

A Tribute to the Shearers.
All day the reapers on the hill
Have piled their stacks with stately will
But now the field is void and still
And, wandering thither, I have found
The bearded shearer in his shaggy hood
And stooped in many a golden mound.

DAPPLE'S MISTRESS.

BY EMMA G. JONES.
"Stop, Dapple; we must look to this."
The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farm house; the speaker a slight, bright-eyed girl, gracefully mounted on a small, gray pony.

best chamber of the pleasant old Southern mansion.
Meanwhile, on the long veranda, Irene kept watch, the slight, willowy figure wrapped in a scarlet mantle, her glossy, raven tresses floating on the wind.
By and by, as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the forest leaves, arose the clash and clang, the roar and tramp of advancing troops.

From the forest shadows near a hand a small gray mountain pony came ambling forth.
Madame Lenoir's companion, advancing with the coffee pot in her slim white hand, uttered a sharp little cry, and wasted all the coffee on the rustling leaves at her feet.
"O, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried.
Dapple heard the sweet voice, and knew it in an instant. He broke into a joyous neigh, and shot like an arrow for the young lady's side. She caught his shaggy head and held it close to her bosom, sobbing like the silly child she was.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
A LITTLE GIRL.
What would the little boy do,
What would the little girl do,
What would the bees and butterflies,
If in cloudy hours
They believed the sun had gone
Forever from the sky?

PRIBILOF ISLANDS.
Where the Fur Seals Congregate and Are Killed.
Millions of Seals Assemble There at Certain Times.
The Pribilof Seal Islands, around which the seal hunting which has engaged the attention of Great Britain and the United States for a long time is done, lie in the middle of the Herby Sea about 200 miles northward of Unalaska, the nearest habitable land.

Twenty Years Ago.
How wonderful are the changes
Since twenty years ago
When girls wore woolen dresses
And boys wore pants of tow.

RUMOROUS.
Fruit full—California.
Have the grip—Bulldogs.
Sound asleep—The man who snores.
The end of a long strike—A home run.