

IN THE ORCHARD.

Oh! here, beneath the roof of green,
I throw me down and dream again.
The golden dreams of what has been
And future harvests yet to gain!

The wheat waves in the field close by,
An apple, ripened ere its time,
Drops from the tree, the sun's great eye
Seeks through the leaves, and, as I
rhyme,

The birds weave to and fro and sing
The very songs I would declare,
And now and then the branches swing
Stirred gently by a wandering air.

The binders, creaking in the wheat,
The whistle of a passing train,
The distant noises of the street,
Are to my song a lo wreath.

To-day! To-day I rest at ease
And pick the golden fruits that grow
In solitude on twigs of peace—
The fruits that only dreamers know.
—Herman Rave, in N. Y. News.

The Love That Lives

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF.

HE WONDERED if she still cared. He had gone west ten years ago because he was too poor to offer her anything he thought it worth a woman's while to accept. He had learned to live without a thought of her. Now he was at home on business. He had run down to the beach for a breath of sweet salt air.

He was watching her as she, all unconscious of his presence, quietly ate her supper in a corner of the dining room farthest from him. It had been a long time since he had thought of her, yet she came back naturally enough to her place now that he sat there looking at her.

There was a bowl of loose, freshly-cut roses and gardenias on her table. The sea breeze brought him little whiffs of their fragrance. He remembered her love for them. Three other women sat at the table with her. He knew they were there, but he only saw her.

She laughed now and then, and he watched for the sparkle in her eyes, the dimple in her cheek, and the gleam of her milk-white teeth. Each of her many charms were intensified. She had ripened up beautifully. He missed a certain soft, pretty shyness that used to fold her away from him as its mossy calyx screens a rosebud. It was this little barricade of reserve that had kept him silent and at a distance in the days of old. It was gone now. He felt that she would understand at once how it was with him. He was not afraid of the air of womanly pride that had come to her.

She fed herself daintily as a bird. She seemed wonderfully at her ease, and altogether sweet and wholesome. Her blue eyes were clear and steadfast. It rested him to look at her. She was the one woman in all the world. It was curious that he had rather lost sight of that, lately. Now her personality stood out clear and sweet from the shadows of his forgetfulness like a star when there is a rift in the clouds.

The simple old life had been good for her, he thought. While he had been toiling and delving, wasting his youth, almost losing his soul, she had been living quietly at home in the old house up in the city, coming out in the old way each summer for a month by the sea. He felt resentful and ill-used. For he might have been with her. Instead of the gold he had been heaping up he might have had her.

The dainty supper cooled before him. The waiter behind his chair fidgeted and asked questions, anxiously. People glanced curiously at the big, sunburnt, queer-mannered man from the west. A party of young people behind him laughed and talked merrily. The four women at the table in the corner chatted pleasantly. There was all the cheerful hotel dining-room clatter. But he saw only one face, with its crown of dusky hair and eyes of blue; heard only one low, clear voice.

He felt injured when he saw how quietly content she was. There was no shadow of regret in her eyes, no line of grief on her face. She must feel very sure of him, certainly; very positive that he would come for her some day! And yet he had said no word of all this when he went away. He thought that she ought to know intuitively that he was near her. He had heard such things. But she smiled brightly into the face of one of the other women.

He got up and went out of doors. He was used to plenty of air. The place was stifling. He wondered what she would say when she saw him. He ought to have written, of course. But then—why, well, he hadn't written. His sunburnt face flushed hotly. Never mind, she'd be glad enough to see him, anyhow.

The sun was setting. The lilac walk

was quite dim now. It lay under the dining room windows and her table was near the last one; so he drifted that way. He could hear her laughing. How prettily she did it. He remembered that most women laugh shrilly. Now he could see her. She was standing up, the bowl of flowers in her hand. "I think I shall give each of you part of my flowers. Charlie sent them out to me. He must love me very dearly, don't you think?" And again she laughed softly.

A friendly hand on his shoulder roused him. "Dick Allen, home from the west, as I live! I thought I knew the turn of that shoulder in the dining room."

"Yes. Beastly place."
"The west?"
"The dining room."

"When you aren't hungry, yes. Well, well, old man, this is a treat. I am amazingly glad to see you."

"Thanks—eh—Osborn? Yes, you are Osborn."
"The same—Charlie Osborn, at your service, sir. Dick, you are gazing dejectedly upon the happiest man in the world!"

"Inherited a fortune?"
"Why man alive, I'm getting married to-night. Swell affair at old St. John's, over town, you know. Party out for a last seaside frolic and all that. Going in on a special train, you know. Join us, old man, come in at the eleventh hour, as it were, and share the fun."

The man from the west brightened. "Why, certainly. Fact is, you know, Osborn, I've come home on a similar errand." And the two men shook hands warmly.

"Sly old dog! Well, a fellow feeling and that, you know. Stay at home, will you?"
"Don't know. You live in the old town?"

"No place like it. Bought the old Jasper place and remodeled the house. Fine property. Bought it for Katherine's sake. She is very fond of it." He spoke with a sort of glow in his voice. He was large and fair with a tender heart that looked out at his laughing eyes.

The other man suddenly stiffened. "The old Jasper place," he repeated.

"On the corner of Spring and Poplar—across from the park, you know. We are coming back after a short northern trip." He laughed softly. There was no sympathy in his friend's sunburnt face. But the light was dim in the lilac walk.

"You are—marrying Katherine Jasper?" The man from the west stood with his back to the light.

"Why, to be sure, I thought I told you. Prettiest woman I ever saw. I'm surprised that she'd look at me. Remember her, don't you?"

"Yes. I am stupid—see you later, Charlie," and he turned sharply away, followed by a long, low whistle that maddened him. He was glad that Charlie had not called her by her pet name, the pretty, caressing little name that he loved.

He went down to the sea and walked up and down the beach while the little waves whispered and died at his feet. After long hours the moon rose from the ruddy waters. He heard a late train come out from town. It would be going back after awhile. He might as well take it and catch an early express and get back to the west and the comfortable forgetfulness from which he had come to this bitter disappointment.

II.

He hurried back to the hotel, found a sleepy porter and sent his baggage to the station, paid his bill, shook himself and turned his face to the west. He had choice between the wide bricked walk to the front gate and the sandy path that was bordered by lilacs as it wound around the old house and through the garden to a little tumble-down gate half way to the station. He hesitated and chose the path. The garden was damp and tangled and sweet. Moonlight, white and clear, bathed it in unearthly glory.

Before him he saw the gleam of a white dress. A woman met him. He held out his hand. His blood danced wildly, and he was used to having it flow steadily. "I—thought you were in town," he said, a curious ring in his voice.

"I was," she answered simply, showing no surprise at his manner of greeting. "I returned on the last train. The others are sleeping in town. There was a wreck and the wedding trip can't begin till morning. Weddings are rather tiresome. We expected you."

"It was quite unavoidable."
"I understand, of course. Still I rather expected you."

"If I had known that you cared—"
She interrupted him quickly: "I didn't, specially. Charlie told me that he had met you and asked you to the wedding."

He leaned toward her, his eyes stern. "Did you think I would go?"
Her chin went up a little. "It was over when he told me."

"It was?" Between set teeth. "But I dare say you'd have gone with him just the same if he had told you before."

"I suppose so," she answered wearily. "Is it not a little chilly? I had on

a Raglan over my wedding garment, but I left it in the hall. I shall have to be going in. It was a lovely wedding."

"Osborn will be looking for you," he said.

She laughed softly. "No, he is in town, you know. But I must not stay out longer. Good night."

"It is good-by," he said. "I am going away. I shall not see you again—if you go in now."

She held out her hand and he took it between his own. He felt it tremble, and held it closer. "I saw you at supper this evening," he said.

"Why didn't you speak to me?" She raised grieving eyes to his face. The look maddened him.

"I was a fool. If I had spoken—I wanted to see you first quite alone—"

"Why?" she asked softly.

"Can't you guess?"

"I'm afraid not. I am very dull."
He bit his lip. "Don't you know that I can't tell you? When one is married—"

—is it quite impossible for a woman ever to understand?"

She laughed in her pretty, gurgling fashion, but in some swift, strange way she had changed. "Why, how came you to think that I didn't know?" She drew her hand from his slowly, and went on in a matter-of-fact way: "We used to play at love making, you and I, when the world was young. You have been thinking that I would expect a bit of withered, Avenger-scented sentiment." She laughed merrily.

"I suppose so. Kitty, this thing of forgetting is not so easy for us all," he said, miserably.

"Isn't it? I'm sorry to know you had a bad time. Still, you did accomplish it." She smiled patronizingly.

"I didn't," he contradicted flatly.

"Is it really so bad as all that? Well, I must go in now."
"I think you might say that you are sorry for me," he pleaded, and she turned back.

"I didn't suppose you'd forget—and drag the law and the Gospel in between us after this fashion," he said.

"I don't understand you, but, Dick, I am sorry." There were tears in her voice, and again she held out her hand.

"I don't believe you—forgot," he whispered.

"Perhaps I shall," she said bravely, "now that I know what my remembering has meant to you." Her proud head was held high, her strong, sweet face was raised to him with eyes that had no shrinking in their steadfast depths. "If I wronged myself by thinking of you before this meeting, I shall be careful not to wrong another by—"

"You waited for me, Kitty?" He looked at her, puzzled.

"It was hardly so much as that, I think. I don't believe I expected you to come again. I have been too busy to think of love and marriage. There was little Catherine to bring up. Now that I have given her to Charlie—"

"Little Catherine?" he repeated.

"Dear old Bob gave her to me when he died eight years ago; I thought you understood. I was all she had."

"And—and Charlie has married her?"

"Are you quite well?" she asked gravely. "I—I think your people ought to know—"

"Why Kitty, I have no people. After all, have you forgotten how utterly alone in the world I am?"

She caught her breath sharply and pressed her hands together.

"Must it always be so, Kitty? Couldn't you learn to care again?"

"And you were almost gone!" she sobbed.

A little note went into town on the morning train, and Charlie and his bride bent over it at the breakfast table.

"How lovely that the church is all decorated! What a sly old auntie ours is. We must hurry, to get to the wedding. And you knew that dark man and all about what he had come home for?"

"Of course, I did."
"And she believed him.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Business Epitaph.

Amusing epitaphs are not difficult to find if one is seeking them. The *Cheshire Republican* cites a most singular one, which may be found on a monument in eastern Tennessee.

"Sacred to the memory of John Smith, for 20 years senior partner of the firm of Smith & Jones, now J. J. Jones & Co."

The names are not really Smith and Jones, but they will answer for the purpose of the story. "I met Jones later," says the narrator, "and he gave me a frank explanation of the inscription."

"Smith was a bachelor without relatives," he said, "but he knew a tremendous lot of country people, and if any of them happened to see his grave, they might think that the old house had closed up and gone out of business. So I thought it no more than right to let them know that the firm was still alive."

Proved.

Old Fogey—I am pained to hear that you are addicted to poker playing, and that last night you lost \$127.

Young Fogey—The idea! Why, I don't even know how to play the game. So I was informed by the party who won the money.—Stray Stories.

THE TWO FROGS.



Find the Third Frog.

One hot summer, the lake in which two Frogs lived was completely dried up, and they were obliged to set off in search of water elsewhere. Coming to a deep and deliciously cool well, one of the Frogs proposed that they should jump in at once.

"Wait a bit," cried the other.

"Why so?" impatiently rejoined the first frog.

"Because, friend, prudence demands that we consider how, if the well should dry up, we could get out again."

MORAL.—The moral of this fable is intended to put us in mind to "look before we leap." That we should not undertake any action of importance, without considering first what the event of it is likely to prove, and how we shall be able to come off, upon such and such provisos.

WHEN NOT TO FISH.

Fish Are Sensitive to Weather Even If Not Affected by the Zodiac.

Anglers know that fish are more subject to the weather than a rheumatic old maid in a Maine town, and the wise ones among them who go into the woods for an outing of weeks do their fishing only when the skies are propitious, says the *New York Sun*.

They fish steadily through days of good fish weather and stay quietly in the hotel playing seven-up and bridge whilst through days of bad fish weather and have a good time. They show more fish at the end of the trip than the inexperienced fellows who rush out upon the rivers and lakes morning after morning, no matter what the temperature and humidity.

Dr. John Crawford, one of the passenger agents of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, has a theory that there are only two or three good fishing days in a month, and that muskallonge, trout and bass are governed by the signs of the zodiac. He fishes only when the sign of Cancer is dominant, or, as he expresses it, when "the sign is in the stomach." He catches a good many fish on his days, too.

Old hands who do not carry almanacs in their grips, watch the skies and sally when things are just right. The ideal fishing day for lake or streams is one when the sky is overcast steadily by light gray clouds sufficiently dense to hide the sun and there is just enough of breeze to maintain ripples on the water.

If the sun comes out the day will be more than half spoiled, and if the breeze dies out it will be wholly so. Just as bad a state of things will follow if there is a hard rain, though fish will always bite during a drizzle, or if the breeze increases to a high wind making the water rough. On a gray day, with a steady, light breeze, bass or trout will always bite at any time of the season.

Again there are days when fish cannot be tempted to strike at any sort of lure, live, dead or artificial, no matter how industriously and scientifically the angler casts for them. This sort of day is perfectly still with the water like a mirror and not a breath of air to crinkle the surface. At such a time the bottom of a clear lake may be discerned at a depth of from ten to 20 feet, and the fish are absolutely nonresponsive to coaxing.

It is true that they retire to holes so deep that they cannot be seen even with the aid of a water glass, or else to tangles of rice and lily pads where they are securely hidden, but even though their lurking places be known they cannot be induced to take hold. If, however, the weather should change, the sky become overcast with a moderate southerly or easterly breeze, in half an hour the fish will have taken their accustomed stations, will have gone to feeding and will strike avidly at any lure which comes along.

Gifted Woman Composer.

The most gifted of all women composers was Clara Schumann, yet shortly before her marriage she frankly wrote in her diary: "I used to think I had talent for creating, but I have changed my mind. Women should not wish to compose; not one has ever succeeded. To suppose that I was destined to be an exception would be an arrogant assumption, which I made formerly, but only because my father prompted me."

AS TO DRYING OYSTERS.

It Can Be Done, Says One Who Knows, But the Result Would Not Be Agreeable.

"Drying oysters may be a good scheme," said an old oyster grabber, reports the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, "but from my own experience I don't think so much of it, and I ought to know something about it. I have been drying my own shrimp for twenty-five years. I dry half a barrel of shrimp every year, and so there is never any gumbo problem in my house. I always have shrimp for gumbo. All I have to do is to soak the shrimp over night and they are 'as good as new,' if I may borrow a popular phrase. I may add that the dried shrimp has all the flavor of the shrimp freshly caught. You cannot tell the difference. With the oyster it is different. Because of the oyster you cannot dry him (or her, if you please) and preserve the natural flavor. At least you cannot do it by any of the processes known to me. Several years ago I conceived the idea of making an experiment in drying oysters. I gathered several hundred sound, good oysters, the pick of a small catch, and strung them. I ran a needle through a favorable part of the body, slipped them on a string, and hung them up where they would dry under the most favorable circumstances. They dried thoroughly. They dried so thoroughly that it was not necessary to pack them in salt, and I thought the experiment had put me in possession of a good plan to get rich. Some time after that I thought I would try my oysters, and so I told the cook to make some oyster soup, fry some of them, and serve them in other ways to test the experiment I had made. Well, it was like eating chips. If the soup had been made of shavings it would not have been more tasteless. The experience convinced me that oysters cannot be dried successfully, at least at present. Some persons think you can dry them as you do prunes or other fruit or shrimp. The oyster is mostly juice. There is nothing in the composition of the oyster that will hold the juice under ordinary drying processes. The result is that the dried oyster is flavorless. As a matter of fact there is nothing left but the eye of the oyster, and the distinctly oyster flavor is not in the eye. And this is the point of the yarn I have been spinning."

Klondike Gold.

The Klondike district does not give promise of increasing its output of gold over that of last year, which amounted to \$12,000,000. Lack of new strikes or discoveries since the memorable find in 1896 has set a limit on the output and it is now on the decline, having at this date produced over \$80,000,000 in gold. The Nome mining district is daily increasing as a producer and is being extended over a vast expanse of territory, projecting from Golovia bay to the Arctic ocean and east inland from the Behring sea as far as the difficulties of transportation will permit.—Albany Argus.

Hadn't Pa's Advantage.

"Willie," said that young man's mother, "you were very restless in church."
"Yes," was the penitent response.
"You never see papa behaving in that way. Why couldn't you be quiet like him?"
"Well, mamma," he answered, frankly, "you see, I wasn't a bit sleepy."—Stray Stories.