IN MY HOUSE OF MOURNING.

In my house of mourning,
Day and night went bleeding by.
In my house of mourning,
What for life itself cared I!

In my house of mourning,
With no one bidden there,
In my house of mourning,
Laughter met me on the stair!
—Evelyn Phinney, in the Century.

Two Stowaways.

By Frank J. Dwyer.

It was on August 17, 1906, while waiting on the wharf at Cape Town for the launch to take me aboard the White Star liner Medic—on which I was a passenger from Sydney, Australia, to London—that a thin, wild-eyed man offered me a branch of South African silver leaves for a penny—one-third of the price asked by the other venders. I purchased them, and he questioned me about the Australian colonies, afterwards relating the horrible experience that he had undergone while a stowaway on a wool ship some few months before. I have added nothing to the narrative. I may add that my wife heard part of the story, and on returning to the ship I told it to two fellow-passengers, who can confirm my statements. Unfortunately—having at the time no idea of writing the story for publication—I did not ascertain the man's name or that of the ship concerned.

There was a clanging of bells, a mingling of loud orders that came from a dozen different sources, and the ship moved. The screws revolved slowly, as if lazy after their six weeks' idleness, and the black water of Woolloomooloo Bay was thumped into dirty foam.

The stowaway, packed tight between the bales of Riverina wool, gave a sigh of relief.

"At last," he muttered; "another few hours of that would have driven me insane."

The greasy wool made the air thick and heavy and the darkness appalled him, but, wedged in the narrow passage, he attempted a dance of joy. The suspense was over. The screw churned merrily, and the ship throbbed as if quivering with excitement.

The man forgot the darkness and the stench from the wool and hides as he reviewed his position. Two years of starvation and poverty had been his lot. Two years of utter misery, with black days that he could not bear to look back upon, and away over there was London—calling, always calling. Out there beyond the harbor the lights of Piccadilly and the Strand beckoned him home, and the dull roar of the big city buzzed through his brain when memory covered up the horrors of yesterday and took him back.

Now he was going home—going home! The screw seemed to chant the words as it whizzed round, and he flattened himself out against the bales to listen. How often had he thought of this moment when lying awake through long nights spent in dirty dosshouses, or shivering with cold in open parks!

Every few minutes he calculated the distance the ship had covered. Now they had passed the Gardens, now Darling Point and Rose Bay, and now—he laid his head on a bale and wept—the ship had passed through Sydney Heads, and he felt the Pacific take the big, wool-laden tramp to her bosom, and lift her up and down as if to weigh the amount of cotton she held between her paint-blistered sides.

He shut his eyes as if to blot out his surroundings and, leaning back, told himself once more that every turn of the screw was carrying him nearer home, where friends and relations were waiting to receive him—the wanderer who had gone out to the rim of the world and had returned again. In nine weeks he would be there; nine weeks of suffering and privation they would be, but nothing to the two years of agony he had endured. He lay in a dream of bliss listening to the creaking and groaning of the big beams as they complained of the swell, and the inch, the rolling of the boat lulled him to sleep, and he slumbered deeply.

When he awoke the darkness disturbed him for a moment, then he remembered where he was and hummed a verse of an old school ditty. He was at the end of a little passageway that separated the bales of flax and wool, and he thought to stretch his legs by moving up and down the twelve-inch tracks. He slipped from the edge of the bale on which he sat; then he gave a wild yell and sprang back, for out of the darkness came a warning hiss. Hardly daring to breathe, he waited, until presently a stray bar of light came down like a thread of steel from above and fell on the head of a snake curled up on a bale of flax directly in his path. The tiny, glittering eyes looked at him menacingly for a second; then the light faded away and the man flattened himself out against the bales in an agony of terror.

A cold perspiration covered his face and arms. At first he sobbed in fear, but a warning hiss came from the watcher in front, and he forced himself to silence.

He had no remembrance of the remainder of that day. He stood stupefied, not daring to move an inch, till again out of the darkness came the thread of light—to fall once more on the head of the reptile. Like the man, it had not moved. The evil eyes met his, and when the head darted forward the stowaway shrieked again. Now he understood what caused the ray of light. A small hole high up in the covered hatch caught the rays of the sun at some time during the day, and the coming of the thread informed him that a whole day had passed since he made the discovery that there was another stowaway aboard. After the bar of light faded away the poor fellow's eyes played strange tricks with him.

There, right in front, like two rubies on a curtain of velvet, were the eyes—and he moaned again. Reason told him that it was impossible to see them in the inky darkness; yet when he shut his eyes and opened them once more the two little beads of blood were still in the same place, two lidless, vicious specks that watched his every movement. No; his sight was right—they were real—they were eating into his brain, burning it with their fierce brilliancy. He had always had a horror of snakes. When he tramped from Sydney to Bourke he remembered the restless nights he had passed when he pictured all sorts of reptiles crawling in the scrub alongside his camp. Then, however, he could get away, he could run; but here he was penned up with tier after tier of bales rising on either side and behind him, and that horrible thing right in his path.

He foraged round and took a biscuit out of the bag and a few sups from the little cask of water he possessed. The boatswain's mate, with whom he had arranged his surreptitious passage, had agreed to stow a certain amount of food and water at the other end of the hold, but how could he get anything now? He would starve to death unless that horrible creature went away!

Just then, disturbed by his movements, the snake hissed violently, and a horrible fear came into the man's mind. The reptile would want water! He had heard that snakes will travel a considerable distance in search of water, and if that was true the watcher would never go away while the little cask was there. It would in all probability creep up and attack him in the darkness, thinking that he was keeping guard over it.

But perhaps the reptile would go away if he let it drink. Turning round with much difficulty the stowaway managed to push the water cask in front of him down the little path between the bales. Then he turned the tap and allowed a portion of it to flow out on the floor.

Day followed day, but he never slept. Sometimes he dozed for a few minutes, but he always started up with those awful eyes burning into his brain. Day after day the silver thread came down through the gloom, always resting on the same bale and lighting for an instant the head of his horrible jailer. So that he might know how many days had passed since the boat left Sydney, he took small lumps of flax from a bale on each side of the passage and passed one over each day to a wool bale opposite. He forgot the darkness and the stench, and, most wonderful of all, he did not feel hungry. The one great horror in front of him paralyzed his mind, and his other troubles were small by comparison with it.

One day—it was the fourth of his imprisonment—he thought he might escape by climbing up the straight face of the bales and passing high over the snake. He attempted it at last, but, nerve-shaken and feeble as he was, he slipped and fell, springing back to his old position with a shriek when the reptile hissed.

Next day, when the light came down, he fancied that the serpent had uncurled itself, and he pictured the cold, scaly body that stretched away from the head containing those ever-watchful eyes.

After he had counted ten balls of flax something went wrong with his brain. There seemed to be a thousand snakes in front of him, and each pair of eyes seemed to be twin balls of fire burning the life out of him. They hedged him round, a semi-circle of flame cutting off all hope of escape, and he put his head down on the bale of wool and wept weakly. The days became years and he lost all count of time.

Then, one day, he heard someone hammering in the hold, and shrieked loudly. The reptile hissed to drown his voice, but he yelled louder still, and presently someone hailed him out of the darkness. After that he remembered no more.

"Here, drop that howling, Morgan," said the first mate to a complaining sailor. "The snake is a carpet one, and the bite is harmless. Pity that poor wretch of a stowaway didn't know that; he has snakes on the brain, and sees regiments of them."

The sailor stopped his noise and looked on while the mate ran a tape-measure over the body of the dead carpet-snake, while from one of the cabins came the yells of the erstwhile stowaway, raving in delirium. They landed him at Cape Town, where, when he had recovered, he told me his terrible story.—The Wide World Magazine.

Discretion.

"Marquis, is it possible to confide a secret to you?"

"Certainly! I will be silent as the grave."

"Well, then, I have absolute need of 2000 francs."

"Do not fear, it is as if I had heard nothing."—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from "Il Motto per Ridere."

In Sunday-Schools.

The total number of Sunday-school teachers and pupils in the world, according to the last available report, is 25,614,916. This does not include the schools in the Roman Catholic and non-evangelical Protestant churches.

A PANIC IN THE PARK.

A wolf ran loose through Central Park a little while ago and caused much consternation. A writer in the New York Times tells of the panic. Two nurse-maids, who were dragging children on sleds, were the first to see him. They dropped the sled ropes, and leaving the children behind, ran screaming for help. One fell exhausted at the feet of a policeman of the park squad.

"Please, Mr. Folitzman, help!" cried the frightened Swedish girl. "It's eyes bane soomting fierce, and bane gray all over its tail."

"Where? What?" exclaimed the officer.

"Ay tank it bane a volf. Ay tank mebbe it eat Rosalind!"

The policeman telephoned the news to the arsenal, and started after the wolf. On his way he met a hundred nurse-maids and several hundred boys, all declaring that a wild wolf was running through the park looking for children. Soon six mounted policemen joined him.

"Did you see it?" said one of the officers to an elderly woman sitting on a bench.

"If it's the Maltese dog ye mean it's gone round the little reservir."

The chase led them to the basement of a house on 110th street. A crowd of several hundred stood at a safe distance while the policemen peered in. They saw a frightened gray wolf peeping out from behind an ash barrel. Two of the officers fired and the wolf fell over dead. Its body was put into a potato bag.

Meanwhile the rumor had spread that wolves were running loose in the park. Reserves were called out, folks in automobiles and others in sleighs aided in the search. All the park wolves were reported safe behind the bars. Finally a man came to the police station and asked if a wolf had been seen, saying his employer had lost one. It was a tame wolf, brought home from a hunting trip when a cub, and had grown up as a house pet.

Glancing at the dead animal in the potato bag, he said.

"That's him. He got away from the house this morning and simply went to take a run in the park. He was as tame as a kitten, and if he hadn't been frightened by the cops he would have gone home all right."

The children living in the neighborhood of Central Park went to bed that night to dream of Red Riding-Hood and the bad old wolf of long ago.

SAVED MAN TREED BY BUCK.

William Staples, of Eureka, Sullivan County, interfered with the love affairs of a buck deer, according to the lover's way of thinking, and the farmer had to take to a tree, writes the Port Jervis (N. Y.) correspondent of the New York World.

The angry buck took his stand under the branches where the shivering Staples clung and pawed the ground and tore the roots, thinking fortune might land the interloper within reach. The sun was high when Staples shinned up the tree, and the shadows began to get long as the buck stood by his post. Staples had visions of passing the night monkey-fashion, and he hallooed for help.

A human didn't answer him, but something whistled, off in the brush. The besieging buck threw his head high in the air, all attention. Again the whistle. Staples didn't know it, but the whistle was a challenge. The besieging buck answered it.

The brush crackled and out into the open strode a second buck. The pair eyed each other as jealous lovers do and then fell to. Staples pictured the timid doe somewhere off in the brush. The animals charged, retreated and charged again. They broke off their silky spring antlers. They rolled in the sod, which was torn up through a circle of twenty feet about the tree.

Staples saw his deliverance, slid down the tree and made off. The sound of the combat reached him for a considerable distance. He got his gun and dogs, and set out again. When he reached the spot the battle had been lost and won.

All that remained to tell the tale was trampled earth, tufts of hair and gore. Deep in his heart Staples hoped that the fortunes of love and war had been kind to the challenger.

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

A certain woman living on the North Side has reached the conclusion that the path of a mother is sometimes thorny and thickly beset.

One night early in the week, during the absence of her husband, she was awakened suddenly by plaintive cries from the bed of her small boy. Hurrying to the child, she inquired what the matter was. The youngster was suffering from a painful case of earache, the first attack he ever had, and was moaning as though he was being drawn and quartered. The anxious mother took down a medical book and turned to "earache." There she found several prescriptions, but they called for medicine she did not have in the house.

Suddenly she made a discovery—tobacco smoke was recommended, but she was loath to try it. Her husband's pipe lay on the table near a jar of tobacco, but the woman hesitated. For she knew of the consequences a novice usually meets at the pipe's end. But she would try—she had to try.

Slowly she filled the bowl of the pipe and applied a match. The first puff went straight to her lungs and she expelled it with violent coughing. She tried again with better success. Soon the smoke was flowing pretty well, although things were getting "whirly" in the room. She blew several large mouthfuls into the ear of the boy, who began to grow better. In a little while the moaning stopped and the boy dropped to sleep.

But it required the application of half a dozen different antidotes all the rest of the night to straighten the mother out, and now her husband has to go out on the porch to smoke.—Indianapolis News.

A REMARKABLE FEAT.

J. W. Wallace, a printer, was saved from being drowned in the bay through the remarkable endurance of William B. Kennedy, who conveyed his limp form a mile and a half through the water to land, writes the San Francisco correspondent of the New York World.

Wallace and Kennedy, accompanied by B. W. Jackman, started in a small boat to row to Sausalito. When a mile and a half from San Francisco they found themselves suddenly in the wake of an outgoing steamer, and their little craft was overturned. Wallace could not swim and he was sinking when Kennedy went to his rescue.

The lights of the distant city could be seen over the long stretch of restless water, and the chance of ever conveying the unconscious man to safety seemed remote. Jackman could swim, but doubted his ability to drag an unconscious man with him. Still he agreed that if Kennedy tired he would attempt it.

How Kennedy ever managed to bring his heavy burden for so long a distance he can hardly explain, but after what seemed many hours the Powell street wharf was reached, and men there assisted in drawing the heroic swimmer and his limp burden from the waters of the bay.

For a time it was feared that the efforts of Kennedy had been in vain, for signs of life were slow in returning to the unconscious man. Various expedients were employed to restore respiration. Finally a thrill of life was detected and soon the work of rescue was completed.

WHAT AN IRISHMAN DID

Just before sunset on the afternoon of the 13th of December, 1774, Paul Revere jumped from his foam-covered steed in front of a house in Durham, New Hampshire, rushed in and informed its owner, Major John Sullivan, that two regiments of British regulars were about to march from Boston to occupy Portsmouth and the fort in its harbor.

In an instant Sullivan made up his mind what it was his duty to do, and within less than two hours by the old grandfather's clock that stood in his hall he had gathered his force and was ready for business.

The party, sixteen in number, boarded an unwieldy, sloop-rigged old craft and darted off down the river to Portsmouth. It was a clear, cold moonlight night, and presently the crude masonry of old Fort William and Mary loomed up in the distance, reminding them of the fact that they were close on to their quarry.

When within a rod or so of the shore their vessel grounded in the shallow water, and in silence they waded to land, mounted the fort, surprised the garrison and found themselves victorious without the loss of a man or even of a drop of blood.

Securing the prisoners, the patriots at once broke into the magazine, where they found 100 pounds of powder. The powder, along with 100 stand of small arms, was put aboard of their craft and taken back to Durham, where it was buried under the pulpit of the old meeting house in front of Major Sullivan's house.

Six months later the Battle of Bunker Hill came off, and it was this same powder, captured by Major Sullivan at Fort William and Mary, that enabled the Americans to kill so many of the British in that historic encounter. Powder was exceedingly scarce in the patriot army, and Sullivan, anticipating that such might be the case, filled "old John Demerett's ox-cart" with the powder he had buried under Parson Adams' pulpit and sent it over the sixty-odd miles of rocky road to Boston, where it was destined to do such good service in the cause of liberty.

It was the news of Sullivan's capture of Fort William and Mary that precipitated the Revolution. After such a daring deed Lexington was a foregone conclusion.

In the words of another, "Sullivan was the first man in active rebellion against the British Government, and he drew with him the province he lived in." In an address on the history of this part of New Hampshire the Rev. Quint, of Dover, referring to the attack on the fort, said: "The daring character of the assault cannot be overestimated. It was an organized investment of a royal fortress where the King's flag was flying and where the King's garrison met them with muskets and artillery. It was four months before Lexington, and Lexington was resistance to attack, while this was deliberate assault."—The Rev. T. B. Gregory, in the New York American.

Whaling is a growing industry in the South Atlantic, centering around the Falkland Islands.

Household Affairs.

MRS. PURDY'S ANSWERS

TO QUESTIONS ON DRESSMAKING.

Is braid used on the bottom of skirts and what is the best way to apply it? M. T. J.

It is always advisable to protect the bottom of a skirt with braid. It is best applied flat, hemming it at the upper edge to the hem or facing of the skirt, and allowing its lower edge to extend less than one-eighth of an inch beyond the skirt edge. Braid should be shrunk by dipping it in water, then pressing dry with a warm iron. If wide braid is used, it will be advisable to make a row of running stitches through into the facing, about one-quarter of an inch above the lower edge.

What kind of canvas is used to stiffen the fronts of a coat, or will crinoline do? ANNA THOMAS.

Canvas is preferable to crinoline and for the same reasons tailors' canvas, which has a soft finish, is better than the French or dressmakers' canvas, which is stiff and likely to fold into sharp folds or creases, that will show through the cloth. The canvas should be shrunk before it is used.

Should cloth folds be cut bias? A. L. G.

Folds should be cut across the cloth from selvage to selvage; where the material will permit it is better to tear the cloth, as it may be kept straighter. Overhand the two raw edges loosely together. then press flat, with the overhand stitches at the centre, and an even-width fold will be produced. Folds cut across woolen goods may be applied in a design quite as well as if cut bias, unless the turns and curves are very sharp. Be careful to join the strips of cloth with the nap of all of them running in the same direction.

Should mohair be sponged before cutting. ALICE J. F.

All woolen goods, except some of the very sheer novelty weaves, should be sponged before cutting. There are two reasons for doing this. One is that unless the material has been sponged it will be unsafe to use any moisture in pressing the seams. The other reason is that cloth that has been sponged is not likely to spot should one be caught in a shower. If there is any doubt whether the material will permit sponging, try the process on one corner or a small piece, to note the effect.

How should a princess dress be boned? ETHEL J. C.

The bones should extend above the waist line in the same manner and to the same height as in a waist. Below this line they should end just above the fullest part of the hips. They should be finished off at the lower edge the same as the top, leaving one-half inch of the bone free from the waist.

What is the correct way to finish the armhole seams of a waist? F. G. L.

If the waist is lined they should be overcast with buttonhole twist or cotton. In an unlined waist, when the material is light and soft they may be French seamed but when the goods is heavy they should be bound with a narrow bias strip of lining.—From the Ladies' World.

Cheese Fingers—The cheese fingers are quickly made and very savory. Mix one cupful of flour, quarter teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, a half teaspoonful of baking powder; rub into this two tablespoonfuls of butter, add a half cupful of grated cheese and mix to a dough with ice water. Roll out in a thin sheet, cut in half-inch strips with a jagging iron and bake pale brown in a moderate oven.

Venetian Eggs — Melt one tablespoonful of butter in the blazer add one tablespoonful of chopped onion and stir till browned. Rub one-half canful of tomatoes through a colander, season with salt and pepper and add to the butter When boiling add one-half cupful of grated cheese and three slightly beaten eggs. Slip the hot water pan under and stir till the mixture is creamy. Serve immediately on toast.

Amsterdam Sandwiches—Cut stale bread in one-quarter-inch slices, remove crusts and cut slices in halves crosswise. Beat two eggs slightly, and two tablespoons sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful salt and three-quarters cup milk; strain into a shallow dish. Soak bread in mixture until soft and soak in butter. Spread one-half the pieces with jam or marmalade, cover with remaining pieces and serve with thin, hot vanilla sauce.

Cream Fritters—Put one-quarter cup of butter, one-half cup of water and a saltspoon of salt into a saucepan and heat until it boils. Now stir in all at once three-quarters cup of flour and beat smooth. Stir and cook until the mixture comes away from the side on the pan like a ball. Cool and add the yolks of three eggs beaten light. When smooth cut and fold in the whites beaten stiff. Fry in small spoonfuls in deep hot fat. Cool and cut a gash in each, fill with cream beaten and sweetened.

Farm Topics.

DON'T FEED TOO LATE.

The evening meal should not be given so late that the chickens go to roost immediately after being fed. They do better to scratch a little after being fed. Exercise seems always in order.

A CLEAN HOUSE PAYS.

However good the bird, it will not pay unless it has a clean house in which to live, the proper food upon which to feed, a good nest in which to lay, and comfortable places in which to roost.

PINE A BONANZA.

White pine growth properly cared for should amount to an annual rental on the land of five to eleven per cent. The forest land or woodlot may become practically the savings bank of the farm, and there is no danger of its failure. Moreover there is never any trouble about the market.—Prof. Alfred Gaskill.

VARNISHING WIRE CUTS.

After the cut has bled freely and been washed with warm rain water and castile soap, apply a thin coat of varnish to the wounded part. However, if the cut is very deep, or if any of the muscles are severed, it will be necessary to take a few stitches and varnish should not be used. Skin cuts and those which only partly sever the muscle may be varnished and left to heal with no farther attention.—Journal of Agriculture.

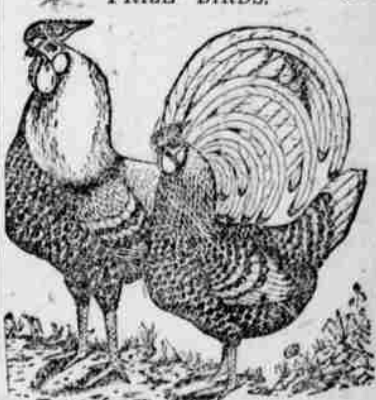
FARM BUILDINGS.

One of the most important farm economies consists in having buildings for stock and other purposes within reasonable distance of the house and a clean plank walk from one to the other. The number of times a day that the distance between the house and barn must be traveled is so many that they should not be very far from each other. On the other hand, house and barn should not be so near that the destruction of one by fire must necessarily involve the burning of the other.—The Epitomist.

HOW MUCH TO FEED.

To know how much to feed, first weigh the food for a certain number of fowls, and let them eat until the last one walks away fully satisfied. Then weigh the portion left over. The difference will be the amount eaten. It must be remembered, however, that flocks do not eat the same quantity every day, but the weighing of the food will give you practical knowledge of about how much a flock will eat at a meal. Having determined the quantity make it a rule to feed one-third of a meal (or not over one-half) in the morning, so as to make the hens work and scratch. At night give them a full meal. Never allow any of the food to remain over, but clean out the troughs. Also, never give the fowls anything to eat at noon.

PRIZE BIRDS.



Pair Silver Spangled Hamburgs.

HOGS PAY THE BEST.

A successful swine breeder says: "While I have sheep, cattle and hogs on my farm, I take more interest in the hogs because they are paying the best. At the start I am very careful not to feed more than they clean up nicely. I feed a mixed ration consisting of corn, shorts and oil meal or tankage, and am very careful not to feed much corn. I make sure that they have no filthy mud hole to wallow in, and I also disinfect the pens and troughs at least once a month. During the winter I give a change of bedding as often as the old one becomes damp and use a good dip often enough to keep down the lice. I have found by experience that hogs taken care of in this way will seldom, if ever, die of disease."

EATING FEET.

Can you tell me the cause or remedy for young chicks eating each others' feet? I have lost a great many birds from this cause. They are fed in several different ways, and apparently their diet has no relation to the habit. I raise several thousand, and so cannot give them free range until they are able to do without artificial heat. My stock is S. C. W. Leghorns. A. D. S., Plainfield, N. J.

Answer: The habit of eating each others' feet is often quite prevalent among young chicks confined too closely in brooders or brooder runways. For want of other employment, they pick at each other, and as soon as the blood flows, they follow this often to the eating up of the whole chick. The only way to stop this is to keep them busy scratching and hunting in litter for their food.—The Country Gentleman.