

HOME.

The palace rides up to the palace gates
And his eyes with tears are dim.

For he thinks of the boggy maiden sweet
Who never may wed with him.

For home is where the heart is,
In dwelling great or small.

Could I but live with my own sweetheart
In a hut with smelted floor.

With me and a golden store.
For home is where the heart is,

In dwelling great or small,
And a cottage lighted by love-light

Is the dearest home of all.
—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

TERRIBLY ACCUSED.

BY T. C. HARBAGH.



THREE more pies went last night.
This is getting a little provoking,

"Bears!" said Jack, without looking up.
"I tell you, mother, the varmints are gittin' too numerous for me,

"It ain't bears—not of the kind that walk on four legs,—determinedly replied Aunt Jessamine.

"Don't be suspicious, mother, I'll watch to-morrow night."
"Ob, he's not coming back that soon.

"Then you suspect some one?"
"I do."
At that moment the door opened and Rachel came in,

"Three more pies went last night—the three I baked for the preacher who will be here to-morrow."

"I thought some one was in the larder last night, for when I went in a while ago there were crumbs on the floor—"

"What's the matter, mother?" she asked, gently.
"Three more pies went last night—the three I baked for the preacher who will be here to-morrow."

"I think they have. There, we won't argue this question any longer," and Aunt Jessamine rose and swept out of the room leaving Rachel to look at Jack for an explanation.

"Do you know whom the suspicions?" asked Jack, stopping in his work and fixing his eyes on his handsome sister.
"Mother is of the opinion that Josh ate the pies."

In an instant the face of the backwoods beauty colored and she gave utterance to a cry of astonishment.
"Impossible, Jack! She can't have such a terrible suspicion. It is nonsense," and then she laughed, but presently continued:

"It is a good joke on Josh, anyhow, but I don't like mother's suspicion. What if it should get abroad—"

"Which it is quite likely to do unless we disabuse mother's mind of it. She really believes that Josh, your beau, stole into the outhouse and ate the pies. Strange to say pies have vanished on the nights of his visits; I have noticed that myself, Rachie, and, as mother has heard that Josh is a good hand at a feast, you should not blame her so very much."

mother anything in her present state of mind. Bears visit larders and fish have them, and a feast of pumpkin pies would tempt them.

Rachel did that that very day. In the solitude of her little chamber she wrote a letter to her sweetheart, telling him that he might postpone his regular visit for a fortnight, and ended by saying that she would explain all when they met again.

In anticipation of the traveling parson's visit, more pies were baked and closely guarded. When the parson came they were set before him, and received the praise they so well deserved.

"You never have trouble with your pies, Mrs. Palmer," said the shepherd of the backwoods flock, as he helped himself to a second piece.

"Yes, but we have, Brother Linton. We miss them from the larder before we are ready to eat them. I regret to say that we have some unregenerate people in this neighborhood who are so fond of pumpkin pies that they are not particular where they find them when they are hungry," and Aunt Jessamine glanced at Rachel, who blushed, and for a moment hung her head.

"I would like to have these people come under the droppings of the saucery," replied the parson; but the next moment he was surprised at Rachel's remarks.

"You would want a gun to deal with them, I'm thinking," said the resolute girl. "You can't convert a bear with soft words and—"

"Accustomed to obey her mother, the fair girl subsided and in a little while had passed from the house, leaving the parson and his host to continue the subject they were on.

Night seemed to come soon after that meal. The long, soft autumn shadows stole over the farm house and Rachel lighted the lamp and carried it to the sitting room where the parson was discussing the needs of his flock.

As for Rachel, she retired to her room in the gable and sat at the window. Across the clearing in front of the house lay the shadows of night; but by and by the silvery disk of the moon appeared over the horizon's rim.

All at once there appeared on the ground toward the ravine something that came forward, and Rachel watched it as it grew larger.

Now and then it stopped and for some time stood in outline for her inspection, and the more she watched it, the surer she became that it was an animal.

Presently Rachel Palmer sprang up, and leaning on the sill, gazed at the object with eyes that seemed to start from her head.

"It is a bear," she exclaimed. "What if it is mother's thief!" And as the thing moved on, showing the hulk of its long body, the girl ran to a corner and took from it a rifle, which she knew how to handle with deadly effect.

When she came back to the window the bear was gone, and for a moment a feeling of disappointment took possession of her, and she feared she had missed her opportunity. But suddenly the animal came into view again, and this time in the vicinity of the spring-house, where the larder was.

Rachel looked to the priming of the gun and again the bear vanished. She was now almost certain the prowler intended a raid, and eager to encounter him and bring his schemes to naught, she slipped downstairs and out into the night.

As she passed from the house she could hear the voice of Parson Linton in conversation in the little parlor, and thought of Jack, who was paying his nightly visit to town three miles away.

The backwoods beauty stopped near the spring-house and watched it with anxious eyes. The door was reached by a descent of several steps, and it was common to fasten it with a chain, which could be unlocked without much trouble.

"Why, the door is open!" exclaimed Rachel as she neared the spring-house and ventured to look down the steps. "I slipped the chain over the staple with my own hands; but it is off now."

The next moment a noise startled Rachel and she fell back a pace, for it seemed to come from the spring-house. Posting herself, however, with determined face, she waited for other proof that the larder was being attacked at that moment, and it was not long delayed.

"The bear! the bear! Heaven help us all!" and Parson Linton discovered that he was safer inside than at the door, and he rushed back to be passed by Rachel, who snatched Jack's rifle from its pegs and turned again toward the yard.

As she crossed the threshold she saw the black form of the bear lumbering off toward the ravine, and taking deliberate aim, she sent a bullet after him which checked his career and stretched him on the leaves dead.

"There! I guess you're satisfied now, mother!" said Rachel, when the larder had been examined and the remains of two pies had been found on the floor. "You must recollect that bears as well as men can tell good baking when they see it. I think you ought to apologize to Josh."

"But I named no names," persisted Mrs. Palmer. "I didn't say that Josh ate the pies; but to tell the truth, Rachie, I didn't know who else would do it."

Three days later when the tall, handsome figure of Josh came over the clearing it was met at the gate by Rachel, and the two came into the house together.

"I guess it's got to be done!" said Aunt Jessamine, as she watched the couple. "There'll be a wedding here before he goes back, and to please Rachie I'll apologize."

And when Josh had shaken hands with Aunt Jessamine, she looked up to his honest face and said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Johnson, I thought you ate the pies, but I was mistaken; it was the other bear!"—Yankee Blade.

A Feathered Winter Friend. A writer in the Contributors' Club in the February Atlantic writes pleasantly of the chickadee as a winter friend:

Set forth a feast of suet on the window sill, and he will need no bidding to come and partake of it. How daintily he helps himself to the tiniest morsels, never crumpling his bill with gross mouthfuls as do his comrades at the board, the nuthatch and the downy woodpecker!

They, like unbidden guests, even, make the most of time that may prove all too brief, and gorge themselves as greedily as hungry tramps; while he, unscared by your face at the window, tarries at his repast, pecking his crumbs with leisurely satisfaction. You half expect to see him swept from your sight like a thistle-down by the gusty blast, but he holds bravely to his perch, untrifled in spirit if not in feathers, and defies his fierce assailant with his oft-repeated challenge.

As often as you spread the simple feast for him he will come and sit at your board, a confiding guest, well assured of welcome, and will repay you with an example of cheerful life in the midst of dreariness and desolation. In the still, bright days, his cheery voice rings through the frosty air, and when the thick veil of the snow falls in a wavering slant from the low sky its muffled cadence still heartens you.

What an intense spark of vitality must it be that warms such a mite in such an immensity of cold; that floats his little life in this deluge of frigid air, and keeps him in song while we are dumb with shivering! If our huge hulks were endowed with proportionate vitality, how easily we might solve the mysteries of the frozen north!

The Tuneful Harp. Harp playing is again in vogue. Fashionable young women are hanging their banjos on the willow tree; they are taking lessons in harp manipulation. The light airs of the instrument so long held sacred are forgotten in the deeper and more dignified notes of the harp. We suspect that the decorative qualities of the harp have considerably to do with this revival of that ancient instrument.

A harp is a pretty thing. A curiously carved cabinet from Venice or an oddly fashioned table from France cannot be more effective in a drawing room.

The harp has a noble ancestry. Skill in bringing forth music from its chords won praise and honor in the day of King David. Kings and Queens have enjoyed its music through hundreds of years. Its addition to the orchestra, however, does not date back many years. A Chicago musician has made a study of the instrument, and he says its possibilities are not yet fully understood; that the semitones of the harp can be regulated with a nicety heretofore unknown.

No doubt Tannhauser and Orpheus would not recognize the harp if they were to see it, with the Chicago modifications, standing in a white and gold parlor and responding to the graceful touch of a Michigan avenue belle's slender fingers.—Indianapolis News.

Novel Decoration for a Room. A novel plan for the decoration of an invalid's room has been successfully carried out in a house in New York City. The upper floor, which was not partitioned off into rooms or finished with a plaster ceiling, is fitted up to resemble the upper deck of a river steamerboat.

Some round holes are placed in a slight curve a short distance from the front and back windows, and these uprights support horizontal rods on which curtains are hung, by rings, allowing light or securing darkness, according to the mood of the invalid. On the walls are window suggesting frames of light oak, and the wall is painted to suggest wood-work.

The wooden rafters overhead are painted in gray and blue, soft blue mellowed with yellow ochre, and Indian red, and "flatted" with a little, very little, zinc white, not white lead. In the oaken frames, pictures with a large proportion of sky are fitted, and are changed four times a year. In deep winter the pictures are of South American scenery; in spring, they are all Italian landscapes; in summer, cool Canada views, painted from nature, suggest the pleasures of travel to the helpless invalid; and autumn brings California's luxuriant vegetation on canvas, to brighten the sick room.—Demorest's Magazine.

FISHING ON THE LAKES.

AN IMPORTANT WINTER INDUSTRY OF THE WEST. The Fish Supply for Eight Great States—The Kind of Boats and Nets Used in the Business.

Few of the distinctly Western industries are more interesting or of greater public importance than the fisheries of the great lakes. The charming blue of the waters, their freshness, the beauty of the species of fish taken and the methods employed render them very picturesque as well. From the depths of these great seas are taken tens of thousands of tons of fish every year, and the food supply of at least eight States is vastly richer and better for it.

Lake whitefish, trout and blue pike find a welcome place in their season on the menus of hotels throughout the North, and caviar is manufactured of such quality and quantity that not only the home demand is supplied in the main, but a considerable amount is exported to Germany and other European countries.

Each lake has a distinct character in its fisheries. Whitefish are the great fish of Lake Superior, lake trout of Huron and Michigan, and herring and blue pike of Erie. All species are found in all the lakes, and a considerable quantity of each is taken in every one of them, but the predominant species caught gives individuality and character to the whole.

In size of catch Erie ranks first, with Michigan second, Huron a close third and Superior fourth. Lake Erie alone yields about twenty-five thousand tons of fish annually, two-fifths of which is lake herring, a smaller species of the whitefish family that rarely exceeds a foot in length and a pound in weight, but rivals the whitefish itself in beauty of scale and the mother-of-pearl effects of sunlight on its silvery scales when taken from the water.

Blue pike comprises another fifth, rivaling the color of fine blue steel in splendid metallic luster. About one-tenth is sturgeon, the largest species of lake fish, and one of the most uncanny looking. They are more common in the eastern end of Lake Erie, and sometimes reach many pounds in weight. Their roes, which have been taken weighing as much as sixty pounds, when properly pickled and spiced, are the caviar of commerce, while from their bladders isinglass is made.

This fish, in the early days of lake fishing, was highly esteemed, but smoked sturgeon is now cured in large quantities and sells readily in all the principal markets of the country. The remaining three-tenths are whitefish, sangers or sandpike, perch and bass.

More than half the great catch of Lake Erie is sold while fresh. It is shipped on ice to all the cities and towns of Western New York and Pennsylvania and of Ohio and Indiana. About 5000 tons are salted and sold over a wide area in the familiar "kits" and quarter barrels, while 4000 tons are frozen and 1500 smoked. The three greater lakes together produce less than 50,000 tons annually, a total gigantic in itself, but small indeed compared with the product of little Erie.

The fisheries of the lakes are carried on principally with two kinds of nets—the pound and the gill net. Seines are sometimes used, and grapnels are employed to some extent in sturgeon fishing, but at least ninety-five per cent. of all the fish taken is by the two means named. The gill net is the only device used in deep water. Where the depth exceeds fifty feet the pound net is unprofitable and impossible, and usually is not employed in a greater depth than twenty-five feet.

The gill net is about six feet wide, a single sheet of meshes, varying in openness with the size of fish to be taken. Each net is about 300 feet long, and they are set together in gangs of forty to sixty nets.

Thus each stretch of gill nets is between three and four miles in length. By means of floats on one side and sinkers on the other it takes an upright position on the bottom of the lake, where it is anchored and its place marked by buoys and little flags at the surface. The fish in swimming up or down the lake strike this many stretch of twine, push through it if they can, and those that are too large to pass through are caught by the gills and held. It is a cruel method, because if the net is not lifted in a few hours the fish is drowned and will then soon become worthless. Not infrequently in November the storms prevent a visit to the nets for several days, and often when they are lifted under such circumstances there are hundreds of dead and bloated fish in them.

The pound net is a much more humane contrivance. It takes the fish alive and keeps them so until the fishermen come to remove them. It was first introduced on the lakes about 1850, and is the familiar net of Connecticut fishermen. It has three parts—leaders, funnel or heart and bowl or pot. The fish strike the leaders, and if too large to pass through its meshes turn aside and follow along to the funnel, and thence through it into the bowl, from which they rarely escape. Lifting a pound net consists, accordingly, of simply raising the bowl and scooping the fish from it into the boat, while the whole gill net must be taken up and changed and washed every time it is visited.

A few years ago the fishing tug was a rarity. The dingy and pound-net sailboat were almost universal. But with the development of the industry the employment of the steam tug of from five to twenty tons burden came in rapidly. A score of them are now in the business in Erie, Penn., nearly as many in Cleveland, and many more in Sandusky. They will soon about entirely supplant the sailboat, as steam is more certain than the sickle wind, and getting fish to market promptly is quite as important as catching them. Lake Erie is now being fished very closely, and the catch per boat is correspondingly small. A few years ago a gang of gill nets not infrequently yielded several tons at a lifting; now it is rare that it reaches a ton, and

the average is probably somewhat under half that much. This is due quite as much to the larger number of nets as to falling supply—perhaps almost wholly to the former. Fish culture is replenishing in a measure the drain caused by the enormous annual catch, and more may justly be expected of it a few years hence.—New York Advertiser.

Philadelphia has 130,694 pupils in her public schools. In battle only one ball out of eighty-five takes effect. The British Museum contains the first envelope ever made. New York City has fewer alleys than any other city in the world. The Egyptians kneaded their bread in a wooden bowl with their feet. A live cottonwood tree with petrified roots is growing near Atchison, Kan. Tame sheep were brought to Hispaniola by Columbus on his second voyage, in 1493. Finland has just been celebrating the 250th anniversary of the establishment of printing in that country. A form of sport very popular in Normandy is that of flying kites, which are, some of them, of very large dimensions. Harrison Shearer, of Valparaiso, Ind., claims to have found an elk horn in the hollow of a tree, where he supposes it to have been for 100 years or more. A London confectioner says that he is sometimes called on to furnish wedding cakes weighing 1000 pounds each, and puddings of a size sufficient for 500 hearty appetites. Trademarks, it appears, are thousands of years old. Babylon, it is recorded, had property symbols, and the Chinese claim to have had trademarks more than 1000 years B. C. In 1859 a Milan student is said to have discovered the secret of petrifying human flesh. In 1863 he was drowned in a shipwreck on the Mediterranean Sea, the wonderful secret perishing with him. Tramps crept into the elephant's room at Newcastle, Penn., where a menagerie is wintering, one cold night recently. When the keeper arrived the elephants were having more fun than the tramps, who suffered severely from their rough handling, or tramping. At the Royal Library, in Berlin, is a collection of the ear trumpets and other instruments used by the great composer, Beethoven, in his futile attempts to overcome the deafness which assailed him in 1797 and rendered him incapable of hearing for thirty years, until his death. A Middletown (N. Y.) horse has a long head. Recently while being driven by the wife and daughter of the owner it stopped before the doors of all the saloons in town. The eldest son had been driving that horse a good deal, and was thunderstruck at the domestic thunderstorm that followed. "Crank" is not an American word. It has been in common use in Derbyshire for a generation, and it is still often heard. It is used to describe a man who has fads, fancies and notions outside the common run of those of his neighbors. A man with a bee in his bonnet is cranky, and so are those who ride hobbies of any kind. The most famous of ancient houses was the Golden house, erected by Nero. Its whole interior is said to have been covered with gold and gems, it was adorned with the finest paintings and statues that the world could furnish, it had triple porticoes a mile in length and a circular banquet hall which perpetually revolved in imitation of the motion of the sun. About Search Lights. It seems rather incredible to speak of the candle power of search lights as in the millions and hundreds of millions, but this is warranted by facts. The lamp itself does not give a very high candle power when measured in any one direction, but when a magnifying lens is used, which collects all the light, as it were, and throws it in one direction, the intensity of the light is enormously increased. For instance, in the search light which is being experimented with upon the world's fair grounds the candle power of the arc light alone is only 150,000 candles, the carbons being twelve inches long and one and three-sixteenths inches in diameter. When this is surrounded by a reflector four feet in diameter the candle power is multiplied to the somewhat startling figure of 450,000 candles.—Electrical World.

Two Muskrat Pets. Mrs. Sarah Howard, of Houlton, Me., has a pair of muskrats for pets. They came up through the drain into the cellar, and soon became so tame that they invaded the kitchen and made themselves entirely at home, eating out of the cat's saucer. The old cat pays no attention to the rats, but the kittens sometimes cuff them. The strange visitors tore up a broom, and with the straw made for themselves a nest under the cupboard. When eating milk they dip their paws into the saucer and then lick the milk from the fur. It takes them half an hour to eat a small saucer of milk.—New York Dispatch.

Told by an Indian. The old Indian San Diego, who peddles game in Yuma, announces the important fact that there will be some pretty high water in this vicinity the coming season. He claims that the beef entrails, which his mahala serves with mayonnaise sauce on a rawhide napkin, in the cooking process floats to the top instead of sinking to the bottom. This, San Diego claims, is an infallible indication of a big freshet. His theory can hardly be laughed at in view of the fact that a great many educated Americans consider the goose bone and the ground hog reliable oracles.—Yuma (Cal.) Times.



Mr. Wm. Wade of Lowell. INDIGESTION RELIEVED. Good Appetite and Good Health Restored by HOOD'S.

Mr. Wm. Wade, the well known boot and shoe dealer at 17 Merrimack St., near the Postoffice, Lowell, says: "When I find a good thing I feel like praising it, and I know from personal experience that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a fine medicine. I have for a good many years been seriously troubled with

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"German Syrup"

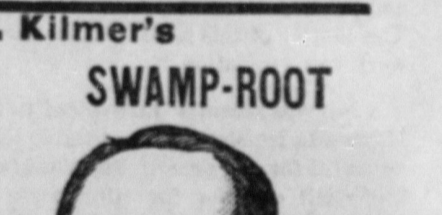
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