

pay for them, but having a good incubator, the man was willing to take a mortgage on it. He also gave Billy some pointers on how to run the machine, and Billy was satisfied that this time he would be successful.

And he was. Out of one hundred eggs he hatched seventy-five strong chicks. The three surviving members of his first brood were ousted from their warm house to make room for the newcomers; and Billy filled up his machine again. He had no difficulty in borrowing money now that he had proved that he could hatch the chickens.

As the warm weather came on, they thrived and grew fat, and in June he disposed of half of his first flock for broilers. He kept all the best pullets for winter eggs. During the summer he barely paid expenses. Feed for the chickens, and eggs for the incubator, took all the money he could raise, but in October he began to reap the harvest. The dollars poured in rapidly, and Billy had glowing visions of his college days, now so near at hand. All winter he worked faithfully, taking eggs and chickens to the city, and getting the highest prices. His mother was openly proud of his success, but if his father had any ideas on the subject, he carefully kept them to himself.

When summer came again, Billy had a nice little sum laid away, but it wasn't enough for the four years' course, and the more Billy thought about it, the more determined he was to have it all. He knew he could make enough during the second winter to carry him through, but it didn't seem as though he could wait another year.

He was thinking it all over one afternoon, as he sat on the top of the fence, watching the chickens as they scratched for their supper, and had almost decided that he would have to wait, when his father strolled by on his way to the house, chewing a straw, and looking most unconcerned.

He stopped and leaned his elbows on the fence. 'Nice flock o' chickens ye hev thar Billy.'

Billy assented.

'Ye done better'n I thought ye would,' which was a great concession for Farmer Redmond. 'How's yer bank account?'

'Pretty fair,' said Billy.

'Got enough?'

'Enough for what?' Billy purposely misunderstood.

'To take ye to college.'

'Enough to start on,' said Billy rather sullenly.

'But not enough to finish on, eh?' said the farmer. 'What ye goin' to dew about it?'

Billy felt like saying, 'Why should you care?' His father's attitude had been a sore point with him all the way through. He restrained himself, however, and said gruffly: 'Have to wait another year, or else work my way through. Lots of fellows do that. Black boots and sweep out the class-rooms, and look after furnaces. Lots of things a fellow can do if he has to,' he ended grimly.

His father eyed him shrewdly for a moment. 'Ye ain't goin' to dew no sich thing,' he finally drawled out.

Billy's heart sank at this, but rose at his father's next remark.

'An' ye ain't goin' to wait another year either. If I'd 'a' knowed ye wuz so sot on goin', I'd 'a' let ye go in the first place, but I thought it wuz jest a notion, and ye'd soon git over it. When I seen ye wuz bound to git thar anyway, I made up my mind to let ye work it out yer own way, but I wuzn't goin' to let ye be disappointed in the end. Ye git ready and go, and I'll see thet yer eggs and chickens gits to market this winter, an' if they don't raise enough to keep ye goin', why I guess I kin.'

Billy couldn't speak for a minute. There was a lump in his throat the size of one of his precious eggs, it seemed to him. He held out his hand, and as his father grasped it warmly, he murmured huskily, 'You're fine, father, and here I've been thinking the meanest things about you, that you didn't want me to get on, and you wanted to make a drudge of me, and I hadn't any chance such as other boys have. You don't know half the foolish things I was saying to myself about you.'

'I knowed ye wuz, Billy; I knowed ye wuz,' he laughed softly; 'and I wuz thinkin' all the time how fooled ye wuz, an' how sorry ye'd

Two Girls.

(Pauline Frances Camp, in 'Girl's Companion'.)

Geraldine lives on the avenue grand,
Biddy lives down on the flat.
One wears a sunbonnet all the year round,
The other, a gay Paris hat.
Yet Geraldine's laugh is a thing seldom heard,
While Biddy's rings out like a caroling bird.

Geraldine's roses bloom all the year round;
A tin can holds Biddy's one flower.
Geraldine has not a thing she must do;
Biddy works hard every hour.
Yet one cares no whit for the roses or buds;
The other finds joy in the blossoming suds.



Geraldine wears an embroidered Swiss frock,
Biddy, a calico gown;
Geraldine's face, like a lily, is fair;
Biddy's is freckled and brown.
One rides in her carriages, fretful, forlorn,
The other, on foot, is as blithe as the morn.

One, with all beauty and wealth at command,
Dissatisfied, saunters along.
The other with Poverty trips hand in hand,
In time to her own merry song.
Oh, what content might poor Geraldine win,
Could she borrow the eyes of rich Biddy O'Flynn!

be, but I jest had to let ye alone. I wanted to see what kind of stuff ye wuz made of, an' I'm satisfied. I'm more'n satisfied. Thar's yer mother wavin' to us,' starting toward the house. Better come into supper, Billy.'—'Forward.'

'Forced to Belief in God.'

The late Lord William Thomson Kelvin was one of the greatest scientists of modern times. All the world deferred to his opinions upon any subject he thought proper to discuss. He was thorough, consistent, scientific, logical, original and reverent. He lived to be eighty-four years old, and for fifty-three years of his life he was professor of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow. It is said that the success of the Atlantic cable was largely due to his research into the transmission of electric currents, and for this work he was knighted in 1863. In 1892 he was

created peer with the title of Lord Kelvin.

His electrometers, Watt Meters, and other inventions embody the perfection of mathematical and geometrical adjustment. He was repeatedly elected president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and was president of the British Association in 1871. For his efforts in behalf of science, Lord Kelvin has been decorated many times, having been a grand officer of the Legion of Honor of France, a member of the Prussian Order Pour Le Merite, and Commander of the Order of King Leopold of Belgium. He received honors also from the Japanese and other governments.

In 1844 Lord Kelvin visited America, delivering learned lectures in great university centres, and he came again with his wife in 1902, taking a deep interest in the subject of wireless telegraphy, declaring it to be an invention of great commercial importance to the world.

Lord Kelvin was not only a student of na-