

## GOD'S HOME.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord,  
The simplest are the best;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;  
Thou makest there thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!  
If thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,  
I'll build a house for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine  
But thou, my heavenly Guest?  
Let no one have it, then but thee,  
And let it be thy rest.

Thy sweetness hath betrayed thee, Lord!  
Great Spirit, is it thou?  
Deeper and deeper in my heart  
I feel thee resting now.



## Aunt Sarah's Will

Aunt Sarah Snowden had never married, and furthermore she had always been a burden on her relatives. That is to say, she had worked about twice as hard as any paid hand for her board and clothes, and was still at it when she was 50 years old.

She was called "Aunt" as a term of derision, and as she was irascible and sour-tempered her life was not overburdened with sunny days. At 50 she was expecting nothing but to drudge along for the rest of her days and be known as a poor relation, when a most unexpected event happened.

At 30 years of age Aunt Sarah had almost been engaged to an old bachelor. She had come so near to it that he had seen her home from church on several occasions and "sat up" with her in the evening. She had also accompanied him to a circus and a camp-meeting, and a marriage might have resulted had they not fallen into a dispute over some trifling matter.

Both were "sot" in their opinions, and after some hot words the bachelor withdrew and left the maiden all forlorn. He passed out of her sight to die twenty years later and leave her \$30,000 by will.

The news of Aunt Sarah's windfall threw the hamlet of Rosedale into a flutter that did not quiet down for months.

Of course nine-tenths of the people, including her brother Ben and his wife, hoped it wasn't true, but a lawyer came on to prove her claim, and finally hand her over the cash; and then nine-tenths of the people made a lightning change. From being the drudge of the family, aunt Sarah was exalted to the post of guest.

That \$30,000 looked bigger than Taylor's bill to the farmers and villagers, and it was an astounding thing that it should come to a little old woman who wouldn't know what to do with it.

In one week everybody who knew the old maid had called to congratulate and advise, and inside of another at least a score of people who had never spoken a word to her called to borrow or to interest her in plans and schemes.

From brother Ben who wanted to build a new barn and buy four more cows, to Rev. Mr. Johnson, who had been for years hoping to raise enough money to build a Baptist church, there was some one after portions of that money day and night.

Aunt Sarah did not lose her head. She bought herself a new alpaca dress and a bonnet of a style not over three years old, and set up housekeeping for herself. She neither gave away nor loaned a dollar, but after a while made an announcement.

As the money had come to her by will, it should go to others in the same way. The doctors had told her that she had a weak heart, and was liable to drop dead any hour, and she did not expect to live over four or five years at most. The Baptist church, brother Ben and all the rest just wait for her demise to benefit.

This was looked upon as a sinful trick by some, and there were whispered criticisms behind each door, but



Expecting nothing but to drudge along for the rest of her days, Aunt Sarah was obdurate, and there was nothing to do but wait.

Thirty thousand dollars is a sum to bow down to. The people bowed down. Aunt Sarah was flattered and cajoled.

Two or three old widowers came "spooking around" to talk marriage, and speculators came from a distance

to offer ground-floor shares in gold mines and oil wells.

She had the best pew when she went to church, the politest attention when she called at the postoffice or the drygoods store, and everybody made up his or her mind to be mentioned in her last will.

The woman lived in clover for five years and then died. The term "clover" should be interpreted to mean that so many custards, pumpkin pies, glasses of jelly, jars of preserves, fresh eggs, baskets of fruit and spring



The politest attention.

chickens were sent in to her by neighbors that she lived high without buying much, and the women were so kind about dressmaking that her clothes cost her next to nothing.

About 50 people were on the tip-toe of expectation regarding the will. It was the largest funeral ever known in Branch county. The woman had made her will and was dead, but it seemed as if some folks hoped to come in for something by attending the funeral.

There was weeping at the house—something of a rivalry between certain women as to who should weep the hardest—and there was weeping at the church. The mile-long funeral procession moved at a slow and dignified pace, and there was no undue haste to get back home.

The executors named did not live in Rosedale at all, but they were on hand to let the provisions of the will be known.

"Firstly," read the document so long waited for, "I give and bequeath to my brother Benjamin the sum of \$1000, but as I drudged for his family eighteen years without pay I direct my executors to put in a claim for \$1500 as an offset.

"To Mary Snowden, wife of Benjamin Snowden, who hardly ever gave me a decent word until I got my money, I give and bequeath my three best dresses, minus the sleeves and buttons.

"To Rev. Mr. Johnson, with which to build a new Baptist church, I leave the sum of \$3000, but I direct that before coming into possession of it he shall preach ten sermons, during which no one shall fall asleep, and that he shall never attempt to sing in public again."

There were fifty bequests in all, and it must have taken Aunt Sarah a year to study them out to her satisfaction. She had about twenty relatives, none of whom had shown her much consideration during her days of loneliness and hard work, and while she had left a bequest to each and every one it was under such conditions that none could accept. Every woman in the village who had ever rubbed her the wrong way was duly remembered, but little good did it do them.

The only bequest without a proviso read: "To Job Sanderson, the village cooper, who once helped me over a mudhole without asking me why I never got married, and who didn't recommend a cure for freckles and wrinkles, I bequeath the sum of \$2000, and may it do him much good."

The residue of her estate, which meant all but the \$2000 above named, was bequeathed to a charity and went there, and then the smile on Aunt Sarah's face as she lay dead was explained.

Before the reading of the will it was whispered that she had been talking with the angels. After the reading it was announced in loud tones that the

angels were somebody else—somebody with tails and hoofs.—Cyrus Derlekson in Boston Globe.

## CALLER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

He Wanted to Have the Names of All the People Changed.

The first crank to make his appearance at the White House since the return of the President, says the Washington Star, went to the executive office on Monday. One of the doorkeepers quickly came to the conclusion that the man was "muddy," in secret service parlance, and turned him over in an adroit manner to a secret service officer. The officer soon found the man's story. "I want to see the president to have the names of people changed," the man confidentially informed the secret service officer, "and the president must issue an order to do this at once. I came here all the way from Chicago to see that this thing is done properly. Just look at the way people are named. Here are men in the undertaking business bearing all kinds of names. Every man in that business should be named Coffin. Every man in the wood business should be named Wood. All the grocers ought to be named Butter or Lard or called by the name of the goods sold in their stores. Here are dry goods dealers bearing all kinds of good names, when they ought to bear the names of Thread, Buttons, Cambric, Calico and other things. It is a shame the way this thing is done now. The wrong naming of people leads to trouble and business confusion and there is only one safe thing—that is, to change the name. You see that steam roller standing there in the White House grounds. Well, that roller ought to furnish the name of the man that runs it. He ought to be named Roller. The man who is putting down these asphalt pavements in the grounds ought to be named Asphalt."

By this time the crank had been slowly escorted across the grounds by the secret service man and had received an intimation that the president would prefer that he submit his plans somewhere else at this time. The man was not arrested.

### The Walking Delegate.

You wanted a kid real sassy and mean,  
A pug-nosed rooster, not fat nor lean,  
But pudgy and short, with good, strong lungs,  
And a big wide mouth that could stretch three fangs,  
Now walk, consarn you, walk!

You wanted a kid, a bold little tot,  
You wanted a kid that would get real hot  
If you laid him down. You'd trot him some,  
And pedal the floor till kingdom come,  
Now walk, consarn you, walk!

A kid with the colic you thought was bright,  
He'd be like his dad, staying up all night,  
Drinking from bottles and making things hum,  
Yelling like Sioux until morning come,  
Now walk, consarn you, walk!

You once sported round like an easy guy,  
When you met the gang, you'd always buy,  
You'd take a cab for a block or so—  
Now to the office you trod through snow,  
Now walk, consarn you, walk!

The kid needs all of your surplus dough,  
You have a straight, beaten path to go,  
When you meet the boys, just pass them by,  
You're a daddy now, and can't fly high,  
Now walk, consarn you, walk!

—Ohio State Journal.

### Auto Stage Lines in Nevada.

Unlike the horse or the less comely mule, the automobile does not need water, save that which is wasted in making it look clean. Hence a field of actual usefulness has been found for the machine in Nevada, where water is scarce. Tonopah, realizing that several hours can be saved in the time required to make the stage trip between Sodaville and Tonopah, is organizing a strong company to put in operation an automobile stage line, each coach to carry sixteen passengers. The machines will be of thirty-two horse power and a guarantee of making the trip of sixty miles in six hours. The news of the new enterprise is hailed with satisfaction, owing to the crowded condition of the mail stage and its heavy loads of freight every night.

### A Fainting-Room.

One of the latest ideas in New York is a room to which ladies can retire if they feel faint and go off in a swoon, amid the most artistic and beautiful surroundings. Several restaurants and tea shops have adopted this idea, and members of the fair sex whose nerve force is run down can find in the fainting-room a soothing resting-place. The room is partially darkened and the prevailing color green, whilst it is liberally decorated with various sweet-smelling flowers. Comfortable sofas and chairs are provided for the "fainters," and a lady doctor is kept on the premises should her services be required.—London Tit-Bits.

### Had No Kick Coming.

"Young man," said the stern parent to the applicant for a job as son-in-law, "I want you to know that I spent \$5,000 on my daughter's education." "Thanks," rejoined the youth who was trying to break into the family circle. Then I won't have to send her to school again."

### Cause and Effect.

Mrs. Nextdoor—I saw the doctor stop at your house this morning. Is any one sick?  
Mrs. Homer—Yes; my husband.  
Mrs. Nextdoor—Indeed! What seems to be the trouble?  
Mrs. Homer—Dyspepsia. He ate too much health food.

### Honor For John Morley.

John Morley has been awarded the honorary professorship of ancient history at the English Royal academy.

## LOVED LITTLE ONES

### GREAT MEN ALWAYS FOND OF CHILDREN.

Byron, Lamb, Dickens, Southey, and Even Sam Johnson Enjoyed the Companionship of Their Small Admirers—Oliver Wendell Holmes' Tribute.

It is one of the most lovable traits in many of our greatest men that they are as skillful in winning the hearts of little children as in captivating the minds of their parents.

Was there ever a great man who did not love children? If there was (and we have never heard or read of him), his greatness was by so much the less. Even Sam Johnson relaxed his grimness into smiles of pleasure when Boswell's baby daughter held out her arms to him and pulled his hair when he was not sufficiently attentive to her.

Byron, whose own child life had been so saddened and embittered by a loveless mother, worshipped his little daughter Ada with all his passionate soul, and history has no sweeter picture than that of Southey singing his child to sleep as he paced the floor with his "little burden of love" in his arms.

Lamb's great heart had many a warm corner for his child friends—all the heart, in fact, that his sister Mary did not fill; and when he took his daily walk through Edmonton it was the signal for all the little children to flock to him for a kiss, a kind word, or (better than all) to take his hands or coat tails and accompany him on his rambles.

It is little wonder that Charles Dickens, "the greatest hearted one," was idolized by the little ones; for there never was a more entertaining companion or one who could better "make himself a child again" for their delight. There are many staid men and women of to-day who recall with pleasure and regret the romps they used to have with "Boz" in the famous nursery at Gad's Hill.

Among great men of the later days Mr. Lewis Carroll must be counted "King of the children's hearts." That solitary, lovable "mixture of a man," who was wedded to mathematics and children, had few pleasures apart from one or the other. His study at Christ church was a perpetual nursery, its corners and cupboards stuffed with toys and sweets and all that appeals to a child's heart; and here or on a river picnic, surrounded by swarms of his young friends, the mathematical professor was always a boy as full of fun and as ripe for mischief as the youngest of his guests. May his rest be sweet, this chief of children's lovers!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, most amiable of "autocrats," was a lifelong lover of children, and could "skip back seventy years" at a moment's notice at a child's bidding. Could anything be sweeter than the letter he wrote acknowledging the photograph of one of his little girl friends? "May those lips," he wrote, "speak what is pure and true; may those ears hear but what is good; and may those eyes always mirror a soul as beautiful as themselves."

### Old Girl Graduates.

If the likenesses of girl graduates which now make an attractive feature of many newspapers are true to the life and undoubtedly they are in most cases, doesn't it seem that those leaving the high schools have a remarkably mature look? In some instances they look to be quite 25 years of age and as knowing and wise as girls who really have seen that number of years are usually found to be in this sophisticated age. It seems rather curious, too, that such young girls should look so "finished," but it is probably just an evening up of things in their respective families, as their mothers and grandmothers are undoubtedly engaged in taking beauty-and-youth-renewing cures with years from five to twenty-five taken from their ages. We will record it as the result of an effort of nature to square accounts.

### The Fair Graduate.

Love knows not the words  
That the red lips speak,  
But they win their way  
To his soul in Greek,  
And bloom like the rose  
On the dimpled cheek!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

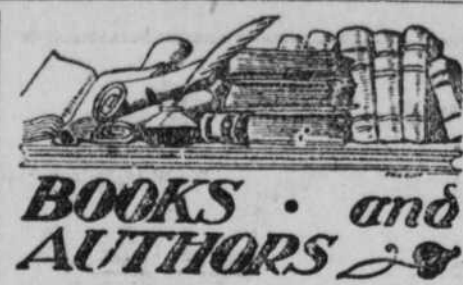
### Generous Donor of Bonds.

Robert H. McCarter, the well-known New Jersey lawyer, who has been appearing as counsel for the Shipyard trust, tells this story to illustrate how worthless the bonds of a corporation sometimes become:

"When my father was a trustee of Princeton college, the late John I. Blair of Blairstown informed the board of trustees that he was going to give the college many thousands of dollars' worth of the bonds of a new western railroad. There was rejoicing at Princeton. Everybody celebrated over the gift. Then the bonds came. The trustees discovered that the donor had cut off the coupons for the next forty years."

### Valuable Snuff Boxes.

A snuff box offered for sale at Christie's realized only a few shillings short of £1,000. It was a Louis XVI. oval gold box, by Jean Baptiste Chetret, and was made in Paris in 1765. The oval medallion in the center of the cover bore an illustration in enamel, representing girls and youths sacrificing to Bacchus. The exact price was £997 10s. Another gold snuff box of the reign of Louis XV., made £720.—London Tit-Bits.



Rather than the exception, it is the rule, nowadays, for publications of importance to devote more or less space to current books and their authors. With the thought in mind that such a department will be welcomed, this column will hereafter appear at regular intervals, giving short reviews of those books that should be accorded serious consideration.

Ruth Kimball Gardiner is the author of a most delightful book for children issued by Zimmerman's, New York, entitled "In Happy Far-Away Land." The volume is composed of twelve folk-lore tales that should appeal immediately to parents and teachers who value the delicate sensibilities of childhood. All requirements of the specialist in child study seems to have been fully anticipated in these stories, without sacrificing the very necessary interest or the moral. The child of to-day will evidently relish these tales with the same amount of enthusiasm that children of yesterday did the stories of the past. It is not in harmony with modern practice to teach children villainous things. "Jack the Giant Killer" may have been a good story for young minds, according to bygone estimations, but measured with "Princess Bo Peep" or "The White Knight" in "In Happy Far-Away Land," the earlier consensus of opinion must have been decidedly at fault. "In Happy Far-Away Land" contemplates all things from the viewpoint of the child, but unconsciously teaches the lesson of work and the beauties of nature and the wholesomeness of living aright. This book deserves to rank as a classic for little folk.

Richard Harding Davis' novel, "Captain Macklin," although a product of nearly a year ago, is still holding its own with current fiction. "Captain Macklin" is distinctly one of the important books of 1902, having a special element of vividness and personal quality because it treats with a kind of life with which Mr. Davis has become very familiar in the course of his own diversity of experiences. Captain Macklin's career carries him



Outline Sketch of "Captain Macklin." Through a South American revolution and various other military adventures, Macklin as a character is acknowledged to be one of the author's most fascinating heroes. As for the novel, it is a step decidedly in advance of the author's most popular former stories, and is a rich fulfillment of the promise of increasing power conveyed in his early work.

Willis George Emerson, emerges, somewhat like Hopkinson Smith, from a successful career along industrial lines into the story telling field. Soon after leaving college, Mr. Emerson enlisted in the movement to convert the cattle range of Southwestern Kansas into an agricultural paradise, and was one of the founders of Meade, Kansas, where the scenes of "Buell Hampton" are laid. Since those days he has been a lawyer, a town builder, a mine operator, has built the first smelter ever operated in the state of Wyoming, and is now at work on the largest aerial tramway in the world. During all the years that he has been engaged in these various enterprises, his novel, "Buell Hampton" (Forbes & Company, Boston), has been slowly crystallizing into the work to which the public is giving so complimentary a greeting. Mr. Emerson has put himself and his varied experiences in the new regions of the West into his book. Politics, banking and journalism come in for a large place in the story; while the natural phenomena of the region—the prairie fire, and the hot winds—are no less vividly portrayed. His entire life has been spent amid the life and scenes he writes about, and he says in his preface: "There is so much in the tale that is based upon facts and actual happenings that I hardly know where history ceases and fiction begins."

The New Amsterdam Book Company, New York, announce publication of a beautifully illustrated book of children's poems under the title of "Lays for Little Chaps." Alfred J. Waterhouse, the author, is a new name in the Eastern field so long occupied by Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley. West of the Rocky Mountains, his name is a household word, and his verses for children are eagerly read whenever they appear. The present volume will contain the best that he has ever written, together with a number entirely new to the public.

Given Thousands by Strange Woman. Without leaving a clue to her identity an elderly woman left a package containing \$11,110 in greenbacks at the door of James Mealey of Schuylerville, N. Y., a few nights ago with no explanation save that it was "from a friend." Mr. Mealey has been in financial difficulties, and recently went through bankruptcy, his store and stock being sold to meet his obligations.

### Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

### Secretary Shaw is Esthetic.

Secretary Shaw of the treasury, has distanced all endeavor in beautiful covers for reports to congress. His annual statement was topped by an exquisite creation in morocco, with gilt filigree work, as fine as the bookbinders of the government could supply. The daintily prepared pages, detailing treasury transactions and policies for a twelvemonth, were tied up in equally beautiful red ribbon with the loveliest kind of bowknots.

### ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

### Chances for Young Deweys.

Never in our history, in times of peace, was there such a chance for the budding Paul Joneses, Deweys and Farraguts. The academy at Annapolis is yawning for 307 young men who will become the captains of oceanic war in case we ever come to another conflict. This is a situation that is absolutely unparalleled. Usually the demands on West Point and Annapolis cannot be accommodated, but the latter institution wants more young men than are apparently available.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburton, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

### Number of School Days.

In 1840, the year in which the United States census began to enumerate the number of persons that had attended school the previous year, the total amount of schooling for each inhabitant was 208 days, and, according to the census of 1850, the average amount of schooling had increased to 420 days for this decade was a period of agitation on the part of Horace Mann and his disciples. In 1870 the number had reached 672 days, and in 1890 1,028 days.

Some men take what is in sight and hustle for more.

If you don't get the biggest and best it's your own fault. Defiance Starch is for sale everywhere and there is positively nothing to equal it in quality or quantity.

Happiness can only come in where it goes out.

### Edward's Modest Daughters.

King Edward's three daughters seem to be devoid of personal ambition and to be quite willing that their sister-in-law and their aunts, Helena, Louise and Beatrice, should represent royalty in their stead. So far from profiting by the risk in rank which their father's accession gained them, the Duchess of Fife and her sisters prefer to stay away from functions where they would precede Queen Victoria's daughters, so it is not often that these illustrious ladies meet in full state array. One parliament opening and the coronation have seemed about enough for them. It is scarcely likely that the Duke of Fife's daughters will make royal matches, and in all probability they will become British peeresses and have a far more pleasant life than if they turned into German princesses and had to follow a foreign spouse to his own country.

### Irving and Diraeli.

Fifteen years ago a rather gawsome sensation went round the Duke of Wellington's drawing room at Strathfieldsaye on the appearance of a distinguished and expected guest (Henry Irving). As the tall, thin, impressive figure with the cadaverous countenance, seemed to totter rather than walk across the floor to his host and hostess, the murmur passed along, "It is Dizzy risen from the dead." The likeness had, in fact, been noticed long before by Lord Meaconsfield himself. Watching from Mr. Alfred Rothschild's box the play on the Lyceum stage, the statesman, to the question what he thought of it, replied: "It reminds me of my own career, and in person I should think Mr. Irving might be taken for myself."

### What Was It?

Friarpoint, Miss., Aug. 3rd.—One of the strangest cases ever reported occurred here recently. The son of Mr. G. L. Butler was very ill. The doctor said he had some disease of the spinal cord, and treated him for two months, but he grew worse all the time, and finally the doctor told Mr. Butler that he did not know what was the trouble.

The boy would wake up in the night and say that he was dying. He would be nervous and trembling and want to run out of the house, saying he saw ugly things which frightened him.

His father was very much discouraged till one day he saw a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised, and he at once bought some and began to give them to his boy.

He used altogether eight boxes before he was entirely cured. He had not been troubled since. Mr. Butler says:

"I feel it my duty to tell what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for my boy. All this remedy needs is a fair chance and it will speak for itself."

True merit is like a river; the deeper it is the less noise it makes.—Hazlitt.