about  
By the mountains of Despair.  
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,  
No trumpet to battle and triumph calls,  
For cowardice alone are there.

My friend, from the dead-alive town No-good  
If you would keep far away,  
Just follow your duty through good and ill,  
Take this for your motto: "I can, I will,"  
And live up to it each day.

# THE LITTLE SISTER.

Donald was a butler. He was also a man who all his fifty years had known and kept his exact place as he saw it out of Scottish Presbyterian eyes. The unobtrusive dignity of his bearing showed that he felt and knew that others felt, that he was part of his family. Service of this sort is made a man rarely. It gives him a liveliness that cannot be made to order, and any one who has eyes for it increases in self-respect through recognizing what long and personal service can make us all if we are willing.

Just now he was glancing with disappointment at the table upon which he had set the parlor lamp and carefully turned down the flame under its red shade. The table except for an ornament or two was empty. He went to one of the bookcases, and, kneeling before it, scanned in the half-light the titles of the books. As he came upon the one he sought he gave a little grunt of exasperation, and, taking out a volume of Tennyson he began to turn over the leaves. The book, however, opened naturally of itself at the page he wanted. Placing it so, upon the table, he gazed on it with reverent tenderness. "Eh! my dear mistress," he murmured aloud; "an' ye left it lying open there when ye were called to the Palace of the King."

Sighing, he turned, and with a far-away mind ran an habitual eye over the room. "Na, na," he muttered, "there's na true cause here since the mistress died. There's one thing ye canna touch, McKenna." His glance made the object and came back again to the open book on the table. "It's a sad house," he muttered, "that has no heir." He roused himself from his reverie and going to the closet took from it a bright-colored smoking jacket and placed it upon the back of the armchair drawn up in front of the open fire. In doing so, his foot touched an object under the chair and, stooping, he drew forth a child's knit worsted slipper. He picked it up tenderly. "It's a wee thing—," he said, "a wee thing to be tidlin' all alone!"

Sighing again, he put the slipper into his pocket and satisfying himself once more that the room was all in order, he was about to go. A suppressed snicker stopped him. It came from the direction of the chair. His mouth relaxed its seriousness as he crept toward it and looked over the back. There in its capacious leather depths hid a little girl in her nightgown; her hair tumbled about a face so pink with merriment that it threatened disaster if it were kept in another moment. She was shaking with mirth.

"Aha! I caught ye," he cried and pounced upon her.

Her laughter stopped out in a breathy gurgle, seemingly not a moment too soon. "You are so funny, Donald," she bubbled, "when you munter to yourself! I laughed inside till I almost burst."

He eyed her with transparent sternness. "Miss Evelyn, what are ye doin' there? I left ye in bed. Have ye no' been asleep yet?"

Evelyn shook her tumbled curls gleefully. Then sobering her face, she spoke with plaintive pride.

"Not one single tiny bit. I just can't go to sleep. Donald. And my room is so big and dark." She doubled her feet up under her, tailor-wise, and put more importance into her tone in anticipation of his protest. "I'm going to sit here and watch the fire."

"A pretty thing of ye, indeed, to be watchin' the fire!" he said, "no' have that. Come, dearie, let me carry ye upstairs and tuck ye in."

Evelyn increased her impressive air. "But I am naachy wakeful. And when I'm wakeful I can't go to sleep without any one to sing to me. Mama always used to sing me to sleep when I was wakeful."

"I'd sing ye to sleep myself," said Donald grimly; "but Heaven knows ye'd be a long time awake. It was like an old oar on the fence-rook croakin' to an old lambkin in the meadow." He held out his arms. "Cuddle down noo, and I'll give ye a free ride to Noddie Land."

"Oh, Donald," coaxed the little girl; "please let me stay here till Kenneth comes. I won't go to sleep. I'm really very, very wakeful to night. And I want to see him so much. And it's so awful late now, he'll be home soon, won't he?"

"I canna say, dearie," he said gently. "There's no tellin' that. He doesn't come in sae—," he moved a step away uncomfortably. "a regular."

Evelyn felt that she was gaining her point by the mention of her brother's name. She had had her doubts about it before, but now she strategically pursued the topic. "And I don't see Kenneth till he is when I'm not at school. Then when I come home he's gone. And to-night I know I shan't go to sleep for hours and hours! So I shall just sit here and see him when he comes in." She settled back pleasantly, aware that an accusation of careless confidence is often half the battle. "Won't he be surprised?"

"To see you curled up sound asleep and

cachin' your death o' cold! But it's a surprise he'll no' get this night. Come now, my wee lassie!" He scooped her up suddenly.

"Please, please, Donald!" she cried. "I'm not sleepy a bit. I—"

"Tut, ye wee beggar! The sandman 'll be snatchin' ye in twenty winks. There ye go!" He hoisted her lightly to his shoulder in spite of her wriggling protestations. "And I'll tell ye all about the brownies and the guldweife's charn."

"Oh, will you?" cried Evelyn delighted. She made one trial more, however, relapsing into plausiveness. "But, I'm so wakeful."

"And how they churned the butter, Chug! Chug! Chug!" went on Donald in a pleading tone. At each chug he took an artful step toward the door. "To pay for the wee cakes she left on the hearth for them. Every time one took a nibble, the nibbles pushed the churn-handle down, and then pulled it up again. Nibble-chuggy! Nibble-chuggy! And one o' the brownies on the churn wad jump down and the one at the cake wad clamber up. And then it wad begin again. Nibble-chuggy! Nibble-chuggy!"

A live coal dropped from the grate and soon afterwards the mantel clock struck ten. Left to itself the room took on the well kept air of a hotel apartment ready for transient occupation. The butler was right. It was a room from which the personality had departed. It was no longer a center of household life. There lay about the subtle melancholy of a place which, created lovingly to be lived in, is now committed to the orderly care of servants.

A short while only was it left alone, however. For a young man, letting himself in at the street door and taking off his overcoat in the hall, entered briskly. He was a good-looking fellow, clean-shaven, wearing youth in a buoyant fashion, though with a suggestion of overwinding upon his vitality. His fine-grained face had begun to harden somewhat defiantly to dissipation, and although the hardening was as yet but superficial, it marked a sensitive mouth and gleamed a little uneasily from a frank eye.

He rubbed his hands together before the cheerful fire. "Brhrh!" he said aloud, "I'm nearly frozen." Then as he turned his back comfortably to it, he saw the smoking jacket spread out upon the armchair. "Good old Donald!" he thought as he took off his Tweed and put it on. It was really cozy in the pleasant room and he was glad he hadn't gone—after all, it was better than the other places. He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. How flat all these things got after the first taste! The same old round, night after night; everything like everything else—everything tiresome!

The butler came noiselessly into the room. Seeing the young man he gave an unconscious movement of surprise. "Ah, master Kenneth, you're home!" he said.

Kenneth was quick to discern and resent its slight note of censure. "Well," said he with a touchiness only partially controlled, "don't stand there as if it petrified you."

"Pardon me, sir," answered the butler quietly. "I didna look for ye so soon."

The boy was a little ashamed of his irritability and the tone he found himself taking, but the man's conciliatory respectfulness moved him. "I know well enough," he said shortly, "that I'm back earlier than usual. Now that I am here, however, let me both try to make the best of it."

"Ye have no reason, Master Kenneth," said the butler without raising his voice, "to speak to me in that way. I'm real glad to see you home again—at so good an hour."

"I shall come home when and as late as I please," retorted Kenneth aggressively. Then, feeling that the man deserved to know his place, "Please to understand that. And make no comments on it in the future."

"Verra weel, verra weel," the other answered. "If anybody could have prevented ye, it wad have been done long since."

"See here, Donald," broke in the young man catching fire. "I'm no child. And I'm sick of this everlasting attitude of yours. Don't take it on yourself to control my behavior. I know well enough that I'm a grown man."

Donald's mouth had settled grimly. "Master Kenneth!" he interposed with dignity.

"Now listen to what I have to say," Kenneth stopped him sharply. "I don't forget your long service in this house or the position you hold here; but remember I am my own master, and you're to be broke off abashed at the crude end of his sentence. Then be added gruffly, "Kindly hold your tongue in the future." He turned abruptly to the fireplace and began to warm his hands.

The butler did not move. He stood quietly facing his young master whose black forehead he could see in the mirror before him. Nor, when he spoke, was his voice lifted above its customary minor level, but the words came with a tremulous incisiveness that showed how much he was stirred. "Master Kenneth! I have held my tongue over you long already. Ye forget your ain place when ye tell me I have forgotten mine. Did I forget it right after night when I was sittin' up to the peep o' day, waitin' for ye to come home? Did I forget it when I was doin' my best to be the best o' the house, an' the real best was carenin' o' forgettin' o' his duties? Did I forget it when I had to lie to the wee mistress, hushin' her innocent prattle for fear o' disturbin' her bonny sleep, because she wad guess her brother's shame and disgrace? It's me, when it should have been you, who tried to comfort the bairn's sair he'r, breakin' already wi' loneliness for her mither. Ah, Master Kenneth, that I should live to say it! It's you who have forgot your ain place!"

Kenneth whirled upon him furiously, smarting at the tone of conscious authority which for all its quietness vibrated in the old man's voice. "How dare you speak to me in this way! Nothing but the remembrance of your faithfulness to my mother keeps me from dismissing you on the spot."

"Ye do well to mind that, Master Kenneth," returned Donald gazing firmly into his angry eyes, "faithful to your mither, I will be faithful to her bairns. Dinna forget that, when ye forget yourself!"

"Oh, you're going to keep it up, are you?" cried the young man defiantly. He clamped his jaws stubbornly and strode out into the room. "Well, you can consider yourself dismissed. You can go!"

"Verra weel, verra weel," returned the other calmly. "Ye can bid me to go if you like. But the goin' is nae sae easy." He turned as quietly to leave.

Kenneth waved his hands impatiently, feeling he could no longer trust himself to speak. Kenneth's glance fell upon the book lying on the table. "Is it you," he cried, his exasperation suddenly shooting out again, "who keeps putting this book here and leaving it open as if—as if some one had just been reading it?"

Donald hesitated. He felt the subject had come up at an unfortunate moment.

Then after a brief silence he decided to make the best of it. "Ay, it was me put it here," he said.

"In spite of the fact," said Kenneth, "that I have repeatedly put it back on the shelf again, you would take it out?"

"I wad take it out," repeated the butler slowly.

"Is this my house or yours?" cried Kenneth passionately. "What do you mean by doing such a thing?"

The butler passed again. "I'd rather na' tell ye," he said at last, "when you're in this mood."

"What did you do it for?" thundered the boy.

"I thought you would see it and—"

"Well, I have seen it," Kenneth broke in. "I've seen it many times. Could anybody miss it? What did you do it for?" he persisted imperiously, although he knew the answer he would get.

Donald went on simply. "It was one o' the books the loved—and the last time—she left it there."

Now that the answer had come, Kenneth did not know how to meet it. He felt that he had been outting a sorry figure, yet once in it, he had been at a loss how to get out of it otherwise, without seeming to countenance the butler's presumption. "And what then?" he went on irritably. "Do you suppose I want to be reminded of it? Do you think I would be likely to forget?"

Donald measured him with a gentle, direct gaze. "Yes," said he. "I thought it likely you were forgetting."

"Oh!" The boy thrust his hands into his pockets and took a helpless plunge down the middle melancholy of a place which, created lovingly to be lived in, is now committed to the orderly care of servants.

"Donald, you are intolerable. How dare you go—blundering round this way? I'm sick of it. If you want to know, that's what drove me away—that is as much as anything. I don't want any of your missionary business. I tell you I am sick of it—you and your everlasting meddling. It makes me worse! It makes me feel like—like—that!" He snatched up the book and threw it violently upon the floor.

"There, do you understand now?" he cried as he caught the old man's look of horror.

Donald's lifelong habit of deference had already come to his assistance. He stood in respectful silence while the young man glared at him furiously. But his returning gaze seemed to the boy to search his very soul and he hardened himself to meet it. For a moment they faced each other, the boy lying on his back and the old man on the floor. Then silently still, he kept on the effects of courtesy, the butler left the room.

Kenneth did not take his eyes from him until he had gone. He shrugged his shoulders with angry relief. "The meddlesome old fool!" he muttered. Against his will his glance sought the book and he felt a pang of remorse for his petulant outburst. He took it up; he studied it, he kept up the piano instead and dashed into a gay and flimsy waltz. After a bar or two, however, he broke it abruptly and leaned his head upon the music rack, his face flushed with shame. He felt that he had acted like a child, that every trivial move he had made but he had not behaved like a gentleman; Donald, for all his presumption, had shown far better breeding than he had.

"What a contemptible old I am!" he thought. "He was insolent, of course, but his devotion to—of us, gave him some right. He was right. I know well enough, it's true enough. I know well enough, it's true enough. I haven't meant to—but every thing has gone wrong somehow." He rose from the piano in a moment, and after wavering a little, he went to the book. Stopping suddenly, he picked it up. The quick action released the sob at his heart, and as still kneeling, he caught the book to his breast, his face broke in response to the gasp of his mounting breath. "Oh, mother, mother!" he spoke her name softly. "I've thrown everything of yours down—everything that you loved. Can't you see how it all is? And how ashamed I am?"

He rose with the book in his hand and went to the music rack, he broke it open, he took the piano and placed it, open still, on the music rack. He sat down upon the stool again and gave himself up to sharp, biting memories of all that had happened since his mother had held it in her hand and the children her favorite tale of Arthur and the sword. Suddenly he leaped and put his lips to the piano on the lines where she had unexpectedly left off, and his boyish shoulders shook with dry, straining sobs. When he straightened up he began to play gently, staring before him at the lines and through them to something beyond. It was an old tune he played, so simple and as sweet as his boyhood had been.

Sing me the songs that to me were so dear  
Long, long ago; long ago

Playing so, the hardness went out of his heart, and with it the recklessness out of his young face.

Into the doorway, creeping warily past the danger-point, came Evelyn, again escaped from bed. Her face was roguish and she had her finger on her lip as if to impress upon herself the idea of silence. She stood still, and then she finished the familiar strain. Then she stepped forward toward him, with the careful concentration with which children always perform this hazardous act, balancing herself with her arms as if she were walking a tight-rope. But suddenly she darted and sprang upon him and he wheeled on the stool. He seized her in his arms and every ear above his head. She caught her breath with delight and as he let her down to a level with his face, she wound her arms about his neck, half-laughing, half-crying. He hugged her to him passionately, hushing her to the smother, and carrying her to the armchair, plumped her with a playful threat of violence down into its soft depths.

"Why aren't you in bed?" he said. "And in your bare feet, too!"

Evelyn raised her nightgown daintily and disclosed her other foot in its knit worsted slipper. "I couldn't find but one," she explained. She wriggled her bare pink toes gleefully. "How do you, my son John?"

"My son John?" asked Kenneth mystified.

"One shoe off, one shoe on,  
Diddle, diddle, dinkin', my son John!"

she giggled and doubled the whole pink roguishly.

"But why aren't you and your son John sound asleep by this time?" said Kenneth, austere. "And your other son Peter?"

He added, quite spoiling the effect of his paternal air.

"Peter?" cried Evelyn joyously.

"Certainly," he glibly returned Kenneth. "And so you call him my son Peter."

Now why didn't you tuck Peter and John into bed long ago? They'll never grow up if you don't give them their sleep.

"Well," said Evelyn speculatively, "they can't sleep unless their mother does, and I was just so wakeful. When I'm that way I can't go to sleep unless some one tells me stories or sings to me, that is I

can't most always. Donald tells lovely stories, but his singing—," she laughed gaily in recollection. "It's all oaky and oaky. His singing is just so funny I laugh myself awake again."

She suddenly slipped up at him in the chair. "Oh, Kenneth, I just prayed you'd come in. Tell me all about where you've been all this time, and everything."

Kenneth looked into her questioning eyes. "Warm, flushed face with its tumbling hair was very near her own. "No, dear," he answered; "you must go to bed again. It's very late for little girls to be up."

"But Kenneth," she coaxed, "I don't want to go to bed. And now when I have not seen you for years and years, I'm not a bit sleepy, not the slightest bit. Besides, I've just had a nap and I couldn't have one again for ever so long." She opened her eyes very wide and stared at him convincingly. But the sustained effort this required was too much for her, and she yawned in spite of herself. Kenneth laughed broadly. "Oh, that was just because I thought you'd be sleepy and I'm not," she explained in triumph. "And I just can't unless you tell me a story or sing to me!" This idea, dashed off in the hurry of extenuation, appealed to her. "Yes, just like mamma used to do, in this very room," she added joyfully, "you'll carry me to sleep. And I'll tell you a story. And then about his truck and how he got toward her. "Oh, Kenneth," she said, as she snuggled her warm mouth just above his collar. "I miss mamma so much."

He smoothed her hair, comforting her awkwardly. "And so do I, dearie," he said with an effort, for he was one of those who cannot emotion and always change.

"Well, dearie, if I tell you a story will you promise to go straight to bed?"

She leaped with delight. "Yes, really and truly!" she declared. "If it's a good story it will put me to sleep anyhow. And then," she added joyfully, "you'll carry me to sleep. And I'll tell you a story. And then about his truck and how he got toward her. "Oh, Kenneth," she said, as she snuggled her warm mouth just above his collar. "I miss mamma so much."

"And I am too, dear," he said, gazing over her shoulder into the dying fire.

"It's awful long some with just Donald," she said wistfully.

"Yes, dearie, I know it," her brother said hurriedly. "Now about the story."

"But you must tell it right in the big chair!" she cried. "Just as mamma used to."

He lifted her and sat down with her on his lap. "All right. Now which shall it be?"

Evelyn wriggled to him cooily. "Tell me about 'The Palace of the King.'" Her little voice lowered itself gravely. "I haven't heard that since mamma died."

"The Palace of the King?" he repeated as if to himself. "I'm afraid I've forgotten all about that, dearie."

"Why Kenneth?" protested Evelyn earnestly; "of course you haven't. You just think you have, but you haven't. About how grand and fine it is and everything? Now just wait until I'm comfortable and I'll tell you my son John with your hand so we want take cold."

He held her foot in his hand, while in the curve of his other arm she hollowed a place to her liking, and rooted with her head on his shoulder until she fitted it in snugly. "Now begin," she commanded.

Slowly, partly because he was trying to recall the words, and partly in the effort to steady a voice that would tremble in spite of himself, Kenneth began:

"It's a bonnie, bonnie war! that we're livin' in the noo,  
And sunny is the lan' that now we often traivel throo;  
But in vain we look for somethin' here to which our hearts are meltin';

For—"

She prompted him—"It's beauty is as naethin' to—," "Go on!"

"For its beauty is as naethin' to—"

He stopped, and Evelyn finished for him, "the Palace of the King." There! I knew it would all come back to you if you just tried!" She yawned pleasantly.

"Now go on with the second verse."

Kenneth went on:

"We like the gilded Simmer wi' its merry merry tread,  
We're aigh when hoary Winter lays its beat, ties wi' the dead;  
For tho' bonnie are the snaw-flakes an' the down on Winter's wing,  
It's fine to ken it daurna touch the Palace o' the King."

"The Palace of the King," repeated Evelyn sleepily. She snuggled up closer to him, drawing "my son John" out from under his hand and doubling her knees up under her nightgown. Kenneth was looking fixedly into the fire. She roused herself drowsily at the silence, and clutching his finger closed her fist around it.

"Go on," she murmured.

More and more feverishly he continued:

"Nae nicht shall be in heaven an' nae desolation,  
An' nae tyrant hooft shall trample i' the city o' the free;  
There's nae everlastin' daylight—an' a never-fadin' spring  
Where our God—is a th' glory in the Palace—o' the King."

His voice had broken into hushed sobs, and the words came out in little groups of three and four.

The tears flowed down his cheeks and dropped on the tumbled head on his breast. Finally, his eyes blinded, he tried to brush them away; but Evelyn held his fingers fast and, as he raised her arm in doing so, she murmured and nestled closer to him.

The trivial, confiding movement of the child, so helpless in her sleep, lifted him suddenly out of his own emotion to a feeling which he had never had before—that he had a charge to keep, that he was responsible for her happiness, and that she was a part of himself. A passion of fond, protective, sweet him like a culminating point. He leaned his head back upon her tumbled hair.

"Ah!" he cried in a yearning whisper. "Keep tight hold, little hand, and don't let me wander away again."

Donald had entered quietly while Kenneth was repeating the last verse, and, much stirred by the scene and hopes of his own, had come up with his noiseless step behind the chair.

Now, feeling that he was in the presence of something too sacred to be spied upon, and fearing also lest the detection of his presence might spoil everything he turned to steel away softly as he had come.

But Kenneth heard him, and rising carefully with Evelyn in his arms, saw him just before he left the room. He called to him in a low voice:

"Donald!"

The man paused, his worst fears allayed by the boy's tone; but still apprehensive, he went toward him hesitatingly.

"Forgive me, Donald. I was very rude—and wrong—and—"

He stopped abruptly but still looked firmly into the man's answering eyes. Then forgetting Evelyn, he held out his hand to the butler.

The child, disturbed and finding the comfortable hollow of her nestling-place unaccountably changed, cuddled and twisted until she had made herself a new one.

Both more regarded the movement anxiously, fearing she would wake. Satisfied that she was asleep, Kenneth turned to Donald again. But the butler's glance had fallen on the little bare foot, and taking the missing slipper from his pocket he put it on tenderly.

When this operation was finished, Kenneth stretched out his hand again.

"And—I'm sorry, Donald," he said.

The butler took it in a firm, moveless grip. "Whist, mon!" he whispered, "dinna waken the bairn."—By Algernon Tassie, in the *Delineator*.

## The Impending Timber Famine.

After careful investigation the Forest Service allows us twenty years, with a possible extension of five more, for the exhaustion of our timber supply. It holds out no hope that any measures the Government may take can avert this calamity. We can guard the trees on the existing forest reserves, and we can plant new ones, but before the new crop reaches maturity the famine will be at hand. Four-fifths of the timber lands of the country, including practically all those east of the Mississippi, are in private hands. Nothing the Government can do, short of purchasing an enormous acreage, can check the devastation of these areas.

Of course the predicted timber famine need not be permanent. If we go to the work of reforestation in earnest we can have growing crops of trees at the end of a century that will hold out the promise of an early satisfaction of all our legitimate needs. And the prediction of any shortage at all is based upon the assumption that we shall continue our present criminal waste as long as we have any forests left to devastate. But there is no reason why we should do this. Our frightful waste from fire is almost entirely preventable. We are using between six and seven times as much timber per head of our population as is used in Europe, and if the people of Europe can get along on their moderate supply we could do the same if we had it. In the twenty years from 1880 to 1900 the amount of lumber cut from our forests increased nearly twice as fast as the population; that is to say, each American was using nearly twice as much in 1900 as he had used twenty years earlier. The change should have been in the other direction. As the country became settled and stone, brick, tiles, and steel took the place of wood in building construction, white coal and gas replaced it for fuel, we ought to have been able to get along with less wood than before. The manufacture of paper is a frightful devastator of the forests, but it ought to be possible to find substitutes for all grown trees in this industry. Pulp material might conceivably be grown in annual crops.

One thing our governments, national and State, certainly can do to stop their present offerings of premiums on forest destruction. They might even reverse their policy and offer bonuses for forest cultivation. At present, in most of the States, the owners of woodlands are heavily taxed every year not only in the value of their land, but on the value of the standing trees upon it. Many of them would like to save the trees, at least until they grow larger, are compelled to cut them before their prime to replace the woods, and partly in the effort to steady a voice that would tremble in spite of himself, Kenneth began:

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"Ah!" he cried in a yearning whisper. "Keep tight hold, little hand, and don't let me wander away again."

Donald had entered quietly while Kenneth was repeating the last verse, and, much stirred by the scene and hopes of his own, had come up with his noiseless step behind the chair.

Now, feeling that he was in the presence of something too sacred to be spied upon, and fearing also lest the detection of his presence might spoil everything he turned to steel away softly as he had come.

But Kenneth heard him, and rising carefully with Evelyn in his arms, saw him just before he left the room. He called to him in a low voice:

"Donald!"

The man paused, his worst fears allayed by the boy's tone; but still apprehensive, he went toward him hesitatingly.

"Forgive me, Donald. I was very rude—and wrong—and—"

He stopped abruptly but still looked firmly into the man's answering eyes. Then forgetting Evelyn, he held out his hand to the butler.

## The Ideal Height.

Recruits who are much over six feet tall are not desired for the United States Army. There are exceptions, of course; but, as a rule, men who run much over six feet lack depth of chest, and, by reason of inadequate lung capacity, fall below the average in power of endurance.

The ideal height for a man, according to observations from a military standpoint, is an inch and a half under six feet. It does not seem to be intended by Nature that the male human animal shall exceed this stature, if due regard is to be had for development at all points. On the other hand, it is an obvious disadvantage, for physical effectiveness, to be under the average number of inches. At five feet ten and a half a man attains his best development of muscle and bone, with highest vital efficiency.

Just what is the average height for a man seems to be not satisfactorily settled. Obviously, it differs largely with race, our own being the average of the tallest and the shortest of the civilized peoples of the world. On the other hand, the American Indians are taller than we are, and the aborigines of Patagonia must be considered the loftiest folk in the world, inasmuch as the men commonly run over six feet in height. When the early Spanish explorers described them as a race of giants they were not far from the fact.

Even in the United States stature seems to vary considerably with locality. During the Civil War, from the beginning to the end of which our Government put into the field and on board of fighting ships more than two millions of men, the tallest recruits came from Kentucky, averaging over five feet eight and a half inches. Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, California and Nevada came next, in the order given—all of them over five feet eight. Maine, Illinois and Michigan averaged five feet seven and a half inches, and Ohio and Pennsylvania a trifle less. Recruits from Massachusetts and Connecticut stood at the foot of the list, measuring five feet six and a half inches.

After fifty years of age the human body begins to undergo a progressive shrinkage. Not only do the muscular tissues lose bulk, but even the bones become smaller. Meanwhile there is a contraction of the cartilaginous tissue between the vertebrae of the backbone, which causes a loss of height, a man originally six feet tall frequently losing as much as an inch and a half of his stature by the time he is seventy years old.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Sea Coyotes.

As the best method of encouraging the destruction of dogfish, which do four hundred thousand dollars' worth of damage annually in Massachusetts waters alone, it has been seriously suggested that inducements be offered to fishermen to capture them. The Canadian Government is making an effort in this direction by trying to encourage the canning of dogfish, which, it is asserted, has a "distinctly obvious lobster flavor, with a suggestion of salmon."

The dogfish are the smallest of the sharks. They are voracious and predatory, hunting in packs like wolves. It is their habit to follow schools of herring or mackerel, as land wolves hang upon the flanks of herds of antelope; and so numerous are they that, in occasional instances, they have been seen actually to envelop a "school" of food fishes, not only surrounding the latter, but closing in upon them beneath, so as to make it impossible for any to escape.

There are two species of dogfish—the "smooth dog" and the "spiny dog," which are both breeds, one might say, more like a bird than a fish, laying eggs which, when fresh and divested of their shells, bear a close resemblance to the yolks of hen's eggs. The shell, however, has the form of a rectangular purse, from the four corners of which extend long, tendril-like projections, utilized to anchor the egg among the seaweeds at the bottom.

When the baby dogfish are ready to be hatched they force their way out of these curious receptacles through one end, leaving behind them the empty shells, which, driven shore by storms and picked up on the beaches, are popularly known as "sailors' purses," or "mermaids' pocket-books." They are so tough in texture as to be torn with difficulty, and look and feel as if they were made of thin sheet rubber.

Far more numerous than the "smooth dog," however, is the "spiny dog," which is so called because of the sharp, stout spine in front of the back fin. This little shark does not usually exceed eight pounds in weight, though sometimes it attains a length of five feet. It is the species that does the serious damage to the fisheries, sometimes actually blockading a fishing port in such a way as to put a stop to the business of the fishermen.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Health and Activity.

Health is always active. The healthy woman must have an outlet for the vigor she feels, and she will find it in work or play, in dancing, in the chase or in the churn. Even work does not satisfy her, as she works, she sings, her busy fingers keeping time to the tune she carols. Directly the duties of the house become a burden, when the songs die on the lips, and the limbs move sluggishly, when amusements have no more attraction and sports fail to interest, the health is declining, vitality is being lowered, and it is time for the woman to look around for the cause of her weakness. She will find it usually in disease of the delicate organs; in debilitating drains, nerve racking inflammation and ulceration, or female weakness. For this condition a perfect and permanent cure is contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It is a temperance medicine, absolutely non-alcoholic and non-narcotic.

—A North Philadelphia woman, who is famous for her cooking, had some of her neighbors and friends at her home one evening last week to a supper given in honor of her daughter. Everything on the table was admired by her guests. Among the things that was admired most of all was a beautiful cake.

"It is so soft," exclaimed one of the guests.

"And so light," praised another.

"Pray tell us where you got the recipe," from another.

"I am very glad you think it is so soft and light," replied the hostess. "I made it out of my own head."

—Customer (at cheap lunch counter)—  
—May I ask a favor of you?  
—Walter Girl—Certainly, sir.  
—Customer—Then please take these doughnuts back and crank them for me.

—"My wife's very economical."  
—To what way?  
—Well, she wears laced instead of buttoned shoes on account of the saving it effects in hairpins.