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THE CRADLERS.

(AN OLD-TIME HARVEST SCENE)

The golden wheat stands like a wall—
  A twenty-acre field.
The brawny cradlers—five in all—
Bare-breasted, hairy-armed, and tall,
  "Allow that patch must yield;"
Their "grape vines" o'er their shoulders swung
With fingers crookt, and broad blades hung,
  Like falchions backward steeled.

Like sons of Anak in their might,
  They whet their shining blades,
Then to the charge—a thrilling sight—
Leads up the first, swings to the right—
  Left sweep, through cereal glades,
The shorn stems on the fingers laugh,
Fat kernels peep through bursting chaff,
  On heads gone to the shades.

Another, and another sweep—
  The second man starts in,
So waits the third, in-cutting deep,
Then fourth and fifth at distance keep,
  The same, ere they begin;
Now all with mighty rhythmic swing,
Advance, and then their broad blades ring,
  And gleam like burnished tin.

Five crescents gap the grain a-near,
  As the five blades swing home,
Five golden gavels fall a-rear,
And five line-butted swaths appear,
  Lain each inside its comb
As the five mighty reapers sway,
From side to side in slant array,
  Like gulls o'er ocean's foam.

So, all day long, through rising morn,
  And midday's shimmering heat,
The swish of severing scythes is borne,
Or whetstones chanting to the corn,
  The death song of the wheat.
Only the noon-tide dinner call,
Awhile brings truce, and rest to all—
  A lull before defeat.

Hot, round and red, in western sky,
  Sinks low the summer sun;
And still the swinging cradles sigh,
While all around the fallen lie
  In sheaves, the fight near won;
Then binders all, and cradlers join,
And shock the sheaves, and cap, and groin—
The day—the task is done.

—John B. Kaye.

The Stolen Cottage.

THE autocracy of love is indisputable; it breaks down all barriers when it asserts itself. The wonder is that any one who has felt its power should attempt to dispute its supremacy or lessen its obligations. From the remotest ages love has laughed at locksmiths, flipped giddy fingers at parents and guardians, evading safe conventional trammels to throw its future on that providence which extends its protection to children and fools. To which type Fred Marmon and Lillian Wickes belonged is uncertain, but circumstances would indicate that a fair blending of each type united in their ensemble.

It is safe to assume that the pair had no intention of being married when they took a Sunday trip to St. Joe. They were not even engaged, but lovers they certainly were, and had been since their earliest years. Let no synic smile when their ages are given. Fred was twenty-one and Lillian eighteen, old enough to know better, and young enough to stake all on a fund of love that must last a lifetime. So far they played to win.

With the details of their marriage escapade this chronicler has naught to do. They telegraphed the disagreeable truth to their respective families—said it was the result of a dare—and received all their belongings by express, comprising the hurried contents of six or seven trunks, five of them belonging to Lillian. They were opened in their room at the hotel and Lilian broke down and wept.

"My family of dolls that I played with when I was a happy child!" she sobbed. "I think it was real mean for mamma to put them in."

"And my tops and marbles, and 'Robinson Crusoe,' and all my old school books," whimpered Fred.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Fred with brave determination, "we'll show them we can live without them."

"I don't know how," retorted Fred.

"Haven't we got each other?" she asked tenderly.

"Yes, darling, but this is not a cannibal age. You are sweet, but I do not want to eat you, though I may live to be sorry I did not."

"I hope I'll disagree with you if you do," pouted Lillian. "But now let us empty our trunks and hang up our wardrobe."

"How long do you think we can live at this hostelry?" asked Fred.

"Did you dare me to marry you without a dollar in your pockets, Fred Harmon?"

"It looks that way, sweetheart."

"Oh, well, we'll come out all right. They'll kill the fatted calf in a week or two and beg us to come home. Wait and you'll see."

They waited, but the welcoming veal seemed to have gone into the meat trust; no hint of it came their way. Fred drew a little money he had in bank in his home city, and they left St. Joe, which was perilously near Chicago, and went to Petoskey, a point in Michigan, where none of their friends lived and where they had heard Indians roved the streets in blankets and moccasins, and they did not get very far from the truth, either.

They stopped at Cushman's, but saw their little stock of money going and began to look for humbler lodging, and Fred was willing to go to work at anything he could find ready to his hand. Like all college graduates, he thought he would confer a favor on any employer by working for him. Now this was the time for providential help, and it came. They went out in a thunderstorm and reached the door of a pretty cottage just as a bolt of lightning shot from the skies, striking a tree in the vicinity and frightening them badly. The cottage was remote from other dwellings and uninhabited. The windows were boarded up and the outside door fastened with a padlock which Lillian picked with a hairpin as easily as if it had been a prearranged feat. Fred managed to open the inside door, and they found themselves in the coziest of summer homes, prettily furnished, with matting on the floors, any quantity of bric-a-brac on shelves, trophies from Indian camps and an entourage of housekeeping articles in excess of what they needed. A clock on the mantel ticked merrily as if giving the young couple a welcome. They fell into each others' arms in an ecstacy of delight.

But when the storm was over and the blue sky appeared their spirits sunk to zero. What if they were arrested for breaking into a house?

"The people have just left for a few hours, for the clock is still going," said Lillian.

"Perhaps it is an eight-day clock and they left it to run down," suggested Fred; "we must stay until they come and pay for any damage."

At dusk no one had appeared and they went to the hotel for their dinner and learned that the family owning the cottage had been suddenly called away. They were wealthy New York people. These inquiries were made surreptitiously, not at the desk or in the office. The next day the Harmons paid their reckoning and left the hotel, it was supposed for some distant point, but night found them occupying the pretty cottage. They had simply pre-empted the property on a dare. They would stay until the clock ran down.

And now these irresponsible young people found themselves in a rose colored Bohemia, which was all the more enchanting on account of their education from infancy on respectable conventional lines. They went where they pleased, they did what they pleased, turned night into day and day into night. Their chafing dish suppers were a reckless abandon of convivial fasting. All the prohibited dishes of their childhood were cooked and eaten. Fortunately their menu was a simple one, and did not include the luxuries, and the air of that exempt country gives one an appetite that is not fastidious. They made the most of everything, for they expected every morning that the clock would be silent and their lease expire, or that the owners of the cottage would come and turn them out.

But no such event occurred. The clock ticked on serenely, although they packed up at the end of eight days to move on, but there was no cessation in the steady tick-tock of the timekeeper on the mantel. So they decided that it was a thirty-day clock, and waited. When the month was up that clock had not stopped.

No, the clock did not stop. One morning Lillian was lifting golden spheres of fried mush from the chafing dish, and Fred was making the coffee for breakfast, when a loud knock sounded on the cottage door.

"The family from New York?" cried Lillian.

"The fatted calf!" said Fred, who caught the profile of a masculine Roman nose.

When they opened the door a pair of firm arms embraced them both.

"My children!" exclaimed Lillian's father, "why did you not let us know you were here? We would have flown to you on the wings of love."

"You've been a long time about it," said Mrs. Harmon, with dignity, as she reached over her father's shoulder to recognize her mother and sister, who were bringing up the rear.

"We have been jolly happy, sir," remarked Mr. Harmon, coolly; "there isn't any good thing we've wanted, is there, Lil?"

"Nothing but your approval," Lillian said graciously; she thought it prudent to let by-gones be by-gones.

As soon as they could get a moment to compare notes the two agreed not to tell the old folks the story of the cottage.

"They would have to be educated up to it before they would believe it," said Lillian, "and we won't tell them about the clock, either. Why, we could never convince them that it hadn't been wound up or that there wasn't any key.

The family stayed a week and made it evident that the calf awaited the young people whenever they chose to return and attend the banquet. Before they left the old gentleman stood before the mantel with a pleased expression on his face and his hands under his coat-tails.

"I see you have one of those anniversary clocks. Must have cost you something snug?"

"Oh, not so much," mumbled Fred indifferently.

"It's a beauty," continued the pater, touching the glass case with appreciative fingers. "I saw them at the exposition in Paris and now Chicago is full of them, I understand. Their main value is that they only need winding once a year."

The two castaways looked at each other, then they giggled, and pulled themselves together in time to say good-bye with becoming gravity. And they promised to finish their outing and go home soon, a promise they will undoubtedly keep. — Chicago Record-Herald.

No Eves in Chicago.

A student of the Chicago Directory, says an exchange, find that there are in the city 700 Adams and not a single Eve. But of Cains there are 55 and Abels 8. The city is well supplied with patriarchs—100 Abrahams, 19 Isaacs and 600 Jacobs. And of Solomons there are 110. There are 15 Darlings and but two men whose name is Kill, and there is a total of 90 Loves, but not a Lover, although there is one Mormon. The most abbreviated name is Re. Some of the other odd names are Papa, Morningstar and Paradise. The only man in Chicago, who, according to the directory, is a Fake, is Fred L., one of the Assistant State's Attorneys. It seems that, after all the men in Chicago are divided in about the same proportion as the men of the world, according to New Testament inferences. There are 25 Hopes, 7 Faiths and one poor, lonely Charity among the names. There are 8 Pains and only one Well.

Power From a Sewer.

City Electrician Ellicott, of Chicago, has long been an earnest advocate of the utilization of the water of the Chicago drainage canal for the purpose of generating power for city use. He has figured that the city could save a large sum of money yearly by lighting its streets from current thus obtained, but he has been unsuccessful in having his plan adopted because of the great original cost of such a plant, which is estimated at two and a half million dollars. However, the scheme is about to be carried out by a group of capitalists of that city, headed by Robert Gaylord. It is said that the company has secured options on lands both sides of the Desplaines River, for three-quarters of a mile south of Joliet, Ill. A dam will be erected at this point and 20,000 horse-power developed. The scheme is meeting with some opposition on the part of the Sanitary District Board of Trustees.

Lucifer.

The first box of matches ever sold is said to have been bought by an old coach driver for a shilling. Sir Isaac Holden did not invent the lucifer match. Though he discovered it himself, he had been anticipated by two years by John Walker, of Stockton-on-Tees. The inventor refused to patent his discovery, and made a present of it to the nation.

COLORED GLOBES.

Bulbs Used in Druggists' Windows Are Going Out of Fashion.

Those huge glass bulbs of red and yellow and blue water, which are called show bottles, are gradually ceasing to be a feature of the decoration of druggists' windows. In the past they were as necessary to every drug store as a red and white pole is to a barber shop, but they have not, as the pole has, a well-defined history.

All that druggists know of them is that they have been always used as window ornaments. The brilliant liquids that they contain are made cheaply and plainly of chemicals and water.

Thus, a solution of copper and ammonia makes blue; bichromate of potash makes orange; aniline dyes have of late been used in the chemicals' place, but the liquids fade in a strong sunlight, and have frequently to be renewed. The liquids colored chemically, on the other hand, last well nigh forever.

In the drug store at the southwest corner of Broad and Spruce streets there is a show bottle of a very clear and delicate shade of green. This is a green so fine that many druggists have asked for the recipe that makes it. This, unfortunately, is unknown.

A clerk in the shop twenty-five years ago colored the water and filled the bottle, and a little later left for unknown parts. Preserved only by a cork of cotton from the air, the liquid has ever since remained as brilliant as it was in 1877.

There are, indeed, many show bottles in this city whose contents are from twenty-five to fifty years old.—Philadelphia Record.

Prize For a Gold Process.

The Government of New Zealand has offered a reward of $10,000 to any person who, before the first of January, 1904, shall invent appliances to successfully save gold from black sands in New Zealand. The invention shall, in its main features, differ from all machinery and appliances at present in use for the saving of gold, whether coarse or fine. It shall be readily transportable from place to place, and shall be capable of utilizing local water for all its requirements. The invention must be capable of treating not less than thirty cubic yards an hour of black sand or any coarser material. It must be capable of treating such material profitably where there is not more than a value in gold of six cents per cubic yard, not less than eighty per cent. of the gold contained in the material to be recovered by the machine.

Cured by X-Rays.

According to the London Chronicle, a remarkable case of cure of lupus by means of the application of X-rays is one of the topics of interest in Newcastle-on-Tyne medical circles. A woman who had suffered from the disease for over thirty years was operated upon at the hospital. For nearly 200 consecutive days she was subjected to exposures of fifteen minutes' duration, and after inflammation of the tissues had set in a complete cure ensued. The woman's face is left practically free of scars, and for the first time for thirty years she has given up wearing a veil. During last year alone twenty lupus cases were treated, and fifteen of them resulted in successful cures.

The Motion Prevailed.

An old town official of the city of Macon, Ga., says in Short Stories that during the night of the earthquake disturbances of 1886 the City Council was in session. When the quake shook the City Hall from basement to attic the Councilmen ran out, thinking the house would topple over. Whereupon the wag who kept the minutes of the meeting concluded his record with the following sentence:

"On motion of the City Hall, the Council adjourned."

An Eight-Legged Horse.

In a consignment of Western range horses from Colorado received at the stockyards, Sioux City, Iowa, there was a curiosity in the shape of a sorrel gelding with eight legs. The horse is owned by John Huey and John Wenzo of White Pine, Col., and they had raised him. They refused $1000 for him. The animal is six years old and weighs 900 pounds.

In one year twenty-five cubic yards of the granite pavement of London Bridge is reduced to powder by the enormous traffic; 20,000 vehicles cross daily and 200,000 foot passengers.

BORN IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Members of the Senate and House Ineligible for Presidency.

"The late Senator McMillan, who Michigan," remarked one of the old Capitol employes yesterday, "was one of the great men of Congress who could never be President. The fact that he was born in Canada barred him from being a candidate for the highest office.

"The Presidency is said to be the goal of the politicians" he continued, "but the requirement that Presidents be natural-born citizens of the United States disqualifies some excellent Presidential material. Senator McMillan will probably be succeeded as chairman of the District Committee by Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, another Canadian by birth. There are at least four others here in the Senate who come under the same ban. Kearns, the millionaire miner, who came last year from Utah, is a Canadian by birth, although he has lived in the West since 1872. Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, came from over the water. He was born in Norway in 1843, and lived there until 1849, when his parents brought him to Chicago. That same year Senator Patterson, of Colorado, landed in New York. He was then 9 years old, and came straight from County Carlow, in Ireland. The late Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, was an Irishman by birth, and that is said to have operated to prevent his consideration for the Vice Presidential nomination some years ago. As far back as 1831 Senator J. P. Jones, of Nevada, came to the United States from Herfordshire, England.

"Over in the House wing," he continued (and it was evident that he had been making a study of the Congressional Directory), "the ineligibles are more numerous, and are headed by Speaker Henderson, who came from Scotland. The only other Scotchman in the House is Representative McLachlan, from Argyllshire.

"Representative Jenkins, from Wisconsin; Sutherland, of Utah, and Hanbury, of New York, are Englishmen by birth, and Naphen, of Massachusetts; Creamer, of New York; Cooney of Missouri, and Delegate Rodey, of New Mexico, came from Ireland. Mr. Burk, one of the new members from Philadelphia, and Bartholdt, of Missouri, are natives of Germany. Frederic Storm, of the First New York district, comes from Alsace. Another New York Congressman—Bristow, of Brooklyn—was born at St. Michaels, in the Azores.

"Connell, of Pennsylvania, comes from Nova Scotia, and McCleary, of Minnesota, was born in Ontario and educated at Montreal. Hughes, of West Virginia, also is a Canadian by birth.

"Foerderer, of Philadelphia, and young George M. McClellan, of New York city, were both born abroad, but of American parents, and the same may be said of Senators Millard, of Nebraska, and Wetmore, of Rhode Island. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, came into this world while his parents were missionaries in Asia Minor.

"Finally," concluded the self-appointed investigator of birth statistics, "there is one member of the Cabinet of foreign birth—Secretary Wilson, of the Agricultural Department, who first saw the light in Ayrshire Scotland, where he lived until he was 17 years old"—Washington Star.

Color of Torpedo Boats.

Germany has engaged in experiments to determine the best color for torpedo boats to lessen their visibility by day. Deep black has been in general use for the past twenty years, but now these smaller vessels are to receive a gray-brown color. Of course there is no single color that is best for all geographical regions, but this has been found the most effective for the purpose in the North Sea, and generally in northern waters. The German battleships are painted a gray-blue, as being the least visible by day, since with that color, they do not stand out in a marked way against the water, the sky, the coast or the powder smoke. The British gave their earliest torpedo boat destroyers a gray color, and the French tried that color on the warships years ago. Both nations, however, gave it up, because in some waters and under certain conditions of light the gray-brown was more readily visible than black. Nevertheless, Germany has now decided on it, after exhaustive experiments.