

"WHEN EROS CAME."

Long years my Lute was silent, none had heard
Its music in my soul's house where it hung,
Full of sweet songs no voice had ever sung.
Until one moonlit eve when the deer stirred
Softly amid the fern and the night bird
Poured forth a flood of melody that wrung
My heart with passionate longing, then I flung
My Lute away;—slowly, without a word.
One picked it up, his gaze most sweet and wise
Met mine; he placed my fingers on the strings—
"Thy Lute is dumb no more, beloved, sing."
And, trembling with an ever new surprise,
I sang—all I have dreamed,—and more,—
my King
Still gazing on me with his grave sweet eyes.

—G. H. F. N.

COYOTE-THAT-BITES.

OTevery Apache can get his fill of blood before sun-up, and his fill of mescal before noon. Yet Coyote-That-Bites had managed to achieve both these delightful ends, and of all the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously, tumultuously happy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Jose Sanchez and his wife after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle. And then, when he had taken what gold was in the Mexican's bag, what mescal was in his demijohn, and had strapped Jose's rather loose fitting cartridge belt about his sun-brown belly, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work, and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder, had wandered far down the dry arroyo, sipping from the demijohn the stupefying juice of the agave from time to time, until he felt that he was growing drowsy.

Then he dragged his uncertain way along, until he came to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails, and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one should come along the track, and then try a shot at him with his newly acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing light and the rifle was growing heavy. Well, it was getting toward noon, and rather warm, even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires is a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth than sleep took a mighty hold upon him, and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side, and his unspeakably hideous face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the music of the wires. Stay, there were other sounds; but they came some time after Coyote-That-Bites had thrown himself upon the sand, and gone off to the Land of Nod. They came faintly at first, and mingled with the murmurings of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the wee Mexican children whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning. But he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway—those tones that now piped forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay trudged down the line. They were walking in the scoopout along the road-bed—not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station. But Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay.

To give Dubs due credit, he did not know he was half a mile from home, and he really was going to turn back pretty soon. But the children had found many interesting and beautiful things to claim their attention. First there had been a chase after a young owl that could not fly, and that made its way along in the most haphazard manner imaginable. Then a horned toad had been captured, and Dubs had dragged the dismasted prisoner along by a string, until he had tired of the sport and had let him go again.

Then, always keeping close to the railroad, they had entered a great field of cacti, where Dubs had tried very hard to pick "toonies" without getting the insidious needle-like spines in his fingers. He was fairly successful, but he would not let the fruit of the cactus go into his sister's chubby hands until it had been stripped of its dangers by his ready jack-knife.

"I only had tum matches to build a fire wiv," sighed Dubs, I'd burn off dese prickles, jus' like ve Injuns does."
"O-o!" came suddenly from under Gay's sun-bonnet, "Wot's dat?"
"Why it's a jug!" and Dubs left the "toonies" and started toward the pile of rocks where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again

and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms for he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep, and no more to be feared than papa, when he lay on his lounge in his midday repose. Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was "worky Injun," like the Yaquis who shovelled and picked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off, and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had these scattered all about in the sand by the snoring Coyote. In the scramble for her share of the innocent toys, Gay let one of them drop on the Coyote's leg. Perhaps the mescal's influence was on the wane; for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand, and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side; but the hand fell and the noble red man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buck-horn handle.

It's bigger'n Mommie's butcher knife, ain't it, Gay?" the young savage asked, as he grasped the handle of the devilish-looking blade. "Now you 'tand over here, Mommie says. 'Im a Paché, you were an I'll get 'hind yiv wock. Ven you tum along an' I'll jump out and kill you."

Gay demurred.
"Oh, it's only make b'lieve. Vese kind o' I-juns don' kill nobody," and he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y 'Paché' at kills, an' vey's none young here, Mommie says. 'Im a Paché, so you better look out."

It was dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've woked him up an' 'poiled it all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough the Coyote-That-Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mescal held him down. So, after turning over, and burying his hatchet-like face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt, and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger, and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell; but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon for nearly an hour, while Gay poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slant, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mescal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or much less, a "swift" brushing against his blackfoot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear,—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a grease-wood twig the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were murmuring louder than ever. The wee ones had sported in the black shadows long enough,—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station, a "dust-devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote-That-Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop, and started about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half-covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was his cartridge-belt empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little footprints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eye rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniac ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges,—where were they? He saw Gay's mound of sand, and kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grunting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station, he knew that he was late,—too late,—and he gave a grunt of disgust, and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sunset.

In the low-roofed station-house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert, saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots; saw the prickly pear shrubs, holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon, and felt the inspiration of the scene as she had often felt it before. For the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities, and in the cool, green valleys, might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm, where she sat, and little Gay nestled down with tired sigh. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful.

And, in truth, there was.—Frank B. Millard in "The Overland."

AROUND ABOUT THE FARM.

AGRICULTURAL READING OF INTEREST AND VALUE.

Artichokes for Swine—A Subsoiling Experiment—Wheat Harvesting in California—Comparative Yields of Corn—Keeping Butter.

Artichokes for Swine.

Farmers who want a cheap, easily raised and yet excellent food for their swine can find it in the red or Brazilian artichoke. Among the advantages enumerated as belonging to this crop not the least is that it can be planted in either fall or spring, as is most convenient, and that when the work is once done it stays planted indefinitely. Then, unlike most other crops of useful plants, artichokes require little or no cultivation except what they get from the industrious rooting of the hogs, who, as one authority says, will cheerfully do both the cultivating and harvesting at the times and in the way that will do the most good. The yield is enormous, and the roots are a wholesome corrective of the system, so that it is said a pig pastured on artichokes with cholera would be an astonishing curiosity.

The planting of an artichoke field, and its subsequent culture until ready for the swine, does not involve very great labor. The best place for it is a piece of low land, with a deep, rich soil, near a brook. It should be deeply plowed when not too wet, and thoroughly harrowed. Theseed, about six bushels to the acre, should be planted after the frost is out in the spring and before June, in drills three feet apart, and a foot apart in the rows. The tubers should be cut like potatoes for spring planting, covered with not less than three inches of soil, and afterwards rolled. If not convenient to plant in the spring, it can be done in the fall, from about the middle of October to the middle of November but in fall seeding experience has shown that the best results are obtained by planting the whole tubers.

When the plants are three inches high in the spring, it is advantageous to run the cultivator between the rows in order to check the growth of weeds, although the artichoke is enough of a weed itself to triumph over most opponents in the struggle for existence.

With the weather favorable during the summer—that is, if there has been a good supply of rain—the crop will usually be ready for the swine by the latter part of September; but in a season too dry for vigorous growth it is better to postpone their onslaught for two or three weeks. They may then be allowed to forage until the ground freezes. After the frost is out of the ground in the spring, they may be turned in again to root until the beginning or middle of June.

It is calculated that after a season favorable for growth an acre will supply ample forage for forty head of swine, and still leave enough roots in the ground for re-seeding.

Although artichokes do not form a complete food for swine they will answer very well for a time in the fall and spring without other food.

A Subsoiling Experiment.

As we have often suggested, every farm ought to be to some extent an experiment station. The facts learned in this way are doubly valuable—first, because they stimulate the mind of the experimenter, and, second, because the discoveries made have a direct local bearing. Experiments made at a station may or may not indicate what is needed on a particular farm; but experiments on that farm, if intelligently conducted, show what can be done right there on that identical piece of land.

And one of the experiments that it would be well to make would be that of subsoil plowing. There is a wide difference of opinion among intelligent farmers as to this matter. Some are strongly opposed to it as not only useless but actually injurious, while others with equal insistence maintain that it is essential to the best results in farming.

Both, no doubt, are right, but are reasoning from different points of view. Some soils require subsoiling, others do not, and that is the simple basis of the difference of opinion with regard to it.

But it cannot always be determined, without trial, whether any particular soil will be benefited by subsoiling or not. And here comes in the local application of the experiment station idea.

A method of doing this, as suggested by the secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, is as follows:

Plow and subsoil two or three strips about two rods wide, from sixteen to twenty inches deep, across the field selected for the experiment, and let the remainder of the field be plowed to the usual depth and not subsoiled. The surface preparation of both should be the same before planting.

Then plant the entire field at once, or in sections, but so that each planting will cover at the same time the subsoiled and unsubsoiled parts, and give exactly the same cultivation to the entire field while the crop is growing. Keep a careful record of the varying conditions of the weather and note the differences, if any, in the growth of the plants, and, after harvesting, the difference in the yield and quantity of the grain.

By such an experiment as this the utility of subsoiling on his own land may be practically ascertained by every farmer. If the difference in the amount and quality of the crop should not be great enough to pay for the increased cost of subsoiling, all the theorizing in the world will not justify the expense. But the operation has so often proved a source of increased profit that no farmer should be satisfied until he has tested it for himself and definitely ascertained that on his farm, at least, it costs more than it comes to.

Wheat Harvesting in California.

But the last two years have witnessed another development of machinery in California wheat culture. Steam power has been successfully applied, and a very great reduction in cost has been made. In the summer of 1880 a large number of field engines built here, on California designs, were in the fields with astonishing results. The largest of them cut a swath of 40 feet, and harvested the crop at a cost for running expenses of less than 25 cents per acre, as against \$1.75 of the old system. The same engine is expected to plow, carrying 12 or 20, or even 40 plows, and, since it is a road engine, it will haul the crop to the nearest station or landing at less expense than if hauled with horses. The price of such an engine, with the harvester and thresher, is from \$5,000 to \$8,000 at present, but this cost, it is said, will soon be reduced. From the talk among wheat-growers, two or three years will witness the introduction of steam on the larger ranches. The engines are "straw-burners," or, when plowing, wood can be used. Coal is very high on the Pacific coast, and therefore coal-burning engines will never be profitable here. I have asked wheat raisers what they thought would be the cost of plowing, harrowing, seeding, harvesting and delivering at the station, if these steam engines do what is expected. They answer: "About \$1 an acre, on the easily farmed lands, and not more than \$2 anywhere." This, then, is the way that California can successfully meet the competition of India, Russia, Siberia and the Argentine Republic.—American Agriculturist.

Comparative Yields of Corn.

A correspondent of the National Stockman says that in testing some 20 varieties of corn in which the preparation of soil, planting and cultivating were the same as well as the character of the soil, he found the yield varied from 33 to 83 bushels per acre. Pride of the North, a small early variety with a stalk of 10 feet and ripening July 15, and the Mastodon, a large variety with a stalk of 13 feet and ripening the first week in August, representing the extremes. The Iowa King, from E. S. Tengar-den, Boone, Iowa, and a speckled corn from G. T. Petit, Oneida, Kansas, both contributors to your columns, ranked very high as heavy croppers and in the desirable qualities of medium corn. The yield and adaptability of different varieties of corn in any section are questions of close attention and experiment. Every farmer should at least set aside an acre of ground that is uniform as to all necessary points in corn culture and then plant the same number of rows to a half dozen varieties of corn, giving them equal and impartial care. A half pound or pound of seed each, will not be very expensive. Part of it may easily be secured by exchanging with farmers in other sections. The experiment will be a grand object lesson and in many ways full of instruction. Look about for seed now and be prepared for it next spring.

Keeping Butter.

The best method for keeping butter for any length of time is to store it in barrels, under brine in the granulated form. New, clean whisky or pork barrels should be used, filled to within 18 inches of the top with brine strong enough to float an egg, and the butter then put in and covered so as to keep it at least four inches beneath the surface of the brine. Butter packed in this way has kept sweet for 18 months or more. Under our present conditions of manufacturing and marketing it, of course, rarely occurs that there is any need of keeping butter for such a time, but in putting up butter for export, especially for shipment to countries south of us, this or a similar plan might be adopted for keeping it in good condition. We have a good chance just now for building a trade with our southern neighbors, and it would pay to take extra pains to procure it by getting our butter to them in better shape than any other that they receive.

Short Rows.

To winter leeks, dig, remove dead leaves and cut top down one-half and store in trenches like celery.

Resolve and plan and do better farming next year than you did this. Let progress be your watchword.

To be successful in farming as much system and forethought is required as for any other occupation.

Celery should not be handled when frosted. Let it thaw out in the ground and dig it only when dry.

Charcoal where the fattening swine can get it at will is a good thing. It keeps down acidity of the stomach and promotes digestion.

Farm Life, published at Rochester, New York, offers \$100 to any farmer or gardener who will produce an odorless onion. The editor says he believes it can be done.

Watch your farm expenses and be sure that your income always exceeds your expenditure. In order to know your standing you will have to keep an account book, of course.

If your barn has big knot holes or cracks on the north or west sides, stop them, for sufficient air for ventilation can get in from warmer sides. Keep the stock warm and it will save feed.

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

The spiritual yearnings of the present day which give rise to this question are, to a certain extent, an answer to it. They represent that element of the human mind which recognizes itself as a part of Eternal Truth, and seeks, by further knowledge, to discover its relation to the whole.

It is this knowledge—yearned for and sought by mankind in all stages of its history—that Theosophy is offering to the world to-day; the knowledge of the soul, its nature, possibilities, and ultimate attainments; of the universe in its manifold parts and differentiations; of that which we can only feel to be beyond knowledge, the Source, Life, and Consummation of all things.

The ground thus covered by Theosophy embraces the whole range of human enquiry. It rewards the most earnest searchings into the great Trinity of Mystery by indicating the true relation of the parts to the Whole, and the lines along which this relation is effected. If Theosophy is world-wide in its application, it is wide also in its definition. The answer lies in the inner consciousness of all who seek it, in proportion to each man's spiritual receptivity, will Theosophy be to him in its divinest significance. As a definition of its highest and most abstract side, we may speak of Theosophy as the recognition and conscious growth of soul-life; the wisdom that comes of growth; the gradual unfolding and realization of the possibilities of being.

It is looking into the nature of the Self, and a reading, in that inner light, of the mystery which finds in the Self the secret and spring of the universe. Hence the man who has realized the germs of a supernal existence has found the answer he seeks to the question, "What is Theosophy?" He has found the beginnings of himself, and Theosophy is the recognition of that Self in all its boundless potentialities.

Such is the soul or ideal of Theosophy, which, to many minds, would be void of meaning. A subject is, to us, what we have the power of making it, and those who limit the Universe to their own narrow vision, and Truth to the extent of their undeveloped intuition, will cling to the body of Theosophy and ignore the existence of its soul. This body, or set of doctrines—Theosophy in its intellectual aspect—has come to be regarded, by many inquirers, as the whole extent of the subject. Aroused by the increasing prominence of certain doctrines relating to the history of the Universe and Man, they have canalized them into a creed, whose principles are said to undermine all rival religions, thus giving prominence to the form at the expense of the ideal.

For the sectarian element enters, in no way, into the conception of Theosophy. It claims to be the underlying principle of all religious systems, yet everything that is inculcated in the form of doctrine is subservient to, and useful only as the means of expressing, the fundamental idea.

In attempting a more concrete definition of Theosophy we encounter a philosophy so vast and harmonious as to justify at once the conviction that its foundations are laid on Everlasting Truth.

Among the central ideas, we notice a fundamental law of thought—that of Agreement in Difference, or Unity in Differentiation; coincident with this law—that by which its operation is effected—is the dual principle of involution and evolution. On these two lines the whole philosophy unfolds itself. It postulates the existence of one all-pervading, eternal and only Reality—Spirit—in which lies hidden the Universal Ideal, or Fore-Thought of all things.

From an absolute and unutterable Source, whose profundity is impenetrable even by the highest light of consciousness, the Universal Thought is projected through various planes of subjectivity, becoming, from the unmanifested, or ideal prototypal Cause, the manifested, objective effect on that plane where the ideal is realized in matter. The subjective and objective planes are co-related, since the unity of Spirit must be manifested in all stages of its evolution. As on the highest plane, the nameless Cause and its effect are blended in one unmanifested ideal, so, on the lowest, when the ideal is brought down into visible form, it becomes its own effect: it realizes itself.

The secret, then, of the universe is the manifestation of the Divine Mind or Universal Self-Consciousness, through various grades of objectivity. Descending ultimately into gross matter, it passes through every stage of material existence to its highest development in man. In him the Kosmos recognizes its crowning effort; the life stream (now conscious mind) has but one stage further to ascend before it realizes the goal towards which it has been working. The full completion of this work lies in a culmination of consciousness beyond even the highest conception of humanity to-day—a consciousness of which we can only say that its attainment is the whole purpose of the Universe.

Theosophy teaches that all things animate and inanimate have, in varying degrees, the germs of this consciousness, and that what we call growth or evolution is the moving of the World-Soul up through various phases of manifestation; assimilating and expanding every vestige of life-consciousness, until it is garnered in to the ultimate storehouse of Divinity.

We, individualized rays of the Divine Mind, must evolve until we have realized and become the

ideal with which we started. This ideal involves the persistence of the individual life-stream through repeated earth-lives—each one the strict result of the deeds of the former, and receiving by an impartial and immutable law, the exact conditions of existence for which the soul has fitted itself in the past.

Thus, through many stages, the universe realizes itself—ever one, yet in various grades of manifestation—ever unfolding, yet doomed to battle with the forces; by means of which it grows. Students of Theosophy, more, perhaps, than any others, are brought face to face with the deep mystery of Being. For them Nature has a comprehensiveness which completely outmeasures the wisdom of the wisest human systems, since it includes them all, and yet remains unapproachable.

Though compelled to stand uncovered before the profound unknowable of Life, Theosophists can yet claim, by the application of their fundamental principles, a clearer insight into the purposes of Nature than has been attained by other schools of thought. They see in the mystery of Being a conception that includes also the idea of non-Being—the condition of absolute and limitless Existence of which Being is but a transitory stage, and towards which it can advance only by effort.

The evils of matter, then, do not, in reality, mar the progress of the Universe; they support its life by giving it the means whereby to win its immortality. Nature can make no mistake. Suffering is good, and failure is good, and the waste places of this stage shall be the paradises of the next, for the Universe is ever unfolding from its divine germ, and all that appears in it, having pre-existed from everlasting in the Ideal Mind, must be a part of the divine process.

In recognizing the vast unfolding of an ideal consciousness, on the same lines as those by which a plant unfolds from its germ, we perceive a fitness and a harmony in all things, which those are apt to miss who view the Universe from one of its transient stages only. The Theosophical keynote of agreement in difference, conjoined with the endless evolution of the One Principle, unlocks many an otherwise fast-closed door. It establishes, moreover, a system of ethics on a thoroughly philosophical basis.

Teaching that, though the potencies of differentiation are varied, Spirit is one in its essence and in every phase of its manifestation, it inculcates the principle of unity and altruism as the essential of a Theosophical life.

No other point is insisted upon, for in the recognition of Brotherhood and Love lie all the Law and the Prophets. Theosophy sees in this all-pervading principle, as applied to ethics, the nucleus of force which shall revolutionize the world.

It is the road along which the Universe moves in its slow, grand march towards perfection, and they who realize their oneness with the Whole, in purpose and end, must mold their lives in accordance with its laws.

Selfishness or separateness is the absolute destroyer of the purposes of nature. In the lower kingdoms it is necessary as a means of acquiring unity, knowledge, and a firmer basis of existence; in mankind who has entered upon a larger life, the bestial should be lost in the divine, the sense of separateness in the nearer vision of the Whole.

Such is an imperfect outline of the philosophy of Theosophy—the record of a divine Universe issuing from a divine Source and journeying towards a divine Ultimatum, the Alpha and the Omega of all things.

IN PIERCING WEATHER.

Cold Lodgings for Bill and his Partner that icy Night.

It was a whistling cold night outside. Every incoherent brought with him a rush of chilled air that caused the occupants of the rear seats to shiver and scowl reproachfully, for the atmosphere of the mission room had reached an almost tropical warmth. In the of center the left aisle stood a great, old fashioned stove, and close beside it at the end of one of the long, hard benches, sat two ragged and frowsy men.

Upon the platform a stout and placid-faced woman was reading a selection from some religious book, but the two men stared hard at the clock which ticked upon the wall above her head, and seemed to follow the onward sweep of the slender minute hand with their entire attention.

At last one of them leaned over and spoke to the other in a hoarse whisper—
"Only t'ree minits more, Bill," he said. "The wind charged upon the windows and nearly rattled them out of their sashes. Bill shivered suggestively and gazed regretfully at the glowing stove.

"Wot's it t'ntie, Bill?" queried the first, "area or wun uv them crockery barrels down Barclay Street?"

"I ust'er know a cellar nex' ter a bakery," reflectively answered Bill, "where it was warm, but sumcuss has spik'd der door."

The minute was but a few seconds from 9:30, and the singers were clearing their throats for the final psalm. Bill drew so close to the fire that his tattered sleeve began to smoke.

"Shall we work der station hus?" queried number one.

"Nixey. Dere sendin' der lodgers up."

"Try a truck den."

"T'won't do no der. Der duck w'at sleeps out t'nite gets froze."

"Well, wot's left?"

"Jes' hoot it aroun' an' wait fur mornin'."

The singing was over and the unkempt congregation began to shuffle streetward. Bill and his partner lingered lovingly around the stove and indulged in anticipatory shivers until the attendant began to turn out the lights. Then with a muttered oath or two, they drifted out.—New York Commercial Advertiser.