

THE OLD HOME.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree,
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be;
In boyhood I knew them and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them, and my eyes
Through tear mists behold them, beneath the old time skies,
Mid bee boom and rose blossoms and orchard lands, arise.

I hear them; and heartsick with longing is my soul
To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bow;
Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long ago;
To whisper the wood wind of things we used to know
When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold;
To drowse with the noontide lulled on its heart of gold;
To lie with the nighttime and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees, and to each listening leaf,
The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,
The old hope, the old love, would ease my heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,
The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be;
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

—Criterion.

THE SACRIFICE OF AMY.

Of course, if we accept," said Amy slowly, "it simply means new dresses for us both."
"But we must accept!" cried her sister Hilda impatiently, "it would be folly not to! Remember that Mr. Carslake has had an invitation, and particularly asked me if we were going. You know he has paid me a good deal of attention already, and though I dare say you think him a bit of a rough diamond like most self-made men, still I don't mind that. I can polish him up once we are married."
"Oh! don't talk like that!" said Amy in a shocked voice, "you know I don't think anything of the kind. I admire Mrs. Carslake very much, and am sure any girl might love him."
"Oh! that's not the point!" cried Hilda, "but think of being the wife of a millionaire! I believe he means to ask me at this ball; at least, I intend to give him a pretty good opportunity. Amy, I am sick of this life, nothing but pinching and screwing, and I mean to go to this ball even if our



"HILDA WAS THE ACKNOWLEDGED BELLE."

dresser cripple the finances for weeks!"
The two sisters, who were orphans, lived in a tiny cottage in Percyvale, a small village just outside Percytown, together with an old servant who had nursed them in infancy, and who now looked after them as a labor of love. Amy was purse-bearer, and on her fell the constant struggle of making both ends meet. Hilda was the beauty, and was always talking wildly of the grand marriage she meant to make. Amy, who was old beyond her years, used sometimes sadly to wonder how it was to be accomplished in the narrow social circle in which they lived, but now, at last, the stars seemed to be fighting for Hilda, for at a reception in Percytown a few weeks ago, Mr. Richard Carslake, the Australian millionaire, had been presented to the two girls, and had seemed to fall at once under the spell of Hilda's beauty. Since then, he had asked permission to call upon them, and it seemed as if Hilda's ambitions were in a fair way of being realized.

"It does seem hard to have to give up Lady Percy's ball for the sake of a few pounds," said Amy, sighing, "but do you think it really makes all that difference if we go or not? I mean as far as Mr. Carslake is concerned; because if he is really in love with you, he can come here and ask you."

Hilda tossed her head!
"Oh, Amy, you don't understand anything about men! Nowadays they want everything to fall like a ripe plum into their mouths. And I don't feel at all sure about Mr. Carslake, but if I were at the ball, looking lovely in my new frock, I think he might ask me. But to come here for the express purpose—um—I don't know! It would take a bold man, or one very much in love. And I don't believe Mr. Carslake is capable of being very much in love, not at the present mo-

ment, anyway. His thoughts are too much taken up with searching for that sister of his."

Amy's eyes brightened suddenly. "Do you know, I think that is noble of him! Fancy, she was seven, and he only twelve when he ran away to sea, and now he has made this fortune and has traced her only so far as to know that for years she must have been thrown upon the world on her own resources. He told me he would never give up. He would spend the best years of his life in finding her." "And all the while she may be dead," said Hilda, with a shrug of her shoulders, "or some common girl who can't even speak properly. I don't suppose you will need to envy me my sister-in-law. But never mind that now, Amy. Let us settle about the dresses. Miss Stitchmore will make them up very cheaply, I know, and if I overlook her, well, she can't go far wrong. Besides, if the silk and trimmings come to more than we expect, we needn't be in such a violent hurry to pay her."

"Oh, no," cried Amy, horrified, "I wouldn't make her wait for the world! She's ill; she's got a dreadful cough, and I'm sure she works a lot too hard as it is. Hilda, I'll give way and run in to Percytown at once, to buy the materials, if you'll promise to choose a very cheap silk, and one that we can afford."

"Oh, yes, yes, anything!" cried Hilda, glad to get her own way, and springing up and rushing to get ready. Arrived in Percytown, she was quite satisfied to drag the reluctant Amy from shop to shop in quest of her peculiar fancy. When at last she made her choice, the bill was so formidable that Amy, as usual, tried to equalize matters by taking for herself a much inferior silk, pretending she preferred the pattern. She was so used to similar sacrifices that it did not even enter her head to feel sorry or envious.

They were back again at the cottage by lunch time, and immediately after, Hilda was anxious to start off and consult with Miss Stitchmore.

"I do hope," said Amy, as they stood on the doorstep of the dressmaker's little house, "that she will be able to undertake them. There isn't much time, you know, and she employs no one to help her."

"All the better," said Hilda, "they won't run the risk of being spoiled by an apprentice."

Miss Stitchmore answered the door herself, and invited them into the little sitting-room, putting forward the best chair for Amy and addressing herself to her too. But Hilda promptly took all explanation upon herself.

"I don't know how I am going to promise them for the 17th, miss," said the poor dressmaker, looking nervously from one young lady to the other. "I have some work still to finish off, and my cough is so bad, it hinders me dreadfully. And the stooping makes it worse."

"I am so sorry," began Amy, in a sympathetic voice, but Hilda interrupted.

"But you must promise them, Miss Stitchmore; don't you understand the ball is on the 17th?"

"I could do one, I know," said Miss Stitchmore, with a sigh, "and perhaps if the other one weren't quite finished off inside—"

"Oh, that's good enough," said Hilda eagerly, "as long as we can put them on, and they don't fall to pieces on us, that will do! But it is very important, you understand. We must have them."

"Very well, Miss, I'll do my best," consented Miss Stitchmore.

As the two girls walked down the garden path Hilda remarked, "I expect I shall have to keep a sharp lookout on her, or she will never let us have them."

Amy paused. "Wait one minute, Hilda, I have forgotten something."

She ran back and tapped softly at the door. There was no answer. She tapped again, and Miss Stitchmore appeared. Amy thought her eyes looked wet, as if she had hastily wiped away tears, and indeed, there was a handkerchief in the hand which she put up tremblingly to her throat, while her thin, work-worn fingers played nervously with a mourning locket set with pearls, which was tied by a black ribbon round her neck.

"Oh, I just came to say," began Amy hurriedly, "that if you would get Miss Hilda's dress done first, it doesn't matter so much about mine. But it's quite true that hers is very important. If your cough is bad," she added, "don't worry about mine."

The girl gave a wan smile. "Thank you, miss, you're very kind. You're just an angel, always thinking of others. But I'll get them both done, never fear. I can't afford not to."

The tears gathered in her poor red eyes and Amy, moved by a sudden impulse, put her arm around her waist and kissed her. "Now, remember, I shan't mind, I'm not a bit set on my dress," she whispered.

And fearful lest Hilda's impatience might lead her to return, she ran off hurriedly to rejoin her.

A few days later Hilda entered the cottage in high glee. "My dress is nearly finished," she announced to Amy, "and it looks sweet. But I'm afraid," she added, "she's not going on as fast as she ought to with yours. You're to go to-morrow to be fitted, and do for goodness' sake pitch into her about it, and keep her up to the mark."

Upon Amy's return the next day, Hilda eagerly questioned her as to Miss Stitchmore's progress. Amy assured her sister that her dress (Hilda's) was perfectly finished, and looked a dream, but returned evasive answers about her own. As soon as she could escape from Hilda she went upstairs, and locking the door of her bedroom, took out the despised frock of two seasons ago, and with lace and ribbon, which she drew out of a little parcel hidden under the cover of her jacket, tried to freshen it up. "I am sorry on Hilda's account," she thought, "because this old dress will certainly look rather odd against her new one, but it can't be helped. Miss Stitchmore has nearly killed herself over Hilda's frock as it is. I must let Hilda enter the ballroom first, and hide behind Mrs. Heath as much as possible."

The next day, as can be imagined, poor Amy had a very bad quarter of an hour indeed when the box from Miss Stitchmore arrived, and was found to contain only Hilda's dress. There was something to be said for Hilda's disappointment, for if her sister looked shabby, half her triumph in her own smartness was spoilt. Amy attempted to excite her pity on Miss Stitchmore's account, but it was quite useless. Hilda overwhelmed her with reproaches, and declared she thought more of everyone than her own sister. She was presently somewhat soothed upon seeing the wonders Amy had wrought upon the old, despised frock, which even beside Hilda's new one would now pass muster, and then an hour later, what a delightful surprise came for both girls. Two lovely bouquets, a magnificent pink one, tied with white satin ribbon, and a less pretentious white one tied up with pink, and a note from Mr. Carslake to anticipate the pleasure of seeing them that night, and to express the hope that each would choose the bouquet which best corresponded with her dress.

"Isn't that just like a man?" said Hilda, taking up first one bouquet and then another, "pink and white, white and pink, the colors are just the same."

"But the flowers themselves are different," said Amy; "which do you like best, Hilda?"

"Well, I think the large one would be more in keeping with my dress, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Amy cordially, "and I would just as soon have the little white one."

Presently a cab rattled up to the door; Mrs. Heath had called for her charges. They got in, and much mutual admiration was exchanged.

Does an eagerly anticipated ball ever surpass one's wildest expectations? Yes, occasionally! In any case, in this instance it did fair to, for both girls. Hilda was the acknowledged belle of the evening; so much was she in request that her head seemed to be a little in danger of getting turned. At any rate, for the time being she seemed to have forgotten her designs on Mr. Carslake, else how came it that dance after dance found him at Amy's side? Amy, glancing timidly at him from time to time, fancied that he was watching her sister moodily.

Early in the evening he had claimed

dances from both the girls. Later, he confided to Amy that he was not a dancing man. Would she sit out with him and talk to him of things that interested her?

Here, indeed, was the chance for which she had longed! In a few minutes she found herself pouring the tale of Miss Stitchmore, her work, and her ill-health into Mr. Carslake's sympathetic, if somewhat astonished ears. "If only someone would send her to the South of France," she said, "I am sure she would recover."

"If you wish that she should go," he said, smiling, "I'll certainly send her to please you. And so this explains," he went on, glancing at her dress, "why you are not as smart tonight as your sister."

Amy blushed scarlet, alarmed as to what she might not have revealed in her enthusiasm.

"Don't you like my dress?" she said timidly. "I thought men never noticed such things."

"It is quite possible," said Richard Carslake, "that they notice more than some women give them credit for."

Amy felt somehow as if a rebuke were intended, and was disconsolately wondering what she could have said to offend him, when he bent toward her and said in quite another tone, "And now tell me, how did you like my bouquets? Who chose?"

"We didn't choose," said Amy, hastily, "we just settled it between ourselves."

"And so this is the one you really preferred?" asked Carslake, in a surprised voice.

Amy did not answer. All at once as she sat silent, her eyes downcast, she noticed for the first time a quaint mourning locket hanging on his watch chain. Bits of his story came back to her, and she leaned forward excitedly.

"Oh, don't ask me!" she cried, "but let me tell you something else. Let me look at that locket. Miss Stitchmore, the girl I was telling you about, has a locket like that, and she told me once it had the portrait of her mother." She looked up at him hopefully. "Do you think—do you think—she might prove to be your sister?"

"Ah!" cried Richard Carslake, in excitement equal to her own, "I am sure of it, there is not a shadow of doubt. Look!"—he pressed open the locket, and showed a tiny miniature of a sweet woman's face—"when my mother died, my father had a locket made for each of us in remembrance. When he died himself a year later, we were left to the care of strangers, who robbed and ill-treated us. I ran away to make my fortune and succeeded. And now, and now, through you I have found my sister! How can I ever repay you for your sweetness and kindness to her, my one tie in the world! Not the only tie! don't say it, Amy! I have had a hard life, say you will link me to love and happier times. Amy!" he cried, clasping her hands, "you have taught me to love you with your sweet ways! Could you learn to love me?"

"Oh, wait, wait, give me time!" cried Amy, in the midst of her happiness, suddenly overcome with a feeling that all this was the direst treachery to Hilda. "Let us think of your sister first! And then there is Hilda! She is younger than I am, I must think of her."

And so Richard Carslake was forced to possess his soul with what patience he might, but in a very few weeks everything had settled itself. He had carried off his sister, now for the first time made acquainted with her rightful name, to the South of France, where love and care were already restoring her to health and strength, and it is certain that the conversations between the brother and sister only confirmed the millionaire in his own previously formed conclusions and choice.

Hilda, at first furious, afterward accepted the situation with much philosophy, and declared it was just as well, as she could never have tolerated Miss Stitchmore as a sister-in-law! With the worldly wisdom which was so essentially a part of her nature, she turned her arts and her attentions upon a rising young barrister, whom she had met at the ball, and on whom her brilliance and beauty seemed to have made a great impression. When Carslake returned to Amy's side to plead his cause, it was to find her, satisfied now that her sister's future was assured, ready to acknowledge she had loved him from the first.—Home Monthly.

Help the Swallows Along.

During a recent cold period in Switzerland thousands of swallows fell exhausted and half frozen. At Lucerne and Zurich the birds were collected and taken care of by the people. When they had sufficiently recovered they were shipped by train to Italy and there set at liberty to continue the migration southward.

After a man reaches 45, he is too old to buy anything on the instalment plan that it takes more than six weeks to pay for.

Vanity in a woman is bad enough, but conceit in a man is worse.

KNIFE INSTEAD OF NOOSE.

Educator Recommends Vivisection for Condemned Criminals.

Vivisection is the alternative which Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews, of the Nebraska State University, would offer to condemned criminals. He advocates such a course in the interests of medical and surgical science believing that the result would be for the good of humanity. Should convicts thus submitted to the knife of the experimental surgeon survive the ordeal, they would be given their freedom. The chance of survival, Andrews believes, would induce many condemned men to take their chances rather than go to the gallows.

Many of the problems of medical science require the use of live subjects, he points out, and in no way can they be secured under the present system. Even when animals of the lower order are used much protest is heard. No human being could be permitted to volunteer under ordinary circumstances, but a person whose life is claimed by the law, he believes, could be permitted to accept an alternative which might offer him a chance to live.

"A body used in that way," says the chancellor, "might easily produce benefit to the race compared with which



CHANCELLOR E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS.

that of a soldier's death in battle would seem trifling. It is a fact that no further progress in surgical or medical science can be made through the study of the human cadaver. All advance in anatomy and physiology for the advancement of medicine and surgery for the prevention of disease, pain and death, must come from vivisection. One of the most useful services to humanity which a live human body could perform would be to allow its use for purposes of experimentation, under anesthesia or otherwise.

"One would not go so far as to wish hardened murderers under condemnation forced against their wills to serve science in that way; but, they might submit in many instances rather than face the certain fate of the noose or the electric chair. The law demands the life of the condemned man and the sole purpose of the executioner is to take it as expeditiously as possible. The object of the surgical experimenters would be to attain the great benefits for science, and would not necessarily mean the extinction of life. It is probable that the experiment could best be made of advantage to society in general through observation during the process of experimentation, followed by the application of the methods of surgery and medicine for the preservation of life in the wounded body."

"The law could make provision that the convict surrendering himself for the benefit of science should have the advantage of every safeguard for his protection against death consequent with the success of the experiment. Under such conditions it would seem fair to commute the death sentence of an incorrigible murderer. Society would receive the benefit of the additional knowledge thus secured and all the deterrent effect of the death penalty would be secured."

DOGGIE UP TO DATE.



Ladies who motor have taken to dressing their dogs in motoring costume. Our picture shows one of these animals with motor goggles, coat with pocket handkerchief, collar and tie, shoes, and all complete. The outfit is said to be very expensive, and is made by expert tailors, the dogs being measured for the costume just as human beings would be.

The average woman does love to boast of having sat up with the sick.