

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 motherhood,
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 reassurance,
To be without my girl's sweet sympathy,
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 curl;
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.

“I don't believe you truly love me.”
Mildred Reynolds looked at her lover half-archly, as if she defied him to say he did not love her, half-pleadingly, as if she longed for him to contradict 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 evening with you?” he replied a trifle impatiently.
“Then, why?” Mildred began bravely, 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 bracelet and had seemed affectionate and loving; yet somehow Mildred felt that creases, 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 dependent 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 suddenly to the clock. “I'll have just time to make my train,” he said, hurriedly, “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 release 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 Mildred to embroider for use after marriage. 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 desire 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, arriving there, as she had planned, when Carl was absent at his business. When she introduced herself to Mrs. Langlois 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 cannot 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 Mildred,” begged his mother, “do not speak so bitterly. I am sure there is some misunderstanding.”
Mildred had turned very pale, and an over-whelming conviction that Carl was false to her came upon her with crushing force, but she summoned up courage to face the truth.
“We must find out,” she said, very

gently, for the mother's distress was also very great, “whether he is attentive to some one else. Have you ever noticed his taking pleasure in the society of any girl here?”
“Oh, no,” Mrs. Langlois replied, hastily, 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 engagement—”
“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 presence 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 enthusiastically. “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 Mildred 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 resist the temptation of listening unseen; “you are right. We never will be married. 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 prepared to make, the promises of future fidelity, were never uttered.
Now that he had lost her, Mildred appeared to Carl as a precious treasure which he would give anything to possess. 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 unworthiness. She refused to see Carl and returned his letters unread. Within 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 flirt, 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 laughingly. And with her mocking laughter ringing in his ears Carl Langlois walked away to repent of his folly, by which he had lost that greatest of gifts—a woman's love.—The Columbian.

PREACHES BY 'PHONE.

UP-TO-DATE DEVICE OF AN INDIANA CLERGYMAN.

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

Science long ago discovered a process by means of which a man might—by willing to pay for it—lounging about in slippers and smoking jacket and enjoy a high-class concert. He need not carry himself in full evening dress, go through a stormy night to a distant hall and there listen to the rapture inspiring sounds; he could remain at home and indulge in a smoke-begrimed pipe while his soul was soothed by things said to be equal to taming 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 sustenance 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 rheumatism, 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 ears the full text of his discourse. 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 applied to the sympathetic mind. Dr. Gwynne's experiment was made solely 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 delivery. Also the other members of the church were entitled to hear him discourse 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 providence 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 perfected telephone such might be aided 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 churchward.

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 receive the message from the lips of their

pastor without exertion on their own part. One machine fronting the pulpit might thus be the means of giving satisfaction to many a man who was seeking light, but lacked the strength to go where it was to be had.

With the phonograph no church building need be constructed and maintained. 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 phonographic connections with all the members of the church—which might be assessed on the new pew 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 parish-house and such contributions as the members desired to make to church organizations in general.

While it is too early to prognosticate the manner of receiving church consolations of the future, it might not be amiss to suggest that some such plan will be ultimately adopted. It could be done without any great loss of piety—indeed, maybe, with an access, for the show part of religion would disappear when closed in behind the curtains of the private dwelling. This might be a good thing or not, according to the point of view. But the beginning made for a sick man might well expand into a system for the well which would do away with the scrubbing of the boys Sunday morning that they might be presentable in church.

Divorce is Not Too Easy.

“Every once in a while we have perfect hemorrhages of righteous indignation upon the subject of divorce,” writes Edward Bok of “The Ease With Which We Marry” in the Ladies' Home Journal. “We say divorce must stop or that there must be no divorce. But wouldn't it be a bit better if we let this subject alone for a while and concerned ourselves somewhat with the evil which leads to divorce? The fact of the matter is that there is a notion, which is altogether wrong, that divorce is easy in this country. Divorce is not easy. I am far from saying that our divorce laws are what they should be. But it is a senseless thing to make those laws more stringent while we allow our marriage laws to be as loose as they are. Let those who cannot see any farther than the revision of present divorce laws ask themselves

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

“Oh, there comes papa, way down the street,” said little Dora. “Come on, kitty, let's hide.”

Kitty only said “mew,” but in cat talk that meant “yes” just then, so Dora ran to the big tree, for that was such a good place to hide. The old tree had no branches that made big broad seats—some of them—that you could lie back in like an easy chair.

Dora did not stop at the best seat this time, but, with the kitty on her shoulder, climbed up just as high as she could. Then she kept very still, for



KITTY'S MAMMA CAME SCRAMBLING UP.

papa came inside and looked around for his little girl that was always in the front yard to meet him.

Just then kitty's mamma came under the tree and the kitty on Dora's shoulder mewed again. Then the kitty's mamma mewed loudly and came scrambling up in the tree, and that is how Dora's papa found out where his little girl was hidden from him. Then Dora and papa laughed and had a lot of fun and a big romp after Dora came down out of the tree, but the kitties didn't know how to laugh very well. All they could say was just “mew,” but they said that and helped in the romp, and I guess they had fun, too.

How Ted Lent a Hand.

He is such a little boy, this Ted, and his legs are so short and his chubby fists are so very weak that you might think he would have to wait quite a long time before he could lend a hand that would be of any use; but he does not think so.

There was a fine shower the other night, and in the morning what should Ted see, right in front of his home, on prim, precise Cottage street, but a mud-puddle; yes, a dirty, delightful mud-puddle! How he hurried through his breakfast so as not to lose a minute!

He had a baker's dozen of beautiful mud pies on the curb, and was admiring them for a moment while he rested, when bump! a big bundle came down upon those lovely pies, flattening them dreadfully.

He jumped up, frowning, but when he saw the tired, sad face of the poor old washerwoman, Mrs. Connolly, the frown smoothed itself into a dimple smile; and he picked up that bundle, which had dropped off the tired arms which held several others, and carried it 'way to the avenue, which was as far as mamma let her little man explore the city, on account of the electric cars. There he touched his hat and bowed, just as he had seen big Brother Don do on the way to church when he met any of the college girls.

And Mrs. Connolly stood and smiled after him as he ran back to rebuild his pies. Such a happy little face! The solemn, slow-pacing professor whom he met brightened up and stepped off briskly and began to whistle—actually whistle! Think of it! So you see Ted's lent, not only a hand, but two feet and a happy face, even if he was such a little boy.—Youth's Companion.

Bullets of Water.

When you see the rain drops falling do you ever think of how swiftly they come down and what prevents them from doing great damage? Away up in the clouds little particles of moisture gather until they form a tiny drop. The droplets and ice crystals that form the elements of the cloud gradually or suddenly grow until their weight is enough to bring them to the ground before they can be again evaporated.

The resistance that the air offers to their passage keeps them from falling too fast. The drop soon acquires such a velocity that the air prevents it from going any faster. The larger and heavier the drop, the greater is the speed at which it falls, but it is never great enough to injure us or do serious damage to animals or plants. Were it not for the resistance of the air, a drop of water, notwithstanding that it is fluid, falling from the height of half a mile, would be as dangerous as a bullet. The swiftness and force with which a projectile travels can be made sufficient to compensate for any softness or yielding quality it possesses. A candle, when fired from a gun, will pass through a board.

Dancing Eggs from California.

Wouldn't you be surprised if you should see a swarm of little eggs dancing under your oak trees some summer day? In Shasta County, California, the residents are treated to such an exhibition very often. It recently has been discovered that the oak leaves of

that part of the country are frequently covered on their under sides with masses of insect eggs that, as the leaves are shaken, fall to the ground and hop around like chickens with their heads out off. Some of the eggs are so lively that they spring into the air to a height of sixteen inches, although they are not as large as a kernel of wheat. The cause of all this disturbance is a very lively grub inside of the egg. This little creature becomes anxious to make a little journey in the world and tries to break through the shell that holds it securely. The contortions of the insect are so fierce that they make the shell bob about like a hot chestnut over the fire.

Went to Sleep Quickly.

The mother of a little three-year-old had been away from home over night, and on her return asked:
“And how did my little girl get to sleep last night without mamma?”
“Oh,” she replied, “papa tried to sing to me like ‘ou does an’ I dis went to sleep weal twick so I touldn't hear him.”

The First Skates.

The first skates were made out of the bones of animals. Sometimes children would sit on the jawbones of a horse or cow, and propel themselves along the ice by means of iron staves.

NEW SKIN CONSTRUCTION.

Egg Membrane Successfully Used in Brooklyn Hospital.

German surgeons made the discovery that the delicate membrane that lines the inside of an eggshell will answer as well as bits of skin from a human being to start healing over by granulation in open wounds which will not otherwise heal. The discovery was used for the first time in this country on a patient in the Seney Hospital in Brooklyn, and it proves to be a successful trial. The patient, Edgar A. Garbut, leaves the hospital and resumes his customary work a well man. It was a serious case. He sustained severe injuries two years ago by a bicycle accident. His age is 39, and being (relatively speaking) still a young man, his age no doubt helped his recovery, after the egg membrane had been applied. His hurts had led to the development of a disease of the bones, and it was found necessary to remove parts of the bone from his left arm, left shoulder blade and left end of the collar bone.

These rare and difficult operations, and of doubtful result, were duly performed in the hospital. But while Garbut rallied, the surgeons found that such was their patient's condition that the wounds left by the cutting would not heal on the surface. The surgeons have long known that healing by granulation requires, in a weak patient, some point (or points) around which the granulations can cluster and grow. For this purpose they have had to rely upon bits of human skin, taken from some person who is willing, for love or money, to submit to the painful process of having these bits cut out. In Garbut's case his wife, his nephew and a young man in his employ all offered to furnish the required cuticle. But luckily one of the surgeons then remembered the German discovery, and, getting some fresh eggs, tried the lining membrane of the shell. It proved a successful substitute.—Hartford Times.

A FOUR-FOOTED POLICEMAN.

He Never Took a Drink Nor Neglected His Duty.

Joe belonged to a firm in Leith; but he resolved to be a policeman. He was sent back several times to his owners, but returned so persistently to the force that finally he was allowed to join them, says Chambers' Journal. He had no ambition to rise in his profession. The sergeants treated him well, but he took little notice of them. He ordained to go on duty with constables only, and his particular beat was the east end of Princess street, with an occasional inspection of Rose street. He walked at a measured, dignified pace, or ensconced himself at the base of an island lamp-post opposite the Register house, watching and observing. Like Spot in Waverley, bustle and noise pleased him.

His tail was run over by a lorry once, and when any of his blue-coated friends inquired about it he rose to show them the injured joint. People in civilian dress he did not encourage to speak to him. Tramway inspectors or postmen he permitted to commend him, but the constables alone were allowed to pat him. He never shirked his self-imposed work, for it was not only when the sun shone he acted as official watchdog.

In foul or fair weather Joe was on duty superintending the regulation of traffic or parading his beat. He fared sumptuously, for the neighboring hotels kept their scraps for him. He was given a collar and a coat, and for six years he was on the force; but, walking along Princess street in August, 1897, he fell dead at the heels of his biped comrade-guardian of the peace. He is buried near to the scene of his constant, though unpaid, labor, in St. Andrew Square Gardens. Joe, having placed himself under the eye of the law, could afford to wink at the tax collector.

Oldest Love-Letter in the World.

The oldest love-letter in the world is a proposal of marriage for the hand of an Egyptian princess, made 3,500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick, and is therefore not only the oldest, but the most substantial, love-letter that has ever been written.

Sleep Protects Them.

A medical paper says that in railway collisions nearly all the passengers who are asleep escape the bad effects of shaking and concussion, nature's own anesthetic preserving them.

There are times when the corkscrew is mightier than the typewriter.

We are all jays, to the other fellow.