It's not meself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining (He's a good man, is Michael, and I've never felt his frown), But there's sorrow beating on me like a long day's raining For the little wrinkled face of her I left in Kerrydown.

It's just Herself I'm lenging for, Herself and no other—
Do you mind the ments we walked to Mass when all the fields were green?—
Twas I that pinned your kerchief, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
The wide seas, the cruel seas and half the world between!

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to up and follow (It's a fair land we've come to and here's pienty here for all); It's not the homesick longing that lires me like a swallow.

But the one voice across the world that draws me to its call.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other, Do you mind the tales you told me when the turf was blazing bright?— Me head upon your shoulder, oh, me mother, mother, mother, The broad seas between us and yourself alone tonight!

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming and there's going; It's kind souls will be about me when the little one is here; But it's her word that I'm wanting, her comfort I'd be knowing, And her blessing on the two of us to drive away the fear.

And her blessing on the two of as courts and provided in the wedding gown?—

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other,
Do you mind the soft spring mornings when you stitched the wedding gown?—

The little, careful stitches, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
Meself beyond the broad seas and you in Kerrydown!

—Theodosia Garrison, in McClurc's Magazine.

The Harp of Life.

L. LOVEGROVE.

"Where's Nan?"
That was the usual cry at the Coverdale's if the eldest daughter disappeared for more than five minutes. The vicar needed her to write for him; the sweet-faced mother missed her girl's affectionate care; and one or another of the five boys and girls were sure to want the help which only Nan could give.

I must manage without me," she thought, and still the battle raged. Finding physical energy at last giving out, she retraced her steps, and wearied in body and mind found her way to her aunt's, where all this time she had been supposed to be. She seemed too tired and spent to make up her mind to anything, but as she proposed into the cosy room a sense of

ould give.

It was sweet to feel herealf the prop of the household, to know that she was necessary to them all, from the grave, tender father down to wee Flo, the pet of the family; yet, brave lift-then gave one look at the girl's white wary fee, then her arms want out. the pet of the family, yet, brave fiter of burdens as she waz, Nan sometimes felt the strain of it all, and felt, also, that it would be good at times to be a "leaner" if—ahl if—
"Where's Nan?" again demanded Fred. His kite wanted mending and he was eager to be off, for the wind was

for him

She has gone for a run down to said Mrs. Coverdale, from the couch where so much of her life

Fred grumblingly departed. It was a query if he would find another will-ing helper. Then the vicar looked up from his book to say, "My dear, I am glad Nan is out of the way for once, for I'm afraid between us we demand

too much of her." The mother sighed as she agreed with him, for her own helplessness troubled her greatly.

He heard the sigh, and love interpreted its meaning for him, for theirs were love-linked hearts. In the talk which followed the mother heart was comforted, for she was made to feel how great a place she held in the lives of all the family, and, most of all, how precious she was to this, her hus-

Meanwhile, could they have seen An-nie, how amazed they would have

Swiftly walking along the country road, ignoring its loneliness, and heedless of the gathering gloom, she was fighting a lonely heart battle. Nan felt herself a woman. Her place

on the harp of her life; only lately had she realized how gradually (and unconsciously to herself) she had grown to revel in the presence of Douglas Gray.

He was her father's curate, for the pailsh was a large one. She liked to talk over her favorite books with him; earnest, vivid preaching touched her, and to be linked to such a person-ality would, she felt, mean living on

ble, unexplainable grace of pleasing, which takes a man unawares, but holds light, and the home love- seemed

Watching the two that afternoon the truth 'had cut its way into Nan's heart. Sitting sewing near the window—Nan had no leisure for the pretty fancy work of which Amy was so first. dow—Nan had no lessure for the pretty
fancy work of which Amy was so fond
—she had caught snatches of their
conversation, as Amy and Douglas
wandered in the old-fashioned garden.
to them so evidently a garden of Eden.

It was well that Nan was fortified, By-and-by Amy had bent over to co I rose, and the watchful eyes at the window had noted the ardent expres-tion of love on the man's face as he stood watching. It only needed that wan should, after the curate's departare, happen upon her sister seated ander one of the old garden trees-lost in a happy day dream. The disilluscomment was complete.

And now face to face with her trouble, and how she despised her-belf (yet why should she?) because it measured tramp to beat down the pain in her heart. She had given her love unsought, and self-contempt raged in her heart for the jealous feelings which

By

weary face, then her arms went out, and in a moment later, like an over-spent child in the arms of its mother, Nan rested there until soothed and comforted by deep, unspoken sympathy, she sank on to a footstool at her aunt's was eager to be off, for the wind was feet, feeling that the tension was reglorious and the boys were waiting lieved, and her burden already lightened.

> And there, in the firelight, she unburdened her heart, and told that which but an hour before she had inly resolved should never meet the ear of any human soul. Such is the potency of sympathy. The words of that conversation need not be recorded. Words are important, but in those rare heart-to-heart talks of which life gives so few, that which matters most is the love-lit eye, the tender tone, and the sacred unveiling of the recesses of hu-man hearts. At such times "spirit with spirit can meet," and only then do we realize how closely two human souls can touch, and how deep and far-reaching is the influence of one personality on another.

Dorothea Coverdale was a living exposition of Lowell's beautiful words:

Be noble And the nobleness which lies in others

sleeping, but never dead, Will rise in majesty to meet thine own. Quietly there, in that cosy room, which somehow seemed the natural environment of the pure soul who in Nan felt herself a woman. Her place in the householod had developed womanliness in her, but not until lat ly had the chord of love been touched on the harp of her life; only let had the woman who introduced the romance of her own girlhood's days. It was a story before which Nan's little tale dwindled into insignificance, and yet the woman who introduced the romance of her own girlhood's days. It was a story before which Nan's little tale dwindled into insignificance, and yet the woman who introduced the romance of her own girlhood's days. ho wmanaged to convey to the listening girl the sense that all her feelings were understood, and the bitterness

not one jot underestimated.
"Yes, dear, I am not afraid to let you know that I think the bestowal of a good man's love brings to a true to discuss the intricacies of meaning in her favorite poems; most of all his earnest, vivid preaching touched her, must be, incomplete, for the grand range of feelings which come to a wife high levels indeed.

But during the last few weeks she had unwillingly begun to think that while he gave to herself a warm friendship, he was yielding the love she coveted to her sister Amy.

Bright-faced Amy had that intangible unexplainable group of pleasing.

The dear home life the year in a positive life dear home life the year in a positive life dear home life the year in a positive life that servet.

for even as she had foreseen, it came to pass. She had to run the gauntlet of all that she had dreaded.

of all that she had dreaded.
"Nan," said Mrs. Coversdale, one afternoon as they sat alone, "do you know what Douglas and father are talking about all this long time?"

Before Nan could answer voices were heard in the hall, and a moment after,

her her-se it. Then the room door opened to

'What is it, father"? exclaimed the mother for the vicar's face spoke of unusual happenings.

Then Nan felt again the burden of "I must go away," she said it, half aloud in her earnestness. "I can see well what is coming, and I cannot stay to see it through."

And then the thought of her mother, and of how unfitted she was to meet the cares of the household, swept like an overwhelming wave troubled.

And then the thought of her mother, and of how unfitted she was to meet the cares of the household, swept like an overwhelming wave over her troubled heart.

"Oh, I can't go, and yet I must! I indeed "mother" with all that sacred

for his answer an ecstatic time followed, during which poor Nan's armour was penetrated by all sorts of

word, Nan," cried Fred. com-My word, Nan, 'cried Fred. coming in one day, with a hop, skip and a jump. "Such a lark! I ran into the Summer-house just now, and I'll be jiggered if Gray wasn't kissing our Amy: Co-co! You should have seen their faces when they saw me."

Fred, boy like, squirmed with de-light at the uncommon discovery, and the embarrasement he had caused.

"Nannie." said little Flo. for as of 's'ud'oo 'ike a bid man to kiss 'oo,

Not while I can have your kisses, darling," said Nan, the sore-hearted.
"It is beautiful to see those two to gether," said Mrs. Coverdale, next day.

'Nan dear, I'm glad no one has come yet to waken your heart's love,

for I couldn't spare you.

There was sweet and bitter strange ly mingled for Nan in that little

But Amy's bed-time confidences were hardest of all to bear, for Nan had filled the place of confident too long to lose it now. It was rather bitter to hear the winsome girlish voice say.
"Dear old Nan, I expect, since you've never been in love, you can't enter into it all, and that I'm silly to so idealize Douglas, but you'll understand

Perhaps, though, the bitterest moment was when she submitted to re-ceive "a brother's kiss" from Douglas, "for I feel as if you had always been my sister; I have never had one, you know, Nan. I may call you 'Nan' now, may I not?'

He felt the unresponsiveness Nan's somewhat abrupt reply, "Don't you think you'd better wait a bit, and take us 'on approval' first, before adopting the family in this wholesale

It was a heartless little joke, and Nan went away pained by the puz-zled lock in the eyes she loved, but she couldn't help it, really, for she was but human, and the Valley of Humiliation is hard to tread.

The time of preparation for the wedding sped gaily on, for there was little to wait for. The offer of a com-fortable living had given Douglas the right to ask for his bride and it was decided that the wedding should take place in the following Spring.

It was a hard time for Nan, and only the quiet hours she snatched from the busy days to spend with Aunt Dorothea kept her calm and

They did not have another long talk, for some subjects do not bear too free a discussion, but many a word of comfort or counsel, indirectly given, did Nan carry away with her from that quiet home. Besides, the from that quiet home. Besides, the sense of relaxation which came with the presence of the only one who knew what she was bearing, was very

And so, at last, the wedding day came, and all the village was gay. The mother's quiet kiss was given from her couch of suffering, and Nan determined not to spoil their happiness or betray her secret, watched ceremony, kissed the dear little bride, played hostess to the guests, and alogether was the life of the party.

But that night her pillow was wet with bitter tears. No one witnessed that "giving way," and only Aunt Dorothea guessed that in the silence of the night, a girl's heart was nigh unto breaking. Truly "every heart unto breaking. Truly "evekpoweth its own bitterness."

There is a happy sequel to my little tale else would I not have told it, for the world is full of sadness.

The wedding day closed the page of Nan's life, for was not Douglas Amy's husband now? Nan bravely took up the battle of life, and found plenty of

What a comfort it was in after years to know that she had been the stay and support of her mother's last days. That she had been able to watch over, and see safely into manhood and

too old for "romancing," how surprised she was to find that the lege about Time having such power to heal was, after all, quite true, for did not her heart thrill with pleasure when she became aware that Francis Gordon fought delight in her com-

How young she began to feel again? How she blished to find herself one day actually studying her writ. les in the mirror!

Francis Gerdon was a well-known author, and the son of an old friend of her father's. He had come down to Ingleton for a quiet rest. Why had he chosen Ingleton? Nan learned the secret one glorious moonlight evening in the old garden.

"For years your father's letters have been permeated with the name 'Nan,'" said he. "Some time ago, when Flo's engagement was announced, he wrote my father, 'So now, dear Nan, after all her sacrifice and devotion is left alone with her old father; she will not have me, but I feel it is very lonely for her.' When I read that, dear (for the Ingleton letters were always passed on to me), I realized afresh how I wanted you. All these vears I have been so interested in those references to you. I had an idea that you'd tire of it all in time, and strike out for yourself some day,

ped out a very different life for your self. I remember the flash in your eye as you spoke of the future. But you kept true to your trust, and instinctively I admired you for it, and when that letter came, then a deeper current was touched, and I came to Ingleton to find you. I know I am not young, but because my love is the growth of years, will you not believe it all the more true and steady, Nan?'

That was a glorious evening, and Nan had a rapture all to herself in the silent night. Now she had another to minister to, and—ah, beautiful, fresh experience—someone to return the ministry. What a comfort to have a strong, firm, human friend to lean on.

One more glimpse.

Two little ones are playing in the old garden. The dear old vicar, white-haired now, and growing very old, watches them tenderly. The little girl has Nan's faithful eye; the boy, the pride of his grandfather's heart is "daddy's boy."

From the window where Nan watch ed Douglas and Amy with such pain-how far distant it all seems now!-"Daddy" raises his eyes from hi writing, to exchange loving glance with the wife he loves so well.

Every week the children pay a lov ing visit to the grave of Aunt Doro thea in the old churchyard. The last time they went little Frank spelt out the words on the stone which mark

"Why did you choose that mother asked, in his old-fashioned way But for answer the mothed only class tiny Dorothea, and in her eyes wa the far-distant expression which told that for a few minutes her heart was with "dead days beyond recall."-

QUAINT AND CURIOUS

In some of the farming districts of ons and made to draw them.

From Smyrna (Asia Minor) Consulernest L. Harris writes: "Photography is growing to be the most popular hobby of the educated classes in Turkey."

Sikhs are beginning to invade British Columbia, which is certainly not like India Three thousand of them are in the province and more are com

In the fiords on the Norway coas the clearness of the water is wonder at a depth of twenty-five to thirty fathoms.

An interesting relic of Napoleon Bonaparte has been placed in the Not-tingham Castle Museum. It consists of a lock of hair of the emperor which was cut off about an hour after his

The baby Prince of Spain's name as been entered upon the roll of a regiment and he wears the number of it, in gold, pinned on his bib. A bed in the barracks is reserved for him as the latest recruit.

Japanese auctions are conducted in the following manner: Each bidder at an auction writes his name and bid on a slip of paper, which he puts in a box. When the bidding is over the box is opened, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder

During his last illness Curran, the great Irish wit, was one day told by the medical attendant that he seemed to cough with more difficulty than he had done the previous day. "T odd enough," replied the sick one, cause I've been practicing all night.'

The ostrich is a timid bird, easily frightened and easily excited. Whe excited or angered he is a dangerou antagonist, because he is strong enoug to kill a man with one kick of his pow

erful leg.

Most of the ostriches in American over, and see safely into manhood and womanhood the children left by that womanhood the children left by that mother to her care. That, when Fred got into trouble through sowing too plentiful a crop of wild cats, she was a many as 30. Nearly all of them are plentiful a crop of wild cats, she was the means of extricating him, at what sacrifice only herself knew.

as many as 30. Nearly all of them are fertile and batch out an ostrich chick which is worth a hundred dollars when what sacrifice only herself knew.

And then, one day, when she had thought for a long time that she was the day of the meaning. When the is six months old and is past the age of baby diseases.

Nature Faking at Home.

The American habit of carclessing speaking of a Frankfurter or other general, not only at the race track the country fair, the beach resorts, etc., but even at home. One prettiest little girls, age 11, m m great public school, read a composition in which occurred the following:

Some sausages are made of pig and some of hogs. Once in a while the butcher mixes beef or lamb, or sheep with the pig meat and hog meat to make it cheaper. But most of the sausages that we buy cases are made of dogs. The dog cases are made of dogs. The dogs, suppose, come from the Pound.

The father of this brilliant little American habit of saying at break fact: "Daughter, will you have a dog?" when helping her. Children we all ought to know by this amo take things seriously.- New York

Down in Old Mexico.

An irate reader in Coahuila, an hi-dalgo of the old school, says that the mast! I never have left them; they name implies. When Douglas came for in the old times I know you map family heirloom.—Mexican Herald.

Drommer "This Is So Sudden"

By Winifred Black.



CERTAIN well-known and most estimable woman is going round the country telling all the women's clubs that it is time for woman to seize upon her rights and do her own

Tish, tush and pooh; also tut.

Time for woman to propose, indeed!

If I wasn't woman enough to make any man who cared enough for me to marry me propose to me without his ever dreaming that I had the faintest idea he'd ever even noticed the color of my eyes, I'd put on a diving suit and go down into the deep, blue sea and take lessons of the merry, merry mermaids.

As if every woman who really is a woman doesn't do her own proposing right straight along, and hasn't ever since the world began—all but the actual

The woman who says "This is so sudden" when a man asks her to be his wife may look as innocent as a lamb when she says it, but, oh, my, what a tarradiddle she's telling.

Any real woman knows it the very instant any real man falls in love with her, and if she'd be frank with you she could tell you the time to a second when you first noticed that there was something rather pleasing about the expression of her eye.

The modern woman knows enough to keep some of her knowledge to her-

The modern woman knows enough to keep some of her knowledge to herself, but she has it just the same, and if I had a daughter who was so stupid and so lacking in every feminine attribute that she didn't know enough to know what a man's eyes mean, no matter what his voice says, I'd disown her down to Texas to live in the manless Eden that has just been started there.

•I hate an attitudinizing, simpering, would-be coquette, who thinks every man who addresses a civil word to her is dying with love for her, but the next person worse to her is the sexless woman, who doesn't know when a man is going to propose and can't help him along a little without letting him see what she's doing.

A man who was so little in love with me that I had to do the proposing

A man who was so little in love with me that I had to do the proposing would strike me as a very bad bargain in the husband line, even if he blushed and stammered yes when I asked him the fatal question. He might be too diffident to propose to me, but I'd be haunted all the time with curiosity to know what he was going to say to the real woman he really fell in love with when he really met her.

Should women propose, my dear club woman? Indeed, she should not, and she'll never have to, either, as long as there are men enough to go round. -New York American.



SHOULD just like to say one word respecting a "right" which no woman appears eager to selze apon and defend—the right to protest against the vulgar and indecent manner in which she is given away as a great Sham in all her own special fashion books and pictorials. There man sees woman as the Fool Rampant, The advertisements catering for her patronage show her at her worst. She is depicted as semi-bald, holding her wig (they call it "transformation" nowalty in one hand ready to make a She is chown in a balf.

days, in one hand, ready to put on. She is shown in a half-nude state, very thin and scraggy, but again unblushingly holding the artifi-cially moulded plump portions of her body which nature has failed to supply, in readiness to fasten over the hollow places. She is exhibited plainly and pittlessly as a Swindle. Do women imagine that men never look at such papers, and never perceive the bold and prominent challenge of these degrading advertisements which instruct them as to what a painted, powdered, padded, dyed, frizzled, shameless creature a woman may be, and often is? The natural woman, with healtht's own glow upon her cheeks, and heaven's own brightness in her hair, is likely to be wronged by doubts as to her genuineoriginates in her hair, is likely to be wronged by doubts as to her genameness, while the fashion books of today everywhere proclaim the fraud of the "female form divine," as built up, with woman's own approval, by the costumier and the perruquier—a think with surely as little sense of the noblest "rights" of womanhood as the doll in a hairdresser's window. A casual study of four modern ladies' pictorials will convince the most optimistic male supporter of "women's rights" that the majority of the fair sex are not in any way fitted for the franchise, and, after all, it is the majority that counts

Are American Boys

* * *

Too Forward, Irreverent, Bold and Self-Assertive? . .

By Justice Leverone, Of the Juvenile Court of New York.

F we concede that the American boy has all these faults, we only concede that he is typical of his age. He partakes of the greatly increased freedom of the individual in our time, and he shares the much more marked activity of his It is true that juvenile offenses against the law are as frequent as they ever were, more frequent than they some-times have been, but they are not more serious, and they are directly attrib-table to the increased complexity of our

capabilities of the growing youth, provides also increased temptations to the energetic, ambitious boy.

It is an inevitable condition of increased freedom that it brings with it increased temptation and responsibility. The American boy, even as the American adult, possesses more freedom than any boy ever had before. On the whole, he had risen to the obligations which this greater freedom has im-

latter-day civilization. This complex character of modern society, which furnishes more abundant opportunity for the development of the talents and

2 2 2 EG---The Man Who Runs the Railroad

By Thornton Oakley. watch it as it grows rapidly larger, then in a moment it thunders by. The tower trembles and you gasp in smoke. The signal-operator glances at his clock, then leans out and shakes two fingers at the engineer, who nods and pulls his throttle in a bit. He is two minutes ahead of time.

As the express vanishes in a blue have of steers and

shakes two fingers at the engineer, who node and pulls his throttle in a bit. He is two minutes ahead of time.

As the express vanishes in a blue haze of stearn and dust, a heavy freight comes lumbering down the south-bound track, the big black engine shaking and beleding smoke and cinders. The operator turns and tugs upon his levers. Out upon the track there is a clanging among the switches, and upon the signal bridge the green and yellow semaphores rise and fall. The panting locomotive halts. The signal is against him. Far-back at the caboose a brakeman droop off, and you can see him running up the track, waving a spot of red. The engineer, in greasy overalls, swings down from his cab and hurries to the towthe is coming to the city of Mexico to thrust a Toledo blade down our throat. Calmese Vd., hombre! Don't spoil a company the blade down our throat to the towns to the throat to the towns to the throat to the towns the passenger track.—Harper's Magazine.