

THE VAGABOND.
I cannot bide the sober town,
With decent villa, church and square;

Nor madam with her stylish gown,
Nor master with his glossy hair,
I cannot bide the sober town,
Nor madam with her stylish gown.

But I would over vale and hill,
And draw the breath of distance free,

And roam from opal dawn until
The twilight creeps across the lea.
Oh! I would over vale and hill,
And sleep in barn or ruin'd mill.

For I a vagabond was born,
I love to wander far and wide,
And seek out places most forlorn,
And evil hills where men have died,
For I a vagabond was born,
And love the twilight and the morn.

I love all wild and woeful lands
Where I may talk with woods and streams,

Or walk on desolate sea sands,
And tell the ocean of my dreams,
I love all wild and woeful lands,
And ocean's dolorous wet sands.

I love to watch the sunset die,
And hear the large night's solemn words,

And on the moonlit heather lie,
And wake to greet the morning birds,
I love to watch the sunset die,
And on the moonlit heather lie.

For oh! I hate the sober town,
I hate the villa, church and square,
I long to knock the houses down,
And rattle master's glossy hair,
For oh! I hate the sober town,
And madam's modish silken gown.

But ah! the country air is pure,
And ah! the country lads are true,
And loving comrades they'll endure;
They'll stand by me, they'll stand by you.

But ah! the country air is pure,
And country friendships long endure.

—Douglas Goldring, in the Academy.

The others laughed rather shamefacedly, but they knew that the surest way to obtain a favor of their father was to present it through his little helper and confidant. The more Polly heard of this method of teaching history "without tears" the more enchanted she was, and, without pausing for reflection, she exclaimed, "Of course, I'll ask him this very minute. Wait here, boys, till I come back."

As she crossed the wide hall leading to the doctor's office, she suddenly stopped short. How could her father possibly spare the \$20 required? Only last night, as they stood by the window, watching an old farmer bump out of the yard in his mud-encrusted wagon while the boys tugged into the cellar sacks of potatoes left in payment of a long unpaid account the doctor had said in his whimsical way:

"I declare, Puss, we've farm produce enough to ration the Mikado's army but I've almost forgotten what a \$10 bill looks like."

If Polly had been a story-book heroine she would have discovered in the check for \$25 which she held in her hand, an answer to the problem, but as she was only a very human girl, she fled to her own room and threw herself on the bed to cry stormily:

"I just won't give up my check to the boys."

Polly was, perhaps, excusable for feeling that the sacrifice was too great, for a cousin, Marlon Palmer, was to be married and had sent the check to Polly to be used in the purchase of wedding finery. Weeks before the little country mouse, having carefully examined her store of "party" frocks had been forced to abandon all hope of attending the wedding of her favorite cousin, but now the receipt of this delightful bit of paper had placed this happiness within her reach.

The prospect of possessing a frock such as, in the ordinary course of events, could have been purchased for 25 dollars would in any case have been an undreamed-of delight to Polly, but, as it happened, that amount of money at this time represented to her what any girl would have agreed was the "chance of a lifetime."

Polly's chum, Lillian Stevens, the daughter of a very rich man, had gone into mourning for a great-aunt, and as the idea of wearing gowns ever so little out of date was not to be thought of she had offered Polly, as a gift, a perfect dream of a party frock fresh from Paris. But Doctor Adams was unwilling to allow his daughter to accept so expensive a present; whereupon Lillian, whose kind heart yearned over her pretty friend, had told Polly she would sell it to her for \$25. But this sum, so insignificant to the spoiled child of luxury, was as far beyond Polly's purse, as would have been \$100, the original price of the gown.

Lillian had insisted that Polly should try on the fascinating dress and Polly had not been able to resist the temptation. The frock had fitted perfectly and the fluffy creation of white chiffon and lace with the touch of pale green in ribbons and embroideries, was very becoming to her clear skin, bronze hair and gray eyes.

This morning, for a brief space, she had seen herself flying to Lillian with the price of that "love of a frock" in her hand, but almost before she had time to realize her good fortune, the boys had come in with their great news.

"It would be dreadful to disappoint Marlon by not going to her wedding and though she told me I could use the check for whatever I chose if I didn't need a frock, I can't wear my old ones so I may well take advantage of this wonderful chance that Lillian offers me," argued Polly. But conscience spoke up briskly:

"Most assuredly Marlon must not be disappointed, but the boy's outfit will cost only \$20 and with the remaining five you can buy 12 yards of cheap organdie with ribbons for trimming, and as you've made your own clothes ever since you were 14, and there will be plenty of time to tuck and ruffle it to your heart's content, you can appear at Marlon's wedding in a frock quite good enough for a girl in your circumstances."

"But I did so want to look 'stunning' for once in my life," wailed rebellious Polly.

Then the faces of her brothers came before her. What good boys they were and how eager they were to help her in their dear, blundering way. Even big Sam did not consider it beneath his dignity to wash dishes and clean windows, while little Jack's willing feet had saved her tired ones many a step. And the boys were growing up so fast that it would not be long before they would be out in the world meeting disappointments and hardships from which her love would have no power to shield them. How would it be with her then if she must look back and feel that she had refused to make a sacrifice of her own foolish pride to their pleasure and profit while they were still with her in the old home?

It was a very pale and subdued girl who rose from her bed bathed her eyes and, walking sedately down the stairs, knocked at the door at her father's office. It must be confessed that, far from being uplifted by the contemplated sacrifice, poor Polly was feeling distinctly cross; but when, in response to her father's summons, she entered the great, bare room, she began to feel better for, shabby as were its furnishings, the room was pervaded by the cheery personality of a born healer of men.

When Polly had told her father the whole story, he turned to his ledger, saying tenderly:

"It's pretty hard on you, isn't it, little girl? Perhaps I can manage to raise the money in some way. I'd like to see my Polly in that 'stunning' frock, but I know her too well to imagine that she would enjoy it if the boys must stay at home."

There was a look on her father's tired, patient face as he began to examine the most promising of the accounts, that went straight to Polly's heart, and she threw her arms about him, pressing her cheek to his thick gray hair.

"No-no, Daddy," she cried, "don't bother with those horrid—you oughtn't to spare the money, and the organdie will do very well for me."

Doctor Adams was not a demonstrative man, but there was something in the look and kiss he gave his daughter that left a warm feeling in her heart for days. Polly left the check with him with strict injunctions to secrecy, for the boys were unselfish little fellows whose pleasure would have been spoiled had they learned of her sacrifice.

The next few weeks were busy ones. The boys were mended, patched and generally made ready for the expedition. Then the white organdie was tucked and ruffled by Polly's deft fingers, and when it had been trimmed with some pretty lace contributed by her good stepmother, and a soft sash of liberty silk was added, she regarded her handiwork with justifiable pride. Even at the wedding, among all the exquisite creations from New York and Paris the little frock, beautified by the memory of her father's look and kiss, did not seem to Polly so very plain.

Her uncle and aunt, inconsolable at the loss of their daughter, kept Polly for a few days after the wedding, affording her a delightful glimpse of the gaities of city life. She therefore arrived at home just as the boys returned, wild with enthusiasm over their week's experience in "Camp Patriotism."

"It was the best fun I ever had in all my life," declared Billy. "My, but those hocklock boughs were nice to sleep on, and one night the snow sifted right through the roof and lay an inch thick on our blankets in the morning."

"And then Mr. Scott told us all about what our soldiers suffered at Valley Forge so we could have this nice country to live in without any king to boss us," broke in Jack eagerly.

"And I'll fight for my country against every nation in this whole world," shouted Bobby.

But Sam said soberly, "Mr. Scott says we may never be called upon to fight her battles, but we can all help to save our country from the foes of her household—dishonest officials—and Polly, dear, I understand now what we owe our native land, and that if we serve her faithfully in war and peace, we're something to be proud of, even if we live and die poor men."

And at these words a faint, lingering regret for that wonderful frock vanished forever from Polly's mind.—The Little Chronicle.

Holding a Right of Way.

In the early days of western railway building—days not so long gone by as to be out of memory—there were many exciting races between rival roads for the possession of important mountain passes. Such a race was that between the Atchinson and the Rio Grande roads for the right of way through Raton Pass, to New Mexico and the Southwest.

Engineers and construction gangs worked in mad haste to get to it ahead of their rivals. The victory fell to the chief of the Atchinson. When the Rio Grande cohorts arrived they found him alone in one of the big gorges, shovel in hand, slicing earth from an 8,000 foot hill.

"What are you doing there?" they asked.

"Constructing a railroad," he replied. He turned another shovel of dirt, dropped the tool and hitched up his heavy cartridge belt.

"Any one who interferes with the Atchinson does it at his own risk," he said, quietly.

First the Rio Grande men laughed, and then they raged, and then they turned and went away. Their road was cut off from the South forever.

Sailing Round Cape Horn.

Memories of the old sailing ship days and of the record passages of the famous China tea clippers are vividly recalled by the seven remarkable passages which have been made during the last twenty-one months by the German steel masted ship *Preussen*. This vessel, with a gross tonnage of more than 5,000 tons, is the largest "wind jammer" afloat, and she can carry 8,000 tons of nitrate. She is regularly engaged in trading between Hamburg and the nitrate ports on the west coast of South America, and since March, 1904, has made three complete round voyages, out and home, and one outward passage to Iquique.

The *Preussen* has thus rounded Cape Horn—"The Corner," as sailors call it—no fewer than seven times within twenty-one months, a marvellous sailing record. That the Germans have not lost all faith in masts and canvas is evidenced by the fact that at the present time there is building at Bremerhaven a five masted steel bark which will be even larger than the *Preussen*. This new bark will however be fitted with triple expansion engines of 1,000 horsepower, which will enable her to steam seven or eight knots an hour in calm weather.—London Daily Graphic.



SENSIBLE CUSTOM.

The American fashion of keeping pots and kettles and other kitchen utensils in a closet by themselves instead of hanging them on hooks about the kitchen is sensible. The European way of hanging the articles in broad light may add to the picturesque effect of the kitchen but the utensils collect dust.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Candles should be stored for six or eight weeks before being used; they will then burn more brightly and more slowly than when lighted at once.

A half lemon rubbed on the hands will remove all stains. Mudstains on black cloth will disappear when rubbed with a raw potato.

WASHING SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

No soap should be rubbed on the silk; no soda should be mixed with the water and the handkerchiefs should on no account be boiled. A hot, thick, soapy lather made with finely shred soap, should be used for cleansing the handkerchiefs, which should afterward be thoroughly freed from all soap by rinsing in plenty of cold water, and when most of the water has been pressed out they should be dried, if possible, in the sun.

Tea leaves, damp salt or a newspaper that has been soaked in water and then squeezed dry and torn into pieces are all very good for taking up dust; when sweeping heavy carpets, but tea leaves should always be rinsed in water before using, especially if the carpet is a light one.

Orange peel burnt in a room will destroy any close foul smell. Place the peel in a shallow pan and let it burn for several minutes.

When washing glassware do not put it in hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise.

Even candle ends can be of use. Collect all the small ends melt them, then add as much turpentine as you have candle grease. Let it cool, and use it for polishing floors, oilcloth, etc. This makes a splendid polish, and is much better than beeswax.

Be very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water makes an excellent and inexpensive wash to pour into the sink after you have finished using it.

RECIPES.

Delicious Muffins—Take two cups of flour and mix well with two even teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs to a cup of milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter and mix all with the flour, and then fold in the stiff whites of the eggs. Put immediately into hot gem pans and bake ninety twenty minutes. By adding another egg to this rule a Sally Lunn is made which may be baked in two cake-tins; when cooked butter one and lay the other on top.

Cream for Bon Bons—Three cups sugar, one and one-half cups water, one-half teaspoon cream tartar, flav- or with essence vanilla. Boil until drops will almost keep shape in water, then pour into a bowl set in cold water, stir steadily with a silver or wooden spoon until cold enough to bear the hand, then place on a platter and knead until of a fine even texture. If too hard, a few drops of warm water may be stirred in; if too soft, it must boil again. This is the general foundation of cream bon bons. It may be flavored with chocolate, by adding a tablespoon of melted chocolate while the syrup is hot.

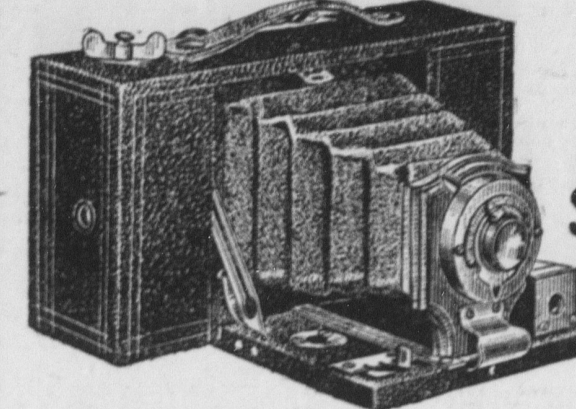
Valois Cream—For a medium-sized mould have four sponge cakes cut in to thin slices with preserves between each. Pour over these sufficient flavoring extract to moisten. Have ready a pint of good custard, flavored with the grated rind of a lemon and a little more sherry. Dissolve one ounce of isinglass in a little water and strain it into half a pint of whipped cream. Arrange the pieces of cake in an oiled mould, add the cream to the custard, fill up the mould and leave until set. Turn out to serve and scatter chopped pistachio nuts over.

French Beefsteak—Place in a roasting tin a piece of the best rump steak; dredge with flour, pepper and salt almost cover with water, roast for twenty minutes; then cover with sliced onions, pepper, salt, roast thirty minutes; cover with sliced tomatoes minutes; cover with sliced tomatoes minutes; then sprinkle with grated cheese, roast again for ten minutes. Serve on a hot dish and if basted every ten minutes previous to the sprinkling of the cheese it will be very tender and delicious.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fruit Wafers—Mix a cup each of cleaned raisins, figs, dates, and nuts and force twice through a meat chopper. Add a few drops of vanilla or lemon juice, then knead until well blended on a board dredged with confectioner's sugar; roll to a thickness of one-fourth inch; cut into rounds with the top of a salt shaker or into three-fourth inch blocks with a knife. Roll in granulated sugar and pack in tin boxes between sheets of parafine paper.—Good Housekeeping.

France exports about \$5,000,000 worth of eggs a year; half of them go to England.

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A face entirely composed of the letters M to Z.

H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, told the Missouri investigators in New York that he refuses to answer questions because, among other reasons, he objects to newspaper publicity.

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