

A HOME PICTURE.

O! the happy little home when the sun shone out,
And the busy little mother got the children all about;
And Johnny fetched the water and Tommy brought the wood,
And Billy-boy tied both his shoes, as every liddle should—
And Daniel rocked the cradle with a clatter and a song,
To make the little sister grow so pretty and so strong.

O! the sweet peas and the morning glories climbing 'round the door,
And the tender vine of shadow with its length across the floor,
O! the "pinies" and the roses, and the quiver of the grass,
And the cheery call of friendship from the neighbors as they pass!
O! the scuffle and the shouting, and the little mother's laugh
As the rabbit starts up somewhere, and her "great helps" scamper off.

O! the happy little home when the twilight fell,
And all along the meadow rang the old cow bell,
With a tinkle that is music through the rushing of the years—
And I see the little mother in the tremble of the tears;
And I hear her happy laughter as she cries "The boys have come!"
And we know she's getting supper in the happy little home.

O! the happy little home when the moon gleamed forth,
And Billy-boy would have it that it "rised in the north."
O! the raptures and the whispers near the little mother's chair,
As the white-robed little figures are fitting here and there,
And we're just as near to heaven as we mortals ever roam
When we kneel and say our prayers in the happy little home.
—Locomotive Engineers' Journal.

Mr. Migg's Proposal

"DON'T mind which I ask," said Mr. Migg, "but I thought 'p'raps you'd write the letter. I'm no 'and with pens, though I can read what they've writ with anybody."
He sat on the extreme edge of a chair before me—a little red-faced man with mild blue eyes and stubby grey hair. He was a bootmaker by trade, but he had small private means which rendered him particularly "eligible" in the eyes of the village of Great Hale, and it married him intermittently to Widow Drayton, who kept a farm beyond its borders, and Martha Cowperthwaite, who saw to its wants in the matter of drapery—nor had any individuals taken more active interest in such speculations than those two ladies themselves.
"I'll help you with pleasure, Mr. Migg," I said. "But why not call upon Mrs. Drayton—or is it Martha?"
"It's fer you to decide which, mum," deferred the suitor, politely, "if you

pan of pertaters that a shiftless girl'll ferget. Marthy's used to a shop, too. Set 'er down, mum."
I set down Martha. She was of the ample, energetic type, and I felt that I was placing Mr. Migg in capable hands.
"She's not so ill-lookin', neither, as Sarah Drayton. Drayton went blind a month after 'e'd married 'er," he added, meditatively. "What next, mum?"
"I— I have cared for you a long time?" I suggested.
"Nay, nay," said Mr. Migg, firmly. "We shall 'ave it framed in the parlor as like as not. I'll 'ave nothin' put I might reproach meself fer after. I'd like 'Will you marry me?' simple."
It struck me that even a limited skill in calligraphy might have achieved this much for itself, and I said so. Mr. Migg shook his head.

"If you've wrote it," he said, "she can't fer shame say if it's not to 'er likin'." "Ave I got to sign me name?" I explained that the letter would otherwise be valueless, and he traced his signature in irregular, disconnected characters. At the moment there was a tap at the door.
"Widow Drayton would like to speak to you'm."
"Not in 'ere!" interposed Mr. Migg, abruptly.
"I'll come to her in a minute, Elizabeth," I said.
"An' I'll clear out an' post this," added the squire of dames hurriedly as my maid vanished. "If she sees me she'll get round me with 'er tongue, an' I'll not alter now!"
I hastily crammed my letter and his own into their envelopes.

"You'll find a stamp in that little box, so you can post it at once, and this one for me, if you will, and if you let yourself out by the conservatory door Mrs. Drayton will never see you."
I cut short his thanks as I departed to the individual whose hopes I had shattered during my brief period as amanuensis. When I returned from an interview which concerned itself with the price of eggs, Mr. Migg had made good his escape.
It happened that I was starting on the following morning for a fortnight's visit to a cousin, and I heard nothing more of the little bootmaker or his project until the day of its close, when my hostess looked across the breakfast table from a letter in her hand.

"It's from your respected vicar's wife, Mary, and there's a message for you. One Thomas Migg is—"
"Going to be married," I said.
"Oh, you know? But she says, 'Tell Mary Thomas Migg has astounded us all by proposing to little Martha Mayne, at the Red Lion. He seems—'"
"What?" I shouted.
"Oddly depressed, poor little man, and the two Juliets to whom we had opportioned him are frankly furious. Martha is cheerfulness itself, but I can't help thinking there is something at the—' what on earth's the matter, Mary?"
"Cs!" I gasped. "I believe it's my doing—my mistake!"
I knew—knew of a surety! Of course I had been writing to Martha Mayne when Thomas Migg had sought my services, and it came to me with a flash of intuition more convincing than any direct information that in hurriedly manipulating our joint correspondence when leaving him, I had put her letter and Martha Cowperthwaite's into each other's envelopes! And Mr. Migg, with his unfeeling horror of making himself ridiculous, and possibly some slight awe of me and consideration for my feelings—to say nothing of Martha Mayne's—was keeping silence and allowing himself to be engaged to a pretty slip of a

girl, who had evidently jumped at her first chance of a husband!

I faltered out my story, and my cousin laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"There's nothing for it but owning up," she said.

"I suppose not," I agreed miserably. And before starting for Great Hale again I indited a note to Mr. Migg, asking him to make it convenient to call upon me during the following evening, though I felt rather as though I should have sought his shop on my knees!

It did not reassure me when the appointed hour arrived to note that a new and depressed Thomas Migg stood before me, a man who cast nervous glances anywhere but in my direction, and whose fingers strayed restlessly round his hatbrim.

"Mr. Migg," I began nervously, "I don't know what to say to you! Sit—sit down, please!"

"I'd as lief stand, mum," he said, shifting his weight from one leg to the other. "You've 'eard, then?"

"Only yesterday. Why didn't you manage somehow to let me know at the time?"

"I dursten't," muttered Mr. Migg, to the carpet. "An' that's a fact."

"Am I such a very terrible person?" I said, miserably. "Don't you see how much easier it would 'ave made things if you'd spoken out at once? Do you think you're behaving fairly to Martha Mayne?"

"She's that light-hearted," began Mr. Migg, deprecatingly, "an' 'er father's a boy again!"

I groaned inwardly. Should I ever hold up my head in Great Hale again?

"That doesn't alter the fact that you're doing a very wrong thing," I said. Then it occurred to me that I was somewhat reversing our positions.

"It's done, any'ow, an' too late to be altered!" said Mr. Migg, with a touch of spirit.

"Mr. Migg, it's not too late!" I said earnestly. "I'm very sorry—more sorry than I can say. I'll go to Martha myself. I'll do anything you wish. I'll—"

I saw a gleam of something akin to hope in Mr. Migg's eye.

"Is that a fact, mum?" he interrupted eagerly. "Then—then don't do nothin'!"

"What?" I ejaculated.

"Don't do nothin'! I'd a deal sooner things stayed as they was."

"You—you don't mean it?" I said, with a queer wave of relief.

"I do, mum," said the accepted lover, with growing confidence. "I see'd it in a flash. You can't compare neither of those clatterin' forward women to my little Martha! It's a wife I want, an' not only an 'ousekeeper—not but what she's got an 'ead on 'er shoulders, too."

"And you'd really rather she never knew?" I said in bewilderment.

"I would, mum. I'm not goin' to alter for anybody, an' she might never think the same of me. I've not 'ad a 'appy moment while you've been away fer fear of what you'd do when you 'eard—especially since it struck me sudden that it might come out through Martha Cowperthwaite's 'avin' a wrong letter."

"Oh!" I said, "my letter was only to ask Martha to meet me at the schools to-morrow. She'd see nothing unusual in that." I still felt in a whirl.

"Then you'll keep quiet?" cried Mr. Migg, joyously.

"If—if you're sure you wish it," I faltered.

"Hooray!" said the bootmaker, shedding his depression as it might have been a garment. "Beg pardon, mum! Good evenin' an' thank you."

He wrung my hand forcibly and made for the hall. I followed as one in a dream. As I held the front door open for him he paused.

"Mum," he said, "I'd like you to know as I've never done anythin' of the sort before. It was just with your givin' me both letters to post, an' leavin' mine fer me to stick down, an' the other Martha's openin' again to my very feel, as you might say, that the idea come upon me sudden. I'd nipped 'em into each other's envelopes an' licked 'em down before I give meself time to think. You know 'ow temptashins take you, mum. Good evenin' again, mum, an' thank you."

And then he hurried down the walk. At the gate he turned, and seeing that I still stood in the patch of light in the doorway he waved his hand to me as one friend might hail another.—Montreal Family Herald.

Heard at the Summer Resort.

"Maw, is Mr. Gonger the man what keeps our hotel?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' they call him proprietor, don't they maw?"

"Yes, my child."

"Why do they call him a proprietor, maw?"

"Out of politeness, my son. To call him a highwayman would not sound nice."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Useful in the Next Campaign.

Tom—Now that your engagement is broken are you going to make Carlissa send back your letters?

George—You bet I am! I worked hard on those letters; they're worth using again!—Detroit Free Press.

AROUND THE WORLD IN A MOTOR CAR



Mr. C. J. Glidden of Boston, Mass., who, with his wife, is making a tour of the world in a motor car, believes that already he has seen more of the world and strange peoples than any other individual man living. So far he has traveled more than 25,000 miles, and has visited thirty-four countries. He has driven along the most northern road on the earth, and the most southern road. In Australia and New Zealand he has driven where the road would have been better had there been no road at all. But he is already convinced that the world was made for motoring, and that the pastime of the immediate future will be motoring around the world.

"For pleasure there is nothing on earth like it," said Mr. Glidden, in a recent interview. "For educating a man as to what the world is like and what its peoples are doing nothing could equal it."

Mr. Glidden has taught two kings how to drive a motor car, and has left behind him a longing for the new vehicle wherever he has been. He is looking forward to the time when the world will be laid down with special motor car tracks, railed like the railways, and every man will be his own train.

"Hardly anything has surprised me more," he said, "than seeing the astounding rapidity with which the motor car is making its way in the world. It is everywhere. Mine was the first to be seen in Fiji. Perhaps I shall find a few places in Africa where one has not been before. But already the motor car is everywhere, and everywhere it is being wanted."

"When I landed in Fiji the natives were very scared at first, and declared that 'the father of all the devils' had fallen among them. I believe that in Fiji the motor car will now always be known by a native name, meaning 'Sire of Satan.' But after I had taken King Ratu Kadavu Levu Roko Tul Taleon for the first ride and then given him a taste of speed, he wanted to know whether I could go at sixty miles an hour, and was quite disappointed because I couldn't."

"R. K. Levu R. T. Taleon, the king of the Fijians, is a fine specimen of a modern king. He is doing his best for his people. His father was a cannibal. He himself is a man of most polished and up-to-date manners, and he is gifted with excellent common sense. He still wears the bare legs and little white apron of his country, but above them he has European dress, and he does not do his hair in the grotesque native fashion. He met me in an English check jacket and waistcoat and cap to match, with white apron and bare legs underneath. For the instruction of his people he got me to take many of them for rides.

"One old aristocrat whom I drove about admitted to having presided at no fewer than 47 human feasts in his earlier years. He looked it. He was not good at arithmetic, and there were no doubt many other festivals on human dishes which he did not count in with the 47. Whenever his mind went back to those occasions, you could see that he was reviving pleasant memories with evident relish. He liked riding in my car, but I believe he would have liked better to see me nicely roasting. But cannibalism is out of fashion now in Fiji, and is only indulged in on the sly; the authorities have practically put an end to it."

"I have just left a different sort of monarch, the Sultan of Java. He only resembles the ruler of the Fijians in the length of his name. All I have of it is 'S. P. J. M. Toean Soesoehoeman Pakoe Boewono Soerkarta Adinigrant.' But that, I believe, is only what he is called for short. He did write the whole of it for me on a beautiful photograph of himself with which he presented me. By writing in a very small and cramped hand he just managed to get it all in six lines. Each line is twelve inches long, and there is no waste of room by having spaces between the names."

"But the Sultan of Java has plenty of spare time on his hands. He can afford to have a name like that. He manages most of the affairs which are in any way involved with the religious ideas of the people; but the Dutch do most of the other work for him."

"We arrived at Sola, the capital, on a Friday and his majesty sent a prince to meet me, and express his royal regrets that the day being the Mohammedan Sunday he could not see me until Saturday, but we could visit the palace. Our reception by him was one of the most wonderful ceremonies

ever conceived. The palace of the Kraton stands in walled-in grounds four miles square. Out of those grounds the Sultan very rarely goes. Until a couple of years ago he had never seen the sea, which is only fifty miles away. The Queen had never seen even the streets until she crossed them on her wedding day. The buildings of the palace consist almost entirely of columns covered with immense roofs, and with great ornamentations in gold and silver.

"At the gates we were received by the prince commandant of the native army. In the inner court we were welcomed by a chorus of girls chanting, and a band playing on the peculiar Javanese instruments, which sound like rubbing a finger on glasses. On the floor sat 2,000 royal attaches and servants. Mrs. Glidden and the wife of the commandant were put on the right of the Sultan's chair; I and the Dutch assistant resident on the left. His majesty entered with a slow and stately step, followed by ministers and servants, crouching down on their heels, and waddling along in that comical attitude as if all were doing a cobbler's dance.

"His majesty shook hands cordially, and asked many questions through the assistant resident. Then he had the car brought into his presence, and examined it. He asked the price, and on learning it, sent at once for his treasurer, who came in crouching on his heels. In the royal presence only whites are allowed to stand upright. The Sultan told his treasurer the cost of the car, and asked if there was enough money in the treasury at the moment to provide that sum. Without looking up, the treasurer made a calculation, and replied that the unhappy treasury of his most pious majesty, might his fathers be ever blest, did not at the moment contain so large a sum."

"The Sultan was very sad. But he is always sad. He has 21 wives and 28 children. In the evening, the Sultan obtained courage enough to go for a ride. My car will probably never have an odder load. To impress him with a sufficient feeling of responsibility, the king placed in the car his queen, one of his daughters, two other wives, the assistant resident, and the royal umbrella bearer. The umbrella is the sign of rank in Java. The Sultan's is gold. Aristocrat rank is marked by stripes on the top of the umbrella. 'Go slowly,' said the king, 'and keep to the center of the road.' I wasn't sorry to go slowly, for I knew that if anything happened on that ride I should never get out of the island alive. Java is a glorious place for the tourist. Dutch engineers have made splendid roads. There are excellent hotels, and the cost isn't more than 10s. a day."—Montreal Star.

Equal to the Occasion.

The Worcestershire defendant, fined 10 shillings for driving without a light, who has insisted upon paying his fine in coppers because he considered it a "rotten affair," has his precedent in the tradition of an Oxford undergraduate whom the proctor fined 5 shillings for some breach of university law. He also brought out the money in coppers with a view to "scoring off" the proctor, but the latter was equal to the occasion. "By all means, Mr. —," he said, "only I must trouble you to bring me a penny at a time at 9 o'clock every morning until the sum is paid."—London Chronicle.

Confinement Kills Them.

Of the fifteen long-term Indian prisoners now incarcerated in the United States penitentiary at McNeil's island, on Puget sound, twelve who have been there for less than three years are in the last stages of consumption and none can live more than another year. All are under sentence for from ten to twenty years. Warden O. P. Halligan, in discussing the situation, says: "From my experience with the Alaska Indians and Eskimos doing terms in this institution, I am of the opinion that the majority of both races have hereditary tuberculosis and that the confinement develops it."

Billiard Balls from Mammoths.

An English ivory firm sells 10,000 tusks a year to be made into billiard balls. When the supply of elephant tusks finally fails it is said that mammoth tusks found in the Arctic river beds will take its place.

People never become so old or wise that they outgrow the childish love of having their hurts made much of.



"I BELIEVE IT'S MY DOING."

ave the trouble of writin'. But I'll not make a fool of meself with speakin'. 'Ve a way of losin' me 'ead when I'm excited, an' the village'll know termorror just what I've said. I'll not be a laughin'-stock."

"Surely," I said, "neither of them would—"

"It'll go the round, will your letter," said Mr. Migg, applying a red handkerchief to a moist brow. "You can't blame no woman fer makin' the most of a proposal, mum. But I know you'll put nothin' as'll make me look foolish. I misdoubts you'll 'ave 'ad one of the kind you—"

"Just think out exactly what you'd like said while I finish this letter," I interrupted, hurriedly.

The little man crumpled his brows and I bent over my desk and addressed myself to the completion of a letter to a certain pretty little Martha Mayne, daughter of the landlord of the Red Lion, who was taking part in a village entertainment over which the gods for my sins had ordained my supervision. A deprecating cough made me pull fresh paper towards me.

"Dear—?" I said inquiringly.
"Eh?" said Mr. Migg, with a start. "Oh, beg pardon, mum. 'Er name's Sarah."

"Oh, then it is Mrs. Drayton?"
"I'm told she says I'll never regret takin' 'er, an' that she'd not feed 'er pigs on Martha Cowperthwaite's cookin'," said Mr. Migg, simply.

"Unfortunate animals!" I said, unthinkingly. "Martha gave me an excellent dinner last week when my cook was ill."

"Did she now?" cried Mr. Migg. "Then it's just that widdler's impudence! What'll do fer you'll do fer me, mum. Set down Marthy!"

"Mr. Migg," I said a little desperately, "are you sure you want to get married at all?"

"I've told everybody," he said, with finality in his tone, "as I'd take one on 'em by Easter. Bein' single comes out in the boots, even. You can't give your mind to turnin' out a smart pair if you're keepin' one eye on a sauce-