

FROST ON THE PUNKIN.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallooyer as he tips-toes on the fence—
O, it's then's the times a feller is a feelin' 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 fodder's in the shock.

They'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 mumble 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 of the early autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder'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
A-prechin' 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 fodder's in the shock.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

NAN'S KINDERGARTEN

66 **F** 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 curling 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 advertisement 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 plan, 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 the 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.

Sorry He Said It.

There are so many things in this wicked world we would rather not have said. Mean things, spiteful things, unfeeling things, reckless things which trickle over the lips before we realize it. An estimable man in town has a wife who is a good woman, though she can never be a candidate at a beauty show. He admires her, however, and as he is the one to be pleased her lack of loveliness is a small matter. One day he was talking with some friends about his disposition.
"No," said he candidly, "you rarely see me get worked up, nervous and cross. I am the easiest person in the world to please."
"One glance at your wife shows that," replied a dear friend, who is the soul of politeness, and who, poor wretch, really meant to imply she did not have the looks of a nagged or brow-beaten woman, and must get on easily with him. But, oh, it didn't sound that way, and that man would gladly have given \$10 down for a hole in the ground just about that time.—Louisville Times.

Took Him at His Word.

"That's one of them agents what sells clocks on a credit wants to see you right off," said the new farm hand.
"Hang the agent!" exclaimed the farmer; "I don't want to see him or his clocks!"
The new farm hand vanished and did not return for an hour.
When he put in an appearance he asked:
"Whar'bout's roum' here does the corner live?"
"What in thunder does you want with the corner?"
"Well," said the new farm hand, taking a seat on a stump and wiping the perspiration from his brow with his shirt sleeve, "I hanged him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Australian Railroad Fares.

The railroads of Australia have never discovered that it is possible to take up tickets on the train, hence the passengers are locked in the cars to prevent any of them from stealing a ride, and when they arrive at their station are hustled out through a turnstile and held up for tickets.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ABOLISHING THE GRADE CROSSING

THIS is the story of how Chicago dealt with grade crossings, mainly condensed from the Chronicle: Fifteen years ago Chicago was interested in every direction and at all possible angles with railroad tracks. Every track was laid at the grade of the streets or alleys it crossed. Accidents—generally fatalities, for grade crossing accidents rarely stop short of the death of the victim—were of daily, almost hourly, occurrence. Chicago began to murmur and rebel against the grade crossing—it was determined to abolish them once for all.

The railroad companies were willing to elevate or depress the numerous tracks, but were not willing to undergo the hardship and expense of the im-

spoken in favor of sending up all the tracks and making the roads pay the bills. To-day no administration looks upon the question as anything more than a mere matter of detail. Ordinances must be drawn and accepted by the roads and work done under them as regularly as streets are paved or cleaned—in fact, more regularly than can be said of the cleaning process.

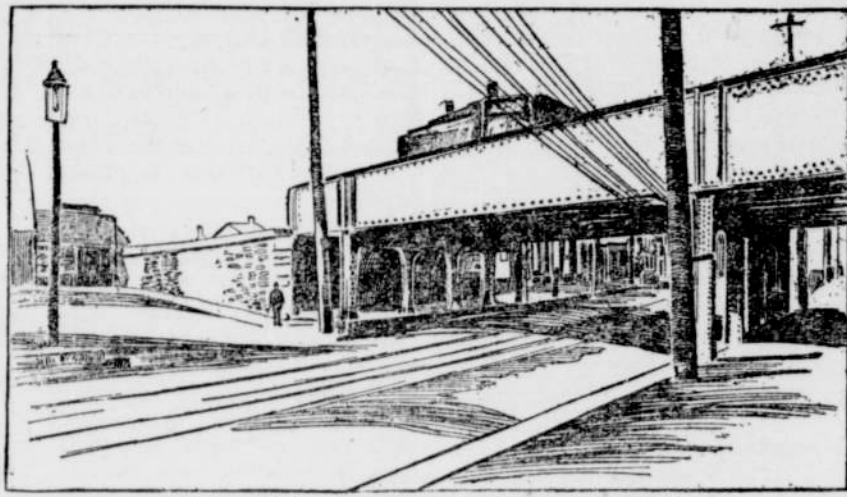
Under the administration of the elder Harrison a determined effort was made to get at the matter in a business-like manner. The roads at first merely laughed at the idea as a visionary plan utterly impossible of accomplishment. They held that neither they nor the city could afford the expense even if they could stand the interruption to their ordinary business

formed an association for mutual protection. This was held out to be an association to protect business, prevent rate-slashing, and by concert of action get all roads into line on a general policy. It was really designed to fight the elevation scheme. But even injunction-made laws failed them, for the courts held that the city had the power to act. It looked along in the years just before the World's Fair as if a direct conflict would take place between the city officers on one hand and road employes on the other.

Expert engineers declared that it would cost as much or more to elevate or depress the tracks as it had cost in the original construction of the roads. Road attorneys, using this as a basis, argued that the hardship on the roads was so great that even conceding the power of the city to force action no court would force such an extremity of hardship. The lawyers also argued that this expense, heavy as it would be, would be but a trifle when compared with the loss entailed by the interruption of traffic. The contention of the experts regarding the cost has been proved to be under rather than over the actual expenditure. It has cost the roads about \$50,000 a mile to do the work. But the alleged loss due to interrupted traffic has been proved to be but a dream. The roads suffered inconvenience, to be sure, but no line lost a pound of freight or a single passenger on this account. The tribunals also disappointed the legal lights by calmly saying the city would force the roads to do what was needed.

Not an inch of track has been established according to the new grade without a persistent fight in which all the skill, foresight and acumen of the companies has been expended. The expense, as has been shown, has been enormous, even if no other cost had been involved than the filling in and retaining of the roadbed within the limits prescribed. But every step in the progression has been fought over bitterly, entailing additional expense on the roads. So far as the city is concerned, the battle has been substantial-

This beginning inspired the people and authorities with reason to feel that the grade crossing would have to go. It also taught the railroad companies that all they could do would be to fight for time; they must all get in the bandwagon in the end. So when the World's Fair Mayor was elected it was believed that considerable progress would be made. One thing had militated against progress, and that was that the city was trying to do too much at once. The city had been trying to battle the combined roads as a combination. Ordinances were being prepared which were blankets covering the entire system in the city. These necessarily failed from too great complication.



ENGLEWOOD AND WENTWORTH AVENUES.

provement. Guards and watchmen were maintained at the crossings, time tables were public property, and the roads saw no reason why they should be called upon to bear millions of dollars extra expense to remedy the difficulty.

The grade status in Chicago to-day is an excellent exemplar of what Chicagoans can do when they will it. Hundreds of miles of tracks have been elevated or depressed, hundreds of crossings abolished, either subways or viaducts containing the offending tracks, and the roads have paid out nearly



ILLINOIS CENTRAL AT 55TH STREET.

\$17,000,000. The city has not been at any expense at all in accomplishing this feat. Ninety per cent. of the tracks no longer menace the public on foot or horseback or in carriages. Every spadeful of earth, every block of masonry, every bolt in every piece of iron provided for by ordinance has been put in place.

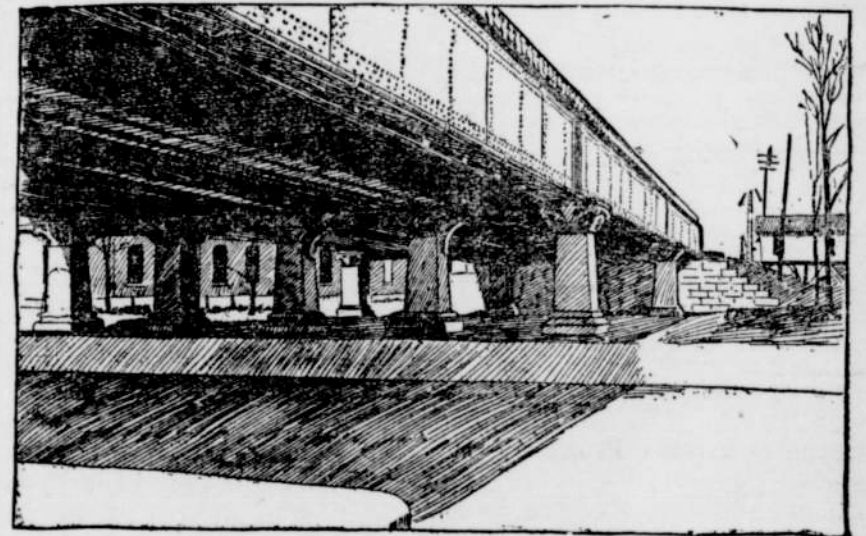
Chicago won the fight as she generally wins whatever she seeks. But it was a long, hotly contested and interesting contest just the same, for the big lines are no mean antagonists, and had many fairly sound arguments to advance to show they should not bear

while their tracks were being elevated. The first objection raised was that the roads would practically be forced to suspend business while this work was going on. The Mayor thought differently, but in conclusion said let them suspend then, for the lives and limbs of the people were valuable beyond any mere financial computation. But it was also shown by engineering experts that the elevation could be accomplished without substantial interruption to traffic, a contention which has been demonstrated daily ever since the first carload of material was dumped in a right of way.

The roads did not deny that if the thing could be done it would be a valuable thing for both sides, but the roads also declined to consider the proposition in any guise. They had laid their tracks under charters and ordinances, had complied with the laws, and no body or corporation could disturb their possession. They sometimes carried this contention to such an extent as to battle among themselves to prevent some rival line from crossing their rights of way. Work was done on Sunday and holidays to evade, if possible, the interference of police or sheriff. But these attempts were always met by a like determination, resulting finally in defeat or compromise.

When the roads learned that the courts had held that the power lay in the city, under general regulations of police as well as under charter provisions, to force changes of grade to meet modern necessities, they asked who would pay for it. When told that they would be expected to do this a new fight was commenced, for they at first absolutely refused to do any such thing.

It was discovered to the deep disgust of the companies that they could be forced to alter any grade named and



SUBWAY, 55TH ST. BOUL. UNDER P., F. W. & C. RAILWAY.

ly without expense beyond that provided for in the ordinary administration of public affairs.

Jan. 1, 1892 not a mile of the hundreds of tracks in the city had been elevated. Probably somewhere near 2,000 crossings were in existence. In one year—last year—nearly 200 crossings were eliminated. This is a mere straw to show how rapidly the tide set in the other way when once the city got down to business. With every crossing on grade in the beginning of the initial year of actual elevation, the year closed with some fifty miles in the air and a large number of dangerous crossings, especially on the south side, no longer menaced the people.

Seven years ago every train, freight or passenger, which entered the city poked along slowly from the limits to the depots with very few exceptions. Ordinances provided that only a certain speed should be maintained inside the city limits, that the peril to pedestrians or other citizens in the city might be reduced to a minimum. Some few express trains rushed along at a high rate of speed, but they were guarded at block intervals for six or seven miles. Gates were dropped when the trains were half a mile distant, and the gongs rattled without ceasing until after the rushing express had passed. There is no diminution of this speed to-day. It is rather increased, for the trains can run at sixty miles an hour without running the slightest risk of killing a citizen at any grade crossing.

With the World's Fair coming on, one road saw the advantage of elevated tracks to hurry visitors down to the grounds. By the time the ceremonies of dedication in October, 1892, were all arranged for the Illinois Central had elevated its tracks as far south as 63d street. Like all others, this road fought the whole thing bitterly, but, seeing no escape, the road accepted the ordinance passed to provide for the work on its lines. These ordinances are really plans carefully prepared to obviate engineering difficulties and enable the line to elevate or depress the tracks at the smallest estimated cost. The city pays nothing, but has enforced its demands until few roads wish to make the fight any longer.

DIVERSITY AVENUE AND C. & N. W. TRACKS.

In 1893 a change in plan was inaugurated. It was decided to go at the roads in detail, taking one or two at a time, drawing up ordinances on engineering schemes agreed upon between the city engineer and the experts of the roads. All other roads would be left alone for the time being, the city determining to fight the enemy in detail instead of in bulk. The result was at once apparent, for the roads were tangled up, and each had its own particular fight on its hands. The Northwestern was the second to get to work, for in 1893 plans were submitted for the elevation of the Galena division, which, with some unimportant modifications,

FOLIAGE RECALLS BISMARCK.

Branches of Trees Spell Name of German Statesman.

Germany's man of blood and iron is still remembered in the fatherland in many unique ways. Bismarck, it appears, has left his imprint upon Germany to the extent of controlling the shape of its apple trees. This isn't the pleasantest thing in the world for young Kaiser Wilhelm to realize, particularly when the knowledge is forced upon him in so abrupt a manner as it was the other day at Gelsenheim.

The Kaiser was journeying to Alsace. On the way he stopped at Monrepos, Gelsenheim, the greatest fruit nursery in Germany. The Emperor has rather a fancy for horticulture, and, indeed, includes it among his numberless special hobbies. His host was Baron Von Lade, proprietor of the orchards. When the circuit of the orchards and gardens had been made Baron Von Lade said: "Now, I beg leave to show you my masterpiece, the finest grown fruit tree in the world." The Kaiser amiably consented to look at the tree and found it an enormous growth trained to grow in the outlines of the eight letters of Bismarck's name. This very Teutonic feat had been accomplished by planting four little trees close together and clipping and training them constantly.

Next to this prize tree was one which Baron Lade called the "Bismarck cup." It was ingeniously trained to the form of a communion cup.

These wonders did not interest the Emperor as the Baron had anticipated. Indeed, the great man was obviously vexed.

Then the Baron bethought himself. He turned to a tiny tree in the adjoining garden.

"But here, your majesty," he said, withunction, "is a tree that will eclipse these and all others. I have called it 'Wilhelm der Grosse.' Your majesty can see that the letters are already partly formed."

After which the Kaiser went on his way propitiated.

A soft heart and a hard head make a combination that is hard to beat.