

A LOVE SONG

Along the rippling waves in May,
In the sea I sing;
He has the same sweet words to say
Across the fields of spring.

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS

BY S. L. BACON.

I was a young man then, 24 years of age. That is very young, is it not? And I had been at work ever since I was a mere lad, for I had my living to make, and at the time of which I write I held a good position and had the respect of my employers.

The shore faded, about me was the measureless sea. Night came on. I was faint and worn with hunger, and I crawled down into the hold and wished for death to come to my release.

ing still that and smile upon the lips. The next instant a light flashed before my eyes. The storm had abated, had ceased. All was calm. Beside me stood a tall man in uniform. His appearance seemed strange to me. He suggested that which I had forgotten. He held his arm thrown about me, and he seemed to be supporting me.

"The Fleur-de-lis!" she exclaimed. "Surely it is not possible, dear one! My mother's only sister, my young aunt, a beautiful girl, scarcely 18, was lost on that vessel. It is for her I am grieved. She was sailing from England with her companion and maid. They perished. Her blue eyes filled with tears. 'You see it is not possible, sweetheart.'"

ROAD SUPERVISION.
Practical Men Needed to Direct the Work of Improvement.
A. W. Campbell of Toronto, highway commissioner for the province of Ontario, said at the recent good roads meeting at Chicago: "What we must do is to organize ourselves permanently. We must have proper plans, specific methods, a concentration of money and energy. Streets and roads should be classified according to their requirements. The organization of our forces, with competent men at the head to see that the labor and capital are used to the best advantage, will bring success to the movement."

FLORIDA'S BLUSHING TREE.
The Secret of Its Foliage Changing From Green to Red.
"Among the many wonders of those strange Florida swamps there is nothing more surprising than the blushing tree," said a man, who has recently passed a month in the Everglades of Florida.

He Got the Hat.
An Allegheny schoolteacher had occasion to reprimand one of the boys in her school for some infraction of the rules, and she sent him into a small room to wait until after school had been dismissed for the day. The boy did not care to wait for the punishment which he had good reason to believe was in store for him, so he got out of the room through a window, leaving his hat behind him. This was on Friday afternoon. The boy remained near the school until the other pupils came out, and then he persuaded one of the smaller boys to go back and ask the teacher for his hat. The teacher refused to give it to him and said that the boy must come for it himself.

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