

MY OLD HOME.

It stands upon a sunny slope,
And fronts the beachy hollow
Where glaucous vines have ample scope
The wattle-brook t' follow;

The oxen turn their pliant eyes
Upon me; the bay filly
Neighs softly to her glad surprise;
The tender lambs are chilly;

The apple-blossoms are sifting
In eddies on the laughing tide,
To yonder river drifting.
The snowy dozwined stars the cope,

A Dream of the Adirondacks.—Mrs. Rich.

AFTER SIX YEARS.

"I am giving you a treasure, my son. Why do you hesitate? Surely you have no other love?"

The sick man lifted himself on his pillow, and looked eagerly, fearfully, at the face above him.

It was a haughty, yet frank countenance—a face which mingled strength of will with pride, and tenderness with truth, yet had enough oetic fire in it to make the request his other made of Clarence Livingstone a very hard one for him to grant.

For Elmar Livingstone, dreading, remembered the wrongs done by him in the days of nature, and, recalling a lucky venture, which, by enriching him, had beggared another, asked his son to take that other's orphan daughter for his wife.

Clarence knew nothing of the hour of temptation which saw his father's all—know of no reason more powerful than Christian charity which had reduced his father to adopt the penniless girl, when she was left alone in the world; and, full of fair dreams for the future, he shrunk from a marriage with one whom he had rarely seen, in his years of study and travel, and who was to him only a shy, awkward child—no more.

"Why do you ask this of me, my dear father? Make any provision you wish for Miss Munroe; dower her as richly as you choose. But leave her, as I pray you, to leave me, free. I have no love for her, nor she for me; we are strangers. Let us remain so, lest in eating us as you would you do both lives injury."

"Stoop down, Clarence. She loves you; you have been her hero, her idol, for years. I have fostered her idolatry; for I have wished to atone for the wrong I did her; and there is but one way—to make her the wife of my only son. My boy, you will not refuse to make my last hour easier?"

"Father, I would purchase your peace with my life, were it possible, but there is surely some other way than this, and I will find it. What is the wrong of which you speak? I must know it, since I am to atone; and trust me, my father, though it take my life, I will not fail to make me atonement a complete one."

"There is no other way," moaned the sick man; "and since you bid me need my lips, I will tell you how I gained my wealth, and planted my life with alms of remorse, my son. Be cordial! The story is not long, but very hard to tell—very hard, my boy—for it will make you blush for your father."

And, while the summer night closed in, gray and spectral, Clarence Livingstone, listening to his father's story, of a credulous friend betrayed, and wealth snatched from a too trusting hand, bent his young head in a humiliation wholly new and wholly intolerable to him.

Without, in the clustering shadows of the veranda, drooping like a lily on its stem, stood Lena Munroe, drinking a tale, with pulses beating as strongly as those in the breast of her Clarence, in her own girlish bosom; and as Elmar, regret as bitter; for she had loved Elmar Livingstone as a second father, and felt the sin of the lying as keenly as the wrong done he dead.

Besides, another pang was hers—or Clarence had begged his father not to ask him to be more than a stranger to her!

The story was told, and the old man lay panting on his pillows, his face damp with dew of coming death; and the girl, peering into the chamber with wide darkened eyes, saw Clarence on his knees beside the couch.

"Forgive me my son! I did the wrong for you," came hoarsely to her from the drawn lips of the dying. "Make her your wife, and all will be well. She is pure as a flower unplucked. She has grown dear to me as a daughter—and, my boy, she loves you."

A hot flush crept into her face at the old, broken words, but it died instantly, for Clarence was dying, and she bent her face to her hands as he listened.

"She may be all you say," came in the clear tones of the young man; "but he is no more to me than a flower which I have no wish to gather. If he loves me, it is with a childish love, which will not linger. Rest content, father, she shall not suffer through me."

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your—your regard for me. I will give back every ill-gotten dollar. But I will keep my freedom; I can not sell it, father."

"What do you mean?" "That I will make over to Miss Munroe every acre that you leave me—every farthing that is her due. Nay, not one dissenting word!" as the old man strove, and make "Let me keep my honesty, and make my own way with clean hands, if empty ones. I would not offer my hand to your ward now, even though I loved her, which I do not."

"Clarence, my son!" "Father, say no more, but trust to me; now you shall sleep."

The girl, shaken by hushed sobs, turned from the silvery night, and glided into the house like a shadow. Ere morning dawned, the soul of Elmar Livingstone had gone, where human eye could not follow its flight, free of that clogging clay, to its judgment.

And, as untraceable, it would seem, as the spirit of the man who had wronged her, yet guarded her youth, Lena Munroe had also gone with that night, leaving no token behind her, bidding no farewell.

Six years later the accident occurred on the midnight train which filled the hospital of G—with moaning life, or crushed and shapeless bodies, in which was left scarcely strength to sigh.

The nurses went from pallet to pallet, holding bandages, aiding to bind up great gaping wounds, shrinking from the sight of severed arms, but putting personal feeling away before the great needs that met them.

One nurse, with sweet, blue eyes, tender and pitiful, gave a low cry at last, as the surgeon, whose assistant she was, paused beside a cot on which a young man lay unconscious.

"You know him?" the surgeon asked her regarding her blanched face curiously.

She bent her head in silence, a sob bursting from her lips.

Half an hour later he lay there under her eyes, cold and still, with strips of linen across his bosom, a broken, bandaged arm, and court plaster holding together the red edges of a gash that ran perilously near the temple; and she knelt beside the cot with an aching pain in her young face, as she stroked back the hair from his forehead.

"After six years!" she whispered, softly. "Oh, my love! after six years, during which I have striven to forget your face, to see it so cold and white! But you shall be more tenderly cared for than though you had a sister near you; and when you are well enough to know me, we part again."

For the crushed and wounded man was Clarence Livingstone, the kneeling nurse the girl to whom he had refused his dying father to make offer of his hand—Lena Munroe.

Long days and nights followed each other, and Clarence waked from stupor to mad delirium, in which he told patient nurse all of which she already knew, and much besides—told her of the wealth he had vowed never to touch, lying in his solicitor's hands, for the girl he could not trace; of struggles and trial which he had gone through, which made her blue eyes dim.

But he said no word of any woman whose love was his guard, and she was glad that was spared her.

Once in a midnight hour, when the ward was silent and the lights low about them, he suddenly put forth his uninjured hand and took one of hers; his eyes, brilliant with fever, were fastened on her face.

"My father loved you as a daughter," he said, softly, "and he told me you loved me; but I did not believe, and I wanted him to leave me free. Child, why did you fly from me? Did you fear I would learn to love you?"

She bent her face, and tears flowed silently down her cheeks.

It was delirium, she knew; but she, who had been unable to forget, remembered that long hour in the early night too vividly not to again feel some of its pain as she heard him.

It was weeks later when, after a long sleep, he wakened to full consciousness one morning at day-dawn. The lights were low, the scene spectral, as his languid eyes turned from object to object.

At last they rested on the quiet figure of his nurse, asleep in her chair, and there they lingered.

How sweet and girlish the weary face was, under the stiff cap!—and sad, too, as though this life was not such as her heart yearned for. And the hands lying idly in her lap were so fair and white and slender, dainty enough to be docketed with gems, fair enough to be kissed, but too frail and white for tearing of linen and lifting of dying heads, he told himself an angel.

He had seen it before, but where? Perhaps in one of his day dreams. Now he would never forget it, he told himself, as his own eyes closing he dropped off to sleep.

him, and this time he recognized her. "Lena!" he cried, trying to put out his hand.

But he was too weak. It fell on the counterpane. "You know me?" she said softly, auring paler.

"I know you, and I want to tell you," he whispered, faintly, but with a warm glow in his eyes—"You are an actress; there is no need for you to do this work. My father—"

"I know it all," she broke in; "and that was why I left Lynn as I did. Did you think I would beggar you? And your father had been kind to me. I forgive him because he loved me. I will not go back; I will not take a farthing of that money; it is yours."

"Then share it with me," he said softly. "I would not ask you once, because I did not love you. I do now, because love has grown in my heart for you in an hour. Lena, you have nursed me back to life from what must have been very nearly death. Will you learn to care enough for me to share my future?"

"You love me?" she said, incredulously. "When did you learn the lesson?" "At day dawn, while I watched you asleep in your chair, ere I knew you were Lena, do not doubt me!"

"I do not." She knelt at the cot and put back his hair, as he had dreamed she did while he was unconscious. "And I will own to you, Clarence, that I have loved you always since I first saw you. That was why I fled from Lynn."

"And now you will come back?" "For the same reason," she smiled, although her lips were tremulous. "Love sent me forth then; love recalls me now, and I will share the possessions with you which were neither honestly yours nor mine, but can belong fairly to us together. Yes, Clarence, I will go back!"—Mary C. Freston.

Curious Coins.

"What is that curious-looking copper piece?" asked a reporter of a dealer in old coins.

"That is the Roman Aeneas, a coin which was in use in Rome about 2,200 years ago. It is an original; it could not be spurious, and for the reason that though the coin itself, so far as its outward shape is concerned, might be counterfeited, it would be impossible to imitate the red patina, or coating, upon it. You see, this coin has two coatings of colored matter—one green and the other red. Well, the green can be imitated by modern ingenuity, but the red stuff can not be put upon counterfeit coins by any process at present known to the world."

"Where do you get those ancient coins that were in use so many years ago? Where are they found?" "Well, you see, people in those ancient times did not have banks and bank vaults to deposit their wealth in for safe-keeping. As you know, the Romans were almost constantly engaged in warfare with others, and those who had money would frequently hide it in the earth or secure it in the walls of their dwellings when they went to the wars. Those who were killed left, quite often, no trace of where their wealth was hidden, and so it remained to be resurrected by some modern relic hunter. A great many ancient coins have been found also in river beds. I think then in many instances they were put into rivers by people who wished to have their history remembered by the coming ages. There have been coins found in the Thames near old London bridge by which we can trace many of the Roman emperors. The fact that they have thus been found in order seems to clearly indicate that they were deposited on purpose by persons desirous of perpetuating the names of the rulers." Thus, by these coins of ancient Rome, many things pertaining to that great empire which ruled as mistress of the world are made known to us. Many things are indelibly impressed upon the mind by glancing at these coins and afterward becoming interested in the subject. I do not believe there can be a better educator of the history of any country than a collection of its coins. The symbolic devices and inscriptions upon them have a priceless value in fixing upon the mind the great facts and epochs to which they refer. Not only does this apply to ancient coins; it is equally true of modern coins. Here is something that to the thinking man indicates a great social and business revolution in the manner and customs of the people who use it, for here you see a specimen of the largest coin ever known to be in use anywhere."

The reporter was struck with amazement when informed that the huge square copper platter-like affair was a coin. Preceding, the dealer said:

"Yes, it is a Swedish piece and generally weighs from 6 to 7 pounds. This one weighs 6½ pounds. It is 10½ inches wide by 9½ inches long, and is a very rare coin. It was made during the reign of Frederick, king of Sweden, in the year 1723. In the center of the piece, inclosed in a circle you see the stamp '4—doler,' and underneath the words 'Sif mynt' (silver money), and in each of the four corners, and in order to prevent the coin being clipped, they were stamped with the royal coat of arms."—Boston Globe.

FACT AND FANCY.

Wiscasset, Mo., has an anti-slang society.

Orange wine is becoming popular in Florida.

Georgia is full of tramps with old straw hats and linen dusters.

It is said that sixteen colleges in this country are looking for presidents.

A crematory is to be erected in Buffalo by a builder from Milan, Italy.

Butte, Montana territory, ships an average of \$120,000 a week in silver bullion.

One and one-half tons have been lifted by electric power forty feet in one minute.

The Paeker memorial church of Lehigh university will cost over \$200,000.

The town of Brooklyn, Conn., has voted \$500 toward a monument to Gen. Putnam.

It is estimated that there were over thirteen thousand marriages in Pennsylvania during the week previous to the taking effect of the new marriage law.

A fishing schooner at Gloucester, Mass., one day last week took in three hundred barrels of fish in half an hour that sold in the market for \$2,268.75.

It is estimated that the strike of the Albany, N. Y., molders, which ended on Wednesday, has cost the workmen and manufacturers in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

One hundred thousand colored children in North Carolina attended school in one thousand and ninety school-houses last year. The average cost of the buildings was less than \$100 each.

A California newspaper calls upon Bret Harte to revisit California and "brush up his social information."

The California which he knew is alleged to be utterly unlike the California which exists to-day.

The New York Ladies' club, projected with enthusiasm, has died before it was formed. Its aim was simply amusement, imitating the features of the men's clubs, and its premature death is not surprising.

There is a woman living in Davidson county, North Carolina, who is the mother of seventeen children, eleven of whom are living. She has eighty-seven grandchildren and thirty-two great-grandchildren. She is now 72 years old.

A valiant Georgia editor writes: "I will put our dog Traitor against the world for treecing opossums. A few nights ago our boy Jim Ripples caught fifteen with him, and it was not a good night for the business, as the moon shone too brightly."

The new capitol in process of erection at Atlanta, Ga., is of the same style of architecture as that of the capitol at Washington. The building is to be 347 feet long and 272 feet at the greatest depth. From the center a dome is to rise to a height of 240 feet.

A learned professor who was asked the question, "What is cholera?" replied: "Cholera is a poisoning by uremia, by choleraemia, by extract-hemia, analogous to what is produced by ptomaines, analogous to 'cholera stibite' or 'cholera arsenical'."

Mrs. Mary E. Townsend, of Stone Ridge, N. Y., has a bible in her possession dated 1741. The volume is profusely illustrated, and is in a remarkable state of preservation. It was the property of Jesaias Robinson, of Krippelshub, bearing on the fly-leaf the date 1769.

A Philadelphia dandy with "nothing to wear," while at a New Jersey watering-place the past season, was bedecked with a dog collar of diamonds outside of her walking dresses, a diamond buckle at her waist, large sabbatire "headlight" earrings, and several rows of bracelets and rings.

Temperance people in many parts of Connecticut are in high feather. They are exchanging congratulations in the country press over the victories for no license at the polls on Oct. 3. They had waged a war of unwonted vigor against liquor-sellers, and were rewarded with unusual success.

THE BULGARIAN UNION.

A Plot Looking to the Deposition of Prince Alexander—Waldemar of Denmark His Probable Successor to the Throne.

A London special cablegram to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: The apparently sudden outbreak of the war fever in Greece causes an immense sensation, but there is really little prospect of actual hostilities. It is a matter of fact, and capable of demonstration, that the present outburst has been in preparation for weeks with the full knowledge of King George I.

The whole proceeding looks very much like a game of brag, but it is growing exciting. The relative military strength of Turkey and Greece precludes any idea of the latter power beginning a war of conquest, unless, indeed, the whole Balkan peninsula gets ablaze, and Turkey needs her soldiers elsewhere. At the present moment, Turkey has troops enough on the Greek frontier to promptly smother any attempt at invasion, while the Greek army is weak, poorly equipped and ill-disciplined. The Greek forces are alleged to number 100,000, whereas, in reality, the only efficient portion of the army numbers but 40,000 men.

The most curious and suggestive fact about the Græco-Turkish question is the attitude of King George, and to understand this his family relations must be taken into account. King George is the second son of King Christian IX., of Denmark, and is the husband of the Grand Duchess Olga Constantinovna, cousin of the Czar of Russia. King Christian has now succeeded in placing all his children, save one, on present or prospective European thrones. His eldest son, the Crown Prince Frederick, will become the King of Denmark; his eldest daughter, Princess Alexandra, is the wife of the Prince of Wales, and will be the Queen of England; his second son, King George, is King of the Hellenes; his second daughter is the Czarina of Russia; his third daughter is the wife of the reigning Duke of Cumberland.

A THRONE FOR WALDEMAR.

The only one of the numerous brood unprovided with a crown is the youngest child, Prince Waldemar, who will be 27 years old this month. He is about to be married to a French Princess, but there is little chance that either she or he will ever reign in France. Therefore, it is desirable to give relief to the alliance by providing the young people with another throne, and it happens opportunely that a vacancy can now be made on the throne of Bulgaria. The present incumbent, Prince Alexander of Hesse, has mortally offended the great Powers by his action in annexing Eastern Roumelia without asking their permission. He has forgotten that he was a puppet, and has acted as though he were really a king. Whatever may be the fate of the Bulgarian union, Prince Alexander must be disciplined, and the most probable form of punishment is dethronement. His throne is wanted for Prince Waldemar. Despite the denials from Pan Slavist sources, the rumor is general and persistent at St. Petersburg that the young Danish Prince will soon succeed Alexander as the King of United Bulgaria. The King of Denmark is known to have great influence over his son-in-law, the Czar, and it is positively asserted by certain well-informed diplomatists that the former has secured from the Czar the reversion of the Bulgarian throne for Prince Waldemar. The Czar has now been visiting for several weeks at the Court of his father-in-law, and there has been ample time and opportunity for perfecting this arrangement. It is natural to suppose that King George of Greece is also thoroughly in favor of providing a throne for his brother, Prince Waldemar, and recent events in Greece exactly fit this theory.

FOUNDED BY GEORGE OF GREECE.

There was a probability that Turkey and the Powers would accept the Bulgarian union under Prince Alexander's rule as a fact accomplished. This would not suit those who are seeking Alexander's throne for Waldemar. To prevent it, it was necessary that there should be pretended outbreaks in the western and southern portion of the Balkan peninsula. These would call for the intervention of the Powers to prevent a general conflagration in European Turkey. Then, when it was found that everybody would be pacified by the deposition of Alexander and the elevation of Waldemar, that change could easily be made. This programme seems now to be in process of fulfillment. The lead has been taken by Greece and Servia. Either of them could be crushed by Turkey, but their simultaneous action, together with fears for the peace of Albania and Macedonia, demand intervention. Many interests would be served by the elevation of Prince Waldemar to the Bulgarian throne, and it is quite possible that this may be, at least for the present, the solution of the whole problem.

The Criminal Out of Prison.

The subject of the prison reform, first introduced to the attention of the civilized world by John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, has concerned itself chiefly with the welfare of the criminal and the protection of society after the criminal has committed his crime and is shut up in prison. The idea that

the prison, like the county jail of today, was a field for propagating human weeds instead of a nursery for developing them into valuable plants, was the new discovery which those eminent philanthropists helped reveal to the world. The inmates left them far worse than they entered. To eradicate such a system has been the principal work of prison reformers from that day to this. Study, ingenuity, benevolence have all contributed to their store to this important problem.

Have they succeeded? On the whole it must be admitted that, measured by the labor and time expended, their success has not been brilliant. As a rule most criminals on their release from prison betake themselves to their old associates, their old haunts and their old evil ways. This is partly due to the attitude of society, which distrusts them, but mainly to the ingrained love of the crime in which they indulge. What seamanship and the pleasures of an roving ocean life are to the sailor; or fox-hunting and tiger-shooting are to the inveterate sportsman, burglary is to the natural-born burglar. As the painter loves his art, as the actor loves the stage, so the forger and counterfeit love the exercise of that skill which enables them at a single stroke to enrich themselves at the expense of their fellows. Meissonier does not receive the \$10,000 checks which millionaires pay him for one of his pictures with more pleasure than the forger feels when the cashier hands him the money which attests the excellence of his false draft, and although overhanging it all is the peril of punishment, the anxiety is probably more than compensated by the risk and spirit of adventure.

In spite, therefore, of the many abuses in prison management that have been remedied, little progress has yet been made in the conversion of the criminal class into a law-abiding and useful class.

The attention of reformers, therefore, is turning to another phase of the problem in his earlier stages; to his vaccination rather than to the disease after it has broken out. Having been pronounced almost if not quite incurable, once it matures into an eruption, the prevention of it beforehand has assumed a new importance. This is only following the tendency in treating bodily disease. Cleanliness, sanitary regulation and inoculation are taking now prominence in medical science. In moral disease, orphan asylums, Sunday schools, reform schools, houses of all sorts for homeless or neglected children, the separation of children from criminal or pauperized parents, all have their origin in the admitted failure of prisons to reform the criminal.

But there are still several phases of the problem which prison-reformers have yet barely touched, and in regard to which the reformation of jurisprudence and change in public opinion are sadly needed. One of these especially demanding attention is the want of oversight and restraint of the notorious criminal who is not in prison, including the valuable right of habeas corpus itself, the laws which were in early days instituted for the protection of the weak against the rich and powerful, and of the individual against a despotic governing class, have in the process of civilization failed to keep step with other improvements. They are now one of the chief shields of the criminal classes. They are strained to the utmost in his behalf. Thus the burglar or forger has a double advantage. He has the benefit of many of the great inventions—from fine steel instruments to ether and dynamite, the best firearms—but, after he is caught, which is made by these inventions all the more difficult, he has the benefit of the antiquated usages of the laws, which have not been readapted to the new era in civilization and government.

When not actually engaged in breaking the law or in undergoing its penalties he is almost wholly free to pursue his criminal occupation. He is, it is true, subject to the vigilance of the police and the detective, but he is not obliged to account for himself, his time, or his pursuits. He can plan a raid upon a bank or a dwelling house with all the deliberation and secrecy of a commanding general planning a campaign against an enemy.

And there are notorious resorts and retreats, where he may stay unmolested until some crime is committed which allows the interference of the police.

During the political progress of mankind, individual liberty has become so exalted that although its protection to the good citizen is growing almost superfluous and generally accepted, it has become like the abandoned temples of the Greek gods, a refuge and a sanctuary for the bandits and beasts of prey that make war upon society.

These aspects of the criminal problem need thorough discussion, and they are destined to receive greater prominence hereafter than they have yet had. While it is not pretended that all has been done which can be done for the criminal in prison, the criminal out of prison has been overlooked and passed by.—Detroit Free Press.

A child was recently born at Moose River, Me., with but one hand.