

HOME SONG.

Stay at home, my dear, and rest; Home keeping hearts are happiest.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest; The bird is safest in its nest.

HIS QUEST, AND THE END OF IT.

The Hudson's Bay Company's factor stood on the pier at Bear Island, and looked at the string-piece.

"Goin' north?" queried the factor. "Ah-hah," Jacques Lefebvre sat with his paddle resting across his knees while his slight craft bobbed about on the waves.

"Goin' far?" continued the factor. "Gowganda way," responded Jacques.

"They're gettin' a lot of silver up there," volunteered the factor uninterestedly.

"Who is that?" she said, as Jacques passed her in the dusk of the tunnel.

"An Indian, Mrs. Walton," answered McFarlane, who was showing her about.

"The only one in the mines." She paused and looked after Jacques.

"February passed and the March winds hurried through the sadly depleted forest about Gowganda."

"Look at him," commented the factor. "Sixty-five if he's a day, and he'll keep that rate up till he gets to Gowganda."

"His age was what worried Jacques. He had become conscious of it in the last year or two, had perceived an occasional stiffness in his joints, an infinitesimal loss of catlike litheness, a certain proneness to fatigue."

"After that, for perhaps ten years more, he would sit in a sunny spot in the Company's reservation, and make baskets and moccasins—women's work."

"I've got some first-class samples in the office," went on McFarlane.

"Ah-hah," said Jacques, with a falling inflection.

"I don't belong Gowganda, eh?" asked Jacques.

"No," McFarlane took the stone in his hand; the light caught its surfaces at a new angle, and brought out fresh hues from the incrustations.

"It don't belong Gowganda, eh?" asked Jacques.

"No," McFarlane took the stone in his hand; the light caught its surfaces at a new angle, and brought out fresh hues from the incrustations.

"You've picked the best of the lot," he said, smiling.

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ground another piece like it, which he crumbled with a callous thumb.

"Soft, eh?" he said. "It's all like that," said the younger prospector.

"You can pick it out with a knife. See that purple stuff—purple and bluish with the red bit below?"

"Means silver, eh?" said Jacques. "Pretty often. There's a little copper in it, and plenty of iron pyrites."

"Goo-by," he said, and moved off down the trail.

They did want men at Gowganda, and all winter long he worked in the drifts, silent and unperturbed, but using all the power of observation that the woods had bred in him, and storing away what knowledge he acquired with the accurate visual memory of the illiterate.

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ly, for half the night, he tried to locate it, eliminating now this, now that almost untrodden path, pondering and rejecting a hundred mirages that more or less closely resembled it.

The next day he laid in his supplies and said good-bye to McFarlane; the day after, at dawn, he left Gowganda.

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The Circuit Rider's Wife.

Men and women in tens of thousands of American homes will be touched if they do not mourn to learn that The Circuit Rider's Wife has come face to face with the crowning grief of her life.

Her husband, the Rev. Dr. LUNDY H. HARRIS, of Nashville, Tenn., formerly assistant secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is dead at Pine Log, Ga., by his own hand, having taken morphine with suicidal intent on Sunday morning last.

To CORA N. HARRIS, his wife, he left a note saying that he was "tired," and if his career and experiences were the inspiration of his gifted helpmate's gripping and at the same time delightful portrayal of labor, life and sacrifice in the circuits of the south, who shall wonder that Dr. HARRIS yearned for rest?

So it is not with purpose to advertise a book or spread the fame of a publication that one ventures, in this fashion, publicly to express a people's sympathy with Mrs. HARRIS. Not in many a day, perhaps not in many a year, has an American woman produced anything superior in delicate quality, in beauty of language and in charm and simplicity of narrative to these papers of the circuit rider's wife.

She sounded every depth of human emotion, compelling the multitudes to laugh with her and weep with her.

Her story brought back to them the popular smooth blue serge frocks and coats these are quite effective. They are also used to trim the skirt when such trimming is needed, and to hold down the corners of the new wide sailor collar, which will be put on most of the suits now being made.

The walking suits that had two dozen smoked pearl buttons lapping each other at the end of seams had their day abroad during the summer, but they will not be copied this autumn. If you buy such a suit rip the buttons off. You will be glad of it later.

There are certain tricks in stringing pearls and other beads as well which the amateur should know.

Chief among these is the device of tying a knot between each bead.

This is undoubtedly tedious, but it is a wise precaution. Then if the string breaks, only one bead is lost.

Neither wire or cat-gut should be used to string jewels unless you wish them to look stiff.

Surgeon's silk is excellent for the purpose. It is woven like braid instead of twisted, and comes in several thicknesses.

Finely woven, flexible gold or platinum chains are also used, but they are of course more expensive.

In stringing precious beads, never use a needle. Simply wash the end of the thread and pass it through the hole.

It may be surprising to hear that Dutch collar pins have gone. It is only the name, however, that is passed. Pierrot pins have taken their place.

The fan-shaped Pierrot pin has the advantage of fitting at the throat. Bar pins are in the vogue.

A child's cold should be treated directly it makes an appearance, and in this way it will be prevented very often from becoming really bad.

Give the little one a hot bath, dry him quickly and put him into bed, and then let him have some hot milk to sip. See that he does not throw the bedclothes off while he is perspiring after this treatment.

Rub his chest and back with camphorated oil in the morning and at night.

One of the best gifts for a person taking foreign travels is a small down pillow, covered with fancy silk.

This cushion should be about 12x8 inches, or a little larger. The silk should be of colors that will not show soil.

The comfort given by this on steamers and trains cannot be overestimated.

On hats, gowns, wraps and many accessories, lace occupies an important place. It is no longer just added to fill in space, but the planning of a garment allows for the decorative value of it, and so incorporates it in the great scheme of ornamentation that the onlooker realizes that nothing can quite replace it.

Irish lace still is the favorite. It forms a brim of a large black velvet hat; it is used for an irregular half of a bodice or a velvet gown.

It gives a valuable field upon which to exploit fur, for the alliance of lace and fur is peculiarly effective.

Duchess, needlepoint, the exquisite "shadon" laces, and metallic laces figure largely in the designs for evening gowns.

Lace is used, sometimes in the shortest lengths—and here must your remnant eye be kept open—while Spanish lace in black, white and colors plays an important role.

Knotted, intertwined with ropes, of fur or beads, and as bands of contrasting colors and texture, must lace be used.

The hidden, "half concealed," yet half revealed lines beneath chiffon or any other transparent fabric are easily attained by lace.

So bring out your treasures. It is a lacy season and foolish were the owner of it to let it fall into disuse.

Panned Oysters.—To pan oysters deliciously plump a pint of them first in a couple of table-spoonfuls of butter and then turn in half a cupful of rich cream and a table-spoonful of sherry with salt and paprika.

Olive Salad.—Mash two anchovies and add them to French dressing. Stone 24 olives and chop them rather fine. Cut one boiled potato and one boiled beet into dice. Chop a small cucumber pickle. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, sprinkle over the beet, then the olives, then the beet and potato. Dust with salt, paprika and white pepper. Chop two hard-boiled eggs very fine and place them over the top. Sprinkle lightly with three table-spoonfuls of sherry wine, pour over the French dressing, toss and serve.

Apple butter is made with new unfermented cider. Fill a preserving kettle with fresh cider and boil it down one-half. Repeat this until you have the desired quantity. It is well to do this the day before making the applebutter. To every four gallons of boiled cider allow a half bushel of nice, juicy apples, pared, cored and quartered. Nearly fill a large kettle with cider and stir in as many apples as it will cover. Put it often, and when the apples are soft stir it continuously until they are a pulp. Cook and stir until the butter is dark brown and as thick as marmalade. Add boiled cider if it becomes too thick; and apples, if too thin. It requires no sugar. Spices can be added if liked, but we think it better without them. When cold put in stone jars and cover; it is not necessary to seal them.—From October Farm Journal.

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