

**SONG.**

Love, I grow old.  
The world is still in flower.  
Still do the birds in wayside hedges sing;  
Fascinated yet of golden day and hour.  
Only I stand without the fairy ring.

Love, I grow old.  
The west is steeped in roses.  
Unto the sea, the moon is lover yet;  
Only for me, the Book of Magic roses;  
I, who was young, grow old and shall forget.

Love, I grow old.  
From too much life and laughter;  
Old from the glare of scenes that hurt  
mint eyes;  
Cruel or kind, whatever follows after,  
It shall be one with dusk and ashen  
skies.

Love, I grow old.  
Look backwards in your flying.  
You, who have kissed the years and  
made them fleet.  
See, I am gray, my days are spent in  
sighing.  
Love, I grow old—your wonder is com-  
plete.  
—Fannie Heaslip Lea, in New Orleans  
Times-Democrat.



**FREDDY'S FIRST RESCUE.**  
How the Sea Brought Him a Kitten All His Own.  
O. E. WALSH, in St. Nicholas.

Freddy May was big for his age, wearing a seven-year suit on a six-year-old body. But he thought he was older, much older than he was, and big—well, wasn't he almost big as his father? At least he would be some day, and meanwhile he was growing!

The May family—father, mother and Freddy, six years old, going on seven—lived on a rock in the middle of the ocean, or, at least, five miles from any other land. There was a tall lighthouse on the rock, and at the base of this white tower was a tiny house with five rooms. This house was home, the only home Freddy ever knew.

The lighting of the great lamp of the lighthouse had always been a great attraction to Freddy. One day, when his father carried him up, up the winding stairs and showed him how the lamp was lighted and how its rays spread far out over the tossing ocean, Freddy felt that his little world was the most wonderful that any boy could imagine. Think of the hundred steps up the tall tower and the magnificent view from the top!

But as time added another year to Freddy's age his little mind soared to greater achievements. He was accustomed to storms and rough weather. He knew that his father often went out in his little boat to help strange people who drifted near the shoals. Sometimes he brought them back in his boat, half dead and so white! His mother then worked hard to give them warm clothing and hot things to drink and eat.

Freddy at first was content to watch and help; then he wanted to do more. He wanted to go with his father in the lifeboat to pick up the shipwrecked people.

"Some day, lad, when you get bigger," his father answered his request.

After that Freddy asked every little while, "Am I big enough now to go with you in the boat, papa?"

"Not yet—not quite yet," had always been the response.

So Freddy had been forced to wait and grow. How he counted the days and looked at his figure in the glass to see if he was growing! When he first donned his seven-year suit he felt surely that he was almost big enough to help save shipwrecked people.

As chance would have it his opportunity did come a few days after this important event. There had been a storm at sea, not a very heavy storm, but one which made the sea pretty rough of the shoals. The day after the storm the sun came up bright and warm. The sea was rolling in long swells.

Not a mile away from the lighthouse something was drifting heavily, swinging slowly up and down with the waves. A quick glance through the telescope showed that it was a dismantled sloop, a small coasting vessel abandoned by its crew.

Mr. May quickly got his boat in the water, and was preparing to go to the derelict when Freddy's lips faltered:

"Papa, I am big enough to go!"

There was a smile on the lightkeeper's lips, and, after glancing up at the weather and down at the sea he said:

"Yes, Freddy, you can go to-day. Jump in the stern."

Now there was no happier boy in all the world than Freddy May at that moment. He fairly tumbled down the steps and dropped snugly in the stern of the lifeboat. His eyes were bright and glowing. Wasn't he going to a real wreck?

To row to the dismantled sloop was not a long or rough one, and Mr. May pulled so lustily at his oars that they were alongside in no time. When they reached the sloop Freddy gazed at it in awe. Would there be half-drowned people aboard, and would he be strong enough to help his father lift them into the lifeboat?

"Now, boy, you stay quietly in the stern until I come back," cautioned his father.

He tied the boat to the stern of the sloop and then nimbly climbed aboard. He was gone a long time, so long that Freddy got worried. What would he do if anything happened to his father? Could he row back to the lighthouse? What if another storm should come up and make the ocean very rough?

He was thinking of such dreadful things when Mr. May appeared above and shouted:

"Nobody aboard, Freddy. She's

been deserted for a long time. We'll go back home now."

This announcement was not pleasing to our little mariner. What a disappointment to go to a shipwreck and then find nobody, and not even go aboard the wreck!

"But, papa, there might be somebody in—"

His father shook his head.

"No, lad, I've been everywhere."

Then, noticing the disappointment on the little face, he added: "But if you want to come aboard and look I'll let you. I forgot this was your first shipwreck. Here, now, hold fast to my hand and I'll pull you up."

Freddy climbed up, with his father's assistance, almost as easily as a veteran sailor. He stood on the deck of the old abandoned sloop in a moment. One glance showed him the awful desolation of the wave-swept craft. Mast, spars, sail and rigging were tumbled about in a confused mass, and part of the cargo of lumber was shifted over to one side.

"Be careful, little man, and hold tight to my hand," his father cautioned. "I'll take you to the cabin, and show you what an abandoned boat looks like."

Freddy seemed to come naturally into the use of his little sea legs. He did not lurch and roll with each toss of the boat, but walked steadily forward. When they came to the cabin Mr. May threw open the door and—

Suddenly both of them started. Something moved inside, and then there was a mild cry of some frightened animal. Out of the darkness a bundle of white appeared. It came directly toward Freddy and mewed.

"It's a pussy cat, papa—a white pussy!"

Freddy took the frightened creature in his arms and stroked its soft fur. The kitten mewed and rubbed his nose in his face.

"Do you suppose he belongs to somebody, papa?" asked Freddy, anxiously.

"It belongs to you, little man, if to any one. You rescued him, and I don't think anybody will take it away from you."

All the way back to the lighthouse home Freddy held the kitten in his arms, and stroked and patted its head. In his affection for the shipwrecked cat he even forgot to notice the waves or the condition of the weather. The one fact to impress his mind was that he had made his first rescue from a shipwreck, and he would always keep the kitten for his own. He wanted a playmate—a kitten, or a dog—and now the sea had brought him one all for his own self.

**Power of the Press.**

We had the editor of a weekly paper with us on part of the journey across North Dakota by team, and at one village hotel the landlord found out what an honored guest he had and refused to charge him any bill. The editor returned his thanks and we were about ready to leave when the landlord beckoned him aside and said:

"Stranger, being an editor, you can do anything. It's up to me to go to the Legislature."

"Yes?" was the reply.

"And my son Bill wants to be elected sheriff of this county."

"I see."

"And my son Tom wants to be a schoolmaster."

"Yes."

"And I've got a brother-in-law who wants an easy job in Washington. It's got to be an easy job, as he has a lame back."

"Anything more?" asked the editor.

"I've got a cousin Joe who'd like to go down to Panama, and a nephew who wants to get into a bank, and if you don't mind being put to a little trouble and would say that I am a widower and want to marry again, I'd take it as a great favor."

"Sure that's all, are you?"

"All, except that if I don't get into the Legislature, you might help me to run for Governor, and if I get the place I'll be hanged if I don't subscribe to three copies of your paper and pay cash in advance!"—Washington Post.

**Black Rain.**

One of the services of science is in destroying superstition, and a notable example of this was afforded recently in Ireland. On the night of October 8th last, a fall of black rain, leaving ink pools in the roads, occurred in many parts of the island. It was noted at Lord Rosse's famous observatory at Birr Castle, and an investigation of the meteorological conditions prevailing at the time followed. The result was to show that there had been a movement of the air over the central part of the British Islands such as to carry soot from the manufacturing districts of England over the Irish Channel. Examination of the black rain showed that its color was due to the presence of an extraordinary amount of soot.

**Shrinkage of Wood.**

The shrinkage of wood from loss of moisture has been found by the United States forest service to range from seven to twenty-six per cent. of the dry volume in different species.

**Two Ages of Men.**

There are two periods in a man's life when he is unable to understand women. One is before marriage and the other after.—Harper's Weekly.

**Alas!**

Many a lady who lives in affluence could be supremely happy if it were not for the fact that her grandmother took in washing.

**OF INTEREST TO WOMEN**

New York City.—Simple styles are always best for young girls and such a blouse as this one finds innumerable uses. It is charming made with the open square neck, but can, nevertheless, be finished with a chemisette, making it high, if it is found more satisfactory. The trimming at the



armholes suggests the Japanese idea and serves to conceal the seams, yet in no way interferes with the simplicity of the design. In the illustration white Habutai silk is trimmed with embroidered banding. The waist is made with the front and the backs, which are tucked to

**A Morning Frock.**

A smart little morning frock is of dark purple blue cloth—the exact shade of a Princess of Wales violet—and with black satin, with a neat waistcoat of violet leaf green cloth, and a jabot of pleated crepe de chine in the same tone of blue. It is worn with a green hat massed with market bunches of violets and a great bushy green and black algrette.—Queen.

**Fancy Neckwear.**

Fancy neckwear makes such an important feature of the season's dress that its making really becomes a question of moment. Here are designs which provide for a generous variety and which are very simple, while at the same time they include the latest styles. In the illustration the jabot is made of fine white batiste edged with a simple lace, while the turn-over portion of the collar is of striped material and the stock is made of net banded with insertion and edged with lace. The turn-over collar is one of the best liked models and is available for every fashionable material. For the stock collar net and lace, chiffon and the material of the gown, almost anything that may be liked, can be utilized with trimming to suit individual fancy.

The jabot is made in one straight piece, which is gathered and arranged over a foundation. There are two bows which are differently shaped and each is gathered at the centre and held by a cross-over portion. The roll-over collar is made with a band foundation, which can be buttoned into place, and the stock collar is cut



yoke depth, and with moderately full sleeves, which are tucked at their lower edges and trimmed to give a somewhat novel effect. Trimming is arranged over the armhole seams and a shaped band also finishes the neck. The chemisette is separate and when worn is arranged under the blouse and closed at the back.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is three and five-eighths yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and one-eighth yards thirty-two, or one and three-fourths yards forty-four inches wide, with two and seven-eighths yards of banding and one-half yard eighteen inches wide for the chemisette.

**The Useful Glove Handkerchief.**

An extremely useful article in these days when hardly any woman owns a pocket is the glove handkerchief. The idea comes from abroad, but the glove handkerchief is already on sale in the best linen stores here. It is made of the finest linen, not more than five inches square, finished with a tiny hemstitched border, with or without a narrow finish of lace. Some of the finest have the narrow Armenian lace. As the name indicates, the handkerchief when folded is small enough to slip into the glove opening above the buttons.

**Embroidered Sleeves.**

The newest tailored shirtwaists have the initials of the owner embroidered just above the cuff in colors matching those in the material of the waist. Thus if the shirtwaist is a blue and white checked madras the monogram will be done in a combination of blue and white cottons. The idea was originally intended for men's shirts only, but the tailor-made girl will not be slow in adopting the fashion for her own shirtwaists.

with the points behind the ears that are so much in vogue.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for the jabot one-fourth yard of material thirty-six inches wide, one-eighth yard seventy-two, with three and three-fourths yards of edging, or two yards of lace four inches wide; for either bow one-eighth yard any width, with one yard of edging; for the stock collar one-eighth yard any width, with one



and three-fourths yards of insertion and one yard of edging to trim as illustrated; for the turn-over collar one-half yard any width.

**Skirts Must Be Narrow.**

All skirts must be very graceful, but extremely slinky, really narrow, so that the first foundation must be of softest satin-finished silk and only at the hem cause the chiffon interlinings to give an appreciable width or flare.

**Linen Suit Decorations.**

Real crochet ornaments and buttons are the only decorations on a tailored linen suit.

**CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.**



**IN OUR FOREFATHERS' DAY.**

When grandfather dear was a wee little lad, This is the task he often had. While mother winds yarn from his little pink hands.

And when it's all wound by the fire she'll sit, With her long shining needles, and merrily On a pair of blue mittens with lovely red hands. To keep off the cold from those little pink hands.

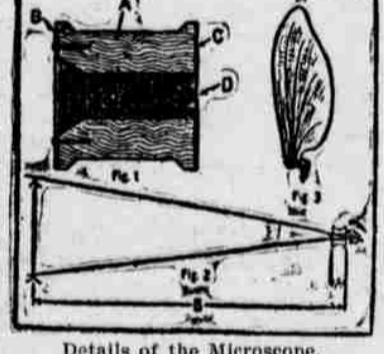
**MICROSCOPE WITHOUT A LENS.**

Nearly every one has heard of the pin-hole camera, but the fact that the same principle can be used to make a microscope, having a magnifying power of eight diameters (64 times) will perhaps be new to some readers.

To make this lensless microscope, procure a wooden spool, A (a short spool, say one-half or three-fourths inch long, produces a higher magnifying power), and enlarge the bore a little at one end. Then blacken the inside with India ink and allow it to dry. From a piece of thin transparent celluloid or mica, cut out a small disc, B, and fasten to the end having the enlarged bore by means of brads. On the other end glue a piece of thin cardboard, C, and at the center, D, make a small hole with the point of a fine needle. It is very important that the hole D should be very small, otherwise the image will be blurred.

To use this microscope place a small object on the transparent disc, which may be moistened to make the object adhere, and look through the hole D. It is necessary to have a strong light to get good results, and, as in all microscopes of any power, the object should be of a transparent nature.

The principle on which this instru-



Details of the Microscope.

ment works is illustrated in Fig. 2. The apparent diameter of an object is inversely proportional to its distance from the eye, i. e., if the distance is reduced to one-half, the diameter will appear twice as large; if the distance is reduced to one-third, the diameter will appear three times as large, and so on. As the nearest distance at which the average person can see an object clearly is about six inches, it follows that the diameter of an object three-fourths of an inch from the eye would appear eight times the normal size. The object would then be magnified eight diameters, or sixty-four times. (The area would appear sixty-four times as large.) But an object three-fourths of an inch from the eye appears so blurred that none of the details are discernible, and it is for this reason that the pin-hole is employed.

Viewed through this microscope, a fly's wing appears as large as a person's hand, held at arm's length, and has the general appearance shown in Fig. 3. The mother of vinegar examined in the same way is seen to be swarming with a mass of wriggling little worms, and may possibly cause the observer to abstain from all salads forever after. An innocent looking drop of water, in which hay has been soaked for several days, reveals hundreds of little Infusoria, darting across the field in every direction. These and hundreds of other interesting objects may be observed in this little instrument, which costs little or nothing to make.

**WHAT SAWDUST MARY KEPT.**

"For two or three days Sister Mary hasn't been very well," said Marian; "she didn't sleep much last night."

"Sister Mary" was the rag doll who slept with Marian, ate with her, rode with her, walked with her, did everything that Marian did as nearly as a rag doll could. She was named for Brother Frank's wife, who had made her for Marian, and who was Sister Mary, too.

"If my face were as dirty as Sister Mary's," said mamma, "I think I would feel very badly. Let's put her in the wash, and perhaps Aunt Jane can make her well."

Mamma found a doll that had been hers when she was a little girl, so Marian decided to let it take the place of Sister Mary for one day.

"Her name is Mary, too," said mamma. "I didn't know when I played with her that I would have a daughter-in-law named Mary, and a little girl named Marian, and a little girl's doll named Mary."

The new doll wore a funny, old-fashioned dress yellow with age, for she had not been played with since mamma was a little girl. Marian and mamma made her a dress, while Sis-

ter Mary tumbled about in the big boiler and later hung her clothes on the clothes-line. While mamma sewed, Marian stuck pins into Marian's sawdust sides. Sister Mary was filled with cotton, and wasn't easy to stick, but Mary's body was weak with old age, and one of the pins made a little torn place. Marian let the sawdust run out in a tiny stream until Mary's body was very thin. Then she felt something hard. She moved it about and tore a large piece so it could come out, and just then mamma looked up.

"Why, my little ring!" she said. "I lost it forty years ago. I remember now pushing it in where Mary's arm was off, and then I suppose I forgot it and mother sewed the arm on, so we never found the ring, though I remember how mother searched for it!"

So mamma slipped the ring on Marian's finger and it fitted exactly, because forty years ago mamma had been only three years old.—Home Herald.

**THE BIRD'S NEST.**

A little bird was looking about one time for a place to build her nest. All the trees were too sunny, and she thought their scanty leaves would not protect her nest from the rain-storms that were sure to come. So she flew along the fences, but she did not like to build underneath the rails for fear some naughty boys might come along, discover her nest and destroy it. Finally, as she was flying up a ravine, either side of which was thickly timbered, she came to a ledge of rock that projected forward right in the centre of it. There was such a fine place for a bird's home under this overhanging rock that she at once began to gather twigs, leaves, and blades of dry grass with which to construct her nest. Shortly after it was finished there were four or five little blue eggs in it. The bird was very proud of them, and one day she began to set on the nest that she might hatch some wee birds.

She had been on the nest only a few days when it began to rain. The ravine was filled, and the water went roaring and splashing over the ledge of rock. At first the little bird was very much frightened, for she thought she and her nest might be destroyed. But not so. She was safely sheltered beneath the rock.

Not a drop of water touched her or the nest, and soon she rested as peacefully as ever.—W. D. Neale, in Mayflower.

**HOME-MADE FIREWORKS.**

Take a strip of stiff paper, three and a half inches wide and eleven inches long. Cut a hole in one end and paste the two lengthwise, edges together, forming a hollow tube. Then pin up the open end nearest the hole, like Fig. 1. Cut Fig. 2, making it about four inches across at the widest point. Slash the lower edge and pin this pipebowl in funnel shape by bringing the two sides together. Fasten it on the tube over the hole in the top by gluing the flaps down on the pipestem like Fig. 3. Half fill the pipe bowl with brilliant bits of colored paper, including scraps of gold and silver tinsel cut very small.

Make a good supply, so that you can refill your pipe several times.



The Pipe.

Place the open end of the tube to your lips and blow vigorously, and note the result.

**POTTER WASPS AT WORK.**

The family Eumenidae, or solitary wasps, contains some curious workers. Some are miners and dig tiny tunnels in the earth; some are carpenters and cut channels in wood and then divide the space into chambers by partitions of mud.

Some build oval or globelike mud nests on branches or twigs. This home may be partitioned into several tiny rooms into which are put various small insects captured by the mother wasp and upon which the young wasps feed.—From "Nature and Science," in St. Nicholas.

**CONUNDRUMS.**

When were there only two vowels? In the days of no a (Noah), before u and i were born.

Why is a selfish man like the letter p? Because he is the first in pity and the last in help.

What parts of the body are fond of travelling? The two wrists (tourists).

**Rush Work in English Mint.**

Owing to a shortage in small coins, seven tons of pennies were turned out in a single day by an English mint.