

under continuous sunshine, while the anxious farmer looked each morning for clouds that would bring the needed rain-drops. Would not the boyish heart have swelled with an appreciation of the needs and rights of others, who also pray to the Father? And if the rainy day had replaced the desired sunshiny one, would not the stinging have been taken from his disappointment by the good accomplished elsewhere by the falling drops?

M. L. S.



The School-Girls' Fund

It has seemed to us best that the world that gives should know a little of the world to whom it gives. The following is a condensed history of the friends to whom the money sent to this friendship fund has been given:

A presser in suit house where she worked, a very deserving girl, without relatives, is sick with consumption. She has been unable to work since last summer. She is boarding with friends, and has very little money. She was ill in bed at Christmas-time, when \$10 was given to her.

Another girl has a father, old and sick, and a sister to support. She is a dressmaker by the day, or in an establishment. She has been out of work some weeks. We loaned her \$10 for rent.

Another dressmaker, because of the dull season, had gotten behind in her board. She recently lost a brother she was trying to educate, and she had to use her money for doctor and funeral expenses. We loaned her till May \$25 to pay off her board, as the people with whom she boarded were in need of money, and to start her a little till she got work.

To a girl whose father, an old man, has lost his work, and who has a sick mother and a sister too small to work, \$10 was loaned for rent.

The President of another club writes:

Thank you very much for not wanting to know the names of the girls who received the money. Case No. 1 is one of my club members whose family consists of seven other children besides herself, her father and mother, and a baby expected to be born within a few days.

They were about to be dispossessed when the girl applied to me for the loan of last month's rent, which was \$12. That same week the father secured work at \$12 a week, and will be able within a short time—naturally, after all the debts have been paid—to take care of his family.

Case No. 2—a girl who injured herself through over-reaching at her work; was taken home from work with a hemorrhage, and disabled for many weeks; incurred many debts through doctors' bills and medicines, and requested a loan of \$10.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$210 25
Northampton, Mass.	5 00
J. P.	5 00
Total.....	\$220 25



A Coal-Yard at Sea

The necessity for every nation having coaling-stations in different parts of the world has been the cause of international dissension, and more than once of war, or a close approach to it. It was one of the arguments advanced in favor of annexing Hawaii to the United States that it would afford a coaling-station for our war-ships, and the same argument has been used in regard to the annexation of Cuba. It is known that England maintains her possession of the Bermudas partly because of the value of that little group of islands as coaling-stations for her war fleets, and England has built the largest dry-dock in the world on the Island of St. David, one of the Bermuda group. An American has invented a device by which coal can be put aboard a vessel at sea with perfect ease. It has been the dream of naval officers for years, this possibility of replenishing the coal supply without going into harbor, and at any time that the supply was necessary, in any part of the world. A few months ago the experiment was made off the Sandy Hook flag-ship in the harbor of New York. The flag ship San Francisco was coaled by the Kearsarge while the two vessels were two hundred feet apart, both vessels steaming at the rate of four knots an hour. It was decided that this speed could have been

increased to ten knots an hour without interfering at all with the loading of the coal. So successful was the experiment that the sailors on board applauded and cheered. The coal was put in bags and shot into the hold of the vessel in these bags, thus saving a great deal of dust and dirt being blown about. A steel hawser was run, by means of a cutter, to the Kearsarge for two hundred feet; a steel pendant was passed from the Kearsarge to the San Francisco; with the aid of spars and cross-heads, a trolley-line was thrown between the two vessels. Of course this trolley is an inclined plane. Bags containing two hundred pounds of sand were run from one vessel to the other. A patent detachable liberated the bag when it struck the deck of the San Francisco. The experiment was made long enough to prove that fifteen tons of coal or ore could be loaded from one ship to another in an hour. It was demonstrated also that two trolleys could be used with equal ease, thus making it possible to coal a boat at the rate of thirty tons an hour.

Of course the possibility of rough weather and the different adjustment of machinery must be considered, but it is admitted by all that this new method of coaling vessels is of National importance, especially to a Government like the United States, which does not possess a single coaling-station of its own in foreign waters. Great Britain has coaling-stations all over the world, over which it has absolute control; but British ships have to go to these stations when needing coal, so that even to so well prepared a nation as Great Britain this device to load a boat at sea is of very great importance. Loading steamers with coal from lighters has very great disadvantages, especially in rough weather, when the lighter is thrown back and forth against the sides of the vessel. Mr. Philip B. Low, under whose direction this experiment was made, says that it would be even possible to load a ship at the rate of a bag a minute at any point where one vessel can tow another.



Pink Ribbons

By Sydney Dayre

"Hitty!"

"What?"

"Come here."

"I can't just now; I'm busy."

"Come anyhow. I want you."

"Can't you wait till I've strained this milk?"

"No, I want to speak to you right now."

Maria's petulant voice had come from her couch on a side porch of the farm-house through a wide kitchen to the back porch on which Hitty stood to strain the evening's milk. Only two of the pans were as yet filled with the foamy whiteness as she impatiently set down the pail and went to her cousin.

"What do you want?"

"I want you to go over to the village to-morrow and buy something."

"Couldn't you 'a' told me that when I was done?"

"No, I couldn't. I wanted to tell you now."

"Well, I can't go, I know. There's too much to do. It's bakin'-day, and hops to pick, and the feather beds to put out to air. You can wait till some other day, I guess."

"I say I can't," whimpered Maria. "Mother, she can go, can't she?"

Mother, who was sitting by Maria, looked doubtful and perplexed.

"I s'pose we might manage it, Hitty," she said. "I could see to the bakin' alone, and Tom might pick the hops, and we might let the beds wait till Saturday—hey?"

This did not suit Hitty at all. She knew very well that Tom was too busy with other work on the farm to easily find time for picking the hops. They also would probably be left over for Saturday, and Saturday's work was always heavy enough without any other day's burdens being put upon it.

But the amount of Saturday's work was not the real

consideration to Hitty. There was to be a picnic over near the summer hotel, to which all the neighbors were invited. There would be beautiful singing by some of the city visitors, and for days Hitty had been trying to keep the work from shoving over on to that day, hoping to be able to go in the afternoon. And now a whole day to be wasted in going in to the village!

"Is it anything you want so very bad?" she asked of Maria.

"Yes. It's some ribbon just like that Miss Helen wears when she comes to see me. You've seen it—round her neck and her waist. It looks as pretty as a picture. I want some like it."

"Like to know what for," said Hitty, with a little disdainful look at her cousin.

But her heart smote her for the sneer as she regarded Maria's pale face and crooked figure. Maria had been lying down for two years, as the result of a terrible hurt. Every one in the family petted and indulged her, and Hitty usually took her full share in it. But just now her head, as we have seen, was filled with other things.

"Well, I know what for, and that's enough," said Maria, flushing a little at the taunt.

"I guess you had best go," said Maria's mother, with a sideways glance at Hitty.

And Hitty went back to her milk-pans, half angry, half despairing of her hoped-for Saturday frolic.

"She's always havin' her own way," she mused impatiently to herself. "I don't see why everybody should have to stand round for her, if she is sick. Ribbons for her! to tie round her old wrapper. All 'cause of that nippy little Miss from the hotel. But if Maria says it's to be so, I s'pose it's to be so. Well, I believe I'll get me a ribbon, too. I've had that quarter for six months. Buy myself a birthday present—ho!"

That was another feature of it. Saturday was Hitty's birthday. No one in the family had hitherto ever thought of such a thing as noticing a birthday; but Miss Helen, in one of her visits to Maria's couch, during which Hitty had made opportunity to sit within hearing as she shelled the peas for dinner, had talked of birthdays and birthday gifts, and Hitty had rejoiced when she heard that the picnic was to take place on hers. No one would know that her birthday was to be celebrated—that was a joke to be kept all to herself.

Hitty never thought of complaining, even to herself, that she was probably the hardest-worked member of her uncle's family. Every one worked, and she worked willingly. But just now she felt a little rebellious. At another time the prospect of the ride to the village in the summer morning would have helped her to listen more patiently to her cousin's very minute directions regarding the purchase which was to be made for her.

"Now, I want it to be exactly right. Pink—just the color of those roses out there—"

"I should think you'd choose blue, with your light hair," commented Hitty.

"No, I don't want blue, I want pink. And I want it good. Now don't you, Hitty, go to gettin' some poor, cotton-backed, sleazy stuff. I want it all silk, a good body. The piece for the waist must be two yards. That'll go round the waist and make a bow and one end to hang—that's the way they do it now. About an inch and a half wide. And for the neck it'll be narrower. A yard and a quarter. I guess you can get the narrow for about twenty cents a yard, and the wide for twenty five. Here's my seventy-five cents. I've been a good while savin' it up."

Hitty put it in her old purse beside her own precious quarter, and then listened to her aunt's directions for buying some utensils needed in the dairy work.

Hitty liked very well to shop when her time was not so valuable as to-day. The sweetness of the morning, the coolness of the woods through which her way led, the freshness of the trees and wild flowers, had, long before the end of her drive, taken from her the unwonted petulance, and she felt at peace with Maria and all the world.

"Poor Maria! I don't mean no hard feelin' towards her—she havin' to lay there day in and day out. If

she wants pink ribbon, pink ribbon let her have, for all I don't say it'll go good—she bein' so light-complected. Well [with a little sigh], I can't have no ribbon for my waist, but I'll have one for my neck."

Even innocent Hitty knew that pink would look well near her own dark-brown curls and rosy cheeks.

She left the delightful ribbon-shopping until the last. And then came a great dismay.

The ribbon stock in the country store was not large. Nothing could be found striking the happy medium in quality and price laid down by Maria.

There was a piece so rich and soft, so lovely in tint, that into Hitty's throat came a lump of longing admiration. O for such a ribbon to wear! And how it would delight Maria!

But it was beyond even Maria's reach—thirty-seven cents a yard. The only other piece was a cottony thing at which Maria would be sure to sniff with contempt.

Well, Maria must wait. If any of the money sent for the other purchases had been left, Hitty would not have hesitated to use it, knowing it would be thought all right at home. But it was spent.

Her own money? Nonsense! The narrow ribbon was exactly what was wanted. She could have her own neck-ribbon, and, by getting up by four in the morning and working hard, could stand a fair chance of going to the picnic. There was no need of Maria's making such a fuss about a ribbon—she, who could not go anywhere, and who never did anything but lie still and fret and order people around. Maria must do without for once.

But then over Hitty's heart came a rush of remorseful tenderness. Maria could not taste the delight of morning drives, of straying through the meadow for the cows, of striving with all her might to compass a picnic—yes, of getting a good day's work done and going at night to sweet, dreamless rest. Poor Maria!

Then a little surge of rebellion, and it was over. Her own quarter went to make out the lack, and the rich ribbon was, in its white-paper wrapping, carefully bestowed in the new milk-strainer to avoid crushing.

"And I won't tell her. That'll be a—kind of a birthday doin's for me."

And in the hot afternoon Hitty jogged homeward, in her heart an uplift of self-sacrifice which many might have envied in the poor little farm drudge.

"The hops is all picked, Hitty, and the feather beds can wait till Monday."

Hitty's eyes opened wide at this morning greeting from her aunt. The picnic loomed up brightly before her mind's eye.

"And," she went on, "you're to go this afternoon, and it's glad I am that the picnic comes on your birthday. Yes, you thought we'd forgot it, didn't you? Well, Maria says Miss Helen says it's nice for folks to remember folks' birthdays; and if there ever was a good little hard-working thing, that deserved to be remembered, it's you."

Hitty had another little spasm of remorse for her reflections against the young girl who had spent a little of her vacation-time in bringing a few sweet words and sweet thoughts to the poor girl on the farm.

"Hitty!" called Maria.

"What?"

"Come here."

"I'll come as soon as I can."

"Come now. I want you this very minute."

Hitty was in her room dressing for the picnic, finding not a cloud in the fact that her white dress was too short in the waist and too long in the skirt from the latest letting out of the last tuck.

"Hurry!"—another impatient note from Maria.

Hitty hurried.

Before Maria on her couch lay the soft, lustrous pink ribbon for neck and waist.

"Come here. Stand up close."

Around Hitty's waist it went, to be tied by Maria's thin fingers into the bow with one long end. Then came the