

Are the Children at Home!

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the weavers tire of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It ought to be the children home!"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago."
And I sing, in my lowering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow

Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know! Yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded were,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones—the angels,
Who came to a world of bliss.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows,
My boys that I gave to freedom—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night,
They tell me his wish is falling,
But I smile at the idle fears,
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the weavers, tired of playing,
Go tripping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with a soft smile,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

Great-Grandmother's Quilt.

Nanny and Grammie sat by the big fireplace in the hall having afternoon tea. The firelight danced and gleamed on the polished floor, the dark oak walls, the suits of armor hanging thereon, and the curious old tapestries at the doorways. It shone in old Wolf's eyes until he blinked, growled and dragged his big, clumsy body away from the blaze.

It flickered over quaint little Nan, in her black velvet dress and deep lace collar, and shone on her hair, turning it into a mass of spun gold.

It rested softly on Grammie, leaning back in her big chair, her white hair put smoothly back, her gray Quaker dress with its soft folds of white at the throat and wrists, and the delicate Sevres cup in her tiny, wrinkled hand.

Nan and Grammie were both very fond of this fire, which was never allowed to go out, and of the big old andirons and the dusky oaken hall.

They always took their tea here when the rest were away and usually Nan had a basket of cones by her to throw into the dancing flames.

But today she was sitting with her head in her hands, staring with big brown eyes at the queer blue postiere covering one of the low doors.

"Grammie," she said presently—"Nan always called this grandma Grammie," because, as she explained it, it was not her very grandma but her great-grandmother—"that is a very curious custom at the music room door. Did it come from England with the other tapestries?"

"No, dear," said Grammie, "I made that."

"You, Grammie, you yourself! Why how could you? Tell me all 'bout it. Make it a long story, Grammie, do," and Nan drew her footstool nearer to the fire and placed one elbow on Grammie's knee.

Grammie put down her teacup, smoothed out her dress with a meditative far-away look in her eyes, and then she said: "It is a long story, dear, the story of that quilt, for quilt it is. To tell it is to tell you all my life."

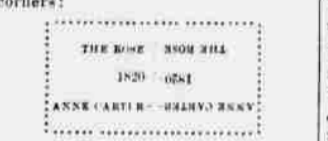
"Oh, I should like that above all things," cried Nan. "Go on, do. Is it really a quilt—that lovely thing?"

"Yes, I spun the cotton and wool for it, and wove the quilt all myself. Girls in my day," said Grammie, sentimentally, "were brought up to work. Why, at your age, Nanny, I could bake and knit and sew, and I had already commenced to weave this quilt. All through a young girl's life she sewed, pieced quilts and spun linen sheets, so that she might have a fitting house to take to her husband.

"This quilt was part of my household outfit, but it was finished and laid away many years before I was ready to use it. When I was a mite of a girl I spun evening and long summer afternoons until I had enough wool and cotton to make it. Then the wool was dyed a dark blue, to make the foundation, while the cotton with which I traced in the figures was left white.

"Father set up a loom in the long eastern room—the very room you mamma uses now for a breakfast room—and I commenced to weave my quilt.

"I chose the rose pattern; you see, Nanny, all those white figures are roses, or rosebuds or rose leaves, and first of all I wove in the upper corners the words which you see in all four corners:



"Then I commenced to weave in good earnest. Two years I wove on that quilt, a little at a time, until it was finished. I can almost see myself now," and Grammie looked absently into the fire. "A curious little figure, not any larger than you, Nan, bending over the loom, my feet scarcely touching the floor from my high seat, dressed in a big flowered chintz dress down to my heels, a bag of the same hanging from my belt for my tumbler and handkerchief, a white berthia around my neck like this I wear now and a little mob cap on my head.

"Well, at last it was finished and laid away in a cedar chest, with sprigs of lavender in the folds to keep it smelling sweet.

"When I was married and went to the neighboring village to live the little cedar chest went too, on top of father's big coach. How they decked that coach out—those robes of white and cushions—with figures and bright ribbons and wedding favors, so that everybody should know I was a bride!

"The quilt was unpacked and laid on my spare bed, and a very drowsy appearance it gave the room, so I thought.

"Many distinguished people slept under that quilt. The Governor of the state slept there often, noted ministers who came to preach were entertained at our house and slept there, and once our President rested for a night beneath its folds.

"When my first baby was born—your Great-Aunt Lou, my dear—they wrapped her in it and brought her for me to see.

"When Tom was killed, poor Tom, my oldest boy, he was thrown from his horse—you remember, Nanny?—they brought him home and laid him out that bed. There is a big rent down on one edge, made by his spur. Poor Tom! He was a wild lad, but he was my favorite. He loved and obeyed his mother always," and Grammie wiped a tear furtively from her eye, while Nanny pressed nearer for sympathy.

Grammie recovered herself and went on: "Your grandfather, too, lay on that quilt after he was dead. It used to be the New England custom, dear, to lay dead people on a board with only a sheet over them and the Bible under their heads. That was the way they laid your poor grandfather out—your great-grandfather, my husband. But I couldn't bear to think of him lying up there in that cold room, on that hard couch. I slipped up when they were all busy and lifted him until I could put the blanket under him. They all said it was foolish in me, but I couldn't help it. That board seemed to hurt me.

"Then when your Aunt Sue, my granddaughter, was ill for so long, she had a fancy to be moved down here by this fireplace.

"Right there in the corner they made her a low bed and covered it with pine boughs and over them laid the quilt. She would lie there for hours looking into the fire and listening to the wild tales of her old Indian nurse. I always thought that sickness died old Sue's life. You know that an old Indian woman came to the house and offered to cure her, when everyone else had given her up to die. She did cure her, too. Sue was so grateful that it seemed as if she must sacrifice something for the Indian race, and in the end she sacrificed her own life.

"You know how she went among them, taught and lived with them, and was killed during an Indian uprising—not by them, but by a stray shot from a white man's rifle.

"After a bit the quilt was deemed old-fashioned and tucked into the garret, where your mother found it a few years ago and dragged it forth to use as a portiere, declaring it was as

pretty as any of her costly foreign tapestries. Your sister Alice stood before it when she was married. She said Ned proposed to her in front of it, just as she was going through the music room door. You see, Nanny, the old quilt has played quite a part in the family happenings." "Is that all?" said Nan. "Then it didn't have anything to do with the War of the Roses?" "Why, bless you, child, no," said Grammie, "it was not woven until years afterward. But it was woven quite a time ago—72 years come Spring, Nanny; 72 years ago."—[New York Recorder.

The Gatling Gun.

In 1861 Dr. Robert Gatling of Indiana invented the first machine gun. Though the attention of the government was forcibly drawn to the doctor's new invention during the civil war, the official test of the gun did not take place until some years afterward. After the merrillous had become an acknowledged failure in the Franco-Prussian war it was, toward the end of that struggle, replaced by the Gatling gun, but too late.

The mechanism of the gun under discussion is as simple as it is ingenious. The gun consists of from six to ten rifled barrels, each of them having a locking revolve round a central shaft, which projects beyond the muzzles and also extends behind the breeches of the barrels. The breeches and muzzles are firmly screwed into disks. Besides the revolving motion the locks have forward and backward motion of their own. The former places the cartridges in the barrels and closes the breeches before firing, while by the latter movement the empty cartridge cases are extracted from the breech. The loading and firing of the gun are done by turning the handle from left to right.

The arrangements of the mechanism are such as to permit continual firing. A hopper is fastened on the top of the gun and receives the cartridge from a feeding case. From this hopper each cartridge drops into the breech block and is automatically put into the proper place before it revolves; then a hammer is drawn back, also by an automatic device, and when the cartridge reaches the lowest point of revolution the hammer is released and explodes it. From this it will be easily understood that the rapidity of firing depends solely on the rapid action of the man turning the handle. If the gunner is well trained as many as 1200 shots can be fired in one minute.—[Chicago Herald.

A Remarkable Mechanical Clock.

The World's Columbian Exposition officials have the promise of a very wonderful clock which is to be exhibited by the inventor, August Noll of Berlin. The clock is a wonderful piece of mechanism, 21 inches deep, nine feet wide and three feet high. It indicates the time to the last stroke in the year 2299. A hammer is lifted every hour and the image of an angel strikes the minutes on a bell, while another strikes the quarter hours. A skeleton representing death strikes the hours.

After the sounding of each hour, figures representing the 12 apostles appear and bow before an image of Christ. At 6 o'clock a procession of praying monks passes into the entrance of a church. Before midnight a watchman gives the signals for each hour, and at 5 o'clock he is released and the first crowing rooster appears. During Christmas times there are singing choruses, and the four seasons are represented by symbolic figures. By means of an ingenious invention, the entire functions of this clock can be shown in 20 minutes.—[Jewelers' Circular.

Sample of French Thrift.

At Paris recently some curious revelations have come out as to those mysterious dealers in edibles who sell various collections of articles of food, technically known as bijoux. These enterprising dealers collect the fragments of fish and game from the cooks of clubs and restaurant-keepers. Then they, with infinite trouble, "arrange" the various kinds, shape them, cut them into neat pieces, garnish them and set them out on clean plates for sale. Many a so-called rentier is glad to get a good dinner at a nominal price.—[Chicago Post.

A Change of Tune.

Mrs. Grump (nee Sweetly)—I declare, John, if you don't get me a new saukin this winter I shall freeze to death!

Mr. Grump—Bah! Just average up your system by thinking of the hot summer days long ago when you took ice cream to keep from melting.—[Truth.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE SNOW.

From the clouds the flakes of snow
Falling to the world below,
Falling lightly,
Softly, white.

To the ground,
Heaping drifts without a sound,
Now the wind begins to blow,
Swifter, swifter comes the snow,
Falling thickly,
Rushing quickly.
Soon they'll be
Castles built for you and me.
—[Youth's Companion.

THE CHURCH MOUSE.

Ray and Tiny were two bony little maidens. They were twin sisters and so much alike that scarcely any one but their mother could tell them apart.

They were very fond of going to church with their parents, and would sit quite still during the long service, for they greatly enjoyed the organ and the fine singing of the choir. One cold December morning their mother called them and, tying on their pretty scarlet cloaks and hoods, bade them go alone, as their father was not well and she must remain at home to nurse him. So the little twins trotted off hand in hand, and entered the family pew in which they were accustomed to sit.

The choir was just beginning to sing a hymn, and the boys had found the place in the book—when scratch, scratch, scratch! What could that be? Then a squeak and a patter of little feet and, looking around, they saw a saucy brown mouse, who, feeling rather hungry, after the proverbial custom of church mice, had ventured out in search of food. Tiny had a bit of bread in her pocket which she had put away at breakfast time for the birds, so, pulling it out, she pushed it along the seat, and they were both delighted at seeing the mouse making a hearty meal. Did not their father and mother laugh when, reaching home, the twins told their morning's experience with the unforbidden guest at church?—[Brooklyn Citizen.

SMALL BOY WHO TRAINS PONIES.

What do you think of a boy who has for his most intimate friends 22 little ponies?

There is such a boy in New York this season and he is a bright, handsome, manly little fellow. His name is Leon Morris and he trains all the ponies in the play called "The Country Circus."

Leon is a boy who never had to tease his father for money to go to the circus, nor would he ever lie awake nights dreaming about the elephants and monkeys. It wasn't that Leon doesn't love animals, but just as soon as he was old enough to walk he belonged to a real live circus himself.

This circus his papa owned, and Leon thought he was a very fortunate boy to have his papa have such a nice business. He likes the cows and all the animals, but best of all the ponies. Leon's papa has twenty-two ponies. They are trained ponies and know how to do almost everything. They can say their prayers, wrestle with one another, jump through rings which are held high above them, run races, go through a regular military drill, and look pleasant when they are having their pictures taken. Leon has taught them how to do all these things, and each pony really loves the little fellow who is so patient with them.

It requires a great deal of patience to train twenty-two frisky ponies, but Leon says he would rather do it than eat. Just think, boys, how much he must care for those ponies when he will say that.

Of course, all the ponies are Leon's friends, and when they are good he gives them sugar and apples, and sometimes bananas, but like every other boy he has a most intimate friend—and this is his own special black-and-white pony, Banner.

Banner will follow Leon all over, even upstairs. He is the best wrestler of all the ponies, and knows many tricks which only Leon can make him perform. He seems to realize that Mr. Morris has given him to Leon for his very own pony.

Leon has a wee tot of a sister, and she owns a pony named Baby Dimple. Leon shows a great deal of ability in the way he has trained all the ponies. He is one of the busiest boys in New York, and goes to school every day regularly. He likes arithmetic, but how he does hate to spell!

He was born in Indianapolis, Ind., in 1879, and though he likes New York, he says the New York boys don't have half the fun the Western boys do.—[New York World.

White Linen Collars and Cuffs are again coming into fashion.

GREAT TRAVELLERS.

Mexican Hidalgo Care Nothing for Expense.

The Comical Notion of a Rich Mexican Miner.

Reau Campbell of the Mexican Central railroad and "Doc" Bamford were comparing notes about travellers from the land of the Montezumas at the Grand Pacific yesterday. "I tell you they're the greatest travellers in the world," said Reau Campbell, who is the author of a pleasing romance, entitled "A Trip Through Mexico," "and they care nothing for money." A rich Mexican is traveling alone he takes a room in a sleeping car. If his wife is with him they take the drawing room if they can get it, and when there is a party of five or six they just charter a sleeping car all for themselves. Not long since, a rich Hidalgo came up here. In the party were himself, his wife, two children who were not charged fare, his brother-in-law and three servants. He had a sleeping-car chartered for his private use all the way from the City of Mexico to New York. To have the car hauled by the railroads he had to buy fifteen first-class tickets from Mexico to New York, although there were but six persons in his party. Besides this, he had to pay \$50 a day for the use of the car. Then he had a cook and a butler on the car, and had a big stock of delicacies for use en route. When he came to me he said he would stay over two or three weeks, I told him he need not keep the sleeping-car standing in the railroad yard all that time at an expense of \$25 a day. He could save that amount by giving up the car and taking another when he resumed his trip. He replied that he liked that and guessed he would keep it. And so he did, paying \$30 a day for it for two weeks. Then he changed his mind about his trip, threw away his fifteen tickets to New York and bought fifteen more to New Orleans. Monte Cristo isn't in it with these Mexican Hidalgos.

"That's so," exuberantly remarked Clerk Bamford. "When I was at the Barnett House in Cincinnati, one of these same chaps came there on his way to Europe, where he and his family intended to remain five years. The party comprised the old man himself, his wife, eight children, twelve servants, a physician and a priest. There was a servant for each of the children, two for the lady and two for the head of the family. They couldn't get anything good enough for them. They rented the entire parlor floor of the Barnett House and had special service, table and cuisine. They had two carriages made to order at enormous cost to take to Europe with them, and they bought four splendid horses to use with the carriages. They bought a piano to take with them and chartered a special train to take them to New York. They came from New Orleans to Cincinnati on the steamboat Guiding Star, then the finest craft plying the Mississippi and Ohio. The captain told me that at New Orleans the Mexican tried to arrange it so that the boat would carry no passengers but himself and party. To provide for both physical and spiritual ills the family doctor and the family confessor were taken with the party. I have seen royalty of almost all degrees on its travels, but never saw anything to equal that Mexican in utter disregard of expense."

"Sometimes these same Mexicans are quite comical in their ideas of modern travel," said Reau Campbell, again taking up the story. "In what you might call the 'back countries' of Mexico the mode of travel is exceedingly primitive. The only method of transportation is by diligence or mule stage, with no conveniences. There are no hotels and travellers must provide for themselves with mattresses, blankets, plates and other things pretty much as stowage passengers on a steamer do. One day one of these rural wayfarers, a miner whose income was possibly \$3000 a day, but who had never been far away from home before, came into my office at Mexico, fresh from the mountains, and bought a ticket to New York. He had with him his bed and bedding, cooking utensils and the whole paraphernalia of a traveller by diligence. I explained to him as well as I could the workings of a sleeping-car, but he insisted on taking his bed on the car with him. I was told afterwards that when he discovered the luxuries of sleeping-cars and that he threw his impediment off the car and enjoyed himself with the new-found pleasures like a child with a new toy. He wanted to buy the whole

What Shall We Do?

When we are growing up
And parents say we must be true
Which, whichever way we twist and turn
We always reach a forenoon
When our fathers are no more
And burden us with thrashings
And make us fair to squirm with shame
And make us feel our tongue lashings
The mother's sin is forgiven
It makes us all right till
As we walk and ask our own lives
Oh, what shall we do?

Then, after we are grown,
And have to look our way
Through thick and thin as best we can,
We seldom get fair play,
Rocky broader than any
Are showing our side
We're pulled behind, trodden on before
With every chance to hide
Till 't is right for us to spend
Our lives in an agony,
To care for our own and cry and cry
Oh, what shall we do?

—[Boston Postman, in Yankee Blade.

REMEMORS.

The "Breed" of Education.—The Pupils.

What kind of robbery is not dangerous? A safe robbery, of course.

"So dark and so bright," as the man said when he looked at his new ton of coal.

No man can lift himself by his boot toes, but he can easily pull himself down by his chin.

Why is X the most unfortunate of letters? Because it is always in a fix and never out of perplexity.

Mr. Hamm—How did the an-hence strike you out west this time, Mr. Fater? Mr. Fater—Same old way—with eggs.

Tom—Jack is continually getting caught out in a rain storm. Will—Yes, poor fellow, he reads and follows the weather forecasts in the daily papers.

He (admiringly)—And did you make that nut yourself? Sue—Yes, I did it all myself, with the exception of a little help I received from my six younger sisters.

Featherstone—I wonder where those farmers see that lumbered off? Ringway—Why, I thought that you couldn't afford any more stouffer! Featherstone—I couldn't. But I got a new fallow.

Old Curious (to shoemaker)—What is the first thing you do when you begin to make a pair of shoes? Shoemaker—Well, the first thing I use is the last. Old Curious is taken from the shop to the insane asylum.

Effective Soap.

The children's toboggan slide is quite an institution in a certain nursery. It is an old ironing board, a good wide one, and when it is tipped up on a chair it furnishes all kinds of amusement to the small owners.

The other day the children discovered a new joy in the ironing board. They placed it flat upon the floor. Then they bathed a piece of soap in the suds, and slipped the board well from end to end. It made a famous slide.

The three boys and the girl, who is the wildest boy of the four, gave themselves plenty of room to run, and the board was long enough to make a good slide.

One after the other then ran. The chase grew exciting. Finally, Alice, taking her turn, came with a rush down the hall and across the board. The apparatus was too much. Her heels flew up and she came down hard, very hard.

She gathered herself together with a bewilderment look on her face. Then she stood up slowly.

"Dear me!" she said, "I didn't know soap was so effective!"—[New York World.

Some Words on Opals.

The opals in which the Australian opals are found are situated in Queensland. The stone is found in shallow alluvial deposits. In many cases the gemstone found is surrounded by the matrix, as it is under them almost valueless. However, some experts have placed the Australian opal above the Hungarian and Mexican product, but the latter is considered by admirers of the latter stone.

Up to nearly a century ago the opal was considered a sign of good omen and vests its power to banish evil spirits, inspire pure thoughts and induce good dreams. A few years ago Queen Victoria began to bring this gem into fashion again. All the gifts of jewelry that she has bestowed on her favorites have contained opals in some shape or other. She has rightly insisted that they bring no more bad luck to those wearing them than any other jewel.

The largest opal known is in the Imperial Cabinet of Vienna. This gem is five inches long and two and one-half inches wide, and is considered priceless.—[Jewelers' Circular.

The Blue Rose Impossible.

A florist says that the law governing the coloring of flowers makes a blue rose impossible. According to this law, the three colors, red, blue and yellow, never all appear in the same species of flowers; any two may exist, but never the third. Thus we have the red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue, verbena, but no yellow; yellow and blue in the various members of the viola family (as pansies, for instance), but no red; red and yellow gladioli, but no blue, and so on.

Not a Disqualification.

In the first session of the Superior Court, on Tuesday, while Judge Sherman listened to the various excuses of men who did not want to serve on the jury, Lawyer Samuel Hoar told a most little story of his father, Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar.

"One of the jurors whom father had impeached," said the lawyer, "once came to him with the request that father excuse him from serving."

"Why do you wish to be excused?" he was asked.

"Because, your Honor, I am deaf in one ear."

"That will not make the slightest difference," replied the Judge. "The grand jury hears evidence only on one side of the case."—[Boston Herald.

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