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HEATLY C. DULLES,
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REPOSE.

The clouds have thrown long golden anchors out
To reach the fastnesses among the hills
That purple rise and hem the blue sea in;
Upon its azure tablets has the sun
Writ his last message. Birds forget their quest,
And hearts their trouble; flowers cease to fade;
Fear has been lost and the keen sense of hope
Been dulled a little through what promises
To be the eve of a fulfillment sweet;
Sleep draws the curtains of that other land,
Then works a charm to blind the vision there:
While, like a ghost of the departed sun,
The moon steals spiritlike upon the world,
And just as silently the azure sea
To silver turns, and the tired earth forgets
It ever was, or it must be again.

—Mary A. Mason in Boston Transcript.

HOLLOWAY HOUSE.

Arthur Severn raised his head from the book which he had been poring over the greater part of the afternoon and gazed despondently at the dingy walls of the room. Finally he arose, and going to the window peered out through the cracked and grimy panes of glass, now streaked with rain, which was driving violently from the east. From early morning the rain had been falling incessantly, and as darkness began to close around the village the wind blew more violently than ever and the rain fell in heavier torrents. A large brown patch appeared on the ceiling above and the water began to drip down and form little puddles on the uncarpeted floor. It was a melancholy day and Severn felt that it accorded well with his own evil fortune. He occupied the only habitable room in a large, old, tumble down house that stood off at one side of the village near the river and had been falling to decay for years.

Severn was striving to make his way through college, and when the landlord's agent suggested his taking a room in the "old Holloway house" at a much lower figure than he could obtain lodging for elsewhere he felt constrained on account of his poverty to accept the offer. His parents were poor, and, moreover, adverse to his taking a college course, so that he was unable to receive any aid from them. For some time past he had found himself inextricably involved in financial embarrassment, and he had often been on the point of giving up the whole thing, but the letters which came from Mary Eldridge full of encouragement and loving sympathy always induced him to take a brighter view of the circumstances.

He had met Mary at the academy at Melville, and a mutual admiration for each other's scholarly attainments had been the first step in the formation of a friendship that ripened into love. Mary had gone to Wellesley to complete her education, and Severn was in his sophomore year in college. Miss Eldridge came of wealthy parents, and had always been surrounded with the comforts of a well ordered home. Severn knew that her unselfish disposition would exact no conditions to their engagement, but he was fully determined never to let her share his lot until he had completed his education and secured a competent income.

During the last year a series of misfortunes had overtaken him. A friend to whom he had loaned the money with which he expected to meet the bulk of his expenses suddenly died, leaving his debts wholly unliquidated. Severn himself had undergone a severe illness during the fall, and to satisfy his numerous obligations he secured a few hundred dollars from Mr. Holloway, who was always ready to make loans at usurious interest, but remorseless in exacting his claims. Finally he began to receive letters from home urging him to return to the farm. "Unless he could give some aid they would lose the old place," his mother wrote.

If duty called him home he would go, but he felt if he did his prospects were gone. An idea struck him. If he could induce Mr. Holloway to give him time on his loan and trust him for his rent until he could get to earn something he would send the money home which he had been accumulating for the payment of the debt. He went to see Mr. Holloway, but the response to his request was so chilly that he felt almost guilty of some heinous crime.

"It is not business," said Mr. Holloway, "not business. Would like to oblige you, but must have some method, you know."

A dunning letter from the agent, following conspicuously close upon his visit to Mr. Holloway, filled his soul with bitterness. The way out of his difficulties seemed as dark as the day on which we find him brooding over his evil fortune in the "old Holloway House." The water fell in torrents and the river in the rear was so swollen by the rain that it had overflowed its banks and was washing the foundation stones of the shaky old structure. The room was chilly and wet, but he built no fire, and though darkness came on early he hardly observed the change, but sat pondering over the hopeless outlook without even the ghostly light from the seams in the rickety stove to reveal the outlines of the room.

The wind continued to rise and the rain to fall faster, until the old shell quivered and quaked, but Severn paid no attention. His soul was shaken by storm also. There was as much darkness within as without. He knew his own disposition too well to attempt to study until he could quiet his nerves, so he sat in the darkness until long after midnight, listening to the howling wind and the roar of the swollen river.

Suddenly there came a crash; there was a heavy fall of plastering, and for a minute Severn thought that the old house was about to give way. To have its walls fall upon him he knew would be almost certain death, but with a thrill of melancholy pleasure he hoped for a moment that it might happen. The old building creaked and strained, but there came a lull in the storm and it finally settled back to its normal condition.

Severn lighted the lamp to see if his books had been damaged and to investigate the injury to the room. A large patch of plastering had fallen from the wall and lay scattered over the floor. After the investigation he felt calmer and went to bed for the night.

The next morning, contrary to his usual neatness, he left the broom in its corner and the room continued to present a very dilapidated appearance. In the afternoon after returning from class he seated himself in his chair and gazed listlessly at the heap of rubbish on the floor. Stooping forward he took up a bit of broken plastering and slowly picked it to pieces, thinking of Mary and wondering if the day would ever brighten.

He had been pursuing this aimless occupation for some time when suddenly he observed that the face of the piece which he held in his hand was less discolored than that which surrounded the edge of the broken patch. He drew his chair closer to the wall, and on examining found that a hole had once been made through the lathing about a foot square. The pieces had afterward been spliced and a new coat of plastering overlaid. His curiosity was now excited to know the object of the opening, so he brought a hammer from a chest and proceeded to draw the nails. After removing the pieces he reached in and began to explore. There was nothing to be found, however, so he washed his hands and began to clear away the debris.

As he was about to replace the pieces of lath he thought he saw a string hanging down into the cavity. He reached his hand again into the opening, took hold of the filament and pulled, but it promptly broke. He examined the fibers and discovered that it was an old piece of silk cord, now extremely rotten and discolored. He became more curious and resolved to trace the mystery to its source. He reached his hand into the cavity as far as he could, following the cord. Again he pulled, and this time it resisted and he felt something at the other end move slightly. He gave a stronger pull, but the cord broke, this time at its point of attachment.

He improvised a hook by driving a nail into the end of a piece of board, and with this succeeded in drawing something toward him. Finally he was able to reach the object. He drew it in front of the opening, and with both hands lifted an old mahogany box out upon the floor. For some time he sat staring at it in curious suspense.

"Well, you are a queer fish in queer waters," said Severn to himself with suppressed excitement. "I guess you must have lost your bearings or you would never have been swallowed by this shark of a wall. I'll find out what's inside of you at any rate," and taking up a hammer he struck the old lock a heavy blow. He struck it again and again, but finally it broke and the lid flew open.

Severn drew back in astonishment and wonder, for his eyes rested upon a large leathern bag, and beside it were two bars of gold. With trembling hands he loosened the strings of the sack and opened it to find it full of gold coins. There were several compartments in the chest. In one he found a sparkling row of rings, and as he held them up to the light he saw by their brilliancy that they were diamonds of rare value. He found some papers that purported possession of a large amount of English property in one Cyrus Holloway, great-grandfather of the present landlord. There was an inventory of the contents of the box, and the amount counted up into the hundreds of thousands.

He was overwhelmed by the discovery and sat down to collect his thoughts. He remembered now of having once heard that Mr. Holloway had come of wealthy ancestry, but that during the Revolutionary war the largest part of the property had been lost, and that the fortune of the present Mr. Holloway was mostly of his own acquisition. There could be no doubt but that the box belonged by right to his landlord, but the temptation was terrible. There was no chance of discovery if he kept it himself, and besides it could add no material happiness to its legitimate owner, for he already had a sufficiency.

To Severn it represented all the comforts of life. He could pay all his debts, free his father's farm from the mortgage, complete his education and afterward provide a home for Mary.

The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead as he struggled against the tempter. Finally he rose and with compressed lips domed his hat, and locking the door behind him he turned his steps toward Mr. Holloway's.

"Of course it's mine, every cent of it," said Mr. Holloway, when an hour later he stood before the opened box. His eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he beheld the contents. He tucked the box under his coat and left the house with an admonition to Severn to keep quiet for a few weeks.

Severn felt intensely relieved. "I have been saved from a worse fate than poverty," he thought as he sat down to his books.

That evening Mr. Holloway's agent called to announce that Severn would be allowed time on his loan and that he might have a much better room in one of his new houses, with unlimited time for the payment of rent.

Severn was overjoyed; he sent the money to his mother, moved into his new quarters and afterward, by mysterious good luck, secured lucrative work, by means of which he completed his course in college very comfortably. On the day of graduation Mr. Holloway met him at the door of the church, and after grunting him a congratulation invited him to call the next morning at his office.

At the appointed time he was on hand. "I need an honest man to attend to my business, and if you wish to take the position I offer you will be able to pay what you owe me," said Mr. Holloway.

A year later Severn went away for a few weeks and when he returned Mary came with him. Mr. Holloway proved a good friend in his way, and when he died a goodly share of the proceeds of the old chest passed as a legacy to Mr. Arthur Severn.—Chicago Evening News.

Fowls in Small Runs.

Mr. Legetmeir, the well known English authority, says concerning the keeping of fowls in small runs by suburban residents: "These attempts are usually successful in the first instance, the fowls when bought being young, healthy and vigorous, but if kept on the same ground for any length of time it becomes tainted, and the laying falls off very considerably. By adopting a more rational system, even in an area of somewhat limited size, a few fowls can be kept for egg production with success. This is to be accomplished by securing a succession of new pullets; by careful feeding, with the elimination of all fat house scraps; the abundance of green food, with a constant renewal of fresh earth and of means to be adopted whereby the fowls should not pick their food from the tainted ground. The rearing of chickens in confined runs is undesirable, and the employment of a chanticleer to disturb the neighbors during the early morning is a mere useless addition and not attended with an increased production of eggs."

IN CAMP AT PEEKSKILL.

An Incident of Military Life Among New York's Citizen Soldiers.

Jordan Rogers, from Peekskill, N. Y., was at the Great Northern recently.

"The departure," he said, "of some of your militia for the state encampment reminds me of a little incident that occurred a night or two before I left Peekskill, where the New York boys were encamping.

"On this night the countersign was 'Gettysburg,' and some of the battery boys, who were stationed out on the edge of the bluff, 'caught on.' Several of them had some fun with the guard after taps, and one incident in this connection has an especially humorous side to it. It seems that no enlisted man is entitled to the countersign. If it is absolutely necessary for one to enter or leave camp after taps he can go past the guards only by means of a pass which has been approved at headquarters. In the battery detail from Brooklyn is a private who knows how to make the most of a good thing.

"He is a large, well built man, with a voice to match his size. He was one of several who got hold of 'Gettysburg' on the night referred to. He has a coat with a cape fashioned much like the regular officer's cape. Shortly after taps he put on his big cape coat, buttoned it closely around his throat, gave his private's cap the crush in the back which, more than the braid, distinguishes the officer's cap after dark, assumed a majestic stride and started for a walk around the camp grounds. He was soon challenged by a sentry. The conversation which ensued was something like this.

"'Halt! who goes there?'

"'A friend.'

"'Advance, friend, and give the countersign.'

"The battery private walked slowly forward and said 'Gettysburg' in his deepest bass.

"The sentinel began to say 'The countersign is correct; advance, friend,' when the big private, assuming an authoritative pose, said sharply:

"'Don't you know how to hold your piece when you are talking to an army officer?'

"The sentry was in the correct position, and began to stammer that he thought he was holding it properly.

"'Don't let me see any more of this carelessness,' said the private more sternly than before.

"'Point your bayonet down when a regular army officer approaches. Hold the piece in your left hand and salute at the same time with your right. Don't you know the new regulations regarding the salute to regular army officers?'

"The rattled sentry admitted that that part of his education had been neglected, but added that he would profit by the advice given him. The big private left him standing there with his bayonet pointed toward the ground and his right hand in the air.

"After instructing a couple more sentries in a brand new system of guard duties the private went to his tent and laughed himself asleep."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Saved by the Big Dog.

As little Cal Stephens, of Ossawatomie, Kan., was playing around a well that worked with two buckets, a rope and a pulley, he fell in, carrying the top bucket down with him. His screams attracted the attention of Bob Layson's big St. Bernard dog, Hadley, who, without a moment's hesitation, sprang in the well and either by accident or intention carried the other bucket down with him, overbalancing and bringing the other bucket with little Cal clinging to it to the top.

Aunt Biddy McGee was there and rescued little Cal. A ladder was soon procured and Hadley was brought out. As Aunt Biddy McGee with her arms around the wet child and the dog was gently crying, the people who had gathered went down in their pockets to get a medal for Hadley.—Chicago News-Record.

Serving a Subpœna.

An amusing little incident once occurred to me when calling upon a veterinary surgeon well known in the northeast district of London. I had to serve him with a subpœna, summoning him to give evidence as a witness, and being reluctant to waste perhaps a whole day or even more upon the case, he refused to take it unless more "conduct money" were added. Of course I received my instructions, and merely laying the paper upon his person being "good service," round and round the table in his front sitting room we went, I endeavoring to place it upon him, he dodging backward to keep out of the way.

However, after a lengthy go-as-you-please race on a track that was, goodness only knows, how many laps to the mile, he suddenly burst out laughing at the oddity of the situation, and breathless with exertion accepted the subpœna.—London Tit-Bits.

One Kind of Praise.

"Do you know how one professional will express himself when he wants to say that another is a very poor artist?" said "a actor" to the Man About Town. "Say that a manager was to come to me and ask me about So-and-so's ability. He's a rattling good fellow, you know, and I wouldn't do him harm for the world, but he's a very bum actor. I'd say to the manager, 'He's a fine fellow and he's good to his mother.' That would fix him forever. Among our people no slur or deprecating language is half as expressive as that phrase, 'He's good to his mother.' Only thing that can be said in his favor, don't you see, and a little bit like, 'Yes, but he's a good hearted fellow,' except that usage has made it infinitely more expressive."—St. Louis Republic.

The Sun of Democracy.

[Air—"The Star Spangled Banner."]

Up, freemen, arise! see, the day dawn is nigh;
Now the sun of Democracy 'wakes from his slumber;
And soon will his splendor illumine our sky,
And soon o'er our land blessings shed without number.
Then error shall hide,
Then truth shall abide,
While justice and right shall be found by her side;
When Cleveland and Stevenson victors shall be,
When peace and fair plenty shall smile on the free.

Oh, brothers, how long will you suffer and bear
The vampire that sucks the life blood of the nation?
What! will you be slaves, who have breathed freedom's air,
Slaves to plutocracy's foul combination?
Now the battle is on,
The cause must be won,
The masses shall rule, let the classes be gone!
Then, like freemen and true men, arise in your might,
For Cleveland and Stevenson, charge for the right!

Oh, hear you the murmurs that wake all the land,
The cry of distress and the groans of our toilers?
And hear you the boast of that desperate band,
High tariff's defenders, the people's despoilers?
They boast and declare,
They vow and they swear,
To fasten more firmly the chains that you wear.
Then up, men, for Cleveland, tried, trusted and true,
Strike home, men, for Cleveland and Stevenson too.

Hark! hark to that cry as it swells to the sky!
'Tis Cleveland and Stevenson, friends of the people;
From mountain to sea, a grand jubilee—
Ring out the glad tidings from church tower and steeple!
Each home is made light
And gladsome and bright,
And dead is the Force bill and buried from sight.
Thus the "Temple of Freedom" kept sacred shall be
In this land of the brave and the home of the free.

That "Tender Mercy."

Grover Cleveland—The tender mercy the workingman receives from those made selfish and sordid by unjust governmental favoritism.—Chicago Herald.

The Beginning of the End.

Mr. Frick is credited with saying that he recognizes the necessity of getting the Carnegie works in all departments upon a basis that will enable them to dispense with protection, and that this is the reason for the reduction of the wages and the contests with the labor organizations that have occurred during the last year or two. If Mr. Frick made this remark it is creditable to his perception, and his conduct toward his Homestead workingmen is eminently calculated to bring about the conditions for which he claims to be preparing. It is probable that the future historian in writing the history of the Nineteenth century will point to the Homestead carnage as the beginning of the end of protection in the United States.—St. Louis Republic.

"The Proof of the Pudding," Etc.

The People's party in Kansas need not be alarmed by the announcement that Governor McKinley is to take part in the campaign in that state. As long as the farmers of Kansas have to buy agricultural implements and nails and lumber and clothing, and their wives are compelled to purchase carpets and blankets and woolen fabrics and gloves and tinware, all of the talking which even as slick an orator as McKinley can do will not make protection popular. The quality of pudding in Kansas is always determined by the sense of taste.—Kansas City Star.

A Very Bad Well Enough.

The administration organ puts forth the old plea of the sleek and contented ins in favor of "letting well enough alone." Whether the irony of this plea be conscious or unconscious, it is great. Is the highest tariff in the world, taxing a thousand necessaries of the people at more than war rates and breeding millionaire monopolists and servile or striking workingmen, "well enough?"—New York World.

A Decidedly Vulgar Ring.

Chairman Carter is flippantly spoken of as "the little wonder," and though young is said to be a "hustler." Uncle Jerry Rusk is reported as saying that there are "no flies on him." All this would sound very well in ward politics, but used in connection with the management of a great national party it certainly has a very vulgar ring.—Boston Globe.

Give Thanks to McKinley.

When the duty of four cents a pound comes to be laid on imported tin next July the English owners of the Temescal mine will be able to get that much more for their little output from American consumers, and for that blessing all patriotic Americans will have to give thanks to McKinley and his associate patriots.—Chicago Herald.

A Startling Record.

It is to be remembered that manufactures in this country have not been prosperous during the past year, and that the decrease in imports has not been offset by home production. The enormous taxes levied have simply compelled thousands of the people of the United States to do without these necessaries, while other thousands have bought them at the cost of a heavy tribute either to an extravagant government or to pampered trusts. It is a record which should make sensible men pause and think.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) Argus-Leader.

It Will Not Be Forgotten.

It should not be forgotten that the bill passed by the Democratic house for free wool and cheaper clothing has been buried in a pigeonhole of the Republican senate. The people will make the Republican party shiver for this next November.—Buffalo Courier.

HEMMED IN BY A PRAIRIE FIRE.

An Experience That Is Burned Into a Westerner's Memory.

"I had an experience in Nebraska in 1856 that I can see yet whenever I shut my eyes," said Major Tom Stephens. "I piloted a party of emigrants across the plains and was returning alone to the Missouri. It was a trifle risky, but my business was urgent, and I was so well mounted that I had little fear of Indians. It was in the latter part of September, and as there had been no rain for two months the tall grass was like so much tinder.

"One night I camped on a small tributary of the Middle Loup. It was a small, spring fed rivulet, destitute of timber and almost hidden by the rank grass. I had not slept long when I was awakened by the neighing of my horse, and was horrified to find the prairie to the south of me afire and a strong wind sweeping it down upon me. I mounted and started for the Loup, some five miles north, but before half the distance was covered my horse put his foot in a hole, fell and broke a leg.

"The fire hemmed me in by a semicircle and was coming on with terrible rapidity. The whole heavens seemed to be a sheet of roaring flame. I thought sure I was done for. I have heard that men brought face to face with death remember every evil deed of their lives, but I simply stood there in the dry grass and watched the sublime spectacle. I felt that my doom was sealed and deliberately waited for it. Suddenly a new danger confronted me. A vast herd of buffalo flying before the fire was bearing down upon me. I was to be trampled to death and cremated afterward! As the vast mass came thundering on I instinctively started and ran. Several deer went scurrying by me, and I fancied I could feel the hot breath of the herd of buffalo on the back of my neck. I was suddenly thrown into the air and landed lengthwise across the back of a big bull.

"I fastened my fingers in his shaggy coat and managed to bestride him, and thus mounted I was carried to the Loup river, where I was thrown off by the branch of a tree. I managed to swing to it, however, and thus saved myself from being trampled to death. The herd plunged across the shallow river, and I took refuge from the approaching flames in its muddy waters. Three days later I was picked up, more dead than alive, by an emigrant train. I spent, first and last, more than fifteen years on the plains and had many close calls, but that midnight ride on a buffalo's back, with the Loup river in front and the fires of Gehenna roaring in the rear, was, I think, as remarkable as any of the inventions of the yellow back literati."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

To Restore Leather Bindings.

To restore the leather bindings of books wash them first very lightly and carefully with clean warm water in which a tiny piece of soda has been dissolved, in order to free the leather from grease; then wash with clear water to remove the soda, and dry. Dissolve a bit of gum arabic the size of a small bean in a teaspoonful of water and beat it up with a teaspoonful of the white of an egg. With a bit of sponge go lightly over the leather with this glair and let it dry.

Should the glair froth up on the leather, as it is very likely to do if there is much tool work on the book, dab it until it subsides with the palm of the hand or with the sponge squeezed as dry as possible.—New York Journal.

Morelli's Humor.

Morelli was a man of humor and wit who took a malicious pleasure in making dullness ridiculous. "I remember," says Sir Austen Layard, "once going with him to see a picture which its owner attributed to Luino, and with respect to which he desired to have Morelli's opinion. After looking at it for a moment Morelli said very gravely, 'Lui—no,' with a slight emphasis on the 'no.' The owner was delighted and boasted that his picture had been pronounced genuine by the great connoisseur."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Electricity Among the Japanese.

The Japanese understood electricity as an attractive force, of which they were very secret. The Greeks and Romans also knew something of the magnet as an attractive force, known to modern science as an electrical attraction—something like the loadstone of the Chinese. They are supposed to be ignorant of its polarity, though in their secret records there are mentions of sacred forces which none but God knew and must not be tampered with by man.—New York Telegram.

Color Blindness from Smoking.

A somewhat alarming fact is that temporary color blindness may be brought on by excessive smoking. Tobacco amblyopia, it is called, and it may be brought on by smoking "half an ounce of shag daily," not an excessive allowance, by the way. It disappears when the cause is removed.—New York Times.

The Value of a Good Memory.

Old Flink—I doubt if one man out of twenty can recall to memory the language he used in proposing.

Young Stewpid—Probably not. But the girl can. Mine did. When the breach of promise suit came up she was able to repeat my proposal word for word.—Exchange.

Rather Confusing.

A farmer in Berkshire has posted on a meadow fence the following: "Nottis—Know kows is aloud in these medders, eny man or women letten thare kows run the rode wot gits into my medders aforesaid shall have his tail cut off by me, Obadiah Rogers."—Boston Globe.