

The End of the Summer

By ELIZABETH ROSE

"Who could want heaven to be more perfect than a day in June?" said the man, stretched lazily upon the grass, and he looked up with a sigh of content at the girl in the hammock.

"Who, indeed?" she responded, sympathetically.

"If it should rain, I should be glad. Always this June, with the flowers and the grass and the green things, and you and I here together," he suggested.

"We should stagnate, and we should grow very tired of each other."

"Not I. I should be perfectly happy if I remained here forever, provided you remained with me. I do not agree with the happy-go-lucky, and I should be glad to see you grow weary of me."

"How very practical you are, and at such a time, too!"

"Not at all. On the contrary, I am very romantic; but I cannot live on a continuous basis of sentiment and romance. It is very appropriate and delightful in the summer time, when everybody and everything is glad and happy, but in the winter one needs more substantial things. If it were raining here just at this moment, and you were all wet and tired, would you still be content because I shared your plight?"

"Please don't! I detect the subjunctive. Only know how I love you very badly," he said tenderly. "I need you."

"And yet, a month ago you had never seen me. Singularly that your need developed in so short a time."

"Necessity knows no law," he retorted.

"You are flippant," she answered. "I have heard men talk like this before. You are a selfish little fellow. Unfortunately, I am not a selfish girl. I hate flirting and I hate flattery. She rose, with a laugh. "However," she added, sweeping him a courtesy, with a tinge of sarcasm. "I thank you for a very entertaining afternoon."

"Ah, don't go!" he pleaded, springing to his feet. "You will not deny me the privilege of defending myself against such an accusation. Little girl," he said, taking the brown hands in his. "You may believe me when I tell you that I am flirting with you; but I am I flatter you when I say that you are the dearest, sweetest little comrade, and that these weeks have been the happiest I have ever known, because they were spent with you. With all my heart I mean it. When I say I love you, and I want you, not for a 'summer girl,' but for an all year round girl, a girl who in winter will be with me in the absence of the sun, shine and the flowers and the birds, and who can love and cheer me just the same in the November drizzle, when the skies are gray and heavy, as she can in June, when it is so easy to love and be happy. I really want you, will you consent?"

"Am I the first to whom you have extended the invitation?" she asked, saucily.

"The very first, little girl. I have been waiting for you for years."

"Indeed; and during all those years you have never called for anybody?"

"I never cared for anybody as I care for you. I never loved anybody so much as I love you, and I never thought of marrying until I met you. As the poet says, my heart has shed its outer leaves to give you all the rest. And you," he asked anxiously.

"I have believed myself to be in love dozens of times, and it has been pleasant for the time being, but I have always outgrown it."

"And you are quite sure there is nobody else now except me?"

"There has never been anyone quite like you."

"You are silent this evening. Is there anything troubling you? Can I help you?"

"You are the only one who can," he answered dreadingly.

"Tell me. You know there is nothing I would not do for you."

He looked at her, half eagerly, half tenderly. "You will think me a cad and a brute," he said.

"You may be assured I shall not. Please tell me."

"You will hate me, but I am going to ask you to release me from our engagement."

The girl's face flushed then paled. She looked into his eyes earnestly for a moment then dropped her own. "Gladly," she replied, looking up with a bright smile. "Do not trouble to explain, I know. You no longer care for me, and you think it would be best."

"You are a mind reader," he said with relief. "How do you know?"

"It is easy to guess. What would like to guess?"

"You are glad you wanted this to happen?" he said in amazement.

"I think as you do, that it is better it should be so."

"And you are not angry with me?" he asked doubtfully.

"Certainly not," she answered promptly. "Why should I be angry? I release you gladly. We all make mistakes, and it is better to rectify them when we can before it is too late. I am pleased to be freed from the engagement."

"May I ask if you made a mistake when you said you loved me a few months ago?" he said curiously.

"Did you make a mistake when you told me how much you cared, and how much you needed me? May not a woman also make a mistake? I release you most willingly. What more would you have?"

"But I thought you loved me. I remember your very words; you said you never knew anybody quite like me," and she laughed at his protest.

"It is true. I never have known anybody quite like you. But things look different to one in the city, without the flowers and the birds and the green things. How wrong I was. I should have had a better understanding of you and your friends. Good-by!" and she held out her hand.

"You mean it?" he said, taking it in his.

"I should wear my heart out waiting for an opportunity to wear my sable furs, and your lips would become stiff for want of good ball game, or a snowball fight, and all the good things that do not belong to June."

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NEW CRUSADERS IN AGRICULTURE

The University of California has discovered a new agency ready to its hand for the extension of its teachings in scientific agriculture. This agency is the ministry of the rural churches.

The idea of this co-operation came from the Rev. P. I. Drexler, a Baptist clergyman at Willows, Cal. Mr. Drexler was a country preacher who felt that the country church was largely a failure in its effort to find a means to revive its influence, he recalled that the schoolmasters had brought about the regeneration of rural life in Denmark; why should the clergymen not bring about the regeneration of rural life in America, and by the enthusiasm of that service, regenerate themselves and their churches as well?

He wrote to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, explaining his idea. President Wheeler responded by issuing an invitation to the rural clergymen of the state to meet at the experiment farm at Davis to spend the first week of a recent month as guests of the University in a study of rural problems. The railroads offered free transportation to all who would come.

Nearly five hundred clergymen accepted the invitation. They represented both Catholics and Protestants and almost every denomination. The students at the farm gave up their rooms in the dormitories to the visitors and slept in tents and hay mows. The week's study included lessons in rock judging and in many other practical aspects of rural life. But the session was especially devoted to explaining to the clergymen what facilities the University has that are always at their disposal in solving the economic and social problems of the country.

The results of the conference are that the preachers worth one with a new conception of their mission to their congregations and with a new enthusiasm to carry it out; and that the University now has, in most rural communities, an intelligent and active friend, familiar with the people and their needs, who will spread the gospel of scientific agriculture—who will be, in effect, a field agent of the Agricultural College. The plan can hardly fail to be useful both to the churches and to the state.

Electric Plant in Arctic.

The first electric plant in the Arctic will be erected at the Episcopal Mission at Point Hope, Alaska, which is 100 miles north of the Arctic circle. The mission contains about 400 inhabitants. As the nights at Point Hope are six months in length the need of electric light is apparent. The electric generating apparatus will be driven by a large windmill, as the wind maintains an average velocity of 20 miles an hour at this place.

U. S. Great For Patents

The patents issued in the United States last year numbered 35,624; the number of patents that expired during the year amounted to 21,867. A curious feature of the annual report of Commissioner Ewing that gives these figures is the statement that delays in issuing patents are frequently desired by the persons who apply for them, and are opposed by the Patent Office. As an illustration of these delayed patents, it is said that 79 applications still pending were first made fifteen years ago.

Aviator Dies Suddenly

At least one aviator who had made a reputation for daring has come to a peaceful end instead of dying by accident. Charles K. Hamilton is said to have had no less than sixty-three falls while practicing his profession, but his very frame and good luck combined to save him from serious hurt. His heart, however, was strained by his many hairbreadth escapes, and his recent death was the result of disease of that organ.

Snuff-taking seems to be declining in popularity, but the habit has by no means become extinct. An American company which deals in snuff recently reported an annual sale of 15 per cent on its \$11,000,000 common stock, against about 16 per cent earned the previous year.

WANTS THE U. S. TO BUY ALL RAILWAYS

Washington, April 17.—Purchase of all the interstate railways in the United States, government-owned and their leasing for private operation; the building of 100 ships as an American merchant marine and the creation of a commission of 21 to supercede the interstate commerce commission in taking complete charge of banking, transportation and business were proposed in three bills introduced today by Senator J. Ham Lewis.

The Prince of Wales, according to plans now being made, is to make a world tour next year. The present arrangements provide for a visit to the United States and Canada.

YIELDED TO TEMPTATION.

In appealing for clemency for his client, who had pleaded guilty in the federal court on a charge of smuggling an ingenuous and resourceful lawyer is represented as suggesting that the prisoner at the bar "should not be considered a smuggler, but simply a person who had yielded to the temptation of committing an infraction of the revenue laws." However much the vulgar smuggler may deserve punishment, there should evidently be no penalty whatever for so thoroughly respectable and distinguished a personage as "an infractor of the revenue laws." Great are the resources of our capacious and delicately shaded mother tongue.

SINGULAR BLINDNESS.

Several conductors employed by a Western railroad company have been dismissed for returning unpunched tickets to the train agent, with whom the profit from repeated sales were divided. With such certainty is that sort of fraud detected that those who practice it show a singular blindness and disregard of self-interest, to say nothing about the Eighth Commandment.

He Let Them In.
"What became of your dachshund?" asked the Grouch.
"My wife got tired of swatting flies and she gave him away," replied the Old Fogey.
"What had he to do with swatting flies?"
"It took him too long to get in and out through the screen door."

One of the few countries which has not been penetrated by the railway, Iceland, it is announced, now to have a railway some sixty miles long. Hitherto all land journeys in the island have had to be made on horseback, for there are said to be no highways even in the inhabited district.

Cole Would Eat 'Em Alive.

(Boston Transcript.)
But just think how thankful we should be that Cole Blaise is not Governor of Texas.

New York City's pay-roll for 1913 amounted to over one hundred million dollars. Thirty-two per cent of this amount went for educational purposes, while police work absorbed about fourteen per cent of the total.

Among the Carnegie hero awards recently made were two for rescuers of a remarkable character. Gordon T. Granger went down into a tank to rescue a pipe-fitter from gas suffocation. He tied a rope around the unconscious man and was then himself overcome while the pipe-fitter was hauled to safety. Edward A. Dalton then went to Granger's relief and succeeded in rescuing him, after which he was himself drawn up to the open air, in a semi-conscious state.

Don't Miss Anything.
"Don't you think that young woman displayed considerable nerve in boarding that swiftly-moving trolley?" remarked Browne.
"I didn't particularly notice her nerve," replied Granger, absently.

Interesting Technicality.
He—So your sister was married to a man without any legs, eh?
She—Yes. Why, is there anything so very strange about that?
He—Oh, no; but I was only wondering who stood up for him.

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