

lack of an encouraging word had left to die out on the hearth of trial.

Presently there was a fearful discord in the orchestra. It broke into the song like a black cloud across a summer sky. It came from one of the violins. The singer ceased, and the music stopped. With anger in his eyes and lips quivering with rage, the leader turned toward a crouching figure in a chair beneath the stand.

"What do you mean—what do you mean, I say? Have you not played that bar a thousand times?"

There was no reply, but a boyish face, with anguish in every feature, was uplifted towards the angry man.

"Do not look at me in that stupid way. Have I not taught you better?"

"But, sir," pleaded the boy, "it was all a mistake."

"Bah, a mistake, indeed! It was all your careless—"

"Never mind," said the prima donna; "he could not help it. I will sing it again."

"Madame, I will attend to this part of the company. Franz, leave the place. Anton, you take the second violin."

The boy, for that was all he was, picked up his instrument, and looked up over the lights. His eyes met those of the singer. She smiled, and he, brushing a tear from his blue eyes, opened the door and went down into the musicians' room beneath the stage.

"I will sing no more today," said the prima donna, and she left the stage.

Poor Franz! He threw himself down on an old property bench, and, burying his face in his hands, cried as only a heart wounded boy can. Poor little fellow! Fourteen years old, and his father, an old instrument maker, had died, leaving Franz and a widowed mother, with but little to support them. His little heart had leaped with joy when the professor consented to place him in the orchestra, for it was his life's ambition to become a virtuoso like those of whom his father had talked so often. But the professor had not always been kind, and the tender feelings had been cut more than once. As he sobbed, he was wondering if he would be sent back home, a failure.

The idea sickened him, and tears were fast returning, when a gentle hand touched his pulsing forehead. He raised his tear stained face timidly, thinking the time for the dreaded scolding had come. But instead of seeing the cold, hard features of the professor, he saw the gentle face of the prima donna. He had never seen her so close before, and her countenance seemed to him like that of an angel.

"Don't cry, dear," she said, as she brushed back the hair from his forehead. "Don't cry, for my sake, and you shall play for me tonight."

His face lighted up, and the great choking lumps in his throat melted away under the caresses of that comforting hand.

"Go home now," she said, "and come back tonight. No one shall scold you."

Then she handed him a flower, and left the room. He could say nothing, he was so happy. His eyes, beaming with joy, followed her to the door; and when it closed, the sound of her footsteps on the narrow staircase was like the sweetest music to him.

In the evening he took his place in the orchestra and played as he never had played before. When the time for the lullaby came, and his "beautiful friend," as he had described her to his mother, came on the stage, he bowed his head down over his violin, and the music that rose from that one instrument alone was in itself a symphony. Then came the applause, and as it died away in echoes, she looked down at him and smiled. The audience saw it, but not one of them knew how much sunshine that one look had placed in a boy's heart.

Days had passed since the unpleasant rehearsal, and it had almost been forgotten. One night there was a stir behind the curtain when the stage manager, after reading a note, brought by a messenger, had called for the prima donna's understudy. It was not long before the news spread to the dressing

rooms, and every heart was saddened, for the note had brought the tidings of the illness of the loved singer. Franz missed her, too; and when the curtain had dropped on the last act, he put his violin under his arm, and went up the dark, winding steps to the stage.

The "light" man, who had always been kind to Franz, was shutting off the circuit for the house lights. Franz asked him about the prima donna's absence, and was told that she had been taken suddenly ill. The answer to his inquiry startled and pained him. He started home with his heart heavy, and his thoughts all centred around the sweet voiced being who had been his comforter. He stopped for a moment before the window of a music store, and his eyes fell upon the score of the lullaby his friend had sung. With a sudden impulse he started off in a different direction.

He walked on for many blocks, and came finally to a brightly lighted apartment house. A hall boy opened the door for him. With a tremor in his voice, Franz asked if the boy could tell him if Mme. Cantori was very ill. The boy simply replied, "Second story front," and taking this as an invitation, Franz passed in and up the broad stairs.

He was just turning the landing, when he met a man coming down. Franz stopped him, and politely asked if he could direct him to the singer's room. The man was a physician. He stopped, looked at the boy, and said that madame was very, very ill, and could not see him. What was the matter, the boy asked? An attack of the heart had stricken her down, the man replied, and life was only hanging by a thread.

Tears came into the boy's eyes, and a sob passed his lips. He went on, and stopped before the door. It was as quiet as death within. He waited there a long time. The physician came and went again, but only shook his head sadly and meaningly, and went on. Franz knelt down, noiselessly unlocked the case, and took out his violin. He raised the bow, and placing the instrument against his face, began to play. It was the soft, sweet notes of the lullaby that floated through the quiet building, and into the room where the singer lay.

Life was ebbing fast, but as the music reached her ears, her eyes opened, and a smile of ineffable sweetness came to the beautiful face. The watchers leaned over her couch.

"Hear, hear," she murmured; "it is Franz, dear little Franz!"

Still the music kept on, sweeter and softer as each note was played. The singer tried to rise, and loving hands supported her.

"Listen, the lullaby," she whispered. Not another sound disturbed the scene, so solemn and sad. But just as the closing notes of the music were being played a string on the violin snapped.

The singer opened her eyes, and faintly breathed, "God bless little Franz."

The eyes closed again, and her head sank back on the pillow. A voice, rich and beautiful, was hushed, and the soul of the singer had passed into that chorus whose melodies ring on through eternity.

They opened the door and found Franz prostrate on the floor. The violin with its broken string lay at his side. He was sobbing bitterly.

Last Words of a Great Statesman.

During the last hours of Daniel Webster Mr. Adams called, and, seeing his desperate condition and wishing to cheer him a bit, said to the dying statesman: "Good morning, Mr. Webster. I hope you are doing well." Mr. Webster's eloquent though sad reply was: "Mr. Adams, I am sorry to say that I am not. I feel that I am the tenant of a house sadly racked by the storms of time. The roof leaks, the windows rattle, the doors creak on their hinges, till my mansion seems almost uninhabitable. But the saddest part of the situation, sir, is that I have received word that the landlord positively refuses to make any further repairs."

Lightning on the Fence.

Electricity and its application to the purposes of business now-a-days has reached a wonderful stage of development. Machines and appliances are constantly being added to the many devices for promoting the comfort and happiness of humanity. These problems, of course, are being solved largely by men who give their attention almost exclusively to such things. Many farmers have the foresight and the ingenuity to solve the simpler of these problems for themselves. Others, it would seem, even when told, either forget or neglect to make improvements and to profit thereby. We refer particularly to the effects of lightning. Every year we hear of numberless head of cattle, while standing adjacent to some tree, but more particularly, near to a fence, being struck by lightning and killed. Cattle seem to know by instinct that it is not safe to stand under a tree during an electrical storm, but this same instinct does not seem to apply when a wire fence is there threatening. It is a difficult matter to prepare every tree so that it will not be struck by lightning and thereby protect the cattle, but, as for the fence, it is such a simple matter that it would seem every farmer who permit his stock to be thus killed by lightning, is a victim of his own gross negligence.

It is a well-known fact that moist earth is the best conductor of electricity. Dry earth is not a good conductor. Almost any kind of metal, if

come heavily charged with one kind of electricity, the earth underneath is equally charged with the other kind. The equalizing of these two opposing forces is the manner of their being brought together. If abruptly, the effect is a sudden shock, a flash of lightning, and a loud clap of thunder. The effect of this sensation which we see and hear is the sudden breaking away of the atmosphere and its equally sudden contraction. Now, if a metal point is at hand as the positive or negative electricity accumulates, the metal point will gradually carry it away before any great amount can accumulate. Thus the philosophy of the lightning rod is applied to wire fences.

Since cement posts are coming into use, this principle is being applied by the manufacturers of these posts. As it will be a long time, however, before the cement post comes into universal use, it would be well for farmers to ground their wire fences as above and thus save unnecessary loss of stock.

Not a "Light" Drink.

An easterner, riding on a mail-stage in Northern Colorado, was entertained by a dialogue which was sustained upon the one side by the driver and upon the other by an elderly passenger, evidently a native of the region, says the Youth's Companion.

"I understand you're temperance," began the driver.



Home for Incurables and Staff, Portage la Prairie, Man.

drawn to a point, is a good inductor and will conduct the electricity of the clouds into the earth, where it is safely distributed. So, while farmers are making fences, how simple a matter it is to take a wire and let its point extend above the post for three or four inches and run the other end down into the ground to permanently moist earth. If it fails to reach moisture it is worthless for it will not carry off the electricity. We recommend, therefore, that the wire be put in when the posthole is open and that it be run two or three feet lower than the ordinary posthole. It must reach permanently moist earth or it is absolutely worthless. It must also be in contact with all wires of the fence, unless all are in contact with each other. It is not necessary that every post be so protected, but each alternate post would be sufficient.

If each post is thus arranged, but little electricity will be collected by any particular one of them. This is exactly the method that the lightning rod man uses when rodding your buildings for protection against lightning.

The philosophy of this principle is becoming better known, and so far as we know the principle of electricity, it is comparatively simple. Electricity is of two forms, namely, negative and positive. Originally, they seem to have been together and by some unknown force of nature, tend to come together again wherever any natural means of doing so is at hand. It would seem that where the clouds be-

"Yes, I'm pretty strong against liquor," returned the other. "I've been set against it now for thirty-five years."

"Scared it will ruin your health?"

"Yes, but that isn't the main thing."

"Perhaps it don't agree with you?"

ventured the driver.

"Well, it really don't agree with anybody. But that ain't it either. The thing that sets me against it is a horrible idea."

"A horrible idea! What is it?"

"Well, thirty-five years ago I was sitting in a hotel in Denver with a friend of mine and I says, 'Let's order a bottle of something,' and he says, 'No, sir. I'm saving my money to buy government land at \$1.25 an acre. I'm going to buy to-morrow, and you'd better let me take the money you would have spent for the liquor and buy a couple of acres along with mine.' I says, 'All right.' So we didn't drink, and he bought me two acres."

"Well, sir, to-day those two acres are right in the middle of a flourishing town; and if I'd taken that drink I'd have swallowed a city block, a grocery store, an apothecary's, four lawyers' offices, and it's hard to say what else. That's the idea. Ain't it horrible?"

Bystander—I expected to see you shoot that Boston man when he gave you the lie.

Georgian—He didn't give me the lie. He only said that in his judgment I was habitually untruthful.—Somerville Journal.



up the newes in a good ba piano accom factors in ins the general comrades would be a very lif not for the Teddy Dwig In one wa a kind of blessings. F in abundanc found togeth lowance of qualities tha deadly ene hearted, and care free, affectionate Ted," and v as among th the beloved This was peared in t the various men were there were in the secl quarters, w pipe cloudi wreaths of melancholy, Charley K once confid entering T fore he had rade on hi his face in creeping c From this nature aros had some s this imbuec est. We a and wondr could be, dramatic witness its I distin when Joyc gagement was a re member o and accou yet here a shakings words of him happy on the "I doubts of Frankly to have t three eng to South and the t symptom all heart, in spite o made us effect suc upon him He had way of d in which engagemc istic of t had just we were when Te marked i few worc eral hush stood lo that seer "Well, Miss W mark th over at tobacco, over any a night's we all