And by such things alone I measure out
The slow drip of the minutes from Time's caves.
For if I think of when I lived, I doubt
It was but yesterday I brushed the flowers;
But when I think of what I am, thought leaves
The weak mind dizzy in a waste of hours.
O God, how happy is the man that grieves?

Life? It was life to look upon her face, And it was life to rage when she was gone; But this new horror!—In the market-place A form, in all things like me as I moved Of old, is marked or halled of many an That takes it for his friend that lived and loved-And I laugh voicelessly, a laugh of stone.

For here I lie and neither move nor feel. And watch that Other pacing up and down The room, or pausing at his potter's wheel To turn out cunning vessels from the clay Vessels that he will hawk about the town And then return to work another day Frowning; but 1-1 neither smile nor frown.

I see him take his coat down from the peg And put it on, and open the white door, And brush some bit of cobweb from his leg, And look about the room before he goes And then the clock goes ticking as before, And I am with him and know all he does, And I am here and tell each clock-tick o'er.

And men are praising him for subtle skill; And women love him—God alone knows why He can have all the world holds at his will— But this, to be a living soul, and this No man but I can give him; and I lie And make no sign, and care not what he is, And hardly know if this indeed be I.

Ah, if she came and bent above me here,
Who lie with straight bands bound about my chin!
Ah, if she came and stood beside this bier
With aureoles as of old upon her hair
To light the darkness of this burial bin! Should I not rise again and breathe the air And feel the veins warm that the blood beats in?

Or should I lie with sinews fixed and shriek As dead men shriek and make no sound? Should I See her grav eyes look love and hear her speak And be all impotent to burst my shroud?
Will the dead never rise from where they lie? Or will they never cease to think so loud? Or is to know and not to be, to die?

-Richard Hovey.

I knew Banner street well; the

place was not more than ten min-

gave himself up to the new idea, and

spoke well for its human occupants.

presently I saw a figure lying near

of rags. It was that of a poor, decent

looking woman. A few words of sym-

her simple story. The woman was a

stead of healing, apparently had fes-

tered. A large, unwholesome ulcer

She had gone twice as an out patient

walk no longer. Her work as a char-

hand or foot on her own behalf! By

her side stood a little girl of about

caned her-a bright-eyed, winsome

But Billy was the bread winner!

He it was who kept the wolf from the

door. It was he who had boldly gone

into trade in the endeavor to supply

homespun, and often hidden in ob-

she not go to a hospital? The ques-

buked. "What would become of the

children?" said the poor woman.

he is a brave lad! But our Bess-,'

Billy might do for a bit by himself;

little lassie.

made an epic.



By the Late Dr. T. J. Barnado.

It was a murky ovening at the close t. Peptember, and the outlook was drab and dreary. A few splashy utes' walk away. "Come on with drops of rain fell occasionally, and me," I said, "and I will see your the muddy streets were most unpleas- mother. I am a doctor, you know, ant for pedestrians. Truly, an un- and perhaps I can do her some good." inviting night in which to be abroad!

1 had been attending the board meeting of a society in which I was trotted off by my side, his tongue interested, and I was absorbed in waging briskly the while. Here was thinking over some few points of an adventure, or at least, an event! the business transacted. I hardly He managed to keep up a never failnoticed, therefore, that as I left Moor- ing stream of small talk which, I gate street station a timid little voice could not help observing, always and girls. I told yer God would hear began to assail my ear. "Marches, came round, often by very sharp ansir," it said in a curious persistent gles, to the "nice gemman!" whine. I walked steadily on, but the voice followed, challenging my atten- few minutes then brought us to the there ain't much profit!

comment at length checked my pro- filthy stairs. My guide hooked his trousers ragged, his jacket torn, muffled "Come in, sir," I entered Trousers and jacket were all he had patched cap was perched on one side floor space. Yet there was a marof his head in a knowing fashion. pathetically at variance with the sad lines of his face. The child looked to instance, was wonderously clean. And me about eight years of age; but I guessed him to be nine, for he was of stunted growth.

"Sold much to-day?" I inquired. He shook his head.

"Six boxes ain't much-only t'ree "a pence for the lot."

"Who sent you out?"

"Mother."

"And why does mother send out a chap like you?" "She can't help it; she's werry

"Where is she?" "Home." "Anybody else there?"

bad."

"Sissy." "How old is she?"

"Oh, she don't count! She'z miler than me-lots littler." "Do you make much money?"

"Sometimes, if I'm lucky."

"Are you often lucky?" "Not xactly often; I wor in real

luck yesterday,

"How's that?"

"Such a nice gemman kem along and says be: 'You are a poor little chap;' and he gev me a bob. Oh, he wor a nice gemman, he wor."

My young companion had wasted no words, and now, when such empeasis was laid upon this particular gentleman, I felt he was being held up for imitation:

"Why don't you go home with your three ba pence?" I continued. "Tain't no use," said the boy.

"Tain't no use going home with littler nor a tanner, sir!

'Must you tiways have a tanner? The little head was nodded quickly and emphatically. Clearly sixprince was the irreducible mimimum. "Well, now," I said "tell me where

your mother lives " "Thirteen Plough Court, Banner street, St. Luke s," was the prompt And then the poor soul fairly broke come baldheaded ye kin set in th'

were wiped away, and as I looked at the calm, resolute face, I discovered

where Bill got his bravery from. "Well, then," said I, "why not try to get the children into some home or refuge, while you are taken to the hospital and properly treated?"

"Ah, yes, sir!" replied she eagerly, 'that's what I would like; but then I don't know how to set about it."

Then, to my surprise, she added, in the simplest, most matter-of-fact tone imaginable, "' have been prayin' to the Lord all the time I have been nere to take care of the children, and to keep our Bess from the streets."

Here in this wretched room, deprived of everything, depending absolutely upon a child of nine years of age for food and fuel-here lay this decent, industrious creature with a firm trust in the God of prayer, and in her breast there still burned the flame of faith and hope.

"Yes, indeed, God has His own in every nook of the great city! Poor Mrs. Rider was a Christian woman, strong in prayer, and drawing in simple trust upon all the powers of the Omnipotent.

"Look here, sir," continued the woman. She put her hand under the pillow, and pulled out a leaf of a well known religious weekly journal. "Look here, sir, read that!" And under my very eyes she placed a short narrative of one of my own rescues. which had been reprinted in its columns! How the page had drifted to her I know not; but the last lines of the story contained the statement of mine which has been so often repeated, and which all my readers know so well: "Never during all these years have I refused a single destitute child who has made application at our doors." "There, sir," said the poor creature, not knowing in the least to whom she spoke, "I have been hopin' and prayin' that God would let Billy and our Bess get in there. I know they'd be safe, and they'd both be together, and then I'd go in cheerful to the 'espital."

I thought for a few moments before I answered. At length I said slowly: "I did not tell you who I am; but now I must let you know." The poor woman looked up with something like alarm written on her face. I continued: "My name is Barnardo, and I have a great many poor girls and boys in my keeping. And really that is why I asked your little lad to bring me here to-day. Now, if I can help you by keeping the children for a while, I will."

It is impossible to describe the emotions of wonder and amazement which passed over that poor sufferir : mother's face! The tears poured Without more ado the little chap down her cheeks.

"Billy," she called, and the boy ran quickly to his mother's side. "Bess, dear," she added; and then, holding the two children in her trembling hands, she said: "This is the gentleman that has all the little boys me, and now He's just sent him here to take and keep you both until I am We soon reached Banner street. A well again.

As for me, I felt at once humbled, tion. The speaker must have been a corner of a dingy, pestilential look- encouraged and thankful; humbled diminutive little match seller, for the ing court, lined on each side by tum- to think that in any hour of darksound was near the ground. Again ble down two story houses which ness and difficulty I had ever doubted he repeated carnestly: "Two a ha- looked as though they had been or that God heard and answered prayer; penny! 'Two boxes a ha'-penny! Buy iginally jerry built, and had been out encouraged by this fresh proof of our this release, I tried to escape to the cabin and he was immediately felled Then after a pause, he of repair for many years back. They Father's guiding hand; and thankful shelter of some tall bushes near at by a blow. The cook then drew a resumed: "Could give yer three, but were noisome in the extreme, fetid, for the opportunity thus afforded me hand. recking of slime and neglect. No. 13 of stretching out a helping hand to That curious chant with its quaint presented a set of creeky and very one of our Lord's own children.

broken into. I stopped, and at a without delay we began to climb up of the various names and addresses glance took in the scene and the and up, until at last we reached a with which she supplied me, so that speaker at once. I saw a sight, com- back room on the top floor. The boy we could verify the facts and assure mon enough, alas, in London-a lit- ran in first, while I waited outside. ourselves that there was genuine tle street vet.der, shoeless and stock- Only a minute elapsed, when the need and friendlessness in the case. ingless, his bare feet well mudded, his door was opened, and in response to a I left with a promise that, if all proved right, I would admit the chil-The room was literally devoid of dren to the homes for a time while to cover him from the drizzling rain furniture. There was no chair to sit the mother entered the hospital. Of and shivering fog. A queer little old down; no table to fill up the hare course, I saw to the immediate needs of the family, but not until I made velous air of peace, and even of com- Billy tell me once again the story of fort, in that empty garret! All, for the "nice gemman."

"Now, Billy, what shall I do to be one felt that there was a decent and like the nice gentleman? Shall I gracious air about the place which give you a shilling now, or shall I take you both into my home, and It was sometime before my eyes send your mother to the hospital?" could take in my surroundings. But

Billy hesitated; but there was no feeling of doubt in Bessie's mind. the window, on the floor, on a heap | The words were hardly out when she sidled over to me, and placed her little hand trustingly in mine. Billy pathy and explanation, and I learned said more slowly: "If mother wor well, I think it would be nicer to have widow of about forty-five. She had the shillin'; but I'll go with you, sir, injured her leg, and the wound, in- all right."

Ere long one or my good woman helpers was in the room supplying was exposed to view as I examined it. the wants of the patient, bringing food and fuel and a few needed garto the nearest hospital, but she could ments to the children, while I obtained an order giving admission to weman had had perforce to be given the hospital to this poor member of up; so there she lay, helpless to move "the household of faith."

And that was how Billy and Bess came to be counted among the greatsit years of age-"our Bess," she est family in the world, 5450 strong! -Sabbath Reading.

The Leech a Weather Prophet.

A leech confined in a vial of water will prove an excellent weather mother, sister and himself with prophet. If the weather is to conbread. Deeply affected, I listened to tinue fine the leech lies motionless at the simple, homely, heroic story. Men the bottom of the vial and rolled toare inclined to the belief that heroes gether in a spiral form. If it is to are made only on special occasions. be rain, either before or after noon, Yet in truth the finest heroes are it is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging, and there it rescurity. Billy was of the true stuff, mains until the weather is settled, and his modest struggle might have If we are to have wind the poor prisoner gallops through his limpid habi-Why, I asked of the woman, did tation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests until it begins to blow tion was hardly asked when I felt re- hard .- The Scotsman.

A Word From Josh Wise. Look on th' bright side. Ef ye be

down. Yet in a minute the tears front row.



CARRIED OFF BY A TIGER. It is not often that a person who has been in the claws of a tiger can tell later how the experience seemed to him. Mr. John Bradley, an English sportsman, had the good luck to escape with his life from such a predicament, and in his "Narrative of Travel and Sport" tells what the sensation was like. He was hunting tigers in the eastern part of Burma when he met with the adventure. Two other Englishmen were with him at the time.

We marched along carelessly without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning, when he exclaimed, "Beware, sahih!" and a full grown tiger went past us at a gallop.

A straggling volley was fired after it, and although evidently not struck, the beast stopped, and rearing up on his hind legs, clawed the bark of a tree just as a cat scratches the leg of a chair or a table.

Mr. Grant and I fired simultaneously, but without effect, and before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind, I was down under its paws.

Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat, and then, growling horribly, dragged thick undergrowth of the forest, I heard the frightened shouts of my companions and the report of several me; but I did not lose consciousness.

As I was jolted through the forest, I several times caught hold of the and started for Australia. trees; but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant. All persons have described under similar | confession, in which he said: circumstances.

How long I was in the jaws of this have been fatal to me.

The moment the tiger halted it tomahawk. released my thigh, and seemed to be anions, although as yet I did not see

There and then I entered fully into seizing me this time by the shoulder, out for the shore, fourteen miles disgress. My thoughts were effectually small hand firmly into mine, and the mother's story, and made notes and at the same time lacerating my tant, and Jackson threw him a plank. chest with its claws.

bullet whistling overhead. Fear of schooner. hitting me caused them to aim too high. A second and third shot were again releasing me, began to lick up group." the blood which oozed through my jacket. I began to feel very faint, lao for trial. and could not suppress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face. but did not use its claws, fortunately for me.

Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage, and beone approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but whom I could not see, owing to my position, for I was lying flat on my back. There was the sharp bang of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my friend was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger.

TELLS OF YAQUI RAID.

Suffering from the wounds inflicted by Yaqui Indians Mrs. W. R. Baker has arrived at Comstock, Texas, to make her home with her brother-in-law, D. S. Baker, and family. The husband of Mrs. Baker was murdered before her eyes. He was superintendent of the Nina mine in Sonora, Mex., which is owned by the Yaqui Copper Company of New York. This mine was shut down some time remained pending a resumption of from Minas Prietas, the nearest railroad point, and fifteen miles from the

nearest neighbor. "I had no warning of the attack," Mrs. Baker said, relating her experience to friends. "It was on March 17. My husband had gone the day before to Suaqui, twenty-five miles away, to get some household supplies. In the afternoon two Mexican ranchmen, who were our friends, came to the man, "and what do you suppose the house and invited my two older boys, Marion and Alva, to accompany a mouse in the waste basket near the them to a high elevation on a neigh- phone, and she was afraid to go near boring mountain for a view of the Yaqui River Valley. The boys took their father's field glasses and went with the ranchmen.

"My twin boys, Orin and Owen, were playing when the hand of Indians dashed out of the forest and began firing on them. The boys ran into the house. I barricaded the door, grabbed my husband's rifle and pistol and began firing through the window, I was shot three times through the arms.

"The Indians broke down the door. My little daughter Frances was in bed sick. They carried her into the forest and I heard a shot. I supposed they had killed her as they had threatened. My other children and I were then put under guard and the looting of the house was begun. The robbers took \$250 in money and all the provisions and clothing they could load upon their horses.

"Suddenly Mr. Baker appeared riding a horse and leading two pack mules. The outlaws fired a dozen bullets into his body and he fell dead. The Indians fell upon the packs which my husband was bringing home from town, and I took my children and fled into the forest. We traveled all night and the next forenoon we were found by my son Alva, who had followed our trail.

"My sons and the two Mexican ranchmen when they heard the shots ran toward the house. None of them was armed and the Indians fired on them, killing one of the ranchmen. My two sons and the other ranchman ran back into the forest, where they remained until the Indians had gone. My daughter Frances was found unharmed. Alva then rode to the mining camp of Todos Santos, where he notified the five Americans at that place. These men armed themselves and returned with my son, but ng trace of the Indians was found."

PIRACY AND MURDER.

A remarkable story of piracy and nurder in the South Seas has been brought to Victoria, British Columbia, by the crew of the steamship Marama. The captain and mate of a me at a tremendous rate through the Callao schooner were attacked with a tomahawk and forced to jump overboard. Joseph Mortimer, a Belgian, J. Taylor, of Manchester, and G. shots, and then a dizziness came over Jackson, of London, charged with attacking them, stole the schooner, the Nevure Tigre, of Callao, it is alleged,

The vessel was wrecked in the Gilbert Islands, where it was found by this time, although quite calm and Captain Marshall, of the trading collected, I felt a strong desire to schooner Laurel, who reported the preserve my existence, and never for affair to the authorities at Suva. a moment experienced that apathy where the pirates were made prisonwith regard to the danger that some ers. Jackson, it is alleged, made a

"The schooner sailed under the Italian flag, being owned by the masbrute I cannot tell. It seemed to me ter and mate, both of whom were an age before the creature stopped. forced at the point of a gun to jump My companions afterwards declared overboard. The schooner sailed out that I had been dragged at least half of Callao early in November last, hava mile from the spot where I was ing on board a crew of five-the capfirst seized. They followed as fast tain and mate, the cook, Joseph Moras they could run, and although I timer; myself as cabin boy and J. was unaware of it at the time, never Taylor. The vessel had only got lost sight of the beast. To this cir- about fourteen miles off the coast the cumstance I undoubtedly owe my first day from Callao when the cook life, for had there been any delay made an attack on the mate and capin rendering me assistance, it must tain. He rushed at the mate first and struck him on the head with a

"The mate was felled by the blow, attracted by the approach of my com- but quickly recovered himself and took to the rigging. The captain them myself. Taking advantage of hearing the scuffling came out of the pistol and forced first the mate and In an instant and with a terrible then the captain to jump overboard. roar the creature pounced upon me, The mate sank, but the captain struck The cook threatened Jackson, who A shot was fired, and I heard the agreed to assist in working the

"The cargo was jettisoned and we started for Australia. The vessel finequally unsurcessful; and the tiger, ally went ashore in the Gilbert

The prisoners may be sent to Cal-

A DANGEROUS LOCALITY.

That women as office employes are not without some slight drawbacks, to offset their many virtues, is the opinion of a well known business man who had occasion to leave his office gan to spit like an angry cat at some the other day. The stenographer remained behind to attend to business and answer the telephone.

The man had been away from the office an hour, when he suddenly remembered that he had an appointment with a business acquaintance at 3 o'clock. Hastily glancing at his watch he saw that it lacked but a few minutes of the hour, and realizing that if his friend came to the office and found him absent trouble might ensue he hurried to a telephone.

"Hello! Give me two-one-seven, ing two, please."

A pause. "No, I didn't get them. Ring 'em again."

Another pause. "Please ring that number again. know some one is there."

"They don't answer? Why, that's my office, and my stenographer is ago and the camp was deserted, but waiting - Hello, is that you, Miss Baker, his wife and seven children Robbins? Has Mr. Brown been in? He has! Jun gone? Why, I've been operations. It is a hundred miles ringing you for ten minutes! What! What!!"

He hung up the receiver. "Well," the man said, turning to a

drug clerk, "that throws some new light on women in business." "What's the matter?" asked the

clerk, who had heard the talking. "My stenographer didn't answer the phone for ten minutes when I was waiting to catch a friend," exclaimed was the reason? She says there was it."-Youth's Companion.

Muscles of the Moth.

As many as 4061 muscles have been counted in the body of a moth,



The greatest heat is never found on the equator, but some ten degrees to the north, while more severe cold has been registered in Northern Siberia than has been found near the Pole.

A patent has recently been issued to a Washington chemist for extracting alcohol from natural gas, and it is announced in the consular reports that a plant for demonstrating the commercial value of the invention is soon to be erected at Bradford, in Pennsylvania. The product obtained, is like wood, not potable alcohol. Five thousand feet of gas, at a cost of from twenty-five to fifty cents, will produce about fifty gallons of alcohol.

What is claimed to be the first electrical furnace for the production of steel in Belgium is approaching completion at the works of the Societe des Acieries Liegeoises, at Brussels. It is of the Kjellin-Roechling type.

Pear-shaped balloons are the fashion in Belgium. The point is upward the base of the balloon is spherical. It is claimed that balloons of this shape pierce the air vertically with far greater speed than the ordinary spherical balloon. Consequently they are steadier. Also the upper pointed end prevents the accumulation of moisture or snow on the surface, which frequently weighs a balloon down and destroys its power to rise.

The "luminous owls" that lately startled certain good Britons almost certainly owe their light, it is now agreed, to foreign matter on the feathers. This is probably phosphorescent bacteria from decaying wood, but it might be a phosphorescent feather fungus such as is known in geese, or an excessive section of exuding oil from a diseased condition of the oil gland.

A new wire of special advantage in electrical industries is obtained by a Parisian metallurgist through a perfected process of welding copper to steel wire. Great conductivity is combined with tensile strength and elasticity, giving a wire stronger than copper and smaller and less exposed to wind action than iron or steel of the same capacity.

Professor T. D. A. Cockerell, of the University of Colorado, describes a well-preserved specimen of a wasp, belonging to the genus Paratiphia. found in the shale rocks of Miocene time at Florisant, Col., which exhibits a peculiar venation of the wings, exactly as it appears in the same genus to-day. The most striking peculiarity is a characteristic imperfect vein in the wing, which persists in the same insect at the present time.

Maple Sugar Yield Per Tree.

We have it from an expert authority that the average yield of maple sugar per tree in a season is three pounds, and that it oftener averages only from one and one-half to two pounds. While we have the greatest respect for the judgment of our friends who are in the business and are entitled to great consideration, we are rather skeptical as to this point and are inclined to think that they have set the figures low. We should think that the maximum yield, instead of three pounds, would be nearly three times three; what the average would be we cannot say. It makes some difference how much sap a tree runs and as to what percentage of sugar is in the sap. Some rock maple trees will yield barrels of sap more than others in a season, and will run much longer.

We would like to hear from some of our readers in Vermont on this question .- New England Grocer.

Human Hair Exports From Japan. The British commercial attache at Yokohama has written a report on the subject of the Japanese export trade in human hair, which is an industry of recent growth in Japan. 'The total export in 1904 amounted to a little over \$1000, but in 1906 the total reached \$60,000. Although this rapid rate of progress was not maintained during 1907, yet the industry was well sustained. The hair exported is all black in color and rather coarse and consists almost entirely of the combings of women of the lower classes. A French brush manufactory at Osaka exports large quantities to Paris, where the hair is made up into wigs and other articles, which find a ready market .- Daily Consular

Honesty and Matrimony.

Reports.

I was astonished to observe that Diogenes passed by all the married men without subjecting them to any scrutiny whatever, and my perplexity must have appeared in my face, for it was not long until the famous philosopher was pleased to remark:

"Of course, there's no possibility of him whom I seek being married. He would make a woman mad the very first time he went to see her."-Life

More Sleep.

Do we, any of us, sleep enough now? Schoolboys are said to need more sleep than they get. Poor children, certainly, could do with longer hours. Again, in the season what busy man or woman gets enough? I believe this is the cause of so much of the nervous exhaustion and neurasthenia we hear about .- Lady Violet Graville, in the Londen Graphic. .