THE WIND FROM THE NORTH.

"We'll have a cold spell pretty soon, And we sat and gazed While the backlog blazed. Nor wondered if the sign were true.

"The wind from the porti will come. With frost in the breath it blows, And the lingering haze Of the autumn days Will drear into winter's snows.

"The red and yellow leaves on the trees Will be seared to a dull, dead brown, For the blast that chills Is the blast that kills When the wind from the north comes down."

And we huddled up to gran'ma's knees As she sat in the big armchair, With her head bent low In the hearth fire's glow, And her hands in our tangled hair.

We watched the blue blaze flicker out And the backlog, to embers turned, Change from red to gray Till an ash heap lay, Turning cold where the fire had burned.

-Chiengo Chroniele.

PRODIGAL'S RETURN

"Yes, mother, he will come, Of course, he will come!" and the girl turned her drawn and anxious young face toward the cottage door, just as If her blind mother could see the ac-

It is probable that the old woman divined the longing glance from the change in the girl's tone, for she, too. half turned toward the door. It was a habit these two women had acquired. They constantly looked toward the door for the arrival of one who never came through the long summer days. through the quiet winter evenings: moreover, they rarely spoke of other things; this arrival was the topic of their lives. And now the old woman's life was drawing to a close, as some lives do, without its object. She herself felt it, and her daughter knew it.

There was in both of them a subtle sense of clinging. It was hard to die without touching the reward of a wondrous patience. It was cruel to deprive the girl of this burden, for in most burdens there is a safeguard, in all a duty, and in some the greatest happiness allotted to human exist-

It was no new thing, this waiting for the scapegrace son; the girl had grown up to it, for she would not know her brother should she meet him in the street. Since sight had left the old mother's eyes she had fed her heart upon this hope.

He had left them eighteen years be fore in a fit of passionate resentment against his father, whose only fault had been too great indulgence for the son of his old age. Nothing had been too good for dear Stephen-hardly anything had been good enough. Educated at a charity school himself, the simple old clergyman held the mistaken view that no man can be educated above his station.

There are some people who hold this view still, but they cannot do so much longer. Strikes, labor troubles and the difficulties of domestic service; socalled gentleman farmers, gentleman s and lady milling all, a few colonles peopled by university failures will teach us in time that to educate our sons above their station is to handleap them cruelly in the race for life,

Stephen Leach was one of the early victims to this craze. His father, having risen by the force of his own will and the capabilities of his own mind from the people to the church, held, as such men do, that he had only to give his son a good education to insure his career in life. So everything even to the old parson's sense of right and wrong-was sacrificed to the education of Stephen Leach at public school and university. Here he met and selected for his friends youths whose futures were insured, and who were only passing through the formula of an education so that no one could say that they were unfit for the snug government appointment, living or inheritance of a more substantial sort that might be walting for them. Stephen acquired their ways of life without possessing their advantages, and the consequence was something very nearly approaching to ruin for the little country rectory. Not having been a university man himself, the rector did not know that at Oxford or Cambridge, as in the army, one may live according to one's tastes. Stephen Leach had expensive tastes, and he unscrupulously traded on his father's ignorance. He was good-looking, and had a certain brilliancy of manner which "goes down" well at the varsity. Everything was against him, and at last the end came. At last the rector's eyes were opened, and when a narrow-minded man's eyes are once opened he usually becomes stony at

the heart. Stephen Leach left England, and be fore he landed in America his father had d parted on a longer journey. The ne'er-do-well had the good grace to cend back the little sums of money saved by his mother in her widowhood, and gradually his letters ceased. It was known that he was in Chilli. and there was war going on there. and yet the good old lady's faith never wavered.

"He will come, Joyce," she would say, "he will surely come,

And the girl would go to the window and draw aside the curtains, looking down the quiet country road toward the village.

"Yes, mother, he will come," was her usual answer; and one day she gave a little exclamation of surprise and almost of fear.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "there is someone coming along the road."

The old lady was already sitting up say and do.

in bed staring with her sightless orbs toward the window.

Thus they waited. The man stopped opposite the cottage, and the two women heard the latch of the gate. Then Joyce, turning, saw that her mother had fainted. But it was only momentary. By the time she reached the bed her mother had recovered conscious-

"Go," said the old lady, breathlessly, "go and let him in yourself."

Downstairs on the doorstep the girl found a tall man of 30 or thereabouts with a browner face than English suns could account for. He looked downinto her eager eyes with a strange. questioning wonder. "Am I too late?" he asked in a voice

which almost seemed to indicate a hope that it might be so. "No. Stephen," she answered, "But mother cannot live much longer. You

are just in time." The young man made a hesitating little movement with his right hand and shuffled uneasily on the clean stone step. He was like an actor called suddenly upon the stage, having no knowledge of his part. The return of this prodigal was not a dramatic success. No one seemed desirous of learning whether he had lived upon husks or otherwise, and with whom he had eaten. The quiet dignity of the girl, who had remained behind to do all the work and bear all the burden, seemed in some subtle manner to deprive him of any romance that might have attached itself to him. She ignored his halfproffered hand, and, turning into the little passage led the way upstairs.

Stephen Leach followed silently. He was rather large for the house, and of days." especially for the stairs; moreover, he had a certain burliness of walk, such as is acquired by men living constantly in the open. There was a vaguely pained look in his blue eyes, as if they had suddenly been opened to his own shortcomings. His attitude toward Joyce was distinctly apologetic.

When he followed the giri across the threshold of their mother's bedroom the old lady was sitting up in bed, holding out trembling arms toward the door.

Here Stephen Leach seemed to know better what to do. He held his mother in his arms while she sobbed and murmured out her joy. He had no words, but his arms meant more than his lips could ever have told.

It would seem that the best part of happiness is the sharing of it with someone else. "Joyce," was the first distinct word the old lady spoke. "Joyce, he has come at last. He has come! Come here, dear. Kiss your brother. This is my first born-my little Steve."

The young man had sunk upon his knees at the bedside, probably because it was the most convenient position. He did not second his mother's proposal with much enthusiasm. Altogether he did not seem to have discovered much sympathy with his sister whom he had left in her cradle,

Joyce came forward and leaned over the bed to kiss her brother while the old lady's hands joined theirs. Just as her fresh young lips came within reach he turned his face aside, so that the kiss fell on barren ground on his tanned cheek

"Joyce," continued the old lady fever-Stephen is here. Your brother will take care of you, dear, when I am

gone. It was strange that Stephen had not spoken vet, and it was perhaps just as well because there are occasions in life

when men do wisely to keep silent. "He is strong," the proud mother went on. "I can feel it. His hands are large and steady and quiet and his

arms are big and very hard." The young man knelt upright and submitted gravely to this maternal in-

ventory. "Yes." she said, "I knew he would grow to be a big man. His little fingers were so strong-he hurt me sometimes What a great mustache! I knew you had been a soldier. And the skin of your face is brown and a little rough. What is this? what is this, Stephen,

dear? Is this a wound?" "Yes," answered the prodigal, speak ing for the first time. "That is a sword cut. I got that in the last war. I am a colonel in the Chilian army, or was,

before I resigned." The old lady's sightless eyes were fixed on his face as if listening for the echo of another voice in his deep, quiet

"Your voice is deeper than your father's ever was," she said, and all the while her trembling fingers moved lovingly over his face, touching the deep cut from cheek bone to jaw with soft inquiry. "This must have been very near your eye, Stephen. Promise me. dear, no more soldiering."

"I promise that," he replied, without raising his eyes.

Such, was the home coming of the prodigal. After all he arrived at the right moment in the afternoon, when the house was ready. It sometimes does happen so in real life, and not only in books. There is a great deal that might be altered in this world, but sometimes, by a mere chance, things come about rightly. And yet there was something wrong, something subtle, which the dying woman's duller senses failed to detect. Her son, her Stephen, was quiet and had not much to say for himself. He apparently had the habit of taking things as they came. There was no enthusiasm, but rather a restraint, in his manner, more especially

toward Joyce. The girl noticed it, but even her small experience of humankind had taught her that large, fair-skinned men are often thus. They are not "de ceux qui s'expliquent," but go through life placidly, leaving unsaid and undone many things which come think they ought to

turn was over it became glaringly apparent that Stephen had arrived just in time. His mother fell late a happy sleep before sunset, and when the active young doctor came a little later in the evening he shook his head.

"Yes," he said, "I see that she is asleep and quiet-too quiet. It is a foretaste of a longer sleep. Some old

people have it. For the first time Joyce's courage seemed to give way. When she had been alone she was brave enough, but now that her brother was there, womanlike, she seemed to turn to him with a sudden fear. They stood side by side near the bed, and the young doctor involuntarily watched them. Stephen had taken her hand in his with that silent sympathy which was so natural and so eloquent. He said nothing, this big, sun-stained youth. He did not even glance down at his sister. who stood, small, soft-eyed and gentle at his side.

The doctor knew something of the history of the small family thus momentarily united, and he had always feared that if Stephen Leach did return it would only kill his mother. This, indeed, seemed to be the result about to follow. Presently the doctor took his leave.

He was a young man engaged in getting together a good practice, and in his own interest he had been forced to give up waiting for his patients to finish dying. "I am glad you are here," he said to

Stephen, who accompanied him to the door. "It would not do for your sister to be alone; this may go on for a couple

It did not go on for a couple of days. but Mrs. Leach lived through that pight in the same semi-comatose state. The two watchers sat in her room until supper time, when they left their mother in charge of a bired nurse, whose services Joyce had been forced to seek.

After supper Stephen Leach seemed at last to find his tongue, and he talked in his quiet, almost gentle voice, such as some men possess, not about himself or the past, but about Joyce and the future. In a deliberate, businesslike way he proceeded to investigate the affairs of the dying woman and the prospects of her daughter; in a word. he asserted his authority as a brother. and Joyce was relieved and bappy to obey him.

It is not in times of gayety that friendships are formed, but in sorrow or suspense. During that long evening this brother and sister suddenly became intimate, more so than months of prosperous intercourse could have made them. At 10 o'clock Stephen quietly insisted that Joyce should go to bed, while he lay down, all dressed, on the sofa in the dining room.

"I shall sleep perfectly it is not the first time I have slept in my clothes," he said simply.

They went upstairs together and told the nurse of this arrangement. Jovee remained for some moments by the bedside watching her mother's peaceful sleep, and when she turned she found that Stephen had quietly slipped away. Wondering vaguely whether he had intentionally solved her difficulty as to the fraternal good night, she went to her own room.

The next morning Mrs. Leach was fully conscious and appeared to be stronger; nevertheless she knew that the end was near. She called her two ch'idren to her bedside and, turning her blind eyes toward them, spoke in broken sentences:

"I am ready now-I am ready," she said. "Dears, I am going to your father-and * * * thank God, I can tell him that I left you together. I always knew Stephen would come back. I found it written everywhere in the Bible. Stephen-kiss me, dear!"

The man legat over the bed and kiss-

"Ah," she sighed, "how I wish I could see you-just once before I die. Joyce!" she added, suddenly turning to her daughter, who stood at the other side of the bed, "tell me what he is like. But I know * * * I know-I feel it. Listen! He is tall and spare, like his father. His hair is black, like his father's-it was black before he went away. His eyes, I know, are dark-almost dark. He is pale-like a Spanfard!"

Jovce looked across the bed with slow horror dawning in her face, looked into a pair of blue eyes beneath tawny hair. cut short, as a soldier's hair should be. She looked upon a man big, broad, fair -English from crown to toe-and the quiet command of his lips and eyes made her say:

"Yes, mother, yes." For some moments there was silence. Joyce stood pale and breathless, wondering what this might mean. Then the dying woman spoke again: "Kiss me," she said. "I . . am going. Stephen first-my first born! And now, Joyce * * * and now kiss each other -across the bed! I want to hear . . 1 want . . . to tell . .

your . . . father." With a last effort she raised her hands, seeking their heads. At first Joyce hesitated, then she leant forward, and the old woman's chilled fingers pressed their lips together. That was the end.

Half an hour afterward Joyce and this man stood facing each other in the little dining room. He began his explanation at once.

"Stephen," he said, "was shot-out there as a traitor. I could not tell her that! I did not mean to do this, but what else could I do?"

He paused, moved toward the door with that strange hesitation which she had noticed on his arrival. At the door he turned to justify himself. "I still think," he said gravely, "that

it was the best thing to do." Joyce made no answer. The tears can become, and live.

After the first excitement of the re- stood in her eyes. There was something very pathetic in the distress of this strong man, facing, as it were, an emergency of which he felt the delicacy to be beyond his eleverness to handle.

"Last night," he went on, "I made all the necessary arrangements for your future-just as Stephen would have made them-as a brother might have done. 1 " . He and I were brother officers in a very wild army. Your brother was not a good man. None of us were."

His hand was on the door.

"He asked me to come and tell you."

he added. "I shall go back now." They stood thus, he watching her face with his honest, soft blue eyes. she failing to meet his glance. "May I come bac., again?" he asked

suddenly. She gave a little gasp, but made no

"I will come back in six months," he announced quietly, and then he closed the door behind him.-Cornhill Maga-

CONCERTS GIVEN BY CRICKETS.

When the Weather Suits Them the by them would always be found to-

the regularity, or perfect time, of the man's parent was a stanch believer in chirps of tree crickets. You do not the Republican party, while Bardine's find it a "go as you please" concert- was as ardent in the principles of Demevery cricket for himself; but all the ocracy. The young men appeared to crickets in a given locality seem to be have inherited the political faith of following a leader, keeping perfect time their fathers, and held many a wordy with each other. Another curious fact debate, always with the friendliest feelis that the number of chirps seems to ling in the presence of the young lady. be governed by the temperature of the The young men knew each other's love atmosphere. Take out your watch un- for Miss Jackman, and knowing that der an electric light near which you one of them would have to be rejected, can hear a tree cricket, and count the they met at the house of the young number of chirps in one minute; thet. lady and Goodman made the novel as you stroll along, try it again, count proposition, which was readily agreed the chirps of another cricket, and you to by Bardine and Miss Jackman. will find he keeps time with the first There is to be a wedding in Scabrook one-the same number of chirps in a next November and Miss Jackman will minute. If you are going out to Brook- be the bride. If McKinley is elected line, where the tree cricket is greatly Goodman will be the bridegroom, and in evidence, take the time again, and Bardine's hopes are depending upon the you will find the number of chirps the fortunes of William Jennings Bryan. same, provided, however, that it is no cooler or warmer in Brookline than it is in Boston. There can be no question that the number of chirps increases when the weather is warm, and decreases when it is cool, and consequently you can tell very near what the temperature is by counting the chirps. Singular as it may seem, this is a fact, as many persons can testify who have tried it. Here is the rule by which any person will be able to test it. When the temperature is sixty-five, the number of chirps is 100 per minute. Add or deduct, as the case may be, one degree for every five chirps in excess of, or under, 100, and you get the temperature. For example, suppose it is a very warm evening, and, having counted the chirps, you find the number to be 160; which is sixty in excess of 100. In sixty there are twelve fives. Add twelve to sixtyfive, and you get seventy-two as the temperature. Look at your thermometer and see how much it will vary from those figures; not very much, I am sure;

Our Small Army Is Efficient.

and whatever variation there is will

undoubtedly be due to the fact that it is

warmer, or cooler, where the thermom-

eter hangs than in the spot where the

cricket whose chirps you have taken

as your guide happens to be.-Boston

General Harrison, in his "This Country of Ours" article in the Ladies' Home Journal, writes of the War and Postoffice Departments and of the Department of Justice, and in connection with the first-named he pays this tribnte to our standing army: "Our army is small, in fact, and minute, when compared with any of the armies of the great powers, but, under the operation of recent laws relating to enlistments. and of laws intended to protect the rights and promote the self-respect of the private soldier, and to relieve him from assignments to menial duties, the quality and esprit de corps of the enlisted men are higher, I think, than ever before, and the character and military skill of the officers are of a very high order. . . . The use of the army -either upon the call of a State to preserve the peace of the State, or under the direct orders of the President to suppress resistance to the laws of the United States-has become more frequent of late years, and more than one community has owed its deliverance from the frenzy of a mob to the presence of a small detachment of United States troops-men who would do what they were ordered to do, and nothing without orders. There is no menace to the liberties of the people in our little army, but its trained and patriotic officers may again, in the case of a great war, as in 1861, become the organizers and leaders of great armies; and, with the little army of trained men they now command, will, within the Constitution and the laws, during our longer years of peace, be the conservators of public

First Papers.

In certain elections a foreigner who papers is, in several States, permitted to vote immediately after acquiring presents on the wedding to the future them, if an election should occur even on the following day. The laws of the States vary with regard to the qualification of voters and no statement can the floor, as a protection against the be made which will cover the entire situation in the United States,

The Indge's Stupidity. Justice-You are charged with stealing Col. Julep's chickens. Have you any witnesses?

Uncle Moses-I heb not. I don't steni chickens befo' witnesses.-Amusing

Journal. found out, other sinners would not know how good they are.

It is surprising how sick some people

DEPENDS ON WHO IS ELECTED.

NOVEL marriage agreement which will be decided on the result of the rational election, has been made in the town of Seabrook. Mass. The parties interested in the agreement are Miss Lillie Jackman, Ellis Goodman and Frank Bardine, The two men are friends and also suitors for the hand and heart of the young woman who figures in the novel arrangement. The three young people have been playmates since early youth, and at every busking party attended Little Insects Make Merry Music. gether. The fathers of the young men There is something remarkable in were of different political faith, Good-

From Paris comes a new collar, which is a combination of the ribbon stock and high linen collar. Its novelty has made it an immediate success The collar is of linen, about as high as the ordinary collar, and is cut clerical fashion, not opening at all in front, Technically it is called a Roman collar. It fastens at the back with two collar studs. A series of holes about an inch apart are cut in the collar and form a line entirely around it. In and out



through these holes ribbons are run which tie in the back in a large bow. The ribbons are so folded that they are narrow when drawn through the holes, but spread out to their full width when they form the bow. This collar looks particularly well when worn with the summer shirt waist, though it was not designed for this purpose alone. It adds much to the effect of any waist for everyday wear.

Bridesmaids and Their Duties. In olden days the bridesmaids were supposed to look after the bride's pecu- ning at full speed, it will turn out 120 placy interest. Thus, at the church porch, when the bridegroom produced the ring and other articles relating to his marriage, the chief bridesmald took charge of the "dow purse," which was publicly given to the bride as an installment of her pin money. Horace Walpole, writing to Miss Berry, in the ful attention is required, as the pins year 1791, speaks of the dow purse as must be absolutely smooth and the a thing of the past, and writes as follows:

"Our wedding is over very properly. though with little ceremony, and nothing of ancient fashion, but two brides maids. The endowing purse, I believe, has been left off since the broad pieces were called in and melted down."

It has been pointed out, however, that a survival of this usage is revived in Cumberland. The bridegroom provides himself with gold and crown pieces. and when the service reaches the point. "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," he takes the money, hands the clergyman his fee, and pours the rest into a handkerchief which the bridesmaid holds for the bride. In Scotland the bridesmaid is popularly known as has taken out his first naturalization the "best maid," and one of her principal duties was to convey the bride s home. The first article generally taken into the house was a vessel of salt. a portion of which was sprinkled over "evil eye." She also attended the bride when she called on her friends, and gave a personal invitation to her wed-

Dress Costing Too Much.

The other day half a dozen women were talking together, not one of whom had money in her own or her husband's right. All were the wives of men on If sinners were not occasionally salaries-high salaries. Said one of them: "It is dreadful how our ideas grow without our bank accounts growlive on ten years ago, and "o"

once I should not have thought of spending more than \$17 or \$18 for my little girls' winter coats, now I would not dream of starting out to buy one without at least \$40 to pay for it.'

Tran Shooting as a Fad.

Among Eastern society women with bent for athletics trap shooting is just now the reigning fad, Mrs. Jack Astor being one of the most ardent disciples. She is an expert in this healthful pastime, as she is in revolver practice, enjoying special distinction in that particular sporting eestasy known as wing shooting." In essaying the role of Diana, Mrs. Astor sustains her enviable reputation of being the best and most appropriately gowned woman in



MRS. ASTOR IN SHOOTING GARB.

any assemblage. Her favorite costume when on gunning bent is supplemented by leggings of like material. Style and comfort are combined in the loose-fitting Norfolk jacket, coming down well over the hips, and fashioned upon the same plan as that worn by men. Under this she dons a silk negligee shirt, of contrasting bue or in varying tones of delicate tints. Alpine is the preferred hat, and her shoes are square toed and broad soled, harmonizing in color with the charming shooting frock, Trap shooting trains the eye, and is regarded as a superior nerve tonic. The practice is said to develop the nerves better than the use of dumbbells or the exercise of swimming. When the sportswoman's eye has attained such a degree of accuracy and her nerves a condition of steadiness that she is sure of her "bird" regardless of the trap or the angle from which it is sprung, she is ready for wing shooting-or a burg-

For ages the English and French controlled the manufacture of hairpins. and it is only within, the last twenty years that the goods have been produced in other countries to any extent. The machinery used is of a delicate an I intricate character, as the prices at which the pins are sold necessitate the cheapest and most rapid progress, which can only be procured by automatic machines. The wire is made expressly for the purpose and put up in large coils, which are placed in a clamp and so carried to the machine while being straightened. This machine curs. bends and by a delicate and instantaneous process sharpens the points. Runhairpins every minute. To economize, it is necessary to keep the engines going day and night. The difficult part of the work is in the enameling, which is done by dipping the pins in a preparation and baking in an oven. It is here that the most constant and careenamel have a perfect polish. The slightest particle of dust causes imperfections and roughness.

The American Girl Won. A recent prize contest in London for the most prettily costumed lady cyclist fell to Madeline Klipatrick, the accom-



MADELINE KILPATRICK.

plished trick performer. Aside from being an American girl, her mount was of American make; costume the same. the latter being made by herself. The contest was one in which American ideas were prominent.

The average woman's idea of comfort ing in proportion. Now, we have just is to run around the house in a draggely as much, and no more, than we had to wrapper, with her hair down her back - re -New York Press.