Down the meadow, down the meadow, Surely never lass in Yeddo

Tripped it upon fleeter toes!
Hark! how joily!—"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 trample 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 desperate-"I can't think of a single thing to

She sat and frowned gloomly, 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

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 ex-

pected 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

"Come in," said Mary, impatiently. She neverliked 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 '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 in timate friend of the family, aren't you?"

"A very intimate friend of the fam-

echoed the young man gravely. "And mother 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

ohn gently. "I can't think of anything," said

Mary, the tears brimming up into her "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 mat-

The kindness of his tone seemed to altogether break down Mary's compos ure, 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 was a great luxury to young la-

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

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

"Neither one nor the other," said Mary, flushing a little, a shade of her late despondency again falling upon "I am nothing in the world but a writer of penny love stories, and los ing 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 decided-"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 stlent 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 heiress 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 constant. ly 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." Well," said John slowly, "a faint

glimmering did seem to come to me, but I am afraid you will think it silly." "Do tell me!" exclaimed Mary. "I shall be so grateful."

"And I don't know that it is particularly new," went on John in the same doubtful way.

"Well, never mind," said Mary, in a businesslike way. "A great deal depends on the treatment of a subject. Sometimes a very backneyed theme an be made to sound quite fresh. have noticed it in several instances Go on, John.

She fixed her eyes on him expectant y, and a smile dawned in the young woman's eyes as he looked at her.
"Is it humorous?" asked Mary inno

ently, as she saw the smile "I don't know," answered John, re lapsing into gravity. "That entirely depends upon how they regard it. depends upon how Things appeal so differently to different minds, don't they?

"They do," rejoined Mary promptly. Sometimes I have written things which I thought were funny, but other people entirely failed to see the joke and on the other hand I have been laughed at for sentences which were penned with perfect seriousness. to proceed with the subject in hand. I' wish you would begin, John, for the time is getting on, and I shall be miserable unless I succeed in making a

good start this morning." "There is a lot in making a good start, Isn't there?" asked John, with evident anxiety

"Oh! a great deal," said Mary, "It is often the most difficult thing possible to start. Once fairly begun the work is comparatively easy, because one thing seems to lead to another.'

"I see!" replied John, reflectively. Then a long silence fell between them "Do go on!" said Mary, impatiently at last.

"Well, the fact is, Mary, I"-with considerable emphasis on the pronoun "find a difficulty in starting. I think I could go on if the subject were only begun.

"Let me help you out," said Mary, see it all right."

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 t. 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

"I'll tell you!" said John, with the air of a man determined to make the "Only-Mary-promise me one plunge. thing. Don't laugh at my story." "Can't I laugh if It is funny?" reloined 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," sald 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 girlsthis special girl I began to talk about developed quite a talent for-for-

"For what?" said Mary rather sharp-"For painting," returned John quick-'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

Mary started and a faint color crept into her cheeks; but John took no heed sidering its tremendous strength. The and his voice became firmer and clear-

"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 or the other, as the balloon it holds hearts behind him. And as the boy grew into manhood he prized more and more the welcome he ever received loons are always manageable 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 nto 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 ealized 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 affed 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

This young man loved her, Maryloved her more dearly that I can quite tell you. But he waited a long time before he dared to speak to her. He tnew 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. 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 lookof into his eyes. And in that moment a full knowledge of what she had never before even guessed swept over her. before even guessed swept over her.

She knew the sweetest of all earthly series of long, narrow openings, closed and the tiny figures—human as well as things-that she loved, and was beloved.

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

"The story is very hackneyed," whisered Mary. "But, oh, John!"-with a half-mischievous, wholly tender "isn't it wonderful how anything so and worked by electricity. Water is old can be so interesting?"—London So-taken from the clouds, and not a snark

He Saw It.

To appreciate thoroughly what it neans 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 balony. The scene is the deck of a yacht, and as Henry Miller emerged from the abin and gazed into the empty gulf before him, he spoke his first line: "The sea is purple; have you, too, noticed An instant later a voice came from the balcony: "Well, I don't know about the lady down-stairs, but I can

IN A SHADY NOOK



## AN ARSENAL IN THE CLOUDS.

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 ing gowns of black and some brilliant to be placed in the Cuban service. It will carry 125 men, 1,000 rifles, a half million rounds of rifle ammunition and ing colors for full dress, with pearldynamite shells. The airship is one of the most remarkable things of its great kindness to an almost friendless kind ever conceived by an aeronaut. Its chief feature, which excites the greatest wonder, is its extreme lightness conairship consists of a boat-shaped car that does not swing, but is held solidly, though pendant, from a cluster of five

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 might sway, without getting away from its mate. In this way the bal-

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 sustains 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 quired frequent mending, they were greyhound of the air is of aluminum.

something more than ten feet apart. A

The way in the

bedrooms, smoking-room and an obser-

taken from the clouds, and not a spark

are operated by a system of electric

ropes or lines. The observatory is pro-

bring the enemy's camp close to his

range of vision and can throw dyna-

mite bombs down upon his adversaries

Feminine Fancies in Gloves,

outing wear, four hook or button gloves

are correct in glace or plque kid, the

For walking, traveling and general

with remarkable precision.

AN AIRSHIP TO DO BATTLE FOR CUBA.

with aluminum bars, run around the animal—that they fashion in this ma-

upper guard which incloses the upper terial, although somewhat crude, show

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 tollettes trimmed in black, but here they are chiefly noticed with mourning gowns, or with evencontrast. White and ficelle, very pale straw, suede are the fashionable evengray, lavender and pale tan following. White glace 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 glace 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 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 reveled in our coffee, biscuit, and pemini This love was manifested by a little ditty that they sang quite often:

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

The women are very clever with the needle, and as most of us had adopted the Innuit boc, of sealskin, which realways in demand. In mechanical in-Phoro are nine windows on each side, genuity they are remarkable. Both men and women are carvers in ivory,

tary leaders of our colonists were ed in the Dutch armies. The four of Connecticut, politically educate Holland, took as a model in wi Connecticut's constitution the in republic.-Chicago Tribune.

## BREEDS WORMS FOR SALE Maine Farmer Raises and Sells We

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Purifie

WHAT WE OWE TO HOLLAND

with the Puritans.

Many Dutch People Intermaring

The Holland tongue is a dialect

the Teutonic, or primitive German is

the Teutone, or printive terman in took a distinct form at the close of the eleventh century. It is a fusion of a lects, a mixed language, like our on English. In sound it is neither soft a musical, yet dignified, sonorous and a characteristic of the control of

phatic, almost every polysyllable w

being descriptive of the object it des

To the Dutch Coster is conceded a

glory of having discovered the and

printing-"the art preservative at a

arts"-else we might have been with

on parchment to-day. Who knows

The correct version of the Scripp owes its origin to the synod of he

recht in 1618. The oldest literary on

positions of the Dutch are very sinh

to the Platt-Deutsch of the Germa

which is to Germany what Proven

is to France. The great Erasmu a

the literary king of Christendon a

the first to teach the classic Great

In fact, Holland is a country more for first things. When the Pilers

sought refuge in Holland they h

within sight of the greatest univen

of Europe. The light of Leyden's lan

ing shone brightly all over Europe the eighteenth century. That par

England from which the settles

New England came swarmed a Dutch immigrants, weavers and in

makers, and it became the very se plot of Congregationalism and Norm formity, an outgrowth of Dunco

rominy, an outgrown of Dueso, vinism. As many went to Esta from the Dutch province of Friesia Friesish was grafted on to the ta-saxon and became one of the force of our own language. The Dutch

the foundation for manufacturing a commercial supremacy in Great is

Although devoted to industrial p

suits, they were the inventors of painting. "The first smile of them

lie was art." It seems a little oz

place to say they invented oil paints

the invention was more of an ing

tion, when we view the masterpie

Rembrandt, whose pictures are an

flict between light and shadow-

whom it had been said that, where

ceiving them, he had visions of a

and shadows which spoke to his

before he committed them to care When the Pilgrims went to Hill

some of them took to themselves h

wives and brought them to America

that the Mayflower strain isn't pe

English. The Puritans, who care New England ten years later, have

ferred upon posterity a purer End

ancestry, providing the immig

were not from the Dutch settled;

tions of England. Nearly all the

nates.

the English.

for Baiting Purposes. Josiah Crewdye, a farmer b nearly three miles from this place joys the reputation of being the angleworm raiser in Maine. H cupies an old farm and uses 1 st primitive hothouse for his wors ony. The box in which he kept covered the floor of the old for house and was built four feet des filled with soil to within of inches of the top.

During last spring and sa Crewdye and his boys gather festive "night walkers" in large titles and whenever any plowir done the boys walked pails and gathered up the worm were forthwith transferred to 0 cubator. Crewdye estimates put three barrels of "walkers" in incubator during the summer. Dec. 1 to Jan. 1, 1896, Crewie thirty-eight quarts of worms! quart. Fishermen left Charles Blank's grocery in the for Crewdye, and he brought worms to fill all demands. With cold snap came on in February thermometer ran down to 3

below zero the worms were

and kept on multiplying and the The day after Christmas Co son Karl was in the incubator at his father remove the manurely box, intending to replace it wit This work was called feels crawlers." Karl played of b monica, making quite a mi was surprised, as was his to observe the worms working of the ground, their heads side about two inches, while the their heads to and from if the death to hear the music. boy ceased playing the worms back into their warm beds. To was told and was doubted up porter saw the story verified with his mouth organ seemed the same effect upon the " ers" as the wind instrument Hindoo snake charmers have serpents that roam undistrib Orient,-Lewiston Journal

So Safe. Buyer (confidentially)-Safyou sure this horse won't so

locomotive? Stable Boy-Scare? Not and sir, three different men killed because that there here in the middle of the track joy seein' the bullgine con York World.

Agreed. Mrs. Cutter-The more In Mr. Cutter, the more I am that when I married you!

Mr. Cutter-Accepting P sion as incontrovertible, m forces the verdict that at mated.-Boston Courler.

no mean ability. This skill is also This marvelous air coach is provid- to be remarked in regard to the use of ed with comfortable accommodations the pencil. One of them, As-sey-e-yeh, for 125 men. There is an electrical endrew from memory a steamer in perfor 120 men, an electrical kitchen, and spective, with the reflections in the water, and that, too, in a suggestive vatory. The vessel is lighted, heated and artistic way. Century. London's Oldest Restaurant. Probably the oldest restaurant in strous air ship. The balloon valves London is Crosby Hall, in Bishopgate

of fire is used in working this monstreet, in the city., This was built more buttons, and there is no confusion of than 500 years ago, was once the pulice of Richard III., and afterward the resivided with powerful glasses, and while dence of Sir Thomas More. It was in the operator can ride far above the this building that Shakspeare laid the earth, out of reach of the longest range scene of Richard's plots for the murder guns known to military science, he can of the young princes.

Something whizzed through the air at a distance of about ton feet from the head of William the Conqueror. Wasn't that an arrow? asked the monarch. "It went rather too wide for asked the a narrow," said the court ester; from that moment his office began to are correct in glace of plane kid, the latter being heavier than the usual ludianancis Journal dressed kid. These are in tan, brown What has become of the old-fashioned loss in importance and respectability,-

and gray shades. Chamois gloves in man who parted his hair in the back?