SONNET.

(From the Danish of Kai Holberg.)

"Wouldst have a bell of deep and perfect sound,
So perfect that the metal melts in air
And is all music? Seek thou, then, with care
The fairest virgin in thy land around."

So Chinese priests of making gongs expound,
That all their folk may hasten, glad, to prayer,
"When thou hast found the woman pure and fair,
In the hot metal then must she be drowned."

To me, a poet, came a maiden bright,
Who looked not back, who would become a part
Of all my music, die that she might give
My song new harmonies; in the fierce light
And flaming of the furnace of my heart
Her girlhood perished that my songs might live!

—Maurice Francis Egan, in the New York Times.

Waiting For Farquar.

By CHARLES T. WHITE.

"What! A night like this?" The voice was bluff and good natured, but the words, and the way they were spoken, seemed to reflect the least bit upon the good judgment of the younger lad opposite. "Why, man, there has n't been an hour in the last three days that a sensible skipper would think of putting out in, leastways with a loaded boat. This winds up the season, my thinking."

"I told Farquar I'd be on the watch for him," the other said. "'Tain't noways likely he'll come now—that's a fact." His purpose faltered a little, with his own rising doubts, and the brilliantly lighted hall uptown looked wonderfully attractive to his fancy's eye. "I guess I'd better hold on down here, though. It wouldn't be any joke to lie outside all night such weather as this, and, besides, I've promised."

"Just as you like, of course," the young man replied carelessly. "Hope you'll get your job." The light laugh expressed indulgence with childish whim. "I shall have to be moving on. S'long!"

David Ellison found himself standing alone on the slippery pier, watching his companion's retreating figure. There wasn't anything heroic in the situation, so far as he could see, and Brand Tatlock's parting words and incredulous laugh had left him feeling vaguely discontented and uncomfortable. Why should a fellow be everlastingly tied up to his work, especially when there wasn't any work in sight, as Brand had said, nor even a prospect of there being any? A sudden veering of the wind drove a dash of wet snow in David's face, and he brushed it away with an impatient gesture, pulling his cap lower over his forehead. Of course, there wasn't a light schooner on the lake to-night, and wouldn't be for months, perhaps.

David Ellison had been in charge of the dingy little tug, Josephine, ever since his father's death, some eighteen months before. The legal formalities were easily complied with, for David knew the port and the boat as a bright pupil in the day school knows his spelling book, and old Peter McHarg stayed by the engine. David was looking longingly through plate glass windows at young men perched on high stools, or bent over desks in counting rooms, or darting about alertly behind screens of steel network in banks and offices. That was a kind of life David dreamed of, while the puffing, busy little tug towed numberless small craft inside the stone piers at Luray. Luray wasn't much of with the larger lake ports, but a good deal of lumber was shipped in there from the numerous "landings" which formed a semicircle around the lower end of the lake. Luray was pretty near the centre of the curve, and had a railway terminus. Most of the lumber came down in small schoonners, and this made business for tugs like the Josephine. One couldn't trust the wind inside the stone piers.

There wasn't a better pilot on the lake than John Ellison in his lifetime, but the Josephine had a paying patronage when David took up the work. That was why he did it. It would never do to take chances on a new venture when there was a widowed mother to be looked after, and Dannie half through his high school course, and Mary needed at home, while mother was in such poor health. David dreamed, but his dreams didn't interfere with his faithful management of the Josephine, and the men who had known John Ellison said David was a "chip of the old block." David took that as a compliment, and held his patronage by doing his best.

The season was practically over now. Winter was in the air and in the sullen, heaving swells of the lake. Most of the cargoes were in, and prudent skippers realized that there might be a sudden change of weather almost any time, after the schooners' keels went tripping their way through the first scum of thin ice. "Jud" Farquar was not prudent. It was the last thing of which his best friend or his bitterest enemy would think of accusing him. He had a sturdy, rugged will of his own, which hurled defiance in the face of winter winds, if they happened to come too eagerly to suit his rather leisurely movements. After the last boat had unloaded, and put about, after the last car had rattled away to the main line, freighted with odorous reminders of the Michigan forests, the Andalusia, snub-nosed and stanch, with her rigging ice-coated, like the rigging of an Arctic whaler, might be expected to appear at any moment. Once, may years before — skippers still laughed at the memory between whiffs of their black pipes—the Andalusia had "frozen in," despite "Jud" Farquar's boasts, and he had stumped the whole fifty miles back to his lumber camps and mills, on foot, sturdily refusing the aid of steam cars and wagons.

It was Farquar, or rather the chance of his late coming, which had kept the Josephine at the pier these last two days, her fires banked, and McHarg within easy hailing distance. The fine weather had "broke for good," wiseacres declared, squinting up at the leaden sky, and burying their chins in coat collars or mufflers against the chilly southwest wind, which carried with it an occasional "spit" of cold rain or a flurry of snowflakes. Still it would be like Farquar to put out with the Andalusia in such bitter weather.

David went down into the tiny cabin and lighted a lamp, as soon as he had watched Brand Tatlock out of sight. He told himself that he would brush his hair, put on his best suit, and follow his whilom companion to Mechanics' Hall, where the entertainment was to be held. He made no movement to carry out this threat, however, for, though David was decidedly "out of sorts," he had not, at heart, receded from the position taken, when he refused Brand's invitation. The entertainment would be a pleasant break in the monotony, and he felt a little sore at being "tied up," but there wasn't a doubt that the Josephine was the place for him, until he heard definitely from Farquar. That might be early the next morning. It certainly couldn't be later than the next afternoon, when Farquar was holding his promise to watch out for the Andalusia. Farquar must know that "watching out" was anything but agreeable business in this kind of weather. Most fellows wouldn't wait a minute beyond a reasonable time, David assured himself, letting his discontent make him momentarily boastful. Hadn't Brand Tatlock laughed at the idea? And Brand had been on board a Kanawah schooner almost from the day he could handle a rope, a manly, clean, trustworthy fellow he was, too.

David perched on the edge of his bunk, and picked up a three-days-old newspaper, running his eye idly down the columns of the wrinkled sheet. His secret grumbling was a mere escape valve for his feelings, evidently, for he showed no signs of leaving his post. It was a folly in which David seldom indulged, but it's what one does, not what one's talks about doing, which really counts. He listened now to McHarg's heavy boots clumping down the six steps of the companion-way.

"Wa-aitin' up for Farquar, eh, la-ad?" the engineer shouted in jocosely. His voice was heavy, like his shoes, and he flattened his vowels after the fashion of a Cornishman. "He'll ha-arly put in the noight. The wind's roisin' a-and shiftin' a bit fro' the sou-west. It'll be blawin' dead offshore 'fore maernin', I'm thinkin'."

"I'll keep watch till midnight—or later," David replied, without looking up. McHarg's jesting tone nettled him. Why must everybody treat his waiting for Farquar in the light of a joke? There wasn't any joke about it, that was sure. "Look after the fires, and turn in, when ever you get ready."

David divided his time between the snug cabin and the comfortless pier. The former was much more to his liking, but he found himself growing drowsy now and then in the close atmosphere, and, besides, it was necessary to keep an occasional eye out for signals from the offing. For lack of something better to do, he amused himself by smiling at the improbability of seeing any. The wind was blowing a gale now, and the air was thickening with damp snow.

It was late, and David must have fallen into a drowse. He came up with a bound, flashing an alarmed glance at the little nickel clock over his bunk's head. It was long past midnight, and he rushed on deck, without putting on his heavy jacket. He had the shamed sense of having slept at his post, and it seemed to him at the instant that Farquar must be just outside the piers, signaling frantically for the Josephine. Strangely enough, the fancy and the reality blended almost as soon as his feet struck the wet planks. A flare shot up out of the snow-misted darkness, and David only paused to note the direction of the wind before he dashed down the companionway, shouting to Jacobs and McHarg.

"The wind'll be dead against 'er in an hour," he warned, counseling haste. "Start the engine the minute it'll move 'er. If the Andalusia's driven out a night like this, she's done for. We'll have the wind with us till we come up with 'er."

"It's reesky, la'ad," McHarg growled under his beard. "A fool head thot Farquar has to be abra-ad the noight. Who'd ever 'a' dr'amed ov it." But David was out of hearing.

The Josephine was under motion at last, wheeling sullenly from her moorings. It seemed hours to David, though, fortunately, the fires were well alive, and the start was only a matter of minutes. The tug forged ahead briskly, as she fell in with the wind, her lights cutting a narrow furrow through the black night. Another flare flamed up, and another, as though the Andalusia was growing impatient of her plight, as indeed she was. She seemed to have shifted her position; possibly David surmised drifting before the wind toward the open lake. He had a boyish impulse to plunge through the glass front of the pilot house, and drag the Josephine faster, faster than the grunting engine was carrying her along. He must not be too late—he, the fellow who had waited for Farquar these two days, and slept at his post like a land lubber at the last critical moment.

David was not too late, but it was a close shave. Once, the Josephine, caught up a huddle of rollers at the stern, threatened to transfix the Andalusia amidships. Once, the Andalusia darted away like a wild thing, straight for the open water, but the gust lulled to let the tug come up, and heave her cable; then, the stout cable parted, between a mighty puff of wind offshore and the strain of starting the tow, and David held what little breath he had left until a second cable was made fast.

It was a hard pull after that, the engine below grunting and snorting and hissing, like a black giant in pain; the Josephine splitting the big rollers into thin spray on her weather bow; and the new cable straining and creaking, as though its first service might be its last; but it was over in due time, as the hardest things are sure to be, and the few skippers in port pointed wondering fingers at the Andalusia next morning, as she lay at her moorings, a veritable iceship, coated from stem to stern with the frozen spray, like an old veteran bearing the scars of battle.

"So you waited for Farquar, eh?" that eccentric individual inquired later the same day, when David came on board the Andalusia, by appointment, to collect his fee for the "tow." "Wal, young man, if you hadn't, I reckon nobody 'ud 'a' had the trouble o' waitin' for Farquar any more. I ain't what you might call reel timid"—the stubby chin wrinkled grotesquely at the suggestion—"but I don't mind ownin' 'at my back hair begun to curl—some little."

"Bad night," David admitted laconically. It appeared a small thing, now it was all over. "Yes, I did hold back a day or two, though I didn't much expect you'd put out after the weather broke. No" — refusing a proffered roll of bills—"just the usual charge. We have to take the bitter with the sweet."

"Jud" Farquar was eyeing the young face before him thoughtfully, as his money disappeared from sight in the depths of David's wallet. He was rather an undersized man, with sharp, restless, beady eyes, and a lip and chin which indexed his obstinate self-will.

"We're short a man down below," he began tentatively, jerking a stubby thumb in the general direction of his last night's adventure. "One o' them big concerns swallered 'im up a month ago, slick an' clean, like as Jonah did the whale." The remarkable comparison, apparently, gave him courage to make the plunge, for he went on briskly: "Bookkeeper we called Simmons, though, 'twa'n't all books. He checked sales, f'r instance, and put my letters into shape for sendin'. Don't s'pose you'd care to pen up under a roof with such a job's that, providin' a man would make it wuth your while?"

"Indeed I should like nothing better," David responded promptly. Wasn't it almost exactly what he had dreamed of ever since his school days? "I could give it a trial, anyhow, while there isn't much doing on the lake. I can't thank you enough, Mr. Farquar."

"Oh, that's nothin'." David's outspoken gratitude appeared to embarrass Mr. Farquar. He chuckled softly to himself a moment, then added: "It jus' struck me 'at I'd like to try a fellow onct who'd l'arned aforehand how to wait for Farquar."—Christian Union Herald.

If You Want to Be Loved.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.
Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.
Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.
Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.
Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.
Don't believe all the evils you hear.
Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.
Don't repeat a gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.
Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.
Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.
Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.
Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman, or a gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Christian World.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

New vanadium steel handsaws, which will cut iron pipe, are capable of being rolled into spirals, regaining their original forms without injury when released.

Professor Trevor Kincaid, of the department of zoology, University of Washington, will leave Seattle about April, 1910, for Simferopol, Crimea, Russia, where he will undertake for the United States Bureau of Entomology, the collection and shipment of parasites of the gypsy moth.

Although in most of the mines in Japan the various operations are carried out by the ordinary labor of men and cattle, it seems from a report on the mining industry in Hokkaido that at three coal mines and at one gold and silver mine, electrical machinery is employed. In all, nine "electrical engines" are employed in the coal mines, and one "electrical engine" in a gold and silver mine. The nature of their work is not stated, but it would appear to partake mainly of the transport of ore.

Panfilio Garza Garcia is at the head of a company to harness Popocatepetl, the great volcano near Mexico City, and furnish all the power for the national capital. He proposes sinking two wells into the side of the volcano until he reaches the boiling point in the earth. Then with nitroglycerine exploded at the bottom he proposes to make an opening between the two. He would then run cold water down one well and he says steam would come up out of the other. He would harness this to an engine and the job would be done.

A standing puzzle is the almost universal tendency of men and women of all races to use the right hand in preference to the left. Examination of skeletons has shown, by the differences of bone development, that this tendency is of very ancient origin. It is often ascribed to the fact that the left hemisphere of the brain—which controls the right side of the body—possesses, in normal persons, a superior development. But those who think that the preference for the right hand is an acquired habit, although one of immensely long standing, suggest that perhaps the left cerebral hemisphere has become better developed as the result of the overuse of the right limbs. At any rate, a society has been founded in London for the cultivation of ambidexterity, and it will be for the physiologists of the future to determine whether education in the use of the left hand can affect the development of the right side of the brain.

Women Who Vote.

There are four States where women have the same political rights as men. They are Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming.

The right to vote on some or all school questions is granted to women in Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Idaho, Kentucky, Kansas, Michigan, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Ohio, Utah, South Dakota, Vermont, Wyoming and Wisconsin.

In Great Britain equal suffrage prevails in all matters excepting elections to Parliament. Full suffrage is granted women in Australia, New Zealand, the Isle of Man, Finland and Norway.—Golden West Magazine.

The Crown of Great Britain.

The present crown of Great Britain was constructed in 1808, with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of the Queen. It contains four large pear shaped pearls, 273 small pearls, 147 table diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, 1363 brilliant diamonds, 5 rubies, 11 emeralds and 17 sapphires.—Home Notes.

His Little Kick.

"In this matter of quick thinking," said the baseball umpire, "all the bouquets go to the players; and yet we fellows have to think as quick as they do, if not a little quicker. If a player works his thinker too slow all he gets is an error. If I do it I get a pop bottle."—Chicago Tribune.

A sash is the engagement present of the Japanese lover.

TELEPHONE POPULAR WITH THE INDIANS.

Red Men Fond of Long Distance Talks With Any One Who Happens at the Other End.

The Indians are great on using the telephone. They have but little or no use for the local boards, their calls being over the long distance. They do not put in a call for the individual. They do not ask for White Eagle at Canton or Flying Cloud at Darlington. The call is for "Any Cheyenne." The same is true as to the Arapahoes. Any member of the tribe serves, says the Dallas News.

An Indian puts in a call for any member of his tribe at Canton, Darlington, Colony, Lawton or any point. It is "up to" the manager to go out on the street and pick up an Indian. Any one will do, so he is of the tribe asked for. He is put up to the telephone and the talk proceeds. The talk being in Indian, no one knows what it is about.

If an Indian, say in Clinton, wants to reach one of his people, say forty miles from Canton, or any other given point, he calls for one of his tribesmen, tells him the message he desires delivered, and it is his business to deliver it, even though it requires a night trip and in a storm.

A little Indian baby died near Clinton last year, and its mother desired that her relatives attend the funeral services. They lived out on the prairie northwest from Canton. The telephone was used and a member of the tribe directed to deliver the message to the mother's relatives. It was delivered by a courier across the prairies and canyons, and the relatives came in over the Orient next day.

Last summer a call came to Clinton for a Kiowa that was a poser for the manager. However, he found upon inquiry among the Cheyennes that there was one who had lived among the Kiowas and spoke the dialect. He was put up to the telephone and received the talk.

WISE WORDS.

The limelight does not make the hero.

Pride is the fear of what folks will think; honor the fear of our own hearts.

Wheat is often the best cure for weeds.

We may not determine our circumstances, but we do determine our vital environment.

No man can preach far beyond his real self.

It is always easier, and often safer, to preach on old saints than on modern sinners.

When a man gets beyond the pangs of conscience, there is not much left in him to punish.

No man receives more than he believes.

The ills that follow our lust we usually charge up to our luck.

The most ridiculous coward in the world is the man who fears ridicule.

The saddest thing about the life that ministers to no one is that it never knows what it has missed.

It's never wise to trust the man who trusts no one.

Imaginary ills quickly come to constitute something more substantial than an imaginary hindrance.—From "Sentence Sermons," in the Chicago Tribune.

Mexico as a Cattle Country.

"Mexico is fast becoming the great cattle country of the American continent, and Northern Mexico is the ideal cattle country of Mexico," said G. B. McDermott, of Nacozari, who was in Houston yesterday. "As the farmers and sheepmen have forced the cattlemen of the great Southwest of the United States to move their ranges, they are naturally seeking the most favorable localities, and Northern Mexico seems to appeal more forcibly to them than any other section. Cattle are being moved rapidly into Mexico from the United States, and the cattlemen of Mexico are now paying more attention to their herds than formerly, with the result that an excellent quality of beef is being built up in the republic."—Houston Post.

He Knew Greek.

Editor George H. Moses, of the Concord Monitor, the new Minister to Greece, called around at Senator Lodge's office the other day. The Senator is a leading member of Foreign Relations, and is a good man for a Minister Plenipotentiary to know.

"Oh, you are the Greek scholar Jimmy Reynolds has been telling me about," interposed the Senator as Editor Moses was introducing himself. "I feel that I know you well already."

"Yes," responded the new Minister to Greece, "Jimmy is showing real appreciation for past favors. I used to translate his Greek for him at Dartmouth."—Boston Herald.

Helps the Bottle Trade.

The extension of prohibition throughout the United States has caused a largely increased demand for "soda pop," as indicated by the great demand for bottles. Two big factories of the Alton glass works have been working since last fall night and day manufacturing soda pop bottles. The prohibition wave has also caused a big increase in orders for all kinds of large bottles.—Alton Correspondence St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Muslin is being made from the fiber of the banana tree.

He Did It.

"I refused Jim and he swore he'd do something desperate."

"Goodness! Why, he proposed to me yesterday."

"The dear boy! So he kept his word, after all."—Cleveland Leader.

Governor Brown's Gourd.

Plain Joe Brown of Georgia, who as governor of that commonwealth, succeeds the eminent Hoke Smith, evidently is of a purpose to be our greatest simple life executive. This is made apparent not only by the fact that he went into office in a homespun suit of brown but by the further fact that the glass drinking vessels of an effete civilization have been taken away from the executive water bottle and a gourd has been hung up for the thirsty.

There is merit in the gourd. When it floated gently on top the cool contents of the water bucket or hung beside the well or spring it was an invitation to the parched and weary. Tin and water have no natural affiliations. A metal cup is a makeshift of a generation which cannot be supplied with the gourd or which does not know its advantages. Glass can be tolerated, but Gov. Brown showed his appreciation of the finer things in life when he hung the gourd up by the water cooler.—Chicago Tribune.

Paying Pecan Trees.

A stranger coming to Tallahassee is surprised at the great number of pecan trees found in the yards, gardens and on the streets. They are everywhere, and thousands upon thousands spring up every season, where the nuts are washed by the rain or dropped by the birds which feast upon them. If these trees had been budded with merchantable varieties when young they would now be producing thousands of bushels of the finest nuts annually, but of even these inferior varieties Tallahassee sells hundreds of dollars worth each year.—Tallahassee Bulletin.