

## DON'T LEAVE THE OLD HOME.

Yes, Bill, I've thought about the scheme. You've 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 would rather play. But that's no cause, in reason's view. Why we should run away.

There's another cruelty not need to drive us from our home. For love in every thought and deed to our lot daily comes. And I like the sentiment better. By Longfellow expressed in poem mother read last even—"To stay at home is best."

We've books and Nature's pages too. From which to grow in mind. And in the beautiful work we do. We'll strength of body find. And what sweet consciousness we win. To know our duty's done. By doing earnest duty in. The sphere God meant us for!

The time may ripen, Bill, when we. With "Odeuropa" from our own. May go forth in the world to see. If we the strength have to give. To work our way to heights of fame. But still that day has come. Let us continue still to claim. The cheer and love of home.

Let's brighter for the old folks, Bill. The joy of their old home. And while we're there let's measure all. With joy, bring yours and mine. And if to heavy hearts of men. In future days we roam. A good of laughing sunshine then. Will link our hearts with home.

## ALABAMA COURTSHIP.

Outside, in the dark night, the pine trees were bending and waving before the sweeping wind. Inside was light and music and the gentle murmur of well-bred voices. Outside, an Alabama forest; inside, the comfortable parlors of a winter hotel.

At a small table were two persons, a man and a woman. While the music went on they talked, in a careless, haphazard way, as if the matter under discussion were only of the slightest interest, yet when the music made pause they, too, were silent.

An open magazine lay upon the table before them. Some one was playing a waltz in bad time, and under its cover the young man again took up the conversational ball where his companion had dropped it.

"I am sorry you don't like my story, Eugenia," he said. "I rather fancy it is the best thing I have done. If I could only have had space to extend the idea. However—"

"It is just the idea I don't like," replied the girl whom he addressed as Eugenia. "It is too greatly expanded already. As usual, you have finished off every phrase, every sentence, every paragraph with the utmost polish of which your art is capable, and it is scapable of a great deal. It is as flawless," she hesitated an instant for the comparison, "as the most perfect pearl. And it is as cold."

The young man flushed a little with pleasure at her words of measured praise, but relapsed into his habitual composure as she finished.

"That is what I meant it to be," he answered. "We have had somewhat too much of the human passions in our literature. People are being taught that a purely platonic affection cannot possibly exist between a man and a woman. I think differently."

"And so you would have them marry without loving?" She said this with a suggestive gathering scorn about her mouth.

"By no means," he interposed; but just then the music stopped again and he bowed with the eye-glasses in his hand. As he was about to resume Eugenia interrupted him.

"Yet you make your hero, Palmer Ainsworth, choose his wife as he would a horse—with a calm consideration of what was best suited to his needs."

By this time the suggestion of scorn had deepened until it indicated positive contempt, and the flashing glances from Eugenia Kingdon's eyes denoted clearly that she, at least, would not be chosen in that manner.

"That is quite right," said her companion, with the stubborn persistence that authors always show in defending their work, "whether they are right or wrong; you see, it led to happiness—for both."

"In your story—yes. In real life it would have been misery and shame and humiliation—to the woman—when she came to know how easily she had given herself up."

"She should never know," he spoke with a quiet emphasis that seemed to invest the conversation with some personal element that it had before lacked. Eugenia took advantage of another lull in the music to avoid an immediate reply.

Some one suggested dancing, and the various groups about the parlor disintegrated and reformed about a common center to discuss the proposition. Eugenia rose to take part in this, while her companion remained and turned thoughtfully the pages that scintillated with the brilliant and epigrammatic, but chilly cold, effusions of his pen.

Suddenly a voice interrupted his reverie:

"Come, old man, don't sit here mooning. We are all going to the dining-room to dance. Let's see if we can't make noise enough to keep out the sound of the wind. It howls to-night as if the witches were abroad."

Aylmers looked up curiously into the bronzed and bearded face above him.

"Ah, Featherstone, you are here, are you? Didn't know you could leave the mine and the black diamonds long enough to show in society—even the society of the playboys. And, by the way, since when have you been troubled with fancies about witches?"

Featherstone laughed softly.

"Not so long as you have about platonic love, I judge, Gordon. At least I have not attempted to develop my fancies into a cult. Yes, I've read it. Decidedly clever sketch, but I'm sorry for you if you believe it."

Eugenia had come up and stood

listening as the men talked. At the first pause she turned to Aylmers:

"Shall you dance, Gordon?" she asked.

"No, you know I don't care for it."

"We must do something to break the monotony of this awful place. You won't refuse, I hope," she said with an appealing glance at Featherstone.

"Only too happy, if Gordon will permit," was the ready but half-sarcastic answer.

"Oh, don't mind me. I will go out and look for your wif-ees, Hugh."

"And we will discuss your theory of platonic love," replied Featherstone, leading his companion away where the strains of the violin were already calling the dancers.

It was very dark in the pines, now that he was beyond the lights from the hotel, and Aylmers started at finding some one crouching beside his path. Prossing forward, he was able to distinguish the form of a woman. She spoke to him tremulously, as if half-fearful of physical violence.

"Don't send me away, sir, please," she pleaded. "I don't mean no harm here."

By her voice he could tell she was one of the people of the region; a people who are crude, uncultivated, unschooled, but simple and kind, yet terrible when roused by passion.

"What are you doing here?" Aylmers asked the question not because he cared in the least, but because it seemed incumbent upon him to make some answer.

"I was waiting—to see him" when he comes out," the woman said, hesitatingly. "I saw him through the window, dancing, with his arm around that tall, dark, beautiful girl—"

She stopped suddenly, as if afraid she had said too much. There was an ominous note in her voice, as if it was not well for this nameless one that she had seen him with his arm about that other woman.

"You saw him dancing, eh? And with another girl? Then you mean your lover, I suppose? But how can that hurt you? You will have him all to yourself after awhile, won't you?" He spoke half-mockingly and his contemptuous note caught the woman's ear.

"I don't know why I should tell you," she answered, softly. "I know you are laughing at me. But I will, for I must tell some one. No—I shan't have him—after awhile, because he don't care for me. But he shan't have that other girl."

"My poor woman," said Aylmers, more gently than was his wont, "I don't know whom you are talking about, but if I did I should caution him to look out for you—especially on a dark night like this. And my advice to you is to go home and to bed."

"You don't know who I mean? Then—look!"

The woman seized his arm and pointed back toward the hotel, where in the sudden glare of light from an open door two figures were revealed in distinct silhouette.

Something in the attitude of the two, in the way the man bent toward his companion, and the intensity with which she appeared to listen to the words, stung Aylmers like a whip. He turned to the woman with renewed interest; he began to understand the passion that swayed her and to feel some kinship with her.

"What is he to you?" he asked.

"I know him and he is not like other men. He is kind and gentle—not rough and coarse."

"But you see, there is the other woman, the one he is with now." In spite of the hurt to himself he felt a malicious pleasure in adding to the woman's torment.

"What is she to me? That?"

Aylmers heard a twig snap quickly in her hands and shrugged his shoulders at the suggestiveness of the sound.

"Don't be rash, my good woman; it won't pay. And I don't matter very much if we don't get just what we want."

"Maybe not, to you."

The man laughed at this ready application of his philosophy.

"Well, I am going in," he said, "and it might spoil your chances if Featherstone saw us here together. Besides, this wind is too doleful."

"Much he'd care," she answered, "and I like the wind. It suits me to-night."

In the parlors an hour later the three drew together again.

"I have had a unique experience," Hugh, said Aylmers. "Out here in the pines I chanced on an admirer of yours, who had come out merely for the pleasure of watching you through the windows."

Featherstone tried to repress a look of annoyance as he answered:

"Bess Montrose I suppose. A poor girl here who seems to have taken a fancy to me. Why, I can't imagine."

Aylmers laughed easily.

"It was too dark out yonder to judge of her style or beauty," he said, "but I think a man would have his hands full who would undertake to curb her temper."

Eugenia rose and walked away from them to the end of the parlor, where the low windows led out upon the gallery. She paused there a moment and then lifting the sash stepped out into the night. At a little distance, beneath the trees, she could make out the form of a woman. She stepped down fearfully upon the carpet of soft pine needles.

"You are Bess Montrose," she said.

"Yes," answered the woman, briefly.

"Then tell me, and tell me truly, as one honest woman to another, what is he to you?"

In the intensity of her feeling Eugenia had seized Bess by the arm and brought their faces close together, so that she could only to whisper her last words. And it was in a whisper that Bess answered:

"He is mine—mine—mine!"

## "In the sight of God?"

"In the sight of God—yes," Eugenia touched her gently. "My poor girl," she said.

But less shrink from her and fled away into the night.

Featherstone was superintendent of the Lenoir mines, where they were digging black diamonds from the bowels of the earth. In the morning his work called him away early, and he left without having seen Eugenia again. At the mine there was some trouble with the machinery, and he did not return for some days. So Aylmers and Eugenia were left much to themselves for companionship.

There was more restraint between them now than there had been, and Aylmers thought Eugenia looked pale and troubled. As for himself, he was noticeably less self-possessed than usual, and less ready in conversation. Perhaps it was because neither felt bright enough to start new topics that the talk often went back to Aylmers's story.

"Perhaps my criticism was too severe," said Eugenia. "It may be best, after all, not to feel too strongly. One is safe then. I can see your meaning, as far as that."

"Yes, and we can see what the other extremes mean. That poor woman whom I found the other night is very unhappy. It is because she cares for Featherstone too much."

"Don't let us speak of her," interrupted Eugenia. And then in self-contradiction she continued:

"But she is not to blame. She has not been educated to our superior plane. She has not learned that the emotions are out of date."

She spoke with a forced rapidity and lightness of tone that caused Aylmers to look at her in surprise.

"Sometimes I think I do not understand you, Eugenia," he said, "but yet I want to."

He looked about the room to see if there was any danger that he would be overheard, and then went on in an even, careful tone.

"I want to understand you," he repeated. "I wish that we might understand each other. I care very much for you. If you will trust yourself to me I shall try to keep you happy."

"And safe," she added, as if prompting him to a word he had forgotten.

"Yes, and safe," he repeated without noticing her manner.

"Which means," she said, adopting his own even monotone, "that you wish me to be your wife."

"Certainly," said Aylmers; "what else could it mean?"

"Very well," she answered; "then I will be Mrs. Gordon Aylmers. I think I shall like the name."

At the approach of spring Aylmers and Eugenia decided to be married before their return to the North. There was a quiet wedding at the hotel, and Featherstone was among the guests. When he congratulated the bride he whispered something in her ear that made her turn pale. But she answered him with careful distinctness.

"You forget that I know Bess Montrose."

In the throng that surrounded them as they went to the train Bess Montrose crept close to Eugenia.

"I lied to you that night," she said. "I thought I would tell you. But if you had not given him up I would have done with you like—that." And again she broke a twig sharply in her hands.

When Aylmers and his wife had gone, Featherstone mounted his horse and rode gloomily toward the mines. On the road he came upon Bess. She made a gesture as though she would stop him.

"Out of my way!" he cried with an oath. "You have already done me harm enough. Let me never see your face again."

When he had gone on a little way he drew rein suddenly, turned and rode back to where the woman still waited.

"Bess," he said, "how much do you care for me?"

The woman laughed drearily.

"Don't you know? I've lied to keep you here. I've sold my soul to the devil to drive her away."

Featherstone looked at her closely. She was not uncomely, albeit ill-dressed and showing the unmistakable marks of toil and poverty.

Hugh reached down and took her hand.

"Come, Bess," he said gently, "let us go to the parson. Perhaps this is best after all. Neither of us is platonic."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Called Down.

Young Snoberly is very anxious to create the impression that he is "a don" at French. A few evenings ago, at the clubroom, he took a French comicpaper, and for half an hour he pretended to be absorbed in its contents. Every once in a while he would smile feebly, as if he had been carried away by the jokes, and say, smilingly, "Bon, tres bon."

There were several gentlemen at the adjoining table who had been noticing Snoberly's antics. At last one of them said:

"See that Snoberly over there pretending to read that French paper? I am certain that he does not understand French. He is just doing that to impress the people with his knowledge as a linguist."

"I suppose he must understand French," replied one of the party.

"I'll bet a bottle of wine that he doesn't, and I'll prove it."

"I'll take the bet."

The gentleman who had made the bet walked quietly over to Snoberly, and said, "Monsieur, quelle heure est il?" ("What o'clock is it, sir?")

Young Snoberly smiled a Parisian smile, and gracefully handed over the paper!

The only time the woman folk do not say "Don't" to a boy is when he sneaks off to bed early.

## PERIL IN EASING PAIN.

Many Women Become Slaves to Drugs and Wake Up Too Late.

A review of the statistics of a noted scientific medical cure discloses the appalling fact that a large percentage of the patients applying for treatment are women. Further inquiry by the Boston Transcript shows that housekeepers and those employed in various branches of labor constitute a great number of these unfortunate beings, whose lives are wrecked by continuous indulgence in narcotics. Those who have spent years in studying this subject agree that the victims in nearly every case have begun with drugs, merely to ease a temporary pain and have realized when it was too late that the habit had become established. A farmer's wife finds herself a sufferer from periodical sick headaches; a society woman on the verge of nervous collapse; a brain worker unequal to the task she has undertaken. A small dose of morphia, a third of a grain of quinine, a drink of alcohol in one of the many forms, even to Florida water and perfume, is a quick but dangerous stimulant. The next day, at the same hour, the same remedy is at hand, and before many weeks the victim is chained to the habit. This is particularly true of the drugs, which have none of the social temptations of liquor drinking. There is no pleasure in taking drugs, and those who continue to do so confess, when cured, the horrible, indescribable agony, both mental and physical, of attempts to do without it. Three grains of morphia are generally considered a fatal dose, yet many women who apply for treatment are taking enough every day to kill fifty persons.

One of the most distressing phases of the drug habit is its effect on the moral sense of its victim. Investigators are authority for the statement that women—and of course men as well—are absolutely untruthful even regarding the most trivial affairs, when they have acquired the habit. In this particular, opium is much more to be dreaded than liquor. The intensity of the craving is most horrible to witness, as was shown by a recent instance. A woman was arrested on some minor charge and locked up. She sent a friend to bring her her accustomed dose of opium. Instead of removing the cork, which would have taken but an instant, she clutched the bottle tightly between her hands and tossed broken glass and powder into her mouth. Then her calmness returned. Those who know confirmed opium eaters believe they would walk barefooted over live coals or face any horrors for the sake of appeasing their craving. So saturated does the body become after years of opium eating that its crystals exude through the skin and about the joints. Those who use the hypodermic needle are enabled to take much larger quantities than by swallowing the powder. The desire for any of these drugs and also for liquor is periodical, and the scientific cure, which has proved so successful, combats this regular swing of the nervous pendulum by rhythmical treatment.

Great Battles.

Without doubt of all the battles recorded in modern history the longest and sternest, as well as one in which most men were engaged, was the memorable battle of Leipzig Oct. 16, 18, and 19, 1813, called by the Germans the battle of the nations. The number of troops engaged is variously stated by different writers at from 138,000 to 190,000 on the side of Napoleon I and from 230,000 to 290,000 on that of the allies under Prince Schwartzberg, Blucher, and Bernadotte. In this awful battle the slain on both sides amounted to 60,000 and thousands of the wounded lay for days around the city. In the battle of Koenigsgratz, or Sadowa, July 3, 1866, fought during the "seven weeks' war," the allied Austrian and Saxon troops engaged amounted to about 200,000 men, while the Prussians, under their king, mustered, in round numbers, 260,000 combatants. The total loss of the Austrians, etc., amounted to about 40,000 men, while that of the Prussians was 10,000.

If we go back to the meles of ancient days we find it stated that at one fought at Tours in 732 between the Franks and the Saracens from 350,000 to 375,000 men were killed on the field. This would of course mean that many more men were engaged than at Leipzig. In a battle mentioned in II Chronicles between Asa, King of Judah, and Zerah, King of Ethiopia, we are told that the former had an army of a thousand thousand, or 1,000,000. Canon Rawlinson observes that this statement does not exceed the numbers of other oriental armies. Darius Codomanus brought into the field a force of 1,000,000 men near Arbela, where he was finally defeated by Alexander the Great, 331 B. C. Xerxes, too, as Prof. Rawlinson says, crossed into Greece with certainly above 1,000,000 combatants, and Artaxerxes Memnon collected 1,200,000 to meet the attack of the younger Cyrus.

The Walter's Mistake.

The waiter is the one imperturbable being on the face of the earth. No order can move him. He would probably look serenely unconscious of any incongruity in a breakfast order of black coffee and cheese or a dinner of oatmeal and milk. The other evening, says the New York World, he indicted anew his right to be considered the one impressive individual on earth.

They had eaten a leisurely dinner of several courses, and had finally come to the coffee. They ordered it and then she slipped that she thought she'd like some Delaware crabs.

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The waiter bowed and withdrew. In the course of time he returned with the coffee, but the grapes did not appear. After about twenty minutes, however, he entered the dining room, bearing a large platter, which he laid before them. They looked at it and at each other. Then they looked at the waiter.

"Beg pardon," said he. "An't everything all right?"

"Those," gasped the young woman, pointing to the platter, "are not Delaware grapes."

"Delaware grapes!" echoed the waiter. Then he lifted the platter again.

"Beg pardon," he said. "I understood you to order deviled crabs."

Porterhouse and Tenderloin.

A carcass of beef is cut into nineteen pieces. All the pieces and the names are in the dictionary. Look at the list, and you will find the names "tenderloin" and "porterhouse"—

two names that the inexperienced buyer has always on his lips. The porterhouse is a delusion and a snare in a vast majority of cases. The tenderloin is the thick part of the sirloin after a few round bone steaks have been cut out, and is called the filet de boeuf. It takes a choice piece for roasting, but if not sold in a lump is cut into sirloin steaks of three grades. The first and second grades are technically "hip sirloin steak" and "fat bone sirloin steak." These are the steaks that the young housewife pays extra for. There are not over a x of each kind in one carcass, so the chance are that she pays her good money for a third cut, or "round bone sirloin," which is in itself a capital steak.

Porterhouse steaks are cut from the small end sirloin steak, and one carcass contains but a few of the. Ingenious but hers understand the knack of cutting the small end sirloin so as to include other portions of the beef, thus enabling them to sell both at porterhouse prices.

Good beef has a juicy, sappy appearance, with a fine, smooth grain, which is easily noticed. The fat, both outside and through the muscles, presents a clear, straw-colored appearance. The flesh is a rich, healthy red. When the meat rises quickly after being pressed it may be considered prime. When the dent made by pressing rises slowly or not at all, depending upon it the beef is poor.

## Faithful to His Trust.

Into the City Dispensary recently was brought a man on a stretcher. He was battered and bruised and unconscious. He had been knocked from a bridge to the ground below. He was a strong, rugged-looking man. The doctors laid him on the operating table to examine him. They felt his chest and his ribs, says the Indianapolis News, his arms and legs, and carefully went over his head, taking stock, as it were of the broken bones. He was seriously injured, and it was a question in the minds of the doctors as to whether he could recover. When he began to come to his senses he gasped for breath and coughed in a dry, hard way that made the doctors fear an internal hemorrhage. They would not have been surprised to see him give up the struggle.

"He's trying to say something," said one of the physicians. They gathered around him, waiting. The expression on the wounded man's face was full of anxiety, and he seemed to be trying hard to say something important.

"Give him a stimulant," suggested one of the doctors. A glass of whisky was brought and placed to his lips. He drank it all with an evident effort, and between the coughs he gasped out: "I—wish—you'd—tell—my—wife—that—the—best—ford—dinner's—in—my—coat—pocket."

Then he fell back on the table and was carried in an unconscious state to his home.

"Faithful to his wife's last commission," was the doctor's tender comment.

## Oldest Scythe in the World.

Quietly reposing on one of the many well-filled shelves in Filinders Petre's private museum in London is an ancient agricultural implement, which throws much light on the art of husbandry as practiced by the prehistoric Egyptians. This antique farming tool is a wooden scythe blade, which was found securely imbedded in the mortar of one of the oldest tombs of the Valley of the Lower Nile. The shaft of the instrument, as already stated, is of wood of some unknown species, the edge being carefully set with a row of flints so as to present their jagged edges in a manner not unlike that exhibited by the teeth of a saw. These flint teeth are of uniform size, the base of each being fashioned so as to fit the curve of the wooden blade, as one would naturally suppose, but are each firmly cemented in place, the material being of such excellent composition, and the workmanship of such superior quality, that after a lapse of time closely approximating 5,000 years they appear as sound and perfect as when first taken shield by their original owner.

—St. Louis Republic.

## Answered.

The superintendent of a Sunday school was one afternoon explaining to his scholars the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal: how Elijah built an altar, put wood upon it, and cut a bullock in pieces, and laid it on the altar.

"And then," said the superintendent, "he commanded the people to fill four barrels with water, and to pour it over the altar; and they did this four times. Now I wonder if any boy or girl can tell me why all this water was poured over the bullock upon the altar."

There was silence for a few moments, when one little boy spoke up:

"Please, sir, to make the gravy."

—National Express.

## FOOLS THE CONFIDENCE.

How a Outland-Looking Traveler Hoodwinked the Monte Steamer.

There is a growing fashion traveling men to attach to satchels and valises those well-little straps fastening to the of the baggage a small leather into which is slipped a card by the owner's name. As a traveler walks along the street carrying baggage thus tagged it is often to read his name by walking a ment at his side and glancing at tag.

The confidence men and steers have not been slow to cover that fact, and they not quently in this way learn the name of their intended victim, put the assistance of the usual federate, whose business it is to the victim's name and place of fence.

I have a friend who travels a deal, but whose appearance of a less and child-like innocence at the bunko man as sugar at flies. He has become accustomed them now. They never dupe, but their attentions sometimes a him.

He drifted into the city again long ago, and as he laid his satchel upon the hotel desk it was surprised to see that it bore one of the leather tags containing the card "Mr. Jabez L. Simonds."

Jabez L. Simonds was not my friend name, and I laughingly said to "What's this mean? I'll bet you swapped baggage on the train."

My friend smiled, winked slightly the hotel clerk, and said mysteriously: "No, I haven't. That's satchel, but it isn't my name. Outside with me after a while. I'll show you how it works, if have my usual luck."

We went accordingly, and friend carried the satchel with him. He had his "usual luck," and I now "it worked." We had walked three blocks from the Gr Union Hotel when a dapper little low came up behind us. I didn't notice that he even glanced at satchel, but he must have done so course. He walked up briskly enough to pass us, then, turning, held out his hand, effusively greeted his friend as "Mr. Simonds," and starting in on the same old but formula, when my friend nudged and interrupted him—

"Glad to see you, Johnnie," said. "My name isn't Jabez Simonds, and I'm not so green as look. I just keep that tag on baggage for the sake of chaps of y kind, who are so fond of recognizi old friends. Good day, Johnnie; be you're not offended."

"I like to do it," he explained me as we started back toward t hotel. "It's just a pad of mine."

## Among the Spaniards.

In Catalonia you are constantly minded, among the women, of a comely type of Provence. Straight well-balanced women, with bright eager glances, so different from other Spaniards of their sex; a beautiful, but alert, easy carriage, healthy, and blithful workers, at times surprisingly free of the noticeable degradation of the mouth which is characteristic of a people decay. Not so attractive as the pleasant Provencale, of a surety, but with something of her square brow and look of diminished Roman.

The men are rougher and plainer and, while both sexes gesticulate are voluble enough, they possess a little of true Provencal effervescence as they do of Castilian courtesy as charm. Good nature the women of as apology for brains, but the middle and lower class male is frankly ex crable.

The very dialect he speaks a writes is so hideous to the sight