

he seemed like a gamin grown up and grown old in the trade. His face was thin and wrinkled and scarred. His eyes one could hardly see for the straggling gray hair that hung over them. His hand skook, and he walked as if it hurt him. He did not sing out gayly like the little fellows. He just crept up to you quietly and timidly and handed a paper towards you, and if you thrust it aside it seemed to hurt his feelings as if he were a child. I wondered if he had a mother somewhere to patch his clothes so neatly.

III.

In a quaint old street of a quaint old town, I viewed from a car window one morning just before sunrise, there stands a very little house all overgrown with vines and hidden by bushes. In front of the house is a big sign board. It is almost as large as the house. But all that it has to say is "Rudolph Fisher." Now, who is this Rudolph Fisher that he should advertise himself in such a manner? Is he a smuggler of whiskey—for he lives in Iowa—a judge, or mayor of the town? Is he a butcher, a baker, or a candle-stick maker? Is he a young man, working hard for a living, or is he gray, and living in peace and plenty?

The picture that came to me when I saw that "Rudolph Fisher" was that of a little old man making shoes. I thought that he came from a land across the sea, and that he lived alone and spoke English very quaintly when he spoke at all, and that he ate very little and worked very hard, often by a tallow-candle far into the night—and that he had a strong box under his floor.

IV.

She is a little gray-haired woman who comes to church every Sunday with her son. She is not very old. Her cheeks are rosy and her eyes sparkle behind her glasses. Her widow's dress does not seem to suit her, she looks so bright and happy and contented. But then she tells me she is so. She has her son left, and he is so good to

her. Her husband, when he died, told John to be good to his mother and John promised as he knelt by the bed. And John is really very good to her she says. Is he not handsome and tall and straight? He looks so like his father and he is so like him too and will be such a good man. She is glad James died before they grew so poor and lost their money, and before John's health failed so he could not work all the time. But she is contented, she says, John will get better soon.

There is nothing else on earth so sublime, so tender, so tragic, sometimes as a mother's faith in her son. It is far greater than a man's faith in God. And when I look at the little widow in church and see how proudly she looks at her son, I forget to listen to the preacher and the choir. For I know and everyone knows that the young man staggered home drunk last night and the night before, and that sometimes it is much worse than that —B.

In the Orchard.

The breezes through the orchard blow cooling
and sweet;

The mellowing apples fall
So softly they scarce make the daisies nod,
Asleep by the old stone wall.

Beyond in the cornfield a rustle is heard,
As proudly the tall stalks bend
Their tassel-crowned heads as the wind passes
o'er,
And all their low whispering blend.

The shadow-nets lie on the long orchard grass;
Above is the leaf-flecked sky;
And gauzy-winged flies in the sunshine and shade
Are hov'ring and glancing by.

A mourning dove coos from the neighboring
wood.

My book has lost charm for me,
And only the poem of nature I read,
As I sit in the apple tree.

MAUDE ATKINSON.