

A FATHER'S HEART

By SEUMAS MACMANUS

CONNAL BROGAN had been a kind father to Micky ever, and a loving one. In the endeavor to give "poor Micky, poor boy," the benefit of a schooling with Master McDonagh of Ardinal, Connal did both his own share of work on the little farm and the greater part of the share that should fall to Micky.



He met with evil companions, who induced him to drink.

"With God's help, father, I think I'll push out to America," Micky said. "I don't like it here."

"But Micky, though he was touched, replied: "But, father, what is there for a poor boy in Ireland—what but hunger and hardships?"

"Indeed, an' troth ye say true, Micky, mo paisin'," said his father, "but it'll put hard upon me to have ye leave me."

"Arrah, father," Micky said in a tone that affected a courage which his heart did not feel. "Don't talk that way. Sure if I go to America for a couple of years—sure it isn't goin' out iv the wurral I am. Don't think, father, dear, that because I put a few miles between us I'll forget ye."

"No, no, no, I don't think it at all, at all. I don't dream of such a thing, Micky," his father said quickly. "No, father, but I'll be fit to do something for ye if I'm in America."

"God bless ye, Micky, a chulise mo chulidhe. God Almighty bless ye an' guard over ye."

And Connal Brogan cried salt tears when Micky, his joy and his pride, was gone.

A lonely man now, Connal Brogan looked upon his little farm. Sadness was in his heart, but a buoyant hope also, which relieved the oppression. In a month's time came a cheery letter from Micky, who had landed safely and was going to do great things, of which his father would hear more in the next letter.

But, though Micky forgot his father, that father let not one waking hour pass in which he did not send long thoughts after "poor Micky." He knew not, did not for a moment suspect, what had really happened to Micky. When a boy returned to the parish from America, returned to Doonin, Ardagh, Glenatry or Binnan from Boston, from Philadelphia, from Texas or Colorado, Connal Brogan spat upon his stick and went to visit the returned Yankee and from him sought for news of "poor Micky" in Brooklyn, and none of those who came from Brooklyn and knew Micky and knew how he was living, one day in a good position and well dressed, next day on the streets and in ragged rags—none of these had the heart to tell Connal how matters really were.

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"Oh, they all said, 'Micky is a gran' fella an' doin' fine.'"

"Connal's heart was always raised at hearing this, and his joy rekindled. "I'll warrant Micky's a gran' fella entirely," he would say, with a question in his tone.

"Indeed, an' ye is a gran' fella out an' out," the Yankee would reply. "An' doin' very fine, eh?"

sent the word: "Tell our Micky that I'm doin' well an' in gran' heart for hearin' all the fine reports entirely that comes home about him, tell him I know he'll always continue the moral iv behavior he now is, tell him I'm always waitin' for him, an' ax him—ax him maybe some time he'd have a spare minute an' not too throngy—ax him if he could drop his father just wan line iv a letter, wan line, an' tell him God bless him."

But Brooklyn could not support Micky forever in his thoughtless career. He went from bad to worse till at length he was only too glad to avail himself of the offer of friends to sub-

One night some years after a handsome fellow, elegantly dressed, sat him down beneath the Lazy Bush at the Poolbeg Cross and was lost in thought for some time. He drew out a little bag, which opened on a running string, looked at the little treasure of gold pieces that it held—and smiled. He put the bag into his pocket again and, getting to his feet, pushed forward. He lifted the latch on Connal Brogan's door and strode in. There was a man dreaming by the fire. The stranger said thickly, "Father," and the old man bounded to his feet with a cry that almost seemed one of pain. The stranger had his arms extended. "Father!" he said. "Father! Micky has come home to you!"

And when his father's gray head lay on his shoulder he said, "Father, I said I wouldn't forget."

"God's grace be on ye, Micky, mo paisin! Sure, for wan short minute in all these twelve long years I never doubted ye—I never doubted ye!"

SCRUBBING IN HUNGARY. Pest is a Spotless Town Even to the Middle of Her Streets.

MacMahon's Simplicity. The French cynic never knew just what to make of Marshal MacMahon's simplicity and candor. Once while he was presiding the council of ministers were divided on a question in the affirmative side of which MacMahon himself felt the deepest interest.

Semiteotal. Archdeacon Sinclair told the Semiteotal Pledge association of the diary of a Scotch shepherd, which read: "Sunday—Up in the morning at 6—a dram (whisky). Went out to see the sheep—a dram. Came home to breakfast—a dram. Looked round the house—a dram. Washed and dressed for church—a dram. Took a brandy before going to kirk lest I should smell of whisky in the house of the Lord!"

Love. Love is a great healer. The worst characteristic trait of a man and of a woman has been known to be cured by it.

Statistics. "What do statistics show?" inquired the man who was warming up to his subject.

Even Worse. "I cannot sing the old songs," warbled the young woman at the piano. But this was small relief, for the new ones she sang were even worse.

Another One. "You say some very sharp things," he remarked.

A WONDERFUL QUERN

HOW THE NORWEGIANS EXPLAIN WHY THE SEA IS SALT.

Magic Mill That Grind Out Riches For the Poor Brother While It Frightened the Rich One—The Sailor Who Made It Grind Salt.

There is an old fashioned Norwegian folk talk that accounts in a very curious way for the salt in the sea. According to the story, the waters of the ocean were not always salt. For long ago suppose two brothers living away up in the northland. One was very rich, and the other was very poor. One brother had herds of cattle and flocks of fat mountain sheep, while the poor one had just about nothing at all except a wife and ever so many children.

One Christmas eve there was nothing in the house for them to eat, and the poor man's wife said to her husband: "If I had a rich brother, as you have, I would go and ask him for something for these poor children to eat. Tomorrow will be Christmas day, and there is no a crust of bread in the house."

So he went to his brother and told him how much they needed his help. The rich man gave him a nice stick of bacon and told him to go to an old magician who lived somewhere in the mountains. I do not know why he sent the poor man to the magician, for the latter did not bear a very good name in the neighborhood. However, when he came to the magician's stronghold everybody about the place wanted to buy his stick of bacon. He could not understand why it was, but he thought if there was so much demand for the bacon he would at least make the best bargain he could for it.

"Well," he said, "I ought by rights to take this bacon home to my good dame for our dinner tomorrow, but since you all seem to have set your hearts on it I suppose you must have it. If I sell it, however, I want a good price for it."

They offered him a good round sum, but that would not do. "I will let you have it," he said, "if you will give me that quern yonder behind the door."

A quern is one of the things that it would be very hard to find nowadays. It is a flat stone, about a foot square. A quern is a mill for grinding corn by hand, and it consists of two large stones, an upper and a lower one, the upper one having a handle by which it may be turned around on the lower stone, grinding the corn or grain between them.

The old magician at first laughed outright at the idea of one grinding with a quern. He would part with his quern, but the owner of the bacon insisted that he would be satisfied with nothing less than that, so he finally got it.

When he reached his own door the clock was striking 12 and his wife was waiting for him, ready to scold him for staying so long.

"What in the world kept you so long?" she asked. "And what are you going to do with that old quern when we have no corn to grind?"

Then he told her of his trading the bacon for the quern. She was dreadfully put out about it and especially at the loss of the bacon.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Something New. The illustration shows one of the new toques. It is made of white chenille braid, with Alsatian bow in front.



THE NEW SHAPE FOR TOQUES. The front and lily buds in black and white at the left side of band. The latter is high, to lift hat off the face at front and sides.

ETON EFFECTS. The short jacket has an Eton effect, although its rather deep, tight fitting, stitched belt gives a trim fit over the hips. It is closed at the throat, but below the fronts are free. They are ornamented with stitched pieces of the material in a stole shape, although these merge almost completely into the jacket, so firmly are they stitched and so rigorously are they pressed.

There is a low, stitched collar inserted with panne velvet in the gun metal shade. The rather scant cape collar is shaded into scallops. Gun metal buttons ornament the bottom of the jacket, and the stoles are further ornamented at intervals with white silk tassels. The bouffant sleeves have the fullness laid into the armhole in inch wide plaits. The puff is caught in at the wrist into oddly shaped, narrow cuffs trimmed with panne velvet.

TRIMMING OF FROCKS. Bands of velvet, flowered satin as well as of other flowered brocades are used to trim one color frocks of crepe, silk, wool, silk grenadine, chiffon, etc., and are ordinarily set into the material with openwork stitching or lace. Sharply scalloped lace defines the borders of many of these bands, and indeed scalloped or waving lines are much in evidence.

The scalloped laces are not, however, the irregularly outlined laces of earlier seasons, but are in their most modern expression straight on their upper edge and scalloped only at the bottom. Among the successful novelties is such lace in macramé and other heavy threads, with deep fringe knotted into the scallops of the lower edge.

THE USE OF CHIFFON. Chiffon is more used than ever, and the wonder is how we ever did without it. It forms an interlining between lace and silk, and thousands upon thousands of yards have been killed and frilled for the hems of gowns. Petticoats and mantles of many shapes are made in this fabric for evening wear, and some of it is perfectly charming with appliques of painted velvet. Velvet flounces are, however, superseding chiffon in many instances.—Washington Star.

AN UP-TO-DATE COSTUME. FROM PARIS. The illustration shows a Paris creation. It is a tailor suit of brown zibeline with black braiding and belt of brown leather.

AN ECONOMICAL PETTICOAT. Petticoats are rather important items in the winter outfit. The most practical plan is to have more than one flounce to each top. These flounces are provided with a comely row of buttonholes; the buttons reach to the edge of the top of skirt. Thus a short frill of stout black nocene is excellent for wet days, and for fine, dry weather a long black or colored silk or moirette one may be donned with pride and a pleasant feeling of extravagance indulged at small cost.

WHAT BOTHERED HIM. "Dar's one thing bothers me 'bout de hereafter," said Brother Williams. "En what's dat?" "Dis thing er livin' on milk an' honey."

HEAVEN'S MONOTONY. "But don't you want to go to heaven?" asked the Sunday school teacher, shocked and grieved. "Nope," said the bad boy of the class. "There won't be nobody there but women and preachers."—Chicago Tribune.

WILLING TO DEMONSTRATE. "Tommy," said his distressed mother, "I don't see how you can get so dirty."

OUR ATMOSPHERE.

The Distance to Which It Extends Above the Earth's Surface.

One of the many uncertain elements in meteorology is the height to which the earth's atmosphere extends. In former days it was taught somewhat dogmatically that a height exceeding forty-five miles was unthinkable for a gas constituted as the air is. This belief was shaken by calculations respecting the altitude of meteors, which became incandescent by collision with our atmosphere envelope and were certainly rendered visible in this way at altitudes of over seventy miles. Professor Newcomb deduced from the meteor shower of Nov. 13, 1867, that the air must reach to 100 or 110 miles from the earth's surface. Dr. T. J. See of Washington essayed to determine the problem by watching the disappearance of blue sky after sunset. Accepting Lord Rayleigh's theory that the blue color of the sky is due to reflection of sunlight from minute particles of oxygen and nitrogen in the upper layers of the atmosphere, Dr. See on a series of evenings traced with the eye "the last footstep of departing day" by the re-illumination of the final trace of blue in the firmament. He then computed from the data of the Nautical Almanac the position of the sun at the time, and a simple calculation in spherical trigonometry gave the approximate height of the reflecting layer. The mean of several observations is 131 miles.

SALT AND ICE. Does salt melt ice? In this question there is but a half truth suggested, since salt no more melts ice than ice melts salt. Heat is the main agent whereby a body passes from a solid to a liquid state. It has been well known, however, for centuries that certain solid bodies when brought together (as here, salt and ice) have such a chemical affinity for one another—i. e., their tendency to combine and melt is so great—that heat is drawn from all surrounding sources as well as from the store latent in these substances themselves.

When this is the case they become chilled and make a freezing mixture, the temperature dropping till the heat drawn from the two sources—external and internal—is sufficient to keep pace with the rate of melting.

Fahrenheit in 1762 made use of this very melting mixture when he secured what he thought was absolute cold, thereby marking the freezing point of his thermometer at 32 degrees.—Answers.

A CRATER LAKE. Deep in the summit of the Cascade range, in the state of Oregon, some sixty-five miles north of the California line, lies Crater lake. The United States government, recognizing its worth as an educational feature, wisely secured possession of it and made a national park of the locality. An area of 250 square miles is thus protected.

The surface of Crater lake is rather more than 6,200 feet above sea level. It is an oval basin between twenty and twenty-one square miles in area, surrounded by cliffs which range from more than 500 to nearly 2,000 feet in height, the ground falling more gradually from their rim to the present upland level. This great sheet of deep water, in places almost 2,000 feet deep, is interrupted near its western margin by a pyramidal rocky mass, called Wizard Island, itself evidently a volcanic vent.—Philadelphia Record.

BULLOCK SKIN BOATS. There are few more primitive methods of transportation than those in use today by natives of northern India who make their homes in the vicinity of the swift flowing Sutlej. The boats of these aborigines are nothing more or less than bullock skins inflated by the breath of the natives themselves. Two natives may be seen hard at work filling the skins with air. Having inflated them to their satisfaction, they will leap aboard and paddle themselves across the river, great skill and strength being necessary to sustain their equilibrium during the passage. But even should the boat overturn they are easily righted, and the natives are without exception expert swimmers.

REBUCKING A DUKE. An English duke of great wealth and large estates had occasion one day to dismiss one of his laborers. As the angry man was turning away he suddenly remembered that the duke's "lady" held a position at court with the queen. That was his chance and his cue, so he turned round on the duke. "Oh, yes, your grace," he said; "I'll go home. But, though I'm a poor man, thank God I never had to send my missus out to service, as you do yours."

INTELLIGENT ASPIRATION. "Your Uncle Jim is a good deal of a statesman, isn't he?" "Yes," said the young man. "He's a statesman. He's been tryin' to be a politician for a long time, but every time he runs for office he gets beat."—Washington Star.

BOTH SIDES OF IT. She—It's lots of fun to flirt with a man till you get him to propose, and then say "No." He—Yes. And it's lots of fun for the man, too, but he runs an awful risk. She—How's that? He—She might fool him and say "Yes."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE. BOOKS, NEWS, WRITING PAPERS, CARD STOCK. Straw and Binders' Board. Tel. Main 199. 1 SAN FRANCISCO.

WHY WE ARE AGENTS

Here are Some of the Convincing Facts That Caused us to Take the Agency for the Fulton Compounds, the First Things Known that Cure Chronic Kidney Diseases.

First, let it be distinctly understood that every one of the cases below had been diagnosed by one or more physicians as chronic and incurable. Second, note the certainty of the results as shown by the recovery also of the friends they told who were similarly afflicted with supposed incurable kidney diseases.

Save the Baby. The mortality among babies during the three last years is something frightful. The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel (soft) skull closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a pressure for some material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is weakness, nervousness, sweating, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out, it sleep not, and the need is neither medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to sleep, eat, and thrive. Write for pamphlet. We are the sole agents for this city.

224 Washington St. San Francisco, June 2, 1902. Gentlemen—I am presenting you in the multitude of baby troubles due to insufficient bone material. A large percentage of infantile illness and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the defective system demands, and the result is surprising success with it. In scores of cases the child, giving out with fever, diarrhoea, and failure to check the infantile distresses, several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without the attention of the mother of the country. It is an absolute necessity. L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902. Dear Sirs—I have just tried the Teething Food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased worrying and the mother resting. It is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I would advise you to try it in every drug store in this city. Yours, I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the teething period of child life. It renders lancing of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest and most reliable remedy for teething, and for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. The child will thrive and be healthy. Without pain, distress or lancing. It is an auxiliary to the mother's nursing. It is sold in packages (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. The nearest wholesale drug store, Mills Building, San Francisco.

First Days in Russia. Besides the ordinary Lenten period, which, however, in Russia is forty-eight days long instead of forty, they have three shorter periods of fasting—one of nineteen days, June, one of fourteen days in August, and another of thirty-three days in November and December. There are a few three single days of fasting, of which two are also holidays.

Fasting is a serious matter in Russia, for fish, milk and eggs are forbidden as well as meats. The result is that the markets for such products are largely cut off for about one-third of the year and dairy farming becomes unprofitable, as strict observance of fasts is a weightier matter with the people than honesty or any other feature of our system of morals.

Charles Lamb's Grace. On one occasion when Edmund Clarence Steadman was visiting in New England he was called upon by the head of the house while at dinner to invoke the divine blessing. "I was rather surprised and for half a minute sorely tempted," said Mr. Steadman in relating the incident. "Then I rose to the occasion and asked a grace which I remembered." "But Mr. Steadman," demanded a young woman of the party eagerly, "to what were you sorely tempted?" "To do as Charles Lamb did under similar circumstances." "And that was?" "He looked about the board and asked in surprise, 'Is there no clergyman present?' The host shook his head. Then Lamb prayed, 'For this and all other mercies, O Lord, make us truly thankful!'"