

HINTS FOR HOME BUILDERS.

Miss Cleveland's Ideas About Home and Its Responsibilities.

THE HOLY GROUND OF AGE.

The Hallowed Homestead Kitchen—Mothers and Their Boys—Household Hints.

Home.

Sweet were that spans all space, that knows no bound. Yet dwells in narrow compass; welcome word!

Dear type of peace—though sheltered by the sword. Mid-Saxon-speaking races only found. Our earliest recollections all abound.

With little notes of time; our years are stored With memories of thee; each spot adorned With youth, in age becomeeth holy ground.

Thou earnest in the handprint of the Sire! Thou metest in the Mother's tender kiss; The wanderer longs to reach thee—Guiding Star!

Of all his thoughts; like Israel's Pillared Fire By night thou ledest him through child-hood's bliss. To that loved home he pictures from afar.

Miss Cleveland's Ideas About Home.

This item of proprietorship in the home should be shared by each member of the household. If he is a worthy member this proprietorship is his right. Perhaps here, in order to avoid any possibility of being misunderstood, I should drop the generic term and write down the species I have in mind. For I mean here to emphasize the she as well as the he. Here in the home, where a difficulty is made, there should be none. The man and woman, the boy and the girl, should make equal demand and receive equal concessions.

The sister should, in some practical way, have her share in the home alike with the brother. Up to that time when the old home is exchanged for a new one there should be something in it, upon each one when it is home, can in the hand, and say—"this is mine; and it is part of the property." If you wish to endear the place you call their home to your son, your daughter, your brother or your sister, give them shares in the capital stock. This rule will work both ways and to the advantage of each.

The man or woman, boy or girl, who has a right to the room, that is, his or her shelter will have a pride in the place, and that noble natural pride will work to its benefit, in all those numberless little cosy and ungenious touches that transform a home into a nest. The great trouble comes from the indulgence of mothers; if you ever hear a mother say to a child, "I will tell your father," you may at once put it down that that child is under the influence of a weak mother that feels and lets the child see she has to call in assistance to enforce a very feeble discipline. Boys can not stand too much kindness; indulgence in that they differ from girls; kindness mingled with firmness and indulgence in moderation is the better plan.

The very best boys are those who are raised in this way, and parents should be firm in their discipline. There is no much depending on a mother. Firmness at the very earliest age is the most essential requisite to good management; then indulgence comes next. The great trouble comes from the indulgence of mothers; if you ever hear a mother say to a child, "I will tell your father," you may at once put it down that that child is under the influence of a weak mother that feels and lets the child see she has to call in assistance to enforce a very feeble discipline.

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COLE BOWIE AND HIS KNIFE.

Stories of the Man Who Invented the Most Murdersome Weapon of His Kind.

CARVING HIS WAY TO NOTORIETY.

A Desperate Duel and Revenge—Killed Fighting at Alamo—Eventful Life.

Most readers are familiar with the axiom laid down by the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"—"the race that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries." He remarks that we are the Romans of the modern world, and that the American bowie knife is a form of the Roman gladius, modified to meet the daily wants of civil society. True, when in certain sections of our beloved country the bowie knife was the daily companion of large numbers of our fellow citizens. Even congressmen have been known to carry them, and the large and muscular Potter, of Wisconsin, won an end of fame more than a quarter of a century ago by offering to fight a duel with the rather diminutive Roger Pryor, armed with this weapon.

In these, our more peaceful days, the exigencies of society no longer require the genial influence of this famous weapon and it is quite likely that many young readers have never seen one. A gentleman from the north many years ago had business which required him to stay for some time in Arkansas and in the Indian territory. It was in the wild days of the southwest when it was the universal custom to go armed. This gentleman purchased a bowie knife, but never carried it except in his trunk. On his return north he brought it with him, where after some time he was called upon to hold for a time it finally got into use in the kitchen as a butcher and bread knife. It was of finely tempered steel, easily sharpened, and became a favorite weapon of the household. More than one visitor to that household was startled by the blood curdling cry of one of the children to his mother, "Mother, where is that bowie knife?" "What does that child want with a bowie knife?" "Oh, he only wants to cut a piece of bread for himself," and then the terrible knife would be produced amid much merriment.

Quite different were its uses in the south. There it was never debased to mere domestic objects, but served its legitimate purpose of maintaining order and decorum in society. During a session of the Arkansas legislature in 1837, the speaker of the house had occasion to call a member to order. The member insisted on keeping the matter under discussion, and the speaker, in the course of making an explanation, whereupon Mr. Speaker drew an immense bowie knife and advanced toward the offending member for the purpose of bringing him to order. The member also drew his bowie knife, and as the speaker advanced, threw it at him, expecting to disable him, a feat he had performed more than once. Unfortunately he missed his aim, and the knife falling on the floor thirty paces away. The member straightened himself in front of his foe, who, advancing deliberately, cut his hand with one dreadful gasp, killing him instantly. The gentleman having thus been called to order, Mr. Speaker resumed his seat, and the house adjourned for three days to attend the funeral. Colonel Daniel Crockett was tried for the murder, but was acquitted. Another story that had considerable credence at one time was that, the battle of Buena Vista, a regiment of Mississippians, under the command of Jefferson Davis, received a charge of Mexican cavalry in the shape of a V, with the open end toward the attacking cavalry. The regiment was open end, were first greeted with a deadly fire from the rifles, after which the gallant Mississippians went at the "rebels" with their bayonets and almost entirely destroyed them.

In John Hay's poem, "The Mystery of Giggal," there is an account of a bowie knife encounter between Judge Phinn and Colonel Blood, in which the latter carried in a way that all admired. Till Blood drew him at last and fired, which look set him at bay. A pretty way to use a Japanese parasol in house decoration is to take down the chandelier and put the gas-pipe through the middle of a large Japanese parasol, drawing it up to the ceiling so as to prevent danger from fire. The handle must be taken out and a tube fitted in its place, through which the pipe passes. Castors made of ebonite are a new invention which will prove very useful. Heavy furniture which must be moved very often for sweeping wears bad places on floors or carpets, and a solid sole-leather castor must prove a blessing to housekeepers. Cracker jars, holding about a quart, are among the new articles of tableware. Gravy ladles of china or granite ware have gone out and are being replaced by good-sized spoon takes the place of a ladle, and is lighter and prettier.

He Approved of the Treatment. Arkansas Traveler: Old Nelson Bottger, while working in the woods, was bitten by a rattlesnake in much alarm and in great pain he ran to the house. A physician who happened to be near at hand was summoned. "Old man," said the doctor, "nothing but whisky, and a great deal of it, can do you any good." "But, doctor, I am a temperance man. I haven't touched a drop of liquor for thirty years." "All the better. The whisky will have more effect." A boy who had been despatched with a jug soon returned, and the old man, who had been sitting on the porch drinking whisky. He was slow at first, but after a while he "swigged" it with the appetite of an old timer.

"Don't think that a little, just enough to bother me arter awhile, has sorter settled down in my feet?" "No." "Well, now, Doc, s'pose we take a drink just for good luck." "I tell you that you must not drink any more." The old fellow sighed, looked at the jug, and asked: "What's become of the snake?" "One of the boys killed it," the doctor replied. "I'm sorry," said the old man. "Sorry? What for?" "Cause I want it for bite me ergin."

It is related of the late Colonel Green, of the Iowa "lost" that many years ago, when it compositors struck for an advance of ten cents per 1,000, he thought it was too much, and determined to maintain his opinion, he called upon all in the business and editorial departments who could set type, and with their aid undertook to get out the paper. They worked until supper time, and then, as the colorist took off his apron, he stepped to the window and called to the strikers who were standing outside: "Boys, you might as well come up and go to work; it's worth all you ask."

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THE DELAWARE GHOST STORY.

The Spirit of a Police Officer Appears to His Murderer.

THE BETRAYAL OF FRIENDSHIP AND ITS FATAL CONSEQUENCES—THE APPARTITION VISIBLE TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Philadelphia Correspondence of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: A strange sequel to a very sad story that agitated Philadelphia fifteen years ago comes from Dover, Del. In 1871 John Hess was lieutenant of police in this city in what is now known as the Eighth district. One of his subordinates was named William Darrah, who was an inseparable companion of his superior officer. Darrah had a very beautiful wife and two lovely children. The two men had been acquainted from boyhood up, and Hess was a frequent visitor at the home of his subordinate. One day in the summer of 1872 Mr. Darrah received an anonymous note warning him to beware of Hess, as the latter was taking advantage of the roundsman's absence from home to make love to his pretty wife. No attention was paid to the letter and so little stock did Darrah take in it that he laughingly showed it to his superior, and shaking him by the hand, said: "I would not more doubt you, old boy, than I would the Bible."

Not many days after this Darrah received a second note, and a week later a third, all of the same import. To these he paid no more attention than he did to the first. On or about August 23, 1872, Darrah was doing day duty. He was taken suddenly ill in the street and hurried home to obtain medical assistance. As he entered the house he saw Lieutenant Hess in the back kitchen with his arm about Mrs. Darrah's neck. To his alarm the man was startled, would be but faintly to express it. He said nothing, however, but went upstairs and threw himself on the bed. Within twelve hours he had fully recovered and was again on duty. The following week he was placed on night duty, his hours of service being from 7 p. m. to 6 a. m. About 5 o'clock in the morning, while patrolling his beat, he was approached by a woman who looked like a mad woman, and then suddenly disappeared down a dark alleyway. Darrah walked under the light of a street lamp and opened the piece of paper which was folded several times. He read these words: "You did not believe what I first wrote to you. If you doubt me, go to your home at once."

AS A WIFE'S DISCOVERY. The policeman had almost forgotten the anonymous communications and the subsequent sight in the back kitchen, but this brought it to his mind with renewed force. He went to his home, and after a long and stealthily entering by the back way, he saw Lieutenant Hess seated in a chair while Mrs. Darrah was tying his cravat. After she had adjusted it to his satisfaction she threw her arms about the neck of the handsome lieutenant and kissed him passionately several times. Darrah was almost stunned. He went back and patrolled his beat until 6 o'clock, then going to the station house he met Lieutenant Hess just as the state house bell was striking the hour. Approaching him he said: "John Hess, I have trusted you as I would my own brother. I have been warned, as you know, that you were taking advantage of this friendship. I could not and would not believe it until this morning, when I was convinced with my own eyes. It is impossible for me to permit you to live any longer. To-morrow morning at 6 o'clock I will kill you. Make the best of the twenty-four hours you have to live, for as true as God hears me, I will do what I say."

Then taking off his badge, Darrah laid it upon the desk. Lieutenant Hess

laughed and showed his handsome teeth. "You are very foolish, Bill," he said, "and you are mistaken." Darrah made no answer but walked out of the station house. He went directly home, kissed his wife and children and strode out of the house. All that day he was seen wandering about the streets in the vicinity of the station house, apparently suffering the most intense mental agony.

By nightfall he looked to be a dozen years older. He did not go home, but paced restlessly up and down the sidewalk in front of his house from 8 o'clock in the evening until 5 the next morning. At that hour he entered through the front door and found Hess as he had expected, sitting in the dining-room reading a newspaper. He went in, sat down and never uttered a word. Hess made a flip-snap with a few inches of Hess' breast, fired. The ball went directly through the heart of the police lieutenant and he fell to the floor a corpse.

To make a long story short Darrah was arrested, tried and convicted of murder in the second degree, the jury taking into consideration the extreme provocation to which the slayer of the destroyer of his happiness had been subjected. He was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, which he served and then disappeared, his family in the meantime having broken up and gone no one knew whither. Nothing was heard of the broken-hearted and prematurely aged man until a few years ago, when it was learned that he was living in obscurity in the state of Iowa, and here is where the singular sequel comes in.

AN APPARTITION. About a year after his release from the eastern penitentiary, Darrah was suddenly awakened during a bright light from a slumber. He rose, dressed himself and sought to discover from whence the glare came. The whole room seemed to be illuminated with a ghastly glow, but no light from whence this glow came could be discovered. He declares that he was thoroughly awake, and that his mental faculties were unimpaired, and that he was not the subject of a hallucination. Seated in a chair near the head of the bed, he saw the dim outline of a form. As he looked the glow in the room became dimmer and the form was distinctly resolved itself into the shape of a man, clothed in a blue uniform. To Darrah's unspeakable amazement he recognized the features of the man he had slain years before. "This is the story in his own words. 'I was perfectly sober,' said he, 'and fully awake. As the figure became more distinct I thought it was a real living person, but the closer I looked the more convinced I became that it was not a living man, for the features were those of John Hess. He was smiling just as he used to smile when we were drinking together. He had a peculiar way of throwing back his head and extending his arm when he was very well pleased with anything. This is what the figure looked like as he recognized me. I felt my hair standing on end for a moment, but the feeling of fear soon left me, and I plucked up courage enough to say, 'Is that you, John?' No sooner had I spoken than the form disappeared, like a dash and the room became dark again. I could not go to sleep, but got up and walked around until daylight. I picked up a morning newspaper and saw it dated August 27, the anniversary of the day on which I shot my old friend.'

OTHER WITNESSES. Exactly one month after this Darrah's strange experience was repeated, and on the next month, and the next. Then determined to see whether the apparition was the result of a disordered mind or not, he called in a friend, one Abraham Huckle, who sat up with him all night. Just before daylight the little room was lighted up again with the strange phos-

phorescent glow, which as before grew less and less bright, and as it died away the form of the man in uniform became visible in the chair at the head of the bed. His head was thrown back and his arm extended, and his expression was that of one enjoying a joke. The two men watched for nearly twenty minutes without uttering a sound. Huckle by the way, almost frightened out of his wits, Darrah broke the suspense by speaking, and the ghostly visitor disappeared. To still further convince himself that he was not the victim of an optical delusion, Darrah on the 27th of the following month called in two more friends, and they too were rewarded with the sight of the shadowy man in uniform.

So it has been going on from month to month. Darrah's friends say that the latest statistics, published upon him. He looks old and careworn, and is frequently heard to express a doubt as to whether his old-time friend was guilty of the crime or which he died.

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