

A SONG OF HOME.

I've wandered north and south; In many lands I've been...

Old Jake gave a sudden start which attracted my attention to him. I saw him gaze through the open doorway...

was a bachelor, and did not seem to have any special friends. It was certain he never chummed or croned with any of his associates in the bank.

One compartment was used for the reserve currency, another for the reserve gold, and these two compartments remained locked for long periods.

A Mean Retort. Quills—I've a great mind to write a book. Mills—I doubt it.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste...

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A CLEW BY WIRE Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST. Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

CHAPTER II.

It was something like coming home, after all, albeit to a house almost void of furniture and peopled only with remembrances of loved forms long since gone.

There were two rooms, the spare bedroom and the parlor adjoining, on the first floor, which still retained the furniture.

Although the place had not been allowed to go to ruin, there was about it that indescribable quality which is attached to long-deserted houses.

While I was passing from bureau to wardrobe, from center-table to mantel-piece, taking mental notes of all the old-fashioned china and bric-a-brac...

Up to a year before, I had been employed in a large savings institution in Philadelphia. My advancement with this concern had been slow but steady.

The bank was noted for its conservative business methods, and the great cautiousness with which its funds were guarded.

When everything had been done to make me comfortable for the night, Sarah turned to me, and spoke low, with a touch of fear in her tones.

"Come, Nel, you go back home with us," she said. "Don't stay here all alone in this grade big house. I am afraid to haf you. Come back with us," she reiterated, appealingly.

"No, indeed," I replied, decidedly. "I would not miss sleeping amid the grateful odor of spruce for anything. I'll be over to your house for breakfast, Mrs. Snyder," turning toward the old widow.

"And why so? What's to hinder my staying here in my own house?" I asked. "Have you cooked up a scheme, Sarah, with Mrs. Snyder, to force me to go back with you?" I asked of my old nurse.

The two women exchanged glances, and seemed to be reluctant to proceed. Finally Sarah spoke in awe-stricken tones, first looking around with a frightened expression.

"Der's something funny about de house, Nel." "Humph! I don't see anything funny at all," I replied. "There is more sadness to me."

"Der's awful strange things haf been seen and heard," Sarah continued, with deep seriousness. Old Jake's face fell at his wife's words, and he moved nearer to her.

"Who has seen and heard strange things, and what are they?" I asked, lightly, for I am not superstitious, and not easily frightened by two old women's imaginations.

"Mrs. Snyder haf seen lights at night, and efen in de daytime haf heard noises, strange noises of talking," replied my old nurse.

"Now come, how foolish this is! What could be the matter with the house? Nothing hurtful, that is certain. I'll be all right. Don't worry, and I'll ride over in the morning and tell you how soundly I slept."

"Der's no candle here. I go ged von and bring id ofer," Mrs. Snyder said. "Not necessary for to-night. I am going to bed early, and will not need it. To-morrow we'll see about lamps, for sometimes I like to read late. See how bright the moon is going to be. It shines right into the bedroom, and will give me plenty of light to go to bed by."

I finally succeeded in getting rid of them. Old Jake was eager and anxious to be off, but Sarah hung back, reluctant to leave me to the lonely terrors which her superstitious mind had conjured up.

After the sound of the wagon wheels had died away in the distance, I disrobed and prepared for bed. The moonlight was so enticing, however, that I sat down on a chair by the window and for a few minutes gave myself up to reminiscient thought.

But before I go on with my experiences in the old house, I must tell about the bank robbery of which I was suspected.

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"Not at all. I will be there, so the rule will be complied with. Oh, stay a moment. There is an old aunt of mine over in Camden who is ill, and I might possibly be summoned to her bedside."

"Well, then, let it go. I'll stay at home, and go to the bank, as I intended, myself," I said, feeling quite disappointed.

I returned to my lodgings light-hearted and happy at the prospect of again seeing the sweet girl whom I had loved and worshipped for some time in secret.

So then Horace Jackson was acquainted with Mr. Morley. I could not but feel a greater respect for Jackson. For Mr. Morley was one of the most influential and highly-thought-of men in Philadelphia, and, besides, was one of the trustees of the bank.

I had felt all along that it would be presumptuous for me to aspire to be Florence Morley's husband. But this evening she was so gracious, so sweet and lovable, that it was impossible for me to resist the impulse to tell her of my love.

Mr. Morley was of a dignified, commanding presence, and rather overawed me. It would be no easy matter to ask his consent to marry his daughter.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the polite young uptown hotel clerk to the grum-looking guest, "but I haven't another room in the house to-night. If you could use this till morning I'll fix you up right for to-morrow."

"Nothing in the world except that in the only room he'd have there was a folding bed. You see we are crowded now and there are but few vacant apartments. He is a crank on the subject of folding beds because in modern times two or three human beings have been caught in them, when they folded up inopportunely, and had their lives crushed out. I pleaded with him that no such disaster could happen to him here, for nowadays folding beds are made with patent catches that absolutely prevent them from manslaughter.

"Are most people imbued with this prejudice?" "Yes; I think a majority of the traveling public has that feeling and I do not believe the time will ever come when the folding bed will gain the full confidence of the American people."

"Poor as Job's Turkey. Cuttan Thrust—That young Dumleigh has got more money than sense. Dulham Bluntly—I didn't know he was rich. Cuttan Thrust—He isn't—Tit-Bits.

"She Has No Chance. Mrs. Tupenny—Why don't you leave your husband if he neglects you so? Mrs. Manhattan—He doesn't give me a chance. He's out seven nights a week himself.—Town Topics.

Doctor (to female patient)—"You have a slight touch of fever; your tongue has a thick coat—" Patient (excitedly)—"Oh, doctor, do tell me how it fits."—Fact and Fiction.

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A WATERMELON DUEL.

Description of One of the Contests in Which Southern Negroes Delight.

Did you ever see a watermelon duel—commonly designated by the colored brother of the southland a "mellion juel?" It is more interesting and a site more exciting than a latter day duel with arms.

It was a hot day at one of these fair gatherings—one of those days that "swink" the pumpkins and withered everything else, even in the shade.

The successful duelist received the prize money and walked off as if nothing unusual had occurred. He was eyed by the spectators, and one old negro, who seemed to envy him, proceeded to remark: "Dat nigger sho' am in Heben. Dem siben millions am enuff ter gib 'im 'ligion de res' o' hes nachel days. Dat nigger sho' ken gib 'way wid water million."—Detroit Free Press.

THAT FOLDING BED. It is Still an Object of Suspicion to Many Hotel Visitors.

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"Come out to Fairlawn this evening."