

FROST ON THE PUNKIN.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fudder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyoonck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallyoooy as he tips on the fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a feelin' in' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bare headed, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fudder's in the shock.

Their's something kind o' heartylike about the atmosphere
When the best of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
And the humble of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees,
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning o' the early autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fudder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kind o' lonesome-like, but still
Aprechin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below—the clover overhead—
O, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fudder's in the shock.
—James Whitecomb Riley.

NAN'S KINDERGARTEN

"Ever I was thankful I am this minute," said Nan Gray, as she threw herself in an easy chair on the piazza. "It did seem as if school would never end, but everything has an end if you can only wait for it, and this blessed day winds up the term, and now for a good summer's rest from teaching the young idea and all its attendant afflictions."

"Well, dear, are you tired?" said her mother as she entered.

"Tired to death, and I believe I almost wish I might not see a child again until September. Don't, please, don't take any children to board at the cottage this summer, ma."

"Why, Nan Gray, I always thought you loved children."

"So I do, mamma, but after one has eaten a pound of chocolates she doesn't care for any more immediately, does she? Don't you understand?"

"Yes, Nan, I see. We will announce 'No children need apply,' so don't worry."

The next morning Nan and George, with their mother, started for their house at the beach, where they were to take a few boarders. On the steamer sitting near them was a young man with three children and a nurse maid. The youngest child was about a year old, a bright, pretty little thing. The other two were boys, perhaps 3 and 5 years old, with sweet faces and cunning ways.

"Nan," said George, "go and ask him if he doesn't want a nice boarding place for the summer. That's just what you've been looking for in the way of boarders, you know."

Nan flashed a look at her brother, then turned her eyes to the broad expanse of sea, but in spite of herself her thoughts would come back to the group near by. "I wonder where they are going. Where's the mamma? Perhaps she's dead. He does look sad and serious. How lovingly he holds the little boy!" But it was nearly time for our travelers to land, and they began to pick up their bundles and bags.

"Look, Nan, they land here, too. I'll bet a cookie they are coming in answer to that 'ad' for a few boarders you put in the paper. Jolly! wouldn't it be a joke on you, though, sis?" And George chuckled heartily.

"Dear me, I ought to have added 'No children,' but I forgot. Do you suppose they can be coming to our house, ma?"

"Time will tell, Nan," said her mother, smiling. They walked briskly on and reached their house a few minutes in advance of the "kindergarten party," as Nan's brother called it.

Looking around, they observed the gentleman evidently inquiring the way somewhere. He had stopped the local fish merchant, and from all appearances was being directed to the Gray cottage. In a moment came a ring at the door, to which George responded. "Does Mrs. Gray live here?" inquired the stranger, who was leading the little boy of 3 or 4. Closely following was another boy two or three years older, and the nurse with the baby girl on her arms.

George, though intensely amused at Nan's predicament, invited the party in very politely, and spoke to his mother.

Nan, who had dropped into a chair in the further part of the room, sat gazing out of the window into the orchard. She heard the gentleman introduce himself as Mr. Bailey and tell her mother that he had seen the advertise-

ment in the paper. His wife died about a year ago, and since that time his mother had been with him and looked after his little ones and directed the servants. But illness in her own home had called her there, and for the summer at least she must remain away. After seeing the "ad" yesterday he decided this morning to give the babies a sail down the harbor and see if any arrangement for a summer home could be made in case a suitable place was found. The doctor had advised the seashore, and he wanted them near enough the city so he could see them every day. "I assure you they are good children, Mrs. Gray, and Nurse Mary will see that they trouble no one. I will pay you well if you will let them have a home with you for a while."

Motherly Mrs. Gray would have said "yes" immediately to his pleading, but she remembered her promise to Nan. Excusing herself, she beckoned Nan into a side room. "Well, Nan, you have heard the plea, what do you say?" "Oh, dear," said Nan. "I don't see how we can say 'no' with those little motherless things right before us. If I had only been a little wiser on wording that 'ad.' I know how anxious you are to take the whole brood under your wing, and I know too well what its shelter means to urge you to say no, when your heart says 'yes, you dear mother soul!'"

So the little family stayed many weeks, Papa Bailey coming down every night. And so dear did they become to Nan that it was only with feelings of sadness that she thought of their leaving.

It was the last Saturday of vacation. Nan had taken Baby May into the hammock in the orchard and had sung her to sleep in her arms. "You little darling, I wish I might keep you always," she whispered, as she gazed down into the sweet, rosy little face.

Looking up she saw bending over the hammock baby's papa. "I wish I dared to say the same thing to you, Nan," whispered he, as he looked into Nan's blushing face. "I have wished so many times this summer that I might always have you near. Won't you give up your large school and take a smaller one? We will be good pupils."

"I am not used to mixed grades," said Nan, mischievously, "but will try it if you wish it very much. But I must tell you a little story first. Perhaps you won't care for such a teacher then." So Nan told him of her weariness at the close of school, and the narrow escape he had from being summarily dismissed when he applied for board for his babies.

He understood perfectly, and with a loving kiss to both occupants of the hammock he slipped a ring on Nan's finger. In the early fall Nan became Mrs. Bailey, and happiness reigned in the Bailey kindergarten.

GEN. CIPRIANO CASTRO.

Who Has Fought His Way to the Presidency of Venezuela.

Gen. Cipriano Castro, the new president of Venezuela, is only 36 years old, but he has been in politics for a long time. He was always one of the warmest supporters of the Liberal party, and took part in the war of defense during the revolution that was led by Crespo. That general did all he could to influence Castro to his side, and even offered him a portfolio, but Castro could not be persuaded to take it. The reverse, indeed, was the fact, for Castro severely criticised Crespo's administration. When Andrade's star began to rise Castro led a movement against him and Crespo. After the failure of the "Mocho" Hernandez revolution the man who is now president successfully defeated Morales and Larria and became the dominant military power of the country. With his new success came hordes of followers, and Castro, after carrying numerous towns, at last took the capital itself. President Castro is a highly educated young man and a hard worker, but he is handicapped with that explosiveness of character that is the greatest handicap to the Latin race.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.

GEN. CASTRO.