

HOME.

BY STELWYN WETHERALD.

Wherever on far-distant farms The orchard trees lift bounteous arms, The lane is grape-leaved, woodland dense, The chipmunk leaps the zigzag fence, The horses from the plow's last round Drink with a deep, sweet, cooling sound, And with the soft young moon adrift Comes up the frogs' heart-easing note, And tree-toads' endless melody, Oh, that is home, Is restful home to me.

Whenever on a distant street Two charming eyes I chance to meet, The look of one who knows the grace Of every change on nature's face, Whose sea-like soul is open wide, To breezes from the farther side, Whose voice and movement seem to give The knowledge of how best to live And how to live most happily, Oh, that is home, Is blessed home to me. —Youth's Companion.

THE PARSONS PLACE.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

THE girl's eyes followed the train wistfully, until only a film of smoke was left hanging in the air. Then she turned and faced the desolate little station. "I believe I'm marooned!" she groaned. "There isn't a soul in—yes, there's a boy. Have I got to ask him for help?" The boy was brown—very brown. His trousers were crumpled carelessly into big top boots, and the boots were muddy. The boy was big and awkward and bashful. He sidled away down the deserted platform, as if to escape as soon as possible. He did not look up once. "Oh, wait! Please wait a moment!" the girl cried, hastily. "There's nobody else to ask. Won't you please tell me if this is Cutler? I'm afraid I got off at the wrong place." The boy's abrupt stop and the girl's impetuous chase had brought them close together—too close for the dainty summer skirts. The girl involuntarily twitched them away from contact with the big, muddy boots. She did not see the blood rush to the boy's tanned face, staining it a rich mahogany hue. "Have I made a mistake? Oh, I hope I have—no, I guess I don't mean that, but it's so—so dreadful here!" "This is Cutler?" the boy muttered, stiffly. "But it's not the village. That's over there four miles." He pointed with his thumb. "Four miles! Then there must be a stage. I don't see any. Oh, it hasn't gone, has it?" "There isn't any stage that meets this train. There's one in the morning." "Not any stage?" The girl's voice showed distress. A trail of muddy roadway stretched away before her, and her eyes followed it despairingly. Terry Quinn's heart melted. "How far are you calculating to go? I don't know but I could take you a piece," he said, suddenly. "I live this side of the village a little way." "I am going to the Parsons place. Do you know where it is?" The Parsons place! A picture of it, abandoned and forlorn, rose before the boy, and he contrasted it mentally with the beautiful, delicate girl before him. "Yes, I know where it is," he said. "You can go along with me if you want to. I have got a load of grain, so I shall have to go slow." "Oh, I don't mind going slow!" the girl cried, gratefully. "You are very kind." An old farm wagon, loaded with grain bags, stood near. She had hard work to clamber up to its high seat. They rattled away down the muddy road, lurching into ruts and swaying over stones. The girl's eyes grew wide with alarm. Terry Quinn sat on the edge of his seat, and gazed straight ahead in an agony of bashfulness. At intervals he slipped a little farther away from the dainty figure beside him, until the vacant space on the seat had widened absurdly. He was sure the girl was laughing at it. He was sure she was afraid of his muddy boots and coarse clothes. Suppose he spilled her out! Suppose she got her skirts all floury from the bags! Suppose she wanted to talk! The girl sat looking down the road. Her sweet face grew more sober every minute. She was thinking of her mother and Molly and the unknown Parsons place. At last she could bear it no longer. "Is it—nice?" she asked, suddenly, starting the color into the boy's brown face. "The Parsons place, I mean?" Terry had the dismal picture still in his mind. The Parsons place was unrepared, uninhabited. He remembered the tall weeds and grass in the dooryard, and the broken windows and the gate that sagged on its hinges. For ten years the Parsons place had been abandoned. "Is it painted white, with green blinds?" the girl persisted. "Are there beautiful trees? And rosebushes? Is there a view? I shall be so glad if there's a piazza! We could wheel mother's couch out on it, and she could lie there all the pleasant days and get well. That's what we're coming here for. The doctors said she could not be any better in the city. It's awful in the city in summer." The boy made no answer, and attributing his silence to bashfulness, she continued. "This place—the Parsons place—was left to us a year ago in a will. Now that mother is sick, we are very glad of it, because the doctors say she must be in the country. I've come to see about getting the house opened and aired. Then I'm going back for them all."

"Where were you expecting to stop to-night?" questioned the boy awkwardly. She turned upon him in puzzled wonder at the question. "Why, at the hotel, I suppose. I hadn't thought, but that's where I shall go, of course. Is it near the Parsons place?" Terry Quinn felt a wild desire to laugh. The idea of a hotel near the Parsons place was too much for him. But a side glance at the wistful, girlish face sobered him. "There isn't any hotel hereabouts," he said. "No hotel? Why, I thought of course—Oh, I don't see what I am going to do!" "Mother'll take you in, I guess," interrupted Terry, hurriedly. "We live close by. She'll see to you. Mother's great." In the instant of offering the girl the hospitality of his own home, another idea had occurred to Terry Quinn. He sat on the edge of his seat, driving the old white mare at a snail's pace, and thought it all out to his satisfaction. It was growing late. The soft June dusk was settling over the land. The girl's impatience nearly asserted itself. It would be so late to see the Parsons place! "We've got the key at our house," Terry announced, with startling abruptness. "We've always kept it. You'd better not try to go down to the house till to-morrow. It—it needs daylight to see it anyway well. Mother'll go along with you in the morning. Mother's great." He had said that before. The girl smiled to herself wearily. They were jogging by a little unpainted, uninhabited house set in weeds and neglect. The girl shuddered. "Oh, I hope it won't look like that! That's dreadful!" she said. "If it looks like that I think I shall—cry!" Terry whipped up the old white mare hastily, and drove away from the dreary place. In another five minutes he had stopped in front of a cheerful little house hugged by vines and roses. His mother was in the doorway. "Oh, yes, she's great!" the girl thought, as she lay upstairs in a big, soft bed. "She's beautiful. She helps out the Parsons place, no matter what it's like. And that boy—well, he's pretty nice, even if he is muddy outside." Downstairs Terry and his mother were talking things over. Mrs. Quinn approved of the plan, but was not three o'clock earlier than need be. "It'll need all that time," the boy said. "I guess you haven't been down to the Parsons place very lately, mother. It's a sight." "Yes, I know. Poor dear, it was a mercy she did not know it to-night!" At three o'clock the next morning the boy and the birds were up. Terry went straight to the Parsons place, encumbered with a scythe and a rake and various other tools. He whistled under his breath till he got past the house; then he broke out into clear, shrill melody. The birds answered jubilantly. For an hour, two hours, the boy toiled. Gradually the unkempt little front yard took on a kind of trimness. The tall weeds and grassblades fell before the sturdy swing of the scythe, and the straggling bushes began to look more neat. There were left untouched only the flaunting hollyhocks and bonning-bets. "They're too pretty to cut down," thought Terry. "Maybe she'll like 'em, I do." The precious time sped by, but Terry had made his plans carefully. He raked up the grass and concealed it beneath the bushes. He even had time to mend some of the broken windows. And as a finishing touch he painted the brown old pump a marvelous, celestial blue! That was his final triumph. He stood back and gazed entranced at the work of his brush. "It looks great," he muttered, "but I hope she won't want a drink. It's got a heap of drier in it, but it won't dry as quick as that. There's mother blowing the horn! I've got to hurry home to breakfast." Mrs. Quinn went with the girl to the Parsons place. In her crisp starched sunbonnet and print dress she plodded heavily beside the slender, girlish figure. All things were favorable this morning. Nature abetted the boy in his kind little plan. What had looked dreary and unattractive the previous night looked bright and pleasant under the spell of the clear, new day. And the girl did not recognize the Parsons place in its new dress. She thought she had never seen it before. "What a queer little place!" she said, as they approached it. "But it looks as

if somebody cared for it. I rather like it." "This is the Parsons place," said Mrs. Quinn. "The Parsons place? This? Oh! Oh, I thought it would be different! I didn't know it was going to be little and—queer." She gazed about her almost in horror. But gradually the neat yard and trimmed bushes—the bonning-bets and the nodding hollyhocks—appealed to her. The little place grew pleasanter to her, and she nodded slowly. "But I rather like it," she said. "It looks as if somebody cared—not lonely and neglected like one I saw last night. Oh, I couldn't have borne that! Yes, I like the flowers and the bushes—there's a shady place for mother's couch. Molly could keep house over there, among those thick bushes. There could be soft, full curtains at the windows and chairs set round in the yard, and the air is wonderfully sweet." "But oh! but oh, the pump! Was anything ever bluer? The girl went cautiously up to the brilliant apparition, but Mrs. Quinn called her back in a panic. "Look out!" she warned. "Terry's just—I mean somebody's just been painting that. You'll get all blued up, my dear!" Terry had just—somebody had just been painting the pump! Queer! Queer anybody should take pains to paint an abandoned pump! "But it isn't so queer as the pump itself," the girl thought. "I don't wonder that somebody took pains! I wonder if it could have been—I believe it was! And the grass, of course he cut that. That's why it's so short." She wheeled and faced Mrs. Quinn with shining eyes. "I believe somebody has done all this!" she cried. "I believe it was your boy!" "Terry's a good boy," murmured his mother, smiling. "He's great," the girl said, with an unsteady little laugh, "but I don't believe he'd want me to thank him—!" "No!" Mrs. Quinn cried, with gentle emphasis. "Dear heart, no, Terry wouldn't!" "Then you must do it for me. Tell him it has made all the difference in the world. Tell him I like the Parsons place—and the pump is beautiful! I never knew what the country was like before, or a country boy. I'm glad I know now!" The sweet June days filed by in their tender, lingering way. Before they were quite gone the invalid mother was at the Parsons place, and already her thin cheeks were taking a faint hint of color from the wonderful country air. Molly was housekeeping under the eysingas, and the girl was housekeeping in-doors. The Parsons place was alive again. Down the road a little way Terry whistled cheerfully about his homely work, and grew browner still. He had forgotten that he had ever done anything to help anybody, but the girl did not forget it.—Youth's Companion.

TELEPHONE LANGUAGE. A Form of Rudeness That Might Be Corrected. "Why is it that men and women persist in using language over the telephone which is not permissible under other circumstances?" asked a man who is a stickler for good form in all the walks and relations of life. "It is a curious fact that men and women will say things to each other and ask questions over the telephone which under other circumstances would not be allowable. Really they would not go to the front door, ring the bell, and when the woman of the house appeared, he would ask, 'Who are you?' what do you think the woman would say? What would you say to the man who called you out from a cozy corner in your home just simply to find out who you are? Why, you would feel like booting him over the fence, and no man would blame you for it. Most men would feel the same way under similar circumstances. Yet we allow men and women to do this very thing when it comes to speaking over the phone. "When a man calls at a strange place he is generally polite enough to ask if Mr. So-and-So lives at the place, or if Mr. So-and-So is in, or something of that sort. He would not think of asking the man who he was. But mark the difference when it comes to using the telephone. 'Who is that?' a fellow will shriek, when the call is answered. Now, I object to this sort of thing. It doesn't sound exactly right from the way I look at things. 'Who is that?' The practice is positively vulgar, and when a man hurls the question at me he generally gets a sharp answer and one that means it is none of his business particularly, and I am not particularly polite in my way of reminding him of the fact. Why do men and women persist in asking 'Who is that?' Why can't they have the decency to ask what number it is, or whether this is Mr. So-and-So, or some other question which would at least approximate the decencies of the occasion? "The mere fact that a man is talking over the telephone does not give him the right to override the little niceties which are usually observed in conversation. So far as I am concerned I object to the liberty, and I have a quarrel nearly every day on account of the practice. 'Who is that?' Well, I really lose my temper when I think of it, and it is in my opinion distinctly and thoroughly ungentlemanly, impertinent and several other things which may not be mentioned in polite society. 'Who is that?' Think of it. It is a low down piece of vulgarity, and men and women ought to quit using the expression.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR. The Common Trait. Some men are born to win renown, And some to plod in lonely ways; Some come to sweep the tenuous strings, And some to lead in bloody fray. Some yearn for honor, some for wealth, And some the love of women wish, But no boy ever saw a pole Without the old desire to fish. —Chicago Record-Herald. Quite a Gusher. Friend—"Then your oil is really gushing?" Promoter—"Say! It's gushing like a prospectus!"—Puck. A High Roller. Mildred—"There comes Cholly in his new forty-horse-power auto." Algernon—"Yes. He's going the pace that kills."—New York Sun. Ping-Pong. "When a man calls at a strange place he is generally polite enough to ask if Mr. So-and-So lives at the place, or if Mr. So-and-So is in, or something of that sort. He would not think of asking the man who he was. But mark the difference when it comes to using the telephone. 'Who is that?' a fellow will shriek, when the call is answered. Now, I object to this sort of thing. 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Well, I really lose my temper when I think of it, and it is in my opinion distinctly and thoroughly ungentlemanly, impertinent and several other things which may not be mentioned in polite society. 'Who is that?' Think of it. It is a low down piece of vulgarity, and men and women ought to quit using the expression.—New Orleans Times-Democrat. Suicide on the Increase. The mania for self-destruction is on the increase. Life certainly presents, in most countries, many more agreeable features than it did a generation ago. Yet the desire to abandon it increases yearly. The total number of suicides is swelling enormously. Is it increase of the greater prevalence of nervous diseases? An English alienist, Mr. Styles, has been at some pains to investigate this subject, with wholly discouraging results. The story of his discoveries may best be expressed in figures. Some forty years ago the average number of suicides was, in Sweden, one to every 92,000 inhabitants; in Russia, one to every 35,000 inhabitants; in the United States, one to every 15,000 inhabitants, and in the great cities, like London and St. Petersburg, one to every 21,000 inhabitants. It is plain that we made a dismal showing even then. In France, chosen for illustration because it offers the most startling revelations, Mr. Styles found for every 100,000 inhabitants, during the years 1841 to 1845, 9 suicides; from 1846 to 1850, 10 suicides; from 1851 to 1870, 12 suicides; from 1871 to 1875, 15 suicides; from 1876 to 1880, 17 suicides; in 1889, 21 suicides; in 1893, 22, and in 1894, 26. From 1826 to 1890 the proportion of suicides in Belgium has augmented 72 per cent; in Prussia, 411 per cent; in Austria, 238 per cent; in Sweden and Denmark, 72 per cent, and 35 per cent, respectively, and in France 31 per cent.—St. Louis Star. Tip to Boarding Houses. Wood is to be the newest food, says Heinrich Reh, a professor of chemistry in Berlin. He has secured a patent upon a form of animal fodder which has sawdust as its chief ingredient. He argues that animals have a decided liking for young shoots, roots of shrubs, tree bark and other heavy food of the same nature, and since experiments have proved that the nutriment contained in such growth remains in it even after it has become wood, he observes that with a little salt and water added to it the sawdust will prove to be a highly nourishing diet. He has statistics to prove it. Pine, birch, poplar, alder, acacia, beech and walnut woods and straw have been analyzed chemically by him, and he finds that the wood has vastly more albumen, nitrogen and fatty substances than the straw. The inventor claims a very cheap cattle food can be prepared in this manner, to which may be added potato peelings, corn husks and shells of grain, and the residue from the sugar beet after the sugar has been extracted.—Answers. Peru's Purchases. Peru bought last year from England \$3,353,000 worth; from the United States, \$1,981,000; from France, \$1,580,000. Nearly half her purchases, in value, were fancy articles, groceries, cottons, woollens and furniture coming next. A Cathedral City. Goulburn, in New South Wales, Holds the Pride of Position. Each of the Australian States possesses several large cities representing so many dioceses, and having large and beautiful cathedrals, both Anglican and Roman Catholic. Among those in New South Wales, Goulburn may be regarded as holding the pride of position, forming as it does, the busy metropolis of the southern half of the State. It is situated on the main line connecting Brisbane and Sydney with Melbourne and Adelaide, being 134 miles south of Sydney and 574 miles northeast of Melbourne. By many Goulburn has been regarded as a suitable site for the proposed federal capital. It possesses all the cheery surroundings of a large and well-ordered city, the main thoroughfares of which rival the Parisian boulevards in their width, the precision with which they are laid out, and the systematic use of shade trees. The great feature of the city is the Anglican cathedral, which, so far as ecclesiastical adornment goes, puts to shame that in the metropolis. It is one of the finest edifices of its kind in Australia, and portion of a day may well be employed in the inspection of its manifold attractions. It is in the Gothic style, its internal length being 150 feet. The nave and aisles are fifty-four feet in width, the transepts being ninety-six feet in length, and like the nave and aisles, fifty-four feet in width, the ground plan thus forming a perfect cross. The walls of the chancel, nave and transepts are adorned with elegant medallions, beautifully carved in stone, representing incidents in the life of Christ. There are also numerous fine stained glass windows, depicting subjects of a biblical character. The pulpit—a gift from Warwickshire—is of Caen stone, from the same quarries that supplied the material for the famous Normandy Cathedral. It is of extremely tasteful design, somewhat like what visitors to churches in continental Europe are familiar, the central figure, within a sunken panel, being of the Saviour, having the prophet Elijah on the right and Moses and Peter on the left. The font—a present from Staffordshire—is in a similar style of art. There is also a handsome brass lectern, and the bishop's throne, the communion table and chairs are of English oak, richly carved. There are numerous tasteful accessories, the whole making the cathedral interior one of the finest examples of ecclesiastical art in Australia. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is another noble structure, and, in addition, Goulburn possesses handsome public and private buildings. Although, with the exception of its cathedral, Goulburn contains little to specially attract the attention of the tourist, it forms an admirable starting point for several interesting localities. War. In war, as a general thing, somebody has to be beaten; and as there is always war somewhere, it is woeful to think of the heavy heart, oppressed with defeat, that a good part of the world must be carrying around with it. An immortal work might be written on the history and philosophy of national defeat and humiliation, and the lessons, benefits and vaster victories than those of arms that great peoples have drawn from them. The Boers, like the ner blend of plucky races that they are, appear already to be organizing their defeat into a moral victory. Who can imagine our South and more Southern, any more completely possessed of itself, than it is now, forty years after its great defeat? If France has fallen behind in Europe, it is not because it was beaten in 1871. No nation was ever more heavily heartened than was France after its humiliation, yet all Frenchmen now know that when the country was delivered from the incubus of Bonapartism and from the basest of national vanities, it was helped, not hurt. It is steeper, freer, stronger, for the experience. The Germans themselves were beaten into unity, and therefore into greatness, by Bonaparte. Mexico surpasses all other Latin-American countries in practical sense, largely because it has been twice humbled by conquest. Thus it has been all over the world. Yet here are we of the United States of America, a nation said to be as vain as we are vast, unbeaten as yet, but, according to some of our European friends, needing a sound thrashing badly. We think we are unbeaten. It might be well for us to consider that defeat does not always come from a force beyond our boundaries. We may watch lest it come from within.—Harper's Weekly. A New Safety Explosive. According to the Engineering and Mining Journal, an interesting series of tests of a new explosive were made recently at Sands Point, L. I., the summer residence of the inventor, M. F. L. M. Masury. The new explosive is called "masurite," and is claimed to be absolutely safe from explosion or fire except when fired by an electrically exploded cap. It was pounded on anvils, thrown into fires, had white hot pokers thrust into masses of it, was placed near dynamite and the latter exploded, and ground to powder between sandpaper and emery, all without disturbing its equilibrium in the least. But when the cartridges were properly capped and detonated they exploded with a force equivalent to about forty per cent. that of dynamite. One of the remarkable features of the test was the entire absence of flame at the time of the explosion. For this reason it is claimed that masurite can be used with perfect safety in the most gaseous coal mines. Nothing is said regarding the composition of the new powder.



A Man's Ideas. "Marriage often changes a man's ideas of life." "Yes, few men see things the same after exchanging views with their wives."—Brooklyn Life. Getting His Speed. Mistress—"Bridget, my husband says he hasn't been able to catch that 8.10 train for a week." Cook—"Tell him not to worry, mum! He'll soon run himself into condition!"—Puck. My Sermons. Clergyman (lately come to parish)—"Your neighbor Smith says my sermons are rubbish." Farmer—"Ah, you needn't mind him, sir; 'e's merely a mouthpiece for other folks."—Tit-Bits. No Danger. The Hippopotamus—"I suppose you think I'm the ugliest brute in the jungle." The Monkey—"Well—er—" The Hippopotamus—"Oh! Don't be afraid to speak out! I'm thick-skinned!"—Puck. Not What He Meant. Mrs. Dimpleton (the proud mother)—"Now, Mr. Tutter, I shan't expect you to say anything about the baby. I know it isn't always easy for a bachelor to express himself." Tutter—"You are more than kind. I was just wondering what I could possibly say."—Life. The Gas Bill Was All Right. Mr. Housekeeper—"This bill is wrong." Gas Office Clerk—"Impossible." Mr. Housekeeper—"But I say I didn't use that much gas." Gas Office Clerk—"Ah! then that's your fault, or the meter's, but the bill's all right, for we made it up ourselves right here!"—Philadelphia Press. A Poet's Word in Question. "Poets are extremely impractical people," said the pessimist. "What makes you think so?" "Here is one who advises the reader to 'be a hero in the strife.' He evidently has not observed what happens to heroes when they pass the climax of popularity and the reaction sets in."—Washington Star. What He Really Said. Mrs. Buffers—"The teller at that bank says you are just the meanest, stingiest—" Mr. Buffers—"Great Scott! What's that? He says—" Mrs. Buffers—"Well, he didn't say it in so many words, but that is what he meant, of course." Mr. Buffers—"See here! What did the fellow say?" Mrs. Buffers—"He asked me to endorse the check, and when I told him I hadn't the ghost of an idea what he meant he said he presumed I hadn't had much experience getting checks cashed. So, there!"—New York Weekly. As Others See Them. Old Gotrocks—"Do you know that you have been publicly referred to as the idle son of a successful banker?" Gotrocks, Junior—"And are you aware, sir, that you are known in our best circles as the father of the champion amateur baseball pitcher?"—New York Journal.



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