

I REMEMBER; I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance.
But now 'ils little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

By

The Lady of the Red Clover

J. Herbert Welch ::

Under the big oak by the fifteenth tee Mr. Arthur Glendenning was sitting at his ease. He was some ten strokes behind his opponent, Colonel Bogey, but this did not bother him in the least, Bogey not being one of those players who tack their score cards in conspleuous places on the clubhouse bulletin board and mention their victories to every one they meet. Nor was Arthur annoyed by the fact that a hungry bunker had swallowed up his ball—Indeed, he hoped that his caddy's search for it would go unrewarded yet a while, for it was restful here, and, incidentally, there was a rather alluring picture in the field just across the leaf-strewn road that ran by the oak. The picture was that of a girl framed in red clover. It was a moving picture, too; that is, the girl was moving, gathering a big bunch of clover blossoms. Resting against the fence Arthur noticed a bleycle.

"That girl is not a slave to fads, anyhow," he commented, lazily, to himself, "or she would have given up the wheel for ping-pong. The fact that she is out here alone indicates that she possesses independence and a mind of her-what! She's looking at that cow as if she were afraid of it!"

If Arthur's imagination had been vivid enough to have viewed the cow as the girl viewed it, he would not have been so surprised that the beast should be causing her to show treplidation. A few minutes before, when she was surmounting the difficulty of the fence in quest of the clover she had assured herself that she wasn't a bit afraid of that cow, and, as a matter of fact, she had felt brave until the cow had suddenly raised its head from the grass and began to stare. Stares are always disconcerting. Perhaps the cow regarded her as an enemy browsing upon its clover, perhaps as a friend with a handful of salt. At any rate, it gazed at her fixedly for a moment, and then took two steps in her direction. The girl retreated two steps, returning the cow's stare haughtly. Suddenly the latter seemed to make up its mind, and began to advance in a business-like way, with long

iously.

"No, no, thank you," she panted, "but that—that terrible cow!"

Arthur glanced in the direction of the cow. It did not have a very terrible aspect, but rather an expression of mild surprise, and even injury, as if it were exclaiming to itself: "Dear me, how very disappointing! Where's my salt?"

"Let me assist..."

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"Let me assist you to your feet," said Arthur, in his best manner, bending over her. She did not move, but exclaimed, distressedly:
"Oh, dear, the fence has torn my skirt! You haven't such a things as a pin or two, have you?"
There was a beseeching note in her voice, and the young man would have given much to have been able to have produced a pin, but it was impossible. He felt of his clothing hopelessly; he gazed out over the sweeping green of the links, up at the trees, up at the canopy of the heavens, but he saw no pin.

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The eaddy's curly head just then appeared over the edge of the bunker.

"Here, caddy," shouted Arthur, "run over to the clubhouse and get some pins, safety pins, any kind, and get all they've got in the place. Run! * * * But don't run so fast," he added, "as to injure your health," for the girl with the pink glowing beneath the white of her rounded cheeks, with the brilliancy of excitement still in her eyes, and with wayward curlettes straggling from out of her mass of light hair, was certainly a pleture—even more of a picture than she had seemed to Arthur from a distance—and he was too appreciative of the artistic to be willing that such a picture should pass quickly from his view.

"May I sit down here on the grass and condole with you until the arrival of the—of the caddy?" asked Arthur.
"I presume you may sit on the grass. I don't own it, you know." The acidity of this reply was tempered by a flittly shadow of a smile.
"At all events," answered Arthur, sitting down, "you took rather quick possession of a bit of it just now. But it was really very rude of that cow to disturb you. I can't tell you how sorry I am."
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A pair of soft yet penetrating eyes were studying the young man.

"No, I don't belleve you can tell me how sorry you are," said the pretty lips beneath the eyes, "and the reason is that you're not sorry at all. You're having trouble to keep from laughing."

Arthur could no longer restrain the hilarity that had been welling up beneath a very thin veneer of polite solicitude. They laughed together, "But I must have done with this levity," cried Arthur, suddenly. 'Il must be up and doing. My lady's hat and flowers still lie within the domain of the fell beast. I must recover them at all hazards. I must face this beast, or else, 'od's boddlikins, I were unworthy the name of knight!"

He approached the fence, leaped over and in a moment was bowing low in the act of laying the trophies at the lady's feet.

"Marry, now, but you are, forsooth, bears, bears, bears, but when he we have been the laught of the probability and the probability."

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"Marry, now, but you are, forsooth, a brave knight," she laughed.

"Ah, lady, my life were but a slight sacrifice in your service, but were I to crave a boon of you I would plead that you take from the heap one small red clover blossom and pin it in my buttonhole with your own fair hands." She laughed again. "Methinks you are a bold knight, too. But for the sake of the dangers you have passed I will decorate you, Sir Arthur—when the plns arrive."

The young man came very near losing his knightly pose. "How under the sun do you happen to know my name?" he was about to inquire, but he perceived, before it was too late, that she had hit upon the name innocently, as the usual name for knights. "May I be allowed to express a suspicion of you?" he asked.

"I hope I am not a suspicious person," she answered, "but what is it?"

"Only that you have been reading historical novels."

"Worse than that. But it seems to me that your mind also is steeped in the romantic."

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"It's. I've just finished being thrilled by Miss Mary Malvern's book, 'A Court Cavaller.' The celebrated Miss Marvern is sojourning for the summer in this vicinity, rou know."

"Yes, I know," said the girl, hastily, "and what do you think of her book?"

"Well," replied Arthur, slowly and judicially, "it is not bad, not half bad. Of course, most of the situations are impossible, and most of the characters have no counterpart in the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor the waters under the earth, but—on the whole—the story's clever."

She smoothed a wrinkle in her skirt, then asked slowly:

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Arthur liked this deference to his litterary judgment, and he continued, complacently:

"Well, in the first place, it is clever because it was written by so very young a person. They say she is only about twenty or twenty-one. As a matter of fact, however, I suppose she is pearer thirty. And if she is as young as is reported. I think her mother ought to have looked after her better, because she seems to have had an anazing amount of experience had a first of the heart. One cannot write of these things as realistically as she does without an intimate knowledge of them. While many of the situations are highly improbable, as I have said, some of the love scenes are life tiest of these highly improbable, as I have said. I will be an anoty interest them. While many of the situations are lightly improbable, as I have said. I will be an anoty interest the fourty of the situation of the plate. She will be at the of these highly improbable, as I have said. I will be an anoty interest of them. While many of the situation of the plate to be a somewhat uncertain for the heart. One cannot write of these highs a realistically as for club, while many of the situation of the plate. She will be at the lady of the red clover has no desire to remain perpetually like destroyed. Very truly yours, vork. It was, sate that the prints be surdered to the nad that the plate destroyed. Very truly yours, vork. It was a sa famous parised edetion has the destroyed. Very truly yours, vork. It was a sa famous parised edetion of the limit of the lady of the red clover has the destroyed. Very truly yours, vork. It was a sate to destroyed. Very truly yours, vork. It was a sate to destroyed. Very truly yours, vork. It was a sate to destroyed. Very truly yours, vork. It was a sate to destroyed the minst of the heart of the heart of the heart of the heart of the heart

mense interest in his conversation, and this encouraged Arthur to go on.

"Yes, really. And another thing I like about her is her ferocity. Why, when she gets a couple of swashbucklers together in a dark alley in old London she writes about the encounter so that you can fairly hear their hard breathing in the struggle. She enjoys it herself. I'll venture to guess that Miss Malvern has plenty of grit, and would stand her ground in the face of danger."

"You don't think she is afraid of cows, then?" From under her eyelashes the girl on the grass glanced up at him with a quizzical look of inquiry. "Oh, I beg your pardon," laughed Arthur, "I wasn't thinking of comparisons. To be afraid of cows is perhaps more charming than not to be afraid of them. But, referring again to Miss Malvern, do you suppose she will marry, and become more or less commonplace—it's an effect matrimony has, you know—or do you imagine she'll remain true to literature? Tell me, just for the sake of discussion, what you think the probabilities are. As a woman, you can, of course, weigh them better than I can."

"Well, I don't know," said the girl, thoughtfully. "I don't believe that marriage need be commonplace, and—but here come the pins."

Arthur followed her glance, and saw with displeasure that the pins were, indeed, arriving. He uttered silent maledictions upon the caddy's short, sturdy legs that were coming over the green so rapidly and conscientiously. He busied himself with the young woman's bleycle when she was closing the rent made by the fence rail, and when he had reluctantly led the machine out not the road because she said she positively must be going he remarked, assuming again his knightly tone:

"If my lady should chance to pass this way on the morrow at the same hour, she will find a knight to tilt a lance in her protection, if need be, against the cow, or any other peril."

"The knight has been very kind," she smilingly replied, "and I thank him, and I will say that I have enjoyed his conversation more than he can imagine, but I could not ask him to risk his life again for me."

"But is he not to have a name to dream on, nor any hope of the future?"

"He should be full of hope for the future," she called back, after she had mounted, "and as for the name, "the lady of the red clover' should be a good name to dream on."

Arthur watched her till her figure grew small on the road and disappeared around a turn. That night in his dark room he roeked a photographic plate to and f

them and gave it the place of honor among the divinities on his mantel-plece.

"And here's the picture of the girl," he remarked to Bob Wilton a night or two afterward, as he finished the recital of his interesting experience. Bob glanced at the photograph.

"Wh—at!" he cried, bursting into a great laugh. "My dear, fellow, prepare yourself to bear up beneath a blow. This lady of the red clover, with whom you talked about Miss Mary Malvern, and with whom you tried to make an appointment for the next afternoon, is no less a personage than Miss Mary Malvern herself."

Bob lost no opportunity to tell the story at the golf clubhouse. It very speedily reached the drawing rooms, and one morning Arthur received a faintly perfumed letter on a delicately tinted blue paper.

Its contents were as follows:

"My Dear Sir—It seems that the knight is a very modern kind of knight, who, when he is succoring ladies in distress, takes snapshots of them. Was the deed quite knightly? Since the lady of the red clover has no desire to remain perpetually in distress on a fence, she must ask that the prints be surrendered to her and that the plate be destroyed. Very truly yours.

"MARY MALVERN.

"P. S.—Since the knight's act of deception has made his trustworthiness"

YOUNG LADIES, TAKE WARNING.

Don't Rejoice in a Mouse's Death When Your Young Man's About.

This incident occurred in Washington not very long ago:

A young man was calling upon the girl to whom he was engaged. The couple were sitting on the front steps of the girl's home, an hour or so before the fall of darkness, when they noticed the cat attached to the house-bold of the girl's family going down the steps leading to the basement area with a tiny field mouse in its mouth. The cat had caught the mouse in the vacant iot alongside the house.

Dropping the tiny mouse over in a corner of the area, the cat proceeded to torture the little animal after the accepted feline fashion.

She would permit the mouse for run away about a yard or so, pretending that she didn't know that there was a mouse within miles, and then she would jump out, nall the mouse with her foot and toss it back to the corner. Then she would pick the mouse up in both of her paws, throw it into the air, and when it came down and started to run, nall it again. The tiny mouse would squeeze itself into a corner and sit up and look at the cat pitfully, and then the cat would swipe it out of the corner with her paw and step on it, her eyes blazing cestatically and her tail swishing. Some natural historians say that there is no animal so atrociously and gloatingly cruel as the ordinary, purring, domesticated cat. "That mouse," said the young fellow to the girl to whom he was engaged, "is only a youngster yet. Strikes me he ought to have a chance for his white alley."

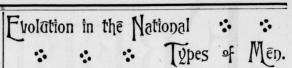
"Oh, I don't know," said the girl, who, with her chin in her hands, was dreamily and fascinatedly regarding the spectacle of the mouse being tortured by the cat.

"Don't you think it horrible to see the poor little beggar getting the worst of it that way?" he asked the girl, with a slight note of surprise in his tone. She made no reply, but still with her chin resting in her hands, gazed calmly at the cat cossing the diminutive mouse in the tone. She made no reply to test the condition of the replace of the fast of the

England's Oldest School

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Many a building, public and private, claims to be the oldest institution in England, but it seems that the true claim is that of St. Peter's School, York. It was, as many contemporary records prove, in existence and had gained renown as a famous public school of the north for some years before 720. There have been some enthusiastic antiquarians who have been inclined to believe that this school was flourishing actually before St. Augustine came to Canterbury and raised that city to its great ecclesiastical position of later years. And ever since that date until the present year of grace 1902 the minster school has continued its even course. For the magnificent period of 1182 years at least this school has sevied and flourished. Its buildings have decayed, fallen and been restored; the school has several times been rebuilt owing to this or that cause, but the "institution" is still there, and St. Peter's School today has the unique boast of being, indeed, the oldest institution in England.—Baltimore Sun.



Britons Becoming Long-Nosed, Frenchmen Blond and Japanese Bearded-Odd Effects of Cold Baths and Beer-Drinking.

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