

WHEN BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass grows green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart has its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go north again.
—Ella Higginson.

A Subtle Explanation

Chiffon Carroll looked carefully about the room—nothing had been forgotten. Closing her satchel, she turned to leave, when the sound of muffled sobbing came to her ears. She listened intently, then impulsively crossed the wide hall, and tapped at the opposite door. In answer to a low "come," she entered, and was surprised to find, on a couch before the dozing fire, the woman who, six months before, had become her father's wife. From the first Chiffon had been determined not to like her, but the older woman's gentleness and sweetness of disposition were beginning to make an impression.

"I am not dressing for dinner tonight, Jane. I shall not go down; I am too sad and my head aches," came in muffled tones from the pillows.

Deft fingers loosened the heavy masses of hair, and a gentle, penetrating massage followed. The surprised sufferer raised her eyes, catching her breath with a little half-sob she saw it was not her maid, but one whose love she despaired of gaining.

"This is very sweet of you, Rose, dear," she said gently.

"Indeed, I want to make you more comfortable," answered a soothing voice. "I cannot bear that any one should suffer. Why are you so miser-



"WHY SPECULATE ANY LONGER?"

able, Mrs. Carroll? Is your son worse to-day?"

"Mrs. Carroll! Is that the only name you can find in your heart to call me, dear? I wonder if you will ever call me mother? I have always longed for a daughter; your own dear mother could be no more tender than I would be if you would only open your heart to me."

"I really care for you," answered the girl, kissing her warmly. "Won't you call me Chiffon? Those I love call me by that name."

"Such a dainty pet name! I have not dared to use it. Do you think, Chiffon, that your father's heart is not big enough for us both? I would not take one iota of his love from you."

The proud head was gently lowered as Chiffon's arm crept around the other's neck, and as their tears mingled the barrier was gone forever.

"Mother, why do you not bring your boy here? Surely your home should be his. Let him have my rooms, they are the sunniest. I shall be gone a month; by that time he may be able to move to the suite above. How long is it since he was injured?"

"He has been in the hospital nine months, his horse fell on him and his spine was hurt. The surgeons promise a complete cure, but the waiting is so tedious, and the suspense almost unbearable."

"Will you accept my offer?" asked Chiffon. "My visit will be happier if you do."

"I gladly accept, dear. Philip never would have come without your invitation."

"What a sensitive boy!" exclaimed Chiffon. "Give him my warmest sympathy and tell him I feel that we shall be warm friends. I will help to

SIGNAL CODE OF TRAMPDOM.



READERS of stories about the tramp and his ways are, perhaps, inclined to take what they read with a grain of salt, but this much may be said with a certainty: Tramps do have a system of signs and symbols, by which they communicate with their brethren on the road. When the New York police recently opened the new municipal lodging house they discovered in the process of moving from the old building a piece of paper, apparently left behind by some forgotten lodger. Some peculiar characters on the paper attracted notice, and an examination of the accompanying handwriting, which, by the way, bore evidence that the writer had at one time been a man of culture and training, showed that the hieroglyphics were none other than a code of signals of trampdom. That these signs are used by the tramp fraternity is well known to those who dwell in country districts. They have often noticed strange marks, meaningless to them, gracing their gatepost or barnyard fence. It is the language of the tramp, to whom each sign has its own meaning. The accompanying cut is a reproduction of the signs and interpretations found in the New York municipal lodging house.

It is not a difficult task, in examining some of these hieroglyphics, to see why they should have been selected. At any rate, one may hazard a guess on the subject. There is the symbol used to inform the fraternity of an arrest; it represents prison bars, no doubt. Notice the warning that a dog is in the garden; by a stretch of the imagination the rectangular figure might be taken to denote a garden, and the queer little figure inside, with the four vertical lines, might very well be the dog itself. "Work here" is also open to amateur analysis. The cross probably refers to the saw horse, commonly used in chopping wood, while the other symbol might conceivably indicate the saw, although it would be hard to convince many that a saw built on such lines would prove an effective implement, even in the hands of the most skillful hobo.

"Get out of the town as quick as possible" is self-explanatory. Seemingly, when tramps set eyes on that token, theirs is not to reason why, but merely to leave the arrows far behind. The symbols for "no use" and "you can get food" were probably chosen for their simplicity; if any other significance attaches to them, it is unknown except to the favored few. But the amateur investigator reaches the end of his rope when he tackles the symbols which tell the reader to "pick a yarn," because there are "women in the house." Apparently, "women in the house" is good news to the tramp with a fearful hard luck story to relate. But whatever bearing these particular symbols may have on the matter is not to be answered.—Montreal Star.

amuse him when I come back; does he care to be read to?"

"He is very fond of company," answered his mother, "but is very sensitive about the crutches he is obliged to use."

Chiffon had anticipated no end of a good time. Although she was entertained continually her heart yearned for home, and at the end of three weeks she surprised them by returning unannounced.

"How is our invalid?" was her first question, after affectionately greeting her father and mother.

"Improving every day," answered her mother; "you must see him after dinner. He is anxious to thank you, although he said it would be rank presumption to accept the use of four rooms, and occupies those above yours."

"What an unusually thoughtful boy!" laughed Chiffon.

Immediately after dinner she ran over the stairs to the invalid's apartments, armed with two of Henry's newest books for boys, which she had brought home from the city; also a bound volume of St. Nicholas Magazine. As she entered the room, in answer to a deep "come in," a scarlet flame rushed from the proud chin, losing itself in the fluffy pompadour.

For the first time since she could remember, Chiffon Carroll was not equal to the emergency, and stood staring into the eyes of a young man of twenty-six years, who arose to meet her. She had expected to find herself in the presence of a fourteen-year-old boy.

"Where are your crutches?" she gasped.

"Thrown away forever, I hope. Aren't you going to congratulate me and tell me that you are glad?"

"But you are so tall and so old," she faltered.

"A veritable Methusalem! A modern Goliath!" he responded smilingly. "I thought to find a little boy," she hesitated.

"And are you very sorry?"

"Not exactly sorry, but awfully embarrassed and ashamed," she laughed; "and I had no reason in the world for my supposition excepting that your mother is so young and beautiful."

"The matter is all of that," he acquiesced tenderly. "I believe she married at seventeen."

"I have brought you some solid mental food," said Chiffon, demurely, handing him the books. "If we had

been properly introduced I might offer to assist you to assimilate them."

Philip Calvert threw back his handsome head, and laughed for the first time since his accident.

"How unchivalrous! But perhaps you prefer muggins, or old maids," she continued, taking a pack of cards from the table and looking at him with dancing eyes. "Why, you are standing! and yesterday was the first time that you had stood alone."

"By Jove, I had forgotten!" he exclaimed.

"Lie down immediately, and I will skim through the paper if you like. What shall it be—the stock market first?"

"If you please," he answered, not caring a rap what she read, as long as he could watch the soft flush on her cheeks come and go, and meet her eyes occasionally.

Mrs. Carroll was much surprised to find them thus cosily ensconced. She had wondered at Chiffon's disappearance and was feeling a trifle hurt that she had not asked to visit the invalid.

Philip maintained a prudent silence, while Chiffon, with evident embarrassment, explained the situation.

"Is it all right that I should read, a little, to Mr. Calvert?"

"It is evidently all right," answered Mrs. Carroll, looking understandingly into Philip's animated face. "The stock market has acted as a tonic."

Chiffon was an excellent horsewoman, and it was not long before she was allowed to drive Philip out.

The young man chafed under his affliction. Naturally an athlete, he longed for activity. One day still another famous surgeon was summoned in consultation.

That evening when Chiffon made her daily visit she found a morose listener. At last Philip took the paper gently from her, saying:

"It's no use, Chiffon. I have not heard one word. I can't listen tonight. I want to talk to you. I can walk very well now, and the gruff old fellow who was here to-day promises that German baths will affect a permanent and speedy cure. Still, I won't go abroad alone."

"Such a thing would be very indiscreet at least. I fancy your mother would go with you," she answered.

"I should not think of allowing her to leave her new-found happiness," Then, wistfully, "I thought, perhaps, that some one whose sweetness and adorable womanly inconsistencies

have warmed my heart into new life, some one whose precious encouragement in hours of despair has been unspeakable consolation, comforting me and giving hope when I had grown morbid and felt myself a being apart—I thought, Chiffon, that this dear girl might marry me and take in the continent at a wedding journey." Then, continuing with nervous rapidity: "I knew if I saw her, day after day, she would become the life of my life. But how was a poor cripple to run away from his fate even if he was so inclined? Sometimes she whom I love is the embodiment of tenderness; at other times, I feel that her heart is adamant."

His forlornness appealed to her. She reddened at memories of her own duplicity, little elusive acts that went to hide her love for him from his watchful eyes. Then, after a silence, she said demurely:

"Why speculate any longer, Philip? Why not ask her? I assure you that she loves you, dear."—Grit.

IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE.

The Irritated Customer Found Cause to Modify Her Judgment.

Rosamond had gone to the office of one of the managers of a big department store, seeking redress in the matter of an unsatisfactory purchase.

The manager quietly took notes as Rosamond rather indignantly stated her grievance. Then he asked a few questions, and when she had answered, he said, courteously:

"I must ask you to wait while the matter is looked into. I shall have to send a statement of the case down to the head of the department, and have him take it up with the clerk who waited upon you."

He touched a button as he spoke and gave the notes he had made, with a few directions, to the youth who answered the summons.

Rosamond tapped the floor with an impatient foot. She felt that, considering the fault was entirely with the store, it was unfair not to settle the matter at once in her favor without so much unnecessary red tape.

After fifteen minutes' waiting she was about to express her feelings to the manager, who was apparently engrossed with the papers on his desk, and demand more speedy action, when a young saleswoman entered the office in a hesitating manner. There was a sweet but shy eagerness in her face as she approached the desk that attracted Rosamond at once.

"What is it, Miss Snell?" asked the manager, looking up for the merest instant.

"I wanted to—to ask you, if to-morrow I should come down an hour earlier and not take any nooning—if you could let me go home at 4 o'clock?"

"Why do you wish to leave work at such an unusual hour? Is there any special reason?"

"Well, my best friend is going to be married to-morrow night at 7 o'clock, and I wanted to be home early to have plenty of time to get ready for the wedding, for I'm going to be the bridesmaid."

"Have you ever been a bridesmaid?" asked the manager, turning over the papers which he was examining.

"No, sir, I never have before, but Mabel is my best friend, and I—"

"And you'd like to be her bridesmaid and see what it's like," The manager raised his head and smiled at the girl. "Well, if you come down an hour earlier in the morning, we'll try to get along without you in the afternoon. You may go home at 12."

"Oh, the whole afternoon! Thank you so much. I'll be here at half-past 7 sure."

Rosamond smiled at the lightness of the feet that ran out of the office back to work.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't let her go home early, I could hardly keep still," she said, impulsively; and the manager gave her a swift, pleasant smile, the like of which he had bestowed upon the little saleswoman.

"Even in the daily grind of the shop there should be room for some pleasures for the young," he said. "Are you getting tired of waiting?"

"I won't wait longer. I'll leave the matter to you. Whatever you do will be all right, I know. But please don't let the head of the department be hard on the clerk who sold me the goods. I've just thought that maybe I was careless in making my selection."—Youth's Companion.

Natural.

"She's a very natural girl."

"So?"

"Yes, whenever she's invited out to dine she never thinks of taking the smallest piece of meat in sight, but helps herself to as much as she would eat if she were at home."—Detroit Free Press.

Luck.

"Have you had good luck with your automobile?"

"Wonderful luck. Succeeded in selling it last week."—Washington Star.

It is said that no one is smart enough to always put the word "only" in the right place.



Professor—What was Nero's great crime? Bright Pupil—He played the fiddle.

Teacher (during a lesson on fowls)—Mary, what is an egg? Mary—An egg is a chicken not yet.

Recruit—Please, sergeant, I've got a splinter in my 'and. Sergeant Instructor—Wot yer been doin'? Strokin' yer 'ead?—Punch.

"Your fiancée seems to have a will of her own." "Yes, and sometimes I half regret that I'm the sole beneficiary."—Philadelphia Press.

Scott—Wherever does Easty get the idea that his jokes are funny? Mott—Oh, he tells them to young ladies with pretty teeth!—London Answers.

He—Miss Seerand holds her age remarkably well, doesn't she? She—Indeed she does. She has been 29 for at least ten years.—Illustrated Bits.

Dentist (to workman, who has just saved him from drowning)—My dear man, how can I express my gratitude! Come to my house and I'll pull every tooth in your head for nothing.

"So your boy Josh is an inventor?" "Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "He has invented a lot of labor-saving devices." "What are they?" "Excuses for not working."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

"Mother, I've a dreadful thing to confess to you. Last night, when you told me to lie down in bed, I lied down, but after you turned out the gas I grounded my teeth at you in the dark!"

Passenger Agent—Here are some post-card views along our line of railroad. Would you like them? Patron—No, thank you; I rode over the line one day last week and have views of my own on it.

"I strolled into the Globe last night and heard Maxil, and I want to say right here that I think him the greatest monologist in the world." "You do, eh? You never heard my wife."—Boston Courier.

Farmer Honk (musingly)—They say Deacon Klutchpenny's wife was a paragon before he married her, and—Mrs. Honk (briskly)—Nothing of the kind! She was a Smith! I knew the whole family.—Puck.

He was a countryman, and he walked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment, "Cast Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any idiot ought to know that.

Invalid Husband—Did the doctor say I was to take all that medicine? Wife—Yes, dear. Invalid Husband—Why, there's enough there to kill a donkey! Wife (anxiously)—Then you'd better not take it all, John!—Tit-Bits.

Former Customer (after a long absence)—What has become of the pretty blonde that used to feed the hungry at this lunch counter? Dark Skinned Waiter Girl—I'm her. What you goin' to order, sir?—Milwaukee News.

"Mamma, may I play with Johnnie Cross?" "No, Georgie. He's a bad boy. Let him play with the other bad boys." "Well, that's all right, mamma. His mother says I'm the worst boy on the street."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Boggs—Mr. Meekman is a splendid example of what a man ought to be. Mr. Boggs—Not on your life. He's a splendid example of what a wife, two sisters, a grown-up daughter and a mother-in-law think a man ought to be.—Puck.

Squire's Daughter—Would you mind throwing your little boy into the pond? I want to see if my dog will rescue him. Villager—Certainly not. Squire's Daughter—I do wish you would. You're the second woman I've asked who has said "No."—Punch.

Little 4-year-old Allen had been given a "Noah's ark" on his birthday. One day he put the animals all in, shut the door and sat silent for some time. "What are you waiting for, Allen?" asked his mother. "Waiting for it to rain," he replied.

Doctor—Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a note stating that you had been attacked with mumps and I find you suffering from rheumatism. Patient—That's all right, doctor. There wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism.—London Tit-Bits.

"What brought you here, my poor man?" inquired the prison visitor. "Well, lady," replied the prisoner, "I reckon my trouble started in attendin' too many weddin's." "Ah! You learned to drink there, or steal, perhaps?" "No, lady; I was always the bridegroom."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"What is it, madam?" asked the man behind the desk in an intelligence office. "I want a cook," exclaimed the lady, patting the director's knot on the back of her head, "and I want her bad." "Quite simple, madam," the clerk assured her. "We have no other kind."—New York Herald.