

HOME SONG.

O, home is the harbor of rest!
The world has its gusts and its gales;
But if we are anchored at home
Who cares how the northern gales wail?
O, home is the harbor of light!
The world has its shadows to hide;
If home has its fire on the hearth,
Who cares for the darkness outside?
O, home is the harbor of love!
The world has its buffets and blows;
If home has its smile and its cheer,
Who cares for the blustering foe?
Yet, homeless—desolate woe,
That shivers the heart to its core!
There are haven-ships on the sea
Wind-whipped to a treacherous shore.
And never to the happy within
Does home seem more heavenly warm
Than to weary wanderers without,
Astray in the snow and the storm.
O, home is the harbor of rest!
O, home is the harbor of light!
O, home is the harbor of love!
Alas, for the homeless to-night!
—Boston Transcript.

BIG JIMMY.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

It was the third day of the fall-and-winter term of the Plum Creek district school.

Miss Hannah Shapley, the teacher, having called the roll, was about to give the signal for the A B C class to take its place before her, when there came a loud rap at the door.

Every pupil looked up, regardless of Miss Shapley's peremptory: "Attend to your books!" and they grinned broadly when she opened the door.

The teacher found herself face to face with a tall, peculiar-looking fellow, who seemed neither man nor boy. Though he was larger than most men, his face had a comically infantile expression, which made it hard to guess at his age.

A tin dinner-pail in one hand and a book or two and a slate under his arm showed that he had come as a pupil.

None of the children knew him, and there was more grinning, and even a little tittering, when Miss Shapley asked the boy's name.

"Jimmy," he said, blushing and smiling.

"Well, come in, Jimmy," said the teacher. "What books have you?"

"A Fifth Reader, a fifth part of 'rithm and a theppler'."

"And how old are you, Jimmy?"

"Seventeen," answered he, growing very red indeed.

His pronounced lisp caused new giggles.

"Order!" said the teacher, sternly. "Attend to your books, every one of you!"

But it was hard for the pupils to attend strictly to their books in the presence of this singular new pupil.

They noticed with amusement how woefully behind other boys of his age he was in his studies. He could read in a stammering, blundering way in the First Reader with the little fellows seven and eight years old, and he could spell words of three or four letters.

"I ain't never went to school much," he said to Miss Shapley. "I've had to work."

The large boys at once nicknamed him "Big Jimmy." When he first heard the name, he blushed and smiled in evident embarrassment, but he made no protest.

He is so good-natured and bore so meekly the gibes of the other boys that he seemed to them to lack courage, and they despised him accordingly.

"I bet you if I was big as you," said Teddy Baxter, a spirited boy of eight, "Lon Bagley and Ben Myron and Ben Griffey and some of them other fellows wouldn't plague and pick on me all the time the way they plague you. If I lisped as you do, and they mimicked me to my face, I guess they'd laugh on the other side of their mouths if I was big as you!"

But Jimmy simply smiled his queer, childish smile, and said nothing.

A singular friendship sprang up between him and this Teddy Baxter—a friendship that called forth all sorts of

my!" he would say defiantly, but that the larger boy did not share Teddy's courage his shrinking manner plainly showed.

One Friday evening the two friends were going home together after school when they were overtaken by four of their tormentors a few feet from the bank of a narrow, shallow and muddy river.

The large boys began their usual sneering and jeering. Teddy did not listen in silence but "talked back" briskly.

Suddenly Ben Griffey, stung to the quick by some disagreeable truth Teddy had spoken, cried angrily:

"I'll tell you what let's do, boys. Let's duck the little ana-box in the river! What do you say?"

"All right," said Lon Bagley, gleefully. "It will teach him to be more polite to his elders and betters. Let's duck Jimmy, too. Come on!"

Jimmy paled, but Teddy grew red with indignation, and prepared to defend himself as best he could.

"We'll take Ted first," said Henry Myron, "and it won't be of any use for you to run, Big Jimmy, for some of us will run after you if you do."

Paying no further heed to Jimmy, the four boys rushed upon poor Ted. He



HEADLONG INTO THE MUDDY WATER.

caught hold of a small sapling and determined to hang to it as long as possible. His grip was so firm, and he made such good use of his stout legs that the four rowdies did not find it easy to drag him away.

Big Jimmy, pale and panting, stood near by, the picture of fear.

Teddy's shouts of anger now gave place to cries of pain. Big Jimmy's demeanor suddenly changed. Color rushed to his cheeks, his tear-dimmed eyes began to sparkle, his limbs no longer trembled, his fists clenched, his teeth became set and his breath came faster and faster.

The next moment, Lon Bagley found himself plunged, by an unseen power, headlong into the muddy river. Ben Griffey was next dazed by a vine-like grip on the back of his neck and a firm grasp on his waistband. Before he had time to find an explanation for these astonishing feats he realized he was making a mighty splash in the river. Henry Myron tried to run. He had gone only a few yards, however, when he was overtaken, and regardless of his whining protests, compelled to join his spluttering companions in the river.

Joe Spencer, a boy of 17, was the only one to escape. Little Teddy pursued him valiantly.

"You'd better run!" he screamed after him. "Jimmy's too much for you!"

Jimmy was indeed mighty in his righteous wrath. It gave him confidence in himself and in his strength, which hard work had made equal that of a man, made him forget the awe of these self-confident, terribly quick-witted fellows as they had seemed to him, which had heretofore paralyzed his arm. Now that he knew his power, he revealed in it. Each time that one of the bedraggled boys reached the bank, he pounced upon him, and exulting in his strength tossed him back easily into the water. Three times did he pounce each of them into the river before his wrath was satisfied.

What had wrought this change in him? A cry of pain from one who had been his friend. That his sense of gratitude was greater than his cowardice showed of what good stuff this unorthodox fellow was really made.

"Mind now," he said, finally, to the dripping boys, his lisp disappearing under the pressure of his excitement, "there's to be no more tormenting Teddy. You'll let him and all the other boys be. And no more impudence to the teacher! I'll lick you if there is. I ain't afraid of you any more, and I'm done foolin' with you. You'd better mind what I say!"

Naturally, after this exploit of Jimmy's, the boys became very respectful. He now had only to shake one of his great fists or frown reprovingly to check their misconduct in the schoolroom and on the playground. If the warnings were not sufficient he would say, ominously:

"You want to go into the river again? You don't? You'd better look out then!"

That was always enough!—Youth's Companion.

The Reply Courteous.

This story is told of a prominent San Antonio lady, who is sometimes a little overbearing towards those she considers her inferiors. She lives in a fashionable part of the town, and seldom takes the street cars. But she did the other day. On approaching the street near the house, she said to the conductor:

"Step on this side of the street."

The conductor rang the bell, but it was too late, and the car kept on to the opposite corner. She was very indignant and put her indignation into warm words, winding up with:

"I am Mrs. Blank."

The conductor, nothing abashed, replied:

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Blank, I'm Bill Jackson."—Texas Sifter.

THE TRICKS OF TRADE.

Sam Jones Speaks of Dishonesty in the Commercial World.

Full Weight, Full Measure, Fair Dealings, scrupulous Integrity Characteristic, the Honest Man's Conduct—The Master of Paying Debts.

It would require a volume indeed if I were to give an outline of all the tricks in trade known to the commercial world.

From the highest circles to the lowest we have dealings and dealings that ought to bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of honest men. An honest man is one who will not be a party to dishonesty in anything. Full weights, full measure, fair dealings, scrupulous integrity characterize his thoughts and words and acts. If we go into the wholesale trade we will find spurious articles of diet, dilute beverages, shoddy articles, articles of underweight, articles that are manufactured as shams and known to be cheats. If we go into the clothing line we find garments of over-worked, under-paid women, garments that are shoddy in color, shoddy in material, shoddy in quality. In the dry goods world we find the same evidence of cheat and swindle. I have found out that a cheat is a cheat, and he will cheat you every chance he gets. An honest man is an honest man, and he pays to deal with him. If I know a merchant to be an honest man, whose word is as sacred as his soul, I can deal with him with satisfaction and ease. They labor under this disadvantage—their goods are always higher-priced than at the places where frauds and cheats are practiced on the people. A good article with a reasonable profit is the cheapest article one can buy.

Then we go into the world of manufactures. We find in pianos, in organs, in wagons and buggies, in cutlery and plows, cheats on every hand, fraud at every turn. Why all this when it has been demonstrated a thousand times that honesty is the best policy? George Westenholtz and Rogers have grown rich by dealing honestly with the public in cutlery. The Columbia Buggy company has flourished for a score of years because they do honest work. Some merchants whom I could name have prospered and will continue to prosper because they deal fairly with their customers.

Honesty is not only a principle governing our dealings, but is a means of success if faithfully persisted in. Have no dealings with a rascal. We have got that from the lips of others a thousand times, yet every day and every where men are being defrauded and wrong has been perpetrated because of dishonest dealing between man and man. A man who will tell a lie to make a deal or hide a truth to accomplish a trade is dishonest at heart. The old horse jockey who tells 100 lies and covers up 100 truths in order to beat his neighbor in a trade is as deceitful and honest as the manufacturer or merchant who practices deception and defrauds his neighbor in the deals he makes with him.

Honesty is very unpretentious. Dishonesty struts and regales. Sometimes in flaming advertisements, sometimes in protestations of integrity it seeks to lead one to believe that their real interest lies in trading with them. If men were sensible and knew it was wise to trade only with the honest men, then honesty would have a fair show and men would get value received in all the marts of trade. And yet I believe in proportion. There are more dishonest buyers than there are dishonest sellers, more dishonest consumers than there are dishonest manufacturers. I can see how an honest man can suffer himself to be defrauded by the tricks of trade in buying and selling the commodities of life, but all stock gambling and future dealing seems to be honeycombed with a want of honesty and integrity that will swamp any man who indulges in it. I have no patience with the dealer or customer in bucket shops or future dealing. I believe the sweat of the face is the honesty of the life manifested within. He who gets something for nothing or gets something easier than laboring for it must either inherit it or defraud another out of it.

I believe the best road to permanent prosperity lies in national, commercial and individual honesty. There can be no permanent prosperity when the integrity of a nation is questioned or the honesty of an individual is doubted. Not only in the marts of trade do we see dishonesty displayed and tricks manifested, but thousands of men in their dishonesty when it comes to paying their debts present a picture that gives one almost a contempt for the majority of men. Some men will pile up behind the petticoats of their wives a competency and then act as agents for their wives in future life. I have very little respect for an insolvent husband living in holy wedlock with a solvent wife. I have no respect for the members of the church or the preachers who do not scrupulously look to the paying of their debts. I have no respect for even a negro who will not pay his debts. Sooner or later we must find out this fact: That he who honestly pays his debts will avoid a thousand errors and difficulties which overtake a non-debt payer. I have some respect for a man who would not can't pay, but no respect for the man who can and won't. A man who is in debt must be second-hand, industrious and pay every dollar he can, or lose the consciousness that he is an honest man. I had as soon be in jail as to live like some men live—haunted by creditors and dodging the dunners until life becomes a burden. Extravagantly they have lived and miserably they will die. Some men have spent as much time shirking the payment of their debts as it would have taken to have earned money enough to settle them all off at 100 cents on the dollar, with interest. The old ledger

THE WAYCROSS HOG RANCH.

An Incident That Was Made Famous by the Experience of the Three Indians in Waycross.

"Have you heard of the experience of the three Indians in Waycross?" asked Dr. Whitehead, as we sat in the smoking car for a quiet rest, as the train rolled along through the pine barrens of southern Georgia.

"No."

"They were prospectors attracted to the south by the Fitzgerald colony, or some other promoters, I presume."

"What did they do?"

"They set out to mine hogs. The three men, Brown, Jones and Robinson, had a considerable sum of cash to invest, and they got an idea into their heads that the pine woods of southern Georgia offered unexampled facilities for raising hogs for market. Having heard so much of Waycross, they decided that place a visit with a view of locating there. If there is any race of men sharper than the long-haired crackers of the Waycross country, it has never been my misfortune to discover them, for the air of assumed indifference and disingenuous simplicity constitutes an impenetrable vesting for the native shrewdness and originality of the denizens of the pine barrens of Georgia.

"Brown, Jones and Robinson tumbled into the hands of the Philistines like a gift from the gods, and the crackers immediately claimed them for their own. They demonstrated that the unlimited range of woodland insured perpetual pasture. The mildness of the climate—for having more climate than anything else they never forgot to extol it—was another attraction to the picture. Then the admirable facilities for shipping the cheap corn from the west to their hog ranch and transporting the products of the ranch to the different trade centers were set forth in the finest light.

"In short, Brown, Jones and Robinson were led to believe that it would be as easy as falling off a log to transform the corn of the west into fat pork, for which, at all times and all seasons, there is a consuming demand down south. They were so overcome with the notion that a fortune was within their grasp that they invested in about 1,000 acres of land, by which to raise pigs, potatoes and chaffs, and paid part cash, giving their notes for the rest on easy payments.

"Brown and Jones proceeded to erect a large two-story barn, with an inclosed yard, that was protected by what the westerners considered a high fence, not knowing anything of the manners and customs of the liberty-loving yankees. In the upper story of the barn were arranged corn-bins, with chutes leading out into the yard so that the corn could be fed to the hogs without extra trouble. As nothing like this barn had ever been seen in that country the squirrel-hunters came for miles to view it and speculate upon the purpose of the western men. In the meantime Robinson had been commissioned to purchase a carload of corn and to skirmish around the country and buy up all the brood sows that he could find, the object being to cross them with imported stock.

"The corn arrived and was placed in the barn, the bins being all filled and ready for the arrival of the hogs. These were to be delivered on a certain day, and it was a gala day in Waycross. The little two-wheeled carts, for which the Waycross country is famous, trundled into town with the bristly battalions, were driven out to the 'Indiana ranch,' where they deposited their squealing freight, and then the owners drove back through town, stopping to invest a few of the hard-earned Yankee dollars in tobacco, salt, snuff, powder and bullets, with other luxuries dear to the heart of the piney woods man.

"The imported hogs had not arrived, and those innocent and unsophisticated swine crouched shivering with fear in little groups in the corners of the yard, about 100 of them, ears laid back, bristles erect and uttering mournful growls as they gnashed their shining tusks.

"Late in the afternoon Brown, Jones and Robinson repaired to the barn to feed their stock. They knew that the poor things were half-famished, and they contemplated with satisfaction the anticipated spectacle of watching them devour with grateful avidity the feast of golden grain prepared for them by their provident masters. They were not aware of the fact that the swine had been reared on pine burrs, palmetto roots and perfidious promises, and had never seen a grain of corn in their lives.

"They mounted the ladder and stationed themselves on three sides of the upper story so as to send down simultaneous showers of corn like an avalanche of plenty, expecting the hogs to make a desperate rush for it.

"At a given signal they opened the chutes and down went three streams of shelled corn with a sound like a rush of many waters. This was too much for the hogs. With a yell of terror the oldest heroine of many a combat with hunger and hardship took a flying leap and cleared the fence at a bound, followed by the entire drove, their long tails popping like whip-lashes as they crossed the barrier.

"With astonishment and despair Brown, Jones and Robinson watched them as they disappeared in the gathering gloom headed for the Okefenokee swamp at a rate of speed that would have made sick at heart the engineer of the fastest train on the Brunswick & Western railroad.

"Did they ever recover the hogs?" I asked.

"Recover them? Why, those hogs never stopped until they swam the St. Mary's river and reached the inaccessible morasses that surround Billy's island in the heart of the Okefenokee swamp."

"What became of the ranch?"

"Oh, the ranch is still there, but Brown, Jones and Robinson are permanently absent."—Montgomery, N. Y. Kolson, in Chicago Record.

A LITTLE HOMEWORLD.

The Fish a Little Sky—Brown the Jones, who has just returned from a week's fishing excursion—125 you have pretty good luck, Jones? Jones (with disgust)—"Good luck? I haven't seen half bad tales."—Hartford Life.

The boy had studied his father's fishing map when his mother discovered him. "Oh, Freddie," she exclaimed, "what will your papa say when he sees those and sees what you have done?" "Well, mamma, I don't think I'd like to repeat it before you."—Peregrine Weekly.

"New Office Boy"—Lady in the outside office wants to see you, sir. Proprietor—"Important business." New Office Boy—"She didn't say. She just looked determined and said she wanted to see you." Proprietor (with a sigh)—"Show her in. It's my wife."—Philadelphia North American.

"No Discretion."—"I cannot describe you," interceded the man who had killed his wife and children. "I am innocent." He sobbed aloud, while the sweet young girl with the white hair passed to the next cell, where was confined the confessed murderer of his great-grandfather. —Detroit Tribune.

"Mistake"—"How did you happen to join the Independent Blues?" "Fizzle." "To avoid jury duty." "Fizzle." "They tell me you resigned just as soon as there was a prospect of war." "Fizzle." "That was because I felt convinced no good citizen should shrink the demands of the jury-box."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"An Italian company is now building the 'The Taming of the Shrew' at the Niccolini theater at Florence. As the Italian translation of the play is entitled 'La Stabatena Dignata.' In order, however, to attract the English and American residents and visitors, large placards are posted announcing Shakespeare's 'Tamed Shrew.'—London Daily News.

DON'T SEEK GOLD IN ALASKA.

Most of Those Who Have Taken Are Now Starving and Destitute.

The warning of an old resident of Alaska to all who may be tempted to seek their fortunes in the gold fields of that region should be heeded. He declares that nearly half the men there now are destitute and unable to secure employment. All the established mines accessible from the coast are fully stocked with miners, and prospecting and developing are almost impossible. As for employment opportunities, there is none to be had.

There is no doubt that gold exists in the amount of rich discoveries that have been made there, but the hardships which accompany the industry are too severe for any except those sufficiently equipped. Provisions are necessarily very dear, and no work of any kind is possible during the greater part of the year. The mines which have secured rich returns are owned by wealthy corporations enjoying every facility which a poor man is denied.

The recent reduction in steamer rates to Alaska, coupled with the fabulous stories of rich discoveries, has resulted in crowding the boats engaged on the run. Hundreds with barely sufficient to pay their passage are going north. They do not realize that the conditions are wholly different from those in new mining camps elsewhere. The extreme cold imposes limitations which prohibit an ordinary mining boom. An evidence of the severity of the cold is shown in the fact that in panwashing for gold the quicksilver will not act as it does in a milder climate, but permits all the float gold to escape, retaining none but coarse gold.

Alaska has great possibilities for wealthy investors, but none for men who depend on their daily labor or who want to take chances of making a valuable discovery in prospecting. It is one thing to find a rich deposit in that remote and difficult region and another to obtain a purchaser. As for depending on what may be secured by panwashing in the glacial moraines, considering the very short season during which that may be done, it should appall the hardiest spirit. Besides the richest deposits are far inland, to which no one dare penetrate unless he be amply provided with money and provisions.—San Francisco Call.

English as She Is Spoken.

The ducky is fond of long words. The meaning doesn't matter, so the words are long, as this absolutely true story will testify: On the M—'s plantation, in Mississippi, lives an old "before the war" ducky, too old to do any work harder than throwing feed to the poultry. She has known no other home, and is a character. Visitors to the plantation always go to her cabin, and to their question: "How are you this morning, Aunt Chris?" never fail to receive the following reply: "Well, honey, I'm kinder uncomplicated. De superfluity ob de morning done taken de viscosity outen de air and left me de consequence ob comprehension."—Harper's Magazine.

The Station Was On.

"Aha!" And he laughed fondly as he read from the morning paper: "The burglar shot at the maq, whose life was saved by the bullet striking against a button of his clothes."

"Well," snapped his spouse, "what of that?"

"What of that?" said he, as he felt his collar going up steadily to the nape of his neck. "Oh, nothing, except that the button must have been on!"—N. Y. World.