

Two minutes later, a perspiring youth was on his knees, well away from the stream. His wiry fingers clutched a splendid fish, and an exalted countenance shone above the struggling prize. 'He's a whale—a reg-lar whale—a two-pounder. O, my gracious!' gasped the lad in ecstasy, 'I'll go home now.'

'What luck?' sounded a voice. Jonah glanced up in alarm. He feared spoliation. A look assured him. 'Pretty fair,' was the reply in that tone of indifference used by fishermen when they are especially triumphant. 'Catching suckers?'

'No, sir! trout!'

The man came nearer—a very tall, thin personage, with eye-glasses and the expensive regalia of a city angler. His beautiful whip-like rod quivered with every motion.

'Let me see what you have, boy?'

'I've got one whale,' cried Jonah, losing command of himself. 'Look at that.'

Still on his knees, he lifted the trout from the grass.

'Well, I declare!' came faintly from the stranger. 'I've only two little fellows.'

'You ain't a fisherman, I guess,' observed Jonah politely. 'See here!' He opened his basket.

'I am afraid you are right,' answered the gentleman meekly, with staring eyes. 'Anyway, nothing rose to my best flies, and I've worked hard for three hours.'

I can have all—why, it's this way, sonny. I've a summer house over in town—a party of friends staying with me. I told them I'd show them some fish when I returned. I will—eh! Won't I, though? His long legs gave a joyful skip and he grinned benignly. 'Now, how much?' putting his hand in a pocket.

Jonah was not good at a bargain. He was always beaten down. This was an oppressive reflection.

'There must be most six pounds, altogether,' he quavered. 'Ain't they worth—I ain't tryin' to cheat, Mister—I—I want three dollars.'

The tall man smiled. 'Here!' holding out a bill. 'Take that, and call it a bargain. They are worth it.'

Jonah gazed at the five-dollar note. 'I can't change it,' he said slowly.

'Change it? You don't have to. It's yours. Why, what's the trouble, my son?'

The freckled nose of Jonah was working like a rabbit's. Two large tears were coursing down his dirty cheeks. 'I can buy the whole set,' he broke forth with a queer choke—a sob, but a very happy one.

'The whole set? What? Tools?' queried the purchaser, concernedly.

'Books?' in a tone of suspicion.

'What kind of books are you so anxious to get?'

The boy looked at him. 'You'll guy me, same as they all do.' He hesitated. 'No, I won't. Go ahead!'

THE FLOWER FACTORY

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina.

They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one—

Little children who have never learned to play;

Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache to-day.

Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray.

High above the clattering street, ambulance and fire-gong beat.

They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina.

They have never seen a rose-bush nor a dew-drop in the sun.

They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina, Fiametta.

Of a Black Hand and a Face behind a grating;

They will dream of cotton petals, endless crimson, suffocating.

Never of a wild-rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket;

But the ambulance will bellow through the street's hysteric screams.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina.

They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one.

Let them have a long, long play-time, Lord of Toil, when toil is done!

AN HOUR'S PEACE

My heart is tired, so tired tonight—
How endless seems the strife!
Day after day the restlessness
Of all this weary life;
I come to lay the burden down
That so oppresses me,
And, shutting all the world without,
To spend an hour with Thee,
Dear Lord,
To spend an hour with Thee!

I would forget a little while
The bitterness of fears,
The anxious thoughts that crowd my life,
The buried hopes of years;
Forget that mortal's weary toil
My patient care must be,
A tired child, I come tonight,
To spend an hour with Thee,
Dear Lord,
To spend an hour with Thee!

A foolish, wayward child, I know—
So often wandering;
A weak, complaining child, but O,
Forgive my murmuring;
And fold me to Thy breast,
Thou who hast died for me,
And let me feel 'tis peace to rest
A little hour with Thee,
Dear Lord,
One little hour with Thee!

—The British Weekly.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON APPLES

It is a simple matter to print photographs upon the ordinary red apple, the tomato, and smooth-skinned pumpkin, if one goes about it in the right way, says a writer in *St. Nicolas Magazine*. In addition to the process being most simple, there is no expense incurred.

The skin of an apple, tomato or pumpkin, particularly at a certain stage of its ripening, bears a strong resemblance to our photographic plates and printing paper, for the reason that it is sensitive to light. It was through noticing this, says the writer in describing her method, that I conceived the idea of printing from a negative upon the same surface.

My first attempt was with apples. I first hunted out an apple having a leaf close to its surface, placed a piece of glass beneath the leaf, and on it cut my initials with a sharp knife. I then removed the glass and pasted the leaf firmly to the apple, so it would not be blown away by the wind, and left it for a week.

At the end of that time I took the apple, soaked off the leaf, and found my initials in bright red on a light green ground having the outline of a leaf. My success prompted me to try an actual photograph, or one printed from a photograph negative. To this end I selected some apples of the red variety that were yet green and encased them in bags made of the black paper in which plates and paper are usually packed. These bags were left on for ten days to exclude the light and add to the sensitiveness of the surface. At the end of this time the bags were removed and film negatives were pasted in position by using the white of an egg.

This white of an egg I found later to be the only adhesive that would not show in the print. In order that all except the image when printed might be green, the apples were again enclosed in the protecting bags, this time an opening a little larger than the portrait being cut opposite the film. This acted much as would a vignetting device over a printing frame, and greatly enhanced the results.

The richness of color and wealth of detail that can be secured is astonishing.

A RAINY DAY DIVERSION

'Now, Uncle Bob,' said Lucy, 'I have a new pencil and a whole new pad of paper, and a pen please, I'd like a new tazzie.'

'Yes, well, now,' said Uncle Bob, 'do you want to see how you and I red each other's names in a row of figures.'

'I don't see how,' said Lucy, '2, 1, 4; and 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.'

'I don't see how,' said Uncle Bob, 'add 1 to 1, 2 to 2, 3 to 3, and sub-



A COUNTRY HOME IN A GROVE.

From "Country Life in America."

'Flies! They won't bite flies to-day.' 'Won't they?'

'Course not!' indignantly.

'Oh!'

There was a silence. 'Ahem! that is—would you care to sell those fish, or some of them, my boy?' began the unlucky one. 'I—to tell the truth—I have not had much experience. Presuming I should have no difficulty in capturing plenty, I started out. The trouble is—he stopped.

The boy was regarding him with great curiosity. 'Say,' remarked Jonah, 'I'd like to know how many times you've ever been fishing, Mister.'

The man laughed. 'Only twice. Why?'

'Nothin'. Only you don't talk like a man that can catch fish. Yes, I'll sell them. I guess it's the easiest way for you to get a mess.' He tried to hide his anxiety.

'Not all of them, of course. You wouldn't part from that big one? I—'

'I might, to oblige,' put in Jonah hurriedly.

'Oh, I couldn't think of taking him from you, my son,' said his companion, kindly.

'I wouldn't mind, I guess,' faltered the boy.

'Wouldn't you really, now?'

'No, sir, I'll sell him.'

'You're an obliging lad,' cried the stranger with great enthusiasm. 'If

'Fanley's "Field and Forest Treasures,"' began Jonah. 'It's a—'

'Come over to that bank and sit down,' interrupted the man.

'Now, don't be afraid. Tell me about it.'

He appeared very solemn to the boy but the grey eyes were kind and encouraging. 'Once started it seemed an impossibility for Jonah to stop. 'There!' he panted at last. 'That's it, Mister. Folks laugh, but I don't care. Where do I live? Over yonder. I'm John Gaylord's son—Jonah's my name. Yes! I'll be home to-morrow. Why? You won't do nothin' to keep me from gettin' em?'

'Goodness, no! The long stranger turned suddenly and his glasses fell off.

Jonah picked them up. The new friend patted his head.

'What's your name?' inquired the lad trustfully. 'You're a pretty good man, I guess.'

'Why—hum! My name is Fanley, sonny. I wrote those books.'

The director of the great Museum of Natural History is very green now. He depends largely upon his sole assistant of late—a lanky young man with alert eyes and a shock of light reddish-brown hair. If others are present, he is addressed as Professor of the book, but when alone with his man, he is Jonah.

(By EDUARD WALKER, in the *Christian Endeavor* Weekly.)

Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun.

—FLORENCE WILKINSON, in *McClure's Magazine*.

AN OLD SONG

What is the meaning of the song
That rings so clear and loud,
Thou nightingale amid the copse—
Thou lark above the cloud?
What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,
Up in the walnut-tree?
"I love my Love, because I know
My Love loves me."

What is the meaning of thy thought,
O maiden fair and young?
There is such pleasure in thine eyes
Such music on thy tongue;
There is such glory on thy face—
What can the meaning be?
"I love my Love, because I know
My Love loves me."

O happy words! at Beauty's feet
We sing them ere our prime,
And when the early summer passes,
And Care comes in with Time,
Still he finds us in Care's domain,
To join the chorus free.
"I love my Love, because I know
My Love loves me."

—HAROLD A. WALKER.