

THE SINGING IN GOD'S ACRE.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's acre lies,
Go angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies.
Their radiant wings are folded and their eyes are bended low,
As they sink among the beds whereon the flowers delight to grow:

"Sleep, O sleep!
The Shepherd guardeth his sheep,
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may,
Sleep, O sleep!"

Theowers within God's acre see that fair and wondrous sight,
And hear the angels singing to the sleepers through the night;
And lo! throughout the hours of day those gentle flowers prolong
The music of the angels in that tender slumber-song:

"Sleep, O sleep!
The Shepherd loveth his sheep,
He that guardeth his flock the best
Hath folded them to his loving breast;
So sleep ye now and take your rest—
"Sleep, O sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing song,
And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along;
So, through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's vigils glorify,
God's acre slumbereth in the grace of that sweet lullaby:

"Sleep, O sleep!
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, O sleep!"

—Eugene Field.

Farewell to the Dobsons.

IN every community, no matter how democratic, one family, at least, is considered beneath the social level. Their lower rank does not come from any difference of wealth, intellect or morality, but is due, almost entirely, to the general shiftlessness of the neglected family. Often the judgment of the neighborhood is just, but it is not always so.

Mrs. Dobson once said, bitterly: "How do they know? We never had any chance here in Nebraska. We were as good as the best where we come from, and I'm sure I've worked hard enough to be somebody; but what can a woman do with seven children, and a man as lazy as the Platte River?"

Mr. Dobson looked up with a good-natured grin, but said nothing. Apparently he took no more notice of his wife, who went off to spread her meager washing on the gum weeds. He tilted his rude chair back against the trunk of a giant cottonwood, and looked over the landscape with lazy enjoyment. From his position he could see down long vistas of dark, shining, blue-green corn stalks and beyond them the Platte.

"Abner," called his wife, plaintively, "just look at me. I reckon Mrs. Barnard hasn't got any such sand burs as we have. She don't get pricked to pieces when she goes to spread her washing. I do wish you'd—" but she stopped hopelessly.

"Mis' Barnard don't have to spread her washing," corrected Abner, doggedly; "she's got yards and yards of clothesline and pins and baskets and a machine."

Melvina Dobson glanced at her husband anxiously. Never before had he seemed uneasy or envious. "I reckon Mis' Barnard has her drawbacks," she admitted, generously.

"Yes," answered her husband, moodily, "and Barnard ain't no more willing than I'd be if I was him. His paw left him money, and mine didn't. I know one thing, though, if I was Barnard, Mis' Barnard wouldn't wash, if he did have a machine. I'd sell the pigs first."

Melvina looked at him gratefully. "I know it, Abner," she answered, soothingly, "you always have been good to me. If there ain't money enough for both, you always want me to have it. I reckon 'tain't your fault that we are poor; I don't care for myself, but the children."

She broke off suddenly, and went in to get the scanty dinner. Abner took down his rusty hoe and passed reluctantly into the neglected potato patch. He was working with great deliberation when his half-grown daughter passed, without speaking.

"Sallie!" he called.

The girl seemed not to hear him. She held her head with an air of offending dignity, and looked neither to the right nor to the left. A second call from her father brought her to a defiant pause.

"I say," he called, lazily, "what all you? Have I done anything?"

"Reckon not," she answered, sullenly.

"And your paw don't seem natural. Is he ailing?"

The girl looked him full in the face, and her eyes were not pleasant. "Oh, paw," she answered, sharply, "why paw is kind of worn out with church socials and things, paw is. It's most made her sick, sewing on her new silk dress, and doing up her hair. And now there's the party at Sansen's."

"Sansen's?"

"Yes, when they move into the new house. Everybody has been asked, even Mis' Jenkins, 'cepting paw. Paw has such fine clothes and is so stuck up, that she wasn't bid."

Abner turned the hoe in his hands, and watched a potato bug travel calmly from one hill to another. Something in his attitude touched the child. Suddenly she lost her look of defiance, and said, brokenly:

"Maw couldn't go, anyway, she's got nothin' to wear. Her old gray dress turned yellow in the sun years ago. Mrs. Barnard gave me some dye for Easter eggs, and when I heard about Sansen's party, I thought I'd color maw's dress and have it ready."

A tragic silence followed. Abner looked up questioningly.

"She can't wear it no more," answered the girl, unsteadily; "it turned brown and green, and went all spotted and speckled."

For a minute the silence was heavy; the Abner said, gently: "Never mind,



ABNER TURNED THE HOE IN HIS HANDS.

Sallie; I'm real proud of you for trying. Now you run along and help your maw. You're a good girl, Sallie."

The child went back to the shabby sod house with smiling eyes, and left her father to his own devices. From the force of long habit he sat down to cultivate his thoughts, while the bugs and the weeds waxed strong among the potatoes. What he thought to-day was something new and strange, and not agreeable. Often his mind reverted to the coming party.

When the company finally assembled at the Sansen's they repaid Abner Dobson for his speculations by freely and frankly discussing him and his.

"Oh, folks like the Dobsons don't care," insisted Mrs. Sansen; "they could get ahead if they wanted to. Sansen and me didn't have anything but a mortgage when we started, and now look at the farm and its improvements."

"The rest of us ain't far behind," laughed Mrs. Early. "Only 14 years ago we drove into the State with a span of horses, a wagonload of furniture and two dollars."

"We are all better off," suggested somebody else, "than our folks we left behind."

"Except the Dobsons," corrected Mrs. Sansen.

"Why are they so far behind?" asked Mrs. Barnard, in the tone of a newcomer. "Weren't they early settlers?"

"Of course they were," answered Mrs. Sansen, "but they didn't use their chances. They were too shiftless for anything."

A little, faded woman, in rusty black,

whom Sallie Dobson had spoken of as "even Mis' Jenkins," looked up with keen protest in her eyes.

Mrs. Early saw the glance and hastened to smooth things over by saying: "Maybe the Dobsons haven't used judgment, but they did work better before they got so discouraged. While the rest of us were getting a start they had more than their share of sickness and death and accidents to their property."

"You needn't worry about that," broke in Mrs. Jenkins; "they are going back to the mountains. Mrs. Dobson told me that they was tired of being lonesome."

A sudden uneasy hush fell on the little company, followed by a confused demand for further information.

Mrs. Barnard sat listening to the talk, which had drifted back to the days before she lived in the neighborhood. When a pause finally occurred in the conversation she turned to her companions and asked, brightly: "Why can't we give the Dobsons a farewell party? I am sure it would please them, and whatever we saw fit to give would seem prompted by friendship rather than charity."

The women looked at each other in keen surprise, but before any one could protest Mrs. Barnard spoke again: "I was thinking how much Mr. Dobson needed another horse since one of his span died. I am going to give him my old Bess. She is homely and rather mean, but she can work. Mr. Barnard said yesterday that we had too many horses."

"I can't do anything so handsome," exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, "but I can give a quilt or two."

"And I some canned fruit and a ham or so," added Mrs. Early.

The enthusiasm spread, and amid a confusion of tongues the list of donations grew and grew.

"Suppose you stop on the way home, Mrs. Barnard," suggested some one, "and tell them about the party. I'm afraid they wouldn't be tidy enough to enjoy a surprise."

So when the party dispersed Mrs. Barnard delivered the neighborhood message and passed on with a smile of satisfaction.

From that time forth a new life dawned on the Dobsons. Their lamp was the last in the valley to go out at night and the first to be lighted in the morning. The whole family seemed possessed with a fever and a hurry of joyous excitement.

"Got to have everything slick and mended," admonished Abner; "can't go off leaving things shiftless like."

When the eventful day of the party finally arrived everything was in perfect order. Two hours before the earliest guest could be expected Mrs. Dobson went to the door in her fresh, new calico and looked about anxiously.

"They will be along now pretty soon," she announced, excitedly; "you haven't forgot your piece, have you, Abner?"

"I reckon not," he answered, thoughtfully, as he flicked a straw from his new overalls; "it begins: 'Fellow neighbors—'"

"Oh, never mind about sayin' it now, paw," she interrupted, "I reckon you will get through when the time comes."

But Abner was not so certain. He repeated it over and over again. Even during the arrival of the people he could not escape its haunting phrases. He forgot it only when he went to see the unexpected gifts from his neighbors. Then his vision suddenly grew dim, and his mind confused.

He wandered back to the end of the house which the men had appropriated. After a moment he drew himself erect, and began in a loud, artificial tone: "Fellow neighbors—"

The unusual address attracted the notice of those nearest. A wave of silence passed on to the women's edge of the company.

"Feller neighbors," he began again, "me and Mis' Dobson feel to thank you for this here unexpected notice. Maybe we-uns ain't been any credit to you all before, but after this we're going to be."

He cleared his throat, while the people looked at each other questioningly. His wife prompted him quickly. "Mis' Dobson and me—" she whispered.

"Mis' Dobson and me," he repeated, "got lonesome, and thought we'd better go back to our kin. But lately you-all have shown we-uns that there is kin nearer than them of blood. They didn't give us no farewell party. You-all have been mighty good; Mis' Dobson and me know that there ain't no other such neighborhood on earth. So we ain't going to the mountains."

The neighbors were startled, but they had undertaken to make this party a success; to a man they arose to meet the new occasion. For the first time they made the Dobsons welcome.

After the party was over, when the last wagons were separating, Mrs. Sansen said: "I'm glad we did it, anyhow. It's just made new people of them Dobsons. Him and Billy come over and cut all them Canada thistles, we blamed them for."

"And mended our barbed wire fence," added Mrs. Early, "and fixed Mrs. Jenkins' plough."

"Say, Mrs. Barnard," laughed some

one, "your party was a big fizzle as a 'good-bye.'"

"Perhaps," she answered, softly, "but I think it was a great success as a farewell to the Dobsons. Good-night, dear."

The well-satisfied neighbors passed under the quiet stars, which looked down peacefully, long after they had vanished, on the lazy, vacillating Platte, and to-day the Dobsons, regenerated by neighborly kindness and made active by sympathy and approval, bear no resemblance to the sluggish, unlovely stream.—Youth's Companion.

THE CASE OF ILSA.

Inexplicable How She Lost Her Sense of Strict Honesty.

When, after a long succession of maids of every imaginable—and sometimes unimaginable—temper and temperament, the Winsteds discovered Ilsa Ermentraut, they felt as if they had suddenly found entrance into a vale of peace. Ilsa's pink cheeks and plump, trim little figure were as pleasing to the eye as her pretty, deferential manners were soothing to the soul. Moreover, she was neat and deft, and soon revealed a warmth of devotion that was unparalleled in the Winsted annals of the maids.

Ilsa's particular adoration was Julia, the eldest daughter, a gay, warm-hearted girl of twenty, who in her turn soon became fond of the little maid. Julia often let Ilsa go to market with her, and that to the little maid was a day's treat. Miss Julia, giving her orders, had a habit of helping herself to nuts or raisins, and tossing some to Ilsa.

One memorable day a salesman gave her half a dollar too much change and she passed that also to Ilsa.

"I thought he was giving me too much," she laughed, "but it's his own lookout. You can buy yourself a new ribbon with it."

There were many things that puzzled Ilsa at first, but she grew to take them as a matter of course—such, for instance, as Miss Margaret's turning a rug upside down to hide an ink spot she had made upon it, and Mrs. Winsted's laughing appropriation of a roll of bills she found in one of Mr. Winsted's vests.

"He's forgotten it," she said. "I might as well have it."

One day Julia came to her mother greatly troubled. She had caught Ilsa in a falsehood. They talked to Ilsa seriously and she was tearful and repentant, although she seemed strangely perplexed. A little later a similar thing happened, and when finally they discovered Ilsa wearing a shirt waist belonging to a guest who had just left them, they decided that she must go. Ilsa, heart-broken, pleaded that the "lady had forgot the waist"; but, as Julia declared, that merely proved that she had no sense of honesty, and Ilsa was discharged without a recommendation.

It was such a disappointment, the Winsteds said, for they were so fond of Ilsa and had done so much for her.—Youths' Companion.

LUXURIES OF GIRLHOOD.

In the Modern Millionaire Household the Schoolgirl is Pampered.

An interesting picture of a young girl's life in the palaces of the very rich is offered by Emily Harrington in her article, "Housekeeping on Half a Million a Year," in Everybody's. She says:

"The luxuries to which these children, particularly the young girls, are early accustomed, are, it seems to an outsider, of dubious advantage. The 14-year-old daughter of such a home remarked one day, 'I was looking for a brooch that I missed and found nine that I had forgotten all about.' Every one of these brooches was studded with gems. This girl's private suite of rooms was luxurious, although the appointments were appropriate to her age. Her sitting-room was furnished in white enamel, covered with roses and morning glories. Her fireplace fender and firedogs were of silver as well as the fire irons and the stand. When she chose to take a meal in her own apartments she indulged her languor on a broadened couch, propped up with embroidered pillows, and as her youthful appetite was unimpaired, a servant was detailed to take each course to her as it was served in the dining-room. And yet she is still only a schoolgirl, with no part in her mother's ceaseless round of entertainment; her days still innocent of the delightful complexities, personal and social, that are ready to enmesh her as soon as, four years later, she becomes a debutante."

What the Woman Thought.

They were talking about the new star in society.

"She never laughs at jokes," said the man.

"Maybe she has no sense of humor," said the other man.

"Maybe she has false teeth," said the woman.

And then the conversation languished.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who always asked his tall friends: "How is the weather up there?"

CONCERNING THE CLOCK.

Some of the Peculiar Things About a Timekeeper.

Did you ever take time to consider the clock? You should have done so, if you have not, seeing the clock gives you the time whenever you ask it.

The clock is so sensitive that it constantly keeps its hands before its face. This is due to the fact that through no fault of its own it has been doing time for many years in the most public manner, says the New York Herald. It may be that as the face of the clock has no eyes, nor mouth, nor nose, nor chin, nor cheeks, nor any of the usual facial appendances, it keeps its hands over it to hide these defects. But this can scarcely be, we fancy, because its hands have no fingers nor thumbs, nor has it any arms, and any attempt to conceal one defect would only expose another.

Most clocks have only two hands, but many have three, and it is somewhat remarkable, anatomically as well as numerically, that the third hand is the second hand. It may also be remarked that the minute hand is not the minute hand, for it is longer than the hour hand.

The clock has neither feet nor legs, but it runs just the same. It may be fast or slow, but it does not walk. It always runs and it never runs up. It runs down unless it is kept running round. Providence wisely did not give feet to the clock.

The clock has a key but no lock, and for that reason even the most ignorant person never tries to open a clock with the key.

Some clocks strike and some do not, but no clock ever strikes with its hands. Just why a clock should be so peculiar is no affair of ours.

(Of course this is no joke. The striking of a clock may be an affair of hours, but it is not spelled the same way. We are not trying to be funny. This is a dignified article. Please do not interrupt us again.)

That passage in Scripture which says "By their works shall ye know them" does not refer to clocks, but it might well have done so, because that is the way a good clock is known.

The clock speaks a universal language, and no matter whether it is a German clock, or French, or Spanish, or Italian, it can tell you the time just as distinctly as if it were plain Yankee.

This clock differs from all other human affairs in that while their operations end when they are wound up, the clock's do not begin until they are wound up.

There are no clocks in heaven, because there is no time there. Neither is there any night, and an eight-day clock wouldn't know when to stop.

Education of Women in China.

Consul Haynes of Nanking, writing about female education in China, says, according to the Washington Star: "The viceroy of Liang-Kiang province, Choufu, one of the most progressive of the higher Chinese officials, has recently founded a school for girls in Nanking. It is supported by subscription from a number of leading Taotais of Nanking, who have raised \$4,296, and the viceroy has subscribed \$1,432 annually. The school is located in a quiet place with spacious buildings. Six women teachers have been engaged, three to teach English and three Chinese.

"The opening of this school is an important thing in Nanking," says Consul Haynes, "as it is really the birth of female education in this ancient city, for, as has been remarked, in every new undertaking for the advancement of China, unless the Chinese themselves feel the need and assume the responsibility, it cannot be said to have taken root in Chinese soil. The interest taken in this school by the leading officials of Nanking indicates the dawning of freedom for China's girls and women. For the last few years the missionary girl schools have been doing good work, but this is the first school established under the patronage of the viceroy. China is awakening to realize that a nation's strength and prosperity lie in the education of her daughters."

It Was Genuine.

"Binks bought that knife from a pawnshop. He paid twice its value because the pawnbroker said it used to belong to Derringer Dick, the desperado."

"Ever see him?"

"Who, Dick? Sure. I knew him when he used to peddle knives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pa Had to Get Even.

"What are you crying about?"

"I got licked twice to-day."

"How was that?"

"Teacher licked me an' I told pa an' pa went up to lick the teacher an' the teacher licked pa, an' pa came home an' licked me."—Houston Post.

Of course a candidate tries in a weary sort of way to be agreeable, but he admits to his intimate friends after election, that the people are sometimes very trying.

A man running for office must be like an amateur who has agreed to deliver a lecture; he never knows how it will come out.