

COME HOME!

Come home, come home; and where is home for me, Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea?

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar, There may indeed, or may be not, a shore

But toil and pain must wear out many a day, And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away,

Come home, come home! And where a home hath he Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea?

-Arthur Hugh Clough.

Bridget's Broth.

By MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS.

It was 9 o'clock in the morning, and the doctor had paid an early visit to his patient, Mrs. Appleton, leaving instructions with her faithful attendant, Bridget.

was hurried into bed and nearly smothered with blankets.

"Oh, my dear, my poor dear," said Biddy, "It's getting a death cold you'll be, and all for that old bell ringing."

"I'm all right now, Biddy; and you must excuse me for laughing, but you did look so droll sitting there, and—"

"Shure I was that mad," said Biddy, "I lost me voice, and me bracking that pretty bowl you brought from France; and the strong broth wasted and me a sight to behold."

Then both mistress and maid began to laugh, and the merry laughter increased the circulation, which was the very thing the doctor wanted to do, and Bridget was happy when she remembered that more strong broth could be had in her kitchen, and no one was hurt.

Many times during the day Mrs. Appleton found herself laughing over the mishap as she thought of Biddy's picture on the oriental rug.

"What a snap shot Harold would have made of it," she said to herself, and then she laughed again.

The next morning, the doctor found his patient much better, and the temperature nearly normal.

"Biddy," he said, "did you make the strong broth?"

"Indeed and I did, doctor," "And did Mrs. Appleton relish it?" "Very much," said that lady, and then began to laugh again.

As he said good morning, he could not refrain from teasing his friend Bridget, and remarked with a twinkle in his handsome eyes: "Biddy, the next time I order strong broth just make it strong enough to get over the stairs."

Mrs. Appleton recovered rapidly, and insists upon it that a "merry heart doeth good like medicine."—From the Boston Cooking School Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Birds, when perched on trees or bushes, are natural weathercocks, as they invariably turn their heads to the wind.

By the "midnight sun" is meant the sun during the long day of the high northern regions, when for months it does not fall below the horizon.

The vine attains a great age, continuing fruitful for at least four hundred years. It is supposed to be equal to the oak as regards longevity.

The Singer building in New York is the highest in the world, but there is not enough wood in it to make a lead pencil. It can never catch fire from within.

Statistics of the Chicago municipal baths for 1907 show that only 577,684 baths were given in them this year, as against 671,104 in 1906, a decrease of over 90,000.

The Bible has been translated into four hundred languages. Two men spent twenty years learning the Tahitian language and twenty more translating the Bible into it.

There are now being carried out in New York city new engineering works whose total cost is about \$600,000,000. This is more than three times as much as the Panama canal will cost.

The following advertisement is clipped from a Baltimore newspaper of recent date: "W. H. Logue, Jr., 981 North Broadway, having been assigned to jury duty in the criminal court, earnestly requests the patronage of his friends and acquaintances."

Moving van records in New York show that new arrivals in the city who come without advisers seek first the lower stories of apartment houses, then keep going upward with each successive move and very frequently go from the top floors into the suburbs.

In the Philadelphia directory for 1785 is the following entry: "Dorleans Messrs. Merchants, near 100 South Fourth street." These were Louis Philippe, afterwards King of France, and two of his brothers, who lived at the northwest corner of Fourth and Princes streets.

A Wareham (England) man named Wellstead found four blind baby rabbits on his holding and took them home to his cat for food. Pussy was nursing her own kitten, and instead of eating the rabbits she proceeded to nurse them, and under her fostering care they are doing well.

Caring for Two Blind Men. The facility with which blind men find their way about the city is illustrated in one of the largest restaurants of the city. Every noonday two blind men come to the place and stand near the door until the head waitress guides them to a table.

The sight which met her eyes as she gazed over the banisters into the living room, was ludicrous beyond words.

The newest post was decorated with a napkin, from which dripped a slow stream of broth, the floor was spattered with rice, far too moist for a bridal party; and bits of china were to be seen here and there.

In the middle of an oriental rug, sat Biddy bolt upright, rubbing her eyes with a fat, broth-bathed hand.

She had not heard her mistress; and was dimly dazed by the accident. "Oh, the likes of it," she murmured, half to herself, "and the poor dear needing nourishment!"

A voice from above interrupted her; "Bridget, tell me at once, have you broken any bones; if you do not tell me I shall come down."

Looking up, Biddy saw the white face of her patient, and in an instant, she forgot herself and her keen disappointment, and before there was time to remonstrate, Mrs. Appleton

HUMAN SACRIFICE IN RUSSIA.

Amazing Story of Fanaticism Which Is Being Investigated.

An amazing story of fanaticism has come from the village of Susoyeff, in southern Russia.

A peasant named Michaloff had an exceedingly clever little boy, who became famous in the village as a prodigy and was admired, almost as a miraculous being.

In the same locality there lived a rich and "religious" peasant called the "Saint," who was believed to be a prophet.

This "Saint" grew envious of the child's popularity and began to spread rumors that should he be allowed to grow up he would become the anti-Christ and bring untold woe upon the peasants.

On July 30 the "prophet" called a meeting of the 30 richest peasants in the district, to whom he explained that if the boy was killed they would be made happy and prosperous and the village would become the capital of the country.

It was agreed to sacrifice the child. Two days later the "Saint" gave orders to the men, took an icon in his hand and distributed lighted candles among his followers.

He headed the procession to the child's home at 11 o'clock at night and demanded that the parents should hand the boy over as he wanted to pray with him.

The "prophet" washed the youngster, saying prayers meanwhile, and then choked him by placing his foot on his neck, in front of the parents.

Subsequently he ordered the awestricken father to help him to tear the child to pieces, and as the man refused the body was mutilated with a hatchet.

The remains were put into a basket, which was fixed to the tail of a white mare.

The "Saint" mounted the horse and declared that it was the will of God that the body should be buried at a spot where the horse should voluntarily stop.

The horse was started, and the peasants, still burning their candles, followed.

At a certain point the animal halted and the remains were buried with the hatchet and the basket.

The police, hearing of the occurrence, arrested 28 men, including the "Saint," and all are now awaiting trial.—Baltimore Sun.

Dickens Inns.

To the lover of Dickens the news of the sale, which has just taken place, of the famous Bull hotel at Rochester, at which the famous Pickwick party "put up" on their drive from London to the country, recalls a host of associations, for it was here that Mr. Jingle "applied himself with great interest to the port wine and dessert," where Jingle, too, insulted Dr. Stammer; where Tracy Tupman and the widow Mrs. Budget, tripped the light fantastic toe; and where Charles Dickens himself slept in bedroom 17 on several occasions.

The announcement for sale of Barnaby Rudge in Holborn recalls still further associations with Dickens. Barnaby's Inn is the Red Tavern at which Pip of "Great Expectations" lodged; it is mentioned both in "Barnaby Rudge" and "Pickwick," and Dickens had his lodging in the inn for some time. The hall at the back, the smallest of all the halls of the London Inns, will be saved.—London Daily Mail.

Capturing Mexican Parrots.

In the state of Tamulapas, in Mexico, parrots of the much-prized "double yellowhead" variety—famous as conversationalists—are found in countless flocks. The woods are literally full of them and are vocal with their harsh cry from sunrise to sunset. They seem to have but one note; it is only in confinement that they are imitative. Parrots build their nests in holes and hollows of trees. The work of procuring their young is extremely arduous, even for the expert natives. Trees in the tropics are commonly festooned with climbing vines of thickness varying from a thread to the size of a ship-cable and all this network of vegetation is usually infested by myriads of desperately fierce ants of large size, which both bite and sting. Many an unfortunate peon, it is said, has lost his life while engaged in this pursuit, because tortured beyond endurance by the ferocious insects, he was unable to retain his grip.—Chicago News.

Cognate Names and Callings.

During the past week a student of the "eternal fitness of things" made the discovery that in Manhattan Sol Leather is engaged in the shoe-making industry, and that Ralph Cutter is a tonsorial artist. The next interesting news item looming within his range was to the effect that "Billy" Cookfair follows the avocation of restaurateur, while Stiff & Co. do the undertaking act as funeral directors, embalming included. Over on the East Side Josiah Lint's shingle is authority for the statement that he is a "bandagist," and hard by Dr. Xynophon Payne holds down the job of surgeon dentist. The Rev. Joshua Sunday, D. D., is a soul-saving specialist up Harlem way, in a neighborhood supporting a barber shop, the window placard of which announces that you may have "your face steamed free of charge."—New York Press.

Organ grinders in Vienna are not allowed to play in the morning or evening—only between midday and sunset.

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW

DUN'S WEEKLY SUMMARY

Improvement Shown Each Week—Collections Are Better—Blast Furnace Men Will Meet to Consider Wage Scale.

R. G. Dun & Company's weekly review of trade says: Progress is slow, but each week brings a little improvement, and confidence in the future grows more rapidly than current transactions.

Loans in mercantile channels are now negotiated freely at little more than the normal rate, facilitating postponed undertakings and making collections more prompt.

Buyers are coming into the leading markets in large numbers, which should soon increase transactions unless prices cannot be adjusted.

Manufacturers increase production gradually, conservatism being general, and many industries are not operating more than 50 per cent of their full capacity.

Several more steel plants have resumed and others will commence next week, but production will continue much reduced until orders come forward with greater freedom.

Textile mills still restrict production, although there is less idle machinery now than at any time since the curtailments began in December.

More lines of woollens have been opened, low and medium fabrics now being fully shown, yet without arousing interest among buyers, who express the belief that delay will bring concessions.

Footwear buyers are gathering in the Boston market, and a large volume of business can be reached regarding values.

Leather continues to reflect the severe decline in hides last year, except that small receipts of heavy sole sustain that variety.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Wheat—No. 2 red..... 93 92 Rye—No. 2..... 77 76 Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear..... 72 78

Butter—Winter patent..... 43 42 Fancy straight winter..... 46 47

Flour—Winter patent..... 53 52 No. 3 white..... 51 50

Butter—Eggs creamery..... 31 30 Ohio creamery..... 31 30

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WORK WEAKENS THE KIDNEYS.

The Experience of Mr. Woods is the Experience of Thousands of Others.

Bernard P. Woods, of Jackson Street, Lonaconing, Md., says: "Hard work and heavy lifting weakened my kidneys. I was tired every morning and my limbs stiff and sore."

Dizzy spells and headaches were frequent, and the kidney secretions much disordered. This continued for fifteen years and until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills.

Then I improved steadily until cured, and naturally I recommend them strongly."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HARD COPPER AX IS FOUND.

Lake Superior Relic May Prove Ancients Knew Tempering Process.

Examination of a small copper axe found on the shore of Lake Superior at Presque Isle, shows that the axe is harder than highly tempered steel.

This fact, coupled with indications that the axe is of aboriginal make, is taken by metallurgists to show that a race of people, possibly antedating the American Indian, knew the art of tempering metal.

A Texas Shooting Wonder.

The World's Records for wing shooting with a rifle were "smashed toinders" in San Antonio, Texas, recently by Adolph Topperwein, a native of the Lone Star State.

He shot for ten consecutive days at 2 1/2 inch wooden blocks thrown in the air at a distance of 30 feet from him, missing only 4 out of the first 50,000 and but 9 out of 75,000.

During his shooting he made runs of 14,540, 13,509, 13,293 and 13,319 hits without missing. In doing this wonderful shooting he used only two .32 caliber rifles—Winchester repeaters. His ammunition was of the smokeless powder variety made by the Winchester people and famed for its accuracy and cleanliness.

Ernesto Nathan is the first Jew to be elected Mayor of Rome. He was born in England and is Past Grand master Mason.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Live Too Fast.

Physicians have long been preaching the doctrine that American business men live too fast. With the telegraph, the ocean cable, the telephone and other modern facilities, the man of affairs can do in one hour work that formerly would have occupied six.

It might be thought his working day would be correspondingly shortened. Nothing of the sort has occurred. The speed with which trade can be effected has simply accelerated his pace, and he not only works faster but more hours than ever, with corresponding increase of business and responsibilities.

To keep up this energy he eats too much—sometimes drinks too much—for a man who spends most of his working hours at his desk and takes no open-air exercise. Physical deterioration is inevitable and when a period of more than usual stress and anxiety arrives he is liable to succumb.—New York Herald.

Forestry the Great Issue.

The great issue before this country for the next quarter century, although external political indications may not show it, is to be the conservation of natural resources. This is true because our natural resources have been shamefully wasted and we are now feeling this and beginning to realize the unhappy possibilities which the future may have in store for us if waste is not checked.

Upon these resources and their wise management the prosperity of a people absolutely depends. No amount of economic science can finance a desert. Therefore, if our country is to remain great and strong, we must husband and perpetuate the sources of our prosperity, and among the chief of these are the forests.—Woodland and Roadside.

BANISHED

Coffee Finally Had to Go.

The way some persons cling to coffee even after they know it is doing them harm is a puzzler. But it is an easy matter to give it up for good, when Postum Food Coffee is properly made and used instead.

A girl writes: "Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept drinking coffee."

"One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee, as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up."

"Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relief I asked for a taste."

"That started me on Postum, and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now."

"A girl friend of mine, one day, saw me drinking Postum and asked if it was coffee. I told her it was Postum, and gave her some to take home, but forgot to tell her how to make it."

"The next day she said she did not see how I could drink Postum. I found she had made it like ordinary coffee. So I told her how to make it right, and gave her a cupful I made, after boiling it fifteen minutes. She said she never drank any coffee that tasted as good, and now coffee is banished from both our homes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkg. "There's a Reason."