

LEAVIN' HOME.

When a feller sorter packs his traps an' goes away from home,
 What the birds air singin', an' the honey's in the comb—
 What the sunshine is the brightest an' the heart beats all in tune
 An' life's sweet in winter as in rosiest days o' June—

No matter how the skies look—of they're just as bright an' blue
 As the eyes with which your sweetheart twinkled messages to you—
 You'll find 'em growin' misty—with a haze on field an' plain,
 An' your eyes'll sorter twinkle, an' the lids'll hide the rain!

Fer the distance—it looks lonesome, an' though roses red an' white,
 Air jest as sweet off yonder, with the dew's an' with the light,
 As the ones in old-time gardens, yit—it's mighty far to roam—
 An' you know more of the roses in the little spot called "Home!"

So, packin' up fer leavin' sorter makes you fumble round!
 Fer han'kerchers, to dry the tears that will come tricklin' down!
 An' though you say it's foolishness, yit—world's so wide to roam!
 An' the best world for a feller is the little world at home!
 —Atlanta Constitution.

AVENGED BY A SERPENT.

WHEN I got George's letter, telling me that all was now ready for our reception and we were to come at once, I was delighted. Within a week we—mother and I—were on our way out, and in about three weeks' time found ourselves between the swampy shores of the Essequibo, nearing

Georgetown, where on the quay the dear fellow was waiting to take us up to the home he had made for us on his plantation.

George Haden and I had met a year before during his visit to the United States, and the big, quiet, sunburned man and I, who tell this story, had fallen in love with one another almost at the first sight.

We were to have been married before he returned to Guyana, but he was recalled suddenly by the death of his only brother at Rio, and it was arranged I should follow later with mother.

You can—or, rather, you can't—imagine how delighted I was to see my sweetheart again. But I was startled and a good deal troubled by his appearance; he looked thin and worried. At first I put it down to his grief at Harry's death; but later, after our quiet wedding, on the way to my future home I gathered by degrees there was more than that.

His brother Harry had married a Spaniard—a beautiful woman—who had died nearly eighteen years before, leaving him with one daughter, Teresa. It was chiefly on this girl's account that George had hurried back, and he had mentioned in writing to me that he had brought her up from Rio to stay with him in Guyana until other arrangements could be made. Since then I had heard little of her, and almost, indeed, in my own happiness and excitement forgotten her very existence.

Now my questions elicited from George that she was not a pleasant-tempered young woman, or easy to get on with, but my worst anticipations did not touch the reality.

We came up the river in a small steamer, which dropped us at my husband's very wharf, and we three walked up a slope through a wonderful tropical garden to where a long, white-washed, green-shuttered house shone clean and bright in the evening sun.

On the veranda stood a tall figure in a pale yellow gown, her black hair crowned with crimson hibiscus. A splendidly handsome woman!

She looked at me in a half-disdainful way.

"So you're my new aunt?" she said casually. "And how do you do, Uncle George?"

Her calm assumption of superiority was unbearable. George—big, steady, good-tempered man that he was—flushed with anger.

"Never mind to me: He knows no better; and it won't be for long."

But it was for longer than we reckoned. She was to have been sent to her godmother, who lived in Madrid. But the old lady was ill, and begged us to keep the girl a while longer.

It was trying to a degree, and each day got worse and worse. Teresa's temper was something unbearable, and her general lack of manners only equalled by her sweetness when there was anything to be gained by it. Still, for my husband's sake, I bore with her.

Toward the end of the cool weather our old English overseer died, and as a stop-gap, George took on a young Spanish-American, Ramon Martinez.

Ramon was a smart-looking fellow, but there was something in his black eyes which repelled me. I always felt a shuddering repulsion for the man, and George didn't much care for him. Still, it was necessary to have some one who understood the sugar, and men who knew anything were so scarce you couldn't pick and choose.

Teresa, who loved the cheap gayeties of Rio, had been simply bored to death all the winter. Ramon was a godsend to her, and the two used to chat in Spanish every evening over their coffee on the veranda.

Sometimes I blame myself for setting them so much together, but, to tell the truth, the relief of getting rid of her even for an hour or two was very

great. And how could I know what a scoundrel the man was, or what unspeakable wickedness those two were brewing together?

And now I must pass over the events of the next ten months, and tell you what happened on that dreadful day which so nearly proved fatal to all my happiness.

Old Juan, a half-caste Indian employe on the place, came up that morning wanting to see my husband. They talked for a time, and then I saw George go out with a gun on his shoulder. He saw me at the window and called out something, but I could not hear what he said.

He was a keen collector, and I supposed it was some rare bird or beast he was after.

The day passed, and the short, tropical twilight was closing over the forest when I saw George returning. He was followed by two negroes, who slowly dragged some long, heavy object up the path to the house. This they pulled along, trailing in the dust, round to the south end of the house, where George's big so-called study, really a sort of museum, opened by two French windows on the lawn.

I was dressing for 8 o'clock dinner, so did not go out. Soon I heard George's long stride pass upstairs by my door to his dressing-room, which lay beyond my room at the extreme north end of the house.

To make you understand what followed I must partly explain how the house was built. It was from north to south, long and narrow, with a veranda all the way round. A wide hall ran through from east to west, and a long narrow one from north to south. The dining-room was the front room at the north end, under my room; George's study at the south, under the room Teresa occupied. There were two staircases, one at each end of the house. A couple of hundred yards away, higher up the slope at the back of the house, was the cottage where Martinez lived. He, Martinez, generally dined with us, and was to have done so that night.

Now, so far as I know, and judging from what we made out afterward from letters we discovered in the cottage and in Teresa's room, this is what brought about the tragedy that followed:

Ramon must have long before this have made up his mind to marry Teresa. Her small fortune was an irresistible bait to the indolent Southerner. The only thing that troubled him was that she was not of age for another three years, and George was her guardian and sole trustee. He knew well enough what George would say or do if he once heard of his pretensions. With a man of Ramon's type—almost conscienceless—the next idea was simply to get George out of the way. Once rid of the uncle, and what was there to hinder his making off with Teresa and her money?

Undoubtedly he instilled these ideas into Teresa's mind, and she, her sullen temper already aflame at the hint of opposition, was soon ripe for any mischief. Whether this precious pair had already concocted any definite plan I don't know, but that they were only waiting a chance what follows proves.

On this particular evening, Teresa had dressed earlier and gone down. For some reason—I don't know what—she went to the study and opened the door. A French window was open, and in the moonlight which had already succeeded the dusk she caught sight of something moving through it, undulating in rustling coils up from the grass beyond.

Terrified, she closed the door and stood an instant panting with fright. What was it?

Suddenly it flashed across her. She had just before seen from her window the men bringing in her uncle's spoil, a great anaconda, or water-boia, the largest and most powerful constrictor in the world. This was its mate. Her chance had come. Always before dinner her uncle would go to his room to fetch the cigar he lit immediately dinner was over. He would go once more—for the last time!

How I can imagine her stealing quietly away from the door back with stealthy footsteps up the stairs to her room and sitting there watching the clock, counting every moment till the gong should summon her uncle to his fate behind that closed door.

Closer and closer crept the hands to 8 o'clock, and still she sat and watched. Suddenly in the hall below sounded footsteps across the polished boards. Unnaturally loud they seemed as they passed slowly down the passage beneath. There was the sound of a turning latch, an instant's pause, and then—

one long, horrible sound, half shriek, half yell, which grew shriller, then muffled, and then abruptly ceased.

The shriek I heard with almost equal distinctness away at the other end of the house. To this day I can sometimes hear it, and it comes back to me in dreadful dreams.

I heard my husband rush from his room and his flying feet down the stairway. Other sounds I heard—cries of terror and alarm, hurrying footsteps and slamming of doors. Then I summoned strength to follow. As I ran through the hall two shots rang out in rapid succession. A frightful pounding, like a dozen sledge hammers going at once, ensued; and next I heard a scream of maniacal laughter, and Teresa rushed by me and out into the night.

The next thing I remember is George's voice, in tones of strong command:

"Keep back, Marian!" he called; "it is no fit sight for you."

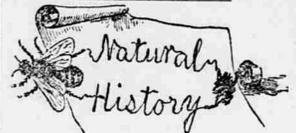
I stood there in the middle of the passage, while around the open study door stood a little knot of our black servants. Their faces were ashen with terror, and the whites of their eyes goggled horribly. A thin smoke floated out of the room and the keen smell of gunpowder filled the air. The throbbing beat had almost ceased, and

George passed into the room, while I staggered back, and, slinking into a chair in the hall, fainted dead away.

I need hardly explain what had happened. The wretched Ramon had come in earlier than usual to dinner; had, contrary to his usual custom, gone to the study, evidently to leave the pass-book for the day, and had walked straight into the trap set for another. Those horrible coils had crushed him to death long before even George could reach the spot, while the great snake, in its terrible death agonies, had rent the wretch's body in a shocking way, leaving it an unrecognizable mass.

That was what Teresa had seen. The shock no doubt had crazed her. When she ran out she went straight to the river—at least, we suppose so, for we never saw anything of her again. There are alligators in those waters.

Since then my husband and I have almost forgotten the tragedy. We are very happy alone together in our sunny tropic home.—Chicago Times-Herald.



This is the season of the year when bird stories are plentiful. Near Yarmouth, it is said, a pair of wrens have built their nest in a pillar-box, and the hen sits on calmly when the postman clears the box. Near by a pair of blue-tits have built in a hat which a gardener had adorned a scarecrow.

Recent activities in the Philippines have brought to light many interesting items. Not long ago an eagle, three times the size of any yet discovered, was found there; and now a German savant has come across a gigantic flower of which the smallest buds are as big as the head of a child. It has five petals, a stalk two inches thick, and is over three feet high. The flower "plucked" by the discoverer weighed twenty-five pounds.

The dowager empress of China is devoted to birds of all kinds, and innumerable bird pets are kept about the palace. She is reported to have wept copiously about the death of a favorite nightingale not long ago. Upon being told of a Chinese girl who had complained bitterly of the dreariness of life, this exalted lady remarked sagely that a woman ought to take so much pride in her home that it could be a heaven to her, adding: "There are always birds and flowers." She is a clever artist and delights in painting from nature.

There is something very remarkable in the almost reasoning powers manifested occasionally by birds in eluding pursuit or in turning attention from their nests and young, but in few is this more noticeable than in the duck tribes. In Capt. Black's narrative of his arctic land expedition the following instance of this is given: "One of his companions, Mr. King, having shot a female duck, fired again, and, as he thought, disabled his male companion. Accordingly, leaving the dead bird, which he had the mortification of seeing shortly afterward carried off by one of the white-headed eagles, he waded into the water after the drake, which, far from being flustered or alarmed, remained motionless, as if waiting to be taken up. Still, as he neared it, it glided easily away through innumerable little nooks and windings. Several times he reached out his hand to seize it, and having at last with great patience managed to coop it up in a corner, from which there appeared to be no escape, he was triumphantly bending down to take it, when, to his utter astonishment, it looked around at him, cried 'Quack!' and then flew away so strongly that he was convinced he had never hit it at all. The bird's object clearly was to draw the gunner away from its companion."

The Savage and the Bird Cage.
 A gentleman who went out with Stanley to Africa took with him a number of bird cages, in which he hoped to bring back some specimens of the rarer birds of the interior. Owing to the death of one of his carriers, he was obliged to throw away the bird cages, with a number of other articles. These were seized by the natives in great glee, though they did not know what to do with them; but they eventually decided that the small circular cages were a kind of headgear, and, knocking off the bottom, the chiefs trussed about in them with evident pride. One chief, thinking himself more wise than the others, and having seen the white mercat at table out of dishes, thought they were receptacles for food, and took his meals from one, ceremoniously opening and shutting the door between mouthfuls.

Brevity of Recent Wars.
 Recent wars have been remarkable for their brevity. The war between Turkey and Greece practically lasted only three weeks. The war between Japan and China lasted six months. The French declared war against Germany in July, and Sedan fell in the following September. Russia declared war on Turkey April 24, 1877, and on Dec. 12, the Porte requested the mediation of the powers.

Boothblacks in Berlin.
 Boothblacks are seldom seen on the streets of Berlin, owing to the fact that it is one of the duties of German servant girls to shine shoes in the household, and of porters to attend to it in hotels. There are boothblacks at the principal railway depots, but they find more patrons among women than among men.

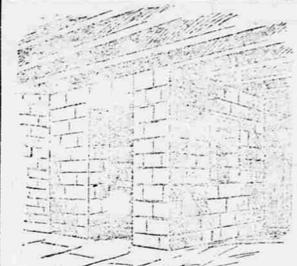
When a man gets into a hack, and is not used to it, he shows it in his actions.

PREPARED FOR EMERGENCY.

Residents of St. Louis Not to Be Again Caught Napping.

St. Louis, Mo., is full of eye-balls. Nearly all of them have been built since that terrible May 27. One of them has existed longer than that. It is in the home of Mr. D. L. Parrish in Cabanne place. Mr. Parrish was caught in the collapse of the old Belvidere Hotel on Washington avenue. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, and when he began to build his home in Cabanne he made up his mind to provide against all emergencies. This is how he comes to have a cyclone cellar older than the cyclone.

While not a thing of beauty, Mr. Parrish's "hole in the ground" is one of comfort. It is as deep as the foundation of the house, and reared in the southwest corner of the cellar. Its walls are of stone, three and one-half feet thick. Heavy crossbeams form the roof of this safety house. Two windows open outwardly, one to the south, the other to the north. They were pro-



MR. PARRISH'S CYCLONE CELLAR.

ected by iron gratings at first, but Mr. Parrish very wisely has taken these out, in order to facilitate egress, should such a necessity occur. A heavy oak door that can be barred and locked makes the place burglar proof.

The floor of this novel cyclone house is cemented and covered with a soft, warm carpet. A comfortable couch is fitted into one corner. In another are several massive shelves filled with provisions. These provisions are renewed every time the sky clouds up suspiciously. Mr. Parrish feels perfectly safe with his cyclone cellar.

"It is very comfortable, and I am sure if the entire house blew away my cellar room would be intact," says he. "You can lie on the couch and read about the war, if you like, while the storm is blowing outside. It is a protection for my wife and children while I am away, and I can bear the thought of another cyclone calamity better down town by knowing that they have a place of shelter. During the season following the cyclone an architect friend of mine had at one time eight plans of houses on his boards, every one of which called for a cyclone cellar to match mine."

VALUED AT A DOLLAR.

Jersey Jurist Who Holds That to Be All a Child is Worth.

Justice Gummere, of the New Jersey Supreme Court, says that a child is worth only \$1 to its parents. That is to say, the eminent justice holds in case of a damage suit brought for the loss of a child from any cause whatever



JUSTICE GUMMERE.

the only just verdict would be one for nominal damages of \$1. While this judgment may be revolting to certain sympathetic and sentimental natures, yet, says Justice Gummere, it is the law which the judge must interpret justly. Justice Gummere explains the position he takes in a simple and interesting manner. A child, he says, is of no value, at least of no value that can be measured by money, to its parents. On the contrary, it is a source of expense commensurate with the financial power of the parents. So that in the loss of a child the parents are not only not injured financially, but even benefited. The law cannot presume that the child will in the future become financially valuable to its parents. The law requires compensation for damages that are actual rather than potential. Thus, in the case of the loss of a non-producing child a merely nominal verdict of \$1 would be all that Justice Gummere would hold. He illustrates the point with a simple example. A horse that can trot in 2:10 would, if lost, require a compensation equal to the price



BUT HE LOOKS MORE PRECIOUS.

which the horse would bring in the market. On the other hand, a horse 25 years old loses very much of its value, and its owner would not secure damages above, perhaps \$50. Sent-

ment has nothing whatever to do with the case. Justice Gummere has four children, boys and girls, and yet he does not value them, according to law, as being worth more than \$4 for the lot. The justice is a tall, slender, imposing man with serious dark eyes and dark beard. He is accounted one of the finest jurists in New Jersey, and although disclaiming sentiment in his capacity as judge, his home life is that of a man of the highest civilization and of the most tender sympathies. A picture is given here of little Melville Graham, a child who was killed by the trolley cars, and who, Judge Gummere, of New Jersey says, was not worth the \$5,000 a jury awarded.

The Mother Was Not Deceived.

He was a tired looking young man, as he leaned up against a shade tree on Miami avenue, and the patrolman who came along and halted to look him over finally queried:

"Well, what are you doing here?"

"More or less t-t-tight," was the answer.

"What's that paper you have in your hand?"

"You can have it."

"Bank check, eh?" said the officer as he scanned it under the light. "Have you been trying to work a confidence game?"

"Oh, no," replied the young man as he yawned sleepily. "That was a little racket on my own account."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I'm going with a girl who loves me for myself alone, but her mother looks at the cash side of the question."

"And you filled out this check to deceive her?"

"That's what I did. I showed her that I had \$3,000 in the bank, but what did she do but post right down there and find out that I didn't have a hair pin on deposit."

"And what?"

"Why, that's how I came to get tight. She showed me the door and I knew from the way she closed it behind me that the syndicate was busted, and so I went to ruin at the nearest saloon!"—Detroit Free Press.

Not Flattering.

Some people have a faculty for taking off the edge of a neighbor's pleasure. A writer in the Temple Magazine lately gave a case in point. It happened to a doctor of divinity who was preaching some special sermons. He had scarcely got into the vestry after one of them, when in rushed a well-dressed man, who greeted him most effusively.

"Delighted to see you, doctor," he said. "You have given us a grand sermon. It has been a treat—a real inspiration to us all."

The doctor smiled and expressed his gratification, and the man left the vestry. No sooner was the door closed, however, than one of the deacons looked up and remarked:

"You must not take any notice of him, doctor; he's got softening of the brain."

The feelings of the doctor must have been akin to those of another minister who was preaching in Rochdale. The morning was fine, and the congregation large. At the foot of the pulpit stairs one of the officials met him.

"We've had a very large congregation this morning, Mr. Brown," remarked the preacher.

"Yes, sir," replied the guileless and outspoken brother, "a very fine congregation. You see, sir, we wasn't expecting you this morning."

No Discrimination.

An aged Georgia negro, Nathan by name, is employed by a gentleman very prominent in State politics. That Nathan also has an eye to political favor is shown by the following conversation, which recently took place between him and his employer:

"Marse Jim," said Nathan, "is you gwine in dis yere race fer Governor?"

"Haven't thought about it."

"Well, ef yer does run, an' gits elected, will you give me a job?"

"Certainly I will remember you, Nathan. What would you like?"

"Well, suh, I'd des like ter black boots n' de Capitol."

"And what would you expect for that service?"

"Well, suh," he replied, "I should say four dollars a day would be reasonable. Das what de yuther legislators get."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

H Was There.

Some visitors in Virginia hired an old negro on a plantation to drive them to see the Natural Bridge. So says the Toronto Saturday Night.

On nearing the bridge they asked the colored man its height and width, and if he really thought it such a wonder, after all. His replies were so vague that one of them said:

"Now, Sam, confess; you have never been so near the bridge before."

"Lord, suh!" he replied, "I 'member coming here to help de day dey lay de corner-ston; but I ain't reck notice 'bout how high de bridge was built, nor how far 'cross 'twuz. Of co'se, I ain' come heah much sence; but dis nigger never goin' to forgit dat day."

Lagniappe.

In reading the stories of New Orleans life that have been published from time to time during the last few years by Ruth McEnery Stuart and other writers familiar with the conditions of life in that Southern city, the reader is struck by the use of the term "lagniappe." It is applied to a bonus given to purchasers at the markets or shops; a sort of premium, as it were. It may be confectionery, fruit, or some trifling article, but it is expected and given as a matter of course.

A man's love for liquor frequently makes the world gyrate.

There is no protective tariff on hides as far as the mosquito is concerned.

HOBSON AS A ROMEO.

Hero of the Merrimack Was Once Tried for Hugging a Girl.

Stories of Lieut. Hobson are now in order, and the following one is related by a lady in the city who attended school with the hero of the hour when he was a pupil at Marion, Ala., in the eighties. Marion, like most college towns, had two flourishing schools, one for each sex—the Judson seminary for the girls and the Marion Military Institute for their brothers. The last named was where young Hobson attended. These schools were largely patronized by the States surrounding Alabama, and the students boarded in the college buildings, where a strict surveillance was kept over them, and anything like a flirtation between the boys and girls was prohibited in the most rigid manner.

Once a month, however, the literary society of the military school held an open session at the church, to which the girls were invited, and to which they came under the chaperonage of their teachers. They formed in a long line in pairs, and, with two teachers in front and two in the rear, they filed from the Judson grounds across the square to the church, which stood back in the yard, and on each side of the serpentine pathway leading to the door were rows of elm trees. The boys were accustomed at the close of the open meetings to rush from the church and stand on each side of the walk against these elms and give a military salute to the girls as they filed past them on their way back to the seminary.

One evening, after one of these entertainments, and just as the procession had started from the church, there was a piercing scream heard coming from the center of the line, where the utmost confusion was found to prevail. The lady teachers from both ends hurried forward to see what could be the trouble. The spectators professors of the college also hurried forward and demanded what had happened. One of the prettiest girls of the school was in tears, and declared that "Dick" Hobson had rushed out from the line of boys and hugged her. That was a very serious accusation indeed, and shortly afterward the teachers of the Judson school and several of the pupils were asked to appear against Richmond P. Hobson, who was to be tried by court-martial.

It was an interesting trial, and much interesting testimony was brought out. The girl in the case said that while she could not see the face of the one who hugged her she was sure it was "Dick" because he had been slipping notes to her at Sunday school. Her companion also agreed that they couldn't see the face of the hugger in the darkness, but from the way "Dick" had looked at them when they were in the church they were sure he was the guilty party.

Everything seemingly went to prove the young man's guilt, and finally the grave professor who was presiding over the court asked the culprit if he had anything to say in his own defense. The future hero of Santiago Bay stood up before the crowded room, and with great solemnity said: "Mr. Professor, I have only one thing to say, and that is if the court will let me hug the young lady now, and if she says it's the same kind of a hug she received that evening, then I am willing to be expelled," and he took his seat amidst a very audible titter. It is hardly necessary to say that while he was not allowed the privilege of the test, Mr. Hobson escaped expulsion.—Washington Post.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

SILENCE is golden; but not in the pulpit.

Vice is the only thing not worth knowing.

Neither passions nor roses are killed by pruning.

There are no mortgages where there are many mansions.

The true call to preach is backed by the people's call to hear.

The man who hasn't time to live for Christ hasn't eternity to live with Christ.

Our own temptations should make us sympathetic; our victories over them, merciful.

The pulpit is the chair of heavenly ethics, not of earthly economics.

Preachers would be as well ball players, if religion were the al enthusiasm.

The devil takes it for granted the sign "Walk in" is on the door of every man's heart.

The height of art for the preacher is to remember that he stands before those who will stand beside him at the judgment seat.

Flower for Patriots.

A novel flower has been found at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. It has a faculty of changing its color during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at its zenith it is red and at night it is blue. The red, white, and blue flower grows on a tree above the base of a guava tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume.

According to statistics out of every 100 women who threaten to report street car conductors for incivility, none of them ever do it.

The American eagle is a tough old bird, but there is a legal tenderness about its portrait on a silver dollar.

The value of a golden opportunity depends upon the amount of gold there is in it.