

I LOVE.

I love the fields. I love the fens, I love the hills and dales; I love the dancing little waves, I love the gleaming sails, I love the frisking lambs, I love The sky's entrancing blue, And e'en you Nannie goat I love! Sweetheart, for loving you,

Her Two-Fold Blessing.

The twilight of mid-July was full of brightness; the scent of new-mown clover, floated in the air, and, just beyond the elms in the hollow, the full moon was rising up, a great globe of pearl. And from her low seat beneath the overhanging honeysuckles, Bertha Wyman saw and felt all this summer beauty with the faint, blissful languor of a tropic dream.

Paul Fordham crossed the broad ribbon of moonlight that fluttered over the piazza, and came to sit down at the fiancée's feet. "You are like a picture to-night, Bertha, do you know it?"

"You're late to-night, Bertha!" Paul was looking out for her from the piazza steps, and came pleasantly to meet her. "I know it," she said, putting the hair away from her forehead, where the cold dew stood out in beads. "It is a long way from Redoxe farm and I did not walk very fast."

"What is it?" she asked mechanically. "It's about little Zaidie Raymond. She's not a widow, after all." "Not a widow?" "No, and how do you suppose I found it out? Clifford, my cousin (Clifford wrote to me from India, and he is her husband. You see there was some misunderstanding, some absurd quarrel between them before the honeymoon was over. He was a jealous fool, and she was passionate and she ran away and left him. He somehow heard that she was in this part of the country, and wrote to me. Of course, the minute I got a chance to speak to her I knew it was Zaidie. And she is the happiest little creature in the world, to think he really loves her, and next week she's going out to him. I've managed it all. Don't you think I'm a pretty good diplomatist?"

"His face was fairly radiant with honest pleasure as he looked down into Bertha's face. He did not see the glaze in her eyes, wide open and dilated, were fixed on vacancy, and her face was deadly white. "Merciful Heaven! What had she done in the wild, unreasoning madness of her jealousy? Was the blot of Cain upon her brow?"

"If you would but allow me to confide in you, Miss Wyman," she faltered, drawing a step or two nearer to the haughty Saxon beauty. "Mr. Fordham has told me."

dreamed that earth had so much happiness in store for me yet! And I owe it all to you!"

And then Bertha could hear his footsteps dying away in the distance, and could see Mrs. Raymond standing motionless for a moment, with her tiny hands clasped, and then gliding softly on, her scarlet scarf glimmering through the dusk like the wing of a Cylon bird.

"Faire! faire!" muttered Bertha, under her breath, with her white teeth set closely together. And she! how dare she?"

She hurried down the twilight glade, the thorns tearing her dress, the briars wounding her delicate flesh, but she felt them no more than if they had been rose petals blown toward her by the evening breeze. Some strong, savage purpose was maturing in her mind—some overmastering passion held her whole being in its grasp.

"There!" she said, half aloud pausing to look down into the peaceful stream where the planks floated amid the faint reflection of innumerable stars. "Long ago when I was a child, a man was drowned here. The water is deep, and the spot is very lonely. The next moment she was gone, hurrying nimbly away, as if some unseen presence were following close upon her footsteps."

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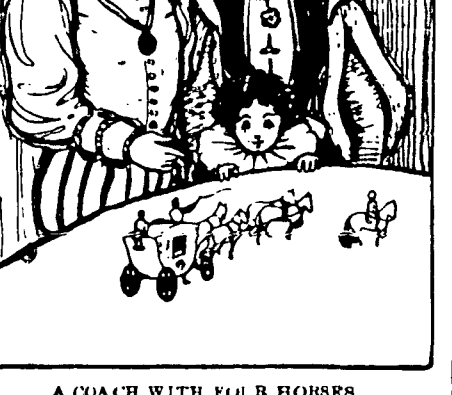
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THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MECHANICAL TOYS.

Mechanical toys date from 3,000 years before Christ's time, and so long ago as 400 B. C. a pigeon that could fly was constructed by an ingenious Roman artisan.

Although it cannot be told definitely who was the first child to play with a doll, it is believed that little Moses had one. Certainly many a dark-eyed Egyptian child found happiness in that universally beloved plaything, for beside the little mummies discovered in Egyptian tombs dolls have been found placed within reach of the baby fingers.



A COACH WITH FOUR HORSES.

windows in the dial plate to represent the hours, which were struck by the successive opening of the windows, whence fell metallic balls upon a brass bell. At noon and at midnight 12 little knights mounted on horseback came out at the same instant, paraded round the dial, shut all the windows and then returned to their places.

A toy invented for Louis XIV was a coach with four horses, outriders and a passenger. The top of a large oval table served as a road for this little equipage, and it was always ready for travel when the king ordered, a crack of the coachman's whip starting off the horses, which pranced and trotted and galloped in turn. The coach would run along until it arrived in front of the king, when it would stop, a footman would get down from his seat, open the carriage door, and a lady would step out. When she had courtesied to the king and presented a petition she would return to the carriage, the whip would crack once more, the horses would prance and the drive would be resumed.

A century later Vaucanson's automaton duck was the wonder of the world, so closely did it resemble a living one it waddled about in search of grain, picked it up with its bill, ate it with quick motions of the throat and swallowed it, it muddled the water with its beak, drank and quacked; it swam, dived, dressed its wings; it did everything as naturally as its live companions.

For centuries Frenchmen have been noted as makers of automatic toys, some of which have excited the admiration of all nations, and they still lead the world in their manufacture; but the latest one of very sensational ingenuity was made in 1929 by Houdin and was known as "the pastry shop."

At the request of spectators the cook would come out and bring various dishes, according to the orders given, and at the side of the shop assistant cooks might be seen rolling pastry and putting it in the ovens. Although Houdin had invented many curious figures "the pastry shop" was his masterpiece, and he made a fortune by its exhibition in Paris.

THE WRONG CHICK.

How the Crazed Chickens Hawk Carried Off Fluffy Duff.

"There," said mamma fervently, "I do hope these little fluff balls will have a chance to grow up before a miserable hawk spies them out." She set one little yellow chick after another down on the soft clover patch and brought out old Mother Biddy to take care of them.

The hawks had bothered poor mamma a great deal that season. First one little yellow brood and then another little brown brood had been sadly broken up, until only a few lonely little fellows were putting on their feather coats out in the farmyard.

"There, scamper away, little chick-abids, and mind you, keep your little weather eyes open for swooping, pouncing things up in the air," said she, "and the minute you see one run—run for Mother Biddy's feather bed."

Then mamma went in and Tillie came out. She was rearing chickens, too, only hers didn't grow a bit of shed their cunning little yellow dresses for feather coats. Tillie's chickens were made with wire backbones and legs, and when you placed them on the clover patch they didn't scurry away.

Tillie put one down now. He was as big, or as little, and every bit as yellow and fluff as mamma's chickens, and he looked like their own cousin without any "removes." His first name was Fluffy, and his last name the family name was Duff.

"There, Fluffy Duff, you stay right here and catch a nice worm for dinner," commanded Tillie's sweet little voice, "and get acquainted with mamma's chickens."

An hour or two afterward mamma heard a squawking and clucking and hurried to the door just in time to "shoo" a great hawk away from the clover patch. But before he went, though he was frightened nearly out of his wits, he snatched up a tiny yellow thing and snubbed away with it in his claws.

"There's one gone already," ground poor mamma, running out with Tillie at her heels.

"One two three why no, they're all here—here's ten." Then mamma counted all over again. There were ten tiny yellow things left. "Oh, oh, it was Fluffy Duff! It was Fluffy Duff!" Tillie cried in horror. And it was a very long time before she could see any joke in it at all.

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WOULD YOU IF YOU COULD

Would you live to be a hundred If you could?

There are rules and schedules made To assist you, if obeyed Age and death can be delayed;

Would you, Would you, Live to be a hundred if you could?

With the snow upon your hair, And your eyes a vacant stare? Life a sob—a sigh—a prayer.

Would you, Would you, Live to be a hundred if you could? —M. L. Rayne.

The Saving of Lucy Joy

Mrs. Dodge, twice widowed, and still buoyant, took a deep interest in the church. Some said she took a deeper interest in the minister, but as Mr. Spriggs, a faithful widower and an officer of the church quoted to the spinners of his family, "Judge not that ye be not judged."

The Rev. Mr. John Draper was all that a congregation could reasonably demand—a good, devoted man, too old for the dangers of youth, too young for the rigors of age. Mrs. Dodge, with her valuable experience, appreciated the strong qualities of such a man and acted accordingly. Her dealings with the other sex had taught her that the best way to manage a man was to make him believe that he was the only person in the world who could do impossible things. In the fullness of such vanity, even a minister might forget two previous husbands.

Of course, Mr. Draper, Mrs. Dodge said in the quiet of his study. "It is a very delicate matter, but you are a man of such infinite tact and every one trusts you so completely—especially Lucy—that you can speak of this with perfect propriety and without hurting her feelings in the least. She is such a beautiful girl that I tremble for her. It seems to be the fate of pretty girls in small places like this to make sudden choices and to have life-long regrets. We know what it is to marry happily—but the other thing—to marry is wretchedness." he repeated drearily.

"I mean, of course, that the right sort of marriage is happiness forever, but the other kind is not—that is, we must see that Lucy does not make one of those sudden attachments which may wreck her life. We owe it to her as a member—as a working member of our church."

"What would you do?" he asked. "Speak with her as her pastor. Her parents are both dead, she is almost alone in the world, and my heart often aches for her. One woman does little good by warning another woman—she—well, she seldom trusts her—it's in the sex, I suppose, but a word from a man like you, so consecrated to duty, will make just the impression that is needed. I know that I voice the feeling of your best members when I say this to you."

After she had gone, the minister sat helplessly in his chair for fully ten minutes and then he got up and walked the floor. If it were a plain ordinary sinner to go about it, that was a part of his business, but to hint to a beautiful young woman of unimpeachable character that she was about to commit a sin was an extraordinary poverty in his work.

"Still," he said to himself, as he walked the floor, "there must be some reason for this request, and what Mrs. Dodge said is true, the prettiest girls of small places often do wreck their lives by impulsive decisions; they do become the victims of men experienced in the wiles of the world. But Lucy Joy! God forbid!"

He put on his hat and sought comfort in the sunshine of the spring morning. As he reached the street he almost ran into Lucy Joy, her arms full of dogwood and lilacs, and a grinning small boy pulling a wagon loaded with more of the blossoms.

The same old Adam—putting it all on the women. "I am listening," she said frigidly, and the way the words came out—as he confessed afterwards—made him shiver from his bald spot to his toes.

"They all—that is we all—love you go, Miss Lucy—love you so, Miss Lucy, and you have been so kind to the church, have done so much—"

"Then I am almost as unpopular as a minister's wife," she put in, to his utter consternation, and before he could recover she went on: "You may say to your nice old ladies who never have a thought above knitting or getting another husband—this made him wince—"that I work for the church because the church gives me what I cannot get elsewhere, peace, strength, consolation, and I love to give a little something in return. The reason I took those flowers to that lonesome wedding was to make the bride and groom feel that when they stood in the place there was something more than mere ceremony there—that there was kindness."

He had no words in return. They The Saving of Lucy Joy—TWO..... walked silently a few minutes, and then turned into a modest yard. Presently they stood at the bedside and the patient's face lighted up with joy. Even if dying, the average woman would stretch out life a few minutes to help out a romance and Mrs. Hasler was a saint.

"At last, at last," she said. "My two sweetest friends together—together!" "They said nothing." "Take good care of her, John," she exclaimed, and Lucy, I know you will be a good wife."

How it all happened neither of them could afterwards tell, but when they found themselves again in the sun-rooms each felt like running away from the other. It is so pitiful to see the mind wandering," said Miss Lucy, who was the first to speak.

"Together—together," repeated the preacher. "It is indeed pitiful to see the mind wandering," she said again. "Not wandering, but wondering. Miss Lucy—wondering if you will."

"What? He good?" "No, you know what I mean—be my wife, take my love, the love that has been growing for years, that never undid itself until now, a poor ignorant love that is not worthy, but a love that is true and full and pure. Oh, if I only could and we are not on the street, I would get down on my knees."

"To pray?" she asked. She could not help it. "I do not care if we are on the street," he suddenly declared, and he took her hand and held it with a grip of steel and kept holding it until there was a little pressure in reply.

A few minutes later they met Mrs. Dodge, and with one look that lady of long and varied experience divined the result. She did not faint, she did not blush. She remarked upon the beauty of the day and calmly said "I am going to call on the Spriggs girls," and Miss Lucy Joy, although fully reformed, did a sinful thing when she said to the minister laugh by saying: "Poor Mr. Spriggs."—Kansas City Journal.

THE SMALLEST BLACKSMITH

Jack Donnell, Four Years of Age, Shoes Great Big Horses.

John Donnell, aged 4 years, black smith.

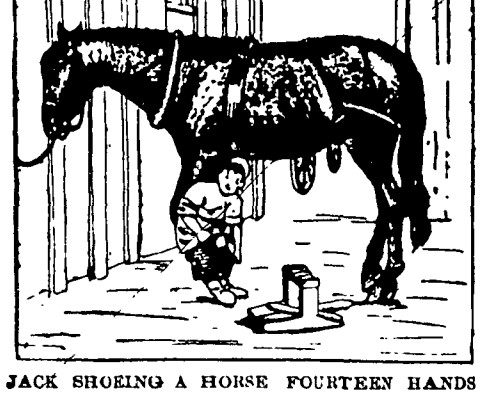
This is the proud title claimed by an Alameda (Cal) youngster, and he has been two years proving to his family and to any outsider who might be sufficiently interested to observe his doings that he was, as the children say, a "truly blacksmith."

Since two years ago, when one of the neighbors permitted little Jack Donnell to ride about in his children's pony cart and to stroke, when any one was good enough to hold him up, the sides of the tiny Shetland pony Jack Donnell has been the slave of that pony. He cared for nothing that took him away from it. In course of time the animal had to be staid, and Jack accompanied the boy who led the horse to the blacksmith's shop. From that time his vocation was settled. There was nothing possible for him but the life of the smithy. Whenever he could steal away from his mother—he lived only across the street—he would hasten to the shop and sit for hours before the forge contentedly watching the smith as he cut a strip of iron and plunged it deep into the coals, then with a pumping of the bellows caused the fire to glow brightly. With interested air he noted, for this was an old fashioned shop, the red-hot piece of iron fashioned into a horseshoe. His face would grow even more serious as the horse's foot steamed when the hot shoe was pressed upon it, and he trembled with solemn wonder when the hoof was shaved and the shoe fastened in place.

Soon Jack began to pry into things, and the good natured blacksmith, amused by the boy's precocious questions, permitted him first to take up the pony's foot and examine it, next to hold the shoe in place while he showed him how the nails should go and finally, under his direction, to drive the nails.

That was nearly two years ago, and little Jack is still, on his fourth birthday, as true to his chosen trade as then. He has, however, advanced. He is now permitted to shoe a horse 14 hands high instead of a pony standing 39 inches in his shoes.

To the query, "Do you like to shoe horses, Jack?" he vouchsafed only a nod. Asked when he began his work, he gravely replied, "When I was a little boy."



JACK SHOEING A HORSE FOURTEEN HANDS HIGH.

Mixed About Names.

Teacher (to new pupil)—What is your last name, my little man? New Pupil—Tommy. "What is your full name?" "Tommy Tompkins." "Then Tompkins is your last name?" "No, it isn't. When I was born my name was Tompkins, and they didn't give me the other one for a month afterward."—Collier's Weekly.

If you don't want to know what a man's wife is like, study his taste in other women.