#### THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN.

noisome weeds are growing, and the wind unhindered wanders through the broken eastern door, my rafter, beam and spek and linger marks of Time is showing.

And Deray is coming rist o'er the ratbish-covered floor. a rotting pillar stargers, there an aged beam is falling:

Over yander sage the mantelpleve, de jected and foriors: There is helplesspess puthetic and the voice of Old Age calling

From each crombling bit of mortar in the house where I was horn.

Acre before the ancient fireplace, where the dust of years is lying. I first saw the future pictured as I watched the embers glow:

I lay in boyish dreaming, while the shadows flitting, flying Were a hundred ghosts of faucy they wandered to and fro:

knew I of the universe which spread itself around me a canopy of szure and a

my world was on the hearthstone there my childhood dreaming found me: I was king-and my dominion was the

house where I was born.

and the little old deserted house the They were happy days-God rest them -for my feet had ne'er been straying

Where the soul is bruised and broken by the brambles of turmod; Ne'er the long years of anxiety my tem ples had been graying.

Nor, my weary form bowed earthward neath the heavy lound of toll Earth was then a wonder palace. From the eastern window garing

I beheld the new moon longing like a shining allver horn; And far down upon the heavens bright

the evening star was blazing; Both were shining, just to please me, o'er the house where I was born.

I have passed from it forever. All the wender and the glamour

Of the little eastern window from the world have worn away: have seen its disappointment; I have heard its empty clamor;

And the house I once thought wonderful-how pitiful to-day! But who knows? Perhaps eternity may

bring a realizing

Of the things my fancy painted over childhood's early morn; And, mayhap, the gift of prophecy was,

after all, arising In my heart when I lay dreaming to the house where I was born. -Lesfie's Weekly.

# IN THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS.

.......

BREEZE stirred the foliage of | in 'em. excepting one chokes the wheat the trees at the base of the and the other steals the fruit." drawing to its close.

buched and killed. The man's hands of which I was born." were supporting his chin and his eyes were looking far off across the rolling Prairies, which here met at the base the gazing eyes. The voice of a her-Mit thrush broke the silence. Instantthe ok of the man's eyes changed. of pain. What a wonder was this, a bermit thrush singing in October its cong of the springtime!

The man rose and looked toward the A the last rays of the sun. The bird mag co-tatically for a full minute; en sunset and stience.

Caleb Frye rose. He listened a moheat, hoping to hear once more the loice of that prince of singers, but sound came save the slight rustling the russet leaves. Caleb Frye turned and walked with shambling gait eastward away from the hills. He strode on for twenty minutes, and then, counding a left of timber, came upon a creat, rambling ranch house. On the beramda was a young woman hardly sast girthood. She waved him a welsome, which he answered with his and, but in his eyes there came the bok that was there before the thrush

Caleb Frye had come to this Da-Lota country in search of health. He Ass a student bent on following a life Which meant confinement. He had broken down, and the doctors had sent him from New Hampshire to this faroff country to get his health. He was · homely man, young, it is true, but boking old. He was thin to attenuafion and of awkward carriage. His eyes did a little something toward redeeming his face from positive ugli-Aess, for there lay in their depths 4omething of gentleness.

In the rauch house, the home of old John Driver and his motherly wife, Calch Free had made himself a favorhe. There he had met pretty Frances barrow, the school-teacher, who made her house there and refused to "board sound" because she so dearly loved Mother" Driver. Caleb Frye had not known any woman intimately in his whole life. He knew nothing of them. He had had no time for anything but the studies which held him chained. Here in the foothills he had the time and the opportunity, and he fell in love, but he made no sign.

Only a short time after Caleb Frye's coming there had arrived from the East a young fellow, handsome, athletke and gifted by nature with every thing which had been withheld from Caleb Frye.

Howard Deane had come to the Anch on a land prospecting errand. He was commissioned by some Eastern capitalists to buy. He made John Driver's house his headquarters, and with the old ranchman had looked over the whole territory for miles. Howard Denne should have left three weeks before, but he lingered. Caleb Frye looked at Frances Darrow, and knew the reason for the lingering.

As Frye walked toward the house that October evening, John Driver, his wife and Deane joined the girl on the

What did you find to-day, Mr. Frye?' called Driver to him. Caleb Frye held up a bunch of white

Sewers. "I found something rare,"

"Them's weeds," said the ranchman. Caleb Frye laughed. "They're weeds that I'm mighty glad to get," he said. This is the Aster linariifolius, and I sever before have been able to find any that were white. Most of them violet in color, and the white ones as rare as albino blackbirds."

You're a great one for flowers, birds the like, Mr. Frye," said the ranchin, "but I never could see anything

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

hills. The air had a touch of "Weil, I found something carer than thill in it, for the October day in this the aster to-day," answered the stu-rider. Southwestern Dakota country was dent. "I found a hermit thrush that was willing to sing in October with all A man was lying at full length on the sweetness I have heard it sing in be grass that the early frost had June on Mount Washington at the foot

"Those flowers are lovely, Mr. Frye," said Frances Darrow, "even if Mr. Driver does call them weeds. Tell of the Black Hills. There was pain in the where they grow, that I may get some in a day or two."

Peasure and surprise took the place the hig tree was blown down in the of road. last storm."

from the enjoyment that you seem to sopse whence the sound came. There get out of it I believe it must be worth at the bird, its brown back reddened cultivating. Some day 1 wish you'd



SAW HIM COMING AND WAVED A HAND.

graces of the Mother.

That night Caleb Frye went to his room early. He studied for a while and then became restiess. He wandered out on to the porch and turned the corner of the building. He heard voices and listened involuntarily. The voices were those of Howard Deane and Frances Darrow. He did not mean to listen, but what he heard made him know that what had been in his heart

Caleb Frye went to his room and threw himself on his bed. The window was open. Downward through the night came the voices of migrating birds. He heard the calling of plover and the "chink" of the blackbird. "The birds are flying from the coming winter," he thought to himself. but for me the winter has already

The next morning the ranchman and his two men guests stood on the porch Mother Driver came out. "Where's Frances, Mother?" asked the ranch-

"She's just left for school. She went early because she wanted to get some of those white weeds down by the spring, and it takes her out of the Way.

John Driver paled suddenly. "My God, mother?" he said, "Bill and I set a spring gun trap there last night for bear. I meant to have told everybody about it, but I forgot."

Caleb Frye shot out over the prairie The ranchman and Denne followed, but strive as they could they could not keep pace with the long-limbed student, who ran not as a man runs, but as a deer that is hounded.

Caleb Frye rounded the timber. Across the open he saw the girl walking toward the spring. He shouted gaspingly and ran on. The girl heard and turned. She saw him coming and waved a hand encouragingly, thinking he was trying simply to overtake her to walk by her side. She stooped to pick a flower, and the student gained some ground. Then he shouted, "Stop. stop, the gun!" but the wind bore his words away, and the girl did not un

He could call no more. His voice

was went with runni - sui de to carried him on. The girl had entered the bushes near the spring. The man tried once more to call. The voice was a whisper, but on he ran, and in auother moment had burst into the copse, He saw the glistening of the wire of the trap. The girl was within a foot

of it. His voice came back. "Stop!" Startled, she stumbled forward. Frye sprang toward her, and in a flash was in front of her. His foot enught, he swayed, and then there came a deafening report. The girl fell backward, fainting. The man's hands were thrown into the air, and then he lay prostrate on the ground.

John Driver and Howard Deane raised him tenderly and carried him into the open, placing him gently on the dry grass of the prairie. There was a gaping wound in his side. At that instant the voice of a bird came from the thicket. Caleb Frve opened his eyes. "It's summer," he murmured. "I am going up the mountain path; the hermit thrushes are singing."

In a moment his spirit was beyond the mountain top, and to him had come eternal summer and eternal song.-Chicago Record-Herald.

#### RACE WITH A MOOSE.

Mr. Judkins' Odd Experience on a Highway in Maine.

Ernest G. Judkins, bookkeeper for the Kineo company, had a remarkable experience with a bull moose on the carriage road to Dear Head Farm, two miles from here early in the week.

Mr. Judkins was taking a morning ride, galloping along a level stretch, when the horse came to a sudden standstill with a jolt and a snort. Looking ahead Mr. Judkins saw a large bull moose feeding on the tender sprouts of the bushes growing by the roadside, not sixty yards away. The mouse apparently did not see the horse and

Mr. Judkins' first impulse was to ride the moose down, but he thought great believer in corn hands. He owns better of this and hooted to attract the animal's attention, and possibly frighten him from the road so that he could proceed, but the moose fed calmly on. At the end of a few minutes the beast moved down the read in search of more food, and Mr. Judkins followed at a respectful distance, hoot-"They are growing by the spring ing until his throat was hourse. This just beyond that hit of swamp where process was repeated over half a mile

At the end of that distance the "I never knew so much of nature, moose faced about and began feeding Mr. Frye," said Howard Deane, "but toward the horse and rider, casting an unconcerned look in their direction every now and then, and Mr. Judkins' steed did the backstep for a few rods. This was a little too much for the horseman, and, becoming impatient, he shouted to attract the attention of the moose, plunged spurs into his horse and made for the big animal.

With the first leap of the horse the in different attitude of the moose changed to one of concern, and, turning abruptly about, he storied down the road at a clumsy to t. This gave a new and more interesting phase to the situation, and urging on his horse Mr. Judkins proceeded to have his share of the sport, only hoping that the moose would keep to the road. The moose obliged in this particular, and the horse, being a good one, entered into the spirit of the race, but try as he could the distance b tween h m and the eing animal did not lessen material-

"I never saw anything like it" said Mr. Judkins to the New York Sun correspondent. "That great, untally and mal trotted on ahead, as clumsily as a razorback, and maintained his head \$16,000. And were a hundred pounds with apparently no effort whatever. while my horse legged it for all that was in him. I had heard that moose had speed, but when I started after that bull I would have laid ten to one that I would overhaul him inside of 200 yards; that I could have ridd n all and occasionally in the intestines of around him."

After a race covering fully half a mile the moose turned into the forest and disappeared.

th Conquitous Fics.

She was a pretty and winsome little colonial lady of four summers, but, says the Cornhill Magazine, she began her first conversation with the gentleman just out from England in this unprom-Ising fashion:

"The fleas blte me a lot in the night." "Dear me, that is very sad!" Then, wishing to administer consolation even in these trying circumstances, the gentleman from England added, "Do they bite you in the day time, too?"

"Well, you see in the daytime they's

busy biting grandma." Grandina lived in England. Then little by little, the visitor from that country got at the little girl's theory, in which imagination and geography were queerly mingled. Knowing that it was night in England when it was day in Australia, she had pictured the flea as a wandering Jew, daily hopping the world in pursuit of his laborious

Not the Ordinary Sort.

"He's about the poorest actor I ever saw." said the first manager; "a regu-

"Perhaps he'll get over his faults in time." suggested the other,

"Not much! He's a ham that can't be cured."-Philadelphia Press.

Postoffice Bu incas The United States postal department handles 7,250,000 letters and cards a year-a number about equal to that of Great Britain, Germany and France token together.

Never ask a man how he likes married life in his wife's presence if you want to hear the truth.

Abs nee of soft water is one excus-

## SOME BARGAINS IN CLOTHING THAT PLEASED BOTH FATHER AND SON. SCIENCE

E was a plain, ordinary citizen, with a smile, and a friend asked him why be laughed.

"Because I am happy," replied The Man. "Pil tell you about it. My boy needed a new overcoat, and I had \$10 hild away, and I was afraid that the ten wouldn't cover the accel. What do I know about boys' overcoats? His mother buys his clothes, and, God bless her, she pinches along and makes \$2 de the work of \$4 and how am I to know? I didn't think I could do much with less than \$12, and I couldn't spare \$12 very well.

"The Boy and his mother came to the office, and The Boy and I went to a clothing store. It was a new experience for me. I saw '12' in red figures on some boys' overcoats, and almost had heart failure; found later that the figures meant age, not dollars.

"Well, he tried on one. It was gray and warm and had a belt, and came down to the tops of his shoes, and he was so tickled he just giggled. He kept finding new pockets, and he threw his chest out and said. 'If I could just have this one, papa.' I asked the clerk and he said 'five dollars.' Five dollars for all that expanse of coat? I gasped like a drowning man, and said: Boy, don't you want something else? He looked shy, and said he always wanted a pair of golf gloves. Got 'em, too; good ones for 25 cents, and The Boy said that mamma was going to get him a new sweater some day.

We'll get it now.' I said, and the clerk flung out a daisy, white and bine, \$1.50, and I paid. Say, I guess Boy thought I was going to dle right there, and when I told him that he ought to have one of those tasseled caps to go with the sweater he absolutely looked scared, and said he didn't know he could have it. It was a beauty-59 cents -made of mercerized silk, they said. The Boy kept the coat on. You couldn't have pried it off him. He giggled again and wanted me to feel in the pockets, and then he wanted to kiss me on the street. He said he guessed the boys at school would think he had a pretty good father.

"When we got back to his mother he was so excited that he couldn't talk plain, and he mixed pockets and loving his father and mercerized silk cap and golf gloves up scandalously. Then she glanced around to be sure that nobody was looking, and leaned her head up against me and said: 'You make me so happy, dear."

"And it all cost \$7.34, and I figure that there was one thousand dollars' worth of good feeling in it. I am happy, and yet I feel like a cheat when I think that I ever begrudged my family anything."

A thousand dollars' worth of joy for \$7.34. Yes, there are bargains for those who will look for them.-Des Molnes News.

# QUEER STORIES

Governor Bailey, of Kansas, is a farm of several hundred acres which he refuses to sell, holding that corn land will soon be more valuable than wheat-producing ground. His property is worth more than \$75 an acre, he thinks, and will rise to \$100 in five

Some sixty-four miles off the coast of Tunis a cluster of little islands has been discovered. One was found to be inhabited by a former French sergeant, Clement, who had disappeared some fourteen years ago, and a small number of natives. The Islands have been annexed by France, and Clement appointed resident inspector of fishing and of the harbor, registrar and

It is not known just how long mosquitoes can live, but their average life posed. Thousands of them live through winter, hibernating or asleep in dark places in barns or house cellars. In sparsely settled localities, where they cannot find such places for shelter, they live through the winter in hollow trees; and, even though the temperature may fall fifr below freezing, they are not winter-killed, but on the approach of warm weather become active again. Mosquitoes are frequently seen flying about in the woods before the snow has wholly left the ground. -Popular Science Monthly.

been seized at Scattle as stolen property. The appraised value is \$30 an ounce, or \$48,000 for the hundred pounds. A hundred pounds of pure gold would not be worth as much by of gold to be stolen at Seattle a great stir would be made about it. Ambergris is scarcer than gold. It is more of an uncertain quantity. It is harder to find and harder to transport. It is found floating in lumps in the ocean, the spermaceti whale. There are, however, few sperm what s available, and the lumps of ambergris have been growing scarcer as the whales have decreased in number.

### POOR ENGLISH SPARROWS.

### Dipped in Canary Dye They Were Sold

for Bongsters. "At least some members of the spartown business man, "and every time I come away down in your prices. much real talent and rare qualities of king. enterprise had gone into seed. Someflock of innocent spar ows.

"As it turned out, complaints have lish sparrows that, it has since been the generosity of his victims.

of paper, upon which was written the rules which were to be strenuously ad- 000,000. hered to. Exactness, he explained, being necessary, owing to the unusual requirements of the peculiar species of the paper was written a very few dren's play grounds things to do for the little creatures in needed improvements.

their too small wooden cares. The canary birds." One read: 'Avoid strong light,' and went on to explain was bad for the eyes. But the don't that proved the fellow's undoing and The War Department, co-operating plenty of food."

the ever-current fact that the public aimed at

#### A T. STEWART'S CARPET WAR. How the Merchant Started the Milla at Gloversville, N. Y.

With all his wonderful shrewdness A. T. Stewart, merchant prince, oceasionally caught a Tartar. Mr. Stewart lived to see the decadence of the Amer a load of five tons. The time required lean trade in foreign carpets, first large The manufacture of Axminister and moquette carpets by hand as foreign -Popular Science Monthly.

A hundred pounds of ambergris has

an inoquette carpers by hand in foreign handling material is apparent. There is a number of these electromagnets could make but one and a half yards Ale ander Smith and his partner, Haleyon Skinner, of Youkers, in a day when attended only by a young girl. This revolutionized the carnet industry. Stewart, quick to perceive, immediately acquired control of the output of Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, and through his enormons deal nes that concern grew to one of the largest of its kind in the world

The Smith, had little to say. Alexander and Warren B. went quietly along filling stewart's orders and increased their plant. Insamuch as Stewart had inanced the company right along, he thought he owned it One day Smith (it was in 1873) call d on Stewart at his store for funds. "If you want any more money out of me row family have been enjoying their you've got to do something for it, ease and a great deal of luxury in said the merchant. "I've been too pretty, bright brass bird cages within liberal with you and I'm paying too the past few weeks," remarked a down much for your carpets. You mus see the busy little creatures now, I un. Smith said he would think it over, consciously find myself auxiously ex. The Sloanes, who had started in the amining their feathers, wondering the carp t business in 1843 in a small buildwhile, if they numbered among the ing opposite the city hall, were not, un hundred or more fortunate ones that a to this time, of great consequence in clever grafter succeeded in pawning the trade, but when Smith left S ewart hymn: off on this ever-credulous public of ours to think over money and prices he as the real thing in the way of a chirp- walked straight to the Sloane estab ing canary bird. The fellow who did lishment and made a dicker. The next the trick has my congratulations. He morning Stewart learned to his dismay is ingenious, at any rate; and I could that the entire output of the Yonkers not help thinking, when I saw him mills had been turned over to the caught with the goods on, too, how Sloanes, and he was no longer carpet

It was a severe blow to Stewart's how, I felt provoked that it should business, as well as to his pride. For have been wasted upon a poor little revenge he built an extensive carpet factory at Groversville, N. Y., with a capacity of 2,000,000 yards annually, been coming in thick and fast. Com- but by some strange perversity of fate plaints that a man has, for some time he died on the very day that the first past, been peddling around town Eng- roll came from his looms. At the same time Smith quit him no one supposed discovered, were art stically dipped the Yonkers manufacturer had a dol into a pretty, bright, canary-colored lar he could call his own. His indedye, and disposed of at a dollar or pendence proved that he was rich. And more a head; the latter depending upon when Warren B. died the other day the world was startled to learn that the With each purchase was given a silp quiet, unassuming, hard working weaver had laid up a fortune of \$32.

### For Playgrounds.

San Francisco's city engineer inanary bird which he presented. Upon cludes an item of \$731,000 for children's play grounds in his report os



One of the most durable woods is yeausore. A statue made from it now n the museum of Gizeh at Caire, is mown to be nearly 0,000 years old. Notwithstanding this great age, it is asserted that the wood itself is entirely sound and natural in appear-

A new fuel is being manufactured in California which is made from twigs and leaves of the encalyptus tree mixed with crude petroleum. It s said to burn freely and give good results. Piles made from this tree are immune from attacks by the teredo, and last longer than yellow pine. The demand for them is greater than the supply.

An innovation in the line of railroad telegraph service has been put into se on the New York Central Railroad between Utica and Albany. By the means of the apparatus a single wire can be used for telegraph and telephone messages at the same time, While the operator is ticking away a telegraph in Morse code another person can telephone a message without the slightest interference.

In a recent report on the results of extended measurements of mental traits in the two sexes, Prof. E. L. Thorndlke said that in the measurement of abilities the greatest difference found was the female superiority in the tests of impressibility, such as the rate and accuracy of perception, rules consisted chiefly of "don'ts for verbal memory and spelling. In these matters only about one-third of the boys reach the median mark for girls. that the bird was very young, and In general the girls were found to that like all young things, strong light be mentally less variable than the hoys.

led to his capture appeared in black, with the Sheffield Biological Laboracapital letters, and read: 'Never buthe tory at Yale, has detailed 20 men from the bird but once within a month. The the Hospital Corps of the army to bird having been just taken fresh from go to New Haven under charge of an the bath this morning, there will be no assistant army surgeon, and submit further trouble concerning its bath for to experiments intended to determine a month. All that this bird requires is whether physiological economy in dlet cannot be practiced with distinct 'Now, even to the unthinking," con- betterment to the body, and without cluded the merchant, "this sounds pre- loss of strength and vigor. Profesposterous But just the same, it actual sor Chittenden of the Sheffield Scienly happened, and had not the dye tific School says there is apparently rubbed off of the little captives, and no question that people ordinarily thereby their identity established, I consume much more food than there don't doubt that the grafter would is any necessity for, and that this exhave died independent'y wealthy. All cess is, in the long run, detrimental to of which only adds one more proof to health, and defeats the very objects

really wants to be humbugged-that | Electromagnets promise to come into they are anxious for it. The only real common use for lifting heavy pleces is much longer than is ordinarily sup- difference being degree."-Washington of iron in factories and rolling mills. Instead of the present hooks and chains a large piece of metal is suspended above the iron or steel object to be fitted, a current is run through this rendering it magnetic, so that it simply picks up the object and holds it until the current is turned off. A magnet weighing 350 pounds can carry for fastening a load to a crane by the ly undertaken by him in New York, present methods is estimated to represent one-half the cost of handling the uniterial, so that great saving in

If we must have mosquitoes at all, a day, secording to the New, York people will regret that the new species of these insects which Dr William L. Underwood has discovered is a native vented a I om that made eleven yards of the Maine woods instead of more populous parts of the country. For this mosquito does not bite, although it is so large that if it were given to biting it would be a terror; and moreover, its larvae feed eagerly upon the larvae of other species of mosquioes. For this reason experiments are being made to determine if the new mosquito will thrive in the climate of southern New England. It has received the name of Eucorethra Underwoodl. Its manner of disposing of the larvae of other mosquitoes is calculated to make sufferers from recent mosquito bites gleeful. "The victim is caught," says Doctor Underwood, "shaken violently a few times, and swallowed!"

### New "Rock of Ages."

A missionary lately returned from India expressed the opinion that religious work was going on very slowly there on account of the difficulty in translating the spirit as well as the text of the Gospel.

"Take an instance," he said. "I tried to teach my converts the old

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee." "I had a native Bible student traus late it into the vernacular. To make sure that he had grasped the spirit of the words, I took his translation and had it translated back into English by another student. It then read:

'Very old stone, split for my benefit, let me absent myself beneath one of thy fragments."-Detroit News-Tribune.

The Great Telescopes Outdone.

Remarkable results in star photography with comparatively inexpensive apparatus have been reported by Professor Schaeberle. His telescope was a parabolic reflector of short focus, the mirror being 13 inches in diameter, with a focus of 20 inches, and exposures of five minutes gave star images that were beyond the reach of the 36-Juch Lick telescope and that required exposures of two hours with the 38inch Crossly reflector. Stars fainter. than the seventeenth magnitude were

Yes, Cordella, It's those who come early to avoid the crowd that make