

THE HOME.

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SPECIAL RULES.

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The United States Signal Service now embraces 182 stations, from which reports are made daily, and employs about 400 men, exclusive of a couple of hundred clerks in Washington.

It is stated that in ten years ten million acres of forest have been destroyed by fire in the United States. In the South it is common to burn off the timber so that the lands may grow better pasture.

A farmer near Hudson, Mich., got his wife to help him lower his mowing machine from the barn loft, where it had been stored. He fastened a rope to it, and passing it over a pulley asked his wife to hold the end until he descended. She had just then taken a hitch with the rope around her waist, when the mower crashed down to the floor, and simultaneously she shot up where the mud wasp do their nest hiding.

The sword recently presented to General Miles by the people of Arizona is said to be, with one possible exception, the finest gift of the kind ever received by an officer of our army. The hilt is of white shark skin and gold, and is set with a huge amethyst. It is ornamented also with an engraved portrait of Chief Natchez. The scabbard, which is of gold, bears on one side a portrait of Geronimo, and a series of pictures of warfare on the frontier. On the other side is the inscription of presentation. The Spanish blade is so perfectly tempered that its point can be made, by bending, almost to touch the hilt. The cost is kept secret, but is supposed to be not less than \$10,000.

Within the past three years four cases that have excited national interest have been tried in Chicago, and in each case the jury has brought in a verdict which has accorded with the evidence and public opinion. The juries are known as the "Joe" Mackin jury, the Anarchist jury, the McGarrigle jury and the "hoodle" commissioners' jury. A conviction has been secured in every case. The results are that Mackin, tried for altering election returns, is in prison, the anarchist is awaiting the decision of the court on an application for a new trial, McGarrigle has escaped to Canada, and the "hoodle" commissioners have either paid their fines or are awaiting the issue of an appeal to a higher court.

Statistics are not always amusing, but often suggestive, and those of the Dead Letter Office are depressing: 4,500,000 letters were last year sent to the Dead Letter Office for various reasons, of which 3,500,000 were unclaimed letters, 112,650 were returned from hotels, 814,700 were misdirected, 133,600 were held for unpaid postage, 14,134 were without address. Of these, 4,044,845 were opened, 1,518,825 were returned to writers, and 2,526,990 were destroyed. Of the above letters 17,385 contained money, 30,280, drafts; 34,400, receipts, paid notes, etc., and 85,000 contained postage stamps. Most of these are sent by occasional letter writers, who find the writing and mailing an arduous duty; and the loss of a letter to them is more annoying than the loss of a letter to a business house.

The United States Treasury agent in charge of the Alaskan seal islands reports that the British marauders, during the last season, have taken 50,000 skins on the islands belonging to the United States. The seals are killed not in the waters within the disputed jurisdiction, but on the islands. The British case is made up on the theory that the offences against the statutes of the United States are committed within the waters which are claimed to be part of the high seas. The fact seems to be that the British vessels land their crews on the islands and kill the seals during the breeding season. The offense has a far larger importance, therefore, than is involved in an occasional infraction of the rights of this country. If the British position is agreed to, the result must be the extermination of the seals.

ONE GOOD LIFE.

A sunless period the forbidden shade Of some drear prison cell has once brought Quiet to troubled spirits, and his mark Dark, morbid brooding change to peaceful thought.

So one good life will prove a guiding light. To brighten paths weak mortals oft find drear. A beacon in the narrow way of right To lure the fallen to a higher sphere. —The American.

THE CASKET'S KEY.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

When Chester Seabrook, young, wealthy, intelligent, and ambitious of literary fame, went to Italy to collect materials and to consult an expert before beginning his projected tragedy of "Cesar Borgia," his friends and relatives in New York were far from anticipating the actual results of his researches. These had brought about his acquaintance with a certain Dr. Alexander Marini, an aged physician of Milan, who claimed descent from one of the collateral branches of the Borgia family. This old doctor's grand-daughter, Lucioza Marini, was wonderfully beautiful, an Italian blonde glowing with the freshness of extreme youth, being then hardly seventeen, and with all the lustre of a loveliness which, as her grandfather declared, revived and reproduced the charms of her of the same name who was the famous bride of Duke Alfonso of Ferrara. The tragedy remained unwritten, and Chester Seabrook took to write this dazzling creature. If, wedded to her, he afterwards repented at leisure, the outside world was destined never to know. His married life lasted a little over one year. His brilliant Italian wife died in giving birth to a son, and the young widower returned to his native land with his little child, possibly a wiser man, but certainly a sadder one. It was an ominous fact that he never referred to his wife in any way, not to the experiences of his few months of matrimony. A miniature, painted on ivory and reproducing the glowing yet delicate beauty of the fair Lucioza, was all that remained to him of that episode in his life. That, and the boy, who had received the name of Louis, and who bore well his transfer to the United States, growing and thriving as though he had been born under the shadow of the Starks and Stripes.

When Louis was a little over twelve years of age his father died suddenly of typhoid pneumonia. He had one only sister, Mrs. Richard Marsden, and to her and her husband he bequeathed the guardianship of his son and that son's large fortune. It was a healthy natured and happy family in which the boy grew to manhood. Mrs. Marsden's three sons were all older than Louis, and did not, it is true, take very kindly to their cousin. But her only daughter, little Grace was some years his junior, and, as is often the case in such instances with intelligent, precocious little girls, she developed a great fancy for her moody boy cousin regularly took him under her protection.

The poor boy needed all the affection that could possibly be bestowed upon him. He was never strong, and his disposition was gloomy and morbid to a degree that was extraordinary in one that was to so great a degree a favorite of fortune. He was shy and silent to a painful extent, and, despite his Italian origin, he developed no taste for either art or music. He decided early in life to become a physician, but, after studying medicine for some few years in a desultory, languid way, devoting the chief part of his time to investigations concerning the nature and properties of poisons, he suddenly announced that, on attaining his majority, he had made up his mind to relinquish all idea of study, and to devote himself to the study of the law. And he likewise astonished Mr. and Mrs. Marsden by making formal proposals for the hand of Grace.

These proposals were negatived at once, and decidedly, by Mr. Marsden. "You are both of you too young to think of such a thing as marriage, or even of an engagement, Louis," his uncle made answer. "You are only just twenty-one, and Grace is but a few weeks over sixteen. Moreover, I have decided objections to the marriage of first cousins."

"You do not know to what you doom me, uncle," was the gloomy response of the young man. "Grace is all that I have to live for upon earth, and if I lose her—"

"Now, do not talk nonsense, Louis," responded Richard Marsden, briskly, but not unkindly. "Grace is too much of a child to be allowed to listen to your profers of affection. She cares no more for you than she does for Ned, or Harry, or Frank. You are like a brother to her—nothing more—and I do not mean to have her mind disturbed by anything like love-making. Besides, you have seen nothing of the world, as you should do before choosing a wife and settling down to matrimony and quietude. Go abroad—spend the next two years in European travel, and then—"

"And then you will give Grace to me?" eagerly asked the youth, his pale face flushing and his dark eyes glowing as he spoke. "I make no promise; I will enter into no compact with you on that subject. You and Grace must both be entirely free, and if either of you should fall in love with some one else—"

"I cannot admit the existence of such a possibility as far as I am concerned," Louis made answer, passionately. "Nevertheless such things are possible, and have often occurred, especially where two such children as you both are concerned. Now let me hear nothing more on this subject. I shall send Grace to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Elayn, in Washington, until you are gone, and I shall feignously disapproved you if you broach to her any subject connected with love and matrimony before her departure."

Louis was going to sail for Europe in a few weeks, and that she would not see him again for a long, long time. In fact, the peculiarly morbid disposition of the young man finally became repellent to her bright nature, and though she was always affectionate and kind to him, she felt, unconsciously, a certain degree of relief in the thought of his absence. "You must not forget me, Grace," he said, fervently, at the moment of her departure. And the young girl answered, joyfully, in fear of that, Louis. Even if you never write to any of us, I shall always remember you. For you are my cousin, you know—just the same to me as one of my brothers."

Louis was about to utter some protestation respecting this announcement on Grace's part; but a significant touch on his shoulder from the hand of Mr. Marsden recalled that gentleman's stern prohibitions, and he contented himself with kissing with fervor the little hand that Grace frankly placed within his own, unheeding the fresh young face that was held up to him for a parting salute. "How odd you are, Louis, not to kiss me good-bye!" she cried, gayly, as she sprang into the carriage; "remember, you must write your first letter from Rome to me. And be sure you tell me what you think about St. Peter's and the Colosseum. I wish I were going with you to see them all."

"If you only were!" muttered Louis, as the carriage drove away. "There goes my guardian angel, and I must go forth alone to meet the demon." A few weeks later Louis Seabrook sailed from New York for Europe. He did not fail to write to Grace more than once, and he was not disappointed at her arrival; but the child, perplexed, unsympathizing, and half provoked with what she called "Cousin Louis's foolishness," made no response to his fervent protestations. Louis took the hint, and the correspondence thereafter was conducted on a more tranquil footing. To this change a sharp reproof from Mr. Marsden, and a treat of forbidden altogether any interchange of letters, probably contributed largely. The traveler wrote but seldom, but he often sent tokens of regard and remembrance to his uncle's family, and especially to Grace. One of these was a fine copy of the celebrated portrait of Cesar Borgia, by Raphael, which is one of the noted treasures of the Borghese Palace. And in the strangely beautiful face, with the kindly thoughts and affection of the full red lips, Mrs. Marsden recognized with a shudder a strong resemblance to the countenance of her nephew. Indeed, he alluded to the likeness of himself in one of the infrequent letters received from him during his sojourn in Italy, and must be a true descendant of the Borgia, he wrote, "for my likeness to the Raphael portrait has been commented upon even by total strangers, and when I went to see my great-grandfather, Dr. Marini, when I passed through Milan, the other day, his first exclamation on beholding me was, 'You are like your mother's race.' By-the-way, what a wonderful old man he is! I have promised to pay him a long visit on my way back to Paris, and he tells me that he will then confine to my keeping sundry family relics of great importance. I confess that I am very curious to see him. He is nearly ninety years old now, but preserves all his faculties unimpaired."

A few months later Louis wrote that the promised visit had been paid, and that Dr. Marini had placed in his hands some curious and antique objects, several of which had at one time belonged to the famous family of Pope Alexander Borgia. "Amongst these," he wrote, "is an ivory casket of exquisite and artistic workmanship. It possesses certain singular properties which I shall describe when we meet." Next came the news of the death of the old doctor, who had seemed to live so long for the express purpose of bestowing his cherished heirlooms on his great-grandson and sole direct descendant.

The two years that had been fixed as the period of young Seabrook's absence had nearly come to an end, and he had already written to announce the date at which he would sail for home, when he received from Mrs. Marsden the news of Grace's engagement to a young and talented lawyer, Stuart Hastings, by name. The match was one that was satisfactory in every way to Mr. and Mrs. Marsden, and, to do them justice, they had both looked upon the attachment of Louis for his cousin as a mere boyish passion that had not survived the tests of time and absence. This letter received no response, but Louis wrote a few hurried lines to Grace, declaring his intention of being present at her marriage. "And to prove to my pretty cousin that I bear her no malice for the way that she has trifled with my affections," he wrote; "I will bring her a wedding present such as few brides in this nineteenth century have ever seen."

But it was not till the day before that fixed for the ceremony that Louis made his appearance at the house of his aunt. He received a warm welcome from Mrs. Marsden, who had always looked upon him as one of her own children. "You have grown tall and manly, Louis," she said, after the first greetings were at an end, "but you look wild, haggard and feverish. Are you suffering from malaria? You must not fall ill on the very day of your return. The eye of Grace's wedding day. Your playmate of bygone days would feel sorely grieved if you were not to be present to-morrow."

"Ah, yes—where is Grace?—I had forgotten Grace!" the young man responded, hurriedly. "I want to see her—I have my wedding gift ready for her, and I want to present it to her myself." "Go into the library, then, and I will send her to you in a moment. She is just having her wedding-dress tried on for the last time, and I will tell her not take it off, for I want you to see how charmingly she looks in it."

"And with a nod and a smile, Mrs. Marsden disappeared. Some ten minutes later the door of the library, where Louis was pacing the floor impatiently, was slowly opened, and the bride elect, graceful and charming in her vesture of snowy satin, with a mien of grave sweet maidenliness, advanced with outstretched hands to meet the newly-returned wanderer. He gazed upon her for a moment with a lowering brow and a bitter smile.

"So it is thus that I find you, woman that I loved," he said between his teeth, "on the eve of your marriage, all radiant and smiling in your bridal finery!" "Cousin—Cousin Louis!" stammered the young girl, amazed and half alarmed at the sound of the name. "Oh, you need not be afraid—I have not come to overwhelm you with reproaches or tell you all the ill that you have wrought, my Cousin Grace. I have brought you a present from beyond the seas. Take it, and with it such blessings from me as you and your kinsfolk richly deserve."

So saying, he turned toward the table, and brought forward to the light an ivory casket that stood there, still half shrouded in its wrappings. Divested of these, it showed in the sunset light as a marvel of artistic beauty. In high relief upon the lid was carved the meeting of Bacchus and Ariadne, and the sides were adorned with a representation of the bridal procession of the god, wherein bacchantes and satyrs, nymphs and fauns, and cupids and panthers, were all mingled in graceful confusion. The mountings of the casket were in antique silver, and on a shield just above the lock were engraved the intertwined initials "C. B.," and below these a "V.," surmounted with a dual coronet, the insignia of "Cesar Borgia, Duke of Valentinois." It was a gift worthy to be offered by an emperored monarch to his future Queen.

Grace drew near and gazed with breathless delight at the exquisite workmanship of the ivory carvings. Meantime Louis took from his pocketbook an antique key in darkened silver. This, too, was a veritable work of art. The tube was held in the upraised hands of a mermaid, whose curved fish-tail formed the handle of the key. This handle on its outer edge was bordered with small, scarcely perceptible points or spines, which would be apt to wound the hand of any one trying to open the lock and not warned to take due precautions. This key Louis carefully fitted into the lock of the casket.

"Open it—open it, Grace!" he cried with feverish eagerness. "Within you will find included a necklace of the choicest pearls to be found in all Paris. Open it—open it, and tell me what you think of my wedding presents."

But without touching the key the girl gazed forward, and, resting her clasped hands on the lid of the casket, she looked into the dark, troubled depths of her cousin's eyes with a tender, serious expression in her glance that caused him to turn pale and to look aside.

"Dear Cousin Louis," she said, "you have brought me a magnificent gift, but do not think me exacting or ungrateful if I ask you for something more. You know I am going out to-morrow to a new life, and I want to take with me all the kindly thoughts and affection of those who loved me when I was a little child. You feel tenderly towards us all, I know, because I could not love you better than I have done—just as I have loved my brothers. It will cast a shadow on the brightness of my wedding-day if I think you are still displeased with my parents, and still feel unkindly towards them. Dear Cousin Louis—my brother Louis—in memory of our old pleasant days together, will you not grant me my request? Take back your lovely casket and your necklace of pearls, and give me instead your frank brotherly affection once more."

He fixed his dark, burning eyes on the soft blue ones raised so pleadingly to his own. "So you will not open the casket, Grace?" he said, hoarsely. "Not till you promise to grant me my request. Ah, Louis, have you forgotten all those days when we were children together, and little cousin Grace used to pet you, and watch over you, and keep her boisterous brothers from teasing you? You were always very dear to me, Louis—be my dear brother once again and always."

Still gazing fixedly upon her, he drew the casket towards him, unlocked it, threw back the lid, and withdrew the key. He held up his hand with its open palm turned towards Grace as he did so, and the astonished girl could see upon it one or two minute drops of blood caused by the punctures of the points on the handle of the key.

"Take your casket and your pearls, Grace, and with them my full forgiveness. You do not know what good service I have done you to-day. I have swept from your path a bitter and dangerous foe. Did you ever read Victor Hugo's 'Esmeralda'? There are four lines in an old translation of that poem which are now ringing in my brain: 'I die, and Fate avenges thee. 'Tis well I die, Oh angel of my life, to love. If Heaven is as sweet as were thy love. Farewell!'"

So saying, he took Grace's hand in both his hands, kissed her tenderly on the forehead, and departed. A week later the community was electrified by the news of the sudden death of young Louis Seabrook, who succumbed to a rapid and mysterious malady a few days after the marriage of Miss Marsden. The disease which proved so speedily fatal baffled all the science and conjectures of the physicians called in to attend him. They agreed that his symptoms closely resembled those produced by the bite of a serpent, and finally decided that the patient had fallen a victim to some acute and mysterious form of blood-poisoning. It was the very day of the marriage that the eye learned the truth, and that was after the death of Louis Seabrook. Amongst the papers of the deceased was found a letter addressed to his uncle. It set forth in rambling, incoherent fashion these facts: "I brought the casket of Cesar Borgia as a present to Grace," he wrote, "intending that she should not long survive her marriage. The little points that stand in front of the mower. As he fell he shouted 'whoa' to his horses and they stopped. The cutting knife of the machine was resting on top of the boy's foot when he was taken up. Had the horse taken a single step more the lad's foot would have been mangled to pieces." —Albany Journal.

live to deal with fresh temptations—perhaps to succumb to them. The legacy of my great-grandfather has wrought evil for no one—not even for myself. I go—To where, beyond those voices, there is peace." —Frank Leitch.

Warwick Castle, which is one of the great federal castles of England, affords a very handsome revenue to its present occupant, the Earl of Warwick, through shilling admissions being charged to view all except the private living apartments. The present Earl, writes a correspondent of the New York World, is a poor man for one in his position. He has been obliged to live quietly and husband his resources to do his best to free his property from the debts upon it when it came to him. The estate was loaded with mortgages when he received it. His oldest son, Lord Brooke, married a few years ago one of the great heiresses of England. Looking back over the history of his family, I find that nearly all of its financial successes have come through the marriage of a rich young woman. This heiress who married Lord Brooke is a spirited young lady who refused the hand of Prince Leopold when it was tendered her a few years ago. Up to within a few years there was no admission fee charged at Warwick Castle. Then the butler and the housekeeper were permitted to show people through at certain hours of the day, and they were permitted to pocket the fees paid them. The result was that these two people accumulated a great fortune during their 20 years' service, and have now set up as magnates of county kitchen circles. The present Earl now takes a shilling revenue to himself. One of the peculiarities of this business is that the tickets of admission are not sold at the castle grounds. There is a strange avoidance of any apparent connection upon the part of the castle with the financial features of this transaction. At the porter's lodge you are told that tickets can be bought at the little humble house in the feudal road, under the forty battlements of this most aristocratic abode of one of the greatest peers of the realm. You visit this house and there your money is taken through a little wicket, and in exchange you are given a ticket which entitles you to be shown through the castle. Commissioners are on duty there, and they display the treasures and the beauties of the place with the same business-like method and manner of people in charge of any of the show places of London. The money deposited by the visitor finds its way to a bank to the Earl's credit, affording him at the present time a clear net income of fully \$15,000 a year.

The Age of Railroads. Few people realize the extent and importance of the railroads in the United States. We have grown so familiar with vast railroad systems that we do not appreciate their magnitude. The building of a new railroad now creates a local comment. There are about 140,000 miles of railroad in the United States. In all the world outside there are less than 200,000 miles. We have over two-fifths of the railroad mileage of the earth. In the State of Georgia alone there are several hundred more miles of railroads than there are in the German Empire. And this proportion is increasing, for nowhere is railroad construction proceeding so rapidly as in the United States. These facts indicate a great change in the old conditions of commerce. Fifty years ago an inland town of any considerable size would have been an impossibility. Population was thick at the ports and grew sparser with the increasing distance from rivers and the sea. Railroads are now the great channels of trade. They make ports amid the mountains. Railroads are built right along the banks of our great rivers, and compete successfully with water transportation. There never was a time when railroad enterprise was bolder, or when railroad investments were, on an average, more profitable. It is impossible to set a limit to the possibilities of railroads in this country. —Atlanta Constitution.

Buttons From Blood. A retired member of "the finest" is about to engage in a new, queer, odoriferous but a paying business. He is going to make ear-rings and buttons from blood. "Near Chicago," said he, "there is a factory that employs 100 people, who make buttons from the waste animal blood that comes from the abattoirs near by. Hirst, the man who introduced the industry in America, lost heavily at it in the beginning, but is now immensely wealthy. I have a son who worked in the Bridgeport factory and understands the business thoroughly, and I think there's millions in it. Not only buttons are made of blood, but earrings, brooches, belt clasps, combs and other little things of the same class. In England there are lots of these factories. In the Bridgeport factories they use about 10,000 gallons of blood per day. My fresh beef blood is used. The blood is collected, filtered, would answer fully as well, but it costs too much to collect it. During the drying process much of the blood evaporates, but what remains is pure albumen." —New York Mail and Express.

Stopped Just in Time. The well-known horse trainer, Professor Gleason, says "whoa" is the sacred word of a horseman. It should never be used unless he wants his horse to stop, and when it is used the horse should at once stop. Compliance with this rule recently saved the life of a boy on a farm not far from Albany. He was on a mowing machine, and accidentally fell in front of the mower. As he fell he shouted "whoa" to his horses and they stopped. The cutting knife of the machine was resting on top of the boy's foot when he was taken up. Had the horse taken a single step more the lad's foot would have been mangled to pieces. —Albany Journal.

A Guarantee Against Rain. Go, Bonnie Bess, and quickly dress. And we unto the fair will go. The grand affair is rich and rare. 'Tis said to be the finest show. Much to enjoy, naught to annoy. No fairer day you'll find. The skies are clear, you've naught to fear. Umbrellas we will leave behind. From stormy seas I feel quite sure. The reason why I will explain. The heavens bright will greet our sight. 'Cause weather prophets say 'twill rain. —Goodwill's Son.

BOWSER'S INJURED ANKLE.

IT IS THE CAUSE OF MUCH ANXIETY AND TROUBLE.

A Chapter in the Domestic Life of the Bowser's Graphically Recited by Mrs. Bowser.

Five days ago Mr. Bowser was brought home with a sprained ankle. He got it by a misstep off the sidewalk. I had the doctor come up to look at the limb to see that no bones were broken, and he went away assuring Mr. Bowser that he would be able to walk out in four or five days. He had scarcely gone when the patient asked me in a pitiful voice if I thought he was going to die? "Going to die, Mr. Bowser? Why, what nonsense! What put that idea in your head?"

"I have a presentiment. I—I think I ought to draw up my will." "It's all folly. You've got nothing but a simple sprain." "Simple! I tell you this is a terrible thing, and if I live two days it will be a great wonder to me. The Bowser men die hard, but they have to die as well as other folks. Do I look like a man stricken with death?" "Not a bit of it. I never saw you look more healthy."

"Mrs. Bowser, don't you deceive me! Deceiving a dying husband is an awful crime. Has the door been muffled and the girl told that no callers are admitted?" "Certainly not." "And aren't you going to send the baby over to mother's until you see whether I die or get well?" "Not a bit of it. Don't be a booby, Mr. Bowser. When I broke the ankle last fall you simply remarked that I ought to know better than to fall against a board."

I tucked him up and patted his head and he cried. He wanted me to hold his hand and I sat and held it until he fell asleep. Then I went up stairs to do a little work, and he'd been gone over fifteen minutes when I heard him shouting at the top of his voice. I ran down and he thundered at me: "Is this your love for your crippled and dying husband?" "I had some work to do." "Work! can you think of work while I lie here suffering untold agonies! What is making up an old spare bed compared to the life of your husband? Are you in a hurry to see creep on the door?"

"Come, Mr. Bowser, don't be unreasonable. I will do everything for your comfort, but things around the house must be seen to." When evening came Mr. Bowser had a slight fever, and he grew more petulant. He wanted me to telegraph to his brother in Japan, his sister in California, and to telephone the doctor. I put in an awful night with him. He heard cats and burglars and forty other noises, and he refused to go to sleep for fear he'd die without knowing it. At midnight after I had helped him turn over about twenty times and had upset his pillow until the case was worn thread-bare, he wanted me to telephone the doctor and ask if a sprained ankle ever struck to the heart. I rang up the central and the following conversation seemed to take place: "Doctor, Mr. Bowser has grown steadily worse since you left, and I don't believe he can live an hour longer. Yes, I have done as you told me. Oh, you know he'd die before morning, eh? Oh, yes, I shall be pretty well fixed for a widow. About six hacks, I guess. I'm no hand to make a spread at a funeral. You might—"

"Mrs. Bowser!" yelled Mr. Bowser at the top of his voice, and when I ran into the bed-room he was sitting on the edge of the bed, hair on end and face pale as death. "What do you want, dear?" "Well, the poor man actually fainted away in his nervousness, and when he came to I had to sit and hold his hands while he caught catnaps. The swelling was nearly gone from his ankle in the morning, and he could dress himself and hobble about. He, however, drew up his will, had a son who worked in the conferences with parties he sent for, and I saw him looking over a lot of photographs of monuments and tombstones. I caught him weeping once, and when I stroked the back of his neck, and called him my poor, crippled gazelle, he looked up in a pitiful way and said: "Mrs. Bowser, it's awful hard to have to die at my age."

That was Mr. Bowser for the first two days. On the third he went down town, and on the fourth he gave up his case. When he came home to dinner I was on the lounge with teeth and ears and eyes full of neuralgia. "Now what?" he roared out. "I'm dreadfully ill, Mr. Bowser." "Bosh! A little neuralgia! Mrs. Bowser you've got no more sand than a grasshopper. I'll give you a big baby as you are 'd've live on soothing syrup."

"But—but when you had nothing but a sprained ankle, you—"

"When I fell fourteen feet, Mrs. Bowser, and cracked two ribs, upset my liver, turned my right leg clear around, knocked my elbows loose and brought on brain fever! I lay here without a murmur or complaint, and you know it! You are a booby—a regular booby, and I'll go back down town for my dinner." —Detroit Free Press.

MORNING.

Lo! from out the Orient splendour Comes the day.

While about his chariot golden Sublimous play! Dewdrops on the meadow grasses All alight.

Glinting in the yellow smashes, Diamonds bright.

From around the homely cottages, Where they creep, Wake the purple morning glories From their sleep;

Wakes roses, fresh and dewy, To the light, Blushing from the wind's caresses Through the night.

Listen to sweet nature-music, 'Mong the trees; Singing bird and rustling leaflet Humming bees;

'Mong the scarlet honeysuckles, Robbers bold Are they, with their loads of treasure, Yellow gold.

And the fragrance of the meadows, Perfume rare, Sweeter than Cashmerian roses, Fills the air.

Life again has slowly wakened, Newly born, And with every bud and blossom Comes the morn.

—Bella Brewster, in the Overland.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It would seem natural for a carpenter to walk with a lumbering gait. An unpopular "fall" resort—a banana peel on the sidewalk.—Hotel Mail. "My bark is on the sea," remarked the man who sent his dog on shipboard.—Merchant Traveler. The fishermen has no difficulty in making both ends meet when he catches an eel.—Boston Courier. Even a doctor who speaks only one language may yet understand a great many tongues.—Goodwill's Son. When the days grow sad and lonely, Love and youth and friends depart. And loaves her for her smother's word. (Said to be thirty thousand dollars.) —Goodwill's Son.

There is nothing consolatory for the patient suffering from a severe cold in head to be told that "colds attack the weakest spot." —Salem News. If you want to get a good idea of tumultuous motion you want to watch the agitation of the bustles of two women dancing a hop waltz.—Boston Transcript. Jiggs thinks his girl the pride of earth—He pictures her in glowing colors, And loves her for her smother's word. (Said to be thirty thousand dollars.) —Tid-Bite.

"And what makes you think I'm a slow reader?" asked Merritt. "Because," replied Miss Snyder, "I lent you a book more than a year ago and you don't seem to have finished it yet." —Judge. "Who is that young man that just called on you?" asked the senior member of the firm. "His connection with the Squarup Life Insurance Company." "What does he do?" "I don't know, but, judging from his department, I should say he must be custodian of the assurance." —Merchant Traveler.

Brief Snake Stories. The County Clerk of Lonoke, Ark., is responsible for the story of a Jay bird killing a snake eight feet long. A farmer, living on the old Peachtree road, Atlanta, Ga., counted over 150 snakes in an hour's stroll on his farm recently. A black snake, five feet two inches long, entered the house of Alonzo Baldwin, of Missouri City, and dined on four pretty canaries that were in a cage hanging against the wall. After the poultry house of Willis Perryman, near Bonne Terre, Mo., had been nearly depopulated, he tried rat poison, and found the next day in his henry a dead bull snake of enormous size. Pat Pierce's wife saved her four-year-old boy, who had been bitten by a moccasin, by sucking the wound, giving the child whiskey and putting a toadscop on the wound. She lives near Macon, Ga.

The thirteen-year-old daughter of Calvin Banks, of Griffin, Ga., was bitten on her foot by a six-foot rattler while she was topping cotton. Remedies were promptly applied, but the child died in a short time. While chopping wood, David McGranahan, of Yellowstone, Wis., was bitten on the end of his finger by a rattlesnake. In a second, with one blow of the axe, he had amputated the finger, and he never felt any effects from the bite.

An Athletic Prodigy. Wesley Welch is an athletic prodigy. He has gone barefooted every summer of his life. His first shoes he paid for with quilts that he trapped. He never took medicine; was never sick. His speed and endurance on foot are wonderful. A noted fox chase is recalled in which he caught the fox after a run of four hours, when all but two of twenty-five hounds had given out in the run of from fifteen to twenty miles. He refers to Mr. Goodwin and Major Jones, of Memphis, who saw him catch the fox. About twenty men on horseback started in the chase. He is confident that he can excel in speed and endurance both bound and horse in a long race. He has made a mile in 1:38, and ten miles in eighty minutes. His longest and best walk was from Atlanta to Chattanooga in one day and night, one hundred and forty miles. He had two companions on the start, but left them behind. On a hard journey of this kind he wants no food but sweetened coffee, and he will refrain from eating the day or so beforehand. He says he will eat too much. He prefers wild game and their manna, and hee! to bag meat, and regards chicken as the worst of meats. —Nashville American.

About the Dandelion. Have you ever wondered how this common wild flower got its name of dandelion? Well, you must know that its petals are supposed to be like the tooth of a lion. Now the French for "tooth of lion" is dent de lion, which our word is almost a direct translation. Only enough, this resemblance seems to have struck the Greeks also, for they name for the flower is leontodon, which means "lion's tooth." —Little Bids.

A sharp-eyed traveler reports that with a year the Mormon women have generally discarded their plain garb and now appear as gaily attired as their Gentile sisters.