IN CLOVER.

Let me lie down in the clover,
Where the daisies scatter snow,
And the yellow bees fly over
As my fancies come and go.

Dwellers in a royal palace
Have not softer couch than mine;
And lo! here's a lily chalice,
Brimming with the morning's wine.

Yonder brook sings low and softly,
But I cannot catch its words,
As they blend in silvery music
With the notes of breeze and birds.

In this sweet, still summer weather
It is easy to forget
That our life has toil or trouble;
Has a cloud, a jar or fret.

Why should we try to remember?
It is well to dream and rest,
And forget that we grow weary,
Though our dreams are dreams at best.

Happy he who puts away
Thoughts of daily life and strife,
Who is deaf to din and discord
Jarring through the chords of life.

Let me lie then in the clover,
As a child on mother's breast,
And, awhile the hours fly over,
Dream sweet dreams of peace and rest.

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

"It's those worn out shingles on the roof," said Mrs. Barr, in the melancholy half whine which was habitual to her. "The rain leaked in on the boarder's bureau all night long, and she says she won't stay here if she isn't to be properly protected against the elements."

Janie tied the last puce colored tulip to its stake and straightened herself up.

"Who is to do it?" sighed Mrs. Barr. "And if Mrs. Lepell goes away what shall we do about the interest on your father's old note?"

"She won't go away, mother never fear," said Janie, brightly. "Don't fret. You'll see that things will come out right."

"But the shingles must be fixed right away," said Mrs. Barr.

"They shall be fixed, mother," said Janie.

"Who will do it?" impatiently repeated the widow.

"I will!" said Janie.

"That's all nonsense," groaned Mrs. Barr.

But Janie had never been more seriously in earnest in all her life.

Mrs. Barr went to the parish sewing society that afternoon.

Col. Addison, from the Valley hotel, who was paying his addresses to Mrs. Lepell the boarder, came with a spirited horse and a buggy to take her to the sea beach.

"Now is my time," said Janie exultantly to herself.

But Mrs. Lepell came back before she had got twenty-five yards away from the house.

"Janie," she said, "I forgot to tell you that I left my three diamond rings in the little left hand drawer of the bureau. I might lose them in the water. I thought I would tell you in case of fire, you know, or any other accident."

"Yes," said Janie, 'but there won't be any accident.

Mrs. Lepell laughed, and ran back to the carriage and the impatient colonel.

And not until then did Janie perceive that a tall, half grown lad, lurking behind the porch rails, was waiting to speak with her.

"Who are you?" said Janie, briskly. "What do you want? No, we haven't any old clothes. If you really want work, you had better go on to the new buildings, about a mile up the road. I dare say they can find something for you to do there."

The lad mumbled out something, whether thanks or otherwise Janie could not discriminate, and shuffled away. And our heroine, slipping on her hat and bolting the front door, ran across the back meadow to Jack Parson's carpenter shop, some quarter of a mile by the wood path.

"I want a few shingles," said she, and a pound of shingle nails."

"What for? said Ralph.

"No matter,', calmly retorted Janie.

She nodded good-by, and hurried away under the canopy of pink apple blossoms.

Ralph looked admiringly after her.

"She's a regular clipper of a girl, that Janie Barr!" said he. "If ever I'm able to support a wife, that will be the one I'd choose."

Light as a thistledown, Janie hurried back with her precious bundle of shingles, and the pound of nails in her pocket.

"Now I'll show him whether I can mend the roof or not," she said, as, with a hammer added to her stock in trade, she ascended to the garret and climbed the odd little ladder that led up through the rusty trap door to the steep roof.

The slant was abrupt, the old shingles were wet with recent rain and slippery with green moss incrustations, but Janie Barr was not one lightly to be discouraged, and presently she found herself neatly balanced, with her feet braced against the board gutter, one elbow leaning on the roof, and the hand busily tearing away the old shingles and replacing them deftly with overlapping rows of new, fragrant wood. The click of the hammer, the ring of the nails was like music in her ears. Suddenly, however, as she sat perched like a squirrel on the slanting roof, the sound of voices struck on her ear. She paused to listen.

"Three diamond rings! I heard her say so herself. In the left hand drawer of some bureau," said the same accents which half an hour ago had asked for her charity. "And no one but a woman in the house."

"Sure of that?" said a deeper voice.

"Yes, plum sure," was the answer. "And I wouldn't wonder if there were other things for the picking up."

"Come in, then," said the other one, "and step lively. We can't stand here jawing all day. The door is bolted, is it? Wait a minute; I've got a little joker here as would start any staple this side of Denver."

Janie had listened in breathless horror. In an instant, as it were, she comprehended the full danger that menaced Mrs. Lepell's treasured gems—the three diamond rings that the boarder had once told her were worth thousands of dollars. And here she was alone and helpless!

Hurriedly she turned over the crisis in her mind. If she were to re-enter the house by the same way in which she had left it she must certainly meet the ruffians, and any resistance which she could offer would be speedily overpowered.

Janie Barr was not one to hesitate long. While the thought yet careered through her brain she sprang down the eaves into the blooming boughs of the great cherry tree which grew so close to the house that its branches scraped the roof on windy March days.

It was a hazardous thing for any one to do who was not swift of limb and accurate of eye, but Janie alighted like a cat in the fork of the tree, climbed lightly down until she reached the lower bough, and thence leaped breathlessly to the ground, springing swiftly across the meadows to Ralph Parsons' carpenter shop.

"Janie, what is it?"

Ralph Parsons himself rose up out of the green hedges, directly across her path.

"I was drinking at the ice cold spring," he said, "when I heard your footsteps. "What is it?"

She told him the trouble as well as she could for excitement and breathlessness.

"Come," she cried. "O do make haste!"

He paused only to blow a small willow whistle which hung on his steel watch guard.

"That will bring my workman," he said. "It's a signal we have agreed upon among ourselves for just such an emergency as this. You and Jones, Janie, shall go around to the back door, Robins will watch the front and I'll go and throttle the fellows."

Janie glanced with shy admiration into his set, determined face. After all, it was something to be a man.

The little campaign was skillfully conducted. The two thieves were taken red handed; the diamond rings were delivered into Janie Barr's keeping, and the ruffians were dragged to the nearest jail.

"Oh Ralph," said Janie, when all the little crowd was gone, "how can I ever thank you?"

"By letting me put on those shingles for you," said he.

"I can't," said Janie, laughing and blushing. "They are put on already. But I'll promise you my next job of carpentering."

"Will you let me be your carpenter always, Janie?" he asked. "Will you promise one day to be my wife?"

The words had risen almost involuntarily to his lips as he held her hand in his—the words he so longed yet dreaded to speak.

And Janie hung her head and colored like a carnation, and said, "She would see." And Ralph Parsons knew that he had won the day.

Mrs. Barr and the boarders were alike amazed when they returned home.

"Our Janie to circumvent a gang of burglars," said the proud mother.

"To save my three diamond rings," hysterically cried Lepell.

"But that isn't all I have done, mother," said Janie, laughing. "I have shingled the roof. And—I have promised to marry Ralph Parsons next spring. Upon the whole, I think it has been rather an eventful day, don't you?"—True Flag.

TAKE A LITTLE REST.

Systematic Methods Make This Possible Even to Busy Mothers.

Good mother, maker of numerous pies, mender of numerous hose, overseer of a great province—a household, rest a little, advises a writer in Living Issues. Have a chair by the stove, and when you peep into the oven, sit while you look, yea, even a moment after; you will work all the faster for the short change of posture. While mending have your chair in the coziest corner, where good light will come in, and let the sun strike upon you if possible, so that you may get the strengthening, health giving influence of it. Drop your hands occasionally and let them rest. Let your eye wander out through the window glass as far as possible and rest your eyes by looking at something interesting out of doors. Don't rule all the time. Drop the reins of household government for a little while, unbend yourself and sit down on the rug and play with the children, and, as it were, become again a child.

Economize your strength. Sit when you can. Do not hold the baby when it can rest and grow just as well in its crib. By resting when you can, by planning the work to be done, and by being systematic and orderly in all things, a woman's work at home is more easily done.

Taffy for a Dinner.

Did you ever give a dog taffy? That is what amuses Broadway loungers and the noted white bull-terrier of the blind man on the corner. A wag and the dog and the blind man and the taffy drew a great crowd the other evening. The half-masticated stuff stuck in the bright animal's jaws and his fruitless efforts to bolt it or to get his foot on it or to dispose of it in some way were comical and caused intense delight among his audience. His dilemma did not prevent him from seizing all he could get.

Just as he had securely stuck his teeth together a passing poodle attracted his attention and he made the usual jump, the length of his tether; but his powerful jaw absolutely refused to work. They had lost their snap. The poodle stared at him with impudent amazement, while the look of pain and humiliation that passed over the terrier's face was almost human in expression. Samson waking up to find his hair neatly barbered was nothing to it.—New York Herald.

Finding a "Mare's Nest."

The origin of the expression to "find a mare's nest," has been traced to the days of the early Saxons. What we call a nightmare was by our forefathers supposed to be the Saxon demon Mara or Mars, a kind of vampire, which caused the incubus by sitting on the sleeper's chest. The Mare vampires were said to be the guardians of hidden treasures, over which they were supposed to brood as hens do over their eggs, and the place where they sat was termed their neidus or nest. Hence when any ona announced that he had made an extraordinary discovery, someone accused him of finding a Mare's nest, or the place where the vampire kept guard over her hypothetical treasures.

A Pension for the Montezumas.

It is a fact not generally known that Mexico has paid a pension for a longer term than is elsewhere recorded of any civilized government. In the old days of the conquest a member of the royal Aztec house of Montezuma contracted marriage with a Spaniard, and arrangements have just been completed with the Spanish legation at Mexico whereby pensions shall be paid by Mexico to the heirs of the duke of Montezuma, who died a few months ago. He represented the Spanish branch of the house of Montezuma, to which the various governments of Mexico, without interruption, have paid pensions for 365 years.

Finished His Story.

On January 15 two laborers were at work on a railroad running into Indianapolis. One was telling a story, and while bending over he was accidentally struck on the head with a hammer by his companion and his skull was fractured. He was rendered unconscious, and remained in a comatose condition until last Friday night, when Dr. G. T. Sturtevant, of Indianapolis, trepanned the skull, and immediately upon removing the pieces of skull from against the brain the man continued the story which was started five months before and had lain latent in his brain during all this time.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The best friends are the friends who have been through a trouble together.

A clock in Battle Creek, Mich., has been running for 100 years.

A Deadwood rancher shot a bear fourteen times before a vital spot was reached.

Occasionally the wisest owl hoots at the wrong time.

There is the wisest kind of philosophy in letting the other fellow do the worrying.

The Ruggedest Path in Life

If it be but irradiated by good health, is shorn of half its distasteful features. Hosts of distinguished men and women have uttered regrets for a past when young, full of vigor and hope, though battling with obstacles that seemed well nigh insurmountable, their pulses beat, their veins tingled with the glow of joyous health. Chronic invalids, would you once more feel that glow, would you—as of yore—sleep, eat, digest perfectly? Then use, with persistence, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, foremost among tonics, most reliable of vitalizing medicines. Nervousness, dyspepsia, hypochondria, loss of appetite and sleep, this grand reparative of a debilitated physique and impaired constitutional vigor speedily prevails against. Rheumatic and neuralgic ailments, malarial disorders, kidney troubles, and the growing infirmities of age, are successfully combated by this benign specific.

Hair Turned by Lightning.

A curious instance of the blanching of the hair was recently reported by the Philadelphia Times. At Petersburg, in the course of a thunderstorm, a laundress named Ellen Barnes stood watching the storm from the door of her house, when she was struck by the lightning and knocked senseless. Though unable to speak for hours after being resuscitated, she recovered and was apparently unhurt by the shock, except that a part of her hair was turned a dazzling white. The line of demarkation separating the black hair from the white extended about an inch and a quarter to one side of the middle of the head.

The man who controls himself will also control a great many other people.

The safest and best of all God's creatures is the woman who is happily married.

There is nothing more difficult to guard against than deceit, unless it is flattery.

Laziness of mind, or inattention, are as great enemies to knowledge as impiety.

This life will mean more when we realize that it is the pathway to the next.