

DON'T LEAVE THE OLD HOME

Yes, Bill, I've thought about the scheme
That you proposed last night.
And, speaking plain, it doesn't seem
To me the least bit right.
Sometimes we have to work, it's true,
When we're working rather than
But that's no cause, in reason's view,
Why we should run away.
There's neither cruelty nor need
To drive us from our homes,
For love in every thought and deed
To our lot daily comes.
And I the sentiment believe—
By Longfellow expressed—
In poem mother read last eve—
"To stay at home is best."
We've books and Nature's pages, too,
From which to grow in mind,
And in the healthful work we do
We'll strength of body find;
And what sweet consciousness we win
To richer memory's store,
By doing earnest duty in
The sphere God meant us for!
The time may ripen, Bill, when we
With "Godspeeds" from our own
May go forth in the world to see
If we the world can better serve.
To work our way to heights of fame;
But till that day has come,
Let us continue still to claim
The cheer and love of home.

Let's brighten for the old folks, Bill,
The days of their decline,
And while we wear life's measure full
With joy, bring yours and mine,
And if to busy haunts of men
In future days we roam,
Hood of laughing sunshine then
Will link our hearts with home.
—Wade Whipple, in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

BY A. TENDER FOOTE.

Late in the autumn of 1883 I, with three classmates of the School of Mines, invested in the lease of some mining property in Colorado. We were young and inexperienced in business matters, so that the financial part of the venture was rather unskillfully managed. Almost all the money we could raise was put into the necessary plant.

Before the snow stopped operations we had on the heap many tons of valuable ore. The depth of the snow, however, prevented its shipment to Pueblo for smelting, and we were obliged to lay off the miners, owing them at the time over a month's wages.

I made a hurried trip to New York to see if additional funds could be raised by two of the partners living in that city; but I was unsuccessful.

On my return I reached the little village of Mater, some four thousand feet below the mine, where I was told by Reynolds, the other partner, that there were rumblings of an approaching storm among the idle miners—about thirty in number.

We determined that we would go to the mine and talk over the state of affairs with the men. Unfortunately, it had been rumored that I had brought back with me a large sum of money which I had deposited in the local bank.

Soon after reaching our snow-covered cabin and making a fire—for the temperature was twenty degrees below zero—the door was thrust open and three sulen-looking men, who had evidently been drinking heavily, stalked in.

They wanted to know—as a committee of the miners—what we proposed to do about paying the wages due them. We were armed. And we knew that they were.

I replied that I had been unsuccessful in my journey east and had returned to ask them to wait for the opening of the spring so that the ore could be realized on. The spokesman interrupted angrily.

"You lie! We ain't no fools. We know you've got five thousand dollars in the bank at Mater, and we propose to have our money and have it now!"

I said I would willingly sign a blank check and allow them to fill in any amount they wished and let them see if they could get it cashed.

The chairman of the committee called me to the little window of the cabin and pointing to a tree in the foreground, said: "Chambers, do you see that ar tree thar?"

I nodded.

"Well," he answered, "if at the end of three days you don't have the money here to pay us, we'll swing you from that lowest limb. And you don't leave this cabin, nuther. One of us and his gun will be outside the door all the time. Write this telegram: 'If you don't send three thousand dollars in three days, they'll hang me.' Sign it.'"

I protested that I knew no one to send it to; but concluded that it would be wise to temporize and do as they wished, and I wrote and signed the message, directing it to my brother in New York.

They then left, placing one of their number on guard. An hour passed by and the almost perishing man came in, saying that he would stay inside and watch there.

Reynolds and I, after long deliberation, concluded to offer our individual notes to the men, payable at thirty days. We were escorted to the engine-house, and, after some further parleying, the men consented to accept and to escort us under a guard of two to the village below to get the needed blank.

How well I remember our walk down the mountain side, over the snow trail, in Indian file—Reynolds and I ahead and the two guards behind. The moon was shining at the full, and from the distance, adding a strange, uncanny feeling to our already overwrought nerves, came the cries of the puma—the mountain lion.

It was nine o'clock when we reached Mater and obtained the notes from the banker. We had taken a light supper of unwarmed canned meat only and were quite exhausted from the cold on our walk down. Retiring to the little office we owned in the village, we made out our promises to pay and gave them to the guard, who, notwithstanding, maintained his careful watch.

While sitting there, half frozen and discussing our position, two of the miners came in. They were the Malcolm brothers, both men of superior

education and refinement. They said to us, in a low tone, fearing to be overheard by the watcher outside: "Boys, although you have given these notes, you will still be prisoners. We have faith in you and believe you are square; but this is no place for you, and you ought to leave this camp and as quickly as possible. The fellows mean what they say and are bad men. They will stop at nothing to get their money; in fact they will think no more of hanging you than of smoking their evening pipes. Now, we will do anything in our power to serve you; and there are four more of us of the same kind. Command us!"

We told them how deeply we appreciated their loyalty to us and asked what they and we could do so that we might leave the camp. They replied: "The train leaves the station at seven o'clock, a mile and a half below here, as you know. We will bring four horses here at 6:45. Be sure to be ready to start immediately. Get up quietly at six and put on only your mining clothes. Do not think of washing or do anything to attract the attention of the guard."

I said I would see that they and their mates were paid in full as soon as I reached New York; and we promised to be ready for them in the morning.

Little did we sleep that night. Before throwing ourselves on the cots in the rear office I looked out on the peaceful, moonlit scene, and there, pacing up and down, was the faithful sentinel—doing his best to keep warm. The sentries relieved each other every half hour. And so the night grew old and we were full of fears for the morning.

Promptly, as may be imagined, we quietly dressed and were ready and waiting for our faithful friends. Four horses were suddenly brought to a stand at the office door. The elder Malcolm dismounting, rushed in, saying: "Now, boys, quick—and be ready to shoot if necessary."

We jumped on two of the horses—the Malcolm brothers on the others—and leaving two of the trusty ones to take care of the "held-up" guards, we galloped for our lives in the early morning.

Reynolds was ahead and his horse threw the frozen particles of ice and snow all over me, piercing me with a cold never felt before. During the night the thermometer had fallen another ten degrees.

The noise made by the men and horses at that early hour had brought out others of the disgruntled who had lived in the village since the shutdown; and we knew it would not be long before they secured other horses and followed us.

We reached the station at 6:35 and asked, nay, implored the conductor to pull out immediately. We explained the urgent reason for his doing so; but he said no power on earth would make him start before his scheduled time. To our excited imaginations the five minutes seemed like as many hours. At last the final second had gone and he signaled his engine.

The next station was eight miles away, at which a stop of ten minutes was to be made. As we pulled out through the woods a mile beyond Reynolds could see, only two hundred yards away, eight furious miners urging their horses with whips and oaths, on, on, on!

We pulled away from them and reached Fairfax on time. There again, the wait was as long as indicated on the local time-sheet; and although the conductor had already seen our need, no instant of the time was given us. When we started for the next station, twenty miles down the valley, we could see in the distance the same body of men just appearing on the top of a rise in the road half a mile to our rear.

When they saw our train had started they gradually slowed up.

Baffled.—Illustrated American.

THE MOORISH MERCHANT.

He Plays a Little Trick on His Mercenary Relatives.

A merchant sailed over the sea to a distant country, where he made a large fortune by his industry and cleverness.

Many years after he returned home. When he landed he heard that his relations had met to dine at a neighboring country house. He hurried there, and did not even wait to change his clothes, which had got somewhat damaged on the voyage.

When he entered the room where his relations were assembled they did not seem very glad to see him, because they thought that his shabby clothes proved that he was not very rich. A young Moor, whom he brought with him, was angry at their want of feeling, and said: "Those are bad men, for they do not rejoice at seeing their relation, after his long absence."

"Wait a moment," said the merchant in a whisper, "they will soon change their manner."

He put a ring which he had in his pocket on his finger, and behold all the faces brightened, and they pressed round dear Cousin William. Some shook hands with him, others embraced him, and all contended for the honor of taking him home.

"Has the ring bewitched them?" asked the Moor.

"Oh, no," said the merchant, "but they guess by it that I am rich, and that has more power over them than anything else."

"Oh, you blind men!" then exclaimed the Moor, "it is not the ring that bewitched you, but the love of money. How is it possible that you can value yellow metal and transparent stones more highly than my master, who is such a noble man?"

"Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor."—Philadelphia Press.

—Misses—"Goodness, Bridget, to whom are you writing in those immense letters?" "To me sister, mum; she's deaf an' dumb."—Harper's Bazar.

STEVE ELKINS AGAIN.

Harrison's Henchman Again in the Political Procession.

Not all eyes, but many eyes, especially many republican eyes, are turned toward West Virginia. A republican legislature has been elected, and "Hon." Steve Elkins, lately of New Mexico, Missouri, and more recently of Broadway, is a candidate for United States senator. His friend Edwards, a member-elect of the legislature, is a candidate for speaker of that body, and the plan is, according to the best advices, to make Edwards speaker, then elect Elkins senator, and then when the time comes for Mr. Faulkner to retire to make Edwards the other senator. Of course there are a number of ambitious aspirants for the first United States senatorship, the one to take the place of Mr. Camden, who was so much disgraced in the sugar trust investigation, who have announced themselves. Hon. Nathan Goff, ex-secretary of the navy and now a United States district judge, is a candidate without so many pretensions, but perhaps with the best chance of all to be elected. He was chosen governor of West Virginia, as the republicans of that state firmly believe, once upon occasion, and is probably deepest in the hearts of his party.

Mr. Elkins has much in his favor. He and his father-in-law, Henry G. Davis, and his old-time star route partner and business Louis, have invested other people's money, and possibly some money of their own, in developing the timber and coal lands of West Virginia. They have built a railroad or two and some handsome residences, for Mr. Elkins' palatial home at Elkins, a town on his own railroad and named after himself, is said to be worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, though I believe it is returned to the tax gatherer as worth but twenty-five thousand dollars. But the Elkins, Davis and Kerens combination, with which senators like Gorman and Brice are thought to have more or less close affiliations, has spent money, employed large numbers of men, helped to develop the state, and, of course, established itself pretty firmly in politics. Mr. Elkins understands how powerful the fugacious dollar is. He helped Blaine make money, in some of these same West Virginia enterprises in fact, and Blaine liked him for it. He invested money in Russell Harrison's Montana Cattle company and lost it if it was his own, and Mr. Harrison is said to be the real reason why Mr. Elkins was made secretary of war, and for the reason, too, that he pretended to be able to head off the Blaine presidential movement.

But with the power of money in West Virginia there also comes a weakness to Mr. Elkins. This is caused by his use of money also. He said several years ago, in one of the presidential campaigns, I think, that it was easy enough to carry West Virginia; it was only a matter of the use of money. And this statement the democrats posted in big black letters all over the state, and it was very harmful to the republican campaign. So, many of the old-time republicans look upon Mr. Elkins as a carpet-bagger and they will have nothing of him. It is thought to be true that the numerous aspirants for the senatorship are all intending to help Judge Nathan Goff get the prize when the time comes. The republican managers in the state have been willing enough to use Mr. Elkins' money, or the money of others which he has been able to collect; but they hardly feel like passing Mr. Goff by for this newcomer.

However, the ex-secretary of war has practiced before every court in the country, business, social, political, if not judicial, and he is unusually nimble and, as his friends say, he has such a taking way with him, seeming to be the friend of everybody.

It is thought that Mr. Elkins, if he came to the senate, would not allow his public duties to interfere with his private business. He could conduct that just the same, and even if he were not to continue to make money, he could probably get along comfortably, being considered by most people to be worth two million dollars, though the estimate in the mountains of West Virginia is eight million dollars. The ex-secretary is most familiar to old habits of Washington as "counsel" in large cases before the departments or congress. It is said that he had a stake of one hundred thousand dollars in the fur seal contract awarded by Mr. Windom. That may have been a mere exaggeration by persons who failed to get the contract. It is also said that he came to Washington during the progress of sugar legislation last winter to see that the republicans were nicely kept in line, and it was known that he was here and much interested in the topic. It is hardly likely that he was in charge of the republican end of the thing. In the first place, nobody was in charge of it much, and Mr. Elkins would hardly be the man whom the sugar trust people would select.

If Mr. Harrison's ex-secretary came to the senate he could take his same interest as formerly in the political management of the republican party. He could collect funds for use in West Virginia or for the general use of the committee. It is related that he and one of his friends secured each a campaign subscription of twenty-five thousand dollars on the supposition that a valuable contract which the war department was able to give out could be influenced to come their way by this liberality—in each of the two different directions, that is to say. But it turned out to be necessary that a third bidder should get the contract; whereupon the other two threatened to sue the secretary of war and his friend, and make a thorough exposure of the game unless the money was given back to them, which, the story concludes, was done. It is well known that Thomas Doan, of Philadelphia, the chairman of the finance committee of the last republican national committee, had great trouble in inducing Mr. Elkins to give up a subscription of twenty-five thousand dollars which he

had collected for the committee and was intending to divert to the uses of the West Virginia committee or of himself in the campaign there or elsewhere.

Mr. Elkins is said to be for the re-nomination of Mr. Harrison for president, and he is helping along his candidate, as some of the republican papers daily charge, by throwing bricks at Gov. McKinley. If Mr. Elkins is for Gen. Harrison, that is very important to the cause of Mr. Harrison. He knows everybody, and by reason of his wealth, as well as his acquaintanceship, is a good man in convention. He used to help Blaine in older times, but finally lost his confidence, even before he deserted him for Harrison.—Chicago Times.

NO MORE CALAMITY HOWL.

The Sudden Disappearance of Republican Hard Times Waiters.

Some time before election Oliver & Co., of Pittsburgh, were engaged in the erection of a one-million dollar tinplate mill. The foundation had been laid, contracts had been let and workmen were busy on the immense structure. The great enterprise was referred to as indicating the revival of business, the restored confidence of capital and the awakening of industrial operations. It is a big undertaking, and special significance attached to the fact that it was made immediately upon the adoption of a "ruinous free trade policy," as the calamity howlers were wont to designate the tariff legislation perfected by the present congress.

Now these waiters and political claqueurs appear in an entirely different role. A republican victory changes the whole face of events. To them the future is rose-tinted and touched with the light of hope. They have gone from the depths of despondency to the extreme heights of rejoicing. As illustrative of this, a Pittsburgh correspondent has been industriously circulating a revised story of what Oliver & Co. are doing, and as to the reasons in which they found justification for so large an expenditure of money. Without apparent appreciation of the humor of the thing, he announces that the republican victory is what assures the completion of the new plant. It was projected before the election and while the new tariff bill was pending in congress; thousands of dollars were expended and the corporation obligated itself to the extent of the entire cost of construction, and now the country is gravely informed that the mill will be erected because the republicans were successful on November 6.

Oliver & Co. have for years done a business amounting to millions annually. They have never followed the dictates of sentiment or changed their plans in deference to ill-omened calamity shouters. They know that it will be impossible to change existing tariff legislation before the summer of 1897, and that if done then it must be by a congress committed to at least some of the heresies of McKinleyism. Yet we are informed that these careless, not to say reckless, business men are willing to risk one million dollars upon the extremely remote contingency that some years hence the Wilson bill may be repealed to make way for such legislation as the country has declared twice, in manner unmistakable, that it will not have.

The correspondent with his republican victory theory only succeeds in making ridiculous the cause which he seeks to advance. Under the new law the tin-plate industry has all the protection that it needs, and there could be no more conclusive proof of the fact than in the enterprise conceived and put in motion before the republican-victory dodge was available. The plain fact is that by repealing the McKinley duty on block tin the new tariff law confers a great boon upon the domestic manufacturers of tin plate, as it does upon all other consumers of raw material in the production of manufactured articles for the markets of the world. Those who but a few days ago could see nothing but want and discouragement confronting the entire country, have suddenly grasped the fact that prosperity is returning, and like the Pittsburgh correspondent they credit it all to the republican victory. Let the good times return and the people can be relied upon to discover what wrought the welcome change.—Detroit Free Press.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

Democrats may be a little discouraged now, but not so much so that a few of Czar Reed's old-time speeches will not get them back into a fighting humor. And as everybody knows, a fighting humor means a winning humor with democrats.—N. Y. World.

—Benjamin Harrison says he has no words to express his sentiments about the recent elections. If asked, however, as to whether he knows a likely republican presidential candidate for 1896 even modestly would not prevent his making ample reply.—Chicago Herald.

—Democracy again has a golden opportunity to display the wonderful recuperative power for which it has long been distinguished. It has taken more kinds of whippings than any other kind of political organization in existence, but never has lost faith in the justice of its cause or in its ultimate triumph.—Detroit Free Press.

—The republican party, having flooded the country with a paper and silver currency, which is kept at a parity with gold only by resort to borrowing and increasing the public debt, it requires unbounded gall on the part of republican organs to inveigh against the efforts of the democratic administration to protect the public credit. But the organs are equal to the task. The issues of bonds are denounced as a wanton speculation in the interest of the banks. This course of criticism is on a par with the recent effort to prolong the period of business distress in the hope to reap partisan advantage thereby.—Philadelphia Record.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

This is the jar of majolica ware that stood on the shelf, in the pantry there. Containing a full and abundant share of luscious berry jam.

But a change came over the jar, 'tis said. It was no longer itself; instead it somewhat resembled a human head—This jar of berry jam.

And the people gathered from miles to see. And the wise men argued and contended. How such a wonderful thing could be in a jar of berry jam.

So they wondered and marveled and stood aghast; No matter, the thing was resolving fast. And this is the way it appeared at last. The vessel that held the jam!

S. Q. LAFITE.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

How a Number of Boys Can Perform a Horse Pyramid.

The following description of a pyramid performed by an English class of boys was published in the *Gymnast and Athletic Review*, and will be found well worth trying:

"The horse is without pomels, the end of the buck in contact with the side of the horse at the saddle. Positions indicated, they appear when facing the side of the horse on which the buck stands.

"One headstand, head on buck, hands on horse, elbows well turned out.

"Two headstands on ground opposite ends of horse facing out and raising legs of two front leaning rests, hands on ends of horse, feet supported as above.

"Two boys in lunge position, foot of advanced leg resting on shoulder of leaning rest, foot of other leg on the arm of the headstand (as near the armpit as possible).

"Two boys kneeling on one knee in front, and slightly to one side of the buck (inside knee raised).

"Two boys in front leaning rest, hands on raised knee, feet on buck.

"At the command: 'Into position—march.'"

"One headstand stands on ground on far side of horse, hands on saddle.

"Two headstands stand opposite ends of horse facing in.

"Two boys standing on ground stand opposite ends of horse facing out.

"Two front leaning rests stand opposite ends of horse facing in.

"Two kneelers on one knee stand in front of the buck facing forward.

"Two leaning rests on kneelers stand behind above.

"Two lungers on headstand and leaning rest stand on far side of horse facing in (opposite neck and croup).

"At one. Lungers squat to stand on croup and neck. Kneelers on one knee down.

"At two. Boys standing on ground raise front leaning rests. Leaning rests on buck and kneelers on one knee in position. Headstand on buck and horse up.

"At three. Headstands on floor up. Lungers on headstands and leaning rests up (grasping ankle of headstand, putting the advanced foot on shoulder of leaning rest, and the other foot on arm of headstand, keeping most of the weight on leaning rests).

"At four. Lungers down to stand on floor, headstands on floor down, leaning rests on buck, and kneelers down.

"At five. Lungers jump to ground, front leaning rests on horse down, kneelers and one knee rise, headstand on horse and buck head roll off over buck.

"This pyramid may be varied by substituting handstands on neck and croup for front leaning rests, in which case the lungers would come to straddle stand, inside foot on headstands arm and outside foot on head of headstand, inside hand grasping ankle of headstand and outside hand that of headstand.

"The far side of the horse may be filled up with leaning rests (hands on floor, feet on croup and neck, or headstands, handstands, etc., according to the number of men for which the pyramid is re-quired.)"

The Original Lord Fauntleroy.

Tommy Russell, the boy actor, who delighted so many people by his rendition of the part of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is now quite a big boy. He has left the stage forever, he declares, and is now at school studying electrical engineering. Another "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was Elsie Leslie. She has left the stage, but only temporarily. Elsie expects to make her debut as a woman actress when she is "grown up."

When Tasks Are Hard.

When tasks are hard Don't say: "I can't," and sigh and shrug; But say: "I'll try," and go to work. When tasks are hard. —Youth's Companion.

THE GARDEN BIRD.

His Sense for the Beautiful Is Remarkably Well Developed.

In New Guinea there is a bird which not only builds a house but has a garden, too. He is known by the name of garden bird.

When he is going to build, the garden bird first looks for a level spot of ground which has a shrub in the center. Then he covers the bottom of the stem of this shrub with a heap of moss. Next he brings small green twigs from other plants; these he sticks in the ground so that they lean against his shrub. On one side he leaves a place open for the door. The twigs keep on growing so that his little cavern is like a bowler.

Last of all, in front of the door, the bird makes a lawn of moss. Upon this lawn he scatters purple berries and



THE GARDEN BIRD.

pink flowers, and these he always keeps fresh.

He is about as large as a thrush or black bird. His head, his back, his wings and tail are brown, and beneath he is greenish-red.—W. H. H. Campbell, in Our Little Ones.

FIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

A Bear Struggling for His Life with an Enormous Serpent.

How the denizens of East Indian jungles settle their differences has been told by an eyewitness. A hunting party was attracted by a succession of roars of rage and pain, and a prolonged hissing, like the rush of escaping steam. They hurried to the spot and saw a jungle bear fighting for his life with an enormous serpent. The snake had wound its giant folds around the bear, which dashed itself from side to side, and rolled over and over on the ground in frenzied endeavor to get free, roaring and snapping its jaws like castanets about its body. In this way they struggled until they reached the edge of the incline, down which the bear threw himself with a speed that disconcerted the serpent, for it unwound a couple of folds and threw its tail around a tree, evidently with the intention of anchoring itself and preventing the unpleasant consequences of a rapid tumble down hill. This appeared like admirable strategy, but it resulted in the serpent's undoing. The rigid line of tail, straightened out from the tree to the bear's body, gave the infuriated beast a chance to seize hold of its assailant. He promptly accepted the chance, and, with a tremendous effort, turned and fastened his powerful jaws in the snake's quivering flesh. After this the issue was never in doubt. The snake tried to get away, but the bear held on grimly, until the serpent was nothing but an inert mass.

A Bear's Affection for Her Cubs.

During an exploring expedition in the Arctic regions, some years ago, the men spent considerable time hunting polar bears. One day a party in an open boat saw a big bear with two cubs on the ice not far distant. As the boat drew near, the sailors threw them great lumps of walrus flesh, and these the old bear divided among her cubs, reserving only a small portion for herself. Then, while all three were feeding in a bunch, the sailors fired, instantly killing the cubs and severely wounding the dam. It actually excited pity to see her behavior. Though fatally wounded, she tore another lump of meat in pieces and laid it before the cubs. When she found they would not eat, she tried to raise them up, all the while moaning piteously. The men fired another volley, and then she fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

Elephants Delight in Fire.

Elephants are passionately fond of fire, and delight to be arrayed in gorgeous trappings. An amusing instance of elephantine pride is narrated by Sir Samuel Baker. The elephant which usually led the state procession of a rajah being sick, the magnificent trappings were placed on one which had, up to that time, occupied only a subordinate place. The animal, delighted with its finery, showed its glee by so many little squeals and kicks of pleasure that it attracted general attention. Not long after, another state procession was formed, and the previous wearer of the gold clothes being restored to health, took his accustomed place and trappings, when the now degraded elephant, imagining, perhaps, that he was being defrauded of his promotion, was, with great difficulty, restrained from attacking the leader of the parade.

A Believer.

"Do you believe in this talk about discovering a man's character from his handwriting?" "I do," replied Mr. Hasbin Swift, with a sigh. "Ever know of its being tried?" "Yes. And with fatal effect. The experiment is most successful when the handwriting is read aloud in court."—Washington Star.

Short at the Top.

She—Well, Jack, how do you like my coming-out dress? He—It's very appropriate. She—What do you mean by that? He—Well, you seem to be coming out of it.—Judge.