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The Harvest.

'Tis a blessed toil from the teeming soil
To garner a nation's bread.
Let the farmers sing at their harvesting,
For by them the world is fed.
Though banks may fail, and in ruin's gale
Every speculator reel,
The fruitful sod is the bank of God,
And its wealth no knave can steal.

When the rain and sun their good work have done
In the grain-fields far and wide,
Lo! the reaper bands, with armed hands,
Through the toppling harvests glide.
And the swaths of gold from the "cradles" rolled
Gild the soil by the scythes laid bare,
As a ridge of mist, by the sunlight kissed,
Gild the broader fields of air.

The binders lithe who follow the scythe
For the treasures it reaps and leaves,
As with laugh and song they hurry along,
Leave a wake of yellow sheaves.
But the happiest scene is the last, I ween,
When over the yielding loam
The last load is borne from the fields close shorn,
For then is the "Harvest Home."

O were I the lord of acres broad,
With the strength my land to till,
I'd follow the plow with a hearted brow,
And renounce the "gray goose-quill."
For of fields of thoughts, though with patience wrought,
The harvest oft is spurned,
But the seeded field, with a solid yield,
Pays for every furrow turned.
—W. R. Barnes, in the Ledger.

LONE HAND DICK.

BY OWEN HALL.

He was a queer, lonely chap, was Dick, though he was neither old nor ugly. Many a fellow among us at Lulu flat would have been glad enough to chum with Dick, for he was as steady as a life and as hardworking as they make 'em, but somehow nobody ever proposed it. There was something, I don't know what, about him that sort of choked you off before you could get alongside to do business.

He went by the name of "Lone Hand Dick"—not that his name was Dick particularly, but, bless you! that don't matter on the flat. Somebody called him "Lone Hand" because he worked by himself and said nothing, and I reckon somebody else called him Dick because you can't go on seeing a man every day and not call him something.

Dick was one of the first, if he wasn't the very first, on the flat. When I got there he was fossicking about in a corner all by himself, and there were not half a dozen more within five miles. He was friendly enough, too, for the matter of that, Dick was always friendly. It was Dick that showed me where to get water, and laid me on to the run of the stuff when I asked him, but outside of that he wouldn't go.

He was a young fellow, not more than thirty anyhow; tall, active and middling strong, too. There was something about his face you couldn't help liking when you got to know it. None of your laughing, touch-and-go faces, that don't mean anything when you do know them; no, nor yet, your scowling, yellow-dog faces that mean no good, but a quiet face—real quiet a face with a lot of meaning kind of drained out of it. The flat wasn't to say rich, not at first anyhow, till Jim Stokes dropped on to the deep lead, but there was always tucker and more in it. So far as I could guess, Dick had about his share and no more. If he had picked up a fortune, mind you he wouldn't have said anything without he was asked, but I don't think he did.

Stokes struck the deep lead on Friday, and by the middle of the next week Lulu flat was a gold field. Where they sprung from I'm blest if I know, but come they did, wagons full of them, traps, coaches, bullock drays, horses and donkeys, and one or two, though they didn't hardly count, being off color, on camels. In a week the flat was like a town; in a month we had two banks and were talking about a town hall and a member of Parliament.

It didn't suit Dick. Long before the end of the first week he had struck his tent—an uncommon one-horse tent it was, too, at that—and made tracks. After a day or two I missed him. He hadn't gone very far, though, and after a bit I came across a man that had seen him working by himself in a little corner of a gully just about big enough for one over the nearest range. It wasn't more than a week or two after that one day, just as I had knocked off work, a young chap comes up to me—a quill-driving looking chap at that—and, says he: "Mate, do you happen to know a chap by the name of Forrester? They say he was on the flat from the first."

"Can't say as I do, mate," says I. "What's he like?"

"Like? Well, he ought to be like that," and he pulls out a photograph and passes it along to me.

I looks at it. "Dick," says I.

"You know him, mate?" he says, looking at me sharp like.

"Well, mate, and suppose I did; what o' that?" for it comes into my mind about the trouble as we thought Dick might have been in. What of that, stranger?" says I.

"Come along up to the bank. We wan' to find him."

"O, yo do," says I. "Got a fortune for him, mate?"

"Well, no, not that I know of, anyhow, but there's a party come in that wants to see him—wants to see him bad, too."

I looks at him. "What for?" says I, taking a draw of my pipe. "What for, mate?"

"Oh, you needn't be suspicious, it's a gentleman and a lady," says he.

"Why didn't you say there was a lady before?" I says, "I might know the party, and again I mightn't, but ladies ain't common. I'll see the lady, mate, anyhow."

I went along with him, though after all I wasn't sure. It was Dick in the picture right enough, but wasn't our Dick; the picture wasn't to say a "shevvy devvy" come to that, but it had been meant for Dick once.

It was after bank hours and the door was shut, but he took me round by the side into the manager's office. There was a man there and a girl—yes, she was only a girl, I could see that, although she had a thick veil over her face. The man was a swell.

"Do you know Mr. Forrester, my man?" says he.

"Not much," says I short.

He turns round on the clerk angrily. "He doesn't know him by that name, but he seemed to know the photograph you gave me, sir," the clerk said. The girl stirred uneasily in her seat; the man turned to me heavily. "You know somebody like the picture?" he said.

I looked at the girl; she seemed to be listening eagerly. "Well," I said, "I have seen somebody it might have been meant for once."

"We want to see him."

"Yes," says I. "What for?"

The man looked at me angrily. "What for, my man, and how does that concern you?"

"Well," says I, "I don't rightly know, nor I don't know how it concerns you to see him."

The man looked at me as fierce as a Gympie in a tight place, but he didn't speak. And with that the girl rose and took a step forward. "Oh, sir," she said, in a soft, low voice that shivered a bit as she spoke. "Oh, sir, you will tell us, I'm sure. I must know; I must see him!" She had clasped her two hands together; they were small hands and very white, and they shook as she spoke. It was for no harm, anyway, I could have sworn that much. "Yes, miss," says I. "It might be the party, or again it mightn't, for he's changed if it is, but I'll find him for you in the morning."

It was a lonely spot where we found Dick, and not another soul was in sight. He was working in the bottom, the same steady, dogged, hopeless work that he'd always done.

"There," I said, stopping short and pointing to him, "is that the man your looking for, miss?"

We were standing at the edge of the trees, and Dick was below us, and it might be thirty yards away. She had said nothing as we came along, but she had trembled so much that the man had given her his arm to help her. Now she seemed to pull herself together all in a moment as she threw back the veil to look. I looked at her then, and I tell you I could have gone on looking. Ah, that was something like a face—a face to think on in the dark, that was. She just gave one look and then a sob. "Stay here," she said, motioning the man back with her hand. "Stay here. Oh, George!"

Then she went down the slope, and with a quick, smooth sort of walk. She didn't seem rightly to walk, only to go, and to go quick at that. In a minute she was close to Dick.

"George," she said—only the one word, "George!" The word came up to where we were standing, and I tell you it sounded sweeter than music.

Dick lifted himself from his work and stared stupidly round, as if he didn't rightly know what it was. Then he sees her, and with that he falls back a step, like a man dazed.

"Oh, George!" and she held out both of her hands to him across the heap of white clay. "Come back, George. Come back. It is all found out. They all believe you now. You're cleared at last—cleared at last. Come back, George—back to me."

He stood for a moment or two like a man that had been turned to stone. "Cleared!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, "Cleared! Oh, my God!" then he clutched wildly at his throat, staggered and fell—fell at her very feet sensless.

She was on her knees at his side. I started to run down the slope, and I was at her side in half a minute, but she didn't want me. She had raised his head and leaned it against her breast, and she would let nobody touch him but herself. And there she knelt among the wet clay, holding Dick in her arms, the tears running down her face and falling on his. I got a little water and poured it on his head, and at last he began to come to. I lays my hand on the man's arm. "I reckon, mate, you and me's not wanted here, not much," I says, and I pulls him away.

We got a cart and we moved Dick to the bank, but it was another week afore they could move him any further. Then they left.

It might have been a couple of months later that I got a Melbourne paper through the post. There was a mark at one side, and opposite to that an advertisement.

"At St. Mark's Church, Toorak, on December 1, by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Melbourne, Mary, only daughter of the Hon. John Lester, of Toorak and Dungalla Station, to George Wingfield Forrester, eldest son of Albert Forrester, M. P., of Wingfield Hall, Herefordshire, England."

By and by I came across another paragraph. "The fashionable wedding that took place yesterday at Toorak had all the special interest which attaches to the last act in a very sensational drama. The circumstances of the celebrated Dungalla murder trial, although now two years old are still fresh in the memory of the public. The confession of the real criminal, while it happily restores Mr. Forrester to his friends and to society, affords a remarkable instance of the uncertainty of even the strongest circumstantial evidence. The refusal of the jury to agree upon what seemed unquestionable evidence of guilt appeared to us at the time, we confess, a lamentable failure of justice, and we said so. It affords us great pleasure now that we are able to offer both to Mr. Forrester and the public our hearty congratulations.

A Queer Clock.

Among the effects of the late J. F. Davies, which are to be sold by J. S. Pitt next month, is a curious form of night clock, which is not described in any of the histories of clockmaking, and is believed to be altogether unique. Water clocks and sand clocks are known to have preceded mechanical timepieces, and Asser attributes to king Alfred the Great the adoption of candle clocks, with wax candles twelve inches long, which burned all day at the rate of an inch in twenty minutes, and were put in horn lanterns to prevent draught.

This clock is more modern, rendering of the same idea. It consists of a light stand cast in lead in the form of a candlestick on the top of a glass cylinder used as a reservoir for the oil, the wick being placed in a little projection at the bottom, very much like the Isobath inkstands which are now in use, and, of course approximating to the very earliest form of oil lamp. Passing vertically over the oil reservoir, immediately behind the wick, so as to be lighted by it, is a band of metal, on which are marked the hours from four to twelve, and then on to five, presumably with the idea that it does not get dark before four, and that by five everybody ought to be up and about. The stock of oil was no doubt calculated to last the requisite number of hours. The relic, presumed by the British Museum authorities to belong to the last century, is quite perfect and is likely to excite a good deal of interest among antiquaries.—Bristol, England, Mercury.

A Text of Love.

This tale is told in the Orient: A lady one day found a man following her, and she asked him why he did so. His reply was, "You are very beautiful, and I am in love with you." "Oh, you think me beautiful, do you? There is my sister over there. You will find her much more beautiful than I am. Go and make love to her." On hearing this the man went to see the sister, but found she was very ugly, so he came back in an angry mood and asked the lady why she had told him a falsehood. She then answered, "Why did you tell me a falsehood?" The man was surprised at this accusation and asked when he had done so. Her answer was: "You said you loved me. If that had been true, you would not have gone to make love to another woman." San Francisco Argonaut.

"Admiral Dot," the well-known dwarf, now runs a hotel at White Plains, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

MADE KEYS.

In a rude voice screamed little Tom—
"Open the door for me!"
"Yes," was the answer from within,
"If you'll bring the proper key."

"If you please, mamma," said little Tom,
Putting down his pride
At mention of the gentle word,
The door flew open wide.

Hearts, like doors, are often locked;
"Thank you," and "if you please,"
Spoken with a pleasant smile,
Are the magic keys.
—Mary F. Butts, in Goffock.

CHALK SHIPS.

Shape pieces of chalk into ships, planting the bottoms evenly, and use matches for masts and sticks for staffs. Mark some of the ships with black ink, and leave the others uncolored. Place the rival ships in a pan or plate, close to an imaginary line, and pour vinegar in between the forces. You will hear a sharp hissing sound like escaping steam, and the ships will at once move forward, leaving tracks of foam in their wake. Their speed increases as they near the dividing line, and they come together with a crash and bump, striving to push one another out. Sometimes the battle is very exciting, the victorious side being the one with most ships left in the centre. The chemistry class may be able to explain why the ships are set in motion.—Donahoe's Magazine.

DON'T SNUB HIM.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth the celebrated painter and engraver was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub a boy for any reason. Not only because he may some day outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind nor right.—Good Housekeeping.

WHY WAS SHE SO HAPPY?

I was calling on a friend the other evening, and just stepped into the sitting-room. I heard her say to her little daughter: "It is your bedtime, dear; my little girl must go to bed early, and then she will be bright for her lessons to-morrow."

The little girl was sitting in her papa's easy chair, holding in her lap a large doll. As I sat down, I saw she was very busy brushing its hair and smoothing its clothes, looking it over very carefully, to see that everything was just as it should be.

"What a dear little dollie! How pretty her hair is, and how becomingly she is dressed," I said. The little girl was pleased that I should notice her baby, and began telling me all about her.

"Not to-night, little one," I said. "Didn't I hear mamma say it was her little girl's bedtime?"

The mother very quietly began to talk to me, while the little girl went on fixing dollie for the night. Only for a moment, however; then the little girl slid very slowly out of the big chair, gave her mamma three long sweet kisses, with a pleasant good-night for us all, and with dollie hugged tightly in her arms, went soberly away upstairs. But in a few moments we heard her singing a soft little lullaby to her baby.

Very likely the little girl could not have told what made her feel like singing, but I know. It was because, instead of fretting over not being allowed to sit up longer, she had cheerfully obeyed her mother's wishes.—Child's Hour.

A Good Impression.

"Bobby," cautioned his mother, "the bishop is to dine with us today, and you must be very quiet at the table. I want him to think you are a good little boy."

Very much impressed, Bobby ate his dinner in silence until his plate needed replenishing.

"Pa," he said, devoutly, "will you give me some more string beans, for such is the kingdom of Heaven."

SECRET SERVICE.

A Branch of Government That Grew Out of War.

Chief Hazen's Success in Running Down Counterfeiters.

An interesting man to talk to is Mr. William P. Hazen, chief of the secret service bureau of the United States Treasury Department, who succeeded Mr. Drummond in February, 1894.

Mr. Hazen has had nearly twenty years experience in all kinds of police and detective work, and lately distinguished himself by unearthing and arresting the Brockway gang of counterfeiters, one of the most dangerous lot of criminals of that class. Mr. Hazen is from Cincinnati, where his father has long been chief of detectives, and it was in the office of this veteran that the son was trained.

The secret service bureau arose out of an organization which existed during the war under the direction of Lafayette C. Baker, who was employed by Secretary Seward to gather information within the rebel lines. He was on one occasion arrested and threatened with death as a spy, but somehow deceived his captors with the idea that he was a Southern man. After the war he was employed by the Treasury Department to hunt up counterfeiters and other criminals.

The duties of the bureau, at the head of which is Mr. Hazen, are different from those which belong to the detective organization of the other branches of the government. There are the post office inspectors, whose business it is to ferret out violators of the post office laws; pension agents, who look up pension frauds; special agents for the treasury, who are on the watch for smugglers; internal revenue agents, whose game is the moonshiner. The chief object of pursuit for the secret service agent is the counterfeiter—generally the keenest and most wary of all criminals.

"There is a great deal of difference," remarked Mr. Hazen, "between the counterfeiter and other varieties of the criminal species. As a rule, he is better educated, shrewder, more ingenious, cunning and secretive, although most of them are quick to make confessions after they have been 'pinched.' Look at this picture of William E. Brockway, one of the most successful of counterfeiters, whom we caught in West Hoboken not long ago. He has been a criminal nearly all his life, but you wouldn't think so from his face, which resembles that of a minister of the gospel. He served a term in Sing Sing for forgery, but has never been convicted yet of counterfeiting. For twelve years, or ever since he left Sing Sing, he has been under surveillance, and upwards of $1,000 in rewards and other expenses have been spent in trying to capture his gang. In working up the case I adopted different tactics from my predecessor, who had the suspects shadowed. One of my operatives was detailed to worm himself into the confidence of Dr. Bradford, Brockway's associate, and was successful in making his acquaintance, so that he kept me posted on the movements of the gang. We located the mill in West Hoboken, and captured Mrs. Smith, the woman who made the paper for the counterfeiters and who is a cousin of Dr. Bradford. We found $532,130 in counterfeit $100 and $500 bills, and also 1,500 sheets of the best fibre paper I have ever seen that was manufactured by counterfeiters. We caught Sidney Smith, the engraver of the gang, in his shop in New York and arrested Brockway at Rockaway Beach, where he was running a boarding house. Dr. Bradford was taken in New York, but escaped from our agents, one of whom lost his job on that account. There is another member of the Brockway gang in Europe, but we expect to get him later on. This was the most formidable body of counterfeiters that has operated in this country for many years, and has been broken up at an expense of not more than $2,500."

"I went recently to London," continued Mr. Hazen, "to testify in the case of Mendell Howard, who was tried for counterfeiting securities issued by the governments of the United States, France, Belgium and Germany. It was a rapid trial, for within two hours and a quarter after it opened Howard was convicted and sentenced to ten years in prison. He had one of the largest outfits for counterfeiting ever gotten together, but caught by the Scotland Yard detectives before he could work off any prints. Lord Salisbury, on behalf of his government, wrote a letter to our government thanking me for coming to London and testifying."

Recently Mr. Hazen broke up another gang of counterfeiters, in which were Russell Hoyt, a New York hatter, who worked for Dunlap; his brother, and an engraver named Hill. The latter was 70 years old, and had been convicted, in 1862, of counterfeiting, but was pardoned. He had been engraver for the Driggs gang of Dayton, Ohio, but after their downfall he came east, and Hoyt acted as his agent. Three sets of plates and $14,000 were seized at Bethel, Conn.—Picayune.

How a Snake Eats a Frog.

How a snake eats frogs is worth the telling. The writer distinctly remembers witnessing a dramatic meal of this kind, in which, of course, the snake came out the winner, getting his dinner in excellent style and completely vanquishing the frog.

The snake invariably grabs the frog by one of his hind legs. This preliminary struggle is one of the most impressive features of the conflict. With a well defined natural instinct the chief effort of the frog is to keep his other hind leg far away from the snake's mouth, in the hope that he may speedily exhaust his enemy's strength, and also because he feels that if his other hind leg is made captive he will have less power to field.

Once both hind legs are within the serpent's fangs the act of swallowing begins. Inch by inch the struggling frog is drawn further into the yawning orifice that expands at each gulp. The channel through which the frog has to pass is gradually enlarged by slow efforts on the snake's part, accompanied by fiercer and fiercer convulsions of the wretched wiggler.

The gullet of the snake in its natural proportions is quite large enough to contain the limbs of the frog, but as by frequent gulps the body is drawn further and further into the gullet the difficulty of swallowing increases. Gradually the ophidian's throat is distended, gradually the frog is compressed and drawn out. Finally the latter is double its normal length and half his circumference. As the process of expansion on the one hand and contraction on the other goes on, the frog is worked down little by little until he is finally "doubled," and the snake starts in on his afternoon nap.—New York World.

Teeth of the Ancients.

The recent examination of all the skulls in the great medical museums of this country brought curious facts to light about ancient dentistry. The prehistoric crania in the Peabody Museum, the Army Medical Museum at Washington, the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, the Davenport Academy Museum and the Historical society collections at St. Louis were scrutinized, measured and details tabulated by careful scientific men, who seem to have found the work of startling interest. They found among other things that the female skull had a larger jaw than that of man, also that teeth do not correspond in size to the jaws, very small teeths frequently leaving very large teeth, while colossal persons have narrow and small teeth. In very ancient skulls from the ruins of Copan, Honduras, the teeth were recognizable only by the enamel. Some had square notches filed out of the front teeth, and others had inlays of green jade, in the face, beautifully polished, and one jaw had a tooth of stone inserted which had evidently been worn through life by the tartar at its roots. Imagine a giant with green teeth and the corners filed out of them! That must have been done to pass away time.—New Orleans Picayune.

Vocal Accomplishments of the Rooster.

The crow of these birds, which may seem to the unobservant a very unvaried sound, discloses to those who have lovingly studied them at least half a dozen distinct modifications. In the fledgling male who just begins to feel the spirit of his kind, and who goes through his performance in the adolescent way, it is a cheap and often pitiful call. From the open roost in trees, where the birds are gradually aroused by the dawning day, we can often hear the note of a half awakened cock, as full of the sense of slumber as the speech of a sleeping man. As the creature gradually wakens, his cry becomes more resonant until it has the true morning ring. Brave as is this note of the full day, it is not to be compared with the crowing of a game cock, the most splendid braggart sound of all the animal world.—Scribner's.

Japanese postmen, whose routes carry them into the country, use bicycles. They wheels are made by local manufacturers, who have appropriated improvements from both British and Japanese patents.

Common Gifts.

I hold it is the commonest path,
I say it on the mountain shores
The best things are most of all the earth
Are those which every mortal shares.

The grass is sweet to tired feet,
For rest it yields unmeasured feet,
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because it makes the world so sweet.
—Lucy Larcom.

HUMOROUS.

She—Does Miss Wheeler cover much ground during the day? He—Oh, yes; she falls off a dozen times.

Customer—Give me a dozen fried oysters. Waiter—Sorry, sir; but we recall out of shellfish, excepting eggs.

Some men show remarkably good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matrimonial tether.

She—Don't you think that it is an uneven match? Why he is at least a head taller than she! He—He will get "shorter" after is married a year or two.

Old Gentleman in the train gets a terrible bump at a station—Phew! What's that? Old Lady—I guess they must be coupling on that buffet car we've heard tell about.

Sir Lionel—Is musical? O! You can't think how I love this song; hear you, how he's coming to the refrain. He (anxiously hearing)—Refrain? How I wish to goodness he would.

There's a certain young man
That life is full of woe
He's better up to meet the sand
We loved a month ago.

Editor's Wife—Who wrote this beautiful article on "How to Manage a wife?" Editor—Young Quiller. Editor's Wife—Why, I didn't know he was married. Editor—He isn't.

Passenger—This train is nearly one hour behind time, is it not? Conductor—Yes. But that's all right, for we'll get in the usual time. Passenger—What time is that? Conductor—Two hours late.

Old Lady—Didn't I tell you never to come here again? Tramp—I hope you will pardon me, madam, but it is the fault of my secretary in neglecting to strike your name from my calling list.

Physician—You must not occupy your time with anything which requires the slightest mental attention. Patient—But, doctor, how can I do that? Physician—I will fix that. You are to read all the recent "novels with a purpose."

Little William was walking with her mother stumbled several times over the rough pavement. Her mother said "What's the matter, daughter?" "Nothing's the matter with me," she indignantly replied. "It's the ground is too thick in places."

"General I."

The shortest name in the world has been developed by the war between Japan and China. It is that of General I, a Tartar commander, who has, perhaps, distinguished himself more other Chinese generals, having conducted a campaign though a losing one, with some efficiency.

The Frenchmen are supposed to have a monopoly of surnames, names which consist of one letter. A considerable number of surnames have been cited in the Frenchman press from time to time. Mademoiselle O, for instance, keeps a grocery store at Louviers, and Monsieur A. is a corporal guard in the department of Côte-d'Or. A family named Y is the pride and joy of a small Belgian town.

In the United States, given names they could hardly be called Christian names—consisting of a single letter, have not infrequently been heard. A Western business man bore the given name of P, no more, no less—through a long life, and a certain New Englander is named J.

No name so short as that of General I has yet been discovered, however, as I is certainly the thinnest letter in the alphabet.—Youth's Companion.

A Human Alarm Clock.

There is one man on the North Side who has built up a novel business. It cannot be said that he is growing rich at it, but he makes a good living and his hours of work are short. His work is to awaken the newspaper carriers so that they can get downtown to lay in their supplies and deliver the papers to their customers before the breakfast hour. To get their supplies in time many of the carriers have to start downtown between two and three o'clock in the morning. The papers are ready shortly after three o'clock, and to get his supplies early the carrier must be on hand so as to get his order registered with the delivery clerk, for, to avoid trouble, carriers are supplied with papers in the order in which they have given their orders.—Chicago Tribune.