MILLET'S "GLEANERS."

These be Thy faithful children, Lord,
The gleaners of the field;
The golden-loaded wains are gone
With all the harvest's yield;
Yet some few scattered straws are left,
Which diligence may find;
A thousand sheaves he took away
That left not one behind.

Across the stubble field I hear
Sweet revelry and din,
As when the reaper to his barns
Draws his last wagon in;
He thanks, Thee, Lord, with merriment
And custom-honored praise,
While round about his naked fields
The gleaners go their ways.

Small thought has he for those who pinch
And wear their lives away,
With just enough of strength and hope
To keep the wolf at bay;
His is the lot of better blood
Than flows in common veins;
For him, O Lord, Thy sun doth shine
And fall Thy gentle rains.

What matters it when winds do howl
And snow fills all the sky,
That others huddle in their huts
To hunger, freeze and die?
Has he not used his talent well,
And thanked Thee morn and night?
Dost Thou not shield him with Thy love
And clothe him with Thy might?

I wonder, Lord, if Thou shouldst come
When this our harvest ends,
Wouldst Thou be found where barns are full
Or where the gleaner bends?
Thou soughtest not in places high
For men to follow Thee,
But where the fisher cast his nets
In quiet Galilee.

And well I know wert Thou again
To seek for friendly hearts,
That Thou wouldst pass the manor house,
And pass the city's marts,
And say to some most lowly soul—
Some gleaner of the field:
Come, follow Me, and thou shalt glean
A more abundant yield.
—Chicago Daily News.

Among the Mists

THE cliff was brown with autumn, and the sun was changing the grey sea to blood-red where sea and sky met. The waters seemed illimitable, but a few miles across were the shores of France. The strains of the band which was playing on the pier were mellowed when they reached the cliff, and the hackneyed song of the cornet solo was not without romance.

Clifford Davenport felt this as he settled himself on a seat near the verge of the cliff. He was artistic, and the soft loveliness of the evening soothed his soul. She would come, he knew. She had come regularly every night, and his brief holiday from the hurry of Fleet street had been very pleasant, for nature had made him an artist before the world forced him to become a journalist.

It had been an ordinary seaside flirtation. She had red-gold hair, and he an artist's appreciation, and the three weeks had been quite idyllic. Now he felt a little uncomfortable, for he was going to inflict pain. He was going to say good-bye, for the affair had not been serious on his part; and, besides, there was somebody else who had not red-gold hair, but was rather vulgar and rather rich. He was conscious of some amount of pity for her, and was pleased with himself for it. Yet he feared the dumb sorrow of her eyes. He knew the sorrow would be dumb, because she was a woman and could suffer in silence. Presently she came, moving softly across the browned grass to the seat and sank gracefully into it. He threw away the cigar he was smoking.

"Ah, Clifford, how restful you look! Why do not men cultivate rest more? They are not generally so eager to do nothing."

"No; they set out with being eager to do something, but they are in doubt as to its nature."

"And end by doing nothing. The result is the same. That must be very dispiriting, don't you think? It accounts, though, for the terrible ugliness of middle-aged men."

"All middle-aged men are not ugly," he remarked, with a consciousness that 37 years might be considered as bordering on that doldrums of existence.

"Yes. No man who is not ugly is middle-aged. He is either young or old."

"May, do you remember that we first met each other three weeks ago?"

"Only three weeks? It seems an eternity."

He moved uncomfortably. "That is equivocal."

"Is it? Aren't all things equivocal—all nice things? Three weeks—they have been very happy."

"Yes, very happy. What a pity it is that Providence, or fate, or some controlling influence, does not rest at these happy periods, and murder Time!"

"Poor Time! He would revenge himself by murdering the happiness. The unutterable sweetness of these periods is their fleeting nature."

"Fleeting?" he looked up surprised. She was taking away the ball from him and he resented it.

"Did I say fleeting? But they are fleeting, aren't they? No great happiness stays forever. A perfect gown is out of fashion almost before it is put on."

"A gown!" he ejaculated. "How can you think of gowns with such a sunset?"

"I don't know! It seemed natural. You being a man would think of your pipe or your cigar—you were smoking when I came, you know—and I, being a woman, think of a gown."

"You look very well," he admitted, critically.

"Yes. I knew you would say that because it is true. It is appropriate—you see it is a soft gray—and your artistic spirit would naturally approve."

"Appropriate?"

"Every day has its predominant color. To-night will be gray. It—you said—we have known each other three weeks. I fear—"

"You fear?"

"Clifford, have you ever noticed that when any great thing is going to happen, any event which will leave behind it one of those tender regrets which haunt a life like the joy of a dream which passes in waking, nature seems to put on the half mourning of gray?"

"The red is dying out of the sea, and the sky has grown gray. See, the mists are creeping up the cliff, and they are gray, too."

"It is nature mourning the event which is coming to pass with us."

He moved again, uncomfortably. All this was so much in the nature of what he had planned to say himself. He felt a curious sensation of having passed through all this aeon before, and resented it all vaguely.

"What event can come to pass with us? Nothing can come to us to-night but from ourselves. We are alone. The world has folded us together."

As though to disprove his statement, two men, two blatant tourists, passed behind them, talking of cathedrals and table d'hotes. Clifford leant back in his seat with a protest against the unseemliness of events.

"But from ourselves." Her voice was soft, and there was a tone of complacent pity in it, either for herself or for him, which was disturbing.

"We have watched the sun set for many evenings; we have felt the cool of the air off the sea; we have sat here while the earth fell asleep and the stars crept out into the sky for their vigil. Why should there be sorrow for us to-night?" It was not at all what he had meant to have said, but it seemed forced from him by the course she had taken.

"They must be so tired," she said, dreamily.

"Who?" he asked, wonderingly.

"The stars, coming out at night and looking down at the same earth always."

"They are constant," he asserted, gloomily.

"Yes, but so tedious. Don't you think that constancy always is tedious?"

"No."

"I think it argues a small mind. You see anyone can love one thing for always—it becomes a habit and there is no merit in it."

"Love?"

"Yes. I suppose the stars love the earth or they wouldn't spend their time watching it, would they?"

"I think you are wandering from your original position."

"I am not so sure that I am. We were talking about sorrow and grayness. Clifford, do you know that we must part to-night?"

"Part?" he said, starting rather too dramatically. She had taken the ball bodily away from him, and there was no other position left to him but that of the broken-hearted lover. It had artistic possibilities, though, he reflected.

"Yes, part. It is very sad, but we shall each have a pleasant memory to look back upon."

"It will be a painful one for me."

"Perhaps so, but it will be a quiet, comfortable, tender sort of pain which will be almost pleasant. We have been all in all to each other for three weeks, which is a very long time."

"It has passed like a moment of sunshine."

"That shows how pleasant it has been. Really, when one comes to think of it, three weeks' pleasure is more than we could reasonably have expected in this world."

"You have never felt for me what I have felt for you."

"Yes, I think I have. It is rather difficult to determine, because we have no standard of comparison."

"And that is why you dressed in gray?"

"It was a compliment to your artistic appreciation of the fitness of things."

"A foretone of my life?"

"Yes. The trimmings are of soft pink."

They got up and strolled in silence towards the lights of the town. The murmur of many voices came to them on the air. Some bats were flying heavily, and the band was still playing in the distance.

"Let us part here," she said.

"Yes, it is better so. Here we are alone—before us is the world. I shall go into the world leaving my soul here among the mists."

"It is a great pity, but it is fate," she said, with a keen delight in the romance of the parting.

"Good-by," he said, and they parted. A little later he lit a cigar and laughed.
—St. Paul's.

Young America.

A cute little three-year-old Cleveland boy is enjoying the sensation of his first pair of trousers. Of course the new "panties" are a "well-spring of joy" to the little laddie, and he is getting quite round-shouldered stooping over to inspect his chubby legs.

A few days ago a closet door was left open and Master Leonard peeped in. In the closet several pairs of his papa's trousers were hanging, and Leonard caught sight of them.

"Here, mudder, mudder," he suddenly called, "is dese my pants or fodder's?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Safe Refuge.

"Tom," said Jimmy, "do you know that some day the world will be burned up with fire?"

"So I have heard," replied Tom.

"But, Tom," went on Jimmy, who was deeply concerned about the approaching catastrophe, "what will you do when the world is burned up?"

"Oh, replied Tom, with an air of one who has provided for all the contingencies, "I shall go out to Uncle Billly's and stay."—Detroit Journal.

Proof of Ability.

The Creditor—If you don't settle this account at once I shall have to put it in the hands of a lawyer.

The Debtor—Well, if you can find a lawyer who is able to collect from me, I will give him a steady job looking after my interests.—N. Y. Journal.

COMPEL SILVER COINAGE.

State of Colsrado Will Sue the National Government.

DENVER, Dec. 15.—W. A. Rucker, president of the United States Monetary League, left here last night for St. Louis, where he will hold a conference with governors of several states friendly to the free coinage of silver, relative to a suit about to be begun by the state of Colorado for the purpose of securing a decision by the United States supreme court as to the legality of the demonetization of silver.

The general assembly of the state passed a joint resolution authorizing the governor to take steps to bring this question before the supreme court. After consultation with prominent public men of the state, Governor Thomas settled upon a course of action. The first step was to authorize President Rucker, under the great seal of the state, to confer with other governors and raise funds necessary to bring a case before the supreme court of the United States.

The replies from governors of those states recognizing that silver should be on an equality with gold as a circulating medium of value have been most satisfactory, promising assistance, and, if possible, active co-operation. Especially in Texas has the reception of the idea been cordial, and it is possible Mr. Rucker will go to that state and meet the governor and state officials before proceeding to Washington.

Suit against the government will begin in Denver. The United States Monetary League will give the state of Colorado as a present a solid silver brick of the purest metal of 100 ounces, and representing $100 at par ration. The treasurer of the state will then formally present the brick of the state. The state will send it to the United States mint at Washington, with the demand that it be coined into 100 silver dollars.

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The sand cure is the very latest. The National society for the Promotion of Health says there is nothing like sand, and a physician who attaches M. D. to his name without fear of arrest is authority for the statement that the laboratories devoted to the manufacture of dyspepsia medicine would bank their fires and the appendicitis specialists throw their knives into the river if people had as much sense as chickens and swallowed a little gravel occasionally. The doctor reminds us, comments the Minneapolis Times, that a dog will roll a bone or a piece of meat in the dirt before eating it, and a horse that has been imprisoned in the stable for some time will pull up grass by the roots and swallow dirt and all as soon as it can get out of doors. Children eat their mud pies and when they play doctor, clay piles are cheerfully swollowed. The gravel swallowing habit of poultry is too well known to be more than mentioned. What we all need, says the gentle doctor, is grit—the real grit that is finished by the silica in the sand. To get that we must swallow a little clean sand every day with our meals. The presence of grit will assist in the grinding process and our food, instead of distressing us will nourish and cheer us. In a short time we will be able to tackle a wedge of mince pie, a cheese sandwich and five hard boiled eggs at bedtime without fear of nightmare or other serious result. Six five-grain capsules of pure sand should be taken with each meal.

The sand cure is most effective when taken in conjunction with the water cure. The patient should drink one pint of water per day for every ten pounds of his own gross weight. A man weighing 250 pounds would require twenty-five pints of water. But the man of that weight has been admonished time and again that liquids make fat. With the improved digestion caused by his 100 grains of sand and with three or four gallons of water to increase the formation of adipose tissue, your 250 pound man ought to weigh 500 pounds after a year's treatment—and that is exactly what he does not want. Worst of all, the treatment would be cumulative. With every ten pounds gained the patient would have to add a pint to his daily allowance of water. The water would produce fat, and so on, ad infinitum. There is no telling where a stout man would land under that regimen.

Thin dyspeptics, however, should give the new prescription a trial. There is nothing worse than dyspepsia, anyhow, and if there is an inward feeling of rawness after the six capsules have been taken, it will only prove a slight variation in the general internal distress.

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