

# A HOME HEROINE

EDWARD LESLIE kissed his wife fondly when she ran to the door to welcome him home from business, but when he reached their cosy kitchen he dropped wearily into the easy chair by the fire and rested his head upon his hand. He was tired after a long day's work, with nothing but a couple of buns to stay the inner man—and worried. They had been married now nearly twelve months, and they found house-keeping more expensive than they had anticipated, and the better times they had hoped for seemed as far off as ever. It was nearly the end of the month, too, and the rent would soon be due. The coal, also, had yet to be paid for, and then there was the interest on some "tickets" which must be paid, or his little wife would lose the little jewelry she treasured so, but which she gave up so willingly to help the man she loved in the hard struggle to get their little home together.

"Dinner is nearly ready, dearest," said she as she stroked his hair back from his forehead. "And you are hungry and tired, dear, and worried."

Presently the postman's sharp rap caused him to spring up and run to the door. He came back more slowly.

"It's from Uncle Mac," he said.

"Well, I am surprised. He arrived in England yesterday morning, and—oh, good heavens! we must put him off. We can't do it."

Mrs. Leslie took the letter.

"My Dear Godson Ted—I have come back to England after fifteen years in Australia. As things are not too well with me, I propose to come and stay a few months with you. I suppose since you are married fortune is smiling upon you, and they say three can be kept as cheaply as one. Expect me tonight at 9. All news then. Your affectionate uncle, MAC."

"Why, I always thought your Uncle Mac was doing so well, Ted," she said, slowly, as she finished.

"So did I," said her husband. "But, then, everyone abroad is always doing well. I must write at once and put him off."

"No, Ted, dear," his little wife said, bravely. "Because you are married I don't want him to think we are quite so poor. We will manage somehow."

But she sighed a little as she thought how quickly, even now, the weekly pay dwindled to a shilling or two before Friday night.

Barely an hour later Uncle Mac announced his arrival with a performance on the little brass knocker which startled several of Mrs. Leslie's quiet neighbors.

"Glad to see you, my boy. Glad to see you. Nice little place you got, but awkward to find. Took the wrong train at Broad street, so had to come up on the tram. And I say, Ted, my boy, why on earth don't they put the pavement all the way along the street? Half way down I got mixed up in a mountain of mortar, quite lost my temper, and nearly my umbrella. As I said to a man who came down with me, 'That's an infernal ugly looking thing—' Your wife, eh, Ted?" broke off Uncle Mac, as he caught sight of Nellie in the hall.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Ted," he said, walking into Nellie's dainty little drawing-room—the pride of her life—bringing with him sufficient of the much-sized mortar on his boots to build a small-sized villa. "Come over to the light and let me look at you."

"Nice face, but tired," he said, quite audibly, although intended only for himself. "Smart girl, but no strength or backbone. Novel and the sofa and pretty fal-lal-la. Wonder why he married her?"

"Because he loved me and I loved him," said Nellie, proudly.

"I beg your pardon," said Uncle Mac, hurriedly. "Silly habit, speaking your thoughts aloud. Learnt it in the lonely bush. No offense. Hope you're happy and your love will last, but they do say when poverty comes in at the what-its-name love skoots out of the thingummy."

"That's wrong, my dear, isn't it?" said Edward, slipping his arm round her waist. "Poverty only make our love the brighter. But come, Uncle Mac, my little girl has some real old Irish stew for supper, and I'm sure you're hungry."

"You're right, Ted, my boy," cried Uncle Mac. "I'm absolutely ravenous."

"You won't mind the kitchen, will you, Mr. —?" Nellie began.

"Mac, my dear, plain Mac; that is, of course, Uncle Mac, to you," he replied. "Personally I prefer the kitchen."

During supper he kept them all merry with stories of his life in Australia, but Nellie's eyes noted with apprehension that his appetite was likely to be a serious strain on her limited resources.

"Good luck, this," he said presently, with appreciation. "Knocks Billy and the other fellow. But you're not eating much?"

"I've plenty, thank you," she answered, but Uncle Mac silently noted that the meat had been served to her and himself, while her plate made a meagre show with little else than a bone.

As a week passed and one day after the other was just wondering whether she was an egg or her lunch now, when a ring came to the door. She ran up to find—Uncle Mac.

"I've been thinking of you for some time, ab-

dream. She thought that she woke up and found herself in the house at Highgate, furnished just as she always pictured it, and Uncle Mac and Ted were there, and they were talking and laughing joyfully.

"Isn't it a lovely dream?" she said turning to Uncle Mac.

"It is not a dream, my dear," he said softly. "I am not poor, as you think I am very rich. I have bought you this house and furnished it as you described, and we brought you here in your sleep. We shall all live here now—that is, if you will tolerate your old uncle—and to-morrow Ted will come up with me as manager to my business in the city."

"Is it true, then Uncle Mac?" she cried.

"It is all true, little woman, and you must forgive an old man's deceit, but I wanted to see the metal my boy's wife was made of, and—what a dear girl you would not turn her head. But I know now, my dear, that as wealth has come in at the thingummy, love will not fly out of the what-its-name."—New York News.

## CONCERNING THE OYSTER.

A Short Natural History Lesson on This Timely Subject.

Now that the oyster season has arrived a few remarks concerning this popular bivalve might not be amiss. Epicures naturally like to know what they are eating and if those who are addicted to the oyster habit will follow this brief scientific treatise closely they will be made familiar with the habits and eccentricities of the oyster.

The oyster belongs to the genus of lamellibranch mollusks of the third order monomya and may be at once distinguished by the bilateral symmetry of the heterogeneous convexity. The labial ganglia are very minute while the parietesplanchnic are well developed. We hate to say a thing like this about an oyster behind its back, but the truth may as well be told now, because some one would find out later, anyhow; there is no excuse for beating about the bush.

In spite of all the hard names applied to the oyster, however, it is considered one of the most toothsome dishes that come out of the sea. A few fat oysters in the prime of life, seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and a dash of vinegar, make a really appetizing repast; an oyster needs no other lubricants save the condiments mentioned above. If placed in the mouth it will be found that a well trained oyster will burrow its way down a man's gullet and into his vitals with the dexterity of a toboggan on a shoot-the-chutes.

The oyster is a creature of sedentary habits. It will sit in the mud by the month at a time thinking out beautiful and ennobling thoughts without assistance from outside sources. In addition it also possesses a great amount of persistence. The oyster never gives up; it will cling to a rock during the entire period of its existence without complaint or becoming discouraged. In fact, the oyster's motto seems to be, "Hang on."

There are various humane ways of killing an oyster, says the Ohio State Journal, all of which are highly commended by the clergy and societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals throughout the country. For instance, an oyster may be stewed, fried, baked, steamed or pickled, according to the caprice of the consumer. If eaten raw an oyster should be stabbed before taken.

## LAUGH AT THE "TOMMIES."

Boer Prisoners Played a Clever Joke on Their British Guards.

When the 5,000 Boer prisoners were confined on the islands of the Great South, Bermuda, there was a constant rivalry between the wits of the burghers and those of their guards every whit as keen as that displayed by the contending generals on the far-off African battle-fields. Now it was a "take-off" on the Tommies, now a laugh on the burrito burghers, and things had about split even until the eventful night when not only the whole English camp but the English fleet as well fell victims to the plotting Boers.

A British sentry was stationed on a promontory overlooking the sound, when something suspicious caught his eye on the calm surface of the water between himself and a battleship lying at anchor. Not wishing to arouse the whole camp on a false alarm, he watched the object for some minutes. Suddenly his heart jumped into his mouth. The object was not only moving slowly through the water, but it had taken the shape of a man on a raft. Was it a prisoner escaping?

"Guard turn out! Sound the alarm! Searchlight! Searchlight!" he shouted.

The English camp was astir in a moment. The alarm was sounded and the armed Britons came flocking from every quarter. Signals were made to the battleship, and in a few moments she was a scene of commotion. Her great searchlight was turned on the ocean and lighted up the promontory with the brightness of noonday. Boats filled with armed soldiers shot out after the escaping Boer. Then the searchlight fell upon the raft, as it did so a roar from 5,000 Boers told the British that they had been taken in as British soldiers had never been taken in before.

The supposed prisoner escaping, says the Detroit News-Tribune, was a dummy dressed up in burgher's clothes and tied to a raft.

**Biggest of A Cotton Mills.**  
What is to be the biggest cotton mill in the world is to be located soon near Kansas City, Mo. The investment will reach about \$10,000,000.

All some city people know is whether their part of town is reached by a green or yellow car.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

### MUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

**Jokes and Jokesters that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.**

We had no anthracite nor coke. Our cook was new and green; Some one told her that she should soak A brick in kerosene. She placed it in the stove—a roar—it seemed the roof was cleft; And now we show a shattered door Where our Nora left.—Chicago News.

**Miss Flatter's Remark.**  
"This is Mr. Fleeter, the famous hundred yard man, Miss Flatter."  
"Oh, Mr. Fleeter, I'm so glad to meet you! And do you play ping-pong, too, Mr. Fleeter?"

### An Accident.



Were there any accidents in the football game?  
"Well, a mule in an adjoining field broke loose and mixed with the game and was pretty badly hurt."

**Blood Tests.**  
Ethel—Oh, you dear little doggie; you!  
Mary—I think he's horrid.  
Ethel—So do I; but Jack says he's got a dandy pedigree.

### His Experience.

Hix—Every time I pick up a hairpin on the street I get a letter. I never know it to fail.  
Dix—I did. I picked up one the other day and put it in my pocket, but I didn't get a letter.  
Hix—You didn't?  
Dix—No. But my wife found it, and I got a lecture.

### Knew His Business.

After putting her autograph on the hotel register the actress handed the clerk a package, saying: "Put it in the safe, please; it contains \$10,000 worth of diamonds."  
"Very well," replied the genial clerk. "I'll see that the safe is robbed in time to get an account of your loss in the morning papers."

### The Diagnosis.

Patient—Do you think I have the gout?  
Doctor—Hem! What's your income?  
Patient—About \$2,000 a year.  
Doctor—My dear sir, it's only an ordinary case rheumatism.

### Reasonable Explanation.

Customer—You charged me \$14 for this one garment? I think that's pretty high.  
Tailor—Well, the bill, as I made it out at first, was for \$13, but that is such an unlucky number I thought you'd rather pay a dollar more.—Chicago Tribune.



Just a "little slip of a boy"—a familiar expression illustrated.

### The Privilege of Age.

"I haven't known you very long," said Miss Anne Teck, gushingly, "but I hope you won't object to my calling you 'Grace.' It doesn't seem too familiar, does it?"  
"Not at all," replied Miss Sharpe. "I rather expect elderly ladies to call me by my first name."—Philadelphia Press.

### Ad Hominem.

He—Doesn't it seem ridiculous, you know, to call a thing that grows on land a "vegetable oyster?"  
She—Not at all, when you reflect upon the numerous lobsters that grow on land.—Chicago Tribune.

### As Explained.

Giles—Many a man's thirst for liquor is due to his poverty.  
Miles—How's that?  
Giles—If wealthy he wouldn't allow himself to have a thirst.

### Added Attractions.

"No, indeed," said the crafty passenger agent to the bride and groom. "Our company does not prohibit kissing on the platform, and, besides, I would call your attention to the fact that we have more and longer tunnels than any other railway in the world."—Baltimore American.

### Suspicious.

"I suppose your chances of winning the affections of Miss Gay are as good as the next fellow's?"  
"I don't know. She called me 'Jim' very affectionately last night."  
"You don't say? Well, that's promising, isn't it?"  
"Hardly, considering that my name happens to be Tom."—Philadelphia Press.

### Plenty to Spare.

"I see a Baltimore man his discovered that ordinary street dirt can be turned into fuel."  
"H'm! According to that, Chicago can supply the world with fuel."

### Her Preference.

"Darling, come and fly with me!" whispered the ardent young lover.  
"No, I am afraid of airplanes," replied the beautiful girl. "But if you bring your automobile around I'll think it over."

### Doubtless True.

Smith—I wonder if Seeker really puts principle above party success, as he says?  
Jones—Undoubtedly. At least he has run for office a dozen times and has never once been elected.

### The Biggest Expense.

She—I ought not to have married such an extravagant man.  
He—But, my dear, the man whom you married couldn't be anything else.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Short Account.

La Montt—I hear that Cheaply's money is all in his wife's name.  
La Moyne—H'm! She must have an awfully short name.

### Then He'd Have To.

Singleton—My physician says I should lead a strenuous life.  
Wedderly—That isn't a difficult matter. All you have to do is to get married.

### Wanted to Know.

"We have some nice shot silk up stairs, madam," said the polite floor walker.  
"Who shot it?" asked innocent Mrs. Hogan.

### Business Ups and Downs.

Junior Partner—Your wife called you up six times over the telephone to-day.  
Senior Partner—That means she'll call me down a dozen times to-night at dinner.

### Envious Nell.

Nell—So you are engaged to Cholly, eh?  
Bess—Yes, I've met my match at last. Nell—Oh, I don't know. I imagine poor Cholly will find himself outclassed.

### His Excuse.



Mrs. Perch—I declare, Mr. Perch, you're intoxicated again.  
Mr. Perch—All wrong, m' dear (hic) got caught in a whirl-pool. Just dizzy; that's all.

### A Plot.

"I see an eminent authority on freshets says that in all the rivers of the country the water is going to be extremely high this winter."  
"Fudge! I'll bet the ice trust started that story so it'll have an excuse for keeping the price of ice high next summer."—Philadelphia Press.

### Similar but Different.

First Passenger—Did you get out and stretch your legs when the train stoped at the junction?  
Second Passenger—Same thing. I had 'em pulled at the lunch counter.

### Plenty of Experience.

"Did your new cook have any recommendations to offer?"  
"Oh, yes; she said she's been discharged from some of the very best families."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Meanness of Brown.

Green—Brown told an acquaintance of mine that he could have beat my time and married you himself if he had wanted to.  
Mrs. Green—The ideal. I wonder why he didn't do it then?  
Green—Oh, I can readily understand why he didn't. He had a grudge against me.

### Glad He Went.

Homer—That preacher is all right. I wouldn't have missed the sermon this morning for a \$10 bill.  
Mrs. Homer—I'm glad to hear you say so, dear. It certainly was convincing.  
Homer—That's what I liked about it. It fully convinced me that I might be a great deal worse than I am.

### Just So.

"I read where the Queen of Swavia boxed the king's ears until they flushed," remarked the man with the paper.  
"Ah, a royal flush," grinned the poker player.

### An Object of Fit.

Mrs. Neighbors—Our new girl can't read a word of English.  
Mrs. Homer—What, not even the bargain advertisements?

### Both Changed.

Miss Eldersleigh—I hardly knew you, Mr. Roundabout. You have a different cut to your hair.  
Roundabout—Yes. And I see yours has a different hue.

### Quite True.

"Can't always have what you want in this world."  
"No, but that doesn't prevent you from wanting what you haven't got."

## NEWSPAPER GROWTH.

**Marvelous Development of the American Press.**

Weed, Bennett, Greeley, Prentice and Raymond—the grand "we" of the old school—were in a small company when they virtually ruled public opinion, says the St. Louis Republic. There were only 254 daily papers in existence in 1850. To-day there are 2,226. In 1850 the combined circulation of the papers was 758,454, while in 1900 the circulation of the 2,226 was 15,102,156. The aggregate number of copies issued during the year 1850 was 426,409,978, while in 1900 it was 8,168,248,749. It must be admitted that this growth in circulation has followed a change in the so-called mission of the newspaper. A half century ago as statesman felt secure unless he had the editorial support of the papers. The press did not then, as now, express and lead public opinion, but formed it. To-day the highest calling of the newspaper is to truthfully furnish the news. No daily can make editorial expression the leading feature and survive. Railroad, telegraph and cable have made communication so easy that the desire of the people for the latest news has made the circulation of the better papers increase by leaps and bounds.

With the betterment of transportation facilities the weekly press has failed to keep pace with the daily. From 1880 to 1890 the increase in the daily was 25.9 per cent; from 1890 to 1900 it was 39.2 per cent; while the increase in weekly circulation dropped from 23.7 per cent between 1880 and 1890 to 14.7 per cent in the last decade.

There was \$192,443,708 invested in newspapers and periodicals in 1900. They had 27,579 salaried employes, who received \$21,015,791, and 94,994 wage earners, who receive \$50,333,051. Material cost \$50,214,304, and the money value of products was \$222,983,769. There is no way of promoting the actual value of the product in promoting advancement and saving the cost of mistakes which ignorance makes at every turn.

## QUEER STORIES

Diamonds are worth \$30,000,000 a ton. It is estimated that more than half the people in the world dwell in Asia. It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other. What was probably the first public library in the United States was started in Charleston, S. C., in 1749. Hard times in Germany are said to have caused a large diminution in the consumption of wine and spirituous liquors.

### The Bamboo Holds the Record among Plants for Quick Growth.

The bamboo holds the record among plants for quick growth. It has been known to grow two feet in twenty-four hours.

### The Rotation of a Waterspout at the Surface of the Sea has been Estimated at 354 Miles an Hour, or Nearly Six Miles a Minute.

The great bulk of chalk is composed of eight different species of tiny shells, but nearly three hundred kinds have been found in it.

### The Columbia, which sailed from Boston in September, 1787, was the First Ship that Carried the Stars and Stripes completely around the world.

Of ninety-three Emperors who have governed the whole or a large part of the Roman empire, sixty-two were murdered or died under suspicious circumstances.

### Henri Hourlet, a Swiss Watchmaker, has Recently Completed a Watch made Entirely out of Ivory taken from a Billiard Ball—works and case complete. It keeps good time.

Several important railways are being built in China. Notwithstanding their theoretical objections to railways, the Chinese make much use of them when built, and trade is at once improved.

### Six thousand is the record number of roses produced by one tree at a time. This was in Holland, on Mme. Regnew's land. A Marechal Niel at Whitby, England, has had 3,500 blossoms on it at the same time.

Woman's rights prevail in Abyssinia. There the wife is boss of the shanty. The house, with all its contents, belongs to her, and if the husband offends her she turns him out until he is fully repentant and makes amends.

### The Paris Academie des Sciences is Examining a theory to the effect that the key to human stature lies in the gland situated in the throat under the larynx. By artificially stimulating this gland it is claimed that any child can be made to grow to maximum height.

### House of Seven Gables

A cousin of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne, who lives in Salem, says there never was a House of the Seven Gables in that town. He tells the Boston Journal that "Hawthorne came down to visit me shortly before his death, and we rambled about the old haunts of his early days. I was particular to ask him to point out, if he could, the famous House of the Seven Gables, because at that time the controversy existed in some degree."

"There never was any," was his immediate reply to me. "I never had any particular house in my mind when I wrote the story. It was just a fancy of my own."

### Honest City of Bern.

Berne has the reputation of being the most honest town in Switzerland. It is said that not a single article has been lost within the city without being recovered.