

## A SPRING MORNING.

On the road that leads from the village as one goes along the ridge one may notice about midway of the ridge and on the left side a scraggly old apple tree with uncommonly pink blossoms. The lane turns off by that apple tree. At the end of the lane is one of the smallest cottages ever built. All over the front door honeysuckle and wisteria vine grow, and in the little front yard are holly hocks bending their tall stalks and syringa and lilac bushes that overshadow the eaves of the house. The grass grows its finest, thickest and greenest there, and in the shady corners under the rose bushes and willow trees, the violets bloom late in the spring.

Down behind the cottage stretch meadows, cool and green, a wheatfield, a bit of stately and shadowy pineland and winding far down below, a clear silvery river. On the right side a fragrant, pink and white apple orchard slopes down the hill and a clump of cherry and plumb trees gleams snowy white from the foot.

Aunt Letty loved to sit on the little back porch of the cottage and look across the river to the low hills beyond but little Susan liked better to play in the apple orchard on the soft blue grass which grew so close to the great dark trunks of the trees.

One morning Aunt Letty finished wiping the last dish, hung up the white dish towel, untied her large checked apron and stepped to the door. She shaded her eyes from the bright sun and drew a long breath of the fragrant cool air.

"Susan," she called shrilly, "Susan!" A thin little girl about nine years old came running down the narrow path from the orchard. She carried a ragged doll by the feet. Her sunbonnet was hanging on her back and her brown hair was mussed into tiny waves and curls about her head. Aunt Letty pursed her lips. Aunt Letty had thin lips. Her nose was thin too and sharp at the end. Her shiny black hair was smoothed straight back into a little knot. It was black and shiny. She held herself very straight and stiff and her thin figure looked taller than it was.

"Come in now," she said to Susan. "How you've mussed yourself. Seems like I can't keep your aprons clean and your hair combed."

Susan walked soberly into the house and sat down in a chair by the window, letting her doll fall on the floor.

"Can I go out in a minute again," she asked.

"No," her aunt answered, "I want you to take this jelly and doughnuts down to ol' Mis' Spencer. She's aillin' agin, I hear."

She came up to Susan with a comb and began to comb her hair.

Susan drew her mouth into a little round pucker and winked very fast and hard. Aunt Letty brushed the tangled brown mass of curls vigorously and then combed through the snarls with a smart hand as Susan winced and flinched under the strokes.

She braided the little girl's hair with quick, jerky pulls and tied each stiff braid with a stout black thread, then she reached up to the corner of the looking glass and took down Susan's yellow hair ribbons, her second best one's.

Susan sat still on the high, stiff-backed chair, tapping the thick toes of her shoes together while Aunt Letty rubbed her face with a soapy cloth and buttoned a clean red and white apron around her neck. "Say to Mis' Spencer that I hope she's better an' will she accept these things. Don't waste time now, (handing Susan the basket) an' come home after Mis' Spencer takes the things.

The little girl clumped noisily across the bare kitchen floor in her heavy shoes

"The Prince of Georgia" is the opening article of the July Harper's. It is, of course, idle to conjecture how effective Mr. Ralph's early newspaper training has been as a factor in his literary success. Mr. Smalley, it seems, is in-

itself, and it is sufficient here to note how forcibly some of Mr. Smalley's thoughts in modern journalism are illustrated by the peculiarly human and realistic qualities of Mr. Ralph's story. The sharp and quick insight of charac-



JULIAN RALPH

clined to find some truth in the historic remark of M. Theirs, who once observed that journalism was a very good profession if you got out of it soon enough. It would be interesting to have Mr. Ralph's own views; in the meantime, however, his work must speak for

ter, the keenness of wide awake observation, and the tendency to write naturally and concisely—merits which Mr. Ralph undoubtedly possesses—can reasonably be set down as products of habits necessarily cultivated by thoughtful workers in the newspaper profession.

## The German Emperor's Children.

How the German emperor will bring up his only daughter is no subject of wonderment to the Berliners. They know that, princess as she is, she will be taught to be a good housewife, to sew, to cook perhaps, and to order dinner certainly. For the sovereign's ideal woman is a strictly domestic person, as his ideal man is a stout soldier. His little boys haven't much fun in their daily lives. Concerning these lives the Sketch says: In the Spartan upbringing of his children the kaiser rivals his ancestor, Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia. According to Klausmann's "Leben in Deutschen Kaiserhaus," the life of the royal children of Berlin is not sweetened by hours of inactivity. In their years of infancy the kaiserin ministers to almost all their wants, spends a good part of the day with them and enters into all their amusements. When the princes arrive at the age of 9 things are all changed and it is all work. They are then allowed about an hour and a half out of their waking hours to themselves; all the rest of their day is spent in study and physical training. Even in holiday time their tutors accompany them to superintend their studies.—Philadelphia Ledger

and trudged away down the little path through the orchard. "Pick a bokay o' apple blossoms as you go through, Susan," Aunt Letty called. "Mis' Spencer's didn't bloom this year." She shaded her eyes with her thin hand and watched the little red and white figure and the bright blue sunbonnet disappear in the apple blossoms. Then she walked down the path to a syringa bush which grew in the center between four white bee hives, and broke off a branch. She brushed the drowsing bees from the star-like flowers and turned back to the house. She put the syringa in a broken white dish on the kitchen table with some honeysuckle which she had picked from the trellis outside and then sat down by the open window where a lilac bush bent under the weight of its purple blossoms. She smoothed her hair back with her hand and then began to overcast a long seam in a piece of white cloth.

Outside in the brightness of the warm sun the air was heavy with the perfume of spring flowers. The robins and wrens sang and quarrelled among themselves, for they were nesting. The bees buzzed and droned busily about the flowers and in the distance the clear whistle of some farm boy could be heard above the rumble of a wagon.

HARRIET COOKE.

## No Wonder It's a Craze.

The silver question, as it is understood in some parts of Kentucky, is graphically illustrated by a letter which one of the statesmen at the capitol received from a correspondent in that state. It appears from this epistolary evidence that a controversy was being waged between a sound-money man and a silver champion. The gold man thought he had the best of the argument. He asked his adversary why he thought that the free coinage of silver would make times better.

"Simply because it would put more money in circulation," said the white-metal crank.

"But how will it put more money in circulation?" demanded the gold man.

"How?" asked the silver man, with a smile of contempt at his opponent. "How? Why, you blamed fool, if you can take one gold dollar to the treasury and get sixteen dollars for it, won't that increase the circulation?"—Pittsburg Dispatch

## FIRST OF AERONAUTS.

Blanchard Sailed in Air Before Balloons Were Made.

Eighty-five years ago there died in Paris, Blanchard, the first man to gain celebrity as a balloonist, says the New York Mail and Express. He was born in 1738 and before the balloon was invented he had navigated the air in an atmospheric machine of his own invention, which was propelled with oars and which attained a height above ground of about eighty feet. Blanchard made his first ascent in a balloon at Paris, March 2, 1784. On January 7, 1785, he crossed the English channel in a balloon, accompanied by Dr. Jeffries. Under the circumstances it was a feat of great daring. The aeronauts the trip ended cast away everything but the basket under the balloon, and were about to cut it away when they were carried over the town of Calais and finally dropped in a forest. The officials of Calais gave Blanchard a dinner, presented to him papers of citizenship in a gold box, gave him \$1,200 for his balloon and a pension of \$125 yearly. The king of France also pensioned him. Blanchard boasted that he had risen 13,000 feet higher than any aeronaut of his time. He made sixty ascensions, the last one causing his death. His wife continued the business after him and was killed by a fall from a balloon in 1819. Albert of Saxony, a Dominican monk, is credited with having formed the first correct idea of building balloons early in the fourteenth century, but his ideas never took practical shape. While the scientists were working on the question in 1783 the brothers Montgolfier, paper makers, near Lyons, made and sent up the first balloon on June 5. This balloon was made of linen, was 315 feet in circumference and rose 1,600 feet. It was filled with heated air. About three months later Prof. Charles sent up his balloon, called a "Charliere." It traveled some miles from the starting and fell in a village. The peasants regarded it as a living monster, and fell upon it with pitchforks and flails and tore it to pieces, to the loss and disgust of its owner.

The first living things to leave the earth in a balloon were a sheep, a hen and a duck. They landed safely and the sheep was found grazing. The first ascent in a hydrogen balloon was made by Prof. Charles in Paris, Dec. 1, 1783.

## She Wanted to Know, However.

Amusing Journal: "Now, dear, I have one favor to ask of you."

"It is granted."

"Then please don't tell me that you have never loved before, that you never dreamed that you could love, that I'm the only girl you have been engaged to, that—"

He (interrupting)—"I won't."

She (anxiously)—"But you have never been engaged before, have you, dear?"

Including  
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Two  
Days  
More

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be the last  
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