

HOMESICK.

There are lots of little chickens
In the garden, and the pigs
Are doing now and prancing
In amongst the barley rigs;
And the hawthorn bush is blooming,
And its fragrant blooms are red,
Across three thousand miles of sea
From where I lay my head.

Oh, but I am lonesome
For the days that used to be,
And, oh, if I could reach them—
Reach the blossoms on the tree,
I'd weave an old-time crown of them
To deck my flowing curls,
And play at queen the way I used
When we were little girls.

When the little chickens
Chirp as glad as they can be;
And, oh, the longin', longin' of
The homesick heart o' me!
It's the time for plantin' taters
And the hawthorn blooms are red
That used to shake their petals down
To mangle on my head.

I wonder if they're missin' me
At all, at all, at all!
I'm lonesome for a sight o' them;
I'm lonesome for their call!
I'm lonesome for the singin'
Of the old lark in the moon!
Oh, me heart is achin', breakin',
For the home where I was born!
—Hester Fort.

The Old Tin Can

It was the strangest set of circum-
stances, almost as though it had
been planned out beforehand, as, in-
deed, perhaps it was.

On one side of the town was the little
cabin in which lived Simon Greer. He
was half-starved and half-clothed and
scarcely ever spoke to any human be-
ing.

Such a wretched little old cabin as it
was! The ridge of the roof had given
way and the roof itself had sunk until
Mrs. McGuire, who lived across the
common, said it was "that caved in till
it was all sway-backed, sure." How the
rain must have made its way through
those broken shingles and soaked the
rotting floor beneath. There had been
a window once near that cranky and
kipp-sided front door, but the glass was
gone and heavy boards were nailed
over it. It was a wretched old run-
down house with a wretched old run-
down man occupying it.

Altogether, man and house seemed a
good match. Both had outlived their



HE BENT BACK THE LID.

usefulness and their respectability. Both
were tattered and bent out of all origi-
nal symmetry, and both had shut the
light out of their wretched lives.

More than that, when the old man
crept out into the light of day, as he
did sometimes, when forced to do so,
he was so blinded that he blinked and
winked until his eyes seemed to sink
away out of sight; and the house, with
boarded-up window, bore a strange re-
semblance to an old man whose one eye
had been knocked out. So the old house
and the old man were really much
alike.

Simon Greer and his old house were
on one side of the town, where the
ragged suburb and the ragged com-
mons were neither town nor country,
but had all the worst features of both.
Away on the other side of the town
was another little house, where Mrs.
Lee and her children lived. Now Mrs.
Lee was poor, too—you could easily
see that—but what a different kind of
poverty! Even if the wolf howls at
the door I doubt whether his howl is
ever so loud and harsh when it has
to make its way through vines and
flowers; and you never saw such an
array of them as clung about Mrs.
Lee's doorway and bloomed in the win-
dows.

Most of her vines and flowers were
planted in tin buckets and cans, but
what did that matter? They grew there
beautifully, and when you were in that
plain room and could see how the sun-
light streamed through the vines and
plants you would say that the costliest
lace never draped a window so delight-
fully as that curtain of green leaves.
And yet Mrs. Lee had her anxieties.
Poverty brings them in abundance, you
may be sure, and though Mrs. Lee sang
as she kept the machine going, she was
thinking and thinking how she was to
solve some of her wearisome problems.

"If I could have gone to school just
one more year, mamma, I could have
been advanced enough to teach." Min-
nie was saying, as she basted some
work for her mother. Minnie was
young. She had not learned her mother's
patience. Two boys rolled down
her cheeks and fell upon her work.
"But you couldn't go, Minnie, and I
wouldn't worry. A way will be opened
if you only wait."

"Bide a wee, and dinna fret," sung
Ray, the family bookworm, as he
glanced up from the geometry over
which he peered from morning till
night.

Ray had his mother's cheerful spirit;
yet even he was silent sometimes dur-

ing these sessions of what he called
"The Committee of Ways and Means."
There was a sore spot in Ray's heart.
He had been going to make himself a
civil engineer and had studied so hard,
and here he was, stopped at the begin-
ning.

So there they were—the Lees on one
side of the town and old Simon Greer
on the other—a whole world apart one
could have said, with no possible chance
to bring them together. The old man
had money and would not use it; the
Lees could have used money so well,
and did not have it. Separated, not
only by the width of the town, but by
the width of the world!

But one day Simon Greer's old house
was thrown open, and men went in
with explanations of pity and horror.
Old Simon Greer lay still in the corner,
and did not rail at them as he would
have done once. In spite of the barred
door and boarded window, death had
gone in and claimed him. There was
an inquest and a pauper funeral in the
potter's field and that was the last of
him.

"Cross as the crater was, I would
have been friendly wid 'im if he would
'a' let me," said Mrs. McGuire to her
neighbors; "but he was that queer ev-
erybody was afraid of 'im but my little
Mike and Dennis Rafferty, an' they
ain't afraid o' the Old Boy hisself.
Mary's the time they've hung about
there, shoutin' at 'im an' callin' 'im
names, as boys will, ye know. Mrs.
Murphy, an' ye can't expect to find old
heads on young shoulders, an' it's glad
I am that ye can't. An' there they are,
this blessed minute, playin' about the
cheery old house like they'd been born
there; an' ye couldn't pull me inside of
it wid a dogchain."

There was no need of a long-chain to
pull Mike and Dennis inside of it, and
they were even then having lots of fun.
A vagrant dog, passing along the street,
could not resist the temptation to look
in and see what it was all about.

"There's a dog! Let's ketch 'im an'
tie somethin' to his tail!" cried Mike.
"Here, doggie, doggie!"

Flattered by these gentle attentions,
the dog came in, wagging his tail. With-
in two minutes, Dennis was holding
him, while Mike rushed out in search
of a tin can. An old, rusty and battered
can was picked up from under the edge
of the house, a string was produced
from Mike's pockets, and two minutes
more saw the dog and the can career-
ing wildly down the street, the former
having been given a kick "to start 'im
off."

What memories were afterward con-
nected with that poor dog's flight
through the town, who shall say? Boys
shouted and threw stones at him to
urge him to still greater speed; men,
who did not think themselves cruel,
stopped to look after him and to laugh
with great enjoyment; teamsters leaned
down as he came past and snapped him,
with their whips, and everybody that
saw him smiled and was much amused.
Nearly everybody, that is, away at
the other side of the town was a pretty
young girl who called out pityingly to
the wretched dog, which staggered as
it tried to run:

"Come here, poor fellow! Oh, poor,
poor doggie, have they treated you so
badly?"

And in a little while Minnie-Lee, to
whose tender sympathies no suffering
creature ever appealed in vain, had
coaxed the vagabond to believe in her
and had him on the porch, where he
lay panting.

"Give him a little water, Minnie,"
said Mrs. Lee, coming out from her
work to look at him.

"Lie still, old fellow, and I'll cut the
cord on your tail," said sympathetic
Ray. "There—it's all right now. May-
be this can will do to plant a flower in,
mamma."

He took up the can and bent back
the lid, which had been almost cut off
at first and then pressed back, to close
the opening. An exclamation of sur-
prise startled his mother and sister,
and they looked around to see Ray,
pulling from the can a package wrapped
in oiled silk.

And what do you suppose that pack-
age contained?

"Money, lots of it, all in big bills!
And there was also a queer-looking pa-
per, which the boy soon made out to
be the will of the old miser. What a
strange will it was, just such a one as
you would suppose a strange man like
Simon Greer would make! Having
named the various money-deposits that
he had in the banks and the bonds and
stocks that he owned—a goodly sum in
all—and setting forth the fact that he
had no relatives in the world, he left
his entire possessions to the finder of
his will.

And that is how good fortune came
from the old house on one side of the
town to the flower-covered cottage on
the other—in an old tin can tied to a
vagabond dog's tail.—Chicago Daily
News.

Gathering 'Em Up.

Bacon—Games of chess and draughts
for travelers on long journeys have
been introduced by the English Mid-
land Railway Company. There is no
charge made by the company and when
the game is finished the conductor col-
lects the pieces.

Egbert—Gracious! Do they fight as
desperately as that over the games?—
Yonkers Statesman.

She Goes Aday Time.

Mistress—Bridget, do you go by the
kitchen clock or the one in the par-
lor?

Bridget (Indignantly)—Faith, an' Oe
go when it suits me, without anny re-
gard fer clocks.—Judge.

An Indian saw his enemy; a white
man saw his friend.



Queer Punishment.

Adelaide had stepped out of bed the
wrong side that morning. Her hair
hurt when it was combed; no, she
could not eat that horrid oatmeal; and,
later, there never was a little girl who
had as few toys to play with.

"Not any paper dolls, mamma, I
haven't any, really, and Bernice has
lots, and so has May, oh, ever so
many!" And, altogether, she was as
cross as a little girl of 4 can be when
she thinks that everything has gone
wrong and that all the world is trying
to tease her.

Now Adelaide's mother was very
wise, and instead of scolding she only
said, "Go and get your paper dolls, my
dear little girl, and count them over.
You cannot go out until you can come
and tell me exactly how many there
are."

All this sounds very easy, and no
punishment at all, for there were only
fifteen paper dolls, but Adelaide could
not count beyond twelve, and her moth-
er knew it. So there she sat for an
hour, counting "one, two, three, four,"
and so on up to twelve, over and over
again.

"There are twelve and three more,
mamma," she said, at last.

But that would not do. Mrs. Hardy
shook her head. They must be really
counted, she said. And so that morn-
ing Adelaide learned three things—to
count "thirteen, fourteen, fifteen," that
she really had a good many paper dolls,
after all, and that it is a very silly
thing to get out of bed on the wrong
side.—Youth's Companion.

Teeter-Totter.



Teeter-totter in the air;
Up you go so high.
Then you come to earth again
With the merry cry—
"Teeter-totter
Bread and water!
Also cake and pie.
Teeter-totter
Bread and water;
Go to the sky!"

Conundrums.

When are little girls like windows?
When sashed.
When is a man caught in the rain,
like a drunkard?
When soaked.
When does a lady find herself exalted
above her friends?
When living a story higher.
When are lovers' hearts like tele-
graph poles?
When joined together.
What joined leaf's no leaves, branches
nor buds, yet bears more fruit than
any other tree?
The axle-tree.
When is fire like water?
When in sheets.
When are ladies' slippers like ar-
rows?
When bowed.
When is a man like a crab?
When deviled.

Some Compositions.

Some amusing examples are quoted
as the result of an experiment recently
tried by the teacher of a private school
for making her pupils write whatever
they chose about a given subject in a
specified time—about five minutes.
"Wind is an abominable element. It
blows off people's hats and uproots
trees, but is very useful for faght
races." Here is another: "Jam is to
be found in almost every house, and
some people eat it at every meal. Some
jams are sticky." Concerning Ireland
we are told: "The Irish were conquer-
ed by the English in days of old, and
have been annoyed about it ever since."

A Sugar Pine Forest.

It is said that the greatest known
forest of sugar pine lies along the
backbone of the Cascade mountains, in
Southern Oregon. The giant trees of
the forest tower 200 and 300 feet in
height, and are excelled only by the
great redwoods of California. In point
of value, the sugar pine is equal to any
of the marketable trees of the west,
except the redwood. Its lightness, du-
rability and strength it is superior to
the celebrated and almost extinct white
pine of the Eastern States.

The Baya Bird's Home.

There is a bird whose home is a
marvel of ingenuity and beauty—the
baya bird of Asia. This little archi-
tect constructs a two-story nest, with
three rooms in it. The entrance is at
the bottom, and it leads into the fam-
ily living-room. That is to say, the
whole family, after the young birds are
hatched, meets in this room, just as we
meet in our sitting-room. Above the
family room are two apartments, one
for the female to lay and hatch her
eggs in, and the other for the male to

keep in. The nest is neatly made, but
its most remarkable feature is its deco-
ration. As soon as it is finished, the
male goes off and collects fireflies,
which he brings to the nest alive. He
is very careful not to hurt them as he
places them here and there about the
nest, and his wife's chamber glows
with their light while she sits over her
eggs. The family room is decorated in
the same way, and frequently the out-
side of the nest. The fire flies are not
used as food, for when one dies, it is
thrown away and a live one is put in
its place. It has been suggested that
the light of the fireflies keeps serpents
and other enemies away from the nest.

THE PAY CAR.

Its Coin Rack, Crammed with Yellow
Boys, a Tempting Sight.

The good old days are gone. In
these heathen times railroad men are
paid by check. Of the pay car and its
luxurious travels C. F. Carter writes in
the American Magazine as follows:

"A metal coin rack crammed to the
muzzle with three denominations of
yellow boys, ganked with silver, and
on the desk, behind it a very large
wooden tray, on which were long col-
umns of yellow coins—d'ye ever see
anything so pretty in all your life? No
wonder your eyes stuck out until
you could have used them for hat pegs.
"And all the time an exquisitely mu-
sical 'tinkle, tinkle, clink-clink' welled
up from coin rack and counter in re-
sponse to the calls of the assistant
paymaster. Talk about Beethoven's
symphonies!

"If it were not for that strong wire
screen you could have touched that
fascinating tray. For the infinitesimal
fraction of a second a wicked thought
flitted through your brain. Then you
would almost as your roving eye
stared down the barrel of a monstrous
revolver." It was only in a rack, but it
was within easy reach of the paymas-
ter's hand and most eloquent for all
that. Half a dozen of its fellows lay
in the handiest places, while as many
Winchesters lying on tables and set-
tees came in strong on the chorus.

"Hurriedly your vagrant wits busied
themselves with all the Sunday school
lessons you had ever learned. As your
subconsciousness perceived that the
head of the road's secret service de-
partment stood on the platform with
his eyes intent on every man in the
car at once, while Conductor Linken-
pin stood on the ground outside very
much alert, with his coat tail bulging
suggestively, your bosom swelled with
pride over the watchful care the com-
pany had exercised to bring its honest
toilers their hard-earned money."

Dutch Toes.

"It is a great wonder to me," said
an old chemist, "why more boys do not
take up chemical experiments as an
amusement. Why, I can do things
with the common materials of every-
day life which really seem to be more
magical to the uninitiated than any
of the wonders that are ordinarily
performed by magicians on the public
stage. Some of them are so simple
that by carrying them out at a parlor
entertainment a bright boy could
achieve the reputation of a magician.
Now, there are those curious little bub-
bles of glass known variously as
'Prince Rupert's drops' and as 'Dutch
tears.' Apparently they are merely lit-
tle globules of glass which elongated
tells made by heating a small glass
rod in a flame and allowing the molten
drops to fall into water. After they
have cooled you may pound the thick
part with a hammer or mallet, yet you
cannot break them. On the other hand,
if you break a little piece off their
tails or touch any part of them with
a quartz crystal, they will disappear
into the surrounding atmosphere quick-
er than snow will melt on a hot fire.
To the person who doesn't know how
this has happened the performance is
so astonishing as to seem uncanny.—
London Globe.

Shaped Almost Alike.

Saying only for the fact that one is
a peninsula and the other a group of
islands by far the most striking simi-
larity in contour exists between Italy
and New Zealand. "The resemblance
of each of them to a high-heeled Wel-
lington boot is almost perfect. Cape
del' Armi and Cape Reina form the
toes of the boots. The bay of
Plenty, in New Zealand, and the gulf
of Taranto in Italy, form the instep,
while Cape Runaway and Cape Santa
Maria di Leuca are respectively the
points of the heels. The general shape
of the calf of the leg is also the same
and so is the curve outward to the
somewhat gawky looking toe.

The point of dissimilarity is of
course the separation of the north and
south islands into two. It is easy,
however, to see that if these two is-
lands were somewhat raised they
would become one and would then
even more resemble the Italian penin-
sula than they do now. A comparison
of the islands of Ireland and Sardinia
will show also several points of re-
semblance, but this is nothing like so
striking as it is in the case of the two
widely separated portions of the world
above mentioned.

A Billville Financier.

"This has been a hard year on me,
but I'm hopin' to pull through."
"That's the way?"
"Yes, the sheriff about levied on
everything I had, but I've sent one of
the boys to Atlanta an' t'other one to
Moon, with instructions to let a ap-
propriate run over a leg of each of 'em
—not to hurt 'em much, so to speak—
but to kin git damages enough to make
'em worth 'em."—Atlanta Constitution.



Science AND INVENTION

A German botanist, O. Kuntze, has
pointed out that a certain specimen of
taxodium at Oaxada, Mexico, which
heretofore has been considered the big-
gest tree in the world, having a diam-
eter of 11 meters, consists in reality of
three trees which grew into one.

Trials to test the ammunition-carry-
ing capabilities of motor cars in war
time have recently been going on be-
tween Berlin and Kiel. According to
report, three cars transported alto-
gether fifty-one tons of ammunition,
and this is considered satisfactory.

A Swiss engineer has perfected a
new fire escape. It consists of a series
of folding ladders attached to window
frames. Each ladder reaches from one
window to the next one below it. By
turning a crank on any floor all of the
frames beneath are unfolded in less
than a minute, and form a continuous
means of descending to the ground.

In a study, which purports to be en-
tirely scientific, of the alleged connec-
tion between the physical and mental
character of an individual and his
handwriting, Mons. Solame Pellat, an
expert attached to the Tribunal of the
Seine, Paris, maintains that distinct
relations exist between the handwrit-
ing and the voice. An expert, he de-
clares, can determine from the hand-
writing whether the writer's voice is
high or low in pitch, sonorous or veiled,
harsh, or soft and agreeable. But he
remarks that in all cases where it is
sought to determine character from
handwriting, great pains should be
taken to choose for examination only
writing that has been done under nor-
mal conditions.

Among the industries that have been
profoundly modified by the advent of
electricity into daily use is that of
making porcelain. Formerly artistic
considerations alone governed the var-
ious operations of the workmen in por-
celain, but now, since this substance is
employed for insulators in all electric
installations, scientific processes have
been introduced in its manufacture
which demand a great deal of special
attention. The exact amount of con-
traction that the clay undergoes, the
exact temperature to which it is sub-
mitted in the process of baking, the
constant employment of instruments
for measuring the temperature and for
determining the size of certain pieces—
such are among the essentials in the
modern art of porcelain-making for
electric purposes.

QUEER TUNNEL ADVENTURES.

A Few of the Exciting Things that
Happen Every Day.

A very strange incident happened in
the Severn tunnel recently. Just as an
express train entered the tunnel a sol-
dier in a third-class carriage flung
open the door and attempted to jump
out. Fortunately, one of the passen-
gers succeeded in seizing the man's
coat-tails, and with the aid of other
passengers, held him there, head down-
ward. They could not pull him back,
for the suction was too great. The
communication cord was pulled, the
train stopped, and the rescued man,
who, it appears, had suddenly become
insane—was placed under arrest.

This is not the first exciting in-
cident which has happened in the great
tunnel which carries the Great West-
ern Railway beneath the bed of the
Severn. Some five years ago a Cardiff
commercial traveler went to sleep in a
train bound for Cardiff to Bristol,
and when he awoke, found himself
trapped in a narrow passage beside the
engine.

It is not the only case in which a
passenger has been trapped in the
tunnel. In 1891 a man was trapped
in a tunnel near Cardiff, and was
rescued after a long and difficult
operation.

In 1892 a man was trapped in a
tunnel near Cardiff, and was
rescued after a long and difficult
operation.

In 1893 a man was trapped in a
tunnel near Cardiff, and was
rescued after a long and difficult
operation.

In 1894 a man was trapped in a
tunnel near Cardiff, and was
rescued after a long and difficult
operation.

In 1895 a man was trapped in a
tunnel near Cardiff, and was
rescued after a long and difficult
operation.

In 1896 a man was trapped in a
tunnel near Cardiff, and was
rescued after a long and difficult
operation.

In 1897 a man was trapped in a
tunnel near Cardiff, and was
rescued after a long and difficult
operation.

In 1898 a man was trapped in a
tunnel near Cardiff, and was
rescued after a long and difficult
operation.

In 1899 a man was trapped in a
tunnel near Cardiff, and was
rescued after a long and difficult
operation.

of the rider against the light and slow-
ened speed. After, bounding and ad-
came safely out of the position pre-
ment in which they had plunged them-
selves.—Tit-Bits.

BARTENDER'S "COME BACK."

When the Boss Fired Him He Ex-
plained His Little System of Fines.

The proprietor is telling it on him-
self, but somehow it doesn't make him
laugh so loudly as his hearers do.
This is the story as told by the saloon
owner, according to the Kansas City
Times:

"I had to discharge my barkeeper
for good and sufficient reasons a short
time ago. And this is what he handed
me:

"All right, I'll go, but I've fined you
good and plenty before now and I
guess we're quits."

"Fined me; what are you talking
about?" says I. "Do you think you're
Judge Kyle?"

"Well," he says, "you're not always
as sweet-tempered as Little Eva and
some mornings you've come in here and
told me to go to blazes when I've wish-
ed you good morning as pleasantly as
any one could on \$14 per. Now, haven't
you?"

"Well, I had to admit it—it's the
way I feel sometimes.

"Just so," says my barkeep, putting
on his coat, "and every time you did it
I fined you a quarter. Then occasion-
ally you'd call me down for being ten
minutes late, and you didn't do it in
a soothing manner, either. That al-
ways cost you half a dollar, and you
were getting off easy at that. I've had
a good many discussions with myself
about my leniency. Lots of times I've
said to myself: 'Brace up now and
don't be so chicken-hearted.' But the
half-dollar fine always stood for that
particular offense.

"One dollar, was the penalty for
keeping me from going to lunch at my
regular hour, and it occurred pretty
often if you'll stop to think. Two dol-
lars was the price for making me
swab down the floor, which ain't got
to do place in a barkeeper's list of duties.
I got five for being called a liar, with
ten on top of that for having to re-
strain myself from handing you one
on the jaw.

"This little system of fines was a
great salve to my self-respect and a
welcome addition to my bank account.
I can now afford to loaf for awhile
and watch them build the Bank of
Commerce, Ta. ta."

"Now, what do you think of that?"
the victim asks, as he sets out what
each has called for. "Fined me when
I spoke unkind words. Fined me when
I gave him an unpleasant look. And
so I'm my own bartender. Fined me!
Wouldn't it jar your cash register?"

The Punellious West.

"At the garden party that King Ed-
ward gave at Windsor," said a Chicago-
an, "Mark Twain was undoubtedly the
lion. As he strolled through the beau-
tiful gardens, with their fine view of
Eton in the distance, peeresses besieged
him for his autograph, and dukes clam-
ored to be introduced. Our great hu-
morist was in high spirits. He was
much impressed with the men's elean-
gance—the cut of their frock coats, the
luster of their silk hats, the shapeli-
ness of their glossy, pale-topped boots.
I heard him say that the punellious ob-
servance of the rules of fashion that
the men's dress showed made him think
of the West.

"Entering a mining town in the West
one night, he said to a miner whom he
knew:

"And do you still shoot men here for
wearing silk hats?"

"The miner frowned and shook his
head.

"Not unless they wear 'em with sack
coats," he said."

Honey and Huxley.

James Huxley, once a member of the
staff of the Pall Mall Gazette, was a
typical man of letters. And Huxley,
as everybody knows, was a typical sci-
entific man.

Hanna was a midshipman when
Huxley was a naval surgeon. Years
after the two met each other on the
steps of the British Museum. "Hux-
ley," said Hanna, "I care nothing for
your science or your historical tradi-
tion."

"I," answered Huxley, "for him
was a compound of gas and
water."

"That," said Hanna, "if we were each
of us a compound of men than we are,
we should know how to respect each
other's studies more."—Youth's Com-
panion.

The Spring Poet.

He wrote a poem entitled "Spring"
And tied it up with golden string.
And wondered what it ought to bring.

A magazine sent back the thing.
Along with this sarcastic fling:
"We certainly admire the string!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Author's New Home.

"Like your new house?"
"It's fine."
"There are six houses in the row,
I believe?"
"Yes, mine is the last one."
"Good cellar?"
"One of the six best cellars."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He'd Failed so Often.

"Mr. Timmid has asked if he might
call to-night. I think he wants to tell
me that he loves me," said Miss Yerner.
"Oh," replied her sister, "that goes
without saying."

"Yes, and I'm afraid that he will,
too."—Philadelphia Press.

Poor excuses we have always with
us.