

THE HOME LIGHT.

I see the dear home light ahead,
There where it used to glow
Before ambition came and led
Me from it, long ago.
I see the light, the glorious light,
Upon the distant hill!
Thank heaven for the welcome sight,
Thank heaven they are there to-night,
To keep it burning still.

I faintly see the fields that lie
Upon the distant slopes,
And oh my heart is beating high
With freshly kindled hopes!
I see the light which tells me they
Are waiting for me still—
The boy they lost is turning gray,
But here he flings his arms away—
The light burns on the hill!

The light of home! Oh, shall I fare
Up, up, alone, some night,
Upon a star-lit way and there
Behold another light?
On that last night, oh shall there be
A light upon the hill—
Oh, shall there come a thrill to me,
As, faring up the slope I see
The home light burning still?
—S. E. Kiser.

The Gamekeeper and the Wasps.

A True Poaching Story.

By W. W. Willocks, Mayville, Ky.

ANY years ago the famous Hill of Catterthun was densely wooded on all sides—as you approach the Yale of Lethnot, Forfarshire—consequently game was abundant; but all the woods and grounds were carefully patrolled by many keepers and bailiffs. But in face of all this poachers were numerous, and bold, and many stories are told about them. I recollect a rather amusing incident.

At that time there were two very determined poachers—I think one of them was named "Drummond." They were both well known, and gave the keepers a good deal of trouble. The head gamekeeper had resolved to capture them single handed, and to this end he had been secretly watching their movements. He knew full well that they had game in their possession, but how to make the capture was the difficult part, for they were very shrewd and cunning.

The keeper had been out watching several nights in the hope of securing them and their booty. At last his vigil is about to be rewarded. The night had been a little showery, heavy clouds kept scudding across the face of the moon. It was the fall of the year, but the evening was pleasantly warm.

The keeper had carefully secreted himself among a clump of tall broom and whin bushes. It was not long before he discovered his prey. One of the poachers had what appeared to be a grain sack on his back, and, by glimpses of the moon, our hero could see that there was something bulky in it. "Hares, no doubt," chuckled the keeper, "and perhaps pheasants. Aha! now I have them at last. At the proper time I will give chase and catch them."

Just then the moon glinted forth again, and convinced him that he had made no mistake, for the men were within thirty yards of him. "Aha! my bilbies," the keeper again chuckled to himself. "Forsooth, a sack full of my hares, but I have got you this time." And out he sallied from his ambush. The bushes parted, and out the conquering hero goes with blood in his eyes.

But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," for another dash of moonlight assured him that the poachers had seen him, for they had already started to run; but the keeper was fleet of foot, and gave rapid chase. A cloud came over the face of the moon, and they all but lost sight of each other.

Not a word was spoken, but on sped the pursued and the pursuer. Another rift in the clouds revealed to the keeper that he was gaining on them. One of the poachers was falling behind—it was the one with the sack. Now was the time for "Gamie." He yelled at the top of his voice, (which by the way was equal to a steam calliope) "Stop thief; I have caught you at last my fine fellow; Eo'tany Bay for you this time." He was now close on to the fleeing man with the sack. The poacher stumbles and rolls over an old stump, the sack going one way and the man another. "Now, sir," screamed the keeper, "turn my hares out of that sack." "No, I won't do anything of the kind," growled the poacher, as he scrambled to his feet limping badly. "If you want to know what is in it you must untie the sack and find out for yourself." "Aha," snarled the keeper, "I will soon do that," and he whipped out his knife to cut the string.

The poacher was moaning and limping badly, so the "Gamie" thought that there was no chance of him trying to escape. "You scoundrel, is your leg broke?" "I think it is," moaned the poacher. "Ah! there now I will see how many of my beauties you have got in there," proceeding to cut the string that was lying the sack, his head leaning forward near the mouth of the bag.

As he reached down his hand to bring out the contents, the keeper gave a wild, piercing scream, and then began to execute one of the wildest of Indian war dances. "Hey, there," cried the poacher, "keep off. What is the matter with you? I say, keep still, or you will break my other leg." "Fire, murder, thieves, the Lord have mercy," roared the keeper. "What did you have in that sack?"

"Aha," laughed the poacher, "you found out, didn't you? There, now my leg is better, so I must be off. Good night, Gamie, and remember that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'" And off he ran to join his companion (who was waiting for him and enjoying the fun) leaving the miserable gamekeeper screaming and yelling, and rolling his body on the ground like a real professional contortionist.

The scheme was a well-laid one on the part of the poachers, but a serious and a very cruel one for the keeper. The poachers had been very successful in snaring a good many hares that morning, but they could not get them moved, for they knew that Gamie was watching them, and capture meant transportation. So they devised a plan to catch the keeper. In going their rounds they knew the exact spot where there was a wasp's byke (nest) hanging in the bushes. It was a very large one, about the size of a peck measure. This suited their purpose. On this eventful evening they got a sack and half filled it with some light material. Then at the proper time they bagged the byke, wasps and all, and securely tied the mouth of the sack.

How the plan worked we have already seen. On purpose the poacher with the sack lagged behind and finally stumbled. The gamekeeper's knife did the balance, and set loose the infuriated wasps, who stuck to his face and body in a cluster, full of revenge. Poor fellow, he was badly sold and discomfited, and it was many weeks, aye months, before the fallen keeper was able to follow his usual avocation.

The wasps did their work well, and the poachers secured their booty. Soon thereafter they disappeared—no one seemed to know where, and very few cared. I think that Drummond is dead; but to this day the portly gamekeeper cannot bear to hear of wasp's bykes, while to see one makes him scream with terror.—Scottish American.

Alone in the House.

As he is six feet two and is fully up to the American standard of physical courage, it is amusing to hear him tell about it.

"The folks went away the first of July," he relates. "That's an awful big house of ours, you know, and I remained there as the sole custodian. It had been burglarized twice within my memory, and I own up right now that I used to feel a little squeamish when I turned in anywhere from 12 o'clock to 2 o'clock.

"One night it was just 1 o'clock when I clicked off the electric light. The wind was blowing half a gale, and even when there is a dead calm late at night you can hear all kinds of sounds and imagine as many more. I had a miniature howitzer under my pillow, and I recall that I grabbed the gun three different times, sat up in bed, heard my heart bounding, and was ready to turn loose as soon as I made up my mind where I ought to shoot.

"By three o'clock I was in a doze and had ceased to strain my ears for noises, when there came a 'bing' that raised both me and my hair. Honest, it was the most startling thing I ever went against. I forgot I had a gun. I rolled down from the off side of the bed and dropped to the floor like a ton of pig iron. I made as good as a mile in 4.30 on my hands and knees, reached the hall, went downstairs in three jumps and a fall, went to the corner with all sails set, met a policeman and together we hurried back.

"He carried his revolver in his hand and I seized a \$400 vase as a weapon as we passed through the hall. Just as we reached the top of the stairs there was that blood-curdling 'bing' again. I dropped the vase into the hall below, and he dashed into my room, turned on the light and investigated. What do you think he found?"

"A burglar?"

"No. I had left my banjo keyed up taut and two of the strings had snapped."—Detroit Free Press.

Real Golfer's Dress.

The golfer who goes in for the game seldom wears knickerbockers. He never puts on a golfing stock, and he dresses generally in negligé flannels. The trousers are turned up at the bottom, and the coat is an ordinary single-breasted flannel jacket. Either a sweater or a madras shirt is proper. Knickerbockers are not absolutely tabooed, but they have been, so to speak, run into the ground, and the knickerbocker golf player is more or less an object of ridicule for those who love the game for the game's sake. However, you may suit your own ideas.—London Fashion.

Kangaroo have been known to jump a height of eleven feet. A deer's best record is nine feet six inches.



Stokers in big steamships work in an average temperature of from 160 to 180 degrees.

The British admiralty have just ordered fifty-four sets of wireless telegraphy gear, to be made according to their own specifications and system.

The period of five seconds between a flash of lightning and thunder means that the flash was a mile distant from the observer. Thunder has never been heard over fourteen miles from the flash, though artillery has been heard at 120 miles.

It is said to be only a question of time before the Bermuda Islands will sink under the ocean. The geological theory is that the islands are merely the remnant of one large island. The subsidence within a comparatively recent period has been from eighty to 100 feet.

What is probably the most extraordinary plant ever discovered has now been found by Mr. E. A. Suverkrup, of Philadelphia, in South America. It is an orchid that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty by letting down a tube into the water, the tube, when not in use, being coiled up on top of the plant. Mr. Suverkrup came across the plant by the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata.

The earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours. Millions of years ago the day was twenty-two hours; millions of years before it was twenty-one hours. As we look backward into time we find the earth revolving faster and faster. There was a time, ages ago, long before geology begins, when the earth was rotating in a day of five or six hours in length. In the remotest past the earth revolved in a day of about five hours. It could revolve no faster than this and remain a single unbroken mass.

The Perfection of Disinfection.

In an interesting paper in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly on "How Yellow Fever is Fought," the writer describes the remarkable precaution taken at the port of New Orleans.

When the vessel has tied up to the wharf the first step is the removal of the bedding, clothing and cushions and other cloth fabrics to the quarantine shed. Here they are hung on a framework consisting of a series of racks suspended from a long car running on a track and so arranged that when the racks are filled the whole thing may be run inside one of the three great disinfecting cylinders with which the station is equipped.

These cylinders are enormous steel boilers, fifty feet in length by eight feet in diameter and fitted inside with continuous coils of steam pipe. The cylinders are covered with asbestos and swathed in felt, and when the cylinder caps are on they are air-tight. When the clothing has been placed inside and the cylinders closed dry heat is forced through the pipes at a temperature of 180 degrees, and this is followed by moist heat raised to a temperature of 230 degrees. The pressure of from six to eight pounds put upon this steam heat is sufficient to force it through heavy mattresses or bundles of clothing.

After a period which varies from thirty minutes to an hour the cylinders are opened, the racks are run out and the rapid evaporation which follows, causes the clothing to dry almost immediately. The clothing is unharmed by this process, and the moist heat is a thorough germicidal agent. It is an interesting fact that if a freshly laundered linen shirt or collar is put into the cylinder it will emerge thoroughly moist and apparently in need of another steaming. The evaporation is so rapid, however, that it is immediately restored to its original condition, not even the gloss being removed.

A Royal Train.

One of the most elaborate of royal trains is that belonging to the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. It is composed of eight corridor cars, and to the minutest detail is perfect in every respect. It is lighted by electricity, and the kitchen is equipped with electricity for cooking. The carriages are so hung that they will fit to any gauge of tracks, and so shaped and fitted with folding entrance steps that they can pass through the narrowest defiles in Italy or Belgium.

The emperor's sleeping room is equipped with his own field bed, without which he never travels; a marble washstand with silver faucets, wardrobes, clothes presses, and a folding writing table. The emperor's private saloon is entered through his sleeping room. The walls are decorated in olive, the furniture is of olive green, and the curtains and portieres are of harmonizing colors. It contains some rare works of art.

Charing Cross bridge is the largest London bridge, being 1,365 feet.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Political Events of the Past Engages Bartow Man's Attention.

EXPECTS GOOD THINGS OF ROOSEVELT

William Says Now is a Propitious Time for a Political Reformation and Cementing of National Friendship.

"To the victors belong the spoils."

This was an old war maxim of the Romans in Julius Caesar's day—and was akin to that other one, "vae victis," woe unto the conquered. In 1831, when General Jackson was sweeping the field and removing from federal office everything whig who had been appointed, William L. Marcy, who was in the United States senate, defended him in a great speech and promulgated that maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils." Marcy was a very brilliant statesman, but a very bitter partisan. He was governor of New York three terms, judge of the supreme court, secretary of war under Polk, secretary of state under Pierce, and he used this maxim just as far as he was allowed to. He detested the whig party and defined an old line whig to be "a conceited gentleman who took a drink when he pleased and never voted the democratic ticket." This reminds me of an old man I met in Arkansas, who said to me, "Mr. Arp, I'm gwine onto 80 years old—me and my old o'man have lived together fifty-nine years and jined the same Baptist church the year we was married and every year since then I have voted the democratic ticket." His politics was a good part of his religion. I remember when the alienation between the whigs and democrats was quite as bitter for many years as it has been between republicans and democrats at the south—social equality even in small towns was strained by politics. This alienation got into the churches and colleges. There was no outward breach of good manners, but it was manifested in various ways that the whigs felt they were better than the democrats, for they were generally wealthy and educated and owned slaves. Out of 165 students in our state university in 1845, 130 of them were sons of whigs. I am still a democrat, and my father was before me, but I have always respected the grand old whig party of the south, and lamented its disruption. I still remember with pride and admiration the names of Toombs, Stephens, Ben Hill, Jenkins, Dr. Miller, Crawford, Berrien, the Hulls and Holts and Underwoods and Doughertys, for I knew them all personally and heard them on the stump and in the forum. But the disruption had come both in church and state. The whigs could not any longer stand the company they were in—northern whigs became republicans and affiliated with abolitionists in their political platforms. They precipitated the civil war, and from that was born plunder and corruption. I do not mean to say that all democrats are patriotic and honest—nor that all republicans are unprincipled and dishonest. When our unsophisticated preacher, Ed Axson, said to Judge Underwood that he could not believe Tweed was guilty of stealing all that money in New York city, for Tweed was a democrat, the judge smiled and said: "My dear sir, you are too innocent and unsuspecting to live in this wicked world. I am twice as old as you are and my observation has been that it is within the range of possibility for a democrat to steal." But what I do say is that the democratic party has more conscience and is less greedy than the republicans. Shortly after the war a Dutchman in Chattanooga killed his fat shote and hung it up in the back yard to cool during the night, next morning he was horrified to find that one half of the hog was gone. He ran around wild and was very much excited and declared that some mean old stinkin' democrat had carried off one-half of his beautiful shote. "What makes you think he was a democrat?" a neighbor asked. "Vy, of course he was a democrat—of course he was—for a republican would haf stole de whole hog."

That's it exactly. They want it all. But now is the time for a great reformation. Martin Luther brought one in the church and I believe that Roosevelt will bring one to the management of our national affairs. He knows of the corruption and has determined to purge it. He will appoint good men to office, regardless of their political principles. He will not be governed by that maxim of Marcy's. He is an ardent believer in civil service reform. General Grant had the law passed in 1872 to stop the public plunder, but he couldn't enforce it and it became a dead letter. In 1876 and 1880 both parties pretended to favor its revival and they put it as a plank in their platforms. In 1883 congress passed the present vigorous law on the sub-

ject, but party pressure swayed much as possible and that unenforced uncivilized maxim of "to the victors belong the spoils" still prevails. Civil service reform does not apply all the little offices, but is pretense enforced in the important ones. Thirty thousand railway postal clerks are subject to it and the law is rigidly enforced in the postal department than any other. Now we have a right to expect that Roosevelt will see to it that no questionable postmaster shall be appointed in any town, north or south, postoffice is emphatically the postoffice. It ought really to be an office in every town and village. It is close akin to home and home affairs, and the sacred and secret life of our homes. Men, women and children have a share in it and no one a kind-hearted, accommodating woman of good, respectable standing in the community should be appointed. There is an eternal life of things that cannot be derogated with impunity and no broad-minded man would appoint a negro as master at Athens or Augusta or white man's town. Why not try Canton, Ohio, or Dayton, or any cultured city of the north? We suit our people with such federal officials. They say that we are all ren now, but as the poet says:

"I know that you say that you love me, but why did you kick me down?"

Now just think of it—a poor fellow what an opportunity for Mr. Roosevelt to win to him many millions of good people who have been estranged. He can do this and not his republicanism. What a great it is for a king or an emperor, president to be loved by his subjects or his people. What a glorious it would be for all the conservative citizens of the north and the south east and the west to wipe out the ty lines and with one heart and mind, say to Mr. Roosevelt, sir, high-toned, pure, patriotic and ardent administration since the day Mr. McKinley has commanded respect and admiration. We, therefore nominate you to succeed your predecessor. We believe it to be possible for the happen. Keep on that line, Mr. Roosevelt. Put the best men in office regardless of party lines and my friend, Evan Howell, and I will you, but we will not drop over to the public party all of a sudden as Lowry did. It will have to respect apologize a long time before we trust them and shake hands across bloody chasm. I've got such a habit of being a democrat that I old to change. Bob Lowry is younger, and so is Roosevelt. He can turn republican if he chooses. Roosevelt can turn democrat; we care.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

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NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Prices of automobiles are about to rise. Cubans are about to open a Washington to push a reciprocity agreement.

United States Consul at Germany, Ernst Gumpert, has his exequatur.

Passengers are not allowed from Cape Colony ports without permits.

President Roosevelt will reciprocity in a general way message to congress.

The Board of Police of Boston decided to reorganize the force, it upon a military basis.

Federal directors from various States have just held their convention at Charleston, S. C.

The Russian Minister of Agriculture is framing a project for a reduction of duties on imported cultural machinery.

A committee of citizens of burg, Penn., is at work on a suitable memorial for John H. Brown founder of the city.

Iowa's Supreme Court has that a mere fine for keeping open on holidays is unconstitutional the law providing that the offender must be forfeited.

The damage to H. M. S. Able, which recently struck on the St. Lawrence, is far more than was at first supposed. It is estimated that it will cost \$1,000,000 to repair.

A. J. Severance, said to be the diamond drill, died in Col., the other day. Mr. Severance was born in Addison County, in 1829, but from early childhood lived in Colorado.

The municipalities of Stockholm other cities of Sweden have entered into contract with the Salvation Army to look after the poor and to take care of the other floating population.

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