

ON THE CLIFF.

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT.

Afar, The glint of a sail where sky meets sea; The circling gulls where the pollock are; And the ocean's dread immensity.

Below, The gleaming rocks where the wet moss lies; The kelp that is streaming to and fro; As the eddying tide begins to rise.

Around, The grateful shade of a lonely pine; Which the salt wind stirs with a soothing sound; The peace of a day that is wholly mine.

Above, The blue, blue depths of a summer sky; The tinted clouds that slowly move To realms where the dreamer's riches lie.

-From Youth's Companion.

BOARDING A MIDAS

The Man Who Thought Himself Immensely Wealthy Proved to Be the Real Thing.

(W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The letter was inclosed in a stubborn envelope. "Wait, Ezra," said the gentle voice of the farmer's wife. "I'll fetch a knittin' needle. You might tear somethin' inside."

"Some kind of advertisin', most likely," the farmer answered. "Care for dyspepsia, mebbly, or rubber tires."

He took the long needle his wife handed him and carefully slit the envelope.

"It's a letter," he said, and turned the missive over and stared at it wonderingly. "Where's my glasses, mother?"

"I hope it ain't bad news," his wife anxiously remarked, as she brought the spectacle from the martel.

He carefully drew the steel rim over his nose and stared again at the letter.

"It's from New York," he said. He suddenly looked at the bottom of the sheet. "Well, what do you think of this, mother—it's from Henry Hamlin!"

"Well, well," said the farmer's wife. "Dr. Henry Hamlin—an' what does he say?"

The farmer held the sheet squarely before him.

"Dear Uncle Ezra and Aunt Lucy, how are you both? Almost as well and comfortable as you deserve to be, I hope. Don't you imagine for a fraction of a minute that I have forgotten you and all your kindness to a hungry little orphan. I'm trying to fix things so that Annette and I can spend a week with you later in the summer. In the meantime, I am sending you somebody else—a patient of mine who needs rest and quiet—an elderly man in whose case I have become interested, and whom I am trying hard to help. The choicest location in all Dutchess County, with its hills and lake and stream and orchard, and the best housekeeping in all New York State, should help him. He is just a tired man with a peculiar hallucination—he thinks he is immensely wealthy. Don't mind what he says about money—I don't want him to talk on the subject. He is a little peculiar in several ways, but not at all disagreeable. I'm sure you'll be kind to him for my unworthy sake. His name is Judson Ford, and you'll have no trouble in recognizing him at the station. He is tall and thin and gray, and doesn't look amiable—but his looks will change after he has been at Cherry cottage for a week. I know you will be good to him for my sake. Good-by, dear friends. From your ever grateful Henry."

The farmer laid down the letter and lifted his spectacles from his nose.

"Well, I declare," he mildly said. "If that ain't just like Henry!"

His wife looked down at the latter. "Doesn't he say when the man is coming?"

"Eh! Why, yes. Here's a P. S.: 'I am going to start Mr. Ford up your way on the 2:45 way train Tuesday morning. He should be at your station at noon.'"

His wife drew back quickly. "That's noon to-day, Ezra," she warningly said, "an' it's most 11 o'clock! You haven't no more than time to get to the station. I'll tidy up the front room and see what there is for dinner." And she hurried away.

The farmer turned over the envelope. "That Snelling boy should have left this here yesterday afternoon," he murmured. "I'll have to speak to his father."

He put the letter on the clock shelf and hurried to the barn. A little later he started for the railway that wound among the distant hills.

Only one passenger left the way train at the little station. He was a tall, slender man of sixty, a man garbed in rather rusty black and wearing black gloves, a man with keen gray eyes and a prominent nose that curved like an eagle's beak.

The farmer looked at the stranger and the stranger at once came toward him.

"Are you Uncle Ezra?" he demanded. His voice was sharp and he had a peremptory way of speaking.

"My name is Ezra Gaylord," the farmer replied.

"Mine is Ford, Judson Ford," the stranger briskly explained. "How are you?" He shook hands in a hurried way. "You are here to meet me? Yes? Where is your car?"

"Car?"

"Eg your pardon. I'm accustomed to cars. Perhaps we walk?"

"No," replied the farmer, "we ride. My horse an' road wagon are behind th' station here. I can't promise you to break th' records, but I guess we'll manage to git there without any tinkering."

The thin man drew down his bushy gray eyebrows and gave the farmer a quick sideways look.

"Dr. Hamlin called you Uncle Ezra, I think," he said. "Do you mind if I call you Uncle Ezra?"

"Not at all," replied the farmer as he untied the hitching strap. "That's what everybody generally calls me."

"Good. I'd like to call you what everybody calls you—even if you don't seem to be more than half a dozen years older than I am. And there is Aunt Lucy, if I remember right?"

"Will she mind if I take the same sort of liberty?"

"No," the farmer assured him. "Step in."

The stranger took the seat and stared hard at the horse as they moved away.

"It's the first time I have benefited by actual horse power in a number of years," he explained.

The farmer softly chuckled. "There's quite a number of horses still left in this neighborhood," he solemnly assured him. "Most of 'em domesticated."

"Again the bushy eyebrows came down.

"This seems to be a rather choice specimen," said the stranger. "What would he be considered worth?"

The farmer shook his head. "Billy belongs to my wife," he said. "He's a pet. You ain't got money enough to buy him."

The stranger chuckled. "I suppose," he said, and his voice suddenly grew grave, "you wouldn't consider an offer of \$10,000?"

Uncle Ezra suddenly recalled what Dr. Hamlin had said about the stranger's chief peculiarity.

"Fine view, don't you think?" he said, and neatly shifted the subject.

"By George!" the stranger cried. His keen gray eyes took in the green valley and the blue hills and the sunny sky. "Well, well! It's better than Dr. Hamlin described it." He drew a long breath. "I'm so used to stone pavements and granite walls that I've almost forgotten how nature looks. That's a delightful view. I wonder if it could be put on canvas? I'd gladly give \$20,000 for a picture that was anything like that."

Uncle Ezra suddenly urged his horse. He felt that he mustn't permit this apparently sane visitor to slip from his mental foundation.

"Get along, Billy," he said. The stranger gave him another swift look.

"Dr. Hamlin told me about this place," he said. "He claims there is nothing like it anywhere. He calls it home. He thinks a great deal of you and Aunt Lucy. He told me all about it. Says you opened your door and your heart to him. Made him your son, in fact, when there was no one else to reach out a helping hand."

"We lost our own son when he was just a little child—like Henry was when he came to us," said Uncle Ezra softly.

The stranger drew off his black gloves and stuffed them in his coat pocket.

"If you loosen up one hand from your steering arrangements for just a moment, Uncle Ezra," he said, "I'd like to shake hands with you."

And the two men gravely performed the ceremony.

"I s'pose Henry is 'doin' pretty well," the farmer asked.

"Henry is doing very well," replied the stranger. "And he'll do much better when he gets over his modesty and charges what he should for his services. You can be proud of the

doctor. There isn't another man living that could have pulled me away from my desk and sent me down here. He's right, of course. I may look as hard as nails—but nails get rusty in time. They called me the iron man and I've paid pretty dear for the title. Nerves shaky, can't sleep, can't eat, out of sorts, bad temper. Can you tolerate me?"

Uncle Ezra looked round at the stranger.

"We don't have any choice in th' matter," he smilingly said. "Henry wrote to us that he was sendin' you—an' that was enough. Did you break your health down bookkeepin'—I hear it's pretty wearin' an' confinin'."

The stranger gave Uncle Ezra a queer look.

"Some bookkeeping," he replied. "General office work. Hullo, look at that! Fine, fine!"

He had caught sight of the little lake and its fringe of pine trees. Uncle Ezra pointed ahead to the low white farmhouse.

"That's where we get off," he said. "You can have all you want of the lake. I've got eighty acres abutting on it."

The stranger shook his head in an intensely gratified manner.

"Dr. Hamlin is right," he said. "You've got an ideal spot here. This air is bracing me up already. Well, well! It's a wonder somebody hasn't bought you out. I'll tell you what I'll do if you want to sell."

"But I don't want to sell," said Uncle Ezra hastily.

"Of course you don't," replied the stranger. "But if you did I'd be willing to let you name a fair market price and then give you double what you ask."

The farmer shook his head. Here was the stranger's peculiarity bobbing up again. He must turn his attention.

"My grandfather built th' original house," he said. "He made that weathercock there on the barn. It dates back to Revolutionary times."

The stranger stared at the object the farmer pointed out.

"Very quaint," he said. "Would you be willing to part with it for \$200?"

"Goodness gracious, no!" cried Uncle Ezra.

"No offense," said the stranger. "I haven't the money with me—I never carry money—it's a bad habit. The man who is understood to carry money may easily get into trouble. I know men who carry large sums. It's either carelessness or affectation."

"I isn't any affectation with me," said the farmer, with a dry chuckle.

The stranger looked at him again in his queer way.

"Uncle Ezra," he said, "I'd give a steam yacht and a dozen touring cars to be the placid philosopher you are."

"That's a pretty stiff price," said Uncle Ezra.

"I'll throw in a bank and a silver mine," said the stranger, and he actually smiled.

"Here we are, and here is Aunt Lucy," said the farmer hastily. He thought it high time to draw the stranger away from his delusion.

"Lucy, this is Mr. Ford—Henry's friend."

The stranger warmly shook hands. "I fancy I couldn't have a better recommendation," he said.

"I'll take you right to your room," said Aunt Lucy. "It's Henry's room when he's here. Mebbly you'll find it a little too sunny. And our dinner will be ready at just 1 o'clock. Where's your baggage?"

The stranger laughed inwardly. "It's like this," he said. "I wasn't sure I'd be contented here. I'm fussy, you know. That's why I didn't bring any bag. But if Dr. Hamlin doesn't hear from me by to-morrow morning he will send along a small trunk—I haven't many clothes, you see."

Uncle Ezra nodded.

"An' will Henry send it?"

"He will send it," replied the stranger, as he followed Aunt Lucy up the broad stairs.

At 1 o'clock he had not reappeared. At 1:30 Uncle Ezra went up to reconnoiter. He came down smiling.

"Our summer boarder is asleep," he softly said. "He's stretched out on the couch there in front of the big window with the sun shinin' across him. Somehow he looks dreadful poor an' mis'ble."

"I'm glad Henry is tryin' to be good to him," said Aunt Lucy.

"He thinks mighty well of Henry," said Uncle Ezra.

"Guess he'd better," said Aunt Lucy.

At 2:30 the stranger came down and found Uncle Ezra in the airy sitting room.

"You let me sleep, didn't you?" he said in his quick way. "I can't remember when such a thing as sleeping in the daytime has happened to me before. And I've known the time when I've have given \$10,000 for such a sleep as that."

"How does the room suit you?" Uncle Ezra hastily inquired.

"It couldn't suit me better," the stranger replied. "I could hardly pull myself away from the glorious view

from that window. And now I don't want to go any further before we come to an understanding about the price I'm to pay."

There was a little silence. Aunt Lucy had appeared from the dining room.

"We'd rather wait an' talk it over with Henry," she gently said.

"Madam," the stranger replied, "I would much prefer to have the arrangement made now."

Aunt Lucy looked at Uncle Ezra. Then she looked back at the stranger.

"Shall we say \$4 a week?" she mildly asked.

The stranger stared at her. Then he stared at Uncle Ezra.

"Good lord!" he murmured. "On second thought," he quickly added, "I think it would be better to leave the whole matter to Dr. Hamlin."

Aunt Lucy looked relieved.

"Now that that's all settled," she said, "you will please come into th' dinin' room and have some dinner. We didn't wait for you. We thought it better to let you sleep. You must be real hungry."

"Hungry!" repeated the boarder. "Why, Aunt Lucy, I haven't eaten an actual meal for years."

"Mebby you can eat one to-day," she answered with a little quiver of pity in her voice.

But he shook his head gloomily when he saw the appetizing dishes she set before him.

"Aunt Lucy," he said, "I'd give—well, I'd give a fortune to be able to do justice to this spread. I should have told you before and saved you all this little trouble. It's a shame. A small bowl of milk and a piece of old bread is all I dare eat."

But he was gaining in cheerfulness, despite his meager meal.

"And now, dear friends," he said, "I want you to humor me a little further. You are to keep the newspapers away from me and all telegrams and messengers. I hope I'm hidden here, but I can't be sure. And let me wander around just as I please."

They promised him, of course, and pitied him and did their best to cheer him.

"You can't help feelin' sorry for him," said Uncle Ezra to Aunt Lucy that night after the boarder had retired. "It's really wonderful how he keeps up th' delusion about money."

"And I ain't any doubt," said Aunt Lucy, "that Henry is takin' care of him all th' time."

They liked their boarder more and more. He made no trouble and his cheerfulness steadily increased. And he slept better and better and his appetite improved little by little. And Uncle Ezra was glad to notice that as his physical condition was bettered he made fewer references to money matters.

"His mind is gettin' th' dollar cobweb out of it," said Uncle Ezra to Aunt Lucy.

"Did you see him eat my apple pudding?" said Aunt Lucy.

He had been there just a month when that rising medical man, Dr. Henry Hamlin, came down to see the patient from whom he had received such good reports.

He found him paddling about the lake in Uncle Ezra's rowboat.

A half hour later the doctor came back to the house again.

"It's almost a miracle," he said. "He doesn't seem like the same man. I'll have to take him back with me. He's needed in the city, but he wants to come again, and he asks to be allowed to reserve the same sleeping room. And, by the way, we have settled on the price he is to pay you."

"Now, Henry," said Aunt Lucy, "if it's comin' out of your pocket, we won't take a penny of it."

Henry Hamlin suddenly laughed. "You dear old auntie," he cried and fondly kissed her; "my pocket is quite safe."

He drew forth a slip of paper and handed it to Uncle Ezra.

"Is that satisfactory?" he asked. Uncle Ezra gasped. "A check for a thousand!" he faintly cried.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



HOPES. When I was small, I hoped for toys And dolls and sweets galore, And then when I was six I wanted Books of fairy lore.

At seven, I wanted roller skates; At eight, I yearned for wealth; But now that I'm eleven, All I really want is health. -A St. Nicholas League Member, in S. Nicholas.

CAUSE OF DEATH. A little chap of five years, who grandfather had recently died, was asked by an old friend of the family what caused the death. For a moment the boy looked puzzled, the brightening, he said: "I don't zactly remember, but I think it was nothir serious."—Philadelphia Record.

THE LESSER OF TWO EVILS. On the first Sunday of their visit in Chicago the successful merchant escorted his parents to a fashionable church. Some of the hymns were familiar, and in their rendition the visiting pair contributed heavily, with the credit for volume in favor of the father.

Although not always in correct time, and sometimes in discord, yet the joy of the good couple leaped forth in joyous praise, and they did not see the glowering looks of nearby worshippers or the flushed face of their devoted son.

"Father," observed the merchant that afternoon, while his mother was taking her accustomed nap, "in our churches the congregation does very little singing; it is left entirely to the choir."

"I know, my boy," said the old gentleman, as he lovingly placed a hand on his son's shoulder, "that it was very embarrassing to you this morning, but if I hadn't sung as loudly as I did the people would have heard your mother."—Youth's Companion.

THE RAINDROPS' BALL. There was a great whispering among the trees as Billie Bubble awoke from a deep sleep. He had been very tired. The day before he had helped a little girl get her dolly out of the water, and it had been hard work.

The sky was very dark and cloudy and every now and then would come flashes of light and low mutterings of thunder.

"I wish I knew what the leaves were whispering about," thought little Billie. "They seem excited, and yet they seem happy."

"Hello! Billie Bubble!" said a soft, sweet voice.

Billie turned around, and there, swimming easily and smoothly beside him in the gray water, was a beautiful red leaf.

"So you were wondering what all the excitement is about, were you?"

"Oh, yes," said Billie. "Can you tell me?"

"Yes," said the leaf. "There is to be a raindrops' ball in just a few minutes. Almost every leaf sends one drop at least to the ball."

AN AGGRAVATING CLOCK. I thought I would try to write a letter, but not having any pets I was at a loss to know what to write about, and on looking around I thought perhaps our old cuckoo clock would do for a subject. This clock is quite an old one, and in times past has done admirable service as a timepiece, but now it does not seem to be particular about what time it strikes, and although sometimes it gives the right time, more times it is incorrect. It seems to have a faculty of striking when perfect quietness is more desirable in the house. This is particularly so when any one is using the telephone, and often when one is trying under difficulties to get a message over the wire, this clock is "Joannie on the spot," with usually twelve ringing strikes, mixed with "cuckoo."

Although the clock aggravates us at times, we seem to have become attached to it, and it is a sort of a joke in our house. If anything should happen to it we would miss it very much, indeed. It is an ornament in our hall, and is certainly a "cuckoo" of a clock.—Claire Courtenay, in the New York Tribune.

QUEER PLACES. Doubtless the most unique spot in all Europe is the little village of Altenberg, on whose borders four countries meet. It is ruled by no monarch, and has no soldiers, no police and no taxes. Its inhabitants speak a curious jargon of French and German combined, and spend their days in farming the land or working in the valuable calamine mine of which it boasts.

The little town of Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, possesses the most unique school services ever known. Two traveling schoolmasters, provided by the government, visit the different families where there are children, and give instruction. The length of their visit depends on the astuteness of the children, and they may spend days or weeks, as the case may be, at one house alone.

There is a place in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, well known to mariners, where there is never any Christmas Day. This is owing to its

being in the 180th degree of longitude and directly opposite Greenwich, and therefore twelve hours ahead of Greenwich time. In a journey around the globe the other twelve hours would have to be marked out of the navigator's calendar; and, if this point crossing the Antipodes be touched on Christmas Eve, there can be no Christmas Day.—Popular Magazine.

A SERMON BY A CAT. One day, upon returning to my room, after a brief absence, a curious state of things was to be seen. Cards and papers were tossed about. Papers, writing desk and tablecloth were sprinkled with ink.

The nearby window shades and white curtains were bespattered with ink. It was clear that someone had improved the opportunity to have some fun, which did not seem to me to be funny at all.

Of course, I thought of the children in the household. But it did not seem to be like them. They had not been brought up in that sort of way. And it was not their habit to come to my room alone.

Just as I gave it up a white paper was seen on the other side of my desk and on it some telltale marks. I understood. The mystery was solved. Two distinct footprints left upon the paper let the secret out.

The pet cat, which had the run of the house, and whose bump of curiosity was overdeveloped, had climbed upon my table, and being anxious to find out the contents of my ink bottle, had put its foot into it—in more senses than one. To get rid of the ink, in shaking its feet it spattered things far and near, stepping twice on a sheet of paper before leaving the table. Of course, it could not take all the ink with it.

It was just a little sermon on the text of Moses, when he talked to the people of Reuben and Gad. Can you find the text in the book of Numbers, 32:23? Look for the text of the cat's sermon.—Sunday-School Advocate.

HARRY'S NEW NAME. Harry Wood had been called "Reddy" ever since he could remember. And, oh! how he hated the name!

His hair was red—there was no doubt about that—not a "chestnut" or an "auburn," but a real, fiery, sure enough red. But the things that made Harry's life hard was not, after all, his red hair, though he thought it was. It was his quick temper. The boys persisted in calling him "Reddy" because they thought it funny to see him fly into a rage at the word. It was cruel fun, but boys sometimes like to be cruel.

Harry's mother grieved a great deal over her boy's quick temper, and did her best to think of some way to correct the fault.

"I can't help it, mamma," he would insist. "It's that dreadful name. I don't often get mad at anything else, but I don't believe anybody could stand being called 'Reddy.'"

"But why should you care so much?" asked his mother. "You cannot help the color of your hair."

"I know," agreed Harry. "But I don't like to be told of it everywhere I go. I tell you, mother, it's the name that does it—that dreadful name that I hate so. If I could get a new name I believe I could get a better temper."

"It works the other way, though," his mother told him. And opening the little pocket Testament which she kept on the stand beside her sewing she read these words aloud:

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of My God, and the name of the city of My God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from My God, and I will write upon him My new name."

"You see, Harry," went on Mrs. Wood, "the new name is for those who overcome. Suppose you try for just one month to keep down your temper when you are called 'Reddy.' I think you will be surprised to see what a long way it will go toward doing away with the nickname you dislike so much."

Harry promised to try, and he looked as if he really meant it.

About a month later he came to his mother with an important announcement. "The boys have got a new name for me," he said. "They don't call me 'Reddy' any more. It's a splendid name."

"What is it?" asked his mother, with some anxiety.

"It's 'old boy,'" said Harry, with a pleased face.

"Why," said Mrs. Wood, rather doubtfully, "old boy doesn't seem to me like such a very nice name."

"Oh, but it is! The boys mean it for a nice name—that's what makes the difference. And if you'd been called 'Reddy' all your life, I guess you'd think 'old boy' was real splendid."

"At any rate, it is the reward of your overcoming," his mother said.—Jessie Brown Pounds, in the King's Builders.

You Will Never Be Sorry

- For doing your level best
For hearing before judging
For thinking before speaking
For standing by your principle
For being generous to an enemy
For promptness in keeping your promises

-Home Notes

Diamonds are almost perfectly transparent to X-rays.