

Why the Cows Come Late.

CRIMSON sunset burning
O'er the tree-fringed hills;
Golden are the meadows,
Ruby-flashed the rills,
Quiet in the farm-house,
Home the farmer hies;
But his wife is watching,
Shading anxious eyes,

While she lingers with her pail, beside the barn-yard gate,
Wondering why her Jenny and the cows come home so late.

Jenny, brown-eyed maiden,
Wandered down the land,
That was ere the daylight
Had begun to wane.
Deeper grow the shadows;
Circling swallows cheep;
Katydid's are calling;
Mists o'er meadows creep.

Still the mother shades her eyes, beside the barn-yard gate,
And wonders where her Jenny and the cows can be so late!

Lowing sounds are falling,
Homeward now at last.
Speckle, Bess, and Brindle,
Through the gate have passed
Jenny, sweetly blushing,
Jamie grave and shy,
Takes the pails from mother,
Who stands silent by.

Not one word is spoken as the mother shuts the gate—
Now she knows why Jenny and the cows came home so late!

JOHN HOYNTON, — *World Herald.*

Blank Verse Studies.

THE peculiarity of these studies is in Morn, the three rhyming words at end of each line; in Noon, the three rhyming words at beginning of each line; and in Night, the rhyme in the middle.

MORN.

Hail, glorious morn! see Luna's pale veil trail
And melt to ether in the bright white light;
Oh, see the blithe lark in the high sky fly,
Oh, hear the bluebirds' break o'day gay lay!

We know no wary watchdog's bow-wow now,
But hear the jooand cock's remote note float,
And see the polka-dotted big pig dig,
And all the flowers with his stout snout rout!

Oh, gently sloping mead, serene green scene,
Where 'neath the pleasant apple boughs cows browse,
Where cooling vagrant zephyrs blow so low,
Spilling the lily's snowy tent-pent scent!

NOON.

See the bee light upon the swaying rose,
Old-gold bold rover in the meadows green,
Haze maze strays wave-like round the rustling cope,
Where fair rare flowers smile and lightly blow.

NIGHT.

Now soothing night time darkles on the pool,
The white star sparkles in the peaceful sky,
The farmer makes a bee-line for his couch,
And hears the feline warble on the fence.

The flutist now begarbles Nancy Lee,
The small boy's marbles rest with all his tops,
While Artemis so queenly, lightly floats,
Above the world, serenely in her course.

While moonlit woods are stretching far away,
A silver etching for the poet's eye,
The gentle night wind rustles in the corn,
The agile negro hustles for your hens.

The flower's beaming with the pearls of night,
The farmer's dreaming of the waving crops;
While of the good pile he'll rake in next fall
He dreams, his wood pile softly melts away.

R. K. M. — *New York Sun.*

Country and City.

IT must be admitted by all careful observers that the chances for securing a fairly satisfactory living, and for getting some enjoyment out of life, are as good in the country as they are in the city. Farm life in the East offers no opportunity for the acquirement of great wealth, and on the other hand it shows few cases of abject poverty. Thousands of able-bodied men and women are idle and hungry in the large cities. How many are in the same condition in the country? On the contrary, during many months in the year there is in the country an unsupplied demand for labor at remunerative wages, while hundreds seek in vain for employment in the city. The remedy does not lie in "tariff reform" or in robbing the rich to give to the poor. It lies, in part, in teaching the unemployed and poorly employed in the cities that life in the country, even with its unremitting toil and comparative isolation, is better for body, for soul, and for pocketbook than is their precarious existence in the cities. Today one in a hundred may make a fortune without labor, but to the other ninety-nine success, or even a modest living, comes only by worth and by work. — *The Troy Times.*

THE PRIZE STORIES.

SIX JUDGES MAKE THE AWARDS.

THE readers of the ILLUSTRATED are fully aware of our having offered Three Cash Prizes, \$15.00, \$10.00, and \$5.00 respectively, for the three best stories sent in to us by school teachers on or before March 1st, 1891. We are glad to say that quite a number of teachers availed themselves of this opportunity, and while none of the stories received can be said to rival the work of professional authors, and although our expectations have not been fully reached, there are nevertheless several very entertaining and well-written tales which will add much to the interest of our readers. Out of the whole number of stories received, six were selected for the serious consideration of the judges, of whom there were six appointed, viz.: Mr. J. B. Harris, Mr. W. E. H. Massey, Mr. Chas. Morrison, Mr. T. E. Robertson, and two ladies. One of the ladies is an experienced teacher, the other possessing marked literary ability.

TWO PICTURES, by *Raysmith*, was awarded first prize (\$15.00). Not only is this story quite well written, but it teaches an excellent moral—a point overlooked in some of the stories, notwithstanding we mentioned that this would receive special consideration in our announcement of this competition.

WITH FENNEL WREATHED AND CROWNED, by *Marzyanna*, received second prize (\$10.00). This is a very readable story and shows considerable literary ability, particularly the latter part, which is better written than the opening pages.

RAY'S RECONCILIATION, by *Musa Dunc*, has taken the third prize (\$5.00). The theme of this story is quite out of the ordinary, and forms an interesting tale.

JOE BROGGS; OR, NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND, was highly commended, and is certainly the production of a very fertile imagination. Many of the ILLUSTRATED's readers will doubtless appreciate and enjoy this story, for the author has made poor Joe Broggs to keep up the interest of the reader in a surprising manner.

MEMOIRS FROM AN OLD MAID'S DIARY, was particularly well liked as a literary effort by some of the judges, but it was decided that the plan of the author rather precluded its being considered a story in the strict sense of the word. It was, however, specially commended, and much credit is due the authoress for the manner in which she handles the subject.

MARIE; OR, THE LAST OF THE HURONS, is an historical tale, in the preparation of which the author has doubtless taken considerable pains, and which our readers will appreciate.

All the above stories, being the six best out of the whole number received, we expect to publish in the course of the next nine months. Just in what order we cannot say at this date. Probably the prize stories will be kept till the last. We will return the manuscripts of all the other competitors who write us, asking for them.

