

OLD FAVORITES

The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay."
Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so
brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss
shay.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew yum," or an "I tell
you"),
He would build one shay to beat the
town,
'N' the county 'n' all the kentry round;
It should be so built that it couldn't
break down;
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty
plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the
strain;
'N' the way 't' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
'T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin, too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and
wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit when the tanner died,
That was the way he "put her through"
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll
dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and Deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were
they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss
shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

Eighteen hundred—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and
sound,
Eighteen hundred increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
Running as usual; much the same,
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and fifty-five.

First of November—the Earthquake
day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss
shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say,
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to
start.

First of November, Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay,
"Huddup!" said the parson. Off went
they.

The parson was working his Sunday's
text—
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill—
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house
clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FANCY TASKS IN SCHOOLS.

Much of the Pupils' Time Is Occupied in Learning Useless Things.
The fathers and mothers of New York are beginning to waken to the fact that there is altogether too much fancy teaching in the public schools and not enough of the solid essentials; that the children are drilled in the fancy branches and do not know how to read and spell. That a common school education has become something uncommon, indeed.

A committee acting in behalf of Comptroller Grant has been looking into the matter. Their report is full of meat. "Teachers and pupils," they say, "are called upon to do not too much, perhaps, but too many things to permit their doing anything well or thoroughly."

"It will hardly be contended," again they say, "that pupils graduated from the elementary public school of this or any other city are as well grounded and as proficient in the common school branches of study as could be desired,

or as the time and money ostensibly appropriated to that end would seem to warrant."

Some other comments made by the committee are as follows: "A common school education—to provide which is universally acknowledged to be the primary object of the public or common school system."

"A close examination of the courses will lead to the conclusion that the ordinary child between the age of 6 and 14 years cannot begin to digest the profuse abundance of ostensibly mental pabulum so rigidly prescribed for him."

And here, say the fathers and mothers, is the meat of the whole matter:

"The conclusion seems to be inevitable that a sound economy in public school administration demands the doing away in elementary schools with so much at least of instruction in special branches as may be required in order to afford pupils and teachers time and opportunity for efficient prosecution of the ordinary school course of study."

Children who attended the common schools in the early days were taught to read and spell, the elements of mathematics, the geography of the earth on which they dwell, the elements of grammar, how to write.

These are old-fashioned things, in the opinion of the professional educators of New York. The children must draw, even if they do not know how to spell; they are taught construction work, sewing and cooking, when no man can swear that they know how to read; are drilled in music, physical training and hygiene, even if impressed with the belief that seven times eight make forty-two; are drilled in "natural studies," while perhaps believing that Brooklyn is the capital of New York State.

These are the things, say the parent, that are a cause of weariness and vexation of spirit. Too many frills. Too much gingerbread. Not enough solidity. Children who are sent into the world with a smattering of many things and not much solidity of any thing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GIVING UP TOO SOON.

Help Needed Most in the Hour of Vacillation.

From those to whom we have tried to render service of inspiration or guidance, those in whom we have endeavored to rouse a recognition of the higher rewards of honor and noble emulation, we are too quick to turn away as soon as weakness or dissembling lack of principle prove them "unworthy." Unworthy of what? Does the weakness of the wall show that it needs no prop? Does the imperfection of a fabric tell us to cease to repair its frail spots? Does the pitiable evidence that a man cannot stand upright alone convince us that we should, because of his infirmity, desert him and leave him to swerve entirely out of the line of his duty, and pass beyond the reach of human hope?

Never can a fellow being so truly need our help as in the hour when he has proved himself to be unable to keep within the paths of rectitude. Never can he so deeply want the faithful adherence of a friend as when he has shown that he can be tempted by sin or falsehood.

By nothing can a wavering or descending soul be so moved as by the reminder of his better self which reaches him through the unfaltering fidelity of one who has trusted him when he was himself false. Reproach or coldness or revengeful discipline may leave a falling man unrepentant and even harden him in wrong-doing; but a continued hopeful kindness, frank enough not to disguise or condone a wrong, but true enough to hold on and expect restoration, is like a bulwark to self-respect. It gives to the spirit of man or woman, struggling to renew its better life, a firm foundation on which to again find its footing and reach the path of safety.—New York Evening Post.

The Gnowis of a Grizzled Bachelor.

Man proposes and woman forecloses.

Too many men with unbleached incomes marry women with hemstitched aspirations.

Marriages are made in heaven. The wise bachelor is content to wait until he gets there.

Whenever I hear a man boasting that his wife made him all that he is, I wonder how many men will confess that their wives have unmade them all that they ain't.

The husband of the average hawk-billed, deep-voiced reformer is perpetually white-capped by his wife, until it is natural with him to be so thin that when he eats cranberries they stick out like buttons on his vest.

We are told that married men live longer than single ones. In Indiana there is a bachelor who is one hundred and seventeen years old. Possibly he would have lived no longer had he been married, but it is a safe wager that he'd have looked longer.—Women's Home Companion.

Vacancies in Army.

Vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant in the army exist to the extent of seventy in the infantry, nineteen in the cavalry and twenty-six in the artillery corps.

LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE.

There's a song for the man who is lucky and bold,
For the man who has fate on his side;
There are cheers for the folk that are jingling the gold
And are drifting along with the tide,
But the man who is striving to get to the land
And facing the hungry wave's crest,
We quite overlook, for we don't understand
The fellow that's doing his best.

But he has his rewards when the story is done,
Though we smile as he plods on his way,
For his own self-esteem is the prize he has won,
As obscurely he's stood in the fray,
And he knows the affection of home and of friends
And the pleasures of honest-earned rest;
There are peace and good will, as the twilight descends
For the fellow that's doing his best.

—Washington Star.

AWAITING HIS TIME.

Oh, no, Dr. Hudson, I beg you not to say it. You must not!" Miss Cartwright, in her superintendent's white uniform, stood facing the doctor in the great bare office of the Emergency Hospital. Her hand trembled as she rested it on the desk at her side, but the man saw no signs of agitation. He was conscious only that this slender woman was looking unfalteringly into his eyes and that by the tone of her voice she was filling him with the numbness of despair. Was it sheer force of will, or was it utter lack of emotion that kept the face which confronted him so calm?

Dr. Hudson knew that his own face kept its professional mask, though he breathed like a man who had been running. A white-capped nurse glanced in at the door and slipped away before he spoke again.

"It is quite useless to ask me to be silent now. When a man has lived to be 40 he doesn't give up easily the first woman he has ever loved. It is three years since I first saw you, coming down the corridor toward me, your hair like an aureole around your head, three years that I have loved you and have been silent."

Miss Cartwright's lips opened. "But I have not—"
"No, you have not. I have had no reason to think you could care for me.



"MARVIN, LOOK AT ME."

You have always been thoroughly professional," and he smiled. "It is just that. The strain of this life is killing you. I know so well what it is. I wanted to take you out of it."

He turned away from her to the window, where a dreary March rain beat against the glass. A little brown bird, with drenched wings, fluttered up on the ledge, and finding no shelter from the storm, flew off against the wind.

Dr. Hudson went on bitterly: "It is a fitting name they have given you—'Moonlight, Lady Moonlight.' It is what you are; cold and pale and beautiful—to drive men mad!"

The woman drew in her breath sharply. "I have told you that this hurts me, hurts me deeply. You have been my good friend, but now—you are cruel!"

"Forgive me! I do not mean to be!" He crossed to her quickly, putting his firm, warm hand over her cold one that rested on the desk, and looked straight into her eyes. "Will you tell me that you do not love me?"

The red left her lips, but she faced him dauntlessly. "I have told you that I cannot marry you."

"That is not my answer. If the time ever comes when you can love me, when you do love me, will you come to me and tell me?"

She spoke hurriedly for the first time. "You have no right—how should I know that you—"

"You will know, and you will tell me. Promise!"

They looked at each other a long moment, his strength against hers, then her eyes fell.

"Yes!" she said it breathlessly; "yes, I will!"

He turned and left her without looking back.

Two months later the hospital attendants brought a stretcher through the great doors and down the hall. Upon it lay the huddled and appa-

rently lifeless form of a man, with bandaged head. Miss Cartwright, crossing the corridor, caught sight of the patient's deathlike face, and her own grew whiter still.

"No, not the public ward; bring him in here!" and she threw open the door of a private room.

The men looked their amazement at her strange tone and the unusual command.

"Miss Morse"—to a nurse who had entered—"send Dr. Hudson to me at once. He is making the rounds. You need not come back."

The men followed the nurse from the room and closed the door. When Dr. Hudson opened it a few moments later Miss Cartwright turned toward him a face whose wild appeal startled him into an exclamation.

"Helen!"

Her fingers were on the man's pulse. "He's alive! he is! But it can't be long. I know it can't. We must rouse him. He must be conscious. Quick! Every moment means so much. You don't know."

Dr. Hudson was working and she was helping him, steadily and capably, even when she was speaking in that high, tense voice.

At last the man's heavy eyelids fluttered feebly, settled again, then quivered once more, and lifted reluctantly, while the bloodshot eyes rested on Miss Cartwright's face, bent close to his.

"Marvin!" she cried, for the eyes were closing again. "Marvin, look at me. It's Helen. You remember. Think! Helen! Helen!" She repeated the name with a ringing cadence, as if it were a talisman to call him back from the dead. And the dull eyes lost their sightless look; intelligence struggled into them; the dry lips moved; the words were almost inaudible.

"Yes—yes, it is. Where did you come from? I thought I'd finished it this time. I meant to. I wanted to see you, though. That's why I came back. I couldn't find you. I didn't mean you should see me."

Miss Cartwright's eyes were burning.

"Marvin, listen. You must tell me the truth, all the truth, quickly, about the bank—the money. Father killed himself—shot himself. Did you know it? Suspicion fell on him and you were gone. You never knew—he never said a word. They found him dead. What should I believe? What could I think? My father and my lover! All these years—10 years. Marvin—never to know—and I loved you then."

The color had been creeping into the man's face. He tried to rise on his elbow, but fell back.

"Before God, Helen, I never knew! I've been where no news ever came. I took the money. I never meant to. And then I had to go. I never thought any one else—your father—would bear the blame. I loved you all the time. I wasn't so bad. God knows, I've been bad enough since. But I had to come back. I wanted to see you once—just once—and then end it." The words were coming in gasps, the eyes closed, then opened again with an expression of piteous entreaty.

"Helen, you look like an avenging angel. I can't ask you to forgive me, but I did love you. I've loved you—all the while."

Over Helen Cartwright's face flashed a marvelous, tender pity, and the swift tears dropped upon the forehead, across which the grayness of death was stealing. The man's eyes opened and looked into her's, then closed again; a short panting breath; a shudder—and quiet.

Miss Cartwright sank face down upon the edge of the bed. She was so still that Dr. Hudson, standing by the window, thought she had fainted, but he did not move. The warm May sunshine flooded the room, falling upon the pure glory of her hair and upon the man's ghastly, world-worn face. Sparrows on the edge of the roof twittered contentedly. The shrill peal of a child's laughter floated up from the street.

Suddenly, she rose, and, going swift-

ly to Dr. Hudson, put both her hands in his, looking at him with luminous eyes.

He bent his head questioningly, un-believingly.

"Moonlight, my Lady Moonlight, is it now?"

"Yes," she scarcely breathed it, but he heard, "It is now."—Utica Globe.

MISTAKES IN DRESS.

Women of Moderate Income Buy Too Many and Too Expensive Clothes.

Lady Jeune, in writing on dress allowances for girls, notes the fact that one reason why upper-class Englishwomen do not look smarter than they do is that they will buy too many clothes. They commit the mistake of buying much that is unnecessary and that they never wear, because they see it and it is cheap.

"All Englishwomen," she goes on, "have too many clothes—in fact, too much of everything—and the consequence is that their things are old-fashioned and unwearable long before they are worn out. French women have very few gowns, they have just what they want and wear them out. An Englishwoman loves her old clothes and wears them a little, then puts them away, and when she finds they are old-fashioned she has them done up and remodeled, believing that she is practicing great economy, whereas it would be far better and cheaper to give them away. She clings to her old gowns, jackets, hats, boots and shoes with a sort of romantic tenacity."

The same may be said of many American girls and women, and it offers one good reason for not buying the very best materials in everything, as one is often recommended to do. There are many trifling accessories of dress which are nice only so long as they are fresh and hit the fancy of the hour. Then why sink much money in them? The same is true of the tailored suit.

It is commonly supposed that a good tailor gown is a thing that a woman of limited means can safely invest her money in, with confidence that she will get every dollar's worth of wear out of it," says an authority. "Yet how many women find themselves with a \$75 suit on their hands which is demode, which they cannot afford to give or throw away, and upon which they have to lay out often a considerable sum to make it wearable. Almost any woman would say under these circumstances the person in question would have fared better to have laid out only \$40 or \$50 on her suit originally. When she had 'shabbled' it, or it had got out of style, she could then have bought herself a new one with a clear conscience and at hardly any extra expense, considering what she would have to pay to get the old suit renovated. Supposing the woman in question has only one tailored suit, and has to wear it four years; she would certainly cut a smarter appearance on two suits at half the price. This seems to be one of the instances where, while it is never prudent to buy the cheapest, it is certainly not wisdom to buy the highest priced. A good part of the accumulations of clothes from which women suffer is due to buying too expensive things, as well as too many of them."

A Girl's Heroism.

A girl stood one day in the waiting room of an office in London. She had come in answer to an advertisement, to apply for a secretary's post, and was awaiting her inspection. She needed the position, says the teller of the story in V. C., and she waited anxiously.

Presently she was called into the office and the interview was satisfactory, but she was asked to wait as there was another applicant for the post to be interviewed. She went into an adjoining room, and through the open door she saw a small, pale woman, nervously answering the questions put to her, and could hear the pitiful story of her husband's death, the small children dependent upon her, and her need of work.

The woman was told, however, that her services could not be accepted, as another person had already applied, and had just received a promise of the position.

The girl listening in the next room had hardly understood what was going on, but at this point her heart bounded with joy as she realized that she was the accepted person. The next moment she saw despair written on the face of the widow, and perceived suddenly what this failure meant to her.

"I can't do it; I can't take it from her," she murmured, and without stopping a moment to consider she walked quickly back to the other room, and said quietly to the employer. "I wish to tell you that, on consideration, I find the position you offer would not suit me. Good morning," and she left the office without another word.

An Easy Winner.

The porcupine may have his quills,
The elephant his trunk,
But when it comes to common scents,
My money's on the skunk.
—Cornell Widow.

When a woman dies the papers say she was a society woman, thinking it a great compliment. But it's not.