

BY MINNA IRVING.

From blue unfathomable heights
It glitters o'er the dusky pines,
And steadfast through the wintry nights
In fixed and frosty splendor shines.
O'er leagues of tossing trackless foam,
From purple island shores afar,
Sme good ship's bows are pointed
home,
Safe guided by the sailor's star.

From o'er the panes all silver-rimmed
With frost I draw the curtain by,
Glad to behold, keen and undimmed,
Its sworded brilliance in the sky.
May flying scud nor stormy haze
Nor vapors gray thy glory mar;
Fair and unclouded still thy rays
Cast on the waters, friendly star.

For gazing over the drifted snow
I see dark figures at the wheel,
The green and crimson lamps a-glow,
The rocking mass and rushing keel;
There one who feels beneath his feet
The deck to angry billows jar,
Turns often in his watch to meet
Its faithful gleam—the sailor's star.

My heart upon the windy deep
Keeps pace with him the long night
through,
When in their quarters heavy sleep
And silence hold the weary crew,
Make straight across the rolling sea
From distant quay to harbor-bar
A path of light, and bring to me
My best beloved, Oh, northern star.
—The Criterion.

THE COMPENSATION OF THE FAITHFUL.

By Catherine S. Long.

WHEN I first saw Nora's niece I did not wonder at my cook's interest and delight in the new arrival from County Kerry. She was a mere slip of a thing, with eyes like patches of blue sky let into her pale face, and after each frightened upward glance she drooped the black-fringed lids hastily in the vain effort to force back the homesick tears.

Rigidly erect she sat upon the edge of a kitchen chair, her nervous fingers clutching the handle of a shiny, old-fashioned valise, her soft curves and fresh, peasant beauty furnishing a striking contrast to her aunt's sharp angles and stooping figure.

Nora herself was not handsome, but we had long since forgotten to comment upon her peculiarities of person. We only remembered that she was honest, devoted and, in the language of much-tried housekeepers, "a treasure."

I had more than once heard from Nora's garrulous tongue the niece's history, and knew that she had furnished the girl's passage money to America. I had promised to employ Bridget as nurse maid, much to the satisfaction of Nora, who wished to have her under her own careful guardianship. Having come late in life to this country Nora had never adapted herself to new conditions, as other girls of her class usually do. She had no followers, few guests and seldom went out except to church. The introduction of this new element from an old environment was like a burst of sunshine in her lonely life.

The maternal instinct lies dormant in the breasts of all women, and the advent of Bridget seemed to awaken it in Nora. She was like a child with a new doll, and with her joy was mingled a delightful sense of her own responsibilities.

The first thing to be considered was Bridget's wardrobe. Nora was anxious to exhibit her new acquisition to her few old-country acquaintances, and before doing so wished to make her presentable according to New World standards.

"She's the look o' one lately come over, hasn't she, mem? Old-fashioned but dacent, anyhow. My sister's not one to see her childer goin' ragged. It's a sailor hat I'm thinkin' to get her, an' a nate an' tamy jacket, don't ye think?" she said.

And when the two sallied forth to church on the Sunday following it could not be denied that Nora's pretty piece well became a generous outlay. As for Nora her face shone with honest pride.

After the first few weeks of homesick depression from which Bridget suffered, she began to revive and to take a keen interest in her surroundings. She was extremely quick and bright, and adjusted herself to new conditions with the facility so characteristic of youth.

When I found her one morning in animated conversation with the policeman, while the baby tumbled up and down the front steps unattended, I felt that Bridget had become successfully Americanized. Her cool impertinence showed I reproved her for negligence when her apt scholar of the associates she had found.

Nora's satisfaction at Bridget's presence in the family was so keen that we all felt anxious to be suited with our new nurse maid, but as time went on I found it more and more difficult to regard her with Nora's fond enthusiasm. It was quite evident that my cook's steadiness had not descended in this instance to the second generation.

At first Nora watched Bridget with persistent solicitude. She directed her incomings and outgoings, her uprisings and downsitings with an authority which admitted of no appeal. It soon became apparent, however, that Bridget had a will of her own, and its manifestations, at first uncertain and occasional soon became so pronounced, and were such a source of astonishment to Nora, that the situation might have been amusing if Bridget's bad temper and incompetence had not been the source of constantly increasing annoyance in our domestic economy.

She was frivolous, extravagant, idle and thoroughly irresponsible; and, ex-

cept when she wished to make her aunt serve some selfish purpose, she treated Nora with an exasperating contempt.

Yet her companionship was the only source of inspiration for Nora, who was slow to recognize that the girl was gradually slipping from her loving grasp. As lapses became more frequent so increased the loyalty with which Nora defended them.

"Sure, ye'll not be afther bein' too hard on the poor thing," she wheedled me, with the familiarity born of long service, when Bridget failed to return at night after a Thursday out. "Tis most like it's taken sick she was at the Bogans, where she was callin' in. She was always free to come and go before she come over. I'll promise she'll not be doin' it again."

When Bridget returned the next morning she was so defiant and surly that Nora and I both refrained from criticism, Nora because of perplexity and mortification, and I because I saw but one outcome of the situation, and, for Nora's sake, was patient to await results. The crisis was not slow in coming, and I was not surprised when Nora informed me that Bridget intended to leave. I was glad, but I pitied Nora's evident distress.

"What's the matter?" I inquired kindly. "Isn't she satisfied with the wages, or is the work too hard?"

"Well, 'tis nayther, mem," said Nora, soberly inspecting her twisting fingers. "She don't want to do nursin' any more. The Bogan gurrils do be at her all the time to go into the factory. It's a young thing she is, an' 'tisn't strange she's afther young company," she added, still faithful to her crumbling idol.

So Bridget dropped out of the household, and I dare say she should not be blamed for preferring association with her own kind to the restraining society of a plain, middle-aged woman, whose conversation was tireless reminiscent of the affairs of the Flahertys and the O'Tooles of a preceding generation.

Bridget's place was satisfactorily filled by a stolid Swede, whose knowledge of English did not include a familiarity with the Irish brogue. Bridget came but seldom to visit her aunt, and Nora, in accordance with well-directed hints, refrained from obtruding upon the society of the factory, and uncomplainingly fell back into the old, dull life which had been brightened by this brief period of illusive motherhood.

Another season of excitement began for us when Nora one morning projected her bristling forelock which she called her "bang" in at a crack of my chamber door with the startling announcement:

"Irene's sick!"

"Irene?" I inquired vaguely.

Nora looked embarrassed. "Bridget, I mean," she explained, following the "bang" with the rest of her person trembling with excitement. "Irene's the name she goes by at the factory, Bridget bein' so queer an' old-fashioned, you know."

I repressed a smile at the affected change of name so characteristic of the shallow nature, and soon became interested in Nora's story. Her niece had become suddenly ill at the factory, presumably from overwork, and had been taken to the hospital, where she lay critically ill of typhoid fever.

Nora was loud in her self-accusations and expressions of sympathy.

"The swate lamb!" she cried. "To think of her workin' herself to the point, an' me takin' no note! 'Tis true for you, I'm a wicked woman!"

The warm and tender heart had opened again, and Bridget's desertion and neglect were all forgotten. It seemed to me that I could see cause other than devotion to her duties for the girl's collapse, but I made no comment, and gave Nora the desired permission to go to the hospital.

Then came a time when Bridget's life hung in the balance, and Nora, her heart bursting with grief and anxiety, vibrated between the girl's bedside and her own household duties, with much detriment to the latter.

During this period she served up to us the most incredible and mysterious dishes, and went about with eyes so dimmed with tears that the kitchen floor was paved with broken china,

grease spots and impromptu omelets.

Every comfort and luxury she lavished on the sick girl, and in time Bridget was out of danger. It is safe to say that the happiest day of Nora's life was the one upon which she learned this fact.

Bridget's convalescence was slow and tedious, however, and during it she boarded with the Bogans' her expenses naturally being met from Nora's pocket, for her own earnings had gone long ago for finery.

When she was able, she came to the house to see her aunt, and to get money for an expensive tonic.

Her face, still pretty in spite of its pallor, was thin and drawn, and it did not require a physician's eyes to see that her health was shattered; her frail constitution had been weakened as much by late hours as by disease.

One morning Nora again interviewed me in my room. This time she told me that she herself was going to leave.

"You!" I cried in astonishment, while harrowing visions of my tidy kitchen bereft of its presiding genius rose before me. "Why, Nora! What in the world do you mean? Don't tell me that you are going to get married!"

The idea of matrimony in connection with awkward, bashful Nora was so funny that we both laughed heartily, but when she had recovered her breath she explained matters.

Bridget, or "Irene," as Nora scrupulously called her, still continued frail, and with no prospect of rugged health in the future. Nora had, therefore, conceived the idea of buying with her own carefully hoarded savings a little house, and making a home for them both.

The enthusiasm and reverence with which Nora spoke the word "home" told the whole story of a life of ungratified longings.

The details of the investment were gladly attended to by my husband, and then the furnishing of the little cottage, at which I assisted, began. Irene was to be kept in profound ignorance of the scheme until all was ready. Nora's thin face seemed glorified, and happiness radiated from her person. Participation in her delight was a necessity.

Everything was done with an eye to the invalid's comfort and enjoyment. An easy chair, smelling of varnish and scratchy with a Brussels covering, stood at the sunniest window, in which sang a canary, and the picture of the Madonna, which I had contributed, was strung up in close proximity to the ceiling.

At last everything was ready, and the next day was to see Irene's accession to the throne of the palace.

"I must confess that the next morning my sympathetic thoughts were in the cottage. It seemed to me almost as if a lover were bringing home his bride, and I was consequently puzzled when, late in the afternoon, I was informed that Nora wished to see me. On going down I was shocked at the change which had taken place in the woman. Her shoulders drooped, her face was worn, her eyes were dull and listless, and her whole attitude was expressive of dejection.

"Why, Nora!" I exclaimed in alarm. "What is the matter?"

For a moment she did not speak. She seemed to be struggling with some deep emotion. At last she said brokenly, but with a pathetic effort to regain her old cheerfulness, "I just called in to tell ye, mem, about—Irene. She's married—to—Tim Bogan—yesterday. No, mem, there's nothing you can do for me. 'Tisn't strange she'd be wantin' a home of her own, and—then she didn't know, of course," she added bravely, but with quivering lips.

It was some time after this before I saw Nora again. My husband's business required a trip to Europe, and the children and I were to accompany him. It occurred to me that Nora might keep our house during our absence of a year. I found her in the little cottage and much the same as we had always known her, except that she seemed older, and had an air of listlessness quite different from her old, alert bearing. She thanked me kindly for my offer, but declined it. She was not well, she said, and had lost her heart for work.

Her eyes brightened when I asked after Irene. I learned that she was better, and happy, with her husband, who was good to her, and had bought her a complete parlor set. It was also mentioned incidentally and with some pride that she had lace curtains at all her windows.

Business affairs shaped themselves so that it was two years before we returned to America. Nora's sad face had followed me across the Atlantic, and I had often thought of her during my absence. When I was reopening my house, my mind naturally reverted to her, and I went to see her.

A vague sense of some catastrophe had oppressed me, but I was relieved to find the little cottage shining in a new coat of paint, and presenting an unexpected air of cheerfulness. Nora herself opened the door, and certainly no one welcomed my return more heartily than my old and trusty servant.

I was glad to note that she seemed happier than when I last saw her, and had regained much of her old vivacity

Consequently I was surprised on asking about her niece to see her face settle into solemn lines, and to hear her say in hushed and reverent tones:

"Irene is dead."

She received my condolences with gratitude and appreciation, but with a complacency and absence of all expression of deep sorrow for which I found it hard to account. She told me with much volubility of Irene's last illness, of her death after much suffering, and of the number of carriages which followed her to the grave. Then she hesitated, as if there were more to tell.

Suddenly, as I waited for her to continue, there came from behind me the sound of a faint cry.

Hurriedly I turned, and on the lounge saw what I had not before noticed, a bundle wrapped in Nora's familiar, old plaid shawl.

Nora rose, approached it gravely, and took it in her arms. Carefully she unwrapped it, and there appeared from its folds the face of a lovely, dimpled infant that thrust out its rosy little hands in a frantic effort to free itself. Nora held it forth to me with shining eyes.

"'Tis Irene's baby," she said, impressively. Then she added in a voice that shook with emotion, "She gave it to me with her last breath!"—Youth's Companion.

FARMERS' WIVES.

Notable For Accomplishments That Were Undreamed of a Few Years Ago.

One having access to the Kansas newspapers cannot have failed to note the unusual number of marriages which have taken place during the present season. It has been said that the office of the Probate Judge contains the barometer of material conditions in every county. What we know for sure is that young folks usually consult their pocketbooks in making arrangements for marriage, and that in good times these matings are much more frequent.

Those who have gone a little deeper into the subject than a mere mathematical calculation must also have noticed a great difference in those friendly little notices given by the newspapers, particularly where the bride and bridegroom have come from farmer families. Twenty years ago a marriage notice of a farmer couple in Kansas would, nine times out of ten, have mentioned approvingly that the bride was a master hand at butter, or that she was one of the most successful raisers of poultry in the township, or that "she possessed those habits of industry which so peculiarly fitted her to be a farmer's wife." Now an equal proportion of such notices will recite that the bride is a fine musician, that she is a graduate of such and such an institution; that she won a prize in elocution, or that she was noted among her associates for proficiency in some of the arts.

And the difference in these notices makes the vast gulf which has opened between the past and the present with respect to farm life, no doubt to the uneasiness of those who fear that the rugged industry once considered essential in successful agriculture has taken its departure. Yet there are those on the other side who cheerfully accept the belief that a woman who can play the piano may be quite as much of a helpmate to the farmer as the woman who can play only on the washboard. The fact is that modern methods, particularly modern machinery, have revolutionized the business of agriculture and it no longer requires the man-killing, get-up-at-three-o'clock-in-the-morning industry which formerly was the price of success. And this revolution has come as much to the farmer's wife as to the farmer. So here's to the farmer's bride who can play a nocturne while the electric churn is churning, or who varies the monotony of her calling by writing essays on Decadent Art!—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

Crowing For Prizes.

Roosters that crow for prizes are familiar sights to the residents of various sections of Belgium, notably the Liege district. The Belgian artisan in his leisure moments breeds a special cock for crowing, and that which can outcrow its fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The plan adopted is to place the cages containing the roosters in a long row, for it appears that proximity creates that spirit of emulation without which the proceedings would fall flat. A marker appointed by the organizers of the show is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible, in the same fashion as the laps are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the cock which scores the highest number of points in the allotted time.

Workmen's Dwellings in London.

London owns at the present time completed dwellings containing over 1500 tenements, erected solely for the benefit of the working class. One housing scheme, the largest ever attempted in London or elsewhere, involved the expenditure of \$1,410,000.

The World's Postage Stamps.

The various countries of the world use 13,400 different kinds of postage stamps.



Between twenty-one and thirty a man is ill five and a half days a year on an average, and between thirty and forty seven days. In the next ten years he loses eleven days annually, and between fifty and sixty twenty days.

Chisholm Williams, of London, has described his results in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis by means of electrical currents of high frequency and high potential. He gives the results in forty-three cases so treated, all being of a severe type. At first after each application, the temperature rose, but each successive rise was less, and when no rise followed, arrest of the disease had occurred. The number of the bacilli first increased, then decreased. Weight was put on, and all the symptoms were coincidentally alleviated. The average term of treatment was about three months.

The mysterious radium rays have been under investigation recently as regards their germicidal properties. The bactericidal action of light was first demonstrated, and then with similar apparatus the radium rays were tried. It was found that the germs under the same conditions were killed in about three hours. Every possible precaution was taken to see that the therapeutic value of the action lay in the rays and not in some other obscure phenomenon. It required several days exposure of the cultures to bright light to effect the results that were produced by the radium rays in a few hours.

Official weather records show that winds having a velocity of 185 miles an hour have passed at Mt. Washington. This velocity was actually registered by one of the wind recording instruments. A gale with a velocity of 138 miles an hour has been registered at Cape Hatteras. The wind which accompanied the Galveston disaster is estimated to have had a velocity of 120 miles an hour, though the instruments were blown at eighty-four miles an hour. At Cape Hatteras in 1839, 105 miles were recorded. In view of these figures the common phrase, "With the speed of the wind," is still significant, in spite of modern railroad improvements.

Professor Trowbridge, of Harvard University, has made public his researches which lead him to the conclusion that pure hydrogen is a non-conductor of electricity. An electric discharge cannot penetrate an atmosphere of pure hydrogen, nor, in fact, any gas. In ordinary cases the spark is transmitted by the ions, resulting from the decomposition of water. Schumann has shown that pure hydrogen at atmospheric pressure, transmits ultra-violet rays as freely as the most perfect vacuum. Hence, this gas, by Maxwell's theory, must be a non-conductor. Professor D war has also shown experimentally that liquid hydrogen is a non-conductor.

The excavation of the city of Priene, on the western coast of Asia Minor, which has been going on since 1895, has brought to light new and interesting features of Ionic Greek cities. Priene is as rectangular and mathematically linear as any modern city. The main ways, twenty-five feet wide, run east and west. Four houses are usually included in each block, and each house faces on two streets. The walls of the houses are built of rough stone with a few small openings. The blocks measure 140 by 150 feet. Many hitherto undetermined facts of decoration, design and plan, which have puzzled architects and artists are now, for the first time, cleared up. Lion-claw carvings were common. Censers, candelabra, and vases of bronze in the Pompeian style, and fragile terracotta figurines are found everywhere. The scenic arrangements of the Greek theatre are finally settled.

The Railway Dog.

It is a matter of history that a shepherd dog was an important aid in operating the trains that ran on the first railroad built in the Territory of Washington. When Dorsey S. Baker constructed a strap railroad from Walla Walla, on the Columbia River, to Walla Walla, the trading centre of the inland empire, horses and cattle covered the "thousand hills" and blockaded the valleys through which the pioneer line ran. A dog was kept on the engine to clear the track when the brutes became so numerous as to bring the train to a standstill. There are many early settlers living in the Northwest who tell the story of the usefulness of this little shepherd dog in operating trains on the D. S. Baker railroad. The dog was used several years, and was known by all the miners of Idaho and Montana who traveled that way. While doing duty on the track in front of the engine one day the faithful animal was run over.—Portland Oregonian.

California has the largest trees in the world.