

THE SUMMER IS GOING.

(Mary E. Blake.)

Low in the west to crimson turning,
The sun, like a jewel set in gold
Over the breast of the twilight burning,
Fastens its mantle fold on fold;
The sea like a maiden's face is glowing,
The sweet south wind is merrily blowing,
Still am I sad, for summer is going—
Summer is going—summer is gone!

Never a leaf on the tree is faded,
Never a blade of the grass is sere,
Gayer and brighter the flowers are shaded,
Fairer and fairer grows the year;
Only—who knows what my fancy is showing—
Only I feel that the summer is going—
Only the roses no longer are growing,
Summer is going—summer is gone!

Brighter and brighter the stars are shining,
Deeper and deeper the fresh air thrills,
Larger and fuller the vines are twining,
Clearer than ever the distant hills,
The full tides sweep in their ebbing and flowing,
Nothing is lost that is worth the knowing,
Only I feel that summer is going—
Summer is going—summer is gone!

THE OLD BLUE JAR.

Before Clementine went down to Milltown for the summer she made up her mind that she would bend her energies to wheedle Aunt Phoebe out of the old blue ginger jar that Uncle Julius had brought home from China, little thinking that the old slant-eyed, fat-sided mandarin would take such a jocular interest in her joys and sorrows.

The old blue jar had perched for many years on the corner of the high mantel-piece in the old-fashioned country parlor, and Aunt Phoebe knew that if she gave it to Clementine she would have a dreadful lonesome feeling every time she stood on a chair to dust the old clock and the shells, the peddler vases, the leather fans and other companions of its lofty abode. But Clementine was an accomplished wheedler, and the fond old aunt finally said she might have her wish.

When Aunt Phoebe gave over to Clementine her right and title to the old blue jar, Randall was leaning in the window and idly sifting rose leaves from the old climbing vine through the meshes of his tennis racket. He sympathized with her lively admiration for the antique and unique in china and was glad that she had attained her heart's desire, but a more absorbing interest possessed his manly heart.

Clementine was going home in the morning, and he had been trying in vain for several days to get the feeble courage of his ardent convictions up to the declaration point. She was such a lively, fun-loving girl, and love, you know, is such intensely serious business. Several times Randall fancied he had found her in a sober and properly receptive frame of mind, when with a trifling jest she would defeat his intention and put the little god to flight.

Now, however, when the slant-eyed mandarin on the blue jar winked at him through the vines, Randall said to himself enthusiastically:

"Well, old boy," that's the very thing! Thank you for the bright idea! Are they all as clever as you are over in China?"

That night in his room under the eaves, he constructed an eloquent letter to Clementine and in the early morning sneaked into the parlor and deposited it in the robust bosom of the old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home, it is all right," said the timorous, adoring fellow, "and if she doesn't find it until afterward it will be all right, too."

But the mandarin felt a little funny that day, so when Clementine packed her trunk he inspired her to stuff the ginger jar full of her silken hose, that the precious article might take no risks of breakage on its voyage. So when Randall parted from her at the station she made no sign of knowing anything in particular, and his hopeful heart decided that she would surely find the letter when she reached home, and he would then hear from her.

Now, Clementine was a girl who always had a great many things on her mind, and when she had unpacked the treasured jar and placed it on a dainty table in her pretty parlor—with a self-congratulatory thought that it was so respectable to have things that one's relative had brought from Chida—she wholly forgot the curious load that the mandarin had on his breast. She missed her silken hose, of course, and pestered Aunt Phoebe with messages about them.

In Milltown, as you may imagine, Randall waited for the answer to his letter. While he waited patiently, then impatiently awhile, and then dived into his law books with that "composure of settled distress" which lovers have known in every age and clime. He did not dream that the slant-eyed mandarin would be guilty of the ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a love letter.

But the fun-loving mandarin knew what he was about. He was not without experience in these matters, and he wanted to punish Clementine a trifle and bring her to the proper condition of seriousness.

And Clementine was feeling the situation with all the sobriety that was desirable. She had suspected all summer that Randall had a

tender feeling for her which she felt qualified to reciprocate, but she was a proud girl and could not by a feather's weight influence the balance of his attentions. Therefore behind her smile she had been not a little wounded that he had allowed her to come home without having given expression to his sentiments.

So she, too, now took on a sober countenance and banished thought and regret by joining several new clubs and taking membership in two or three more charitable organizations.

Just before Christmas Randall one day experienced in his breast a sort of imperative intimation—perhaps direct from the slant-eyed mandarin, who knows?—that he might hear of something to his advantage if he should go down to the city and call upon Clementine; so after some futile resistance to the message he betook himself thither.

He was graciously received by Clementine—that is, graciously enough for a young man who had played the trifle with her invisible affections—and he seated himself in a cozy chair near the pretty table which held his old friend, the blue jar.

As he talked with Clementine, a little constraint being apparent on both side, he toyed with the lid of the jar, and the slant-eyed mandarin appeared to wink at him three times very knowingly.

Under some occult but imperative pressure Randall removed the lid and touched with his finger the silken texture of some mysterious contents.

Curiosity further constrained him, and he pulled from the bosom of the new jubilant mandarin a pale blue article of singular description for a parlor ornament, and, following it, he extricated a pale pink strip of imilar shape and structure.

Turning to Clementine for explanation of these unforeseen apparitions, he found her speechless with wild-eyed astonishment, and without a word or gesture she seized the old blue jar and hurried from the room.

Randall smiled the first real, soul felt, refreshing smile that he had indulged in for several months and vowed by the pigtail of the old slant-eyed that he would stay rooted to the spot until Clementine returned.

What was said to the genius of the jar as she flew up stairs with it only the mandarin can reveal.

As Randall paced the parlor, pulling his moustache and wondering if Clementine's keen sense of humor would carry her safely through the trying hour, she came shamefully into the room, bearing in one hand the blinking old mandarin and in the other the pleading letter he had borne so long hid in his clever old bosom.

Randall met the dear girl more than half way, and as she whispered gently on his shoulder he promised never, never, never to tell.

And when they were married, if you believe me, that ridiculous old ginger jar accompanied them on their wedding trip and Randall packed the bosom of the grotesque mandarin full of Clementine's bridal roses, there to fade and there for ever to remain.

Now, as Randall never told and Clementine never told, the entire responsibility of this revelation lies between you and me and the ginger jar.

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A Place for Ex-Presidents.

Hon. Charles Carroll Bonney, in the August Open Court, Chicago: Undoubtedly the American people would be glad to make appropriate provision for all surviving ex-Presidents of the United States, and the present seems a favorable time for the agitation of this matter. It is therefore respectfully urged that without distinction of party, but as a patriotic service, an amendment to the National Constitution be adopted without unnecessary delay, and submitted to the several States for ratification, providing that all such ex-Presidents shall be ex-officio honorary members for life of the Senate of the United States, with all the rights, privileges, immunities, and compensation of a senator, except that such honorary members shall not vote upon any question. Of course the voting power of the Senate would not be disturbed by the proposed change. Such an amendment would secure to the country the benefit of the experience and wisdom of the ex-Presidents, and would give them an honorable and dignified position in which there is no doubt they would be glad to continue to serve the people. The advantages of such a course are so obvious and so many, and the absence of grounds for objection is so noteworthy, that it seems as though little argument or effort would be required to carry

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this suggestion into full effect. Indeed, there is no good reason why the State Legislatures should not have the amendment before them for action next winter. It would require a vote of two thirds of each house of Congress to pass the proposed amendment; and a ratification by three-fourths of the States to make it a part of the constitution. May we not hope that the next session of Congress will be distinguished by the adoption of the proposed amendment.

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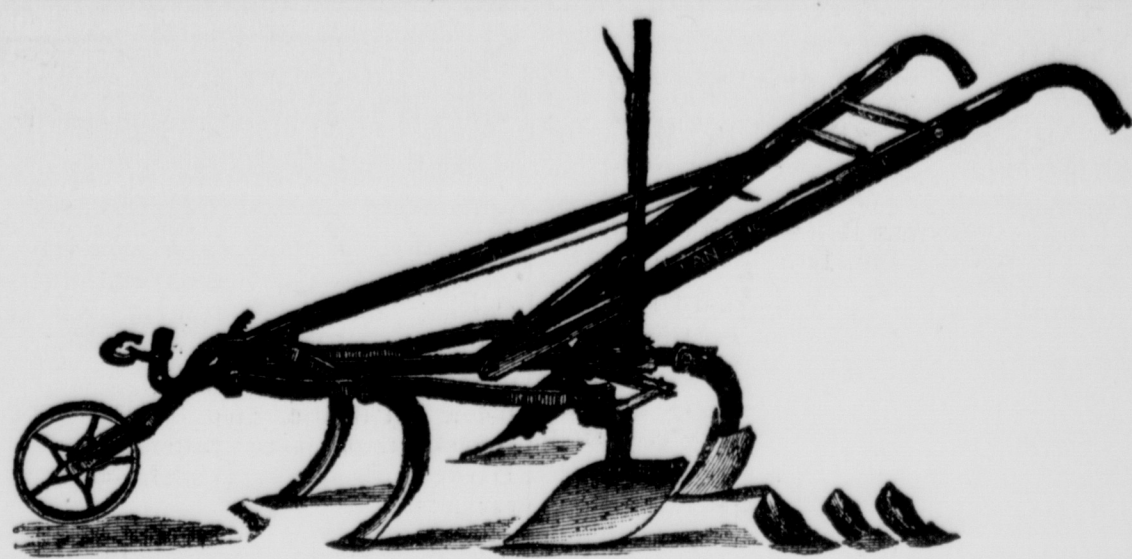


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