

THE THREE HOMES.

"Where it thy home?" I asked a child,
Who, in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair.

BACK AGAIN.

The sea lashes the coast with its short
And mountainous waves. Little white
clouds pass very quickly across the great
blue sky, swept on by the wind, like
birds; and the village, in the wrinkle of
the little valley sloping toward the
ocean, warms itself in the sun.

All of a sudden the stranger rose up
and followed Levesque toward the
house.
La Martin shrank back terrified. Her
husband said to her: "Give him a bite
of bread and a glass of cider. He hasn't
had anything to eat for two days."

He replied in a wheezy voice: "I'm
just taking a rest in the shade. Why I
ain't doing you any harm—am I?"
She went on: "What are you spying
around like that before my house for?"

A sudden idea came to Levesque:
"Go see the priest—he'll tell."
Martin arose, and as he approached
his wife she flung herself sobbing upon
his breast. "My husband, it's you!
Martin, my poor Martin, it's you!"

They entered, sat down in the still
vacant bar-room, and Levesque cried:
"Ohi Chicot—bring two brandies; the
good stuff you know. This is Martin,
who's come back—Martin you know,
my wife's husband—you know, Martin
of the Deux-Soeurs, who was lost."

They have a curious crab in the
Spice islands," continued the skipper.
They call it the palm crab. It is
scientific name is Birgas latro. I was
visiting a friend there, and one night
he asked if I wouldn't like to take a
look at his pigs that were being fattened
for the table. I said certainly, and we
went to a sort of a pen made of bamboo,
and what do you suppose he had? Crabs?
Yes, these palm crabs. They were
Spice island pigs, and I reckon some of
them weighed a matter of twelve
pounds, others five and six. They were
curious things, and looked like half
spider and half crab. If you have ever
seen a hermit crab out of its shell, try
to imagine one with its tail covered
with hard plates, and about five times
as large as anything you ever saw.
Give it a great red claw, a row in a lot
of short hairs, bristles and feelers, and
you have the palm crab."

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It was Sunday. Mr. Skinner was
very tired, and thought he would lie
down on the sofa in the back parlor and
rest. People never learn by experience,
and he was no exception to the common
rule. He lay down, and crossed his
feet with a parade hardly justifiable
under the circumstances. His wife came
in and saw him.

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A Happy Family.

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Sitting Bull in War Paint.

Buffalo Bill, accompanied by Sitting
Bull and 15 Indians, called at the War
Department recently, and paid their
respects to General Sheridan and Adjt.
Gen. Drum. The Indians wore their
war costume. Their faces were embel-
lished with red and yellow paint, and
on their heads they wore immense sin-
gle feathers. Sitting Bull's head was
adorned by a number of feathers of
large size. In Gen. Sheridan's room
but little conversation was indulged in.
Sitting Bull gave an occasional grunt
when spoken to by an Indian compan-
ion. He paid but little attention to his
surroundings. The other Indians were
interested in pictures of Indian life
that adorned the walls. They paid spe-
cial attention to the buffalo scene and
calling the attention of each other to it,
talked and laughed.

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Banking on Faith.

The President of one of the largest
down town, New York, whose deposits
amount to upwards of twenty millions,
was asked if banks could not determine
their position with more certainty than
the Manhattan Company seemed to be
able to do.

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Grindstones.

There are two mistaken ideas about
grindstones in the public mind," said a
dealer in those articles, whose place was
visited by a reporter. "One is that they
are going out of use, and the other that
they explode. Instead of their going
out of use, just the contrary is the fact,
for more are used now than ever before.
Why is this? Because of improved cut-
ting machinery that requires the aid of
grindstones to keep it in perfect condi-
tion. As for their exploding, as you
read about every once in a while, that's
a! nonsense. They do not explode.
But they do break, scattering them-
selves about some and hurting people.
But this is due to their being mounted
wrongly, not to anything of an explo-
sive nature about them."

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Cure for Love.

Auntie Susau Molay is a Cincinnati
fortune teller whose peculiar province
is dealing with love affairs.
"What do you fortune-tellers consider
the best antidote to love?" inquired a
reporter of her.
"Dat's a heap ob 'em. Ants' eggs
will cure it, and so will de mixin' ob
beetle. Three hairs taken from de
'cross' ob a donkey will act like a
charm, though de donkey will be sure
to die afterward. Eben de sneezin' of
a cat indicates good luck to a woman
of is in love, though de cat washes
her face over her ears, she will have
trouble."

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Worry over Trifles.

Hundreds of women, in America
are wearing themselves out, body and soul,
by painful intensity of regarding trifles.
They call it good housekeeping, and
they even fancy themselves in some way
holy martyrs to the effort to save their
husband's income from waste and to
make the home machinery run on
smooth wheels. Very few are the hus-
bands, however, who would not gladly
purchase health and ease for their wives
and peace for themselves at the price of
a few almost unnoticed irregularities in
the household. The burden of this un-
philosophical way of looking at life can
be taken not to have it too tight;
sleeves made of stockinet draw on and
off easily.

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