THE CHARM OF THE RUE.

Why do you come to disturb me?
I laid you away to rest,
With red rose leaves for your pillow
And rosemary over your breast.

There was lavender all around you,
I knew that your grave was deep;
There were king-cups growing about you,
And yet you have stirred in your sleep.

I promised that you should have flowers,
And I did not forget the rue;
And sometimes I think you forget, dear,
All the old-world spells that I knew.

You said that I must not remember,
But bury you out of my sight;
I might strew the red rose leaves upon you,
And then must forget you quite.

But I knew you would one day waken,
If only the rue was there;
That the past it would all come back, dear,
Some day when the skies were fair.

You know that you bade me forget, dear,
All the love that you told long ago;
To bury it deep, nor reget you,
It had passed with the last year's snow,

But for years I hoped you would waken,
For I knew that the rue it was there;
But I thought the charm was broken
No answer there came to my prayer.

And now you have slept soundly,
'Mid roses, rosemary and rue,
That I have had time to remember
It was I, not you, that were true.

But the charm it has worked and you waken;
The spell of the rue holds you fast;
The grave has no power to keep you,
Your love it is mine at last.

And, dear, you should not reproach me,
Remember that I was true;
Red roses and rosemary wither,
You took no heed of the rue.

But yet for the sake of the past, dear,
And the days e'er you proved untrue,
I would I had left you to sleep, dear,
With never the charm of the rue,

—Academy.

TOM.

He was nine when I first saw him—three years ago—when I had come to the country to spend some weeks with my cousins and one evening I was driving up from the village, when at the foot of a hill I was arrested by the sight of a child standing in the road—a little flower-faced girl in a pink pinafore.

I pulled up my horse—a spirited young colt—and called to her to run in the house, but she did not move. The road was too narrow to rein out or turn around and as she remained obstinately immovable, I was in a dilemma. To add to my trouble the horse became frightened and reared.

As she saw the shining hoofs descend so near her head she put up both chubby little hands and cried: "Don't!"

"Run away, then!" I called, but she shook her head.

At this moment the bushes parted, and a little figure scrambled over the ditch, and, catching the golden-haired rebel, pulled her aside. I glanced down at the newcomer in wonder; he was so tiny and brown, with the rich color mantling underneath the tanned skin, the short, dark curls clustering thick on his head, and eyes which had the wistful patience of a dog in their brown depths, and this was my first glimpse of Tom.

The next morning a servant called to me as I passed through the hall:

"Tom McCaull is waiting to see you, Miss Nora."

I stepped to the door, and there were my little roadside acquaintances. Tom pulled off his cap.

"Susie is sorry she was naughty yesterday, miss. She brought you these."

"Susie sorry," lisped the child, thrusting a big bunch of sweet peas in my hand.

I kissed the pouting lips, and taking her on my knee gravely pictured to her the horror of the situation if Prince had refused my control. Then I regaled my little visitors on cake and cherries, and presently they trotted down the hill hand in hand.

From the maid I learned they were Irish children, whose parents lived on a bit of my uncle's farm. The father and older brothers worked in our fields, and Tom, being too young for hard work, was nurse and caretaker of his younger brothers and sisters.

"A good lad is Tom McCaull," said she, nodding her head in emphasis of her remark, "always truthful and careful." And a good lad I found him, for thereafter he was my daily companion in my walks and drives. He would come to the door early, and, leaning against the lintel, await my appearance. If anyone inquired his errand he would answer, "Waitin' for Miss Nonie," but he never asked for me of his own accord. "A symphony in brown my cousin Adelene called him, and his short name of Tom was dropped by the family for the appellation of "Nora's Shadow."

No one knew so well as he where the biggest ferns grew or in what nook of the lake to look for water lilies. He had the comprehensive wood lore that comes to people familiar with fields and forests, and he possessed that rarest of gifts, the knowledge when to speak and when to be silent.

He would lie for hours motionless, his brown eyes fixed on the fleecy clouds, if it accorded with my mood, or, holding his knees in his embrace, he would chatter away, telling me sometimes of his desire to be educated, to go out and see the world that lay beyond the fields and lanes.

When I parted from him in autumn to return to my home his honest brown eyes were moist and his lips could hardly frame the "Goodbye; come again," he wished to say. As I turned for a last look I saw the childish figure on the hilltop, still waving his battered straw hat.

I was married that fall, and it was two years before I returned to the farm. I had almost forgotten Tom, but he was still faithful.

As I entered my room a big bowl of roses on the table attracted my attention.

"Tom brought them," said the maid, following my eyes. "He said they were for Miss Nonie's room. He is anxious to see your baby."

I laughed and patted the baby's dimpled cheek.

"He will be a good nurse for you, Toddlekins," I said.

The next morning I was roused by the click of the mowing machines and the voices of the men.

"They are mowing the south meadow," I thought dreamily, and I then fell asleep again lulled by the monotonous sound.

After breakfast I walked out in the fields with my baby clinging to my hand—my dainty, wee Katherine.

As we came nearer I noticed the man at the rake had stopped to look at us. Suddenly he sprang from his high seat and ran across the meadow toward us, and then I saw it was not a man but Tom—Tom had grown into a tall lad of eleven.

"Why, Tom, are you promoted to the hay field?" I asked

"Yes, I am old enough to work now, but I shall find time for some walks with you in the evening if you will go with me," he said, and sure enough after supper that night I found him waiting for me in his old place.

"Can't she go, too?" he said pointing to Katherine. "I will carry her if she gets tired. See! I can," and he swung her up to his shoulder, her fair face nestling against his dusky cheek, and the baby fingers clutching his dark curls.

They grew very fond of each other, and any evening after his work was done you could see them trudging toward the barns to get a drink of warm milk and inspect the frisky little calves.

She was always safe with Tom. I knew that.

It was a warm afternoon, three weeks later, and I sat sewing with my aunt and cousins in the shade of the orchard, Katherine playing at my feet.

Near us the mowers were at work, beyond a large load of hay was being made, and close to the load rode Tom, one brown hand guiding the horse, the other the lever of the rake.

"Tom works too hard, aunt," I said. "See, he is getting round-shouldered."

"Yes, he does. He is too willing, too eager to be of service. He is a good boy, and how he loves little Katherine. I believe he would lay down his life for her."

"Yes, and she loves him dearly. She is an affectionate child," I answered.

"Very like you at her age," said auntie, patting my cheek lovingly, and for reply I kissed her dainty, wrinkled hand.

Then we drifted to other talk, lapsing into reminiscences of people and days, while my work fell on my lap unheeded, and lost in my memories I forgot my little girl.

At last I roused myself with a start. Where was Katherine? I could not see her.

"Katherine! Baby!" I called. There was no answer. I swept the meadow with a glance, but she was not in sight. Right down toward me came the nearest mower, the restive horses tugging at the heavy weight, the long grass falling silently before the keen knife.

"Katherine!" I cried again, and for answer a little white figure rose from the tall grass where she had been lying hidden.

I can see her now, the little erect form, with the light hair blowing backward, one hand raised to shield her eyes from the sun, standing—oh, my God!—standing in the path of that sharp knife.

"Whoa!" shouted the driver catching sight of her, but the sudden apparition had frightened the horses. They sprang ahead.

I staggered forward, knowing too well I could not reach her in time. My limbs shook beneath me. My lips refused a sound.

Oh, the agony of that moment, and I so powerless to save her! Still she stood there smiling, unconscious of danger, and I felt the earth and sky swim in a blinding yellow mist before me, when suddenly over the grass bounded a lithe young figure.

It was soon running like a deer.

One more bound and he was by her side, seized her skirts and jumped backward, but the treacherous grass caught his foot—he fell.

With all his strength he threw her from him, and she landed safely and unhurt on the soft winnow of hay beyond, laughing with glee at Tom's new game.

And Tom? One hoofmark on the brown forehead, where the curls clustered thickest, and a cruel gash in the chest, where the knife struck him.

He died in a few moments, his head on my knee.

"Don't cry so, Miss Nonie," he gasped, faintly. "It's all right. I loved her." And that was all.

Poor brave little Tom!—New York Record.

Antiquity of Civilization.

We cannot but be struck with the immense antiquity of civilization in Western Asia, whence, as a center, trade, art and literature spread westward to the Greeks and Italians, and eastward to India and China. The monuments show us that at least as early as 2500 B. C. distinct civilization existed in Chaldea, in Syria and in Egypt. It is true that the early date which has been assigned to Menes by scholars who reckon thirty years as the average reign of an Egyptian monarch (whereas the dated reigns often do not exceed five or six) rests on no secure basis, and extravagant estimates, based on equally unsafe deductions, have been offered by some of our cuneiform scholars, who would carry back Akkadian civilization to 4000 B. C.; but these extravagancies do not discredit the facts which are deduced from better data, and which show that even earlier than the period usually assigned as the time when the pastoral Hebrew patriarchs found their way along the Euphrates and through Syria to Egypt, there were organized States, walled towns, chariots and horses, riches of gold and silver, bronze and iron, of corn, wine and oil, not only among the Akkadians and in Egypt, but also in Phœnicia and in Palestine.—The Edinburgh Review.

Tacks as Weapons.

A prick may be less heroic than a blow, but it is apt to be more effectual. One hornet will rout a squad of soldiers; and a ready-witted seaman once vanished a horde of savages with tack nails. In 1819, says the Century, the whale ship Syren, while on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean, met with an adventure which would have proved fatal to all hands, but for a quick stratagem of the mate. One fine day, off of one of the Pelew Islands, all the boats being after whales, and but a few men left aboard the vessel, a large band of armed natives suddenly swarmed over the bulwarks. The crew fled to the rigging, leaving the naked howling savages in full command of the ship. The mate, on coming alongside, took in the situation at a glance, and quickly ordered the men to open the arm-chests and scatter on deck all the tacks they could find. In a moment it fairly rained tacks upon the naked savages. The deck was soon covered with these little nails. They pierced the feet of the islanders, who danced about with pain, which increased with every step they took, until, with yells of rage and agony, they tumbled headlong into the sea and swam ashore.

FACTS AND EVENTS.

New Yorkers who ape the English are selling their rocking chairs to the dealers in old furniture.

Something unique in paperweights is a good-sized atlas, which revolves on a tripod from which depends a tiny clock and calendar.

A maid of honor to Queen Victoria gets £300 a year, and the service is said to entail only about three months' attendance annually.

Extremely pointed shoes are slowly but surely giving place to the round and most sensible and comfortable style of some years ago.

"There is not a house in Canada from Sarnia to Cape Breton which does not contain a vacant chair for a boy or girl in the United States," says the Toronto Globe.

Brewers in Philadelphia have noticed that when there is a prolific yield of fruit there is a great falling off in the consumption of beer. This is particularly the case when there is an abundant supply of watermelons.

One cubic foot of lead ore weighs 474 pounds, thus a vein of galena or lead ore one foot wide, six feet high and six feet long will produce 16,532 pounds, or a vein one and a half inches wide will net one ton, three inches wide, four tons, etc.

The London Tid-Bits lately offered a prize for the best definition of money. The prize was awarded to Henry E. Baggs, of Sheffield, who defined it thus: "An article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness."

The biggest blast in the history of Connecticut was touched off in J. S. Lane's quarries at Meriden. The blasters drilled many holes into one side of the quarry, implanted 500 pounds of dynamite therein and fired it. A mass of rock that weighed 3,000 tons was sent rolling down the mountain side, and the detonation was heard many miles.

California will make a good showing as a producer of beet sugar this year. The Chinese factory expects to produce 5,000,000 pounds of sugar, the Watsonville factory 8,000,000 pounds, and the Alvarado factory 2,000,000 pounds. This makes a total of 7,500 tons, which seems a large amount but the United States imports sugar to the value of $100,000,000 annually.

Near Higate, about forty miles west of St. Thomas, Canada, was discovered the largest skeleton of any extinct animal yet found. It belonged to the order of mastodon giganteus, and measured 22 feet from end of nostrils to tip of tail. The tooth only of one of these huge monsters of prehistoric times was dug up recently at Falling Springs, near Belleville, Miss., which weighed 14 pounds and 12 ounces.

Marriage is like a lottery, if you draw a prize you can be happy.