

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 15, 1901.

THE CRY OF THE DREAM.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hills of old
Heart weary of building and spilling,
And spilling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.

From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor,
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown wifely,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! From the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dreamer's way;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE MEANING OF A FORMAL C. S.

Nigel Farquahr, M. D., F. R. L. C. S., and many more anxiously assorted initials, tucked his long legs into the tiny two-wheeled cart in which his friend's wife had come to the station to meet him. He lifted his straw hat, and turned a worn, colorless face to the breeze which skimmed over the dunes, keen from three thousand miles of ocean.

"I thought that a surgeon's hand never trembled," Winifred Stanhope said, glancing at the slight, supple fingers which held his hat, "yet yours shakes as mine does when my nerves have got what Jack calls the 'jumps.'"

"It is unprofessional," he answered, leaving back with a smile, "but surgeons are human as well as professional, and four hours of grilling with a plentiful seasoning of dust may excise some testimony to the weakness of the flesh."

Her pretty eyes dwelt on him kindly.

"Jack was right to bully you away from your work. You look nearly worn out."

"Does your welcome appear to you as flattering as that of a hostess should be?" he asked.

Then he sat erect and met alertly the eager glance of a man who rushed across the platform to the side of the cart.

"Carew, how are you?" he exclaimed.

"I saw you just now, but as your ladies seemed hurried for their train I did not delay them."

"Too bad of you!" Carew declared, his grasp lingering on the other's reluctant hand. "I will answer for them that they would rather have missed their train than a word with you after all these years."

"Perhaps Mrs. Carew may run down again while Doctor Farquahr is with us," Miss Stanhope interposed. "My husband means to keep him a month, now that he has got him away from those horrid hospitals."

Carew shook his head regretfully.

"Our children have been turned out into the Maine backwoods for the summer, and I am to join my wife there after a bit more hunting. But I shall see something of you before I go," he added with a glance at Farquahr as nearly wistful as one man ever permits himself to bestow on another.

"Will you be at the bust on tomorrow?"

"I came here to loaf," Farquahr replied languidly. "The breeziest dune, where the sand is most softly drifted, will be more frequented by me than any social gathering place."

Carew urged an invitation to a bachelor dinner at the club, and when that was somewhat summarily declined, Winifred compassionated his very obvious disappointment with a general offer of "tea" any afternoon—the safest of resources to an amiable woman hesitating between an instinctive hospitality and a perception of personal objection.

"Doctor Farquahr was almost uncivil to the poor fellow," she observed an hour later as she stood beside her husband's dressing table while he adjusted a white tie. "If he had not looked so haggard I should have scolded him."

Jack's attention deserted the tie. He turned to her with a tenderness in his gray blue eyes which was not altogether for her.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Have I not kept your secrets these four years?"

"All mine, of course," he hastened to agree. "But this secret is Nigel's. Eight years ago, Carew, who was the third in our original of college comradeship, went off with Nigel to the White Mountains for some fishing. There they both fell in love with the same girl—and Carew married her."

"Have they never met since?"

"Never. Carew, who, as you know, lives in New Orleans, seldom comes North. He told me recently that he had seen and heard no more of Nigel in eight years than he had of me. Indeed, I have long fancied that the way in which he dropped out of touch with me proved as conclusively as Nigel's silence that he, or his wife, or both had behaved badly to Nigel, and believed that, being in his confidence, I would resent their conduct."

"Does not Doctor Farquahr talk to you about them?"

"Not a word since his last letter from the White Mountains, begging me never to mention Miss Dallas to him again. He went to London for some special study just then, and returned the 'working machine' you call him."

"He is handsome in his ascetic way, and I like him, though he forgets me entirely when he comes to dine with us," Winifred murmured. Then she dimpled delightfully. "There are charming girls here this summer—surely after eight years—"

Jack laughed and went back to his tie.

"Being feminine, you find difficulty in understanding a life scheme from which matrimony is willfully left out," he declared. "Trust me, there are men so built that they have neither capacity nor inclination to love more than once. Nigel Farquahr's profession is home as well as career to him. He is sufficiently content. But I should have postponed his visit, when I found the Carews had at last turned up again, if I had not heard that they were leaving—and the kindest thing we can do for him now is keep Carew away."

Yet, "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." No other than Jack brought these two together on the morrow with an instance which would not be denied.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The veranda, which faced the ocean, was shaded. Farquahr, lying in a low wicker chair with his hostess near by, was almost reconciled to the idleness he annually inflicted upon himself as conscientiously as he inflicted necessary, if unpleasant, treatment upon his patients.

Winifred belonged to that rather rare type of womanhood which, though prone to chatter, is able to be silent at discretion. After a glance at her guest's tired countenance, she too, leaned back in her chair and gazed at the softly shining sea, as if its daily contemplation held her as subject to its glamour as one who saw it only in a brief breathing space between stretches of hard work.

Across the stillness of scene and spirit broke the rush of hurrying hoofs.

She sprang to her feet. Plucky though she was, not even Jack guessed the terrors of apprehension she endured when that M. F. H. hunted.

"Something has happened!" she exclaimed, "nobody rides at such rate unless—"

The horse swept around one of the many angles of the cottage.

"Jack!" she cried, a whole Te Deum in her voice, but Jack's glance passed her.

"Nigel!" he exclaimed. "Thank God you are here and I can give him another chance! I stopped at the stable—your horse is coming at once."

Farquahr rose.

"An accident?" he asked alertly. "I have not got my tools, but of course, the village doctor—"

"Yes, yes, but he is hopeless—and poor Carew—"

Farquahr dropped back into his chair.

"I think I will not interfere if the surgeon in charge has given up the case," he said coldly. "I rarely practice during my holidays, and professional etiquette does not permit me to do so unless the other surgeon requests—"

"Old Brown would go on his knees to get you," Jack asserted wrathfully. "It is not good will he lacks, it is skill—so between you, I think you may save the patient. Here is your horse."

"Did Carew send you?"

"Carew has not spoken two coherent words since his horse, in falling, kicked him on the head. It is all one to him which of you is beside him, but to the rest of us—have you forgotten the days when you and he and I—"

"I have forgotten nothing," Farquahr muttered, so low that only Winifred heard him.

Here is your hat."

He took it mechanically, walked down the veranda steps, and, swinging himself into the saddle, rode away without further word.

She sprang to Jack and put both arms about his neck as he bent from his horse.

"If another woman had taken you from me, I hope I should not wish her dead!" he whispered. "But I would rather somebody else should save her life!"

For only answer Jack kissed her and galloped after Farquahr.

They rode swiftly along a sea swept road, and Jack, with one glance at his friend's stern profile, felt no disposition to break the silence, which was eloquent, even to his half comprehension of that language of the heart and the window.

It had been a vivid, youthful passion, so burned into Farquahr's unforgetting heart that all the glow of life yet pulsed in it. He had loved Marjory Dallas from his first sight of her among those pine woods which had been as the garden of paradise to him. But her family were neighbors to Carew's in Louisiana, and when Farquahr, confessing his love to his comrade, besought that apparently gay trifler to leave the field to him, Carew had refused, declaring that he, too, loved Marjory, and had loved her before going North to college.

For awhile the rivalry between the former friends had amused the sweet coquetry of the girl, and then her sweeter seriousness had seemed to turn to Farquahr. She promised to be his wife, though with tender refusal for her old playfellow she insisted that Carew should hear of her engagement only at her discretion. A day or two of a jealous lover's bitter misgivings and Farquahr rebelled. Marjory, he declared, must at once make their engagement known to Carew, or he himself would go away immediately and forever. She refused—and he left her. No entreaty for his return followed him, as he had passionately hoped, and some months later he heard, through an acquaintance, that Carew had married a Miss Dallas.

During the years which intervened since then the world had become merely a big workshop to Farquahr, which forbade intimacy and imposed certain bounds of silence even upon the genial loyalty of Jack Stanhope, though it was in his society that the great surgeon's rare leisure was spent. In all these years Farquahr had neither heard of the Carews nor met them, until yesterday upon the station platform.

After a couple miles' rapid riding, Jack directed Farquahr to the club house of the County Hunt. Men in "pink" lounged on the veranda which surrounded the low building, while servants led about the heated horses of late arrival, who had ridden to the finish without knowledge of a serious accident.

Among these, jovial sportsmen an ominous silence reigned, and a brief murmur of "No change?" responded to Jack's question.

Hurriedly he preceded Farquahr into a large, picturesque room, which belonged to the feminine members of the club, and was then tenantless. An inner door stood ajar, and beckoning Farquahr to follow, he entered a tastefully arranged chamber. An elderly man advanced to meet them, but Farquahr, with merely a nod, passed to the bedside.

Carew lay motionless, his head swathed in bandages, his face ghostly, though flushed, and his breath coming stertorously. Rather nervously the village doctor informed the famous surgeon of the nature of the injury, the little he had found possible to do, and his belief that the patient was dying.

When he ceased speaking, Farquahr lifted a limp wrist from the coverlid.

As though magic was in his touch to stir the soul lingering within that hurt brain Carew opened his eyes.

He looked up in the grave countenance of an elderly man, and smiled—the boyish smile of long ago.

"Another scrape for you to help me from old fellow?" he murmured. "It is a business more familiar to you even than carrying bones."

Farquahr's glance softened.

"You must not talk," he said very gently. "I'm going to see what ails you."

A sudden excitement banished Carew's smile.

"There is something I must do for you first!" he exclaimed, struggling to his elbow. "Something I always meant to do. Send away those men, Nigel—this is only for you and me."

"Hush!" Farquahr said, laying him back among the pillows. "Your business must wait for mine."

But Jack drew Doctor Brown into the adjoining room.

"If a poor chap happens to be dying," he said unthinkingly, "it is not fair to take away his last chance of setting himself straight."

Carew stared wildly as Farquahr's firm hands held him quiet.

"She always liked you best—you grim, long-legged Quixote!" he cried.

"This is ravine," Farquahr muttered.

He had grown white, and relaxed his hold.

"I am sane, but I am dying," Carew panted, ceasing to struggle. "A dying man must be honest—and forgiven!"

Farquahr walked hurriedly to an open window.

"When Marjory told me there was no hope for me," she said she had written to you—to come back," Carew faltered. "I knew if you missed her letter you would never come—I stopped her letter. You remember the queer old postmaster who let anyone look over the mails? I read her letter—your 'you were right,'" she wrote. She had given up her folly—she loved you with all her heart—you must come back quickly to your own Marjory." His voice wavered just audibly. "I was a foolish boy, who thought only of the chance to keep you from her—I burned the letter."

The smell of pine woods, the rush of a mountain stream, a gleam of sunshine through lofty treetops, a girl's fair face, lips that laughed, eyes that loved.

Across a space Farquahr was aware of these things—a space into which eight years ago had fled faith and tenderness and the joy of living—the wreck of his youth from which he had saved only a fierce greed for work, a restless pursuit of knowledge and the fame of it.

He was beside the bed again.

Does Brown who had stolen her letter, did you lie to her because I did not come—until she despised me enough to marry you?" he gasped.

But Carew had relapsed into unconsciousness.

The door opened and Doctor Brown hesitated on the threshold.

"You will recognize that every moment is vital, Doctor Farquahr, when you have seen—"

He broke off anxiously.

"Sensible? I fear there will be no further rally."

With steady keenness Farquahr went through the task this country colleague set him, and, at its conclusion, agreed monosyllabically that their patient's death would be inevitable.

Does Brown was a kindly person, accustomed to see death come slowly, or at an age when life meets it easily, if suddenly. Looking up from the vigorous young manhood lying smitten before him, his eyes dimmed behind his spectacles.

"I hoped," he said wistfully—"I am rusty lying down here—and you head and shoulders above even other New York surgeons in modern ideas—I hoped you might know of some new operation which would give him another chance."

Farquahr did not answer. His folded arms rested on the brass rods of the bed-foot. He started silently at the senseless body of the man upon whom his silence pronounced death sentence—and there painted in his eyes certain words: "She always liked you best!"

A little more silence and this man would be gone who had robbed him all these years. But there would remain other years in which to win once more her who had "always liked him best"—and who, though she must hear her husband's dishonor, need never know that, to gain her freedom, her lover had been as surely responsible for her husband's death as if his hands had slain him.

Doctor Brown looked up again at his tall companion. Lines had come into that rigid countenance which were not there ten minutes since; the dark brows were knit, the tense lips were colorless.

He laid a plump palm timidly on the folded arm.

"You feel this very much," he whispered.

"Mr. Stanhope told me that you were boys together; but it is the good God who limits your splendid powers, and He knows how unwillingly you let your old friend die."

Farquahr started. A sombre glance conferred a glance whose terrible meaning for an instant he vaguely divined though he never explained it to himself, and never guessed that his words had turned a quivering balance to the saving of a soul.

Farquahr shivered, pressed both hands between his eyes and those mildly gleaming spectacles and presently looked down at the patient's face, whose death from which a devil had been banished.

"There is an operation," he said gently; "one which I have tried twice successfully. With your assistance, I believe he can be saved."

"A critical operation, and forty-eight hours' constant nursing of a patient who has spared neither himself nor you for a single moment of consciousness," Jack Stanhope said, two days later, with a hand on either of Farquahr's broad shoulders. "That is not exactly the holiday idleness which I expected would restore your strength and your beauty. Therefore, that you look like some particularly weird kind of specter is—"

"I will be as idle as you and your wife please as soon as I get to your house," Farquahr interrupted smiling.

"As a proof that I recognize the worn condition both of my looks and my nerves, I mean to avoid Mrs. Carew and her—her gratitude for the present."

"Shall I drive you home before I go to the station to meet her?"

Farquahr passed an uncertain hand across his brow.

"Carew needs my authority to keep him calm. This delay of missive telegrams and slow trains through the wilderness where Mrs. Carew is staying has tried him. He will fancy a railway accident or some other horror if she should be late, so I shall mount guard until I hear your wheels. Then I shall resign to dear old Brown, step across the corridor before she enters, and drive home with you."

Jack agreed, and Farquahr, returning to the sick room, sank wearily into a chair near the window.

Through those bowed shutters he could watch the moonlit avenue along which any carriage from the station must need approach.

"Are you there, Nigel?" Carew called feebly.

"I am here," said Jack, looking at the clock.

"My wife will come soon?"

The Fur Seals at Home.

A Strange Summer Resort in Far-Off Behring Sea. The Rookeries on the Pribylof Islands. Remarkable Social Relations of the Seals—Jealous Bulls, Patient Cows.

Nobody can go to the Pribylof islands, the home of the fur seal, except on a government ship or on the one steamer of the company that runs the seal farm. That ship goes to take supplies and bring away the skins; the government ships—revenue cutters—come and go as the pleasure.

Except the seals there is nothing of interest on the islands. Treeless, bleak, rocky lands rising out of an ice-chilled ocean, they are surely as uninviting as any part of the known earth. But the seals love them and so they are priceless possessions in the commercial world.

The two islands of St. Paul and St. George, which compose the group, lie about 250 miles northeast of Dutch Harbor, the chief port and coal station on the Alaska peninsula. St. Paul, the larger, lies about forty miles to the west and north of St. George, and much the larger number of seals is found there. Its area is about sixteen by twenty-five miles while St. George is only about six by nine.

Just how many seals are on the islands in the season cannot be definitely arrived at, but possibly 150,000, which compared with the 5,000,000 that were estimated to have been there before seal-skin became a fashionable fabric for feminine apparel, are few enough.

There were millions of these seals on these islands when this government was negotiating with Russia for the purchase of Alaska, which includes them, but they were never mentioned in the valuable assets of the property. They were not counted, simply because at that time they were not held to be of any special value. But what a gold mine they proved to be to the first commercial company that put them on the market.

St. George at first sight isn't a bad island and to look at one of the rare days of sunshine that visit it, and when we first saw its green hills from the deck of the revenue cutter McCulloch it was quite easy to imagine it a garden spot. Not a tree grows on it, however, and what we thought was soft green grass was chiefly coarse moss.

Very soon.

"I told you about—about Major's letter?"

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

Something half laugh, half sob struggled in Farquahr's throat.

For what curious happenings do men thank God! Yet, futile as was his late knowledge of Major's letter, bitter as was his memory of the horrible temptation Carew's revelation of that letter's treacherous destruction had brought him, he, too, could murmur "Thank God!"—a little while his sweet love had longed and waited for his coming—

"Nigel," Carew's voice drifted through the dimness. "I always hoped that you had forgotten—and that she would forget—but now—"

"Hush," Farquahr answered. "There is no more to be said about the past. You are to get well and do honor to my profession in future."

An hour later Doctor Brown relieved Farquahr's watch.

Rather stumbling Farquahr found his way through the semi darkness into the adjoining room. While he paused listening, the sound of wheels brought a sudden color across his haggardness, and as sudden an appalling pallor.

As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so Farquahr's resolve to avoid this meeting with the woman he loved, and of whose heart he had such strange insight yielded to his desire for one more glimpse of her face.

He stepped into the angle of a screen. The door opened and two women entered. The first, fitting as a shadow, passed hurriedly to the bedroom.

The other walked slowly to a table, turned up a lamp, and faced Farquahr as he stood beside the screen.

The woman here herself most calmly—as is wont. She moved forward with an extended hand, which shook no more than gratitude exhaled.

"I can never thank you enough," she said. "Mr. Stanhope has told us that you have saved my brother-in-law a second time by your care since the operation."

Her hand dropped to her side, for Farquahr made no motion to take it.

"Your brother-in-law!" he repeated dully.

"A glow, a tremor, changed her pale calm into a flushed and a bright smile. "Did you not know he married my sister?" she asked unsteadily. "When Agnes came home from school the week after you went away, they fell in love with each other at once. The past nonsense was to him as if it had never been, and the strength of his love for her has made him more serious, more—"

She broke off as Farquahr staggered, caught at a chair near him and sank into it.

She was beside him swiftly.

"You are faint—you are overworked! I will bring—"

"No, stay—"

His voice failed, and his white face lay heavily against the velvet cushions. But with a shining, tremulous smile she let his cold fingers clasp upon her own.

"I always knew my letter missed you somehow—though I could not write again—even for you?" She started and frowned. "But that he should be so base? Must I forgive him, too?"

Farquahr thrust her hands from him and sat upright.

"Give me a first—if you can!" he muttered vehemently. "When he told me of your letter I still believed you his wife. When Brown thought him dying, and I knew I could save the life which stood between you and me—for a moment I meant to let him die."

She put her trembling hands into his clasp.

"It is good to see!" she whispered.

"To us?" he repeated, and took her in his arms.—By Ellen Mackubin in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

What Eyebrows Indicate.

"It's all very well for a girl to plume herself upon her pretty eyebrows," said an expert physiognomist to the Boston *Globe* man, "but I, who have been studying character for years, have perhaps a different point of view. Eyebrows show character, and the wise men will take note of them when choosing his friends. Eyebrows, for instance, that are wide apart denote frank, generous, unsuspecting and impulsive nature."

"When they meet one may be pretty sure that their owner's temperament is ardent, but jealous and suspicious. Eyebrows which are elevated at starting and continue in long, sweeping lines over the eyes, with a downward tendency, indicate artistic feeling."

"Straight eyebrows, forming a firmly defined line close to the eyes, denote great determination and will power. Those which begin rather strongly and terminate abruptly without passing beyond the eyes show an impatient and irascible nature."

"Sensitiveness and tenderness are indicated by slightly arched eyebrows, and firmness of purpose and kindness of heart by those which are straight at the beginning and are rather arched at the temples. The eyebrows of people utterly devoid of mathematical power are raised at the termination, leaving a wide space between them and the corners of the eye. On the other hand, if they are close to the eye at the end, mathematical talent may generally be assumed."

Eyebrows of the same color as the hair show constancy, firmness and resolution; if lighter than the hair they denote indecision and weakness, while if darker we may probably be right in our surmise that their owner is of an ardent, passionate and inconsistent disposition."

An energetic and easily irritated nature is shown by the hair growing in different directions; while close, closely-lying hair, growing in one direction, indicates a firm mind and good perception. An ardent but tender nature is shown by the hair being soft and fine.

"When the hair of the eyebrows has a downward droop so that it almost meets the lashes with the eyes widely opened, tenderness and melancholy are betrayed. The nearer the eyebrows are to the eyes, the firmer and the more earnest the character, while the more remote the more volatile and slightly is the nature of the owner."

These bachelor seals are young fellows 4 and 5 years old who have not yet grown sufficiently strong to fight the old ones and take a family, but if they escape the killers they will dispossess the old bulls in time, to be driven forth themselves when they have grown old.

On each plot of space selected, say a rod or more in square, the bull seal maintains himself by his valor alone and he engages in a constant succession of battles in which both contestants are not infrequently slain. About the first of June the cow seals appear and then the battle of the bulls rages more fiercely than ever, until the households are all made up.

The bull seals do not again return to the water after they have come out on the rocks in the autumn and they neither eat nor drink during that time. They come out as fat as they can roll, weighing sometimes as much as 400 pounds, and when they return to the sea they are so thin and weak that they can scarcely get about.

In pleasing contrast with the disagreeable displays of temper and jealousy on the part of the male members of the various families is the delightfully amiable disposition of the mild-eyed, sweet-faced females. They never complain or quarrel or fight, and even when they are severely injured in battles over them they submit to it all in a perfect spirit of gentleness and resignation.

The real family life of these interesting animals begins with the appearance of the puppy seals. Thousands of little fellows chase over the rocks and play, quite neglected by their parents as soon as they get beyond the limit of their homes. A mother seal shows no affection for her baby if it gets beyond the home time, and it may be killed before her eyes without a protest from her, but either father or mother will fight for it to the death within the limits of its birthplace.

At the same time a mother seal will select her own puppy from among 10,000 when she comes in from the sea at nursing time and she will not permit a strange puppy near her. She recognizes her own puppy by its voice, and if she calls and gets no answer she will lie down to sleep for awhile and wake to call again. When she hears its voice among the thousands she pushes her way through the throng until she reaches it, and then gives it the care it needs. She will sometimes be away for two or more days feeding at sea, but the puppy doesn't seem to miss its mother for any ordinary length of time.

A puppy seal does not like the water at first, and though the mother teaches it to swim in several weeks, it is nearly half grown before it becomes an expert. As soon as they have mastered the art, however, seals are the most graceful of swimmers, and they can have more fun diving through the surf riding the waves than a dozen small boys.

The bachelor seal is really a pathetic individual. He has no home to go to, nor has he any social recognition in seal society, and he is compelled to live away back in the suburbs of the rookery. A narrow street is left open for him to get down to the sea through the rookery, and he is not disturbed as long as he keeps in that narrow path, but woe to him if he gets off it. The old seals thump him and beat him and drive him forth in utter disgrace. In addition to his hard domestic lot he is killable and at any moment after the first of July and until the 10th of August he may be killed by the seals of the rookery and be knocked in the head. Single blessedness is no snap in seal life.

As the season advances, the family relations and regulations are gradually relaxed. The husband grows less jealous, and the wives go further out to sea seeking food and stay away longer, the bachelor seals are fought so fiercely by the old fellows and by the middle of August the rookeries present a scene of general disorganization and breaking up as if the entire community were about to move out. The husbands and fathers now desert their homes and take to the water or herd to themselves away from the rookeries and begin to eat and drink.

During the winter and the departure of the seals is gradual, the puppies in some instances not getting away until as late as January, but by that time all are gone and the rookeries are still, save for the cries of the innumerable sea fowl that have their homes in the cliffs.

Where the seals go in the winter I do not know, nor do I know why they have selected these two islands in the Behring sea for making their abiding place, almost to the exclusion of all others. A seal doesn't like sunshine if it brings a temperature above 45 degrees, neither can he endure the least mud on his living grounds; but there are other places where it is cold and where rocks abound, and yet on these two islands more seals live for half the year than are in all other parts of the world together.—New York Sun.

A Change of Holiday.

Senator Snyder, of Chester county, has introduced a bill in the Legislature abolishing the public holiday on February 12th, Lincoln's birthday, and providing that the second Monday in March be made a public holiday, and that it be known as "Lincoln's Commemoration Day." The object of the bill is to have Lincoln's birth and the emancipation of the slaves commemorated on the same day.

SOME TIME YOU'LL KNOW.

Last night, my darling, as you slept
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept,
And watched a space there lie;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow
For oh! I love you so—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you will know!

Some time, when in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in eternal sleep;
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile will show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you will know!

Look backward, then, into the years,
And see me here tonight—
See, O my darling! how my tears
Are falling as I write;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you will know!

—Eugene Field.