

THE WINDOW.

The Well-Known Song... The persons who have heard the Sunday-night in the window... says a writer, it is told upon the little fish which almost always beats with yearning and keeps its fond light.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Story of a Little Boy Who Was Turned Into a Bird.

There was a little boy, and his name was John. He was a very good boy, and he was very kind to all the children in his neighborhood. One day he was playing in the garden, and he saw a bird flying in the sky. He was very curious about that key, he thought.

AN ADVENTURE WITH TRAMPS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Be careful about the fires, Clarence, and lock the doors and windows before you go to bed." "Yes, father."

"I will see to everything, and forget nothing," answered Clarence. "He was a bright, manly boy of fifteen—the only child of his parents, who resided in the town of M—, in Ontario."

"Where is your father?" asked Mr. Sawyer. "I want to see him about that trade we are trying to make."

"What key?" cried Mr. Sawyer, in amazement. "Why, the key to this door that you took out a few moments ago to give me a scare. Come, hand it out. You thought you would see it was as brave as I claimed, didn't you? Well, you see I am not at all shaky over the absence of the key; but all the same I would like it."

"Good-night, Clarence," and Mr. Sawyer was gone. Clarence strained the milk, and lighted a lamp, and brought in the wood for the morning fire, and laid the pine to cut into kindlings, and the butcher knife beside it, on the stove-hearth. Then he went over the house, and locked windows and doors, all but the kitchen door, which no key would fit.

"It is very curious about that key," he thought. "I know I left it in the door when I went out. I believe Sawyer did take it to try my courage. Never mind—I'll fix it."

Then, weary with a day's labor—for he was a hard-working boy, and never idle—he made himself ready for bed. But before he retired he took down his father's double-barreled shot-gun, and set it within reach of his bed. He knew it was loaded—his father had been shooting field gophers only the day before, and had left both barrels loaded.

He did not know how long he slept, but he awoke suddenly to hear a key fitted and turned, again and again, in the kitchen door. His first thought was that Sawyer was playing a trick upon him, but when he heard stealthy steps go around the house, and the sash of one of the kitchen windows being slowly and cautiously sawed away, he knew it was not Sawyer, but a burglar.

He crept from his bed and drew on his clothes very quietly. Then he took the gun, and stealing along as silently as a cat, placed himself before the window where he heard the robber at work. It seemed hours before the sash was removed—hours measured by the wild beating of his young heart, that throbbled so loudly he almost feared it would betray his presence.

Then he heard a hoarse voice whisper, "Give me a match," and heard the match struck against the wall, and he knew he had to contend with at least two assailants—how many more he could not tell.

Desperate, and conscious only of peril, Clarence thrust the gun through the aperture and fired into the darkness. His assailants now knew that he was in their power. Both barrels of his gun were emptied, and they were unharmed.

Another jerk, another reach, and the knife was in his hand, its blade buried deep in his assailant's heart. Then he felt the warm blood spurt over his hands, the clutch of the robber loosened, and sick and, horrified, he sprang up and kicked aside the oaken prop that fastened the door, and rushed out into the night. He had conquered one of his enemies alone and singlehanded, but he knew not how many more lurked outside.

Nothing else from the house was taken. The robbers were evidently in haste to get away from the scene of their attempted plunder without a further loss of life.

Mr. Edmund Russell, the exponent of the Delsarte system, in a lecture on dress, gives some valuable hints in regard to woman's costume: "For a woman of light physique, delicate coloring, vitality, energy and movement, any draping, clinging material—soft wool or lustrous silk—has a peculiar adaptation. Repose is an idea inseparable from size; let the stout woman's dress create that feeling—material that will fall in rich heavy folds, unbroken lines, deep, soft color—and she is at her best. The tight-fitting black silk or satin, her usual grand costume, is a great mistake. The lights reflected from a brilliant surface reveal the form revealed form is vulgar, suggested form is poetic. A tall, angular woman wants something light and floating—a material that will follow every movement, multiplying lines and obliterating angles. Proper radiation of lines has everything to do with the grace and expression of a gown. The shoulders and hips are natural points of support. Let the drapery fall from these, and the result is a series of long, curving radiations that give life and beauty. With every change of position there is a new series of lines, all free to follow the swing and sway of movement. Little catches and fastenings are stiff and meaningless; they break the long sweep that alone gives ease and grace."

One of the saddest sights at a picnic is to see a young man, with three bulls as large as hens' eggs on the back of his neck rowing a merry party of girls on the lake.

The Sabbath Chime.

Come Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, And lighten with celestial fire. Thou the anointing Spirit art, Why dost thy sevenfold gifts impart. Thy blessed unction from above In comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable, with perpetual light, The dullness of our blinded sight. Anoint and cheer our soiled face With the abundance of thy grace. Keep far our foes, give peace at home: Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son, And thee of both to be but One. That, through the ages all along, This may be our unending song;

Praise to thy eternal merit, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Brief Collect for the Day. O Thou who dwellest in the sanctuary not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Unveil the glories of Thy face to our waiting souls. May we have close and tender fellowship with Thee and with Thy Son in the holy mount. Make us to know the joy of those whom Thou causest to approach unto Thyself.

May heaven come down our souls to greet And glory crown the mercy seat.

An Episode at a Country Post-office Window. Scene—A post-office in a large country town. A long line of impatient applicants thronging up to the single window, the line headed by two well-dressed ladies. Time, 6:15 p. m.

First Lady—"Is there anything for me this evening?" Delivery Clerk—"I beg your pardon—the name, please?" First Lady—"Struthers—Mrs. Alice Struthers, Box 92."

Clerk (returning)—"Nothing, ma'am." First Lady—"Ah! Sorry to trouble you, but will you kindly go back and look in Mrs. Jackson's box—94?" (Clerk returns with two letters for Mrs. Jackson. "Thank you." (Hands them to lady number two with a smile, while crowd surges up as closely as politeness will permit.) "Now, if you please, I would like to get some stamps."

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am. What denomination, please?" First Lady—"Denomination?" Clerk—"Yes—ones, twos, threes or what?" First Lady—"Oh! I thought your remarks had a religious bearing? Let me see. What denomination do I want?" (Turning to lady number two.) "I want to send that lace fichu to Nellie, you know, dear. How much postage should you think it would take?" Second Lady—"I suppose you would want to put it in a box, wouldn't you?" First Lady—"Oh, of course—such delicate material."

BIRMINGHAM.

The Best Governed City in the World.

A City Run by Business Men on Business Principles.

From an article in Harper's Magazine for June we take the following:—Attention has been called to the youth of Birmingham in its relation as the best-governed city. There are many warm admirers of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain who associate his name and enterprise with the city's new birth. It is only measurably fair to do this, but certainly he deserves great credit for many important reforms and accomplishments. His appearance in public life in Birmingham, some time before he was Mayor, was the occasion for the awakening of the best men of the town to an interest in the local government. This was in 1871; Mr. Chamberlain, then in business as a manufacturer of wood screws, entered public life unostentatiously, but was soon elected Mayor, and served three terms in that office. Under his bold and able administration the water-works and gas-works were made public property, the Health Department was more than modernized, and the Improvement Scheme which will be explained further on, was instituted. But first as to the gas experiment. Birmingham is the home of the invention of gas-lighting, but the town did not adopt the system until 1817, after London had done so. In time two companies came to supply the city. It was in 1874 that Mayor Chamberlain moved the purchase of those corporations. The tax-payers voted for the scheme in the same year, and the necessary Parliamentary statute was enacted in July, 1875. In the same year the check of the then borough of Birmingham, drawn for £450,000 (\$2,250,000), was paid to the Birmingham Company for its property and rights; and in January, 1876, the sum of £103,845 (\$519,225) was paid to the Staffordshire Company for its interests. The systemization of the new undertaking was more or less complicated and costly, but all that is necessary to be stated here is that, as a result, the price of gas has been materially reduced to the corporation of the city and its citizens, and the investment returns

of more than \$150,000. The price of the commodity in 1875 was three shillings to three and a half shillings per thousand feet, but in 1884 it had been reduced to two shillings and one penny and two shillings and fivepence per thousand feet. Five per cent. discount is allowed for prompt payment. The officials claim to have shown by an exceptional illumination near the main public buildings that gas, used at its full strength, is capable of competing with the electric light. Their demonstration would not satisfy a resident of an electric-lighted Canadian city, however. It must be remembered that Birmingham has the natural pride of the birthplace of gas-lighting, and that the corporation is the owner of its gas plant, so that it is not an unbiased judge of the comparative qualities of the two systems of lighting.

For more than thirty years the public ownership of the water supply of the city had been proposed and held in abeyance. In 1874 Mayor Chamberlain moved the transfer by agreement, or the compulsory purchase, of the water-works, then in private hands. Both town and council were convinced by his arguments, and voted accordingly. During the discussion Mr. Chamberlain urged that whereas there should be a profit on the gas undertaking, there should be none on that of

THE WATER SUPPLY. as all profit should go toward a reduction of the price. The water company fought hard against having to sell out, for their property was of great and increasing value. Before the House of Commons, in the argument over the necessary bill, the fight was bitter, but it was won by the high-minded policy of Mr. Chamberlain in urging that the City's only profit should be in the health of its people. The bill received the royal assent on August 2, 1875. The dicker over the sale was a close one, but it was finally agreed to give the water company £54,491 annually. The Town Council at once assumed control of the works, and has continually enlarged and improved the plant. The profits, which are handsome, are applied to the improvement of the supply and the reduction of the cost to the consumers. Up to 1884 the annual reduction in water rents had amounted to £25,934.

The Improvement Scheme undertaken by the city under Mr. Chamberlain and the Town Council of 1875 will long be pointed to as one of the most stupendous, courageous, and wise acts ever performed by a municipality. Taking advantage of an imperial statute called "the Artisans' Dwelling Act," giving large towns and cities the right to improve unhealthy areas, the Council improved several highways, and finally bought up a great tract of slums and narrow passages in the heart of the city, and there laid out

THAT NOW BEAUTIFUL AVENUE called Corporation Street, which is one of the handsomest streets to be seen in any city in any part of the globe. The squalor and crowding had been fearful, and the death-rate outrageous; vice, crime, poverty and drunkenness flourished there and the saloon-keepers were the only persons who led enduring lives. A loan of £1,600,000 was obtained at three and a half per cent. for thirty years, the property was purchased, the great street, twenty-two yards wide, was laid out, and the area was rebuilt on leases running seventy-five years. Supervision was maintained over the character, cost, and designs of the new buildings, with the result that in the principal street at least all are stately, substantial, and even elegant. Of course at the end of the leases they will become the property of the city. "This," said Mr. Chamberlain, "will make this the richest borough in the kingdom sixty or seventy years hence. It is the only occasion for which I wish to live beyond the ordinary term of human life, in order to see the result of this improvement, and hear the blessings which will then be showered upon the Council of 1875, which had the courage to inaugurate this scheme." But the stranger sees the result now, and if he will, he may read it in the sanitary reports which show that the death-rate is to-day less than one-half what it was before the renovation was made.

Again, under Mayor Chamberlain, in 1876, the drainage and sewage systems were overhauled. A union was formed with the town close around Birmingham, under a board in which the city elects twelve out of twenty-two members. The united district

comprises 47,275 acres, and an aggregate population of 605,564 souls. Here had been a more or less compact population

SERVED BY NATURE with only a little river, the Tame, and mainly putting up with old-fashioned methods and conditions. To-day what has been done is pointed to as the best solution of the sewage problem in England. The Drainage Board now manages a so-called farm of 1200 acres in the Tame Valley. The sewage is conveyed thither through an eight-foot conduit, and is passed through an extensive system of filtration by gravity, after which the effluent reaches the Tame River near by in the condition of perfectly pure water. The sludge remaining after the disposal of the fluid is dug into the land. The cost of the farm and appurtenances was about £400,000, and, roughly speaking, it costs £54,218 a year to operate it. But the meat, milk, and vegetables grown on the farm and sold from it realize nearly £25,000. It is insisted that in time the system will yield enough to pay its cost.

In dealing with this problem the authorities separate the night-soil and ashes from the sewage.

THE NIGHT-SOIL is controlled by what is called the pan system—metal pans, capacious enough for a week's usage, being periodically carted away in closed wagons, which also remove the ashes collected in a tub in each yard. The wagons are not offensive, and the depositing station presents a view of flowers and of shrubbery outside its enclosure. Here the night-soil is dried and sold as pot-drette, or patent manure. There is a profit of a few pence on the ton in this branch of the work. The ashes are sorted by a contractor, who takes 'out whatever is of value. The rest is melted in furnaces and made into a coarse material, partly vitreous and partly metal, which is used to fill hollows, or, when mixed with Portland cement, makes a good paving slab. The Drainage Board in charge has borrowing powers and rating (or taxing) powers for the payment of interest and the repayment of loans. For taxing, it serves precepts upon the authorities of the different localities in the union, according to the number of rate-payers or tenements.

Saved by a Brave Engineer.

As Frank Repp, the engineer of the Perkiomen mail train which reaches Allentown, Pa., early in the morning, looked out of his cab window on his morning trip the other day he saw a beautiful woman approaching on the track. He whistled an alarm, and she stepped lightly and gayly off the track his train was travelling on the other track.

But it was evident to the engineer that the noise of his train had drowned the roar of another train approaching from behind her in the opposite direction, and that she was unaware of her peril. He noted the several puffs of white smoke that swiftly arose from the locomotive bearing down upon her, but she evidently heard not the whistle's frequent warning of danger. Repp saw her death was certain unless he could in some way attract her attention to her peril. He waved his hand to her warningly, but she evidently misunderstood its meaning, for she slackened her pace, looking at him more earnestly.

He immediately reversed the lever and turned on the steam brakes with a suddenness that alarmed the passengers. He sprang to the side door of the cab, and before his locomotive had come to a standstill he leaped to the opposite track just as his engine got abreast of the young woman and the other locomotive had almost reached her.

With herculean strength and lightning swiftness he caught her up bodily and leaped with her beyond the tracks just as the other engine swept by. Then he sank to the ground, overcome by the effort and the narrowness of their escape. The passengers were loud in their praises of his heroic conduct, and the young woman was prostrated with shock, while overcome with gratitude at the noble conduct of her preserver.

In the Khojah Tunnel.

An article in the Allahabad Pioneer gives some interesting particulars concerning the tunnel that has just been completed through the Khojah, on the railroad from Quetta to Candahar. The Khojah Pass is 7,500 feet above the sea, and about 2,000 feet above the level of the surrounding country. The tunnel pierces the range at right angles, and its course is therefore due east and west, and it enters the hill about 1,000 feet below the crest of the pass. The length of the tunnel is 12,600 feet, or 2½ miles approximately, and it will carry a double line of rails. For the first half the floor ascends about 1 in 1,000, and for the second half of the journey it descends at an incline of 1 in 40. There are two main shafts, one 318 feet and the other 290 feet deep, which were sunk in order to facilitate the construction of the tunnel. The chief obstacle to progress arose from the flooding of the tunnel at more than one point. A large spring was cut out and the water flooded the shaft on the Candahar side to the depth of 180 feet.

It took ten weeks to pump out the water, and in the western heading as much as 500 gallons a minute were constantly rushing out of the west mouth. In order to overcome this difficulty a side cutting had to be made. The magnitude of the work is testified to by the banks of shale and rock at the mouths of the tunnel and at the pitheads, which are said to be quite altering the landscape in places. One curious discovery made during the progress of the work, as the result of an investigation into the cause of certain mysterious explosions, was that it was proved that combustion had arisen inside a case of blasting gelatine.

A Nice Neighborhood.

Deacon Ebony—"I heah you hab moved, Brudder Black. Has you got inter a select neighborhood?"

Brudder Black—"I hab, fer a fac', deacon. Nebber saw sich a selection ob chickens in mah life."

One of Many.

Thompson—"You look pale and thin, Johnson. Why will you persist in killing yourself working night, and day such weather as this?"

Johnson—"I am trying to earn money enough to pay the expenses of a week's rest in the country."