

THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMAN

I go a-canning, but take no gun,  
 I fish without a pole,  
 And I bag good game and catch much fish  
 As such an *apartment*'s soul.  
 For the chiefest game that the forest holds,  
 And the best fish of the brooks,  
 I never brought down by a rifle-shot,  
 And are never caught with a hook  
 I bob for fish by the forest brook,  
 I hunt for game in the trees,  
 For fish that swim in the air,  
 Or fish that swim in the seas.  
 A rodless Walton of the brooks,  
 A bloodless sportsman I,  
 I hunt for the thoughts—bat throng the woods,  
 The dreams that hunt the sky  
 The woods are made for the hunters,  
 The brooks for the fishers of song,  
 To the hunter who hunt for the gun  
 And the fisher of song  
 The dreams and the woods belong  
 To the soul of the pine,  
 And the gentle flower-bell curled,  
 And the thoughts that are blown with  
 The scent of the fern,  
 Are as new and as old as the world  
 So, away! for the hunt in the fern-  
 scented wood,  
 Till the going down of the sun,  
 There's plenty of game still left in the  
 woods,  
 For the hunter who has no gun  
 So, away! for the fish by the moss-  
 shaded brook,  
 That flows through the velvet sod,  
 There are plenty of fish still left in the  
 streams  
 For the angler who has no rod  
 —Satan Walter Furr

## TOM'S HOME-COMING.

Outside, the apple trees were black and silvery in the moonlight, and the darkness that bordered the path shone faintly golden. Inside, the two old women rocked and knitted. It had been so long since either had spoken that the last words seemed like dim memories of some far-distant past. When Martha Whipple brought her chair to a sudden stop the movement had something startling in it; she leaped forward, impressively, her round, florid face settling into heavy lines of determination.

"It's borne in on me to say something to you, Mary," she began; "I've set out to do it more'n once, an' I've been backed out. It's jest what everybody's sayin'. I hope you won't lay it against me if I tell you what's for your own good."

There was no answer. The little figure opposite took on a certain alertness, like that of an animal about to spring, yet there had been no perceptible motion; it was rather the wariness of the brown eyes that seemed oddly at variance with the wrinkled, weather-beaten face, and short, grey curls. The silence baffled the visitor, but it was too late for retreat.

"It's four years now since Tom went away, an' three since he was married, an' he ain't never come home, though he knows how you're lookin' for him. I guess he ain't been a night since he was married that you ain't lit up the best room an' opened the front door as if you thought he an' that city wife of his might come walkin' up the path any minute. Sometimes I've got fairly ragin' over it. All this time you're never set eyes on him nor his wife nor baby. Now, I tell you what it is, I'd jest make up my mind, if I was you, to let it all go. 'Tain't right of you, a peffessor, to wear yourself out so, an' to know what Flora Anselm's when she boarded at the Oliver's; that's something that Tom's first met her; 'tain't likely she's changed now, an' she's jest weaned Tom from it all. If I was you I'd jest up and show 'em I could get on as well without 'em as they could without me. I'd—"

She stopped short, staring at her friend. The old woman had risen to her feet, fairly trembling with excitement. "We've been neighbours thirty years, Martha Whipple," she said, "but if you say another word I'll never forgive you as long as I live. I guess you'd better go—I guess 'twould be safer so; and, besides, I've got considerable to do to-night. I didn't tell you before, but I'm going down to Tom's to-morrow."

Miss Martha had risen in tragic indignation, but the news was too much for her. She turned back undisciplined amazement.

"For the land's sake! why didn't you say so?" she exclaimed. "Can't I help you get ready? How long do you calculate to stay?"

"I calculated I'd be gone about a week. Being in the spring of the year I can't stay longer, for there's the garden to see to. I ain't got much to do to get ready. If you'd feed the cat once a day,—twouldn't do no good to bring him over, he wouldn't stay,—but I'll leave a pucer on the back porch, an' you can put his milk there."

"I will," she said quite forgotten her friend.

"The cat," she said quite forgotten her news; the sewing circle would meet the next day. She looked back when she reached the doorway, and nodded and smiled cordially.

"I won't say good-bye," she said, "being as I'll see you to-morrow. I guess 'twill be real good weather for travelling. What time will you be along?"

"The stage passes at 8. I'll be over about 7.30."

"All right, I'll wait for you, an' if there is anything else I can take care of, bring that, too. Good night, Miss Howsell."

"Good night," she answered. Her voice had a curious, half-frighted tone in it, and her eyes were full of dismay.

She went to the house and shut the door; then she looked around her, and the look was that of an exile about to leave home forever.

"I dunna what made me say it," she