

**UNCHANGABLE.**

Oh, the world is growing older, but the heart of love is young;  
All the wailing songs we whisper are the songs for ages sung;  
And the softly murmured story in the maiden's ear to-day  
Is of Paris love for Helen, told in just another way;  
Cupid's eyes are bright with laughter and the shafts of merriment  
Fly as straight and true as ever; for the harped arrow sent  
Through the heart of lad or lass, driven high or driven low,  
Is the same that cupid tipped with love a thousand years ago.

Oh, the moonlight's spall is changeless and the soft skies overhead  
Lead love's footsteps in the pathway where the steps of ages led;  
In the eyes of maidens lifted to the pleading eyes of men  
Flash the shy timid glances that have leaped and died again  
When the earth was in its cradle, while the love-impassioned tongue  
Tells to love the blissful story that was told when time was young;  
For the shyly whispered answer, told in trembling tones and low,  
Is the speech that tinkled golden on the harp of long ago.

And the bowl remains unbroken though the sped years sap the wine;  
Though the grapes of love be gathered, springtime thrills the budding vine;  
And the path by lovers trodden in the ecstasy of song  
Is the path the ages followed, through a leamy way and long;  
Soft the skies breathe benediction and the music of the air  
Swells and tells a bridal chorus as the truth is pledged there;  
'Tis the song through untold ages by the chorused angels sung,  
For the world is growing older, but the heart of love is young.

**OVER THE WIRES**  
By S. Annie Frost.

FIRST, I must tell you who I am, and how I came to be in the Baysville bank in the "wee, sunn' hours," one dreary December night, some three years ago.

My name, then, is Olive Hudson, and I was seventeen years old that same December night and so very small that Mrs. Knight's Dollie, who was not twelve, was half a head taller than myself.

We were rich folks once, but father died and left us very poor. Mother struggled along in a weary hand-to-hand fight with poverty till I was sixteen, and died. She had rented two rooms of Mrs. Knight, a widow also, with two stalwart sons, an aged father and two daughters. After mother died, I was adopted by the Knights, and although I was earning a support as music teacher in the Baysville Academy, I was like one of the family when I was in my grand old home.

I knew all the good positions, although by no means an aristocratic family. John, the eldest son, was in New York in a wholesale sugar house; Tom was the night watchman of the Baysville Bank Building, and grandpa—we all called him grandpa—was telegraph operator of the town, while Mary was a milliner, and Dolly still at school.

Baysville Bank Building was a large granite structure, containing the post-office and bank on the first floor, the telegraph office and a number of private law offices on the second floor, and other private offices on the third floor. In the basement were post-office rooms for sorting the mail, and also the large bank vaults.

I knew the building well, for I was fond of telegraphing and spent half my leisure time perched up beside grandpa in his office, sending and receiving messages, while he slept peacefully or read the newspapers.

And that was the beginning of my amusement at Dryden, the next station. The operator at Dryden was a wit, and flashed nonsense to our office when business was dull. It fell flat when grandpa was in the office, but if I were there, I went back best for jest, and sometimes an hour slipped by like a minute as we talked over the wires of every topic under the sun. He called himself Lion, and I, for nonsense, signed myself Elephant, laughing while I did so at the reflection of my tiny figure in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles from Baysville, was C—, a large commercial town, the nearest railway station, and where an office was always kept open for the accommodation of travelers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the night watchman of Baysville Bank Building and a lonely time he had of it. The last mail came in by stage at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the postoffice was vacated at 5. The bank closed at 3, and by 6 every office was deserted for the night.

At 7 Tom was on duty, and grandpa, who was restless at night, was in the habit of taking down some coffee and luncheon, as the building was only a stone's throw from our house.

On the December night I have already mentioned, it had stormed heavily all day, and I had taken a new class at the Academy, coming home later in the day than usual, and excited over my increase of salary.

Everybody else had gone to bed, and I was lingering over the kitchen fire with Mrs. Knight, dreading the plunge into my cold room, where I had allowed the fire to go out.

The clock struck 12, and Mrs. Knight, lifting her face from over the fire, said: "Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep on the sofa in the sitting room. I'll have Tom's basket ready by the time grandpa has his hat and coat on. I hate to call him, for he was complaining of rheumatism to-day, and the ground is very wet, although the storm is over."

"Let him sleep," I said; "I'll run over with the basket. It is not a step."

"But it is so dark. Are you not afraid?"

"Not a bit. I'll slip on my waterproof and rubbers, and draw the head of the cloak over my head."

"Well, if you will. Though I am afraid Tom will scold at my letting you go."

"I'll put the basket on the table and run, and he will never know who left it."

"Go into the rear basement door. He leaves that open for grandpa."

"I know."

I grasped the handle of the basket, hurried across the space between the building and the house, and stole softly in at the basement door, in pursuance of my plan to drop the basket and run.

In my rubber shoes my steps were noiseless, and I had scarcely passed the threshold when I stood rooted to the floor in terrified amazement. Somebody was talking.

I crept forward and listened. There were men in the bank vault, and a light shone under the door.

While I listened some one said: "There's a confounded draught here. Did you shut the door, Smith?"

"Yes, but the wind may have blown it open."

I had just time to dart under the staircase and crouch down, when the door of the vault opened and a man came out.

He crossed the entry, drew the two heavy, noisy bolts, fastening the door by which I had entered, and returned without closing the vault door.

I could look in by the dim light to see two men working at the safe locks by the stream of light thrown from a dark lantern.

There was the outline of a man bound and gagged under the floor, but I could only conjecture it was Tom, for I could not see distinctly.

There I was nicely caged, for it would be impossible for me to draw those heavy bolts without attracting notice. And the bank was being robbed, that was evident. How could I prevent it? I could not get out, I could not reach Tom. Suddenly I remembered the telegraph office on the second floor. If I could summon help from C—, it was only five miles, and there was a long job for the burglars before they could open the safe.

Could I creep around the staircase? If one of those busy men turned his head I was lost. I softly crept out on all fours, slowly, watchfully, and gained the stairs. Up I darted, blessing my India rubber shoes, till I gained the door of the telegraph office. All dark there, and I dared not strike a match.

I listened, and then, leaving the door open, groped my way to the well-known desk, and gave the signal at C—. I could hear my own heart-throbs as I waited for the answer. It came. Still working in the dark, I sent this message: "Burglars in the Baysville Bank vault! Watchman bound and gagged! Can you send help?"

Again the agony and suspense of listening, but at last the sound reached me: "Will send help immediately."

I crept to the head of the staircase, afraid the clear ring of the instrument had been heard in the vault; but no one came upstairs. The window of the telegraph office faced the street, so I returned, booted myself in safety, and sat down to wait.

The town clock gave one resonant stroke, breaking the deep silence, and no signs of life were visible on the long stretch of road leading to C—. I was numb with cold, wishing heartily that I had not left Tom's basket under the staircase, thinking regretfully of my own cosy bed, when I heard afar off the sound of horses' feet.

No sister Anne, in Blue Beard's tower, was ever more watchful than I was then.

Would the burglars take the alarm? The building made a corner of two streets, and I saw eight mounted men dash up the road, separate, and while four dismounted in front, four went to the rear.

The burglars were unprepared for this flank movement, for while the police in front were thundering at the main entrance, the robbers rushed to the rear basement door, right into the arms of the police stationed there.

I could hear the hubbub, pistol shots fired, the shuffle of feet, cries, oaths, and general confusion, and I slipped down stairs, out of the now deserted main entrance and home.

Everybody was abed, and I went to my own room, had a good crying spell, and comforted my half frozen body in double blankets, where I soon fell asleep.

All this was on Friday night and I had no teaching to do until Monday, so I slept late; but on coming down, found all the family prepared to make a heroine of me.

"I never knew until mother told me this morning," said Tom, "that it wasn't grandpa who sent the telegram to C—. By Jove, Olive, you're spunky. If you were a little older when four of them pounced upon me from one of the upper rooms, they must have got in through the day and hid there."

I tried to make the Knights promise not to tell my adventure, but could not. Before night all Baysville knew how Olive Hudson caught the burglars. I was in the office with grandpa, when over the wires came this message: "What does Olive Hudson look like? Everybody in Dryden is talking about her great exploit."

I flashed back: "What do you suppose such a woman would look like? She is nearly six feet, broadshouldered and loud-voiced, a perfect Elephant!"

"Was it really yourself, Elephant?"

"Dear Lion, it really was."

"Do you know, I want to see you. I am going to New York to-day, but I'll be back next spring."

If he came to Baysville he did not see me. I ran away in a fit of shyness.

In March a wonderful thing happened. My mother's brother, who had been seventeen years, nearly all my lifetime, in Cuba, came to New York, found me out and took me into a life of ease and luxury, making me his pet in his splendid house. He was a bachelor, over fifty years of age, and with large wealth.

He introduced me to old friends of his own, and my circle of acquaint-

ances widened every day. I was entirely happy.

One day Uncle George brought home to dine a stranger, whom he introduced as: "The son of an old friend, Olive, Mr. Roberts."

"I made myself agreeable, as in duty bound, to Mr. Roberts, a man of thirty or thereabouts, with a face that was downright ugly, but pleasant from the expression of frank good humor and intelligence upon it. We talked of everything, and I was surprised at the congeniality of taste that we soon discovered. In an animated discussion of horology, Mr. Roberts, turning to Uncle George, said: "You were kindly inquiring this morning about my fortune since father died, but I did not tell you one little episode. Before I was fortunate enough to obtain my present lucrative situation, I was for a time telegraph operator in a small place called Dryden, and there I heard of a real hero, of whom the world will probably never hear."

I knew what was coming, but I kept my face perfectly composed to listen. When the story was finished, giving Uncle George a sly pinch to keep him quiet, I said: "What kind of a looking person was the wonderful hero?"

"I never saw him; for although Baysville was the next village to Dryden, I never went there. But she was described to me as tall, strong and masculine."

"In short, my dear Lion," I said gravely, "she was a perfect Elephant!"

"Such a stare as greeted me I am certain never came upon Leo Roberts' face before or since that hour. His eyes dilated until I thought they would pop out of his head, and his mouth opened in utter amazement. Finally he gasped: "Pardon me, I—was it really you?"

"Uncle George," I said, "will you please introduce me properly to Mr. Roberts? I believe he thinks your niece must share your name."

With a flourish Uncle George arose, and gravely introduced me. "This is my niece, Miss Olive Hudson, Mr. Roberts."

After that we could not certainly be strangers. Mr. Roberts came "many a time and oft" to dine with Uncle George.

And one day there was a wedding, where the bride was very small, buried in lace and orange blossoms, and the bridegroom was ugly and good natured; but it was a true love match, a fit ending for the flirtation commenced at Dryden and Baysville, over the wires.—Waverley Magazine.

**Miss Jane Addams.**  
It is her habit to be rather silent, and yet, curiously enough, she has brought about her at one time or another, the most brilliant thinkers and talkers in the country. At the long table with its simple fare, where the residents of Hull House break bread after their day of diverse duties, have gathered, first and last, most persons of original, peculiar, or dominating thought of the present time. Some have been refugees, some revolutionists; some have represented the conventions and have been distinguished as achievers of modern forms of prosperity; others heroic demonstrators of this or that system. But one and all, speaking in this tongue or that, have done their best to explain and justify themselves to Jane Addams. I don't know why.

Miss Addams has incurred those penalties which are inevitable to one who thinks and acts counter to popular ideas. She has enemies. Hull House and its policy are not infrequently misrepresented. At least one newspaper in Chicago misrepresents the acts of Hull House with deliberate attempt. But I really do not think these things have much effect on her temper for public which has, indeed, reached the point where it is willing to wait until she unakes her motives and meanings clear.—Ella Peattie, in Harper's Bazar.

**Raising Submarine Boats.**  
A method of raising submarine torpedo boats by acetylene is being experimented upon by the German naval authorities. Large tanks are built in the boat, with a sea connection; when these are filled with water the boat will sink, and to raise her again these must be emptied, which process, done in the ordinary way, requires powerful pumps and complicated mechanism. It is evident that multiplication of machinery is particularly objectionable in a submarine craft, and the German method avoids all necessity for pumps. When it is desired to raise the boat a charge of calcium carbide of the right size is placed in an acetylene generator, which is connected to the water tanks, an immense volume of gas is formed, and on opening a cock this rushes into the water tank, forcing out the water through the sea connection, and the boat rises.

By a slight change, this method could be used for the raising of sunken vessels. Tanks filled with water could be sunk in the ship's hold, and when the number was sufficient to float her when empty the water could be driven out by acetylene and the ship would rise. A charge of carbide might be introduced into each tank and form the gas there, or a separate generator connected to the tanks might be used.

**Str Hiram's East Days.**  
Sir Hiram Maxim says that he has only had two thoroughly enjoyable holidays. The first was on a Fourth of July, when his father gave him the whole of ten cents to spend as he liked. This was, he declares, perhaps the greatest of all holidays to him. The next best one was a tour through Switzerland and Italy with Lady Maxim many years ago. This, however, he remarked, cost rather more than ten cents.

**A Long Trolley Ride.**  
A continuous trolley ride from Portland, Me., to New York City is now only interrupted by a stretch of nineteen miles from Kennebunk to York Beach, and these points will be connected next summer. On August 9 the Atlantic Coast Line Railway opened its line from Biddeford to Kennebunk, a piece twelve miles long. Portland is now connected by electric railroads to Kennebunk and Boston to York Beach.

**The Farm**  
Keep Up Appearances.  
Many farms are estimated below their true value because of slovenly appearance. Weeds higher than the fences, trees blown down and left to rot in the same place, fences out of repair, gates and barn doors off the hinges or swinging on one hinge, unsightly litter in door yard and at the barn—these and many such evidences of carelessness depreciate the value of any farm. The soil may be excellent, the water facilities all that could be asked for and all natural advantages requisite to make a good, high-priced farm may exist, and yet that farm scarcely makes its owner a living.

**The Cost of Production.**  
The cost for food in producing one pound of poultry meat does not exceed five cents. This has been demonstrated by actual experiments made, and the profits depend upon the prices obtained. But there are expenses other than for food, such as the eggs used for hatching, the losses of checks, the use of the hens during sitting and brooding, and the care and labor bestowed. If the chicks go into the market before the first of June they may bring a price anywhere from twenty to forty cents per pound, according to quality, the profits depending not so much on the saving of food, but in avoiding losses of chicks after they are hatched.

**Corn Poultry.**  
Corn is the greatest of all fattening feeds for live stock, but as is well known, it will make a badly balanced ration, being deficient in protein, and consequently not suited as a sole ration for growing animals.

It has long been known that different samples of corn vary very much in chemical composition, the softer and more starchy having a lower protein content than the flinty varieties, as it is the germ and horny appearing portions and bran that contain the protein. Scientific plant breeders have been busy for several years with attempts to develop breeds of corn that will come nearer yielding a well balanced feed. As it is well known that the corn ration with some food having a much higher protein content, and containing less of carbohydrates and fat. These efforts have measurably succeeded, but not perfectly. The experiment stations are working on this problem with every prospect of ultimate success.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

**Mutton Chops.**  
The best single grain for fattening sheep is corn.

When the corn is ripe the sheep should be yarded and given clover hay, and a light feeding of corn at first.

One-half pound per head can be fed for a start and increased gradually until four to five pounds of grain are consumed a day.

Poor sheep may be able to eat only one pound each day.

The fat ones should be selected for market, and the remaining ones fed until they are in proper condition for the butcher.

Any unprofitable members of the flock should be fed and fitted and be sent to market with the lambs.

If there are ticks on the flock the sheep should be dipped before going in the fattening pens or yards.

Let the flock clean the cornfields.

Begin feeding early so the flock do not run down on poor pasture.

If the pasture is poor the sheep can be kept in good flesh by feeding a little grain.

Wheat or oats fed in a trough, one to two bushels for one hundred head, should keep the flock in good shape.

An acre of rape will feed fifteen lambs about two months.

Corn, oats and oil meal is a good mixture feed with such feeds as rape, roots, ensilage and turnips.

Never leave the sheep out in the cold fall rains.

It is much safer to yard them every night.—Farm Journal.

**Be Orderly.**  
Every farm ought to have a place for keeping the scraps of wood and iron that accumulate. Somewhere there should be a big box into which the stray bolts, burrs, broken bits of machinery and other iron may be kept. Nobody knows how many times a year such a box is visited unless he has tried it.

Then we ought to put away every nice piece of pine, or oak, or other hard wood we come across, especially if it be straight grained and likely to come in play some day for a handle, or whiffletree, or some such thing. If there is no such place, we are likely to do a great deal of running about before we find what we need when the pinch comes.

Have a lumber pile where all the bits of boards, plank and timbers may be stored. How much better this is than to have this lumber scattered all around the building.

Hang up the harnesses used on the farm when not on the horses. Some men throw them down wherever they happen to be when they take them off. Hang up the other things that ought to be hung up about the barn. The barn is the farmer's kitchen, sitting room and parlor. You can tell by the way it looks how good a housekeeper he is.

Do not let the bottles of medicine for the horses and cows stand around on the girls and boxes in the barn. Have a little cupboard for them, and keep them there. Every interest demands this. Almost all such medicines contain poisons, and we can not be too careful how we handle them.

**You Will Be Glad.**  
If you study your business just as a school boy works away at his books. About all the mistakes we make come from not really knowing our business as we should.

If you do not try to do to-morrow's work to-day. Few backs are made strong enough to bear such a double burden very long.

If you are faithful in the small things about your farm work. A match will set a house afire. Many a good axle has been ground out by grit in the

**Fashion Notes**

New York City.—Full waists that are shirred and draped to form soft and graceful folds are among the latest features of fashion and are exceedingly attractive in the many pliable materials of the season. This one is particularly smart and includes a point at the front and the new sleeves, shirred to form two longwise puffs above the elbows. The material chosen for the model is willow green messaline satin with cream colored lace for chemise and cuffs, banding and bows of darker velvet, but there are many wool as well as silk materials that can be treated in the same manner with equal success, and, when liked.

That New Shade of Blond.  
Tucking and smocking, not alone in small sections, but in whole pieces, large enough to make a waist, or at least a girle effect, are being shown in gowns for reception and evening wear this season. Another kind of ornament is the blond lace, which simply defines description. It's neither cream, nor pure white, nor yellow, nor any particular shade, but blond, and the most popular trimming shown for the fall season. Without a broad girle no reception gown is complete. These may be of the same material and shade as the gown or of bright ribbons, with long streamers, or bows at the back.—New York Press.

The Knotted Stock.  
A pretty stock of white crepe has the long front tied up into little bows down its length.

Blouse or Shirt Waist.  
Plain shirt waists always are in demand and always fill a need. This one shows the new sleeves, that are full at the shoulders, and includes a wide box pleat at the center front. The model is made of Russian blue Sicilian mohair, stitched with corticeil silk, and is worn with a belt and tie of black tulle. All waisting materials are, however, equally appropriate, the many mercerized cottons as well as wool and silk.

**A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.**



the deep cuffs can be omitted and the sleeves made in three-quarter length. The waist is made with the fitted lining, on which the full fronts and backs are arranged, and is finished at the neck with a roll-over collar under which the chemise is attached. The sleeves are made over fitted linings, which are faced to form cuffs, and are full above the elbows, finished with circular fills below which fall over the gathered ones of the lace. The closing is made invisibly at the center front.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-fourth yards twenty-one inches wide, and one-half yard twenty-seven inches wide, or two and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with seven-eighths yard of all-over lace, three-fourth yards of bias velvet and two and one-half yards of lace to make as illustrated.

Very Fascinating. This. Absolutely fascinating is a big hat of the time of the Restoration. To say that it is fascinating is also to say that it is of the second period of the Restoration, about 1830.

At the right the brim is very broad and flaring. At the left it is less so. At the front it is yet narrower, while at the back it is quite narrow. It is beautifully colored with a delicately rosy fawn silk, the brim being faced with a rosy castor mirror velvet. This velvet shades almost to golden brown, and will go beautifully with the beaver fur which is to be revived. At the left side of the crown is a bunch of loops in satiny apricot ribbon, the ribbon being drawn through a cut steel buckle at the center, from which a magnificent parade plume is the brownsian.

The Berlin police have arrested restaurant keepers for fraud for having dummy musicians in their orchestras.