



Down the meadow, down the meadow,
See her lovely she goes!
Surely never less in Yeddo
Tripped it upon flower toes!
Hark! how jolly!—Mollie, Mollie,
Comes the call from far away;
And the answer—girlish folly—
"Mollie's making hay."

Just the picture for a sonnet
To be writ upon—
Roguish face within a bonnet,
Hidden from the ardent sun.
Not a shred of melancholy
In the whole sweet summer day;
Skies a blur of blue, and Mollie—
Mollie making hay!

By my faith, ere long a farmer
Every swain will be,
With so lovable a charmer,
Going in for husbandry.
Ere another lover tramples
Where my eager heart would sway,
(Mollie's set me an example!)
I'll be making hay.

—Detroit Free Press.

AN OLD STORY.

"It is of no use," said Mary desperately. "I can't think of a single thing to say."

She sat and frowned gloomily, biting the end of her penholder. Now and then she ran her hand distractedly through her hair. This was a trick of hers when thinking hard, and, as a rule, the result was more startling than pleasing.

"It is of no use," she said again, but this time with a different inflection. "I mustn't sit here and give way to laziness like this. If I don't write a tale we can't pay the grocer's bill! I must and will begin, only—what on earth am I to say?"

Mary's brain was fertile enough, and her busy fancy generally delighted in spinning love stories and the like. In the early days of her scribbling she had been greatly laughed at by her mother and sisters, but when welcome little checks began to come in return for bulky envelopes sent through the post the tone of the family altered and Mary had for some time been regarded as a person of importance.

Perhaps they overrated her powers, for they had come to the conclusion that Mary could do almost anything. Mary's head was looked upon as a bank upon which an unlimited amount of modest demands could be drawn, and the girl now and then felt a trifle overwhelmed as she realized what was expected of her.

"Oh, Mary must write a tale!" her mother would say easily, when an additional expense was suggested. So the fancy of the moment would be indulged in, and Mary would shut herself up in the little room she called her own, whence in due time she would emerge tired but triumphant.

On this particular morning, however, she racked her brains in vain. She tried her hardest to think of some slender framework upon which to hang the usual mild love-making, but the more she tried to woo "the muse," the more obstinately did the said muse refuse to respond to her advances.

"I feel exactly as if a wet sponge had been passed over my brain," she thought, despairingly. "There doesn't seem a single idea left."

Just then a gentle rap came at the door.

"Come in," said Mary, impatiently. She never liked to be interrupted when she was trying to work, and just now she felt more than usually cross.

Her face relaxed a little, however, when she saw her visitor.

"You, John! I thought it was Jenny. I wondered whatever she wanted now."

"Poor Jenny," said the newcomer, laughing.

"Poor Mary, I think," rejoined Mary, dolefully.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" asked John Redmond, taking a seat, and evidently preparing to make himself as comfortable as circumstances permitted. He looked very strong and capable as he smiled down upon Mary, and the girl was conscious of a distinct feeling of relief, though she hardly knew its source.

"Well," said Mary, "I feel worried and bothered. You know, John, how much all our folks have got in the way of looking to me for help in money matters?"

"Yes, I know," replied John, with a rather curious inflection.

"I like to do it," said Mary quickly. "It makes me very glad and happy to do it. I should not say a word about it to anybody but you, but you already know these details. You are such an intimate friend of the family, aren't you?"

"A very intimate friend of the family," echoed the young man gravely.

"And another has often told you how easy it was for me to earn a few pounds, hasn't she?"

"Very often," answered the young man again, with the same gravity.

"Well, John," said Mary, lifting a pair of very earnest eyes to his, her accents full of sorrow and dismay, "I am sometimes afraid I can't keep on doing it."

"What makes you think so?" asked John gently.

"I can't think of anything," said

Mary, the tears brimming up into her eyes. "I have sat here this morning for nearly an hour, and not a single idea has come to me. And—I didn't dare to tell mother and the girls—my last story was rejected. It was such a blow, for I had been counting on the money to buy Jenny's summer dress. She was rather cross when I told her she must wait a while longer."

"My dear little soul," said the young man, "you are overworked. That is the simple explanation of the whole matter."

The kindness of his tone seemed to altogether break down Mary's composure, for, after a momentary struggle for calmness, she dropped her head into her hands and cried heartily.

John Redmond's face presented a curious study, so many were the emotions that passed rapidly over it. He made an involuntary movement toward the little weeping figure, but the next moment checked himself and waited quietly until Mary herself spoke.

"I don't know whatever you will think of me," she said rather shamefacedly, as she wiped her eyes. "I don't know what made me do it. But I am so much obliged to you for letting me 'have it out.' I am better now."

"To be sure you do," said John, with a friendly and rather tender laugh. "I have always understood that a 'good cry' was a great luxury to young ladies."

"For pity's sake don't call me a 'young lady,'" cried Mary, with an assumption of her usually energetic manner. "I do hate that phrase."

"Just as you please," returned John, easily. "What shall I call you? Novelist? Journalist?"

"Neither one nor the other," said Mary, flushing a little, a shade of her late despondency again falling upon her. "I am nothing in the world but a writer of penny love stories, and losing even the small amount of capability required for that."

"That is nonsense," exclaimed John, now speaking earnestly. "As I said before, you are overworked. You have been doing too much. Your brain needs rest, and it ought to have one, Mary."

"Well, it can't, just at present," said Mary, shaking her head very decidedly. "There is Jenny's new dress and the grocer's bill. I shall know no peace until those two things are off my mind."

John was silent for a minute, but he looked troubled.

"If I could just get an idea," said Mary, more hopefully. "I think I could work it out. I seem to have used up everything! I have written about lost heirs and lost wills—about the helmsman who pretended to be poor and the adventuress who pretended to be rich. I have told about the man who expressed the utmost detestation of 'the new woman' and ended by falling madly in love with one. I have related the history of the girl who determined to have a 'career' and finally gave up all for love. These things are all worn out, John! They have become so feeble that I am ashamed to press the poor things into further service."

John smiled.

"They are far from dying, Mary. They are full of vitality yet."

"Well, somebody else may have them," said Mary, returning the smile. "At least, for a while. I may be glad to fall back on them some day, but just now I should like something fresh. All sorts of queer things are constantly happening in real life if I could only get to hear them. John, haven't you an idea of any kind? Or some little thing that has come within your own experience? Anything that holds a tiny spice of romance, you know."

John looked at her a moment and seemed inclined to speak. Then his mind apparently altered and he shook his head.

"Oh!" cried Mary disappointedly, "that is too bad. You look exactly as if you had an idea."

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with an air of resignation. "There is a girl in it, I suppose."

"Oh, yes!" returned John, very decidedly. "There is a girl in it; and an uncommonly nice girl, too."

"Good gracious!" said Mary. "It is all easy enough. Describe me her appearance, character and surroundings. Tell me what she did, and how she did it. Then explain where the man comes in—for there is a man in it, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes!" said John, as decidedly as before. "There is a man in it."

"Well, what about him?" asked Mary. "Dear me, John! I might as well invent a thing myself, and have done with it, if you can't tell me straight off."

"I'll tell you," said John, with the air of a man determined to make the plunge. "Only—Mary—promise me one thing. Don't laugh at my story."

"Can't I laugh if it is funny?" rejoined Mary.

"It isn't," said John. "Well, not exactly. Er—in fact, I don't know how it will strike you. I meant, don't laugh at my clumsy way of telling it."

"Of course not," replied Mary, kindly. "And I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, John, for taking all this trouble."

"Well," began John, "this girl—the girl I am thinking of, you know—lived at home with her mother and sisters. The father had died some years before, leaving just enough money to supply their bare wants, but no more."

"I quite understand," said Mary in a tone which had a good deal of "fellow feeling" in it.

"So, of course," went on John, "life was more or less of a struggle with them. But, happily, one of the girls—this special girl I began to talk about—developed quite a talent for—"

"For what?" said Mary rather sharply.

"For painting," returned John quickly. "She used to paint quite lovely little things and sell them to the shops."

"Yes," said Mary, "but when does the romance come in, John?"

"I am coming to that," replied John. "Give me time, Mary."

"Oh, of course," said Mary, amiably.

So after a pause John went on again. "Years before, when these girls were quite little, their father had shown a great kindness to an almost friendless boy."

Mary started and a faint color crept into her cheeks; but John took no heed and his voice became firmer and clearer.

"To the action of that good man the boy owed whatever success came to him in after life. He never forgot this and he often wondered how he could best repay the debt he owed."

John paused, but Mary did not speak. "And as the time went on he found the debt increased rather than diminished. For though his first benefactor had passed away, he had left kindly hearts behind him. And as the boy grew into manhood he prized more and more the welcome he ever received from those good women and felt that in the whole world there was no spot so dear to him as the one they called home."

Again John paused, but Mary made no effort to break the silence.

"He loved them all," said John, "but—here a new tenderness crept into his voice—"he learned at last that for one of them he had the love which a man only gives to one woman in the world. She was not, I think, quite understood by her mother and sisters, much as they cared for her. She had a talent which she was glad to turn to useful account, but the others hardly realized that the task which was generally a pleasure might at times become very hard and wearisome. They thought it was play for her to sit down and paint. So sometimes her heart failed her a little."

Mary's face was very white now, but the color rushed suddenly back into it as John gently took her hand into his own.

"This young man loved her, Mary—loved her more dearly than I can quite tell you. But he waited a long time before he dared to speak to her. He knew how much depended upon her in the home, and he felt he had no right to take her away until his position would enable him to offer comfort to her and to those dear to her. It often seemed a weary while, and his heart often ached. But the time came at last. The time when he felt free to speak."

He paused, and for a few minutes there was between them a deep silence. Then his hand clasped hers more fervently, and he said "Mary!"

As if irresistibly compelled, she looked into his eyes. And in that moment a full knowledge of what she had never before even guessed swept over her. She knew the sweetest of all earthly things—that she loved, and was beloved.

"You were quite right, dearest," said John a while later. "The difficulty lies in making a start. Everything comes quite easily afterward."

"The story is very hackneyed," whispered Mary. "But, oh, John!"—with a half-mischievous, wholly tender look—"isn't it wonderful how anything so old can be so interesting?"—London Society.

HE SAW IT.

To appreciate thoroughly what it means to play to an empty house (says the New York Evening Sun) one must travel to Brooklyn to attend a Wednesday matinee. At such a performance of "John-a-Dreams," a school-girl sat in an orchestra chair and there was a young man in the front row of the balcony. The scene is the deck of a yacht, and as Henry Miller emerged from the cabin and gazed into the empty golf before him, he spoke his first line: "The sea is purple; have you, too, noticed it?" An instant later a voice came from the balcony: "Well, I don't know about the lady down-stairs, but I can see it all right."

AN AIRSHIP TO DO

series of long, narrow openings, closed with aluminum bars, run around the upper guard which incloses the upper deck of the boat.

This marvelous air coach is provided with comfortable accommodations for 125 men. There is an electrical engine room, an electrical kitchen, and bedrooms, smoking-room and an observatory. The vessel is lighted, heated and worked by electricity. Water is taken from the clouds, and not a spark of fire is used in working this monstrous air ship. The balloon valves are operated by a system of electric buttons, and there is no confusion of ropes or lines. The observatory is provided with powerful glasses, and while the operator can ride far above the earth, out of reach of the longest range guns known to military science, he can bring the enemy's camp close to his range of vision and can throw dynamite bombs down upon his adversaries with remarkable precision.

Feminine Fancies in Gloves. For walking, traveling and general outing wear, four hook or button gloves are correct in glaze of pique kid, the latter being heavier than the usual dressed kid. These are in tan, brown and gray shades. Chamols gloves in



AN ARSENAL IN THE CLOUDS.

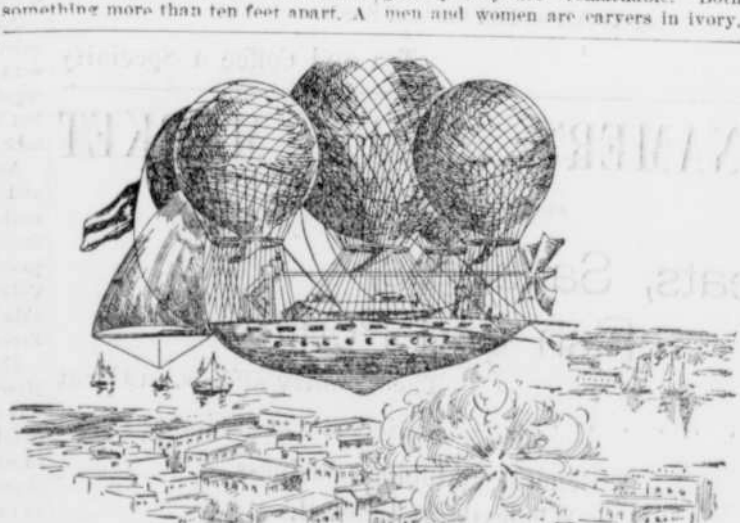
A War Airship Which Is Being Constructed for Cuban Service.

Cuba is going to fight the Spaniards from the clouds. In a secluded grove in Florida a French engineer now has under construction an airship which is to be placed in the Cuban service. It will carry 125 men, 1,000 rifles, a half million rounds of rifle ammunition and dynamite shells. The airship is one of the most remarkable things of its kind ever conceived by an aeronaut. Its chief feature, which excites the greatest wonder, is its extreme lightness considering its tremendous strength. The airship consists of a boat-shaped car that does not swing, but is held solidly, though pendant, from a cluster of five balloons.

These balloons are held steadily in place by five aluminum belts, which go around the girths of the balloons and are connected at the points of contact by easy working ball-bearing joints, so that there can be no strain, and each belt can give gently one way or the other, as the balloon it holds might sway, without getting away from its mate. In this way the balloons are always manageable.

Besides the system of network which surrounds the balloons and which holds them attached to the car there are aluminum braces securing the belts or girths to the car below. These braces are also the stays for the sails forward and at the sides for steering purposes. The principle upon which this wonderful airship is steered is the same which governs the sailing of a yacht. A series of uprights over the car and just under the lower valves of the balloons sustain a shaft, which is revolved by electricity, and turns an immense fan, or screw at the rear of the ship, which acts as an air rudder as well as a propeller. Every piece of metal in the entire construction of this greyhound of the air is of aluminum.

There are nine windows on each side, something more than ten feet apart. A



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white are very stylish for wear with cotton or pique costumes, and as they wash and clean easily are not expensive. Black gloves are well favored in Paris with light toilettes trimmed in black, but here they are chiefly noticed with mourning gowns, or with evening gowns of black and some brilliant contrast. White and felle, very pale straw, suede are the fashionable evening colors for full dress, with pearl-gray, lavender and pale tan following. White glaze and suede gloves in four hooks or buttons, plain or stitched on the back with black, are worn for visiting, concerts, driving, etc. There is much favor shown to such gloves in white glaze or dressed kid with hook fastenings. After white the tan and brown shades are favored.—Ladies' Home Journal.

ART AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

Clever Carvers in Ivory and Some Who Can Sketch.

We did much entertaining, as we were continually visited by different members of the tribe of two hundred or more. They were content to sit and share the warmth and shelter of our house, and gaze on the curious things it contained. They would turn the pages of a magazine by the hour, and, holding the book upside down, ask questions about the pictures. What particularly pleased them was anything in the shape of a gun, knife, or ammunition. Of eating they never tired. The amount of food they consumed was astonishing, and they particularly revelled in our coffee, biscuit, and pemmican. This love was manifested by a little ditty that they sang quite often:

"Uh-bis-e-ken,
Uh-pem-e-ken."

The women are very clever with the needle, and as most of us had adopted the Inuit box, of sealskin, which required frequent mending, they were always in demand. In mechanical ingenuity they are remarkable. Both men and women are carvers in ivory.

During last spring and summer, Crewdyke and his boys gathered festive "night walkers" in large titles and whenever any plowing done the boys walked behind the palls and gathered up the worms as were forthwith transferred to the incubator. Crewdyke estimates that he put three barrels of "walkers" into the incubator during the summer.

Dec. 1 to Jan. 1, 1896, Crewdyke thirty-eight quarts of worms at quart. Fishermen left orders for Crewdyke, and he brought worms to fill all demands. When cold snap came on in February a thermometer ran down to 24 below zero the worms were all kept and kept on multiplying and thriving.

The day after Christmas Crewdyke son Karl was in the incubator with his father remove the manure from the box, intending to replace it with new. This work was called "feeding the crawlers." Karl played on the monotonous, making quite a noise, was surprised, as was his father, to observe the worms working about the ground, their heads sticking out about two inches, while they turned their heads to and fro as if in death to hear the music. When the boy ceased playing the worms crawled back into their warm beds. This was told and was doubted until porter saw the story verified. With his mouth organ seemed to have the same effect upon the "crawlers" as the wind instruments of the Hindoo snake charmers have upon serpents that roam undisturbed in the Orient.—Lewiston Journal.

So Safe. Buyer (confidentially)—Say, you sure this horse won't be a locomotive?

Stable Boy—Scare? Not a bit, sir, three different men have killed because that there horse in the middle of the track was joy-seein' the bulgine could run.

York World.

Agreed. The more I think of Mr. Cutter, the more I am convinced that when I married you I was a fool.

Mr. Cutter—Accepting position as incontrovertible, forces the verdict that we were mated.—Boston Courier.

WHAT WE OWE TO HOLLAND.

Many Dutch People Intermarried with the Puritans.

The Holland tongue is a dialect of the Teutonic, or primitive German, but took a distinct form at the close of the eleventh century. It is a fusion of dialects, a mixed language, like our own English. In sound it is neither soft nor musical, yet dignified, sonorous and emphatic, almost every polysyllabic word being descriptive of the object it designates.

To the Dutch Coster is conceded the glory of having discovered the art of printing—"the art preservative of all arts"—else we might have been writing on parchment to-day. Who knows?

The correct version of the Scriptures