

### THE HILLS OF HOME.

The hills of home have called to me  
Through days of stress and pain,  
"Come back, come back, come back to us,  
And learn our lore again;  
Come back to us that we may ease  
The burden of your soul,  
Come back to your forgotten dreams,  
And let us make you whole!"

Deep in the thundering city's heart  
I hear the hills' low cry,  
The sad entreaty of their call  
That pleads for my reply;  
And here where tides of traffic surge  
On life's tumultuous stream,  
I hunger for the hills of home  
And for the old, old dream.

The voices of their sylvan vale  
Call to me day and night,  
And many an hour my heart has wept  
For the old, lost delight—  
The dreams I knew, the faith I knew  
Long ere I learned to roam  
Far from the quiet, steadfast peace,  
Far from the hills of home!  
—Charles Hanson Towne in the Ladies' World.

### Park Lane Peccancy

Lord Stillington was haggard and gray faced; Lady Stillington was in tears. After returning from the state ball, where her ladyship had worn the famous Stillington diamonds, they had just discovered that the world-renowned necklace—the most valued item of the set—was missing. For two centuries these jewels had been the pride and glory of the Stillingtons, and now the necklace had been lost by the youngest Lady Stillington who had ever worn it—a bride of only three months.

She said she remembered feeling it safe when they were coming away. As she was about to step into the carriage the horses had become restive and she had drawn back for a moment, putting up a hand as she did so to gather her cloak about her throat. Her hand had touched the necklace, she said in place then, and that was the last she knew about it.

Directly they got home Lord Stillington noticed it had disappeared. The carriage was searched in case it had dropped during their drive from the palace, and Lady Stillington's dress was carefully examined in the hope that it might have caught somewhere. But all to no purpose—the necklace was not to be found.

"Oh! how could I have been so stupid!" Lady Stillington sobbed. "Can you ever forgive me? I know it will never be found."

"Oh! nonsense," said her husband. "It will turn up all right. Go to bed now and don't worry any more about it."

But he spoke in a troubled voice and with a harassed look that belied the optimism of his words.

Next day search was made for the necklace, but it could not be found. Lord Stillington put the matter in the hands of the police, and also employed private detectives. He was much distressed by the loss, and seemed determined to leave no stone unturned to effect its recovery. Yet, very strangely, he refused to advertise for it, and insisted that as little publicity as possible should be given to the affair. He made no excuse for this singular caprice: simply allowing himself to be considered eccentric.

"Funny chap, his lordship," remarked Inspector Hoggles, the Scotland Yard man. "You may call it eccentricity, but I call it this." And he topped his forehead with his finger.

Lady Stillington was so overcome by the disaster that had befallen her that she could only lie in bed in a semi-hysterical state bemoaning her misfortune. Her husband tried to comfort her by assuring her the necklace would soon be recovered, and that, even if it was never found, it would not matter.

But there was a haunting look of care on his face, and he was unaccountably distant, which quite destroyed any consoling effect his words might have had.

Now, engaged in his case, was Weasel, the private inquiry agent, whose clientele was composed of those who moved in the upper walks of life.

In the course of business he had learned something of the inner life of Lady Stillington, who before her marriage was Estelle Manton, the daughter of Col. Manton, of turf renown.

He knew that, unable to extract sufficient pin money from her generally hard-up father, she had got into hopeless money troubles.

He knew that to get out of these troubles she had tried to "fly a kite," and that Shadrach, the money lender, had in his safe a bill for £200 signed by her and purporting to be accepted by her father, but on which she had forged the paternal signature.

Shadrach had advanced her £100 on the bill, and now she was paying him £30 a year to keep his mouth shut pending her finding the sum of £1,000, for which he would give her back the bill.

Having this knowledge, Weasel considered it manifestly the game to keep an eye on Lady Stillington. Accordingly he contrived, by making love to her maid, to be in the vicinity of her ladyship's bedroom all day.

Late in the afternoon his vigilance

was rewarded. Lady Stillington, thickly veiled, came out of her room and, stealthily making her way down the back stairs, let herself out by a side door without any one seeing her.

Except Weasel! He saw her and followed her along Park Lane into Oxford street, where she took a hansom to Holborn Circus, where she got out and walked after dismissing her cab. He did the same.

She turned up Hatton Garden and he kept close behind her. He knew then his suspicions were correct. Presently she turned in at a doorway and disappeared. It was the entrance to a block of dingy offices. Weasel, reading the names of the firms who occupied the building, came upon one that told him all he wanted to know.

Adolph Denck was the name; and who "in the know" is not aware that Adolph Denck is little better than a fence?

Weasel had no doubt now that Lady Stillington had gone into Denck's office to arrange for the sale of the "lost" necklace, which, in reality, had never left her possession.

Shadrach, the blackmail, was to be appeased at the expense of the Stillington heirlooms! Peter was to be robbed to recoup the plundered Paul!

Lighting a cigarette, Weasel waited in the gloomy doorway. Presently a door was slammed, steps hurried along the passage, and Lady Stillington passed him like a whirlwind without noticing him, ejaculating "The knife!" as she hurried into the street.

Weasel followed her as before, and she returned to Park Lane as she had left it, partly by cab, partly on foot. As she was about to enter her front door—this time openly by the front door—Weasel hurried up to her side.

"Can I speak to you, my lady?" he said, deferentially. "I have important information concerning your necklace."

She turned with a look of astonishment.

"Very well," she said. "I will send for you when I am ready."

She began to move away from him across the hall, but that did not suit Weasel's plans.

"No—no, my lady, you must hear me without delay," he urged loudly, so that the servants by the door could hear him. "And Lord Stillington should be present to hear what I have to tell."

She stopped irresolute, angry at his importunity yet curious to hear his news.

"Where in his lordship?" she asked a servant.

"In the library, my lady," the man replied.

"Come," she said to Weasel, and preceded by the servant walked over to the library.

Lord Stillington rose, as she entered, from the chair where he was sitting wrapped in troubled thought.

"You, Estelle," he exclaimed. "Where have you been, dear?"

"To my father's," she answered, with bold mendacity. "This man has news," with a gesture toward Weasel.

"Hallo! Weasel," said his lordship. "Found the necklace?"

"I know where it is, my lord," replied Weasel.

"Where?" asked Lord and Lady Stillington together, eagerly.

Weasel took his courage in both hands and staked his all on a bluff.

"Either in the possession of Adolph Denck, of Hutton Garden," said he, "or else in that of Lady Stillington."

He pointed at Lady Stillington in denunciation. The color fled from her face and left her ghastly. Her looks convulsed her. For a moment she quailed before her husband's eyes; then, with a sudden change of manner, drew the necklace from her muff and flung it on the table.

"There it is!" she cried, facing Lord Stillington with blazing eyes. "I wonder you dare let me go before my sovereign wearing such a gem. You were right—turning to Weasel, beside herself with rage—the necklace is in Denck's possession—the real Stillington necklace. This trumpery affair—indicating the necklace on the table—is a paste imitation of what this honorable nobleman sold to Denck two years ago."

"It was Lord Stillington's turn to quail now.

"I was so desperately in need of money," he pleaded. "I was at my wits' ends to raise the wind."

"Of course, my lord," said Weasel, tactfully. Every one knows to what desperate expedients want of money drives folks. My lady knows well—don't you, my lady?"

"Oh! yes," exclaimed my lady, guessing he knew all.

"Don't speak crossly, my lady," he remonstrated. "I'm very discreet."

Yes, and his discretion now brings him in quite a handsome annuity, by the amount of which the Stillington exchequer, through the indiscretion of my lord and lady, is yearly depleted.

Whether Shadrach will ever receive that "cool thou," for which he has coveted to hand over Lady Stillington's criminatory bill to her depends altogether on that lady's luck.

And whether future Lady Stillingtons will discover that the celebrated necklace is a worthless sham, and what they will do, or say, or think, if they make such a discovery, are matters that only concern posterity and are outside the province of the present chronicles.—George Hudworth, in Illustrated Bits.

Rock temples at Ipsamool on the Nile are believed to be the world's oldest architectural ruins.

The Railway Commissioners of New South Wales are adopting a system of electrically synchronized clocks.

### THE SKIN FAMINE.

Long Gloves Have Caused a Great Shortage United States Consul Reports.

Consul C. P. H. Nason, of Grenoble, furnishes a review of the business of that French district for 1906. The following paragraphs are taken from the consul's report:

"The total value of merchandise exported to the United States through Grenoble in the year ended December 31, 1906, was \$3,138,246, an increase of \$1,354,900 over 1905. The principal articles of export to the United States were kid gloves and walnuts. These two aggregated \$2,562,812 last year. Of kid gloves the value was \$1,956,472, which is nearly equal to one-half of the entire value of kid gloves imported from France during that year.

"The kid glove industry, of which Grenoble is the center, has been marked by unwonted activity. For several years prior to 1905 there had been a gradual decline in the demand, if not in the use, of ladies' kid gloves in the United States. This was largely due to the growing outdoor use, especially in the warmer season, of the so-called 'fabric gloves,' gloves made of lisle thread, silk, etc., and which had been greatly improved both in design and finish. Fashion then decreed a shorter sleeve to the woman's dress, both for indoor and outdoor wear, and there followed, and still continues, the reign of the long kid gloves. White was at first the prevailing color, but later the preference was given to black and what is known as the tan shade. Gloves in these colors, from moderate to extreme lengths, have gone forward as never before to the United States. This demand has put an unwonted strain upon the skin markets, and not only France, but all other kid-producing countries, have been ransacked to find the coveted material, the more so because the longer gloves call for skins of double length, or two skins put together, in place of one skin of ordinary length. In consequence the prices of kid and lamb skins have tended steadily upward, until there has been almost a panic in the skin market.

"This naturally has accrued to the greater profit of the skin merchants, skin gatherers and growers. The larger manufacturers who were fortunate enough to have full stocks on hand have also profited. It has been hardest on the smaller manufacturers, who have been forced to buy their skins at current rates to meet previous contracts or hold their customers. Retail prices of gloves have necessarily advanced, but not in proportion to the rise in prices of skins. These within a year have doubled and even more than doubled. And this condition of things has only been intensified by the use of skins for other purposes than gloves, and by the dearth of material in the world's leather market, pushing the price of all kinds of leather up notch by notch.

Remarks of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle: "Disquieting news comes from Iowa to the effect that pie are to be made much thinner this year. James J. Hill may have had this in mind when he said the downfall of the Republic was approaching."

Says the Washington Post: "The improvident thing about our 'foreign trade' is that nearly all our exports that are not made up of something to eat consist of raw materials, much of which our doctors of statistics class as manufactured products. The biggest item is cotton in the bale, that is the finished product of the farmer and the raw material of the spinner."

When James J. Hill arose not long ago to declare that "we are a profligate nation" he was referring to our reckless overdrafts on forests, mines and tillable soil, states the New York World. He said not a word about our fisheries; not a word about the disappearing lobster nor the thinning shoals of the shad. There is the vanishing mackerel for a latest reminder that we treat our resources of the sea with little saving respect.

The Florida Agriculturalist exclaims: "One of our exchanges says that \$1,000 net income on the farm is better than an income of \$3,000 in the city. Of course, many of our readers will not believe this, but it is true, nevertheless. The man who has \$1,000 clear on the farm after all expenses are paid had better not change places with the city man whose total income does not exceed \$3,000, and out of which he has to pay all expenses.

Everything in this country except the stock market is booming, asserts the New York Press. The agricultural field is rich. Corn and wheat and cotton grow whether the ticker tape records rising or falling prices or securities which are manipulated by the great gamblers. The products of the factories and foundries come forth in increasing volume, and they are taken as fast as they come forth by a people with the desire to have them and the earnings to pay for them. Exports increase. Savings banks deposits swell. Mortgages on farms and homes are canceled. Old homes are improved and new ones are built or bought.

The women are working these days The Chicago Tribune's Washington correspondent, examining some new statistics collected by the Census Bureau, finds that among the women of the United States between the ages of 16 and 20 one in three works for her living. They almost monopolize the work of typewriting and stenography. Of the 5,000,000 working women in the United States, 44 per cent. are between the ages of 16 and 24. The Chicago Tribune's correspondent argues from this that the girls get to work earlier than boys. It seems to be a matter of averages. The women quite generally marry at the age of 25, and only return to work when they are widowed or divorced. Only a quarter of the total number of male wage-earners are under 25 years of age, but the men work continuously throughout their lives.

The Old Man's Tip. "Bill, my boy," wrote the old man to the college youth, "when you're riding in them new-fashioned automobiles at forty miles an hour, don't forget that it brings you to what you air: an' when you're a-whirlin' them golf sticks, don't fall to remember that it wuz the ol' axe-handle that helped you to get to 'em; an' when you leave fer yer home vacation, don't forget to leave yer high-falutin' airs behind you, fer ef you fetch any of 'em with you I'll wear out more seasoned hickory on you than you ever dreamed growed in the woods!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The cost of Russian caviar, a delicacy made from sturgeon roe, is rapidly advancing.

### WORTH QUOTING

As a money crop, the chickens and eggs alone in the United States annually amount to more than the entire cotton crop of the South.

Many a man is willing to turn his children over to the care of one whom he would not think of trusting with his automobile or his favorite horse, marvelling the New York Evening Sun.

According to the Wall Street Journal it is better to do something for somebody than to do somebody for something. Try this to-day.

Dr. Wiley, the Government chemist, says pie is unhealthy. This doesn't apply to political pie, explains the Los Angeles Herald, which is as good for the recipient as the pie counter as ever.

In a speech at Oklahoma City Ambassador Bryce said that Oklahoma "has the agricultural beauty of France, the rural beauty of England and all beneath the azure sky of Italy." Mr. Bryce is a born diplomat, confesses the New York Tribune.

Lightning has been a long time discovering its true function in the universe, but has at last succeeded. It has forced a criminal to confess his misdeeds. Why can't he be persuaded to expend its energy exclusively in this admirable fashion hereafter? asks the New York Tribune.

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**WISE WORDS.**  
Dante was a Lyena poetizing among tombs.  
Carlyle represents the pessimism of an undigested dinner.  
We should absolutely abstain from being clever if we are really wise.  
What shall it profit a man if he gain his own soul and lose the whole world?  
Your desires surpass your reason, and your vanity surpasses even your desires.  
There is a constant change going on in morals—the result of successful crimes.  
If we cannot satisfy the hopes of a friend, we should prefer to have him for an enemy.  
To cast ourselves into the midst of our enemies may be the greatest sign of cowardice.  
Men tell lies continually, but they do not take the trouble to think about it, and as a rule would not believe it.  
We keep on drawing conclusions from opinions which we consider wrong and from doctrines in which we have lost faith.  
The origin of hospitality is to appease hostility in a stranger. As soon as we cease to look upon a stranger as an enemy, our hospitality diminishes.  
The most important result of human effort in the past is this: that we need no more to live in endless dread of wild beasts, barbarians, gods and our own dreams.  
Aristotle declares that among the children of master minds insanity is rare; and that among those of the virtuous, stupidity prevails. In saying this, did he mean to urge exceptional persons to marry?  
Suppose a woman loved me, what a nuisance she would become to me in the end! On the other hand, if she did not love me, how much greater a nuisance she would become to me in the end! It is a question of two different kind of nuisances. Therefore, let us marry.—Epigrams by the Philosopher Nietzsche, collected in The Scrap Book.

**Gospel of Rest.**  
Have Englishwomen come to such a pass that their lives must be a ceaseless overstrain and curative treatment? Where is the remedy? How are we to stem the neurasthenia, the mental ill health, the "nerves," the headaches, the depression, the insomnia, that are spoiling the lives of hundreds of women of the upper and middle classes to-day? Prevention is better than cure, and we can best help our sisters by preaching to them, with all the earnestness in our power, the gospel of rest.—Lady.

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