

## UP AT HIRAM'S.

The old folks, the own folks—oh, how I'd like to spy 'em!  
Like to go this minute and jest s'prise 'em with a call,  
Bill and Mary Ellen, yes, and Martha Jane and Hiram,  
Dan and Ed and Sarah and Mehitabel and all.  
Like to go to Hiram's like we used to on a Sunday,  
Drive up in the carryall and find the others there,  
Shake off age and worry, if 'twas only jest for one day,  
Like to go to Hiram's and be young and free from care.

Like to have a dinner taste the way them dinners tasted,  
Health in every platter, plumb from turkey down to pie,  
Appetite for every thing, and not a goody wasted,  
And no mean dyspepsy to be fought with by-and-by.  
Like to light my pipe up and be sociable and lazy,  
Loaf out through the barnyard with the chickens and the dogs,  
Talkin' crops and gossip in the autumn sunshine hazy,  
Leanin' on the fence-rail, looking down at Hiram's hogs.

Breeze across the corn field settin' every shock a-twitchin',  
Blackbirds' whistle soundin' from the bushes on the hill,  
Click of dish and laughter from the doorway of the kitchen,  
And the pigeons coolin' on the old barn window sill.  
Leanin' on the fence rail, blowin' smoke wreaths with the fellers,  
Guessin' weights and prices of the hogs that grunt below,  
Talkin' crops and prospects while the Sunday sunshine mellers—  
Don't that make a picture of the kind you used to know?

Hear the horses stompin' as they rustle in the stable,  
Hear the dog a-barkin' over yonder by the ridge,  
Hear the girls a-laughin' as they're clearin' off the table,  
And a team a-rattlin' as it goes across the bridge.  
Leanin' on the fence rail, talkin' corn and rye and weather,  
Driftin' out of one thing to another, fancy free,  
With the old home round you and the home folks all together—  
Jest a common picture, but it's awful dear to me.

Jest a common picture, but it's got a heart-touch in it,  
Youth and hope and kinship and the good old homely joys,  
And all Time has brought me I would give to be this minute  
Leanin' on the fence rail talkin' gossip with the boys.  
Like to go to Hiram's as we used to on a Sunday,  
Drive up in the carryall and find the old folks there,  
Shake off age and worry, if 'twas only jest for one day,  
Like to go to Hiram's and be young and free from care.

—People's Home Journal.

## THE AVENGING SPIRIT OF PALL.

**A** YOUNG Englishman stood on the deck of a sailing vessel coming into the harbor of Honolulu. He had been living in the wilds of Australia for three years, and was making his first return to the land of his birth, where a pair of blue eyes were waiting to give him a lover's welcome.

The vessel was several days overdue, and his brow clouded when he was told that the American ship which transferred the Australian passengers had sailed the day before. That meant a month or more in this out-of-the-way island. The man paced the deck and said unkind things of fate.

He passed to the wharf, gave his bag to a native boy, and followed him



"MR. CRAMPTON, MY DAUGHTER."

into the town. They passed strange little shops where sleepy-eyed Mongolians and fat native women sat, while half-breed children played in the doorways, babbling in the musical language of the island.

He passed the day on the veranda of the quaint little hotel, inhaling the fragrance of the vines and flowers. Luscious mangoes, figs, guavas and tamarinds were within reach of his hand; tall palms and cocoanuts in the distance bowed with the slight breeze, as if giving him honorable welcome to this paradise.

That night there was a ball in the hotel, given in honor of a British man-of-war lying in the harbor. A native band played weird minor airs, beautiful women and handsome men in uniform laughed, danced and flirted as they might have done in any city in the Old World.

But, somehow, gaiety seemed out of harmony with the soft voluptuousness of this tropic isle. Then the perfume of a jasmine flower, linked with the low notes of mellow laughter, drifted down the moonlight air; there was the rustle of silken skirts, the flash of a pair of soft, dark eyes, and he knew the queen of fairyland had come.

An elderly man, with a slight, girlish figure clinging lightly to his arm, stopped at his side.

"Pardon me," the man said, in good English, as he lightly brushed something from the young man's shoulder. "A centipede. You need not be alarmed. They are harmless, unless angered."

The young man bowed his thanks. He was startled, not at the thought of the insect, but at the beauty of the girl.

"It seems there are still disagreeable things in the Garden of Eden," he replied, his eyes upon the fair creature looking up at him with innocent curiosity. "Everything here is so beautiful," he continued, hurriedly, to hide his boldness. "You see, I am a stranger among you. My name is Crampton. I am on my way from Australia to England. We missed the American ship, and I must await her return."

The other extended his hand.

"My name is Brickwood, Mr. Crampton, my daughter, Emaline."

A soft musical voice acknowledged the introduction, while dark, velvety eyes looked shyly into his. Then some one came to claim her for a promised waltz, and she floated away, leaving the fragrance of jasmine trailing behind her.

The two men lighted cigars and talked. Crampton told enough of his affairs to win Brickwood's confidence. The elder man was Devonshire born, and had settled on the island when it had a few white occupants, and had married a full-blooded native woman, the daughter of a chief. He was now postmaster.

Long after the dancers had departed, Crampton sat on the veranda, puffing clouds of smoke into the feathery moonlight, and thinking of a beautiful girl with bronze skin, gowned in soft silk and crape, her only ornament a crown of jasmine flowers, the odor of which still lingered with him.

He had accepted an invitation from her father to dine at their cottage next day, and he longed for the morrow that he might see her again. She seemed a part of the music and moonlight of this new, delightful world. For the first time for years he retired that night without looking at the portrait in the back of his watch.

Into a vine-clad arbor of roses Crampton passed, to be welcomed by the vision of the previous evening. Again he drank in the scent of the jasmine flower, again he wandered in Elysium, entranced by the luster of those fawnlike eyes, again he heard the caressing tones of that flutelike voice. He was as one dazed by some strange spell, having its birth in a beauty new to him.

But when her mother came into the room he felt a sudden shock, as though he had fallen from a height. She was an enormous woman, dark copper in color, with irregular features, deep, luminous eyes, a broad, flat nose and straight black hair. She wore but one garment, a loose robe of bright red silk.

Could this be the mother of the beautiful creature who had so enraptured

him? There was no resemblance save in her voice, which was low and mellow, like that of the girl. She sang native songs, thrumming an accompaniment on a small instrument, half guitar, half banjo.

One of these songs, a wild, weird chant, moved the Englishman so that he asked for an interpretation of it. She told him it was the spirit song of the Pall.

Many years ago there were several tribes on the island. They were continually at war with each other. Finally two great chiefs formed all the people into two armies and went out to battle for supremacy.

The struggle was long and bloody. Many thousands were slain. At last Kamehameha defeated the followers of Oahua and drove them up the New-anna valley to the top of the crater of Pall. On this mountain the last battle was fought and the Oahua and all his followers were driven or thrown over the cliff.

After the great slaughter a mist arose and began to fall like tears on the dead. It had never ceased. And in this mist the spirit of Pall, the protecting spirit of the natives, has her home. When any one wrongs a descendant of a chieftain's line the spirit arises out of the mist and wreaks speedy vengeance.

While she recounted this legend the woman seemed to be inspired. Her immense body swayed back and forth in time to her words, her half-closed eyes burned with deep fires.

Crampton felt his blood chill in his veins. The story fascinated him. It seemed to have some personal equation, to be in some subtle manner linked with his own future.

Time braided the days into ropes of flowers for Crampton. The languor of the climate stole into his blood and lulled him to sweet security. With Emaline he roamed about the island, enraptured with its beauty and his love of her.

The picture of the blue-eyed Saxon girl in the back of his watch was forgotten. England with its turgid civilization seemed far away, unreal. He was intoxicated with his own thoughts. This half-wild, impulsive creature, who clung to him with such simple faith, was so in harmony with the surroundings, so much a part of the flowery little kingdom in the blue Pacific, that he could not separate her from it, nor himself from either.

It was as if he had always lived this indolent dream life. They walked and rode and swam together. She taught him the liquid love words of her people, which was like the music of shallow waters rippling over pebbles.

Sometimes they wandered to the summit of Pall and watched the misty tears falling into the depths where slept the heroes of an almost forgotten race. The place had a strange attraction for him, and sometimes he coaxed the girl into repeating the legend.

But to her light heart the tragic tale held no charms. She was like a fawn that loves to play in the sunlight, without thought of the past or future. He was sufficient for her.

But one day there came a vessel into the harbor and he awoke. His days of drifting were over. He must choose between ancestral home in a civilized country and this half-barbaric existence; take up the duties and burdens of activity or embrace inaction, becoming for good and all a drone in the busy hive of the world's life.

His Saxon blood rebelled at a future so cheap, so unimportant. It was a struggle, but his decision was made.

It was late in the afternoon. Crampton and Emaline had wandered far over the island, lingering in the flowery nooks that companionship had made dear to them. They stood now in the shadow of a palm half way up the crater of Pall.

The sun, a chariot of fire, was rolling down toward the far-stretched line of the blue Pacific. In the harbor lay the ship that was to sail in the morning; the ship that was to put two oceans between them.

He told her as they stood there—told her with the calm, steel-like tones of the Anglo-Saxon when he has to overcome himself, his face was drawn and white, but with no tremor in his voice—he told her all, his duty, his prospects, even his engagement to the blue-eyed girl. When he had concluded she stood like a flower over which has passed the hot breath blown from a desert.

"Aloha nue loa oel," she murmured. "We are one. I live not but in you, you are all my life. I love you."

He would have answered her, but no words came to him. Like two statues of grief they stood in the soft sunlight.

Then suddenly from above they heard a hissing sound. Out of the great mouth of Pall came a breath of steam that spread over their heads like a great fan. And in the center of it stood a dark cloud in shape like a woman. Above them it hovered, reaching out long, sinuous arms.

"The spirit! The spirit of Pall!" cried the girl, sinking to the ground and hiding her face from the light.

Crampton stood for a moment trans-

fixed with horror. Again he seemed to see the old woman, the mother of Emaline, as she recited the weird legend. "When any one wrongs a descendant of a chieftain's line the spirit rises out of the mist to wreak speedy vengeance."

The words rang in his ears like a clarion. He turned away with a shudder. Then the materialism of his race came to his rescue. He caught up the girl in his arms and ran down the declivity toward the sea.

Glancing back, he saw the shadow following them. On he plunged, an awful fear taking possession of him. He heard the hissing as of a great serpent behind him. Loose stones gave way under his feet and plunged down into the placid waters, cooling softly to the shore. Branches and briars tore at his flesh and retarded his speed.

But he struggled on with his precious burden, fearing now to look behind. At last he reached the shore and plunged into the sea. Yet the mist pursued him and the dark figure bent ominously over their heads. Out, out into the sea he struggled.

The girl, revived by the waters, kissed his cheek and murmured, "Aloha." The surf lifted them on its kindly bosom and bore them forward. Another swell, and yet another, and to one standing upon the sands they would have been but a tiny speck on the distant blue.

Then the mist with the black shadow whirled about, returning to Pall. The spirit was avenged. But, clasped in each other's arms, the lovers drifted out to where love is the password to eternal bliss.—Illustrated Bits.

### THE FRIEND WHO WAS BRAVE.

**She Hurt Her Friends Feelings for Her Friend's Good.**

The girls, Constance and Alice, were enthusiastic in their admiration of their mother's college friend, Doctor Dillingham. The doctor was a medical missionary who had spent sixteen years in India, and was to return there again after her year's furlough. The girls, listening with flushed cheeks and shining eyes while she held great audiences spellbound with her story, wondered if ever they could do splendid things, too—save people's lives and win queer native orders and hold great audiences breathless. Yet at home Doctor Dillingham did not seem wonderful at all. She and mother just laughed and chattered like two school-girls. It was very queer.

One stormy evening the family and their guest were gathered about the open fire. It was a "talkable" night, and the girls were enjoying every moment of it. Presently, in a pause, Constance spoke coaxingly:

"Won't you tell us, Doctor Dillingham, of the bravest person you ever knew?"

"I'll be glad to," the doctor answered, "but it won't be a story of India. The bravest person I ever knew was a shy, quiet girl in college. Among the freshmen that year was one from a prairie farm. She was an ambitious worker and a good student, but she had never before come in contact with any of the refinements of life, and rather looked down upon them. She was careless in her dress and in certain ways at the table, and neglectful of the little courtesies of speech. When, after a while, she found herself being left out of things, she was hurt over it, as any girl would have been, but did not realize the cause of it.

"Among her classmates was one who remained loyally beside her through all that hard year. One evening toward the close of the last term the girl came to her. She looked so white that her friend was startled, and asked if she was sick.

"No," she answered, 'but I've got to hurt you. I love you so that I must. I've been putting it off and putting it off, but I must do it.'

"Then she told her the mistake that she had been making—told her, though her voice broke so that she could scarcely speak, that people did not count her a lady because of these things that seemed such trifles to her, and were in reality no trifles, but symbols of courtesy and consideration and unselfishness. That is all. It was hard, of course, but the prairie girl was honest. Afterward, when she was out in the world, she thanked her friend every day of her life for opening her eyes."

"Did—" began Constance, and then she caught the look upon her mother's face and did not ask the question. It was Alice who came to the rescue.

"I think there were two brave people," she said, shyly.

The doctor looked up with a quick smile.

"There is no life so small that it does not have room for courage," she replied.—Youth's Companion.

**Next Step Up.**

"I see that a Frenchman has invented a non-collapsible auto tire."

"Now let him turn his attention to a non-collapsible pocketbook."—New York Sun.

It would be strange if the company a man keeps didn't know him.

## OLD Favorites

**Grandfather's Clock.**

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,  
So it stood ninety years on the floor;  
It was taller by half than the old man himself,  
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.

It was bought on the morn of the day he was born,  
And was always his treasure and pride;  
But it stopped short—never to go again—  
When the old man died.

**CHORUS.**

Ninety years without slumbering (tick, tick, tick),  
His life seconds numbering (tick, tick, tick, tick),  
It stopped short—never to go again—  
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,  
Many hours had he spent when a boy;  
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,  
And to share both his grief and his joy.

For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door,  
With a blooming and beautiful bride;  
But it stopped short—never to go again—  
When the old man died.

My grandfather said that of those he could hire,  
Not a servant so faithful he found;  
For it wasted no time, and had but one desire—  
At the close of each week to be wound.

And it kept in its place—not a frown upon its face;  
And its hands never hung by its side;  
But it stopp'd short—never to go again—  
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night—  
An alarm that for years had been dumb;  
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight—  
That his hour of departure had come.

Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime  
As we silently stood by his side;  
But it stopp'd short—never to go again—  
When the old man died.

—Henry C. Work.

**Road that Made History.**

A hundred years ago the eyes of America were on the Southwest. We were on the edge of a war with Spain over the closing of the Mississippi, and under orders from Washington Wilkinson, in command of Fort Adams, held solemn conclave with the Indians who owned the east bank of the big river, and by treaty established a sacred postroad through their country.

It left Nashville on the old Buffalo trace, crossed the Tennessee at Colbert's ferry below the Mussel shoals, and striking the hills back of the Big Black, came down to Natchez and on to New Orleans, with a branch to the Walnut hills. The road was more than a military necessity, for so many pirates infested the Mississippi that merchants returning from New Orleans needed a safer route home with their money.

After it was opened it became all things to the Southwest. Methodism went down that way in the person of Tobias Gibson, later Lorenzo Dow followed him with the camp meeting spirit. Old Hickory marched his army down to Natchez over this route in 1813 and marched it back again next spring. And from that day till nearly our own it has been the great center of that country's activity. Now the railroads have come, the settlers have moved down into the valleys and opened up poorer roads in the beds of branches and through swamp lowlands. But the Trace is still there upon its ridges, the best road of them all.—Everybody's Magazine.

**How He Knew.**

Newitt—That was Dr. Pondruss who was talking to you a little while ago. He's a very learned man.

Plane—He must be.

Newitt—Why, how did you know? He was only talking to you for a very few minutes.

Plane—Well, it was long enough to make me very tired.—Catholic Standard.

**Young Prince Charles.**

The christening of the infant son of the Prince and Princess of Wales is specially interesting from the fact that one of the names given him is Charles. The young prince is the first of the royal blood to bear that name since "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

**It Was True Love.**

"Are you sure he loves you?"

"Sure! Willie sneaked a tack in the chair beside mine the other night just as he came, and he sat on that tack all the evening and never knew it!"—Houston Post.