

NOCTURNE.

Up to her chamber window... A slight wire tremble... And up this Remon's ladder...

WAS IT HER MOTHER?

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

Just a little voice calling through the dark, "Mamma, oh, mamma!" and a low sound of stifled sobbing.

Col. Trevelthick heard them both, and they sought him with a new sense of loss and pain. He had scarcely thought of his little girl since his wife died, five hours before—died at the very instant when she was kissing him good-by, taking with her into the far heavens the warm breath of his boy's love.

"There in Maud Harrison," some one had said, and he had turned to look, and met the fauntic gaze of two Frank, gentle, very beautiful brown eyes. "Brightest eyes that ever have shone," he said to himself.

She was a good little creature, and she did not rebel even at the summons to go out of her earthly Eden in search of the paradise of God. She longed to go to him, for she had heard her own and she could have resigned herself to die more willingly but for her husband's passion of love.

"I shall not go so far as you think," now when he heard the low call of his little Maudie, and her smothered sobbing, he remembered the words of his dead darling. Did she indeed, hear Maudie cry, and was it possibly troubling her? He got up and went into the little room where Maudie had slept alone ever since her sixth birthday, a couple of months ago. He bent over her low bed, and asked tenderly: "What is it, darling?"

A little, frightened figure lifted itself up, and two little arms clung round his neck. "Bessie put me to bed without taking me to mamma. Mamma did not kiss me good-night, and I want the should; oh, I want she should. Bessie wouldn't carry me to see her; and I want you to. Bessie said mamma never would kiss me again; but that isn't true, is it? You know I've heard mamma say Bessie would be always able."

Trevelthick considered for a moment what he should say to his child. He could make her understand great, sad, awful, yet triumphant words which had come to pass that under their roof—the great loss, yet the great hope that halloved was such a baby it seemed hard to lose his words. Must he tell her her mamma would never kiss her? But how did he know that? The dear Lord promised "all those who love Him, did it include the little, broken, broken, the springing of "mend, the finding one's own again, where?" He thought it must, for a word without meaning heaven had to him if his own Maudie was not there! He temporized a little.

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THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. SPENCER S. ROGHE.

Subject: Lessons of Elijah's Life.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—At St. Mark's P. E. Church, the Rev. Dr. Spencer S. Roghe, the pastor, preached Sunday on "Lessons From Elijah's Life." The text was from I. Kings, xix:3: "And he came thither, unto a cave."

The lesson present quite fully the life of that grand old prophet Elijah the Tishbite. From a sublime scene in his life I shall attempt to draw such lessons as may be to the hour. Let us see the moment when the soul yearned to be on high, the mount of God. Give your thoughts to this statement, "And he came thither, unto a cave."

A small space of the coming and going of the great prophet the journey brought to view, and the glory the return revealed. Throughout we must remember that we study a typical case. A mighty God, dealing with His discouraged servants. What the Lord said and did to Elijah. He would have us believe He says and does to ourselves.

From one of the most striking situations in history we are to learn the lesson. The occasion of his fall was one of the slightest of incidents, as when an avalanche which carries down the side of a mountain is started by the wind or a pebble thrown by a tourist's halloo. Alas, talk with his wife. We have seen greatness of character in reticence, as when to the numerous interrogatories of Phile the Pharisee he said, "I have no sin, and nothing to accuse me of."

"Was it her mother?—can it be it was the child's mother?" the father cried, uttering his thought aloud, unconsciously. "Of course it was mamma; and she has made me well. See how Dr. Hale does not tell you I am well."

"Two hours afterward Dr. Hale came. He stood for a few moments beside the little bed. He looked in the child's glad eyes; he counted the throbs of her pulse, he made her put out her healthy little tongue. Then he turned to her father.

"Trevelthick," he said, "can you swear that this is the same little girl I left here last night? If the circumstances were not gone, I should say that one had been wrought here. I left, I thought, a very sick little person, about whom I was anxious enough, certainly, to make this my first call this morning, and I find my small patient so well that I shall only keep her a day or two longer, for form's sake."

"Perhaps it is a miracle," Col. Trevelthick said, smiling. But he did not explain. There are some experiences that are marvelous, and too sacred for doubt or question, and that was one of them.

Two days afterward little Maudie went down to tea. She wore a fresh white gown, with lovely blue ribbons, and she gazed as much like a little angel in festal attire as a human child can be expected to look. But she did not take her usual seat. She sat down, instead, behind the teapot, where Bessie usually stood to pour out the tea.

"Hada, Bessie better do that?" papa asked, as he saw the little hand close round the handle of the teapot. But Maudie laughed, and shook her head.

"No, I don't think Bessie is 'sponsible," she said; "and mamma said I was to live just up to purpose to do everything for papa."

And again Col. Trevelthick asked, but this time silently. "Was it—could it have been the child's mother?"—New York Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS. According to a cablegram from Brussels, the Belgian Government has authorized an international lottery to collect \$2,000,000 for an expedition to the North Pole.

It is declared on the authority of a leading member of the Automobile club of America that there is one chauffeur in New York City who is receiving an annual salary of \$6000.

COUNTRY SCHOOL GONE.

A NOTABLE INSTITUTION OUT OF EXISTENCE.

In Its Place Comes the Centralized School With Better Instruction and Accommodations for the Pupils—Social and Educational Advantages of New Plan.

Before long the dodo itself will not be more extinct than the old-time country school, declares the New York Sun. As a people we have had a mania for multiplying schoolhouses. We dotted on a landscape well supplied with them. And the general idea was that, if it rained schoolhouses one day, the millennium might be expected the next day, at the furthest, the day after.

That's all changed. Country schools are being shut up by the score. But don't get excited. The young idea is not being deprived of its right to shoot. On the contrary, it is at last receiving just as good a chance along that line as was to be the exclusive privilege of town children.

This is the way it is done. Take anywhere from two to a dozen splashing, tottering, half dead country schools. There are thousands of them. Throughout the East the rural school population has dwindled to half what it used to be.

One reason is the movement toward the cities. Another is that the degree and kind of learning handed out in these familiar little old buildings wasn't able to bring a child with in less than long distance communication with an education.

It was nobody's fault, of course. You can expect Mamie Smith, aged 18, at \$20 a month and her board, to be of the proper calibre to teach an assortment of pupils from 6 to 21 years of age. At any rate Mamie must be forgiven if the higher branches are omitted. Such a school is apt to degenerate into a mere sort of teacher and pupils, in which all the rules and most of the furniture got badly out of repair.

Under the new system all of these scratch-scrabble schools in a township are closed. If there already exists a graded school within the township, the country pupils are taken back and forth between their homes and the school, the cost of their transportation being paid out of the school fund of the township.

The result is that the country children have the same advantages as those in the town. And the cost to the township is less.

The reports on the working of the new system are interesting. The change began in New England, but is now in use in about thirty states.

In Florida, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia the system is gradually gaining ground.

In the North it is fairly revolutionizing farm life. Take one instance—that of Green township, Trumbull county, Ohio.

This is the real country. Not a city, not a town, not even a sizable village in the township. This is a rural community. If ever there was one, it is eleven miles from one railroad and six miles from another. The township itself is five miles square.

In 1900 the people of Green township built a modern brick schoolhouse at a cost of \$6000. The building is steam heated. It contains six classrooms with two additional rooms, one for a library, the other for office and reception room.

There is a basement under the entire building. Part of this is for a laboratory and gymnasium. The campus contains three acres.

The building is in the centre of the township and all the children of school age are brought to it in the morning and taken home at the close of school in eight wagons regularly engaged for that purpose.

THE FIRESIDE ELEPHANT.

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Dr. Probe—It might be wise for you to call in a specialist. Withery—Then, for your sake, doctor, you'd better send in your bill first.—Life.

"Promise me, Jack, you will not go to the dogs just because I have refused you." "Oh, pshaw, of course not." "You mean thing!"—Life.

Commuter—How long will it take the village horse company to get here? Native—Wasn't, they usually gets around a little after the insurance adjuster does.—Punch.

"You won't be able to enjoy the same luxuries after you're married." "Why not? I'm able to afford them." "Oh yes, I just said you wouldn't be able to enjoy them."—Judge.

Bacon—What do you think of the insurance investigation so far? Eggbert—Why, I think it has proved that Al Adams was not the real policy king, after all.—Yonkers Statesman.

Hamfist—Did you have a good part in "Blot on the Scutcheon"? Junius—Yes, indeed. I played the title role. Hamfist—The—? Junius—Yes, I was the blot.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Little Sister—Oh, mamma, Georgia has just upset the tea-table and broken my dolly and all your nice dishes. Little Brother (sadly frightened)—Yes, mamma, an let's be sorry, but don't let be mad!—Harpers Bazar.

His Contribution—Why don't you contribute something to the cause of reform? "Well," answered Senator Corghum, "I have been asked that I have already done as much as most men to make reform necessary."—Washington Star.

"What will you say when your constituents ask you for an explanation?" "I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "There's no use of worrying about what I am going to say. They won't believe it anyhow."—Washington Star.

Nagrus—Boris, that last story of your struck me as being more realistic and true to life than any you have written for a long time. Boris (highly flattered)—Really? Nagrus—Yes; it was so infernally commonplace.—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes," said the veteran of '61, Col. Blank was the coolest man in battle I ever saw, but one day he lost his head." "How was that?" queried the man who was posing as the audience. "A cannon ball struck him in the neck," explained the veteran.—Chicago Daily News.

"What's the botanical name of that pretty vine over the porch, Billy?" "I don't know the botanical name, I call it the Bouncer vine." "What a queer name. Why do you call it so?" "Because you see, Miss, it's allus a-thrown 'out a lot o' suckers."—Baltimore American.

"Now, Willie," said the boy's mother, "before you go to sleep you must try and recall any little sin you committed during the day and be truly sorry for it." "Yes, ma'am," replied Willie. "I guess I was guilty of many sins, but I don't recall any."—Philadelphia Press.

"I wish," said Titewodd to the lawyer who was drawing up his will, "to leave \$25,000 to each of my employees who has completed twenty years in my service." "But that is too generous," stammered the astonished lawyer. "Not at all, I'm going to live all the old years tomorrow, and I can't live twenty years longer. It'll be a good ad."—Cleveland Leader.

Cooking Fish in Clay. The natives of the north woods have more appetizing ways to cook fish than any other class of cooks in the world, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. The universal favorite, however, seems to be the clay method. The fish is wrapped in the clay without having so much as a scale ruffled by the cleaning knife. He is not dressed and the only seasoning is a pinch of salt placed in the mouth.

When the fish is done up in the clay the package is placed in the dippers of the camp fire to bake. When it is done the clay is cracked open and the scales of the fish are found to be sticking in the clay and the head is then broken off.

It Was Lord Roberts. Lord Roberts, while on a motor car ride the week called at the Spa Hotel, St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, for tea, and noticing a newspaper supplement portrait hanging up, asked, "Who is that old chap hanging up there?" The landlady replied, "Dear old Bob." Asked why she had it hanging there, she said because she remembered the man for what he had done for the country, though she had never seen him.

As he was having, Lord Roberts said, "Don't ever say again you have never seen Lord Roberts," said, telling her who he was, promised to send her his portrait.—London Daily News.

THOUGHT WAGNER WAS FUNNY. Peculiar Compliment Paid Composer by Unmusical Englishman. A story which Alfred Reisenauer, the pianist, tells of Richard Wagner relates to a London dinner at which the great composer was requested to be especially amiable to Lord Pitkin, a most unmusical man but high in social circles. In due season the two were presented.

"Where is your entertainment to be?" asked his lordship after the introduction, when Wagner's forthcoming concert was mentioned.

"At St. James' hall," replied the composer. "I trust your lordship will be able to come."

"I may, I may," replied the great pianist.

The concert took place as scheduled and a week or more later a patron of Wagner gave a soirée in honor of the composer. Lord Pitkin was prominent among the guests and he seized the first opportunity to walk over to Wagner and congratulate him.

"I was at your entertainment," said the polite nobleman, "and I don't know when I've enjoyed anything more. I laughed till I cried. You are very funny, Herr Wagner."

The company stopped talking and an amused look spread over Wagner's face.

"But you know," continued the affable lord, "it was almost half an hour before I recognized you with your black face and crinkly hair."

When Lord Pitkin stopped laughing he saw that he was alone in his momentary absence.

"Why—what—I hope I haven't it was St. James' hall, wasn't it?"

Some one then explained that St. James' hall consisted of an upper and a lower auditorium and that his lordship evidently had wandered into the one where the Burgess & Moore minstrels were giving a jubilee entertainment.

Wagner's expression, says Reisenauer, in concluding his remarks, "was a bit like Lord Pitkin's—well, he was an entire course of instruction."

A NEW MODEL CITY. Paradise For Workers—One Thousand Toller's Families to Reap Benefit. John A. Roebbling's Sons Company, Trenton's great wire and iron manufacturing corporation, is to build at Kinkora, ten miles south of Trenton, N. J., a private city for the housing of its employees.

Arrangements were completed recently for the erection of three workmen's hotels, and nearly a hundred private dwellings, in addition to the big hotel and the half hundred houses already erected. These buildings will be used exclusively for the housing of the company's employees who will work in the new rolling mill plant soon to be put in operation at Kinkora. The building of the mill and the completion of the city will represent an outlay of more than a million dollars. All of the work is to be done in less than a year.

Paved streets, private water and gas plants, electric lights, schools, churches, a library and other adjuncts of a modern city will be provided by the Roebblings. None of the property will be sold and all of the houses will be rented at a very moderate rate.

Provision will be made within the limits of the Roebblings' city for the housing of one thousand workmen and their families at the start, and more houses and additional hotels will be erected as the demands of the place may require. In the new hotels the rates of living will be so moderate that men who work with the pick and shovel will be able to live in them and keep well within their means. The conveniences will be strictly modern and special attention will be given to the sanitary arrangements.

For the married men of the bosses and skilled mechanics class model homes of various sizes will be erected. These houses will be substantially built of brick and stone. They will be equipped with all modern improvements. The hotels and other public buildings will be lighted by electricity. Electricity will be produced on the place and gas may be manufactured there.

The new Kinkora will be the Roebbling City Beautiful. This has been provided for on the laying out of the town. Each of the streets will be one hundred feet in width, with ample sidewalks. All houses will be erected with a lawn in front. Trees will be planted on each side of every street and each house will have its own flower beds and shrubbery. Each house will stand alone, with plenty of air space all around it.

The new town will be provided with a complete system of fire protection, including pressure mains, water to be supplied from a stand pipe built and in the very centre of the city. Another important feature of the town will be a street cleaning department. Great care will be taken in the sewerage of the place, and no mosquito and malaria breeding pools will be allowed to exist. A whole city to be governed by a code of rules yet to be formulated by these corporation, and persons who refuse to abide by them will be excluded.

The Roebblings in the expenditure of this vast sum of money to provide cheap and at the same time delightful homes for their people believe they will be repaid in that they will secure better results from the labor employed. In the very centre of the town, where the experiment proves a success it is likely that the idea will be extended there and developed in other places where the Roebbling plants are located.

The Madison greets in India have remarkable noses.