

A LOVE SONG.

Sweetheart—sweetheart, where'er my steps are led—
Whatever joys I meet,
Still to return unto a crust of bread
With love is sweet—is sweet!

The world hath splendors, but its glories go
For naught when that I seem
To drift in memory where the hearthfires glow
And where my loved ones dream.

O'er all the wreck and ruin of the years
Of lives that drift apart,
The thought of children's love and children's tears
Comes thrilling to my heart!

And so, sweetheart, whatever life may bring
On land or ocean's foam,
Still shall those sweet, endearing voices sing
The heart back to its home!

THE CHARITY BALL.

66 **W**HY, Mr. Browning, you at anything so gay as a charity ball?"

"And you, my dear Miss Erickson, at anything so dismal?" Mr. Browning replied.

The girl laughed and shook out the folds of her misty pink dancing skirt, with its ruffles and lace.

"I have just one dance left, a schottische. Shall it be for you?" he said.

"If you will so honor me. But as I can't dance anything but the waltz I am going to ask you to come with me to that little alcove retreat over there, where we can talk and watch the figures."

For answer Mildred Erickson laid her gloved fingers on his arm and raised her brown eyes to his face as they walked away from the group of dancers now forming for the schottische.

The "little alcove retreat" was at one end of the long ball-room, and was massed with cut flowers and ferns. Mildred threw her huge bouquet of bridesmaids roses, her fan and lace handkerchief down beside her and took up two-thirds of the divan with her full skirts. Browning sank back luxuriously in the silken cushions at her side.

"Everyone seems to be here to-night," she said.

"Yes. Even I."

"There is Maud Jones, now, in that pale blue chiffon. Do you know she is to be married next week to Jack Marshall?"

"She? This is only her second season, isn't it?"

"Second! No, only her first," Mildred said with a laugh and shrug of her plump white shoulders.

"Her first? You are more sensible, Miss Erickson. Why, this is your tenth season. Don't you remember I was at your coming out tea?"

"Yes, and you were old then—28; just my age now." She picked up her bouquet and buried her face in the fresh pink blossoms.

"And you were in white and carried pink roses, just like those, Mildred."

"But not so large a bunch." And she began pulling the flowers out and tearing off the petals, while Browning watched her color come and go.

"And I sent them."

"And you sent them."

Browning shifted his position slightly.

"I wonder what Marshall wants to marry that little Miss Jones for?" he said.

"As she is not an heiress, he probably thinks he loves her. I hope it does not worry you, Mr. Browning."

"Me? Not at all. I suppose you've often wondered why I've never married."

Mildred's cheeks assumed the hue of her roses.

"Not at all. Rather, I should wonder if you did get married. I am so used to you single, you know."

"And I should wonder at it, too. I like women. They are beautiful creatures, to be admired, adored, and idealized, but kept at a distance if a man wants to retain his peace of mind. Don't you think so, Miss Erickson?"

"Can Mr. Browning be wrong?"

"Thank you. Now, suppose I had married when I was, say, 28. Ten years ago, I'd have a wife who never thought of me or my home, but always of her own personality and social engagements. My home would be no home at all, because I should expect things of her which she would never do."

Miss Erickson was unconsciously pulling the flowers to pieces and watching Mr. Browning with studied courtesy.

Browning continued: "As it is, I have my bachelor flat, in which I am king. My servants, whom no one interferes with. I go and come as I please, to the club, to the opera, to dinners, or to Europe. My horses and carriages are mine, and no one ever complains of them. My house is solitude itself, unless I wish to make it noisy. Don't you think I am a sensible man?"

"It really had never occurred to me, Mr. Browning," Mildred said, laughing slightly.

"Of course you do, for you have followed my example and remained single."

"But not alone. There is mamma and papa and Joe and the girls, Mr. Browning. O, I should not care for solitude and enjoyment alone."

"You are not so selfish."

"No."

"What?"

"No, Mr. Browning, I am not selfish. And you would be happier if you were not."

Browning looked at her in silent amazement. Then he said:

"I suppose I have given up a lot for my selfishness. It might be nice to have a wife always waiting for me and planning little surprises for my comfort and enjoyment, if she were sweet and nice and charming, like she would be before I married her. And to always have some one to take out with me whenever I—or rather she—care to go. And to entertain my friends as some women can do. And to see great tall boys and gentle girls—my children—growing up about me. But a man must have a lot of nerve to ask a woman to give herself to him alone."

"Not necessarily," Mildred's lips were parted in a smile.

"Her freedom, her childhood home, her name, all girlish pastimes, every bit of—" Browning went on, answering his own question.

"She regards it all as a pleasant sacrifice, if she loves the man, Mr. Browning."

"And if she loves the man will she want to do all this if he asks her to?"

"Men are positive and women negative."

"So you advise me to marry?"

"I advise all men to marry."

"Then why are you single, Mildred?"

"I? Oh, I am a woman." And she laughed softly.

Browning watched the gay scene of the ball-room in silence for a moment. Then he said:

"Mildred, shall I tell you why I never married?"

"The girl buried her face again in the roses."

"Yes," she said.

"Because I never thought you would have me. You were so bright and gay, and ten years younger than I."

Mildred leaned forward until he felt her breath on his cheek. She spoke rapidly, for she saw Mr. Bixby coming to claim a waltz.

"Shall I tell you why I never married, Paul?"

"Yes."

"Because you never asked me."

"Mildred."

Browning sprang forward from the silken cushions and caught her hand. But she withdrew it hurriedly, and with her face all wreathed in smiles caught up her flowers and fan and lace handkerchief, and said, as she walked away:

"Come to me to-morrow afternoon at 3, Mr. Browning."

And a moment later Browning saw her floating through the steps of the waltz on the arm of George Bixby.—St. Louis Star.

EASY TO FORGET ORTHOGRAPHY

Employment of Amanuenses Causes Men to Forget How to Spell.

"The practice of using an amanuensis has become almost universal among busy men of affairs," said a Magazine street wholesaler, "and it's death on orthography. I defy any man who has dictated to a stenographer for as long a period of time as two years to sit down and write an ordinary business letter without making at least four or five ridiculous blunders in spelling. Skill in English orthography is purely an arbitrary accomplishment. It's a feat in mnemonics and doesn't necessarily presuppose the possession of any special intellectual gifts. The only way that the average man retains his ability to spell with reasonable correctness is by keeping constantly in practice and seeing the written words before his eyes. Let him suspend that mental exercise for a short time and the first thing you know he'll be spelling elephant with two f's."

"The stenographer habit is as bad as cocaine—when once you begin it you've got to keep it up or you're lost. If I attempted to write a letter of any length at present my correspondent would be certain to set me down as a scandalous ignoramus, and I believe nine-tenths of the business men in the city are in the same boat. The memory of most people, by the way, is chiefly graphic, as far as spelling is concerned. I mean by that that they have to write a word down on paper and see how it looks before they are certain about its orthography. That is why they become rusty so quick as soon as they give up the personal handling of the pen. In mediaeval times the upper classes didn't pretend to know how to write. They left that to professional scribes, and we appear to be drifting back to that happy condition of affairs."

—Pittsburg News.

Vegetable Shoes.

A London bootmaker has patented a shoe made expressly for vegetarians. It is made of vegetable production.

Flannel cakes are probably so-called because they clothe the lamer men.

NOTED HOMES IN RUIN

TWO HISTORIC PLACES ARE GOING TO DECAY.

Aaron Burr's Mansion in New York in Hands of Wreckers—James Buchanan's Log Cabin Home Has Also Gone to Decay.

In New York the home of Aaron Burr and in Mercersburg, Pa., the home of James Buchanan, are falling into decay. Both men were once signally honored by the country, and both have interesting records. The old homes of both are full of historic interest not only attaching to their owners, but to the great men who visited them.

Burr's house on the southwest corner of Hudson and Charleston streets in New York City will soon be torn down to make room for a modern structure. At one time it was the finest residence



BUCHANAN'S BIRTHPLACE.

on Manhattan Island—the Richmond Hill mansion, celebrated as the place where distinguished men gathered, and to which guests from all over the world were proud to be invited. In this house Washington had his headquarters while during his stay in New York, here Mrs. John Adams lived for a number of years, making it the social center of the city, and it was here that Aaron Burr passed the most happy years of his life.

In 1782 Burr married Mrs. Prevost, the widow of a British officer, and so came into possession of the Richmond Hill house. On account of his gallant services during the revolutionary war Aaron Burr was a popular hero of the time. He at once entered politics, and was elected a member of the New York Legislature the year after he settled



AARON BURR'S OLD MANSION.

in the city. At that time the mansion stood on what is now the corner of Varick and Charleston streets. It was surrounded by a park of 160 acres, extending to the water.

When Burr's wife died twelve years later, she left one daughter, Theodosia, who became mistress of the most beautiful house in the city. Between the father and daughter there existed an unusually strong affection. Theodosia was a beautiful girl, and many traditions of her wit and charms are still extant. Among visitors to the mansion in those days were Alexander Hamilton, Talleyrand, Volney, Jerome Bonaparte and Louise Philippe. Nearly all distinguished foreigners coming from Europe were entertained there by Aaron Burr and his daughter. At this time Burr's fame was at its height. His home life was happy, and a great career was open to him.

Theodosia Burr, while still quite young, married Gov. Allston, of South Carolina and went to Charleston to live. In 1800 Burr and Jefferson received an equal number of votes for the Presidency, the House of Representatives finally deciding in favor of Jefferson, Burr being made Vice President. This caused much bitter feeling, the result of which was the duel between Burr and Hamilton, resulting in the latter's death.

Burr fled from New York, going down the Mississippi to the Southwest. There he bought several hundred thousand acres of land, intending to found an empire and conquer Mexico.

Jefferson had him arrested, brought to Richmond, Va., and tried. No act of treason could be proved, so he was set at liberty. He then went to Europe, trying to carry out his schemes for conquering Mexico and founding an empire, all of which came to nothing. After a few years in Europe, where he was scorned by men who had known him in former times, he returned to New York, broken in mind and spirit.

He looked forward eagerly to meeting his daughter again, and she set out by boat from her home in Charleston.

Disappearance of Theodosia Burr.

The vessel on which she sailed was never heard of again. It has been said that the boat was wrecked at Nag's Head. Another story is to the effect that it was boarded by pirates and that all on board were forced to walk the plank. Burr afterward married Mme. Jumel, but they were soon divorced. Richmond Hill house passed out of his hands, and for a time was used as a theater. Seventy-five years ago the house was torn down when Richmond Hill was leveled, and part of the materials were set up again in the house which stands now on Hudson street, and is all that is left of what was once the finest mansion on Staten Island.

Pennsylvania has had one President, James Buchanan, and the house in which he was born stands neglected on Fayette street, Mercersburg, Pa. At present the building is fairly preserved, but unless steps are taken to maintain it, it must soon make way for modern houses.

As it stands now the house was Buchanan's birthplace and the house in which he received his schooling. Both the residence and the school house once stood at Stony Batter, in Franklin County, and were removed to Mercersburg, the logs from the school house being used to build an annex to the residence. This school was kept by the Rev. James R. Sharon, and was located in Mercersburg. Many other noted men besides the future President gained their first instruction there. Considering that this school was situated in a thinly settled section of the State and was attended only slightly, the scope and erudite nature of the studies were little short of marvelous, for Greek, Latin, French, German, metaphysics and philosophy were included.

It was here that Buchanan gained the foundation of his remarkable talents as a linguist and profound reasoner, and which gained him so much praise on his celebrated tour of the world, when he was entertained at the courts of Europe and held his own with the most brilliant and erudite minds.

The father of President Buchanan, James Buchanan, for whom he was named, was a resident of Mercersburg for thirty years. During his long residence he was one of the best-respected citizens of the town, a prosperous merchant, and man of affairs, and held many positions of trust.

If Your Blood Is Good

Your nerves will be strong. If your blood is bad and you feel nervous, tired, miserable and weak, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will change the condition of your blood and the state of your feelings, also. It will make your blood rich and pure and give you strong nerves and sweet sleep. It is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is sold by all druggists. Price \$1.

HOOD'S PILLS are the favorite cathartic. 25c.

Pro Bono Publico.

In all the history of modern warfare there have been no more picturesque sieges than those of the Anglo-Boer war which now seems about at an end. The picturesque side of the three famous sieges—Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking—is brought out with telling effect by General Miles in an article contributed by him to this week's Collier's. Gen. Miles is a student of military science, who has also the faculty of presenting his subject in a popular and brilliant style.

The noted Klondike explorer, Mr. Tappan Adney, begins his services as special correspondent of Collier's Weekly in an article which amounts to a general survey of the situation of today in Cape Nome. It appears in the current issue of Collier's, and has an undoubted value for those who are looking toward the frozen northwest, and a value only slightly less for the general reader who enjoys cleverly prepared news.

Twenty-six thousand arrests for drunkenness a year and 8,000 imprisonments is the appalling record of one of the most enlightened American cities. It means one arrest to every four families. The net cost to the city therefore was more than \$100,000.

It is said that the Standard Oil Company now controls the entire output of salt of the United States.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its new buildings, newly furnished and complete laboratories, beautiful surroundings and home influences, is one of the best equipped schools for the training of boys and young men on the coast. It is in charge of Dr. Ira G. Hoitt and is accredited at the universities. Send for catalog. Tenth year begins August 6, 1900.

No Salvation Army in Mexico. The Salvation Army for the second time has failed to get a foothold in Mexico. Mexican laws forbid all religious processions in the streets of cities.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Representative Jefferson M. Levy has introduced a bill into the house to repeal the war revenue act.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

All the union plumbers at St. Paul, Minn., went on strike for shorter hours and better pay.

Customer—I've got money to burn, and I want the best wheel you have.

Dealer—That's all right. We have bicycles to scorch.—Detroit Free Press.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Difference of Opinion.

The establishment of an asylum, or hospital, for drunkards by the state is being urged in South Carolina, the home of the state dispensary scheme. One set proposes to establish the asylum, or institute, as an annex to the state insane asylum, conducting it under the same management. Others urge that the legislature pass a law making drunkenness a crime, and establish a reformatory for drunkards, where they can be given hard work in a cotton mill, machine shops and on a farm.

Freedom From Suspicion.

One of the principal ingredients in the happiness of childhood is freedom from suspicion and kind and loving thoughts toward all. Why might not that sweet disposition combine with a more extensive intercourse with mankind?—Lydia H. Sigourney.

The Omaha Bee says that gratifying reports come from most of the Omaha churches, relatively to the improved financial condition, based upon increasing membership and attendance.