

### BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me! What will the mother do, With never a call to button or pin, Or tie a little shoe? How can she keep herself busy all day, With the little hindering thing away?

Another basket to fill with lunch, Another "good-bye" to say, And mother stands at the door to see Her baby march away; And turns with a sigh that is half relief And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn, When the children, one by one, Will go from their homes to the distant world, To battle with life alone, And not even baby be left to cheer The scattered home of that future year.

She picks up the garments here and there, Thrown down in careless haste, And tries to think how it would seem If nothing were displaced. If the house were always as still as this, How could she bear the loneliness?

### MOTHER LOVE.

The flaming red of the evening sky was paling into violet shadows. Night came upon the earth, over the little village, and the lonely house near its borders.

Dark shadows crept into the low, old-fashioned windows. They painted the whitewashed ceiling a somber black, and filled with gloom the narrow angles of a room in which an old woman sat bending over her knitting.

Not a sound was heard save the monotonous click, click of the needles, and now the whirr of the clock just before the striking of the hour.

"Eight o'clock! It is night. Before long he will be here."

A sigh relieved the breast of the gray-haired woman. She pushed aside her knitting and set the smoky little lamp going. This she placed near the window that the light might greet the wanderer on his home-coming, and then took up her knitting again.

Three years had gone by. It was autumn now, and the old woman sat in the self-same place near the big warm stove, waiting for the return of her only son. Yesterday he had been released from the army at the expiration of his term of service. But the



WITH A BOUND THE MAN KNELT AT HER FEET.

night passed, and then a day and another night, and still her son came not. Almost a week went by, full of tedious waiting. One day at noon the postman rode up to the little house in the meadow.

"A letter, Mother Kathrine, a letter from your 'only one'!" he cried. He recognized the stiff, ungainly characters of the absent peasant lad.

Mother Kathrine fortified her eyes with her old horn spectacles and hobbled with her letter into the broad strip of the noonday sun that came streaming through the small window. The wrinkled hands trembled, as she broke the seal. Is he coming home at last? No, not yet!

On the worn-out bench the old woman dropped, clutching the letter which was soon soaked with the tears that rained from her poor old eyes.

No, her lad was not coming! He may never come again. He was locked up in a prison cell because he had killed a man in a drunken brawl.

"Mother," he wrote, "I am innocent. I don't know how it happened."

Yes, she knew. First a boy's rejoicing, because he was free to go home, then a spell in the tavern over the wine cup—a quarrel, insulting remarks, fierce, angry blows, a knife, and then, murder. Yes, she knew!

Three more years to wait! At the end of that time his sentence would have expired. The trembling lips never complained. The wrinkled hands resolutely wiped away the tears. Mother Kathrine arose, put on her Sunday bonnet and her friendless men, and went to see her relations in the village.

She told them, hesitatingly at first, and then glibly enough, that Jano, her only son, had shipped as a sailor on a big man-of-war and was making a trip around the world. The relations listened to her tale with astonishment, and praised the lad's courage. Soon the whole village knew it. The women came and congratulated her, and she, simple woman, turned dissembler in her old days for the love of her son.

Mother love must shield him from disgrace. The villagers must never know that Jano was a murderer. No, nor Katha, his sweetheart, who loved him and had been true to him, counting the days till his return.

In the night, when the villagers slept, Mother Kathrine sat weeping before her Bible, and prayed for Jano, her only son. Another care presented itself to the ever-thoughtful mother heart. Jano must have new clothes when he returns, and money—his savings from his long journey. And she began to save and save to pile up a little store of silver. Like most women of her age, Mother Kathrine was fond of the sugar in her coffee, but from now on she drank it unweetened. All day and half the night she knitted socks for a large concern in the city, and every week she carried the humble product

of her industry to the store for the small, hard-earned pay. Nobody ever saw Mother Kathrine at these things, for nobody must ever know, for Jano's sake.

Thus, the time sped by. Three years—and this was the day that would bring him home. The old woman opened the cupboard and took from within a package of warm, woolen socks, a knitted kersey, a pair of new boots, and a large silk neckerchief. These things she laid out on the white pine table. From under the pillow of her bed she added a coarse linen bag, such as sailors carry, filled with clinking coin. Thirty silver dollars! The little fortune had grown apace, and



"WHAT IN GOD'S NAME DO YOU WANT HERE?"

Mother Kathrine chuckled with glee whenever she thought of her boy's surprise.

Bread and ham, sausage and butter, and a mug of cider made the old pine board look like a Christmas table. Everything was in readiness—Jano could come! On the bench by the stove she sat waiting, straining the half-deaf ears to catch the sound of his footsteps. It came. The door opened slowly. As if stricken with palsy, the faithful old mother sat glued to her seat. The tall form of a man, stooping as he entered, stood in the moonlight that came within him through the door. Two dark eyes looked into hers out of a white set face.

The mother's arms opened wide.

"Jano!"

With a bound the man knelt at her feet and buried his head in her lap. Jano, her only son, had returned!

Mother love had banished the penitentiary specter. The villagers welcomed him cordially. The lads who had grown up with him took him to the tavern, and demanded that he tell them of the strange sights he had seen during his long absence. Jano related what he had heard others say, and what he had read in books. It was like gospel truth to the young men, who had never been twenty miles away from their village. After the first days of greeting Jano hired out as a farm hand and worked untriflingly. In the evening Katha, his sweetheart, came to the little house, and the three sat together and made plans for the future, when Katha and Jano would be man and wife. Soon Jano forgot the ugly past. It seemed like a dream that had nigh wearied Mother Kathrine and her son to death.

One sultry afternoon Jano came along the dusty turnpike with his rake over his shoulder. Toward him trundled the bent and ragged figure of a man. A tramp, thought Jano, then stopped suddenly, pale as death. The beggar, too, made halt, when he saw Jano.

"Halloo!" cried he, with a sneer, "my mate from No. 7. Don't you know me? Lanky Jake, your old cell-mate?"

"Where in God's name do you want here?" stammered Jano.

The beggar laughed. "Picking up what I can get—don't you see?"

Jano put his hand in his pocket and took out a dollar.

"Take that," he said, "and go away. Don't go to the village, and don't tell anyone that you know me!"

The ex-convict pocketed his coin.

"Ashamed to know me, hey?"

"Not that," said Jano, with a shudder. "But they don't know here that I've been in prison. I'm leading an honest life."

"I'd like to do that myself. Have no fear, I'll not tell 'em. You were good to me in those days!"

He laughed and hobbled away. Jano stood still and looked after him till he disappeared from view.

"The storm has passed," thought Jano and hurried home.

He had scarcely turned when a good-



"WAIT OUTSIDE UNTIL WE BREAK THE NEWS TO HER."

looking young peasant, who had watched the scene between the two, emerged from behind a clicket and hastened after the tramp.

That night in the tavern over glass upon glass of fiery wine and silver coins piled up to the height of five, the handsome young farmer learned from the tramp Jano's secret. He was Jano's rival for the love of Katha, the prettiest girl in the village. The next evening Jano, as was his wont, hastened to Katha at the end of his day's labor, to bring her to his home for the chat under the apple tree, and the walk back through the blooming fields. This night Jano looked into a pale, distress-

ed face, and eyes, frantic with fear, were riveted upon him.

"Katha!" he said. "You are crying. What troubles you?" Katha buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

"Katha, tell me, your lover!" He lifted the hands from her face.

"Jano," faltered the trembling lips, "by our love, tell me, is it true, that you have not been around the world, but have been in prison the while?"

Jano was horrified. "Katha—who told you?"

The girl paid no heed to his question. "Is it true Jano?" she reiterated.

"Yes!"

From the finger of her right hand Katha took the little gold band with which she had pledged her troth to him. She threw it at his feet and left him.

"Katha!" Jano did not rave. The blow stunned him and the loss of the girl seemed small when he thought of his mother.

"Poor mother! You have hungered, and tortured, and stunted yourself for nothing. To-morrow everyone will yell it into your face that your son is an ex-convict, and your old days will be filled with shame and misery. Poor mother!"

The night was unusually dark, not even the stars came out. The crickets chirruped in the corn to lighten the gloom. The splash of the river was very sad, and from away off there came a shrill cry of anguish.

In the dawn of the early morning a little procession wended its way toward the village. Two men carried a stretcher, over which a black cloth was thrown, outlining a human form. Behind the bier strode the miller and the justice.

"I don't know how he got into the mill pond, but when we found him he was stone dead. He must have come down with the current in the river."

"I wonder," said the justice.

"I'm sorry for the old woman," continued the miller. "To be taken from her like this, after waiting so many years for him!"

"Yes, poor old Mother Kathrine!" reiterated the justice.

They reached the little house. "Wait outside," said the justice, "till we break the news to her!"

The sun was on its upward way. The sky was aflame with red. Its reflex licked the tiny windows, and over the face of old Mother Kathrine, who sat with folded hands in her armchair. The small white head inclined upon the breast. A sweet, peaceful smile hovered around the pale lips, only the wide-open eyes were glassy and set.

She had been spared the blow.

### Did Not Hold His Peace.

I attended a mountain wedding in McDowell County in West Virginia, said a postoffice inspector. Everything went along smoothly at first. The cabin was brilliantly lighted with candles, and one of the best fiddlers in the county was present to furnish music for the dance to follow the wedding ceremony. Nothing occurred to mar the proceedings until the minister came to the point where he invited any one who had anything to say why the couple should not enter the bonds of matrimony to speak or thereafter hold his peace, when a rough mountaineer arose and said:

"Anything ter say, parson? Waal, I reckon I hev. I hev allus intended ter marry that gal myself, an' the feller knowed it, so he jess kept outen my way. I sent 'im word ter prepare for a lickin', an' he lef the country, but kep' a writin' to the gal. Now, I'm here to make my word good, an' fore this hyar even goes any farther the taller-faced coward jess has me ter fight."

In vain the preacher tried to restore order. A ring was soon squared in the center of the room, and the men went at it. In about ten minutes the groom announced that he had enough, and the victor, taking the arm of the blushing bride, deliberately changed the groom's name in the marriage license to his own, while the vanquished lover made his escape. Everybody appeared to be satisfied, and the marriage took place as though nothing had occurred to mar the solemnity of the occasion.

Jenny Lind's Last Appearance.

The last time Jenny Lind sang in public was on July 23, 1853, in the Spa, Malvern Hills, England, writes Mrs. Raymond Maude, daughter of the "Swedish Nightingale," in the Ladies' Home Journal. The concert was in aid of the Railway Servants' Benevolent Fund, and indeed was a red-letter day to the country folk who came from all the country round with the modest eighteen-pence which secured them standing-room. On one of my walks, during the last sad week I helped to nurse her, I found an old woman in a remote cottage who eagerly asked for the 'good lady who was so ill up there.' Upon finding who I was she assured me that it would have been worth even more sitting and a further walk to have had such a treat in her old age as that singing."

Lived in Goat-Hair Tents.

Rupahu, a district on the north slope of the Himalayas, 15,000 feet above the sea level, and surrounded by mountains from 3,000 to 5,000 feet higher, has a permanent population of 500 persons who live in goat-hair tents all the year round. Water freezes there every night, but no snow falls on account of the dryness of the air. The people are shepherds and dress in pajamas and a long cloak, wearing an additional cloak in unusually cold weather.

Not So Slow.

Menelik's capital will soon have all the attractions of Paris. The Nagus has ordered from a Meiningen artist a panorama of the defeat of the Italians.

A woman does not care how cold she is, if only she doesn't look frozen.

# THE FAMILY STORY

## TWO RINGS.

"Carson," I said, involuntarily, stooping to knock the ash from my cigar, "perhaps I ought not to ask, although I have known you for nearly three years, but is it usual for a wife to wear two wedding rings?"

Dead silence. He had just lowered his violin, after a very soft solo—for it was considerable past midnight when I ventured that curious question.

There had been an evening party, and, as I was to stay at the house till morning, Carson's wife had said "Good night," and left us to finish our inevitable smoke and talk. His mouth twitched a little, but it was some time before he returned in a low tone:

"Is it usual for a man well under 40 to have hair as white as mine?"

"Well, perhaps not—but I thought you attributed that to some shock or other. What has that to do with—the two rings?"

"Everything." He listened at the door for a moment, turned down the lights, and then came and sat down, spreading his hands over the fire.

"Two rings? Exactly, one is the ring I put on her finger when I married her; the second was put there by another man—and will stay there as long as the first."

"Never mind now," I said. His voice had trailed off huskily. "I had no idea there was any tragic element behind the fact."

"Tragic? Heavens! It was more than that, Arthur," he whispered, turning up a drawn face.

"I never meant to touch you, but when you spoke it came back with a rush as vivid as if I had been standing at the mouth of the old north shaft again. And that was six years ago."

"You've heard me speak, at least, of the mine itself—the Langley mine, in Derbyshire. I had only been assistant surveyor at the pits there for about nine months when it happened."

"At 9 o'clock that morning, Arthur, three of us stepped into the cage—old Jim Halliday, the foreman, his son Jim, and myself; the men had gone down an hour before."

"I shall never forget that young Jim's sweetheart had walked over to the pit with him, as she occasionally did."

"They were to be married in a week or two, and she—and she had on her finger the ring he had bought in Derby the day before—just for safety's sake, or perhaps out of womanly pride."

"I recollect that of womanly pride. The clanked and the winter sunshine was disappearing overhead, he shouted out a third 'Good-by' to her—little dreaming that it was to be good-by. Little enough old Halliday and I thought that days would elapse before we emerged into God's sunlight again!"

"A new vein had been bored the year before, and then abandoned because it ran in the direction of the river. We three had had instructions to widen it for a space of 500 yards—a piece of work that had occupied us nearly a month."

"Old Jim picked and young Jim wheeled the coal away to the nearest gallery, from where it was carried over rails to the bottom of the main shaft."

"Well, by 4 o'clock that afternoon we calculated roughly that we had reached the limit laid down."

"I think it's as near as possible, Mr. Carson," old Halliday said. "Jim, give another count, we don't want the water coming in."

"Jim went back. We could hear him singing out the paces in his tight, hoarse fashion as he returned, his voice echoing through the long galleries. Two-sixty-nine—two-seventy—two-seventy-four. It'll allow a full twenty yet, I reckon."

"He had just finished his count when—but there, no, that could properly describe it. It was something one had to realize for himself before he could understand a bare half of the sudden terror that whirled our lips and seemed to bring our hearts to a standstill."

"There was a rumbling in one of the distant galleries, and a sickening tremble of the ground underneath us; then—the most paralyzing sound, I do believe, that is to be heard in this world."

"How or why it happened is something to be placed among the host of unsolved mysteries; but there was one grinding, agonizing roar, as though the earth had split in two pieces."

"Before we could stir hand or foot to save ourselves, before we could even talk—in that an explosion had occurred while we were guarding against another sort of danger, down thundered a mass of coal, tons upon tons of it, that blocked up the only passage leading to the shaft."

"It just reached young Jim; standing where he did, he was struck down—we heard his screech stifled beneath the debris. For about five more seconds the earth seemed to be heaving and threatening universal chaos; then all became still as a tomb."

"A tomb! We had our lamps, old Jim and I looked, and saw that we were cut off from the rest of the world."

"What happened next, I hardly know; I was stupefied with the shock, sick with a mortal fear of death. He and I stood staring mutely at each other. The one thing I recollect is that his face was gray as marble, and that a line of froth stood on his lips."

"He was the first to come back to sense. He gave one choking cry of 'Jim!' The boy's hand was sticking out from the bottom of it, clutching convulsively at nothing. I sat down and watched, in a sort of dreary fascination, as old Jim, uttering strange cries, tore at the mass in a mad frenzy. God help him! Jim was the only thing he had in the world to love. In less than five minutes he had dragged him out, and sat down to hug him in his arms."

"Dead? No; he could just open his poor dust-filled eyes in answer to his father's whispers; but we knew at once that he would never again make the galleries echo his piercing whistle."

"For whole hours, I suppose, neither of us attempted to realize our situation. We sat on in the dead silence, waiting for something to happen."

"Once or twice we saw young Jim's blackened lips move feebly, and each time his father would mutter brokenly, 'Ay, my precious boy, we'll look after her!'"

"Once the old man broke out, quivering, into the hymn, 'Abide with Me!' but he got no further than the third line. That, perhaps, was about 8 o'clock, but we could keep no count of the time, as my watch had stopped."

"Hour after hour must have gone by, and still old Jim sat, with rigid face and staring eyes, clasping his burden. In all probability it was morning above ground before at last he spoke."

"How long can we hold out, Mr. Carson? I'm feared to go. I've been a goddess man all my time!"

"That aroused me. I examined our position carefully. The passage was about eight yards wide at this point, and measured about twenty paces from the end to where that solid wall of coal blocked our path to the outer world. As the bore ran level with the foot of the north shaft, we were about forty feet below the clear surface. We had no food, and our lamps would burn, say, another five or six hours; while the breathing air, hot and gaseous already, would probably become unendurable before the evening came. That was our situation, and let any man conceive a worse, if he can. One slender chance of escape at the best left; perhaps the entire passage was not blocked, and we might force our way to the main gallery. I was not afraid of death in the way that it comes to most people, but I was afraid to meet and struggle with it there. We sprang to the task, wild at the thought that these few hours of stupor might have made all the difference."

"You can guess what happened, and why, after a long spell of fighting to break through that horrible wall, old Jim threw himself down with a groan and refused to go on."

"As fast as we loosened one mass, another crashed down in its place; at the end of our desperate attempt we were half choked and blinded with dust, our hands were raw and we had made scarce any headway."

"Barely, too, had we given up the work as hopeless when my lamp flickered out; half an hour later old Jim's followed suit."

"Total oblivion! As I sat and contemplated our fate, a faintness of mingled hunger and despair crept over me. Young Jim, quite still, was propped up against the wall close by."

"Within a few feet of me sat his father; at times he would start up and shriek out in nameless terror—at others he would catch up his pick and hack at the walls with the fury of a maniac. And worse was to come."

"I think I must have fainted. I do not seem to recollect any more until the moment when I became conscious of my mate's hard breathing over me, and of the fact that his hand was feeling—or, so it seemed—for my throat. I dashed away, panting under the shock of this new horror."

"Jim," I gasped, "for heaven's sake, keep sane! If we're to go, let us die like men!"

"No answer; I heard him crawling away, and that was all. The dead silence was only broken by a faint trickling sound. Trickling!"

"Yes; I put my hand to the level, and found half an inch of water—and hotter and more stifling grew the atmosphere. Praying hard to myself, I realized now that, should no help come, only a few hours could live betwixt us and the end. And then—old Jim might go first, and I should be left. Nay, I was already practically alone; the fear that was slowly whitening my hair and turned old Jim's brain."

"He suddenly sent up a peal of delirious laughter. 'Water! Who says water? Why, mates, I'm swimming in it! Here's a go!'"

"Presently he began creeping round to find me. I could hear him coming, by his labored respiration, and awishing of the ooze as he moved."

"Round and round the space we went stealthily, until at last he made a cunning rush and caught me by the ankle. 'Got him!' He yelled it with a glee that was unmistakable."

"More words could never convey the sensation of that moment. Half suffocated, past all ordinary fear, I closed with my poor old mate, and we went staggering to and fro across our prison, until at last I managed to throw him so that his head struck heavily against the wall."

"After that he lay quite still. I be-

lieved at the time that I had killed him, but we knew afterward that it was that blow which preserved his reason.

"The rest can be told in a few words. After that I lay there like one in a dream, while the pestilential air slowly did its work."

"Sometimes I fancied I could feel cool breezes blowing down on me, and at others heard some one telling me to 'wake up' for the whistle had sounded at the pits."

"How long I lay so, I can only conjecture. I really knew nothing more until I was roused by the sound of that coal barrier crashing down before the picks and spades of a dozen rescuers, and the hubbub from a dozen throats as they broke into our tomb."

"Only just time. Old Jim's face was only just out of the water, and they said that no human being could have lived in that atmosphere for another two hours. And young Jim?—well, there was just enough life left in him to last three days."

"Till the end of that third day, I kept to my bed; and then they sent to say that he was going, but that he wished to see me first. I reached the house in time to catch his last whisper."

"You—you'll take her, mate! Marry her—no one else! Only—only, you'll let my ring stay there. Promise—me—that."

"What could I do but promise? I had no thought then of marrying his sweetheart—but it was his dying wish, and for years Jim and I had been like brothers."

"Just a year later I asked her if there was any room in her heart for me, and—and—well, that's enough. Now you know why my wife wears two wedding rings."—Saturday Evening Post.

### When Grant Visited Japan.

There was no pageant in General Grant's journey round the world more imposing than the reception given by the Mikado at Japan's capital," writes John Russell Young in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The United States steamer 'Richmond,' bearing General Grant and his party, steamed into Yokohama, the harbor of Tokyo, escorted by the 'Ashuelot' and a Japanese man-of-war, on July 3, 1879. There was assembled a fleet of war ships of other powers. At noon the Admiral's barge, flying General Grant's flag as ex-President, and conveying the General and his wife, Prince Dati, Minister Bingham and Minister Yoshida, slowly pushed for the shore, and on the instant every naval vessel manned yards and fired the American national salute. The day was as beautiful as days of which we dream—a blue, cloudless sky, a soothing, lapping sea. The sudden transformation from this sleepy, lazy, silent summer day, into the turbulence and danger of war; the roar of cannon, the music—every band playing an American air—the manned yards, the officers on deck in full dress and saluting the barge as it passed, the cheers of the multitude thronging the shore, the fantastic day fireworks, the cannon smoke banking into clouds, the barges moving with slow, steady stroke, all formed a brilliant and extraordinary scene."

As the Admiralty steps were approached there in waiting stood the Imperial Princes, the Ministers and the high officials of the realm, in the splendor of their rank and station. As the General stepped on shore the Japanese guns thundered their greeting, the bands played 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and Mr. Iwakura, the venerable Prime Minister, advanced, and, taking the General's hand, in the name of the Emperor welcomed him to Japan. Reaching Tokyo after an hour in the train, the city authorities met us with an address, and the Mikado's state carriage, through a continuous, double line of infantry standing at 'present,' conveyed the General to the Imperial Palace of Enrokwan."

### Different Names for Waves.

They have curiously different names for waves about the coast of Great Britain. The Peterhead folk call the large breakers that fall with a crash on the beach by the grim name of "Norra" (Norway) carpenter." On the low Lincolnshire coast, as on the southwest Atlantic fronting shore of these islands, the gradually long unbroken waves are known as "rollers." Among East Anglians a heavy surf, tumbling in with an offshore wind, or in a calm, is called by the expressive name of a "skog" while a well-marked swell, rolling in independently of any blowing, is called a "home." "There is no wind," a Suffolk fisherman will say, "but a nasty home on the beach." Suffolk men also speak of the "bark" of the surf, and a sea covered with foam is spoken of as "feather white." The foam itself is known as "spoon drift." So, in the vernacular, we have it: "The sea was all a feather white with spoon drift."—New York Marine Journal.

### Strange, Indeed.

On the battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir an Irish doctor named O'Reilly was attending to the wounds of the British soldiers.

A young guardsman doing active service for the first time had got a sword cut on his arm—what an old soldier would call a scratch.

Tommy Atkins was crying out: "Oh, doctor, my arm! I shall die!" Dr. O'Reilly, getting tired of his moaning, called out:

"Be aisy wid yer noise, now sure, ye're makin' more noise than that poor feller down there wid his head cut off."

### Japan's Navy.

Japan is going to spend \$40,000,000 in putting twelve young Japanese students through a three years' course of study of naval architecture and marine engineering in England. They will work as gentlemen apprentices with the great shipbuilding firms.

As you grow older, strawberries taste more watery.