

work! To thee I cry,
As busy millions pass me by,
They have no need for such as I.

O God of life, hast thou no need for me?
Worthless to them, have I no worth to thee?
Not of thy children, and yet doomed to be!

I cry to thee! Dear eyes upon me gaze,
Dear loving eyes that slow with hunger
crave.

O Father God! a father to thee pray!
To work! only to work! with hand or brain,
In sweat of brow, with labor's toll and
stain,
The worker has his joy for every pain.

See, Lord—the useless hands are raised on
high,
From east despairing hearts is wrung the
cry:
Ob, listen ye—forever passing by!
—Charlotte Elizabeth Wells, in *The Outlook*.

EVE and an APPLE.

Eve and an apple overcame an ancestor of mine. He would not have wanted the apple, he said, but for Eve. That was exactly my case.

Eve lived at No. 52, and I at No. 54. I am not sure where the apple lived, but it was at one of the two. It hung on a high branch over No. 52's garden, but it fattened on the soil of No. 54, for which I paid rent.

It was Eve, of course, who called my attention to it. I heard her voice through the open window. She has an attractive voice.

"Oh, look, mother!" she cried. "There is my apple."

"Hush, dear! It isn't your apple at all. It belongs to the people next door."

"He isn't people," objected Eve. I am a bachelor.

"Anyhow, the apple is his."

"Is it?" She tossed her head. She has a graceful way of tossing her head. "Then he shan't have it. Mr. Layton gave it to me every year." Mr. Layton was my predecessor. "You know he always lent me his ladder to get it." I felt inclined to offer my ladder there and then, but the time, like the apple, was not ripe.

As the summer went on the apple grew in size and beauty. Eve watched the apple, and I watched Eve. She was so nice to watch that I did not offer her the forbidden fruit. I regarded it as a hostage for her regular appearance.

"Look at its rosy cheeks, mother!" she used to say, teasingly. "If it gets much bigger it must drop." She made motions expressing rapture.

"Eve, dear," her mother protested, "you know it isn't yours."

"It would be if I had a ladder." Then she would give a *glorious* laugh, and her charming way of laughing.

The apple still hung on, however, and grew and grew. In the dusk of evening Eve tried to reach it with a clothes prop—at least it looked like Eve. I knew it was a clothes prop, because she let it drop over my wall, and it smashed three panes of a cucumber frame. Next morning she happened to be in the garden, so I returned it with grave ceremony.

"I—I'm afraid it broke something," she apologized.

"Not in the least," I assured her. "I'll tell Mary Jane not to stand it up against your wall again," she promised mendaciously.

After that the apple blushed more furiously than ever. It was so ripe that it was marvelous how it held on, I heard her say. She was probably unaware that I had climbed up one night and secured it with fine wire.

Next she tried knocking tennis balls at it. Of course, she never went within a couple of yards. I picked up nine balls next morning and restored them to her.

"I thought they were windfalls from my apple tree," I said, and she fled indoors.

"I believe he was laughing at me," I heard her tell her mother. "Now, I will have it."

"No, no, dear! I forbid you to touch it. It's no use looking like that, Eve. I shall be really cross if you do."

When I came home that evening the apple was still there, in all its glory, but when it grew dusk I noticed maneuvers with the prop going on once more. Finally I heard a cry of triumph, and the rustle of her skirts as she ran indoors. Then I went out. I climbed the tree, gathered about a gallon of apples and sent them in with a note.

"Dear Madam—I trust you will accept a few apples from my tree overhanging your garden, as I notice that there is only one upon your side. I have, however, a special reason for desiring that one. May I enter your garden to gather it? Yours very truly,
FRANK NEWTON.

In a few minutes Sarah Ann returned with Mrs. Parker's thanks, and an assurance that she would be pleased for me to gather the apple whenever I liked. So, after putting the ladder over the wall, I went round to their front door and knocked. I was shown into a cozy sitting-room. Mrs. Parker received me very pleasantly, but Miss Eve was rather quiet, as a young lady should be.

"You will be surprised at my bothering you about a single apple,"

I said. "The fact is I want it for some one who has particularly admired it."

"We have noticed," said her mother with a side glance at Eve, "that it is a singularly fine apple."

"An exceptionally fine apple," I agreed. "It would be almost impossible to match it."

"I should like to see it when you have picked it," Mrs. Parker confessed. Eve said nothing. She appeared to have become absorbed in a book.

"I'll bring it in at once," I promised. I went through the French window and ascended the tree. No one was looking, so I gathered another fine apple from my own side. When I returned Miss Eve had disappeared.

"It doesn't look quite so large off the tree," I suggested, placing the apple upon the table.

"No," said her mother, examining it critically, "I scarcely think it does; but it is a very fine one."

"Perhaps your daughter would like to see it?"

"Ye-es," she laughed. "I am afraid it will make her feel rather envious." She rang the bell, and the servant came. "Ask Miss Eve to come for a moment, please."

After a few minutes' waiting during which Mrs. Parker discovered that we had some mutual friends, and asked me to call in there sometimes, pretty Eve reappeared, looking guiltily defiant.

"Mr. Newton wants you to see his apple, Eve, dear. Isn't it a beauty?" Eve flushed and gave me a swift glance.

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly. She seemed to be studying the floor rather than the fruit.

"It might be a fellow to the one that tempted Eve!" I observed, with a smile. She traced a pattern with her foot.

"Adam was also tempted."

"By Eve, I believe? I don't fancy he wanted the apple much, did he?" She blushed again.

"You could not have a nicer apple than this, anyhow." She looked right at me at last. Her eyes said quite plainly, "You needn't tell mother."

"As if I had any such intention!"

"I am glad you like it," I said, "because I want to give it to you, if I may. I could not help noticing that you admired it."

"There, Eve!" said her mother. "I told you that everyone would see that you coveted it."

"I—I am sorry," she said, in a subdued little voice.

"Please don't say that, or you will spoil my pleasure in giving it."

"Then—I am not sorry." She took it with a laugh.

Soon afterward I went, assuring Mrs. Parker that I should soon avail myself of her ladder. I hope they did not hear me laughing when I got indoors.

The next day was Sunday. In the afternoon Eve sat under the shade of my apple tree reading a book. So I strolled out and looked over the wall.

"Eve," I remarked, "was turned out of paradise for stealing an apple."

She looked up and smiled. Then she looked down.

"The annual apple on this side has always belonged to Eve," she asserted, pretending to cut the pages of her book. They were cut already.

"She might spare a tiny piece for Adam," I suggested. She glanced at me out of the corner of her eyes.

"Adam was better without the apple, you know," she assured me.

"Adam," I declared, "needed no pity at all."

She rested her chin on one hand and looked at me inquiringly with her big eyes. I would put down how she looked, if it were possible. It isn't. Mere ordinary charms of feature or coloring is common enough to have words. Real prettiness is unique, unnameable; little wifely curves of the features, little waves of the hair—and "ways." She is pretty like that.

"Adam," she remarked, "lost Paradise and the apples."

"But he had Eve."

She studied her shoes, and I seated myself on top of the wall.

"You have plenty of apples," she said; "and you are not shut out of Paradise."

"Then," I replied, promptly, "I will come in." I did.

"How do you know this is Paradise?" she asked, demurely.

"Eve is here."

She looked at me saucily over her book.

"Poor Eve was much to be pitied." She simulated a sigh.

"Because she lost Paradise?"

"No; because she kept Adam."

"Did she mind, do you think?"

"Well—you see, it was just a very little bit her fault that he ate the apple."

"She would have eaten every scrap herself if she had been a modern Eve."

She looked up at the desecrated bough and laughed. A stray sunbeam danced in her eyes, like the dazzle of diamonds.

"I think she could be persuaded to share it with the modern Adam," she stated.

Thenupon she dived under the chair cushion and produced it.

"Now you have Paradise—and the apple," she told me.

"They are nothing," I said, feelingly, "compared with—Eve."

But Eve—my dainty little Eve—is

coming to No. 54 in the spring. It will save any further dispute, she says, about the apple.—Owen Oliver, in *Madame*.

DEFENCES OF PRETORIA.

Johannesburg Mined—So Are the Defiles That Approach the Capital.

Now that the British have taken Bloemfontein everybody is waiting for the attack on Pretoria. It is taken for granted that her majesty's forces will not march into the Boer capital without the hardest fighting of the war. Nobody who has not seen them has any comprehensive idea of the elaborate preparations the Boers have made for the defence of their capital. Not long ago a man now in New York, who has inspected more than once the fortifications of Pretoria, and who negotiated the purchase of many of the guns which will be used in defending the Boer capital, told to a reporter of *The Sun* about the Pretoria fortifications and the plan of defence should the British invade the Transvaal, and this is what he said:

"There will be a great surprise for everybody, and particularly the British army, when Pretoria is attacked. Then will be seen defensive warfare, which, I believe, will never have been equalled. You must remember that we didn't take this war unadvisedly or in a hurry. We had been preparing for it ever since the Jameson raid, and for the past two years the preparations have been pushed with all care to completion.

"When the war began the Boers did not hope to keep the British from the Transvaal as long as they have and they expected to have to do their hardest fighting in defending their capital. Accordingly the plan of defence was all figured out and the defenders have been ready and waiting and not one of them has taken any part in the fighting so far. Pretoria is practically surrounded by hills. Between the hills and through them are narrow defiles. Every hill about Pretoria is fortified by the best modern guns that can be made by the best European gunmakers, outside England. The guns that were not considered good enough for the defence of our capital are the guns which we have been using in the field. Therefore you may get some notion of the care with which the Pretoria guns were selected. They were mounted under the direction of skilled military engineers from the works where they were made and I very much doubt if there are better or more solidly mounted guns in any fortifications in the world.

"These guns have been so placed that they command every approach to the capital. Each gun is supplied with its own ammunition vaults, holding at least two years. And, what is very much to the point, these ammunition vaults are full, not a shell having been taken from them since the war began. Owing to the topography of the country, a comparatively small force of artillerymen can serve these guns and they will be so protected that one life will be the equal of about ten, were the guns placed in less favorable natural positions. Moreover, the nature of the country is such that we have been able to place the guns so that they will not be easily located by the enemy. We have figured on being able to annihilate a larger army than England has in South Africa at present and still not be obliged to surrender.

"But the fortifying of our hills is not the only fortifying we have done. We have paid particular attention to the defiles in these hills, through which an invading force would have to send a good part of its troops. These defiles have been mined and, should the necessity arise, should a British force attempt to pass through, the explosion of these mines will follow and England will then be able to count the cost of war. Our home ground is not so very large, but is quite large enough, we believe, to defend and preserve our capital.

"But it must be remembered, of course, that the first act in the defence of Pretoria will be the destruction of Johannesburg. This will only be done as a last resort, on account of the value of the property there. But Johannesburg cannot be defended to advantage. Little or no attempt has been made to fortify it. Therefore as soon as the British get within striking distance of our metropolis, we will first cut off the water supply and then, when the enemy is within the town, it will be destroyed by fire and by dynamite.

"Of course, the question of supplies will enter into the defence of Pretoria. The defenders have made provision for a long siege, and, so long as there is no drought, we can hold out indefinitely. If a drought comes then we will suffer. If it continues long enough may be we would be compelled to surrender. But we have considered these questions and we have come to the conclusion that, in the event of a drought, the Boer would be living to tell about it long after the Briton was dead."

As a Substitute.

Mrs. Dixon—What do you keep that horrid pot monkey for?

Mrs. Dixon—Well, you see my husband is away more than half the time, and the animal keeps me from getting lonesome.—Chicago News.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Boy of the Family.

Now, if anyone has an easy time in this world of push and pull, it is not the boy of the family. For his hands are always full. I'd like to ask who fills the stove? Where is the girl that could? Who brings in water, who lights the fire? And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks, After hours of snowing? In summer, who keeps down the weeds By diligently hoeing? And who must harness the faithful horse, When the girls would ride about? And who must clean the carriage? The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things Too numerous to mention? The boy is the "general utility man," And really deserves a pension! Friends, just praise this boy sometimes, When he does his very best; And don't always want the easy chair When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last To see the new magazine; And sometimes let the boy be heard, As well as to be seen. That boys are far from perfect, Is understood by all; But they have hearts, remember, For "men are boys grown tall."

And when a boy has been working His level best for days, It does him good, I tell you, To have a hearty praise. He's not merely a combination Of muddy boots and noise, And he likes to be looked upon As one of the family joys. —The Gem.

Keep Your Head Up.

One of the best ways in the world to keep the shoulders straight is to hold the head up in the air. If you go with your head lopping forward you look like an enervated apology for yourself, and pretty soon you will begin to feel as "hangdog" as you look. A long-continued habit of keeping the head bent forward tends to develop the characteristics that the attitude implies, you get slouchy in your dress, irresolute in your habit of speech, absent-minded, and likely enough, finally, a poor, sneaking counterfeit of a boy or girl. So hold up your head physically and it will help you to hold up your head spiritually and mentally. Your tendency will be to breathe deeper, to walk freer and to see more of the world. The earth is beneath. The sky, trees, human faces and hosts of other interesting things are so high up that you will not see them at all unless you throw back your shoulders and lift up your head to its natural and honorable place. A bent head tends to make the shoulders round, the chest low, the gait poor, for your tendency is always to be pitching forward, and so we find that "stoop-shouldered" persons develop lung trouble, spinal trouble and a generally undesirable condition. Hold up your head!

Listening for Noises.

There had been a noisy bedtime romp and the Homekeeper was just wondering how to quiet her little Lodgers for sleep, when Four-Years solved the problem for her by suddenly suggesting, "Let's listen for noises."

The windows were open to let in the sweet air of the summer evening, and the Lodgers all settled themselves into comfortable positions to prevent any rustling. The Transient also settled herself with an air of expectancy to see what was coming. When all were ready, the Homekeeper gave the word, "Now!" and the mystified Transient sat for three or four long minutes in what seemed to her total silence, wondering if some spell had been cast over the Lodgers and put them all to sleep.

The silence was broken at last by the Homekeeper asking, "How many?" and the quick answers showed that something else than sleep had kept the Lodgers quiet.

"Seven!" "Four!" "Nine!" "Six!" were the various answers given, and the Transient was astonished at the list of sounds heard when she had heard nothing. The ticking of the clock, the night call of a bird, the chirp of a cricket, the distant barking of a dog, the far-away rumble of an electric car, a long breath from Four-Years, who had found it hard to keep quiet still so long, the far-off rattle of a wagon, the shutting of a door in the next house and the rustle of the Transient's dress were all noted.

The advantages of this simple game are obvious.

The Red 'qu'rr'el' Hants.

Have you found, when walking in the woods, a little heap of chips stripped from the pine cone? If you do find them, keep a sharp lookout, for somewhere in the neighborhood is the red squirrel.

The warm sun of a winter's day brings him scurrying out, shooting up the evergreen trees, out on twigs that seem too small even for his tiny foot. If the food supply seem scant, it does not trouble him, not a whit, for he has stores of food laid up, which he gathered in the pleasant July days when the sap was in the cone, giving the seeds an extra delicious flavor.

He has a long memory for so small an animal, and though these cones were gathered months before, and are now covered with snow, he knows

just where they are, and burrows for them, making little tunnels from one cone to another, and dragging the cones through them, till he gets them to the surface, when he opens and eats them.

If the cone supply is exhausted, he eats the seeds of the hemlock and spruce, and, when he can get them, fruits, nuts and berries, maplesseeds and mushrooms. He varies this in summer, I am sorry to say, by eating such young birds and eggs as meet his fancy, for so agile and such a climber is he that no nest is safe from him. The last of February he has tired of the dry winter fare and gnaws the bark of the sugar maples, sipping the sap as eagerly as a child. He has found out, too, that as the sap exudes from the branch it freezes these cold nights, and that after freezing and thawing it takes a more delicate flavor.

Watch him sipping from an icicle of sugar sap; do not his beady eyes show contentment? For his home, a deserted bird's nest, roofed over and curtained with moss, a woodpecker's hole, or a hollow tree serves equally well. It is in these homes that the little squirrels are born and reared. Such bright red little things as they are, with fur so short and bright, but not sufficiently rich to tempt the hunter to destroy them.—Vick's Magazine.

Billie Fairfield's Promise.

When Billie took the milk to Mrs. Selden one morning, and she asked him if he would bring another quart that night, he said "Yes'm" promptly, and then never thought of it again until he was in bed.

"Well, I can't take it now," said Billie; but he could not go to sleep, though he turned and tossed and twisted till he was tired. At last he went to the head of the stairs and shouted, "Mother!"

Mrs. Fairfield had just threaded her needle and stretched a stocking with a big hole in it over her hand. She said "Oh, dear!" but she went to see what Billie wanted.

"You'll have to go now," she said quietly, when he had told her.

"O mother! I can't go away up there alone." Mrs. Fairfield knew that, for Billie was never out alone at night. His father had gone to bed downstairs with the baby, and, if they waked him, baby would wake, too. So Mrs. Fairfield thought a minute. Then she said, "We'll see. I'll have the milk ready when you come down."

When Billie got into the kitchen, his mother stood at the door with her hat and shawl on. Billie began to feel ashamed. He wished he dared to go alone, but he did not for it was a *sooooo* road. He took the milk and they tramped over the snow up the long hill without a word. The wind blew in their faces and Billie's ears were cold, but he had the milk can in one hand and pulled his sled with the other, so there was no way to warm them. He was ashamed to ask his mother to take the milk.

Mrs. Selden exclaimed when she opened the door: "Why, what made you come away up here tonight? And you, too, Mrs. Fairfield. It's too bad! I could have got along somehow without the milk."

"Billie promised you," Mrs. Fairfield answered. And Billie wished nobody would look at him.

"'Twasn't any matter, she said, mother," he urged, when they had started for home again.

The wind was in their backs now, and Billie's ears were warm.

"Buy the truth, and sell it out," said his mother. "The matter was your promise, Billie. Would you sell the truth just to get rid of walking up to Mrs. Selden's?"

Billie made no answer. He was ashamed again.

Presently he asked his mother if she would slide down hill. Mrs. Fairfield laughed, but she was a small woman, and she tucked herself up on the front of the sled, while Billie stuck on behind, and they slid down the long hill to their own yard, where Billie skillfully steered in. His mother praised the way he managed his sled, but Billie was still uncomfortable.

"Why don't you do something to me, mother?" he said, while they were warming themselves at the big coal stove in the sitting room. "I believe I'd feel better to have a good whipping."

His mother smiled at him.

"'Twould be pretty hard work for me to whip such a big boy as you are. Don't you want to help instead of making me do more? I'll tell you how you will be punished, Billie," she continued. "It's too late to finish mending these stockings tonight, so I shall mend them tomorrow when I was going to make a cottage pudding and there'll be no pudding for dinner."

Cottage pudding was Billie's favorite desert, and this was a blow that he laid to heart.

He and his father would say "cottage pudding" to each other for a long time afterward, if anything was in danger of being neglected or forgotten. And when Billie had grown to be a man, and people said, "Just give me Billie Fairfield's word; that's all I want," Billie would smile and say, "Yes, my mother taught me to keep a promise."—Sunday School Times.

The hair grows considerably faster in winter than in summer.