

# OLD TIME FAVORITES

## GOING HOME.

We said that the days were evil,  
We felt that they might be few,  
For low was our fortune's level,  
And heavy the winters grew;  
But one who had no possession  
Looked up to the azure dome,  
And said, in his simple fashion,  
"Dear friends, we are going home!"

This world is the same dull matter  
That wearied its earliest age;  
The times to the wise are dark yet,  
But so hath been many an age,  
And rich grow the toiling nations,  
And red grow the battle spears,  
And dreary with desolations  
Roll onward the laden years.

What need of the changeless story  
Which time hath so often told,  
The specter that follows glory,  
The canker that comes with gold—  
That wisdom and strength, and honor  
Must fade like the far sea foam,  
And death is the only winner?  
But, friends, we are going home!

The homes we had hoped to rest in  
Were open to sin and strife,  
The dreams that our youth was blest in  
Were not for the waste of life;  
For care can darken the cottage,  
As well as the palace hearth,  
And birthrights are sold for pottage,  
But never redeemed on earth.

The springs have gone by in sorrow,  
The summers were grieved away,  
And ever we feared the winter  
And ever we blamed the day,  
In depths which the searcher sounded,  
On hills which the high heart clomb,  
Have troubles and toil abounded,  
But, friends, we are going home!

Our faith was the bravest builder  
But found not a stone of trust;  
Our love was the fairest gilder,  
But lavished its wealth on dust,  
And thus, both the fabric shaken,  
And fortune the clay that shows,  
For things which have changed and taken,  
But nothing that was our own.

The light that to us made baser  
The paths which so many choose,  
The gifts there was found no place for,  
The riches we could not use;  
The heart that with us was wintry  
Found summer in strain and tone,  
With those to our kin and country—  
Dear friends, we are going home!

## LEGEND OF THE RED ROSE.

One day within a garden fair  
Love found a maiden sleeping;  
June sunbeams tangled in her hair;  
The stately lilies keeping  
With rival purity and grace  
Their mirrored watch above her;  
While o'er the happy dreamer's face  
The whispering zephyr hovered.

Love tied an arrow with a kiss  
And sent it passion-laden,  
With cunning hands that could not miss,  
To wake the sleeping maiden.  
It pierced her heart, she woke and smiled,  
With glances sweet and tender;  
It made a woman of the child;  
Love's morning dawned in splendor.

She felt the arrow in her breast,  
She saw Love's empty quiver,  
The slender shaft she deeper pressed,  
And smiled upon the giver.  
Love beckoned near, she rose with pride,  
To fly with her bold wooer;  
He pledged her she should be his bride,  
No lover would be truer.

A voice o'er the dreamy air,  
A feeble father sought her;  
She turned from love in deep despair,  
To prove a faithful suitor,  
"O come," cried love, "thy life shall be  
Encrowned with joy and beauty,"  
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"  
Commanded that cross-eyed deity.

She wrenched the arrow from her breast,  
Her heart clung to it broken,  
She laid them at his feet and blessed  
Her first and last love token.  
A glory shone within her eyes,  
She clasped the hand of duty;  
Heaven saw the noble sacrifice,  
And blessed her soul with beauty.

Love took his silver bow and made  
A grave; then, softly winding,  
In it her heart and arrow laid,  
And left them in time's keeping.  
The arrow, bending o'er the mound,  
Mourning for the heart they cherished;  
And when the bow's leaves strewn the  
Grave, and they were perished.

The wind grew hoarse and ceased to shriek  
Among the barren bowers;  
The sunbeams kissed a dead nature's cheek,  
Heaven's rain blossomed in flowers.  
One oration the moss-grown mound,  
The garden air perfuming,  
With tiny arrowheads set round,  
They found love's red rose blooming.



# PRINCESS DARELLA.

By Myra Hamilton.

THE excitement within the palace when the young Princess Darella defied her parents and flatly refused to wed the husband who had been provided for her, they persuaded and scolded her in turn; they talked of his wealth, his position and his blue blood, but they dared not mention his face, for to their hearts they knew he was hideous to look upon—he was old and wrinkled, with hardly a tooth left in his head.

The Princess was quite determined, however, so she merely shook her head in reply to their appeals. At last the King completely lost his temper. "In sooth," he cried, "you are no daughter of mine. Never has such wilfulness been known in my family before. I chose a worthy, kind hearted man who is fit for you to marry, and you scorn him. For shame!"

"He shall never be my husband," declared the obstinate Princess. "I shall know the man I am going to marry directly I meet him," she added.

"What do you mean?" demanded the King indignantly. "Last night when I was asleep," said the Princess, "a handsome young Prince came to me in my dreams, and he was, oh, so fair to look upon! He was tall and straight and young, albeit that I had heard of his name. And if I wait fifty, sixty or seventy years, I shall be content if he claims me at the end of that time. But meantime an evil spell lies heavily upon him, otherwise he would come forward now."

Then the King grew simply infuriated with his daughter. He stormed and raved at her, and at last, as a punishment for her disobedience, he condemned her to live all alone on a little island that could just be discerned from the roof of the palace.

But the Princess Darella made no objections. When the time came for her to leave her home she stepped into the boat quite willingly. She chatted gaily to the crew as they bore her out to sea, and she gazed unobtrusively at the little island on which she would probably be starved to death. When they left her on the beach, with her bundle of things lying at her feet, she still seemed quite content with her fate, and she waved her handkerchief to the boat as long as she could see it.

The first thing Darella did was to wander round the island in search of a nice dry cave to live in, and when she had found it she spread her few belongings about, and tried to make it look as comfortable and homelike as possible, and then, of course, she felt hungry. When she set out to gather herself some fruit and some berries to eat she was surprised to find that somebody had already placed a pile of delicious fruit in readiness for her.

"This is very nice," said the Princess, as she dug her little white teeth into a juicy pear. "I wonder who has been good enough to do this for me. I think I shall be very happy here."

to the Prince who first reaches this island to-night. A few hours ago a fleet of boats left his palace and set sail for here. Each boat contains a Prince and several trusty men, and they are now racing, one against the other, to see who shall arrive first. What do you wish to do? Shall the Prince land and claim you for their bride, or shall we defend our island against them all?"

But the Princess Darella was so bewildered that she could do nothing but cry. "I don't like talking to a voice without an owner," she sobbed plaintively. "It gives me the creeps."

"I am very sorry," was the reply. "For I am afraid it cannot be altered. I have not the power to appear before you in my own shape yet. At present I am disguised as a bat, and if you will look up steadily you will be able to see me flying about."

So the Princess glanced up and saw the bat darting in and out of the trees, and it comforted her. She felt quite willing to stay with him, for he had such a nice voice.

"I think," she said, after a few minutes' consideration, "that I would prefer to remain on this island. I am very happy here, and I shall be more so now that I have found somebody who can talk to me. You see, I don't wish to marry unless I meet my Dream Prince, and there really seems to be no chance of that. But can you defend the island?"

"Certainly I can," replied the voice, eagerly. "But you must help me, too." "Yes, I will," said Darella promptly. "If you will tell me what to do."

"I want you to sit upon that high piece of rock," explained the voice, "and comb your hair until the light is over. I will go down to the water's edge with my men and try to prevent the Princess landing."

"With your men?" echoed the Princess. "Have you an army here?" "Well, not exactly that," replied the voice, in a rather hesitating manner. "But many of my companions are held by the same spell that I myself am, and I know they will do their best to aid me if I ask them. But I must be going. Look out to sea, and you will be able to watch the boats as they approach our shore. Now, begin to comb your tresses, and do not cease until I return to you."

So Darella clambered up on the rock and after she unbraided her lovely golden hair she commenced to comb it. But every time she drew the silver comb through it came out in such handfuls that soon she thought she would become bald. The wind caught her beautiful curls as they fluttered from her head, and blew them toward the sea, but the Princess had no idea what they were being used for. In the distance she could hear the men shouting loudly, and though she grew very nervous, she never ceased her combing; the more anxious she became, the more vigorously she went on with her task.

In the meantime the bat that had talked so long to Darella was flying round the island arousing hundreds of other bats. At the sound of his voice they all gathered around him in a dense gray cloud, and hastened down to the water's edge just as the occupants of the boats were prepared to land. But the moment the men placed their feet upon the beach the bats hurried themselves in their faces and beat them back. Again and again the men struggled forward, but they could not advance at all. For not only had they to fight against these vicious little creatures, but they could feel at the same time something twining round their legs and holding them back. They did not know that it was the golden locks of the Princess Darella that impeded their progress so much, for when the wind rushed away with her tresses it had ordered to twist like a stout, shaggy enemy and

# Fortune Tellers As Crooks

## Methods They Have Employed to Get Money From Trusting Victims.

Under them as much as possible. One by one the men were beaten back to their boats until, worn out by struggling and completely defeated by the bats, they decided to return to the palace and leave the Princess to her fate.

When the bats saw they were victorious, they fell into line behind their leader, and in this order they suddenly appeared before the maiden. She jumped to her feet with fear as she saw that hundreds of these little creatures surrounded her, but in a minute the voice she knew spoke to her telling her not to be afraid.

The Princess advanced a few steps and held out her hands gratefully. "Dear little bats, I thank you," she said kindly. "It is very good of you to have fought so bravely for me, and I wish that I could show you some return."

"You can! You can!" they cried, becoming almost mad with excitement. "Tell me how," cried Darella eagerly. "I will do anything for you."

"Let us each kiss your hand," they entreated. "Then you shall be able to restore our natural forms."

So, although the Princess did not like it at all, she held out her hands and allowed each bat to caress them. The bats that kissed her right hand instantly became men, while her left hand was the means of restoring the women to their original shapes. The Princess was overjoyed at the changes that she saw around her, but after looking about her eagerly her face suddenly grew very sad.

"Are there no more of you?" she asked. "Where is the bat that helped me to-day?"

Immediately she felt a soft touch upon her hair, but before she had time to object, a handsome figure, with gray hair, stood before her. With a little cry of joy the Princess Darella threw herself into his arms.

"My Dream Prince!" she said delightedly. "I always said we should meet some day. How glad I am that I remained true to you, although I saw you only in my dreams!"

So the Princess married the Dream Prince, who proved to be the King of the island, and a very wealthy one, too. He and his companions had been turned into bats as a punishment for teasing some fairies, and the spell could only be removed in the way I have just described.—Cassell's Little Folks.

## Man's Inhumanity to Boys.

They were coming down town on a street car when, looking out of the window, they saw a tragic sight. A boy with rivers of tears streaming down his face was trying to lead home a fine, large Scotch collie, evidently poisoned, for it fell over at almost every step.

"When I was a boy," said one of the men on the car, "I had a kitten which I had taught to perform many little tricks. I dearly loved this cat and it reciprocated this affection. It was one of the family, so intelligent that it became. One day a neighbor, seeing my cat in his barn, killed it with a hoe. As I stood weeping before him he laughed at me and gruffly told me it would teach me to keep my cats at home."

"That night I lay sobbing on my pillow and could not sleep. At midnight I rose and revisited the scene of the tragedy. The man who had ruthlessly murdered my innocent kitten had a beautiful garden which he was developing with loving care."

I took out my big Barlow penknife and set to work. Everything I could pull up by the roots I clipped off. Grape vines and currant bushes were stricken. Not one living thing remained in the garden when I was through. The havoc was complete. Then I returned to bed and this time sleep came. I was so tired. In the morning my mother called me, but I slept until nearly noon. When I arose my mother said: 'Bertram some one has ruined Mr. Blank's garden.' She eyed me closely. 'Are you sure that Mr. Blank killed your cat?' 'I saw him do it, and he laughed at me when I cried,' I replied. 'That's all,' said my mother. No one ever asked me if I did it.—Kansas City Times.

## Wit on the Hustings.

Side by side with that happy hustings retort by a candidate who, when he had received a rotten egg full in the face, said, as he wiped off its nauseous contents, "Ah, that is the sort of argument used by my opponent; and even that is unsound," might be set Macaulay's hustings retort to the fellow who thus apologized for having struck him full in the face with a dead cat, "I'm very sorry, sir; I meant it for the man behind you." "I wish to God, sir, you had meant it for me and hit the man behind me," retorted Macaulay, with a subtle scorn which, I fear, was lost on the rough. Exquisitely courteous was Thackeray's rejoinder to the hope expressed by his Oxford opponent, "May the best man win." "Oh, I sincerely hope not," replied Thackeray, with a complimentary bow and smile. In contrast to this retort courteous might be set the following passage of arms between two candidates for the University of Dublin. One of them, a civil list pensioner, said of the speech of his opponent that "it betrayed the vulgarity of his character, which not even a university education could refine." Whereupon the other retorted that "it was a great pity that, when the gentleman had corruptedly secured a pension of £3000 a year, he had not had his tongue put at the same time on the Civil List."—T. P.'s Weekly.

## A Sure Sign.

Fred Schwartz, of this city, manager of a theatrical company now touring in Florida, occasionally tells of some queer experiences in his letters to friends here. Last week in a small town he was met by a messenger boy who volunteered the information that the show would have a big house that night. "Why do you think so?" inquired Mr. Schwartz. "Because," replied the boy, "everybody in town has been getting shaved to-day, and that's a sure sign." That night, when a red headed boy was about to leave the stage between the acts, Mr. Schwartz offered him a return check. "Oh, I don't need one of them," said the boy. "You'll be sure to remember me. I'm the only red-headed boy in town."—Philadelphia Record.

# True Stories of the Old Days.

## By ORIN BELKNAP.

In nearly days in Michigan a stray dog came to the father's house, and as he appeared to be intelligent and a fine looking animal my father promptly took him in. 'Coon hunting being one of my father's favorite sports, which a young man named Bacon shared enthusiastically with him, a few evenings later they started out to try the new dog.

A full moon shed a mild radiance over the forest and enabled them to note the actions of the dog, and in a very short time he had an animal of some kind up a big tree which stood alone in an opening in the woods, and as Bacon was a famous climber, up the tree he went and soon made out the dark figure among the limbs above him, but as he approached the creature it climbed higher and higher until, at its very top, it turned and greeted its pursuer with a deep warning growl. Dan stopped climbing, and in a tone of voice which trembled in spite of himself, he called out: "It is a wildcat, Mr. Belknap."

"Well, cut a club and knock him off," replied my father. "Cutting and trimming a limb" of the tree to make a suitable weapon. Dan slowly crawled up toward the brute, which finally took refuge in the top-most tuft of branches, and slowly and carefully raising the club above his limbs above his head, where he could have full sweep for the blow, he struck with all his might, and—never touched him.

Right out into the air the cat sprang as it saw the club coming, and so powerful was its jump that the limbs of the tree were cleared entirely, and with a rebounding thump it struck the ground at quite a distance from the foot of the tree, and to my father's amazement sprang to its feet and ran like a blue streak for another tree.

The dog happened to be at the other side of the tree, and the cat was enabled to get quite a start in his new race, but so swift was the dog's pursuit that the cat was overtaken ere the tree was reached, when, whirling suddenly, the brute sat up and with open paws outstretched waited the onset. Knowing nothing of the dog's fighting qualities my father instantly concluded to let him entirely alone and note the result. Coming with a rush, and barking furiously, the dog dashed almost into the cat's face, but stopping just short of the cat's grasp, as its paws snapped together like the jaws of a steel trap, backed away a few steps and repeated the threatening maneuver.

Again the cat's paws snapped together just in front of the dog's nose. Again and again was this repeated until the cat appeared to think that the dog was not really in earnest and omitted to slap its jaws together. Again the dog backed away, and this time the jump was in earnest. Once inside the guard of the wildcat he seized it across the chest, and that cat was dead in ten seconds, and that dog could not then have been bought for money.

In long days ago, in Western Iowa, my old friend Jim Files found a stray dog at his door one morning, and as he was what Jim called "seeh an ornery looking brute," Jim deliberated quite a while before finally accepting him. It was in the fall of the year, and as Jim went for his cows down in the bottom land below the house, the dog followed at his heels, and reaching the edge of what had been a shallow pond in the spring, a small rattlesnake coiled suddenly in front of them, in a dried up pit where a cow had some time stepped in the mud, leaving a depression five or six inches deep. Its coil was completely hidden, leaving the head and a few inches of the neck raised threateningly above the surface, while it rattled a warning defiance against all comers.

The dog sprang forward to attack, and though it was apparent that the snake had every advantage, Jim stood quietly watching as he afterwards said: "Just to see what the little cuss would do."

Approaching within a few feet the dog stopped, and cocking his small head to one side for a moment, studied the problem. Walking slowly around he now circled the snake, just beyond his reach, but so close as to engage all the reptile's attention, and as it strove to be in continuous readiness for the dog's attack, and as round and round the dog continued to walk, in a short time the snake seemed to grow dizzy, and its head began to wobble from side to side, when, quick as a flash, the dog jumped in and inserting a paw into the hole along the rattlesnake into the air, catching him in his mouth as he came down, shook him to death without receiving a scratch.

At another time Jim was the owner of two dogs. One was of medium size, active and ferocious, and a good hunter, and the other a great overgrown good natured brute, could hardly be made to lay hold of anything. Whenever he could be induced to seize hold of another animal he always shut his eyes first as he took hold and kept them tightly shut until he let go.

Jim was hunting along the bank of the river one day with both dogs along, when he saw an otter swimming in the river, and promptly put a rifle ball into him, aiming at the head. The otter was hard hit, and though it struggled and swam awkwardly around, it soon became apparent that it was trying to swim down around a bend of the stream, where a pile of driftwood offered a refuge.

The smaller dog was easily sent in to attack the otter, but though badly wounded the otter could still prevent the dog from swimming with him to the bank, and it began to look as though he would eventually tire the dog out. After much persuasion the big dog was finally induced to swim in to his assistance.

Swimming up to the fighting pair the big brute shut its eyes tightly and made a grab for the otter, when at that instant the other dog's head coming in the way, he seized him by the side of the head and turning his source started towing the whole outfit to shore like a steam propeller.

Japan admits that the war cost it \$275,000,000.

Birthdays Gifts to Royalty. On occasions of royal birthdays and other anniversaries, sovereigns sometimes exchange unique presents. King Carlos of Portugal, an artist of considerable ability, usually sends his paintings as gifts. One recently presented to the King of Italy is so executed that in one position it represents a sunrise at sea, but, if turned around, becomes a sunset on a plain.

On her last birthday the Emperor of Germany presented the Empress with a music box that played all his own compositions. Each of his sons has an automatic model of a Prussian soldier that goes through all the movements of the infantry drill, and even fires blank cartridges from his rifle.

The King of Spain has a number of wax models of himself that open and close their eyes. Within each is a little phonograph that cries "Long live Spain." Alfonso takes great delight in sending these to friends among the royal families of Europe.

Not long since the Sultan of Turkey presented a German prince with four splendid white Arabian horses and a groom who could speak only Turkish. The horses were very acceptable, but the groom gave much trouble and was finally shipped back to his own country.

# True Stories of the Old Days.

## By ORIN BELKNAP.

Jim said it was now only a question of the small dog's endurance of the pain. He still kept fast hold of his name, but before the bank was reached the pain became unendurable, when letting go of the otter he turned to fight the big dog loose, and in the confusion the otter made good his escape.

When my father was a young man he lived in Central Ohio, where a handful of settlers were, for a time, quite isolated in the big woods. The work of clearing the heavy forest was very great, and as the first small fields were fenced and planted to corn the pioneers were very much annoyed by the depredations of black bears, which clambered over the rail fences in the night time and went for the roasting ears in a style that was exasperating.

Finally a hunt was planned and the half dozen settlers gathered at the cabin of the one whose field was harassed the worst and where the bears entered the field, proceeded to set two guns, heavily loaded, and with strings attached to the triggers in such a manner as to have the thieves prove their own executioners. Getting everything arranged before daylight all repaired to the cabin to watch in silence and darkness the result of their well laid plan.

The guns were set in different places, one on each side of the little field. One was but a small rifle while the other was a tremendous affair, into that part of the country. Both were heavily loaded and two big bullets were rammed down the throat of the larger one.

As darkness set in a fine mist began falling, and in a short time the report of the little gun was heard. The younger members of the group were for rushing right out into the night, and it required all the influence of the older hunters to check them, as it was explained to them that the falling mist had shrunken the line, and that the gun was fired in this manner.

Quiet was finally restored and with a lighted lantern in readiness again they waited. Finally, near midnight, the roar of the big gun filled the silent woods. Rushing out into the night the larger party carrying the lantern ran in the cornfield, while two others ran down the cowpath which circled the little field on the outside. A tremendous commotion was heard among the cornstalks in front, and the little party of excited hunters ran down the corn rows in hope, by the aid of the lighted lantern, to get a shot at the bear.

The mortally wounded animal, which afterward proved to be a monster in size, ran for the fence to climb over into the woods. Outside the fence the two men could see nothing distinctly, but bearing the riot of smashing corn stalks and excited yells, the one in front sprang for the fence to climb over, at the very point where the tumult seemed culminating, and just as he was reaching for a hand hold of the top rail the bear sprang over the fence directly in front of him, and tumbling down from the top of the fence knocked the hunter flat upon his back and fell all over him, when the stricken brute crawled a short distance into the darkness and died.

Yells of pain and anguish now rose from the prostrate hunter, no respectably flattened by the falling bear. Climbing over the fence the remaining party now brought the light of the lantern to bear on his prostrate form, and were horrified to see that the poor fellow was covered with blood and apparently mortally hurt.

In a faint tone of voice he begged to be taken to the house, explaining that the ferocious brute had torn his entrails entirely out of him, and when the open bosom of his buckskin hunting shirt was opened more widely, to the horror of his friends out from a pile of bloody entrails. The fainting man was tenderly carried to the house, his clothes removed and body washed—and the skin wasn't broken on him.

The dying bear, dragging his entrails after him, had deposited part of his bloody burden in the open bosom of the hunter's shirt, as the rails of the fence had torn them loose. The mortally wounded hunter recovered quickly from his hurt, but not for many a day from the jeering merriment of his friends.—Forest and Stream.

## Municipal Theft.

On the way from one town on Cape Cod to another a contributor to the Boston Transcript came upon a charming house by the roadside, which immediately claimed his attention. It bore a fresh coat of white paint, which was well set off by green blinds. There was a smooth piece of lawn in front, a group of the shade trees, and hammocks, piazza chairs, brilliant sofa pillows, and all the adjuncts of summer comfort in luxurious profusion.

"Whose place is this?" he demanded of the boy of twelve who accompanied him as guide and adviser-in-general. "That there?" said the boy. "Oh, that's the poorhouse."

"The poorhouse?" the man exclaimed. "You seem to have luxurious papers in the town." "Well, you see," was the explanation, "we hadn't got but one, 'n' she's an old woman, 'n' the overseers they board her out with one of the neighbors 'n' let the poorhouse to some of them Boston folks for the summer, 'n' that pays her keep."

## A Protested Hissus.

Bombay has just adopted a strict time, and the change has affected the Indian mind in very curious ways. The surrender of thirty-nine minutes of protest duly signed by 15,000 people who are afraid of deferred breakfasts, delayed office hours and demoralized religious periods. It takes an old civilization to make really important contributions to the world's fund of humor.—New York Commercial.

## Mrs. Theodore Noyles, of Bitter Township, Penn., has just presented her husband with No. 17.

The Government made only five silver dollars in 1905.