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Harvest Song.

Now the summer days are over,
And the bees have left the clover,
And the wheat is in its bin,
Thankfulness is easy well begun:
For the summer, fair and pleasant,
For the good gifts of the present
Time, and happiness therein.

Where the lake so still and deep is,
See, the lustrous water-lilies
Still give forth their creamy glow,
There the roses prickly row;
O how sweet along the shore,
For the summer tall is o'er,
And this day no work they know.

To the orchard two are tending,
Where the apple boughs are bending
With their yellow fruit and red;
In great piles are heaped and spread
Apples mountainous and fair—
All their fragrance fills the air—
But the apple-blossoms have fled.

Ah! I see the pretty maid,
In the apple-tree's deep shade,
Pick the gentian fair and blue;
But her lover, near it, knew
He should have the pretty flower,
And at length a fairy dower—
He shall have the maiden too!

—Josel Benton.

A CRUEL KINDNESS.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

The town had grown up to them and almost crowded itself into their front door, but they still lived on in the same old-fashioned methods of the past half-century, clinging to the chairs and tables they had when they were married, even retaining the little squeaky, piano that had been Ann Maria's before she married a rich foreignor and changed to Anita Marie. The cradle she was rocked in when a baby, manufactured out of a barrel by her adoring father, and covered skillfully with rose-colored chintz, had been sent up to the attic, for it offended her fine sense of esthetics when she came home to visit. The rag carpet in the living room was the work of leisure hours and had been in service twenty odd years, and the old man himself used to say lovingly, while he regarded it with admiring eyes: "You'll never make another carpet like that, mother!" It was like the last painting of a great artist to him.

And now the old people had taken an outing that was to last a whole week, the result of a conspiracy in which Ann Maria was chief mover, aided and abetted by her sisters who were married and settled in the same town, and whom she was then visiting.

While the old couple were gone the conspirators possessed themselves of the key of the homestead, entered it stealthily and began what they considered a work of reform, which was also expected to be a delightful surprise to those interested.

"We'll get that dreary old piano out of the way first," said its former owner, who had one now that cost a thousand dollars, "and the old rag carpet; it gives me a chill to see it and all those dreadful framed photographs and chromos—I have a few oil paintings that I brought down with me on purpose to replace them; and that red table cloth—Sophie, do you remember when we used to learn our lessons on that flaming thing? It looks as awfully red as ever, doesn't it?"

"Yes," answered Sophie, with a distinct sigh; "I wonder if we are as happy now as we were then, or if our conditions depend so much on surroundings—fine furniture, for instance?"

"Pshaw!" said Ann Maria, with emphasis. "We must move with the world or be run over. Here, take those old peacock feathers and stow them away somewhere. I suppose it wouldn't do to burn them? I once thought the eyes in those feathers watched everything I did. We'll leave grandfather's clock because it's genuine and a fad now in the best society, and the older it is the better."

So they tore up and tore down, and in a few hours a really modern air pervaded every nook and corner. A pretty new carpet, not too gay, but with a pleasing assortment of colors, took the place of the despised rag carpet. New chairs, a handsome rug, an upholstered easy chair for "father" and a modern rocker for "mother," supplanted the long-used furniture of the past, and the faded old photographs were removed to make room for smart paintings in consistent style with the new order of things. A white marseilles counterpane replaced the old log cabin quilt, every square of which had been as an open book for "mother" to read. Other innovations were made throughout, and then the conspirators paused to look on their handiwork and take breath.

"That's the first work I've done in twenty years," said Ann Maria, wiping her flushed face with a real lace handkerchief, "but I'd just like to see the dear old couple when they open the door!"

"I'm afraid they'll object to having the piano out of sight," said one of the sisters, "but they're sure to like everything else. Mother would never let me touch a chair, even to straighten it out, so I knew the only way was to take her by surprise. Old folks get cranky about things they have had a long time. It isn't good for them to make slides out of old furniture."

"I should say not," added Ann Maria, "besides, it isn't the fashion now as it was a few years ago. I was really afraid people would think we didn't appreciate our old folks to let them live on among that old rubbish."

The last finishing touches being accomplished, the sisters went to their respective homes, and at nightfall the two old folks walked into the domicile that had sheltered them for forty years—the dearest spot on earth to them—home!

It had been planned by their knowing children that they were to enter the house alone to intensify the surprise in store for them and enjoy each other's delight over the occasion without witnesses.

But they, not knowing this, felt with the sensitiveness of age a little hurt and cling closer together as they entered the dark and silent dwelling, every step of which was like hallowed ground to their tired feet.

"I most wonder th' girls ain't left a light a burnin' for us: this time they forgot," said the old man as he stumbled over a chair.

"You know, father, Ann Maria's visitin' them—it makes a difference," said the mother in gentle, apologetic tones, that were her wont when defending "the children."

"Seems right good to be home again—let's set an' rest a spell afore we light up," suggested the old man, dropping into a handy chair.

But his form had scarcely touched it before he straightened himself out of it and said testily:

"It don't seem nat'ral. It most broke my back to set in that cheer! Mandy, there's something wrong!"

Mandy had been feeling along the shelf for the candle that year in and year out stood there like a tallow sentinel, and had never failed her in the darkest night. She found it, but not in its old place; it had been moved a hair's breadth to the left and felt queer to her touch.

"Gimme a match, Eben. I want to see what like is the can'le. Lord a-mercy, look at it, man!"

It certainly was not the same brand of candle that for all these years had been run in the tin mould behind the pantry door. It was a gorgeous twisted design in green wax with yellow stripes.

"That's the girls' doin's, I bet," said the old man, putting on his glasses to take a better look at the intruder. "Gosh! what a lookin' candle!"

As its rays diffused a little through the room the two old people began to investigate. They looked around, then into each other's faces, and both fear and wonderment were expressed in their glances.

"Mandy," said the old man at last, "we've gone and got into the wrong house."

"I b'leeve it," feebly answered poor Landy, "but then whereabouts is ours?"

"Let's look at the outside," and the girls, who were watching at their own windows, saw a glimmering light dancing like an ignus fatuus before the old house, and could discern the unwonted spectacle of their father and mother inspecting the outside of their home by candle light. It struck them as very funny.

Meanwhile the truth had revealed itself in part to the old people, and holding aloft the flaring wax candle they took an inventory of the new furniture, from the carpet on the floor to the paintings on the walls. It was well the conspirators were not there to hear them. It might have given them a shock.

"Even the pianny's gone," said Mandy, wringing her hands, "the dear old pianny where Ann Maria learned to play 'Hang up the Baby's Stocking' afore she was 10 years old! I couldn't have believed it; and my hit-an'-miss carpet that I made with my own hands—and the red table-cloth, the cheerfullest thing!—you could see it for a mile when the door was open and we was lighted up; and my pictures of the children taken every year of their lives—its worse than robbery. I don't doubt they meant well, but it's broke my heart!"

"I near broke my back tryin' to set in one of them new fangled cheers," said the old man, spurning the smart chair with his foot. "I do wonder, Mandy, if they left us anythin' to set on?"

"They've left the clock," said Mandy, "I'm thankful for that! I declare, father, it seems like an old friend," and holding fathers hand she stood long before the venerable timepiece, regarding it with loving eyes.

It was near daylight when the two old people had seen the last of their new possessions, and arranged them to their entire satisfaction. The fancy candle had burned down to a mound of green and yellow wax, and been replaced by a straight, uncompromising tallow home-made, that shed a serene light on two old faces that looked very tired, but wore a conscious expression of peace and triumph. And even in their dreams they smiled.

"To think of it!" said Ann Maria, when she tells the story; "after all our planning and contriving, when we went over the next day to see how they were enjoying their new surroundings, they had put back every article of the old stuff we moved, rag carpet, photographs and all, and packed the new things up in the attic! They wouldn't have a new chair nor a table-cloth, nor anything. Said the things weren't comfortable! Talk about the Ephraim being joined to idols—father and mother could give him pointers out of their experience," and she sighed over the degeneracy of age.—Detroit Free Press.

Modern Armor.

The experiments with bullet proof coats and material which have been conducted here and abroad, have called attention to the fact that mail protection did not entirely pass away with the shelving of the shield and cuirass. Many English officers still wear a partial armor when serving on foreign stations.

The commonest and most usual type of these protections consists of fine but beautifully tempered single chains inclosed in soft leather, which run along the shoulders, down the outer side of the arms, and over certain parts of the body. These can either be sewn into a particular tunic, or they can be adjusted separately and put on like harness. Hundreds upon hundreds of these sets are sold. The most valuable of all claims in connection with accouterments are those which guard the head; and in cases where the regulation cap or helmet is not sufficiently protected in this way, specially made chains are sewn inside the same and covered by the lining.

Only those who have been in actual conflict know how valuable all the claims mentioned are in minimizing the effects of sword cut. As regards protection both from sword and bullet the general belief nowadays seems to be in thoroughly tanned leather and great quantities are made for officers, the favorite pattern—said to be the invention of the late Sir Richard Burton—being that which forms a not too prominent ridge down the centre of the chest. Many stories are told by officers of bullets which have been averted in some degree by these leather tunnes, some of which are lined with woven steel wire. Of course, none of these things are supposed to be an absolute protection, but only a sort of palliative.

A London gunsmith, who sells a great many chain body protectors, which fit almost like an ordinary vest, and are very expensive, sells a large number of them to army men, and he not long ago sent a gross, as many as he could get made in the time, to Japan, where they were quickly sold. He has made for individual officers who have themselves drawn the design, a variety of different patterns of armor. Fine flexible chains and leather have entered into nearly all of them.—Boston Post.

Not Acceptable.

In one of the down-town schools a little boy was asked by the teacher how much two and two made. The lad unhesitatingly replied "five." The teacher told him he was wrong, and compelled him to stand in the corridor.

He had been there a few minutes when along came another scholar to whom the first lad put the question, "How much is two and two?"

The other boy replied "four," whereupon the pupil who had failed said, "Well, you better not tell the teacher that. I offered her five and she refused."—Philadelphia Call.

An Agreeable Death.

Professor Heim, a Swiss savant at the Alpine Club, in Zurich, declares that one of "the most convenient, elegant and agreeable" of all manners of death is that which follows a fall from some Alpine height. There is neither physical nor moral suffering, in Professor Heim's opinion, in being hurled through space; only a "delicious fine taste of the celestial beatitudes."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DOUBLE DELUSION.

"What a lovely dolly, dear Florie!" I said,
"I am sure that she came from France!
Does she shut her eyes when you put her to bed?
Can she walk and talk and dance?"

"Hush!" murmured softly my brown-eyed pet,
"she might hear you don't you see?
She doesn't know she's a dolly yet,
But she's pretty sure she's folks like me."

—Louise Hodgkins in Youth's Companion.

A FUNNY COW.

Down South lives a gentleman who owns a most remarkable cow. She looks like a most ordinary black cow, but she isn't at all, for she absolutely refuses to be separated from her owner's children. If the children are at home, the cow will stay in the pasture, which is near the house, separated from it by a low fence. But if the children go away, she will jump high fences to follow them until she is caught. When the cow has been put in pasture, she remains quiet; but if put in the lot near the house when the children are away from home, it is impossible to keep her there. If allowed, she will follow the children about exactly like a dog, keeping behind them and apparently watching over them, perfectly happy if only the children are within sight or hearing.—The Outlook.

DOT'S MANAGER.

Uncle Ned was really to blame for it, though he had not the least thought of such a thing when he said to Dot as she came up with her round music-box under her arm:

"Hello, little Dago! Where's your monkey?"

Now Dot lives in the city winters, and knows all about the organ men and their queer little beasts. She comes with mamma in summer to the biggish country town in which mamma herself was a little girl. She had always thought it would be a fine thing to have an organ and go about the streets gathering pennies. As Uncle Ned sauntered off she grew very thoughtful. Then her face brightened. She ran down the garden, calling excitedly to her little sister:

"Mab, Mab! I want you! Aunt Sarah said yesterday you were one perfect monkey."

Dot was just turned five, and Mab three; but the two were almost of a size, since Dot was a mere mite, and Mab deliciously chubby. When much time came without bringing them, Grandmother Allen began to fidget, and wonder what had become of those precious little dears. At first Dot's mamma only laughed, saying:

"They will be in in a little while, bright as a new penny."

But, when three o'clock saw them still away, she, too, grew uneasy, and went to search for them.

So did Uncle Ned, but he chose another way. Soon how he remembered Dot's face as he saw it last. "It would be just like her; she is the most original little mortal!" he muttered, as he took his way along the shady streets to a big hotel, most frequented by summer visitors.

About the same time Dot was saying a little tearfully: "It's your fault, Mab; you're too big. Nobody won't believe you're my monkey when I tell them so. And you don't hold your cap out right; you drop it just as soon as they don't put things in it. You ought to keep holding it 'till they were sorry and gave you something."

"My arm gets tired. I'm hungry. I want to go home. We have got the five cents Cousin Anna gave us when she met us as we started." Mab whined disconsolately, tugging at the string that bound her to Dot's arm.

"Bah! oldery face!" Dot said with dignity. "I want to get enough pennies so we can have ice-cream soda and some pep'mints. Come! we'll try this place—it looks nice and big, with heaps of people on the porch."

"I want mamma," Mab said disconsolately, but followed Dot up the piazza steps obediently, holding out her red fez, while Dot turned the crank of her music box so vigorously that no sound of any sort came from it. People began to stare at them. One young woman bent and kissed Mab's hot cheek, saying: "You poor little angel! Have you got nobody belonging to you?"

Mab did not answer: her eyes were fast on some one coming up the steps. With one bound she broke from Dot's hold and flung herself tempestuously into Uncle Ned's arms, crying out:

"Uncle Ned! I want to go home. I won't ever be Dot's monkey any more."

"No, you shall be mine," Uncle Ned said, swinging her upon his shoulder and walking away in triumph.—Outlook.

SALE OF SONGS.

Unknown Composers Pay the Cost of Publication.

Some Popular Song Writers Cannot Read Music.

"In publishing a song its success depends a great deal on the reputation of the composer and the title of his composition," said Louis Berge, the composer of the Herald's march "On Time," to me yesterday. "There is magic in a name, with all due apologies to Shakespeare, and even if a song amounts to nothing a reputation can go to make it a financial if not an artistic success."

"Do publishers pay for a good piece of new music?" I asked.

"Very rarely, and then only if the composer is a man or woman well known. In such cases from $100 to $500 are paid for a song, and the composer gets ten per cent. of the royalties."

"Do publishers take songs by unknown writers if the latter pay for the expense of printing, etc?"

"Certainly. That is done every day in the week. If the song is not a success the publishers lose nothing and the composer has had some experience for his money. Now the Herald's march 'On Time' I am delighted to say, is proving a great success. I am at present getting out a second edition and the composition is only three months old. And here is a song by a lady whose name is only known to her friends. It is a pretty, sentimental composition, and her first attempt. It has caught the town and orders are coming for it by the dozens. She gets three cents royalty on every copy sold and I think she's going to make a song little sum out of it.

"I understand that many composers of song cannot read a note of music. Is that so?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Berge, "some of the most popular songs were written by men with no knowledge of composition. It is not absolutely necessary to be a musician in order to write a song. If you have talent enough to conceive a melody and can't write it down according to the rules of harmony, all you have to do is to go to one of the many musicians in the city who earn money by writing scores. You whistle or hum your tune to him, and he puts it in writing, ready for the publisher."

"How do you push a song in order to make it popular, if there is any popularity in it?"

"Well, before we put the song on sale we distribute nearly a thousand copies of it among singers and orchestra leaders. These people, you know, are always on the lookout for something new. If they find the melody good and catchy, they sing or play it to their audiences. The success of the song then lies with the public."

"What is the cost of publishing a song?"

"A song with three or four sheets of music and an illuminated cover costs from $15 to $20. So you see a composer does not risk much if his composition is a failure; and if it proves a success, he is apt to make a fortune.—New York Herald.

How Pulque is Made.

Pulque, the native drink of Mexico, is extracted from the maguey plant, a species of the American aloe, that grows readily in an arid soil. Webster calls it of the genus agave. An incision is made into the inner side of the thick, pointed blades, growing upright four or five feet, to the number of a dozen or so, from a common stalk. The liquor when extracted is emptied into pigskins, in which it is taken to the pulque rooms—pulque saloons. It is often hauled in wagons but the pulque railway trains bring great quantities daily to the capital city.

Pulque is of a milky color, about the consistency of buttermilk, and having an agreeable taste to those who like buttermilk or koumiss, which it resembles. Its pungent odor is sickening to the stomach unaccustomed to it. The production and sale of pulque is an extensive business in Mexico. The life of the plant, I am told, is about eight or nine years. It is replaced by younger ones when showing signs of exhaustion. Pulquerias abound and are largely patronized by the peons. The drink sells at one to three cents a glass or bottle containing a pint or over, the bottle to be furnished. A peon's meal without pulque would be like an American breakfast without coffee. It is claimed to be healthful. It is particularly intoxicating on an empty stomach, and as the stomach of the mild-mannered peon from his light diet is always more or less vacant, pulque makes him very affectionate.

After a free indulgence, together with his female consort and perhaps male companion, he goes along the street with alternate staggers and embraces. He is not molested by the officers, but allowed to proceed on his homeward way. The aristocratic Mexican classes may drink pulque, but generally they disclaim doing so, as it is unpopular to conform to the customs of the inferior masses. The income from a good-sized pulque plantation is said to be as much as $100,000 annually. The fiber of the plant is utilized to make thread, and out of this thread strong rope is made. A tough paper is made from it.—Washington Star.

Dainties of the Arctic.

In spite of latitude and Arctic current, Labrador is the home of much that is delicious in the berry world. Even the out-lying islands furnish the curlew-berry and bake-apple in profusion; and upon the mainland, in the proper month, September, a veritable feast awaits one. Three varieties of blue-berries, huckleberries, wild red currants, having a pungent aromatic flavor, unequaled by the cultivated varieties; marsh-berries, raspberries, tiny white capillaire berries, with a flavor like some rare perfume and having just a faint suggestion of wintergreen; squash-berries, pear-berries curlew-berries, the latter not so grateful as the others, but a prime favorite with the Esquimaux, who prefer it to almost any other; and lastly, the typical Labrador fruit, which, excepting a few scattering plants in Canada and Newfoundland, is found, I believe, nowhere outside of the Peninsula—the gorgeous bake-apple.

These cover the entire coast from the Saint Lawrence to Ungava. Their beautiful geranium-like leaves struggle with the reindeer moss upon the islands, carpet alike the low valleys and the highest hill-tops, and even peep from banks of everlasting snow. Only one berry grows upon each plant, but this one makes a most delicious mouthful. It is the size and form of a large dew-berry, but the color is a bright crimson when half ripe and a golden yellow at maturity. Its taste is sweetly acid, it is exceedingly juicy, and so delicate that it might be thought impossible to preserve it. Yet the natives do preserve it with all its freshness and original flavor throughout the entire winter, merely by covering it with fresh water and heeding it up tightly in casks and barrels.—Outing.

The Brave Little Peccary.

Of the few American quadrupeds for which an intelligent hunter entertains a certain amount of respect the Collared Peccary is one. Although he is only a little flat-sided, high-shouldered hog, wild and unmusketed, yet he is a plucky fighter when angry—and like a true child of the Wild West, he gets mad quite easily. It always annoys him very much that any one should dare to go a-hunting for him, and Mr. A. B. Baker of the Washington "Z. O." points to a long slit in the side of his leather leggings as an illustration of what a Texas Peccary can do when he is very angry.

This species has a very wide range, being found from the Red River of Arkansas as far south as Patagonia. In Texas it is no longer abundant save in the low jungly bottom lands along the Rio Grande. It does not go in great droves like the White-Lipped Peccary, and it is seldom that more than eight or ten individuals are seen together. The time was when they were much more ready to fight than they are now; but like all other dangerous animals, they have learned to fear men and their deadly firearms.—St. Nicholas.

Transfers in the Navy.

It appears to me that there is not the same sentiment in the navy that existed when our vessels were built of wood and carried something like seventy four tons. Then every captain loved his ship as he loved his life. Today there is not the same feeling, for commanders seem fond of being transferred. Here is "Fighting Bob" Evans ticked to death at the idea of leaving the New York to go to the Indiana. How many commanders has the New York had since she went into commission? I have forgotten. Is she housed? The superstitions of sailors lead them to do a great many things that we landlubbers cannot understand.—New York Press.

Proof of Success.

"Do you call Peary's latest expedition to the Arctic regions a successful one?" asked Hilland.

"I do," replied Halket. "He got back alive."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Because I Love You.

Because I love you dear,
Much sorrow do I bear;
Yet joyfully those sorrows meet,
And with my heart I hold them sweet—
Because I love you dear!

Because I love you, dear,
No jewels crown I wear;
But crowns of choicest thorns to me
Are soft as softest wreaths could be—
Because I love you, dear!

Because I love you, dear,
I tread the darkness here;
But sweet flowers blossom in the snow,
And loveliest lights in darkness glow,
Because I love you, dear!

FRANK L. STANTON.

HUMOROUS.

Jozlin—"Whose make is your watch?" Brazlin—"The fellow who sold it to me, I guess. He made about $20 on the transaction."

Bixby—"What idiots girls are when they imitate men!" Maude (flattered)—"Do you think so? That proves how excellent the imitation is."

This is now "new woman"
Still charming appears,
Since "eclipsed" in ideas,
But never in years.

"They must be having electrical storms at home," said Mrs. Harley, reading a letter from her sister. "Jane says they are having shocking weather."

Yeast—I never saw such a man as Jumply. He seems to get a new trunk every month. Crimsonbeak—Yes; he changes his boarding place every thirty days.

They set out on a bicycle built for two,
Alas, ere the year was done,
We found 'its very sad, but true
On a solitary built for one.

"Is that performer familiar with your music?" she asked at the concert. "He must be," replied the composer, who was writhing; "he takes such liberties with it."

Mrs. Brown—"You really must join our sewing circle."

Mrs. Jones—"My dear, I haven't the time to spare. I have to do so much mending for the children."

Once more into the play goes she,
Serenely conscious that
The man behind her cannot see
A thing except her hat.

A maiden writes: "Can you tell me how to change the color of my hair, which all the young men tell me is red?" Certainly we can. Get rich; they will then call it golden or auburn.

Mrs. Minks—Isn't it queer that such a little bit of country as England can rule such a vast amount of territory? Mr. Minks—Well I don't know. You're not very big yourself, my dear."

Some pieces of life make me most sad,
When I think of how I miss 'em.
The girls I want to kiss are those
Who don't want me to kiss 'em.

"No," said the very advanced woman, "I shall not wear bloomers any more." "Why not?" "The pockets are so easy to find that my husband has gotten into the habit of going through them when I'm asleep."

Stout man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow-boarders)—I declare, I have three buttons off my vest. Mistress of the house (who has been seeking to give him a hint)—You will probably find them in the dining-room, sir."

"What makes you look so worn and weary,
As if you were quite tired of life?"
"Alas!" he sighed in accents dreary,
"I've just been shopping with my wife."

On the Railway Train.—Young man (to clerical looking gentleman in front)—Pardon me, sir, but this young lady and I are elopers and anxious to get married. Can't you perform the ceremony? Conductor (over his shoulder) Hold on, young feller! The management don't allow any tie-up on this road!

Chummy—"What would you think of a man that always went round talking to himself?"

Gruffly—"I should say if he did it to listen to himself he was a fool; if he did it to avoid listening to his friends he was a genius, and if he did it to save his friends from listening to him he was a philanthropist."

An Antique Mammy.

The oldest person in the country is said to live in Harrison County, Kentucky, an old colored woman, who is known to all the inhabitants as "Mammy." "Mammy," says the Cynthiana Democrat, "is believed to be 120 or 125 years old. She has always lived in the Carroll family. Mrs. Carroll says that through the family records 'Mammy' can be traced back considerably over 100 years, and estimates her age at the figures given above. She came from Virginia to Kentucky and was always considered a delicate woman, but even now gives promise of lasting many years longer."