Mary's Tramp.

"Mamma, there is a very hungry looking tramp at the kitchen door, asking for breakfast; may I get it for him? I can do it all myself," and the soft blue eyes looked up with an appealing glance to the face of Mrs. Harper, as her beautiful little daughter Mary stood in the doorway of the cool, shaded library where the mother sat writing.

For a moment the gentle-faced woman paused thoughtfully as she repeated the much dreaded word "tramp."

"Are you sure, dear, that he is really hungry? Does he look honest?"

"Oh, yes, mamma dear," replied the child, her voice trembling with fear, lest her careful, prudent mother should consider her too young and inexperienced, to attend to the poor, half-starved creature, suffering the pangs of hunger at their door. The beautiful child was so eager to feed the hungry and help the poor, that her voice seemed full of tears as she repeated the assertion: "He looks so dreadfully hungry: just come to the window, mamma dear, and look at him."

"It will give you a heartache to see how poor he looks," and sweet Mary Harper drew her mother to the vine-shaded window to peep at the poor, forlorn looking man, sitting on the doorstep, waiting patiently the return of the pure-hearted, soft-eyed little girl, who had promised him something to eat, "if mamma would let her do it."

As the careful mother pushed aside the vines, the poor fellow turned his big, honest eyes up to her with such an appealing, half-famished expression, that she said quickly, "Oh, yes, dear child, give your tramp a good, warm breakfast; he is honest, and he is hungry."

"Oh, thank you, mamma dear," said the happy little housekeeper, as she hurried to the kitchen door to tell the poor fellow that she would give him a nice breakfast, "for mamma had given permission."

And a right royal meal did the happy-hearted child serve up in the clean bright kitchen, and no guest of that always hospitable home was ever served more kindly or more gracefully than was the poor ragged fellow, laughingly named by Mrs. Harper "Mary's Tramp." Mary Harper was the pet of the home, the only daughter; one other child, a boy, with Dr. and Mrs. Harper comprised the household. She was the idol of the village also, where her father had practised medicine for more than thirty years.

He came into their midst, a young, newly-fledged physician, who was compelled to make his way to success by proof of his ability and skill as a doctor, for Neston, like every other small village, had its old fashioned "doctor that everybody liked, but at the same time admitted that he did not know much about medicine or the new diseases." But Dr. Harper's skill was soon acknowledged by the better class of patients, and he rapidly gained a foothold among them. And when he married the sweet-faced daughter of the good old minister who had gone out and in before the people of Neston, for more than forty years, the fortunes of Dr. Harper were an assured fact.

Alice, the only remaining child of the dearly beloved old minister, Dr. Calder, won all hearts by her kind helpfulness to the poor, the sick and suffering, and it was at the bedside of such patients that young Dr. Harper learned to love, the gentle, beautiful girl.

It was not strange that the children of such parents should become the cherished pets of the village, and when the first-born of the Harper household was carried in the arms of the proud father up the broad aisle of the village church to be baptized into the fold of the church and receive the name of the dear Pastor, "Calder," it seemed fitting that all over the congregation there should sweep a spirit of thanksgiving and joy!

And when the sweet, baby girl came to bless the home, it was again an occasion of rejoicing in the pews, as the tender-voiced, old minister gave to the pretty, blue-eyed baby the name of his sainted wife, "Mary Calder," who had slept in the quiet churchyard many years, but whose memory and name were most tenderly cherished by old and young through all the country far and near, for she had ever been "a ministering spirit" to them in time of trouble and bereavement.

The home of the Harpers was indeed a happy, restful one, an ideal one. In beauty of location and architecture it was unsurpassed, the furnishings were rich and elegant, all were in perfect harmony, for neither Dr. Harper nor his wife cared for display, but they both loved beauty, and were too refined and cultured to have other than beautiful environment for themselves and their children. The house, which was large and roomy, stood upon a bluff sloping gently down to a broad, beautiful river, whose banks were dotted with pretty homes, with broad verandas and green lawns sloping down to the water's edge, where were moored numberless sail and rowboats, enjoyed in the cool of the summer evenings by the inhabitants of the pretty village of Neston.

Boating was one of the pleasures in the daily life of the Harpers, and every pleasant evening, found Dr. and Mrs. Harper, with their children, out upon the beautiful river in their handsome boat named by the children the "Alice" in honor of their dear mother.

At sunset of the day upon which my story opens, Dr. Harper called the happy little ones to the bank of the river for the accustomed ride in the fairy boat, "Alice." The gentle mother not being well enough to go with them, sat in her easy chair on the veranda watching the happy party on the bright water, when a sudden lurch of the boat precipitated the entire party into the deep waters, and before assistance could be rendered, the two beautiful children were swept out of life before the agonized eyes of their devoted parents.

The news of the heart-rending accident roused the quiet village into a perfect frenzy of grief, and all night long the broken hearted parents and the neighbours who had so loved the children surged up and down the banks of the dark river, where at sunset the waves closed over the bright, sunny heads of the darlings of the happy Harper home. And all night long the kind-hearted fishermen of the village trailed their nets through the dark waters, hoping and longing to find the still precious, though lifeless, bodies of the beautiful children.

At break of day, just at sunrise, came the welcome cry, "Calder is found," and the lifeless form of the bravé manly boy, now cold and silent, was lifted up tenderly and carried into the broken home, where sat the bereaved mother as if turned to stone, so silent, so tearless, paralyzed to the very heart by the awfulness of the event, while the father rushed up and down the broad veranda like a raving maniac, because he failed to save the lives of those dearer to him than his own, and it did indeed seem cruel and almost pitiless, that one who had been so faithful in the saving of other lives, should be so utterly helpless to save his own.

And then came the dread conviction that the idol of the household, the pet of the village, Sweet Mary Harper, was beyond the reach of the faithful searchers! This was the deepest of all the sorrows to the stricken parents, to think of her precious body lying in the cold, dark waters, a prey to the worms and fishes. After a vain search lasting three days and nights, these sturdy fishermen gave up in despair, and the largest and saddest funeral ever witnessed in the pretty village of Neston, consigned the body of the dear boy "Calder," to the lonely grave, while every heart ached in sympathy at the thought of the little sister lying somewhere beneath the dark waves.

Two long weary weeks passed by, while the sorrow-stricken parents longed with unspeakable longing for the body of dear little Mary, that she might be laid beside her brother, under the shadow of "dear grandpa Calder's church."

On the last day of the week, as the sunset cast dim shadows over the lonely, darkened home of the bereaved family, a low, gentle knock upon the kitchen door called the sad-eyed mother to the entrance, and there, worn and half-bent with fatigue and sorrow, "Mary's Tramp," and in his arms, held tenderly against his breast, was the still beautiful body of the dear child, Mary Harper. Then lifting it gently into the outstretched arms of the mother, he said in broken accents: "I was a-fishin' this mornin' way down at the Ford when my hook got fast on somethin' and I waded out, and, I knowed her in a minit. She give me the best I ever got in this world, lovin' words and pity in her angel face, and somethin' to eat, when I was awful hungry for all them things, but most of all, I was hungry for good words and looks?"

"But, O, where did you find her? And how did you get here?" said the grateful mother.

"It was fifteen miles down to the Ford, and I just carried her in my arms all the way," and the poor fellow sobbed out: "I'm not a bit tired, I was so glad to bring her right home to you; arn't you glad 'twas me found her?"

"Yes, I am glad," and the grateful mother clasped the big rough hands in her soft palms, but the big, honest brown eyes were wet with tears as he lifted them to the pale, wasted face of the mother, whose broken heart was slowly bleeding away her life, and he asked pitifully: "Mayn't I look at her once more?"

And he followed slowly and reverently into the pretty room, so pure and white, where they had laid her, and bending over the still beautiful face, he looked long and sorrowfully, then turned and went out, leaving only the memory of "Mary's Tramp."

GREAT FLOODS IN CHINA.

Over 10,000 Drowned and 70,000 Homeless Around Pekin.

Advices from China give further particulars of the great inundation. Sixty Chinese towns in the district about Pekin were flooded early in September, driving out 80,000 people, of whom over 10,000 are estimated to have been drowned. The authorities in Pekin are directing the relief measures, and the people from the towns nearest the capital have been permitted to live within the city walls. Here they have no covering against the rain, which is still falling, and great efforts are necessary to provide them with food. Many citizens of Pekin have joined the authorities in this work. The estates of many Pekin nobles, as well as all the crops in the flooded district, were destroyed.

The rains which caused the floods commenced late in July and continued until late in August. The Tungchou, Tientsin, and other rivers rose very rapidly. Some of them overflowed and wiped out villages along the banks almost before the people knew there was any danger. The magistrates and people in the flooded districts spent several days praying for dry weather. Later the officials at Tientsin posted a proclamation forbidding the slaughter of cattle and sheep in the hope of appeasing the wrath of the gods and stopping the rain. Foreign Consuls protested against the meat supply being thus cut off, asserting that it was a violation of treaty rights.

TOLERANCE IN RUSSIA.

No more striking evidence of the religious tolerance and enlightenment of the present Czar could be furnished than the announcement that the widowed Baroness Hirsch has given directions for the winding up of the scheme for the emigration of Russian Jews to the Argentine Republic. It has been decided that the balance of the funds remaining in the hands of the Committee of Management of the enterprise will be devoted to the establishment of technical and industrial schools in Russia where the Hebrews are now so well treated by the authorities that they have no longer any object to emigrate.

MODERN WARSHIPS' FOE.

TORPEDOES DIRECTED FROM AN INVISIBLE SOURCE.

How the Submarine Torpedo Station is Arranged—From it Explosives of Frightful Force Can Be Fired—Experiments With the New Device are Said to Have Demonstrated Its Success.

Experiments just concluded at Auckland, New Zealand, prove beyond the shadow of a doubt, as much as experiments can, that genius has given a new agent of death and destruction to the world which is likely to create tremendous havoc in the case of a war in which navies assume a conspicuous part. It is called the Perkins Semi-Submarine Torpedo Fort, and the torpedo it uses is one of the most destructive in point of the elements which enter into its construction of any which modern invention has produced.

The idea of the invention, if it can be so termed, is to construct at some appropriate spot on the seacoast a semi-submarine fort. This fort would partially underlie a section of the coast at the depth of say 40 feet, though no limit in this regard has been fixed. Rising from the apparatus used to discharge the torpedo to a short distance above the earth's surface, is a funnel shaped tube of a camera obscura, by means of which the man who is fixing the course which the instrument of death he is about to launch shall take, will have an uninterrupted view of the sea for a long

DISTANCE FROM LAND.

With this sight before him, it is not hard to understand that his calculations may be made as perfect as it is possible for the human mind to contrive.

Of course, no vessel will know where this torpedo station is. Craft will be totally unsuspicious of danger until the explosion takes place. There is no way which will enable vessels to locate the hidden danger, and their only safe course will lie in keeping away altogether from a coast infested with such fearful and hidden defenses. It is about as effective for a warship to fire at an object beneath the surface of the water as it is to bombard the moon.

Electricity is the power which will move the torpedo. It is the power that will control the action of the explosive after it starts upon its journey. The men who operate the torpedo apparatus perform their duties clad in the armor of divers. The officer in charge is in a turret-like room, which is a portion of the camera obscura, for the lens at the top of the funnel-shaped pipe that runs to the surface throws down upon the glass in front of the officer a picture of sea and craft above and beyond.

To understand this thoroughly it is also necessary to know the camera obscura principle, with which any one, who has operated a kodak or camera for amateurs, is familiar, although, perhaps, not by that name. The principle is best illustrated by the following hypothetical experiment: Let a small hole be bored in a window shutter and the room darkened. If now the beam of light entering the room by this hole be intercepted by a sheet of white paper, held at a small distance from the hold, an inverted image of objects without will be seen

UPON THE PAPER.

By placing a small convex lens upon this hole this image is rendered much more distinct or sharp. Moreover, it will be found that at a certain distance from the whole the image attains a maximum degree of sharpness, and that if the paper be removed from this point to any position either nearer to the hole or further from it the image becomes indistinct and confused. At the point of greatest distinctness the image is said to be focused. Such being the principle of the camera, it is evident that in practice the instrument may assume many forms, provided always that it consists of a darkened box or chamber having a hole at one end for the insertion of a lens or combination of lenses and at the other a screen, generally made of ground glass, on which to receive the image.

This is the principle upon which Mr. Perkins has constructed his camera obscura apparatus, and by considering the facts just stated it is made clearly apparent that he has utilized one of the greatest principles of photography in a way which would only have been conceived by a man who had studied along the lines which in his regard others had deemed of no use and impossible of development. Thus, beneath the water the officer who directs the firing of the torpedo will have as clear and accurate a view of the position of his enemy as the gunner aboard ship or the Captain in the conning tower of a cruiser.

Now, as to the discharge and direction of the torpedo. All being ready the officer in charge makes a careful calculation as to

DISTANCE AND DIRECTION

These two points must be settled before anything else can be successfully accomplished. Then the signal is given and the operators in divers' costumes place the torpedo in the curiously formed gun and proceed to regulate the storage battery which every torpedo contains so that there will be no failure of the current at a critical period. Naturally the torpedo is not taken apart for this purpose, but two tiny levers inside are operated by means of a series of electric buttons so that everything may be placed in readiness. Attached to every torpedo is a steering apparatus. What is more this apparatus is controlled by automatic steering gear which is operated from within the torpedo by an arrangement properly regulated by means of push buttons not unlike those with which the electric bell of a residence is equipped.

This steering apparatus is so arranged that when the course of the torpedo is once laid it can be set, as it were, so that it is kept upon this course as if the most veteran of helmsmen were in control. Now, then, the torpedis ready and its course set. The officer in the dark chamber of the camera obscura gives the signal. Almost with absolute silence the missile starts on its momentous journey. The officer watches the unsuspecting vessel at which it has been discharged. Suddenly there is the concussion of a tremendous explosion. It is as if a monster of the deep had risen beneath the fated cruiser, tearing and rendering her so that presently she goes down with perhaps

HALF HER CREW KILLED.

Then the officer dons the suit of diving armor in which he descended to his place under the sea. With the operators he ascends to the surface and makes his way inland. The automatic pumps, which have concealed, been furnishing a supply of air are stopped, and all hands take a much-needed rest, that they may be in readiness, to sink the next unwary enemy that comes within their reach.

Representatives of the English Admiralty who watched the experiments say that the Government will surely purchase the secret of this torpedo and fort. The details we have given are all that can be obtained at present, as the inventor refuses to talk. What we have told was learned by witnessing the experiments.

WOMEN WANTED HERE.

A CRY FROM CANADA FOR SERVANTS AND WIVES.

What a Correspondent of the London Times Says About the Dominion's Needs—Plan to Meet the Demand.

A correspondent writes to the Times, London, as follows:—There comes from almost every part of the Dominion of Canada—and especially from the North-west and western districts—the cry that more women are needed; and in view of the expansion now going on the need is likely to be greater than ever in the near future. The domestic and social aspect of the question are, perhaps the most striking. Women are wanted as servants or helps and they are also wanted as wives, though, as a matter of fact, those who go out in the former capacity generally pass pretty soon into the latter. A story is told of six young men in a certain district who one day tossed up to see which of their number should pay a visit to England and bring back a wife, "as it was so long since they had seen a woman!"

Such is the need of women in Canada, that all parties in the Dominion are really favorable to their increased immigration, though to afford special facilities to women might also involve questions about men and boys which the labour interests would not regard with favor. Thus the Dominion Government is not inclined to do anything in the way of granting assisted passages, and one cannot, of course, expect it to become either a registry office or a matrimonial bureau.

ANXIOUS TO GO.

While there is this outcry for women from the North-west Territories, from British Columbia, and from other parts of Canada, the lady organizers of the United British Women's Emigration Association have far more applications than in present circumstances they can deal with from girls or women who want to go out to the colonies, a large proportion of those applications coming from individuals who would be well suited for colonial life. For each one sent out by the association there are at least three eligible candidates who have to remain at home.

The difficulty is a financial one. The journey to Canada costs five guineas, and most of the applicants find a difficulty in raising this sum, in addition to outfit and other expenses. There is, no doubt, many a Canadian mistress who would willingly give, or advance, five guineas to a suitable person who could be depended on to stay with her; but it seems that the more suitable the person the more likely she is to get married soon after she arrives in the colony, and the frugal Canadian housewife does not see why she should pay out of her own pocket the cost of providing her fellow-countrymen with partners in life. At the same time, too, the candidate on this side is disinclined to accept an advance from a colonist—as distinguished from an association—because she would then be morally bound to remain in a particular "place," although it might be a very uncomfortable one, until she had refunded the amount lent to her.

HOW THE WORK IS DONE.

In these circumstances everything falls on the shoulders of the association, which acts as intermediary between the colony that wants the women and the women who want to go to the colony. But the actual position of affairs is little better than a deadlock. The machinery itself is certainly as complete as it well can be. The headquarters in London, at the Imperial Institute in charge of Miss Lefroy, are supplemented by a country branch at Winchester, conducted by the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, who has twice made a prolonged tour through Canada, in the interests of the work, by Scotch and Irish branches, and by workers in all the leading towns and districts in the United Kingdom, the greatest possible stress being laid on the strict condition that only women of "character and capacity" shall be selected and assisted.

CAN FIND A LADY FRIEND.

The association also works in combination with the Young Women's Christian Association, the Girls' Friendly Society, and other similar organizations, the parties made up being collected from these different sources and sent out in charge of matrons. On the other side the "receiving" home at Montreal, which is supported by the Dominion Government, has now been supplemented by one at Winnipeg; there are Government agencies all over Canada available for the giving of advice and assistance to female immigrants; there are various special protective agencies, at the head of which is the Women's Protective Immigration Society; there are branches of the Young Women's Christian Society and the Girls' Friendly Society—the latter with its bands of active lady associates—in all the large towns and leading districts; while with the co-operation of the Countess of Aberdeen and the Canadian National Council of Women Workers the finishing touches have recently been given to a perfect network of protective organization throughout the Dominion, so that every girl or woman of "character and capacity" sent out to Canada may now depend on having a "lady friend" near at hand, wherever she may be.

WANTS ARE NOT MET.

But, although the elaborate machinery in respect alike to selection, distribution, and supervision has thus been made complete, the mutual wants on the two sides of the Atlantic remain largely unfilled for lack of an adequate fund from which loans could be made by the association to women who would repay them later on, or from which grants could be given in deserving cases. Curiously enough, too, it is said concerning such loans that women are much more scrupulous about repaying them promptly than men are in corresponding circumstances.

The association sends women to other colonies than Canada; but for the reason given above the Dominion has the first place in the scheme of operations at the present moment, and the hope is entertained that those who are interested in the further "building-up" of the colonies, on which so much is being said or written just now, will not overlook one, at least, of the most practical of the methods by which the desired result may be secured.

A Story of Money and Matrimony.

For nearly an hour Horatio Dexter had been upon his knees in front of Flavia Johnson, pouring out his love. His was no ordinary passion. He had worshipped the beautiful girl from the moment that his eyes had first looked into hers.

"Flavia," he implored, "have mercy! Can't you see that if you will not become my wife there will be no hope for me?"

"No, don't say that," she returned in low, sweet accents; "you will get over it. Three years ago Titus Henderson told me the same thing. Now he is married to another and the father of twins. I know that he is happy. You will forget me as he has forgotten me. You will meet some one else and love her, and then, in good time, be happy with your twi—I mean your family, as he is."

"Ah," he bitterly replied, "others may be happy with their twins. I do not care for them. You—you, Flavia, are what I want. You are the pole star of my existence. Say that you can learn to love me. Say that I may at least hope. Do not compel me to go away and destroy myself! Save me, Flavia, save me!"

"Poor boy!" she said, stroking his curls. "I am sorry for you. I wish I were not so lovely. It is terrible, this thing of driving people mad for love of me. I will give you a little lock of my hair, which you can wear next to your heart. Perhaps that will help you to get over it."

"No!" No!" he sobbed. "I don't think a lock of hair on my heart would do a bit of good. It would only tickle me. I am very ticklish, Flavia. Keep your hair. You may need it some day. Now, I'm going to give you just one more mine?"

She bent and pressed her rich, ripe lips against his forehead, and then replied:

"Alas, I cannot. I am promised to another, who makes more money in a day than you earn in a week. It nearly breaks my heart to have to tell you this, but you have forced me to do so. Were things arranged differently, I could be happy with you, for love is knocking at the door of my heart."

Horatio Dexter got up, looked to see if his trousers were badly bagged at the knees or not, and then, in cold, harsh tones, said:

"Well, inasmuch as it seems to be a money transaction with you, I suppose I ought to pay you something for the time that you have wasted in hearing my story. How much do I owe you?"

Drawing herself up like an angry princess, she said:

"You insult me, sir! Go, before I call my father, who stands six feet two in his socks and weighs 197 pounds!"

So he departed, saying:

"The day will come when you will be sorry that you permitted the desire for money to kill your love!"

That was five years ago. To-day she is a grass widow, living upon a miserable alimony of $14 a week, while he has a political job with salary and fees of $12,000 a year, and clerks, hired at the expense of the public, to do the work.

Often does the now miserable woman say to herself:

"What a fool I was! I might have known from the businesslike proposition he made that night that he could not lose!"

Noted Swedish Woman.

An honored guest of the Swedish Exposition was Christine Nilsson, now the Countess Miranda. While at Stockholm she was a center of attraction, and crowds of people assembled to see her pass. But the only time she opened her lips to sing was in the old university town of Upsala, where the students came to offer the diva a serenade; in return for the courtesy Nilsson sang one of her songs.

WHAT UNCLE SA

ITEMS OF INTEREST BUSY YANKE

Neighborly Interest in His of Moment and Mirth Ga Daily Record.

On one farm near Flin are 1,120,000 cabbages.

In nine years the Ind of Tama county, Ia., ha thirteen. The red peop number 394.

Plenty of deer are re mont, and great number escape the hunters' att all have their thoughts

Bee trees are being f bers in parts of Vermon near Nashville held a h feet long and several i

Mortgages are being pa son of the good times, in ty, Wash., the interest been left unpaid for t years.

A newspaper of Sherma says that it does not kn er in the county who wi to discharge all his ind fall.

The hand of Jim Stev ington negro, is said to m inches from the wrist to middle finger. The thum scribed as the size of a

A couple of dozen onio for a bushel, but J. R. D bany, Or., has exhibited onions which together we pounds, or fifteen pound a bushel.

By wiping perspiration with the back of his hand ing coin, F. J. Eighmey Ia., poisoned his eyes bad ly with dust from the tions on the metal.

How some people eat a lds, Mich., may be guess cord of a housewife who baked 84 loaves of bread, 140 cakes, 156 fried cakes, 1,026 cookies.

Crows are besting or farmers about South Unio They descend upon the swarms, and go so far, averred, as to post pic fences to give warning of of gunners.

A runaway horse at F jumped a six-foot gate a ling check rein catching the horse's head was pu manner that the animal ersault, landing on its gained its feet and ran

From Battle Creek, Mi ing machine company a shipped a separator to N route scheduled to occup and a man and his son, ta of food and water, for had themselves shut up trip.

There may be a deadly the handwriting of the tion in this country, for system" fad has spread to confines. It has been ad ly in the public schools Wash., and at Portland the schools already use are being formed to lear ple in various walks of li

Charles Cross, a letter Huntsville, Ala., has scor victory after having be from duty for refusing to urday, which he observe bath. He is a Seventh D The department ordered ment on the ground th no disposition to interfere religious belief, but the P instructed, in case Cross refuse to work, to report mediate removal.

Dr. Roberts has instit calls the Church of the W sas City. He conducts Sunday mornings in a t the stage is set as a dra blue and brown. No coll en up. "The churches h ging for a thousand yea "and are still in debt." last Sunday was "The World." He thinks the ch progress as the world that a mediaval monk life would not find the c things which have not his exit.

It is pretty generally the big candy stores a stores which employ girls soda fountains in some cities now seek girls wh tinguished for beauty. many typewriting agenc is given to girls not cal but little or nothing ha of any effort on the part companies in the same Sheriff of Augusta coun ever, as manager of the change at Staunton, has homely girls as telepho His reasons have been va the puzzle deepens with gation of the news that ployed in the exchange m ter going there. What th like is not told, and it their photographs have b curious correspondents th It is to be noted that, the Gazetteer, Staunton, lation of less than 7,000, institutions for women a lunatic asylum.

WOULDN'T CATCH T

Mrs. A.— Mrs. Tomp has her dresses cut to ground.

Mr. A.— But how clear the ground if the it?