

A MOTHER'S REASONING.

I miss the little laughing baby faces,
The loving eyes that always turned to
me;
I miss the roguish ways and elfish graces
Of little forms that clustered at my
knee.

Of rosy lips that left such happy kisses
Upon my ever-willing cheek and brow,
And, oh! the thousand nameless joys and
blisses
That once I had, but only dream of
now!

And yet I know full well if Time could
bear me
Back to the days of proud young moth-
erhood,
I'd miss the gentle presence ever near me
Of those who as my grown-up babies
stood.

To be without my boy's strong reassur-
ance,
To be without my girl's sweet sympa-
thy,
Would go beyond my heart's most firm
endurance,
E'en though my babies clung again to
me!

Well, mother-like, I miss the bonny
tresses
That lay upon my breast in tangled
curls;
Yet I would die to lose the love that
blesses
My whole life, in my grown-up boy and
girl.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Dangerous Game.

CARL I don't believe you truly
love me.

Mildred Reynolds looked at her
lover half-archly, as if she defined him
to say he did not love her, half-plead-
ingly, as if she longed for him to con-
tradic her warmly.

Carl Langlois reddened under her
gaze. "What nonsense, Mildred, of
course I love you. Why else would I
come a hundred miles to spend an even-
ing with you?" he replied a trifle impa-
tiently.

"Then, why?"—Mildred began brav-
ely, but she in turn colored and looked
embarrassed. Surely Carl knew that
she longed to ask him why he had
twice postponed their marriage, and
on this visit, when she had expected
him to ask her to set the day for the
ceremony, he had not done so. True,
he had brought her a beautiful brace-
let and had seemed affectionate and
loving; yet somehow Mildred felt that
caresses, and the fact that he did not
broach the subject which she had hoped
he would settle on his visit vaguely
alarmed her. For she loved Carl deeply
and was unhappy in the home of a
relative upon whom she was partly de-
pendent and longed to have a home of
her own.

Carl had said, the last time he had
visited her, that they would arrange
their plans for the future when he next
came, but when Mildred had made the
remark that she did not believe he
really loved her he was on the verge of
departure and still had not asked her
to name the day which would make
them husband and wife. He must have
known what the question was—she
wished to ask, yet he did not help her
out, and so the question died, unasked,
upon her lips. Instead, he turned sud-
denly to the clock. "I'll have just
time to make my train," he said, hur-
riedly, "so good-by, my sweetheart.
Give me a kiss and take good care of
yourself, for my sake," so tenderly that
for a time all doubts as to his fidelity
were dismissed from Mildred's heart.
Only for a time, however, for while his
farewell kiss was still warm on her
lips the question returned to her mind:

"Why does not Carl, if he really loves
me and wants me to be his wife, claim
me for his own? Perhaps he is growing
to love some one else. I believe I am
strong enough to bear it if it is true—
better to know now than when it is too
late—and uncertainty is hard to bear.
I must find out, and if it is true that he
no longer loves me as he did I will re-
lease him. But if I have wronged him
by my doubts, I will atone by giving
him added love and affection."

Carl's mother had often sent her kind
messages, and had also sent by Carl
some very beautiful table linen for Mil-
dred to embroider for use after mar-
riage. She knew that Mrs. Langlois
was her friend, although they had
never met, and determined to go to see
her and discover whether Carl had
confided in her any change in his de-
sire to marry Mildred. She shrank
from the trial, yet felt it must be made
for the sake of her future happiness.
Accordingly, a few days after Carl's
visit she took a trip to his home, ar-
riving there, as she had planned, when
Carl was absent at his business. When
she introduced herself to Mrs. Lang-
lois she was warmly greeted, but when
she told the object of her visit her host
was visibly surprised and disconcerted.

"My dear child," she exclaimed,
"there must be a mistake somewhere.
Carl assured me only yesterday that
you kept putting him off whenever he
mentioned your marriage. I can-
not understand it."

"I can, Mrs. Langlois," said Mildred,
proudly. "Your son has grown tired of
me and is seeking in some way to free
himself. But, thank heaven, his fetters
are not yet riveted, and are easily
broken. I will release him from an
engagement which is no longer a pleasure
to him."

"My dear child," begged his moth-
er, "do not speak so bitterly. I am sure
there is some misunderstanding.
Mildred had turned very pale, and an
overwhelming conviction that Carl
was false to her came upon her with
crushing force, but she summoned up
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"We must find out," she said, very
gently, for the mother's distress was
also very great, "whether he is atten-
tive to some one else. Have you ever
noticed his taking pleasure in the so-
ciety of any girl here?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Langlois replied, hast-
ily, but suddenly her face changed.
"Surely," she said, as if to herself,
"he cannot care for Marion Reed? And
yet, now that my mind is drawn to it,
I have noticed him often with her. But
Marion is such a gay little flirt, and
then she knew of Carl's engage-
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"Ah!" Mildred said quickly, "that is
not enough to keep some girls from
trying to win away a man's love. It
may be that she has drawn him away
from me. But we must make sure, my
dear friend—for I feel that you are my
friend—and if it is true I will willingly
give him up to her if it is for his
happiness."

They arranged it that Mildred's pres-
ence in the house should be kept a secret
from Carl and that his mother at
meal time should question him in a
way not to arouse his suspicions; so,
as the two sat alone at dinner, Mrs.
Langlois carelessly said:

"What a charming girl Marion Reed
is, Carl!"

"Isn't she, mother?" he cried enthu-
siastically. "Do you know she quite
fascinates me?"

"Carl," his mother said gravely, "that
is not the way for a man soon to be
married to another woman—"

"Pshaw, mother!" Carl exclaimed,
impatiently, "you know I told you Mil-
dred would never set the day, and we
may never be married at all."

"You are right, Mr. Langlois," said
Mildred, who had been unable to re-
sist the temptation of listening unseen;
"you are right. We never will be mar-
ried. You are quite welcome to ask the
fascinating Miss Reed to be your wife,
for I am henceforth a stranger to you."

Before Carl could recover from his
astonishment she was gone, and as her
train was just ready to depart she was
out of his reach, and the passionate
protests of affection which he was pre-
pared to make, the promises of future
fidelity, were never uttered.

Now that he had lost her, Mildred ap-
peared to Carl as a precious treasure
which he would give anything to pos-
sess. The attractions of Marion Reed
paled into insignificance and he took
the next train in pursuit of Mildred,
hoping that he could win her back.
But once assured of the flaws in her
idol Mildred had cast him out of her
heart, and though it was sore it was
not broken, because she realized his un-
worthiness. She refused to see Carl
and returned his letters unread. With-
in a week mortified at his rejection, he
had offered himself to Marion Reed.
"Why, you're going to marry some
girl in Lawrence," she replied, opening
her blue eyes wide.
"No, I am not," he said shortly. "I
am going to marry you if you will have
me."

"Well, I won't," replied the pretty
girl, decidedly. "I was only amusing
myself with you, my dear boy. I hope
your heart is not broken," she added
mockingly, for rumors of the true state
of affairs had reached her ears.

"Flirting is sometimes a dangerous
game, my friend, especially if there is
a jealous sweetheart at the other end
of the line," she announced laugh-
ingly. And with her mocking laughter
ringing in his ears Carl Langlois walked
away to repeat of his folly, by
which he had lost that greatest of
gifts—a woman's love.—The Colum-
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Clung to Bolder Veracular.

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, giving
his experiences as "A Missionary in the
Great West," tells of the baptism of a
little daughter of a big cattle owner in
Indian Territory. "In our baptismal
service we sign those who are bap-
tized with the sign of the cross," he
explains, "and when the little girl re-
turned to school after the baptism the
children pressed her with hard ques-
tions, desiring to know what that man
with the 'nightgown' had done, and if
she were now any different from
what she had been before. She tried to
tell them that she had been made a
member of Christ, the child of God,
and an inheritor of the kingdom of
heaven," but did not succeed in express-
ing the situation very well, and they
pressed her for a clearer explanation.
Finally, when she had exhausted every
effort, she turned on them, her eyes
flashing through her tears. "Well," she
said, lapsing into the vernacular, "I will
tell you. I was a little 'maverick' be-
fore, and the man put Jesus' brand on
my forehead, and when he sees me run-
ning wild on the prairie He will know
that I am His little girl!"—Ladies'
Home Journal.

The Family Coaches of Genoa.

A curious custom exists in Genoa.
Many of the well-to-do people as well
as those in moderate circumstances do
not own either horses or coaches; they
own only an interest in them. Four or
five or a half dozen great families club
together and buy a coach and horses,
then they arrange among themselves
the days the different families will use it.
Thus one family uses the coach on
Mondays, another on Tuesdays, and a
third on Wednesdays, so that an es-
tablishment that would be impossible
for one family becomes perfectly prac-
tical when the cost is divided among
five or six. Each family has a set of
doors for the coach, with their own
coat of arms on the panels, which are
changed according to the family which
is going to use the coach. The builders
of these vehicles seldom think of build-
ing a coach without five or six sets of
doors, and arrangements are made so
that they are very easily changed.

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PREACHES BY 'PHONE.

UP-TO-DATE DEVICE OF AN IN- DIANA CLERGYMAN.

Bed-Ridden Communicants Not De-
prived of His Discourse—Electricity
Helps the Pastor to Spread the
Gospel.

Science long ago discovered a process
by means of which a man might—if
willing to pay for it—lounge about
in slippers and smoking jacket and enjoy
a high-class concert. He need not ar-
ray himself in full evening dress, go
through a stormy night to a distant
hall and there listen to the rapture in-
spiring sounds; he could remain at
home and indulge in a smoke-begrimed
pipe the while his soul was soothed by
things said to be equal to tuning the
savage breast. The phonograph did it
for him.

Spiritual consolation, however, has



PREACHING THROUGH A TRANSMITTER.

until the last Sunday of them all never
been administered at short range.
True, the telephone may and doubtless
has been used many times to call a
clergyman to a bed of sickness or to
some sorrowing family needing suste-
nance not of the flesh. But few, if any,
ministers have preached to their flocks
by speaking through an electrical
transmitter. This was what was done
recently in Elkhart, Ind. Dr. E. H.
Gwynne, of the First Presbyterian
Church, preached in his pulpit and a
bed-ridden parishioner listened to the



LISTENING TO A SERMON BY TELEPHONE.

words of hope without attending upon
the shrine.

Francis Hoover, a member of Dr.
Gwynne's church, is a martyr to rheu-
matism, yet he desires with a mighty
desire to attend the services of his
church. But being unable to do this
from physical infirmity local scientists
applied the phonograph theory to an
ordinary telephone. The transmitter
was fitted out with a specially delicate
diaphragm, which when the reverend
orator stood a few feet away sent to
the listening ear the full text of his
sermon. Thus was one anxious,
troubled, suffering soul made glad.

Opens Up a New Field.

The successful experiment opens up
a new field for practical theology,
which but for the temptation to sloth
which might be covered thereunder ap-
peals to the sympathetic mind. Dr.
Gwynne's experiment was made sole-
ly to help a sick man who asked for
his ministrations. Mr. Hoover wished
to hear the sermon of his pastor, but
time lacked to give it a second deliv-
ery. Also the other members of the
church were entitled to hear him dis-
course upon the gospel. So the device
was arranged that those who cared to
attend church at the regular hour
should hear, and also the sick man
need not be denied. The device could
be extended to embrace others who
were unable to go forth to the sacred
edifice.

Few ministers lack those of their
flocks upon whom the hand of provi-
dence has not been heavily laid. Most
of the men of the cloth find it to be one
of their saddest, yet sweetest duties to
minister out of the pulpit to those who
otherwise would lack the consolations
of religion. If need be with the per-
fected telephone such might be abed
and yet receive the consolations of the
word. It might be that dozens could
thus be spiritually refreshed even with
the flesh too weak to withstand the
fatigues of the short journey church-
ward.

It would be comparatively easy to
establish a circuit by means of which
a dozen homes, widely scattered on
earth, might yet be drawn nigh to the
throne by means of a party line. Those,

indeed, unable to lift themselves from

a bed of pain and suffering, could re-
ceive the message from the lips of their

pastor without exertion on their own
part. One machine fronting the pulpit
night thus be the means of giving satis-
faction to many a man who was seek-
ing light, but lacked the strength to go
where it was to be had.

With the phonograph no church
building need be constructed and main-
tained. A home for the pastor, with
an organ in one room, the room big
enough to contain the quartette, choir,
minister and his family, with photo-
graphic connections with all the mem-
bers of the church—which might be ab-
sented on the new few rent basis—
would be enough. The members could
listen to the singing hear the sermon
and mail their contributions. Thus
the expenses would be limited to the
minister's salary, the parsonage and such
contributions as the members de-
sired to make to church organizations
in general.

While it is too early to prognosticate

the manner of receiving church con-

solations of the future, it might not be