

AT HOME.

(A Reply to Burdette's "Since She Went Home.")

Where has she gone—
No evening shadows linger cold and gray,
No winds of winter chill the summer day,
A fadeless springtime blooms upon the way
Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
No wailing note awaketh sign or moan,
The old glad songs take up a gladder tone,
There's laughter sweeter far than we have known,
Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Her saintly presence blesses mansions fair,
Glory gleams about the head so dear,
And thy poor heart will find its rest up there,
Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Time doth not mark in days its golden flight,
The sun is dimmed by Heaven's greater light,
And there are never tears nor lonely night
Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Thou, too, some day, will go if God so will,
And while transcendent raptures thro' thee thrill,
Thy souls shall meet, redeemed, yet loving still,
Where she hath gone.

—Lila T. Dewis, in Atlanta Constitution.

"BR'ER BUZZARD."

BY HARRY BALL.

ALL the birds that fly, "Br'er Buzzard" is the ugliest and the least engaging. He might be called the skeleton in the closet of the bird world. We don't like to say anything more about him than we can help. He isn't a pleasant subject. The poor fellow seems to be aware of his own humble sphere in feathered society, too, and his manners are modest and deprecating. He makes no noise in the world. His demeanor, whenever he walks abroad, is shrinking and sad, as if he was conscious of his own clumsy movements and the disagreeable ideas his presence suggests. But he is not altogether unappreciated, depressing as he is; and of him may be said, with truth, that he does no injury to any living creature. He lives his harmless life and does his greivous duty.

What aerie could be said of anybody? Mankind may not love or admire Br'er Buzzard, but they are forced to accord him respect and protection. The man who kills him breaks the law and offends his fellow men.

But there are many interesting things about this undertaker in feathers that have never been described, probably because the general tendency has always been to let him alone; and of all the larger birds of this country there is not one which is less intimately known than this.

He can be seen on almost any day in the southern states, soaring high in the blue sky or dashing slantwise in wind and storm, a majestic and graceful object. This is as near as most people care to see him.

In his home life he is, it must be acknowledged, a mean and unpleasant creature; and yet, even there, he is not without interest to the lover of all things which infinite wisdom has placed upon the earth. Two species of this vulture, improperly called buzzard, inhabit the United States east of the Rocky mountains, one of which ranges from New England to the Gulf of Mexico, and is familiarly known as the turkey buzzard. His scientific name is Cathartes Aura, and he is a very different individual from his humbler cousin, whose closer acquaintance we are now making.

The turkey buzzard is a somewhat larger bird than the black vulture, and is not black in color, but a mixture of black and reddish brown, the latter being the prevailing color in his plumage. His beak, feet and head, where the skin is bare, are of a bright red color, and he is much less grotesquely repulsive in appearance than the black vulture of the south.

He also moves, when on the ground, with a sort of dignified deliberation very different from the clumsy hopping and "teetering" stride of his black cousin. The latter—Catharista Atrata, the scientists call him—is the common scavenger of the far south, where he becomes as familiar almost as the chickens in the small towns, when cold weather or scarcity of food drives him from the woods and fields to the haunts of men. He has absolutely no redeeming feature of personal appearance. Except when sailing high in air, he is a dejected, wretched, hopeless and revolting object. His color is sooty black, except the tips of the wings, which are of a dingy, grayish white, this color being visible only when the wings are expanded. His beak, head and bare, wrinkled neck are dull black, and his whole aspect and demeanor is ludicrously appropriate to his ghastly calling.

He is a bird of the semi-tropics, and can but ill endure the degree of cold which is often felt in the Gulf states in January.

At such times he resorts to the towns, and can often be seen on the housetops, crouched close against a smoking chimney, where sometimes a half dozen will push and struggle together for the warmest place. When hunger presses, he will descend into the backyard and walk about in his dejected, clumsy way, disputing with the chickens for whatever scraps may be thrown out.

When he drops down from on high among these chickens, there is a mighty flutter and consternation; but they soon learn to treat him with the contemptuous indifference to which he is accustomed, and the haughty rooster or quarrelsome old hen will not hesitate to knock him heels over head, if he comes between the wind and their nobility.

He is a very uncomplaining bird. He does not make any outcry. He simply spreads his great wings and soars far beyond the reach of his petty enemies. He meets with the same scornful tyranny from the turkey buzzard.

It is an odd sight to see one of the latter swoop down upon a flock of the black vultures as they are gathered about a dead chicken or other animal. All the black ones scramble out of the way, hopping, flapping and making their hoarse hissing sound—their only note—and range themselves at a safe distance, where they wait patiently until their big cousin chooses to take his departure.

The two species are often found together, but there is evidently a great gulf between them, and the blacks never forget their humble and respectful demeanor in the presence of Cathartes Aura.

Along the lower Mississippi river, in Mississippi and Louisiana, all the small towns are protected from inundation by high earthworks or levees, and the space between the levee and the river, called the batture, is a sort of no-man's land. Here garbage and refuse of all kinds is thrown, and the floating houses of the fishermen are moored.

Such places are the chosen home of Br'er Buzzard. No one ever dreams of molesting him. No one ever cares to come near enough to frighten or disturb him, and the life of plenty and ease makes him lazy and stupid. All day long he sits on some tall cottonwood tree, drawn up and dejected, if the weather be cloudy or cold, or standing with wings wide extended, to catch the sunlight if the day is fine. This singular



TREAT HIM WITH INDIFFERENCE.

attitude, with wings spread to their utmost extent, is a favorite with both Aura and Atrata, and they seem to be able to maintain it for hours without fatigue.

When the fishermen come in with their loaded boats the vultures descend, and crowd about the rafts where the fish are assorted, waiting until the dead or worthless ones are cast aside.

A favorite morsel is the head of the great river catfish, which is always cut off before the fish is offered for sale.

The fishermen, like everybody else, recognize the utility of the vultures, and encourage them until they become almost like pets; and it is ludicrous to see four or five of them seize a fish head and pull like boys at the old-fashioned game of French and English, flapping, hissing and tumbling about the ground in their efforts to drag the coveted morsel away from each other. In the midst of the ignoble struggle down swoops Cathartes Aura into the melee. The black fellows fall over each other in their efforts to get out of his lordship's way, and he calmly sails off with the prize in his beak.

No doubt it will surprise many readers, and probably create a diversion of sentiment in favor of this bird of ill omen, to learn that he loves to be clean, and will even brave immersion in the cold water of the Mississippi river in order to effect it.

On a warm and sunny day a large flock of the black vultures will assemble on a shelving, sandy bank or a heap of driftwood, apparently for the express purpose of doing what the negroes who live along the batture call "washing their clothes."

One by one they drop down out of the sky at the meeting-place, each new arrival taking up a position, and keeping it in decorous and dejected silence. They usually select a spot at which there is a partially sunken log, and after a large number are assembled, one of the company will march gravely out on the half-submerged log, while the others sit motionless in their places.

When the bather reaches the water, it is funny to watch him. As his feet touch it he raises himself on tiptoe, and

steps gingerly, shuddering at the cold contact; but he wades bravely in, and as he goes deeper and deeper his feathers rise on end, and he looks a picture of comic distress.

He means business, however, and keeps resolutely on, until he is completely submerged except his head. Then he washes himself, precisely as a duck does, flapping his wings, rubbing and ruffling himself, and dancing up and down in the water until his feathers are thoroughly saturated. This accomplished, he marches sadly out a much more distressful object than ever, shakes himself like a dog, and "hangs himself up to dry" by spreading his great wings in the sunlight and standing like a statue for perhaps an hour, while his brethren each go through the same performance, one by one, until the whole company are standing with outspread wings in the hot sun.

This singular spectacle is a familiar one in the haunts of the black vulture, and, next to his great utility in removing noxious substances from the earth, is the strongest argument I can find to recommend him to the esteem of mankind.—Golden Days.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S DAUGHTER.

Among White House Ladies Mrs. Patterson Was Worthy of Note.

A Nashville correspondent, writing of the white house ladies of the past, pays this tribute to Mrs. Patterson, daughter of President Johnson:

"As soon as Mr. Johnson succeeded to the presidency he made his domestic plans for occupation of the white house. He bought Mrs. Patterson to assume feminine charge, which she did with many misgivings. But she filled the place with the womanliness of a queen, and history has only good to say of her. Of all the expressions concerning her, she treasured that of James G. Blaine more than any other. The plumed knight said:

"She retired from the position, leaving fewer enmities, jealousies and criticisms than would have been possible to anyone else returning to private life from so exalted a station, when the entree thereto had been with so little previous social training."

"We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, called here for a short time by a national calamity. I trust that too much will not be expected of us," was the simple announcement Mrs. Patterson made upon assuming charge of the mansion. The care of an invalid mother and the training of her two children would have been enough work for an ordinary woman.

"Mrs. Patterson did what no other mistress had done before, opened the parlors and conservatories to the public every day. Before and since the custom has been to allow the public to inspect these treasures on fixed days, but Mrs. Patterson invited the public every day, and was applauded by all the prominent newspapers of the country for that 'truly American act.'"

"There is only one member of the immediate family of Andrew Jackson now living, Andrew Jackson Patterson, son of Mrs. Patterson. Mary Belle Patterson, one of the most beautiful children of the white house, grew to splendid womanhood, married John Landstreet, of Baltimore, a wealthy young man, but in a few years was seized with a throat trouble, and died while seeking health in California. From the time Mrs. Patterson entered the white house until her death, a few years ago, personal sorrows and heartrending griefs chastened her sorely."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

An Unsafe Criterion.
A story is going the rounds which illustrates the vanity of estimating numbers by noise. It sets forth that a Yankee once went to a hotel where he tried and liked a dish of frogs' legs—for which, however, he had to pay a large price.

"What makes you charge so much for 'em?" he asked the landlord.

"Because they are scarce," answered the hotelkeeper.

"Scarce!" exclaimed the Yankee, "Why, I'll agree to get you 1,000,000 of 'em."

"Agreed," said the landlord; "if you bring me 1,000,000 I'll find a market for them."

"All right—I'll have 'em by to-night, sure."

The Yankee went away, and at night came back with eight pairs of frogs' legs.

"Where are the rest of the million?" asked the landlord.

"Well, to tell the truth," answered the Yankee, "I formed my judgment of the number by the noise!"—Youth's Companion.

A Black Rascal.
The raven is a "black rascal." He is "sinister, sly, melancholy and grim-visaged," although mischievous. Yet there are people who keep ravens as pets. Dickens had one, from whom Grip, the famous raven in "Barnaby Rudge," was drawn, and who died from eating white paint, anything even so distantly approaching purity necessarily disagreeing with him. Undeterred from raven keeping the novelist invested in another dark and melancholy bird, who came to an untimely end through indulging too freely in glazier's putty.

The Proper Thing.
Smith—Don't you think your pants are a little baggy?
Jones—Not at all; this is the slack season, you know.—N. Y. Tribune.

WOMAN AND HOME.

LIVE WOMAN'S TOMB.

Remarkable Eccentricity of a Norwich (Conn.) Lady.

Mrs. Mary Tuttle ("Diamond") Johnson, formerly a resident of Norwich, Conn., now of Chicago, for whom a conservator was recently appointed by request of her husband and sons, has had a remarkable grave constructed in her lot in Yantic cemetery, destined to receive her body. It is the most costly, massive, unique and elaborate one in Connecticut.

Mrs. Johnson purchased her cemetery lot some time ago and had her grave made. She is haunted by an overmastering dread of graveyard ghouls and robbers, and she had barely completed her grave when she decided that it was not strong enough to baffle a possible assault after her body had been committed to it.

With a corps of skilled professional workmen she went to work at once to reconstruct and immensely strengthen it, carrying on the work clandestinely in order to forestall opposition on the part of her conservator and her watchful husband and sons. The result of her craftiness and the dispatch and dexterity of her workmen was that she not only accomplished her project without betraying her design, but so neatly that there is not an outward token to indicate to a casual observer that the old grave had ever been disturbed.

The grave is in many respects the most remarkable and wonderfully contrived one probably in New England. Apparently it is impregnable to assault.

Its floor is a huge smoothly chiseled slab of Rhode Island granite, weighing more than a ton, while a similar gigantic slab of stone, which weighs 2,700 pounds and can be handled only with the aid of a derrick, forms its cover.

The walls of the grave are of cement pressed bricks, solid as adamant, and as thick and enduring seemingly as those of a modern fort.

Mrs. Johnson is greatly pleased with the remodeled tomb, and convinced



MRS. JOHNSON'S MONUMENT.

that after her body is placed between its two ponderous granite slabs it will be absolutely secure.

Not long ago Mrs. Johnson had a magnificent granite monument erected on her cemetery lot at a cost of \$18,000, which is said to be the most ornate, unique and expensive private mortuary memorial in New England. It is a lofty, shapely shaft, handsomely polished and carved, bearing the allegorical figures, also superbly sculptured, of Faith, Hope and Charity. The monument was erected by famous granite cutters of Westerly, R. I.

Mrs. Johnson's ruling passion is an immoderate fondness for diamonds, on account of which the title of Mrs. "Diamond" Johnson was popularly bestowed on her more than a quarter of a century ago. At all times she is aglitter with the gems from head to foot, and she rarely appears in public with less than \$25,000 to \$50,000 worth of them displayed on her person.

It is said to be her intention to have her fabulous store of jewels buried with her body, a fancy that may account, in part, for her determination to make her tomb absolutely impregnable to grave robbers.

Water for House Plants.

There is far more danger of giving house plants too much rather than too little water in winter. During the short days and long nights, with very little sunlight on the soil, it is hard to keep it at a temperature where the plants can grow vigorously. All the surplus water added lowers the temperature until it reaches a point where the plants barely exist without making any growth. If the soil has much vegetable matter humic acid will be developed at a low temperature, and this will poison the plant roots.

To Keep Violets Fresh.

To keep violets fresh when wearing them on the person wrap the stems first in cotton dipped in salted water and then in tinfoil. When they are not doing service the stems should be put in salted water, the tops sprinkled, and the whole covered closely with confectioners' paper and put in a cool place. In this way the blossoms may be preserved for several days.

Human Nature.

Farmer Peastraw—What makes you think of keeping summer boarders? You have no accommodations for them.

Farmer Onteake—That's just what the city people like. When they go home again they can blow so much about the hardships they have had to put up with.—N. Y. Truth.

NICE FOR THE DOGS.

How New York's Swell Girls Now Carry Their Canine Pets.

The swell girl who is thoroughly up to date no longer carries her pet dog as if it were a tender infant. It is not at all uncommon to see a fashionably dressed woman walking along carrying the curly object of her adornment wrapped up in a contrivance that resembles a shawl strap. It is a sort of harness with a strap fastened over the dog's hips and another over his breast, after the fashion of the hame and the breeching that form so important a feature of the harness of a horse.

At first thought it might seem as if the canine swell would object to being



HOW TO CARRY YOUR DOG.

suspended in midair in this way. Quite the contrary, however. Experience shows that it is much more comfortable than being squeezed and smothered in the arms of his mistress or her maid, no matter how carefully they try to move him about.

Moreover, since the harness is no impediment to the dog moving about on his feet, a chain can be attached to the handle and the little animal led along as easily as if he had no harness on at all.

All sorts of dogs that are small enough for pets are carried in this fashion. The new style is very popular among all the young women who own dogs, but the style is not limited to the younger members of the smart set. The matron and the dowager also follow it with scrupulous care.

For the winter season the carrying harness and the blanket are combined. As a rule, the blanket is of corduroy, and keeps the shivering pet as warm as his mistress in her furs. In color, the blanket is generally red, and it is a comical sight to see this red blanket and belandled creature trailing along at the side of his mistress as she walks down the street, or hanging limply from the blanket harness as it depends from the lady's hand.

Prices of the carrying harness and blanket vary considerably, ranging from five to forty dollars each. Sometimes the leather and the blanket are embroidered with silver, and occasionally gold ornamentation glitters on the combination. Combine the gold collar set with diamonds, and the gold and silver ornamented carrying harness and blanket, and the result makes the pampered dog of fashion almost as conspicuous an object as his pretty and richly dressed mistress.

Upon stormy days, when his mistress desires to give the small aristocrat an airing she can carry him in a newly invented satchel which answers the purpose admirably. It is rounded in form, opens at one side, and at one end the leather is upon hinges and can be let entirely down or partially so, as may be desired.

When this is done, a net work of leather or sometimes silver wire is revealed, permitting the occupant of the queer looking satchel to breathe all the fresh air it desires.—N. Y. Herald.

Heart Parties for Children.

A "heart party" affords lots of enjoyment for the children. Pin a large heart made of red flannel cloth on a sheet hung from a door. In the center of the heart sew a small circle of white. Give arrows of white cloth with a pin placed therein to each guest, each arrow bearing a number, the number corresponding to a list whereon the names and numbers of the guests are placed. The point of the game is to see which person, when blindfolded, can pin the arrow nearest to the central spot of the white. Prizes are given to the successful ones.

Bridget's Mistake.

Bridget (at counter of imported gingham)—I want some gingham for aprons, sir.

Clerk (busily)—Domestic goods in the basement, lady.

Bridget (indignant)—Domestic, indeed, my money is as good as any lady's in the land and it isn't the likes of you can send Bridget McCarthy to the basement!—Up-to-Date.

Simplifies Matters.

"How is it that all your silver is engraved with your maiden name, Mrs. Hampack?" said one Chicago lady to another.

"Merely for the sake of uniformity," was the reply. "I always resume my maiden name when I obtain a divorce."—N. Y. Journal.

In Disguise.

"Do you like cabbage?"

"Well, I never eat it, but I smoke it, sometimes."—Chicago Record.