

**The Watcher.**

I am so glad Love fell asleep  
Before the morning came  
Better this lonely watch I keep  
Than those mad tears too faint to leap.  
That burned my cheeks like flame.  
What time he turned to sob and weep  
And call a certain name.

I am so glad that Love is still.  
Better to sit here thus,  
With folded hands and empty will  
In this strange loneliness and chill.  
With silence folding us,  
Than soothe and strive and soothe until  
The grief grew hideous.

I am so glad that for a space  
Comes respite from his pain.  
While yet the dawn comes on apace  
For me this one dull hour of grace  
For me who must remain,  
Afraid to look upon Love's face  
Lest he might wake again.  
—Theodora Garrison in New York Herald.



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Laurie went for the hundredth time and looked at the "spare room." She knew every smallest detail of its arrangement by heart; the gay rag carpet, the blue-and-white spread, the open-worked pillow shams. Were they not part and parcel of the spare room, always in order and ready for the chance comer? But she herself had gathered the honeysuckle blooms and the wild grasses for the tall vase in the window, and she herself had arranged the few little books on the stand with the white cloth. Was it chance that the pretty copy of Tennyson was the topmost one of the little heap, and that it lay shyly open at the poem about the king who wooed a beggar maid?

When she had looked wistfully at everything once more, then again she read the letter—for he had written the letter to her, and not to her father and mother, as might have been expected. Her cheeks flamed as she read again:

"I will be there Thursday, and I am going to have a great surprise for you this time. This will be the fourth summer I have spent at the farm, and it will be like going home again. I have watched you grow up, little Laurie, and have thought about you a great deal more. I am sure, than you have thought about a stupid, stiff, selfish old fellow like me."

Thursday, and this was the time. She had begun arranging the room for him four days ago, and every day swept and garnished it afresh and gone to the woods for more flowers. Even now she went to the window and twisted the tendrils of honeysuckle so that the flowers would show better, and resolved to go to the woods after prettier ones, after all, and then was in a panic lest he should come while she was gone. If only she might have made this room look as she had dreamed it, over and over again.



A letter to her—to her!

honey-suckle blooms seemed to be frightened with idle, wistful dreams. Her eyes fell before the open book, as though he had been there beside the book, looking at her—for had he not given her the book?—and had read the poem, and told her that if the king really loved the beggar maid she was the only woman in the world for him, and poverty was a little thing compared with love.

"Laurie!" cried her mother from the kitchen; "run here a minute and fetch me in some wood—an' I wish while you're out you'd see if the chickens have got back into the garden. The way they're carryin' on we won't have any vegetables left by the time Mr. Fairlie comes. What was

that he wrote 'bout havin' a s'prise for ye?"

"He said he'd have a great surprise for me this time," said Laurie, waiting a moment with her face turned away.

"Well, I hope it ain't any more o' them shrimps he brought last time," said Mrs. Morrell, comfortably. "I'd jest as soon cat fishbat an' done with it. I jest know it's somethin' to eat, for he knows nothin' else wouldn't s'prise us. Run on an' get the wood, Laurie—an' there goes one o' them chickens into the garden!"



"Well, here she is!"

eyes. But once in the garden she found the row of hollyhocks against the further fence, and walked beside them, touching their petals tenderly.

"He likes hollyhocks," she said to herself. "That's why I planted 'em again this year. He says they made him think of his grandmother's garden. It would be nice to have a whole garden planted with hollyhocks and marigolds and pinks, just for him."

And then, all in a moment, she had planted just such a garden, and it had grown to its full glory; and the figure coming down one of the pink-bordered walks was not his grandmother, but was Laurie herself, clad in the short-waisted old brocade, like that pretty picture of his grandmother when she was so fair and young, and was the belle of the whole country round.

"Laurie!" called her mother. "Ain't you ever coming with that wood?"

The wood was carried in, and Laurie was at once placed in charge of the churn, and began splashing the dasher up and down wearily.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed her mother, with quite justifiable vexation. "You ain't payin' a bit of attention to what you're doin'. Look how you've splashed up this floor. An' your cheeks is that red, a body'd think ye had fever. Jest as like as not you're frettin' because ye'll have more work to do now that he's comin', but the money's somethin', I reckon! People can't always consult children, like you, when they want to take in boarders. Listen! Ain't that the stage comin'? You'll have to go out an' meet 'im, for I've got my hands in the dough."

But before she had finished speaking Laurie was off like a flash, and was hidden away in the dining room, drawn back into a corner—holding her heart down to keep it from bursting. There was a rattle of wheels, and then the sound of dragging trunks down from the roof of the stage, and her father's voice in loud and cheerful greeting. He was down now—he was paying the driver—he was coming along the walk, and up the steps, and into the house. He would be there in another moment. She could hide no longer. She must creep out of her corner and meet him.

He came along the bright hallway,

tall, pale from work, but smiling with frank delight.

"Ah, here she is!" he cried, catching her brown, rough little hand and drawing her closer. "Didn't I tell you, Laurie, that I had a surprise for you this time! Well, here she is. This is my wife, Mrs. Olga Fairlie, if you please—and we are both going to spend a whole, long summer with you."

The beautiful woman with the blue eyes and the golden rings of hair took the hand he put into hers, and looked at the small, frightened face. Clearly, this country was not so healthful, after all. A look at this girl, with her white cheeks and startled eyes, suggested the thought that they might have belonged to some wild thing out of the woods.

Mr. Morrell came staggering in with a trunk, shouting cordially. "Well, if this ain't a surprise!" Mrs. Morrell peeped in from the kitchen, smiling and nodding.

"I can't shake hands," she said; "but you've gone and got married, have ye? Well, I'll bet Laurie's glad to hear that. The lady'll be so much com'pny for her. Just go to your room—you know where it is."

Mrs. Fairlie pulled off her gloves and looked around the room a little disdainfully.

"You have talked so much about your little woodland nymph that I suppose I expected too much," she said. "She's rather a commonplace little country girl, it seems to me—no powers of conversation—no expression—and not the smallest spark of imagination."

Mr. Fairlie did not try to answer. He stood still, looking absently at the heap of books on the table.

"Here are her books," he said, fingering them one by one. "See—Longfellow, Whittier—Mrs. Browning—I gave her Tennyson, too, I think. I wonder what she has done with that?"

**FISHING IS NOT COSTLY.**

Sportsmen Here and in Canada May Angle for Salmon Cheaply.

In England salmon fishing is one of the most costly of sports, and even here it is the popular belief that the sport is of necessity one for the rich alone, no man of even moderate means presuming so much as to think of indulging in it. In the British Isles and other parts of northern Europe this is undoubtedly true. Even in this country and in Canada in the last few years the salmon waters have been taken by clubs and individuals, so that now the fishing is restricted to the few; but Labrador and Newfoundland are left free and moderately accessible to the fishing public living in the eastern states, and improved traveling facilities have made the trip to Newfoundland a matter of ease, so that the number of sportsmen visiting that island is increasing enormously.

Fortunately the island is large—more than 300 miles each way—and the rivers very numerous, so that it will be some time before the country is crowded. Thus far only a very few of the most accessible rivers have been fished in at all. Along the east coast and the northern peninsula are many rivers that have never known a fisherman. At the present time these are rather difficult of access by land, it is true, but by chartering a small vessel fishermen can, at moderate cost, visit the most remote of them and be sure of almost unlimited salmon.

**Making Sunday Cheerful.**

Sunday is often dull for the boys in the families where the parents believe it is proper to keep quiet on this day. The boys grow restless after church and Sunday school are over, and do not know what to do with themselves. Yet the day may be kept quite differently from other days and still not be dull. One little mother of whom a recent writer tells, and who had three little boys, has made Sunday so delightful that all three lads look forward to it with pleasure. She chooses some especially beautiful stories which are read during the quiet afternoon, and keeps for this day favorite walks in woody fields. And to close the afternoon comes "candle lighting time," when, at twilight, the boys each light their own candles and the three-branched candelabrum by which to eat their simple supper. And Sunday is thoroughly enjoyed.

**To Impress Children.**

One great reason why children often disobey is because they do not understand what is desired of them. They are careless, their minds wander while they are being instructed, and consequently they disobey. A very effectual way to secure a child's obedience is to insist upon a direct gaze during the time the mother is talking to him. Have him look the speaker straight in the eyes, and if still inclined to wandering, have him repeat what has been told him. This impresses it on his mind and increases its importance, and there is nothing a child likes better than to know that what he is to do is important, or even that it is important that he refrain from certain acts. And really, what is more important to both child and mother than obedience on the part of the child?

**Petroleum Fields Still Prolific.**

The statistics used to show that the Russian petroleum fields are becoming exhausted are misleading. During last year a strike stopped production for twenty days, and a fire raged about the five "pushers" and sixty-two pump wells of the Bibi-Eitab district for five weeks. These fires and strike losses, estimated at 4,200,000 barrels, would bring the production to 75,826,800 barrels for the year, which amount is almost that for 1902, and is slightly in excess of the American production.

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**ACT PROMPTLY.** Registration begins July 5 and ends July 23. No time for delay. Send the \$15 and your discharge, or certified copy thereof, and I will not be registered the money will be promptly returned. I have done business as land attorney in Oklahoma for 15 years. If you desire to know my standing, telegraph Citizens' National Bank, El Reno, Oklahoma, or any prominent official or citizen of the Territory. Local agents wanted to whom I will pay reasonable commission for services. During registration offices at Bonestell and Yankton. Address, **DICK T. MORGAN, Land Attorney, Yankton, S. Dakota.**

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