IN THE CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

Let's rest here in Clover deep!
Vain regret and care will keep!
Woo the sky with all its blue,
Shimmer of the sunshine, too!
Song of river, laugh of child,
Humblest thing that ever smiled;
Steep the soul and bathe the feet
In the Clover blossoms sweet!

Let's forget all weary things!
Woo the blossoms and the wings
Where the bending azure meets
Argosies of silver fleets!
All the World is full of joy,
Take it as a child its toy—
Fling its fever and unrest
Down to the deep ocean breast

Of life's yesterdays. To-day
God's glad promises hold sway,
In the river's rush and ken
Of the happy hearts of men!
Woo the sky with all its blue
Shimmer of the sunshine, too;
Steep the soul and bathe the feet.
In the Clover blossoms sweet!

Wading in the Clover sea
We'll clasp hands with memory!
Let her lead us swift along
By the golden chain of song;
Leaning, list'ning the refrain
Of the Robin's trill again!
Ah, the voices loved of yore,
Say not they will come no more!

Speaking with us as 'tis meet
'Mid the Clover blossoms sweet;
They've forgot the angel's kiss!
Knowing only that we miss
Tender tones we called our own
On the throne of love and home!
So we steep our souls to-day
In the blossoms o'er the way!
—E. S. L. Thompson in the Transcript.

The Night of Her Life

MRS. SAVAGE had placed a rose rather gently in her hair as she dressed for dinner. She was too old for such nonsense as vanity, or, if not too old, had outlived her youth, which she chose to consider the same thing.

To-night she wished for his sake that she had been younger. Twenty and 28, they do not reconcile when it is the woman who is the elder.

She had met him at the hotel, where they were both staying, three weeks

"I HAVE MUCH TO SAY."

ago, a gray-eyed, dreamy-looking boy. He interested her as no one had ever interested her before.

She went downstairs into the hotel drawing-room, which she found unoccupied save for an old friend of hers, Mrs. Conneston.

The latter looked up as she came into the room, noted the pink rose resting against the brown hair, saw the soft sparkle in the deep blue eyes, the warm color in the youthful, rounded cheeks.

"You've been dreaming," declared the elder woman, a little sharply; "you dear, romantic creature, you've been day-dreaming."

Mrs. Savage nodded.

"About the future?"

"No, about the past."

"Ah! Your married life, I suppose?"

"No; that is the one thing I wish to forget."

"Yet, like a foolish girl, you seem inclined to complicate your beautiful, serene life by letting yourself become sentimental over a bright-haired boy."

Mrs. Savage rose swiftly to her feet.

"You have no right to say that," she exclaimed. "It's beyond the limits of friendship. Mr. Blake is nothing to me."

"I am glad to hear that. I met him before I came to this place—at a hotel in the north. He was making ardent love to a pretty girl—I forget her name. Every one thought it would end in an engagement or an elopement. But I fancy the father of the girl put a stop to the affair."

"What has this to do with me? When I leave here my acquaintance with Mr. Blake will be at an end."

"Then you need not be so ready to take offense, my dear child, at what I have said."

Mrs. Savage left the drawing-room a little hurriedly, and returned to her own apartments. She was not in the mood for Mrs. Conneston's somewhat cynical humor.

Her gaze lingered for a moment upon the radiant double that her mirror reflected. She saw that she looked well. Her dinner gown of good silk was covered with beautiful lace, in the meshes of which a diamond star glittered with green and yellow fires. Yes—she looked her best.

"Let's take a stroll in the gardens," said a voice by her side, a little later. "I—I have something to say to you."

It was the boy. He spoke in a tone that was a little unsteady, and he appeared nervous.

She guessed what he was going to say. What should her answer be? Among her own people she possessed the reputation of being a singularly level-headed woman, shrewd in her judgment, decisive and firm in action.

"It is good of you to come out here," said the boy. "I wanted so much to have a quiet talk with you, and that wasn't possible indoors. I—I have much to say, much to ask you."

Her heart beat warmly at his words.

"First of all," he said, when they had found a seat, "I want to ask you what a man should do who is utterly lost, so far as the world would judge, yet who believes that he might still be redeemed by his love for a woman who is to him as a star of hope to one who—who has lost his way."

She looked at him wonderingly. Of whom was he speaking?

"A child," he went on, "thinks as those among whom it is brought up teach it to think. Its thoughts, its acts are not its own, and by the time it is able to reason for itself, to hate itself, the evil has been done."

Revelation flashed upon her.

"You are telling me of yourself?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. And then he took her gloved hand and placed it on his lips. "Remember this," he said; "whatever you hear of me—I never had a chance, never understood, until it was too late. I——"

But his words were interrupted. An alert little man had darted like a shadow from among the laurel bushes that grew close by.

Blake rose swiftly to his feet. Mrs. Savage herd a sharp click of steel.

"This man is a thief, madam, of whom we have long been in search. He has probably made your acquaintance, as he has that of other ladies, with a view of stealing your diamonds I see that you are wearing some fine stones. You are fortunate to have kept them so long."

Mrs. Savage felt as if the whole scene were swaying before her bewildered eyes.

"Is it true?" she asked.

"It is true," he answered in French, "that at first it was with the idea of taking your jewels that—that—but—but afterwards—the woman I told you about was yourself. I love you. I shall go to prison, be shut out from the light of day, and serve out my time gladly; and it will seem no longer than a few months to me, because of my love for you, though others may count it as years. And when I come out again there will be time for me to make something—different of my life."

"Look at me," she said.

He looked straight into her eyes.

For a moment there was silence between them.

"I believe you," she said simply.

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"So our interesting friend has got off with a lighter sentence than one might have expected," remarked Mrs. Conneston a few weeks later. "Five years only. I wonder what he will do—afterwards. He was certainly a boy with charming manners."

"Shall I tell you what his future will be?" replied Mrs. Savage. "He will be met at the prison gates by a woman whom he loves, who loves him; and they will go away together, he and she, caring nothing at all for the rest of the world, and in a country which knows them not she will help him to start again."

Mrs. Conneston never allowed herself to show surprise.

"You are an astonishing woman,'" she said. "I suppose it's the outcome of reading Tolstoi. Yet I think myself that he is a boy for whose sake one might risk the experiment. I have faith in him still."

"So have I," replied Mrs. Savage.—Indianapolis Sun.

SIMPLE LIFE IN ICELAND.

Each House Is a Factory—The Percentage of Crime Is Small.

There are no manufactories in the country. Each home is a factory, and every member of the family a hand, says the Pilgrim.

Shoes are made from goat skins. The long stockings, worn over these in wading through the snow, are knitted by the women and children, and even the beautiful broadcloth comes smooth and perfect from the hand loom found in every house.

The sweet simplicity of their national costume does away with the necessity of fashion books. Young girls who are about to be married need take no thought as to "wherewithal shall they be clothed." When they array themselves in the wedding garments of their ancestor, two or even three generations remote, they are perfectly up-to-date in the matter of attire.

This simple life is conducive to a state of high morals, higher probably than in any other part of the world. There is not a drop of liquor manufactured on the island, and for the 78,000 population there is but one policeman. There is neither a jail nor any place of incarceration for criminals; nor yet is there a court in which a high crime could be tried.

The percentage of crime is so small that it does not warrant the expense of keeping up a court. When a criminal trial becomes necessary the offender is taken to Denmark to answer to the law for his misdeeds.

The women are among the most advanced in the world. Their Woman's Political League has a membership of 7,000, and they enjoy more civil rights than the women of almost any other country, having a voice in all elections save that for members for their legislative body.

It is impossible for a man to judge a woman's wisdom by what she doesn't say.

He who goes on an occasional spree is better off.

KAISER WILHELM FINDS IT HARD TO LIVE ON £800,000 PER YEAR

The German Emperor, with an annual income of about four million dollars is a poor man, and has great difficulty in making both ends meet, declares the London Express. He does not receive a farthing in his capacity as German Emperor, but fulfils the duties of this honorary position free of charge to the federation of German States. The Kaiser draws his income, first, as King of Prussia; and, second, as a private landowner.

His income as King of Prussia amounts approximately to $4,000,000, per annum. The Emperor of Russia receives an annual allowance of approximately $5,000,000, and the Emperor of Austria an annual allowance of more than $4,000,000. Both these monarchs receive additional allowances for certain definite purposes, and both of them own vast landed estates far superior in acreage to the German Emperor's possessions.

The Sultan of Turkey receives an annual allowance of $10,000,000, and the King of Italy draws over $3,000,000 per annum; while the incomes of several monarchs of smaller States are nearly as large as that of the King of Prussia.

The amount of $4,000,000 granted annually to the German Emperor in his capacity as King of Prussia is not taken from the national exchequer, but from revenues from State dominions which were formerly the private property of the Prussian royal house. The Crown lands were handed over to the State, and in return the State pays a fixed annual income to the monarch.

The Kaiser owns eighty-three landed estates, comprising a total of 250,000 acres. He is the greatest landowner in Germany, and his possessions far exceed those of the three landowners whose estates rank next to his own in acreage. These are the Prince of Pless, who owns 125,000 acres; the Duke of Ujest, who owns 100,000; and the Duke of Ratibor, who owns 75,000 acres. Some of the land of the Kaiser's estates is rented to farmers; but the Emperor carries on business on his own account in several parts of the country.

The Kaiser's workmen are paid abnormally high wages, and all his employes receive liberal pensions in their old age or in case of sickness. He also provides liberally for the widows and children out of his private purse. All these payments consume a large proportion of the profits, so that the Emperor's income from his estates is comparatively small.

Practically speaking, the German Emperor is thus obliged to live on his royal income of $4,000,000 per annum, which is altogether insufficient for his requirements. The Kaiser has no personal extravagances, but lives a simple and strenuous life of hard work and little luxury. He spends little money on his table, for the cuisine of the German imperial residence is notorious for its inferiority.

The Kaiser is not a dandy, and spends a comparatively small amount every year on his clothes. The horses he rides are not of a particularly good breed, and not unusually expensive. He is not a gambler, and does not indulge in other dissipations which would be excusable in his position.

He is, however, extravagant in one respect, namely, in keeping up the imperial magnificence of his court on a scale never previously attempted by a King of Prussia. The support of relatives forms a first charge on the Kaiser's income. He has to provide an annual allowance for his six sons, and has to maintain a separate court for several more distant relatives.

Apart from his expenditure for purposes of royal display, the Kaiser devotes a large sum every year to the encouragement of art and of the drama. He is continually ordering monuments to be erected at his own expense, and buys pictures for presentation to public galleries.

The Kaiser maintains the Royal Opera House, the Royal Theater in Berlin, and the Royal Theater at Wiesbaden at his own expense. All three theaters are conducted only partially as profit-making concerns.

With all these financial burdens the Kaiser is unable to make both ends meet on his income, and has been obliged to borrow money from some of his wealthy subjects.

UNCLE SAM: "Some more of them blamed toadstools, I'll be darned."
—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

AFRICAN PYGMIES.

Recent investigations of the region about the head waters of the Congo have excited new interest in the mysterious small folk who inhabit the forests of the island. Tiny denizens of the deep, still woods, sparing of speech and having either no form of religious worship, or a very crude one, they are of a very low order of intelligence. But they know how to make fire, to poison their little murderous darts, and they have a language, although it is simple, and contains but few words. Although averaging only about four feet in height they are nevertheless not to be despised as foemen. They are strange uncanny-looking creatures, of lighter color than the average negro, and having rich hair which rolls in tightly-curled spiral locks. This gives it the appearance of growing in tufts.

The pygmy race was known to the ancients. Aristotle, Herodotus and Homer wrote of the dwarfs, and probably many of the legends of gnomes and fairy folk grew out of the misty knowledge of these small tribes. "A kinde of little people which are no bigger than Boyes of twelve yeares olde, but verie thicke, and live only upon fleshe which they kill in the woods with Bowes and Dartes," wrote a seventeenth century author.

The pygmies have little or no idea of a Supreme Being. One tribe has been found who in times of danger prayed to "Yer." One traveler records such a supplication.

"Yer, if thou dost really exist, why dost thou let us be slain? We ask thee not for food, for we live on nuts and mice. If thou hast made us, why dost thou let us be trodden down?"

A stranger is fair game to a pygmy, a legitimate mark for his little deadly arrows. He sometimes traps the unwary. Having tied a cord to his ankle, the pygmy conceals himself in the bush. The other end of the string is tied to a bough of a tree which stretches across the forest path. When some one comes that way the pygmy agitates the bough by jerking his ankle. Every sound or motion of the forest is of moment, and the newcomer stands still to look and listen. Then the pygmy shoots him in the back.

"But," said one of the little creatures, when rebuked, "he was a stranger. He had no business here," an argument which reminds one of Leech's picture and story in Punch: "A stranger? 'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im!"

Market for Stumps.

A new industry in the region at the head of the lakes is the gathering of the tree stumps for use in the Maine shipyards. A large number of wooden ships are built every year, and it has been found that the most efficient corner braces are those made from these stumps, and hundreds are shipped east every day. The roots of the trees and a short section of the stump are used in making the braces, and stumps from trees about a foot in diameter are found to be the best. The stump is taken from the ground and roughly hewn into shape before being shipped. After its receipt at the shipyards it is made into a perfect brace. The cost of a carload of the stumps is close to $400, and the freight charges run over $100 a car.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Most women know that if they do not behave, men will talk about them.