

## THE BRIGHT SMILE AT THE DOOR.

When day has almost vanished,  
And brightly sets the sun;  
When 6 o'clock is striking,  
And as the work is done;  
I fondly wander homeward,  
My bosom brimming o'er  
With joy when I discover  
The bright smile at the door.

At work what always cheers me,  
What makes my spirits light,  
When birds sing in the morning,  
When stars are out at night?  
What glideth all my visions  
And makes my soul explore  
Unnumbered happy valleys?  
The bright smile at the door.

Oh, where's the charm so certain  
To lead the wanderer home,  
To guide his erring footsteps  
Wherever he may roam;  
That leads him ever homeward  
From every foreign shore?  
A memory e'er alluring—  
The bright smile at the door.

A gay and loving welcome  
May cheer the poorest meal,  
A little word of kindness  
The sting from grief may steal.  
And life to me is fairer  
And sweeter than before,  
Since I have learned to look for  
The bright smile at the door.

Oh, wives, where'er your dwelling,  
However poor it seem,  
You'll make of it a palace  
More fair than man can dream,  
If fondly you'll remember  
How much a man sets store  
By love's reward of labor—  
The bright smile at the door.

### In the Sultan's Harem.

Light of the Harem.

A broad, low divan of pale blue silk ran round the apartment. No pictures on the marble walls, no books, no bric-a-brac, no trumpery "collections," ceramics, aesthetic trash, grave or gay, nor mulling hangings. These are not Oriental luxuries; but, instead, a cool shady emptiness, plenty of space for the breeze to flutter the gauzy curtains and carry the echo of the slash and dip of the fountains.

At the furthest end, and reclining on pillows of silk and lace, rested the lady we sought. One little foot, in red velvet slipper, was first seen below wide trousers of yellow silk; a loose robe of white silk, embroidered with gold thread, was perfectly covered by a sleeveless jacket of crimson, dotted with seed pearl; a broad variegated sash wound the slender waist. Half concealing the arms was a light scarf, airy as the woven winds of the ancients. A head-band, with diamond pendants, fringed her forehead; a reviere of diamonds circled the bare throat; and here and there solitary drops flashed in the braids of her night-black hair. Among the billowy cushions and vaporous veils rose the young face—oh, what a revelation of beauty!—uplifted in a curious, questioning way, to see what manner of women these are, who come from the ends of the earth with unveiled faces, and go about the earth alone, and have to think for themselves—poor things! The expression was that of a lovely child waking from summer slumber in the happiest humor, ready for play. A sensitive, exquisite face, fair as the first of women while the angel was yet unfallen. A perfect oval, the lips a scarlet thread, and oh, those wonderful Asiatic eyes!—lustrous, coal-black, long, rather round, beaming under the joined eyebrows of which the poet Hafiz sings.

Nourmahal did not rise but held out one jeweled hand, dimpled as a baby's with nails and finger-ends dyed pink with henna—five clustered rosebuds. The magic of beauty made us her subjects. We kissed the fingers loyally, and yielded ourselves willing captives ready to be dragged at her chariot-wheels. My life-long notions of the subject of a woman (see Stuart Mills) and the wretchedness of prisoners pining in palatial splendors vanished at the first glance; went down at a touch, like the wounded knight in the lists of Templestowe. She smiled and hoped we were well; then followed suitable inquiries as to health and journeys, and expressions of the charm of finding it all out. I ventured the high assertion that we had sailed 6,000 miles on purpose to lay our homage at her blessed feet; which rhetorical flourish was received with a childish nod at about what it was worth. Somehow she did not seem so enchanted with her new worshippers as they with her. It appeared the Beauty had never seen the sea except from the shore.

At the signal the slaves disappeared, except one old woman and the negroes, silent as ghosts, beside the Lahore drape. In a few minutes five slaves returned, each carrying a small round table of cedar, inlaid with scraps of mother-of-pearl. Five others followed, with lighted cigarettes, lying each in a silver saucer; and coffee in tiny cups, about the size of a giant's thimble, resting in a silver filagree holder, set round with diamonds.

"My new friends have come so far," said Nourmahal, "they must be tired. Take a cigarette and refresh yourselves."

I rather awkwardly adjusted the holder of amber and ventured one faint whiff. Imagine my astonishment at seeing my friend, whose name with difficulty I suppress, puff away like a dissipated old smoker. The Armenian was a native and to the manner born. Nourmahal smoked, of course, and a lulling calm succeeded the excitement of the brilliant conversation reported

above. While feeling 'round in my brain for a subject of common interest, adapted to my hostess' capacity and mine, I tried a sip of the coffee. It was strong enough to bear up an egg, thick with grounds and bitter as death. I pretended to deep enjoyment of the dose, and sipped it, drop by drop, to the bitter end.

Nourmahal clapped her hands again and the ten virgins took away the saucers. I think none of them were foolish, for they fell into line without effort, each one treading in the footsteps of the predecessor at an interval to avoid her train.

"In this charming palace you must be very happy. How do you pass the time?"

The dimples deepened in the cheeks of Beauty.

"Pass the time, pass the time?" she dreamily repeated, playing with the knotted fringes of her scarf, "I do not pass it, it passes itself!" and again she laughed, and the laughter was as sweet as the tenderest voice can make it.

"Are you fond of music?"  
"Three ladies in black: 'Oh! very.'  
"Oh! very." "Oh! very."

"Then you shall be amused." She clapped the rose-leaf palms, and in marched eight women musicians (we saw no men that day but the harem guard), bearing stringed instruments, curious looking things, like over-grown violins and half-finished guitars, and a round shell, with strings across, beaten with two sticks.

Didst ever hear Arabic music, beloved?  
No? Then never hast thou known sorrow.

Since Jubal first struck the gamut, there can have been no improvement in these compositions. How long the exercises lasted I am unable to record; but I do know we grew old faster under the beat, beat, hammer, hammer, in terse, unmeaning notes of the banjo. In the brief interval at the end of a peculiarly agonizing strain, sung by the mulatto, I seized the moment to ask what were the words of the song, and was told it is a serenade, very ancient, dating back to the time of ignorance, before the coming of Mahomet, whose tomb is covered with the splendor of unceasing light.

### The Champion Mean Man.

Lotusville Courier Journal.

"Speaking about mean men," said Mr. William Mix, the lawyer, in the county clerk's office, "I've got the champion mean man of America for a client. I'll tell you what he did only a few days ago. He is a very wealthy Italian, but he has an overbearing, quarrelsome disposition. For a long time past he has been abusing his wife, and they have had frequent rows. He has taken her children from her, and was about to sell his furniture and go to Europe, when she, exasperated beyond all endurance, determined to bring a divorce suit against him. He heard of it and came to me. Now, if I had been like most lawyers, I would have advised him to fight it out, and would have received a \$500 fee for my services, but he was a friend of mine and I thought I would try and save him the expense and disgrace of a divorce suit—and I tell you," remarked Mr. Mix, in a sort of parenthesis, "it would have been a racy one, too—so I told him: 'Here, you just leave this matter to me, and I'll fix it up for you all right.' He agreed to my proposal and I left him to seek out his wife. It doesn't matter what I said to her, but I finally succeeded in getting her to promise to abandon her idea of bringing suit, and to say that if her husband was willing she would try and get along with him pleasantly in the future. Delighted with the success of my mission I hastened back to my client to tell him what I had accomplished. He seemed very happy over my announcement, and said that he would go to his wife immediately. He also said he would take her to Europe with him.

"But how do you think he paid me for my work?" continued Mr. Mix, as his listeners smiled at the happy climax to his story, "Why, he just asked me to go and take a drink. Think of it. Why, he ought to have handed me a \$50 bill. A man on the ragged edge of a divorce suit, and just saved by the efforts of a lawyer, and yet he thinks those efforts are only worth a toddy. If he isn't the meanest man in America, I'll sell out."

### Howling Dogs.

British Medical Journal.

Many weary and wakeful persons find in the howling of dogs by night a persistent, widespread and most annoying form of irritation. The owners of dogs given to spend the hours of darkness in assiduous howling appear generally to regard with a serious personal imperturbability the noisy nuisance which makes night hideous for their neighbors. Nevertheless, those who keep dogs, especially those who do so in populous places, ought to feel bound to take the simple precautions which alone are necessary to prevent a troublesome form of vexation, which is really a serious source of inconvenience and loss of rest, and possibly a loss of health to very many people. To the honest bark of a watch dog giving warning tongue upon suitable occasion no one would object, but the purposeless and unending howling of the chained curs which are especially prevalent in the suburbs of towns is simply intolerable. It is not necessary to exterminate dogs to put an end to the annoyance in question. The nuisance is perfectly preventable by the adoption of a few simple and sensible measures which, so far from injuring the offending animals, tend to give them length of days by conducing to their contentment. Those who have

had experience in keeping dogs know that these animals will not howl at night if they be comfortable. If dogs, instead of being cruelly chained up out of doors, in kennels which are often draughty and damp, be allowed to have their liberty by day, and to lie within the house at night, they will generally sleep through the night in perfect quietness. Or, if it be necessary to be chained by day, he ought to be let loose at night, when it will be found that he will retire quietly to his kennel, and abstain from howling, especially if he be furnished with some fresh hay or a clean mat for a bed. In warm weather dogs often howl simply because they want water. Many dogs howl at night because they are kept constantly chained by night and by day. This is a common and most reprehensible form of cruelty; dogs so treated are sure to be restless and irritable, and can scarcely be healthy.

### Father of Thirty-four Children.

For twenty-five years John C. Kissinger was a well-known farmer of Clarion county, residing a few miles from Collinsburg, Pa. He was married three times, and was the father of thirty-four children. His family of seven children by his first wife were all burned to death by the burning of his house in Butler County, where he lived, and his wife being away from home at the time. Of the twenty-seven children born to Kissinger since this event all have been born in Clarion county. Several of the children still live in this neighborhood, and are well-to-do people. Yesterday a photographer received an order to make a picture of Kissinger, to be enlarged from a small ambrotype which he had taken eight years ago. The ambrotype represents Kissinger at full length with a placard on his breast bearing this inscription:

J. C. K.,  
THE FATHER OF 34 CHILDREN.

In the ambrotype, which is a regular picture, the letters are reversed. It read from right to left. By holding the picture to a looking-glass the card reads as it appears here in the type. The man who printed the card said yesterday, "I remember very well when I did this work. One day, eight years ago, a very tall old man came into the office, and ordered this kind of a card. He wanted it 1½ feet long and 10 inches wide, with the inscription in good-sized type. I printed the card as he ordered it, and, when he called for it, I asked him if he was 'J. C. K.'" He said he was, and that some of his neighbors had persuaded him to have his picture taken with such a card on his breast. I saw the artist afterward who made the picture. He said that Kissinger was not pleased with it because the letters on the card read backward. The artist offered to remedy it by making him a photograph instead of an ambrotype, but Kissinger did not want to pay as much as a photograph would cost and took only the ambrotype." Kissinger is over six feet high, rawboned and muscular, and has sandy hair.

### Engineers' Superstitions.

Bradford Star.

A cat crossed the track, the engineer whistled "down brakes," and then got off and rubbed himself and then the rail with a rabbit's foot.

"You may regard it as foolish," he said, as we again flew along, "but you see I know if I hadn't seen that cat, we would have had an accident by this time. There was a time when I laughed at it, but I have learned better. Some time ago a cat crossed the track in front of me. My fireman begged me to stop and let him rub the rail, but I laughed at him. He vowed that we should have an accident, and, sir, before we had gone five miles further, the engine jumped the track and did considerable damage. I hardly escaped being killed, and since then I have carried a rabbit's foot. When six white cats cross the track nothing can prevent a calamity; that is, if the engineer keeps on, but if he gets off everything may be all right."

"Do the conductors believe in the rabbit-foot theory?"  
"Many of them do. Sometimes a man hoots at the idea, but after a while he is convinced, and gets him a foot. On some roads an owl claw is necessary, and still on others nothing but the tip end of a coon's tail will answer."

"How is this discovery made?"  
"Always by the oldest engineer. When a new road is built, the oldest engineer on the line can determine what to use. The more dangerous the road, the scarcer are the charms. I know one road in Mississippi where nothing but a piece of tiger ear will answer. In consequence of this accidents are very frequent. A friend of mine ran on the road and never had an accident. He went to a circus one night and cut off the tip end of a tiger's ear. The beast howled terribly and died within fifteen minutes. The rabbit foot is the standard, and, as a rule, will do for the narrow-gauge roads. On the eastern roads beef bone is the thing. When a road becomes known as a beef-bone road it is regarded as the best. Next is the goat bone, then the rabbit foot, then the owl claw, then the coon tail, then the mole nose, and lastly the tiger's ear."

"Did you ever run on a mole-nose road?"  
"Yes, for a little while, but the company was doing a great deal to put the road in good shape, and it soon became a rabbit foot. I have recently heard that it has become a goat bone."

A Brooklyn young lady, who prosecuted a faithless lover for breach of promise, testified that they had, "by actual count, exchanged 30,000 kisses by mail."

### The Old Lady Wins.

Dr. Prime, in the Journal of Commerce.

We had been driving out some miles in the afternoon, and, coming home in the twilight, passed a substantial-looking though very old farm house, with comfortable barns and outbuildings indicating a well-to-do householder. The rich bottom lands which stretched away a half-mile from the river to the hill slopes, covered with abundant birch and maple, were luxuriant with grain and corn.

That evening, when we were sitting in the library, after dinner, smoking and chatting, I asked the judge: "To whom does that farm we passed on the level belong?"

The judge is not and never was on the bench. Yet long as I had known him, and that was a long time, he had been called the "Judge" by all the country people, because it was an established fact of ancient date that he decided most of the disputes and differences, commercial and social, which arose in that part of the county. It is frequently the case, as here, that one man in a scattered community is the recognized advisor to whom people can go. My old friend had inherited this position from his father, who had been to a former generation what the son now was to his neighbors. They came to him on all occasions when they needed counsel, and he did the work of a half dozen lawyers. No one had died or could die comfortably and leave property, unless his will had been drawn by "Judge—." He had the perfect confidence of all. Living from youth up among them, known to be a man of extended education, whose life was passed in study, but who was also a practical farmer of great skill and success, having large property, and always giving his advice and services as a matter of friendship and neighborly kindness, and not for fee or reward, his position was one of commanding influence. His influence was commanding, too, for the reason that he almost never exerted it. He took no prominent part in politics, but in the old times, before the war, there were at least 200 voters in the town, and many more in the county, who could give no other reason for their votes than this, that they voted as the judge voted.

I have said that he drew the wills for people who had property. This was no small generosity, for it involved much time and other great inconvenience. But the judge was an essential part of the social structure in that town, and quietly performed what he regarded as the duty and pleasure of his position.

When I asked him who was the owner of that farm he laughed outright, and after a moment's pause, said: "I will tell you a story."

"One stormy winter night, after midnight, I was sitting here reading, the rest of the family having gone to sleep, when old Dr. Strong thundered at the door-knocker, and made noise enough to wake the Seven Sleepers. It is a way he has, and neither my wife nor the girls, were aroused out of slumber, nor I myself, had any question whatever who was at the door. I let him in myself, and a tempest of wind and snow with him. The blast that drove him into my arms also put out the hall lights, whirled into the library and far-d the reading lamp so that it broke the chimney and blazed up to the colored tissue paper affair which Susie had put over the shade, set it on fire, and for a moment threatened a general conflagration of papers and books on the table. 'Shut the door yourself,' I shouted and rushed back here to put out the fire. That done I went back and found the old doctor out of breath, in the dark, trying to shut the door against the wind. It took the strength of both of us to do it. Then I told him to find his way to the library, for he knew it, and I went off in search of another lamp.

"When I came back he was just recovering his wind, and after a gasp or two told me his errand. 'Old Mrs. Norton is dying. She can't live till morning. She's alive now only on stimulants. She wants to make a will and I have come for you.'

"A nice night," I said, "for a two-mile drive, to make a will for a woman who hasn't a cent in the world to leave. Why didn't you tell her so and have done with it?"

"Now, look here," said the doctor, "this is the case of an old woman and an old neighbor and a friend, and she wants you to do something for her, and you'll do it, if it's only to comfort her last hours. Get your things and come with me. We shall not find her alive if you don't hurry, and you'll be sorry if that happens."

"The upshot of it was that I went. We had a fearful drive out to the farmhouse on the flat, which you are asking about. Mrs. Norton was the widow of John Norton, who had died forty odd years before this. John Norton, when he married her, was a widower, with one son, John. He was a man of considerable property, and when he died left a widow, that son John by his first wife, and two sons by his second wife. The elder son, John, had never been on very warm terms with his stepmother, and for some years had no intercourse with the family.

"I found the old lady lying in the big room, on a great beastie on one side of the room, opposite to a broad chimney, in which was a roaring fire, the only light in the room. After the doctor had spoken to her and administered something, a stimulant I suppose, he came over to me and said in a whisper: 'Hurry up; she's very weak.'

"I had brought paper and pen and ink with me. I found a stand and a candle, placed them at the head of the bed, and after saying a few words to her, told her I was ready to prepare the

will, if she would now go on and tell me what she wanted to do. I wrote the introductory phrase rapidly, and leaning over toward her said: 'Now go on, Mrs. Norton.' Her voice was quite faint, and she seemed to speak with an effort. She said: 'First of all I want to give the farm to my sons Harry and James; just put that down.' 'But,' said I, 'you can't do that, Mrs. Norton; the farm isn't yours to give away.'

"The farm isn't mine?" she said in a voice decidedly stronger than before.

"No, the farm isn't yours. You have only a life interest in it."

"This farm that I've ran for goin' on forty-three years next spring isn't mine to do what I please with it? Why not, judge? I'd like to know what you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Norton, your husband, gave you a life estate in all his property, and on your death the farm goes to his son John, and your children get the village houses."

"And when I die John Norton is to have this house and farm whether I will or no?"

"Just so. It will be his."  
"Then I ain't going to die," said the old woman, in a clear and decidedly ringing healthy voice. And so saying she threw her feet over the front of the bed, sat up, gathered a blanket and coverlid about her, straightened up her gaunt form, walked across the room and sat down in a great chair before the fire. The doctor and I came home. That was fifteen years ago. The old lady's alive to-day. And she accomplished her intent. She beat John after all. He died four years ago in Boston, and I don't know what will be left. But whoever comes into the farm-house when she goes out, it will not be John. And since John's death the farm has been better kept, and everything about it is in vastly better condition for strangers than it would have been for John."

### Mr. Villard's Palace.

Condensed from a New York Letter.

Henry Villard, of railway fame, will occupy his new house—the first American reproduction of an Italian palace—in two or three weeks. The house, or rather houses, occupies an entire block, having a frontage on Madison avenue of 200 feet. That part which he will occupy is on the corner of Fifty-first street. Its frontage is 66 feet and its depth 100 feet. The other wing will be precisely similar, except that it is divided into three houses, and between the two wings is a court 80 feet in width and 73 feet in depth. That portion of the building back of the court extends back 40 feet beyond the wings and is a double house of itself. In the centre of the court will be placed a magnificent fountain, around which will be a broad drive and in each corner a grass plot. Each house will communicate directly with the court. The exterior of the great building is more grand than beautiful. It is the result of a combination of Roman and Florentine architecture, plans of the Chancery Palace at Rome and the Farnese Palace being copied by the architects. The material is Bellville (N. J.) sandstone, the light grayish amber stone of which Trinity church was built. Everything is massive and there is little attempt at ornament. Huge blocks of stone are piled one upon another and overtopped by a heavy cornice of the same material.

The interior is superb. The reception room is 14 feet by 28 in depth. Floor, ceiling, walls and columns are made with wood. The drawing rooms on either side are each 19 by 25 feet, finished in mahogany. The predominant tones are a light reddish brown and a light yellow. From the reception room a hall 14 feet in width and 42 feet in length, leads to the music room. Aladdin's lamp never revealed a hall more magnificent. It is entirely in mosaic. The material is yellow Italian marble. The floor is in chailon marble in small pieces woven into beautiful designs. The hall is spanned by three semi-circular arches in Sinna marble, with sculpture by Louis St. Gaudens. A vestibule in the same design leads out of the hall back of the drawing room. The music room is the chief d'oeuvre of the decorators' art. It is a diminutive theatre.

Between the music room and the vestibule, marble stairs, twelve feet broad, lead to the upper stories. Again the tone is yellow. An elaborate renaissance ceiling spans the stairs. An elevator way occupies the remaining space. Across the hall are the main dining room and breakfast room, which can be thrown into the apartment twenty by sixty feet in size. Carved woods again replace the marble. The room is executed in English oak inlaid with mahogany. The upper stories are in keeping with the splendor below, although of course not so elaborate. The general style is Italian renaissance. The furniture will be especially magnificent.

The cost of the building unfurnished will be an even million dollars. Of this amount the decorating of the drawing rooms cost \$50,000; the dining room, \$20,000; the hall, \$30,000, and the music room, \$20,000.

The crush hat of the male is now matched by the "pocket bonnet" of the female, which can be folded up and put away, when necessary, in the pocket. But whoever heard of a case where a woman had any desire to put a new bonnet out of sight.—[Lowell Courier.]

Miss Will was married to Mr. Shall in Allegan county, Michigan, recently. The Won't will appear in the family when Mrs. Shall, nee Will, is asked to get up and kindle the fire.—[Norristown Herald.]

"Where is the girl of long ago?" asks a mild-eyed poet. Oh, we don't know, brother. Go and interview your grandmother.—[N. Y. Journal.]