

HOMeward BOUND.

The train goes roaring up the track,
The sun is in the west;
The smoke rolls eastward, dense and black,
And I complacently lean back—
To-day I've done my best.
I think of one who waits out there
To greet me with a shout,
And I will kiss him and will fare
Across the open fields to where
The lights are peeping out.

Contentment fills my heart to-night,
The fates and God are kind;
I've worked to-day with all my might,
And I can feel, with strong delight,
The miles recede behind.
Ah, but the years will pass away,
And I am doomed to see
A change that parents only may—
The child will be a man some day,
Who waits to-night for me.
—S. E. Kiser.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF DOOLITTLE WRIGHT

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE

WHAT'S in a name? That is what Shakespeare says; but it is my belief, if he had had the one that was hung like an incubus around my neck ever since I was old enough to have any name at all, he would have sung quite another tune. I ascribe to mine all the misfortunes that have followed me from that time to this, and which have been neither few nor light.

My paternal cognomen is Wright. Not remarkable for elegance, it is true, but if it had been prefixed by John, James or Henry, it would have been in no way distinguishable from those borne by the rest of my neighbors. But, unfortunately for me, I had a maternal uncle by the name of Doolittle Tickellum.

He was rich and a bachelor, with no nearer relatives than nephews and nieces, and, when I came into this world of toil and trouble, my father, having a fatherly eye to my future needs, proposed that I should be named for him.

To do my mother justice, at first she strenuously opposed it. Thoroughly imbued with the idea under which most mothers labor that her baby was considerably lighter and prettier than other women's babies; in fact, something altogether extraordinary, she was proportionately indignant at the suggestion.

I was lying, kicking and screaming, upon her knee, if my photograph taken at that interesting age can be relied upon, as ordinary a specimen of the countless throng of infant humanity as it is possible to imagine. But catching me rapturously to her bosom, she nearly smothered me with kisses, declaring "that I was an itty, precious darling, the pittiest, sweetest baby that ever was! And that papa ought to be ashamed of himself to think of giving it such a horrid name."

But when my father set strongly before her the substantial benefits that might accrue to me from this stroke of policy, alluding to the artful ways with which Cousin Sophronia, another of the nieces, tried to interest our rich relative in her spoiled, disagreeable Tommy, she yielded a reluctant consent.

"But just think, Henry, how horridly it sounds! Doolittle Tickellum Wright! It's perfectly dreadful!"
"He can change it in a few years—before he is old enough to have it do him any harm, I dare say. Your uncle is an old man, my dear, and can't live forever."

But he seemed likely to do so. From the day that there was thrust upon me that luckless name he appeared to take a new lease of life, and to grow younger, instead of older, every succeeding year.

Uncle Doolittle was duly informed of the honor that was done him, to which he responded very graciously by sending me a silver mug, together with the assurance that "if I did honor to the name it bore he would do something handsome for me."

He lived in an adjoining State. When I was ten years old my father took me to see him. He was a lively, well-preserved old gentleman, whose full, florid face was rendered still more full and florid by the snowy hair and beard that surrounded it.

He patted me on the head, hoped that I would live to be an honor to my name, repeating the above assurance—"if I did he would do something handsome for me."

I had already experienced some of the disadvantages of the name to which he had alluded, and, in spite of the tutoring I had received from my father, a feeling of sullen resentment swelled by heart, which must have found expression in my countenance, for the old man shook his head as he looked at me, saying, in quite another tone:

"I hope you'll try to be a credit to it."
"Father," said I, as we walked down the steps into the street, "I hate my name; all the boys laugh and make fun of it."

"Never you mind that, my boy; when you get this fine house into your hands, as perhaps you will some day, it will be your turn to laugh."

Boy as I was, the idea was a very consoling one. True, my Uncle Doolittle had many relatives as well as great wealth, but who so likely to inherit the bulk of it as his namesake? Still, granting this, there were times when I felt, in the bitterness of my soul, that I was likely to earn dearly all I should receive.

I shall never forget my first day at school. Mr. Bumbleby, the head master, had fiery-red hair and the fiery temper that usually accompanies it.

He was in an unusually irritable mood that morning.
"Hold up your head and speak so I can hear you!" he roared, as I faltered out my name.

A titter ran through the long line of boys as I obeyed.
Turning very red, Mr. Bumbleby brought the rattle down over my shoulders with a force and energy that made me dance about very lively.

"I'll teach you!" he cried, as soon as he could speak, "not to come here with any of your low jokes."
It was some time before I could convince him that my name was no joke—which, indeed, it was very far from being to me—and then, instead of manifesting any regret, he bid me take my seat, muttering "that a boy with such a name as that wouldn't be likely to get any more of that sort of thing than he deserved."

Mr. Bumbleby carried this theory into practice, and the consequence was that I got considerably more of "that sort of thing" than any other boy in school.

Once he said, with sarcastic emphasis that cannot be put upon paper:
"Doolittle Wright, I suppose you have got your lesson just about the same you always get it!"

Though I knew it perfectly before coming into my class, every vestige of it vanished from my mind.

Then, as I stood hesitating and stammering:
"Ha! I thought so! Take your seat. I'll attend to you presently."

The attentions, thus grimly alluded to, became very frequent, far more so than were agreeable.

In this way my schoolboy days passed. Nor did my troubles end here. When I left school, my uncle was duly notified of the fact, with the expectation that he would now give some earnest of the hopes, so often held out, but never realized.

But as he made no response to this, save to repeat the often expressed hope, that I would do credit to a name I hated, and as it was necessary that I should do something for my own support, I began to cast about what that something should be.

Like most young men of my calibre and expectations, I wanted some nice, easy berth, with little to do and a large salary. Having heard of a vacancy of this kind in an insurance office, with whose President my father's family had been long and favorably known, I applied for it.

The President looked at me, then at my credentials, and then at me.
"Sorry, very sorry, young man. Known your father a good many years, also his father before him. No doubt, whatever of your competency. But—what, it couldn't be thought of."

"Why not?" I said, in astonishment.
"What possible objection have you to me?"

"No objection at all to you! It's your name I object to. Doolittle Wright! It would cast discredit on the company, as you can see for yourself. Take my advice and change it."

But I did not yield the matter thus. Hearing of a well-established and lucrative business that wanted a working partner, I offered my services, and with very fair prospects of success, until forced to mention my first name.

"Doolittle Wright!" exclaimed the senior partner, with whom I was conversing. "That sounds badly! You might drop your first name, I suppose, and take the other. You'll have to, if you come into the firm."

"Then, glancing at my letter to him, which was signed D. T. Wright, he added:
"What does T. stand for?"

"I was in for it now, and there was nothing to do but to go forward.
"Tickellum."
"Tickellum, did you say? Why, that is worse if anything than the other—more ridiculous, at all events. A man who will give an inoffending child such names as those ought to be indicted by the Grand Jury. All I can say to you is, get rid of them as speedily as possible. Good morning, sir!"

I never felt more strongly inclined to do this in my life, and that is saying a great deal. But I knew my uncle would take mortal offense at it, who was now prostrated by one of the attacks to which he was subject, and which threatened to be his last. It would be a pity, after enduring so much, to fail when the goal was near.

So, after various other attempts, ending just as disastrously, I accepted a second rate clerkship in a small retail store, with a correspondingly small salary. This was something of a come down to my ambitious hopes, but I consoled myself with the thought that my uncle's declining health made it only a temporary arrangement.

At this juncture I completed the sum of my tribulations by falling in love. The object of this, Miss Clara Montague, was certainly fair and lovely enough to excuse the folly, if folly it was. She had also some property in her own right, by no means a small consideration to me.

So far as could be judged, the attraction was mutual; the fair Clara, if not so demonstrative, seemingly to be equally as well pleased.

The reader will readily infer that I did not bring into any marked prominence my luckless name. In fact, she was in entire ignorance of it, until one of my rivals maliciously alluded to it, and in a way to cover me with ridicule.

The next time I visited her she received me with marked coolness. When I pressed her for a reason, she opened fire on me by declaring "that she never could marry any one with such a ridiculous name!"

"But you can easily change it," she added, in a more gracious tone, "and if you have the regard for me you have professed, you will not hesitate to do so."

I assured the fair speaker "that my name was as distasteful to me as to her; that I was named for a rich and aged uncle, who would be greatly displeased—"

Here Miss Montague arose.
"Very well, Mr. Doolittle Wright—very appropriate name. I should say you will do as you like, of course. But if you would rather displease me than your uncle, you needn't take the trouble to call again; for I never will marry a man with such a ridiculous name."

Exit Miss Montague, leaving me to my not very pleasing reflections.

While I was debating which of the horns of this perplexing dilemma to take, I received a telegram that my uncle was at the point of death.

He had frequently been at the point of death before; but, in accordance with my invariable practice when receiving such notice, I went to see him.

I found the old gentleman very low; in fact, scarcely able to more than gasp forth his intention of "doing something handsome for me."

"You will find it in—my will, when I am gone," he whispered, as I bent over him.

But, true to the program that he had apparently laid down for himself, to delay that desirable event as long as possible, he lingered nearly six weeks.

The same paper that contained the news of his demise recorded the marriage of Miss Clara Montague.

As bitter a pill as this was to swallow, I was consoled by the thought that I was now about to be rewarded for all my trials and mortifications.

When my uncle's will was opened, it was found that he had left sums, varying from one to ten thousand dollars to all his numerous kith and kin, leaving a double portion to the very few "who hadn't bothered him," as he expressed it.

To me, "his beloved namesake," he bequeathed the full-length portrait of himself that hangs in the library, knowing that his tender affection for the original would make him prize it beyond anything else he could bestow.

If there are any curious to see said legacy, they will find it in the attic of my present abode, with its face to the wall.

I have taken my father's name, though no one seems to be aware of the fact, all my acquaintances insisting on calling me by the one I have borne so long, and which I seem likely to bear to the end of the chapter—Doolittle Wright.—New York Weekly.

Plants' Quest of Sunlight.
Though it has never been proved that plants have brains, it has been proved often that there is some power within them whereby they combat evil conditions and seek what is best for their good.

A resident of Castle Valley, Pa., has a vine that showed itself last month to have, if not a brain, a substitute of equal value. This vine, a young one, grew in a clay pot. A stick stood in the middle of the spot, and the vine curled up it. It was about two feet in height; in length, it would have measured four feet.

Usually the vine was placed in a south window every morning, where it absorbed all day the benefit of the sun's rays. It happened, however, through an oversight, that one afternoon the shutter shaded half the window and the vine was set in the shutter's shadow. A foot away was the sunlight, warm, glittering, life-giving, but where the plant stood there was nothing but gloom.

"During the four days the vine stood in the shadow with the sunlight near it, it did something that proved it to have a faculty akin to intelligence. It uncurled itself from its supporting stick, and like a living thing it crawled over the window ledge to the sun.

This vine, to be sure, did not uncurl itself and crawl with the rapid movements of a snake. Its movements were, indeed, so slow as to be imperceptible. Nevertheless, looking about, it overcame every obstacle, and finally it lay basking in the sun.—Portland Oregonian.

Painted Paragraphs.
People read too much and learn too little.
If a man doesn't do right he is apt to get left.
Trouble seldom fails to call on the man who expects it.
The only use a girl has for a Cude is to make some man jealous.
All the world's a stage and most of the actors are the pedestrians.
Dead men tell no tales, but it's different with the writers of obituaries.
The wideawake chap in the bald-head row at burlesque shows always sleeps when he goes to church.—Chicago News.



IN WOMAN'S REALM

Didn't Use Slang.
Apropos of the slang habit among American women, this story is told of one of them.

When Henry M. Stanley and Mrs. Stanley were last in this country, Mrs. Stanley, after a dinner party one evening, spoke of the amount of slang used by American women, whereat one of the women sitting near her said:

"My dear Mrs. Stanley, you do us injustice. American women do not use slang nearly as much as English women do. Why, if I should use a word of slang my husband would jump on me with both feet."

Mrs. Stanley apparently acquiesced, but she doubtless was scarcely convinced.

Watermelon Luncheons.
Watermelon luncheons are a popular diversion that may be commended to those who wish to give a simple al fresco entertainment. A pile of choice melons are gathered and cooled and invitations sent out for a gathering of the neighboring clans. Rugs, hammocks and camp and lounging chairs are placed about in the shade, piles of plates and forks are set in some convenient place, where every one can help himself, while the master of ceremonies, with a long sharp knife, carves melon after melon into big segments for the jolly crowd. Large baskets are placed near to receive the rinds, which pile up past belief to those who never participated in a luncheon of this sort.

The Economical Bride.
They were from up the State and were newly wed. Part of the bridal tour included a visit to the Aquarium. The fish hatchery exhibit interested the bride, who was of frugal disposition. After watching the embryo water denizens in various stages of development she said:

"John, dear, you know we agreed to raise our own poultry to save expense. Don't you think it would be a good idea to do the same with fishes? Suppose you see the man in charge here and buy a dozen trout eggs. That will be enough for a start, and you can ask for directions for raising them. We might put a pan of water in the incubator with the eggs. It looks easy and I'm awfully fond of fish."—New York Press.

The Smart Woman's Bathing Suit.
One swimming suit.
One costume for surf bathing.
Two or more much trimmed suits for still water frolicking.
One or two highly picturesque sun bath costumes.
Half a dozen sunbonnets to match costumes.
Ditto silk and rubber bathing caps.
A dozen sashes, belts and neckties of shades to suit.
Two dozen pairs of silk and open-work hose.
A choice collection of hose, in high and low effects, in colors to match each costume.
Likewise gloves.
The same beach umbrellas.
At least two long bath coats to slip on over the scantier get-up.
And once there was a time when a single blue flannel sailor suit, a big straw hat and a pair of black stockings answered for the whole collection listed above.

A Washwomen's Strike.
The humble washwoman is not generally considered a fount of disturbance of the peace save as a cause of profanity when she washes off the buttons on the underlines of the male sex—much less as a starter of strikes. Nevertheless, because of several washwomen about three years ago a strike was instituted at Dayton, Ohio, which cost that city and the hundreds of people employed in a big cash register company located therein over a half million of dollars. John H. Patterson, the president of the cash register company, furnished towels to his employees and also paid a number of women to wash them. Curiously enough it was these very employees who were being supplied without cost to themselves of these conveniences who rebelled at the washing—the washers being women who belonged to no union. The result was a strike that lasted some months.

A Famous Woman Painter.
Fraulein Grete Waldan, the first woman painter to receive an order from the German Government, who decorated the hall of the German building at the Paris Exposition with wall paintings, has again been commissioned to furnish paintings for the St. Louis Exposition. She is contributing to the Exposition a number of views of the Krupp plant, two of the forging of a cannon gun and the darning of plates for ironclads—certainly no everyday subjects for a woman. She made studies for them on the spot. The other two paintings present the celebrated mines of Konigshtutte, in Silesia, with smelt-

ers in full activity. The contrast between the winter landscape (portrayed at ten degrees out of doors), the dark clouds of smoke and the red glow of the fire, is said to be admirably rendered.

Another painting by the same artist, destined for the hall of honor at the educational building, represents the famous Berlin thoroughfare "Unter den Linden," with the new library, as it will appear when finished. It is intended to give an idea of modern German architecture.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

To Clean a Summer Gown.
How many summer frocks does a woman give up because she is afraid of their fate in the laundry? She pictures her roses turned into small archaic flags, and her lace mitts shrunk into half hose, and her wool chiffon done into melancholy rags, for unsentimental washing does these cruel tricks to pretty cloths.

But there is one way of getting delicate things clean without injuring their texture or losing their color, and that is by using borax water. Dip all fine printed lawns, chiffon and laces first into a pail of cold borax water, two tablespoonfuls to a bucket of water; leave the lace and muslin immersed for ten minutes, take the chiffon out almost immediately. Then rinse through borax suds having a shaving of castile soap. Never boil delicate fabrics. Last, rinse in two waters, first warm and then cold.

Do not wring, but let them drip dry in the wind, out in the sun. Just before they are quite dry take them from the lines and slip in the hands a few minutes. Press muslins and chiffons on the wrong side, but pin lace onto a clean sheet that has been fastened to the carpet; stretch it tight while pinning and when dry it will look like new.

Women's Strength.
A young mother was boasting the other day of her baby, her first and naturally the most wonderful baby in the world. Among other things she told of her strength, and remarked that it was an inheritance from herself. She belonged to a family of strong bodies and healthy minds obtained through a free outdoor life in which walking, rowing and swimming played an important part. "But mother is losing her strength," she remarked, and in further explanation I gleaned that in the pursuit of a hobby she had sacrificed a precious gift. She was devoted to painting and worked at it long after she had become conscious of extreme weariness.

It will not be hard to guess the end. She will have to give it up when weariness becomes chronic. It might be avoided by discretion; if she would rest when she first becomes conscious of a lack of freshness she might still be one of a strong family. But she is of the thin class driven by the whirl of duty and the fear of not being able to turn every minute to account. A fig for that kind of duty. It is a duty to rest, to enjoy yourself, just as much a duty as to work or sleep. I believe there are women who regard sleep as a bit unnecessary and take as little of it as possible, but I do not belong to the number.—Boston Traveler.

FRILLS OF FASHION

A net that is delicately ribbed with silk is novel.
Such dainty parasols are covered with flowered tulle.
A checked skirt with a little black taffeta jacket is a good combination.
A net gown flounced with cloth is one of the fashionable incongruities.
Most of the Eton jackets are cut shorter than those worn in the winter.
Etiasses of embroidered batiste are much smarter than those of thin China silk.
A new wrinkle in chiffon is a gauzy fabric with pattern outlined in dravy threads.
Ready-made walking skirts of hair so scarce last year, are now to be found in abundance.
Full top sleeves shirred to the wrist under sleeve with a cap beading—distinguish a nobly pongee coat.
A closely draped bodice, defining the lines of waist and bust, succeeds blouse effects on the newest gowns.
This year's lily yoke is shallower than last season's and generally formed of fine cordings and shirrings.
Poke bonnet effects, tied with big bows under the chin, are much in evidence at smart afternoon gatherings.
Brown is a hot color, and only the woman to whom nothing else is becoming will wear it through the summer.

The Woman of It.
When Mrs. Pot met Mrs. Kettle the memory of the little dispute of their husbands was fresh in their minds. However, Mrs. Pot got over it gracefully, and the other members of the club said no one could have been nicer or more thoughtful about it. Mrs. Kettle advanced cordially, took Mrs. Pot's hand and murmured her pleasure. Mrs. Pot cried:
"So glad to see you! And how well you look! Black, my dear, is so becoming to you!"—Judge.

He Found It.
In one of the neighboring cities a family was seated at dinner, when the doorbell was rung. The servant went to the door. It was noticed that she held long parleying, and it was surmised, consequently, that there was some element of uncertainty in the interview. On her return, the master of the house inquired:
"Well, Bridget, who was it?"
"It was a gentleman, sir, looking for the wrong house,"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

New Crease to the Trousers.
A feature of style said to have been introduced by the King is to have the creases in the trousers at the side and leg seam instead of back and front. Already a few West End dandies have adopted this plan, but as the effect of this innovation is to produce a thicker appearance to the leg, we do not anticipate any general adoption of this fashion.—Tailor and Cutter.

To Circle the Globe on Foot.
Last year Oscar Zeller, of Zossen, started on foot from Berlin for a trip around the world. His plan was to go via Mukden, Vladivostok, and Japan to America. The war frustrated that plan, and he has now started for Bering Straits, along the northernmost Siberian telegraph line. His success is considered very doubtful.

A London Husband's Pledge.
A man recently summoned in a London Police Court by his wife for assault, finally agreed to sign the following document:
"I promise that I will never strike my wife again; never use bad language; always be just; give her all my wages; and always make her comfortable."

How Jap Children Write.
The pens used by the children of Japan consist of bamboo and rabbits' hair. The pen itself is a tiny brush of hair tied to the end of a bamboo stick; it doesn't seem possible that writing under such circumstances could be good, but Japanese children really write very well, indeed.

Our Fruit Export.
Exports of fruit from the United States in the fiscal year 1904 will exceed \$20,000,000, against less than \$3,000,000 in 1894 and less than \$2,000,000 in 1884. The growth in the exportation of fruits from the United States has been very rapid during the last few years.

THE FROG AS A SENTRY.

How a Fisherman's Luck Was Spoiled by a Green Croaker.
A Pennsylvania fisherman has discovered that bullfrogs act as sentries to fish, and that it is useless to try to catch bass when a deep voiced, bellowing frog is watching. The hint comes at a most seasonable time, and it would be ungenerous not to spread the information as widely as possible. The keen observer spoke of his experiences along the shores of French Creek to illustrate. He had gone out after black bass, had caught ten big ones, and was in high spirits, when "suddenly I heard a frog strike up, off to my left, with a tremendous bellow. I looked around. There sat a big green fellow on a stump. When I looked at him he turned one of his big froggy eyes upon me, and I give you my word that if that frog didn't wink at me, then nobody ever was winked at. It was just exactly as if he said to me:
"Oh, I'm onto you!"
"I thought I would fish a while longer, just to test the frog-spying theory. Five minutes passed. Then the frog let loose again.
"I looked around. He gave me another wink. I fished for half an hour, during which time the frog croaked ten times, and I got not so much as a nibble.
"This settles it," said.
"I chucked a stone at the frog. It missed him, but he skedaddled off the stump and disappeared under the water.
"I fished again. In less than two minutes I hooked a three-pound bass. I landed him, and within a quarter of an hour I landed three more good ones.
"Then I heard the croak of a frog again. I looked around. There was the same impudent old chap on the stump, and from the way he glared at me, I knew that he knew I had discovered his little game.
"As long as I let him remain there and croak I did not catch a bass or get a bite. Then I took out my revolver and shot him. Fifteen minutes after that I had three more big bass!"
To fishermen this evidence should be conclusive, and the hint valuable.—New York Post.

Got the Wrong Bride.
Before the magistrate of Alipore, recently, one Mothu Sudan Daft was charged with having unceremoniously assaulted Nohogopal Chatterjee, a matchmaker of the locality. The complainant had negotiated the marriage of the accused's son. The bride was shown to the father, and ample marriage gifts were promised. The marriage was celebrated within closed doors, and on the following morning the accused found that an ugly girl, instead of the one shown to him, was the real bride.—Allahabad Pioneer.

Division of Property.
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