

THE HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

Above Julia's purple-mantled plain,  
There lovers still, among the ruins lone,  
The spirit of the Christ whose dying agon  
Was heard in heaven, and paid our debt in pain.  
Within this house—this room—a martyr died,  
A prophet of a larger liberty,  
A liberator setting bondmen free,  
A full-blooded MAN, above mere mortal pride,  
The cloud-rifts opening to celestial glades  
Off glimpse him, and his spirit lingers still,  
As Christ's sweet influence broods upon the hill  
Where the red lily with the sunset fades.

—Robert Mackay, in Success.

The Return of the Prodigal

A tall, thin man, deeply tanned, his forehead white when he pushed back his soft felt hat, leaned over the rail of a small "pleasure" steamer that made short trips between Bar Harbor and Jonesport twice and thrice a week.

The man seemed somehow out of place among the storekeepers and small tradesmen, who had brought babies, bottles, and biscuits, and were having an outing.

The little steamer kept close in shore after leaving the harbor, and the man looked up at the giant red cliffs, their summit crowned with crisp salt grass, as if every landmark was familiar.

His hand was brown and sinewy, like himself, and the cigar he held he dropped overboard as the tiny craft came in sight of Sidbridge.

There is no pier there; the levithan craft only stops there when ordered. To get ashore the boat gently noses the wharf and passengers ignominiously "walk the plank."

The man, looking shoreward, took out a fresh cigar, and as it would not light, he held it in his hand, looking still shoreward, and his hand—essentially the hand of a workman—trembled.

He went in the cliff cuts Sidbridge in half. Looking up from the sea one sees houses on either side of the fissure; a square towered stone church crowns all. As has been said, there is no pier or landing stage, and barelegged little fellows were rolling about on amber colored mats spread out to dry.

"Good God"—and there seemed no savor of irreverence as the man spoke the words, and his keen gray eyes were moist—"not a speck of change—not a speck! No railway apparently, no pier, no anything, after twenty years! And I've come 12,000 miles to see you and I find you just as I left you!"

"Oh—oh? It's my body that has grown old, not my heart."  
"Do you get off here, sir?"

"Yes, purser, and look out for me on your way back. What a quaint old place this seems to be!"

The purser laughed.

"They say of Sidbridge that no one ever dies there and no change has taken place for fifty years or more."  
"Ah, it's different on my side, I'm from the other side of the world."

Herbert Seaton walked the plank, the only passenger to alight, leaving bins and babies behind him, and, carrying his grip, he went up the main street, looking keenly from hand to hand.

The names on the few stores were familiar to him. He nodded and gave "good day" to an old lady sunning herself upon the doorstep, who returned his greeting with no sign of recognition.

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new, and God fulfills himself in many ways," he quoted and walked on, grip in hand, his eyes glancing hither and thither.

Behind the coast guard's cottage is a small square. You enter it from the main street by a narrow passage that looks like a cul de sac, but it opens out into a tiny quadrangle, where the sound of the sea scarcely penetrates.

The houses—all of one pattern—are lime washed and tiled, with green shutters, and the rust from the hinges has stained them almost red in patches.

And the man made his way towards one with feet that lagged. The green shutters, the hall mark of respectability, hung away, and their hinges were rusted. He turned to the next house and knocked at the door.

At the house of his quest the front door swung to and fro.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Haygarth has moved to?"

"I have never heard the name, sir."  
"Did not Mrs. Haygarth—her name was Radford before her marriage—come here to live on her wedding day?"

"Radford is a common name here, sir. There are three Margaret Radfords in the parish now."  
"But the Margaret I mean married the New York broker twenty years ago."

"That is long before my time, sir. But the broker, I have heard, was killed on his wedding day."  
"Give me the address of these Margaret Radfords. I've been 'clean away' for many years."  
The Yankee speech slipped back to the man's tongue, and the young woman laughed, for at first the man spoke with the twang of a foreigner.

and finding the announcement that apartments were to let, engaged a bedroom, and there was no grumbling about her terms, for the Australian had generously all over him!

Then Herbert Seaton made his way up the steep path he had been told led to the "schoolhouse."

In his day he remembered the local cobbler kept school and turned out perhaps poor scholars, but good fishermen, and he emphasized his remarks with a strap. Seaton felt it now. The green ledges twenty feet high, up the steep red path he made his way, and at the end stood the schoolhouse, facing the sea. He stood outside for some minutes brushing perspiration from his forehead.

It was a tiny climb, after all is said and done, but he painted painfully and drank in the air from the sea.

Then he peered between the scarred ranks of fuchsias and myrtle that stood on the broad window sill, and he saw a beautiful woman, of nearly his own age, who had blue, gentle eyes, and a

gentle face, and an aureole of fair hair, that in beams of sunlight looked to him like a halo.

Small man and woman kind were round her knees, from tiny tots to girls of 12, and she was talking and teaching as only an angel upon earth—or a good woman, which is the same thing—can talk and teach from the book of books that lay upon her lap.

And the Australian wanted to go in, too, and kiss a pair of lips that went while were his to kiss, but he stopped and listened, and the lump in his throat choked him, for he was listening to the old-new story of the prodigal son, and the narration seemed to move the sweet saint, and the children, who had heard it hundreds of times before, always found some fresh questions to ask.

"Sweet," was the informal address of one dark-eyed boy, who seemed a favorite, "what would you do if your son came back to you like this prodigal son who ate hucks?"

"Sweet never had a son. Sweet has never been married," came from an older girl.

And the heart of the man bounded within him.

"I should welcome my prodigal dearly, of course." "The sweet mouth had grown wistful, but her eyes seemed as if they had visions of something far away."

"Would you kiss him, I wonder?" "Schoolmarm blushed and laughed like a young girl."

"Yes, I think I should kiss him," she said gently.

"Well, let's pretend I'm the prodigal and you be the man who owned the fatted calves."

Seaton chuckled to himself, feeling a boy again.

Then he went for a walk, returning an hour later, to find school dismissed.

Margaret Radford felt strangely lonely when her little flock had run off shouting down the hill, and the sad little look came into her face.

And then a shadow fell across the door, and she looked up. For a moment she did not speak; her eyes grew round and her breath came and went in deep gasps between her parted lips.

"The prodigal son has returned, Margaret. Lord knows I have eaten hucks enough down under!"

"You are a thousand, thousand times welcome, Herbert Seaton!" And she began to sob.

He had not yet even touched her hand, but had drawn nearer.

"What did you tell little Bob Carey you would do when the prodigal returned?"

He spoke in a tone of banter to hide the deep feeling that moved him, but he held out his arms, and his love flew into them, and he rained kisses upon her cheek and brow.

"My love—my love!" was all he could stammer out, after a silence of twenty years.

And she, too, lay silent in his strong arms, thinking many thoughts, that shaped themselves into a prayer of thankfulness.

"Why did you ever leave me, dear one?" she asked.

"Your father told me that you were engaged to Haygarth, and he was richer than I. He even showed me the house you were to live in when you married."

"And you believed him—your, Herbert, my last love? How could you—how could you? To go away without a word!"

Her eyes had filled with tears again and he took her face under to his heart.—Chicago Tribune.

"LOOKING FOR INDIANS."

How a Dissatisfied Recruit Obtained His Discharge.

An army captain, who likes to talk about his experiences was once stationed in California at a post nowhere near Indiana, except those in the front of the cigar stores in the nearby city.

Among the batch of recruits came a big husky fellow who was very quiet and well liked by the men of his company. In a few weeks the man seemed to grow quieter and to stay by himself and have little to say to any one.

One afternoon he was excused from dress parade by the surgeon on account of sickness. Just as parade was formed the big fellow was seen to rush across the parade in front of the commanding officer. In his hand he carried a pair of binoculars.

He stopped at the foot of the tall flagstaff, and before he could be stopped he had strapped on the binoculars and raced up the staff. On the crossbar, half way up, he sat, Old Glory fluttering to the breeze over his head. Parade over, the guard, the officers and many others gathered at the foot of the staff and the man was commanded to come down. He paid no attention to the commands of any one or to the threat of the commanding officer that he would have him shot if he did not come down.

He took from his pocket a pair of red glasses and scanned the country in all directions for about half an hour, when he closed up the glass and descended into the hands of the guard at the foot of the staff. As he was being marched off to the guardhouse he remarked:

"I did not see any coming."  
"See any what?" asked the sergeant of the guard.

"Why, Indians. The Modocs are coming to attack the post, and I am on the watch for them."

The surgeon talked with the man, who was quiet and seemed rational on every subject save that the post was in danger of being attacked by Indians. In a day or two he was released from the guardhouse and in half an hour was up the staff again and at the same business of watching for the Indians. No threats or commands would induce the man to come down or make any reply. At the end of three hours he came down "from off his perch," and in a day or two papers were sent in recommending his discharge, not on the ground of insanity, which would have necessitated his being sent to the asylum, but on account of madness for service.

His discharge papers were given to him, and as he passed out of the post a member of the guard said to him: "Well, how about the Indians now? See any?"

The big fellow turned around when off the reservation, and out of the gate, and with a smile that was childlike and bland, replied:

"Indians, no! You army fellows certainly are a lot of jays."

He had been a lineman, and not satisfied with the service, had chosen a novel way to get out.

Buy a Smoking Mountain.

What is perhaps Dame Nature's big-geest laboratory has been purchased by a syndicate of Americans. It is located in the crater of the historic smoking mountain of Mexico, the Popocatepetl of the Aztecs. The transaction, whether regarded as a real estate transfer or an industrial deal, is interesting by reason of its novelty.

Popocatepetl has been on the whole rather a beneficent volcano than otherwise. Instead of pouring out floods of lava and ashes like Vesuvius it has furnished for a century or so a practically inexhaustible supply of sulphur. The world has long been aware of this fact and the sulphur mine has been worked by native labor, though on a necessarily small scale, since heretofore it has been well-nigh inaccessible. The mountain is over 17,000 feet high and for 13,000 feet is covered with a dense growth of forest. The crater itself is three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep.

These natural obstacles in the way of extracting and marketing the vast sulphur deposits in the crater are to be overcome by constructing a railway from the village at the base to the summit. The mountain was purchased some years ago by a syndicate of wealthy Mexicans, who, however, failed to develop it and have now sold out to the American capitalists. The undertaking will be a large one, but by applying modern methods the output of sulphur can be made enormous, while the timber which clothes the mountain sides has large commercial value. Certainly it will establish a new and unique industry in Mexico, though thousands of old Aztecs would doubtless turn in their graves upon realizing such a profanation.

With the Accent on the Fair.

"They say Griggaby fell in love with one of the lady attendees at the St. Louis Fair."

"Did he tell her so?"

"No, he was too timid."  
"Poor Griggaby! He should have remembered that faint heart never won fair lady."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Resemblance.

"How much your little boy resembles your husband," said the cunning politician.

"I've always heard," she replied, "that people grow to look like those they are much with, but this is quite a remarkable case. We only adopted the dear little fellow last week."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HOW QUACKS PERFORM "MIRACLES."

Quacks have two advantages over regular practitioners. In the first place, all the quack's successes are trumpeted abroad by his grateful patients, while of his failures the world hears nothing, since no one likes to confess the silliness of having had recourse to a charlatan. Few events in history are so well attested as the miracles wrought upon the tombstone of Deacon Francoia de Paris in the churchyard of St. Maurice, and yet they were derided by the Jesuits, because they were Catholic miracles; by the doctors, because they were quackery; and by the scientific, because they were assumed to be supernatural. Yet medical men and men of science, Protestant, Catholic, and Jesuit, would not admit of these miracles to be overestimated if their creed, or calling, or training had not prejudiced them against all evidence. The tombstone not only cured neuritis but inspired the convalescences that stood or lay upon it with supernatural eloquence, or knowledge, or endurance.

Imagination is quite as effective to kill as to cure. Two physicians walking together in the outskirts of Edinburgh stopped to experiment upon a laborer. The senior doctor thus addressed him: "My good man, you've no business to be at work, or to be out, or to be anywhere but in bed. Allow me to examine you." Having looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, and sounded with a stethoscope his lungs, the doctor shook his head ominously and ordered the man to go home and to bed forthwith. The man, who was in perfect health, went home and to bed—from which he never rose. He was dead within a week.

"The fear of death is more to be dreaded than death itself." Is one of the wise maxims of Publilius Syrus, or, as Laetitia puts it, "The sense of death is most in apprehension." Only the other George Meredith said that doctors and persons fostered an artificial fear of death; and this was also the opinion of Montaigne, Bacon and Jeremy Taylor. Here, too, imagination plays a great part, sometimes in hastening, and always in misrepresenting death.

WHY SHOULD MAN FEAR DEATH.

For the first time in history, we have a nation which combines the oriental disdain of death with a perfect mastery of the means which the Western world has contrived for inflicting it on others. We see a whole people apparently without a nervous system. A wounded Japanese soldier waiting for an operation will calmly look on while the patient who has the first turn is cut and carved. The death roll is received in Japan with Spartan calm. Hitchoes, emergencies, reverses and officers and officials serenely imperturbable. It is magnificent, and also undeniably most formidable, as other nations than Russia may possibly discover before the end of the chapter is reached.

What of the great mass of working class men and women who are still the backbone of every nation? Let any one test it who will in the wards of a great hospital. Here least of all do you hear of the fear of death. Fear of dismemberment, fear for wife or family left without bread, fear for the berth or the job which may be lost if the discharge is delayed—all this they may hear freely poured out, but fear of death never. The stoicism is mass-

YOUTH AND LOVE

Youth and Love fell out one day,  
Said Youth to Love: "I'll go my way  
And leave you broken-hearted."  
I'll go through life without your aid;  
I'll gaze on neither man nor maid."—  
And fondly they parted.

Off went haughty Youth alone;  
He hummed a tune in merry tone  
And never looked behind him;  
While Love, at weep, was sad and sore,  
And longed for merry Youth once more.  
Alas! she could not find him!

But Youth had not been walking long  
Before he hushed his merry song—  
His heart was full of sorrow,  
He found it hard to stay away  
From Love, his only for a day—  
He came back on the morrow.

For Love and Youth apart would die  
Like flowers without dew or sky—  
They'd fade if they would serve;  
As long as there is life and love,  
From Love, it only for a day—  
Youth and Love will be together.  
—Philadelphia Times.

Mary and the Hero.

THERE was no question as to hero of the Huntville cadets' annual ball. Maurice Haworth, lieutenant in the United States army, stationed at West Point and detailed to inspect the Huntville military school, looked the part and played it, too.

If Lieutenant Haworth were the hero, Mary Morris was at least the belle of the ball. She had always been the most popular girl in the town.

She was sympathetic, jolly, intelligent, generous and best of herself, whether discussing the cost of ten commands or the conduct of love affairs, she gave definite, assured and unchangeable opinions.

Mary, coming to the ball rather late, was immediately surrounded by a clamoring group of very young cadets and very old bachelors, men who had gathered around generations of Huntville girls.

From this masculine ambush, she eyed the lieutenant making himself agreeable on the other side of the room. His appearance impressed her—in fact, impressed her very deeply.

"Haworth wants to meet you," said her stout, unimaginative brother; "shall I bring him over?"

"Is he as good as he looks?" questioned Mary.

"First rate," returned Jim. "I met him at the school, last night." Then added with a grin, "Quite the sort you're always talking about—a 'girl's ideal.'"

Under the influence of a moment's rash conviction, Mary whispered: "Jim, I believe you're right. I have a feeling I'll meet my fate when I meet him."

Even as she spoke the words she wished them unsaid, for Jim's eyes twinkled wickedly.

However, when the lieutenant stood before her, tall, broad-shouldered, brown-eyed; when she found his boy's smile, his voice exactly what they should be, she realized she had met the man of her dreams and promptly

lives, and simple, and profoundly touching. Perhaps there is something bracing and sustaining in the atmosphere of the place, with its constant reminder that death and pain are the common lot, to be borne with fortitude, that each may help the other at the last. It is a place, according to general testimony, of peace and happiness, and, in spite of pain and death, we feel the presence of the Giver of Life.

Many a man or woman who can face death staunchly for themselves quail and turn coward at the thought of the death of others. The slaughter of affection—that is, of souls to be the great tragedy, and if faith decays it may operate more powerfully than any fear that the individual entertains for himself. Faith alone can exorcise this terror. To think of death as of "passing from one room to another"—to think thus for oneself and for others, is to have peace at last.

WHY TEETH DECAY.

Nature made teeth perfect in the beginning, and no doubt they were intended to serve a full lifetime. Relatively few people have any idea how a tooth is developed. From the germ deep in the jaw a bit of enamel begins to form. If it is to be a grinding tooth from two to five bits begin to form separately, or one for every cone shaped prominence the completed tooth will have. The building up and broadening out of these comes from the under side, and the completed part pushes towards the surface. Eventually these several parts come together, unite, and fill in the intervening spaces, forming the top, or grinding, surface of the tooth.

Now, the influences that cause decay of teeth are due to micro-organisms, or bacteria, and the mouth, such as we may either the diet, is a hotbed for their culture and development. They are there in endless variety; some good, some bad, and possibly some indifferent. The air we breathe is full of them, and some—the good ones, no doubt—are essential to our health.

If we comprehend the microbe we will understand that he does not attack a tooth, singly or collectively, as a rat gnaws into wood, for they have no designs on the teeth. They, however, feed and thrive and multiply enormously on the films of food that will cling somewhere about the tooth despite our best care.

In doing that they give out an acid that has a corrosive action upon tooth structure; and also a glutinous substance that covers and protects them to a certain extent against their enemies, or the saliva that might in the right condition render the acid inert. This glutinous patch, or plaque, forms anywhere on a tooth, and especially in recesses and on surfaces not readily kept free by the action of tongue and lips and the use of the teeth in masticating. If not dislodged by these means or by the brush, or if not rendered inert by other conditions of the mouth, corrosion of the tooth substance begins. Once begun, flims of food will attach themselves more readily. The pits and fissures referred to are exceedingly favorable places for food accumulation, and next to them come the places where teeth are in contact with each other. Once activity is formed it fills with food and the consequent multiplicity of microbes.

Personal efforts will do much to keep the teeth free from injurious agencies, but it is futile as concerns deep pits and cavities. When decay has once started it is a mistake to neglect it. Decaying teeth, taken in time, may not only be put in good repair and saved, but a menace to their fellows is removed.

sank on the seat behind her helpless brother.

"Your brother," he went on, "asked me to give the impression I was married. Since he thought that was a joke, I have been willing to oblige him—until now."

"I can see," interrupted Mary, coolly, "what this has to do with me or your keeping me here."

"But it has everything to do with me," he replied. "If I had a wife what I have felt toward you this evening would have been disloyalty to her. But, being free, it is my right to say that my admiration for you is the most honest, the most sincere, the deepest sentiment I have ever had for any woman."

He put out both his hands: "In memory of the walk in the garden won't you forgive me?"

Impelled by the pleading in his eyes, she laid her hands in his.

"Not for that," she said, "but for a lesson I shall never forget. I forgive you—everything."—Indianapolis Sun.

Horoscope of a Prince.

Credulous persons who believe in horoscopes will be interested in one published by Il Mattino, of Naples, concerning the baby prince of Piedmont.

According to this oracular announcement, the future King of Italy will require close attention and great medical care in his earlier years. He will be in serious physical danger, it seems, at the respective ages of ten months and four years, but will live if well cured for.

His destiny begins to take shape in 1918, when he will be 14 years old. In 1923, at the age of 19, a "great change will take place in his existence," and in 1927, when he is 23, there will be an event which will have momentous consequences for himself and for the Italian nation.

The Prince will live, says the oracle, to see the fall of the papacy, and its reconstitution on reformed lines. He will also see the downfall of England's great power, and the final political union of France and Italy after unprecedented disasters to France.

The culmination of Italy's prosperity will come in 1957, when the present baby—then a King—will be fifty-three years old.—London Express.

Safe.

"Your pa and ma are going to take you to Europe with them, aren't they?" asked the caller.

"Yes'm," replied the little boy.

"And aren't you afraid?"

"No'm; I ain't afraid o' nothin'. I'm been vaccinated."—Philadelphia Ledger.

BLESSING THE ANIMALS.

A Curious Medieval Religious Practice That Survives.

One of the curious religious practices that have survived the gradual death of all medieval customs is that of the solemn blessing of animals, which still obtains in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Mexico and certain other countries where the people are largely of Latin origin. In Mexico and Spain the custom takes on a wider significance than in France, where it is usually restricted to one specific purpose—that of the hunt with the intercession of St. Hubert only invoked. The Mexicans, for example, seldom think of asking blessing for the hunt; as a hunt, but do bring gifts of all sorts to the church—horses, dogs, cats and no fourth—to be blessed for many reasons, and each one usually in the name of the saint especially invoked by its owner. The Mexicans follow it, however, with many ramifications, and though this is the practice in general in some particular blessing occurs only on one particular saint's day, in others on the occasion of some special festival.

Some carry the animals directly to the church, in other parishes they are not allowed inside the sacred edifice, and the blessing occurs at the main door outside. In most of the parishes the blessing is made the object of considerable ceremony and display, preceded and followed by an elaborate parade through the streets of the town, while there are those where it is conducted in the simplest possible manner.

The procession in a Mexican town to a blessing of the animals is a gay affair. The people who desire to have their favorite animals blessed gather at some appointed spot with their pets thoroughly clean and decked out with ribbons, flowers and as forth. The men and women, too, are gayly attired as for a holiday, and when the time arrives it is a curious as well as picturesque parade that leaves the designated place for the church. Women and children carry cats, small dogs, birds, chickens, rabbits and even little lambs, mink crows and large dogs. Horses to be blessed are ridden or driven with bright-colored ribbons for reins, and altogether it is a poor hamlet indeed which cannot muster up a brave array for this event.

The arrival at the church is timed so that it will immediately follow a celebration of mass, and the officiating priest, attended by numerous acolytes, leaves the altar and proceeds to the steps without the main entrance. The multitude in the open kneels reverently during the brief service which follows, and when the blessing itself is given the large animals are led forward, while the smaller beasts are held aloft with upraised arms. After the ceremony is over the procession returns as it came and the affair winds up with a festa in which cock-fighting plays a prominent part.

THE SPELLBINDER.

A Feature of American Politics That Cannot Be Ignored.

A Kansas farmer is reported to have said that his State did not need spellbinders half as much as it did wheat-binders. He may have been right in part, but he was surely wrong in part, for Kansas needs them both and could not get along comfortably with either.

The spellbinder of the American type is always an interesting study. Almost kaleidoscopic in his vacillations, he comes a unceasing and more important factor in every campaign. To make him a success in his calling a strong and vigorous voice—the more stentorian the better—is a first essential. That voice must be able to make itself heard not only through the length and breadth of a great hall, and even to its very roof, but it must find it an easy task to sweep through the fields, and even echo through the groves. Many of the biggest campaign meetings are held in the open air, and the spellbinder must prove himself master of the wind, fearless of clouds and rain, impervious to the rays of the sun, no matter how hot they may choose to get.

To this voice and a fair supply of brain back of it the spellbinder must add a large stock of information regarding the candidate for whom he is speaking and the cause of which he is the advocate. Just as great must be his supply of ammunition for his attacks upon his enemies. He must have both great guns and small ones always loaded, ready to kill off political tigers or political sparrows, as the case may be. He must know exactly how to use this ammunition to the best effect without waste, but hitting the target right in the bull's-eye every time he fires.

The spellbinders know their business, and have made themselves masters of the art of stump oratory. Welcome the spellbinders. May their voices never fail to arouse voters and to make a Presidential campaign one of the most picturesque features of our American life.

The Loss from Strikes.

The statistics on this subject show a loss to the country from strikes that is simply appalling. We, who are so familiar with the word "strike" that we scarcely give it a second glance while reading our papers, have not the slightest conception of the vast amount of money that has been lost through labor disturbances.

Available figures show that in the twenty years between 1881 and 1900 there were 22,738 strikes, which cost the country in wages, expenses and direct loss of trade the enormous sum of \$396,769,802! During the same period there were 1,005 lockouts, costing \$72,190,180, making a total of \$468,960,881.

Here is a loss of almost half a billion dollars figured from eleven items only—that is, loss of wages, assistance, or money advanced to strikers by their sympathizers, and loss to employers. It would be a fair computation to estimate an equal sum lost directly and indirectly by the general public because of the strikes.

Total, one billion dollars in twenty years!—Woman's Home Companion.

It is really funny to hear some women explain why their husbands are business failures. Some other man is always to blame.