

### THE TYRANT OF THE HOUSE.

While baby sleeps—  
We cannot jump, or dance, or sing,  
Play jolly games or do a thing  
To make a noise. The floor might creak,  
Or breathe, while baby takes a nap,  
Lest we should wake the little chap!  
A strict watch nurse always keeps  
While baby sleeps!

When baby wakes  
But little gratitude he shows,  
When other people want to doze!  
At night, when folks have gone to bed,  
He rouses them all up instead,  
To wait on him. Ma lights the lamp,  
And warms milk for the little scamp!  
Pa walks him up and down the floor,  
Sometimes two hours and sometimes more!

And nurse comes running in a stew,  
To see what she for him can do!  
And Will and Harry, at the row,  
Call: "What's the matter with him now?"  
And I'm waked up at all the clutter  
To wonder what on earth's the matter!  
Such uproar in the house he makes,  
When baby wakes!

So if asleep, or if awake,  
The house exists but for his sake,  
And such a tiny fellow—he  
To be boss of this family!  
—Independent.

### HELEN'S TWO LOVERS

AS he glad? Was he sorry? Did he feel triumphant? Did he feel bitter? Will Spencer asked himself these questions over and over, wearying of the repetition and yet never able to end it by saying heartily that he was glad and triumphant, or bitterly that he was sorry and ashamed. The plain face stared him in the face, that Helen Raymond did not love him and that Mrs. Raymond had urged his suit, and exerted her maternal influence and eloquence until Helen had consented to be his wife, telling him very frankly that her heart was in the grave of her lover, George Vanhorn, who had been killed in a railway collision nearly one year before.

"Mother was never willing I should marry George," Helen said, sadly, "because he was poor and we have suffered all that poverty can inflict. He was on his way to Colorado, where his brother had been successful, when he was killed."

Will Spencer winced, for he was rich, very rich, but then he put to the wind that soothing salve, "I will win her love when she is my wife," that has wrecked so many lives. It may come, this love that will not be hidden, to a man and wife, after they are bound together for life, but the risk is great, and Will Spencer knew it.

Yet he cherished the delusion that love in the end would win a return, and he knew his own love to be strong and enduring. He had stepped back when George Vanhorn was met with such a smile, as he could never win, had kept from pressing his suit when the name of Helen's lover appeared on the list of the killed in the account of the railway collision, but after the lapse of several months he had won Mrs. Raymond to his side and so, by proxy, wooed Helen and won—what? a cold, reluctant consent to be his wife.

Yet she was not cold, this girl of 20, whose heart had been crushed ever since the day when George Vanhorn's name was recorded as dead. He could have told how her eyes could soften with love's tenderness, her cheeks burn with love's blushes, her low, sweet, voice tremble with love's whispered words. He had won what all the Spencer gold, the riches of long generations, could not buy.

Before that fatal railway collision she was a bright, beautiful girl, with large, expressive brown eyes, a voice of music, the step of a fairy, stinging as a bird sings, from sheer joyousness of heart, bringing a jest to all the household worries, laughing merrily over her own blunders in the culinary department, turning old dresses, renovating old bonnets without a complaint, living on love and hope.

After that day she moved about slowly, her eyes were dull and weary, her duties met with a rigid mechanical precision, her lips compressed, her cheeks pale, as shadow of her joyous self.

Mrs. Raymond was often afraid that she would yet miss the golden prize she had partly won, and heartily seconded Will in his preparations for a speedy wedding. It was Mrs. Raymond who went with him to open the house that he had bought to adorn for his bride, who aided him in the selection of carpets, curtains, furniture, and gave him instructions regarding the kitchen department, of whose needs he was as ignorant as most young bachelors. It was Mrs. Raymond who received an anonymous letter containing a liberal sum, which she quietly appropriated for a trousseau and a suitable dress for the bride's mother.

She was a woman of rare tact. Having won Helen's consent to be Will Spencer's wife, she never bothered her by complaints about her listless indifference to her lover or her future prospects. She simply made all the arrangements for her, without once admitting a possibility of change. The betrothal was spoken of on all occasions, the preparation of the house, the selection of the trousseau referred to, in matter of fact words that made Helen feel, as it was intended she should, that she had walked into a net from which there was no escape.

And Will Spencer knew it all, and writhed under the knowledge, being a frank, loyal man, whose impulses were generous and honorable, and who loved Helen with all the strength of his heart. Often he asked himself how he could endure life, if he found his wife a faith-

ful slave, instead of the happy companion he had hoped to make her. "If she never loves me," he thought, bitterly. "If all my love fails to win hers, what will my life be?" He did her justice. He knew that if his love failed to win her heart, his gold was powerless to make her happy. He knew that if her mother died or could not be benefited by her marriage, she would rather beg her bread herself than be his wife.

While matters stood in this unsatisfactory state, Mrs. Raymond made a suggestion: "I want you to go away for a month," she said to him, "and let Helen miss the constant devotion that she has had ever since your betrothal. Let her feel that a void has come into her life, and how dull and cheerless it would be if she lost you. The wedding day is set for June 10, and this is April. Stay away until the 5th or 6th of June."

It seemed to him good advice and he had business in the West that would fill his time profitably. It gave him the first really happy moment of his engagement, when Helen said gently, yet with a shudder:

"I cannot bear to think of you on railway trains. Will, write often, that I may know you are safe."

Her lips met his in a tender pressure, such as a loving sister might bestow, but with far more affection than she had ever before given him. Was he winning her? The hope made this unexpected absence endurable, and for two weeks life held more pleasure than it had done in all the days of his courtship.

Then came a blow, sudden, sharp, overwhelming! He was in a large Western city, when, after night, returning to his hotel, a man on crutches asked for charity. The voice was familiar, and, in a shock of horror, the face struck him. One gasping cry escaped him:

"George Vanhorn!"

The man would have hurried away, but he followed easily.

"Let me go, Spencer!" the crippled man pleaded. "I did not recognize you! Don't you know I am dead?"

"I know you are coming in here with me," Will said gently, substituting his arm for one of the crutches and entering the hotel where he had a room. "Steady now!" and he led him, feeling how he trembled, until he had him seated in a great arm-chair in his room, and felt his heart stricken with deepest compassion at the havoc pain and poverty had made.

He would not let his guest speak until he had ordered a supper and made him comfortable. Then, turning to him, he saw he was weeping.

"See what a woman you make of me!" the poor fellow said. "You thought I was dead?"

"Yes! All your friends think so."

"It was a narrow escape, and I wonder why I was spared. Nine months in a public hospital have left me crippled and incurably ill. They would not keep me after I could get about on crutches, but I have begged or starved, and it will not be for long! I would not let anyone know for fear it would get to—Helen!"

"You want to hide from her?"

"Yes—yes! What would her life be tied to mine? You will not betray me, Spencer?"

"But you may recover."

"No, I should only be a wreck if I could, but I cannot. I have internal injuries that the cold and hunger of last winter have increased fatally."

Will Spencer literally could not speak. This man asked of him only the silence that would give him his wife. Could he let Helen remain in ignorance of this strange adventure the memory of her old love might die away in time.

When he could speak again he led the conversation to Helen. He was very frank, telling George Vanhorn how truly he had been mourned, but saying nothing of his own hopes, and it was easy to see how George had loved her, how utterly self-sacrificing his silence had been. To spare her pain, he had kept from her all knowledge of his own suffering.

But his pride yielded to Will's entreaties to be allowed to befriend him. He was very weak, very ill, and he allowed Will to get him a pleasant room in a quiet boarding house, to furnish him with necessary clothing, to engage a doctor, and to take a brother's place beside him.

And then true, unselfish love triumphed.

"She will never marry me," Will thought, ruefully, as he folded a long letter, "but she shall not be cheated out of what little happiness life may still hold for her."

He wrote, too, to Mrs. Raymond, a letter that caused that respectable lady to grind her teeth, but which she obeyed, packing her trunk and accompanying Helen in the journey westward.

It was Will Spencer who met the two at the depot, and accompanied them to the boarding house where he kept Mrs. Raymond in the parlor after sending Helen upstairs, alone. It was Will Spencer who smoothed away every difficulty, engaging rooms for mother and daughter and quietly effecting himself.

It were far too long a story to try to record the three months that followed. George Vanhorn was resolute on one point. He would not marry Helen. He had no hope of recovery, but if the unexpected should happen, he would not risk ruining Helen's life by binding it to his.

He gave him a brother's devotion until the last parting came, and when he was laid in the cemetery, Will Spencer took Helen and Mrs. Raymond back to their home and left them.

It was three years later when he came home from a European tour and called on Mrs. Raymond.

"The old lady, sir, is dead," the servant told him, "an Miss Helen's livin' in—street. Maybe yees didn't hear she's come into some money from her uncle, sir, and Mrs. Gandy, she's took this house, sor."

Come into some money! Well, she did not need him. He would wait awhile. But in a few days a little note reached him:

"It was unkind to let me hear of your return by accident. Will you not come to see me?"

Would he not? And when he went he could not keep the love out of his eyes or his voice, and she—at last! Her eyes drooped under his gaze, her cheeks blushed for him, her voice faltered with tenderness. He had won his bride! And he had no secret hidden from her loving eyes, no treachery he would dread to have her discover. By the frankness he had thought would alienate her forever, he had won her true, faithful love, a devotion as entire as that she had given in her girlhood to the man he had so nobly befriended.—New York Ledger.

### THE FIRST TORPEDO.

Exploded Too Soon to Destroy a Federal Gunboat.

Mr. R. O. Crowley, formerly electrician of the Torpedo Division, C. S. N., contributes to the Century an account of "The Confederate Torpedo Service." After describing the organization of the first torpedo service, Mr. Crowley says:

Having our system now perfected, we established a torpedo station, some five or six miles below Richmond, by submerging two iron tanks, containing one thousand pounds of powder each, in twelve feet of water, leading the wires ashore, and connecting them with a galvanic battery concealed in a small hut in a deep ravine. From the battery-house the wires were led to an elevated position near by, where the man in charge could keep a lookout for passing vessels. The position of the torpedoes in the water was indicated by two sticks, planted about ten feet apart on the bluff, and in a line with each other and the torpedoes; and the watchman's instructions were to explode them by contracting the wires as soon as an enemy's vessel should be on a line with the two pointers. All this being prepared, we awaited the approach of a Federal gunboat. As was usually the case, one came when least expected, on a beautiful clear day, when our entire force except the man stationed as lookout was absent in Richmond, preparing other war material.

We were apprised by telegraph of the rapid approach of the gunboat, and immediately hastened toward our first station; but we arrived too late. The man in charge had not seen the United States flag for a long period, and never having previously seen a gunboat so near, lost his presence of mind, and fired one of the 1,000-pound powder-tanks when the gunboat was at least twenty to thirty yards distant. A great explosion took place, throwing up a large column of water to a considerable height; and the gunboat by her momentum plunged into the great trough, and caught the downward rush of a wave on her forward deck. The guards were broken away, half a dozen men were thrown overboard, and other damage to the gunboat was caused. The steamer then turned about as quickly as she could, and prepared to retrace her route down the river, after picking up the men who had been washed overboard. There was a brilliant opportunity to accomplish her total destruction by firing the remaining torpedo as she passed back over it. But alas! the man had been so astounded at the first explosion that he had fled precipitately, without waiting to see what damage had been done, and the gunboat was thus enabled to return down the river in safety.

Another one came into the room. He passed muster at first all right. "Take off your shoes," said Capt. Baker. "You'll never get through with hammer toes," said Capt. Baker. "Never in the world," repeated Capt. Hogan.

"I'm sorry for you," said Capt. Baker, and the boy's face grew to be three feet longer as he spoke.

"Hammer toes, what's them?" he asked. "I never heard of hammer toes before. They don't bother me none. I can walk ten miles quicker than any man in this room."

"The only thing you can do is to get that hammer toe cut off if you want to get through," said Capt. Baker.

The boy's face grew a shade paler and he left the room quickly and intended to get the hammer toe amputated. Hammer toe is the name given to toes which turn downward at the tips.—Portland Times.

Turkish Ostrich. Most Turkish towns are surrounded by walls, and officials are usually stationed at the gates to collect a tax on everything that comes in for sale. A recent traveler tells a story of a peasant who wanted to take a cheese into town, but finding that the tax was beyond his purse, he sat down and ate the cheese, whereupon he was allowed to take it in free.—New York Evening Post.

Before marriage a man declares himself unworthy of his sweetheart's love and after marriage he spends about two-thirds of his time in proving it.

### HE LOVED HIS DOGS.

One of the Most Charming Traits of Sir Walter Scott's Character.

"He was a gentleman, even to his dogs," said a visitor to Abbotsford in 1830. "When too roughly frolicsome, he rebuked them gently so as not to mortify them or spoil the natural buoyancy of their character."

Dear old Scott! How he loved to stroll with his dogs through the woods of his beautiful home, there amid the rural scenes which he loved so dearly he would take long, enjoyable, satisfying walks with his pet companions who added not a little to the happiness of his life. They were elevated by him to the position of steady and sensible friends; they possessed rights to be respected and feelings which it would be scandalous to outrage. Scott always kept one window of his study open that his dogs might leap in and out as the fancy moved them.

One of the most charming periods of Scott's life was that which he spent with his family at Ashfield, a country mansion on the bank of the Tweed in a solitary mountain district. At this time he was engaged in writing "Marmion." Many of his literary friends visited him here. On Sundays they would all, accompanied by the several dogs, go picnicking to some favorite spot, frequently the ruined tower of Ellbank and there dine in the open air.

When his dear old dog, Camp, died, Scott had been invited to dine out that day, but declined on account of "the death of a dear old friend." His most famous dog was the greyhound, Maida, who came upon the scene when the Waverley novels were beginning to set the world talking. It is Maida who figures at his feet in the well-known sculpture by Steel, Washington Irving, during a visit to Abbotsford in 1817, enjoyed the pleasure with Scott and his dogs. "As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us; Maida deputed himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, while the others worried him gambling, frolicking and leaping at his neck. 'I have no doubt,' said Scott, 'that when Maida is alone with them he throws gravity aside and plays the boy as much as any of them, but he is ashamed to do so in our company.'"

In the autumn of 1820 when a large party, including Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston and Henry Mackenzie, were starting out with the dogs, a little black pig was discovered to be frisking about among the dogs with the evident intention of joining the party. "This pig," said Lockhart, "had formed a strong and most sentimental attachment to Scott and was constantly urging his pretensions to be admitted as a regular. I remember him suffering under the same pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen."

It is a sad task for Scott when quitting his home to seek health abroad, which he did not find, to leave his dogs; his last orders were that they should be well taken care of.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

THE horns of doubt sting the soul of peace. The best shelter in a lawstorm is a good record.

God is the great giver; He gives to all other givers. When you give yourself to the Lord, let it be for keeps.

Prayer for profit only is unprofitable, and soon unpleasant. Ask, how will this act read when the Books are opened?

Christ's salvation gives the soul satisfaction; nothing else can. The only way to get a good crop of virtue is to sow the seed early.

You cannot judge a man's religion by the condition of his front yard. Some hearts must be broken before the Spirit of God can get into them.

Sun Distilled Water. M. Mouchon is said to have constructed a really practical solar machine for the purpose of distilling water in regions where a supply for drinking cannot easily be obtained. The apparatus is portable, being carried on the back of a man without trouble. It will distill two and a half quarts an hour, or two gallons a day, enough to supply six or eight men. In Egypt, India and certain other parts of the world campaigning is rendered much more difficult by lack of drinking water, and a contrivance of this sort is likely to be of the utmost value, furnishing the essential fluid in a healthful state and enabling the soldiers to cook their food rapidly. In some countries it is out of the question to get good drinking water.

A Montana Herd of Buffalo. A. B. Hammond, of the Astoria railroad, has presented the Oregonian with a photograph of a band of buffalo which are the property of a couple of half-breed Indians on the Flathead reservation, near Missoula, Mont. The original herd eleven years ago consisted of a couple of buffalo calves. It now consists of 125 head and is about all that are left of the vast numbers which a few years ago swarmed over the Western plains. These men have gone into the buffalo raising business as a source of profit and are making money.

When the pot calls the kettle black it is time for the kettle to demand an investigation as to the color of the pot.

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