

THE MOTHER-HEART.

About the weary mother-heart,
 Flashed ruddy children blossom-sweet,
 Anon their grimed hands plucked her
 skirts,
 Begging her kisses for their hurt;
 And oft, as willing laid her hand,
 She found the selfsame lad at fault—
 A careless worry to the rest,
 Yet still she loved her Bad Boy best.

In ripper years, when at her feet
 No children clustered blossom-sweet,
 When far and near her broken bread
 Had broadcast borne the bond of blood,
 Came, "mid the others' cheering news,
 Tidings that set her heart a-bruise—
 Despoiling her of peace and rest;
 Yet still she loved that Bad Boy best.

O, mother-heart, thy mystery
 Unolved to end of time shall be!
 But some day, when life's sands shall
 flow
 To their conclusion, we shall know,
 God, on His love-built throne above,
 From whom comes all the mother-love
 With which this grateful world is best—
 He willed she love her Bad Boy best.
 —Woman's Home Companion.

The Flood and What it Brought

By Arthur B. Rhinow.

The Ohio rose at the rate of three inches an hour while the little tributary rushed into the broad stream like a torrent. The old man on the deck of the shanty boat scanned the horizon for a rift. After a brief examination, however, he shook his head.

"Looks like it's going to keep it up for some time yet," he grumbled in a deep voice.

"Over there in the east, the clouds do not look quite so dark, father," replied the girl sitting at his side. She seemed strangely out of place on the old boat. So did her father, who could not altogether disguise the refinement of former days. They had taken refuge on this shanty boat because their little farm was flooded.

"We were poor before, Nora," he again broke the silence; "but now we are homeless. We'd have been drowned like rats, if it hadn't been for old Joe getting us."

The old man stared at the relentless current as he spoke. Every word seemed to be uttered with a strain. Nora regarded him with filial solicitude, as she pushed back her chair so as to be better sheltered by the awning. Her eyes were filled with tears.

Old Joe was strumming his banjo. He was oblivious to all danger. He was not afraid of getting wet. To the accompanying splash and rush of rain and cliver, he hummed and strummed his favorite melodies. The selections were rendered with such pathos, and such a display of uniqueness in improving the original tunes, that the girl could not help smiling. But when he drifted into "Old Kentucky Home," she trembled and quickly glanced at her father.

He looked very sad as he sat there dreaming, his foot beating time to the old air. The song was ended with a fine flourish, and Joe rose to go into the cabin for a nap; but the expression of grief did not fade from the man's old face.

"Yes," he growled, "my old Kentucky home."

"Look at those logs drifting down," Nora remarked as sprightly, as her tears would permit.

He did not look. "The idea of cheating a man out of his old home-stead, and by his old comrade, too," he muttered.

"Surely, father, the east is growing much brighter."

"Driving an old man from his home, because he's lost a scrap of paper." He shook his fist, rose and stepped out from under the canvas, regardless of the rain.

The girl constrained him to come back, but she could not prevent his hot words.

"And I can swear I paid every cent of it," he continued. "That sickly pot-troon knows it, too. I hate him; him and his whole family; he's a liar—"

"Father," she pleaded, "perhaps he is far less happy than you know. Besides, he is sick. And then, you know George is different; he always was good to us." She did not look at her father as she made the last remark.

"How can I care for the son of the man who has wronged me as that scoundrel did?" the father roared.

They were silent. He scowled as he thought of the past; she smiled as she dreamed of the future.

After a while, Nora suddenly jumped up and intently gazed at an object which was being swiftly borne down the smaller stream.

"A boat, father," she exclaimed. "Look at that boat! I believe it is in danger of being upset by the logs."

The father looked, quickly rose to his feet, and took in the situation with eyes that age had scarcely made less keen.

"The fool has lost his oars," he muttered. "If the logs hit him, his nobby boat will surely keel over. Seems to me I know him; do you?"

As he turned to the girl, he saw that the color had left her cheek.

"It's George, father!" she cried, as he steadied her. "Don't you know him?"

The father looked again, just in time to see the boat capsized. He had recognized the face, however, and a grim determination took possession of his heart. This was the chance for revenge for all he had suffered.

The girl's shriek swept him from his indifference.

"The current will sweep him right by our boat, father. Quick, the rope!"

The father did not stir.

The girl dragged the coil to the edge of the deck, but it was a heavy

rope, and she knew she could not handle it.

"Father," she cried, as she shook him, "get ready to throw the rope. He'll be hurled against something and sink before he can make the shore." The old man still stood as in a trance.

"Father," she pleaded, "if you love me, you must love him. Don't you understand?"

He started, and gave his child a piercing look. Then he jerked up the rope, whirled it above his head, and threw it, just in time for the young man to take hold.

It was not hard to draw George up on to the deck. He was not a very heavy man, and besides, Joe now came to the rescue.

When the sheltering canvas was reached, Nora proved that her words had been true. Her father looked on with a strange mingling of hatred and love. When the young man turned to him, however, his eyes flashed defiant hatred.

"I came down the stream with the intention of seeing you," George began to explain, "when I found your farm flooded, I inquired and was told you had gone to old Joe's house-boat. I suppose you can guess the rest."

"What do you want?" the old man growled, looking at his daughter, his only child.

George drank the hot coffee Nora had quickly prepared for him.

"I came to tell you that father died," he answered, "and that he repented before he closed his eyes. He told me he had suffered a great deal. He handed me the receipt, which he had picked up and kept when one day you dropped it. Here it is; he told me to give it to you. And he asked me to beg you to forgive him, and to think of him as he was in the old days."

The old man took the paper with trembling hand, and sat down. He could not say a word.

George was taken into the cabin, where he made the most of Joe's clothes. Presently, Joe came to tell Nora and her father that the "young feller" wanted to see them. The old man waved consentingly at Nora, but he did not go. Bitter and sweet fought a great battle in his heart. When he finally did stand on the threshold of the cabin, he overheard the lovers' conversation.

"But now I am a poor man," said George; "do you want a poor man?"

The answer was not given in words, although it was distinctly audible. When the old man turned to glance at the sky, he saw that the sun was breaking through the clouds.—From the Christian Herald.

COW AND A GARDEN.

Picturesque Features of Old Days at Army Posts.

"There is one thing about army life nowadays and since the Spanish war," said an old officer recently, "that seems to be more pathetic than funny. When I went into the army there used to be company gardens at every post. There are none now. I haven't seen one since I came home from Cuba. It is barely possible that somewhere, remote from the more convenient posts, some company garden is still being tended. I have heard of a prospect of remaining for two or three seasons has had the courage to keep up the old custom and planted and hoed his garden. But if there is I don't know where that happy company is. This is one of the things that go to explain the 'something wrong with the army.' The enlisted man in the old times was fond of fresh vegetables. Sensible captains and wise first sergeants got their heads together and laid out a good garden. Men were detailed to plant it and then to hoe it. Company feeling ran high on the garden question and there were healthful rivalries in garden making and tilling. The fine potatoes, big juicy ears of sweet corn, red ripe tomatoes, reverberant onions, toothsome peas and beans, and even, 'watermillions' and cantaloupes that the boys used to raise were fit for the gods on Olympus."

"All that is gone, and with the company garden also has gone the company cow and the officers' cow, too. There used to be a time when the veriest shavetail who dared to get married kept a good cow. Out on the plains there was grass galore. In some western posts you could keep a cow out on public grass nearly every month in the round year. When the word came to pull up and move station there was little trouble in selling a good cow, either to the troops who were coming in or to some nearby settler. In those days we could live better and cheaper and there was solid satisfaction in producing that part of the table supplies. Now with the increase of the army since the Spanish war, there are too many officers who came from city life and are as helpless as quaternasters and commissaries as babes in swaddling clothes."

"The old sergeants are now fewer and farther between. Flush times and low relative pay give us a rather lower class of men in the ranks, and the old time zeal in garden work is gone. Besides, the prospect of going to Cuba or the Philippines on a week's notice in midseason crushes out all desire to garden. Then, too, the posts are growing bigger and there is not so much ground available. A good acre of rich western land used to provide fresh vegetables for a company. I remember a remarkably fine garden my company had once at Leavenworth. Now there would have to be forty gardens there. Our men in the Philippines do not try to garden. Our vegetables are a delusion there. They start and grow, but do not produce."—From the Army and Navy Journal.



The Seasons.

When springtime comes—a glancing, a-prancing and dancing,
 It breathes upon the meadow-lands,
 and makes them fresh and fair;
 When birds and bees it's bringing, a-winging and singing,
 It scatters buds and blossoms and
 Beauties everywhere;
 And it's heigho, for a frolicking, when
 spring is in the air!

When summer days come, glazy and hazy
 and lazy,
 Then it's at the brook or river-side
 you'll find the greatest fun;
 For it's in the water flashing, and dash-
 ing and splashing,
 Then out again upon the bank, and
 drying the sun,
 Oh, the happy, happy holidays when
 summer is begun!

When autumn winds come spling, and
 flying and sighing,
 Then it's nutting time, or squirrels
 spry will surely get your share,
 You can hear them go a-scattering, a-
 pattering and chattering,
 The greedy little fellows! There's
 the enough—and some to spare.
 Oh, what merry times a-picknick-
 ing when autumn's everywhere!

When winter snows come sifting and
 lifting and drifting,
 Then it's gliding well across the ice,
 unheeding slip or fall;
 Or it's down the hills a-posting—what
 coasting and boating!
 And then some for a-snow-balling,
 the snowy cannon-ball,
 Oh, here's three cheers for winter, 'tis
 the jolliest of all!
 —Maud Osborne in St. Nicholas.

The Gander and the Cow.

A gander on a farm at Holbeach, Lincolnshire, in far-away England, has made a friend of a cow, and follows it to the field every morning. When it comes up to be milked the gander comes, too. Twice every day this queer couple can be seen going through the town of Holbeach.

The men in charge of the cow have tried to drive the gander back, but it refuses to go, and if shut away from it, manages to obtain its liberty and seek out its companion.—Philadelphia Record.

The Boy Who's Loved.

How people, says Robert Burdette, do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say, "I wonder where he is; I wish I knew what he is doing; I wonder whom he is with; I wonder why he doesn't come home." Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says, "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't" just once, that settles it.—Home Herald.

The Spider That Goes A-Hunting.

Do you know that there is a kind of spider which spins no web? It is called the "hunting spider," and its favorite hunting ground is a sunny wall, because there the flies are most likely to assemble, and flies are a dainty of which he is particularly fond. It is a most interesting sight to watch one of these savage little creatures when in search of a dinner. It prowls along just like a little lion until it catches sight of a fly. Then there is a moment's pause, while the spider looks carefully over the ground, as if deciding the best course to take. As soon as its mind is made up on this point, it pulls itself together and rushes on its prey so quickly that the poor little fly does not even know it is in danger until it is actually in the enemy's clutches.—Home Herald.

"Billy Bowlegs."

You remember the old chief of the Seminole Indians, Micanopy, and how Osceola sent him to waylay and fight Major Dade and our soldiers in the first real battle of that Seminole war? Micanopy had with him at that time his young grandson, who was about twelve years of age. This boy rode a small Florida pony on that eventful day, and when the battle began he led his pony behind a clump of earth and grass, called a hummock, and stretching the lariat, a slender half rope, on the ground, the pony understood that he was meant to stand still. Then the boy took his bow and, stringing an arrow ready for use, lay down in the tall, thick prairie-grass near Micanopy. I suppose this boy's real name was Cleanopitto—for that means the grandson of Micanopy in Spanish—but he began when he was so very young to ride astride big horses, and on top of such large bundles, that it made his legs crooked, and his father, who knew a very little Spanish, nicknamed him Billy Bowlegs, meaning bowlegs. When he grew up, Natto Jo, a man who was part Indian and part negro, called him Guillermo las piernas corvas, meaning to say little William Bowlegs; but when Natto Jo came into camp, and spoke of him by that name, the soldiers asked what it meant and turned for themselves into Billy Bowlegs.

Billy Bowlegs was thirty-two years old when he first led his warriors into battle. About 350 Seminoles refused to go West when most of the Creek Indians went to live in Indian Territory after Osceola died, and it was these who followed Billy Bowlegs. He was a full-blooded Seminole, a perfect marksman, and his powers of endurance were as remarkable as his ability to appear and disappear in the most unexpected manner. This was possible because he was so well ac-

quainted with the Everglades, and never went very far from that region. The Everglades is the name given to a large shallow lake in Florida, about 160 miles long by sixty miles wide. It contains many islands, some large and some small, but all covered with trees. The whole is very marshy and full of the inter-twined roots of tree trunks. Long streamers of moss hang from the trees and while the Indians in their light canoes could push among the vines and thickets so that no trace or sign of them could be seen by a white man, it was impossible for the soldiers to follow them on horseback or on foot, for the water was up to a man's waist. The Indians hid their women and children in these Everglades, and scouts sent to hunt found no trace of them during a search of weeks and even months.—From Major-Gen. O. O. Howard's "Famous Indian Chiefs" in St. Nicholas.

Lady Betty. Lady Betty was a pretty little grey squirrel, with a bushy tail and bright black eyes. Her home was in the apple-tree at the foot of the yard. Nobody even knew that Betty lived in the old-apple tree until one morning she took it into her little head to call upon her neighbors. Auntie saw her scampering along the picket fence, and, softly opening the window, so as not to alarm the little stranger, she threw out a handful of nuts.

Betty was so surprised that she stood still a moment, wondering whether it would be safe to come down from the fence or not. Since all was quiet, and the little creature saw nothing to alarm her, she sprang lightly to the ground, and was soon seated comfortably on her haunches nibbling the nuts, which she held in her fore paw.

It was a pretty sight, and auntie called to Harold and Gertrude, who lived upstairs, to come and see the little visitor. Gertrude got there just in time to see Betty, with her little cheeks puffed out, scurrying to her home in the old apple-tree. Harold was disappointed because he did not see her, but auntie said, "She will come again; for, don't you see, she is carrying nuts home to her little family, and she surely will remember and come back for more."

The next morning at about the same hour the children, who were on the lookout for her, saw the little grey squirrel running along the fence, on top of the pickets, which seemed as easy to travel as a road. She stopped at the same place, and this time, when the window was softly opened, showed no desire to run away. Harold threw a nut quite near to the window, and the little creature came bravely over and, as Gertrude said, "picked it up and held it in her little hands," while she nibbled the sweet meat, throwing the shells on the ground.

Auntie and the children tried to coax her nearer, but her courage was not quite equal to that. However, it did not take many days before she learned to trust her new friends so well that she would climb up on the window sill, by means of the water spout near by, and wait until some one brought nuts. She never failed to carry some home to her children, and Gertrude and Harold wished there were windows in the old apple-tree so that they might see what was going on inside.

One morning, while the children were at breakfast in their dining-room Betty suddenly appeared, running along the piazza roof, just outside the dining room windows. She came bravely up to one of the windows and looked in, as if to say, "Have you any nuts for me?"

You may be sure it did not take Harold and Gertrude long to find the nuts, and Betty was soon nibbling as contentedly as though it were a common occurrence to climb piazza roofs.

When she had finished her breakfast, the children watched curiously to see how she found her way down, but it was a very simple matter. At the end of the piazza stood a trellis made from a tree, closely trimmed, and this made a fine ladder for the little squirrel.

Lady Betty is still living, and makes her daily trips on her highway, while the children watch for her coming. Sometimes, when she appears, there is a dog or a cat in the yard. Then Betty goes swiftly along, as though she would say, "No, thank you, I can't stop to luncheon today, for I have very important duties to attend to." So she hurries on her way lest a stop might be a very serious matter; for squirrels, as well as children, have to watch out lest an enemy catch them unawares.—Helen Clifton, in Kindergarten Review.

The King's Writing Desk.

King Edward carries at one end of his gold Albert a gold key, which opens his private writing desk, and there is no duplicate. All state papers, however, are kept in dispatch boxes until transferred to the safes in the secretariat, and of these the keys are kept by Lord Knollys. When his majesty has quitted his personal apartment, no servant is allowed to enter until an assistant secretary has destroyed the contents of the waste basket, the blotting pads, and even the printed wrappers of newspapers received from every capital in Europe. Tit-Bits.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

I long to lead the simple life
 Far from the city's noise,
 And free from worldly care and strife,
 Bring up my girls and boys,
 Removed from city smoke and din
 I'd live—but not so far
 I could not easily run in
 In a speedy touring car.
 A tiny farm I fain would buy,
 (Cosey and snug and neat,
 Whose gardens always could supply
 Delicious things to eat.

A cottage 'neath some spreading tree
 Where robins build their nests,
 With room for all the family
 And—say a dozen guests.
 A few choice books of highest rank
 (Some of the lighter sort),
 A billiard hall, a swimming tank,
 An indoor tennis court.
 Of horses eight or ten would be
 Enough for every need;
 Of steady hunters two or three
 And just a few for speed.

(I would not be wise to be without
 A motor car, of course;
 A neat substantial runabout
 Might save an extra horse.)
 So, daily gaining strength and health,
 With children dear and wife,
 Content to leave the race for wealth,
 I'd lead the simple life.
 Some day I'll own a farm like that,
 But not just yet, I fear,
 Meanwhile I occupy my flat,
 Six hundred plunks per year. —Puck.

WIT HUMOR AND SARCASTIC

Nan—Yes, Harold proposed last night—but he did it so awkwardly. Fan—He always does.—Chicago Tribune.

"Rastus, does yo' nex' do' neighbor keep chickens?" "Well—er—huh-huh! He keep ez many ez he kin, Yassuh!" —Cleveland Leader.

Blinks—is Jenkins the kind of a man who will stand up for his friends? Banks—Yes, indeed—anywhere except in a street car.—Judge.

"Was that picture you just sold a genuine work of art?" "No," answered the dealer, "but the story I told about it was."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Rivers—"The De Styles are going to take a flat. Mr. Rivers—You don't tell me! What will become of their family skeleton?"—Puck.

Doctor—Now, my boy, show me your tongue. That's not enough. Put it right out. Small boy—I can't—'cos it's fastened at the back.—Punch.

Teacher—What is an excuse, Willie Wise? Willie Wise—An excuse is something you can't think of when you want it.—Philadelphia Record.

"Everybody is anxious to know the truth," remarked the moralizer, "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "but everybody isn't anxious to tell it."—Chicago Daily News.

Patience—Brazil will soon be able to raise all the rice needed for home consumption. Patrice—What's the matter? Marriages falling off over there?—Youkers Statesman.

"Mucker" snapped the beginner at golf. "If you don't quit laughing at my game I'll crack you over the head." "Go on!" yelled the tough kid. "I bet yer wouldn't know w'at club ter do it wid."—Philadelphia Press.

"That was a remarkable feat of Washington's in throwing the dollar across the river." "Yes, but he had an advantage over present-day athletes." "How so?" "It's much easier to throw a coin than a clearing house certificate."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Church—The sperm whale can remain below the surface for about 20 minutes at a time. Then it comes to the surface, and breathes 50 or 60 times. Gotham—I guess the sperm whale could get along in the New York subway all right, then!—Youkers Statesman.

"Speaking of marriage," observed the Cynical Bachelor, "the longer a man is married—" "The happier he is," broke in the sweet young thing. "I was going to say," resumed the Cynical Bachelor, "that the longer he is married the less he seems to mind it."—Philadelphia Record.

Lawyer—So you want a divorce from your wife because she throws things at you, eh? Client—Nothing of the kind. She's too smart to throw things at me. Lawyer—But I thought—Client (interruptingly)—She invariably throws things at the dog, but she always managed to hit me.—Chicago Daily News.

"You will admit that many a multi-millionaire's heart is in the right place." "Hadn't thought of the matter," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "There is so much anxiety to get money invested in the right place that the location of a man's heart does not seem to be a matter of much consequence."—Washington Star.

Arizona Dislikes Children.

"Talk of children not being wanted in New York apartments!" exclaimed a city woman who has recently returned from a two years' residence in southern California. "Why, Arizona is the worst place in that respect that I have ever happened to visit. You can hardly find any one there who will rent you a house if you have children. We tried various towns in the state, but there was no abiding place open to us because of our three little olive branches.

"We should have liked to settle in Tucson, but not a landlord would have us. Finally we had to give up and go to southern California, where they are not so hardhearted. Wouldn't you think that a new country like Arizona would be glad to have settlers with children, who would help to build up the region? But it doesn't seem to be so. I think somebody ought to call the president's attention to this alarming condition of things in one of the newer parts of the Union."—New York Times.



"Displacement" means the weight of water displaced by the vessel, the weight of water displaced being, of course, the same as the weight of the vessel.

The manufacture of rubber from the native guayule shrub has begun in Marathon, Texas. It is estimated that the factory owners control 75 percent of the guayule land in Texas.

A cement that will resist white heat may be made of pulverized fire clay, 4 parts; plumbago, 1 part; iron filings or borax free from oxide, 2 parts; peroxide of manganese, 1 part; borax, 1-2 part, and sea salt, 1-2 part. Mix these to a thick paste and use immediately. Heat up gradually when first using.

It is reported that a Glasgow engineer has produced a small rotary turbine engine, little more than a foot in diameter, capable of developing 40 horse-power. Only two blades are used. The new turbine is to be fitted on board an experimental torpedo boat, and the inventor asserts that it will produce a speed hitherto unknown.

As a safeguard against defective construction, Plauen, Germany, prohibits the building of walls and sewers with cement, or using concrete, when the temperature at 8 a. m. is below 25 degrees F., and with lime at 21 degrees. When freezing delays hardening of concrete, the wooden frames must be kept in place until the end of cold weather.

Julius Caesar, in order to restore the Vernal Equinox to the 25th of March, the place it occupied in the time of Numa, ordered two "extraordinary" months to be inserted between November and December in the current year, the first to consist of thirty-three and the second thirty-four days. The intercalary month of twenty-three days fell into the year, of course, so that the ancient year of 355 days received an augmentation of ninety days, the year on that occasion containing in all 445 days. This was called the "Last Year of Confusion," the Julian year beginning with January 1, B. C., 46.

Steam turbines, says a writer in La Nature, have hardly entered the domain of the practical as a motive power for great ships before they are threatened with the rivalry of gas motors. Mr. James MacKechnie of Barrow-in-Furness regards recent experiments as having demonstrated the practicability of powerful gas motors for ocean going vessels. Among the advantages claimed for gas motors are their more effective transformation of heat into work, their relative lightness and compactness, and the absence of smoke stacks. This last item is urged as a matter of prime importance for war ships.

AMERICA'S PRECIOUS STONES.

Turquoises Lead in Numbers—Few Opals to Spoil Our Luck.

So far as is known at present this continent is not very liberally supplied with precious stones. Statistics in the United States were not gathered until 1859, when the Census Bureau announced that \$188,507 the value of the output of precious stones for that year.

The latest report on the subject is that of 1902, when the output reached \$25,450. This does not include the haphazard picking up of stones by stray seekers after them, so that the real crop of gems is probably more important than the figures show.

According to the statistics from 1856 to 1902, diamonds were found in only three of those years, 200 in 1859, 150 in 1901 and 100 in 1902, a somewhat significant decrease. Since that time the alleged Arkansas diamond field has come into notice and the leading item of the list will again have figures instead of the single word "none" set opposite it.

Most of the precious stones reported have weird and unheard of names, such as prehnite and diopside. But in the number found turquoises lead the rest with 120,000 reported. Next come sapphires, 115,000 of which were found in 1902.

There were 30,000 tourmalines, 1,200 crystal quartz specimens and even 2,000 anthracite ornaments were found worthy to be included in the report. There were 1,000 emeralds and 4,000 beryls, but the sad state of the epidote and the diopside hunters may be inferred from the fact that the discoveries of these stones fell from 250 in 1896 to none in 1902. Neither, alas, were there any periwinkles or cutlasses.

No wonder this is a lucky country if wearing opals has anything to do with it. In 1902 only fifteen were found, and during the three preceding years we apparently sported none at all. At least none was discovered in our possession.—New York Sun.

A True Story of Gamblers.

"Friday, the 13th!" He looked dejectedly at the date—the unluckiest date of the year! He walked out of his house—No. 13—and under all the ladders he could find. He read his paper again, and picked out a horse—St. 13 lb.—and placed 13s. on it. At his restaurant he picked out a table with twelve other diners. Later on he opened an evening paper. His horse had won at 25 to 1.—London News.