

WIND OF THE MOOR.

Wind of the moor, breath of the vast free reaches,
What is the mutable voice wherewith you cry?
I listen and listen again and I dream your speech is
Freighted with whisper of lips from the days gone by.

Ever at dawn of the day, or when sunsets darken,
The murmur comes of strange, inscrutable things;
And methinks that I often catch, what time I hearken,
The rustle of feet and the beating of unseen wings.

Wind of the moor, you are eldritch, ay, you are eerie!
For all of the pain of the past can you find no cure?
Rest for a little space, for my heart is weary,
And would fain forget—forget, O wind of the moor!
—Clinton Scollard, in the New York Sun.

A Lass of the Loom

Life was a wretched muddle, Margaret Alice said to herself, with a sigh; disappointment and failure all along the line, and only a few short years ago she had thought it well nigh perfect. Of course there was the child, but Tom wasn't Joe, and at this point the poor girl brushed away the hot tears angrily.

What was the good of fretting for one who had proved himself to be lazy and selfish and utterly unworthy of any woman's love and trust? It was true Joe had never lifted his hand to her, but he had lashed her with his tongue, which was a hundred times worse to bear. It had been torture to her sensitive spirit to listen to the scathing torrent of abuse which had issued from his lips upon the slightest provocation, and even now her cheek reddened at the recollection of the hateful words he had hurled at her in his anger.

Sometimes she had a vague feeling that her heart must be dead within her, so indifferent had she become to the common things around her; it was only when her baby cried she knew it was not so, for his feeblest whimper was sufficient to arouse her from the dull apathy of despair into which she had fallen.

Just two years since she and Joe set up housekeeping together in the tiny home in Dove avenue, and now all her sweet day dreams lay in ruins at her feet. Crushed and undone she had come back to her mother, "nothing but a bundle of skin and bones, and with scarcely enough spirit left to hold her head up," as that worthy woman confided to her special cronies.

"And her as gradely a lass as ever worked four looms to be saddled with a child that's worse than fatherless," the neighbor answered sympathetically, seeing only an additional burden and expense in the tiny morsel of humanity.

But to Margaret Alice the child was the one gleam of brightness in the darkness of her lot, albeit his coming had been the chief cause of all her wretchedness.

In Loomshire, unfortunately, it is customary for a woman when she becomes a wife to go on working at her looms, and in this Margaret Alice had only followed in the steps of thousands of her sister weavers. Indeed, she had preferred to do so, for her wages were good, and every week she was able to add some useful piece of furniture to their comfortable little abode, but it was surprising how many "off days" her husband seemed to have after the knot was securely tied.

"I doubt he's a bit lazy," one of her sisters ventured to remark when these holidays became more and more frequent, but Margaret Alice disclaimed the calumny indignantly; for love is ever blind, and a woman's faith in the man of her choice dies hard as a rule.

But circumstances alter cases, and with little Tom's appearance upon the scene Margaret Alice resolved that other mothers might please themselves, but as far as she was concerned the factory should see her no more. Henceforth her home and the baby must constitute her kingdom. Although she had never even heard Raskin's words she resolved, as she lay in her delicious weakness, with the downy head upon her arm, to be a sort of queen to her man and her boy.

"Joe can earn good money when he's mind, and now that he's set up a family he'll see the need of sticking to his work in downright earnest," she mused serenely with a loving glance at her baby. "And he shall have the cosiest home in all Loomshire for his pains," she added, proudly, wholly unconscious of the hard wall of opposition which was already rising up between herself and her delightful plans.

For there are always two standpoints from which to view a situation, and, to his shame, Joe Gibson's differed very materially from that of his wife.

"Th' boy'll be a month old to-morrow, and old Nance is a rare 'un at minding children," he began airily one bitterly cold day as Margaret sat by the fire with the child on her knee, making a wonderfully pretty picture.

"Nay, Joe, you'll have to be a sole breadwinner now; my work's at home," she replied in her slow, yentle fashion. But the next moment she gathered the living bundle to her bosom, and gazed at her lord and master with wide, startled eyes. It was scarcely to be wondered at, for the storm of invectives which followed quickly upon her mild speech might well have made a stronger woman quail.

To discover flaws in her husband is always a bitter experience for any woman, and after that sudden awakening Margaret Alice carried a heavy heart for many a month; black looks and infinitely blacker language became her daily portion, and it was more than probable, had it been summer

weather she would have lacked courage to adhere to her resolution. But to take her delicate darling from his warm bed into the frosty air of the early morning and leave him to the indifferent care of an old woman during the long working hours of the day was something she shrank from with all the force of her affectionate nature. She had not belonged to the Rook Street Recreation Club and attended the debates on popular and practical subjects which were held there twice a week to no purpose; she knew something of the high death rate of her own town and the chief cause of it, and her little Tom was not going to be added to the great number of weakly children in Loomshire if she could help it.

"My place is at home, and at home I'll bide," she reiterated doggedly to all her husband's vituperations, but a sullen expression, hitherto unknown, gradually crept over her pleasant, open countenance.

After that only God knew what she endured for her lips were dumb concerning her humiliation. There were days when her purse was empty, and her cupboard bid fair to outvie that of Mother Hubbard, so scantily were its shelves supplied by the man (?) of the house. But Margaret Alice, thrifty by nature, had the knack of making a really appetizing meal out of very little, and always there was the child to bring comfort to her heart when even her brave spirit faltered. It is marvelous how cruel a man may be without striking a single blow. The tongue, an unruly member at best, is apt to lacerate its victims unmercifully when let loose in ungovernable fury.

The trying winter passed and a delightfully balmy spring followed, but the girl's physical strength had sunk to a very low ebb, and at last there came a day when she felt too crushed and weary to battle any longer with the forces of evil which had risen up against her.

Little Tom was ailing, too, for sheer want of the care which had been his from his birth until now; and when his grandmother—who had obtained a slight inkling of the true state of things through a kindly, inquisitive neighbor—insisted upon their coming home to her, the husband, more ashamed than he would have owned even to himself, but fiercely resenting his mother-in-law's interference, declared that he would emigrate to Canada, and his wife could go or stay, as best pleased her. After a few weeks at home Margaret Alice went back to her looms, while little Tom ran a great danger of being completely spoiled by five maiden aunts, who bickered vigorously among themselves for the privilege of nursing his small highness.

In Loomshire the great cotton mills close for a week during the hot weather, and the busy workers migrate to the sea or country, as their wills incline, to refresh themselves and gather strength for the coming winter. Margaret Alice's youthful sisters were no exception to this wise rule, and great were their preparations as the time approached for the annual exodus. The worse than husbandless wife pleaded earnestly to be allowed to remain quietly at home with her boy, but her not unnatural desire was met with loud voiced opposition.

The child needed sea breezes more than anybody, and Peg would just spoil the outing altogether if she refused to go with them. Aford it, indeed, when they had been paying into the holiday fund the whole year long, and everybody knew quite well that what would keep five could be made to do the same for six.

After that Margaret Alice could do nothing less than pack her scanty wardrobe; and baby Tom crowded delightfully at sight of the big waves which came dashing over the promenade at Silverport.

Margaret Alice was not what would be termed a religious woman—her

family had never even been regular church goers. Perhaps that was the reason the open air service held on the firm yellow sands the day after their arrival attracted her more than it otherwise might have done. With her child asleep on her knee, and her five sisters scattered like a protecting band around her, she listened half dreamily, half critically, to the deep, musical tones of the preacher, as he sought to convey his message of hope and comfort to the multitude of holiday makers. Her own dream of happiness had been so brief, and the awakening so terribly disappointing, even though she should live to be quite old—and in spite of the aching loneliness, she would like to see her little Tom grow up to manhood—her life could only be a half and half sort of thing at best, she thought.

Yet here was a man boldly declaring God desired the happiness of every man, woman and child. But there, what was the use of paying any heed? It couldn't possibly be true, or why was there such a tremendous amount of misery in the world? For she wasn't the only disappointed woman by a long way; there were scores like her even in Loomshire.

"Yes, you may have devised your ways according to your own inclination, but the Lord shall still direct your steps," were the next words which fell upon her ear, "and He is able to bring all your disappointment and seeming failure to a happy issue. And I tell you He is just waiting to do it," he continued confidently, "if you will only put yourselves into His hands and wait patiently; for nothing, however difficult it may appear to you, is impossible with Him."

"Nothing impossible," did he say? Ah, well, talking was cheap, words did not cost anything; and she didn't suppose he knew much about loss of any kind; fine gentlemen rarely did, so it seemed to her. But it was too much to hope that God could really give her back her home of a year ago. Her mother was goodness itself, and her sisters had welcomed her among them again with open arms, and had shared with her their best; but they weren't Joe, and only the old love could fill her empty, hungering heart.

"He will restore all that you have lost; yea, a hundredfold more than you ever possessed," came the words of the preacher, as though in answer to her unvoiced yearning; but after that Margaret Alice heard no more, for Tom awoke with a frightened little cry—perhaps the sudden rain of hot tears which had fallen upon his face was largely accountable for this—and his mother's attention had perforce to be devoted to him. Yet there was a prayer in her heart, and the preacher's words stayed with her.

"It was the very best holiday they had ever had," the girls declared upon the sixth day of their visit, "and to get up in the morning and have nothing to do save enjoy themselves until night came was just all," said Elizabeth Ann, the youngest and bonniest.

The waves came dashing over the promenade right up to the houses beyond, as the girls made their way to the pier as soon as breakfast was over. Once there it would be possible to find a sheltered nook where they might enjoy the fresh, health giving breezes in comfort; the sands would be perfect later on when the tide was out, and little Tom could roll about to his heart's content.

Elizabeth Ann, who adored her small nephew, had begged to be nurse that morning, and just as they were crossing the busy square in front of the pier, which was crowded even at that early hour, with a gay, laughing crowd on pleasure bent, a huge motor car came swiftly round the corner. Margaret Alice, who was still on the sidewalk, stood as though petrified, gazing with horror-stricken eyes at the little dancing child in her sister's arms; the cruel monster was almost upon them. Suddenly a strangely familiar figure dashed from out the crowd and almost threw the baby and his nurse beyond the line of danger. Too late to escape himself, however, a shrill, agonized scream issued from Margaret Alice's white lips as she saw him buried with tremendous force to the ground.

"Two broken ribs, a dislocated ankle, and an ugly wound on his head, that's all; we'll soon have him patched up; and things might have been infinitely worse from all accounts," was the doctor's verdict an hour later, as he beamed upon the white faced girl in front of him.

"His wife, eh? Well, if you'll promise to behave like a sensible woman, you shall see him for five minutes; nobody has a better right, I suppose. But there must be no crying, remember. I certainly draw the

line at anything approaching tears," said with trembling lips Margaret Alice followed the doctor into the cool ward of the Cottage Hospital.

"As long as th' little chap were safe, it wouldn't ha' mattered a scrap if I'd been killed; there were nobody to fret for me," the patient murmured feebly.

But Margaret Alice, her heart too full for words at sight of the poor bandaged head, pressed his hand tightly as she laid her soft cheek against his.

"You don't mean to say as you'd ha' cared if th' car ha' done for me, lass?" he whispered at length, a note of mingled surprise and incredulity in the husky voice.

"Only make haste and get well, Joe," she sobbed, utterly regardless of the doctor's warning. "He's going to give me back all I'd lost, although I was wicked enough to say it wasn't true."

"I don't rightly understand what you're after, lass, you'd always plenty of learning for the two of us; but—if so be as you're willing to try me again," he added jerkily, after a moment's pause, "you shall never have no more cause to complain. I'll work mi fingers to th' bone for thee and th' little 'un, and—" there was a whole world of shame in the faltering tones at this point—"I'll keep this tongue of mine in hand if you'll only help me."

And Margaret Alice sealed the compact with a loving kiss.—Esther Branthwaite, in London S. S. Times.



A new process for making an insulator, according to the Electrical Review, has appeared on the Continent. It resembles ebonite and consists of a mixture of tan bark with one-third of sulphur. The whole is heated until the sulphur melts. The mixture is well stirred and then cooled, when it takes the form of small black grains. These are put in a pressure mold and heated, the result being a block of insulating material of any form.

At the recent meeting of the American Street and Interurban Engineering Association of Atlantic City, a new system of street railway construction was proposed. The idea was to form the car wheels without flanges, but instead to place the flanges on the rails. The new construction was ably presented and many good arguments were brought forward to show the superiority of such a system over the present one.—Scientific American.

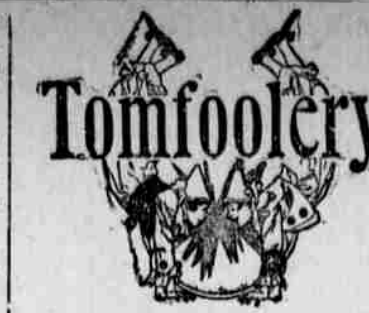
P. F. Bauder points out that not only the direction and intensity of light, but its color, must be considered in estimating its power to reveal fine details. Experiment shows that most persons are short-sighted for blue and violet light. When patterns are illuminated alternately with red, green and blue light it is found that for ease of seeing minute details blue and green light are preferable to red for short distances, but that at greater distances red light gives the best results.

According to the Electrical Journal there are twenty-eight single-phase roads in America, with 691.8 miles in operation, and 274.5 miles under construction. Abroad there are thirty-six single-phase railroads covering 771.05 miles with 57.75 miles under construction. The total number of single-phase locomotives in this country is fifty-seven and the number of cars 240, as against forty-three locomotives and 222 cars abroad. The total horsepower here is 137,400, while the total of foreign roads is 84,160.

Six new elements, writes the London correspondent of the New York Sun, have been discovered, so Professor Muthmann, of Munich, announced at the congress of German chemists, by the Viennese doctor Auer von Welsbach. The news came by letter from the inventor himself while the professor was reading his paper on "Rare Earths." It was to the effect that Dr. von Welsbach had succeeded in separating terbium and thulium, previously believed to be elements, into two constituents each, and dysprosium and gadolinum, two other rare elementary substances, into three each. The number of elementary rare earths has thus been increased from sixteen to twenty-two. It may be recalled that last year Dr. von Welsbach simultaneously with the French scientist Urbain discovered that ytterbium, for thirty years believed to be an element, was divisible. Since 1878 the Viennese savant has added ten elements to those known to science, a record for any single inventor and an achievement on which the congress sent him a telegram of congratulation.

Caught Too Quick.
"I plead guilty to stealin' dem melons, judge," said the prisoner, "but I wants de murey er de court."
"On what grounds?" asked the judge.
"On dese grounds," replied the prisoner. "I stole de melons, but de sheriff didn't give me a chance ter eat 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The naval, mercantile, marine and general engineering and machinery exhibition to be held at Olympia, London, next September, will, if it is stated, be the largest of its kind ever held in that city.



MOTHER GOOSE TO DATE.

JACK SPRAT.
Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so they sold
Their beef roast cold
And cleared a million clean.

THE FATE OF TAFFY.
Taffy was a welcher,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house,
Stole a piece of beef!
I went to Taffy's house,
Seized him by the ears,
Had him sent to prison for
Ninety-seven years!
—Harper's Weekly.

FOUND WITH THE GOODS.

Artist—"I'm going to do a picture of Whittier's Maud Muller."
Friend—"How do you imagine she looked?"
Artist—"Rakish."—Lippincott's.

NOT A GOOD LIAR.

Judge—"Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?"
Prisoner—"Let my lawyer plead not guilty for me, Judge. I ain't got the nerve!"—St. Paul Dispatch.

THE WORM TURNS.

Watts—"So your father-in-law insists on your going to work, eh? What did he say to you?"
Potts—"He told me I must find something to do besides him."—Boston Transcript.

VERIFYING TIME.



Father—"What time did that young man leave?"
Daughter—"Just when you got home from the club, mother returned from her card party, and Susan came back from her night out."—Brooklyn Eagle.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?"
"Not guilty, Judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't."—Catholic News.

A MASTER OF LANGUAGE.

"That new waiter of yours describes the bill of fare in a way to make anybody hungry."
"He wasn't always a waiter. He used to be press agent for a circus."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MAGICAL WEALTH.

"Don't you wish you had Aladdin's wonderful lamp?" said the imaginative boy.
"No," replied the practical youth. "I'd rather be sole proprietor of a city full of gas meters."—Washington Star.

FOR EXHIBITION.

"Show me some tiaras, please. I want one for my wife."
"Yes, sir. About what price?"
"Well, at such a price that I can say, 'Do you see that woman with the tiara? She is my wife.'"—Fliegende Blaetter.

SINGLETON SIZED UP.

Kate—"What in the world does Maud see in that Mr. Singleton? Why, the man is all wrapped up in himself."
Ethel—"Yes, and to my mind he makes a mighty small package."—Boston Transcript.

HER SPECIALTY.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"I'd like to be a lawyer."
Mr. Crimsonbeak—"I guess you'd rather be a judge."
"Why so?"
"Oh, you'd have the last word, then!"—Yonkers Statesman.

GENERAL TENDENCY.

"Even if you can't enjoy best sellers!" said the meditative person, "there are books in the running brooks, you know."
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "but even the brooks are getting dryer every year."—Washington Star.

A WORD OF WARNING.

"So, my son," said the unemotional citizen, "you are going to be a reformer?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well I haven't any objections so long as you are not one of the kind who, having dyspepsia themselves, want to forbid everybody else the use of pie."—Washington Star.

WHERE HE SAW RESEMBLANCE

Apt Remark of Small Boy Embarrassed Toper and Filled Car With Merriment.

Jimmie, who is a very small boy living in the East end, accompanied his mother downtown several days ago. Nearly everything he saw was quite new to him, so he was not sparing in his comments and opinions and questions.

Seated opposite Jimmie and his mother on the car homebound was an individual who, judging by the "blossom" on his nose, had partaken freely of joy water. None of Jimmie's neighbors possessed an appendage that could compare with the one across the aisle.

In silence Jimmie took in the situation and the "blossom." His thoughts must have grown so curious that they could not be withheld any longer and he finally blurted out in a loud voice: "Mamma, is that Santa Claus?" pointing to the man with the red nose.

Embarrassed, Jimmie's mother tried to silence her son, but it was no use. In an audible whisper the connection between the man and Santa Claus was disclosed much to the discomfort of the man.

"Why, mamma, didn't it say in that story about Santa Claus that Santa had a nose like a cherry," he asked, and the car was in an uproar.—Pittsburg Times-Gazette.

There Should.

Fritz the gardener was a stolid German who was rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill-luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and the train being crowded, the baggageman gave him a chair in his roomy car.

Finally the train reached Bloomfield. Fritz still slept as it pulled in and his friend had to shake him and tell him where he was.

"I thank you," said Fritz, as he rose slowly to his feet. The open door of the car was directly in front of him. He walked straight out of it.

The baggageman sprang to look after him. Fritz slowly picked himself up from the sand by the side of the track, looked up at the door, and said with no wrath in his voice: "There should here be some steps."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Merely a Prevaricator.

A doctor relates the following story: "I had a patient who was very ill and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate, so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun which would cure him. The ruse succeeded and he was getting better rapidly when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."
"Did it fail, after all, then?" asked one of the doctor's hearers.
"No," replied the doctor, "he died of sunstroke."

He Knew the Kind.

Little Edward, aged four, was an only child. He was anxious for a baby sister, and was talking of it one day with a friend of the family in the friend's family was a baby girl of one year. The lady said, "Edward, you may have my baby; she is pretty and sweet."
"Oh," said Edward, "I don't want an old baby. I want a bran new one wif noffin on but talcum powder."—Red Hen.

Sometimes a girl pretends to whistle for the purpose of calling a young man's attention to the lovely pucker she can get on her lips.

A nagging wife makes her husband forget his other troubles.

The supply of talk always exceeds the demand.

Know How To Keep Cool?

When Summer's sun and daily toil heat the blood to an uncomfortable degree, there is nothing so comforting and cooling as a glass of

Iced Postum

served with sugar and a little lemon.

Surprising, too, how the food elements relieve fatigue and sustain one.

The flavour is delicious—and Postum is really a food drink.

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

DESCARTES' LIFE RULES.

IN the discourse of Descartes upon "The Method of Using One's Reason Rightly," he says that he always had an intense desire to learn how to distinguish truth from falsehood in order that he might be clear about his actions and that he might be able to walk sure-footedly in this life. Therefore he determined to set up what he termed "a provisional self-government," of which these were to be the rules. I give the rules as somewhat broadly paraphrased by Mr. Huxley:

First—That he would submit himself to the laws and religion in which he had been brought up.

Second—That he would act, on all occasions which called for action, promptly and according to the best of his judgment.

Third—That he would seek happiness in limiting his desires rather than in attempting to satisfy them.

Fourth—That he would make the search after truth the business of his life.

Descartes was just coming of age when he laid down for himself these rules of life.—From "Personal Power," by Wm. Jewett Tucker.