

HOME.

When, where the busy scenes of life are thronging,
Where pleasure leads or duty bids me roam,
Comes a ceaseless, quiet and a subtle longing
For the humble, sacred spot we call our home.

There graceful elms ward off the noonday sun,
And cedars, pines and firs are growing there;
The honeysuckle's blossoms ere the day's begun,
With fragrance fill the balmy morning air.

To you it's but a common place at best,
No stately structures tell of ease and wealth,
No cozy nooks abound which lure to rest,
To me it's home, with peace, and trust, and health.

Out on the lawn behold the mulberry tree,
With rustic seats among its branches strong;
There summer hours my children sat with me
And sped the time in laughter, cheer and song.

And there in days gone by the opening flower
Was seen by gladsome eyes, with gleeful shout,
Nor could bird hide nest in leafy bower
But these explorers quickly found it out.

Here mingled in our crucible of life,
What joy and grief, despair and hope we've known,
Yet shines the light of love—and child and wife—
Do sacred make the spot we call our home.

—Topeka Capital.

Mrs. Perry's Grievance

NO, the day of miracles ain't over, and folks dream dreams and see visions even now. You don't believe it? Well, I'll tell you of a case.

"It was a year ago this coming month that I went over to spend a couple of weeks with Cousin Elvira at Marshall's Corners. Now, you probably don't know it, but Marshall's Corners ain't exactly the liveliest place in all the world. They are mostly farmers there, and a mile from Elvira's is a store and postoffice and a tack factory. Oh, yes, and there's a schoolhouse in a pine grove half a mile from her house the other way.

"I guess it was the third day I was there that I says, 'Elvira, who is it lives in the house across the road, and what's so much coming and going there for?' Seems to me there's some one calling there every half hour."

"Elvira, she folded up her work and stood up. 'Come along with me,' she says, 'and you'll see why there's so much calling there. It's Mrs. Perry lives there. Her husband's sick, has been for a long time, but he's getting better now. We all think everything of Mrs. Perry, though we didn't like her a bit the first month or so she was here.'

"I noticed, as we went across the road, what a pleasant look the house had. The curtains were raised quite high so's to let in a lot of light, and there was one window full of bright, clean-looking, blossoming plants. A big yellow cat set on another window sill and blinked at us as we went by. I never liked a yellow cat, but somehow this one seemed different, and no other kind would have seemed so cheerful.

"The minute I laid eyes on Mrs. Perry I knew why everybody liked her. You know there's some folks you just meet on the road; they don't do nothing more than nod and smile at you, but somehow feel better for seeing 'em. Mrs. Perry was like that. She wa'n't what you'd call pretty, but she had nice clean-looking teeth and her hair was tidy, and she had the pleasantest cordial smile I ever see. She had on a plain, calico dress, but it was clean and whole and fitted her nice, and looked kinder stylish. 'She is genuine,' I says to myself. 'She's just what she appears to be.' Her house was just like her; it was plain and neat; there was comfortable chairs, and there was books and a piano.

"Mr. Perry was lying in a reclining chair, and although you could see that he was a pleasant sort of person enough, it was his wife that was the one folks liked best.

"Well, we had an awful nice call, and just before we went, Elvira asked her to play and sing for us. She never made a word of objection, and she didn't say she had a cold and couldn't, but she went right over to the piano and set down and begun to play. Now I've heard more or less good music in my day, and when I heard Mrs. Perry sing I knew she wa'n't no ordinary amateur. Her voice wa'n't nothing wonderful, but it was sweet and true, and she sang with some life and snap. I says somethin' about it after she got through, and she said she'd studied a good deal and been to some good teachers, but she didn't put on no airs about it.

"After that first call, I went over there pretty often, and we talked together like old cronies. It was one day towards the end of my visit that we had a specially long talk. It was a rainy day, and Mr. Perry was asleep in the next room, so we had quite a long spell to ourselves. We'd

come to a kind of pause in our conversation, and there wa'n't no sound in the room but the clock ticking and the cat purring. Finally Mrs. Perry laid down her work—she was one of the busy kind and we was both sewing—and she says, with a queer little smile, 'Aunt Asenath, I'm going to tell you a strange experience I had when I first moved into this neighborhood. I never have told anybody but Alfred, and I was ashamed to tell even him all of it.'

"You see, when he was taken sick and the doctor said he must come into the country, it was a terrible blow to me. I'd always lived in the city, all my friends were there, and I went about a great deal. To leave all that and go into the country, which I hated, especially with winter coming on, with nothing to do but take care of a sick man—well, it nearly broke my heart. I actually was so childish and horrid that I felt as if Alfred was somehow to blame for getting sick. This wa'n't all; I had a sort of compound grievance: Alfred chose to come to this lonely, out-of-the-way place, where I was sure there was no society. I did not like the town itself, and I did not like this neighborhood nor the house, and I made up my mind that I should not like the peo-



SHE WA'N'T NO ORDINARY AMATEUR.

ple. They called on me very soon after I got settled, and I was just as horrid as I could be to them. I told them how lonesome and homesick I was and how I disliked the country, and bragged about my life in the city and of all the advantages I had there. After my callers went I told Alfred how countryfied and boorish I thought them, and I declared that I never would return their calls. Poor Alfred, what he had to endure! I thought the country was a good place to wear out my old clothes, so I wore old gowns that had seen better days, and I looked like a fright, especially as I neglected my hair and wore shabby old slippers.

"The doctor came out to see Alfred and he looked puzzled and shook his head. 'I don't see why he doesn't gain more,' he said, and he looked at me sharply and with a gleam of suspicion in his eyes.

"I don't like to think of that time. The neighbors did not call a second time, of course, and I was really very lonely, though I did not admit it, and kept saying how glad I was not to be bothered by them. I could see Alfred was getting worse instead of better, and I knew the doctor thought I was somehow to blame for it. I never was so wretched in my life. I began to be really alarmed about my husband, and it was when I got my mind off myself that the revelation came.

"It was one night after one of Alfred's very worst days that I lay awake worrying about him. At last I fell asleep, and I had a dream, or a vision, I don't know which to call

it. I seemed to be in a graveyard, and there was one stone that I seemed to be drawn toward. I expected to see my husband's name on it, and I trembled with fear, but I drew nearer and looked. I saw my own name, and below it read these words: 'My Lady Disdain. No one loved her in life nor mourned her in death, and no one was ever made happy by her.'

"I awoke with a start, and there was no more sleep for me that night. I looked at myself as if I had been some one else, and I saw that if I kept on as I had begun my epitaph would be a true one. Then I realized what was the trouble with Alfred. My gloomy, fault-finding, depressing atmosphere was having its effect on him. As soon as it was light I looked at his sleeping face, and I was terrified, he looked so worn and pale and unhappy. I was sick with fear. Had I learned my lesson too late?

"It was hard to appear cheerful and hopeful when there was such a fear at my heart, but somehow strength was given me to do it, and you don't know how thankful I was that first day when I made Alfred laugh—something he had not done for weeks. I played to him and read to him, and in the afternoon when he took his nap I went out and called on one of the neighbors, and every day when I could return one of the calls I had received. It was hard for me to do it, remembering how disdainful and rude I had been, but they were all so kind and forgiving and did not seem to remember the first impression.

"Soon the neighbors began to drop in often, and this helped to cheer Alfred up, and the next time the doctor came he was surprised at the improvement in his patient. He looked me over from top to toe—I had changed my appearance a great deal—and then he nodded his head approvingly and muttered, 'I thought so.' I did not ask him what he meant, because I knew.

"That dream has made such a difference in my life, Aunt Asenath—yes, and in the lives of others, too. I shudder to think what I would have been by this time if I had not had that experience."

"Don't waste any shudders on that," I says. "Something else would have put you on the right track, but of course the vision you had made a quicker cure. You are one of the kind that can take a hint. Now, lots of folks can't, and in your place they would have kept right on as you begun, and then would have blamed everybody under the sun but themselves for their misery."

"Well, she says, 'I'm glad I found the guilty person. And what do you think, Aunt Asenath? I have got so I like the town and the neighborhood and the house and the people—yes, the people most of all. Besides all that, I'm going to like the country pretty soon, too—in about another month, I think,' and she laughed.

"The difference is all in yourself," I says. "Most generally when folks hate everything and everybody in sight, the trouble's all with themselves. If they'd only see it and hate themselves for awhile it would make all the difference in the world to 'em, and to everybody else that has to live with 'em or see 'em.'"—Rural New Yorker.

Bathing the Eyes.

Bathing the eyes with equal parts of witch hazel and water is very restful to them, or bathe them with warm water in which are dissolved a pinch of powdered borax and two or three drops of spirits of camphor. A soft linen cloth, used for no other purpose, is better than a sponge for bathing the eyes. The eyes should be washed every night to remove any dust that might have gathered on the lids during the day.

Worse Than a Battle.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of the City temple, London, once had a collection made, to the announcement of which he added with deep pathos, "Widows and orphans will not be expected to contribute." A few Sundays later there was another collection for the same object. "This time," said the preacher, "nobody will be exempt, for no battle ever made so many widows and orphans as the announcement made on the previous Sunday."

He Bit.

He (at the window)—It's very cheerful within, but awfully disagreeable without. She (cooly)—Without what? He (inspired)—Why, without you, darling.

And a few weeks later a furniture installment house was called upon to open a new account.

Satisfied.

"Can't see why you're so smitten with her."

"Why, because she's so deucedly pretty."

"Beauty's only skin deep."

"Well, great Scott! I'm no cannibal. That's deep enough for me."—Cleveland Leader.

It is old fashioned to make fashionable calls.

CAPTURING THE PORCUPINE.



When the Maine Legislature in its wisdom wiped the now famous porcupine law from the books the little prickly animal did not pass entirely from the commercial field, for Linwood Flint, one of Maine's enterprising young farmers, conceived at once the idea of capturing these animals and sending them to parts of the country where they are practically unknown for exhibition purposes.

The porcupine makes an affectionate little pet, and for this and exhibition purposes the demand continued to increase till Mr. Flint was obliged to call on his neighbor friends to assist him. At present Mr. Flint has five porcupines in captivity, safely caged in tin-lined, wire-covered boxes. Two he has raised there and one has become quite a pet. Fifty-two animals have been captured and shipped to parts of the Middle West. The porcupines are fed corn, poplar leaves and apples. The young are fed bread soaked in milk.

HOME OF ITALY'S KING.

At San Rossore the Royal Family Spend the Autumn Months.

San Rossore, where the Italian royal family pass their autumn months, is, without exception, the most beautiful estate owned by the house of Savoy. It extends from Viareggio to Livorno, at the foot of the Apuan Alps, combining the charm of the seashore with the attractions of the mountains, says the London Globe. Formerly it belonged to the archbishops of Pisa, from whom the Grand Dukes of Tuscany purchased it and made it State property, which explains how it was that in 1860, at the time of the annexation of Tuscany to the kingdom of Italy, it ranked as one of the gems in the civil list of Victor Emmanuel II. The Grand Dukes resided there the greater part of the year, and one, Leopold II., built extensive farmhouses, within which are numerous breeding animals. About these farms are wide-spreading fields, where still horses, oxen, cows, sheep and buffalo graze in peace. San Rossore comprises also extensive cultivated fertile lands; but the greater part of it—and that is its essential characteristic—is the thickly planted woodlands, which yield an important revenue from the sale of its pine trees. In these woods game is most plentiful, while in the lakes, ponds and small streams there is any quantity of fresh water fish. At San Rossore one can indulge in almost any sport, for there are wild boar, stags, reindeer, pheasants, partridges and almost every species of inland water fowl.

Of all the curiosities at San Rossore the most curious, undoubtedly, are the camels used for the purpose of removing the timber. These camels are not by any means ordinary camels. They are historical camels, and would be proud of it were they conscious of it, for it is said their ancestors figured in the crusades. History tells us that these animals were brought from Syria to Pisa in galleys which the Pisan republic had dispatched to the Holy Land for the purpose of bringing back a load of mold from the grave of Christ. It was supposed that this mold had the peculiarity of absorbing bodies buried in it. The Pisans intrusted with the mission of bringing it over evidently thought that they could not do better when it was shipped on board the galleys than to embark as well as the camels which had been laden with it. These camels were sent on to San Rossore. They prospered and multiplied there, and it is their descendants which are used for the purpose of shifting the timbers from the royal demesne.

With regard to the dogs in the kennels at San Rossore, every breed in use for sporting purposes has been perpetuated there, from the remotest medieval times. They have their hospital, as well as a small cemetery, with its accompanying tombstones, on which are recorded the names of the dogs which had their fleeting hours of celebrity in the hunting field. With regard to the chateau itself, it is of somewhat modest appearance and dimensions, but it contains numerous works of art of priceless value.

Victor Emmanuel II. spent much of his spare time at San Rossore, between 1864 and 1870—that is to say, at the time when his capital was at Florence and not at Rome. In 1868 the King became very ill, and so serious was his condition that the bishop of Pisa was sent for to hear his confession. The prelate came in haste and thought to profit by the opportunity

to ask him to make certain political concessions. "Eminence," said the King, "if you want to speak about affairs of state, you will find my ministers in the next room; oblige me by going there."

An Indian Legend.

An Indian story that has been handed down and is still believed by many Indian tribes is one about the transformation of leaves into birds, says the Kansas City Journal. Long years ago, when the world was young, the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their short green dresses. The leaves were very happy and they sang their sweet songs to the breeze as it passed them. One day the wind told them the time would soon come when they would have to fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very bad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could so as not to make the mother trees unhappy. But at last the time came and they let go of the twigs and branches and fluttered to the ground. They lay perfectly quiet, not able to move except as the wind would lift them.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever, so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his "birds." From the red and brown leaves of the oak came the robins, and yellow birds from the yellow willow leaves, and from bright maple leaves he made the red birds; the brown leaves became wrens, sparrows and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them to build their nests and look for food and shade.

How Swallows Build Nests.

Swallows and house martins build by sticking together pellets of prepared road mud. Most of the material is obtained from the drying puddles on the high roads. If not mixed with anything else the tendency of these pellets would be to crumble when dry. But the swallow tribe is supplied with a mucous secretion which enables it to gum the particles together. The swallows' nests, from which the Chinese birds' nest soup is made, are constructed of this mucous matter only. An Indian swallow, which builds little boat shaped nests against the trunks of lofty trees, practically makes them of dried saliva.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Our Changeable Weather.

I do not have to travel, for the thermometer range

Is sure in time to bring me the desired climatic change.

The pace is swift enough to the most un-restful soul;

One day we're at the tropics and the next we're at the pole.

—Washington Star.

One View of It.

Money don't make happiness,

Nor cure our human ills,

But—bless your soul!—

From pole to pole,

It sure does pay the bills!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Boys of Germany.

Large Japanese orders for railway wheels and axles have been placed in Germany. Japan has \$50,000,000 gold on deposit in German banks, so she is easily able to buy there at lowest prices.

It takes a born diplomat to disguise the interest he feels in himself.