

NOCTURNE.

Up to her chamber window
A slight white smile goes
And up this room she comes
Chambers a bolt white rose.

She smiles on her white-rose lover
She reaches out her hand
And helps him at the window—
I see it where I stand!

WAS IT HER MOTHER?

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

Just a little voice calling through the
dark, "Mamma, oh, mamma!" and then
a low sound of stifled sobbing.

call dead. I do not understand it—
no one understands it; but it comes,
one day, to everybody, and it is God's
will. Your mamma cannot speak to
us any more, and soon she will be
gone out of our sight; but she truly
believed that she would always be able
to see your face and hear your voice,

she was a good little creature, and
she did not rebel even at the summons
to go out of her earthly Eden in search
of the paradise of God. She looked in-
deed to live, for she loved her own,

Col. Trevelthick considered for a mo-
ment what he should say to his child—
how he could make her understand
the great, sad, awful, yet triumphant
mystery which had come to pass that
day under their roof—the great loss,

"Do not grieve so, darling. I am not
going so far but that I shall come back
to you every day. Something tells me
that I shall be always near you and
Maudie. You cannot call, or she cry,

That afternoon Col. Trevelthick had
felt as if he had nothing at all left in
this world; but now he realized how
much happier still his home might be
if he lost out of it this child who was
so like her mother.

"What is it, darling?"
A little, night-drooping figure lifted
itself up and two little arms hung round
his neck.

Nearly two years went on, and all the
time the little girl became more and
more frail; until, at last, when she had
just passed her eighth birthday, she
was taken very ill. Her illness seemed
a sort of low, nervous fever, and she
grew daily more feeble.

"She cannot kiss you now, my dar-
ling, but you shall kiss her."
So he lifted the little white figure in
his arms, holding it close, as one who
must be father and mother both, now,

Two hours afterward Dr. Hale came.
He stood for a few moments beside the
little bed, he looked in the child's
glad eyes; he counted the
throbs of her pulse, he made her put
out her healthy little tongue. Then he
turned to her father.

"Put me on the bed, please, papa. I
got on the bed every night and kiss
her, since she's been ill."
So he let her have her will; and, for
a moment, she nestled close to the dead
body, which had always beaten for her
so warmly. Then she lifted up her
head.

That night Bessie was to sit up un-
til one o'clock, and then to call the
nurse. As for Col. Trevelthick, he
would be in and out as usual.

EUCHAISTIC OFFICE BOY

Temporarily named "The Bear" at an
insurance company.

The hearing of Mr. Hughes at the
big insurance companies is having its
effect upon the minor officials of the
corporations. It is a noticeable fact
that where formerly good nature and
friendliness obtained among the clerks
there is now an almost general
"grumpy" feeling.

One of these cub clerks was recently
graduated from college, and his cur-
riculum included a thorough course
of football, boxing and several other
branches of sport. He was not
obliged to work for a living, but his
other parents appreciated him to the
insurance line of business, that being
their idea of a good commercial training.

"I came to tell you, sir, that the gen-
eral manager—"
"Get out of here!" repeated "The
Bear," jumping to his feet, his face
distorted with passion. "Get out, I
say, or I'll throw you out!" And he
advanced with a threatening manner.

"I leave here at 5 o'clock sharp," said
Bessie quietly. "Any time after that
hour I am ready for the slaughter."
And the boy left the room. Going to
his desk he wrote his resignation, ac-
companied it with a brief statement
to the manager that through no fault
of his own he had been unable to de-
liver the message to Mr. Blank.

The late Captain "Joe" Nicholson, to
memory dear in Detroit, used to tell of
a long-time prisoner who had been in
the house of correction while the Cap-
tain ran that institution.

"But you have told me several times
that you were innocent of the charge
on which you were sent here."
"So I was," Captain Joe, and I can
prove it. Here are the names of three
witnesses. Get their statements and
see whether I'm lying."

One day Biddy McGinty was making
her ninety-seventh appearance before
the bench for disorderly conduct, when
the magistrate's clerk exclaimed sud-
denly: "It's scandalous the way you
waste the court's time with your do-
ings. If it depended on me I'd shut
you up in a lunatic asylum, and never
let you out again."

A certain magistrate's clerk was
noted for his brusqueness and har-
shness to those who had the misfortune
to come before him as offenders against
the law.

Aluminum paper is now manufac-
tured in Germany.

COUNTRY SCHOOL GONE.

A NOTABLE INSTITUTION OUT OF EXISTENCE.

In its Place Comes the Centralized
School With Better Instruction and
Accommodations for the Pupils—
Social and Educational Advantages
of New Plan.

Before long the dodo itself will not
be more extinct than the old-time
country school, declares the New York
Sun. As a people we have had a
mania for multiplying schoolhouses.
We dotted on a landscape well sup-
plied with them. And the general
idea was that, if it rained school-
houses one day, the millennium might
be expected the next day, at the fur-
thest, the day after.

That's all changed. Country schools
are being shut up by the score. But
don't get excited. The young idea
is not being deprived of its right to
shoot. On the contrary, it is at last
receiving just as good a chance along
that line as used to be the exclusive
privilege of town children.

This is the way it is done. Take
anywhere from two to a dozen spin-
ning, tottering, half-dead country
schools. There are thousands of them.
Throughout the East the rural school
population has dwindled to half what
it used to be.

Under the new system all of these
scratch-schools in a township are
closed. If there already exists
a graded school within the town-
ship, the country pupils are taken back
and forth between their homes and the
school, the cost of their transporta-
tion being paid out of the school fund
of the township.

The result is that the country child-
ren have the same advantages as
those in the town. And the cost to
the township is less.

The building is in the center of the
township and all the children of
school age are brought to it in the
morning and taken home at the close
of school in eight wagons regularly
engaged for that purpose.

These wagons are generally long
hacks or barges, with seats along the
sides. The law requires that they
be provided with curtains for stormy
weather, with lap robes and hot
soapstones.

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QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

According to a cablegram from Brus-
sels, the Belgian Government has au-
thorized an international lottery to col-
lect \$2,000,000 for an expedition to the
North Polar regions.

It is declared on the authority of a
leading member of the Automobile club
of America that there is one chauffeur
in New York City who is receiving an
annual salary of \$6000.

Those engaged in the manipulation
of false hair are found abundantly
suffering from affections of the
throat and chest, caused by the inhalation
of minute particles.

In the "Situations Wanted" in the
London Express was this advertisement:
"Galloping consumption of
means; Dr. Work wanted. Address, Pat-
ient, Bed 648, Daily Express, Tudor
street."

A naturalist, according to the Dun-
dee Advertiser, has been making ob-
servations on the habits of ants of
genus "alta," and has discovered each
insect goes through a cleaning process
as elaborate as that of a cat, not only
performed by herself, but by another,
who acts for the time as lady's maid.

"Alligator boats," used by Canadian
lumbermen, can travel both on land
and water. When the boat comes to
a place where the river has entirely
dried up, or to a sand bank, an anchor
and cable are taken out some way
ahead, the engines are set working,
and the boat is slowly hauled up to the
anchor.

Cooking Fish in Clay.
The natives of the north woods
have more appetizing ways to cook
fish than any other class of cooks in
the world, says the Milwaukee Sen-
tinel. The universal favorite, however,
seems to be the clay method. The
fish is wrapped in the clay without
having so much as a scale rubbed by
the cleaning knife. He is not dressed
and the only seasoning is a pinch of
salt placed in the mouth.

When the fish is done up in the
clay the package is placed in the em-
bers of the campfire to bake. When
it is done the clay is cracked open
and the scales of the fish are found
to be sticking in the clay and the
head is then broken off.

With the permission of the Russian
government an Italian company is try-
ing to raise a British war vessel which
sank in Balaklava bay, Crimea, during
the war of 1854-56.