

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.

By the waters of life we sat together,
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was
praise,
When the heart kept tune to the carol of
birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs
which ran
Through summer of flowers on grassy
swards,
And trees with voices Aeolian.

By the rivers of life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnets' feather
The burdens of being on us weighed,
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage
chime.

In the gardens of life we strayed together,
And the luscious apples were ripe and
red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they
shed,
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awe'd us tenderly while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of life we strayed to-
gether,
Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to
and fro,
And the cowlips, hearing our low replies,

Broidered fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of
rest;
Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the meand'ring light
Of something higher than humanhood.

O the riches Love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dress of body and dress of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come into us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain;
And we hear the tread of the years move
by.

And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow,
Fancies hang from the slippery eaves;
The wind blows—'tis growing late;
Well, we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.

—Richard Realf.

He was going as fast as he could
without dragging the cows from their
feet, and with stubborn resolution
he refused to look round or to heed
the swift advance of the cloud. He
could hear trees snapping in its path,
and by this sign, and by the very
heavens above him, he could tell
something of how near the storm was.
Certainly he did not expect to escape.
When the noise of the tornado sounded
behind him, and he found that he
and his horses were still on the
ground, he was surprised rather than
relieved. He was not out of danger,
however, for as he looked down the
road after the dragging rope of the
cyclone, a terrific crash of thunder
sounded, and he saw the mass of
clouds before him torn open by a
ragged seam of fire.

In the quivering, rosy light of the
flash, he had a last glimpse of the
storm-cloud sweeping past the lines
of the fence, rising occasionally and
leaving spots unharmed, then droop-
ing to tear up trees, and even posts,
with its whirling tail, and to fill
the air with a mass of rubbish.
Afterward the darkness of night cover-
ed him. Crash after crash of thun-
der shook the ground over which he
was driving, and with dazed faculties
he strove to control his maddened team.

Fortunately his neighbor's barn
was directly in line with the lane.
Still more fortunately, the double
doors were open. Jay guided his
team through the dark arch of the
doorway, and brought up against a
row of stanchions. That was all that
kept him from going through the
barn and out the back way, he after-
ward declared. With the shaking
knees of one who has been through
the valley of death, he crawled from
his wagon and tied the team to the
stanchions.

Half-heartedly he examined the
two muddy cows. They were puffing
and wild-eyed, but apparently unin-
jured by their run. Then he went
to the door, waited for a flash of
lightning to show him the house, and
started toward it on a run. He had
stood the strain as long as he could
without human companionship, and
even at the risk of being struck by
the darting lightning, he was deter-
mined to reach the house.

He did reach it, and was received
by the two old people within with
gestures of welcome, but without a
word that could be distinguished.
After half an hour the storm began
to abate, and Jay was able to tell
of his race with the tornado, and of the
misfortune that had overwhelmed
him—for in the loss of his cattle the
young man thought he had been more
stricken than he would have been by
death itself.

"And the boy!" he groaned. "His
mother a widow, and me sending him
to his destruction—when he didn't
want to go! I thought it was just
his shiftlessness. He was always



For the
Younger
Children...



THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.
"I can't" is a dwarf, a poor, pale, puny
imp;
His eyes are half blind and his walk is a
limp.
"I can" is a giant—unbending he stands;
There is strength in his arms and skill in
his hands.
"I can't" is a sluggard, too lazy to work,
From duty he shrinks, every task he will
shirk.
"I can" is a worker; he tills the broad
fields,
And digs from the earth all the wealth
that it yields.
"I can't" is a coward, half fainting with
fright;
At the first thought of peril he slinks out
of sight.
"I can" is a hero, the first in the field,
Though others may falter, he never will
yield.
How grandly and nobly he stands to his
trust,
When roused at the call of a cause that is
just.
"I can't" has no place; act your part like
a man when duty calls answer promptly, "I
can."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

grandma's cookies. Betty liked the
honey, father liked the apples, and
mother liked the pears.
When the fire had gone down,
Betty and Bobby gave good-night
kisses, and then each went to a little
bed for the night.
The very first thing they did in the
morning was to write a letter full of
thanks to grandma and grandpa,
which they dropped in the mail-box
on their way to school.—Maud Burn-
ham, in Kindergarten Review.

SQUIRREL FRIENDS.
Very independent are the squirrels
in Independence square.
And why not?
They live on the fat of the land,
without labor or worry. A number
of persons, who pass through the
square daily take them tidbits in their
pockets, while the kindly firemen in
the engine house on Sixth street are
always ready to give them a treat.
It is doubtful if the tamest of them
would not go to live in this fine en-
gine house, only for the love of
scampering up and down trees.
Delighted thousands pause to watch
the tamest of these, as he looks
critically over his human admirers.
He's very keen at determining their
worth, too. Some of them are
merely curious. Some, hateful to re-
late, are not above playing him a
trick. Others, however, are good
citizens and regard him as a good
neighbor, if not an actual taxpayer.

THE HARVEST BARREL.
Betty and Bobby had just eaten
supper when the door-bell rang. They
were expecting the expressman to
bring them something, so they ran
to the window to look out.
"It's come! It's come!" cried
Bobby. "It's out on the side porch
now!"
"Look, mother, do!" cried Betty.
It was a barrel, and such a big
barrel that two expressmen had all
they could do to bring it upstairs.
When it was rolled into the centre of

the kitchen it looked larger than ever.
Why, it stood as high as Bobby's
head, and together the children
could not reach around it.
Bobby got the hammer and chisel
and helped his father pry out the
cover. Around and around they
pounded until out it sprang.
On the very top Betty found a card,
and every one listened while mother
read it aloud:
Dear children—Here is another
harvest barrel from grandpa and
grandma. How we wish you were
here on the farm to help us harvest
the grains and vegetables and fruits.
We are looking forward to Thank-
sgiving Day, for that is the time we
"gather in" all of our children, large
and small, and we long to see you.
Love from both
Grandma and Grandpa.



BREER SHADY-TAIL.

The letter was laid aside, and
father rolled up his sleeves and be-
gan to unpack the barrel. First there
was a layer of straw, then a layer of
tiny seckle pears, a layer of ripe,
yellow pears as large as one's hand,
and a layer of green pears to be laid
away to ripen.
Then came some red apples, some
green apples, some yellow apples,
some brown russet apples and some
long apples called "sheep's noses."
Then came vegetables—parsnips,
beets, carrots, turnips and cabbages.
A long green stem was pulled out,
and what should come with it but a
round pumpkin with tag on it, which
read: "Bobby's own pumpkin."
"It's the one I planted," said
Bobby. "When I left grandpa's, it
wasn't much bigger than an apple,
and now look at it!" It was as
large around as Bobby could possibly
reach.
"Wouldn't it make a fine Jack-o'-
lantern?" exclaimed Betty.
"Yes, but I think I'd rather have
some pumpkin pies!" replied Bobby.
More vegetables were taken from
the barrel, then a box of grandma's
good molasses cookies, a paper bag
full of hickory nuts and chestnuts,
and six boxes of honey.
By this time it was hard to reach
down into the barrel, and it was
turned over a box, when out rolled
potatoes and potatoes and potatoes.
As soon as the barrel was empty,
everything had to be put away in the
cellar.
Then came the story hour before
going to bed. To-night instead of
having mother read a story, the bar-
rel packings were put in the fireplace,
and the children watched the flames
dart about and the sparks fly up the
chimney. It was then that each one
told what he liked best in the barrel.
Bobby liked the pumpkin and

To these last Bre'er Shady-tail gives
his confidence. He knows they will
reward his attentions with some deli-
cacy, especially nuts with not too
hard shells.
Of the plentiful peanut, to tell the
truth, he is often weary. So he
buries it until a day when his sup-
plies may run short.
This burying, by the way, does not
delight the man in charge of the
square, as it complicates the cutting
of the grass. But he should take
into consideration the delight given
the passer-by and not grudge the
charming squirrels their self-chosen
larders.
Though these squirrels lay by
enough for the cold days, thank to
their instinct, they are seldom forced
to hunt up their hoardings, as must
their brothers who dwell in forests.
As a rule they dislike children.
One little maid is trying to win over
the tamest of them, however. Though
Shady-tail is suspicious, it will not be
many days before he learns that his
dear little friend always brings him
something good and never plays him
a trick. He may in time take to
searching in her pockets for treats,
just as he does in the pockets of some
of his trusted men friends.—From
the Philadelphia Record.

A FEW GOOD CONUNDRUMS.
What is the difference between a
mother ape, the Prince of Wales, an
orphan, and a bald-headed man? An-
swer: The ape is a hairy parent, the
Prince of Wales is Hair Apparent,
orphan has ne'er a parent, and the
bald-headed man has nary a hair ap-
parent.
Why is the thief in the garret like
an honest man? Answer: He is above
doing a wrong action.
What two letters of the alphabet
described a faded loafer? Answer:
C. D.
Why is I the luckiest of all the
vowels? Answer: Because it is in
the centre of bliss.
When was grog first introduced
into the navy? Answer: When the
Kangaroo went into the Ark with
hops, and they had bruin there.
What musical key should a man
study when he is walking on ice?
Answer: C. Sharp or B. Flat.—Suc-
cessful Farming.
A railroad in Nigeria, Africa, will
be constructed by the British colonial
government to develop the resources
of the country, and in particular to
stimulate the cotton growing industry.
The road will be about 400 miles
long.



According to L'Electricien, a Vien-
na firm has recently placed on the
market brushes made of glass, which
are to replace emery cloth for clean-
ing and polishing the commutators of
dynamos and motors. These brushes
are said to clean the commutators
without scoring the metal, and their
use avoids the inconveniences and
dangers of emery cloth.

An inexpensive instrument called
the "snakebite lancet" has been in-
troduced in India with splendid re-
sults. It is being distributed by the
government in an effort to reduce the
fearful loss of life, which amounts to
75,000 persons each year. A report is
to the effect that one person saved
the lives of twenty persons bitten by
cobras and kariat within the last
year by the use of one lancet.

M. Maggiora, who purposes to abol-
ish fog and has submitted his explo-
sive scheme to the London County
Council, seems to have no doubt of
the efficacy of his method—the shoot-
ing of strong and searching currents
of air out of huge cannon or pro-
jectors. Eight or ten of these
weapons would, he says, be needed as
a permanent anti-fog apparatus for
London. "Twenty explosives, costing
7d. each, will dissipate any fog in
twenty minutes," he says.

The automatic signalling lead of
Slostrand, a Swedish engineer, is a
so-called "water kite" that is kept at
a depth regulated by the line given to
it and that is uncoupled—thus regis-
tering a signal on the vessel's deck—
when its forward end touches bottom.
The roof-like planes—pointing for-
ward and downward—cause the kite to
"fly" directly downward as it is
pulled through the water. On becom-
ing uncoupled, the apparatus rises,
when it is pulled in, and after a slight
adjustment is ready to be thrown
again. Without slacking speed, dan-
gerous shoals can be guarded against
in foggy weather or in unfamiliar
waters, or depth observations can be
made for any purpose.

One of the features of the recent
submarine tests at Newport was an
apparatus for the escape of occupants
of a disabled craft under water. It
is like a diving piece in appearance,
with head-piece and jacket. In the
jacket is a copper flask filled with
oxyliite, which generates oxygen. Be-
fore closing the glass face visor the
wearer places a tube in his mouth
connected with the flask, and the
moisture from his breathing acts on
the oxyliite so as to produce fresh air
to sustain life. Oxyliite was discovered
by a Frenchman, but its application
to this purpose was made by the
makers of the Octopus. The test was
not entirely successful.

Cutting Both Ways.
A company promoter who adver-
tised for an office boy received a
hundred replies. Out of the hundred he
selected ten, who were asked to call
at the office for a personal interview.
His final choice fell upon a bright
looking youth. "My boy," said the
promoter, "I like your appearance
and your manner very much. I think
you may do for the place. Did you
bring a character?"
"No, sir," replied the boy; "I can
go home and get it."
"Very well; come back to-morrow
morning with it, and if it is satisfac-
tory I dare say I shall engage you."
Late that same afternoon the fin-
ancier was surprised by the return of
the candidate. "Well," he said,
cheerfully, "have you got your char-
acter?"
"No," answered the boy; "but I've
got yours—an' I ain't coming!" —
Ladies' Home Journal.

Honeymoon in Arabia.
For seven days after the wedding
the Arab bride and bridegroom are
supposed not to leave their room. The
bride may see none of her own family
and only the women folks of her hus-
band's, who wait on her.

She remains in all her wedding fin-
ery and paint and does absolutely
nothing. The bridegroom generally
slips out at night after three or four
days and sees a few friends privately,
but he persistently hides from his
wife's family, and should be by any
accident meet his father-in-law before
the seven days are over he turns his
back and draws his burnous, or haik,
over his face.
This is their view of a honeymoon,
and they grow as weary of it as any
European couple do of their enforced
Continental tour.—Wide World Mag-
azine.

Paragraphic Repartee.
"Half the paragraphs do not
know what they are talking about,"
says the Florida Times-Union, evi-
dently not speaking of the para-
grapher's better half.—Richmond
Times-Dispatch.

A monument has been erected to
Anna Holzel, in the Schlossgarten, at
Mannheim, Germany. She was the
wife of a carpenter, who, in 1784,
saved the poet Schiller from a
debtor's prison.

A woman is almost as angry when
her husband bets on a horse and
loses as when he wins and doesn't
tell her.—From "The Gentle Cynic,"
in the New York Times.

THE BLACK ROPE.
By PAUL E. TRIEM.

In the region about his own home
Jay Hazleton had earned the name
of being a "driver." In the busiest
season of the farm year work never
crowded Jay. Instead, he crowded
his work with all the relentless-
ness of which his sturdy frame and square
chin showed him capable. Strangely
enough, during the summer of 1898
this very trait of forthrightness
came near to wrecking the young far-
mer's fortunes.

Jay's "hired man" was a scrawny
youth of about eighteen years, the
farmer's opposite in physical and
mental characteristics. Jay had
hired him partly in pity of the boy's
widowed mother, who rented the
farm a mile southeast of his own,
and partly, it must be confessed, be-
cause such help came cheap, and
Jay believed that a few aliphatic
doses of "hustle" might induce the
dawdling Watson to do almost the
work of a man.

On the hottest afternoon the sum-
mer had known Jay was sorting eggs
down in the basement of the barn.
The little eggs were good enough for
the farmer and his assistant, and the
others would bring a fancy price from
town customers. He was in even more
of a hurry than usual, for this partic-
ular Tuesday was an important
day for the old Hazleton farm and
its master; from the place was going
the first herd of Hereford cattle that
he had ever sold to a certain dealer.
A dozen two-year-olds and Daisy and
Lass, two of Jay's star mothers, had
been purchased by the Worthington
Stock Farm. The man who was to
take them to their new home was
probably in town at this very mo-
ment. He and his car were to have
arrived during the morning, and as
Jay remembered this, he called to
Watson.

"Hey, boy," he shouted, "it's time
you were getting started with the
cows! I don't want you to have to
hurry them. You'd better get the
team out and be going."

There was a moment's pause, as
if the young fellow at work in the
tool-shed was trying to think of an
excuse for procrastination; then, "I
don't like to start just now, boss,"
he sang, in his nasal tone. "There's
going to be a storm before an hour's
past—I can feel it, and the stock is
plumb nervous. Better let me wait
a while."

"Wait at the other end, Watson!"
commanded the farmer. "If there's
going to be a storm, all the more
reason for getting the herd down-
town—barn might be struck, you
know. And come to think of it, I'll
let you take the young stock instead
of Daisy and Lass. The herd would
be harder to handle in a storm, and
I can't start just yet."

Jay laughed to himself at the
pause which followed this announce-
ment. He had purposely shifted to
the boy's shoulders the harder part
of the work, in payment for what
he considered his attempt to dawdle.

"All right, boss!" Watson agreed,
after another pause.

The sound of the grindstone's
buzz ceased abruptly, and a few min-
utes later Jay heard the collie bark-
ing and heard the hinges of the gate
give out a resonant squeak. He knew
that he was alone; and instantly he
began to doubt the wisdom of send-
ing this inexperienced young fellow
to town with four thousand dollars'
worth of fractious cattle. Only
twelve of them there were, but they
were the finest in the State—and to
Jay they meant success or failure in
the business of raising fancy stock.
With the money obtained from them
he could buy a couple of imported
animals and put up a small stable.
If they should be damaged in any
way—and the man broke the egg he
was transferring to the case as the
thought struck him—he must begin
again at the beginning. He threw
in the last dozen eggs, and hurried
to the door of the basement.

Down the road, beyond a series of
little hills, a cloud of dust was ris-
ing. It might be floating above his

cattle, and it might be simply a dust
halo above a wagon. At any rate, for
better or for worse, it was beyond
his recall. To the west some strange
orange and black clouds were peep-
ing above the prairie. The farmer
stared at them for a moment, then
turned, caught up the filled egg-cases,
and hurried with it into the farm-
yard. Into the back of the wagon he
shoved the egg-crate. He noticed
that the team was restless, but as
it had been hitched and waiting for
an hour this did not surprise him.
When he went to the stock barn for
the two cows, he found that they,
too, were nervous and irritable.

"Guess they're feeling the heat,"
he mumbled. "It's time I was on the
move. I made the boy start out in
the teeth of this storm, so I guess
I ought to risk it myself."

He tied Daisy and Lass to the back
of the wagon, and drove slowly into
the road. It was terribly hot, this
July weather. The dust rose so thick-
ly about him that at times he could
hardly see the fields he was passing.
He had to drive slowly because of the

NOT WHAT WE GIVE, BUT WHAT WE SHARE
(FOR THE GIFT WITHOUT THE GIVER, IS BARE.)
WHO GIVES HIMSELF WITH HIS ALMS—FEEDS THREE
HIMSELF, HIS HUNGERING NEIGHBOR, AND ME.
(LOWELL.)

making excuses for putting things
off.
"You're not to blame, Jay," the
woman of the house comforted him.
"No one will blame you. And you've
got all that fine stock. It's terrible."
"You did the best you could," the
husband agreed.
After the storm had gone, leaving
behind it the odor of wet dirt and
fragrant meadows, the three went to
the door to see what was left. Limbs
of trees were scattered even in the
farmyard, where the cyclone had not
come. The straight wind that fol-
lowed it had sufficed to tear them
from the trees and to strew them
for rods in every direction. And
across the fields the watchers could
see a straw stack burning, where the
lightning had struck it. As they
stood on the porch, the telephone bell
rang. It was a party line, and the
old woman kept count.
"One, two, three and a short!"
she mumbled. Then, "Why, that's
your ring, isn't it, Jay?"
"Yes," said Jay, while the white
line about his mouth widened and the
fear in his eyes grew more intense.
"I'd rather be shot than answer it—
but I've got to."
Shakily he walked to the tele-
phone and took down the receiver.
"That you, boss?" a nasal voice
reached him. "Glory be! I was
afraid you had started for town and
got caught in that tornado. I'm glad
to hear your voice!"
Jay's hand shook so that he had
to press the receiver hard to his ear
to keep from dropping it. His eyes
had grown bright, and joy sounded
from his voice when he answered his
hired man.
"Where are you, Watson?" he de-
manded. "How did you miss the
storm? Did it kill all the cattle?"
To this three-barreled question
Watson replied with his usual delib-
eration. "I'm over at mother's, and
I missed the storm by reason of goin'
half a mile south of it. The cattle
is all right—little bit skittish, but
I guess we'll beat you into town yet."
The boy explained afterward that,
feeling sure a bad storm was com-
ing, he had taken the road to his
mother's place, instead of keeping
on toward town. And for once Jay
did not scold him for disobeying
orders.—From the Youth's Com-
panion.

cows, and this poking gait irritated
the team, so that they jerked at the
lines and shied nervously every time
a weed stirred beside the fence or
a stone turned under their heels. A
light breeze was blowing down the
road, going in the same direction as
the wagon, and bringing a fog of dust
along with it. Suddenly Jay not-
iced that even this breeze had died
out; and as he turned his head to
catch any sign of wind in the dis-
tance, the sound of a continuous,
humming roar came to him. He
whirled in his seat and stared back
up the road.
The highway upon which the Haz-
leton farm lay was the old State
road, running straight as a plumb-
line for nearly two hundred and fifty
miles. Between the farm and the
town lay a few insignificant hills, but
for several miles on the other side
there was neither rise nor depression.
For this reason, when Jay turned in
his seat he could see nearly to the
old creamery, two miles away—not
quite so far, because coming down
the middle of the road and hiding all
that lay behind, dragged what ap-
peared to be the frayed end of a
great black rope. Into the air towered
this strand, bulging as it as-
cended, until it had reached its sum-
mit, two hundred feet above the
prairie, and had widened into a fun-
nel several hundred yards across.
As Jay sat clamped to his seat, the
sulfuriness of the day had disappeared,
as far as he was concerned. He
seemed to be freezing, and the sweat
that ran down his face was cold
sweat. The cloud was advancing with
the speed of the wind—the swiftest
of winds, for that matter, for the
young man knew that he was directly
in the path of a cyclone.
The act of forming the word in
his mind seemed to release him from
the terror that had bound him help-
less in his seat, and he turned to
whip up the team. A little way ahead
a lane opened from the highway and
led toward the distant house of one
of Jay's neighbors. Straight for this
lane he urged his team, shouting to
the cows behind to step up. After he
had turned into the lane he looked
back, and found that the storm had
gained so rapidly that he still was
in jeopardy. He could see, too, that
the cloud was broader at the base
than it had looked when farther
away, so that anything within a wide
radius was sure to be caught. Then
he turned back to his team, and let
them out to a greater speed.

Pennsylvania exports large quan-
tities of ginseng at fifty cents a
pound.