

FAILURE.

Long time I watched the purple fruit  
Swing high above the orchard wall;  
Long time I stood in rain and shine—  
Saw morning rise and sunset fall;  
I heard the world in the distant streets;  
I guessed Fame's banners against the  
sky;  
I listened, thrilled, 'neath the orchard  
wall,  
In sun and in shower stood I.

Now, silent are the triumph streets,  
And short and sharp the fast years fall,  
And bright, a mass of foreign green,  
Sways slow above the orchard wall;  
I know not if the fruit abides;  
We're over-watched, my soul and I;  
We think we only dreamed we saw  
A purpose globe against the sky—  
We only dreamed it was for us.  
The perfect weight on the ending  
hour;  
We only dreamed that faith and hope  
Would mold its ore to crown our brow;  
We hear the triumph banners flap  
Against an unseen Glory sky.  
But habit-thrilled, beneath the wall,  
We doze at peace, my soul and I.  
—Rea Woodman, In The New York Times.

The Time Clock.

How the Keeper of the Van Arden Fortune Kept His Last Promise.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The old man arose from the invalid chair with much difficulty. He held fast to the arm and looked about the dingy room in a furtive way. "Henry hasn't come back," he hoarsely whispered. He took a feeble step forward and fell back again and clutched at the chair arm, gasping. "Wh-where are my drops," he faintly stammered. His shaking hand hovered over a little table that stood beside the chair, and then descended on a bottle. He managed to spill a little on a handkerchief and held the cloth against his nose and mouth. Presently he laid it down and again started about the room, as if fearing observation. "This may be my last chance," he muttered. "Something seems to tell me it is." He tottered away from the chair, and crossing the room stood in the doorway holding fast to the casings. "I know I'm mad," he muttered. "Henry knows it. Henry shouldn't leave me alone. He mustn't—he mustn't. Not after this. Henry is a faithful boy. He has waited a long time for the old man's money." The yellow face suddenly wrinkled into the semblance of a smile. "The money will do him no good—no good. He doesn't need it as much as I need him." He drew a gasping breath. "Henry must go with me, yes, yes." Then his tone turned to a pathetic whimper. "I'm afraid to go alone—afraid to go alone." He let go of the casing and stumbling across the hall, disappeared in the opposite room. He was gone perhaps five minutes, and when he reappeared in the doorway was trembling and gasping, and staring over his shoulder as if fearing pursuit. He stumbled back to the invalid chair and dropped into it, his strength quite spent. For a little while he lay there white and shaking. "I fixed it," he presently whispered. "I opened the canister and locked the hammer and set the clock. I may be mad, but I'm very cunning. Henry doesn't know how cunning I am, no, no. I can't spare him. He must go with me. I'm afraid to go alone." His voice trailed off in a little groan and he closed his sunken eyes. A moment later a door below was opened and closed and a chain jangled. Then a heavy foot was heard on the stair. "It's Henry," whispered the old man, suddenly rousing from a doze. "Henry has come back." The man who entered the room was of middle age and quite gray. He was thin and pale and dingy in appearance, and his shifty eyes studied the old man's face as he came forward. "Well?" he abruptly asked. "Nothing, Henry," the old man quavered. "Any more attacks?" "No, Henry. But you mustn't go away again. I'm afraid to be alone." "You were all right," said the younger man. "I barred you in. No harm could come to you." "It ain't the outside harm that I fear, Henry. I—I'm afraid of myself." "Nonsense. You've been dreaming. Here, it's time for your powder." He gave the old man the medicine and looked again at the cheap clock on the mantel. "What time is it, Henry? I don't seem to see so well as I did." The younger man gave the wrinkled face a sharp look. "Just 2 o'clock. I was gone exactly half an hour. Hincekley kept me a little longer than I expected, and I stopped at the butcher's for the beef for your broth." "You—you didn't get a dear piece, did you?" the old man tremulously asked. "No." "That's right. It isn't well to waste. What did Hincekley say?" "He said those eviction suits would be started next week." "Good. You told him not to show any mercy?" "I told him to push the cases along as fast as possible." "That's right, that's right." The younger man had taken a chair near the window and sat with his back to the light, his shifty eyes studying the old face, and his fingers nervously drumming on the table. "Hincekley said Jim's boy came in to see him this morning." "Jim's boy? What did he want of Hincekley?"

"He told him he'd heard his grandfather was very ill, and wanted to know what he knew about it." "Getting anxious about his grandfather's will, no doubt. How old is Jim's boy? I've forgotten." "Twenty-seven." "Married?" "Yes." "I remember now, I sent him word he mustn't marry without my consent. Yes, yes. I knew it would annoy him. Is he doing well?" "He's the secretary of a small manufacturing plant in Lakewood. Hincekley said he looked fairly prosperous." "Needs capital, no doubt," cackled the old man, "and expects to get it from the old man's estate. But we'll fool him, won't we, Henry?" He chuckled and gasped and had to be lifted up and his pillow re-adjusted. "Don't do that," the younger man growled. "You've got no breath to spare. Listen, Hincekley told me something else. The boy and his wife are coming here to see you—this afternoon." The old man clutched his son's arm. "Do we want to see them, Henry?" "I don't think it will do any harm. It will show them you are well cared for. But you must be careful how you talk. I don't want the boy to think you are non compos." "But I am, Henry; you know I am." "Well, don't say too much. Leave the talking to me." "Yes, Henry, I will." The weak eyes of the old man searched his son's face. "You've been with me a long time, haven't you, Henry?" "Twenty-seven years." "It's a long time—a long time to wait for an old man's money. There, there, you mustn't take offence. You've outlived every one of them—every one except my son Jim's boy—haven't you? You and Jim's boy are the only living creatures that have any claim to my money. Just the two of you are left." He dropped back and his eyes slowly closed. "Here, here," said the younger man, stepping forward. "You mustn't drop asleep like that." He put a glass to the old man's lips and he sipped a little of the contents. "I've settled with Jim's boy in the will that's in the big safe across the hall. You know what he gets. Twenty-five dollars. All the rest goes to my dear beloved son, Henry; yes, yes." The younger man frowned. "I know all that," he said. "I've done my best to serve you, to make you comfortable, haven't I?" "At my expense, Henry—always at my expense." "Well, how could it be otherwise? You kept me here and you gave me no chance to make my way in the world." "I'm not blaming you, Henry. You've been faithful, very faithful. I'm so used to you that I don't see how I can spare you—even on the long journey I'm going. I—I want you to go with me, Henry. I'm afraid to go alone." His voice trailed off again in a pitiful whimper. "See here," said the younger man almost roughly, "you mustn't talk like that. What would the boy think if he heard you?" The old man shook his head feebly. "He won't hear me, Henry. You are the only one that hears me, and you don't mind." "Yes, I do," replied the younger man. "I don't like what you say, and you say it much too often. Hark, what's that?" A sound as of some one rapping on the lower door came to them. "It may be Jim's boy," whispered the old man. "I'll go to the door," said the younger man. "Remember, you must be careful what you say." A cunning look overspread the old man's wrinkled face. "Henry doesn't like to hear me say it," he hoarsely whispered. "He doesn't know I mean it. He doesn't know he's going with me on the long journey. He doesn't know the little surprise I've fixed for him. He doesn't know how long I've had it ready—the powder, the hammer, the clock. Hush; here he comes." There were steps upon the stair and the sound of voices. A young man, bright faced, clear eyed, appeared in the doorway. Behind him was a pretty young woman, neat and

trim. In the background stood the watchful Henry. The young man came forward with a quick step and pressed one of the old man's hands. "We were very sorry to hear you were ill, grandfather," he said. "We did not know it until yesterday. You are better, I hope." "Yes, yes," replied the old man feebly, "much better. Henry knows. Ask Henry." "This is my wife, grandfather. Her name is Helen." The young woman came a little nearer, a gentle smile upon her bright face. "Your wife, eh? A child wife," muttered the old man. "Well, what does she want?" "She wants nothing, grandfather. We are here only to ask after your health and to offer to do what we can to make you comfortable." "I am comfortable," the old man feebly responded. "Henry takes good care of me. I can't do without Henry. We are going away together very soon." "Going away?" the young man echoed. Henry stepped forward and shook his head warningly at the old man. "He doesn't mean that," he said. "He isn't fit to travel, as you see." "Henry knows," murmured the old man, but his look was a cunning one. "Come, come," he added, "what is it you want?" The young man's face flushed. "Nothing, grandfather, nothing. If you say there is nothing we can do for you we will go." "There is nothing, Henry will tell you there is nothing." The young woman came forward and gently pressed one of the wrinkled hands. "Goodby, sir," she softly said. "I hope you will soon be much better and I am sorry you will not let us show how willing we are to be helpful. May we come again?" The old man looked at the bright face. Then he turned to his son. "May they come again, Henry?" The guardian of helpless senility shook his head. "What is the use?" he asked. "Callers irritate you. There is nothing you want. You are comfortable and contented." "Yes, yes," whispered the old man. "Very comfortable and quite contented. You hear what Henry says?" The young man touched the sick man's hand. "Good-by, grandfather," he said. "Come, Helen." The two callers passed from the room, the watchful Henry following them down the stair. When he came back the old man was muttering to himself. "Well, they're gone and they won't come back," said the dutiful one. "Good," murmured the old man. "It's better so. I seemed to see my son Jim smiling at me when that boy talked. And after you went out I thought I saw Jim standing at the door there looking at me with pity in his eyes. I didn't treat Jim right. I might have helped him when he most needed it. But I'm a hard man. I'm an old sinner. And you are a hypocrite, Henry—a fawning hypocrite." The younger man did not wince. He looked at the old man impassively. "Do you want anything?" he asked. "No, Henry. Nothing. Only I want you. Come here, Henry. Bend lower. I want you to go with me on that long journey. I'm afraid to go alone. Are you ready?" Henry drew back. "See here," he said, abruptly, "you really mustn't talk any more of that nonsense. You will go when your time comes. I will go when my time comes. Not before." The old man's eyelids quivered. "The time is coming soon," he murmured; "very soon. For both of us." His eyelids closed. "For both of us—very soon." He was quiet for some time. Then he looked up. When he spoke his tone seemed to have grown stronger. "See here, Henry?" he said. "I have a little surprise for you. You have wondered where I hid the will. I've seen you looking for it. Yes, yes. It's with the Santuzzi silver mining stock and the government bonds—only a little package, but rich. I hid them, Henry, because I wanted to have something that was still under my own control." The younger man's face changed a little. "Where are these papers?" "There was cunning in the old man's look. "When you were out, Henry, I found them and put them in a box in the vault and set the time clock and closed the door." "You set the time clock?" "Yes. It was a whim of mine, Henry." "I understand. And at what time will the door be released?" "At 8 o'clock tomorrow morning. It isn't very long to wait. And Henry?" "Yes." "There will be another surprise for you when you open the door—a great surprise." "Very well." The younger man turned away. "I expect to start on that long journey soon," whispered the old man, "and you must go with me." The younger man turned and frowned at him. He was fast asleep. The morning dawned gray and cheerless. The few lines of murky light that penetrated the room had no suggestion of the sun. The old man was still asleep on the

invalid chair. For weeks he had not been able to lie down, his breath was so uncertain, his heart so weak. At 7 o'clock the door opened and Henry looked in. "Still asleep," he muttered, and went away. He came back a half hour later bearing a tray with a bowl and glass. He put his burden on the table and raised the shade. Something about the quiet figure drew his attention. He crossed the room quickly and touched the old man's head. Then he bent down and held his ear close to the old man's chest. "Gone," he quietly said. He went back and pulled down the shade, and taking up the tray left the room, softly closing the door. "There is no hurry," he muttered. He looked at his watch. "Seventy-five. I'll wait until the vault is opened." He stepped into the room across the salesroom. Much of the shelving was left and at one side was the storage vault with its paneled door. The place had fallen into the old man's grasping hands as many other strange places had done. Henry seated himself on a broken chair near the vault door. Then he drew a long breath. "I've earned a rest," he muttered. "I'm going away. I'm not too old to enjoy life. I'll spend the money freely. It's all mine—all mine. What haven't I done to earn it? Fawnced, slaved, humiliated myself in every way. Well, it's all over." He held his watch in his hand. "That was a strange idea of the old man's—his wanting me to go with him on the journey. He could not get it out of his mind. Well, he has started alone." His face suddenly flushed, he thrust the watch back in his pocket and rising quickly seized the vault door. It yielded to his grasp. And then, as he drew it open, there was a sudden rattle, a thunderous crash, an outburst of flame and the man was flung with terrific force against the opposite wall. The insane old man had planned the surprise all too well. How long his mad brain had nourished the idea no one would ever know. How long he had held the atom bomb in readiness no tongue could tell. He had started on the long journey alone, but his comrade of many years had followed close behind. The smoke lifted a little, the fire died out, but the man on the floor gave no heed. All the riches of the world were of no interest to him now. There were footsteps on the stairs, and fresh young voices. Jim's boy and his girl-wife were framed for a moment in the doorway. "What's this?" cried the startled boy. He caught his wife's arm and drew her into the hall. "There has been an accident, dearest. Something strange has happened. Come away, love—it is no place for you." And the heir of the great Van Arden fortune—son of the neglected son of the dead old man across the way—gently turned his wife aside and softly closed the door. QUAIN AND CURIOUS. Germany is the envy of Ireland as the leading potato country of the world. Nearly two billion bushels annually. The battleship North Dakota will be the first vessel of the American navy on which the officers' food will be cooked on electric ranges and ovens. The fisheries of Lower California, a distance of 1500 miles, exclusive of the pearl and shark fisheries, are controlled by one company, which holds the concession from the Mexican government. The shipment of fancy horses is quite a feature in England, and railway cars for that purpose are built for three horses; they have a groom-room in front of the horses' heads, and the stalls are padded. Ireland goes on booming industrially. She raised four million sheep last year, shipped nearly thirteen millions of linen from Belfast to the United States alone, and other exports were: Cattle, \$45,734,575; butter, \$17,883,600; and eggs, \$13,637,050. One of the oddest domiciles on earth is that erected at Yokohama by Dr. Vander Heyden, the noted bacteriologist, of Japan. This is a dust-proof, air-proof, microbe-proof building of glass, which stands in the open, unshaded grounds of the hospital at Yokohama. Although possessing an area of only 11,373 square miles, with a population of 7,168,816, Belgium has a foreign trade, which, in 1908, reached the colossal total of \$1,125,929,000, giving this little country the sixth rank as a commercial power among the countries of the world. The largest barometer in the world was recently set up in the Italian town of Faenza, the birthplace of Torricelli, who discovered the barometer and the "vacuum" which perpetuates his name. The liquid used is purified oil, rendered free from air, and thus gives a column over eleven meters in height. The Chilian government has granted a German company a concession to install an electric power plant on the Aconcagua River, in the vicinity of Los Andes. This plant will supply power to run the government railways between Valparaiso and Santiago, a distance of 114 miles, and also will provide light for the cities and towns along the way.

YOUNG PEOPLE Parents Worth Having. My father and mother can never be beat— They're the nicest that ever were made; They remember the fun they had when they were young, And all the games that they played. And, better than all, they play with us themselves, Yes, really and truly they do! Every night after dinner till bedtime has come, There's Willie and Burton and Prue, And Alice—that's me—and my father and mother, Enough for some royal good fun. We play Blind Man's Buff and Hide and Go Seek, You should see how my mother can run! They don't either one of them mind being "it." And they always are awfully fair; We none of us think the game's any fun Unless all the players are "square." And every new game we teach father and mother, They teach all the old ones to us; So we romp and we play, big and little together, With never a sign of a fuss. But sometimes a stranger man comes to our play— He creeps in so quiet and still, That you don't know he's here till we hear a deep sigh From our little ones—that is Will. Then we know that the Sandman has joined in our play, And is trying to put us to sleep; Then father and mother both kiss us "good-night," And away into Dreamland we creep. —Philadelphia Record. Billy Taft. I thought you would like to hear about my kitten. His name is Billy Taft. He is a tiger kitten, and is about one year old. He weighs about nine pounds. Sometimes I dress him in my doll's clothes, but he does not like that very well. In the winter he likes the radiator very much, and if we cannot find him anywhere, he is nearly always there.—Marion Johnson in the New York Tribune. The King of the Herrings. This is the name that sailors give to the chimera, a hideous fish related to the shark, because it feeds on herrings. It was called the chimera in days gone by when it was much larger than it is now, after the fabulous monster that was supposed to have the body of a goat, the head of a lion, and the tail of a dragon. Now it is seldom more than five feet long and is no longer a giant. The eggs of this strange fish are very curious. So far as we know, no other fish in the sea lay eggs that imitate their surroundings, but the chimera's, which are oval, are bordered with a fringe that looks just like seaweed as they float upon the water until the little fish are ready to come out, says Home Notes. No one would ever guess what they contain, or what ugly creatures the baby chimeras would become when they are hatched. A Cracker Ticket. One day last winter in the class we were notified by our teacher that we were going to have a parents' meeting. There were boys and girls in our class. We had lemonade, crackers and cake which the children had brought. After we had finished our lemonade two crackers were given to us. The teacher said we might eat one, but should keep the other until she ate hers. We each ate our one cracker, and it tasted very good. A few boys started to nibble and taste the second one, then another taste and another, until the whole cracker was gone; but I ate only half of mine. Then the teacher said: "Hold out your ticket for a piece of cake." The class stared at her. She then told us to hold out our crackers. Those that had eaten only one had another cracker and got a slice of cake for it. I had eaten mine half way, so I was given two more crackers instead of a slice of cake.—Sara Mann in the New York Tribune. A Fairy Story That Came True. Grace wished to hear a story. Indeed, Grace demanded a story. And so Grace, being a little five-year-old who held great power in the Hopkins family, got her story, which began as follows: "There was once a little girl who received a beautiful ring for a birthday gift. But it grieves me to say that the little girl was sometimes careless. So she lost her beautiful ring." "Why, mother dear, that little girl is just like me, and her ring is like the one I lost, isn't it?" interrupted Grace. "Yes dear; but something very strange happened to this little girl's ring. She dropped it while walking along the river bank, and before it touched the bottom of the river a big fish opened his mouth and gobbled the ring without even stopping to taste it. Only a couple of days after this, however, a fisherman caught the fish. It was bought at market by a cook, who, when she cut open the fish, discovered the ring. And the funny part of the story is that the cook worked in the family of the little girl who lost the ring." The mother paused and looked with twinkling eyes at the little girl. Grace stared, with a puzzled look, into her mother's face. Then, with a laugh, she sprang from her chair and rushed toward the kitchen. She found what she had partly expected. There was cook, holding up the ring which Grace had lost a few days before. "It was just like a fairy tale come true!" gleefully shouted Grace, as she ran to show the ring to her mother.—Publicity. Animals That Weep. While the act of laughing may be peculiar to man, the same is not true of weeping, which, if we are to accept the testimony of a French naturalist, is a manifestation of emotion that is met with in divers animals. It is said that the creatures that weep most easily are the ruminants, with whom the act is so well known that it has given rise to trivial but accurate expression, "to weep like a calf." All hunters know that the stag weeps, and we are also told that the bear sheds tears when it comes to a consciousness of its last hour. The giraffe is not less sensitive, and regards with tearful eyes the hunter who has wounded it. This animal also weeps through downright nostalgia. Dogs also are held to be lachrymose, and the same holds in the case of certain monkeys. Sparrman states the elephant sheds tears when wounded or when it perceives that it cannot escape. Aquatic animals, too, it appears, are able to weep. Thus, many authorities agree, dolphins at the moment of death draw deep sighs and shed tears abundantly. A young female seal was observed to weep when teased by a sailor, St. Hilaire and Cuvier recount, on the authority of the Malays, that when a young dugong is captured the mother is sure to be taken also. The little ones then cry out and shed tears. These tears are collected with great care by the Malays and are preserved as a charm that is certain to render a lover's affection lasting.—New York Press. Dandelions. The dandelion with its golden crown may truly be called the world's flower; for wherever civilization has gone its yellow blossoms may be found, defying heat and cold, blossoming early and late, under all conditions of climate and moisture presenting smiling faces to the light of the sun. The dandelion has two mottoes of life, one "In union is strength," the other "Never say die." Surely a plant or a human being with such mottoes of life ought to conquer the earth! All flowers were once simple; that is to say, each produced its organs of reproduction on a separate stem. What a remarkable change has taken place in the dandelion family since its simple ancestors first saw the light of the sun, for now every golden disk presents from one to two hundred tiny, perfect florets, each with its dainty yellow ray. Pick a dandelion to pieces and notice the hollow saucer in which these set. What an economy to have but one such receptacle for a colony of flowers! Note the pistil with its ovary and the tiny pollen-producing stamens of each we forest and the strong, hollow stem common to all. Bridge builders and civil engineers know that nothing is as flexible and strong as the hollow tube. The dandelion needs such a stem to hold up her flower colony against the mad March winds and beating early April rains. How did the dandelion learn to crowd its once separate flowers into a composite flower head, and fashion its wonderful stem, common to the whole colony? Probably the flowers grew in a flower cluster, as we see many flowers growing today, and the crowding together of the flowers has been an age-long process on the part of the plant, achieved through the law of cross-fertilization, those plants that were most closely packed being more easily cross-fertilized and producing stronger seed. It is the old, unanswerable question, What is and why is life? We can only say that certain things are so and bow in reverence before the power of their being. The dandelion learned in some way that it was better and more economical to grow one yellow streamer to every tiny floret than to surround every floret with its own row; and what a goodly sight it is and what a merry show the colony makes when each tiny yellow banner is flung open to the sun as a signal to bees and insects to come and drink the honey and carry the pollen from cup to cup! Think of the advantages of cross-fertilization the dandelion presents over the violets, who must wait for certain bees to enter their blossoms to carry the pollen from flower to flower. Here every insect that lights upon the dandelion, every bug that crawls over its blossom, carries the abundant pollen from one flower to another. So close are the flowers, together that our careless feet or the brushing of our skirts in passing will bring about that much-desired object of the plant world, cross-fertilization. When we remember that this is the method that produces the strong seed and the sturdy plant, we know that the reason the dandelion has taken for its motto, "In union is strength," is that it may out-work its other motto, "Never say die." The dandelion's seed-balls are as lovely as its flowers; they seem like dream-flowers, or like memories of happy days gone by. The dissemination of seed is another factor in the life of the plant, and the dandelion presents an example of perfect adaptation to conditions in this particular; but the story of the seed is another story.—Edith Willis Linn. It is estimated that out of every hundred inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, fifty-five drink alcoholic beverages.