

THE SMILE THAT AWAITS ME AT HOME

Something I own that wealth cannot buy
And not offered for sale on the mart;
Something for which the great often sigh
With an unhidden void in the heart;
Something possessed by one little spot
In a corner I know on earth's loam,
Waiting for me in a neat, cosy cot,
'Tis a sweet, loving smile in my home.

When all the world is dreary and cold,
And the cloud darkly hangs o'er the way,
Friendship and honor purchased with gold,
And a world seems to win to betray;
Still one fond thought thro' shadows will shine,
As I look to that humble cot room,
Feeling as rich as wealth-laden mine,
With a sweet, loving smile in my home.

When that bright scene shall vanish and fade
Into visions of heaven beyond—
The earth grow dim in death's misty shade,
With the forms so loving and fond—
Yet will remain forever in mind,
Though afar in the heavens' broad dome,
The sweet, happy face, loving and kind,
With the smile that awaits me at home.
—Inter-Ocean.

JOSIAH'S LUCK.

BY ABIE M'KEEVER.

OW, Josiah, do be careful son, you've never been to the wicked city, and I reckon circuses are about the worst places going anywhere. I do wish to gracious you were not so set on goin' there. Selling the load of potatoes and seeing the sights ought to be enough.

"I wouldn't drive no forty-odd miles for the potatoes if it weren't for the circus, I know that," and 20-year-old Josiah Leach cracked his cowhide whip about the horses' backs, and away he went rattling over the hill while his old mother stood by the bars and watched him as long as he was in sight.

"He's such a reckless child and so set, but he's no fool," and with which comforting thought she let down the bars that the cows could make their way to the pasture.

Josiah reached the outskirts of the city at nightfall and stopped at a small inn for the night. He was up before daylight on his way to the city market. His potatoes disposed of at a good price, his horses stabled, he set out to find the circus about which such monster bills had found their way even to P'ossum Run.

"I reckon I'm in time for the parade. Yes, here she comes! Goodness! wasn't I lucky."

He was indeed lucky; the circus troupe and menagerie was approaching with all its brass band, handsome horses, and elephants, and open mouthed and eyed Josiah watched it until the last little pony had passed, then he at once set out with the crowd of small boys who were following it.

Once within sight of the majestic tents Josiah felt it hard not to omit a boyish shout of joy, the dream of his life was about to be realized.

He lolled around eating a lunch and impatiently awaited the time for the performance to begin.

His first experience was that he paid a dollar for his ticket and the fellow who took it coolly told him it was but fifty cents, just what it should be.

"You know better than that," said Josiah hotly; "however, I'd pay fifty cents any day to find a feller out."

He forgot all about it later when the wonders of the ring began, and the one thing that especially charmed him was the lady who was very pretty in spite of the ugly paint and powder, and who threw many bright glances at Josiah and at last a kiss.

Josiah blushed, the crowd laughed and the clown tried to make a joke.

"Lor, what a beauty," thought Josiah, "how I wish I was a circus feller."

Just then one of the candy boys dropped in Josiah's hand a note.

Wonderingly Josiah opened it and read:

"You have such a good, true face, and I am in such trouble. Will you help me? I know you are from the country, perhaps some remote place where my cruel stepfather could never find me. Meet me at dusk at—
"Tus Low Run."

That was all, but Josiah's heart thumped so he felt the persons near him must hear it. Wanted him to help her, poor little thing! So he would as long as he had life.

He was at the place of meeting as the shades of night began to gather, and there under a small tree, was a cloaked figure. He approached slowly fearing it might not be the one he sought.

"You have come. I am so glad. You must be at the circus to-night and at its close, that is at the close of my own riding, I will dash through under the canvas instead of going to the dressing room. I have a place prepared and you must be at once ready to go out and meet me near that wagon yonder. I will have a bundle of clothes ready but I must escape in the short dress. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Josiah bashfully, "you want to go home with me."

"Any where, only safe out of this dreadful life."

He was at the performance once more, and had been careful to present but a half dollar this time to pay his fare. The rest of his money, about twenty dollars, he had carefully stowed away in the bottom of his hip pocket with a revolver loaded in every chamber on top of it.

"No telling what may happen," he had reasoned, "and I am going to get that little thing off if living man can."

Everything passed off as usual until the appearance of the lovely lady rider, and Josiah noticed that her acts were more daring than in the afternoon and that her eyes sought him out and smiled a bright recognition.

At last she disappeared suddenly and Josiah at once made his way toward the entrance. There the man in charge stopped him rudely.

"What's up now, Country?" he enquired.

"I'm sick," said Josiah, telling a lie so easily it would have caused his own mother a heartache. "Sick all over and I want to go to bed."

"Love sick, I guess," laughed the man.

He hurried off with swift steps toward the appointed place and there, enveloped in a long cloak was the one he wished to see.

"Henry!" she whispered, "I fear I have been followed."

Her words were prophetic, for at that instant out of the gloom leaped several forms and Josiah found himself pinioned.

"What means this, Rosine? Is this a new lover ha, ha, or a new runaway scheme? I saw you slip away and I followed, none too soon it seems. Take him to old Bruno's and shut him up; as for you, Miss, you come with me!"

To Josiah's disgust and anger he found himself helpless as a baby, and at last to his horror he found himself locked up or rather shut up in a cage with a huge bear—a tame performing one as it was in truth, kept near the dressing room, but Josiah did not know this; he would have cried for help only the man that left him there told him an outcry would enrage the bear, and only by perfect quietness could he hope to escape.

He thought of his revolver, and at last succeeded in freeing his hands, and then he discovered that his hip pocket was empty not only of the revolver but of his money also.

Josiah was no fool if he did fall a victim to a pretty face, and he began to put matters together.

"First they stole fifty cents, then twenty dollars. I reckon it was a game from the beginning, and I don't suppose Mr. Bear would eat me at all, he would find me altogether too green. Mammy ought to keep me tied to her apron strings the rest of my life—if there is any rest."

The circus folks had all departed save a few, and the tents were being torn down when Josiah heard a voice near him whisper:

"Come, quickly; the door is open! We have only a few minutes' time."

It was the girl he had tried to befriend. He quietly obeyed her, wondering if she was in it all, and merely wanted to rid herself of him quietly.

"I'd like to have my twenty dollars, they stole."

"Never mind the money. Do hasten!" imploringly.

Without more ado Josiah and his companion hurried away in the heavy darkness.

"Where did you leave your wagon and horses?"

Josiah told her.

"Come then, you must get them at once and we will soon be off."

In less than an hour Josiah, still puzzled and in none of the best of humor, was on his way homeward with empty pockets and a strange girl crouching in the back of the wagon.

"What will mammy say?" he thought. "I'd rather face a canon. Poor thing, she may be innocent. I can't turn her out. I've got to fight it out but the \$20 we need so to buy groceries; oh dear, I did get into a pretty mess. If I'd raised a row I'd got into the papers and that'd been worse and no money back either."

At noon they paused to let the horses have some hay.

"It's all I can afford," said Josiah. "I've got a quarter left that will get some cakes and crackers I guess, and I reckon we won't starve until we reach home."

"I'm not hungry," said his companion. "I only want to keep hidden."

At a late hour they drove into the barnyard at the old home; a light burned into the window and soon the old mother, lantern in hand, hurried out.

"Sakes alive, Josiah, how late you are! Why, who's this?"

"A lady I found on the way. She begged to come home with me, that's all."

"A lady! What did you want to come to P'ossum Run for?" coldly.

"Let us go in, please," said the girl, "and I will explain everything, I am very tired."

When Josiah entered he found his mother's face had softened.

"Supper is ready. I hope you can both eat, the child—she's little more than a stray cat until we see what is best for her to do."

But the story of the lost money was not told. Josiah knew it must be told by the next day.

The most astonishing thing happened, however; when he went to put his hand in his pocket he drew forth the lost money—at first he thought it the lost money, but he found this was in two tens, the other had been in fives.

He understood but resolved to keep silent, it was evidently the girl's wish.

Rosine, as she was called, washed off the remains of the paint and powder, combed her hair into one long, heavy braid and turned her hands, whatever she could find to do.

"She's the handiest girl I ever saw. I don't see how she learned so many

things. Poor dear, how she hates the mention of a circus."

Josiah made a grimace. "No wonder, so do I."

In two years Rosine was his happy wife; a week after her marriage a man rode up to their door. At sight of him she turned pale.

"You needn't faint, Rosine. I bring you only good news. The publishing of your marriage led to your discovery. Your stepfather is dead, and the fortune once your mother's is your own once more. It's only ten thousand, but it is yours and has been for several months."

A handsome new house takes the place of the old, and in its spacious yard Rosine walks with her little boy.

"There's a circus, mamma," he says, "coming here soon, can't I go? I want to see it so much."

"Perhaps papa will take you; as for mamma, she would rather not."

A Powerful Cordial.

A modest-looking old gentleman had a group of earnest listeners in an electric car recently, says the Atlanta Constitution. He was talking about his visit to a town in one of the dry counties.

"It was cold when I arrived," he said. "The thermometer was down to zero, if not a few miles below, and I felt that I needed and must have a good, stiff toddy. I went to every drug-store in the town, and as nobody knew me, I experienced great difficulty in getting anything."

"At last a druggist sold me what he called a bottle of 'strengthening cordial.' He told me in a whisper that it 'would do the work.' I did not believe him then, but I did afterwards."

"After the first drink," the old man continued, "I felt that the town was a very small one, and that I was the superior of the druggist in every respect."

"After the second I felt that it was my duty to whip the druggist, and would have done so if he had not escaped through the window and left me in full possession."

"After the third drink I went out and inquired my way to the mayor's residence. Arrived there, I told him that he was a small man and that I had come a hundred miles to whip him."

"He regarded me earnestly for a moment; then, as I stumbled down the steps, I thought I heard him remark to his wife: 'He's been takin' a dose of that 'cordial' stuff that laid me up for six weeks. May the Lord have mercy on him.'"

"Amen!" said his wife, piously, "for he's beyond the help of man."

Here the car stopped and the old gentleman got out, leaving the passengers to wonder how he got out of town.

A Woman at the Old Books Auction.

I was over at an auction sale of old books the other day. The auctioneer held up a dusty volume which from the title was worth about ten cents and asked the usual question, "How much?"

A woman in the crowd said Fifty cents.

The auctioneer began crying fifty cents, wanting to know if he heard "the sixty." As he asked the question his eyes accidentally turned toward the bidder and she nodded. The auctioneer began crying sixty cents and wanted to know if he heard "the seventy." The woman nodded and the auctioneer took the bid and cried "seventy cents; do I hear the eighty?"

The woman nodded again. This kept up till the woman had run her bid up to \$2.50. The auctioneer then asked her name, whereupon he said, "Sold to Mrs. — for fifty cents," whereat the crowd roared, but the poor woman didn't seem to know what the rout meant. She paid her fifty cents, tucked the book under her shawl, and went out.—Chicago Tribune.

She Blessed Him.

There were four or five men leaning against the City Hall fence recently talking politics and progress, when a woman halted before them and asked of one particular man:

"Could you let me have money to buy a pair of shoes with?"

"Do you really need 'em?" he inquired in turn.

"Very badly, sir; and I shall never forget your kindness if you aid me."

"Well, here it is," he said, as he put a bill in her hand.

"Thanks, kind sir, and may Heaven bless you."

When she had moved away one of the group said:

"She was mighty cheaky."

"Brashest thing I've seen in a year," added a second.

"Do you know her, Bill?" inquired a third of the man who opened his purse.

"Yes, more or less. We've been married about twenty-five years, and when I don't come down she takes this way of making me, I rather like it; I get the credit of being very charitable and she gets the cash."—Detroit Free Press.

Trusted the Youngster.

In some parts of Texas the people live to be very old. An old man of 90, living quite a distance from the nearest town, requiring some family groceries, sent his son, a man 71 years of age. When the son failed to show up with the provisions on time the father reproached himself by saying:

"That's what comes from sending a kid."—Galveston News.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

INTERESTING MATTERS FOR THE LADIES.

The Correct Styles—Strictly in Confidence—The Penalty of Success—Confidence of Mother and Daughter—A Feminine Carpenter.

The Correct Styles. Morning gowns of wash silk are charmingly cool for summer negliges. They are usually of whiteground with small crossbars of distinct stripes of rose, reseda, blue or black, with selvae ruffles as trimming, and ribbons matching the colors of the design.

The best models have continuous breadths, with waist and skirt in one. They are made quite full over a fitted lining, and are confined by waist ribbons in rows of a corselet, or set high in the back and crossed to a point in front. A graceful gown of white silk barred with reseda green has a yoke front concealed by wide pleated revers of the silk, the pleats falling lengthwise from shoulders to bust, then graduated to a point at the waist-line. The back is pleated at the neck and shoulders and shirred across the waist. A reseda belt ribbon of satin two inches wide is shirred in many close rows a length of three or four inches and sewed permanently to the back at the line of the waist, then brought forward to a point in front and tied with long ends. The front is closed below this ribbon, and a jabot of the silk with selvae finish is set down the seam. The full straight sleeves are gathered at armhole and wrist, a band of ribbon passes around the wrist and is knotted on the seam.

At the back of the neck is a flaring pleated collar, while in front the ribbon is set to form a point below the throat and finished with a bow.

Wrappers of chali or printed mouseline de laine are made for those who require wool garments even in mid-summer. Frills of silk and velvet ribbon bows are their trimming.

Fine French nainsook of a delicate color, pale lavender, pink, or china blue, is made up in dainty wrapper gowns of loose, comfortable shape that serve as lounging-wrappers in the daytime and also as night-gowns. They are made full and straight, with large sleeves, wide collar, and broad cuffs, with points or scallops buttoned on the edges. The front is tucked from throat to waist, and buttoned straight down the left side, with a scalloped frill as trimming. The back is tucked as a yoke, and there are button-holes worked at near intervals around the waist, through which a ribbon is passed to draw the gown closely about the wearer. Similar wrappers are made of white nainsook woven in lace-like stripes and powdered with lavender or blue fleur-de-lis, coral branches, or polka dots of bright color.

Domestic Life in Paris. Life in Paris means what it does in all large cities; the good and the bad, writes Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal for August.

The casual tourist sees, as a rule, only one side. As a race, the French are merry-making people; their very natures seek and crave enjoyment. But their amusements are, therefore, not necessarily of an order below the ken of respectability. It has been my pleasure to see something of French domestic life, and to hear more of it, from sources away from prejudice.

The affection which exists between the French father and his daughter is beautiful and almost spiritual. Home and family means as much to him as it does to the resident of any other city under the sun. The French mother is not only a cook par excellence, but a perfect type of housekeeper. By nature, she is quick, and she accomplishes much more with less exertion than does her English sister. The education of her children is as a gospel to her. Her religious faith is strong, and she instills it into her children at the domestic board and at bedtime. The parents live out-of-doors, but it is rare, indeed, that you see children on the streets of Paris after reasonable hours. They are taught to find their chief amusement in the home; and everything is done by the French father and mother to see that the home is attractive to their children. One of the most beautiful sights in the world is to see a well regulated French family, where you will find the atmosphere redolent with domesticity.

Strictly in Confidence. Women are certainly a queer lot," said a man the other day. "You never can tell what they mean by what they say. Now, a young lady invited me to go to a musicale with her not long since, and on the way confided to me that she was going to England this summer to spend a few weeks with the Duchess of Manchester and a few weeks with the Duchess of Marlborough. Naturally I was overwhelmed by this social disclosure, and when she begged me to keep it a profound secret I assured her that no word of so important announcement should ever cross my lips. You can fancy my surprise when several times during that evening, above the crash of pianos, the hum of conversation and the tinkle of laughter, I heard a shrill little voice repeating, 'A few weeks with the Duchess of Manchester and a few weeks with the Duchess of Marlborough.' I don't fancy there was a soul in that room to whom she did not confide her secret before the evening was over, and the fun of the thing is that she has not gone to England at all, and I

very much question whether she ever intended to. Now, what was her object in telling that stuff? Guileless youth!—New York Advertiser.

The Penalty of Success. "Did you ever see the wife of a successful man?" I am tempted to ask, when some one points out to me the shining lights of these two friends of mine. Not that the men are brutal, ill-tempered or exceptionally irritable; rather the reverse is true of them; they are amiable enough. Yet their unconquerable self-absorption has made them anything but boon companions. Their hours of labor or of research are prolonged unreasonably, with intervals of moodiness sometimes of utter silence. The bubble they follow is ever dancing before their eyes; the fury of pursuit is all-in-all, and life apart from that has lost its charm. Their wives share in the triumph of course, and why should they complain? They do not. Like the Dutchman's wife upon his death-bed, they are resigned because they have to be. It is only between the lines of their patient faces that one may read the wish of the heart for the old days to come back when things were otherwise.—Scribner

Confidence of Mother and Daughter. There are many things which a girl should learn from her mother, and which it would be easy for you to tell her, if there were an unbroken habit of confidence from earliest childhood. It is a mistaken idea—so utterly false and mischievous it must have been originated by the very spirit of evil—that there is a want of delicacy in a mother speaking to her child of subjects which are absolutely essential to her future welfare: How a mother can be cruel enough to let her child go forth to meet life unprotected by such knowledge passes comprehension. The tender, delicate being is placed in your keeping. If you look back on your own childhood, you will know that early, very early, before you dream of approaching danger, the veil of ignorance, which too many confound with purity, will be rent asunder by other hands than yours. You will be robbed of what ought to be your dearest privilege.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Princess' Adventure. The favorite pastime of the Queen, of the Belgians and her daughter, who are both staying at Ostend, was shell-hunting on the sands. One day they extended the chasse aux coquillages as far as Newport, and in order to reach home before dark they were compelled to stop a steam tram and take refuge in the first compartment, which was occupied by a buxom German lady and her husband. The ire of the former being excited by the presence of a small dog carried by the Princess Clementine, she roundly abused them in German, expressed doubts as to whether they really had taken first-class tickets, indulged in uncompromising remarks on their shabby attire, and finally bounced out of the carriage with the avowed intention of taking a cab to the hotel so as to avoid contamination from such vulgar company. The Queen, who delights in traveling incognito, was greatly amused at the adventure.

Hieratica. New sort of writing paper—new principally because it is made after a very old pattern—is called "Hieratica." There are fashions in note-paper, as there are fashions in everything else, and no doubt the fact that hieratica is made like paper of the ancient priests will be an inducement for some women to use it. A few men follow these frivolous fashions. It is usually those of the weaker sex who pine for new note-paper and envelopes.

It gives them an excuse for writing to their dear but forgotten friends. Hieratica, which is of a dull ivory color, has a beautiful writing surface and looks very nice with whatever you affect to have printed on your note paper done in chocolate brown. I am told that in a large size it is much used by the parsons who do not preach extempore sermons. I should expect a sermon read from "the paper of the priests" to have a fine old orthodox flavor. It has one superlative merit, important to parsons with small incomes—it is cheap.

The Woman Who Laughs. For a good every-day household angel give us a woman who laughs.

Her biscuit may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn his bread and forget to replace discolored buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a paragon. Home is not a battlefield, nor life one long, unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try.—Rural New Yorker.

A Feminine Carpenter. A plucky and independent girl is Miss Elizabeth More of Edgeworth, Pa. With her own hands she recently built a neat little cottage, laying the foundation, plastering the walls of the different rooms, and performing all the carpenter work to a builder's taste. To do this she found it necessary to don male attire, and a young girl friend helped her over the hardest part of the work. Miss More is said to be as pretty as she is energetic. She was once a protegee of Jane Gray Swiss-helm, and the lessons that stern champion of woman's rights taught her have apparently not been forgotten.

A Professor's Mistake.

For the foreigner who attempts entering society in America, the way is beset with many obstacles, especially in the choice of proper words to convey the meaning to be conveyed. Professor Mendel had been in this country but a few weeks when it fell to his good fortune to be invited to one of the first homes of Philadelphia, a prominent attraction of which was several dark haired, black-eyed, and and withal very stylish daughters. A most delightful evening was passed in the society of the ladies, and in the enjoyment of a bountiful lunch prepared in honor of the distinguished visitor.

At the proper hour the professor announced that the time had arrived for his departure, and in his leave taking, in his most gallant manner, he thanked the hostess for the very pleasurable evening he had passed in her "homely home" and in the company of her "homely daughters." The coolness that existed between the professor and his generous hostess and her daughters was never fully dispelled until he explained that in Germany "homely" signified "hospitable," and certainly none could have been more hospitable than she and her hospitable daughters.—Philadelphia Times

"Get Back in de Ribber." The prevailing high waters and the danger of a sweeping flood calls to mind a humorous incident of the great flood of 1882, which is good enough to repeat. A certain boat coming up the Mississippi lost her way, and bumped up against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darkey rammed his head up through a hole in the roof where the chimney first came out, and yelled at the captain on the boat: "Whar de hell is you gwine wid dat boat? Can't you see nuffin? Fust thing yer knows yer gwine to turn this house ober, and spill de ole woman an' de chil'en out in de flood an' drown 'em. Wat yer doin' out here in de country wid yer dam boat, anyhow? Go on back yonder frow de co'n field, and get back into the ribber whar yer b'longs. Ain't got no business sevn' miles out in de country foolin' roun' peop's houses, nowhow!" And she backed out.—Nashville American.

Beautiful Alice Africanus. A prospective bride has arrived in New York from Hamburg on the steamship Main. She was taken at once to the Hotel Carnivoria in Central park and introduced to her intended. The custom house officers called the next day and collected a duty of \$140 for allowing her to land. A fee of \$700 had previously been paid to a foreign agent for her possession. But the young lady is considered cheap at these figures: She has soft, melting brown eyes and a beautiful form. Her name is Alice Africanus. Alice is a lioness, 5 years old, and a native of the distant jungles. She was purchased by one of Carl Hagenbeck's men from a native of the Orange river, who had captured her while a cub, knocked the savagery all out of her and had a little knocked out of himself after a hard struggle of several years, and then led her hundreds of miles through that dark land to the Cape of Good Hope where he sold her.

Raided the Jail for Whisky. The sheriff of Pearson county, S. C., never had a more thrilling and doubtless unique experience than that of Friday night last. A large party of completely masked men rode up to the jail in the little town of Roxboro, knocked at the sheriff's door, and when he opened it rushed in and compelled him to surrender the keys. He expected, of course, they were after prisoners to lynch them, but was astonished when they went to a cell in which the deputy revenue collector had placed a quantity of illicit whisky for safe keeping. After they had recaptured the whisky they gravely shook hands with the sheriff, loaded the stuff on a wagon, and, forming in regular marching order, left town as quietly as they had entered it.

Is a Machine Accountable? From the Rome Sentinel.

The question as to whether a nickel-in-the-slot machine is amenable to the Sunday laws is in a fair way to be settled in the Indiana courts. Charles W. Cook, a cigar dealer at New Haven, in that state, has a slot-machine in front of his place of business, which brings forth a cigar when a nickel is dropped in the slot. The machine does business on Sunday as readily as on any other day. The officers hold that he is responsible for the automatic working of the machine, and he was arrested. Mr. Cook will fight the case, and settle the status of the slot-machine and its right to work on Sunday.

The Washerwomen of the Treasury. It takes 500 towels a day to supply the treasury department, and one month in the neighborhood of 15,000 towels were used. A great part of the treasury work is dirty work, and every room has a new towel every day. The washing of these towels is done by women who are paid thirty cents a dozen and who are charged with every towel they take away. If any are lost they have to pay for them, and Uncle Sam watches the corners mightily close in all of his business.—Washington Letter.