

# THE RED BARN DOOR.

BY ALICE CRISTOFERINI DEANE.

Close snuggled down in furry robes, mid sea-ones' kindly heat,  
We slept the drifts to grandpa's house, our mother's kin to greet.  
All day our jingling sleigh-bells' tune smote keenly on the air,  
But long ere noon some small voice piped, "Pa, aren't we almost there?"  
Then to beguile our restlessness our father told once more  
How we should know the place afar; the sign, a red barn door.

O'er hill and dale we govy speed, past farmsteads dull and gray,  
And huffed each snowy hamlet as a mile-stone upon our way,  
No homely roadside object but our eyes were quick to see,  
And huddled voices chattered fast in childish jubilee,  
We eyed in sighting landmarks which familiar aspect bore,  
And longingly we looked ahead for grandpa's red barn door.

Our mother, from the seat in front, held us in heedful thought,  
And staved our rising hunger with the cookies she had brought,  
Twas she who chose the friendly house where we should stop to rest,  
And saw us tucked, all warm again, within our sleigh-box nest.  
She talked of names once common in her girlhood's rustic lore,  
And knew each twist and turn that came before the red barn door.

The reins held laxly in his hand, our father sat serene  
And hummed quaint melodies that kept his old world memories green.  
The long miles stretched away, and when the lengthened shadows fell  
No thought of cold or cramping limbs our eagerness could quell.  
We scanned each distant looming crest that reared itself before,  
Till all at once somebody cried, "I see the red barn door!"

Now sometimes when the sleigh-bells ring and roadways gleam with snow  
I feel that flooding joyousness that thrilled me long ago.  
I see the shining faces in the paling winter light,  
The arms that wait in welcome there, to clasp and hold me tight.  
And when I pray that heaven's gate such gladness may restore,  
As then we came to grandpa's house, beside the red barn door.

—Youth's Companion.

# LEPERS' LOT IMPROVES.

Panama, Colombia and Hawaii to Build Lazarettos For These Wretches.

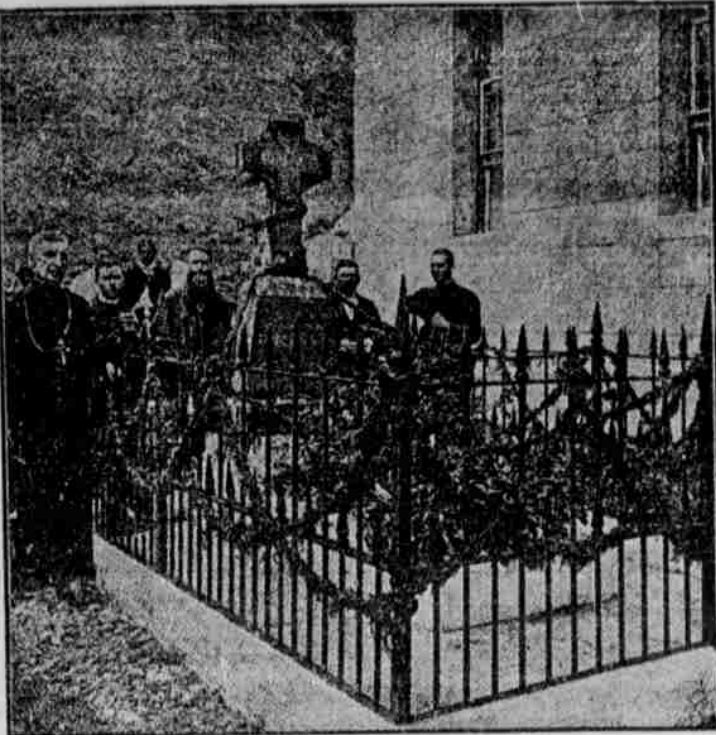
THE excellent influence of American sanitary methods newly introduced into the Panama Canal zone is already apparent in the resolution of the republics of Panama and Colombia to take better care of their lepers than has been the custom down there.

A recent report from Dr. Claude C. Pierce, assistant surgeon of the hospital service, says that in the city of Panama there are twenty-two known cases of leprosy. The only thing in the least resembling a lazaretto about Panama is a collection of mud dilapidated huts on the outskirts of the city, where lepers may go if they choose. They are supported in a half-hearted miserable fashion by unorganized charity. There never has been any attempt to force their isolation in

these huts and cases can be found all over the city.

At one point along the line of the railroad a Chinaman in the last stages of the terrible disease has set up his miserable hut in a corner of the cemetery, where he is living out the dregs of his existence in a most pitiable fashion. His shack consists of a lean-to against a tree—a thatched roof supported by four posts in the ground. The walls are of discarded bits of sheet iron obtained from structures built by French canal workers, which have since tumbled down. It has no floor and is bare of furniture. The Chinaman cooks the food which is brought to him over the open fire, and sleeps on a pile of dirty matting. A few feet away is a picket fence surrounding a grave, while all about him are tombstones. Part of his food allowance comes in tin cans, and the empty cans are spread about his corner of the yard of dirt.

But the Republic of Panama has recently instructed the National Board of Health to lay out and establish a lazaretto capable of isolating all of the lepers in the Republic. It is to be divided into two parts, one for men and one for women, at a considerable distance apart. The act provides for



GRAVE OF FATHER DAMIEN. The Famous "Lepet Priest" of the Lepet Settlement at Molokai.

Matheson had high hopes of rescue, as he knew that he was still in the course of ocean traffic. It was at 2:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon that Matheson sighted a sail directly to leeward, and in the course of which he was drifting. After half an hour he was able to make out the forms of dorymen, and he knew that his signal of distress had been seen at last. Wild with joy, he tried to stir his unconscious companion, but without success. It was 3:15 o'clock when Captain Gethro Nickerson of the schooner Flora S. Nickerson drew his craft alongside the dory.

Matheson, who tipped the scales at 200 pounds when he left on the fishing trip, was still gaunt. When he got aboard, he asked for water, and without stopping drank one and a half quarts. Later, he joined in the best spread the fishing schooner afforded, eating his first morsel in 102 hours.

After a long sleep, Hemmeon was revived, and given a little Jamaica ginger. He was still delirious, and said he would not haul another trawl and was going home. Even in the cabin of the Nickerson, on his way to port, he fought feebly with the men, saying they had ill-treated him. Saturday night the Flora Nickerson set all sail and started for port.

So near as Matheson can figure, he was driven 200 miles, and Friday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The Brown's fishing banks are off the Nova Scotia coast, and the men were picked up on the southwest part of Cape Cod, 150 miles southeast of Cape Cod.

Though Hemmeon is but eighteen years old, he has been a fisherman for three years. He comes from Shelburne, N. S., where his parents, brothers, and sisters live.

Matheson was born in Sweden, and came to this country when ten years old. He has been a fisherman most of his life, and for many years sailed out of Gloucester on Grand Bankers.

He said this morning: "It was certainly a tough experience. Yes, I have got a good constitution, but that does little good when a fellow is without money. I probably have lost thirty pounds during the last five days. It is the first time I was ever lost from a vessel any length of time, and I hope it is the last."

Matheson is a very modest fellow, and his experience appears to him to be only one of the many things through which a fisherman must pass in his dangerous work. He lives at No. 322 Hanover street, and is unmarried.—Boston Herald.

Antique Furniture. It is quite true that persons possessing antique furniture have come to have an exaggerated idea of its value, and it is daily growing more and more difficult to pick up bargains, even in the more remote towns of Connecticut. But one New York woman is rejoicing in the possession of a highboy for which she paid only \$2. She has since had an offer of \$150 for it.

While outing not far from Ridgefield, Ct., recently, she stopped at a farmhouse for some water, and casual inquired if the family had any antique furniture to sell. The family looked at her, not seeming to understand what she meant.

"Old mahogany furniture—have you any that you would like to dispose of?" she repeated.

"Well, now, there's that old chest of drawers on the back porch—maybe that's what you want," and the farmer took her out to inspect the article in question.

It proved to be a handsome highboy of unusual pattern and large proportions. It was battered and one leg was broken off, but when the farmer offered it for \$2 the offer was accepted, and it was shipped to New York.

It was renovated, rubbed down and repaired, and to-day is the admiration of all the woman's friends who know the value of antique furniture.—New York Sun.

New Fields For Chinamen. Chinamen in New York are constantly broadening the field of their activities. Already many of them are employed as household servants and valets and a few days ago one of them opened up an American tailor shop. Not a few have gone into the stationery and tobacco business in a small way.

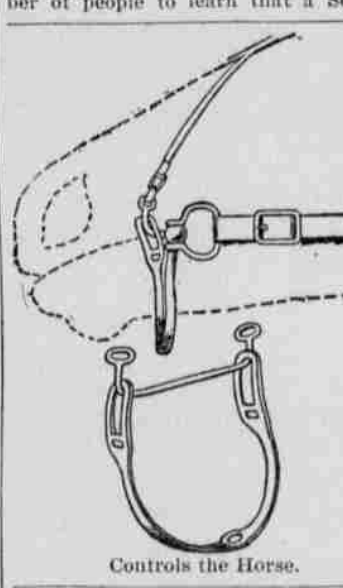
The first Chinese tailor to open an atelier in New York is Yun-Chun, originally of Fu-Chau and latterly of San Francisco. "I like not that Pacific so much as that Atlantic," he said confidentially to the Oriental traveler who met him in Chinatown the other day. "They no like Chinaman in Calia, no matter if he high or low caste. I meet one rich Joss man, him bishop you call, and he say come along New York with me; you no like this place. So I come by me."

Game in Kansas. Prairie chickens are so thick in western Kansas this year that passing trains kill them daily. One engineer told of Ellis says he has killed more than twenty with his engine already. The birds seem to revel in daring flights across the tracks ahead of moving trains.

An Old Turtle Dies. About the time the Galapagos Islands were discovered a young turtle was born there. He died the other day in the Zoological Garden, London, Eng. He was at least 350 years old. When he was feeling well he would eat as much grass as an average cow.

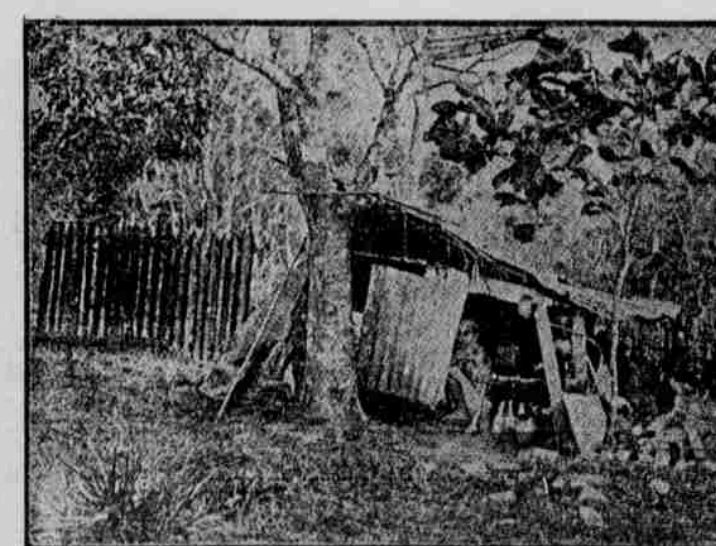
# DRIVING BIT.

It will be of interest to a large number of people to learn that a Seattle



Controls the Horse.

inventor has devised a driving bit which places the horse under the complete control of the driver, and, if un-



HUT OF A CHINESE LEPER IN PANAMA.

the examination of suspected lepers and enforces their confinement at the lazaretto if the doctors find that they are suffering from the disease. A physician is to visit each patient at least four times a month, and an undergraduate physician is to maintain a residence at the lazaretto.

Colombia also realizes the grave danger which is in store for the country if leprosy is not checked, and the United States Minister at Bogota has forwarded the Marine Hospital Service a copy of a new law establishing lazarettos in each department of the Republic. One is already being operated in the Department of Antioquia at an expense, so far, of more than 3,000,000 pesos.

Surgeon-General Wynnan of the United States Marine Hospital Service has selected an area approximately a mile square as the leper settlement on the island of Molokai as the site of the hospital for lepers authorized at the last session of Congress. This hospital is declared by the act to be for the treatment of such lepers as may be legally committed to it by the Territory of Hawaii, and for the scientific study of the disease. If this purpose is carried out, there will be, for the first time in the forty years' history of segregation in the Hawaiian Islands, continuity of study of the disease from a scientific standpoint.

The life in the settlement is that of the ordinary Hawaiian community. The lepers live in cottages provided for them by the Board of Health, which has charge of the settlement. They are provided with rations of poi, fish, meat and tea.—New York Tribune.

The fastest and most sumptuously equipped ocean steamships in the world is now built in Germany.

versally used, there would be no more runaway horses. This driving bit contains the ordinary jointed mouthpiece, with rein rings attached, the rings and mouthpiece being pivoted together to a curved shaft. The shaft meets at the center under the lower jaw of the horse, and are hinged by a rivet, the overlapping ends of the shaft bars being recessed to form a smooth joint. An overjaw check guard, consisting of a curved chin bar, connects to the shaft bars. An overdraw check bit passes through slots in the upper end of the check guard.

# Candidate For the Bar.

A man from Texas adventured into Arkansas on a business errand. The town was strange to him, says a writer in the Washington Post, and he was unacquainted with the man, a lawyer, whom he had come to see. There was no carriage at the station when he arrived, so he asked his way to the house of Mr. Dash, and set out to walk.

The directions he received were so indefinite that he found himself at last on the edge of the town, without having come to the house he sought. Then he met an old man, and asked the way again. Mr. Dash's house, he learned, lay about a quarter of a mile down the road.

"The man I want to see is a lawyer," he said. "Is this Mr. Dash down the road a lawyer?"

"He ain't no lawyer that I ever heard tell of," answered the old man.

"You're sure?"

The man scratched his head in deep thought. Then a gleam of remembrance lighted his eye.

"Now I think of it, boss," he said, "pears like I do recollect he ran for lawyer one time."

# A Flight From the Harem.

ONE of the ablest diplomatists, and at the same time one of the handsomest members of the International Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899, was Noory Bey, the second Turkish delegate to that conference. The Sublime Porte has many able men in her service, but I doubt that Sultan Abdul Hamid and the Ottoman Empire have an abler and more devoted servant than Noory Bey, or rather (now after his well-merited advancement) Noory Pasha. What Lord Sanderson was to the British Foreign Office, that was and is still Noory Pasha to the Turkish ministry of foreign affairs. He is a peculiar type of Turk; indeed, he is an original and most interesting mixture of Frenchman and Old Turk. I remember always with true delight the mountains of Anatolia by the setting sun, discussing Oriental poetry and philosophy, the great historical events of the Ottoman Empire, and the uncertainty of all human things of empires as well as of individuals. I was not surprised to hear from his youngest daughter, the sapphire-eyed Mihrim, that she and all her sisters adore their father, and would consider it the greatest happiness in life to die for him, if by their death they could increase his happiness.

And yet, the newspapers were informing us these last few days that two of Noory Pasha's daughters have secretly left their father's "kiosk" at Booyookdere, and as fugitives tried to reach Europe against his will!

From friends in Constantinople, and from ladies who visited the two sisters in Belgrade, I obtained information which not only places this incident in its true light, but reveals to us a little of that greater of great enigmas—the soul of a Turkish woman.

The jealous guarding against all outside influences, the absence of almost every distraction, often concentrates the affections of the young Turkish woman, deepens and intensifies them. Behind the barred doors in the high walls surrounding a Turkish house, behind the latticed windows and thick curtains there is much more romance in Turkish family life, than is dreamt of by us unromantic Gynoors. The devotion of Turkish children to their parents is very great and very tender, but the devotion of the sisters and brothers to each other can hardly find its equal anywhere among the Christians. Noory Pasha's daughters furnish a beautiful illustration of that fact.

Zeynela Hanum, the eldest daughter of Noory Pasha, is a delicate and pretty young woman of twenty-two or twenty-three. After her marriage her health began rapidly to deteriorate. The Turkish "Hakims" knew only so much: that she is dying slowly, and that they cannot help it! Zeynela Hanum herself, as a good Turkish woman, seems to have reconciled herself to her fate. After all, what is the harem but a sort of grave, with silk and velvet storiest and soft sofas and cushions, and what is the grave but for many a woman—a better sort of the harem?

But the youngest sister, Nooriya Hanum, loved her elder sister with a more intense love than Zeynela loved her own life. She insisted on her father letting Zeynela be examined by the best European doctors in Constantinople. It was not difficult to persuade Noory Pasha to do so. The European doctors saw Zeynela, and saw that she was suffering from consumption in the first stage. They thought that the only chance of saving her life would be to place her in one of the modern sanatoria for consumptives in Germany or France. But to send a young Turkish woman to a modern sanatorium in the cursed Gyaor-land, that implied a far greater reform than the great Powers have ever dared to demand. If Noory Pasha had done it; but he, the Mustapha of the Foreign Office of the Sublime Porte, a pillar of the Yildiz Kiosk—he could never do it! It would have been the practical proof of the extreme liberalism; it would have been an innovation upon which even the boldest member of Young Turkey would not have dared to venture.

The husband of Zeynela Hanum, her father, and she herself took it for granted that it was the inscrutable will of Allah that she should die slowly on the shores of the Bosphorus. But the young Nooriya loved her sister too much to accept such a death without a challenge. She determined to fight the giant of the Oriental fatalism, the "Kismet." She determined to take her sister to that strange country of infidels, but where science can save people from the clutches of death. Of course, they would have to leave the mansion of their father unknown to him. She begged her invalid elder sister to trust to her love and her courage. Not that her own plucky heart did not fall her sometimes when contemplating the long journey through the terra incognita to an equally unknown country. Fortunately, she and her sister were good friends with a young French lady, Mademoiselle Marcelle de Veysens. Nooriya had full confidence in Mademoiselle Marcelle, told her of her burning desire to try to save the life of her sister by taking her to the best doctors in Europe and to the best place for her recovery. She appealed to the young French girl to help her. Mademoiselle Marcelle, with the chivalrous spirit of her nation, agreed to once to place herself entirely at the service of Nooriya.

As the Turkish frontier at Mustapha Pasha could not be passed without a passport, the most important task for the young ladies was how to get a pass. After some difficulty and delay Mademoiselle Marcelle induced an elderly French lady to cede them her own pass. But there was another difficulty. The true proprietress of the pass was described as a gray-haired lady of fifty-two, traveling with her two grown-up daughters. For Nooriya that was a difficulty only for a moment. She decided that she would be

the gray-haired lady of fifty-two, and Zeynela and Marcelle were to be her two grown-up daughters. She powdered her hair to look gray, and she painted her face to look as old as it could through a thick veil. And she played her role admirably throughout the journey from Constantinople to Belgrade. At Mustapha Pasha, the frontier railway station, she moved with such dignity and spoke so carelessly to the Turkish inspectors of passports, imploring them not to disturb her two invalid daughters, who were just then quietly sleeping, that the poor Turks saluted most respectfully and let them pass on.

Meanwhile Nooriya Pasha had been informed that two of his daughters had not returned from a drive to Therapia. Messengers were sent at once to all relatives and friends to ask if the young women had not been retained by some of them. As they had been the night before at Yildiz Kiosk, where a concert had been given for the amusement of the ladies of the Imperial Harem and their friends, Noory Pasha went himself to the Imperial residence to inquire if his daughters had not been kept there to another entertainment. But, no! The inquiries at the station revealed the fact that a middle aged, gray-haired lady, with two daughters, took a special compartment in the direct carriage for Vienna.

Telegrams were sent at once by the Grand Vizier to Fethi Pasha, Turkish minister at Belgrade, to stop the train and send the two sisters back to Constantinople. The Serbian Government was ready to oblige the Grand Vizier and Noory Pasha as much as they could; but, met by the determined refusal of the young women either to return or to wait in the Turkish Legation until the arrival of their father, they only succeeded in inducing them to interrupt their journey and to rest a day or two in the most comfortable hotel in Belgrade.

Noory Pasha was immediately informed where his daughters were. He applied to the Sultan for permission to go to fetch his daughters. It is said that Abdul Hamid told him: "Go and bring them back! Without them do not return at all!" On his arrival in Belgrade Noory Pasha had to be informed that his daughters had mysteriously disappeared. Fethi Pasha believes that they have found a secret refuge with some Serbian girl friends, daughters of Serbian diplomatists who served in Constantinople. But the police agents declare that they have evaded the watching of the detectives by leaving the hotel dressed in men's clothes, and that they are now probably in Vienna.

Anyhow, Nooriya Hanum has shown not only the depths of a sister's love but that a Turkish girl can exhibit a wonderful strength of will and courage. May she succeed in her mission to reclaim her sister from death to life.—London Tribune.

# Where Patriotism Reigns.

While the Spanish-American War was being "fought" and every one was tremendously patriotic, it was the prevailing custom in all restaurants where one has to eat to music for the diners to stand up whenever the national air was played by the orchestra. It was practiced steadily until hostilities ceased, and then a custom which is a feature of British life always was gradually abandoned except in one place.

Over in Second avenue there is a prosperous restaurant of the type which calls itself "Cafe Something," in which this admirable custom is still preserved. A man who had not been to the place since the war-time wandered over to the cafe a few nights ago, and much to his surprise, when the band played the national air every one stood up in the good old way, with all its accustomed exhibition of shamefacedness on the faces of the men. The curious part of this survival is the fact that a goodly proportion of the patrons of the place are foreign born.—New York Press.

# Automobiliousness.

"Automobiliousness," says the Medical Visitor, "is a comparatively new disease, due to the bacillus franci, although some observers insist that the germ getherous is the chief causative factor. A French medical writer reports a case, killed by an irate farmer, whose brain was filled with blood clots, but it is uncertain whether this is due to the effects of the disease or the farmer's club."

"Automobiliousness has been mistaken for delirium tremens, but in the latter disease, however, it is snakes that the patient usually sees about him and feels that he must kill, while in automobiliousness it is only men, women and children."

# Sees With Her Eyes Shut.

There is a woman in Chicago who is totally blind while her eyes are open, but who can see when her shut. Her eyes are normal, except that the nerve that conveys the image to the brain has become misplaced. The woman's eyes are bright and clear. They perform all their functions properly. They dart about, regarding everything, but on account of their misplaced nerve, they see nothing. Yet let the woman close her eyes and the last object gazed upon is clearly visible to her. She sees with her eyes closed. She looks at you, and everything is black. She seals up her lids, and there you are, distinct and bright before her.

# Florid Language.

In the far east language has always been more florid and ambiguous than in the west. The King of Ava, in Burma, called himself the "regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother of the sun and lord of the four and twenty umbrellas." The King of Arracan, lower Burma, was "possessor of the white elephant and the two earrings," as well as "lord of the twelve kings who pined their heads under his feet." In the Mozambique-Zambesi region of Africa the King of Monomotapa was not only "lord of the sun and moon," but "great magician and great thief."