

WITH
WRITERS
AND
ORATORS.

est be perfect in its
rest of waters that
you will have a model
ing, take, neither the
ey fly without ceasing,
that ebbs and flows,
that cannot stay, but
ur life be that of the
which has times of no-
times of perfect peace,
at the first test of a
an is his humility. I
by humility doubt of
er, or hesitation in
opinions; but a right
of all the relation be-
can do and say and
e world's sayings and
reat men not only
business but usually
ey know it; only they
any better of them-
account.—John Rus-

s our constant hope,
so cleanse and purify
that they may not hinder
to others of that
h which issue from His
that hope we would
at defies and darkness
freely give ourselves
He may enter in and
imate us; so that,
ur unworthiness, some-
brightness and peace
known to men.

an do for his Heavenly
e kind to some of His
onder how it is that
kinder than we are,
world needs it! How
one! How instantaneous
How infallibly it is
How superabundantly
back—for there is no
world so honorable, so
able, as Love.—Henry

ocks, passionate love,
sorrow, strangely dis-
sem from the scanty
the apathetic content,
ected quiescence of old
art of the same life's
bright Italian plains;
"Addio" or their
dens, are part of the
ave that brings us to
of the mountain, be-
rocky walls and an-
rual voices of the Va-

alone. Who speaks
rather who permits his
will so admit. We
customs and institu-
y busy ourselves with
affairs, we may enfold
loves and friendships,
t comes in every hour
rown back upon our-
e realize, despite all.
Our deepest thoughts
our truest words are
ery cry of our loneli-
ed, for we realize the
arts soul from soul,
ay appear one, as
ed from afar seem to
at another, but nearer
arated by broad, fat-
But as friends rest
stains may sometimes
e's voice across the
easionally and briefly
soul.

of clear the mind and
know himself. Trou-
y as a mist all de-
livering, and leaves
himself just as he is.
study his motives, his
character honestly,
sures, momentary de-
s of sunlight, are all
just as the eyes can
er on a cloudy day
sunlight, so the man
ly his life and all
s life. Thank God
all the fancy touches
of existence are re-
see plainly. For God
art of us, not at the
uster life is to see it
So, when trouble
heliness or grief af-
a dark day dawns, be-
s a chance for self-
-taking, for a clear-
oral and spiritual

There is a wintry suggestiveness about a cool September morning that makes even the most active person somewhat reluctant to quit his soft, warm, resting place. Shivers run up our backs as we think of the cold bath room floor, and after our first awakening, we close our eyes for just five minutes more, and sometimes sleep for hours. On just such a morning as I have spoken of I lay in just such a slothful frame of mind. I had hardly closed my eyes for the additional slumber when I was disturbed by the postman's knock.

"Why should a postman come around disturbing honest citizens at such an unseemly hour?" I asked, and muttering some very uncomplicated criticisms of the habits of mail-carriers, I ventured to look at my watch. It was nine o'clock!

Jumping up, I proceeded to dress with all possible celerity and I mentally exonerated the United States postal service from blame while I threw on my various articles of clothing. Two letters lay in my letter box, both in strange handwriting. One was a long, formidable looking envelope, addressed in a jerky, business-like hand; the other was more budgety and homely looking, and in the upper left-hand corner bore a picture of a daisy, and the words, "Daisy Farm Dairy, Boston, Mass." I opened the more formidable one, and found that it came from Mr. Bush, an old gentleman whom I knew well as the attorney for the estate of my deceased parents, and who (the letter so informed me) was the executor of the estate of James Fox, an old friend and companion of my father. The letter only told me in an official way what I already knew; that James Fox, among other bequests, had left \$10,000, with the conditions that if his niece, Miss Alice Fox, married the son of his old friend, James Campbell, Sr., (who was myself) in accordance with the agreement made between the testator and the said James Campbell, Sr., \$5,000 would be paid to her, and \$5,000 to the happy groom. In the event of Miss Fox marrying anyone else, or remaining unmarried after the age of twenty-six, the \$10,000 would go to the Ellis Orphan Asylum.

I had attained my majority but a few days before and was now ripe for the matrimonial market. This was the reason for the attorney's notice; a sort of warning that I was worth \$5,000,—and should not take a penny less.

For four years, ever since the death of the excellent Mr. Fox, this sentence had hung over me. I had not seen Miss Fox since childhood; for the family removed from the Pennsylvania town where we lived, to New York, when I was a child. I did not doubt that the strange conditions of the bequest were even more repugnant to her than they were to me; and I could easily imagine her vexation and embarrassment when the will was published. But however she felt, it placed me in a very unenviable position. All of Miss Fox's friends and acquaintances, and many others, too, knew of the conditions of the bequest, and if I failed to sue for her hand and dowry, the omission would be a slight that would almost assume the magnitude of an insult. On the other hand, if I persisted in following out the "agreement" of my father and her uncle, she and the public might ascribe my devotion to mercenary motives; and I might suffer the humiliation of being jilted by a girl for whom I had no affection. The newspapers, that take such a morbid interest in matter which should not concern them, would appear with a big heading, "Would not Marry Him for \$10,000."

There seemed to be no way out of the dilemma unless she should fall in love and marry some one else. This was a drowning man's straw to me, and I clutched at it with terrible energy. I prayed with all the fervor of my soul that Miss Fox might fall madly, desperately, in love with some eligible young man for whom she would sacrifice \$5,000.

I was so much disturbed over this matter that I almost forgot the other letter. "The Daisy Farm Dairy," I mused. Probably some new instant food company has heard that I graduated in medicine, and wishes me to use and endorse its products. But when I opened the envelope I found out my mistake, for, at the bottom, was the unmistakable scrawl of my granduncle.

My mother's uncle, John Dobbs, was a dairy farmer in one of the small country towns of Massachusetts. His business grew and he surprised his old friends one day by purchasing a large dairy situated a few miles from Boston and supplying city trade with milk, butter and cheese. To suit the more refined taste of the city patrons he had recently named his place "Daisy Farm"; and, although it mystified me at first, I must confess that I

now think it a very pretty name. My granduncle was an old bachelor, and having of late years stopped active work on his farm that he might better manage its affairs, he had been seized with that enemy of the aged—rheumatism. He told me this in his letter, congratulated me on having successfully attained my degree of M. D. and invited me to pass a couple of weeks at Daisy Farm, adding, "You may use me to experiment with all of your rheumatism remedies, and find out which is the best."

Uncle John was a shrewd old man, and his invitation could not have come at a more opportune time. Before I had finished my coffee I was resolved to visit Daisy Farm and try to forget my troubles. I would hunt the pheasant in the maple woods, gay in red and yellow from Jack Frost's brush; I would follow the squirrel to his haunts and store-houses, and pluck the ripening chestnuts in spite of his angry chatter; and, in the evening I would watch the gorgeous autumnal sunsets while I followed the meek-eyed alderneys through the fields of golden rod, and see the rosy-cheeked milk-maids with their pails of frothy, lactical nectar. And so, while I prepared to depart, I built castles in the air and hoped for good weather.

The following Monday saw me seated in a through passenger train bound for Boston. Daisy Farm was eight miles from the city limits, and I found my granduncle awaiting me at the depot with a comfortable trap and a handsome team. The old gentleman, much to my surprise was fat and aristocratic looking. My childhood's recollection pictured him as a long, angular man with chin whiskers, who spoke with a drawl and whose clothes hung about him as though they had been placed on him solely to show off the sharp points of his anatomy. Prosperity and Boston life had brought him rotundity and rheumatism, and, with his white hair and mutton-chops he looked like anything but a butter-man.

While I was observing him he anxiously eyed the passengers that streamed from the depot exit, and, when he saw me, his ruddy, good natured face broke into a smile that grew broader the nearer I approached, like a widening circle of ripples on a pool of clear water.

"Ah! James, my boy; glad to see you!" he exclaimed, as he shook my hand vigorously and then held me at arms length that he might view me the better.

"Hardly would have known you," he continued. "When I felt the rheumatism gripping me at first I said: 'John you're getting old,' but now that I see all of you young folks growing so that you can look over my head, I feel sure of it." He said all this in one breath, and then laughed as though getting old was a very funny proceeding. Then he turned his head towards a knot of cabmen and shouted: "Pete!"

A long nosed individual, with a crooked eye, and milk splashes on his boots, detached himself from the group and came forward with a limp.

"Take the gentleman's check and have his baggage brought over to the farm," said my uncle.

"I jumped into the trap; Pete followed with the baggage and my bicycle in the milk wagon; and, after about an hour's drive, we arrived at Daisy Farm.

My uncle's residence was a roomy modern structure of light brick, surrounded by a park-like expanse of lawn and shade trees. Back of this stretched the farm; the dairy building was about a quarter of a mile away. Contrary to my expectations all the work at the latter place was performed by men, and the rosy-cheeked milkmaids I had dreamed of were supplanted by males of the same general make-up as Pete. Pete, by the way, was quite an important personage at the farm, for, besides being my uncle's hostler, he had charge of the one exclusive milk route which the Daisy Farm controlled. Most of the dairy shipments were of the wholesale order, but a few city customers were supplied every morning with fresh cream. Pete had charge of this route; and I having been presented by sundry cigars, etc., proved myself worthy of his friendship, he offered to take me with him one morning that I might see Boston by daybreak. To do so I had to rise at 4.30 a.m., but despite this, I saw Boston at daybreak for several mornings in succession. My uncle supposed that I had become suddenly industrious, and Pete thought that it was the charm of his company that drew me forth at that early hour; but it was

neither. The fate that I had so earnestly wished for Miss Fox had befallen myself, I was desperately in love with some one whom I did not know.

The first morning that I rode out with Pete we stopped, about eight o'clock, at a house in the fashionable quarter of the city. Pete rang his bell vigorously for about five minutes; but there was no response. That he never could pronounce r—he One of Pete's many peculiarities was always substituted a w. As he rang he grew red in the face and I heard him mutter something about people being "nevaw weddy;" then he started towards the rear of the premises with the can of cream. He had disappeared around the corner of the house, when the front door opened and a strikingly pretty young lady came down the steps and advanced towards the wagon. I had a confused remembrance of golden hair, faultless features, and laughing blue eyes, and, hampered by my strange situation, I felt myself growing very much embarrassed. She evidently attributed my troubled look to anger, for she said with a smile that would propitiate an ogre: "I suppose you are vexed at the delay; but Mary left yesterday without warning, and Mrs. Dean was very busy. There was no one to come so I volunteered my services."

Heavens! she took me for a milkman. "I must explain," I said to myself, and I attempted to stand up. I forgot that I was in a covered wagon till my head struck with a thud against the wagon top, and my hat came down over my nose and ears. I knew that the visible portion of my face was as scarlet as a ripe tomato, and, while I tugged at my hat rim to free myself, I felt that she was laughing at me. However, when I succeeded in extricating my head and recovering the use of my eyes, she looked very amuse.

"I am not the milkman, Miss," I said with a last attempt at dignity, which I knew was a miserable failure.

"Not the milkman?" she said in surprise. "Why, what did you ring your bell for? The wagon says—"

She stopped, for the irregular step of Pete was heard and he appeared bearing an empty milk can.

"Oh dear!" she cried. "Pardon me!" and blushing vividly at her mistake she rushed into the house.

But my early morning journeys were all fruitless. In vain I strained my eyes at the windows of her house; never a glance did I catch of her. An unusually plain and homely girl came to the cream, and, from the way that I surveyed the premises, she must have thought me a burglar making a daylight reconnaissance. The urbane and loquacious Pete told me that the house was occupied by a Mrs. Dean.

"Pawful with people, I cakelate," said he. "They use heaps of cream."

Pete's idea of the social greatness of the Bostonians was measured by the amount and quality of dairy products which they consumed. At my suggestion he inquired of the freckle-faced girl, and found that a young lady from New York had recently come to live with Mrs. Dean, but he could not learn her name. The freckle-faced girl and Pete were old friends, and an accidental conversation revealed that they were even more than this, and that Pete, also, had a romantic interest in Mrs. Dean's residence. I observed that while the sunburned damsel stood in front of the wagon she would frequently place her finger in her mouth, look through the corners of her eyes, and make a series of smirks and grimaces that I could not understand, until at last I became convinced that she was suffering from some nervous disease. One day I asked Pete why he went through these exercises in facial expression. He blushed and became very uncomfortable, and then with an attempted air of unconcern said: "She's a weglah flirt."

It cost me an effort to keep from laughing, but I succeeded, and I found that Pete had been "keeping company" with the young woman for some time. He showed me two paper covered novels which he had bought for her: "Married, Yet Single," and "The Lover's Curse" were the titles.

"She's vewy sentimental," said he. But I must not laugh at Pete's love episode for it was the means, indirectly, of gaining me access to Mrs. Dean's residence. Promptly every Wednesday night Pete would grease his boots, put on his Sunday clothes, and disappear. No one knew where he went to, but I had a suspicion that he called on his lady

love. He invariably returned before 11 p.m. and reported for orders before retiring. One night, though, he had not reported at his usual hour and my uncle thought that he must have forgotten his duty. He had his quarters in the upper story of the stable, so we went to bed without any doubts as to his safety.

Towards morning there came a sharp peal from the door-bell. I hastily threw on some clothes, hurried down stairs, and met my uncle in the hall in dressing gown and slippers. When we opened the door we were confronted by two policemen, who bore something between them on a litter. They stepped into the hall and we found that the "something" was Pete with a badly broken leg. The sergeant inquired for Mr. Dobbs, and, when my uncle stepped forward, asked if the injured man was an employee at the Daisy Farm. My uncle replied in the affirmative. Having made a note of his answer, the sergeant continued: "Patrolman 43 found this man near Fremont street at about 12.30 a.m. He was unconscious and this lay by his side."

The sergeant produced a veritable made rope ladder and then resumed: "The man was taken into custody. When he had recovered consciousness, he said that he was employed by you, and gave his name as Peter Snyder. He explained his injuries by saying that a young woman had promised to elope with him. She had let down the rope ladder for him, but when he attempted to climb it the ladder broke, and he fell to the pavement. After hearing his statement at the station house he was discharged, and we brought him here because his condition is such that he needs careful surgical treatment."

My uncle, ever hospitable, thanked the officers and offered them some refreshment, and, when they had departed, we turned our attention to Pete—our modern Romeo.

"Why did she want to elope?" said my uncle. "Did anybody object to her marriage?"

"Naw," said Pete, with a tone of disgust, which showed that he was entirely cured of his heart-sickness. "She's vewy womanic. She wanted to elope like Gwendoline in 'The Lovah's Cuss' and like a dawmed fool, I twied to humaw her."

By the time Peter was removed to his apartment and a physician sent for it was nearly four o'clock, and the question of who would take his milk route came up.

"I hardly know what to do," said my uncle. "The place is short handed at present and we cannot very well spare anybody. Besides no one knows the route but Pete."

He tapped his forehead with his forefinger, a habit that he had when he was thinking deeply, but no idea came to answer his persistent knocking. Meanwhile I had my mind made up.

"Would you object if I took the route?" I asked.

"Do you honestly mean it?" said my uncle, in a manner that plainly indicated that he hoped I did mean it.

"Of course, I do," I said. "Why shouldn't I mean it?"

"Very well," he said. "You have taken a great weight off my mind, James, and, though I would never ask you to do this, I will not forget your kindness."

I believe he was as truly grateful to me as though I had done some wonderful deed of heroism. I bundled him off to bed and went down to the creamery where the wagon stood already loaded, and, after ordering the team hitched up, I donned a suit of overalls and was ready for duty. By half-past six I was in the city performing my duties as if I had been fitted for nothing else.

When I arrived at Mrs. Dean's, the freckle-faced girl did not appear, so I hoped for another view of the young lady who had so charmed me. My heart thumped against my ribs with anxious anticipation. No one appeared; so I carried the can to the rear of the premises and left it on the kitchen steps.

My work was completed at eleven a.m., and after taking dinner I started for home. Perhaps the unfortunate Peter had left some taint of his ill luck in the vehicle; at any rate when I had driven only a short distance from the city I heard a sharp crack, and, on an examination of the wagon, I found a whiplash broken. I walked back to the city with the injured vehicle, leading the horses, and brought it to a wheelwright who promised to have it repaired by seven o'clock. If my colleagues could only see me in my suit of blue jeans, as I walked

around Boston that afternoon, how they would grieve me. I saw my reflection in a show window mirror, and I must confess that I looked like a typical farmer.

I had to wait until eight o'clock before the repairs on the wagon were completed and by that time it was very dark. A storm seemed to be brewing, and both moon and stars were obscured. I had some doubts as to the proper route, but I trusted greatly to the sagacity of the horses, and I lit a cigar and let the reins hang loosely on their backs as soon as I had left the city limits. After driving this way for about three miles I noticed two points of light on the road a distance ahead of me. As I approached cautiously I found that the light came from two bicycle lamps, and also that two ladies with bicycles were standing by the roadside. I knew that something was wrong and I had decided to stop when I heard a rather helpless and trembling voice call: "Mister! Mister!"

The voice seemed familiar and I puzzled myself to think where I had heard it before. Suddenly it came to me; it was the mysterious young lady who was staying with Mrs. Dean. What a glorious opportunity to form her acquaintance. I swore vows of eternal gratitude to Peter and his freckle-faced fiancée, while I alighted and asked if I could be of any assistance to them.

"You can, indeed, said the young lady. We came out for a short ride this evening, and when we were returning, about a mile from here, my tire was punctured. Then it grew so dark that we both became very much afraid and we have waited here for some time in the hope of seeing some one who would take us home. We will be willing to pay you for your trouble, and, no matter what you may charge us, we will still consider that you have done us a favor if you will drive us to the city. We know it is a great deal to ask of a total stranger, but we trust that the peculiar circumstances will excuse our presumption."

"Although we do not know each other in a formal way, Miss," I answered, "we are hardly total strangers; for I think I had the pleasure of conversing with you last Thursday morning, when you mistook me for what I now am—a milkman. I will be happy to do anything I can to assist you; but I claim to be a gentleman and cannot consent to accept any payment for doing what is my plain duty."

"Indeed you are a gentleman, well worthy of the name," began the elder lady. "But your time is certainly worth something—"

I waved my hand to indicate that the subject was ended, while I vainly turned out all of the pockets of my overalls in search of my card case. Of course I could not find it; but I fished out a single card from my vest pocket and handed it to the younger lady.

While I was lifting the bicycles into the wagon I saw her examine the card by the light of her bicycle lamp. I placed my cans in the rear of the wagon, stored the bicycles next to them, and then placed the wagon seat next to the bicycles, in the centre. I lifted the ladies into the vehicle and improvised a seat from a small box while I drove.

As soon as they found themselves homeward bound the two ladies began an animated conversation. I could not catch all of their remarks, but I heard the younger one say: "Yes; Mr. Brown, the traveling salesman for the 'Daisy Farm Dairy,' He's not the regular milkman at all." Their voices sank to whispers, but the words, "the other morning," "the same gentleman," followed by suppressed laughter convinced me that the young lady was relating her encounter with me.

What did she mean by referring to me as Mr. Brown? "The traveling man for 'Daisy Farm,'" she said. It must have been Mr. Brown's card I gave her in the dark, in place of my own. Something tempted me to keep up the deception, and, when the elder lady asked me if I was a traveling man, I said: "Yes, I owe my present position to an incident which happened last evening near your premises."

"Dear me!" said the elder lady. "near our premises? How strange?"

"You have a servant girl with red hair and freckles who is very romantic and reads a great many novels, have you not?" I asked.

"That is a very accurate description of Mary," said the elder lady. "She was taken sick with hysterical fainting spells early this morning. But how can she have any connection with your present occupation?"

"In this way: through the romantic ideas of your Mary the love sick driver of this milk wagon came to grief last night; and on account of his mishap I was forced to take his place."

I then told them about Pete's rise and fall, and both were very much amused at the romance which had been carried on under their very eyes. During my recital I spoke of Mr. Dobbs as my granduncle, and the elder lady said she knew him very well. "But pardon my forgetfulness," she continued. "My name is Mrs. Dean and this young lady is Miss Fox of New York."

Oh! it was well that the excellent old lady did not see my face then. Miss Fox! And I had prayed that she might marry somebody else.

I was so perturbed that I loosened my grip of the reins. The team swerved to the right and we went over a pile of stones with such a jolt that myself and the two passengers were thrown violently against the sides of the wagon. While the ladies screamed and the milk cans clanged together, I contributed my share to the general uproar by shouting at the horses, pretending that they were to blame! It was pitch dark and I tried thereafter to keep in the middle of the road.

We had driven some distance when Miss Fox said: "I think something fell out of the wagon that time, Mr. Brown."

I stopped the team and looked for a match. I found a piece of one and lit it. By its scanty light I saw that one of the cream cans was missing. "If you will not be afraid, ladies," I said, "I will walk back a little way and see if I can find the can."

They assured me that they would feel perfectly safe, and I started to look—or rather feel for the can, for I could not see anything. After I had walked some distance I imagined that I heard a noise in the direction of the team. I listened, and the noise was repeated. Nothing filled my mind now but the idea that the horses had taken fright and were running away. I was resolved to overtake them, and I started back as fast as I could run. I was just warming up nicely for the chase when—Bang!—something struck me on the forehead and, amid a shower of stars, I sat down in the middle of the road, uttering a blood-curdling yell of pain and surprise.

I heard an answering double scream just a short distance in front of me; for, instead of being assaulted by highwaymen, I had simply run against the wagon at full speed and startled the ladies by my uncanny screech.

"Is that you, Mr. Brown?" came from the wagon.

"Yes," I said. "I think it would be safer to drive back a bit." I turned the horses and took the reins.

"Did you hurt yourself, Mr. Brown?" said Miss Fox.

"Oh, no!" I said. "Nothing serious," while I nursed a lump on my forehead as large as a hen's egg. "I thought I heard the horses moving, so I ran back to see, and bumped into the wagon."

"We were frightened, after all," said Mrs. Dean, "and I don't know." What she intended saying then was never found out, for a second shock, even worse than the first one, precipitated all of us to the bottom of the wagon.

From the cracking, rumbling, noise, I knew that we had driven over the cream can that I was in search of. Again I turned the horses toward the city and fished the bruised and battered can from a pool of cream under the wagon wheels. No other mishap occurred and we reached Mrs. Dean's residence in safety. Both ladies were profuse in their expression of gratitude. Mrs. Dean cordially invited me to call on them, and of course I promised to do so.

"We have caused you, not only a vast amount of trouble, but have also been the cause of the destruction of your cream can and the loss of the cream," said Mrs. Dean.

"Madam," I replied, "there is no use crying over spilled milk."

"You view the matter from a professional point of view," said she, with a laugh.

"Well," said Miss Fox, smiling, "although you have spilled your cream, we will bear witness that you still have a large stock of milk on hand—the milk of human kindness."

I drove home, happy and jubilant, and, when I told my experience to my uncle, he laughed till he feared that his fat sides would burst. The next day an experienced man was secured to take Pete's place and I was relieved of my enforced duty.

Of course I called at Mrs. Dean's. My uncle accompanied me on my first visit and his presence gave me a prestige that I could not have obtained in any other way. His health had improved very much under my treatment and he, therefore, had an exalted opinion of my professional knowledge. I asked his help in su-

(Continued on Page Twelve.)