

A SONG OF HOME.

I've wandered north and south;
In many lands I've been,
But one small spot alone
Am I contented in.
And there the roses bloom,
And there the daisies nod—
For home, my humble home,
I thank the gracious God.
The glory of the east,
The splendor of the west,
The pomp of prince and king,
Are but a hollow jest.
Give me the sunny stream,
The green and fragrant sod—
For home, my happy home,
I thank the kindly God.
The rain upon the roof,
The robin in his tree,
And simple fare and health,
And peace and liberty—
What greater boon to ask,
Had I a Merlin's rod?
For home, my pleasant home,
I thank the gentle God.
Moreover, at my side,
When singing, full of cheer,
The blessed wife of youth
With deepest love I hear,
I fancy more and more
My paths are angel trod!
For home, my joyful home,
I thank the living God.
—Chicago News.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.

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CHAPTER II.

It was something like coming home, after all, albeit to a house almost void of furniture and peopled only with remembrances of loved forms long since gone. At any rate, it was the only home I could really call my own.

There were two rooms, the spare bedroom and the parlor adjoining, on the first floor, which still retained the furniture. Everything about these rooms, though faded and somewhat worn, was in good order, and I complimented Mrs. Snyder on the care she had taken.

Sarah had thrown up the windows, and the soft evening air came into the rooms.

Although the place had not been allowed to go to ruin, there was about it that indescribable quality which is attached to long-deserted houses. We all felt it more or less. Sarah and Mrs. Snyder spoke in whispers; Jake stepped about on tiptoe, as though fearful that the heavy tread of his cowhide boots would bring back the spirits of the departed; while to myself there was a pathos about the old house which had not known an inhabitant for so long. It seemed like some human being deserted by its own flesh and blood.

While I was passing from bureau to wardrobe, from center-table to mantel-piece, taking mental notes of all the old-fashioned china and bric-a-brac which adorned those places still, and which in my young days had been forbidden my boyish fingers, Sarah and Mrs. Snyder made up the bed, taking the bedding from a huge cedar chest which stood on one side of the room.

Sprigs of spruce and hemlock had been placed in the chest from time to time, and when the cover was lifted the pungent odor filled the room.

All through the preparations I noticed that Sarah and Mrs. Snyder were engaged in earnest conversation.

The old widow was especially vehement, and Sarah would frequently shake her head and give forth exclamations indicative either of wonder or of disapprobation. My old nurse also favored me with many glances which seemed to have much of solicitude in them.

When everything had been done to make me comfortable for the night, Sarah turned to me, and spoke low, with a touch of fear in her tones.

"Come, Nel, you go back home with us," she said. "Don't stay here all alone in dis grade big house. I am afraid to haf you. Come back with us," she reiterated, appealingly.

"No, indeed," I replied, decidedly. "I would not miss sleeping amid the grateful odor of spruce for anything. I'll be over to your house for breakfast. Mrs. Snyder," turning toward the old widow. "You understand I am to take my meals at your house, do you not?"

"Yes. Dat ish all fixed. Mr. Sonntag, your lawyer, told me. Bud you better go back mit Sarah," the old woman replied.

"And why so? What's to hinder my staying here in my own house?" I asked. "Have you cooked up a scheme, Sarah, with Mrs. Snyder, to force me to go back with you?" I asked of my old nurse. "Never fear, you'll see enough of me. I'll come over to your house often."

The two women exchanged glances, and seemed to be reluctant to proceed. Finally Sarah spoke in awe-stricken tones, first looking around with a frightened expression.

"Der's something funny about de house, Nel."

"Humph! I don't see anything funny at all," I replied. "There is more sadness to me."

"Der's awful strange things haf been seen and heard," Sarah continued, with deep seriousness. Old Jake's face fell at his wife's words, and he moved nearer to her.

"Who has seen and heard strange things, and what are they?" I asked, lightly, for I am not superstitious, and not easily frightened by two old women's imaginations.

"Mrs. Snyder haf seen lights at night, and efen in de daytime haf heard noises, strange noises of talking," replied my old nurse.

"Well, they will have to be very bright lights and very loud noises to awaken me to-night, for I intend to sleep like a stone," I said, laughingly. "The strangest thing of all to me is my coming here for the first time since my grandfather's body was borne from the parlor to be placed in the grave."

Old Jake gave a sudden start which attracted my attention to him. I saw him gaze through the open doorway into the parlor in very evident terror, and heard him exclaim, in low, awed tones: "Gott in Himmel!"

I could not restrain a smile at the sight of the tall, strong man overcome by childish fears, and was about to upbraid him for his foolishness. But I remembered the vein of superstition which runs through the lives of the Pennsylvania farmers, and so said nothing.

"Come back with us," again pleaded Sarah.

"No. If there is anything out of the ordinary about my house, I am all the more determined to remain and find out what it is," I said, decisively. Then I added, more softly, for I did not wish to wound the kind heart of my old nurse—I knew her fear for me grew out of her love and solicitude for my welfare—"I can take care of myself under any circumstances. I am not a child now, Sarah."

"Den let Jake stay with you until you find out," Sarah persisted.

"Vell, bud de oats, Sarah; ve god to finish de oats to-morrow," hastily exclaimed Mr. Hunsicker, in remonstrance.

"Now come, how foolish this is! What could be the matter with the house? Nothing hurtful, that is certain. I'll be all right. Don't worry, and I'll ride over in the morning and tell you how soundly I slept."

"Der's no candle here. I go ged von and bring id ofer," Mrs. Snyder said.

"Not necessary for to-night. I am going to bed early, and will not need it. To-morrow we'll see about lamps, for sometimes I like to read late. See how bright the moon is going to be. It shines right into the bedroom, and will give me plenty of light to go to bed by."

I finally succeeded in getting rid of them. Old Jake was eager and anxious to be off, but Sarah hung back, reluctant to leave me to the lonely terrors which her superstitious mind had conjured up. It was only after I had given my promise to come immediately to her house in the event of any danger to me springing up, that she consented to leave. Feeling profoundly gratified that my coming here had revealed to me such absolute trust and love as inspired my old nurse, I placed my arm about her waist while going to the door, and then parted from her with a kiss on her wrinkled old cheek.

After the sound of the wagon wheels had died away in the distance, I disrobed and prepared for bed. The moonlight was so enticing, however, that I sat down on a chair by the window and for a few minutes gave myself up to reminiscence thought.

But before I go on with my experiences in the old house, I must tell about the bank robbery of which I was suspected.

Up to a year before, I had been employed in a large savings institution in Philadelphia. My advancement with this concern had been slow but steady, and after ten years of earnest work I finally attained the position of senior paying teller. Under my immediate charge was the vault, in which the cash and all securities held by the bank were kept. This vault was, of course, guarded by a time lock. The bank opened for business at ten o'clock, but the bookkeepers began their work a half hour earlier. There was a separate vault for the books of the concern, which was not furnished with a time lock, and all the bookkeepers knew the combination of this vault.

The bank was noted for its conservative business methods, and the great cautiousness with which its funds were guarded. It was the established rule that the timepiece of the money vault should not be set to open until half-past nine, at which time the bookkeepers and most of the employes were at work. In short, so careful were the officials that under no circumstances was it allowable to leave the combination lock unguarded by the clockwork, unless some responsible employe was present.

One afternoon I set the clockwork mechanism to throw the bolt at half-past eight, an hour before the usual time, as I intended to get to work the next morning at that time. The semi-annual examination of the books and securities by the trustees was to take place, and I wished to have the moneys under my charge in order.

When I left the bank that afternoon I found a telegram awaiting me at my lodging place:

"Come out to Fairlawn this evening. We entertain a small party. I want

you." Thus the dispatch ran, and it was signed by a name very dear to me—Florence Morley.

I would willingly have gone to the antipodes to please the lovely young woman, and my disappointment was keen when I thought of the time lock having been set to open at half-past eight the following morning. For Fairlawn was a country seat of Mr. Morley's, about 30 miles distant, and I should not be able to return until nearly ten o'clock in the morning, and the combination lock would be unprotected a full hour before the arrival of any of the employes. It was highly improbable that any thief expert enough to open the combination would attempt the lock, even if it were known that the time mechanism had run down. The risk would be very slight, and I was tempted to take it. But, knowing, even though no consequences should be the result, that by doing so I would break a very stringent rule, I resisted the temptation, and in no very good humor started for a telegraph office for the purpose of sending a dispatch to Miss Morley stating my inability to accept her invitation.

On my way I met an associate in the bank, named Horace Jackson. He was one of the bookkeepers, a man about 40 years old, and a quiet, reserved fellow. He never mingled in any dispute or controversy among the clerks, was a competent accountant, and lived a secluded life outside of the bank. He was a bachelor, and did not seem to have any special friends. It was certain he never chummed or cronied with any of his associates in the bank.

"Mr. Jackson, will you do me a favor?" I asked, as he paused in his walk.

"Most willingly, Mr. Conway. You have but to state it," he answered, affably.

I stated the circumstances concerning the lock. "It is possible that I will be unable to be on hand at half-past eight," I added.

"And you wish me to be at the bank in your place?" he said.

"Yes, if it would not inconvenience you."

"Not at all. I will be there, so the rule will be complied with. Oh, stay a

moment. There is an old aunt of mine over in Camden who is ill, and I might possibly be summoned to her bedside."

"Well, then, let it go. I'll stay at home, and go to the bank, as I intended, myself," I said, feeling quite disappointed.

"But if I say I will be at the bank you may depend on me, Mr. Conway, sick aunt or not," Jackson went on. He really seemed so willing to do me the favor that I could only reply: "Thank you very much. I'll depend on you. It will be doing me a great favor indeed. I'll reciprocate some day."

"Not another word, Mr. Conway, on the subject. Go and enjoy yourself." Then he regarded me with a smile as he continued: "I suppose it is Miss Morley that you intend to visit. Now, I am just on my way to see her father at his office."

"Oh, you are acquainted with the Morleys, then?" I remarked, somewhat coldly, for I did not relish his bringing Florence Morley's name into the conversation.

"Only slightly acquainted. I am interested in a few business ventures with Mr. Morley. My acquaintance extends no further," Jackson said.

I returned to my lodgings light-hearted and happy at the prospect of again seeing the sweet girl whom I had loved and worshiped for some time in secret.

So then Horace Jackson was acquainted with Mr. Morley. I could not but feel a greater respect for Jackson. For Mr. Morley was one of the most influential and highly-thought-of men in Philadelphia, and, besides, was one of the trustees of the bank. Jackson had never boasted of his relations with such an influential man; indeed, I had never even heard him mention the fact before this.

I had felt all along that it would be presumptuous for me to aspire to be Florence Morley's husband. But this evening she was so gracious, so sweet and lovable, that it was impossible for me to resist the impulse to tell her of my love. To my intense happiness I discovered that my humble self was by

no means an object of indifference to her.

Mr. Morley was of a dignified, commanding presence, and rather overawed me. It would be no easy matter to ask his consent to marry his daughter. Florence was his only child, and all the purposes of the father's life seemed to center in his motherless daughter. Still I knew I must approach him some day, and there was comfort in the fact that he had always met me in a kindly, if dignified and reserved, manner. He had never given me any cause to think that my attentions to his daughter were obnoxious to him; but then those attentions had been extended out of friendship only. How he would be affected by the knowledge that I was, from this evening, the accepted lover of his daughter, I could not surmise. I could only hope that Florence's influence, which I was well aware was powerful with her father, might prevail. The dear girl's heart was mine at any rate, for she had told me so, and I believed her words.

After the evening's enjoyment I withdrew to the hotel near the depot, where I passed the rest of the night in happy anticipations of the future.

The train which took me back to the city was a few minutes late, and when I arrived at the bank it lacked but ten minutes of opening time.

Had I been late, either the president or the treasurer would have had to be called upon to open the vault, and it is doubtful if either of them remembered the combination. The bond teller and the head receiving teller shared with me the knowledge of the combination, but, as those two gentlemen were away on their vacations at this time, I was the only one besides the officials who could unlock the vault.

The heavy outside doors were soon opened, and, summoning the porter to help me carry out the cash for the day's business, I entered the vault.

There were eight compartments inside, the doors of which were provided with combination locks.

One compartment was used for the reserve gold, and these two compartments remained locked for long periods. The remaining spaces were used for the storage of various securities, United States bonds, mortgages for loans on real estate, state and municipal bonds, and for the gold, silver and currency required in the daily transactions. This cash was carried out in trays and placed in the tills in the banking-room every morning.

While unlocking the compartment, I noticed with surprise that the lock of the reserve currency compartment, just at one side, was on the last figure of the combination, as though it had been already unlocked.

I grasped the iron handle, and the door swung open. I started back when I looked in. What had come over me! I rubbed my eyes and looked again. The place was empty; nothing to be seen but the two shelves and the painted steel back and sides. Of the \$400,000, the amount of the reserve, not one dollar remained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THAT FOLDING BED.

It is Still an Object of Suspicion to Many Hotel Visitors.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the polite young uptown hotel clerk to the grum-looking guest, "but I haven't another room in this house to-night. If you could use this till morning I'll fix you up right for to-morrow." But the inducement, persuasively delivered, failed to work, and the grum-looking man went away.

When he had got over the threshold the suave clerk smiled a pensive smile and said: "You can't do anything with these fellows. It beats the world how a man will let his prejudices drive him out into the night to seek inferior accommodations. And yet this man looked like he knew better, too."

"What was it dissatisfied him?"

"Nothing in the world except that in the only room he'd have there was a folding bed. You see we are crowded now and there are but few vacant apartments. He is a crank on the subject of folding beds because in modern times two or three human beings have been caught in them, when they folded up inopportunely, and had their lives crushed out. I pleaded with him that no such disaster could happen to him here, for nowadays folding beds are made with patent catches that absolutely prevent them from manslaughter. No matter how sorely a bed such as we have should yearn to close up on its slumbering victim these catches forbid. I told him all this, but it had no effect."

"Are most people imbued with this prejudice?"

"Yes; I think a majority of the traveling public has that feeling and I do not believe the time will ever come when the folding bed will gain the full confidence of the American people."—Washington Post.

She Has No Chance.

Mrs. Tupenny—Why don't you leave your husband if he neglects you so?

Mrs. Manhattan—He doesn't give me a chance. He's out seven nights a week himself.—Town Topics.

Doctor (to female patient)—"You have a slight touch of fever; your tongue has a thick coat." Patient (excitedly)—"Oh, doctor, do tell me how it fits."—Fact and Fiction.

AN AFFLICTED MOTHER.

From the Times, Paw Paw, Ill.

A resident of this town who has lost two children during the past six years by violent deaths has been utterly prostrated by the shock, and seriously sick as a result of it. One child (aged 9) was killed by a cyclone in '90 while at school; another, three years later was run over by a Burlington R. R. train. That grief and misfortunes may so prey on the mind as to lead to serious physical disorders has been well demonstrated in this case. As a result of them her health was shattered and she has been a constant sufferer since 1890. Her principal troubles has been neuralgia of the stomach which was very painful, and exhibited all the symptoms of ordinary neuralgia, nervousness and indigestion. Physicians did her no good whatever. She was discouraged and abandoned all hope of getting well. Finally, however, a certain well known pill was recommended (Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.)

She supplied herself with a quantity of them and had not taken them two weeks when she noticed a marked improvement in



A Constant Sufferer.

her condition. She continued taking the pills until seven or eight boxes had been consumed and she considered herself entirely cured. She can now eat all kinds of food, which is something she has not been able to do for years. She is not troubled in the least with nervousness as she was during the time of her stomach troubles.

She is now well and all because of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a complete cure has been made.

If any one would like to hear more of the details of her suffering and relief gained by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People they may be obtained probably, by writing the lady direct. She is one of our well known residents, Mrs. Ellen A. Oederkirk, Paw Paw, Ill.

Even Up.

During the summer of 1896 a handsome New England woman paid a visit to one of the North side society queens of Wichita. In due time a swell lawn party was given by the hostess at her home, to make the visitors acquainted with her western friends. Among those invited was Will Beatty. He was presented to the eastern lady, and it happened to be his good fortune a little later in the evening to have her on his arm promenading over the velvety lawn. In the course of the conversation Miss Blank asked Mr. Beatty what business he followed, and he replied: "I'm a commercial traveler." The visitor, possibly in a moment of mental aberration, made this remark: "In the east commercial travelers do not go in the best society." Before the last word had hardly left her lips Mr. Beatty replied: "They don't here, either." Conversation was carried on after that in entirely different channels.—Wichita Eagle.

HE HAS BECOME WEALTHY.

Has a Splendid Farm, Lots of Stock, and Pays But Little Taxes.

Dominion City, Manitoba, January 17th, 1898.

At the request of the Immigration Department of the Canadian Government, I give the following information:

I immigrated to Manitoba in October, 1892, from Luverne, Rock County, Minn., and took land in Dominion City, Manitoba, where I now reside. I have been very successful in Manitoba, and have more than doubled my capital since I went to Canada. I took about \$2,500 worth of wheat, 200 bushels of flax and 600 bushels of oats; I do mixed farming. I milk as much as ten cows. Dairying and stock raising has paid me well; I have on the farm now 44 head of cattle and 18 head of horses, and sold during the past year (1897), \$425 worth of fat cattle. I have good buildings and a comfortable house and good stable. My children have had better school advantages in Manitoba than they had in Minnesota. The district schools are very thorough and good. My son, now 16 years of age, is teaching the public school in our district, and receives a salary of \$420 per year. All my children have done well at school. I have \$1,700 insurance on my buildings and on the farm. I also own my personal warehouse and ship all my grain through it to the railway station at Dominion City. It is free of debt.

I have no prejudice against the State of Minnesota, as I made a living and a little more while in the state, but would not take a farm as a gift in Minnesota and leave Manitoba. The taxation in Minnesota was too great. I paid taxes on my stock and chattels. No such taxes have ever been exacted in Manitoba from me, and my land taxes are about one-half or less than it was in Minnesota. I am delighted with my new home, and expect in a few years to be in circumstances that will enable me to take life easy. Yours very truly,

S. G. MAYNES.

P. S. Any person that may take exception to the foregoing letter will kindly investigate, for I can back every word it contains. I am not an Immigration Agent, nor the agent of any corporation, but simply a farmer.

Witness, C. W. SPEERS.

The above letter was written at the request of C. W. Speers in the State of Minnesota, where I am at present with my wife, visiting my friends in my old home. It is my intention to do what I can to have them remove to Canada, where I have done so well.

Having called upon Mr. Davies, of St. Paul, Minn., I was received with every courtesy and got some valuable information as well as literature pertaining to Western Canada.

SAMUEL G. MAYNES.

Wonders of Science.

Lady—Do you take instantaneous photographs?

Photographer—Yes, madam; I can photograph a humming bird on the wing, or a swallow in its flight.

"I want my baby's picture taken."

"Yes, madam. Get the little fellow ready, and I will prepare the chloroform."—N. Y. Weekly.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. Williams, Apothec, Ill., April 11, 1894.

A man can never thrive who has a wasteful wife.