

The Love of a Lad

THE little boy was a particularly little boy. I mean, of course, that his body was very small even for his few years. And as we see little or nothing of one another except our carefully clothed bodies, it is not strange that we mutually judge of our size by them; that is, we do this unless we are very well acquainted, indeed. Doubtless, too, this is best, for how it would embarrass some of us if we were to be judged in another way. Take, for instance, your papa's friend, Mr. Brown, the portly gentleman who visits at your house sometimes, and who wears such a handsome watch chain, and who talks about stocks; or take Miss Wheeler, the tall and stately lady who converses with your mamma about the latest fashions and says the minister's sermon last Sunday was "really sweet"—how do you suppose they would feel if, by some marvelous change of size, this world were to be judged by mind or soul? But, bless your hearts! they never think of such a thing, more than the rest of us do; and so we all are quite contented and cheerful.

It may as well be admitted, too, that, as his uncles and aunts said, the little boy was "such a strange child!" His Aunt Dora, who had five children of her own, all so precisely like the other human peas in the pod that if one had rolled out it would have been difficult to designate exactly which one it was—his Aunt Dora, I say, even went so far as to remark that he was "the strangest ever," but this assertion perhaps should be considered a trifle emphatic, for Aunt Dora underscores the words of her speech very much as she does those of her letters.

But the little boy was strange; this must be conceded. For example, if you made to him an assertion based on an assertion your father had made to you, which was based on an assertion his father had made to him, which was based on an assertion his—but it is needless to carry the train of argument further, for about this time the little boy would quite upset you by remarking, "Yes, but why—" or, "But doesn't it seem—" and then he would ask all sorts of embarrassing questions; that is, questions of which unfortunately you had forgotten the answer. Of course, it should be remembered that he was too young to understand how much deeper than reason is faith and how absolute should be the confidence we place in the wisdom of our grandfathers. However, this has little to do with the story, except as it tends to indicate what manner of child was our small hero.

The little boy was a great reader, and all books, good, bad, or indifferent, that came to his small and sometimes grimy hands were absorbed by him with complete impartiality. So, much of his time he lived in the bright Country of Imagination, where are many wonderful things. Often his mother would say to him: "Now, little boy, you really must put your book away, go out, and play in the sunshine." Then he would put the book to one side, take his bow and arrows, and go to his cave. It was not much of a cave, being, in fact, but a hollow in a great oak just within the edge of a wood; but he imagined that its dimensions were tremendous and its secrecy complete, and so, as his imagination was as large as his body was small, the "cave" did quite well for his purposes. He had drawn a dingy cloth across the hole so as to conceal it from observation, and he used to say to himself, as he approached the "cave" and gave three distinct whistles to announce his coming to his faithful servitors, that nobody would suspect that the Mysterious Lord of the Forest lived there; and, indeed, nobody would. You would be surprised could you know how often this retreat was attacked by wicked bandits and how frequently it was assailed by painted savages, but it was defended with great vigor and always came off with credit, and even glory, to itself and its redoubtable master.

The little boy went to school, and for some time he did not think much of his teachers. They were a trying lot, he felt; always asking questions concerning matters that were of no consequence and insisting on answers that were equally irrelevant to the real interests of a boy's life. His teachers said that he read with expression, but that they could not get him to take an interest in his other studies. His mother received this report with anxiety, and his Aunt Dora remarked that she always had said so, although no one could remember that she had. The change in this condition of affairs took place after Miss Hattie joined the procession of the little boy's teachers, and by this time he had grown so large that he was almost ten years old. Other people might say that there were Miss Hatties and Miss Hatties, but after a few days the little boy knew very well that there was only one real Miss Hattie; the rest were mere imitations, who had, doubtless, imitatively, secured a name of which they were all unworthy. The of this transcendent fact led to dawn upon him under circumstances. He had, here and a purloined piece of paper on the back of the front of him the highly "DUNSE." The only person who was the dead, and kept him in their were quite

to have some other boy write that word on your back?"

The little boy thought about it, and then said that he didn't believe he would care, for the other fellows would know it was only a joke anyway.

Then Miss Hattie talked to him, and she talked so kindly, and so appealed to the best that was in his childish heart that the little boy said to himself that it was mighty curious about teachers. Then he looked at her somewhat timidly, or at least dubiously, and saw how kind was the glance from the great blue eyes that met his own. And from that starting point it was only natural that he should notice how lustrous were the curly brown hair and how pink were her cheeks, for even little boys must notice things, you know.

Now you who have forgotten the emotions that sway the heart of childhood may deem the idea absurd, but I am ready to avow my convictions, nay, my complete assurance that then and there, and while that conversation still was in progress, the tender passion first began to stir and make itself felt in the brown corduroy breast of the little boy. Never had he been talked to so kindly save by his mother, and, of course, all things good are to be expected of mothers. A simple, boyish gratitude which stood ready to lose itself in admiring adoration awoke in his heart, and did not go to sleep again.

From that time he was Miss Hattie's faithful knight errant, to run her errands and heed her every suggestion; and it seemed to him, as he constantly improved in his studies, that her cheeks grew more pink, her wavy hair



THE LAD PURSUED THE BURGLAR.

more lustrous, and her beautiful eyes more tenderly blue; that is, it would have seemed so had he not known that in the nature of the case such a thing must be impossible. He was very glad that she boarded just across the road from his father's house, for this gave him a perfectly natural opportunity to carry her books home nearly every night, thus imperfectly demonstrating his loving adoration.

About this time the little boy began to hate John with an intense, burning hatred. Who was John, anyway, the great, clumsy fellow? What right had he to be hanging about Neighbor Griscom's house, at which his teacher boarded, particularly in the evening? Miss Hattie was so kind that she tolerated his presence, of course, but his loutish attendance must be very annoying to her. After the little boy grew up he would whip John; he would teach him a much-needed respect for the sanctities of place and association. Oh, that he were grown up now! The little boy used to feel of the muscles of his arm and wish that they would develop faster. Strange that this odious John never noticed his look of undying hatred and scorn, but always greeted him with a cheery, "Hello, Twofer! How are we to-day?" Some time he should know how we were to-day! Should he—oh, thought to give pause to the beating of his heart!—should he tell Miss Hattie of the emotions with which he viewed her matchless charms, and ask her to wait for him to grow up? No; she might—it was hardly conceivable, but she might heedlessly laugh at him; and what were life then? Better to wait, and let her of her own accord observe his unwavering devotion. But that John! How tired of him she must get!

One night, after the little boy had been in bed and asleep a long time, an owl came and sat on the limb of the oak tree near his window and said, "Hoo-oo-o." Ordinarily this would not have waked him, but for some reason it did that night; and when the owl again said, "Hoo-oo-o," he thought he would get up and see where the bird was and what it was doing. So he crept out of bed and pattered to the window, reaching it just in time to see the owl fly away.

Now you must understand that by this time the little boy had grown so big that he was more than ten and one-half years old, and, of course, when a boy has attained that ripe age he knows a thing or two when he sees it. So it will not be considered surprising that when, as he stood at the window, he saw two men lurking in the shadow of Neighbor Griscom's house he knew that something was wrong. When he saw the first man he thought for a moment it might be John, who, he had noticed, had a most

reprehensible habit of lingering about that house until late hours; but when he saw the second man he realized that the situation was even worse than he had suspected.

"They're burglars!" he whispered to himself; "I'll bet they're burglars, and I've got to do something" about it. They'll scare Miss Hattie terrible."

Just what he would, or could, do the little boy did not know, but he felt very certain that he must do something, and that immediately. So, merely stopping to shout, "Burglars! At Griscom's!" to his father, he ran across the road as fast as his little bare feet would carry him. The window at which he had seen the two men was open now, and one of the men had disappeared, while the other was two-thirds through the opening. The little boy did not hesitate an instant, with the yell, "Burglars! Burglars!" he threw himself upon the leg that still was without the window, caught it, and clung to it for dear life.

What followed never has been at all clear to the boy. He remembers that there were muttered curses from the man he held, a dark form that jumped from the window and ran past him, a rush of feet while he still valiantly held to the leg; then there seemed to come a crash of all things, and he was lost in a great blackness and knew no more.

When the world came back to him Miss Hattie was holding him in her arms. Mrs. Griscom was standing by his side with a basin of water in her hand, and his father and Neighbor Griscom were holding the ruffian who, as he afterward learned, had beaten him down with a most cruel blow. Even then he noticed that Miss Hattie's nightdress was very white and very pretty, and it seemed to him that, so robed, her cheeks were even plumper, her hair more wavy, and her eyes more tenderly blue than they were when she appeared in more conventional costume. But he dismissed

himself in a moment. He had noticed, however, that John was not hanging about neighbor Griscom's house as much as usual, and was glad to feel that at last he was learning his place; it certainly was time!

On a certain day he had visited the Griggs boy, who lived quite at the other end of town, and when he returned his father and mother, were crossing the road from Neighbor Griscom's. The little boy wondered why they were arrayed in their best, and so he asked them:

"What you been doing?"

His mother smiled as she answered: "We have been attending a wedding."

"Whose wedding?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

But a great fear had seized upon the heart of the little boy even before his mother replied:

"Well, we attended the wedding of Miss Hattie and Mr. John."

The mother smiled again. How was she to know, how was she even to suspect, that the iron had entered his soul? Without saying a word, he left the room, sought his little chamber, and here threw himself upon his bed. So this was woman's love! This was the woman's constancy! This was all that her kisses meant! For his heart, he never would love again. And that John, too! Well, the woman who could be content with such a love could never have been worthy of his own. It had been a fortunate escape for him, he said. Ah, we are human, and grapes are sour, even when we are but three feet high.

In an hour or two he was playing one-old-cat with two other boys. He would hide his crushed and broken heart; and, besides, he said to himself, what he had read in a particularly fascinating book, that it would be dishonorable to continue to love the wife of another. Fortunately, the tragedies of youth do not strike deep, but they leave a mark on the lives we lead none the less on that account. His mother watched him for a time as he played, then turned to his father and said:

"What do you suppose made him act so queerly when I told him about the wedding?"

His father, who had forgotten a thing or two, responded:

"I can't guess."

And as the little boy never told a soul the story of his first love, even Miss Hattie herself never having the slightest idea of the real state of the case, the reader must decide for himself, if he can, how I came to know so much about it.—Public Ledger and Philadelphia Times.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF COATS.

Troubles of the Tailor—Putting On Coats Correctly.

"Now that the overcoat season is on again," said an uptown tailor to a reporter for the New York Times, in the course of a conversation on the care of clothes, "one sees the utter inability of the average man to properly wear and care for his garments. Jackets may be worn anyhow without much detracting from their owners' appearance, but overcoats, like frock coats, require care in handling and in wearing. Not one man in a thousand knows how to put on his coat correctly. Ignorance and carelessness in disposing of the garment when not in use make the wearers of even the best coats 'look like thirty cents' beside the man with a cheaper article, but who knows how to wear and care for it.

"Men curse their tailors when after a few days' wear they find their coats out of shape at the shoulders and hanging badly. The art of the tailor has, of course, a great deal to do with the appearance of a coat, but on the customer himself much more depends. "Most men when they are being measured and fitted assume all sorts of unnatural postures. They forget that what they really want is a garment to fit their ordinary shape and not the forced figure which they present to the tailor.

"Then, again, when the new coat comes home the owner tugs it on anyhow and wears it flapping open. Every new coat should be carefully molded by the wearer into the shape of his everyday figure. He should get his shoulders well into it, and in order to arrive at that result, he should have assistance on at least the first six occasions on which he wears his garment. The coat should be carefully buttoned downward, not the reverse, as is so often the case. For at least one hour on each of the first six days of use the coat should be kept buttoned. It will then have adjusted itself to the peculiarities of the figure."

Too Many Lawyers.

Overcrowding is the motto of the day. The factories are overcrowded. The theaters are overcrowded. The tenements are overcrowded. The one reason why one does not say the street cars are overcrowded is that they are something worse. All such overcrowdings, however, are sparseness and loneliness compared with the overcrowding of the bar, writes the New York Commercial. In 1861 there were fifty-eight law schools, with 6,073 students. Now, according to an estimate made by Prof. Hoeffert of Cornell, there are 120 schools, with 14,000 students. Meanwhile the number of full-fledged lawyers in the United States is said by the last census to be about 114,000. No other profession, with the exception of teaching and of medicine, is so populous.

The great pleasure in going to an amateur show is in talking about it after it is all over.

How often you could prevent causes

OLD FAVORITES

The Faded Coat of Blue.

My brave lad, he sleeps in his faded coat of blue;

In his lonely grave, unknown, lies the heart that beat so true.

He sank, faint and hungry, among the famished brave,

And they laid him, sad and lonely, with in his nameless grave.

Chorus:

No more the bugle calls the weary one;

Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown,

I shall find you and know you among the good and true.

Where a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He cried: "Give me water and just one little crumb,

And my mother she will bless you through all the years to come;

Oh! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,

That I'll meet her up in heaven in my faded coat of blue!"

"Oh!" he said, "my dear comrades, you cannot take me home,

But you'll mark my grave for mother, she will find it if she comes;

I fear she will not know me among the good and true,

When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue."

No dear one was by him to close his sweet blue eyes,

And no gentle one was nigh him to give him sweet replies,

No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave and true,

In his lonely grave he sleeps, in his faded coat of blue.

Mignon's Song.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon tree blows—

Where deep in the bower the gold orange grows?

Where zephyrs from heaven die softly away,

And the laurel and myrtle tree never decay?

Know'st thou it? Thither, O! thither with thee,

My dearest, my fondest! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the hall with its pillared arcades,

Its chambers so vast and its long colonnades?

Where the statues of marble with features so mild

Ask "Why have they used thee so harshly, my child?"

Know'st thou it? Thither, O! thither with thee,

My guide, my protector! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the Alp which the vapors enshroud,

Where the bold muleteer seeks his way thro' the clouds?

In the cleft of the mountain the dragon abides,

And the rush of the stream tears the rock from its sides;

Know'st thou it? Thither, O! thither with thee,

Leads our way, father—then come, let us flee.

WINNER OF COOKING CONTEST.

Miss Johnson, who won the first prize at the Bryn Mawr cooking contest, is a native of Sweden. She insists she has no special recipes for her culinary creations, but prepares them after models in use for years. "In making bread," said Miss Johnson,



son, "I use flour and yeast, and let it raise overnight. I do not use whole wheat flour."

In the competition exhibit the prize winner showed cookies, bread, mince and pumpkin pies. The medal awarded her consists of a star, pendant from a gold scroll, on which is engraved "Bryn Mawr First Annual Culinary Contest—First Prize."

"I wish my mother in Sweden could read what the papers said of me," was Miss Johnson's only expression of pride in her victory.

Changed His Purpose.

"These purists in language who about so much about grammar always make me think of the fellow out in my district who was fishing off a dock and fell into the water," said Representative Beldler, of Ohio, a few days ago.

"Some people near by helped him out. Then one of the rescuers asked 'How did you come to fall into the water?'"

"I didn't come to fall into the water," he replied. "I came to fish."—Salt Lake Telegram.

We find that we have reached that age when we like to grumble about the young folks who think they didn't have a good time at a party unless they laughed and sang and shouted on the streets on the way home.

IMPROVEMENT IN FARM LIFE.

Education Adds to the Interests of Life in the Country.

No phase of life in the wonderfully developing life of this country exceeds in importance and interest the life of the farmer, which still and for generations must engage the attention of the great mass of our people, and no other phase of life shows a greater intelligence and a quicker realization of opportunity. Aside from all of the improved machinery, which still continues to improve, and the use that is being made of the rural mail delivery, the telephone and the trolley car, there is evident a deeper realization of possibilities in the effort to make intelligent use of all of the many ways to better life and enhance effort. The educated farmer is coming to be as prominent a figure as the educated man in any walk of life. The same demand for intelligent work, the kind that makes of a man "educated from the top down, rather than from the bottom up," is felt in work of farming, and it is being met.

A striking illustration of it is a class of more than fifty girls at the Minneapolis College of Agriculture that this year have taken up the study of scientific farming, says the Indianapolis News. This college is ten years old, but it has only recently been admitting girls. The course they take includes botany, chemistry, physics and geology, requiring in the first two years at least two terms in each. In about two-thirds of the course the boys and girls are instructed together in language, mathematics, science, civics and some technical work, but the girls are taught cooking, laundering and sewing, where the boys are taught blacksmithing and veterinary science. Generally the girls are directed more than the boys to household art, home economy and domestic science. Both are taught to plan farm buildings and to lay out grounds. Attention is given to the furnishing of houses, to literature, music and social culture, with the idea "of making the farm home the most attractive spot on earth." What the result of this will be must be left to the future, but the experiment is watched with the keenest interest by educators. The confessed difficulty in the past of keeping the sons of farmers at home, it is felt, will in a way be met by training farmers' girls to an intelligent interest in and knowledge of farm life, together with a knowledge of ways and means to make that life more attractive and profitable in every sense.

Word for Word.

It is not a new plaint among legislative and other loquacious bodies that the shorthand reporter is not all that it should be, but if the reporter's side is less frequently presented it is not because there is nothing to be said. A member of a committee found fault, so the Christian Endeavor World says, with the way their speeches were reported; his own, in particular, were scarcely recognizable when seen in print.

He did not want his speech "cut," neither did he want them embroidered. He wanted them to come out in the paper exactly as he made them. So did the member who spoke next, whereupon the shorthand writers retailed, with this telling result:

"The reporters—ought not to—the reporters ought not to be the ones to judge of what is important—not to say what should be left out—but the member can only judge of what is important. As I—as my speech—as the reports—as what I say is reported sometimes, no one—nobody can understand from the reports—what it is—what I mean. So—it strikes me—it has struck me certain matters—things that appear of importance—are sometimes left out—omitted. The reporters—the papers—points are reported—I mean—to make a brief statement—what the paper thinks of interest—is reported."

Complimentary.

He was a little late for the dinner, and we all had to listen to his subject apologies to the hostess, who, however, informed him that he was "better late" and so on. "And all the way from New York, too! But where is your brother?"

"I am commissioned to tender his regrets. You see, we are so busy that it was impossible for both of us to get away, and so we tossed up to see which of us should come."

General attention and "What an original idea! And you won?" from the lady of the house.

"No"—the young man had caught sight of a girl he knew and divided attention made him absent-minded—"I lost."

Cruelty to Kittens.

There are any number of people who have recipes for disposing of stray kittens. These are not the cats of which one wishes to dispose for one's self, but the poor little waifs cruelly put out to find a home by people who consider themselves humane and would not put anything to death on any account, says a writer in the New York Times. Minnie Madden Flske once said that she could always give away any stray kitten which came to her house as a stray by getting it in good physical condition and then tying a ribbon around its neck, with a smart bow at one side. The cat would then present such an aristocratic and blue-blooded appearance that few people could resist it.

Oysters of Artificial Propagation. Investigation has shown that oysters are susceptible of artificial propagation, just as shad, salmon and other food fish.

Costin's Corner Him. Miss Gushing—Which do you prefer, Mr. Dashing—blondes or brunettes? Jack Dashing—Oh, it all depends on the girl I am with.