

In Harvest Time.

I sat one morning in a little lane,
Under a canopy of bramble leaves;
I watched the reapers on the heavy wain
Pile high, with cheerful toil, the golden sheaves.

"Heart," said I further, "there was good seed sown
Deep in thy furrows ere last winter's snow,
And in the springtime tender airs were blown
Across thee, and God gave thee summer's glow;

But ere the autumn seedtime came again,
God smote the furrows of my silent heart—
The plowshares of strong sorrows and sharp pain
Delved deeply, striking to the inmost part

Two Important Papers.

"I don't know what I shall do with that 'ere boy," said Farmer Long to his wife, as they sat by the fire that winter morning.

"Well, father, have patience with him for the sake of his folks. I think there's something in Jim that will surprise you one of these days."

"I dunno whether he'll surprise me enny more'n he has or not. Last spring he made b'leve he knowed all 'bout biling down sap, 'nd surprised me by burnin' the bottom of the sap-pan out 'nd settin' the sap-house on fire."

"Mr. Long was unaware of danger, and when something struck him, and immediately he found himself on his back in the meal-chest, his first thought was of an earthquake or a tornado or some other dread outbreak of forces."

"I'm awful sorry, Mr. Long." "I dunno whether yer be or not," replied the latter. "But I'll tell yer neou 'nd here, Jim Fowler, what's what. When yer father died yeou hadn't a relative left."

"Yes, I'm goin' to try, Mr. Long." "That's the sorter talk. I want yer ter go ter school an' git ter be ez smart ez Jennie is, ef ye can. Yeou er tew years older'n she is 'nd y'a int nowhere side her."

"I know it. I aint nowhere side by her." Jennie, the farmer's daughter, was a bright girl; and as pretty as a pink. Jim did not wonder that her father and mother were proud of her; or that they felt there was a vast difference between him and her.

He was careless and stupid; if she had said as much, he would have thought it justifiable under the circumstances. But for her to speak in that way—as if his misfortune was his fault—made him almost hate her.

Yet he continued to be the same careless "Jim" up to this winter morning. But when Mr. Long had administered his reproof and returned to the house to brush the meal from his clothes, the youth fell into a profound meditation, out of which he came with this ejaculation: "I'll do it!"

When the next term of school began, there were two scholars from Farmer Long's.

Jennie and Jim. They went together; but they separated when they got there, for Jennie was in a higher department than Jim could enter. This was the first term the latter had ever begun with a determination to learn.

How did Jim think he came out? Going home with Jennie that last day, after school had closed, he repeated the words Mr. Long had spoken three years before: "Y'a int nowhere side uv her;" and thought they were truer now than ever.

Had the "want ter git ter know" which he began, given place to a "want" less likely to be satisfied? If Jennie had been aware that her own views concerning the result of their rivalry—if it was such—coincided with Jim's, she probably would not have expressed herself as she did to her mother, that evening, when they two were alone.

Whether Jennie's remarks indicated a happy frame of mind or not, might be a question. But without question she used a happy word when she spoke of Jim as a giant, for he was a mighty youth. Jennie was really petite. She knew it; but it did not trouble her that those girls who were familiar with her called her "Little Jennie Long."

Jim knew that he was of great stature for his age; and was a little sensitive on that point. I don't think he fancied being called "Big Jim." And it may have been his aversion to that name that accounted partly for his blushing so deeply one morning of his last term, when he had taken his seat at the opening of school.

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"But one dares write—what every one knows—that several little fellers fret, Because a chance they never get To walk and talk with Jennie Long. Who hinders them? Big Jim—the strong. He comes with her: and with her goes; And thinks she wants him to, I s'pose."

Of course it was nothing but "boy's play," but Jim felt that he was near enough to being a man to look at it from a man's stand-point. And looking at it in that light, he thought it proper to tell Jennie that night when they went home that he was very sorry that some mean fellow had annoyed her in such a way; that he would find out the puppy who wrote the stuff and give him a sound thrashing.

Without meaning it, perhaps, Jennie said some things, before they reached her father's door, that were calculated to mislead Jim, as to the place he occupied in her thoughts. It was nothing positively encouraging; but something that came nearer to being that than anything she had ever before said to him.

Of course it must have been unintentional, for nothing in that line was repeated during their walks to and from school the remainder of the term. And when the term closed, as was said before, Jim felt that she was farther from him than ever.

He wished to repay the latter for his kindness to him. For the first few months of those two years, he was apparently quite self-possessed in his association with Jennie. But that is all that can be said to his credit. He broke down—utterly succumbed—before six months had passed, proposed; and—told Jennie he did not blame her for not caring for him, and hoped she would forgive him for offering such a poor creature as himself to one like her; that he could not help it; that he felt he must know what he was to her, and now he did know.

Jim had discovered Jennie the evening when he asked that question, sitting on a bench under the great maple, back of the house. There she left him, and went into the house; and there for a long time he remained after she had gone, sitting in her place, with a sensation at his heart unlike anything he had ever before experienced.

The next morning he entered upon his labors with less encouragement than Jacob did upon his, after Laban's second promise. Less by as much as a refusal is less than a promise.

And Jennie? If her night's rest had been less sweet and refreshing than usual, she showed no signs of it. She appeared to be merrier than she had been for some time. Early in the day when she and her mother were engaged in the labors of the household, she surprised the latter very much by a "season" of laughing—a season of very violent laughing.

"Jennie!" exclaimed Mrs. Long, at last, dropping into a chair, "What does all you?" "Why, mamma, it's the funniest thing—I've been proposed to."

"Proposed to? By whom?" "By Jim." "By our Jim, Jennie?" "Our Jim, mamma." "The foolish boy! Of course you told him, kindly, that you both were too young to think of marriage. Your father was twenty-six, and I was twenty-two when we were married. What did you tell him, Jennie?"

"I told him—no!" "That was right; only I—I hope you did not hurt his feelings any more than was necessary. I trust he will forget all about it soon."

"What, mamma?" "I mean, Jennie, that I hope he will see how foolish he has been, and forget all about you before he goes away."

"Oh, certainly I—I hope he will—will forget—and—see how it is, before then. He's poor, you know—very. I—I told him so. I wanted to—help—him forget, as you say, and so I said in case I married, in the course of twenty or twenty-five years, I should probably wed a very rich man; then I shouldn't be any trouble to my—hus—husband; but that I shouldn't do for a poor man at all."

"Well, Jennie, I do sincerely wish that he may soon care as little for you as you do for him."

As the months passed away, Mrs. Long, watching Jim, concluded that he had not suffered much by the rejection he had received. The kind-hearted woman was glad to think it was so. Considering all things, the less attraction her daughter had for the young fellow, the better.

Jennie, also, hoping as we may suppose that Jim, for the sake of his peace of mind, would outgrow his affection for her, after a little while, decided that he had. She was very glad of it. And yet there was a tinge of melancholy in the discovery. She was glad for his sake, because he had suffered so; but it was—abstractly considered—a very solemn thought that so strong an attachment was so short-lived. Not that she would have had it last longer in this particular case—oh, no; but there might come a time when she should want to know that the one who had so great a regard for her was to have it forever. But what was she to expect? Was Jim a fair sample of mankind in this respect?

If Farmer Long had been an observing man, during these days he could have seen coming into Jim's face something that could not have failed to remind him of the time when the youth's mother and Mrs. Long were girls, and the best-looking ones in the village. The father's strength had come into Jim's body and limbs, but he was getting his mother's face by installments. These were to be his possessions when he was of age.

As his twenty-first year drew toward its close, he could not tell whether to be glad or sorry for it. His reason told him to go and forget—he had not forgotten, you see—in the excitement of business somewhere, his disappointment. But that heart of his kept forever answering "stay another year." He was in this state of mind the day before he was twenty-one. After dinner that day he went and sat on the bench under the great maple. He went there that he might be alone to decide whether he would follow the dictates of his reason or give way to the longings of his heart. Reason at last carried the day. He arose from his seat, and said aloud, and decisively: "I shall go." It was settled. He had told the family all along that he should go away when he became of age. He was glad they knew it and had become reconciled to (perhaps

wished) it. He was set upon looking straight ahead now, and determined not to look back.

And he did look straight ahead—look? he stared, for just a second or two, and then went ahead, straight and fast. Up the slightly ascending meadow Jennie was running toward the house; and not far behind her was the four-year-old lime-back, pursuing. It was fortunate for Jennie Long then that Jim was near; and that he was "big" and strong and brave. Jim was bent on getting between Jennie and that mad brute, and he could not stop to find weapons. He rushed past her, and at that moment her strength gave way and she fell. If Jim had made a mismove—but he did not. With great dexterity he seized the animal by the horns as it came up, and putting forth all his strength drew its head with such force and suddenness to one side as to throw it down. Then springing to where Jennie had arisen and stood unable to move, from fright, he caught her in his arms and bore her to a place of safety over the wall.

When Jennie could speak, she turned to Jim and asked: "What if you had been killed?"

"O, there would have been a beggar less, that's all," said he, and he walked away.

An hour later Jim, in a deep reverie, was sitting under the old maple. He heard the rustling of a dress, the sound of approaching feet, and then Jennie's gentle call, "Jim?"

He arose and looked at her. "Jim, do you—hate me?"

"No, worse than that—for me."

"Worse? Then you—don't—feel toward me as—as, you did once?"

"No, for I love you more."

"Truly, Jim?"

"Truly."

"Well, then, you may read what I have written on this paper; but don't open it till I get a long way off."

She handed him the paper and turned and walked in the direction of the house. Jim was not long in opening that note, and reading:

"DEAR JIM: Don't go away. JENNIE."

Nor did the writer of it get a "long way" off before he overtook her.

When Jim and Jennie entered the house together, a little later, Farmer Long looked at them sharply for a moment, and then, as if what he saw warranted him, he arose and also handed Jim a paper, saying as he did so:

"I s'hd like ter have yeou look this ere dockerment over'n see if it is kerrect. I don't want no mistake 'bout it. The place that jines mine was fur sale'n I've bot it. This ere's the deed on't."

And so it was. And that "docketment" was made to run to James Fowler and his heirs.—Springfield Republican.

A Strange Shark.

I saw a shark of a strange sort one day when we were a thousand miles from land. It had fallen a dead calm. There was not a sign of a breeze anywhere between the north and south poles, so far as we could tell. It was just the day for turtle, and, sure enough, we sighted a brace of them sleeping on the surface half a mile off. The starboard quarter-boat was lowered, and we went off and picked them up. After that, we caught three more, but a breeze springing up the boat was called in. When we were hoisting it up on the davits, it got a little jammed, and, through the clumsiness of the man who was minding the falls, it also caught under the channels and got a little strained. Well, the evening was as glorious a night as ever was seen in the North Atlantic, the moon at the full lighting up the sails that loomed like great ghosts against the stars, and the bark joggling along with a six-knot breeze just abeam.

The captain's wife was on deck, looking over the rail and enjoying the scene. Suddenly she called the officer of the watch and asked him if that was a shark under the quarter following the ship. He said it looked "mighty like a shark;" in fact, he thought it was some big fish or other. I looked over the side, and certainly there was something there that looked like a fish eighteen or twenty feet long, following the vessel as sharks often do, and vaguely seen near the surface in the light of the moon. The captain, who was below, was now summoned. On looking over, he unequivocally pronounced it to be a shark and a rouser at that, and called for a harpoon. To quiet the anxiety of his wife, he stood in-board as he balanced the murderous weapon to hurl it into the quivering flesh of the bloodthirsty monster.

"All ready!" said he to the men who were at the line attached to the harpoon, to haul in the fish. "All ready, sir!" they replied, taking a firmer grasp of the line, as the harpoon was plunged with accurate aim into the shark. "I've got him!" cried the captain, with enthusiasm, and the men pulled with a vim, and fell flat on their backs as the line came home perfectly slack. They had not got him after all, and this was the reason—because there was no shark there to catch. It was nothing but the shadow of the quarter-boat which had been out after turtle that day. When it was hoisted up, you remember, it had been strained, and that made a small leak in two places on each side of the bilge near the stern, and through these holes the water in the boat dripped drop by drop in the boat's shadow, just about where the gills of the fish would have been, which only made the shadow seem more life-like. They did not get over laughing in the fore-castle about that shark for some days.—Appleton's Journal.

"How is it, Miss, you gave your age to the census taker as only twenty-five, when you were born the same year I was, and I am thirty-nine?" "Ah! you have lived much faster than I, sir."

A Reverie.

In the golden glint of the summer's sun— In the crimson glow of a day high done— On the banks of a stream, with its waters clear— At the side of one my heart holds dear— How beautiful is this life!

In the past with memories dim or bright— In the silvery sheen of the pale moon's light— On the snowy banks of a stream ice-bound— Bereft of my loved one—all sorrow around— How sad, how drear—this life!

In the future with promises golden bright— In the morn that follows the darkest night— Now borne on the dark stream—now nearing the shore— To part from my loved one—ah! nevermore— How dear—eternal life.

Items of Interest.

A sham-poo—affected contempt. The Vienna and Constantinople railroad will be 1,010 miles long.

Ancient soldiers were trained to fight with either hand. The common school system may be traced back to the year 800.

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings cut. An operator in a spool-thread factory will make thirteen and a half miles of thread daily.

In the time of Romulus, 750 B. C., women were subject to capital punishment if found drunk. Furniture can be nicely cleaned with diluted tea. No doubt this will suit tidy housekeepers to a T.

Beecher's first four lectures in San Francisco brought him \$2,800, \$2,150, \$2,500 and \$2,500 again. Parlor matches don't go off any better, though they make more fuss, than those made over the front gate.

Oh the corn, the horrible corn, Burning at night and aching at morn; Under somebody's foot half of the time, Throbbing with misery almost sublime, Painting, Inflamming, Big as your fist— Show me the sign of the chi-rop-o-dist!

"Anything new with you to-day?" "Inquired a man of his friend who was suffering from inflammation of the lungs. "I should think so," replied the sufferer. "What is it?" said the first speaker. "Pneumonia," answered the victim.

A fisherman at Kingston, Ill., saw a coffin floating down the river. The tide took it toward the shore and he pulled it in. Holes had been bored in the top, and inside he found a live baby about two months old, with a nursing bottle half full of milk.

While the woods turn red and russet, And the swallow skirts the weir, And the dervier rose of summer Doth poetic bosoms cheer, While waiting for the winter winds, Which through the forest howl, The barber doth bestow a wicard And highly hateful scowl! Upon the young man who has decided to raise a full beard for the winter. —New York Graphic.

Fruit culture is making rapid progress in the United States. According to recent official statements the land appropriated to this branch of industry is 4,500,000 acres. Upon this there flourish 112,000,000 apple trees, 28,000,000 pear trees, 112,270,000 peach trees and 141,260,000 grape vines. The total value of the fruit crop throughout the United States is set down at \$138,216,700, an amount equal to half the value of the wheat crop of the country. Toward that large sum apples are held to contribute \$50,400,000; pears, \$14,100,000; peaches, \$48,135,000; grapes, \$2,118,000; strawberries, \$5,000,000, and other fruit, \$10,432,000.

The sleep of winter and that of night are different in those animals which are torpid for months. The bat, the hedgehog, the tawrie, the marmot, the hamster, the tortoise, the toad, snakes, mollusca, spiders, bees, flies, bears, badgers, etc., retire to their closed holes, and, in various degrees, undergo a temporary death for four, five, six and seven months of the year. They usually roll themselves up, but bats suspend themselves in caves. Those who lay up provisions use them before they become torpid, and on reviving before they venture abroad. Their temperature lowers; their respiration is less frequent and at intervals the circulation is reduced; they lose their feeling, the digestive organs are inactive and they suffer loss of weight. The confined air in which they shut themselves, added to the cold, is a cause of their torpidity. Facts lead to the belief that some birds hibernate.

Some Interesting Dates. Dates are generally dry reading; but there is sometimes a significance in the mere grouping of dates; and the reader will find such significance in an attentive consideration of the following events, all occurring, he will observe, within the limits of a little over a century:

Postoffices were first established in 1464; printed musical notes were first used in 1473; watches were first constructed in 1476; America was discovered in 1492; the first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493; Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517; Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future engraving in 1527; Jergens set the spinning-wheel in motion in 1530, the germ of all the busy wheels and looms of ten thousand future factories; modern needles first came into use in 1545; the first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559; the first newspaper was published in England in 1588; telescopes were invented in 1590; Spencer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Kepler, Tycho Brahe were contemporaries in 1590—these are some of the more important headlands of European history within a single century.