The Night Watch Watcher of the gates of Sleep, Let not a word, a sigh, breathe

through, A sigh-a sound remotely blown, Lest all my walls of Life fall down Wind-swept before a shoreless Sea That bears me with it, willing, free While Earth hath any right in me, O Watcher of the gates of Sleep, Let not my Dead return to me.

O Warder of the silent Hours. What time the naked soul lies bare, Keep better watch-lest one escape, Lest baply through those gates there

One wandered from the sleeping Shape.

A truant seeking larger air, A ghost more to the ghostly hours! -Grace Ellery Channing, from Harper's Magazine.

#### THE DECEIT OF DAVID SORWOOD

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Laurestina Villas represented the last word of the building syndicate which had of late devoted so much of its attention to the development of that thriving suburb, Clayden. As though tired of planting bricks and mortar that sprang up houses in the midst of already existent terraces, it had as it were gathered up its strength and flung Laurestina Villas in a squat row half a mile from the town. There they rested pathetic in their loneliness like the first few teeth in an infant's mouth, awaiting the sprouting the gums.

expanse of doomed field land. It was for this reason, perhaps, that the gar- others don't. You catch my meaning?" dens back and front exceeded in length those of similar villas in Clayden itself. This advantage, a com- | den, following his eye, divined the pensation doubtless for the pathless | meaning of his glance. loam and rubble that served for a road, was largely neutralized by the absence of any indication of barrier between the respective garden plots beyond that which a few score of dying and dead privet bushes afforded.

Seeing that those of the latter in kept an eagle eye upon the doings of which the sap still struggled to linger | the Pagleys. had not succeeded in overtopping the loftier among the thistles, one of the more recently arrived families, pos- told her neighbor a week later. seased of a discontented spirit, had i the syndicate for the protection of a fence. The arrival of the secretary sequel to the petition. When he had | darkly. dilated upon the abnormal length of the strip and had gazed reproachfully countenances of the newcomers it after a pause was generally conceded by the remaining inhabitants of Laurestina Villas that an uncalled for attempt at "bluff" on the part of the Pagleys had met with well-deserved failure.

unstinted support of Mrs. Hodden. "Fences and walls may suit folks that have things to hide and such as are ashamed of themselves and their consciences," she had pronounced, knock she found David Sorwood upon "Twe got no objection to leading my her doorsteps. life in the open, seeing as it's such that no woman need be afraid to let a child see into-and a new-born one at that. Fences:" had sniffed Mrs.

Hodden. "If some men want to be as shut off as that why don't they turn Roman and take to one of them there convents?"

The question-oft repeated, never elegy of the Pagley's reputation.

It was shortly after the committal of this dublous act of theirs that the last board in the terrace fell. The sole remaining unlet villa became tenanted by a bachelor of middle age. For neighbors he had the Pagleys on his right hand, Mrs. Hodden on his

As David Sorwood remained at home when others hurried stationwards, and his rare saunterings to the place occurred at an hour at which no other male of the vicinity had ever set eyes upon the building, except perhaps on a Sabbath it was evident that be came under the category of "retired." But from what had he retired wondered Mrs. Hodden?

The lady's disposition did not long permit her to postpone an attempt at discovery. She was hanging some linen upon a line stretched between two posts when she caught sight of the doubtful personality of her new neighbor. He was smoking a pipe hard by his back door.

"You must find this life a bit different from what you've been accustomed to?" suggested Mrs. Hodden as she attached a garment by means of a peg to the line.

"That is so," admitted David Sor-

wood. Mrs. Hodden, in the act of sorting the bundle she held, drew a little mearer.

"It's nothing short of wonderful." she remarked, "how life changes. As ] I was saying to Mrs. Pagley the other day, we never know what's before us nor how we'll end our days. But so long as we've got a bit put by against ordinary comforts such as a nice piece o' pork on Saturday nights, it's find something to be thankful for, I say."

The newcomer nodded in silence, "When my deceased," continued Mrs. Hodden-the term was the most revered of all in which she was wont to refer to her late husband-"when my deceased would be in the mood her skirts. It was at that very mo- where you are certain of complete imfor discussin' such matters he used ment she collided severely with an munity. If you are fond of it the to say, 'There's a time comin', you unseen barrier. As her eyes grew suburbs of St. Petersburg will furmark my word, when I'll say goodby more accustomed to the light she nish all you need to ask, for there to greengroceries and take my bitter | could see that it was a lofty fence | you may be sure of it for 170 days and my pipe at home like a gentle- that rose before her. In amazement in the year. The happy medium is man.' " Mrs. Hodden paused. "He she placed her hand upon its top, then supplied by Copenhagen, with thirty died first," she continued impressive withdrew it with a cry of pain. She days; while Palermo, Rome and Venly; "you was more lucky."

David Sorwood was gazing at the clothes prop nearest him.

"He passed away, too," said the other, "just as he was vising from a greengrocer's to a fruiterer's. There's trades and frades, of course, | time. but a fruiterer's comes about as near the top as any I know. You never door, then foot steps that approached. had any dealings in fruit, I suppose?"

Her neighbor shook his head. Af- spair. "Do you see what they have vation, in the State of Washington, ber a moment's pause he pointed to done? They've put it in the wrong will be thrown open for settlement the pole on which his eye had rested. | place," "Perhaps you haven't noticed as "Ah," came David Sorwood's voice, for \$1.25 an acre.

he remarked. Mrs. Hodden gazed in evident annoyance from the speaker to the pole. "Bless the man," she exclaimed,

"well-so it is." "Will you have it moved now or later?' 'asked David Sonwood.

"I'll let you know in good time," said Mrs. Hodden as she retreated in a huff.

Her feelings were not the less ruffled by an unpleasant discovery. Her neighbor was becoming on friendly terms with the Pagleys. To crown all, as she sat by her window on the following Sunday afternoon she saw Mr. and Mrs. Pagley enter David Sorwood's back door. Then came the rattle of teacups. It became evident there had been an invitation. Mrs Hodden pondered.

Presently she rose. Moving to the dresser she sliced a small portion from a pat of butter and set it upon a plate. Then having passed the symbolical privet twigs she rapped upon her neighbor's door. It was with a little cry of amazement that she en-

"To think of my finding a part here!" she exclaimed as her eyes lit upon the trio. "And what a nice tea -with bloaters and radishes and all! I don't know as this little present of butter that I brought along with me will be any use now."

David Sorwood eyed her specula tively for a while as he wrestled with some bloater bones that obstinately resisted ejection from his mouth.

"Take a chair," he said at length. "Them Pagleys isn't thought a remarkable deal of," the widow confided to him as, having outstayed the others, she was taking her own leave. of their comrades from the gaps in | "I thought, being a neighbor, I'd better tell you in case they took upon The row stood in the midst of a flat | themselves to be too familiar and pushing. Some folk know their place

David Sorwood gazed thoughtfully upon the strips of garden. Mrs. Hod "I don't hold with fences in the or

"but there's nothing for a powerful stomachache but a strong cure." "I'll think about it," said Sorwood. It was after this that the widow

dinary sense," she said confidentially

at your window this morning," she course, she might just have been keepwith the utmost hardihood applied to ing a look-out to see what was going on, same as I might. I'd lock up that drawer where them two cruets of the syndicate himself formed the is if I were you though," she advised

"Ah," said David Sorwood, "I'm looking into the matter of the fence. from the dying twigs of privet to the It's going to be a high one," he added

"You'll find pails on top tears aimost as well as glass," she replied with an encouraging nod,

"Talking of hot weather," remarked Sorwood as they parted, "how did you Besides, the secretary enjoyed the come to find out about those cruets?" That was one day that I looked in to see the place was all right, you being out," explained Mrs. Hodden.

The next morning, summond by a

lov a bit of a drive."

The widow's heart fluttered wildly they did know it. as she bustled upstairs in order to dress for the occasion. A little later she was seated in the trap by his side. answered-became the acknowledged. Her black, jetladen mantle was relleved by a verdant green bonnet.

since I was left lonesome," she confided to her companion.

"I hope it won't be the last," re- This applies to the women. torted David Sorwood. A thrill passed through the widow

as she heard the words. They drove Londonwards. On ar-

ples and beer.

day," her companion confided to her talked correctly and intelligently, alin the midst of the repast. Mrs. Hedden was feeling dreamily comfortable

"And a good job, too," she said. Just then they both reached for the same pie. The hands of the two met. "Oh!" cried Mrs. Hodden. She feared she had failed to accentuate her embarrassment sufficiently. Sorwood had relinquished the ple in favor of a smaller one. "Oh!" she cried in even more visible confusion than be-

wood, and a tankard concealed his As they drove homeward the dusk | was meant. had already fallen. "It's been a lovely day," sighed Mrs.

fore. But thirst had fallen upon Sor-

Hodden. "It's these sorts of experiments that bring us pore women nearer to heaven. For an hour after her return Mrs. Hodden sat buried in thought, her hand pressing—as lightly as a mem-

ber of its weight could-upon her flowers from a vase, and, entering the kitchen, arranged them within the

whitest-hued cabbage leaf she could "I'll make the day seem sacred like | Tribune. to him," she murmured, as she step-

ped from the back door into the darkness of the night. As she came to the spot where she knew the privet twigs to be she raised to Malta, which is the nearest spot

had pricked her hand upon a nail. Ice, with one, two and five days re-"Mr. Sorwood," she called. "Mr.

From the other side came no re-

"Mr. Sorwood!" She screamed this

She heard first the opening of a

that prop's on my side of the ground," | "the carelessness of some of thes work-people is downright funny." As she heard the equable tones she wondered if Delilah had in truth been a woman.—London Tatler.

PRESIDENTS' SONS.

Good Records of the Twenty-one Who Have Grown to Manhood.

Strictly speaking, only twenty-one Presidents' sons, concerning whom there are available records, have grown to manhood, says the Ohio Mag-

Six Presidents-Washington, Madison, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan (a bachelor) and McKinley-left no children, Two-Jefferson and Monroe-left daughters only. President Johnson

had two sons, but both died before he

was President, and so do not count. The sons of thirteen Presidents-John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Fillmore, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Benjamin Harris-have lived to man's estate. The sons of Cleveland and Roosevelt are still boys.

Of the twenty-one Presidents' sons who have reached manhood nine have bulked large in the public eye on their own account, and all but one or two have been solid, substantial citizens.

The prominent nine are: John Quincy Adams, President, diplomatist and representative; Charles Francis Adams, publicist and statesman; Robert Tyler, register of the Confederate Treasury; Richard Taylor, who served with distinguished gallantry on the Confederate side of the civil war; politics and just entering national pol- by his firm. itics when he died: Robert Todd Lincoln, Cabinet Minister, diplomatist and president of a world famous corporation; Frederick Dent Grant, diplomatist and General in the army; Henry A. Garfield, lawyer, banker and professor of politics in a great university, and James R. Garfield, State Senator and United States Civil Service Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor, now in the Cabinet.

Besides the nine who have climbed so high, there is John Scott Harrison. who had the unique distinction of being the son of one President and the father of another. He was a man c? force and of great influence in his "I saw that Mrs. Pagley looking in own State, though he was not a prominent figure in a national sense. Count ing him in, and he surely "made good," as the saying is, ten or only one less than baif the Presidents' sons who have reached manhood are entitled to be named on the roll of honor.

> Practically all of the Presidents' sons who have grown to man's estate have been good citizens; their lives have been clean, wholesome and credit alike to their parentage and their country, while ten of the twenty have won unusual distinction. would be hard to find any other class of prominent Americans whose sons have done as well as those of the

NO JOB FOR PERFUMED MAN.

Chicago Employers Say That They Don't Want Him Around.

Men in business have formed such an antipathy to the man who uses "Seeing that I've got the loan of perfumery or has the barber put any a horse and trap," he said with diffi- thing on his hair that has any fradence. "I thought that if you've got grance in it that many men who don't no other engagements you might en- | know this are unable to connect with good jobs which might be theirs if

Even the women have become affeeted. In more than one Chicago business house the stenographers bave been asked to forego dousing a lot of scent poon their handkerchiefs of "First bit of real color as I've worn | blouses. A slight trace is not disagreeable, but in some cases even the smallest vestige is objected to. the men the slightest shadow of it is

It was only the other day the manager of a house in which many men rival at a haven in the neighborhood | are employed was examing an appliof the borough they partook of meal cant for a position. The applicant was neatly dressed, had a pleasing al- Prairie "I'm getting that fence put up to- though a slightly bold appearance and

though a trifle egotistically. Saddenly the manager, who had seemed to be weighing in his mind the merits and demerits of the appli-

cant, said: "Sorry, but we can't use you." "Can you tell me why?" asked the applicant: "perhaps if I were given

an opportunity---" The manager cut him short. "That's just the trouble," he said. You were given an opportunity and

you rejected it." "But I've been given no opportunty," said the man, not knowing what

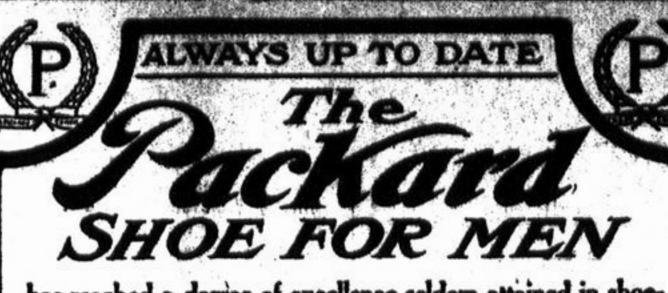
"Yes, you were," answered the manager, "you've been given an opportunity to cover yourself with cheap perfumery and of that chance you most generously have availed your-

Others managers took the same view. They said that the day of the scented business man had gone by. Then she rose. She took some wax They also said that their experience taught them that the man who used perfumery was likely to spend in thinking about himself time that he ought to give to his work.-Chicago

Where Snow Falls.

If you are not a lover of snow go spectively, may be recommended to those who merely care for snow as a casual and fleeting guest. - London Chronicle.

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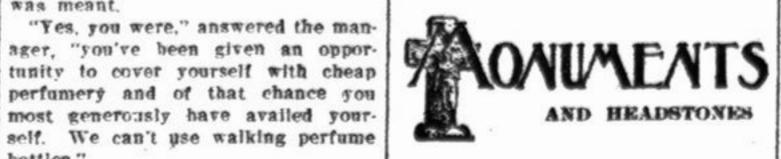
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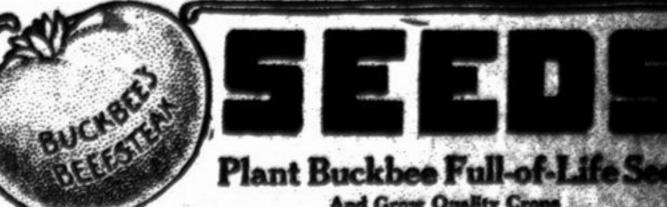
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