

# American Homeowner

VOL. 52.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1905.

NO. 22.

## AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY  
**JOHN B. BRATTON.**

TERMS:  
Subscription—Two Dollars if paid within the year, and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every case. No subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements—Accompanied by the cash, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three lines for \$2.00, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

Job Printing—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, Ac. etc., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

## Partial.

### THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY EMILY V. BENNETT.

The air of mild retreating hours,  
In soft embraces fold around,  
While peacefully maturing flowers  
Lean toward the silent, soot ground;  
From Nature's outstretched eyes  
A melancholic sweetness trembles low,  
And faded like her vestal vow,  
Sundered murmurs come and go.

To-day, the last of Summer days,  
Old Time recalls the season's breath;  
But so to sympathetic displays  
Banners of promise for its death;  
To-morrow's sun will gild a bier,  
Where lies in pagan state a queen,  
Who ruled the monarch of the year,  
Her foot prints guide her burial train.

Let grains of gold be scattered low,  
The parol Summer's flower-lod tomb,  
And fruits delicious, which she bore  
From blossoms fragrant of June;  
And spread no dark portentous pall  
Around her vanished loveliness,  
Let leaves she nourished, in their fall,  
Wave crimson folds her bier to dress.

October's plaintive breezes sing  
A triumph dirge, O Queen, for you,  
When birds have flown on startled wing,  
When Summer lives as though anew!  
Not stinking sun, cloud maraling  
Not fall those many colored gowns  
Nor kindred masses though to string  
The nonpareil of diamonds!

## Miscellaneous.

**A FATAL MISTAKE.**  
It was a pretty little brown house, with  
blue glass windows, and fancifully carved  
portico, while the green plumes of the Alia-  
nus trees brushed softly against the roof, as  
if tremulously anxious to remind people that  
summer was its golden prime. At least such  
was the impression conveyed by their un-  
speakable murmur to Adrian Morley, as he came  
up the steps, and dexterously fitted his night  
gown to the paneled recessed door.  
"Well, quoth Adrian to himself, 'it is  
pleasant to have a home to come to when the  
day is weary work is over!'  
And a home-like room is what he entered.  
And Mrs. Morley, in her delicate little bow-  
ditch, with red lips and blue eyes, and a  
Berlin wool check, was toying with her  
needle while her thoughts were far away.  
"She was a rosy, brown-eyed little creature,  
with full red lips, cheeks rosy and smooth  
as any teacher who had ever had her pupils  
in her forehead in natural ringlets,  
the wife of whom a tolerably reasonable man  
might well be proud. But just at this mo-  
ment she was a discontented curve to the  
mouth, a drop in the fringe of eye lids, that  
betrayed a disquieted thought.  
"Gracie, what's the matter?"  
"Nothing—only I'm tired to death  
after having been out here in the city when  
it was so warm and so full of life." Adrian  
knew she was off having a season of  
shopping.  
"Gracie, I say—don't you hear me?"  
"Yes, I hear you."  
"Well, then, do pay a little attention when  
I speak to you, and you'll find I'm a very  
good fellow, and that your temper was becoming  
a little better."  
"You remember that I told you how very in-  
convenient it would be for me to leave down  
this season?—my most important?"  
"The Grand Canyon?"  
"Possibly—but Granger is not an in-  
sane man."  
"And Mrs. Erdard?"  
"Yes, her husband don't care whether his  
wife is open or shut, as long as he can  
have himself to gratify, and a long time, and  
can have her so ill-natured?"  
"But I'm not speaking the truth, my dear."  
"It is so stupid here—and all my dress-  
ing cases hanging in the wardrobe."  
"You dress here as well as at a fashion-  
able watering place?"  
"I don't know, you know what I mean.  
I'm perfectly well. There's nobody in town  
to see me, and I can do as I please."  
"In a more sprightly to his feet and be-  
having impatiently up and down the  
porch."  
"—you are not ridiculous enough to  
show an absurd grievance as this?"  
"I did not say so, but I thought, when  
I see your face and winning manners, how  
such a sensation in fashionable circles  
stopped short instead, and retreated  
to her embroidered pocket handkerchief,  
weeping at the thought of her own  
Gracie, isn't we very happy here, in  
our little home?"  
"I don't know, but I'm miserable."  
"Gracie! Oh, Gracie! when I should  
be seeing happiness than to sit down  
and weep like this!"  
"You are so foolish, you are so foolish,  
and I don't see how you can be so foolish."  
"You think it so monstrous then. Gracie  
is so foolish—she is so foolish—she is so  
foolish, that I don't see how she can be  
so foolish." Gracie, isn't we very happy  
here, in our little home?"  
"I don't know, but I'm miserable."  
"Gracie! Oh, Gracie! when I should  
be seeing happiness than to sit down  
and weep like this!"  
"You are so foolish, you are so foolish,  
and I don't see how you can be so foolish."  
"You think it so monstrous then. Gracie  
is so foolish—she is so foolish—she is so  
foolish, that I don't see how she can be  
so foolish." Gracie, isn't we very happy  
here, in our little home?"

Gracie may not be for the better, Gracie,  
but I don't know whether it is not."

Gracie, isn't we very happy here, in  
our little home?"  
"I don't know, but I'm miserable."  
"Gracie! Oh, Gracie! when I should  
be seeing happiness than to sit down  
and weep like this!"  
"You are so foolish, you are so foolish,  
and I don't see how you can be so foolish."  
"You think it so monstrous then. Gracie  
is so foolish—she is so foolish—she is so  
foolish, that I don't see how she can be  
so foolish." Gracie, isn't we very happy  
here, in our little home?"

Gracie, isn't we very happy here, in  
our little home?"  
"I don't know, but I'm miserable."  
"Gracie! Oh, Gracie! when I should  
be seeing happiness than to sit down  
and weep like this!"  
"You are so foolish, you are so foolish,  
and I don't see how you can be so foolish."  
"You think it so monstrous then. Gracie  
is so foolish—she is so foolish—she is so  
foolish, that I don't see how she can be  
so foolish." Gracie, isn't we very happy  
here, in our little home?"

Gracie, isn't we very happy here, in  
our little home?"  
"I don't know, but I'm miserable."  
"Gracie! Oh, Gracie! when I should  
be seeing happiness than to sit down  
and weep like this!"  
"You are so foolish, you are so foolish,  
and I don't see how you can be so foolish."  
"You think it so monstrous then. Gracie  
is so foolish—she is so foolish—she is so  
foolish, that I don't see how she can be  
so foolish." Gracie, isn't we very happy  
here, in our little home?"

Gracie, isn't we very happy here, in  
our little home?"  
"I don't know, but I'm miserable."  
"Gracie! Oh, Gracie! when I should  
be seeing happiness than to sit down  
and weep like this!"  
"You are so foolish, you are so foolish,  
and I don't see how you can be so foolish."  
"You think it so monstrous then. Gracie  
is so foolish—she is so foolish—she is so  
foolish, that I don't see how she can be  
so foolish." Gracie, isn't we very happy  
here, in our little home?"

Gracie, isn't we very happy here, in  
our little home?"  
"I don't know, but I'm miserable."  
"Gracie! Oh, Gracie! when I should  
be seeing happiness than to sit down  
and weep like this!"  
"You are so foolish, you are so foolish,  
and I don't see how you can be so foolish."  
"You think it so monstrous then. Gracie  
is so foolish—she is so foolish—she is so  
foolish, that I don't see how she can be  
so foolish." Gracie, isn't we very happy  
here, in our little home?"

Gracie, isn't we very happy here, in  
our little home?"  
"I don't know, but I'm miserable."  
"Gracie! Oh, Gracie! when I should  
be seeing happiness than to sit down  
and weep like this!"  
"You are so foolish, you are so foolish,  
and I don't see how you can be so foolish."  
"You think it so monstrous then. Gracie  
is so foolish—she is so foolish—she is so  
foolish, that I don't see how she can be  
so foolish." Gracie, isn't we very happy  
here, in our little home?"