

[Written for the EVENING-HERALD.]

## TWO HOMES.

A modern mansion, fair and tall,  
With pictures rare upon each wall,  
And many a brilliant lighted hall,  
And many a brilliant lighted hall,  
Sweet music floats upon the air,  
And drives away each passing care,  
Oh, could there be a place more fair  
Than this that you can see!  
In the far distance mountains blue,  
Rise over the captured view,  
And add new grace and beauty to  
This fairy home.

And though November breezes blow,  
They bring no chilling hail or snow,  
But perfumes from the night flowers that grow  
In this my home.  
A house with low covered eaves,  
On which each bird of autumn weaves  
A coronet of golden leaves,  
That was my home.

No frescoed walls, nor paintings rare,  
Nor floors polished with wax and care,  
Nor stained glass, nor winding stair,  
In this my home.

And yet my heart goes back each day,  
Along life's weary rugged way,  
To that dear spot, and I will say,  
"Here is my home."  
Sweet memories of the long ago,  
Round it a charm and beauty glow,  
And fancy adds a brighter glow  
To this my home. T. J. RICHARDS,  
Woodland, Cal.

## THE LOVE CURE.

"Aunt Emily, that girl will be the death of me."  
The speaker, who had raised himself to a sitting position to deliver the energetic protest, sank back upon a lounge with a sigh of utter exhaustion.

The room, shaded from the summer sun by window awnings, expensively furnished, and speaking of invalidism in every detail, was painfully quiet; but from an apartment not far away came the sound of a rich contralto voice, indulging in the most astounding gymnastics of which the human voice can be supposed capable, while rapid firing upon the key-board supported the vocal acrobatic feat.

"The original air might have been, could hardly be surmised in the right sense, trills, cadenzas and flourishes with which it was embellished. Suddenly a sweeping rush of notes, a crash of chords, and the piano lid fell with a bang that startled the speech above quoted from Craig Warren. Aunt Emily—Mrs. John Chester—a blue-eyed widow, with one child, her nephew, sighed as she answered:

"She is a great singer, Craig, but we must endure it for a month or two."  
"Down the burn, Davy, love," floated in the open window, and in a moment a tall, handsome girl, dressed in the latest fashion, having made a circuit of the use from the drawing-room window.

"Dear," said Mrs. Chester, holding up a warning finger, "you may be a little quieter. Your cousin very nervous this morning."  
"The idea of a man not 24 having any nerves," said Helen Warren, putting aside the lace curtains to step in the room. "Poor little fellow," she added in a soothing tone, approaching the lounge, "did it want to be quiet, but some of the poorest children."

Craig flushed under the keen sarcasm of the great black eyes, looking down upon his tall figure, but said, rather fretfully: "People in the best cure for lunaticism are the sufferings of invalids."  
"I suppose it is shockingly vulgar to have no aches or pains," was the reply, "but refined laziness was never my temptation."  
"My dear, sickness is not laziness," exclaimed Mrs. Chester.

"No—but—"  
"That was all, but soon again Craig flushed under the scrutiny of the dark eyes.  
A grating of wheels upon the gravel, and a voice calling Nellie, caused Mrs. Warren to dash to the open window, and she was standing beside a buggy in which was seated an elderly gentleman.

"One more day, Nellie," he asked.  
"Wait until I get a hat, papa."  
"She was seated beside him a moment later, her face very grave.  
"What have you been doing?" her father asked.

"Singing to keep from crying. It is so hard to let you go."  
"I know it, Nellie, but it is my duty. Your poor aunt is certainly alone in Nice, and some one must go to her. I will return as soon as possible." In the mean time this is a pleasant home."  
"Pleasant!" the girl cried, with an expressive grimace. "Papa, you are a doctor. Tell me if my cousin Craig is really sick?"

"Yes and no."  
"I thought as much."  
"He is certainly delicate, and both his parents died very young. But he gets his ailments till I fear he will become a giant. If Craig were a poor man, I would probably overcome all his weaknesses. As a rich man he will probably die in a few years of sheer indolence and over-exercise. He is dyspeptic from lying about on beds and lounges, instead of walking and riding. He takes cold by keeping himself over in an artificial heat."  
"And he has nerves," said Nellie, contemptuously.

"Unfortunately, he has recently, sensitive nerves, and he is only too ready to understand me. Nell, your cousin does suffer more than you can realize, and he will suffer more and more as he encourages his troubles."  
"What shaking up?"  
"Exactly—mentally and physically."  
"Oh, that is certain," Nellie said, "either he or I will die before you return. I feel smothered every time I go into the sitting-room, and he groans every time I raise my voice above a whisper. Why can't you go to see him so. I think he is the very laziest, most man I ever saw, and he converses well, too."  
"A fine fellow," the doctor replied, with a quizzical look, "but I want to talk about you now. While I am gone—"  
"And the doctor began a long string of directions for this, his only child. It was better for both, but they had made duty and self-sacrifice with a will, and so long that there was no hesitation when these called for separation. Dr. Warren's sister, widowed at Nice, was ill, and her brother had been so long in the hospital, that in the time of his absence Mrs. Chester had consented to give Nellie a home.

"I would Craig Warren's chivalry the following morning to see the still, white face of Helen turned from the last look at the carriage taking her father to the depot to start for New York. A moment Mrs. Chester thought the girl would faint, but she rallied, saying, with a dreamy smile:  
"We were never separated before."  
"But he lets me help him. When I left school a year ago he had teachers for music and language come to the house for two hours every day. The rest of the time I work for papa. I have a ward in the children's hospital under my care, and I sew for the patients and keep the laboratory of that ward in order."  
"Keep it in order?" questioned Mrs. Chester.

"See that the medicine bottles are always filled, and that the drawers, lint scraped, sticking plasters ready, the instruments at hand, and everything in order for instant use. In case of an accident life may hang on for seconds for quickness or delay. Papa has taught me how to act in emergencies, before physicians or surgeons can be summoned."  
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find no comfort that morning. His easy on any case he found there; his novel had lost its interest, and his nap was an impossibility.

"Craig!" his aunt cried, aghast, half an hour later, "you surely are not going out in this broiling sun?"  
"Only for a walk in the village."  
"That you can send Tom for anything you want."  
"I will not walk far."

The sun was hot and Craig was not strong. He walked the tall, broad chest. Very soon he felt that he must either sit down or fall down, and very pale, he entered a little porch and sank upon a seat there. What the first dizzy sensation was over he heard a familiar voice on the other side of the window, beside which he sat.

"Remember," the voice said—and Craig wondered at its low, sweet tone—"you are to make no exertion for the present. I have engaged Mrs. Ridley to come here to do all the work and care for you. When you are quite strong again I will see that you have sewing to do."  
"God bless you, miss! Your father and yourself are the true Christians!"  
A rustle at the door, and Craig saw Nellie looking at him with such utter astonishment that the heat was actually ludicrous.

"I came here to escort you home," said Nellie, "and the fact was too much for me. He was still deadly pale; but Nellie, stepping back to the house, returned with her hands dripping with cold water, to lay it upon his head.  
"You had better postpone your next walk till after sunset," she said dryly; "I should have thought you would have waited, wait here and I will go for the buggy."  
"No! I will walk back!"

Nellie's ample sun umbrella was a help on the hot day. Craig fully justified his aunt's fears by the condition which he entered the house. Nellie pelted him with sarcastic inquiries, all the time keeping a cold water on his head and other wise taking such precautions as seemed best against injurious effects.  
"You see what a useless animal I am," he said.

"I see that you choose a wrong time to walk after living in this cell all summer," was the reply. "This room is like a vault. I should have thought you would have waited, wait here and I will go for the buggy."  
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Speak kindly to the aged one,  
Whose heart is filled with grief and woe,  
And eyes bedimmed with tears;  
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Speak kindly to the aged one,  
Whose heart is filled with grief and woe,  
And eyes bedimmed with tears;  
Speak kindly to the aged one,  
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And eyes bedimmed with tears;

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counts. Interest should never enter into an account at all. It should be used only for the outside, and not for the inside, after the account is completed. We must remember that to make an account exact, only actual value and cost must enter into it. Interest bears no relation whatever to the account, but only to the capital invested—that is, interest is neither a part of the value nor a part of the cost, but only a part of the profit, and as such should be considered. What has been said of interest will also apply to rent.

Briefly, farm bookkeeping may be divided into two classes—business accounts and crop accounts. By the first, we ascertain the gain or loss on our capital invested. In this will appear all real and personal accounts in actual business transactions, and thus all money paid for rent, interest, taxes, labor, stock, etc. Be sure never to allow anything but actual business transactions to enter into the account. If no land is rented, there will be no rent account; if no money is borrowed or lent, no interest, and so on. Make no charge for the outside, but for the inside, for your family—your living, family keep and profits are your pay. It is altogether unnecessary to keep account of hay, grain, and other crops, or of the relation of the farm. The returns for these will be found in the increase in value of the stock and manure. (Of course all feed and manures purchased will come into the account, and as such it is necessary to make charges for anything grown on the farm and used in any thing for reasons as obvious.)

Open this account by taking stock of everything you possess at a fair market value. Add any notes or accounts owing to you, and cash on hand; subtract all notes or accounts owned by you. The result will represent your capital. Open accounts for grain, implements and stock, charging only actual transactions in each. Subtract the accounts for labor, interest, expenses, etc. At the end of the year take stock again, balance your books, and the difference between your stock at the end of the year and the stock at the beginning of the year will represent your loss or gain. In practice it is unnecessary to take stock of household furniture, clothing, or even goods of professional men, or of the relation of the family, as these are not a part of your business investment, and are practically the same at any time. All small articles about the house, such as tools, etc., should, however, be taken into account as well as everything used in connection with the farm, such as feed and implements.

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