

WE WANDER BACK TO HOME.

The world's wide path a shining way
Lay open as we go,
With picture, scene and color gay,
From Fickle's fancy's flow;
But from ways, once grand and cheer,
There fade each brilliant chrome,
They're, after through rainy tear,
Will wander back to home.

Then friendship wane—once real and true—
And coldly glimmer where
The skies have lost their deepest hue,
To bring chill shadows there,
One gleam of gleam of sunshine, then,
Alas! the sullen gloom,
Will dash bright rays from childhood when
Hearts wander back to home.

So all the world should kindly greet
Each footstep as we stray;
And strewn with garlands 'neath our feet,
The path long life's highway,
To walk the moments brighter seem,
Where're we, rambling, roam,
When lost in memory's happy dream
We wander back to home.

Inter-Ocean.

A DOMESTIC CHRONICLE.

"WELL, my dear,"
said Mr. Cavendish, entering
his wife's room,
"I've sent that
girl of yours
about her business."

Mr. Cavendish looked up with a
start. She was buttoning Bob's
coat, patiently following him about
the room as he frisked after the cat.
"What?" said she, in a dismayed
voice.

"I spoke distinctly enough, didn't I?"
"I have discharged—Lucy!"
"What for, James?"
"Insolence; that's all."

"But Lucy never could have been
insolent," pleaded Mrs. Cavendish,
snatching off the last button from
Bob's apron in her perturbation.
"Oh, couldn't she, though? I just
think you had been there, that's all."

"I told her she was half an hour
behind with breakfast and asked her
what she meant by it, and she told
me she was doing the best she could
and couldn't do better if all the world
depended upon it."

"But, James, the poor girl is nearly
dying with toothache this morn-
ing."

"I can't help that; she has no busi-
ness to answer me impudently. It
isn't the words so much—it was
a manner."

"Poor Lucy! And you have dis-
charged her!"

"That's you all over," said Mr.
Cavendish, angrily. I believe you'd
discharge anybody else's part against me.
As of course I discharged her. I
told her to have her things outside of
the house in two hours or I'd fling
them out of the window."

"But, James, what am I to do?"
said Mrs. Cavendish, who had by this
time captured Ethel, the second child,
and was buttoning her boots with
tremendous rapidity. "With one of my
headaches coming on, and Willie
and Pen down with the measles, and
a soul to lift a hand for me!"

"That's a pretty question to ask,"
said Mr. Cavendish, standing with his
hands in his pockets. "One would
think you women were made of sugar
and salt nowadays. My mother had
a children—ten—and died every
year out; and here you make
a rumpus because you happen
to be left without a servant for
twenty-four hours—because of course,
I shall expect to stop at Wiggins'
and send you up a Swede or Norwe-
gian this afternoon."

Poor Mrs. Cavendish burst into
tears.

"James," said she, Lucy was the
best girl I have ever had. You should
have sent her out of the house in
this way. How would you like it if
I sent down to your wholesale boot
and shoe place and discharged your
clerk?"

"I should say you did perfectly
right," returned Cavendish. "If they
served you impudently. Now
snivel! If there is anything I
do it is a scene. I'll go downstairs
and boil the coffee myself—one
make coffee—and you hurry down
with the children as soon as you can.
There's plenty of bread and butter
and cold-boiled ham, anyhow. No-
body ever starved on that."

his shoe in the cedar pail of water;
Ethel was feeding the kitten from
the can of condensed milk.

"Ma," piped up Bob, "there's a
tramp at the kitchen window!"

But it was no tramp. It was Miles,
the stableman.

"Oh, Miles, I am so glad!" said
Mrs. Cavendish. "You have brought
us the milk?"

"I haven't that, mum," said Miles.
"The cow's lost, an' it ain't meself
is going to track her through the
swamps an' bogs. If the master
wants his cow took care of he's got
to pay me a dollar a week more
wages."

"Got to, Miles?"
"Yis'm!" boldly retorted the man.
"I ain't to be put upon no longer."
Dr. Miller's man—

"Very well," said Mrs. Cavendish;
"you may go!"
"Ma'm!" echoed the astounded
servant.

"You are discharged," said Mrs.
Cavendish, firmly—"at once!"

Miles slunk away and disappeared.
Mrs. Cavendish went up to her
room, and after ministering as well
as she could to the poor little victim
of measles she threw herself on the
bed with a wet towel bound around
her head and despair in her heart.

"There's one comfort," said Mrs.
Cavendish, gloomily smiling, "if he
discharged Lucy, I have sent away
Miles!"

Mr. Cavendish had an unusually
busy day in the city. As he was hur-
rying toward the depot in the after-
noon he remembered that his mis-
sion to Mr. Wiggins' famous "intel-
ligence bureau" was yet unfulfilled.

"Confound it!" said Mr. Cavendish
to himself. "However, to-morrow
will do just as well. My mother did
without any help at all."

At the station no buggy was in
waiting.

"I wonder what that lazy villian
Miles is about?" said Mr. Cavendish,
a dark frown gathering upon his
brow. "He may think he's got a
snug place of it, but I'll teach him
I'm not to be trifled with."

When he reached Althen lodge
everything was disorganized. Ethel
was pulling the feathers out of the
peacock's tail; Bob was galloping
around the barn-yard on the back of
Pounce, the pony.

"We're having such fun, pa!" he
cried. "Pounce hasn't been fed,
cause I couldn't find the key of the
out bin, and the cow is lost. Such
fun!"

"Where is Miles?" roared the fa-
ther.

"Ma's discharged him."

"What for?"

"Cause he talked saucy to her."

Mr. Cavendish stood a moment
staring at the pony and the peacock,
the boy and the girl.

"Ethel," said he, "let that bird go.
Robert, get off the pony at once and
come into the house."

with the dinner?" ventured Mr. Cav-
endish.

"She is too young. Besides she has
had no experience. But James—"
"Yes, Julia."

"Open 'confession is good for the
soul," said Mrs. Cavendish. "Lucy
came back to me about two hours
ago. She said you had sent her away,
but that she could not bear to leave
me at such a time. She is getting
dinner down-stairs now."

"She's a tramp," cried Mr. Caven-
dish.

Scarcely had he introduced his wife
to the ladies in the parlor than the
folding doors of the back room slid
open, revealing a bright fire and a
well-spread table, decorated with
spring flowers—daffodils, tulips, and
a few purple spikes of lilac. A pair
of ducks had been roasted in the best
and most tempting style. There were
sweetbreads and chicken salad by
way of entrees; a delicious steam
pudding sent forth its perfume from
the kitchen, and Luc was just bring-
ing in the tomato soup.

Mr. Cavendish nodded good-hu-
moredly toward her. She courtesied
respectfully.

"You needn't worry about the horse
and cow, sir," she said, in a low voice.
"Peter Frink from the Low farm is
coming to attend to them."

While the family were discussing
the steam pudding and prune pie,
Lucy slipped into the parlor, and, to
use her own terms, "straightened up"
the disorder there, and the last im-
pression taken by the visitors was
one of neatness and comfort.

Mr. Cavendish drew a long breath
as he watched the retreating foot-
steps of his company toward the road
that led to the train.

"Julia," said he, turning to his
wife, "I've come to the conclusion
that times have changed since my
mother did the work for ten children
without any servant."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs.
Cavendish.

"And I was entirely wrong when I
sent Lucy away; and you are quite
right when you discharged Miles.
Henceforward, my dear, we'll try to
mingle a little common sense with
our housekeeping. Eh—shall we?"

And Mrs. Cavendish smiled as she
assented.—Helen Forrest Graves in
Philadelphia Saturday Night.

Cases of Absent-mindedness.

The greatest absent-minded man
has put in another appearance in Se-
attle. His first appearance here was
in the form of a young man who hur-
ried home to change his clothes pre-
paratory to going out for a call upon
a young lady friend. While disrobing
he discovered two letters left there by
the post man during his absence, and
as he read he forgot himself and me-
chanically crawled into bed. This
time he appears in the form of a nicely
dressed gentleman riding in a street
car. He was reading a paper and as
the conductor passed through the
car asking: "Fares, please," he went
through the usual search in all
his pockets and fishing out a nickle,
which he handed to the conductor,
never once removing his eyes from the
interesting article he was reading.

New passengers boarded the car,
but the reader was not disturbed,
and as the conductor passed through
the car asking the new passengers:
"Fares, please," the nicely dressed,
but extremely absent-minded man
mechanically dove down into his
pocket, and, without taking his eyes
off the paper, handed the conductor
another nickle. No telling how often
this operation would be repeated if a
small boy on the other side of the car
had not laughed and said:

"Ma, see that man who is reading
pay five cents every time the con-
ductor comes around."

The gentleman folded up his paper,
and during the rest of his trip he sat
in deep cognition.—Seattle Press.

Tent Peg Beefsteaks.

The author of "Trooper and Red-
skin" was one of the men who took a
trip to Prince Albert, a settlement up-
on the North Saskatchewan river, in
the dead of winter. The cold was, of
course, intense. One day, in the
middle of December, they set out up-
on this march through the frozen
wilderness. One of the servants de-
posited a sack, the contents of which
rattled suspiciously, in the sleigh
containing the supply of "forage."
"Look here," called one of the travel-
ers, "don't put those tent pegs beside
the oats. They will poke their points
through the bag, knock a whole in
the grain sacks, and there'll be a
leak." "These ain't tent pegs," said
the man, rather scornfully; "they're
beefsteaks." And so they were, cut
and ready for use on the line of
march.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Dog and the Bad Egg.

It seems that there are dog own-
ers who are concerned as to the
"friend of man's" felonious consump-
tion of eggs. How to break him of
the habit is the question. Here is
one suggestion. An egg-eating dog
of mine once picked up a duck's egg,
which, in a very advanced stage of
decomposition was floating down the
river. As he trotted past me with
his prey in his mouth, unbroken, I
caught him, and gave him a slap un-
der the jaw with my hand. There
seemed to be a full gallon of decom-
position in that egg. It went all
over both of us. The dog apparently
resolved never again to touch an
egg, and he kept his resolution. I
for my part determined to let dogs
eat eggs in the future rather than at-
tempt to cure them with sulphur-
ated hydrogen.

"We all make mistakes, James,"
said she. "Wait a minute, dear, I'll
go down-stairs with you now if you'll
give me your arm. I couldn't ask
your sister and her friend up here
with the children sick with measles,
could I?"

"Who is with them now—the chil-
dren, I mean?"

"A handy young girl from the vil-
lage—Lucy's sister."

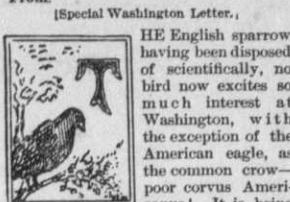
"Couldn't—couldn't she help us
for breakfast; above was sailing

CORVUS, AMERICANUS!

VARIOUS CROW QUESTIONS IN SO-
LUTION.

The Crow In Scientific Deep Water—Shall
He be Exterminated?—Crow Diet—
Their Great Roosts—Where They Came
From.

[Special Washington Letter.]



HE English sparrow
having been disposed
of scientifically, no
bird now excites so
much interest at
Washington, with
the exception of the
American eagle, as
the common crow—
poor corvus Ameri-
canus! It is being

made the subject of a methodical sci-
entific investigation by the Department of
Agriculture, and Uncle Jerry Rusk and
his secretary, Mr. LaDow, are understood
to be deeply interested spectators.

Professor Walter B. Barrows is con-
ducting the investigation, and in good
time will furnish his conclusions for a
bulletin, to be issued by the department.

There is much more to be learned about
the crow than appears at a casual glance.
It is only since the establishment of the
division of "economic ornithology" in
the Department of Agriculture, that
birds have been properly looked after,
and their real value or detriment to the
agriculturist ascertained. They are now
weighed in the scientific balance, and if
the beam kicks in their favor, so much
the better for their future enjoyment of
life and pursuit of happiness. Among
the important points regarding the crow,
which need to be settled, are the follow-
ing:

Will crows eat corn if they can find
nothing they like better?
Is it worth while for farmers to try
and kill crows by soaking the corn in
poison?

Can a crow swallow seed-corn if it is
first rolled in tar and ashes?

Will spraying corn with a Riley nozzle
with an emulsion of soap and kerosene
kill the corn or the crow?

Is it too late in the nineteenth century
to resort to the use of scare crows? In
other words, will crows scare worth a
cent at this late day of universal pro-
gress and enlightenment?

Can more be said in favor of the crow
than against it?

Is it better for the agricultural inter-
ests of the country to exterminate the
crow?

And if the crow is to be exterminated,
how shall the extermination be accom-
plished?

Is the crow rapacious, gaminivorous,
insectivorous, young-and-tender-chicken-
ivorous, and omnivorous all at once and
the same time?

If so, why so?

Does the crow ever say "rats" or eat
mice?

At the season of midification will the
crow destroy the eggs and young of other
birds?

Does the crow drop the seeds of rhus
toxicodendron, or poison ivy, broadcast
over the land?

What about the crows' roosting places?
Where are they situated? Will it be
worth while for the Census Bureau to
procure a list of the roosts and the num-
ber of roosters?

How about the national conventions
they are said to hold? Is there anything
of a sensational nature in their proceed-
ings?

Is it true that crows are so wicked as
to indulge in prize fights?

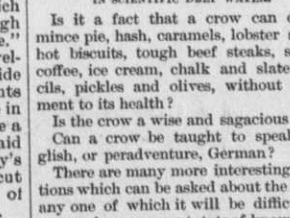
Do crows, in some parts of the world,
drill after the manner of our State mi-
litia?

If they do, why do they?

How far will a crow fly to get its
breakfast?

Is sand to be recommended as an aid
to digestion in view of the fact that a
crow always gulps down a mouthful of
clear sand just before going to bed?

How many horse-power is the crow's
digestive apparatus?



Is it a fact that a crow can digest
mince pie, hash, caramels, lobster salad,
hot biscuits, tough beef steaks, strong
coffee, ice cream, chalk and slate pen-
cils, pickles and olives, without detri-
ment to its health?

Is the crow a wise and sagacious bird?

Can a crow be taught to speak En-
glish, or peradventure, German?

There are many more interesting ques-
tions which can be asked about the crow,
any one of which it will be difficult to
answer in our present state of knowledge.
It is too much to expect that the Depart-
ment of Agriculture will dispose of all
these queries to the satisfaction of
everybody, for there are some quidnuncs
who indulge in quiddities. It will be
seen at a glance, however, that there is
work enough to last a long while and
make quite a respectable volume when it
is completed.

I learn that it is probably a fact that
in some parts of the country crows do
pull up corn. Numerous observations to
that effect from intelligent farmers and
boys have been received in Washington.
It seems that a crow seldom eats hard
corn; it is sensible enough to prefer the
soft corn which has remained in the
ground until the first one or two tender
blades have appeared. Farmers should
be careful, therefore, and always plant
hard corn which has not been soaked.
After the blade appears it will be a good
plan, also, to watch the corn fields for a
week or two with a shot-gun in hand. It
is known that the dreadful detonation of
exploding powder has a demoralizing ef-

fect upon a whole army of crows. Even
an empty gun in the hands of a woman
has held a score at bay. Try it.

It appears to be a well-established fact
that crows eat mice, as well as cats, hares,
clams, eggs, chickens, young birds, frogs,
beetles, and all manner of insects. The
mice disposed of by a well-trained crow
would doubtless destroy more corn, if
permitted to live, than the crows them-
selves. This is one score mark in favor
of the crow. Crows seem to take a fancy
to bright things. Beetles with wings of
blue, gold, and scarlet are 'favorite arti-
cles of diet. The stomach of a crow re-
cently examined at the Department of
Agriculture in Washington contained the
tough and horny heads of fifteen of these
beetles. Another stomach had the lower
tooth of a cat, the bones of lizards and
frogs, a pearl, the bones of a rabbit, and
enough sand to make a small stained-glass
window.

It is quite appalling when one con-
templates the probabilities and possibilities
regarding the crow family. There is an
enormous roost of these black fowls near
Washington, on the Government reserva-
tion surrounding Arlington and the Na-
tional cemetery. It is safe to say that
from three to five hundred thousand
crows occupy this roost—twice the popu-
lation of Washington City with its 60,000
black folks. Professor C. Hart Merriam
says this roost is one of the three largest
in the land. It is a little odd that it has
been established within sight of the Con-
gress of the United States, as if for the
purpose of observation. The crow is a
sinister bird. Thousands of these crows



CROW ROOST IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

fly over the city of Washington every
morning due east, to the shores of the
Chesapeake, where they feast all day on
the molluscan wash of the sea and return
at night to rest in the funeral shades of
Arlington. They start at early sunrise.
It is no wonder, therefore, that they have
escaped the notice of the professional
"Washington correspondent." A flight
of thirty or forty miles a day is nothing
for a crow. Cold wave or hot, blizzard
or fog, rain or shine, the journey to and
fro is made as regular as clockwork.
There is also a large roost near Baltimore,
occupied by hundreds of thousands of
crows, which have been studied by a pro-
fessor in Johns Hopkins University, who
has published his observations in the
transactions of that institution. Great
crow roosts are numerous all over the
country. They may be found on the
islands in the Susquehanna in Pennsylv-
ania, in central Kentucky, in Dakota,
and Nebraska, and on an island in the
Mississippi near St. Louis.

Crows do not always roost on trees.
Sometimes they pass the night on the
sand, camping out, and again they seek
tall marsh grass. It is said they roost in
large flocks for the purpose of self-pro-
tection. Not long since those at Wash-
ington roosted outside of the Govern-
ment reservation. There they were mo-
lested at night by black men with guns.
Now they have moved inside the reser-
vation where gunning is not permitted.
So they are really wards of the Govern-
ment at present. They have less fear of
dead men in the National cemetery, than
they have of predaacious Africans armed
with blunderbusses. Crows have the
happy faculty of eating anything which
fancy dictates, without harm. The seed
of the poison ivy is a favorite with them.
After the outside of the berry which con-
tains the seed has been digested and as-
similated, the seeds themselves are cast
from the mouth in the shape of a pellet.
The same is true of the fur of mice, etc.
It is this remarkable peculiarity on the
part of the crow which spreads or plants
the ivy-vine all over the land.

The late Rev. E. P. Roe called ivy the
"vine bewitched," because it seems to
sprout up everywhere without cause. He
little suspected that the crow was the
planter. Many other seeds are dropped
in the same way by the crow. I hear
that in the South he is a great destroyer
of pecan nuts. Thus far he does not ap-
pear to have discovered peanuts.

What is the origin of the crow? Did
he emigrate from Europe at the time or
before the era of Christopher Columbus?
There is little real information upon this
point as yet. The crow is not even men-
tioned by Magillivray in his work on the
"Rapacious Birds of Great Britain." Evi-
dently Magillivray, who was a friend of
Audubon, did not regard the crow as ra-
pacious in Great Britain. Gilbert White,
in his charming work, the "Natural His-
tory of Selbourne," does not mention the
crow. The truth is the crow was never
seen at Selbourne. It is not an inhabit-
ant of Great Britain. In that country
the bird which most resembles the Ameri-
can crow is called a rook. And the rook
is a religious bird in England, always
hovering about cathedral towers, as I
have seen it at Lincoln and York, and
calling out, "Hurry up your prayers!"
Bishop, Bishop, respers!" etc.

FULLER-WALKER.

Lord Randolph Churchill has stirred
up the British Tories with a sharp stick
in consequence of the government's treat-
ment of Parnell, and he evidently fore-
sees the downfall of the Tory power.

Senator Blair threatens to leave the Re-
publican party if it fails to adopt his edu-
cation bill. Curiously, the number of
Republican opponents of the bill is con-
stantly increasing.

The monument to Henry W. Grady, to
be erected at Atlanta, Ga., will be de-
signed by Alexander Doyle, the sculptor,
of New York city. It will be bronze,
nine and one-half feet in height.

Keep Books.

The advice which Daniel Webster
gave to a neighbor of his, in the fol-
lowing anecdote, might be followed
with advantage by many people.
Indeed the reader will be likely to
think that it might have been follow-
ed to very good advantage by Mr.
Webster himself.

On one occasion a man presented
Mr. Webster a bill for payment.

"Why, Mr. N—," said the states-
man, "it seems to me that I have
paid that bill."

Mr. N—protested that it had not
been paid, and Mr. Webster told him
to call in a few days and he would
attend to the matter. After the man
had gone Mr. Webster asked his clerk
to look over a quantity of bills and
see if he could find a receipt for the
amount. To his surprise two re-
ceipts were found, indicating that
the bill had been paid twice.

In due time Mr. N—called, just
at the dinner hour, as it chanced,
and Mr. Webster invited him in to
dine. After the meal was over they
proceeded to the business in hand.

Mr. N—, do you keep books?"
Mr. Webster inquired.

"No," was the reply.

"I thought so," said Mr. Webster.
Now I advise you to keep books. If
you had kept books you would have
known that I had received this bill,"
—showing him one.

Mr. N—was greatly surprised and
mortified and apologized as best he
could for his mistake.

"Yes, it is always a good plan to
keep books," continued Mr. Webster,
showing him a second receipt.

Then, knowing Mr. N—to be an
honest man, and not wishing to an-
noy him, he suggested that perhaps
receipted bills had been presented,
but really left unpaid, and insisted
that Mr. N—should take the money.
—Youth's Companion.

A School Girl's Fight.

In order to keep pace with the pro-
gressive spirit of the times, the two
higher classes of the Women's Medi-
cal college recently indulged in a regu-
lar college fight. The dispute arose
over the ownership of a beautiful
green cushion.

A young lady entered the lecture
room with the cushion. She threw it
upon the bench, and, sitting upon it,
said to her companion: "Oh, my, but
that is comfortable." Soon after she
missed the seat, and, followed by her
comrades, walked up to a senior, who
by this time was enjoying the soft
seat, and demanded her property. On
receiving a negative answer to her re-
quest the plucky junior grabbed hold
of the cushion and pulled it from un-
der the senior. In an instant there
was a regular war of war. The mem-
bers of each class came to the assist-
ance of their comrades. Each divi-
sion held on to the cushion, pulling
and wrestling, and finally both came
to blows.

The wildest excitement prevailed,
when the professor, accompanied by
some gentlemen, entered the lecture
room. The professor shouted for or-
der, but without avail. He then took
a hand in the fight and captured the
cushion, which he bore off in triumph
to his desk.

When quiet had been completely
restored the owner of the cushion
quietly stepped down to the desk of
the professor and returned to her
place with the prize which she, not
figuratively, but literally, sat upon.
—Philadelphia Times.

Why Barons Become Waiters.

The titled foreigner who has lost
all his money is in most cases a Ger-
man or a Frenchman. They drift to
this country. They have no trade,
or if they do they will not work at it,
and as the position of waiter is a
comparatively easy one it possesses
for them many attractions. First,
on working in a hotel or club they
usually obtain about the same food
as the persons they serve. Then they
are, in a great many instances, en-
abled to sleep where they work. In
most first class hotels they come in
contact with congenial people. When
a man dines he is usually in good hu-
mor, and when he finds his waiter an
intelligent man he generally condes-
cends to talk to him.

Some of the representative families
of Europe have connections who hold
positions as waiters in this country.
They are frightfully incompetent,
not knowing the first thing about
serving guests.—Philadelphia Times.

ATROOPER'S LIFE.

Then mount and away. Let the coward de-
light
To be lazy all day and safe all night.
Our joy is a charger flushed with foam,
And earth is our bed and the saddle our
home.
We have gathered again the red laurel of
war;
We have followed the traitors fast and far,
But some who rose gayly this morn with the
sun
Lie bleeding and pale on the field they have
won.
But whether we fight, or whether we fall
By sabre stroke or rifle ball,
The hearts of the free will remember yet,
And our country—our country will never for-
get.

R. W. Raymond.

A Reasonable Request.

"I have only one last request to
make," said the dying man, as he pain-
fully raised his head from the pillow
and surveyed the weeping group
around his bedside.

"What is it, my good friend?" ask-
ed the clergyman. "Anything you
ask will be done."

"Then see that the newspapers
don't refer to me as 'another old
landmark gone.'—Lippincott's