

THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR.

Pray, where are the toys of the Yesteryear?
The jumping-jack with its flaring red,
The fuzzy dog and the antlered deer,
The drum with its sticks and tuncful head,
The Noah's ark with its wooden crew,
The building blocks with the letters on?
The child has toys that are bright and new,
But, where, pray where, have the old friends gone?
Somewhere in the attic in corner dark
The jumping-jack and the split drum lie,
The wooden crew of the Noah's ark
And the tin of the battered infantry,
There, half by the rubbish and dust concealed,
The fuzzy dog and the wooden deer,
The building blocks with their letters on?
Half off; and the stringless top is here.

Pray, where are the toys of the Yesteryear?
The gaudy dreams with their colors gay,
The castled hopes that were passing dear,
The joys of our boyhood's merry play?
The man has toys that are bright and new,
On the wreck of dreams new dreams up rear,
But where are the hopes of the flaring hue
That were our toys of the Yesteryear?
Somewhere in the darkness the dead dreams fade,
The broken idol and shattered vase,
The castled hopes in their ruins laid,
Come here to a common trysing place,
Half hid by the rubbish and dust of days
The wrecks of unnumbered dreams are here,
That made us glad in a hundred ways,
And these are the toys of the Yesteryear.
—Collier's Weekly.

A FUSS, AND THE RESULT.

By HADDIE P'MAHON.

It was a spring day, not an ideal, but a real one, with a bitter penetrating wind that would have done credit to a day in midwinter. The usual robust old gentleman—which of us does not know him?—was telling his friends with much rubbing of hands and stamping of feet, that it was "fine, healthy weather," and Cynthia Desmond regarded him wrathfully as she passed him at the entrance to the London railroad station. A good day for a brisk country walk, but decidedly not one on which to undertake a three hours' railway journey without even a stop to get a hot cup of tea. With this dismal prospect before her, Cynthia was not exactly in the best of tempers. She was not miserable of course—that would be too absurd—but things in general were inclined to be irritating.

Despite the fur-lined travelling coat, which reached almost to the end of her short skirt, she gave a little shiver as, dressing case in hand, she crossed the deserted platform and stepped into an empty car in the waiting train.

"And to think," she said, planting her dressing case on the seat beside her, burying her hands in a huge fur muff, and addressing her sister who stood at the car door, "that it is all through that abominable Miles that I am to freeze in this car by myself for three mortal hours; and, worst of all, leave home for a month or more and miss the Altons' dance and all the other fun!"

"It is horrible," agreed Dolly Desmond, sympathetically. Truth to tell, Dolly was of the opinion that the "abominable Miles" in question had an equal right to apply the adjective to Cynthia, for in their recent quarrel there had certainly been "six of one and half a dozen of the other." "But," she went on, soothingly, "though it won't be the same as being at home, you are sure to have a good time with Edith"—the married sister to whom Cynthia was going. "And you know you said that to stay here now would be unbearable."

"So it would," declared Cynthia. "The further away I am from Miles the easier I shall find it to cultivate a spirit of peace and thankfulness."

"I think he might have gone away for a while under the circumstances," remarked her sister.

"Perhaps he couldn't get away just now," said Cynthia quickly, unwilling, woman-like, that anyone but herself should abuse the man she loved or had loved—she put it in the past tense now.

"Perhaps not," agreed Dolly, who, wise in her generation, knew that to agree with Cynthia in her present mood was worse than useless. "Good-by, darling. You'll be off in a minute now."

"Goodby!" answered Cynthia, a little tearfully, leaning out of the window for a farewell kiss. "Take care of mother and keep the boys in order and enjoy yourself, and don't, don't be silly enough to get engaged to any man, be he angel in masculine form!"

"At present," laughed Dolly, displaying all her dimples, "no one seems eager to tempt me from the chaste paths where I wander in maiden meditation, fancy free, but should any daring person so endeavor I'll remember your warning."

She stepped back from the edge of the platform, there was the usual amount of shouting, and the train began to move. Suddenly there was a desperate rush, the door of the compartment was violently wrenched open, and a young man was precipitated inside.

"I beg your pardon," he gasped rather breathlessly, dropping into the seat opposite her. He recovered himself, took off his cap and flung it on the seat beside him, took a glance at the slight figure opposite, and realized blandly that he was sitting facing the girl who, a few days ago, had given him back, with the fervently expressed wish that she might never see him again, the ring he had with such tender triumph placed on her finger only six months before, the little ring that was resting against his heart now.

"I need hardly say," he remarked, stiffly, supplementing his former apolo-

logy, as he met the haughty gaze directed at him through the white automobile veil which was swathed around her hat and tied beneath her small, determined chin, "that I am as annoyed as you can be at this unfortunate accident. Of course you quite understand that it was not my fault?"

"I suppose not," with icy ungraciousness.

"You could hardly suppose," he went on, indignantly, a slight angry flush rising on his cheeks, "that I should seek a three hours' tete-a-tete with you."

"Certainly I should say it would be the last punishment for our sins that either of us would choose," was Miss Desmond's soothing reply; after which, taking up the magazine with which she was supplied, she became apparently immersed in its contents, and oblivious of the fact that the world, much less the small railroad compartment in which she was sitting, contained such a person as Miles Owendine.

Pulling a newspaper out of his pocket, with a certain suppressed viciousness—a man's feelings are never under such good control as a woman's—he followed her example.

Half an hour passed slowly by, and then Cynthia moved her book a quarter of an inch to one side and took a surreptitious peep at the faultlessly clothed length of limb and clean-shaven, resolute young face opposite. What a detestable, bad-tempered fellow he was, but how good to look at. She had always been proudly confident that her Miles was beyond comparison with any other man. Her Miles! A little pain shot through her heart as she remembered that he was her Miles no longer, and she went back to her book with a small, weary shiver. It was getting colder. Engrossed as he apparently was in his paper, Miles noticed that shiver—he knew Cynthia's horror of and suffering from the cold. How unkind and sarcastic she had been; a man can stand almost anything from a woman better than sarcasm; but how like a flower was her small, haughty face rising out of its frame of rich furs. How sweet was the shadowy droop of those long lashes, how bright the gleam of the waves of hair that showed between the folds of the now turned-up veil. From her dainty shod foot and slender ankle to the topmost wave of the veil she was perfect, with the inimitable grace and style which some girls possess and which others, though their dress allowance be three times as large, can never attain. He did not like automobile veils—at least he used to think he did not—but Cynthia, Cynthia was different from all other women; she would look exquisite in a sack, and how could he ever have been fool enough to think, much less to say, automobile veils did not suit her.

That had been the beginning of this miserable quarrel—such a silly, simple thing to wreck two lives. He had, with all a man's tactlessness, called her veil a "horrid-looking arrangement," when she, as Dolly said, "rather farced herself in it." She had replied with the obvious home truth that at any rate, it was fashionable and respectable, which was more than could be said of a certain disreputable old brown coat beloved of Miles' soul, but the bane of her life; to which he had injudiciously made answer that women never could understand the possibility of a thing's being fashionable and unbecoming. Cynthia then expressed her surprise that he had been foolish enough to propose to her, seeing that nothing she ever did, said or wore pleased him—a remark decidedly unjust and untrue. And he retorted that the same idea occurred to him with regard to her acceptance of his proposal. After which things went from bad to worse, until Cynthia found herself walking away with head held high and a vivid spot of carmine blazing on each cheek through the white gauze of the luckless automobile veil, and Miles, left alone, gazed blankly at the small ring lying on his palm, and tried to realize what had happened.

And thus it had come to pass that both these young people were flying from each other, the vision of the blissful "lived happily ever after," to which they had looked forward with such glad confidence, receding from both with equal rapidity.

How foolish and childish it all seemed now. His eyes travelled to Cynthia's small left hand, and noted with a sense of loss and hopelessness, the forlorn little wrinkle in the third finger of her gray glove that marked where her ring had made a bulge, a bulge that he had often fondly kissed.

Involuntarily she shivered again and decided that she could not bear the cold much longer.

"You are cold," he said, his pity for her evident suffering and the overwhelming desire to do something for her, making him speak. "Won't you take my rug?"

"Thank you," she answered, in a tone that was as cold as her small hands, "I would rather not."

Angrily rewrapping himself in the rejected rug, he told himself that he was a fool to lay himself open to another snub, and decided that she might freeze now before he would speak again.

For a while they read on in silence; then, dropping her paper, she pushed both hands into her muff and lifted it up to her face, pressing the warm fur against her cheek as she leaned one elbow on the window ledge and gazed out at the flying fields and hedgerows. It was getting darker too. The shadows that, when they started had been so clearly defined on the vivid emerald of the fields, were all merging now into the soft dusk that crept over the land. The twilight shadows were, she knew, creeping, too, into Miles' gray-blue eyes, darkening them in the way she knew so well. The winter sunshine no longer touched with brightness the close waves of his well-groomed head.

Against her will, she turned her head and looking at him, but meeting his eyes, looked away swiftly, and began nervously to pull off her gloves and chafe her hands. How cold it was! She wished now that she had accepted the rug. When one is half petrified, one's pride is at a low ebb.

"Cynthia," he burst out, flinging down his paper, all his bitter resolutions not proof against the sight of her silent misery. "I wish I could do something for you!"

At that moment there flashed into both their minds the remembrance of the last time she had complained of the cold, when he had taken her into his warm arms and kissed and chafed her hands, and as their eyes met each knew the other's thought.

"Cynthia," he said again, softly, passionately, leaning across her eagerly, "do you remember?"

"I remember nothing," she answered, with a haughtiness that was but the veil of her utter weakness.

"You are right," he agreed, drawing back quickly, "it is not worth remembering!"

Her eyes were full of tears as she turned over the pages of the magazine she was beginning to hate. She had read every bit of it. No, here was something she had not noticed before, only a little verse of Omar Khayyam's:

"If in this Shadowland of Life thou hast
Found one true heart to love thee,
hold it fast:
Love it again, give all to keep it
thine—
For Love, like nothing in the world,
can last."

It was the last straw. All the pent-up love and misery in her heart welled up and brought the tears to her eyes again, but she squared her small chin and turned a few more pages indifferently. He should not see that she cared. She noticed that he had finished his paper, and resolving not to be outdone in stiff politeness, to show him that she could trust herself to talk easily to him, she offered him her magazine in exchange.

"Thank you," he said, accepting the offer and opening the magazine at the page where Omar's verse was marked by a big tear drop. Cynthia had been crying. He read the beautiful words, then looked across at her with his whole "true heart" in his eyes.

"Surely," she cried, miserably, "we must be nearly there?"

"I don't think so," he answered almost apologetically, his thoughts going back to the time when an eternity alone together would have seemed but as five minutes of bliss. "We"—consulting his watch—"have an hour and a half yet."

"Your watch has stopped she insisted, irritably. "I'm sure you could see the lights of X—if you looked out."

"I'll try, if you like," he said, good-naturedly; and, raising the window, he put his head out into the darkness.

"No," he affirmed, "I cannot see them." He drew his head in suddenly, and, pulling down the window again, sat down with one hand pressed to his eye, the acute agony caused by a speck of coal dust on the pupil making the tears course down his face.

Cynthia watched him for a moment doubtfully; then her pride went down before the pity and motherliness which, at the sight of a man or child in pain, wells up in a woman's heart,

and she crossed to his side, producing a cobweb of a handkerchief.

"Miles," she said softly, shyly placing one small, cold hand on his forehead, "let me get it out for you. Look up!"—as he moved his hand from the injured eye. "Yes, I see it. Now keep quite still. There!"—triumphantly bringing forth the speck on the point of the fragile handkerchief—"it's out!"

"Thank you, dear!" he said, with tender passion, catching and keeping her two hands, handkerchief and all.

"No, I will not let you go, Cynthia—my Cynthia!"

"No," she contradicted, with lips that were a little tremulous, looking down at the bare third finger of her left hand—"not now."

"Yes," he insisted, bringing forth from its hiding place the little ring she had so scornfully flung back to him, and slipping it on—"now, and always, Cynthia"—pleadingly—"you will forgive me, and always wear any dearest veil you please!"

"Miles," she answered, softly, as his arms went round her, "you will forgive me, and wear your old brown coat whenever you wish?"

The express rattled on, and the two, settled so easily in the corner of one of its cars, were very silent for a while.

"Are you warm, now, sweetheart?" asked Miles, tenderly, after a little.

"Yes," she whispered happily. "How dreadfully quickly the train is going now, Miles!"

"Too quickly," he agreed, ruefully. "Never mind," she said. "Tomorrow I will explain to Edith, and you can settle with the friends you intended visiting, and we will go back and spend the whole long, happy spring and summer together."

"Oh, Cynthia!" he breathed, with awed, boyish gladness—"this and every future spring and summer and winter, until the end of life!"

"And after," she supplemented, softly.

"And," he repeated, earnestly, reverently, "God helping me and you, my good angel, beside me, after,"—New York Weekly.

A WOULD-BE OHELLO.

Angry Moor Tries to Put His Harem To Death.

According to the Figaro of Paris the French government finds itself face to face with a new phase of the Moroccan question.

When a few months ago a Tangier merchant went to Paris he took with him three of his prettiest wives and a native servant as chaperon. He established himself in a flat on the Left Bank of the Seine, and at once set out to see the city. The harem finally became weary with solitude, and by the aid of the servant procured European costumes and set out to see the sights on its own account. Mohammed Ben Ferma, the husband, however, discovered the truth and became angry.

In order to prevent a repetition of the escapade he took away from his wives their European clothes and had an iron-barred cage fitted up in one of the rooms in which he placed his wives when he went out. Again the servant betrayed his trust; for 20 francs a locksmith furnished a duplicate key, and once more the three members of the harem enjoyed their liberty. But it was not to last.

One night Mohammed returned to the flat earlier than usual and found the cage empty. He awaited his wives' return. When they came in he proceeded to try them according to the law of the "Koran," and sentenced them to death. Suddenly the neighborhood was aroused by awful screams.

When the police burst into the flat they found Mohammed preparing to bowstring his wives. He was annoyed at being interrupted and turned upon the rescuers, fighting like mad. It took six policemen to subdue him. He is now in prison. The authorities are wondering what to do with the harem.

Pennsylvania Black Walnut.

Lumbering in Delaware county, after many years has started in afresh. The lumber dealers have taken advantage of the large quantity of black walnut, which is more plentiful throughout the State, especially in Delaware county, than many persons know.

An onslaught in the woods in Delaware county already has netted the lumbermen about 75,000 feet, while the number of feet of this particular wood expected soon to be cut down in Pennsylvania, roughly estimating, will aggregate about 750,000 feet.

From one local depot in the last month a shipment of 20,000 feet was made, its destination being Hamburg, Germany, where it is used for the making of gun stocks. The Delaware county black walnut trees average in size from 30 to 60 inches in diameter.—Morton correspondence Philadelphia Record.

It is expected that more than \$10,000,000 will be spent next year in extending the railroad systems of Mexico.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

They sat before the kitchen range. The corn was bobbing in the pan. She was a sweet and loving lass. He was a brave but bashful man.
For full a year on her he called,
And looked the love he bore the maid,
But still it seemed he never would
Declare himself without her aid.
So, weary of the long delay,
A hint resolved to give him,
She said, "Look at the frisky corn!
I do declare it's poppin', Jim!"
"It's poppin', poppin', Jim! Dear me!
What is it tellin', don't you know?"
He blushed and rose. "I guess," said he,
"It's tellin' me it's time to go!"
—Woman's Home Companion.

JUST FOR FUN



Rastus—How do you like yo' melon?
Ephraim—On de cob.—Puck.

"How will you estimate the carrying capacity of your flying machine?"
"By the amount of stock it will float," answered the practical inventor.—Washington Star.

"Why are you going abroad to live?"
"Because," answered the grafter, "I am convinced that profits are sometimes without honor in their own country."—Washington Star.

"I make a chum of my father." "I could never do that with mine." "Wouldn't he like it?" "He might, but ma wouldn't. I'm usually out till after midnight."—Houston Post.

Ethel (from the motor)—What is the trouble, Harry. Harry (from beneath it)—I'm afraid the boiler's burnt out. Ethel—Well, never mind. It doesn't show, does it?—New Yorker.

"I love my work because I starved for it," said the artist, dramatically. "Well, I love mine because I starved before I got it," was her companion's inartistic reply.—Detroit Free Press.

"Genius and insanity frequently go together, you know." "Yes," replied the historical novelist, "we can easily prove that. My wife is insanely jealous of me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"It's remarkable how easily these idle rumors gain currency." "Yes; and it's still more remarkable how some idle stock-market rumors enable others to gain currency."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Shopp—I see Cutt & Slashem are advertising some lovely house gowns as a bargain. Shopp—Well, our house ~~do~~ need a gown, but it ought to have a coat of paint.—Chicago News.

"I haven't seen your cashier for several days." "No, he's gone out of town." "Gone for a rest, I suppose." "We haven't found out yet whether he's gone for a rest or to escape it."—Philadelphia Record.

"What we want," remarked the man who comments on things, "is reform." "Yes," said Senator Badger, "and after you get it you're always clamoring for the good old days."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Hello!" the facetious wagon-tongue called to the wheel, "you look tired." "Yes," retorted the wheel, "many a wheel has become tired because a waggin' tongue spoke too much."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"You say you think your girl is going back on you? What leads you to such a supposition—did she snub you?" "No, but she called her little sister into the parlor last night and had her recite to me."—Houston Post.

"You wouldn't sell your vote, would you?" "No, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "But if a gemmen what's runnin' for office was to give me two dollahs, common gratitude would make me vote for him."—Washington Star.

Ethel's mother was very ill and, calling the little miss to her bedside, she said: "Ethel, what would you do if I should die?" "Oh," answered Ethel, who did not realize the gravity of the situation, "I s'pose I'd have to spank myself."—Chicago News.

Lady Fitznoodle (a bride, reading account of her wedding)—I wish they'd invent a new expression. It's always the "blushing bride." Miss Candor—Well, when you consider what sort of husbands some American girls marry you can't wonder at them blushing.—Life.

With one look of Goodman Gongrong's tattered garments the woman of the house slammed the door in his face. "Clothes may not make the man," he soliloquized, as he turned away and started for the next house. "but they sort o' seem to classify him."—Chicago Tribune.

Encouraged the Lawyer.

A few years ago George F. Haley, of Biddeford, was trying his first criminal case before the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, with Chief Justice John A. Peters on the bench. Mr. Haley was in the middle of his plea when a man in the audience fell over in a convulsion. The young lawyer stopped, disconcerted.

"Go on, sir, go on," said the chief justice; "you're giving them fits!"