

Sing me a song of the early spring,  
Of the yellow light where the clear air  
cools,  
Of the lithe willows bourgeoning  
In the amber pools.

Sing me a song of the spangled dells,  
Where hepaticas tremble in starry groups,  
Of the violets swinging their golden bells  
As the light wind swoops.

Sing me a song of the shallow lakes,  
Of the hollow fall of the nimble rill,  
Of the trollying rapture the robin wakes  
On the windy hill.

Sing me a song of the gleaming swift,  
Of the vivid Maryland-yellow throat,  
Of the vesper sparrow's silver drift  
From the rise ranote.

Sing me a song of the crystal case,  
Where the tender plants in the frames  
are set,  
Where kneels my love Armitage,  
Planting the pleasant mignonette.

Sing me a song of the glow afar,  
Of the misty air and the crocus light,  
Of the new moon following a silver star  
Through the early night.

—Duncan C. Scott, in Scribner.

A QUAKER IN LOVE.



HE little Quaker community of Hillsboro had been invaded by two worldlings that summer, which had so disturbed its wonted quietness that Brother Cox had been forced to lament more than once, "Alas, that this should be! The days of our peace have gone."

Brother Cox felt the trouble more than the other members of the community, for he knew that he was partly responsible for it. To think that his nephew, his only brother's son, should come out to Hillsboro, and in these few short months raised such a commotion among the people!

But there was a redeeming virtue in the young man which Brother Cox dwelt upon with a feeling of relief. Before the saucy face and blue eyes of Ella Stratton were seen in Hillsboro Jack Cox was as quiet and demure as the most conservative Quaker.

True, he only attended meetings once a week, and then it was generally out of respect for his uncle; but he never entered into the gay life which had since shocked the sensibilities of the Quakers.

Naturally, Brother Cox took a personal dislike to the new tenants of the deserted cottage on the outskirts of the village, and he could scarcely conceal his disapproval of the young girl's actions. He felt convinced that she was at the bottom of all the trouble.

Her snowy dress, pink cheeks, blue eyes and rippling laughter suggested the world too strong for the Quaker's to enjoy.

"She belongs to the world," Brother Cox said one day, as he passed her. "She has no right out here among our peaceful people. It will be well for us when she leaves."

They were only summer tenants, and consisted simply of Mrs. Stratton, her daughter, and two servants. They did not exhibit much wealth or finery, but to the plain Quakers their dress and general appearance seemed altogether out of propriety.

Then the way Ella laughed, and tramped over the fields on foot or rode on horseback, shocked the good housewives. Jack Cox had known the family in the city, and he soon joined Ella in these rides and walks.

It was from such a simple beginning that the trouble arose. The old enticement of woman had led the young man astray, and he was soon looked upon as being as great a sinner as the fair temptress.

The two were practically ostracized in the community, and the upright Quakers passed them with only a nod and simple word of greeting. Ella only wondered, but Jack shrugged his shoulders.

Brother Cox was inclined to be more lenient than the others. His fields stretched nearly out to the cottage of the Strattons, and he would often stop in his work to glance at the red house.

One day he paused in his labors, and looked up to discover the bright face of Ella Stratton. She was leaning on the fence which separated the two grounds.

"Don't you get tired of work, Mr. Cox?" she asked, in a sweet voice. "I do, dreadfully, and you are older than I am."

The good Quaker straightened himself up to his full six feet. He was still a fine-looking man of fifty, with gray locks, a calm, noble face and dark eyes.

"Work keeps us from mischief," he answered seriously.

"I know that, and I suppose you think I ought to be at work now, and not standing here to bother you," she replied.

"It would be better for you," was the rather unexpected reply.

The girl's cheeks colored a little at the ungalant words, but she asked, demurely: "Do you think I'm so very wicked?"

"Ye are of the world and worldly-minded. I cannot judge thee, but thy actions have not my approval."

"Oh, what do I do that you don't like?" she asked, in a penitent voice. "You know that I have been brought up so, and how could I know what to do?"

"That isn't the question; ye can do better now."

This was said in so artless and innocent a tone that it went straight home to the man's heart. As he walked away from the place five minutes later he recalled the look which accompanied the words. Such a face, such eyes, mouth and expression are not often seen in this prosaic world, and Brother Cox should be forgiven for thinking of them again, and then again. He never knew before how pretty and winning the "Stratton girl" was.

"If she was only of our belief and number," he muttered to himself. "But I might try to make her one. She is not yet lost to wickedness. She wants to learn. I'll teach her."

After that the old hedge proved a regular trysting-place for the two. Ella found plenty of excuses for going out to the fields, and Brother Cox cultivated the field near that fence offener than elsewhere. The weeds persisted in cropping up on the west side of the field, and he felt bound to keep them under control.

One day Ella brought some lemonade out to him, carrying it in a small silver pitcher. It was some of her own manufacture, and the day was so warm that it was very refreshing.

"Oh, Mr. Cox, I have some lemonade for you," she said, as she hurried over the field. "I hope you like lemonade. I made it myself, and you looked so hot and tired out here in the sun that I had to bring you a drink."

Brother Cox did drink, and smacked his lips. It was so kind of her to think of him, and while he talked he admired her bright face and manners.

Could any man look upon such a vision of beauty and not feel his pulse beat faster? Cold and dutiful as the Quaker was, there was still much vitality of youth in his strong frame.

After all, he was only a man, and the rights of nature soon broke through all barriers of steel. He loved the beautiful girl who helped him to lemonade.

Was he too old for such a bright girl to look upon with favor? He had been called the handsomest man of the community before he courted his dead wife, and he was sure he still possessed some of the requisites of a lover.

He could teach her the ways of his sect, and give her a fine home. He would gradually draw her away from the ways of evil, and centre her mind upon thoughts of love, charity and religion.

"She may be frail now, but the sturdy oak was once but a sapling," he said. "She can learn and grow." He trod the floor of his old home with a lighter and firmer step.

The bareness of the old-fashioned rooms impressed him with a sense of dissatisfaction. They would have to be refurnished and brightened. The flowers and vines around the house needed cultivation and pruning, and even the outside of the house would need a new coat of paint.

"I've thought of doing this before," Brother Cox muttered, "and it may be done now."

There were improvements about the yard, the gardens and the outbuildings which were readily suggested to his critical eye. He made notes of these things and resolved to make a complete transformation.

"She has been brought up in the ways of the city and she would not like to come to a gloomy house. It will be just as well to improve things a little at first. She can't grow into our ways at once."

The golden harvest of the autumn was approaching. The crops nodded obedience to the reapers on every side. The autumn colors suggested peace and quietness in the Quaker community after the toilsome days of the summer.

Brother Cox stood by the hedge separating his fields from the garden surrounding the tenant's cottage.

The day's work had been finished and the faint shadows suggested the approach of twilight. Ella Stratton, with a meek, demure face, was standing before him.

"I feel that I have become so much better this summer," she said. "You know why; you have been so good to me and taught me so much."

"You should not say that, for it might make me vain. Such a sin should not come to me at my age."

"Why, you are not old, Mr. Cox."

There was a thrill of pleasure in the sturdy frame, and it seemed to straighten more erectly than ever.

"Then my errand here will be made easier for me. Ye know that I have come here for a purpose. Ye have guessed it?"

"Yes, Mr. Cox, I have," was the quick reply, while the face flushed beautifully.

This must be the way of the world, he thought, for the girl to make such advances. It was so different in the community.

"I would have spoken to thee before, but I wished to know thee better. That's why I've spent so many hours at this fence talking to thee."

"Oh, how kind of you! I wanted to know you better, too. I thought probably you would dislike me. I was so different from you—and wicked."

"But ye are learning our ways, and ye art very apt. Ye can be very good, and there is nothing like having a protector."

"And such a good protector as I shall have," she said, with a look of admiration at him.

"Ye are kind to say so. The Coxes have always been good to their wives and families."

"I know that, for they are so good to every one now. I love them; I believe that I love the whole family. I never enjoyed a summer so much as this one in Hillsboro."

How remarkable that she had divined his feelings all along!

"Then ye think that I will suit thee?" he asked, in a voice that was almost raillery. "Ye have studied me enough at the fence?"

"Yes; I know I shall like you; I knew it from the first. Everybody thought that you were so cold and stern that you couldn't love any one, but I knew differently. I liked you then, and now I love you."

She kissed his brawny hand impulsively, her warm lips sending a delicious thrill through him.

This was not an old man's courting, but a young woman's, and, though strange to Brother Cox, it had a sweetness that drowned any thoughts of wrong.

Flushed with his success, he felt that he could be plainer, and he continued, "Ye know I'm strict in my living, not approving frailties and gay life. That should repel thee."

"Oh, no! Jack told me all about that at first. He said you were strict, but that you had a loving heart beneath it all. He always got along well with you and he knew that I would."

Jack, Jack! Had he known of it all? Had he been putting her up to this strange wooing, laughing in his sleeve at his uncle's sentiment?

The girl continued rapidly, "He wanted to speak to you first and tell you all. He knew that you would disprove of our match, but I told him not to tell you. I would first win your friendship and then your love. I would meet you every day, and if I could make you like me by autumn, then he could tell you. I didn't know as I could marry him if you didn't give your consent, but when I found how nice and good you were I felt that it was all right."

A shadow seemed to settle over the landscape. Everything appeared dark. Night must be approaching, and a man's eyes at fifty are not quite as good as at twenty-five.

Brother Cox heard the voice of the girl, but it all seemed so strange. He had not thought of Jack.

"Are you going now? Oh, yes, it is getting dark! I didn't realize that it was so late. I must go back to the house, too. The dew is on the grass. Good night. Jack and I will always love you—always."

He felt the pressure of the warm lips on his hand again, but they did not send a thrill through him as before.

It certainly was dark walking across the field, and several times Brother Cox stopped to find his way. It was strange that he should get lost in the fields which he had tilled and cultivated for forty years. When he reached the house he felt tired; and he rested on the front piazza before entering the large dining-room. The painters and carpenters had left their tools around, reminding him of the improvements he was having made in his home. They seemed a mockery now.

He entered the house and walked across the strong floors. Then he strolled toward the dining-room.

"Jack, Jack, where are ye? I want to see thee. Come here! I know all—everything. She has told me, and ye have my approval. I'm getting the house fixed up, and ye must come here and live."

"Is it really true, uncle? You are as good as you are handsome, uncle. Ella always said you were."

"Ye must live here every summer, and come and see me as often as ye can in winter."

"We will, uncle."—New York World.

Obeyed Orders Strictly.

"When I was a youngster of seventeen," said a successful business man to a Detroit Free Press reporter, "I got a job as collector with a man who was about as strict a martinet as I ever saw. He insisted on everything being done just as he said, and there were times when life was verily a burden, but I stuck to him for six months, then we had a difference. It was this way: One morning he called me up and handed me a bill on a man I knew and said to me to take it around and collect it."

"It's one of our standbys," he said, "and every collector I ever sent to him reported him absent or not findable or something. Now you go and don't come back here till you see him."

"Do you mean that, I asked, as two or three clerks looked up.

"You know me," was all he said in reply and I went out after my man.

"He wasn't at home, the people said, and wouldn't be for six weeks. So I stuck the bill in my pocket and went off up the country on a visit. The old man sent after me half a dozen times, but my folks could only tell I was out of town, and I never paid any attention to a letter I got from the boss, but went on enjoying myself. Then I came back and had a visit with some other friends and at the end of six weeks I called on my man again with the bill. I found him at home and told him what I had done, and he paralyzed me by paying the bill with interest. Two hours later I stepped into the boss's office."

"There," I said, before he had time to gather his wits, "is the amount of your bill and interest. He was out of town for six weeks and I couldn't see him before. You told me not to come back till I did see him, and I was obeying your instructions. I had a rattling good time and the house owes me six weeks' salary."

The old man gasped, got blue in the face and I thought he was going to explode, but he didn't; he gulped it all down and stuck out his hand.

"Young man," he said, "you ought to have been a soldier; I'm going to put you in charge of the collection department and double your salary."

And," concluded the merchant, "when I was twenty-five I was a partner."

CURIOUS FACTS.

Some Australian gold veins are 130 feet wide.

Mountaineering on stilts is the latest fad in Switzerland.

Moist earth is said to be nature's cure for wasp stings.

India has 12,000,000 who can read and write out of a population of 246,000,000.

There are eight edible and twelve poisonous varieties of mushrooms in the United States.

Bank clerks in Germany receive from \$141 to \$1100 salary. For the first three or four years they serve without pay.

James Sample Walker, one of the most noted scouts of the plains in the early days, died at Stockton (Cal.) recently.

The oldest architectural ruins in the world are believed to be the rock cut temples at Ipsambul, on the left bank of the Nile, in Nubia.

Greek and Roman doors always opened outward, and when a man was passing out of a house, he knocked on the door, so as not to open it in the face of a passer-by.

Near Brenham, Texas, lives a man who has only one eye; the strange feature of his case being the fact that the place where the other eye should be is a blank, and has been so from birth.

Luther's famous old church at Wittenberg, Germany, which the Emperor had restored and reconsecrated in 1892, has been wrecked again by the hurricane which swept over Europe a few days since.

A Shelbyville (Mo.) girl who had her ears pierced against her doctor's advice, has a severe attack of neuralgia whenever she wears earrings. She persists in wearing them, however, and continues to suffer.

A madstone cured a Gadsden (Ala.) woman and two children who were bitten by a mad cat recently. Another madstone owned at Wichita Falls, Texas, has saved 100 lives, according to the statement of its voracious owner.

One of Russia's marriage customs is for the bride and bridegroom to race rapidly down the aisle as soon as the bridal procession enters the church, because of the belief that whichever places the foot first on the cloth in front of the altar will be master in the household.

An absent-minded man in Du'nuth, Minn., wound up his alarm clock, put it in a basin and covered it with water. The large bouquet which he brought home he placed on a chair alongside of his bed and went to sleep, confidently expecting it would awaken him in the morning.

Lake Titicaca is the most elevated and one of the largest of the lakes of South America. It forms part of the boundary between South Peru and Bolivia, in the centre of an Alpine valley, between two great cordilleras of the Andes. Titicaca is 12,900 feet above the level of the sea.

The palmy days for cats were in the times of Egypt's power as a nation, some 5000 years B. C. They were held then as sacred as dogs or crocodiles, and death was the penalty for killing them. From their nocturnal habits and glossy fur, the Egyptians deemed them symbolical of the moon, and a golden cat was worshiped at Syene.

Supreme Bravery of Two Men.

The heroism of the two men, Heath and Andrews—the one a lad of twenty, the other a man of forty-two—who lost their lives in bravely endeavoring to rescue a comrade at the Pye Bridge (England) Chemical Works, deserves something more than a mere compliment from a coroner's jury. Bysome accidental removal of the packing or plug in a tube a quantity of carbonic acid had found its way into one of the "stills" in which a man named Greaves was at work. The "stills" are iron chambers cased with brick and cylindrical, having a diameter of five feet and a half, and the only way to descend into them is by a man-hole at the top. Looking down through this aperture the little group of work-people who had been brought to the scene by the cry for help could see Greaves lying overcome at the bottom. Quick as thought Andrews caught the rope and, instantly followed by Heath, descended. Holding their breath as long as they could, they succeeded in seizing their comrade, and were drawn up near enough to the aperture for a man named Clay to grasp them; but the dead weight of the men in a stupor was too much for Clay's strength, and the poisonous fumes were acting upon him also. "I pulled," said Clay, "till I lost my senses. I can't remember more till I saw a lot of men round the top." Meanwhile Greaves and his two brave rescuers had fallen back into the still. Yet another and another effort to descend was made by bystanders; but it was found impossible to live in the fumes, and they were drawn back. Finally the bodies were recovered with the aid of a long iron rod with a hook, but unhappily the efforts of the medical attendant to restore animation proved unavailing.—Chicago Times.

An Explosive Well.

A well in Dublin, Ind., has been acting queerly recently. The well is about twenty feet deep, and contains eight feet of water. The other day it began to bubble and boil. A lighted torch was applied, when a loud explosion took place. In a short time another torch was applied with the same result, and for half a dozen more times when a torch was held over the well a loud report followed, blowing off everything that was over the well. The boiling still continues with no less force.—Chicago Herald.

A Handsome Toilette With Sailor Hat.



The chic toilette illustrated is composed of gray goods made up with a novelty vest, which may be reproduced in duck later in the season. The sailor never goes out of fashion, and is an evidence this season with a narrow rim and a medium crown.—New York Recorder.

Women of the Argentine Republic.

The manifold charms of the Portenas, as the native ladies of Argentina are called, have been celebrated in song and story, and in truth, writes Fannie B. Ward, many of them are remarkably fine looking—of the same style of beauty that prevails in Cadiz and Seville, with possibly a little more of the Moorish feature and less of brilliant coloring. A wonderful beautifier of the Latin race is a slight admixture of Saxon blood, particularly that of the Irish, as noticed in Chile, Lima and Montevideo, where some of the loveliest women in the world are found. The very best word picture of an Argentine girl that I have ever seen, true to life though rather flowery, is as follows:

Imagine a brunette of fifteen or sixteen, developed to a precocious maturity; an erect figure, of medium height but splendidly proportioned; a proud and graceful carriage; a face of perfect oval; spotless complexion, with a slight tinge of creole blood that imparts to the cheeks the hue of a damask rose. The eyes are large, dark,



A BUENOS AYRES BELLE.

and lustrous, fringed by long silken lashes and overarched by brows which, with the "night of her hair," make the white forehead look like alabaster; small and delicately chiseled nostrils that dilate nervously at every inspiration; teeth so white and regular that to catch a glimpse of them through the arch of a smile is to wonder at nature's perfection—the only fault of the beautiful face the sensuous lines that surround the full red lips, symbols of a passionate nature. Imagine this face in its frame of soft black hair, surmounted by a white hat of the most coquettish fashion, on which real flowers repose and living fireflies gleam; and that lithesome figure attired in a dress of some soft texture and delicate tint, and of a fashion known only to the Worths of Paris and Madrid, with the sparkle of a diamond here and there or glimmer of dull gold, and imagine the whole being instinct with the grace and vivacity of early youth, and you have the complete portrait of an Argentine girl.

But, with all these charms that dazzle the eye and captivate admiration, there seems to be something lacking on closer acquaintance—perhaps because the style does not appeal to the soul like the more spiritual beauty of the Saxon maiden—that where the senses only are fed they become satiated after a time, like one on a steady diet of sweets. Unfortunately, these charming creatures are universally addicted to the rougepot and the powder puff to such an extent that the real woman appears to be in total eclipse under drifts of white and dabs of red. And, as with the gentler sex in all Southern countries, their beauty wanes at an early age. While women of colder climates and calmer temperatures are at their prime at thirty-five or forty, the Portenas' golden age

is between the years of fifteen and seventeen. At twenty-five or sooner if married, she is quite passé and metaphorically laid upon the shelf. A tendency to corpulency is encouraged by indolent habits and excessive indulgence in the fleshpots, and at middle age many of them have developed hirsute appendages that are the envy of beardless youths. The standard tests of a "fine woman" in Argentina seems to be in her weight, and, judged by the criterion of pounds avoirdupois, the country abounds in extraordinarily fine specimens.

Music as Medicine.

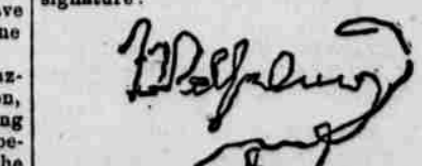
At the St. Pancras Infirmary there was a female patient suffering from melancholia, to whom they played a lullaby. After the performance she told a nurse that she liked it very much. On this the Superintendent of the infirmary said: "This is the first time she has spoken for a fortnight." Shortly afterward a male patient suffering from delirium tremens was brought into the ward. On hearing the first notes of the music he became quite calm and attentive, though his attendant had been half afraid to bring him on account of outbreaks of violence.

Results like these have since been frequently obtained by the guild, and they are certainly encouraging. They are all, it will be seen, in the direction of distracting the mind from pain and soothing mental irritation. In order to test the hypnotic effect of soft music the guild made the experiment of playing lullabies to a ward of fourteen patients, along with Dr. Collins, one of the physicians to the hospital. In spite of distracting noises—unhappily inseparable from the ward of a London hospital—they got the following results: Dr. Collins "found it an effort to keep awake; four patients were actually sent to sleep; some 'liked it too well to sleep,' and others felt 'sad, but delighted.'"—Chambers's Journal.

His Last Signature.

When the old Emperor William was on his deathbed, says the Youth's Companion, he maintained his interest in the affairs of the German nation, and still performed his usual routine of duties as long as he was able. When he was asked one day by his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, if these cares of the Government did not tire him, his characteristic reply was, "I have no time to be tired."

During his very last days, when the angel of death had already touched his hand and rendered it almost powerless, a document was brought for him to sign. Bismarck, knowing how little strength he had left, and anxious to save him from any needless exertion, suggested that he merely sign the initial W to the paper; but the Emperor, with that courageous spirit that never left him while life lasted, summoned all his strength, and wrote in trembling hand his full signature:



It was for the last time, and many fac-similes of the document, which is preserved in the archives of the Reichstag, were made and given to the people as souvenirs of their beloved sovereign.

For comparison, we print below his signature as it was written in the days when he was well and strong:

