

TELL HER SO.

Amid the cares of married life. In spite of toil and business strife, If you value your sweet wife,

Prove to her that you don't forget The bond to which your seal is set; She's of life's sweets-the sweetest yet. Tell her so.

When days are dark and deeply blue, She has her troubles same as you, Show her that your love is true. Tell her so.

In former days you praised her style, And spent much care to win her smile; 'Tis just as well now worth your while-Tell her so

There was a time you thought it bliss To get the favor of one kiss; A dozen now won't come amiss-Tell her so.

Your love for her is no mistake ; You feel it dreaming or awake: Don't conceal it. For her sake

You'll never know what you have missed If you make love a game of whist;

Lips mean more than—to be kissed. Tell her so. Don't act as if she had passed her prime; As though to please her were a crime!

If e'er you loved her, now's the time-Tell her so She'd return for each caress A hundred fold of tenderness!

Hearts like hers were made to bless!

You are bers, and hers alone; Well, you know, she's all your own : Don't wait to "carve it on her stone"-

Tell her so.

Tell her so. Never let her heart grow cold :

Richer beauties will unfold; She is worth her weight in gold! Tell her so.

-Home Journal.

At Last.

ARBARA WARING had practiart of being poor, when Fate presented her whimsically with abund-

ance. Everybody, even she, felt it to be

mora orch pre f it astic happening. one wondered at first what she was going to do with it all; that was before she had learned that, along with a fortune, Fate always bestows methods for its disposal-sudden and unknown acts of duty, family claims that had enly been sleeping dogs until their opportunity awoke them to bark. She found out also that a great deal of money may be expended upon the getting of simple things, if such happen, morecyer. not to be the simple things for which others ask

With a sort of gasping relief she ran off to the sea, to a household of merry, affectionate creatures she had ence schooled and loved. They made much of her in their own breezy fashion, quite unaffected by her change of circumstances except that it gave such an unfailing excuse for teasing. She was discovering among them

that the girl in herself was not so much crushed and dead as neglected. She kept cropping up and asserting herself in the mest unlooked-for daily fashion.

"You are getting prettier and younger every day, Mother Mab," one of the girls exclaimed, watching a little exeltement ruffle the quietness of her gray eyes and flush her smooth cheek. "Isn't she, Edward?" the girl cried merrily. The man's watching eyes had a sudden spark of something new and strang. Barbara drew a blind of blank forbidding over the youth in her cwn. Her cheeks flamed, not with the blush of mere reproof, but of something fiercer. The man saw it, and began to talk instantly with much detail of something else. She thanked him for it secretly. but with that barb implanted by the careless schoolgirl hand rankling.

It was so long that a man had looked at her with that flash in his eyes, the brief admiration of the moment as she called it to herself. She thought she could meet it calmly enough now, yet the old savage throb had leaped in response to that look.

When she was 20 she met a man chviously attracted by herself, not by any of her attributes-music, deftness, or mental quickness of perception-but by herself. For the first time her wishes were anticipated, her lightest words remembered and quoted, her tastes studled, in that old and sure fashion never to be set aside or improved upon, in the primitive pleasure of a woper. She opened out like a flower to the sun. until the blow fell. He was not in earnest; it was a summer's amusement. no more! The realization came crashing across her life, destroying not alone her hope but some faith in herself. What really mattered was not so much the loss of a lover as the loss of herself.

She emerged from the silent conflict altered only to herself. She had killed that part of nature, she told herself somewhat grandiosely, and certainly the corpse had shown no sign of life until this afternoon, when a girl's nonsense drew that flash from a man's eye knew that it was his presence, his oband that instinctive, cruel response

from herself.

sisters, whom he secretly protected from themselves at every turn. There was Ted" was looked up to laughingly, yet with much earnestness underneath the fun, as mingling in himself the joint roles of an autocrat and a most susceptible chancellor of exchequer. He was inevitably the arbiter of family destinles, in his quiet, conclusive way of de-

Barbara stepped into the family attitude straightway. Oddly enough, although her years and his own tallied. she regarded him much as his young sisters did, to his own amusement at first. Lately a vague doubt crept in. It was never expressly defined, not even when his flashing eyes set her pulses dancing on the summer afternoon when the bay beyond the tamarisk bushes at the garden's end.

She escaped with only one thoughtnot that -not that again! A line of as the situation developed:

She had A heart-how shall I say?-too soon

made glad,

Too easily impressed. It was not a comment that would have with the brown hair, and eyes at which few looked long enough to find the hidden light that sometimes redeemed them from insignificance to positive beauty. Edward Banks had discovered the latter and he locked again, always to encounter that instant withdrawal of the vague something that tantalized him beyond the soft reticence of voice and eye, that echoed in and out of the music she played to herself of an evening in the shadows of the great, and, as she thought, empty drawing room.

He watched and walted. Barbara eluded more than ever. He told himself that he was too old to make experiments, he must be sure, though every day caution became harder; she felt that what had been was returning. and would not let herself see the difference of this, the real thing, from that old imitation passion.

He hid his feelings far less cleverly than he imagined from their object. She was continually averting their slight expression, scheming against betrayal and against her own response day after day, until she felt forced to act. She dispatched a letter that would bring her a telegram and she would fly. She looked across the gay dinner table and out of the oriel window at the evening sea. The sound of the sea came like a faint song between the



SHE DID NOT ATTEMPT TO PLAY.

pauses of laughter and talk of the pleasant company, a vague, sad refrain of waves that lapped the foot of the diff below the gardens.

Barbara thought, not of the beauty of the evening, but of how desolate she would be to-morrow night away from hem all, alone! The sound of her own name broke in.

"Why! You will be all by yourselves to-night, Ba, you and Ted; I had forgotten we are all going out to this pastorial play rehearsal thing. How rude of us"-the speaker laughed without penitence. "You must entertain one another. Ba; play to him, Old Ted would like that-

"He would," interpolated Edward. "And if he's good he may smoke in the drawing-room; he could never be happy after dinner without."

"Couldn't he?" Barbara avoided the glance direct across the dinner table.

They went off in a body, bearing fiddles, mandolin, guitar and stage properties. "We shall be back at ten." "It's really too bad to troop off and

leave yeu-

"Good-by, good-by!"

Without a word to one another the two left moved away. Barbara went upstairs to the drawing-room, its many windows open to the sea that entered like a song. She did not attempt to play for some time, but sat in the peace of the deserted room listening, fearing a step on the stairs. None came. He was smoking, after all, downstairs in his own room. She need not imagine her music was inducement to bring him here, she told herself, yet, just for tonight, the very last night-. She started. Edward was standing in the doorway. He stoed watching her with that same strange flicker in his sober eyes. He crossed the room and sat opposite her, still silent and smiling.

"Shall I play? What would you like?" She did not wait for his answer, but began. The man, listening, vious presence, that kept the magic out of her melody. He gave a grim atten-Edward Banks was an elder son of tion to it for a few moments, then got the source by another marriage. He up and went into the inner room. She or very stings.

AGE was removed by age and a certain dif- thought he had gone, and a faint curference, not so much age as a change of rent of something mysterious crept into mental outlook, from the merry, pleas- her music; it relieved her, soothed the ure-loving throng of half brothers and unrest of her mood, flowed with a momentary healing over her jarred spirit.

As she ceased a servant entered with nothing superior in his attitude. "Old a telegram. She was looking at it unopened when he came back. She knew escape was too late.

"Come outside. You have had enough music."

"You mean you have," she corrected, trying to talk lightly. "You sometimes make a mistake

about me," he said abruptly.

There were winding steps that led from the drawing-room windows to the garden. He followed her, going carefully to escape her trailing gown.

There was a sort of rampart at one end with a low sandstone beach that overlooked the sea.

The air was full of soft sounds and scents. He could only just see her face they sat looking at the blue waters of and the soft sweep of cheek that gave distinction to her profile. A little fold of her gown trailed across the bench as they sat. He took it between his fingers. "I like your shadowy black Browning came to her, then and later. frocks. I den't like women, as a rule, in black gowns. This is like twilight. fine and frail. Is that why you chose it, Barbara?"

For the first time he called her by her name. She was dumb. There was piercing through her swiftly distaste and come from anybody else on this girl fear something stronger. He tried to see her face in the gloom.

From sheer incapacity to finesse he took the one course that convinced-the direct one.

"I want you," he said. "It's not the way to put it; men don't say it bluntly like that-men who knew how to woo. I never did, never tried, or wanted to before. I am too old to learn the rules of the difficult game. I only repeat I want you. Does it seem enough?"

He took her trembling hands. "I want you to marry me. After all, t's what they come to in the end, those pretty tricks and speeches, those by ways I can't learn. Let it bring me near you."

"But if I can't?"

There was an edge, half malice, half

inconcealed content, in her voice. "You must! I'll have to try and learn the other fellows' methods if you won't come to me like this!"

She shuddered, and for an instant, in the inexplicable ebb and flow of emotions, she seemed carried from him.

"You don't know me yet," he went n; "you have taken other people's views of me. I shall be different to you -quite different, if you will let me how you myself, apart from everybody else. I have a prophetic feeling about garments. us-I had it from the beginning. I susmore than you know."

Insurgence returned-was overflowing all.

"You can't make me want you more " She broke off laughing, then suddenly timid. "Don't yeu see-why?" He did, though to the latest day of their life together he could never be brought to understand how it came about.-M. A. P.

CORK COUNTY FISH STORY.

Irish Constable Beats an Angler Who Tries to Land Him.

same place.

Dr. Lewis, the medical officer of During line were used. The human fish completeness is no standard at all. took to the water at high tide and with n bold stroke swam out ten yards. At this distance Dr. Lewis-checked the constable's progress and then the fish out avail.

mained, the salmon line snapped and the fish was declared the victor.

More remarkable still was the incldent which followed. Dr. Orr of Huddersfield was flyfishing in the river when the pony which brought him from Dunbeacon broke loose from where it frantic efforts to swim ashore, but was

hampered by the weight of the trap. Dr. Orr, the narrative goes on, was fishing at the opposite side of the the pony. By a fortunate chance the fishing book caught the pony in the were safely landed on the shore .-Cork County Eagle.

When a little girl names her doll for you it is a compliment, but when the is a grown woman and names her baby for you, there may be another motive in connection.

There is no half-way point with a

woman. She is either very generous a temperament are not the tempera-



The Helpers.

some years ago, at the time of the sudden death of a beloved minister, among the messages which reached the family was one mailed from a railway train, unsigned, undated, and bearing but four words: "My friend, my friend!"

Whether the cry came from one who had been personally ministered to, or whether the service had been rendered through some sermon or printed word, no one ever knew. It was enough that in some way the servant of God had delivered a message to the needy soul. The incident is typical of one of the most beautiful phases of life-the unconscious ministry of human souls to each other. A little while ago a farmer's wife, burdened and discontented, chanced to visit, with a friend, a Home for Incurables in a near-by city. Among the patients there was a youth of twenty, totally paralyzed, so that he could move nothing but his eyes. They were wonderful eyes, clear, blue and happy, with an eager light of recognition for old friends and greeting for new ones.

The farmer's wife had no son of her own, but she carried home with her the memory of that prisoned youth with his clear, happy eyes.

This is not a story. She never saw him again-she never even wrote to him, for writing did not come easily to her unwonted fingers. But she did not complain over her life as she had before. Her tasks were heavy, and she had little pleasure, and, it seemed to her, little appreciation. But after that time, when the bitter words sprang to her lips, they often died unspoken, and her eyes softened with pity; between her and her hard, gray eyes a vision lingered—the vision of a crippled boy with heaven's peace in his eyes.

There are few lives that do not know such ministry. Men in temptation have been strengthened by the memory of some woman who had stood faithfully in a hard place through heroic years. Women pressed by worldly duties hide in their hearts a shrine hallowed by some humble, unsuspecting saint-an old servant's room, perhaps, or a simple country farmhouse, known in the far-off years, where one walked who carried the fragrance of prayer in ber

Is there not comfort here for humble pect I am going to make you want me souls who feel themselves doing little for the world's great need? Their lives are God's messages. In ways they cannot know their comfort and their healing will go forth to those who need them. God's messages cannot be lost nor go astray .-- Youth's Companion.

Finish or Fail.

Unfinished work that ought to be finished is a complete failure. The man who drives ten miles to catch a train and makes each of nine miles in the necessary time, while he falls only a few seconds short on the tenth mile. misses his train just as completely as Two remarkable angling stories come 'If he had never started. If a plece of from Durrus, in Cork county, the one work ought to be finished at a given relating to the attempt made to land time, the fact that it is four-fifths done a police constable by means of a sal- at that time counts for nothing against mon fishing rod and the other to the the failure thus recorded. Very few strange experience which befell Dr. recognize this, or are willing to hold Orr, a Huddersfield surgeon, in the themselves rigidly to such a high standard. Indeed, the very fact that a thing is four-fifths done prompts most of us rus, undertook to land any swimmer to settle comfortably down in the bein the river in fifteen minutes and Con-, lief that it is "as good as done,"-instable Kennedy, a noted swimming stead of manfully facing the fact that, champion, consented to act the "fish." lacking that last fifth, it is as bad as A belt was fastened across the con- not done. "For whosoever shall keep stable's shoulders and to this was at. the whole law, and yet stumble in one tached a strong salmon hook. A lance. point, he is become guilty of all." Any wood rod and the ordinary salmon fish. Other standard than the standard of

Be Ye Therefore Ready.

What the business faculty is in the secular life, the spiritual faculty of "watchfulness" is in the religious life. dived and turned on his back, but with- That our Lord placed immense importance on this quality, is clear from the For two minutes it was an even con- many warnings against sloth and sleeptest between the angler and fish, then lness which are found in His parables, the constable swam away for twenty and His not infrequent commendation yards, when he was again brought up. of the "watchful servant." Life, in-He dived and wriggled like an eel, but deed, is a commentary on these stern not another inch could be add to his and earnest appeals to be up and doadvantage. After eleven minutes ing. Opportunities pass never to be restruggle the angler was gaining ground. peated; our ability to make the most of but Constable Kennedy gathered our precious hours grows less and less strength and diving made away with a as we neglect to use it, and, at last, powerful stroke. At the fourteenth we become unfit for even the ordinary minute, when only one minute re- recurrent duties which appeal to us from day to day. "Blessed is that servant who, when His Lord cometh, shall be found watching."

The Daily Life.

It is daily life that tests us-the manner of men we are. It is not our was tied and fell into deep water with prayers, it is not our profession, but the trap attached. The pony made it is the tone of daily intercourse and conduct that decides how we stand. The little homely graces; the cheerful everyday amenities; the Christ-spirit uttering itself not so much in conscious stream and he threw his line toward act as in unconscious influence; not so much in deeds as in that subtle aroma which, without name, exudes from the ear and held fast. The angler pulled saintly soul, to equals and inferiors: his line and the pony responded, with to agreeable and disagreeable; to rich, the result that both pony and trap poor, ignorant; to young, to old; bearing burdens, accepting crosses, seeking no great thing to do, content to put self by, and be a servant of the lowestthese are fruits of only one root-fruits that none may counterfeit.

The "Temperament" Excuse. Sometimes you hear as an excuse for faults, "It is my temperament." Do you not know that the perversions of

ment itself? There never was a temperament that had not its good as well as its evil possibilities. The truth is that we inherit our temperament with its natural perversions, and it is our business in life to shake off the perversions, in order that we may find the veritable temperament itself, and that it may carry us on truly to the best work that such a temperament can do.

If all who have excused themselves for selfishness and evil because of the "artistic temperament" have recognized that they were really excusing the perversions of their temperament, and not the temperament itself, much needless pain and sorrow might have been avolded.-Annie Payson Call.

Beauty from Ashes.

There is need of preparation. life must be holy that Christ will employ. The vessel must be clean that the King will use. The heart must be broken through which God's love may flow. Some one gives a consecration prayer: "Lord, take me, break me, make me!" and tells the story of a golden cup which had been made out of ther on a very crooked road and after old gold coins. These had lost the im- a long silence she folded her small age and superscription originally upon them, and were then thrown into a melting pot and wrought into a beautiful cup. So ofttimes a human life has lost its beauty; and then the Master ry to his small sister. "You run and takes it, breaks it, and making it over tell mamma everything that happens," again in form of beauty. These the King will use.—Rev. J. R. Miller, joined the little girl. "You tell her a D. D.

NEW ENTRANCE TO GOTHAM.

Road for Ships to Be Through Lane of Lights.

Ambrose boulevard is what the marines call the new road into the harbor of New York, says Nick J. Quirk, got no organ." in his article, "New Path Into Gotham Harbor," in the Technical World Mag- years old to-morrow. Don't you think azine. A veritable lane of light will I ought to have a gun for a birthday lead the big thirty-seven-foot draft present?" "No, I don't," replied his ocean greyhounds into the harbor of father. "You might shoot some of the the American metropolis. In 1907 the neighbors." "Oh, well," replied Fredocean-traveling stranger approaching dy, "they can get their lives insured." New York at night will be treated to a scene of beauty at once striking and startling—a picture which will require but little imagination to place it among the kaleidoscopic eye feasts of the "Arabian Nights" or Bellamy's dream of "Looking Backward." He will see a bright boulevard formed by red lantern buoys and flanked by the harmonious illumination of Coney Island, Manhattan and other beaches on the right, while to the left an endless stream of lights show the vessels passing between the observer and the row of white lanterns standing out in bold relief from the contrasting gloom of Sandy Hook or the Staten Island shore.

The main ship channel now being used by most vessels at the great gateway of America is so narrow and tortuous that with varying currents it is a difficult task for even the most expert pilots to guide their floating still unimproved. In addition there are charges through in safety, particularly at night. In addition to the dangerous turnings of the old route, the channel is only thirty feet deep, and the new conditions of the original congression-Cunarders now being built will draw al patents to these states that the thirty-seven and one-half feet, so that it would be impossible for them to enter New York's harbor unless this new way, which will be forty feet deep, mental enterprise of irrigation supplewas provided for them. Thus in making this new path the government is only relieving a very pressing obligation to marine interests and the country at large.

MEN ARE IN THE MAJORITY. Outnumber the Women in the World

Except in Europe. The Statistisches Jahrbuch, publish-

ed by the German government, contains tical application has been given it. It every year about fifty pages of comparative statistics of the world. This sults by a few ploneers for more than is a source to which writers on the comparative statistics of nations very often go for information.

In the Jahrbuch for this year the statistics of population as to sex are collated. Some countries, as France plateau is not the lack of a sufficient and China, give only the total population, without distinguishing the sexes, and they have to be left out of the cal- occurs through evaporation in the hot,

In Europe the only countries in which the number of males is given as exceeding that of females are Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria and Greece, all of which are Balkan States. The Teutonic, Latin and Slav nations have a slight excess of females, which is often only a few thousands and rarely as much as 800,000.

In every other continent most of the nations have an excess of male population. Thus in the western world Jamaica, Mexico and Venezuela alone have an excess of females. The United States, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and other countries have an Transcript. excess of males.

So far as accurate statistics have been obtained in Africa only the French possessions and the Gold Coast mountains of Kentucky, had gone for colony have an excess of females, while hours and hours without seeing a sign in Egypt, the French possessions, the of life. At last they came to a cabin Transvaal, Orange River Colony and In the clearing. The hogs lay in their Cape Colony males are the more nu-dirt holes, the thin claybank mule merous.

In none of the Asiatic countries are females in excess of males, according lank man, whose clothes were the color to the statistics. In the Philippines of the claybank mule, leaned against 3 the males are in excess of the females.

Historical. Alexander the Great paused in his

weeping. "I'm glad to hear of this man Fun-

ston," he remarked. "I thought I had licked everything in my class."

Then they explained to him gently, knowing that he was melancholy from fear of going stale, that Funston had not happened yet.

Calling for a fresh handkerchief. Alexander resumed his weeping .-- Philadelphia Ledger.

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Little Margle (reading)-What is the "pale of civilization," Tommy? Small Tommy-Oh, some new brand of face powder, I suppose.

"Can you tell me why we pray for our daily bread?" asked the Sunday school teacher of a small pupil, "I suppose it's because we want it fresh." was the reply.

Bessle (aged 5)-Papa bought me a goldfish. He paid a dollar for it. Tommie (aged 5)-Huh! It must be plated. He couldn't get a solid gold one for a dollar.

"I'm going to be an astronomer when I grow up," said small Edgar. "That won't be a bit nice," said his little sister, "You'll have to sit up all night and sleep in the daytime."

Little Edith was riding with her fahands in seeming resignation and said: "Well, honestly, I never saw such a curly road in all my life!"

"You're a tattle-tale," said little Har-"Well, I ain't as bad as you are," relot of things that don't happen at all."

"Now, children," said the new teacher, "the first thing is to organize the school." "But we can't, ma'am," piped a wee small voice from the rear. "Why not?" asked the teacher in surprise. "Cause," answered the voice, "we sin't

"Papa," said small Freddy, "I'll be 6

EMPIRE TO BE RECLAIMED.

Vacant Public Lands Supplemented by Swamps of Other States.

There are now approximately 600, 000,000 acres of vacant public lands, nearly half of which, on account of their rocky barrenness or inaccessibility, are not available for purposes of profitable reclamation. The Department of Agriculture has lately proclaimed its judgment that with extensive farming five acres of the fertile western plain land are sufficient to support an average sized family. This would mean homes and subsistence for 60,000,000 more families than we now have or perhaps 240,000,000 individuals, or about three times the present population of the United States.

But without figuring so closely as that we get a glimpse from these statisties of the vast opportunities that are about 60,000,000 acres of swamp land under control of the states and still unreclaimed, though it was one of the swamps should be drained and put in condition for healthful and profitable homes. It is not the great governmented by innumerable private enterprises that is responsible for the new movement, though that has no doubt largely stimulated it, but coincident with that there has been a great and growing development of faith in what is known as the "dry-farming system."

tually new in the extent to which prachas been practiced with excellent rea score of years, but it is claimed that "until within the last three months but few people east of the Missouri had ever heard of it." The trouble with the great plains and the western rainfall to develop vegetation, but the waste of the precipitation that actually dry air.

This is not a new idea, but it is vir-

The principles of the system, which were first promulgated and applied by H. W. Campbell, of Lincoln, Neb., about a quarter of a century ago, involve keeping the surface of the land under cultivation loose and finely pulverized. thus forming a "soil mulch" that permits the rain and melted snows to penetrate to the compacted soil beneath and at the same time prevents the stored moisture from coming to the surface to be absorbed by the air.

This method has now received the approval of the Agricultural Department, though for years it was mable to obtain its indorsement.-Boston

A Literal Kentuckian. Two Northerners, traveling in the

grazed round and round in a circle to save the trouble of walking, and one

tree and let time roll by. "How do you do?" said one of the Northerners.

"Howdy?" "Pleasant country."

The native shifted his quid and grunted.

"Lived here all your life?" The native spat pensively in the dust. "Not yit," he said languidly.-Every-

body's Magazine. It's difficult to convince the average

man that he isn't as clever as he thinks