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.

The eager little children stood around, With tiny harvest-gleanings of the corn Under their arms, sheafwise, with poppies bound,

Their mimic labor all the merry morn. I watched the slow-drawn, bounteous load depart,

The children following down the shady lane And, left alone, I asked my empty heart, "Where are the gathered sheaves of ripened

grain? Why comes no sound of harvest joy to thee? But my dumb heart no answer had for me.

"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; Where is thy harvest of good things and true, tilled,

The crown of work appointed thee to do, The sheaves wherewith His garner should be filled?

Where is the harvest joy, thy reaping song, Thy blameless triumph over honest spoil? Thy deep contentment satisfied and strong, Thy worthy resting after worthy toil? He who gave seedtime would thy harvest see. Yet still my heart no answer made to me.

But ere the autumn seedtime came again, God smote the furrows of my silent heart-The plowshares of strong sorrows and sharp

Delved deeply, striking to the inmost part Wherein full soon the good seed gently fell, The which my heart received, repentant,

grave, And brought to fruit in season duly-well-And God the increase of that harvest gave What though in weariness my sheaves were

bound With faded flowers of happiness and love, What though within my heart no song wa found,

A reaper's joy in harvesting to prove? An angel lighted on the new-reaped sod, And bare the blessed first-fruits up to God !

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. "He's more harum-skarum than that State's reform-school boy W88."

"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'l'eve he knowed all 'bout biling down sap, 'nd surprised me by burnin' the bottom uv the sap-pan cout 'nd settin' the sap-house on fire. Last summer he broke more tools in hayin' time than all the rest uv us together. And dear me! Yeou'd orter seen him dig pertaters last fall! I'll venter he cut every third one in tew-struck et 'em ez ef he was splittin' rock-maple logs. 'Nd neow he's broke my best three tined pitchfork in some way, a feedin' the cat tle. He's only sixteen y'r old. Ef he does this in the green tree, what in nater'll he do in the dry?"

After these remarks about the boy he had taken to keep until he was of age, the farmer started for the barn. He was bending over the great meal-chest, just inside the barn door, as a tandem team was turning around the corner of the barn. This team consisted of a wild yearling steer and the boy, Jim Fowler. The "team" was on the "dead" run. The youth had hold of the steer's tail with his left hand and heid aloft a milking-stool in his right.

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. He emerged from the chest just in time to see his lime-backed steer pass on into the stable and Jim Fowler arise halfstunned from the floor.

"Yeon young scamp !" he thundered, "yeou'll murder somebody yet-er-er a man's stand-point. And looking at it I shall, if yeou don't stop yer dumbed

work. The boy did not laugh at the millerlike appearance of the man. His own face was white as the farmer's as he said :

"I'm awful sorry, Mr. Long."

"I dunno whether yer be er 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."

in the youth; and the tears filled his arguments made in an earnest manner, another year." He was in this state o

"I promised him a little afore he til he was conquered. died, I'd take care on ye until yeou was do it if yer conduct don't become onbarable. But yeou must be more stiddy 'nd man-like 'nd not plague me ter death by yer recklessness. D'ye hear?" "Yes, I'm goin' to try, Mr. Long."

ez Jennie is, ef ye can. Yeou er tew years older'n she is 'nd y'aint 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 does. He intended to remain with Mr. lime-back, pursuing. It was fortunate him and her. He thought there was himself; and he believed she did, for one day of the last summer, when he in the two years that intervened between stumbled on her flower-bed, she spoke sharply at him and, if he had not misunderstood her, called him a "beggar."

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 -made him almost hate her. He did not answer back, but the look he gave her kept her from ever repeating the had once made it.

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 The fruit of this thy ground which God hath | youth fell into a profound meditation, out of which he came, with this ejacula-

> tion: "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 tainty. could enter. This was the first term the latter had ever begun with a deter- his labors with less encouragement than mination to learn. That he was now so Jacob did upon his, after Laban's second determined is proved by the answer he promise. Less by as much as a refusal gave to his teacher on the first day of is less than a promise. school, when she asked him, among other things, what he wanted to do; it been less sweet and refreshing than was this: "I want ter git ter know ez much ez Jennie Long does."

went to school every term for three years. He studied evenings, and all the in the labors of the household, she surtime when not at work, during vacations. prised the latter very much by a "sea-By incessant devotion to his books son" of laughing — a season of very through those three years, he was able to master all the text-books used in that institution. For the last two terms of his course, he was a member of Jennie's classes. He graduated when she did; and, in most of their joint studies, was

marked several points above her. 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'aint nowhere side uv her;" and thought they were truer now than

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 all about it soon "expressed herself as she did to her mother, that evening, when they two were alone. "I suppose," said she, "he thinks he's done a wonderful thing; but I don't. If I had studied and studied and studied as he has, I should have been far ahead of the great—great -giant. But of course I don't care a

fig about it, mamma." g question. But without question she wed a very rich man; then I shouldn't youth. Jennie was really petite. She at all." knew it; but it did not trouble her that those girls who were familiar with her | that he may soon care as little for you as called her "Little Jennie Long."

Jim knew that he was of great stature for his age; and was a little sensitive on Long, watching Jim, concluded that he 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. Some mischievous youth had written a stanza on the blackboard -which was on the wall that faced the seats-and written it in such a large hand that every scholar could read it from where he sat. This is a copy of to erase as soon as she discovered what the scholars were laughing at:

"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.' When Jim's eyes caught that, his face turned very red, as red as-Jennie's.

The youth that wrote that poem "dared" to write it; but he did not dare to make himself known.

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 in that light, he thought if 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.

But Jennie, to the surprise of Jim, could not see wherein she had been in- or sorry for it. His reason told him to go jured to an extent that demanded any and forget—he had not forgotten, you such course as he proposed to take. And | see—in the excitement of business someshe dissuaded him from his sanguinary | where, his disappointment. But that "No, sir, they wan't none left," broke purpose. Not easily, however, but by heart of his kept forever answering "stay

old enough ter take care uv ye'self; 'nd said some, things, before they reached went there that he might be alone to de. do well by ye-give ye a common school her father's door, that were calculated cide whether he would follow the dictates eddication 'nd so on. 'Nd I mean ter to mislead Jim, as to the place he occu of his reason or give way to the longings pied in her thoughts. It was nothing of his heart. Reason at last carried the positively encouraging; but something day. He arose from his seat, and said that came nearer to being that than any- aloud, and decisively: "I shall go." It

school the remainder of the term. And wished) it. He was set upon looking when the term closed, as was said before, straight ahead now, and determined not Jim felt that she was farther from him to look back. than ever. He saw with the clearness of vision that is characteristic of young men in his state of mind, the hopelessness of any attempt to make himself her a youth in his circumstances usually Long until he was of age, for he knew he for Jennie Long then that Jim was near; the present and that time. And 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 way-as if his misfortune was his fault 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 taunt; and also from forgetting that she hoped she would forgive him for offering such a poor creature as himself to one like her; that he could not help it; of safety over the wall. that he felt he must know what he was to her, and now he did know.

Jim had discovered Jennie the evening | been killed ' when he asked that question, sitting on a bench under the great maple, back of the house. There she left him, and away. 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. Not contented to let "well enough" alone, he had gone from the negative comfort of conjecture into the positive pain of cer-

The next morning he entered upon | ward me as -as, you did once?"

And Jennie? If her night's rest had usual, she showed no signs of it. She appeared to be merrier than she had How did he come out? Well, he been for some time. Early in the day when she and her mother were engaged violent laughing.

"Jennie!" exclaimed Mrs. Long, at last, dropping into a chair, "What does ail you?

"Why, mamma, it's the funnies

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 twentytwo 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 "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 Whether Jennie's remarks indicated I married, in the course of twenty or a happy frame of mind or not, might be twenty-five years, I should probably used a happy word when she spoke of | be any trouble to my-hus-husband; Jim as a giant, for he was a mighty but that I shouldn't do for a poor man

> "Well, Jennie, I do sincerely wish you do for him."

> As the months passed away, Mrs. 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 the lofty verse that the teacher hastened discovery. She was glad for his sake, because he had suffered so; but it wasabstractly 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 and urged more and more strongly, un- mind the day before he was twenty-one, After dinner that day he went and sat on Without meaning it, perhaps, Jeannie | the bench under the great maple. He

And he did look straight ahead—look? he stared, for just a second or two, and then went shead, straight and fast. Up the slightly-ascending meadow Jennie equal in any respect, and then acted as was running loward the house; and not far behind her was the four-year-old could be of great service to the farmer 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

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

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

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 to-"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 ef 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 "dockerment" 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 thou and 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 quarterboat 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 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 jogging along with a six-knot breeze just abeam.

The captain's wife was on deck, look ing 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 though 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 un equivocally 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

"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 en thusiasm, and the men pulled with 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 forecastle about that shark for some days. - Appleton's Journal.

"How is it, Miss, you gave your age thing she had ever before said to him. | was settled. He had told the family all to the census taker as only twenty-five, Of course it must have been uninten- along that he should go, away when he when you were born the same year I "That's the sorter talk. I want ye tional, for nothing in that line was became of age. He was glad they knew was, and I am thirty-nine?" "Ah! you ter go ter school an' git ter be ez smart I repeated during their walks to and from I it and had become reconciled to (perkaps | have lived much faster than I, sir."

A Reverle.

In the golden glint of the summer's sun-In the crimson glow of a day nigh done-On the banks of a stream, with its waters

clear-At the side of one my heart holds dear-Kow beauteous 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 \$2,300, \$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, Inflaming. 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

"What is it?" said the the sufferer. 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 skims the weir, And the dernier rose of summer Doth poetic bosoms cheer, While waiting for the winter winds, Which through the forest howl, The barber doth bestow a wierd And highly hateful scowl Upon the young man who has decided

to raise a full beard for the winter.

-- New York Graphie. 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 little jammed, and, through the clumsi- States is set down at \$138,216,700, an ness of the man who was minding the amount equal to half the value of the falls, it also caught under the channels | the wheat crop of the country. Toward and got a little strained. Well, the that large sum apples are held to contribute \$50,400,000; pears, \$14,100,000; peaches, \$46,135,000; 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. Shakspeare, Bacon, Kepler, Tycho Brahe were contemporaries in 1590 these are some of the more important headlands of European history within a single century.