Nobody knows the money it takes To keep the home together; Nobody knows of the debt it makes, Nobody knows-but father.

Nobody's told that the boys need shoes And girls hats with a feather : Nobody else old clothes must choose, Nobody-only father.

Nobody hears that the coal and wood And flour's out together : Nobady else must make them good. Nobody-only father.

Nobody's hand in the pocket goes So often, wondering whether There's any end to the wants of those Dependent-only father.

Nobody thinks where the money will come To pay the bills that gather; Nobody feels so blue and glum; Nobody-only father.

Nobody tries so hard to lay Up something for bad weather, And runs behind, do what he may, Nobody-only father.

Nobody comes from the world's cruel

To meet dear ones who gather Around with loving welcome warm, Nobody does-but father.

Nobody knows of the home life pure, Watched over by a motner, Where rest and bliss are all secure, Nobody can-but father.

HAD MET BEFORE

T'S good to see you again, Phyllis," exclaimed Lady Elmsworth, as she held her sister at arm's length and examined her critically, "but how you

have changed!" "My dear Clare," laughed Miss Graham, "after five years' absence you surely did not expect to find me still all arms and legs, and indecently big

"Of course, it's ridiculous; but, somehow, I did not realize that you would

be quite grown up." "Oh, my dear, I grew up almost directly you left. Mother soon became alive to the fact of my possibilities, and I managed to get in the thin end of the wedge first by dining down when there were thirteen, and that sort of thing. In fact, looking back, I'm inclined to think that the 'half-out' stage -neither 'fish, flesh, nor good red her-



"HOW YOU HAVE CHANGED!"

ring,' you know-is quite the jolliest time girls ever have, if they could only appreciate it. The only other state to be compared to it for freedom and general irresponsibility is .-- Oh, Clare, I'm so sorry; I beg your pardon." The girl's face flushed crimson as her eyes rested on her sister's black gown.

You were going to say widowhood. I suppose?" replied Lady Elmsworth, "Forgive me, Clare, I-I-"

Lady Elmsworth shrugged her shoulders slightly. "There's nothing to forgive, Phyl. I

never was a humbug, was 1?" Phyllis Graham's gray eyes widened. But before she could speak her sister

went on: "You seem to have had a very jolly time, as you put it, all along the line,

I think. You seem to do everything and go everywhere." "Don't!" 'exclaimed the girl. "You talk like mother. Three seasons is evidently the end of one's tether. After that time one is expected to 'range one's

self,' and relieve one's own people of their responsibility concerning one, and especially one's bills." But I thought you were delighted about your engagement, Phyl," said

Lady Elmsworth. "I thought it was a case of mutual adoration," "Oh! 'Il y en toujours un qui alme

et un qui se laisse aimer,' isn't there?" "Phyllis!"

"Please don't be sentimental, Clare. Did not much the same thing happen to you? You were just 20, weren't you, when you got engaged to poor old Elmsworth? I was too young to be taken into your confidence then, but-well, you pretty well confessed the same just now. Peter was not precisely the sort of individual to turn a girl's head. I expect mother had you into her boudoir, and talked to you about the whole duty of woman, and, in your case, of the like everyone else's story, I expect; and pleasures and position of the ambassador's wife, even at the dullest court in bering an these years. You know how Europe. We were both brought up in I went out. Mother could not, or would the way we should go, and so six not, come with me. She would have months later you were Lady Elmsworth, hated to give up her visits, and the tasting of the aforesaid pleasures in Riviera, and all that. So she just Madrid. In less time than that I shall be Mrs. Mark Franklin, with more the governess, you remember. Downey money than I know what to do with, had always been my abject slave, and and a charming husband into the bar-

gain."

You have not-

Phyllis laughed outright.

and you would give him some tea. I wonder if you'll like him?"

Phyllis sat back a little and glanced up for the scenery. round her sister's room.

"He'il like your room, at any rate. room of yours. Clare: and it suits you ingly artistic."

really don't know each other muchgalleries and autumn tints, and that write the good news to my mother. sort of thing. Art is all very well when a little trying when one is expected to and that sort of thing."

Miss Graham looked at her sister laughed.

"Poor Phyl! Is he trying to educate you? It sounds rather awful."

"No, that's the worst of it! He imagines the education, artistic feeling, and all the rest of it, is there. That's the fault of what mother calls the 'Graham manner.' We've got a knack of appearing intelligently sympathetic; and because we are pretty people take us for granted. Haven't you found that?"

Lady Elmsworth nodded, and a slight color rose in her cheeks.

"We can't help it," went on Phyllis; but they have a nasty knack of turning round on us when they find us out, and being generally horrid." "And you think Mark-"

"Oh, he won't find out for ever so long. He's very much in love; and Iwell, I like him well enough to try and live up to him, for a time, at any rate. But it's a good stretch on one's nerves to be always on the tiptoe of admiration about things one really does not beauties of nature that will bowl me over. A sunset at his majesty's, where it's well done, is a pretty enough one in a way. But you know, honestly, I'd rather look at a bonnet shop in Bond street any day than on the finest scenery anywhere. I'm afraid it will be a shock to Mark when he grasps the fact."

"What is he exactly?"

"He's rather ugly, and ridiculously ricn; a colonial, you know, proprietor of mines, and all the rest of it. His manners are not quite like everyone else's. Oh, you need not raise your Oh, if we could meet!" eyebrows; it is not in that way I mean at all. Only I don't think he'd have carea tue least bit if I'd been a butcher's or a baker's daughter. If he'd cared for me, he'd have married me just the same. I'm afraid I'm rather proud of the fact."

"You do care for him, then?" Lady Elmsworth stooped a little toward her sister and looked into her face.

"I"-Phyllis blushed. "Well, yes, 1 think I do, because, if I did not, I don't suppose I should care whether he discovered what a shallow little soul-I am or not after we are safely married."

Clare bent and kissed her sister. "ne won't find it out if you love him, Phyl! Oh, you don't know how glad I

Phyllis was startled at her sister's sudden earnestness. What she had said was quite true. The four years' difference in their ages had always kept them apart. Phyllis remembered distinctly the time when Clare had been "out" when she herself was in the schoolroom. She remembered, too, all the talk she had overheard as to her sister's successes. Looking back, she realized that Clare must have refused many opportunities of brilliant matches, although she had finally done exceedingly well for herself in marrying Lord Elnsworth. True, he was nearly twenty years older than Clare; and surely

among those she had refused before-Suddenly Phyllis started. What had there been at the bottom of Clare's being ordered off to winter at Davos the year before she married? It had never occurred to the girl. But had there really been anything the matter with her sister's lungs?

"Clare," she said, impulsively, "tell me something. Were you really ill when you went to Davos that time, or-"

Lady Elmsworth laughed outright, "Or was I sent off to be out of somebody's way, you mean? No, my dear, I believe I was really ill, and before I went to Davos I had never cared two

straws for anyone in my life." "And-after?" "I don't know why I should tell you." salu Lady Elmsworth. "I've never told anyone. I don't believe anyone ever

guessed except-" "Except him. Go on, Clare." "Oh, there's not much to tell. It's you'll only think me a fool for remempacked me off with dear old Downey.

never dreamed of interfering with me at all.

eager to see my brother-in-law-elect. first went, but I did not do anything the doctors expected. I don't beneve there was much the matter with me "No, my dear, I have not; one does when I went, but I know I felt rather not wear one's fiance's 'counterfeit pre- bad after I'd been there a month; but sentment' near one's heart nowadays. the air had got into my head and I did But possess your soul in patience. I not care. I firted and behaved genertold Mark you might come in presently, ally badly all round, until one day I met a man I had never seen before. He was not a patient, but had just come

"I don't know how it was, but we began to talk, and I liked him. Somehow It's wonderfully pretty and restful, this wherever I went I met him, and if I let me go off and camp with the other missed him the day seemed blank and fellows," said Louis. exactly. Yes, I think Mark will like miserable. He lectured me as to my you, too; he'll appreciate your sense of carelessness about my health, and all alone," complained Jack. the fitness of things. Mark is exceed- that; and to please him I obeyed orders and took care. Oh, there was nothing without papa." particular; it all went on smoothly, "It's rather a weariness of the spirit and, I suppose, stupidly enough. We occasionally," continued Phyllis, with a never even knew each other's names. I very much abused. Just then grandpa cent." sigh. "You know-or, rather, you don't, used to call him 'Le Passant,' and he came along. He had heard the combecause, although we are sisters, we called me his Incognita. But I was plaint. have not met for five years, and so we idiotically, unreasonably happy, until one day the doctor said I was well well, I have not much soul for picture enough to go home, and that he would can't do anything down here because

"I had been crying when I met him. it's got out of the West Hempstead I had realized at once what it all said grandpa. "You know that old stage, and come west really; but it is meant, and what it would be like to go chicken-run made of laths down there enthuse over impossible Madonnas with I told him the news-we were quite house that stands there, all tumbling wooden-looking bables in their arms, alone out on a terrace, and everything down? Well, it is to be torn down and wistfully, but Lady Elmsworth only saw his face. I tried to stop him, but en-run to the walk leading up to the I would tell him to-morrow.

not a rich man, I felt sure of that. your mothers one bit." Downey, and told her we must start laths was heard. When supper was him, and give him all my life."

"And then?" "Nothing. We never met again; how Youth's Companion. should we? But I did not forget; how could I? I was miserable; nothing mattered any more; and I married Lord Elmsworth."

"And-" "Oh, I was as happy as I deserved to be. Peter was good to me, and always care a button for. I'm afraid it's the in his way; but I cannot say that his death was a great blow to me. It's awful to say, Phyllis; but I could not help thinking, 'If fate would be kind!' If I should meet him now,"

> "But if you marry-" "I lose nearly all Peter left me. Yes, I know; but I am wiser now. One grows wiser in five years, Phyl, when one has only to remember and regret. If-oh, but it is so unlikely! If we met now nothing could keep us apart."

> "But suppose he-" "He had forgotten, you mean? No dear; he was not a man who forgets.

"Mr. Franklin," announced the servant, and a tall figure advanced into the room.

Lady Elmsworth went to meet him. "I am glad," she began; and Phyllis wondered why her sister stopped short and turned so white.

"Not more glad than J," put in Mark, as he held out his band. Then he, too, stopped, and the two stood in the middle of the dainty drawing room, looking into each other's eyes for what seemed to each an age, and the air around them seemed suddenly to grow cold and sharp, and a glitter of moonlit snow was upon everything. Clare recovered herself first, and turned to her sister, who was glancing from one to the other in astonishment.

"Mr. Franklin and I have met before! Long ago; before I went to Madrid. You will excuse me a moment," she continued, turning to Mark, "I have some orders to give." And she glided out of the room before he could even bow his acquiescence.-London Modern So-

Sapphira, Jr.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina tells of a little girl whose statements were always exaggerated until she became known in school and Sunday school as "a little liar." Her parents were dreadfully worried about her, and State? made strenuous efforts to correct the bad habit. One afternoon her mother overheard an argument with her playmate, Willie Bangs, who seemed to finish the discussion by saying emphatically: "I'm older than you, 'cause my birthday comes first, in May, and yours or exclamation? don't come until September."

"Oh, of course your birthday comes first," sneeringly answered little Nellie; "but that is 'cause you came down sissippi. 6. Connecticut. 7. Oregon. first. I remember looking at the angels 8. Illinols. 9. Maryland. 10. Ten-

when they were making you" "Come here, Nellie; come here in-

stantly," cried her mother. "It is breaking mother's heart to hear you tell such awful stories. Remember what happened to Ananias and Sapphira, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I know. They were struck dead for lying. I saw them of butter." carried into the corner drug store."-Fittsburg Dispatch.

Mrs. Subbubs-Our old cook is to be married this week, John. I think we ought to remember her with a present.

Mr. Subbubs-Huh! The most kindly way for us to remember her with a present is to forget the past.-Philadelphia Press.

In reading a list of poets "Everyone should know," did you ever notice that the speaker wishes to express. most of the poems were those you had "Come, that's better. I am very "I had a good time at Davos when I never heard of before?



Work or Play.

the deep swimming-pool," said Jack. "My mother won't, And she won't

"And I can't go down by the wharf

"No, and I can't go out in a sallboat

Then the boys sat down under the tree, and looked as if they had been

"No fun?" he asked. The boys shook their heads. "We our mothers are afraid," said Jack.

"I know something that is safe," back home and never see him again. by the brook, and the little low henglittered white in the moonlight around the wood piled up in the shed. The us. When I had finished I turned and brook runs right down from the chickit was too late; his arms were round shed. Now if you boys take off one me, and I loved to hear what he was side of the hen-house you can use it saying. But I would not answer then; for a raft, pile all the laths on it and tow it down the brook; then you could "I shall never forget that night, I unload it at the flat rock and carry it loved him, but I was afraid. He was into the shed. That would not scare

Would my love last? Could I face the The boys went up and away before life before me if I married him? I was he had hardly finished, and soon the a coward, and I did not dare. I woke sound of tearing boards and snapping by the first train. I knew if I saw him ready the bit of land that had been an again I should yield. It was only when eyesore was all cleaned up, and the Davos was behind us that I would have boys were hungry for grandma's good given anything in the world to be back biscuits. They told their mothers that there again; to keep my word, meet they liked games that seemed like work. Grandpa laughed, and said, "I guess it is work that seems like a game."-

Bedtime.



Mother says the baby birdies In their nests are sleepin' sound; No good little boys or girlies Wide awake can now be found.

In my little "comfy" nightie, With my curls all tied up tight, And my bedroom candle lighted. I have come to say "Good-night." -Margaret G. Hays.

Something New in Games. Here is a jolly game. It consists of answering questions which are puns on historical novel that hasn't earned its the abbreviation of our various State circle. names.

Pass around sheets of paper for the different players to write them on, announce 11/2 minutes for each answer, and then begin reading out the questions: 1. Which is the most religious State?

2. Which is the most egotistical State? 3. Which is the State where untidy folks ought to live?

Which is the father of States? Which is the maiden State? 6. Which is the State for pupils

having lessons to study? 7. Which is the best State for miners? 8. Which is the most unhealthy

9. Which is the State best fitted to

heal the sick? 10. Which is the decimal State? 11. Which is the best State in case

of a flood? 12. Which is the State of surprise The answers are:

1. Massachusetts. 2. Maine. Washington, 4, Pennsylvania, 5, Misnessee. 11. Arkansas. 12. Ohlo.

Just as Good.

The drawing teacher had been giving a lesson on cubes, and some of the pupils had given examples. The teacher wanted more, but no one could think of any. Finally, a boy said:

"I know a good cube-half a pound

"Why, that is excellent," cried the teacher. "Now, who can give me another example, as good as Henry's?" After a long time she saw a hand

waving wildly in the back of the room. "Well, Willie, what is it?" "Why, the other half-pound of that butter," said Willie, triumphantly.

Different Meanings. Some words in our language have several meanings, each different froithe others, so that it is not always possible to know at first just what thought

There is the word "humanitarian." for instance. If you will turn to your | waiter yet."-Philadelphia Ledger.

"Mother won't let me go down to 1. One who denies the divinity of complete double. He is an old devotee

The Middle Boy.

I'm only just the middle boy, So all last year I wore Delancey's clothes. Most ev'ry toy I had was his before.

But, I'm "so hard on ev'hything!" (That's what my fam'ly say.) Right from the shops they have to bring New clothes for Richard Grav.

Delancey always says, "Why, Jim, I wouldn't care one bit!' You'd think they'd be just fun for him-Old clothes that don't quite fit. But father talks a diff'rent way. "Not so very long ago was a middle boy," he'll say.

"You hurry up and grow!" -Youth's Companion. He Got the Wrong One. A certain inspector, in one of his vis-

its to a district school, was much annoyed by the noise of the pupils in the adjoining room. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he opened the door and curbstone. It was a nickel, and a burst in on the class. Seeing one boy, rather taller than the rest, talking a great deal, he caught him by the collar, carried him to the next room and threw him into a chair, saying: "Now sit there and be quiet!"

Presently a little head apepared at the door, and a meek voice cried: "Please, sir, you've got our teacher!"

A Candle in the Well.

When a well has to be cleaned, it is customary to lower a candle into it; if \$1.75. the candle burns, the man who is to do the cleaning may descend wth safety, but it it goes out, for him to descend I picks it up, nonchalent like, and says: would be almost certain death. Carbonic acid gas often lies at the bottom of a well, and lowering the candle is the test, of fish.' for this gas will at once smother the light, just as it would smother the man. The flame and the man both live on gas,-Chicago Dally News,

HER BOOK OF BOOKS.

In Which She Set Down the Titles of Those She Had Read. She held up the fat little red leather

book for her friends to see. "No-not a dlary. I kept one once, but I burned it long ago. My father showed me how to keep it.

"It is my list of books I have read. I call it my book of books. Here is the first entry: 'Westward Ho,' by Charles Kingsley-double-starred because have read it three times; a star means rereading. Underlined, too, because when I looked the list over at the end of the year it was one of my favorites. A little circle after the title-that's because it was a work of fiction that! set me to hunting fact, in history and blography. I don't think much of any

"Not all the marks in my code were marks of honor, though, Look at the pended on smoke consumers, stokers, cross after number nine; that means trash. And there, after number eleven comes the inventor with a simple dethe Frederika Bremer novel—the vice that a schoolboy can understand. black dash-that means simply that I Smoke is caused by feeding soft coal didn't like it. Father enjoined me to into the furnace. The fuel, when be honest with my black marks. He thrown on a bed of hot coal, ignites said I should find them an antidote to rapidly and throws off a volume of carliterary pretentiousness. One can hard- bon that gushes out of the flues and ly assume airs of superiority in disthen falls on everything surrounding cussing classic masterpieces one has the plant. given a black mark to.

more than a list. It is half the history ing the nulsance in the Eric Malleable of a mind. I can trace here so many Iron Works. He went to the root of delightful episodes of developing taste the trouble—the feeding the fuel into and temperament; my long meander- the furnace. Instantaneous combustion folk-lore, my digression into sagas, my plan he evolved: Instead of passing olous fiction, my gradual achievement of form into a happer whence it passed due proportion in my dealings with fact and imagination.

"Then there is the occasional encounter with some new author who captivated my fancy at the instant, and the breathless rush through all his works. Look at that page of unproken Stevenson! One title after another. There they all are, and oh, what a good time I had with them!

"Many people can't keep an interestkeep a true one-true in the sense of list of books can deceive no one, can hurt no susceptibilities, pamper no vanities, encourage no morbidness, betray no secrets-and yet it tells so much! Try it for yourself, if you have never tried, and soon there will be no book in your library you will prize more than your own little book of books."-Youth's Companion.

Sensational Cables. "What's the news this morning?" "Mighty exciting cable about Rocke-

feller.

"What's that?" "Why, he goes to bed every night, gets up each morning, converses with his friends, eats when he is hungry, drinks if thirsty, and hasn't tipped s MADE FORTUNE WITH NICKEL

'Jack o' Diamonds," a Veracious Gambler, Tells How He Won, Jack Lawrence, better known as the Jack of Diamonds," a native of Louisville, wandered back to his native city during home coming, says the Lou-

isville correspondent of the Herald.

The Jack of Diamonds, in the person Webster you will find that it means: of Mr. Lawrence, never had a more Christ, and believes him to have been at faro and poker. No man in the merely human. 2. One who limits the country is more feared then he when sphere of duties to human relations and he gets a "piece" of the bank's money affections, to the exclusion of the relig- and begins shoving it back at them, lous or spiritual. 3. One who is act- Lawrence would plunge on his last shirt ively concerned in promoting the wel- button, let alone his last dollar. Of fare of his kind; a philanthropist. The pleasing expression and front, with third sense is the one in which the turn of speech usually found among the word is now most frequently used, and tout gentry, a gracious smile and a Webster marks this definition as "re- large, open-faced gray eye, Lawrence has forced many an impossible condition and come out high, but never dry.

> Lawrence often tells a good story. If any part of it be not true his historian is to blame and not he, for he is personally the soul of veracity, though the proprietor of a vivid imagination. He can tell how he ran nothing up to \$20,-000 and never take his eye out of yours while he is telling it. "Yes, sir," he began the other night, "it was a gloomy off day in Chicago.

"This day I had put my last dime into a piece of bithulitic Chicago pie and a cup of drugged coffee. It looked like it was all up. If you caught the eye of a passing friend a film came over it as he slipped by. It was awful. Refrigerator fish are easy and white marble warm compared with Chicago

when a man is broke. "While trekking down State street I spied something that looked suspicious over in the dirt and snow beside the plugged nickel at that. Well, I wanders into a certain place where roulette and faro was going on, and with a smile I says to the dealer: 'If you'll put in a nickel with me I'll take a shot

at No. 15." "He laughs and says: 'Jack, you're a Jonah, but I'll take a chance, and puts a white 10-cent chip on the fifteen. If the little ball hadn't stopped on that number this story would never have ben told, but there she lay, and I gets

"Something said low and earnest to me: 'Jack, they can't stop you now.' 'If you're still game I'll play our \$3.50 at the bank. We might pull out a stack

"Well, sir, he puts in with me and the boneless ham that he was comes over when I am \$500 winner and splits oxygen, and both die in carbonic acid it up. Before I quits I am \$1,500 to the * good, and as they turns over the box I saunters down to the Auditorium in a carriage and registers my full name,

Then each day I takes \$500 out with me and brings back about \$2,000 and finally run into a high flying bookmaker of the name of Skelley, and we drops down to Hot Springs for the spring sunshine and we gets tangled up thereto the tune of \$40,000 to the good, and gave me this when I was fifteen, and that was how I runs a plugged nickel up to Rockefeller."

"What became of your fortune?" hewas asked. "Well, my boy, that's a long story. To be brief and more or less accurate, you might just say I lost it looking for

COAL AS FINE AS FLOUR.

work."

Smokeless Combustion Said to Be Achieved by a Manufacturer.

For years the entire country has been complaining of the smoke nulsance, says the Detroit Free Press. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been exsteam jets and other appliances. Now

Benjamin J. Walker, of Erie, Pa., "The list of one's reading is so much was searching for a means of destroyings among the poets, my dash into was what he wanted and here is the return to solid English history and the coal into the furnace in the oldbiography, my rebellious bolt into friv- fashioned way he fed it in pulverized by air pressure through two wrought iron pipes into the furnace. Combustion instantly took place and the coal dust was burned in suspension. No smoke, no burned out grate bars, no back-breaking stirring up of fire, no gang of men tending the furnaces,

The invention was purchased a few months ago by Mark Packard of Buffalo, a multimillionaire mine operator. For years he has never been able to ing diary; there aren't many who can find a market for the coal dust or bug dust, as it is called in the business. telling the whole truth. But a simple This new combustion invention settles that question, for coal as fine as flour can be used.

The quantity of ashes to be removed is reduced by 60 to 70 per cent.

His Mental Limitation.

"Your honor," said the arrested chauffeur, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work." "Then why did you not slacken speed

rather than run him down?" A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner. "Gee!" he said, "that's one on me. I

Ledger.

never thought of that."-Philadelphia

It is hard for the man who enjoys three square meuls a day to pose as a