THE OLD, OLD STORY.

If i had told her in the spring
The old, old story briefly,
When the sparrow and robin began to sing
And the plowing was over chiefly

But haste makes waste, and the story sweet I reasoned, will keep through the sowin And give them a chance for growing

Had I even told the tale of June. hen the wind through the grass was blowing. natesd of thinking it rather too soon. And waiting till after the mowing.

Or had I hinted out under the stars That I knew a story worth hearing. Lingering to put up the pasture bars. Nor waited to do the shearing

Now the barn is full, and so is the bin. But I've grown wise without glory. Since love is the crop not gathered in. For my neighbor told her the story. New York Recorder.

OVER-THE-WAY.

Over-the-Way-queer name for a nan, isn't it? It was big Jim Grayhe's a telegraph operator on a morning newspaper-who gave her the name. Of course we found out her real name afterward, but none of us at Mrs. Smith's way. It was at the breakfast tablewe are all night workers, and the breakfast hour at Mrs. Smith's is noon-and Jim sits where he can look out of the window. Miss Elliott—she 'does society" on another morning paper and is quite vivacious-noticed that Jim was neglecting his plate of buckwheat cakes and staring with all his eyes across the street. Now Jim is a master hand at buckwheat cakes, and Miss Elliott, having a reputation for vivacity to sustain. was perfectly justified in remarking that Mr. Gray did not seem quite himself. We laughed, as in politeness bound, and that brought Jim back. He got up and made a flourish with his napkin and

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-IT now gives me great pleasure to present to you the neighbor we have long been expecting. Over-the-Way."

We were so interested that we got right up from the breakfast table and crowded to the windows. Even that reserved and sarcastic Elizabeth Hawtrins—she's a telephone girl, and I sup-pose she's justified in having a poor opinion of mankind, and trying to get even out of office hours-forgot her dignity for once and was as interested as anybody You see, the workmen had been busy on a little cottage right across the street for two months or more. We did not pay any particular attention to it until they began to put in a second story bay window that was almost as big as the rest of the cottage. After that bay window had done duty as a family joke for two or three weeks we fell to wondering what sort of people had built it, and who would occupy such a funny little house

Handsome Henry Roberts—he's a window dresser in a big State street dry goods store, and a great hand with the girls-said he knew some woman was responsible for that window and hoped she would be good looking; it would be a pity to spoil such a fine window Whereupon dear old Miss Brooks-she's nice looking even if she is forty, and has come down from better days to proof reading-reminded him, in her precise, genteel way, that young men who had no eyes for anything but a pretty woman sometimes came to grief. The graceless Harry responded that a homoly woman was a real grief, and a pretty joy forever. looked hard at Elizabeth Hawkins Elizabeth Hawkins looked back at Harry, and I thought she was going to say Busy, what's your number?" And John Berry-he's some sort of an editor and doesn't say much, being as reserved as Elizabeth Hawkins and peculiarlikesaw Harry and scowled.

Well, as I was saying, we had many a discussion over that little cottage, and finally came to feel a sense of proprietorship in what we called "Over-the-Way." So you see it was a great day for us when Over-the-Way herself appeared.

To be sure, there wasn't much to see when we did get to the window-just a big transfer wagon loaded with new furniture, an express wagon heaped high with household belongings, two drivers, an old negro woman with a gorgeous turban, and a dear little woman in a mart jacket and a wide brimmed hat.

Harry Roberts declared he was simply perishing for exercise and fresh air, and put on his overcoat and strolled past the cottage. He came back and reported that the little woman was a beauty; in fact, he grew quite eloquent over her And then, of course, we had bushand, and if she wasn't, was she going to live all alone with the old colored | the end of the week, and he did. aunty, and so on

Over-the-Way was evidently a capable little body, for she had the furniture in and the house to rights in no time. And the way old Aunt Amanda—that's the name we gave to the colored woman and her turban-made things fly moved Mrs. Smith to wish, with tears in her voice, that the days of slavery were back

But though the nest was ready, no male bird appeared. After a week had America; it was so hot there that every gone by we women began to hate "him," as we called the man Over-the-Way was waiting for. We knew there was a "him" by the way. She flew to meet the postman and fairly hugged the letter when she got one, and kind o' drooped when she didn't. And there were mighty few days when she drooped too.

But his absence didn't seem to bother Over-the-Way a bit. She was busy morning and night fixing up the cottage for him. The big bay window was evi-dently the pride of her life. Every after noon she'd put on a pretty house dress snuggle down in a big arm chair right in the middle of it, and read over her letters. Harry Roberts thought it was all for his benefit until he found, after repeated trials, that she had no eyes for him except to find his glances and atti tudes a subject of mirth. And then one day we found out why it was she had no

eyes for Harry or any other man-except

It was the second Sunday, just before dinner time-her dinner time-and she was in the window as usual. But she had on a new dress, and to save her she couldn't sit still in her chair more than thirty seconds at a time All of a sudsomebody we couldn't see, and ran from the window And then a manly young fellow went striding across the street and ran up the steps The front door blew open with a bang and Over-the Way had him by the arm and was dragging him inside in a second Then she let go of him in a hurry and ran in quicker than she came out. If she hadn't she'd have been kissed right there on the front porch in plain sight of every-

We knew they'd show up in the big bay window sooner or later, and, sore enough, just after dinner they came into sight. She was clinging to his arm and just dancing on her toes, she was so happy; and just as she was right in the midst of telling him how fine it all was she discovered us at the windows. We could almost see her blush clear across the street, and her young husband straightened up and looked daggers But John Berry rose to the occasion nobly. He had his overcoat and hat on -he was just going out-and he took off his hat and made a now respectful and friendly like, as much as to say, "We're glad to see you, sir." And we women clapped our hands and smiled, as much say, "We're glad he's come at last." And then Over-the-Way and her husband saw it was all right and they smiled and bowed. Over-the-Way patted him on the arm as much as to sav. "Here he is; isn't he nice?" And the young husband put his arm around Over-the-Way and gave her a little hug right before our eyes, as much as to say. "It's all right now; I'll make up for lost time." And then we came away from the windows.

Young Mr. Over-the-Way-we found afterward that in public life he was a traveling salesman for a big drug firmstaved three days. Then he went away And Over-the-Way went up into her bay window and bravely kissed her hand to him till he turned the corner. Then she dropped down into her big armchair and turned its broad back to us.

He was gone two weeks, and they were long weeks for Over-the-Way. But everything human has an end and he came back at last. Well, it was the same thing over again. Only he stayed but one day. Then he was gone ten days. Next time it was a week, and after that it was every Sunday when we sat down to breakfast we found them together in the big bay window. But Sundays are invariably followed by Mondays, and poor Over-the-Way had hard work enough to lay in happiness enough in one day to last her six. Still, from Monday morning to Wednesday night she lived on remembrance, and from Thursday morning to Saturday night on anticipation, so she got along pretty well. But one day, after six or seven months

of this alternate sunshine and shadow. the clouds settled down in earnest over the little cottage. He came home in the middle of the week, and Over-the-Way met him at the door with a scared face. The next morning he left with a big satchel in his hand and began to say trunk. He had his hat down over his goodby to us, saying he was going to eyes and never looked back at the bay window He knew Over-the-Way wasn't there to kiss her hand to him. We didn't see her at all that day, for by and by Aunt Amanda came and pulled down

He had been ordered off on a three months' trip to South America, and John Berry said "reciprocity" or some such thing was the cause of it. I know we women all hated it, whatever it was

Over-the-Way came back to her bondoir after a while, but she didn't seem to be quite the same old Over-the-Way. She got letters, but they didn't come every day now. Sometimes we fairly hated the postman-just as if it was his fault! But when she did get one-why. we could tell a block off when the post-

man had a letter by the way he walked. By and by Over-the-Way had a broad, comfortable lounge put in her window and deserted her armchair for it. There she would lie for hours reading or looking idly out of the window. And Jim Gray said one day that he hoped Overthe-Way wasn't going to grieve herself into a decline. If she didn't chirk up pretty soon he believed he'd get her husband's address and write to him to throw up his job and come home. And Harry Roberts said that may be Over-the-Way wasn't so much better than every other woman after all, and liked to lie around in a loose gown and read novels just like to talk it all over-whether she was the rest of them. Nobody said a word, married, and if she was, where was her and the next day Harry Roberts told Mrs. Smith that he guessed he'd leave at

But Jim Gray didn't write, for Overthe-Way did chirk up right away. She got an industrious streak all of a sudden and sat in her big armchair and cut and basted and sewed until Jim said he was afraid she was getting vain and thinking too much of her clothing for such a sensible young woman. Then he discovered that all her sewing was white, and he suggested that most likely she was getting ready to join her husband in South one had to wear white all the time. We women all began to talk about spring bonnets and Mrs. Smith left the room. She suddenly remembered that she had left something in the oven.

Jim grew reconciled to the sewing. but he found other things to worry him. He elected himself a bulletin committee of one and made frequent reports. When there were no facts he gave us the, benefit of his speculations. One day he announced that he guessed Over-the-Way would begin to pack up before long; she had pretty much finished her sewing He could see that she was just puttering and putting in fancy stitches. Another time he said he was afraid that Overthe-Way was ill; there was a light in the bay window when he got home at 4 o'clock that morning.

We women all knew it long be

fore breakfast time and John Berry and the other men were told by Mrs. Smith when they came down. The bulletin committee was a little late and we were all at breakfast when he appeared. The moment he entered the room he said he was sure that Over-the-Way was ill; when he got home everything was ablaze den she clapped her hands, and gave a with light and there was a doctor's little jump and kissed her hand to phaeton in front of the house, We could see for ourselves that the bay window shades were down.

"Umph!" said Mrs. Smith. "Is that all you have to tell us?"

"Why, what's happened?" "Over-the-Way has a visitor." "So he's back at last, is he? Well, it's

"I wish her busband was here; it's a dear little girl."

"Good Lord!" said Jim. Nobody laughed right then, but a minutue later, when Miss Elliott made one of her vivacious remarks everybody roared-except Jim. Even John Berry and Elizabeth Hawkins, who were looking powerfully glum, had to laugh. Things get out so in a boarding house. We all knew that he had proposed and she had said no.

Just as we were getting through breakfast John Berry gave a groan at the window and turned to us with his face working and his lips trembling. He couldn't speak; just pointed across the

Old Aunt Amanda was tying a long streamer of white crepe to the door bell. "Over-the-Way's dead," said some one

in a strained whisper. "White's for little children," said Mrs. Smith. "It's Over-the-Way's little baby. O dear! O dear!" And the good woman burst out sobbing. None of us were much better off, for that matter.

So it happened that then we made our first call across the street. John Berry and Mrs. Smith went. Mrs. Smith went in, but John paced up and down in front of the house. Elizabeth Hawkins never took her eyes off him. She was as pale as a ghost, and yet she didn't look exactly unhappy either. By and by they came back. As soon

as they came in John took out a roll of money and dropped a bill in his hat. Flowers!" said he, and looked around as much as to ask if anybody wanted to follow suit. We all put in something. Elizabeth Hawkins put in a dollar. I knew she had saved it to buy some Sunday gloves. After John had gone out Mrs. Smith told us how she had talked with the poor young mother in the darkened room, and how the little baby was to be buried the next day, and how John was to see to everything and go to the cemetery, and how the little coffin was to be put in the vault and kept till the father got home.

By and by John came back with a great box. It was full to the brim with lilies of the valley-not another flower.

Well. John's services were not needed after all, for that very night the young husband came home from South America, and the next day, when the carriage drove away from the little cottage with a little white casket on the front seat heaped high with lilies of the valley, the poor young husband looked over to us in the windows and made a sort of a bow and put his hand on his heart.

That evening, when it was time to go to work, John Berry came down with a goodby to us, saying he was going to When he came to the last one-Elizabeth Hawkins-he hesitated, then held out his hand just as he had to the rest of us. She just barely touched it, and both of them looked white and trembling. Just as he was going out of the door she called to him:

"John!" It wasn't a bit like Elizabeth Hawkins' voice, and we all stared. John came back, but didn't say a word-just stood waiting. And now they both were red.

"Are you going because—because"—
John nodded. I don't believe he could have said a word to save him.
"Well-well-I-John, don't go!" Long before she finished John had her

in his arms right before us all. "I said 'No, John, because I was afraid you were hard and unfeeling-

till today. Now I know better." "God bless you, my children!" said motherly Mrs. Smith. The stereotyped old phrase was a relief, and we all laughed in a teary sort of way, then she added:

"When trouble comes and you need patience and forbearance remember what brought you together."

And we all said: "Over-the-Way!"-Chicago Tribune.

An Odd Time to Make a Speech. There is a remarkable story of Dr. Follen, which is told thus: Dr. Follen had been a German patriot, and he be came a fervent American patriot; for he valued political liberty as a necessary condition of the development of Christianized humanity. And he never ceased to wonder, during his whole residence in America, at the want of religious earnestness in American patriots. I remember once when he was in Dr Channing's pulpit, and was thanking God for the privileges of American citizenship, in behalf of the whole congregation, he paused and made an address the deep character of the blessings and its bearing on their religious crivileges, in order that they might join with him more fervently than he feared they were doing, and afterward went on with his

nobility, however remote from ordinary practice.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Cooking in Paris.

prayer. About this there was at least a

It is a curious fact, by the way, that the French, who cannot cook a real beefsteak to the Anglo-Saxon palate, can convert the horse into a savory dish. The opportunity for deception puts their culinary art upon its mettle, I suppose, just as if you give them the primest green turtle out of the West Indies, they time he said he was afraid that Over the-Way was ill; there was a light in the bay window when he got home at 4 o'clock that morning.

A few-mornings after that there was don alderman.—Alfred Trumble in New York Epoch.

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