

Great trees that watch the river go
Down to the sea all night, all day
Firm-rooted near its ebb and flow,
Bowing their heads to winds at play,
There is a silence in the forest stand,
And watch the mountains far away,
And watch the miles of farming land,
And hear the voices of the tolling swallows.

Then the day breaks in distant fields
Polo the farms the hills the fields,
They count the loads the harvest yields,
And fight the storms with every bough,
Darting the lightning bolts of rain,
The April sunshine cheers them now;
They eagles drink the warm spring rain;
They are the eagles of the fields.

Higher the branches swing the trees
The great birds build from year to year;
And though they fly from east to west,
Some instinct keeps this eagle dear
To the old woods and to the old eyes
Gazing at me with rage and fear;
They stand at morn with wild surprise;
They high in air they strong winged rest.

Companions of birds and men!
How the world is full of friendship strong;
You share each other's memories,
The river's secret and the sun;
And the birds sing in the shade;
The eagles take their journeys long,
The great trees wait in noble pride,
In messages from him and sea.

I hear a story, that you tell
In all the corners of the world;
A singer that the world knows well
To you again in boyhood strays;
With a song that makes the birds sing
He rests where flickering sunlight plays,
And sees the nests the eagles made,
And wonders at the old bell.

His keep the watch of nature's growth,
The birds for the evening flight;
He listens gladly, in thing loath
To be alone at fall of night;
There is a secret in the earth that
The eagles keep, that their eyes
Gleam at me with rage and fear;
They stand at morn with wild surprise;

They high in air they strong winged rest.

—Harper's Magazine.

WIDOW WICKETT'S WINDOWS.

Mr. Tibbets was riding slowly along

the road, thinking, for once in a way, what a brief life this was, and how quickly we left it. He had

just been making out Parkman's will, and it was a doubtful case.

Parkman would live until night.

One person would grieve for him,

and that the very one who would be

benefited by his death. Years ago

Mr. Parkman had picked up in the

streets of New York, on a cold winter

night, a poor little Italian boy, who had

been sent by his padrone to scrape the

violin on a bleak corner. Mr. Parkman

had found that the little fellow was ill-

tempered, and had taken the legal mea-

sure to release and adopt him, and this

boy, now grown to be 18 years old, was

the old man's great pride and comfort.

"I want to give everything to Ludo-

vico," he had said to the lawyer.

"He deserved it, and I love him. My

nephew, Ralph Venor, would pour

upon everything if I left no will. No,

I should make one, even if I had never

found this boy. I should leave all to

some charity. Ralph is a brute—rich,

greedy, contemptible. Ludovic will

carry out my ideas and do good with

his money."

So the will was written, and it was

now in the lawyer's breast pocket, to be

carried to his office and locked up in a

certain box.

"I may live for years," said the old

man, "and Ralph would make no bones of

benefiting by his wealth. He's a bad fel-

low, a very bad fellow."

But the door Mr. Parkman's man

had told him to, the doctor had said

his master's hours were numbered; that

he would not see the next sunrise. No

wonder Tibbets felt that this was an

uncertain sort of world.

But the boys down in the hollow be-

side the road on which his horse slowly

trotted, who were making the most of a

holiday, and some fire-crackers and

other gun-powder playthings, such as

one might fancy Satan had invented for

his offspring, were troubled with

grave thoughts or somnolent emotions.

The black figure of a lawyer, long and

lean, sat on his quiet horse, instead of

an awakening awe in their small bosoms,

awed them to a standstill.

"The Lord's blest on you," whined

the widow, meaning something else.

"Oh, don't mention it," said Ludovic,

politely. "You mustn't wash them until

to-morrow, or they'll fall out.

"Good-bye."

"Mrs. Wickett never washed any-

thing, but she began to meditate on doing

it instantly; and Ludovic marched away.

He would have no coat, but his con-

science would not trouble him.

"Oh, if I were rich, how good I would be to the poor," he said.

At this instant something hit his heel.

A blessed breeze had im-

pelled one-half of the parchment he

had taken from the widow's window

after him. He stopped and picked it up.

The first thing that struck him was

his own name. He looked at it at

close. It was part of a will in his

favor. Mr. Tibbets in the small of the

back and exploded. Mr. Tibbets

started; the horse reared, and in a

moment more Mr. Tibbets was on his

back in the hollow, the horse a mile

away up the road, and the will sticking

in the solitary gooseberry bush that

decorated the Widow Wickett's front

door yard.

Now the Widow Wickett was always

wretchedly poor, no matter what is done for

them, and, though she had more given

her than any other person in town, she

always had broken panes of glass in her

window, and was always patching them with

paper, pasteboard, tin cans and straw hats.

Toddling about after the accident, of

which she heard nothing, being down

the cellar at the time, she found a fine piece

of stiff parchment sticking in her bush,

and, as it was just the size of two panes

of glass, appropriated it at once, fas-

tening it well on many tacks. As

she c'd not read writing, the names

on the sheet never struck her eye, and

as for the red tape, she used that for a

string immediately.

Meanwhile, down in the hollow, the

stranger carelessly tucked away in his

vest pocket the change of a \$5 note

that a Brooklyn bartender handed

to him after serving a warm drink.

There was nothing strange in that, but

subsequently the bartender said to the

bystanders: I have made a customer

of that man. How? Why, as easy as

rolling off a log. I have given him a

50-cent piece with a hole in it. He'll

come in to-morrow when he's going by,

politely call for a drink, inform me in

the kindest manner that I have un-

intentionally put on him a hole in

the coin, and he'll be

gladly accept it.

"And, by the way," cried Mr. Tibbets,

"bring me the document in the waist-

coat pocket, Will am, it's very valua-

ble."

William could not turn pale; he was

the color of charcoal; but he stared at

Mr. Tibbets.

"Sartain, I am aware what a doc-

ment am, sah," replied William, with

proper dignity; but there wasn't, none

but a parchment."

"A paper—a parchment," explained

Mr. Tibbets.

"Sartain, I am aware what a doc-

ment am, sah," replied William, with

proper dignity; but there wasn't, none

but a parchment."

"Search was made on the road,

in the hollow—everywhere. The will

was gone. So as he himself was from

his fall, Mr. Tibbets had himself driven

back to the Parkman mansion. He ar-

rived there before the sun set, but old

New York Ledger.

FARM NOTES.

Mr. Parkman was already dead; and all rewards that were offered failed to bring the will to light. The Widow Wickett never read the newspapers.

The law had its course. The nephew came into the property. The two old servants, who had been well provided for by their master, lost their situations. Ludovic was left without a penny; but he had a good education, and Mr. Tibbets offered him a place in his law office, or a salary that saved him from starving—a better salary than he would have given any other boy. Somehow he felt himself responsible for the boy's changed fortune; and he never quite gave up the charge of the will. But six months passed; a year—two—and nothing was heard of it.

Henry Stewart, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says that no dairymen or farmer can afford to give more than \$200 for a heifer promising 20 pounds of butter a week when mature, as all that might be paid in excess of that sum is what might be called a "fancy" price, and the "brac-a-brac" value of the animal, paid merely for the pleasure of owning it. No limit can be placed on this value, as it depends wholly on the fancy and pocket of the ultimate buyer and the speculative recklessness of the intermediate dealer.

WORTH OF INCUBATORS.—Fanny Field, in *The New York Journal*, says that many farmers and poultry raisers are afraid to purchase incubators for fear that they will not