

IN THE SHADOW.

In those dewey, twilight valleys,  
Where but meadow sunbeams stray,  
(Half of sunshine, half of shadow,  
Blend of eve and blend of day),  
Grow the sweetest woodland flowers,  
Waxen-petaled, soft and white,  
Pale, as though the moon in passing  
Bared there its silver light—  
And a perfume mild, exquisite,  
Ever from their bloom exhales,  
Fragrance rare and vague and dreamy,  
Lent from Eden's flowered vales.

But they tremble, ah, they tremble,  
In the thoughtless, wandering winds,  
And they wither, ah, they wither,  
At the first frost winter sends,  
While the hardy hillside flowers,  
In the sun-rays longer bloom,  
Knowing not that transient beauty,  
But a dreader, lasting doom,  
For that wild, exquisite fragrance,  
Lingers 'round the valleys still,  
Vague and haunting, pure and deathless,  
Through the winter's blighting chill.  
—From Uncle Remus's Magazine.

MEARS MITCHELL, SCIENTIFIC FARMER.

By Isabel Graham Bush.

"It's the regular price," Silas Gridley looked shrewdly over his glasses at the lad, his eyes narrow, black and searching. Mears hesitated a moment. He wondered if two cents a bushel was really a fair price. But there did not seem to be any other work in sight; why not try it? Of course, his hands would be blistered before he had worked half a day—they were rather white and shapely now, in spite of vigorous athletics.

The old man instantly interpreted the glance. "Billetary work for a chap like you. Nothing soft about husking corn. If you're looking for an easy job, like driving home the cows, just pass on." The thin-lipped mouth curved scornfully as Farmer Gridley thrust a pair of horny thumbs under his suspenders and eyed the town-bred lad from head to foot.

Mears straightened. "I'll begin tomorrow morning," he answered with dignity, then turned and disappeared down the lane. For some time he hardly noticed the undulating field of corn-shocks stretching for many rods along the country road. "If it wasn't for the folks, I wouldn't knuckle down to me old chap," he thought indignantly. "I can see he's a regular skindint, but I mean to make him do the right thing by me." The square boyish jaw took on a look of determination that plainly meant defeat to Silas Gridley should he meditate dishonesty in his dealing.

Suddenly Mears' gaze wandered from the corn to the straggling pumpkin vines stretching their network in patches across the amber-colored field. Beyond, the sheep were feeding upon the meadows freshened by the fall equinox. Unconsciously, the lad drifted into touch with nature. His step grew brisk, a tune bubbled out in little catchy whistles. He hadn't even thought what it would be, but there it was, the soderly air of:

"We march, we march to victory—"  
The rhythm possessed him. As he reached the sidewalk, the time grew more pronounced with the click of his heels on the boards, and when a certain low-roofed house on a side street appeared, it had reached a climax of triumphant melody.

"I've got a two-cent job," Mears announced jubilantly to the figure bending over the flowers near the gate. "A what?" Mrs. Mitchell raised her head, but her son had bounded past her, and wed slowly. In the spotless living room his twin sister sat reading with one finger upon the picture of Sir Galahad.

"Oh, Mears!" she cried in dismay at his sudden onslaught, "you mustn't! Wasn't he handsome! I'm at the loveliest part! Did you say you had a—"

"Job," finished Mears. "Oh, tell me all about it—no, just let me guess. It's a profession-al one." Ruby's eyes danced as she rounded out the word.

Having once resolved to see the humorous side, Mears greeted the venture with applause. "It sure is, as Mike used to say. Requires experience, too, and dexterity." The tone was a close imitation of Ruby's. "Here's mother. I couldn't tell either of you alone. You may both have a guess."

Mrs. Mitchell looked indignantly into the boyish face on a level with her own. "It's a salaried position, I think you said when you met me at the gate—"

"O-o-h!" Ruby looked incredulously happy. "My, how big that sounds!" Then Mears told the whole story touching very lightly on the disagreeable parts. He had tried everybody but the farmers, and, he diplomatically added, he had come to the conclusion that out-of-door work would be better for him than an office—for awhile. Hadn't he been in school for eleven years, ever since he was five years old? And that was the prettiest road out of town! The long lane leading to Mr. Gridley's house was edged with maples, and the cornfields—well, "you know that picture we saw in the gallery last spring? The corn almost rustled, it was so real, and the pumpkins made me want pie."

Ruby laughed at her brother's imagination. "And the lane with the maples in the distance—I can see it all," she added. "But mother, why don't you say something?"

Mrs. Mitchell looked serious. "Did you say the farmer's name was Gridley?" she inquired soberly.

"Yes; Silas, his wife calls him. She came down the lane wearing a blue sunbonnet, and told him supper was ready. Do you know him?"

"Gridley is a familiar name," answered his mother evasively. "There's the Gridley school house in that neighborhood. But, my boy, I wish you didn't have to work so hard for so little pay. Perhaps—but let us have supper now. When do you begin?"

Mears attacked a roll with great

cheerfulness as he replied: "My work begins at 4.00 a. m. tomorrow; the remuneration for the week," ignoring Ruby's surprised exclamation, "appears Saturday at 6.00 p. m. If you both will kindly walk out to the Gridley estate, bringing suitable handbags, I will allow you to assist me in bringing it in."

No one could resist the ridiculous aspect of the situation, and the boy's undaunted good-nature. It was a happy trio that finished the evening meal. The misty grayness of an early fall morning found Mears walking briskly toward the Gridley farm. The whole world seemed enveloped in a fog that turned into purple haze as the east brightened. "The chariot of Aurora!" exclaimed Mears, remembering the picture in the high-school room. "But several of the morning hours are out of sight even at this time of day." And then his thoughts turned to the real purpose of his work. "I'd do almost anything to have father well again, and he'll never be any better while he worries about us. I believe worry is half that kills him, anyhow. He's been almost killing himself to give us an easy time." Mears looked very sober as he thought of his absent parent.

After unavailing efforts to keep the family fortunes on the top wave, Mr. Mitchell had been imperatively ordered West. This was the first autumn of all the boy's care-free life that he had shouldered grave responsibilities instead of leading his class in school. He had counted on the last year so much. Perhaps now there wouldn't be any last year. Perhaps—but no, he wouldn't allow himself to believe it for a moment—it might be his father's last year.

Mears found the farmer finishing his morning chores. The barnyard had been awake for hours. The brilliant Dominick rooster had finished his morning announcements from the corn crib ridge-pole, and was busily eating the remnants of a scattered breakfast. A litter of squealing pigs disturbed the serenity of the scene and interfered with conversation. But at last Silas Gridley found time to pilot his new help to the field and start him out with his first bushel of corn.

"Ef ye stick," he said, by way of encouragement, "ye'll be the fust city chap I've had that did. They're terrible afraid o' work an' dretful tender." Mears looked at the slouching, stoop-shouldered figure and roughened hands. A boy who led in athletics ought to amount to something at farm work. Yes, he intended to stick as long as the job lasted.

All through the morning the corn flew into the basket with unerring accuracy. Wasn't he captain of the basketball team last year? After all, blistering hands wouldn't last forever. They'd soon get tough and tanned—a badge of his servitude. By that time, perhaps, a bank account might be to his credit.

By noon Mears had what seemed to him a large pile of yellow ears and a pair of red hands. Under a hickory tree the small wicker hamper containing his dinner was opened. Tucked in one corner was a cup of his favorite custard—Ruby's make. The basket was full of surprises—small ones. Mears enjoyed them gratefully, even to the last crumb. His first day of actual hard work was half over. For just ten minutes he stretched himself luxuriously on the grass and studied the surrounding country. The woods skirting the cornfield made a beautiful background for the intervening browns and yellows. The sorrel lent a dash of burnt sienna to the stubble field adjoining. Mears turned toward the yellow farmhouse, with its unpainted barns and stacks of straw. The farmer was doing the noon chores. At his heels bobbed a little figure wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat. "Grandson," thought the lad, remembering the small black eyes peering at him through the barnyard fence that morning. "As much alike as two foxes! Wonder what mother meant by looking so solemn when I told her the name?"

At 5.30 the farmer came around with horses and wagon to measure and gather up the corn. It seemed to the lad as if the heaped basket represented almost two of honest measure. "Fifteen bushels," reported the old man, and Mears saw his day's earnings dwindle. Wrathfully he started homeward without a word.

"No wonder he wanted to bait me by talking about city chaps! I'd never go back, only mother and Ruby'd feel bad if they knew." Before he reached home, Mears resolved to keep his job a few days while he hunted for another. The next day there were twenty bushels.

"Seems to be gaining a little," remarked Silas Gridley, still giving himself very generous measure and eyeing the blistered hands cynically.

All the rest of the week the lad stuck to his work manfully, but in spite of every effort, could not get beyond his previous record. Mears met his mother's and sister's questions evasively. He had a secret that they should know Saturday evening—not before. He knew now the old farmer needed him more than he would admit.

"S'pose you'll be on hand Monday morning?" was the casual remark at the close of the week. "That depends upon you, Mr. Gridley." The lad looked straight into his employer's narrow black eyes. In school Mears had been known as a born leader. Nothing fired him like being "downed." Here was a foe worthy of his steel, a man voted by his neighbors "a born skindint." The lad squared his shoulders for the conflict as the shaggy brows in front of him lowered ominously.

"Mr. Gridley, I find that other farmers are paying three cents a bushel and give fair measure to the husker. You haven't—"

"That will do, young man. I didn't hire ye to go sneaking around the country trying to find out what other folks were doing. I run my own farm to suit myself," and Silas Gridley's shrewd old face fairly purpled with wrath.

"I have the same right," insisted Mears, "that you or any other farmer has—to get the market price for what I sell. When it comes to a case of selling my work, the same rule holds good"—Mears measured every word. "I have husked ninety-five bushels of corn for you the last five days, by your own measure—more than a hundred by any other farmer's. I heard you say the other day that help was hard to find, and if you could get enough boys like me to husk your corn, you could sell it all at more than the market price. Now don't accuse me of listening. You talked loud enough for anyone to hear who was husking within twenty yards of the barn. Please remember the buyer was a trifle hard of hearing." In vain did Silas Gridley fume and interrupt. The cool, self-possessed lad talked on to the point. "If you'll pay me what you owe—that extra cent on a bushel and fifteen cents for the extra five, I'll promise to have five boys here by Monday morning. We'll finish your corn in time for you to get the advance price."

"You'll be likely to, you young rascal!" fairly shouted the farmer. "You'll get your money and run!"

"All right," said Mears coolly, certain that he saw signs of weakening. "I can't expect you to trust anybody when you haven't been honest yourself." And the lad walked away.

A quick vision of the financial loss he was about to sustain flashed through old man Gridley's mind. It wasn't a pleasant picture to contemplate, in view of the recent poor crop of wheat. Mears had nearly reached the road when he heard an imperative summons to stop. The farmer came panting down the lane.

"See here," he sputtered, "if you put a statement down in black and white that I can depend on five good huskers—five, remember—I'll pay you what you ask, though it's agin' my better judgment. A bargain's a bargain."

Mears ignored the last sentence. "I'll make out a paper agreeing to furnish five boys—they'll finish your corn by Monday night—if you'll give me a written agreement to pay each boy three cents for every bushel he husks, fair measure."

Silas Gridley knew that he was caught by a boy of sixteen. It was fortunate for him that he had a saving sense of humor. "Think you're pretty foxy, don't you?" he chuckled. "Guess you're no lamb in a horse trade. I'll git that paper in a jiffy, but mind, you'll have to furnish the boys or you're up against it. And say," he added, after counting out the additional silver, "while you're hurrying around for boys, jest drop into the Barnes House and tell Mr. Scudder—that's the buyer—that Silas Gridley wants to see him; that he'll be down 'bout eight o'clock."

"Sure you can trust me?" flashed Mears, with a sly twinkle as he started home. "I'm glad I stuck it out," he thought; "but I didn't really expect he'd give in."

The fall months passed quickly. Much to Mears' surprise, Mr. Gridley insisted upon his staying and paid him good wages. There was the milk route to look after, and when his employer's cows shrank in measure the lad took a daily drive of ten miles to buy from the surrounding farmers.

Mears' progress in farming was the source of much merriment at home. Many were the questions Ruby innocently asked. "Were Holsteins better than Jerseys? Did he think the best laying chickens were Buff Cochins or Leghorns?"

Mears borrowed farm journals and pored over them after supper. "There's no reason why I shouldn't learn to do something well," he said. "Book-learning isn't everything, but if I can't go to school, I can get a scientific knowledge of farming. It's good, healthy work, and pays as well as half of the professions."

Mr. Mitchell's letters were growing more encouraging. He had improved rapidly since all cause for worry had been removed.

One evening Ruby met her brother at the door. "What do you think is going to happen? I can't keep it another minute. Father's decided to settle in Benton. He has a good position out there. But that isn't all. There's the finest agricultural college in the West, and he says—Mother, just let Mears read it—that a boy who can get along with Silas Gridley and be the head of the family for three months ought to have the best kind of a chance to become a scientific farmer."—Young People's Weekly.

Fashion Notes

New York City.—The loose box coat is a pronounced favorite of the season and is peculiarly well adapted



to fur and to the many fur plushes are of the fashionable three-quarter length and the coat is so loose and

Waistcoat.

The separate waistcoat is not alone a fashionable feature of the season, it is also an eminently practical one. Few, if any, of the coats are really sufficiently warm for actual cold weather, and this extra garment allows of varying the weight as the day demands. Velvet broadcloth, brocade, embroidery, all are called into requisition. Broadcloth is used both plain and elaborately braided, velvet both of the plain and the fancy sorts is well liked and, indeed, almost every material of a similar sort is used, and the garment can be made plain or elaborate as the costume demands one sort or the other. This model is peculiarly desirable, as it allows a choice of single or double breasted closing and of the regular or round collar. A third style also can be evolved by using the single breasted model, omitting the collar and meeting, in place of lapping the front edges. In the illustration the single breasted waistcoat is made of broadcloth with trimming of sou-tache applique, while the double breasted one is shown to the same material simply stitched with beading silk in tailor style. Both are closed with handsome buttons, however.

The waistcoat is made with fronts and backs and the fronts are fitted by means of single darts. The single breasted waistcoat is simply under-



ample that it can be slipped on and off with the greatest ease.

The coat is made with the loose that are exceptionally beautiful this year, although its usefulness is not to be confined, for it is also adapted to broadcloth and to all suitings as well as to the various other materials used for separate coats. In the illustration it is made of broadtail plush with trimming of handsome buttons and with braid and is an exceedingly smart little garment that can be worn over any gown. The sleeves fronts and backs that can be made with the seam at the centre as illustrated or without, cut one piece, as liked, and is finished with a wide roll-over collar at the neck. The sleeves are made in one piece each, gathered into bands to which the roll-over cuffs are attached.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven, two yards forty-four or one and three-quarter yards fifty-two inches wide.

Dressy Evening Hats.

For evening wear dressy hats of lace or mulline will be worn.

Gilding the Rose.

After a vision of gold roses one can but wonder if faded old roses and their leaves could not be treated to a coat of gold paint and then used for trimming evening frocks or for hair ornaments.

Clinging Skirts.

Of course the vogue for the clinging French skirts sounds like economy in the way of petticoats, and it is as the French wear them.

faceted at the edges and finished with a round collar, but the double breasted one shows a seam at the centre front with the coat collar and lapels finishing the neck.



The quantity of material required for the medium size is one and one-half yards twenty-seven or one yard forty-four or fifty-two inches wide.

Hat For the Theatre.

Large picture hats for box parties at the theatre are very frequently faced with black chiffon or tulle, making a soft framing for the face, while the undulating brim brings a becoming shade near enough to offset what otherwise might possibly be a somewhat deadening effect.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Needy Italians.

The Italian government warns its people that 300,000 people must be fed this winter. Two hundred thousand had intended to come to America when kept out by our panic, and 100,000 will return who cannot get work here on account of the panic.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.

Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Tyranny in Mexico.

In Mexico the government will not allow grain to be sent from one part of the country to the other, and consequently a district may be so rich in corn one year that the harvest rots for lack of labor to gather it and the following season may see positive starvation in the same section. Industry is paralyzed, for no sooner does a man show signs of wealth than the local government comes down upon him for blackmail, and if he does not pay he is thrown into a dungeon and left to starve—if, indeed, he be not decapitated and his head stuck upon a spike above the city's gate as a warning to others.—From the Review of Reviews.

A Remedy For Neuralgia or Pain in the Nerves.

For neuralgia and sciatica Sloan's Liniment has no equal. It has a powerfully sedative effect on the nerves—penetrates without rubbing and gives immediate relief from pain—quickens the circulation of the blood and gives a pleasant sensation of comfort and warmth.

"For three years I suffered with neuralgia in the head and jaws," writes J. P. Hubbard of Marietta, S. C., "and had almost decided to have three of my teeth pulled, when a friend recommended me to buy a twenty-five cent bottle of Sloan's Liniment. I did so and experienced immediate relief, and I kept on using it until the neuralgia was entirely cured. I will never be without a bottle of Sloan's Liniment in my house again. I use it also for insect bites and sore throat, and I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who suffers from any of the ills which I have mentioned."

How Knives Are Made.

In the manufacture of knives the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by seventy different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and ready for the market.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Curious Postoffice.

The smallest, simplest and best protected postoffice in the world is in the strait of Magellan, and has been there for many years. It consists of a small painted keg or cask, and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in a manner so that it floats free opposite Terra del Fuego. Passing ships send boats to take letters out and put others in. This curious postoffice is unprovided with a postmaster, and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world.

THIRTY YEARS OF IT.

A Fearfully Long Siege of Daily Pain and Misery.

Charles Von Soehnen, of 201 A St., Colfax, Wash., says: "For at least thirty years I suffered with kidney troubles, and the attacks laid me up for days at a time with pain in the back and rheumatism. When I was up and around sharp twinges caught me, and for fifteen years the frequent passages of kidney secretions annoyed me. But Doan's Kidney Pills have given me almost entire freedom from 'his trouble and I cannot speak too highly in their praise."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

