

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Its worn-out acres fallow lie,
Upturned the orchard stands
For they who tended them long since
Have gone to other lands—

The elm boughs tap the skylight dim
As, in the days agoone,
They tapped to waken merrily
The little folk at dawn.

No step, no whisper, breaks the hush
But hush! A sweep of wings
Athwart the attic's dreaming dusk,
And tender twitterings!

And in the cradle, vacant long,
Four downy fledgelings peep
And cuddle close. They'll dream of wings
And twitter in their sleep

O life and love that were of yore!
O sad old house bereft!
To thee but memory's treasured store
And the little birds are left.

THE LAST FOUR LEAGUES.

It was sundown in Santa Rosalia.
The rainy season was on in Cuba,
and low, rumbling thunder had
been heard all the afternoon.

"My God! Rafael, you are wounded,
my boy—"

"It is no matter; I can still ride. The
battle of Saratoga is raging. I am on
my way to Colonel Pena. He does not
know of it. We need him and his
cavalry. Help me to a fresh horse and I'll
catch Pena at Santa Lucia to-night. I
must—"

"Mother, some one, help me to my
feet! I must go on—I must go on. I
have ridden sixteen leagues since morn-
ing. There are only four more to Santa
Lucia and to Pena. We must have him."

"How were you wounded, my boy?"
"Twice near El Desnayo—late this
afternoon. I had changed horses at La
Vinda an hour before. Suddenly I ran
into a body of Spanish guerrillas from
San Miguel. I could not fight them—
there were too many—so I took up a
vine toward Isidro. They fired five vol-
leys after me and gave chase. They
knew I bore a commission. My horse
was fleet and strong and I got away,
but carried with me one of their rifle
balls. I tore off parts of my sleeve and
pushed them into the wound, but it still
bled. I'm better now; I'm rested; I'll
go on." And again he tried to get on his
feet.

"Rafael, my boy, it is impossible; you
are weak. You cannot ride; the motion
of the horse will cause you to bleed to
death. Guido must go. Emilia, tell him
to saddle a fresh horse and get ready to
ride to Santa Lucia."

"Guido is only a half-wit. He might
start for Santa Lucia, but he would
never find his way in the dark. Even
if he reached the place he would forget
whom he wanted to see."

"But there is no other man in Rosa-
lia," pleaded the mother.
"True! Therefore I must go, wound
or no wound. Emilia, tell Guido to saddle
a horse and bring it to the gate
quickly. We are losing time."

"Brother, we can't let you go. I'll
never see you again." And the poor

child buried her head on her brother's
neck. Then, suddenly rising, she ex-
claimed: "O, why was I not a man?
Cuba so needs men! Yes, I'll tell him
to get Linda ready at once. Colonel
Pena must go to help Gomez." Turn-
ing, she kissed her brother's forehead
and hurried out to the stables. Soon
the quick gallop of a horse was heard
approaching the house. But it did not
step at the gate. On it sped in the di-
rection of Santa Lucia.

A moment later Guido, the half-wit-
ted black boy, wandered aimlessly into
the room.
"Where is the horse, where is Emi-
lia?" inquired her brother.
"Gone!" replied the boy.
"Gone? Where?" came from all pres-
ent.

"I dun know. She said somethin'
'bout St. Lucia, jumped on Linda's
back, and looks to me as how she's
gone."

And so she was; the brave little Emi-
lia, although not a soldier of Cuba, had
taken her brother's place. She had gone
to get Pena; to tell him that the fight
between Gomez and the Spanish General
Castellanos was on at Saratoga and
that every Cuban in Camaguey was
needed.

On the little heroine rode in the dark-
ness of the night. She had been born
and raised in the country, and she knew
the way to Santa Lucia, although she
had never before traveled it in the
dark. But she was riding to save her
brother's life and for Cuba. Darkness,
danger, nothing daunted her. Bare-
headed and alone, she urged her horse
over the road at a pace which would
have made most girls tremble with
fear.

Not even when an hour later the tropi-
cal storm broke in all its fury around
her did she hesitate. Lightning strik-
ing the tall "palma reals" caused Linda
many times to shy and almost bolt the
road, but the brave little rider held on
and never loosened rein until in sight
of Pena's campfires.

"Quien va?" suddenly called out the
picket.
"Quien?" answered the brave little pa-
triotas. She reined up her panting steed.
"Adelante una!" ordered the guard,
and Emilia, pale, wet, and dripping,
rode forward.

"Caramba! It is a child. Who are
you? What do you want?"
"I am Emilia Moncada. I want to tell
Colonel Pena that there is a battle at
Saratoga. General Gomez has only 530
men against over 2,000 Spaniards, and
he needs help."

A few minutes later, almost fainting
with fatigue and nervous strain, she
was borne into the presence of Pena.
"Dios mio!" he exclaimed, as he list-
ened to her story and then gave the sig-
nal for his command to mount.

"You poor little thing, you should be
asleep and asleep." Wrapping his coat
around her little, trembling, wet form,
he jumped into his saddle and had an
officer pass the child up to him. The
order was given to march, and in his
arms the fighting Colonel of Camaguey
carried the little heroine back to her
home in Rosalia.

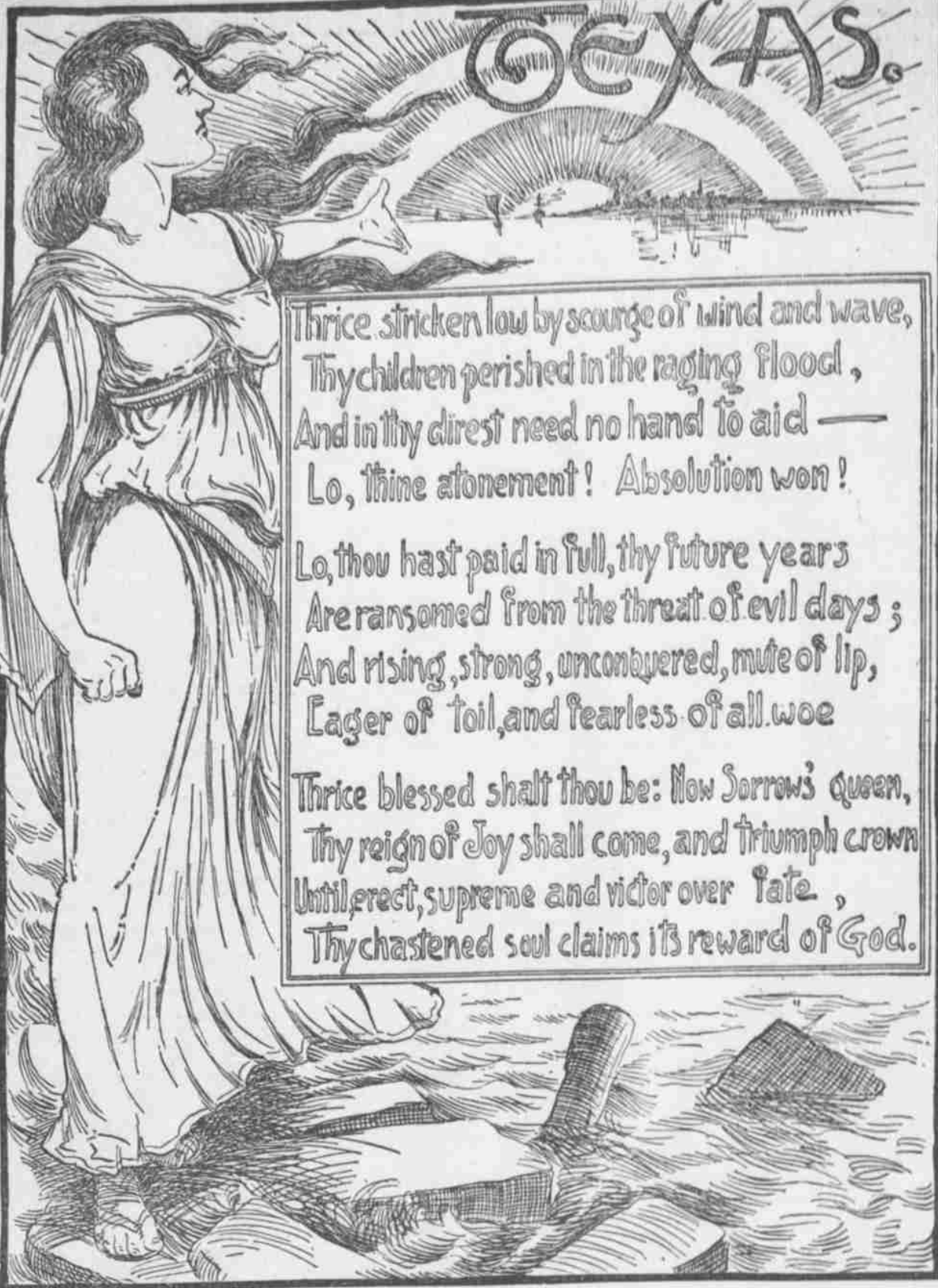
"Take her," he said, as he handed her
over to the half-crazed mother. "She
brought us the news. I'll speak of her
to General Gomez. She deserves the
rank of a Major General. She has saved
her brother's life, and her brave deed
may win the day at Saratoga."—
Omaha Bee.

Wanted the Birds Cared For.
There is a story just now current in
Rome to the effect that a sculptor in
that city, in an evil hour for his reputa-
tion as an artist, undertook some time
ago to produce "to order" a bronze statue
of President Kruger. One of the
conditions imposed was that no liberties
were to be taken with Oom Paul. He
was to be represented in all his
native heaviness of features with the
fidelity which Oliver Cromwell exact-
ed; and for personal decoration he was
to be depicted in his ordinary frock
coat and tall hat! The most trying stip-
ulation of all was, however, that Mad-
ame Kruger, Oom Paul's amiable lady,
insisted that the crown of the hat
should be made concave so that it might
catch and hold rain water for the
refreshment of little birds! The artist
has succeeded in doing the bidding of
his patrons, and the statue is now al-
most ready for transmission to Pre-
toria. This concern for the welfare of
the harmless little birds is creditable
to Madame Kruger's maternal heart,
but humanitarianism of this kind is cer-
tainly not conducive to the production
of a keen aesthetic sense.—St. James
Gazette.

Matches Made from Paper.
The days of the old-fashioned wood-
en match are said to be numbered.
Matches are to be made of paper. By
a new process the paper is cut in strips
about half an inch wide. These are
drawn through and saturated with a
flame-producing material. They are
then rolled into tubes and cut the
length of ordinary matches and dipped
in the phosphorus to form the head,
which is lighted by striking in the
same fashion as the ordinary match. It
is predicted that the match-making in-
dustry will be entirely revolutionized
by this new method. The matches are
very much lighter and are thought to
be more reliable than the old sort. Pa-
per of various kinds will be employed,
that made from wood pulp being better
adapted for this purpose.

German Juries.
In Germany, when the vote of the
jury stands six against six, a prisoner
is acquitted. A vote of seven against
five leaves the decision to the court,
and on a vote of eight against four the
prisoner is convicted.

After a man has accumulated as
much as \$5,000 it is perfectly proper
for his wife to refer to the "grounds"
surrounding their home, instead of the
"yard."



Thrice stricken low by scourge of wind and wave,
Thy children perished in the raging flood,
And in thy direst need no hand to aid —
Lo, thine atonement! Absolution won!
Lo, thou hast paid in full, thy future years
Are ransomed from the threat of evil days;
And rising, strong, unconquered, mute of lip,
Eager of toil, and fearless of all woe
Thrice blessed shalt thou be: Now Sorrow's queen,
Thy reign of Joy shall come, and triumph crown
Until, erect, supreme and victor over Fate,
Thy chastened soul claims its reward of God.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BULLS OF FIGHTING BLOOD.

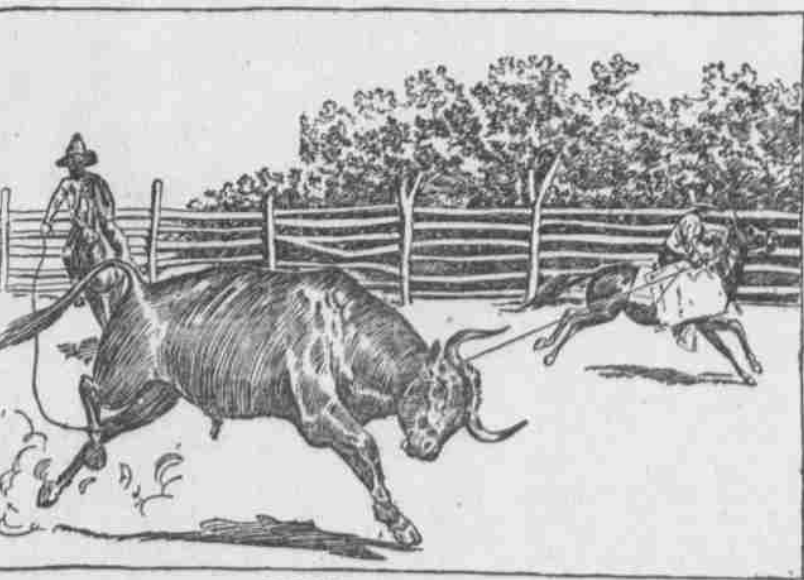
Mexicans Still Delight in Sports of
Doubtful Morality.
Mexico is one of the few countries in
the so-called civilized world where bull
fighting is still regarded as a legitimate
pastime and where the successful bull
fighter is esteemed a hero worthy to sit
by the side of the most lofty of men
and the most beautiful of women. The
arena is recognized by the government
and by high officials as a proper place
in which to educate the people, and
when the wild bulls come to town ac-
companied by the matadors, the ban-
derilleros and the picadores the entire
populace turns out to greet them.

Sunday is the day usually selected for
bull fights in Mexico. Then the entire
population is at leisure and a large at-
tendance is certain.
The advance agent of the fighting

are the Spanish horses. That is why
the blinding handkerchief is tied over
his right eye and the chargings of the
bull are all received on that side.

There is a vulnerable spot that the
picador knows how to find on the bull's
withers. This is the spot he strikes at
when the bull charges. No injury is
intended and no injury results, but
there is one thing sure to happen if the
right spot is struck. The bull halts and
swings his head sideways in sudden
pain and the attack is ended. If he is
a good fighter he will charge again and
at least once again. Three times is the
test, both before and during the fight.

One after another the chosen animals
are driven into the corral and tried.
This sifting process may last several
days and at the end not more than half
of the twenty-five are deemed worth
keeping. The others are turned out up-
on the range again.



ROPING A WILD BULL.

troupe usually places an order for bulls
as much as a month or two before they
will be needed. He knows the ranches
where the fiercest are bred and he en-
ters into negotiations with the hacien-
dado of one of these for twenty-five of
his bulls. Out of this number only six
will be needed eventually for the fight,
but the weeding out process is so thor-
ough that twenty-five is none too many
to start with.

Once the twenty-five are shut within
the pasture their troubles begin. They
have plenty to eat, they have room to
wander, but the sorry time comes
when they must be put through their
paces. Out on the ranch a round corral
has been built with an opening into the
pasture. When the time for trial comes
a bull is driven into the corral, shut in
there and joined by one or more of the
fighters. He is teased with a bright-
colored cape, which is part of every
fighter's outfit, or with a barbed pole.
If he has any fight in him it is not long
before he begins to charge upon one of
the horses.

The little California ranch horse is
not in the habit of standing still to be
charged upon, as he is wanted to do.
He is snifty and hurried and he is not
trained to be otherwise in bull fights as

When the time comes to take the
chosen dozen to town for the eventful
Sunday a great commotion goes on at
the hacienda. Everybody must be up
early to see the party off. Each bull is
fastened by the horns to two cabestos.
These cabestos are steers that have
been broken to haul dead cattle, and
for that purpose have holes for rope
punched in their horns. The fighting
bull has no holes in his horns—they
would render him imperfect for the
fight—but the rope that is wound about
his can be tied through theirs. He is a
much handsomer and prouder fellow
than the drudging steers that form his
bodyguard, for their horns branch side-
ward, while his prod directly forward,
rendering him bien amada or well
armed.

For a few hundred yards there is
much excitement, for none of the beasts
take gently to their new mode of travel
and the vaqueros who drive them are
as excited as they. But hysterics grow
fresome even to bulls, and after a
while they settle down to a quiet jog
trot that may be continued for fifty or
seventy-five miles before the seething
town of the fight is reached.

And then—the shouting of many peo-
ple and the screaming of trumpets, and

a confusion of dazzling colors and an
angry fight. When the fight is over the
meat of the six dead bulls is sent to
the barracks for the soldiers.

To Acquire a Good Vocabulary.
"A good vocabulary is acquired by
reading good books, as well as by hear-
ing the talk of those who express
themselves in the speech of educated
people," writes Margaret E. Sangster,
in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Thought
lies back of speech, and the more sub-
jects interest us the more command of
language we shall have in which to de-
scribe them. They who read scientific
books will have a grasp of scientific
terms. They who discriminate nicely
and use the very best word to say what
they have in their minds will consult
a dictionary and see what are the simi-
larities or the contrasts of certain
words; will choose, as among gems, the
flawless ruby or crystal; will not be
satisfied except with the exact word
which can express precisely the mean-
ing they wish to convey. The reading
of good authors lifts our vocabulary
from meanness and meagerness to no-
bility and splendor, enriches our speech
with words which are like a beautiful
embroidery on the garment of daily
life, and furnishes us with allusions,
quotations and phrases which are pic-
turesque, apposite or convenient for
illustration."

Cordiality a Heart Winner.
There is hardly anything—in fact, I
honestly believe there is nothing—that
can take the place of cordiality in the
home so far as the pleasure of guests
is concerned. Fittings and furnishings
may be elegant, the carpets upon which
you tread may have been designed and
woven by the most skilled hands in all
the world, and the paintings that hang
on the walls be genuine old masters,
and yet if in the midst of all this beau-
tiful and elegance you are not met with
a cordial smile and handclasp, you are
conscious of something lacking, and
the voice must sound cordially. Words
alone, no matter how well chosen, are
empty unless there is a true ring in the
voice. Therefore, cultivate a cordial
voice if you care to win a little place in
the hearts of those you daily meet.—
Baltimore Herald.

Ceylon's Sacred Oxen.
One of the curiosities among the do-
mesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed
of cattle known to the zoologist as the
"sacred running oxen." They are the
dwarfs of the whole ox family, the
largest species never exceeding thirty
inches in height. In Ceylon they are
used for quick journeys across country
with light loads, and it is said that four
of them can pull the driver of a two-
wheeled cart and a two-hundred-pound
load sixty or seventy miles a day. They
keep up a constant swinging trot or
run, and have been known, it is claim-
ed, to travel one hundred miles in a
day and night without food or water.—
Tit-Bits.

Do women entertain good opinions
of other women? A man can always
flatter a woman by telling her she is
"different" from other women.

HAD PLENTY OF TROUBLE.

Fisherman Had to Make Explanation
on Account of an Accident.
This one is on a resident of Princeton
street! He went to sleep on his
doorstep and had difficulty in explain-
ing matters to the satisfaction of the
patrolman, who directed his companion
to the police station. It seemed the
victim is an ardent disciple of James
Walton, with a strong penchant for
trout brooks and fish stories.

He had arranged to go with a net-
bor on this particular morning and he
arose before dawn. In fact, it was
earlier than he had intended, but he
failed to discover until, dressed in his
old clothes, disreputable as all the
best fishermen are, he had stepped out
side the door. Then, as he listened
the click of the night latch, he
thought him to look at his watch, he
was an hour earlier than he had
agreed upon, and his night key was
his other clothes. He would sit at
the little stars winked at him and
blinked at him and presently it seemed
to him they hovered at him. The night
wind murmured drowsily. Presently
he has fishing, excitedly landing his
whopper, and he had not moved from
his own doorstep. An all-night car-
riage called up Catherine street and
Princeton. An officer of the law had
jumped a seat and saw that no un-
dressed steps were astray.

The car passed the house of the
sleeper and the officer's helmet rose
on the end of his hair. A disreputable-
looking burglar was before him. Alas,
unaided, he would make a capture. He
stole up the walk on tiptoe. The sleep-
er smiled. He had landed a four-pound-
er. How he pulled! He opened his
eyes; the grip of the law was upon him.
It took much persuasive eloquence and
perspiration to convince the patrolman
that everything was all right.

There was now a light in his neigh-
bor's kitchen. The victim decided to
go over. He did so. He looked in the
window and saw the servant getting
his friend's breakfast. The
servant-girl caught a glimpse of the
peeping in at the window and promptly
went into hysterics.

He went in to soothe her. His neigh-
bor, sleeping calmly, forgetful that he
was going fishing, was awakened by
the sound of voices in the kitchen. The
servant-girl must be entertaining vis-
itors. It was outrageous. He went
out an end to it. He burst angrily into
the kitchen—and here ended the epis-
odes of the Princeton street fisherman.—
Springfield Homestead.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Corks which have slipped inside bot-
tles can be easily extracted by a new
designed implement, which has
handles pivoted together to control a
pair of elongated jaws, which are
of strong steel and are narrow enough
to pass through the neck and catch the
cork.

For preventing hoisting engines from
lifting the cage too far the dentist
provided with a tilting block set in
with one side of the cage, a rod run-
ning from the block to the cut-off of
the engine, to stop the latter when the
cage rises high enough to turn the
block.

To prevent the flow of gas when
let is accidentally extinguished an im-
proved burner has a metallic rod ter-
minating the tip with a valve inside
the pipe, the rod expanding under the
heat of the match to open the valve and
allow the gas to flow until the flame
is extinguished.

A Pennsylvanian has patented an
improved passenger elevator
which has in place of the inclined
less chain a set of treads, which are
formed by mounting the chain on
rollers, which alternately enter upper
under guides in rising, to bend the
tread into steps.

For automatically throwing the
of switches a new engine attach-
has a beam extending out in front,
tackle for swinging the free end of
either rail, with a small wheel at
outer end, which engages the
rail and forces it into position as
engine moves forward.

Skivins of yarn are automatically
serted in the dyeing fluid at intervals
by a new machine, which has a
number of endless chains, with links
ceive spindles on which the skivins
mounted, with means for revolving
chains to dip the skivins in a bath
the bottom of the circuit.

Articles of food can be chopped
oughly and finely by a new machi-
having two blades set at right angles
and fitting closely inside the
receptacle, the bottom of the latter
ring cut at the same curve as
blades, which brings the entire
surface of the knife into use.

To indicate when the contents of a
bottle have been partially removed,
replaced with an adulterant a cover-
rod is placed in the bottle, with a
mounted on the rod to fall as the
contents are poured out. Internal
engaging notches on the rod to hold
float down when the bottle is refilled.

More Brilliant Than the Sun.
Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing
stars which are so distant that they
have no measurable parallax, remarks
that one of these, the brilliant star
opus, can be said, with confidence, to
be 1,000 times brighter than the sun.
"Whether we should say 20,000, 100,000
or 5,000 no one can decide." The
are at an immeasurable distance,
must, in view of their actual bril-
liancy, enormously outshine the sun.

Cashmere Shawls.
The constant labor of four persons
for an entire year is required to pro-
duce a Cashmere shawl of the best
quality.