

HARVEST SONG.

Summer all is a pleasure past,
Summer charm is a tale that's told;
Days of reaping have come, at last,
Days of ripeness and days of gold;
Down the meadow-way, glad and strong,
Love comes singing his harvest song.

Love is brown with the harvest fall,
Brown and brawny of limb is he,
Master strong in the garden mow,
Lord of pasture and plant and tree;
Treasure-burdened, he plods along,
Singing brightly his harvest song.

And in answer the autumn breeze
Sings a pleasant and fair refrain
Through the boughs of the orchard trees,
O'er the fields of the waving grain.
Hark, the echoes about him throng—
Nature's singing her harvest song.

—Farm Journal.

A CHILD NO LONGER

THE sound of his daughter's joyous young voice in the hall, and the closing of the front door, brought John Graham out of his easy chair and drew him to the window to see the pride of his heart depart on her way to church in all the brave array of her Easter finery. The crisp rustle of silk recalled to his memory that this was the day her new tailored gown was to receive its first wearing, and, though he had attended the dress rehearsal at the time the gown was sent home and put on especially for his viewing, now that it was actually in service, he was interested in seeing it again that he might get the full effect. He let the section he was reading of the overgrown Sunday newspaper slip from his hand to the floor, where it helped the disorder of the other printed sheets, scattered carelessly over the carpet. The room was small, and, as he could not avoid treading on the papers, he stepped over them gingerly so as not to injure his Sunday reading.

For the moment, his daughter and her new gown were uppermost in his



"THANK YOU, FATHER," SHE WHISPERED

mind. His was a home where the habit prevailed of "talking things over," and anything pertaining to his daughter was of paramount interest. He knew all about that tailored gown from the moment of its beginning. They were a small family. Himself, his wife and their daughter made up its members, and they were near to one another in thought and action.

There were pleased expectation on John Graham's face when he went to the window. He knew, before he saw, just how pretty his daughter was, and how tall and slender and graceful her figure. When he reached the window she was standing on the veranda, poised at the edge of the steps, smiling down at a young man coming toward her up the walk leading from the street. The welcoming smile that curved her lips was repeated in her eyes. Her back was turned toward her father so he could not see her face, but the young man's answering smile as he approached her, hat in hand, and his look of intense admiration, told the observing parent what must be his daughter's expression. There was something in the young man's manner that irritated John Graham and prompted him to utter indignantly: "He acts like he owned her."

He watched the girl descending the steps and he watched her hand get lost in the young man's clasp. He frowned furiously at the sight, and he frowned still more furiously when he saw them walking away together, a well-dressed, well-set-up young couple with the love light in their eyes and the buoyancy of youth spurring their steps to elasticity. He did not know exactly why, but he felt in a bad temper and gave vent to his feelings with a muttered "I'd like to kick him!"

When they had passed out of his vision he turned from the window. He went to the door of the room and called to his wife.

"Annie," he said, "are you coming down soon?"

"I'll be with you in just a moment," she answered.

She came to him shortly, dressed for church. Her husband looked at her with approval.

"That's a neat hat you're wearing," he said. "You and the child do me honor with your Easter fixings. You almost tempt me to go to church myself."

"I wish you would, John," his wife returned, earnestly.

He hesitated. "Well," he said, "maybe I will—next Sunday."

It was one of the jests in the family that John Graham's church going was usually deferred until "next Sunday." He was a good man in every sense of the word, but he liked best to spend his Sundays at home, occupying himself with desultory reading and in doing little tasks about the house in which a man who loves his home takes pleasure.

He stood smiling at his wife, forgetting his irritation, until she was about to leave him. Then he remembered. His face darkened.

"Why didn't Mabel wait for you?" he demanded.

His wife hesitated a second before she answered.

"I told her not to; she had other company this morning," she exclaimed.

"Why should she leave you to go with that fellow?" he questioned, pronouncing the word "fellow" as though hurling a curse at the young man's head.

"Oh, well," his wife answered, easily, "young people like to be together sometimes without having the older ones around. I shall join them at church."

Her husband was not to be pacified. "Why should they go on ahead, leaving you to come trailing after? I can see no reason for their having anything to say to each other that you could not hear," he persisted.

"Don't you, John?"

There was a significance in his wife's voice that conveyed a hitherto undreamed of possibility to her husband.

"You don't mean there is anything serious?" he gasped.

His wife flushed, shrinking from putting into words the possibility of the something "serious" which was forcing itself upon her knowledge.

"Oh, of course," she faltered, "there's nothing settled."

"Nothing settled!" John Graham shouted. "I should say there wasn't. How long has this thing been going on? Why wasn't I told about it?"

He has the sense of being left out, of being kept in the dark regarding a matter in which he was vitally concerned. He felt injured and resentful.

"How could I tell you about something I do not know myself? Mabel has said nothing, how can I be the first to speak?" she replied, gently.

"Are you encouraging this foolishness?" he demanded, gazing at her from beneath frowning brows.

"No," she answered, "I am just waiting, hoping there will be no mistakes, and to force such a matter, either way, is always a mistake. Mabel is a woman now; we must trust something to her judgment."

"A woman!" John Graham flung back, "She's a child. It was but yesterday she was out of school."

"The yesterday was two years ago," his wife returned.

He opened his lips to speak an emphatic contradiction, but sooner than the words could come, he realized the truth of the statement. He did not say what he intended. Instead he uttered stubbornly, "I won't have it. I'll put a stop to it at once."

"And perhaps make a mountain out of a molehill," his wife warned him.

The hour for church-going had passed. She took off her hat and gloves and laid them aside, and set herself the task of quieting the man's ill-humor. It was in her mind to change the subject, but there was something of which she wished to be satisfied herself.

"Is there anything against this

young man?" she questioned. "You've seemed willing to have him come freely to the house."

"No, he's all right, so far as I know," John Graham answered, reluctantly. "I've liked to talk with him," he said. His eyes began to twinkle. "I see now he didn't come here solely for the pleasure of my company."

He looked at his wife smiling an acknowledgement of his own blindness. "Oh, well," she remarked, comfortably, "we'll wait and see." The next moment her courage wavered. "It means even more to me than to you, John," she said, with a pathetic break in her voice.

When Mabel returned from church she came into the house with her cheeks pink from the touch of the fresh air. She was accompanied by the young man, who entered with the quiet assurance of one certain of his welcome. In some subtle way, the young people gave the impression that between them existed a complete understanding. It grated upon John Graham, and his first impulse was to greet the young man coldly, but, cautioned by his wife's glance, he tried to throw his wonted cordiality into his manner. He was not entirely successful. His daughter, quick to feel the difference, regarded him anxiously. Her enthusiasm over the beauty of the Easter services and the music was dampened. She went to her father and slipped her hand into his, giving it a pressure that was an appeal.

The young man's eyes followed her fondly. He lingered for a few moments, talking about nothing in particular, and always with his eyes on Mabel. He was about to take a reluctant leave when the girl's mother, understanding her daughter's wish, asked him: "Won't you take dinner with us?"

He hesitated and glanced toward John Graham. Mabel pressed her father's hand. Reading her thought, in compliance with her mute request, he seconded his wife's invitation with a curt "Yes, stay if you like."

He turned away from the group and went into the room he called his den. Somewhat he felt lonely and forsaken. Unconsciously he was jealous of the new element which had come into his daughter's life.

He sat in his chair holding the paper before his face as though engrossed in its columns, but his mind was far from the printed sheet. Suddenly he felt Mabel's arms about his neck and her kiss on his brow.

"Thank you, father," she whispered. "Does it mean so much to you, childie?" he asked.

She nodded in answer, her eyes telling the things she could not say.

John Graham left his chair and went to the window, through which he looked with unseeing eyes. His daughter was beside him, her hand slipped into his, her cheek against his shoulder.

"Harry," this was the young man's name, "I think Harry wants to speak to you about something," she murmured, timidly.

Her face was hidden against his arm. He looked down at her bright hair, rebellious that another should dare lay claim to his treasure. Outside in the hall he heard the young man's voice rising and falling in gay inflection as he talked to Mabel's mother. And he heard his wife's laugh ringing out in appreciation of the story he was telling. There seemed no trouble behind that care-free laugh. Perhaps he was taking the affair too seriously. He listened again.

"Just as I came up behind him, I heard the boy shout to the little chap in front: 'Look at Lewis in long pants. Wouldn't that kill you?' " the young man related, his voice uneven with laughter as he reached the climax of his tale.

John Graham's sense of humor was never long dormant. It returned to him now. There was comedy without while he was courting tragedy. He turned into a changed mood. He slipped a finger under his daughter's chin, and raising her face, gone scarlet with blushes, looked down at her with eyes in which mischief was lurking.

"Why not let Harry speak for himself, dear?" he said.—Elizabeth Ayres in Toledo Blade.

How the Winter Palace Was Built.

The winter palace of the Czars is a fitting center from which to carry on the fell work of repression allotted to Treppoff. Almost every stone of the walls and every square yard of the plaster lining them cost a life. Nicholas had given the order that the palace must be rebuilt in a year, and what was human life against the despot's will. Six thousand men were kept at work day and night, with the palace heated at 30 Reaumur to dry the walls rapidly, while the temperature outside was often 30 degrees below zero Reaumur. The men could only work with ice packs on their heads, and, experiencing a daily change of 60 degrees, they died by the score every day. By the end of the year the death roll was some thousands, but the palace was finished.—London Globe.

Never bother a groceryman when he is counting eggs.

JOLLY HOUSE WRECKER.

May Seem Reckless, but He Isn't, and Uses Much Method in Work.

The house-wrecker may seem to be a very reckless sort of individual, but really he has much method in his madness, says the Pittsburg Post. He may seem to be ripping and smashing and tearing things up the back generally regardless, but actually he never breaks anything that can be disposed of more profitably whole, though as to everything else he is always most economical of time and labor.

So, when he is about to tear down a building he puts up on the front of it a covered wooden chute with its open mouth at the top on a level with the floor of the top story, and its spout-like opening at the bottom high enough above the ground so that a wagon can be driven under it, and as he tears down the walls of that upper story he tosses the bricks from it into the mouth of the chute to go slam-banging gaily down it and be shot out at the spout straight into the wagon ready to be carried away, all without any intermediate handling.

As he tears away story after story of the structure the house-wrecker shortens the chute to bring its wide receptive mouth down to the level of the floor on which he is working; and so he continues down until he comes, in the case, for instance, of a high-stoop dwelling in process of demolition, to the parlor floor.

From such a floor the chute would no longer carry the bricks down by gravity and here he adopts other methods. From the sill of one of the parlor windows he builds out over the sidewalk to the street a platform on which wheelbarrows can be wheeled and this takes the place of the chute. When it comes to the cellar, why, there it's different: from there more or less stuff must be picked up and carried, but the house-wrecker never picks up and carries anything that he can drop.

BIG-MOUTHED GLOVE.

Accommodation for Both the Catcher's Hands.

Now that the baseball mitt has been enlarged until no further improvement can be made in this direction, and has been modified in design by the addition of heel pads and finger webs to insure the safe lodgement of the ball until ingenuity can suggest nothing further, an Illinois inventor comes forward with a mitt for two hands, which is entirely unique. This glove is constructed with separate hand and finger holds for each hand, connected



NEW BASEBALL MITT.

with a pocket or receptacle between them, so that all the catcher has to do is to judge accurately the probable course of the thrown or pitched ball and close the pocket by folding the double glove to prevent its escape. In order not to interfere with the catcher's throwing arm, one of the gloves, depending on whether the wearer is right or left handed, is designed to permit the easy and quick removal of the hand. In modern baseball the use of the glove is looked upon as essential, even for the fielder, and the day when the catcher only wore a small glove, not much larger than the fielder's glove of to-day, is only a memory of the days of Anson's supremacy on the diamond. The duplicate paddle glove, if adopted, will afford still greater protection for the catcher's hand and raise the standard of the catcher's efficiency.

Had Good Authority.

In a recent article on political conditions in England Justin McCarthy quotes the expression, "By the skin of his teeth," and parenthetically apologizes for using what he calls "such a vulgar expression." Humorous writers are enjoying a laugh at Mr. McCarthy's expense, calling his attention to the nineteenth chapter of Job, twentieth verse, where he may find the words: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

Ungrateful.

"Some people never thank you, no matter what you do for them," said a small boy. "A feller put a bent pin on the teacher's chair the other day, and when the teacher was about to sit down I pulled the chair out from under him to save him from the pin, and if he didn't lick me for it!"

Czar Draws \$42,500,000.

According to a French international almanac which has just been suppressed, it appears that as long as he remains in Russia the Czar draws annually from the Russian exchequer no less a sum than \$42,500,000.



Among the guesses concerning the identity of "John Helgh," author of "The House of Cards," Owen Wister has been mentioned. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is also suspected.

W. T. Hornaday, who wrote the "American Natural History," has had a glacier in the Canadian Rockies named for him, and A. J. Stone named in his honor Hornaday River, which flows into the Arctic Ocean near Cape Bathurst.

Originally issued four years ago, "Truth Dexter" has passed to its twenty-second printing, and the anonymity of the author has been so carefully preserved that the general public, at least, has no knowledge on the subject.

In the last volume of his entertaining "Notes From a Diary," Sir Grant Duff tells a story of our dean among novelists which is good enough to be repeated. Some one wrote to Mr. Howells asking him for a list of the best hundred books. "I can't name them," replied the veteran; "I have not yet written a hundred!"

For fifty years the Frank Leslie Publishing House at New York has been connected with periodical literature, and it is indeed a long-familiar name that is suffered to drop, in the change to the Colver Publishing House. There is no change in the personnel that has of recent years built up Leslie's Monthly, but it seemed advisable to change the name of the corporation to that of its present president, Frederic L. Colver.

Florence Morse Kingsley, in her new story, "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia," tells of the revolt of a New England "old maid" against her rigorous Puritan upbringing and how, when the doctor tells her she has an incurable disease and only one year more to live, she shows her pleasant and unselfish nature which has been kept down. Miss Kingsley will be remembered as the author of "The Singing Miss Smith," "The Transfiguration of Miss Phyllis," etc.

This is the latest British literary joke: "I haven't got it madam," said a book-seller to a lady who recently asked for one of Browning's volumes "I make it a rule never to stock any books that I can't understand, and can't make head or tail of Mr. Brown ing—can you?" Scarcely knowing whether to laugh or be annoyed, but prepared to take some other book, the lady asked: "Have you Præd, then?" "Yes, madam," was the answer, "I've prayed and that don't help me."

So much has been written about Maxim Gorky as the Russian tram author, associate of the poorest workmen of his country, that it is rather surprising to hear that he is very far from being a poor man. He has built up a great publishing business at St. Petersburg, of which he is the head, though he has associated with him four prominent authors of the new Russian school. The Knowledge Publishing Company publishes the books of the five members of the firm, and also those of several other revolution ary writers. It is said Gorky has made not less than \$125,000 out of this business.

Still Lading Out Beans.

Recently Thomas Smith, a lunch-counter waiter in a New York saloon, was cutting a roast beef sandwich, price 5 cents, when an envelope bearing the Dublin postmark was handed to him. The letter contained a draft for £100 and the announcement that Smith's father had died on March 19 and left him £7,000. Smith put the letter and the draft in his pocket and handed out a plate of beans to the next man, says the Anaconda Standard.

The story is that about five years ago Smith fell in love with a Scotch girl, who is a Presbyterian. He being a Roman Catholic, her parents objected to the match, and so he left for America. Smith now believes that when he goes back to Dublin in October to get his inheritance he will get the girl, too. The £7,000 he believes will make for religious toleration on the part of his future parents-in-law. When asked how he could possess his soul in patience until October, he said:

"I have a contract with me boss until then. And money is something that won't spoil; it will keep. Me lawyer and me three sisters in Dublin will take care of me property."

A good waiter, Mr. Smith acknowledges the eternal verity of the maxim that all things come to him who waits. How serene and commendable is the simple life as taught and lived in this Smithsonian institution behind a lunch-counter.

Another way of turning everybody to rubber is to walk up the street with a string of fish.