THE KEY OF THE FIELDS.

BY FRANCIS BARINE.

Give me the key of the fields,
  O Fairy of Dreams! I would wander away, away,
To the edge of the world, where Dawn her empire yields
  To the bold, blithe Day—
To the edge of the world, where tall dark pines above
  The verge of the sharp-split cliff soar up to the blue
Are they singing there, the solemn pines I love,
  The song I knew?

Give me the key of the fields,
  O Fairy of Dreams! I would wander afar, afar,
To the deep still woods that the cliff's gaunt shoulder shields,
  Where the wild flowers are.
O the woods, the woods! with their fragrant silences,
  And the leaves' soft talk, and the little hurrying stream's!
Let me steep my soul once more in the peace of these,
  O Fairy of Dreams!

Give me the key of the fields—
  The wide free fields and the woodland ways beyond,
Where the great All-Mother dwells remote, and wields
  Her magic wand.
Let me dream that, gathered close to her mighty heart,
  Her banished child returned, once more I've lain;
Then, exile, back to the din of street and mart,
  To work again.

—Youth's Companion.

∴ CELIA AND THOMAS ∴

By Mrs. A. T. Curtis.

Celia Gilman had only been employed in her father's office a month when little Thomas Cleary applied for work as an office boy, and listening to Celia's persuasions, Mr. Gilman had engaged him. But he was not favorably impressed with Thomas, and later on reminded Celia that from the first he had not liked the boy's looks.

Thomas was nearly twelve years old, the oldest of four children, and his father was serving out a sentence in the State prison. The boy's appearance was not wholly prepossessing, although Celia declared that when Thomas smiled he was the best-looking boy in the block, but no one else seemed to take note of his claim to beauty. His shock of black hair, which apparently never could be brushed into smoothness, the small black eyes under the low forehead, the large mouth and heavy chin did not make Thomas an attractive lad.

"Here are your corals, Celia," said Mr. Gilman one morning laying a small package on his daughter's desk. "I had the clasp mended; your mother thought you would want them to wear at your class reunion to-night."

"Oh, yes," responded Celia. "Thomas, just put my corals in the safe, please." Thomas obeyed, wondering what "corals" were, but asking no questions.

"I must go out of town this morning," continued Mr. Gilman, drawing a roll of bills from an inside pocket, "and when you go out for lunch, Celia, I want you to take this money down to Brown's bank and get their receipt for it. I want it to be in their hands before 2 o'clock to-day."

Celia looked up from her typewriter. "All right, father," she replied.

"I shall not come back to the office to-day," concluded Mr. Gilman; "you and Thomas will have to look after things. I'll put the money with your corals, and then you won't forget it."

"How much is it, father?" asked Celia, as Mr. Gilman stopped a moment beside her on his way out.

"It is just $2000, my dear, and just as soon as you get the bank's receipt for it, it will mean that we are entirely out of debt."

"Well, now you can raise Thomas' pay, can't you?" said the girl laughingly.

Mr. Gilman made no response, and the office door closed behind him.

Every time that Thomas went near the safe that morning he thought about the money it contained. "Two thousand dollars," he said to himself. "That would buy 'most everything. It would buy me mother a house, and loike as not 'twould buy shoes for all of us, and a piano for Maggie."

It was nearly noon when a clang of bells rang up from the street. "There's a fire!" exclaimed the boy, rushing to the window that looked down on Washington street. "Gee! It must be near here!" and he opened the window and leaned out in search of further information. Celia did not look up from her work. She wanted to finish early that afternoon, and had no interest in a fire alarm. She was thinking, too, of her class reunion and of the dainty gown earned by her own work that she was to wear that evening.

"Say," and Thomas brought himself back into the room with a spring, a hopeful light shining in his black eyes. "Say, Miss Celia, there's an awful crowd on the street, and two engines—" A loud clanging of the bells sent the boy back to the window.

Celia smiled at his excitement as she went on with her work. "Say, Miss Celia, can I go to lunch now, and see where the fire is?" asked Thomas; "it's past 12."

Celia nodded, and grabbing his cap, the boy disappeared. As she worked steadily on Celia became conscious of an unusual commotion in the building. Doors slammed, and she could hear people running through the corridors. She noticed the burr of the fire engines, and just then her office door was flung open and some one called:

"Anybody in this office? The place is on fire!"

Celia sprang up and rushed into the corridor. As she did so, a fireman met her.

"All out! Take the stairs!" he called. "Hurry up, young woman. Don't stop for your hat," as he saw Celia turn back toward the open door of the office. "Hat," Celia repeated scornfully, remembering the economies practiced to save the money that lay in the little safe, and resolved that she would not leave the building without it. But she reckoned without her fireman. Before she could reach the office he was beside her, and his grasp was on her arm.

"You haven't time to go back. How came you to linger up here. A boy is having fits about you down on the sidewalk."

As he talked he hurried her toward the stairway.

"I can't go till I get that money," she screamed, as on the next landing a veil of smoke swept around them.

"Money! Nothing!" said the fireman, as he hurried her on. Two flights from the street and Celia found it difficult to breathe. One flight more, and she staggered, then came a sweep of fresh air, a boy's shrill cry, and with a word of warning to get home as soon as possible, the fireman relaxed his grasp, and Celia realized that she had been rescued from a great danger. "If he only would have waited," she thought ungratefully, "I could have saved the money."

"What will poor father do!" and she made her way home with a heavy heart. Thomas reached the street before he discovered that it was his own especial field of labor that was being destroyed. As soon as he learned this he made a wild effort to return to the building, but a big fireman stopped him.

"Miss Celia's up there! Up to the very top!" screamed the boy.

"I'll fetch her down," the big fireman responded, and he had. "She's all right and gone home," explained the fireman when Thomas assailed him ten minutes later.

"Did she get the money?" demanded the boy.

"Money! Do you think I let her hunt up her nickel purse while we burned?" demanded the fireman.

Thomas asked no more questions. Celia had bought the coal for the Cleary range that winter. She had told Mrs. Cleary that she would trust Thomas with untold sums, and Thomas knew that a boy whose father is in prison needs to be trusted. He remembered all these things in a dim sort of a way as he wriggled near the fire line, crept under, and rushed across the pavement to the entrance of the smoke-filled building.

Some one called out, "A boy's gone into the building!" but the eye of the law had not seen him, and Thomas was fighting his way through the smoke as fast as he could go. On the upper floors it was not so bad, and the boy managed to reach the office. He was almost choked. His hands were sore where he had grasped at the hot iron railings. His shoes were cracked, and his feet hurt. His eyes smarted and he could hardly see as he stumbled into the office. The safe door swung open at his touch and Thomas reached in after the roll of money. He slipped it inside his blouse and buttoned his jacket carefully. Then he stumbled toward the window, leaned out, and waved his hands frantically.

"There's a boy up there!" screamed a man in the crowd. The cry was caught up and echoed down the street. Thomas screamed and waved. The big ladders shot up, but not high enough to reach him. A rope came hurtling up, and Thomas grasped at it and missed it. The office back of him was growing warm, the smoke was creeping up like a wall. Again came the rope, and this time Thomas grasped it. He knew well enough how to make it fast round a leg of the big office table near the window. Then he slipped the noose about his body under the arms and crawled out of the window onto the broad curb. He could see the fireman on the ladder many feet below him.

"Come on," came the call. "Swing off easy; I'll get you."

And Thomas swung off, holding his own weight by the rope and letting himself down inch by inch, the rope cutting viciously into his sore hands.

Then came a grasp on his waist, the stroke of a knife on the rope, and the fireman carried him down the ladder.

"It's that boy," exclaimed the man. "Didn't I send you home? What do you mean—" But Thomas had eluded the detaining clutch, and making his way through the crowd, was soon speeding down the street.

Mr. Gilman heard of the fire on his way back to the city, and knew that every one had escaped from the building in safety, but when he reached home late that afternoon Celia's woebegone face gave him a sharp sensation of fear.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"The money, father! The fireman wouldn't let me go back for it. It's burned up."

"We won't worry about that just now, dear. I'm too thankful that you are safe."

Just then a call came on the telephone and Mr. Gilman responded.

"What do you think, Celia," he said almost accusingly, as he returned to the sitting room. "The fireman who brought you out called me up to tell me that he was afraid we'd been robbed. He said that a small, black-eyed boy asked him if you got the money from the safe, and on being told no, the boy rushed into the building, found his way through the smoke, and was rescued by getting out of the window and lowering himself half-way down on a rope."

"The plucky boy!" exclaimed Celia. "Just think of his taking all that risk. I hope he got my corals, too."

"Plucky!" exclaimed Mr. Gilman. "What I want to know is, where he is. The fire was at noon; it is nearly 7 o'clock now, and where is Thomas? He knows where we live. I always told you, Celia, that I didn't like that boy's looks. I didn't want to employ him in the first place."

"But he might as well have the money as to have it burned up," wailed Celia; "and he couldn't have spent it all this afternoon. Perhaps you can get it, father."

"That's what I'm going to try to do," said Mr. Gilman. And Celia and her mother were left to wonder at Thomas.

"I don't care a thing about the reunion," mourned Celia, but her mother persuaded her to put on the new gown and the white slippers, and when a ring came at the doorbell she was ready to start.

"It's the carriage," exclaimed Mrs. Gilman, and Celia ran to the door. Thomas stood on the doorstep. Thomas, with disreputable shoes, torn coat and dirty face. His hair standing out like an animated brush heap, but his "handsome smile," as Celia called it, illuminating his face. "O Thomas! You have brought the money!" exclaimed Celia, joyfully.

"No, ma'am," replied the boy.

His heavy chin quivered as he met Celia's accusing look.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said; "but your father said to take it down to the bank, so I took it, and here's the receipt." And he held out a begrimed envelope.

"O Tommy!" And Celia forgot the crisp, white dress and Tommy's grimy jacket, and hugged him vigorously.

"I couldn't get here before," explained the boy, when Mrs. Gilman appeared, "because I didn't have a nickel; and Roxbury's quite a walk, and my feet hurt."

"You are a hero!" exclaimed Celia ardently. "Isn't he, mother — a real hero? Tommy, after this you are to have $5 a week."

"I 'most forgot," said the smiling Tommy, reaching into his dirty blouse and bringing out a small package, "I fetched your corals, Miss Celia."

"O Tommy!" and Celia slipped the corals over her neck, while Thomas looked on admiringly, and discovered with surprise that corals were only pink beads.

In the meantime Mr. Gilman was making his way towards Thomas' home in South Boston. It was a tall wooden tenement house on a narrow street, and when Mr. Gilman had nearly reached the house a carriage drove briskly down the street and stopped in front of the tenement, and a young lady in a white dress and a small boy got out. Mrs. Cleary and several neighbors were seated on the steps, and eagerly claimed Tommy as their own. Mr. Gilman reached the door in season to hear Celia tell the story which made Thomas Cleary famous among his brethren.

"Thomas must have a new suit," remarked Mr. Gilman, as he and his daughter drove toward home.

"I have raised his pay to $5 a week!" announced Celia.

"H'm! Well, I think we had better make it $6," remarked Mr. Gilman.

"Thomas promises to make a fine man."—From Young Reaper.

Some "Truisms" Worthy to Be Memorized.

1. "God help the children of the rich—the poor can work."
2. "The reason that those who give strict attention to their business succeed, is that they have so little competition."
3. "Application means success."
4. "Be your weapon either brawn or brain—it's the stayer that wins."
5. "A thing well done, is twice done."
6. "One heat doesn't win the race."
7. "An organization of men is a machine for doing an hour's work in five minutes."
8. "Happiness is a matter of habit; and you had better gather it fresh every day or you will never get it at all."
9. As we grow better we meet better people."
10. "The great man is great on account of certain positive qualities that he possesses, not through the absence of faults."
11. "Don't tell the world how good you are; it is sure to find it out."
12. "Competition is not the life—but the death of growing crops. Each crop must have the land to itself to do its best."
13. "Quiet, modest, unassuming men often carry on their shoulders the fate of nations."
14. "It isn't all in what you say, but much in how you say it."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

Heat transmission from a hot to a cooler body is very materially dependent for amount under given conditions, per unit of time, upon the frequency or rapidity of change in the relative position of the two bodies. With given proximity the transmission is most active when such change is greatest.

The top of a carriage wheel in passing along the road moves more quickly through the atmosphere than the bottom. This sounds almost foolish, but it is absolutely sound. It is due to the movable axis or axle. The top of the wheel has forward motion plus forward revolution. The bottom of the wheel has the same forward motion minus backward revolution.

A novel method of pumping liquids from bore holes is by means of an endless rope, somewhat after the fashion of the chain pump, only in this case the liquid to be raised is absorbed by the rope and squeezed out between rollers at the surface, says Mining Science. As the rope is in balance the only power required is to overcome friction and raise the liquid.

The "axle-light" system is in use on the trains of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad on an extensive scale. Each car has its own storage batteries supplied with electricity generated by the axles of the wheels, and the locomotive headlights derive their illumination from the same source. It is estimated that each full train, exclusive of the locomotive, develops nearly 5000 candle power light.

The production of oxygen and hydrogen on an industrial scale by the decomposition of water with electrolytic apparatus in Germany has led to the suggestion that hydrogen thus produced may find a wide field of employment as a lighting agent. It is now used for inflating military balloons. For lighting purposes it is compressed in steel cylinders. With a proper burner it is said to be a cheaper illuminant than acetylene, the relative cost for equal illuminating power being twenty-five for hydrogen to fifty for acetylene.

Taking into consideration the serious damage caused by fire at previous exhibitions, says Science, the Executive Committee of the Turin International Exhibition of 1911 has decided to open an international competition for preparations best adapted to render incombustible the wood and cloth structure of the exhibition, and will award a prize of 4000 lires and two gold medals and two silver medals in this connection. The preparations must be such that they can be applied without visible alteration of the color and resistance of the materials.

French Family Statistics.

The number of French families, that is to say households with or without children, is estimated at 11,315,000. Of this total 1,804,720 families have no children, 2,966,171 have one child, 2,661,978 have two children, 1,643,425 have three, 987,392 have four, 566,758 have five, 327,241 have six, 182,993 have seven, 94,729 have eight, 44,728 have nine, 20,639 have ten, 8205 have eleven, 3508 have twelve, 1437 have thirteen, 564 have fourteen, 249 have fifteen, 79 have sixteen, 34 have seventeen, and finally 45 families have 18 or more.—Republique Francaise, Paris.

Shame on Him!

"Of course, John," said Mrs. Younghusband, "I like my kitchen quite well, but I'd like to have one of those new portable ranges."

"But, my dear," protested her foxy husband, "we'd have to get portable cooking utensils to go with it."

"That's so. I never thought of that."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Train Cut Off a Fox's Brush.

During the run with the Vine Hounds at Whitechurch the other day a fox was caught by one of the hounds on the railway line. Before the hounds could be whipped off an express train dashed into them, killing one and cutting off the fox's brush.—London Daily Mail.

Over 92,000 natives are employed by the missionary societies of this country and Europe in spreading the Gospel among their fellows.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

TO DISPEL THE CLOUDS.

A laugh is just like sunshine,
  It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light,
  And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
  And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
  For cheering folk along!

A laugh is just like music,
  It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
  The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
  Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
  For making living sweet!
—The Young Folks' Catholic Weekly.

THE DOG THAT DANCED.

It was Saturday, and so, of course, there was no school. All the week the ice on the ponds had been growing thicker and thicker, to the great joy of the Conway boys, James and Arthur, and their friend, George Arnold; for their fathers had told them that if the ice was strong enough by Saturday they might skate down across Long Pond and go through the pass to Big Island Lake.

It was found that the ice was thick enough, so about 10 o'clock they started. Their mothers had put up luncheons for them, and the boys were going to build a fire on the ice, near the shore, to keep warm while they ate, and perhaps cook some bacon by sticking the slices in the ends of split sticks, and holding it over the fire.

The ice was so clear that the boys, by putting their faces down close to it, could look through it like a pane of glass, and see things on the bottom near the shore, and dead leaves moving slowly along toward the outlet. Once George saw a fish—a big pickerel, as long as his arm.

By the time they reached the foot of Long Pond it was nearly noon, and the boys were so hungry that they decided to have their luncheon at once. They wanted some dry wood to make the fire, so they all took off their skates and laid them down on the ice by the boxes of luncheon. Then they went back a little way into the wood on the shore, for the sticks.

Each boy gathered a big armful—so big that it stuck way up in the air in front of him and almost kept him from seeing where he was going. But they pushed their way through the bushes to the ice again, and dropped the wood in a pile for their fire.

Just then they heard a crackling in the bushes. They turned and saw a big, funny looking dog coming out. He was shaggy, and a kind of dirty brown in color; and he had small eyes, very black, that twinkled, and a sharp nose that kept quivering and wrinkling up.

When he saw the boys he stopped a moment, and put his nose up in the air and sniffed. Then he walked slowly out on the ice toward the boys' luncheon. His walk was ungainly.

"What a big dog he is!" said James; and indeed he was—bigger than any the boys had ever seen before.

"And what a funny walk he has," said George. Then the other boys noticed it, too—a kind of roly-poly, waddling walk, as if he were made of jelly, all shaky. They had never seen a dog walk like that before.

The dog did not pay any attention to the boys, but kept on toward the lunch boxes they had left on the ice. He did not seem to be cross and they went a few steps toward him, and shouted and shook sticks at him, which they took from the pile of wood. Then he growled, but kept right on toward the luncheon.

"Throw your stick at him," said James to Arthur, "perhaps that will scare him."

Arthur threw the stick, but as it whirled through the air, the big dog suddenly stood up on his hind legs and caught the stick in one of his paws, just as a boy will catch a baseball bat which another boy tosses to him. Then the boys were astonished and terrified to see him begin to dance on his hind legs, moving his head up and down, and making a funny noise that was partly growl and partly as if he were trying to sing when he had a bad cold.

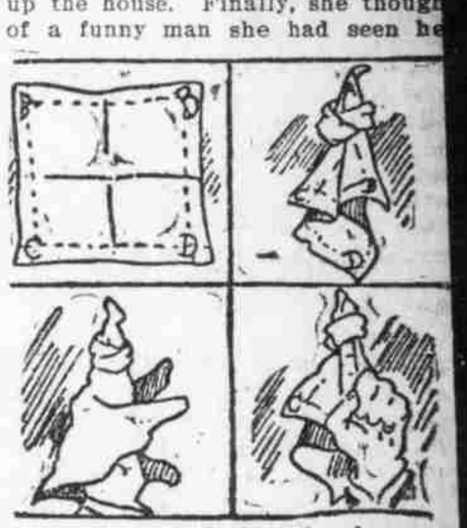
"It's a bear! It's a bear!" cried George and Arthur together, and getting James by the hand, they all three started to run.

Now every boy knows how hard it is to run on ice without skates. You keep slipping and sliding, and you cannot turn quickly at all. Before the boys could reach the shore, the bear, moving in a circle, had got between them and the land, and in trying to turn, James slipped and slid right ahead, toward the bear. He set up a great cry, but George and Arthur did not let go of him, although they, too, were very much frightened.

Then, all at once, there came a great shouting and crashing in the bushes, and out popped a little man with high boots and a red flannel shirt and a fur cap. His eyes were big and black, and his hair curly; and in his ears he had little rings of gold. He talked very loud to the bear, and seemed to be scolding him, but the boys could not understand what he said. He walked right to the bear and slapped him tw across the face with his hand. T bear whined and began to dance the faster. Then the little man to a big collar from his pocket a strapped it round the bear's ne and began to lead him away by rope. Just before he went he turn to the boys and said, with a smi that showed his white teeth, "B Beppo! Run away. No like danc Get cold, get seek."—Edward V Frentz, in the American Cultivator

.FUN WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

Dottie was sick in bed with a col and didn't know how to make tim pass while mamma was straightenin up the house. Finally, she though of a funny man she had seen he



papa make with his hand and a handkerchief, and with a little trying she managed to get it just right. Can you make "the Orator" shown in Fig. 4? Try. It is fun.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WAVE CARVING.

In the southeastern portion of California is a great desert plain known as the Yuha Plain, which lies below the level of the sea. It is a portion of the Colorado desert, in which is a depression below sea level having an area of 3900 square miles. Some portions of this great sink are 265 feet below the level of the sea. The Yuha Plain is less than fifty feet below.

One portion of this plain, several miles in extent, is covered with remarkable stones—remarkable in that they have been shaped into many curious forms, and that independent of the hand of man. The waves of an ancient sea which covered the region in the prehistoric ages fashioned the stones, producing many resemblances to objects manufactured in workshops to-day or found in nature. There are stone balls varying in size from a marble to a cannon ball, many of them as round and smooth as those cast for the great guns of a man-of-war.

There are stone dinner plates, as thin as the porcelain or china found on the tables for our dining room and nearly as perfect in shape. Sometimes these are found in piles two or three feet high, as though arranged by the hand of man. There are stone flowers, stone cabbages, stone dumb-bells, stone canes, stone quoits, stone boomerangs, and even resemblances to birds and animals are discovered.

The peculiar freak of the waves in taking up the art of carving in this part of the plain is accounted for by the conformation of the desert at this point. When the waters of the sea occupied this region they were a part of the Gulf of California, the nearest point of which is now ninety miles distant. The tides came in to this ancient sea through the gulf from the south. They rolled up against what is now known as Superstition Mountains; the waters swept back against a low range of hills on the opposite side of the Yuha Plain, and recoiling, were again thrown back toward the Superstition Mountains, finally passing out at about the point whence they entered this arm of the gulf. This kept the waters at that particular point always in a swirl. This circular motion wore the rocks round, or nearly so, laminated some of them, carving the plates and thin pieces, kept small rocks and boulders revolving, turning out the balls and dumb-bells and in like manner by their peculiar actions.—St. Nicholas.

THE GIRL THAT LOOKED.

An Idaho girl, eight years old, wanted a Teddy bear, and her mother told her that she might go out into the fields and look for one. Not finding one near the house, the girl wandered farther away, and presently found herself lost. For three days and nights searching parties were looking for her in the thickets, and she was finally found at the foot of a tree and fast asleep. When aroused she sat up and said:

"I've looked all over the world and I can't find a Teddy bear. I guess they are all dead."—Sabbath Reading.

You Can't Stump Us.

The Assyrian was scratching some hieroglyphics on a brick. "What are you writing?" asked his chum. "Hanged if I know," responded the engraver, "but I guess some of those Assyriologists of the twentieth century can translate it all right."—Philadelphia Ledger.