A MOTHER'S SONG.

While you sleep, I—watching—hear, Little hearts, how strong you beat With the pure young life-blood, sweet, Unpolluted yet by fear; Till my own proud pulses leap, While you sleep.

Hid behind the fast-closed eyes
What entranced dreams must lie!
Many a lovely fantasy
Velled from us who are grown wise—
We, who sometimes watch and weep
While you sleep.

Little hands, that closely hold Favorite toys which southed your rest; Here a doll clasped to the breast, There a book with tale oft told— All your treasure safe to keep, While you sleep.

While you sleep, the calm dark night
Passes by so cruelly fast.
Little hearts! Time seems so vast,
Love is fain to hold you tight.
One more kiss; away I creep
While you sleep.
—Constance Farmar, in Chambers' Journal.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon, or of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING" QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," Etc.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Yet she had herself said many times during her college course in the study of social economics that service was a noble thing. And, as she went up to her room that night after a long and tender conference with her mother, in which the two had grown nearer together than ever before, she seemed to call to mind the many passages of the New Testament which speak of Jesus not only as a household servant but even as a "bond servant." And it came to her with heaven-born courage that if the Son of God became "full grown" through His sufferings en-dured in ministering to others, why might it not be the way in which she and all other of God's children should develop their real lives and grow into power as kings and queens in the King-dom? It is doubtful if ever before that evening Barbara had caught a real glimpse of the meaning of serv-She did catch something of it now. She opened her New Testament, and looked at Mrs. Ward very and it was not by chance that she turned to the passage in Luke, twentysecond chapter:

"And there arose also a contention among them which of them is accounted to be the greatest. And He said unto them, The kings of the Gentiles have lordship over them; and they that have authority over them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so; but he that is greater among you, let him become as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve. For which is greater, he that sitteth at meat or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat? But I am in the midst of you as he that serveth. But ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom even as my Father appointed unto me that ye may expend the suppointed up to me that ye may expend the suppointed up to me that ye may expend the suppointed up to me that ye may expend the suppointed up to me that ye may expend the suppointed up to me that ye may expend the suppointed up to me that ye may expend the suppointed up to me that ye may expend the suppointed up to me that ye may expend the suppointed up to me that ye may expend the suppointed up to me the suppoi midst of you as he that serveth. But appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom.

(Luke 22:24-29.) Then she kneeled and prayed:

"Dear Lord, make me fit to serve, use me to the glory of Thy kingdom in the new life before me. Make me room in worthy to be a servant, to be like my Master. Amen."

So Barbara Clark began her new ex-perience, which profoundly affected not only her own life for all time to come, but the lives of very many other souls in the world. And that night she slept the sleep which belongs to all the children of the kingdom, whose earthly peace is as the peace of God.

CHAPTER II IT IS SWEET TO TOIL.

It was four weeks after Barbara Clark had been at work as a "hired girl" in the Ward family. She was sitting in her little room at the lack of the house, writing a letter to one of her classmates in Mt. Holyoke. She wrote slowly, with many grave pauses and with an anxious look on

her face.

"The fact is, Jessle," the letter went on, after several pages describing a part of the four weeks' experience, "I have come to the conclusion that I am not born to be a reformer. It was all very well when we the conclusion that I am not born to be a reformer. It was all very well when we studied social economics to have our herofic ideals about putting certain theories into practice, but it is quite another thing to do it. I thought when I came here that I might do some great things; but there are no great things about it, just nothing but drudgery, and thankless drudgery at that. And yet Mrs. Ward-but I must not say any more about her. I have stayed out may month as I agreed to do, and to-morrow I am going to let her know that I cannot stay any longer. I think I shall try a place in Bondman's after all. It seems like a poorssort of position, after all the dreams we had at Mount Holyoke; but anything is better than what I have been doing. I would not have mother know this, and I have not said as much to her yet. Poor mother! She must be disappointed in me. I am In myself. I am glad you are so well suited with your school. There is a good deal of the blues in this letter; and, to tell the truth, it is just as I feel. 'A Hired Girl for Four Weeks!' How would it read as fille to a magazine article? I might get a few dollars for my experiences if I chose to exploit them. Instead of that, I have given them to you gratis. Shed a tear for me, Jessie, over the grave of my little, useless experiment in practical economics. Your classmate,

BARBARA CLARK." BARBARA CLARK."

Barbara wearily folded the letter, put it in the envelope, directed it, stamped it; and then, being hardly girl, and a very tired girl, and at the moment one disap pointed with herself and all orld, she laid her head down on the world, she laid her nead down on the attitle table and cried hard. To tell the truth, it was not the first time the truth, it was not the little room. that the little table in the little room at the back of the house had seen Barbara's tears since she had come to work at Mrs. Richard Ward's as a

So this was the end of all her heroic enthusiasm for service. It had all turned out in disappointment. To begin with, the weather had been in sely hot all the time. The work was barder in many ways than Barbara had anticipated. Her mother had not been well. One week Mrs.

Ward had gone to bed with a succession of nervous headaches. And so on with ceaseless recurrence of the drudgery that grew more and more tiresome. At the end of the month tiresome. At the end of the month Barbara had summed up everything and resolutely concluded to leave.

She had not yet gathered courage to tell Mrs. Ward. The woman had been very kind to her in many ways. But she was not well, and there were days when things had occurred that almost sickened Barbara when she recalled them. When she went downstairs the next morning after writing the letter to her former class-mate, Barbara had fully made up her mind, not only to give notice of her intention to leave, but to give Mrs. Ward all her reasons why she could not work as a "hired girl" any longer.
About ten o'clock in the forenoon Mrs. Ward came into the kitchen for something, and Barbara, with a feel-

ing that was almost fear, spoke to her as she was turning to go back into the dining-room.

"I ought to tell you, Mrs. Ward, that I have decided to leave you. My month is up to-day, and I—"

Mrs. Ward looked at her in amaze-

"What! You are going to leave?

Why, we are more than satisfied with you!"
"But I am not with you or the place!" replied Barbara, so spiritedly that it was the nearest to an exhibition of anger that Mrs. Ward had ever seen in her, during the whole

month. Mrs. Ward sunk down in a chair, and a look of despair came over her face as she looked at Barbara. Barbara, with a white face and trembling hands, went on with her work at the table. She was preparing some dish

for baking.
"Why-what-haven't we been kind to you? Haven't the wages-Mr. Ward was saying to me this morning that we ought to give you more. I am sure," Mrs. Ward continued eagerly, noting Barbara's set expression,

I am sure we would be glad to make it four and a half a week, or possibly "It's not that," answered Barbara in a low voice. She took up the dish and put it in the oven, and then, after a moment of hesitation, she sat down

gravely. "What is it, then?" Mrs. Ward

asked hopelessly.
"Do you want me to tell you all the reasons I have for leaving?" Barbara asked the question with a touch of the feeling she had already shown.

"Have you made out a list?" Mrs. Ward asked carelessly. It was that characteristic of the woman that had

oftenest tried Barbara.
"Yes, I have," replied Barbara; and she added, with a different tone, as if she had suddenly put a check on her temper: "Mrs. Ward, I don't want

Ward, slowly. She still looked at Bar-bara sharply, and Barbara could not tell exactly what the woman was really thinking.
"Then, in the first place," began

Barbara, "my room is the hottest room in the house. It is right over the kitchen, it has no good ventilation, and it is not attractive in any



"I DON'T MIND IT DURING THE

vay as a room at the close of a hard day's work.'

"It is the room my girls have always had." Mrs. Ward spoke quickly

and angrily. "Maybe that is one reason you have had so many," said Barbara, grimly. The memory of the hot nights spent in the little back room framed Bar-

Mrs. Ward started to her feet. "This is impertinence," she said, while her cheeks grew red with an-

"It is the truth! You asked me to give my reasons for leaving. That is one of them," replied Barbara, calmly. "It is true of a good many other houses in Crawford, too. The smallest, least attractive, poorest room in the house is considered good enough for the girl. I know it isn't true of a great many houses that furnish as comfortable a room for the servant as for any other member of the family. But it is true of this house. am not blaming you for it, but who ever made the house for the express purpose of planning to give the hired girl of the house that particular room, which in this case happens to be the hottest, most uncomfortable room in the building."

Mrs. Ward sat down, and again looked at Barbara keenly. Her anger vanished suddenly, and she said, with a faint smile: "I don't know but you are right about that. Will you go

on? "In the second place," Barbara

regular hours of work. Four nights this week I worked until ten o'clock. Three nights last week I sat up until 11 with the children while you and Mr. Ward went to entertainments or were out to dinner."

"But what shall we do?" Mrs. Ward suddenly cried out despairingly. "Some one must stay with the children. And Mr. Ward and I have so-cial duties we cannot neglect. I am sure we go out very little compared with other people."

"I can't answer your questions," Barbara replied. "But I know one reason why I feel like leaving is because I never know whether my work is going to end at eight or nine or ten or eleven o'clock. There is no regular hours of labor in a hired girl's life, in this house.'

"Neither are there any regular hours of labor in a mother's life in a home," said Mrs. Ward, quietly. "Is your burden harder than mine? Or is it any harder than your own will be if you ever have a home and children as I have?"

The sudden question smote Barbara as a new one, and in a moment she felt conscious of an unthought of problem in the social economics of housekeeping. She had not thought it all out, as she had told her mother. If the home life was never to be free from the necessary drudgery of life, why should she complain if in the course of service in a family exact and she turned toward Mrs. Ward. course of service in a family exact hours and limits of service could not very well be determined? She was omewhat troubled in her mind have the question thrust upon her

just now. She was not prepared for it.
"In any case," she finally said, reluctantly, "the hours are so long and so uncertain that-"But you have Thursday afternoon

and nearly all of Sunday. You have more real leisure than I have."

"But you would not be willing to change places with me?" Barbara asked, looking at Mrs. Ward doubt-

fully.
"It is not a question of changing places. I simply want you to see that in the matter of time you are not abused. But go on with the other reasons." And Mrs. Ward folded her hands in her lap with a resigned air that made Barbara wince a little, for what she was going to say next would in all probability anger her.

"Another reason why I have decided to leave is the Sunday work. During the four Sundays I have been here you have invited in several friends to Sunday dinner. This makes Sun day morning my hardest day.'

"It has happened so this last month, that is true," Mrs. Ward confessed reluctantly; "but it has been rather unusual. In three instances I remember the gentlemen invited were ticular business friends of Mr. Ward, and he was anxious to please them. and invited them home with him from church rather than send them to a hotel. But such social courtesies are a part of a man's home life. What shall he do? Never invite a friend home to dinner for fear of giving the girl a little extra trouble?"

"I don't mind it during the week," Barbara replied, thoughtfully, "but it does not seem to me to be just the thing on Sunday. A good many familles make it a rule not to have extra Sunday dinners. Do you think it is quite fair?"

"We haven't time to discuss it. Go on," Mrs. Ward answered, not sharply, as Barbara thought she might. There were traces of tears in the older woman's eyes that disarmed Barbara at once. The excitement of her nervous tension was beginning to subside, and the attempt rate her grievances in their order was helping her to see them in their just light. Besides, Barbara had received some new ideas since she sat down to give her reasons for leaving. next time she spoke it was with a feeling of doubt as to her position.
"There is another thing that I have

felt a good deal, Mrs. Ward. You have asked me to give reasons. You will not think me rude if I go on?"
"I asked you to go on," Mrs. Ward replied, smiling feebly.

"Well, during the four weeks I have been in the family, you have never invited me to come into the family its four tragic men has were over. Of its four tragic men has were over. Of the second state of me to go to church with you, although I told you when I came that I was a member of a Christian Endeavor society in Fairview before we moved to Crawford. I don't mind so much being left out of the church services, but I cannot get over the feeling that as long as I am a hired servant I have no place, so far as my religious life is concerned, in the fam

Contrary to Barbara's expectation Mrs. Ward did not reply at once; and, when she did, her voice was not an gry. It was, rather, a sorrowful statement that gave Barbara reason to ask herself still other questions.

"There are some places in a family that are sacred to itself. Mr. Ward has always said that he thought the hour of family devotions was one of the occasions when a family had a right to be all by itself. Of course, if friends or strangers happen to b present in the home, they are invited into this inner circle, but not as right, only as a privilege. We have had so many girls in the house who for one reason and another would not come into worship, even if asked, that for several years we have not asked them. But the main reason is Mr Is there to be no specially consecrated hour for the family in its religious life? Is it selfish to wish for one spot in the busy day sacred

to the home circle alone?"

Barbara was silent. "I have wished to intrude into your family life. I only felt hungry at times to life. I only felt hungry recognized as a religious being with the rest of you. Would my oc casional presence have totally stroyed the sacred nature of your

family circle? "O, I don't know that it would," News.

went on, slowly, "I have not had any sighed Mrs. Ward. "I have only given you Mr. Ward's reason. He feels quite strongly about it. As to the church. Do you think I ought to in-

vite my servant to go with me?"
"I would if you were working for me," replied Barbara, boldly, for she was on sure ground now, to her own mind.

"Are you sure?" "I know I would," Barbara replied, with conviction.

Mrs. Ward did not answer, but sat looking at Barbara thoughtfully. Barbara rose and looked into the oven, changed a damper, and then went over to the table and stood leaning against it.
"Your other reasons for leaving?"

Mrs. Ward suddenly asked. As she asked it, Carl came into the kitchen

and went up to Barbara.
"I want a pie. Make me a pie, Barbara, won't you?" he asked, climbing up into a chair at the end of the table and rubbing his hands into the flour still on the kneading-board.

Barbara smiled at him, for they were good friends, and she had grown very fond of the child.

"Yes, if your mother thinks best and you will sit down there like a good boy and wait a little." Carl at once sat down, only begging that he might have the dish that Barbara had used to mix eggs and sugar in.

"Of course, there is always the reason of the social loss. I don't know any of the young women in Crawford; but, if I did, I do not think that any of those who have money or move in social circles would spea to me or recognize me for myself if they ever knew I was a servant."

Mrs. Ward did not answer. Barbara silently confronted her for a moment, and it was very still in the kitchen except for the beating of Carl's spoon on the inside of the cake-dish.

"And then, of course, I see no opportunity ever to be anything but a hired girl. How long would you want me to work for you, Mrs. Ward, as I have been doing for the last four

"Indefinitely, I suppose," answered Mrs. Ward, frankly.

[To Be Continued.]

SULPHUR MATCH WON BATTLE

An Interesting Incident of the Battle Between the Germans and French at Gravelotte.

It is said that at the battle of Gravelotte, during the Franco-Prussian war, there was for some hours at a critical point of the field an appearance of greater success on the part of the French than of the Germans. Von Moltke had been made aware of the perilous position of his forces in that quarter, and he hurried to the spot. For some time it was observed by those around him that he appeared much more anxious than usual. He gained a prominent position, where he was greatly exposed to the enemy's fire. He held his cigar between two fingers of his left hand, from time to time striking a fusee and applying it to the weed, but always neglecting to put the cigar between his lips. When the crisis of the day was evidently proaching the last fusee had burnt, and nothing but the cold ashes of Moltke's cigar remained. At length Bismarck's attention was directed to the great general, upon whose sagacity the fortune of the fight so largely depended. Moving up to him, Bismarck quietly struck a fusee, applied it to Moltke's eigar, and the welcome sight of the blue tobacco smoke curling up from the commander's lips rewarded the attention of the chancellor. Bismarck, drawing back in his solid way said, with exultation in his voice: must now be well, Moltke smokes again." The battle was won.

Kimberley After the Siege. A city relieved after a siege is a queer place. Julian Ralph, in "An American with Lord Roberts," says that there never were so few horses ourse there were no horses; the people had eaten them. The dogs consisted of bones, with a tongue ing out. They looked like frames of

dogs in process of construction. The shops were open but the clerks had grown to be as automatic as cuckoo-clocks. Instead of saying: "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" they kept on re-marking: "All out, ma'am! All out, sir!" in reference to the necessaries

"Milk for my coffee," ordered the

"The regulars has the only milk there is," replied the restaurant-keeper. "Likewise the jam, and they von't give it up."

"Give me a match," was the next request, and the host replied: "There's the candle. The matches run out in November."

He Wanted Too Much.

"You say you think your boy has too great an appetite," said the physito an anxious mother. realize how much a growing boy can

"I should think I ought to, if any body does," returned the boy's parent. "I'll just put the case to you, doctor. "Where we were, up in the moun

tains, this summer, the waitress would come in and say to my boy: 'We have fried fish, steak, liver and bacon, baked and fried potatoes, rye biscuit, muffin. and dry toast.'

"And that boy Ned would say: 'I'l take it all, please-and some eggs." Youth's Companion.

The Weather Man, The weather man is unquestion ably a storm-scenter .-- Chicago Dail

WORK OF THE WORLD

All People, Rich and Poor, Should Do Their Share of It.

California Judge Declares It Is the Duty of a Wife to Bear Some of the Financial Responsibilities of the Home.

Judge Waldo M. York, of Los Angeles, Cal., is not the most popular man in southern California just now. He has brought down wrath upon his head by declaring from the bench that women should have some of the responsibility of the support of the family, and that the husband's failure to support the wife was not necessarily valid grounds for divorce. This is the judge's ruling:

"A wife might easily earn enough to support both herself and husband. I believe that women should bear some of the responsibility of the supsome of the responsionity of the sup-port of the family upon their own shoulders. We ought all of us to work and do something to keep the world going. The mere fact that this woman and her daughter have had to help support the family is not in itself sufficient grounds for divorce."
The decision, which is holding first place with the weather and other topics of conversation, was in the divorce suit of Mrs. Flora E. Stephens against Henry G. Stephens, which was decided in favor of the plaintiff.

Mrs. Stephens brought action for freedom from her husband on the ground of cruelty and nonsupport, and told a pitiful story.

The wife left the husband, but the ease is one which under the law constitutes a desertion by him, as Stephens told his wife she would have They were living at the in East Los Angeles, and she took her

failed to support her. Before the Stephens family moved to Los Angeles they resided at Po-

two children, who were living at home, and left the man who had



JUDGE WALDO M. YORK. (He Thinks a Wife Should Help Support a Family.)

mona, where the husband's neglect of and cruelty toward his family aroused such indignation that the citizens threatened to tar and feather him if he did not leave town. man has no trade, and, according to the woman's story, no ambition and no inclination to work. Since leaving him Mrs. Stephens has been compelled to take in washing in order to

support the family.

Although poor, the plucky little woman is ambitious for her children, and is putting one son through a college at Healdsburg. The boy, unlike his father, is energetic and a hard worker, and he is paying a part of his tuition by working before and after school hours. The oldest son, Amos, has a situation in Riverside county, but does little toward the support of the family. The oldest daughter, Mrs. Myrtle Woolacott, is happily married and does much to assist her mother. The youngest is a child of eight.

After these facts had been to the court, Mrs. Stephens' attorney, Charles Lantz, submitted case, and Judge York rendered his decision. Touching upon the matter of nonsupport, the judge said: "A wife might easily earn enough

to support both herself and husband. "The fact that the husband has not contributed to the support of

family without proof of his ability to do so, or proof of his neglect to do so by reason of his idleness, profligacy or dissipation, is insufficient to justify a divorce. Besides, the law not contemplate that a poor does not contemplate that a poor man, relying solely upon his labor for support, should be the only la-borer in the family. In this case the wife and her daughter, by honest and honorable employment, were able to earn a living and had the courage to do so. Their work was no harder than that ordinarily done by laboring people, and for aught that appears the husband may not have en able to find employment, and, it able to find employment, may not have been physically able to labor. All people, rich or poor, should do their part of the work, and not be drones, whose existence is useless.

"But it does appear in this case that the husband, prior to the sepa ration, was extremely cruel to his wife in many ways, and that without cause he inflicted upon her grievous mental suffering and physical injuries, and upon that ground she is en unique. titled to a divorce.

"I do not look upon this mattetr of women helping to support the family as such an extraordinary state of affairs as to warrant anybody applying for legal separation upon

EXTRAORDINARY PLANT.

It Devours Animal Food Greedily When Given to It in Small and Tasty Morsels.

We all know that certain plants absorb and live on insects, but it has only recently been discovered that there are some curious species of plants that actually devour animal food when

given to them in small morsels.

The leaves of these queer plants appear in doublets, like oyster valves. This double leaf is closed up from its base to within about three-quarters of its entire length. In the front part it is detached, the two pointed tops forming, as it were, a pair of lips, or a mouth, which the plant can open at

Inside this mouth is a kind of a passage or throat which extends toward



MEAT-EATING PLANT (Devours Animal Food When Given to It in Small Morsels.)

the body of the plant. This passage has a number of hairy bits about i which are very fuzzy, and at the end of each bit there is a sticky substance.
When the plant opens its mouth it is evident that the trap is then set, for upon any insect entering it the lips close upon it at once, forcing it to the gummy substance of the throat. This substance has properties similar to those contained in the gastric juices of the human stomach, which help to decompose and digest the food. When so digested the food resolves itself into a liquid which is carried all over the plant to nourish and revive it.

The most marvelous thing about this newly-discovered species, says the New York World, is that it can digest such food as small morsels of beef, fish and egg gelatine, some of which, dropped into the open leaf, were retained and apparently digested. At the same time anything of a starchy or fatty substance the leaf or plant is not able to retain. It does not, therefore, close its lips upon it, and if allowed to remain in the mouth the plant will decay.

FORTY YEARS A JUDGE.

John Jay Jackson, Jr., of West Virginia, Has Sat on Bench Longer Than Any Other Man.

Judge John Jay Jackson, Jr., of Parkersburg, W. Va., celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his appointment as judge of the United States district court of West Virginia on August 3. He has sat upon the bench longer than any other judge, either federal or state, in the history of the

United States Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Field and others sat over 30 years upon the bench, but no one has come within four years of the length of Judge Jackson's term of service.

Seventy-seven years of age, Judge Jackson might several years ago have



JOHN JAY JACKSON, JR. (Virginia Jurist Who Has Sat on the Bench for Forty Years.)

retired, but he expects to die in the harness, and to judge by his present vigor it will be many years before he does. For he is to-day one of the most energetic of all the federal judiciary and his opinions are noted for their strength and vigor. During his term of 40 years of continuous service on the bench Judge Jackson has missed but one term of court, and that was when the confederate troops under Gen. Loring were in possession of Charleston.

Robinson Crusoe's Musket.

A Philadelphia firm of auctioneers recently offered at one of its sales Robinson Crusoe's musket. It was a fine old flintlock. It was in the possession of a grandniece of Alexander Selkirk, and its pedigree is much more unclouded than is usually the case with objects of this kind.

Wears a Copper Dress The bride of William A. Clark, Jr., the son of Senator W. A. Clark, the copper king, has a dress in her trous-seau made of hairlike copper wire that was created in Paris especially for her. The effect is said to be

Dainty Menn for Servants. King Edward of England has on dered that the lower servants shall have in future not only joint for din ner, but also on alternate days a first course of fish or soup.