THE SEA GULLS.

O, the sweeping swing of the blue-gray wing
As they circle before the eye,
And the swerving dip of the breast adrip
Of the gulls that seaward fly!
They hang and balance, they waver and float
With an idle air and an aim remote,
Then suddenly cleave the sky!
And naught know we of their query or quest
As they pause a breath on a blue wave's breast,
Or the secrets hid in the closing blue
Where they sail and sail and are lost to view.

O, the fret and worry, the cark and care,
They stifle us here ashore!
O, to breathe aloft in the swift free air,
Away from the world and its grim despair,
To be fetterless evermore;
To follow to bournes of the fabled Spring,
Where youth's gay fountains lisp and sing,

And O, for the chance of that wild, free lance
Of a bird with a tireless wing!
Hear the tern's coarse cry as the clouds loom black,
As the white-caps surge on the tempest's track,
These warders of sea-farers' fate,
Ahover at Dame Carey's gate,
The white sails scurry! The winds blow strong
Hear them shriek aloud their discordant song
"Beware the sea! Beware the sea!
Man's implacable enemy!"

Song the bold young Vikings heard
Far in the North, from the warning bird;
Song of the years on the vacant seas,
Far as the earth's antipodes,
This witches' bird with the moan of man,
This gray old, wand'ring charlatan
Hath kept in calm and in booming breeze
His watch with the ghostly, changing seas.

—Nancy Eaton Waterhouse, in the Criterion.

The Unruly Member.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

You would have recognized Rose Lodge as the residence of an unmarried female, had you seen it in Russia or Japan, or on the very shore of the Ganges! It bore the unmistakable impress of single blessedness on its portico and front steps—the box-edged borders spoke it as plainly as if every leaf and twig had been a voice.

The very dead leaves and fallen rose petals did not have a chance to wither away in peace on the closely shaven grass, but were whisked away with a garden broom almost ere they were fallen, and the flowers blowed stiffly in geometrically shaped beds, while "love-in-idleness" and "bachelor's" buttons were not even tolerated within the green-painted gates.

While the cottage opposite was such a contrast. Built in the simple Gothic style, its casements twined and shaped with old clematis and honeysuckle, and its garden walks a graceful wilderness of bloom and fragrance, it had all the aspect of an inhabited Eden, and the key of the difference between these two cottages was that one was peopled by a young married couple, the other by a lady of a certain age, and very uncertain prospects of matrimony.

"My dear," said Mrs. Carroll—Miss Cynthia Arran was receiving morning visitors in her blue, chintz-furnished boudoir, a room which she had fitted up exactly after the description of the boudoir of Lady Blanche Somebody in the last novel that she had perused—"my dear, who are your neighbors?"

Miss Peckham put up her eyeglasses, Mrs. Johnson put aside the curtain to obtain a better prospect and Miss Arran answered carelessly:

"Oh, a bride and bridegroom, I believe; Agnes Winston and her husband!"

"Do you know them?"

"Only by sight!"

For Miss Cynthia did not deem it necessary to state that she had called on the new arrival, but that Mr. and Mrs. Winston, having somehow heard of Miss Arran's reputation as a general gossip, and female edition of Paul Pry, had neglected to return the visit.

"I know all about 'em," said Mrs. Johnson, mysteriously, wagging the roses in her bonnet front. "He used to visit Amelia Raymond, didn't he? People always thought that would be a match, until Agnes Brown came along. He's a lawyer, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Miss Arran; he's a lawyer."

"Perhaps that's he?" questioned Mrs. Johnson, with a nod of the head toward a black-coated figure in the shadow of some lilacs.

"No," Miss Arran answered, "that's a gardener that comes by the day. Frank Winston is too fine, it seems, to trim and prune his own trees and bushes. But he's in Boston just now—at least that is what their chambermaid told my maid of all work."

"In Boston!" crwied Mrs. Johnson, elevating both hands; "and they not married three months yet!"

"I thought it looked bad," sighed Miss Arran, "but I make a point of never interfering with my neighbor's business."

"Of all things, I despise gossip," said Mrs. Johnson. "Does she seem to pine much, dear?"

"Not she," said Miss Cynthia, with a toss of her curls. "I just wish you could hear her sing opera airs at that piano."

"Does he write to her?"

"I've never seen the postman come there yet, said Miss Arran, mournfully.

"Ah—h—h!" groaned Mrs. Johnson. "That's what come of love-matches. I never did believe in 'em, for my part. Well," rising to go, "I am sorry they are'nt so ill suited to each other. If I was a little acquainted with her, I'd go over to offer her some sympathy; but folks do say she is too haughty to appreciate any such attention. Pride must have a fall, sooner or later—that's all I've got to say."

Mrs. Johnson took her leave, and pretty young Agnes Winston, trimming her roses in front of the Gothic cottage, never dreamed of the beady black eyes which were watching her, as the elderly widow went by. Or perhaps the sunshine would have been less radiant, and a vague fear would have overshadowed the glow and softness of the July atmosphere.

Mrs. Carroll had sat, and silently absorbed the conversation in Miss Arran's boudoir, but she was not so taciturn at the next place at which she called.

"Do you know the Winstons?" she asked of Mrs. Maj. Murrell.

"The young people who have just rented Frankland Cottage? No, but my brother, George, knows Mr. Winston."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Carroll, "how little young folks dream what's in store for 'em in this wicked world. Else they'd all stay single, that's my opinion."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Murrell.

"Don't you know?"

"I can't possibly imagine what you're talking about."

"Well, Mr. Winston has left his wife, and she is there at home singing opera songs to other gentlemen, and the young couple don't even correspond. I believe people think she has discovered that he cares more for 'Melia Raymond, his old sweetheart, than he ever did for her. Amelia has an aunt in Boston, and I shouldn't wonder if he has gone there for the express purpose of meeting her."

"You don't tell me so!" cried Mrs. Maj. Murrell, and away she went, the moment Mrs. Carroll and taken her leave, to see what old Mrs. Ginger thought about it.

"Have you heard the sad news about the Winstons?" she asked, untying her hat strings, and fanning herself violently.

"No; what is it?" asked Mrs. Ginger, pricking up her ears like an ancient war horse at the sound of artillery.

"Why he has left her and gone to Boston to meet his old sweetheart, Amelia Raymond, and she is practicing for the opera—she always had a good voice you know—with lots of foreign gentlemen at her house. It is very imprudent of her, under the circumstances, you know what Agnes Brown always was. Maj. Burrell always said that Frank Winston would never make a steady husband."

"Well, I never!" cried Mrs. Ginger. "I shall see her aunt at the sewing circle this afternoon, and I mean to ask her if it is true."

"Oh, there's no mistake about it!" said Mrs. Murrell, eagerly. "I had it from the very best authority."

Yet the good woman really believed what she said. There is no accounting for the glamour that female tongues will cast about female when once the evil spirit of gossip is abroad.

"Pooh! stuff and nonsense!" said Brother George, a good-looking young attorney, when his sister imparted to him the "dreadful tidings" which were now in brisk circulation. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"It's all true, nevertheless!" asserted Mrs. Murrell.

"Why, I've been there again and again since the wedding, and they are the most devoted couple I ever saw."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Murrell, "there is always something wrong where you see so much outward show. I'm sorry for them, very!"

George Wrexham pulled his mustache in sore perplexity, and when the rumor reached him for the third time, he walked straight to the telegraph office and sent off a brief message:

"To F. Winston, Esq., Parker House, Boston: What's this people are saying about you and your wife? Better come home and see about it?

"George Wrexham."

Aunt Barbara Brindale, at the sewing circle, heard the tidings with incredulous astonishment.

"Our Agnes parted from her husband and going on the stage!" she cried, dropping her thimble in dismay. "Fiddlesticks! a likely story, indeed!"

But, nevertheless, Aunt Barbara rolled up her sewing half an hour earlier than usual, and went to Frankland cottage, to see what on earth it all meant.

Agnes Winston welcomed the old lady with a bright smile—evidently no serpent had as yet stung away her domestic peace.

"My dear," said Aunt Barbara Brindale, "when is Frank coming back?"

"Day after to-morrow, I suppose," said Agnes innocently. "Why?"

"And—and is Miss Raymond to accompany him?" asked the old lady, somewhat hesitatingly.

Agnes opened her soft blue eyes.

"Miss Raymond? Why should she?"

"Because people say they are there together, my dear," blurted out Aunt Barbara, feeling herself grow very hot and uncomfortable.

"People tell a wicked, dastardly falsehood, then!" cried Agnes, stamping her tiny foot passionately upon the floor. "How dare they say such things about my Frank?"

"Yes, but listen to it all, my dear—it's the talk of the town, and such rumors must have some shadow of foundation. I really think you ought to know it."

Aunt Barbara told the whole tale as it had been told to her, and Agnes Winston straightway went into hysterics; not that she really believed it—oh, no, she was too loyal-hearted a wife to do that—but she always had felt a sort of lurking jealousy of Amelia Raymond, and she had not had a letter from Frank in two whole days, and——

But just as Aunt Barbara had recklessly showered half a pint of cologne over her niece, the door flew open and in walked Mr. Winston's self.

"What does all this mean, about your going on the stage?" he demanded fiercely. "Where are the men who are haunting my house in my absence, Agnes? I insist on hearing the whole truth at once!"

"You had better go back to Amelia Raymond," sobbed Agnes, vindictively, and she cried more bitterly than ever. "Men, indeed! there has been no man about the place but Mike, the gardener, and old Uncle Jocelyn, who brings the daily paper before we are up in the morning."

"Children," said Aunt Barbara, laying a warning hand on Frank's arm as he was about to burst forth in recrimination, "hush! and let's have matters explained. It seems to me we have all allowed ourselves to become the fools of gossiping tongues."

And she related, plainly and succinctly, what she had heard, and how it had reached her, tracing the tongue of venom back to Mrs. Carroll and Miss Arran, with pretty direct accuracy.

Agnes burst out laughing through her tears.

"Frank," said she, "we might have known better than to believe such idle gossip. Let us treat it as we would idle wind. I never dreamed of leaving you, or of going on the stage."

"And I haven't seen Amelia Raymond since she was here to tea, a month ago," said Winston, with something like a smile dawning on his puzzled countenance.

"Let it be a lesson to you, children," said Aunt Barbara, kindly, "to trust one another in spite of everything, and not to believe more than one-sixteenth part of what you hear in this world."

And the world, which had prepared itself for all the delicious items of a divorce suit, was disappointed, after all.—New York Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In the flash of an electric spark 125 millionths of a second in duration a rifle ball can be photographed in its flight.

Though more populous than this country, the Russian empire has but 800 newspapers. The number in this country is 22,000.

Thirty convicts recently escaped from the Nikolosk-Ussuri jail in Siberia by driving a tunnel 180 feet long under the building.

No tree has ever been found larger than the Sicilian "chestnut of a hundred horses." It is no less than 204 feet in circumference.

The coronation robe presented to the empress of Russia was of fur. It weighed only 16 ounces, yet was worth $6000, or $365 per ounce.

The life of a dime is only four or five years, because it changes hands 10 times while a half a dollar is moved once from one person's pocket into the till of another.

Carts, Wagons, drays, trucks, etc., are not employed largely in Syria and Palestine. On the farms a wagon of any description is hardly ever seen. Grain is brought in on the backs of camels and donkeys. Delivery wagons are unknown in Syrian cities.

M. Maximin Crappier, an inhabitant of Caix, France, who recently died in his 90th year, was the head of a family, which for patriarchal size beats all records in the world. Himself the eldest of 10 children, his mother at her death in 1880, at the age of 94, could boast of 144 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. M. Crappier, during his lifetime, became an uncle or great-uncle no fewer than 263 times.

A remnant of the Seris tribe of Indians inhabits the island of Tiburon, in the gulf of California, and is ruled entirely by the women. Formerly the tribe numbered about 5000, but is now shrunk to a few hundred, living a life of almost complete isolation, and refusing to intermarry with any of the Indians of the mainland. The woman is master of the household, and a council of matrons is at the head of public affairs.

It is not known just how long mosquitoes can live, but their average life is much longer than is ordinarily supposed. Thousands of them live through winter, hibernating or asleep in dark places in barns or house cellars. In sparsely settled localities, where they cannot find such places for shelter, they live through the winter in hollow trees, and, even though the temperature may fall far below freezing, they are not winter-killed, but on the approach of warm weather become active again.

The natives of the Friendly islands are noted for their good humored faces and splendid physique. Their skin is a clear, light copper brown in color, while the hair is yellow and curly.

The Paths.

Straight up the hill from the pastureland
Is a little path to the sky;
And if you would but take my hand,
We'd climb there, you and I—
And wander all the cloudland through,
And come together to the blue.

Out from the shore across the lake
Is a path of light to the moon;
And had I a ship a voyage we'd make
To the Land of Pretty Soon—
The place where make-believes come true,
Where the way is shining for me and you.

—Youth's Companion.

Stubborn Paper Wad.

Did you ever see a paper wad that is so stubborn that it will fly in the face of one who tries to compel it to go into the neck of a bottle? The more you try to blow it in, the more it leaves the bottle.

You can try this with any large bottle and a paper wad or cork small enough to fit very loosely in its neck. Holding the bottle so that it points directly at your mouth, and placing the cork in the neck, the harder you blow on the cork for the purpose of driving it into the bottle, the more forcibly will the cork rush from its place in the neck.

A Few Riddles.

Why does a cat look first on one side and then on the other when she comes into a room?

.outh4awoolHbqiaNNod odar darthese

Because she can't look both ways at once.

When does bread resemble the sun?

When it rises from the yeast.

What is there you cannot take with a kodak?

A hint.

Two ducks before a duck and two ducks behind a duck and a duck in the middle. How many ducks in all?

Three.

What animals, when beheaded, become very cold?

Mice.

Why are well-darned socks like dead men?

Because they are mended.

The Unfriendly Coyote.

I have never had any difficulty in making friends with the gray wolves I happened to be sketching. Immediately on my appearance, no matter what they were doing, they came at once to the bars to be scratched and talked to, and when their coats were changing and their skins sensitive, they would stand there any length of time while I pulled away the loose tufts of hair, their every action expressing a somewhat sullen friendliness. But with the Coyote it was different. They never make friends with nor lose their fear of man. Generally speaking, they resemble the prairie wolf, but are much smaller and of a browner color; their fur is also longer and the tail more bushy. They vary considerably in color, changing with the seasons. In winter their coat is lighter, in summer darker and with more brown. Black coyotes, while not common, are sometimes seen, but these are only freaks of nature.—From J. M. Gleeson's "The Coyote" in St. Nicholas.

Colt's Terrible Ride.

A valuable mare, with her equally valuable colt, escaped from a barnyard in a western town a few days ago, and a train was noiselessly approaching.

The colt, which was only a few weeks' old and had no experience with trains, became frightened and ran on the track ahead of the engine.

In another minute the cowcatcher pushed its nose under the colt, tossed it up and caught it.

There on the iron nose of the engine lay the colt—terrified but safe.

After it, side by side with the engine, galloped the frantic mother. She leaped fences and whinnied at the top of her voice, so that the passengers in the coaches heard her even above the roar of the train.

Finally, after a two-mile run, the train slowed down, and the colt was removed from the cowcatcher and restored to its mother.

Happy? They were so happy that people who looked on cried out of sympathy with the animals.

Building a Canoe.

The Black Hawk was built last year and paddled and sailed all summer by a boy of 15, who did not spare the boat in any way, and it now lies in dry dock (down the cellar) for the winter, safe and sound in every stick. This summer it will be sandpapered, painted, and put in commission again.

There are two ways of building a canoe; one is to get a plank for a keelson, a couple of strips for the gunwales, any old wooden barrel hoops for ribs, tack on the canvas, and there you are. This certainly makes a quick job, but the result is a thing horrible to look upon, and will surely be thrown away unless the owner can find a more foolish boy who will pay him 50 cents for the outfit.

The next way is to build the boat in accordance with the plan, knowing beforehand just what you are going to do, and having in your mind a clear picture of what the boat will look like when finished. This is not only the best method, but the easiest, and is sure to produce a craft of which you will never be ashamed, either for its looks or its sailing qualities. Perhaps it will seem that this last plan is slow, because it is necessary to do little work before the actual building begins; but it is really quick, since, when once started on the frame, things go with a rush.—From S. D. V. Burr's "The Building of the 'Black Hawk'" in St. Nicholas.

A Father's Encouragement.

From the father of a young citizen of New York comes a letter explaining his very successful method of making the reading of good books delightful to his son. He says: "I believe it is well he should read those books he has before acquiring new ones, and so we have entered into the following arrangement: For every book he reads himself from cover to cover, and of which he tells in a little composition, I am to give him a new book of his own choosing; the right to veto the choice remaining with me, if I do not think the choice a good one." There comes with the letter one of the little "compositions," showing how this nine-year-old boy carries out his part of the agreement. The idea seems an excellent one; but would it not be improved if the father also should write an opinion of the book, so that his son might be guided in his judgment? It might also be a good plan for the father to make suggestions as to the new book given as a reward—especially as the father writes us that his son's taste for books is inherited.—From "Books and Reading" in St. Nicholas.

Aunt Jessie's Shawl.

"What a pretty shawl that is, Aunt Jessie!" said Carol, leaning her cheek against the soft, fluffy wool.

"Yes," answered Aunt Jessie. "I think a great deal of this shawl, for your Uncle James brought it to me from the Shetland Islands."

"Oh, do tell me about!" exclaimed Carol, straightening up suddenly to listen.

"Well, about two years ago your Uncle James went over to the Shetland Islands to buy some ponies."

Carol nodded. She knew the little Shetlands that ran about the pastures and sometimes took her for a ride or a drive, and her especial pet was Jack, the dearest little Shetland of them all.

"While your uncle was in the largest of the islands some one told him of an old lady who had four Shetland ponies, so he went to see her. She lived ten miles from Lerwick, in a little cottage of one room, and she was very poor. When Uncle James went in she was sitting on one side of an open peat fire, busily knitting, and upon the other side were 15 or 20 chickens, who seemed quite as much at home there as the old lady did.

"When Uncle James went out with her to look at the ponies she took her knitting with her, and kept busily at work while she walked about and talked, for these Shetland women of the poorer classes are never idle. They even knit as they go to and from market. They load their goods, usually peat, which is used for fuel, on the patient little ponies, and then walk beside them, knitting as they go. The Shetland women are known all over the world for their beautiful knitting, especially for the shawls that they make.

"Before he left, Uncle James told the woman that he would like very much to buy the shawl that she was making to take home to his wife, but he could not wait for her to finish it.

"'Oh, well, you can pay me for it now, and I will deliver it to you when it is finished,' the woman said.

"Uncle James was not in the habit of doing business with strangers in that way, but the woman spoke so simply and earnestly that he decided to trust her; and since she was so poor he was willing to pay her the price of the shawl, any way, even though he might never see it again. So he gave her the money and told her the name of the boat on which he was to sail from Lerwick, and the date of its sailing. Then he went away, and was so busy about the ponies that he had bought in different places and getting ready to take them away on the boat that he almost forgotten the shawl. But just before the boat sailed a girl came up to the dock and inquired for him. When he came to her she took a bundle from under her arm and in it was this shawl, which the woman had sent just as she had promised. The girl had walked the ten miles to bring it to Lerwick, and would walk all the way back again."

"My!" exclaimed Carol, with a long breath.

"Uncle James was as much pleased with the honesty of the woman as over the beauty of the shawl itself, and he was told on his trip that the people of the Shetland islands are always fair and honest in all their dealings, and that the woman would have trusted him just as readily as she expected him to trust her.

"So the ponies and the shawl came home on the same boat, and this woman who made my shawl was the very one who also owned your favorite Shetland, Jack."—Julia D. Cowles, in the Youth's Companion.

Figured Out a Profit in the Pig.

A Pennsylvania railroad officer has a stock farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia, and at a recent dinner of the Clover club a friend of the railroader spoke of it, saying: "He runs it on a businesslike basis. Sometimes he makes money out of it. Last year he bought a pig for $27, fed it forty bushels of corn at $1 a bushel, and then sold it for $31.50.

"'I made $4.50 out of that pig,' he remarked to me the day after the animal's sale.

"'But,' I protested, 'how about the 40 bushels of corn at $1 a bushel, that you fed him?'

"'Oh,' comented the gentleman farmer, 'I didn't expect to make anything on the corn.'"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A SCHOOL FOR THIEVES.

BOYS AND GIRLS TAUGHT TO STEAL BY MODERN FAGINS.

London Criminal Classes Do Not Hesitate to Instruct Their Children in What They Fear to Practise Themselves—Training Boy Burglars.

Daring crimes are often committed by children in London, and only Scotland Yard is aware of the fact.

Youthful offenders are rarely caught in the act of committing even slight offences, or if they are a tolerant policeman is more often than not inclined to look with lenient eyes on a misdemeanor than in an older person would mean immediate arrest, by boxing the ears of the tiny culprit and letting him go.

The recent remarkable series of housebreaking cases in the Enfield district, in which the father of an errand boy was sentenced to six years' penal servitude for teaching his 14-years old son to commit burglaries shows conclusively that the criminal classes do not hesitate to teach children to do what they fear to practise themselves.

The Scotland Yard authorities know that many criminals, too old now to commit various crimes with impunity, to all intents and purposes reform, and become respectable members of the community. They open small shops and then in a very quiet way feed classes of pupils eager to pay for learning the secrets of the "craft."

The first thing the "master" does is to examine the would-be probationer's hands. The "thief's mark" must show up strongly upon both, or the boy or girl is not worth the risk of training. Even if the child has clever, light-fingered parents, and the "thief's mark" is absent from its hands, the trainer will have nothing to do with the case. He does not believe in a child inheriting its parents' evil propensities.

Girls are mostly taught pocket-picking and how to steal trifles from shop show cases. Members of both sexes are well drilled in the art of unblushingly telling lies. They daily rehearse "hold-ups" by imaginary policemen. The trainer, of course, acts the latter role, and instructs the young idea how to invent plausible excuses at a second's notice.

The girls are the sharpest at this game, and are seldom get caught. A trainer will never have anything more to do with a child that has once entered a reformatory. The clergyman there has generally worked on the youthful conscience, and ever after fits of repentance must be counted on to occur at inopportune moments.

Boy burglars are trained in a very simple manner. It is argued that most people living in villas pay a great deal of attention to the bolts and bars on their ground floors, but very little if any to those on the first.

Accordingly the juvenile Bill Sikes is provided in the early days of his training with a 10-foot silken rope tied in knots a foot apart. Fastened at the end is a strong but light steel hook. The boy is required to practise with this rope, throwing it in much the same way as a lasso would be up to a window sill six or more feet above him, so that the hook holds to the stone.

When the lassoing is acquired to the trainer's satisfaction, the lad is next required to shin up the rope without dislodging the hook from the sill. This requires a great deal of practice, and many are the falls endured. As the height is seldom more than 10 feet, and prior to this stage the boy has been taught how to fall, only slight bruises result.

The children in their first expeditions are always taken and shown the house that is to be entered in the daytime, and instructed as to the best methods of entry to the back.

Then late at night the instructor takes the little lad to the "crib," and from a convenient spot watches his pupil disappear according to instructions. The presence of an adult with a boy of tender years late at night disarms any suspicion an alert policeman might have if the boy were seen walking through a street alone.

Once at the back of the house the boy, quite at his leisure, makes an inspection of every window on the ground floor. If one opens readily he enters by it, if not he surveys next tier, and in nine cases out of ten discovers that the bathroom window is partly open. That is sufficient. From a side pocket he draws the coil of silken rope, and a couple of minutes later is standing inside the little room.

The juvenile burglar is instructed to make his entry by a bathroom wherever possible because there is always a risk in villadom of any or every room being occupied as a bedroom, and a window opening with a sleeper in the room would nearly always insure an alarm being raised.

Not long ago a remarkable thing happened at a villa on Brixton Hill. When the people awakened in the morning the house was in perfect order; every window was closed and fastened, every door was bolted. Yet every one's pocket had been rifled, every article of jewelry had been taken during the night. The servants had had their boxes were searched, and one she was minus her month's money, paid the day before.

The police were communicated with. On examination tiny finger marks were found on the bathroom window, and traces of a hook were plainly visible on the window sill. A clever boy burglar had paid the villa a visit. He was never caught, for he departed in the way he had come, taking with him only valuables that could be carried unobserved in his pockets.—London News.

CAPTAIN HANK.

He Was Not One of the Kind That Skinned Feathers.

In a little island harbor of the Maine coast dwells Billy Van Sant, fisherman, bachelor and artist. Painting in his crude way the surf, the moonlit waters, the jagged rocks about his cabin, selling his pictures for a pittance, and on the proceeds taking a lesson or two from some better equipped artist, he turns art into more art, and for the needs of his body depends upon fish line and lobster pot and a chance day's work with some prosperous neighbor.

No one ever looked upon a neighbor with greater pity than is bestowed upon Billy by Capt. Hank, whose neat white cottage faces the opposite side of the harbor. Capt. Hank is "practical." A cent is a cent to him and a hundred of them, counted slowly, make a dollar.

Billy's flour barrel was entirely empty one day, and his cupboard shelves were almost bare, when Capt. Hank pushed upon the cabin door without the formality of knocking and entered.

"Howdye, Billy!" he said, "I cal'late to git up to the Narrer tomorrow after a load of wood. Didn't know but I c'd git ye to go along."

Billy's heart leaped. To the Narrows would be a whole day's trip. That would mean $2, and on $2 he could live in luxury for more than a fortnight.

"I'll be glad to go, captain," he said.

They were away at daybreak, beating up the channel of the river mouth against a strong head wind. They spent the middle of the day, an hour and a half, putting the wood on board the sloop, and at nightfall anchored again under the lee of Capt. Hank's rocky dooryard. Weary and wet, Billy sought his cabin, took down the last provisions from the shelves, and ate everything but a cold potato and a biscuit, which he reserved for breakfast. On the morrow he would be rich again.

The next morning Capt. Hank again sculled his punt across the harbor and entered the cabin. From a bulky shot-bag he extracted with painful deliberation, three silver dimes.

"I come over to settle up for that little trip yesterday," he said. "Thirty cents, I make it—hour and a half."

Billy wheeled in amazement. "W-w-what?" he gasped.

"Wal, course we wasn't but an hour an' twenty minutes puttin' the wood aboard, but I ain't one o' them folks that skins the feathers off the eagle. Hour and a half I call it, and you're welcome to every cent of it." He held the three dimes forth reluctantly.

Whatever there is of fear or ridicule in the artistic soul is acutely developed in Billy. He looked at the three dimes, but hesitated not a moment.

"No, no. Put it up, Hank, put it up," he said. "You don't owe me a cent."

With an air of relief the captain returned the dimes to the shot pouch, and tied them in securely.

"Well, of course, you're welcome to it," he said, as he back out.

"I reckon Billy ain't more'n halfbaked," he told his wife over the dinner table that noon. "Wouldn't take a cent for workin' yesterday, and he might 'a' screwed me for the whole day—two dollars."

But over in his cabin Billy, who was dining off the last half of the potato and the crumbs of the biscuit, was quite sure that he would not change places with his wealthy neighbor.—Youth's Companion.

Railroad Progress.

The heavier rails, stronger bridges and more powerful locomotives required in American railroads by the present demands of traffic have resulted in the practical rebuilding of the trunk roads during the past ten years. In the words of H. L. Stone, writing in the World's Work, "most of the equipment of a decade ago is now in the scrap heap."

A single locomotive now does work once calling for three. Passenger trains of sixteen cars are not unusual. A "through freight" averages eighty cars, and one freight engine sometimes hauls 110. In 1893 the average weight of a passenger locomotive, with tender, was about 75 tons. The latest type of locomotive, with tender, for the same service, weighs more than 142 tons. Only ten years ago the famous No. 999 of the New York Central, exhibited at the Chicago World's fair, was looked upon as a marvel in size and speed; yet it weighed only 102 tons, as against the 150 tons of the present passenger engine.

In the same year the average weight of a freight locomotive was 85 tons. The latest type of compound freight engine weighs 181 1-2 tons, and will haul more than 4001 tons of freight.

Extending Vacations.

The United States senate has passed a bill providing that after the date of the passage of the act thirty days' annual leave of absence with pay be given employees of the government printing office exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays. Existing laws relating to the granting of annual leave with pay to clerks and employees in the executive departments shall apply to clerks and employees of the government printing office who are paid annual or monthly salaries.

A letter was read from the public printer stating that the employees under the existing law are given twenty-six working days' leave with pay, so the bill to make the leave thirty days. The provision relating to annual or monthly salaries will affect 175 employees. The bill was passed without debate.