

THE FARMER'S WILL.

Life's teeth vines closin' when the sun goes down. Or fodder crispin' at the harvest moon. My plant of life droops low; its leaves are brown. The season's spent, the end is none too soon.

THE THOUGHTS OF A MAN.

THINK I shall never come near you again," he said slowly. "Oh, yes, you will," she laughed, "you will come when your temper is healthier; come this evening; come where the moonbeams linger; as the pretty little song hath it. I may have something to show you."

"I will never go near her again—I am glad I told her so," he raged inwardly. "I think I hate her—I think—"

"The chestnut turned his head towards the village, where the children and the geese screamed together on the green, rivals in noise, in restlessness, in self-satisfaction; rivals indeed in all save cleanliness, in which virtue the geese undoubtedly rose superior."

"The chestnut kept his easy pace and began to mount the slope. The sun still blazed down on all, but the air grew less sultry than in the valley through which they had passed."

Love her—and kill her if she will not listen? Helen, I must hold you in my arms and tell you so! How furious she would be—or—would she be kind? I wonder if she cares?"

The chestnut, with the bridle slack upon his neck, turned slowly from the beaten road and trod upon the short brown turf. The hill grew steeper and more uneven beneath his hoofs and the sun became a tint more ruddy.

"What would it mean if I did all that? I should be a villain. If she loved me she would trust me. She does not want me, and even if she did, there is Margaret. My God! The wrong would be to Margaret! How little I thought of that. Poor little Margaret—loving little girl!"

But from a crag hard by there arose suddenly a swift, shrieking night-bird, and the man's plans were slain at their birth.

Then did the man's thoughts course through his brain with the swiftness of a mill-race. "I am going to be killed. In a small number of moments I shall be lifeless. I can never hold him in—the Devil's jump—it must be near. What will death be like, I wonder? How sudden it all is. I am to die—I am to die now."

There came a crash, a stumble, the chestnut struck his hoof on the slanting side of a boulder, fell forward, rolled over, down—down—"Margaret!—my mother—will they ever know?"

Will they ever find me? No one know of my coming here. My little Margaret—that white rose I laid against her cheek—how sweet the wooing was—that bush—can I clutch it? Ah no! no good—I meant to have been such a noble man—what a life I intended to have lived—what dreams I dreamed. Dear old Gregson Major—how we planned—will that crag break my fall? Twenty-five years lived—how little in them. I wish I had not thrown that snowball at the old white horse—so cold and patient he was—I might have been kinder too, to Harold—poor little chap—so nervous that first day at school—I let the fellows bully him—Good Bedoin—good horse—what a death for us—how near—how many seconds more—before—my breath stops! Ah! the edge—no hope—over—God!—Mercy!"

Down in the valley a light laugh peeped upwards. On the vicarage lawn two figures were strolling. "Helen," protested a man's voice tenderly, "you really are too bad!"

STRUCK OIL ONCE.

That is Why He Now Has a Fortune Nearly Uncountable.

"I see petroleum has been discovered up in Martin county and a company is buying up all the land in the neighborhood," remarked a rancher at a down-town hotel the other evening, and it was noticed that there was a tinge of incredulity in his tone.

"One morning when I went to work the hole smelt awful strong of coal oil, and the first lift brought up a lot of oil that burned for half an hour. 'I've struck oil,' says I to myself, but I kept it quiet. I let a few of my friends in, we organized a company, bought up all the land around there, got an expensive outfit and commenced drilling. We punched the ground full of holes for about six months, and couldn't find oil enough to make a grease spot on a silk dress. It broke the whole crowd of us."

STEALING A DINNER.

How a Millionaire Enjoyed Doughnuts and Cheese and Apple Pie.

If boys knew how much the circumstances and almost the privations of their lot are envied by prosperous elderly men, they would perhaps be more easily reconciled to some of the hardships that they meet. An exchange relates a curious story which illustrates the envy which even rich men may have for some simple things which poor boys enjoy.

The wealthy head of a great corporation, which employs many people, was one day wandering about the premises of the concern. It was near midday. He happened to come upon a dinner-pail, standing in a cool corner. He surmised that it might belong to the office-boy; and so it did.

Do not flatter yourself that your thoughts are under one control, you desire properly regulated, or your disposition subject, as they should be, to Christian principle, if your intercourse with others consists mainly of frivolous gossip, impertinent anecdotes, speculations on the characters and affairs of your neighbors, the repetition of former conversations or a discussion of the current petty scandal of society; much less, allow yourself in careless exaggeration on all these points and that grievous inattention to exact truth, which is apt to attend the statements of those whose conversation is made up of these materials.—Detroit Free Press.

A Charming Romance. He could not explain her indifference. Sometimes he thought she was trying to conceal the love she had for him, and sometimes he thought she hadn't any.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Every Friday the Duchess D'Uzes, the wealthiest woman in France, puts on the ordinary dress of a nurse, and, going to the cancer hospital, acts as one of the regular attendants, placing herself entirely under the orders of the superintendent.

—Since the death of Holmes there are only four surviving members of the class of 1829 of Harvard namely, Dr. Edward L. Cunningham, of Newport, R. I.; Rev. Samuel May (the class secretary), of Leicester, Rev. Samuel F. Smith, of Newton, the author of "America," and Charles S. Storow, of Boston.

—Mr. Maxim is having a curious controversy with the United States patent office, which declines to allow a patent for his flying machine on the sole ground, as he claims, that it is a flying machine. He can patent the separate inventions of which it is made, but that would cost two thousand dollars and would give indifferent protection.

—James Payn says that there was a queer resemblance between himself and another Trinity man. "Not only was I often addressed by persons who took me for him, but people used to ask, apropos of nothing, whether I knew So-and-So. I remember making a considerable impression upon a chance passenger in a railway train on the Cambridge line, who was staring at me rather hard, by suddenly observing: 'No, sir; I do not know Mr. So-and-So. It had been the very question he was going to ask me, but my anticipating it seemed to him so odd that he got out at the next station.'"

—During the years that John Newell was president of the Lake Shore road, it was well understood that it was a difficult matter to get a pass over that line. He carried this pet idea to such an extent that when making up his exchange passes he wrote across the end of the packet addressed to President Caldwell of the Nickel Plate these words: "Not good on limited or fast trains." By return mail came President Caldwell's annual pass on the Nickel plate for President Newell. Across its face in flaring red ink and in the bold handwriting of President Caldwell were written the words: "Not good on passenger trains."

HUMOROUS.

"Robbie," said the visitor kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replied Robbie solemnly. "I'm all the children we've got."—Harlem Life.

"Carleton—"How did you enjoy yourself at Mrs. Hamilton's last night?" Montauk—"First-rate; there wasn't a song or recitation sprung on us during the entire evening."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—On the Run.—She—"That last battle of yours must have been a terrific one, major." The Major—"It was indeed (proudly). I wish I might have had a photograph of myself taken on the field." She—"But they didn't take instantaneous photographs then."—Detroit Free Press.

—First Youngster—"I've got a new baby-brother what came from Heaven last night." Second Youngster—"That's nothin'. My little baby-brother went to Heaven yesterday." First Youngster (reflectively)—"Pete, I bet it's the same kid."—Springfield Farm and Home.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TWO LITTLE WITCHES. "If you were a witch, Nan, what would you dare—"

"They'd all melt away!" "And in winter the meadows be filled with the gold." "Of cowslip and daffodil!"—"Ah, but Nan, hold!"

WONDERFUL MONSTER.

The Pacific Walrus the Most Uncouth and Ungainly of Animals. A mountain of heaving flesh, wrinkled and rough, ugly as a satyr, and even more clumsy than the hippopotamus, lives in the Arctic ocean wherever there are clam beds and enough open water to afford him a home.



THE PACIFIC WALRUS.

pected under such conditions. Marvelous, indeed, were some of the pictures of the walrus that were published in the sixteenth century, in the dark ages when taxidermists were not, and zoological museums were "without form and void."

His real personality was only half known to the world until, in 1872, Mr. Elliott landed on the rocky shore of Walrus island, armed with sketch-book, notebook and tape measure, and made an elaborate series of studies of this species actually at arm's length.

REDEEMING FORFEITS.

A Few Good Things for the Little Folks' Amusement of an Evening. For a Game of Odd Sorts.—Put into a bag several pieces of paper, on each of which is written one word, such as "song," "story," "poem," "joke," and then pass it around to the company. Each one draws one slip, and must do what is written on it or pay a forfeit.

1. Repeat a line, and ask owner of forfeit to make one that will rhyme with it. 2. Laugh, cry, sing and whistle. 3. Put one hand where the other cannot touch it.

Generalized Too Much. The French are a witty race, but French servants are reported the stupidest in the world. It is of a person of that race that this story is told: Justine was reproved by her mistress for bringing home lobsters that were not fresh.

HABITS OF HORSES.

Some Queer Tales Heard by a Reporter in a Street Car Barn. Did you know, boys, that you can teach an intelligent colt or horse to do almost anything by patiently making him go through the performance many times, day after day? That is the way the circus trick horses and ponies are taught.

All went well until the corner of Broadway and Seventeenth street had been reached. Then Charley stopped, turned about, faced the driver, elevated his upper lip and opened his jaws. The man dropped the lines in horror. Reinforced by the conductor he tried to get Charley to "tend to business," but the beast was obdurate and had to be taken to the barn, the incident causing some little blockade of travel.

Another horse, an iron gray, makes three regular trips without protest, and cheerfully pulls the biggest sort of loads. But he absolutely refuses to do any more. He has been whipped, coaxed, urged, petted and sworn at, but without avail. So much work for so much hay and oats and water is his motto. He is so firm in his resistance to what he thinks the tyranny of capital over labor that the boys at the stable call him Gompers.

AN AUTOMATIC DIVER.

How Boys and Girls Can Conduct an Interesting Experiment. Here is an interesting experiment which is well worth a trial. Take a glass jar full of water; drop into it a small cardboard box similar to that shown in our illustration—No. 1.

bottom of the jar on account of the water entering through the small holes in the bottom. But when the water penetrates into the bottle within the box and mixes with the powder it produces a great quantity of carbonic acid gas, which expels the water through the box and allows the latter to rise to the top of the jar, the gas inside keeping the inner disc of the valve full against the interior. When, however, the cork outside rises to the top of the water it releases the valve and the gas escapes. The box is now in its first condition, and the water, being enabled to enter by the holes at the bottom, again fills the box and sinks it until the gas is once more forced, when it rises anew to the surface. This rise and flow will continue for some time. This curious experiment may be performed on a larger scale in a water tank of a bath, the box, of course, being made in proportion.—N. Y. Recorder.



HOW IT IS DONE.

Tiniest Girl of Her Age. Mlle. Paulina, of Holland, is probably the tiniest girl of her age on this planet. She is eighteen years old, weighs less than nine pounds and lacks four inches of being as high as a two-foot rule.