

THE OLD HOUSE.

Home we used to live in looks at us so carefully as we go driving by; that makes its near tree-murderous swiftly after with entreatings low back! come back! we hear it low implore.

HIDDEN IN THE CLOSET

was early morning, and Thomas, Lord's valet, had waited on his master's American guest to see what he desired him to do for him.

There certainly was something odd in the gentleman's manner, and he had the look of one who had enjoyed refreshing slumbers. At last, just as the man turned to leave the room, he said:

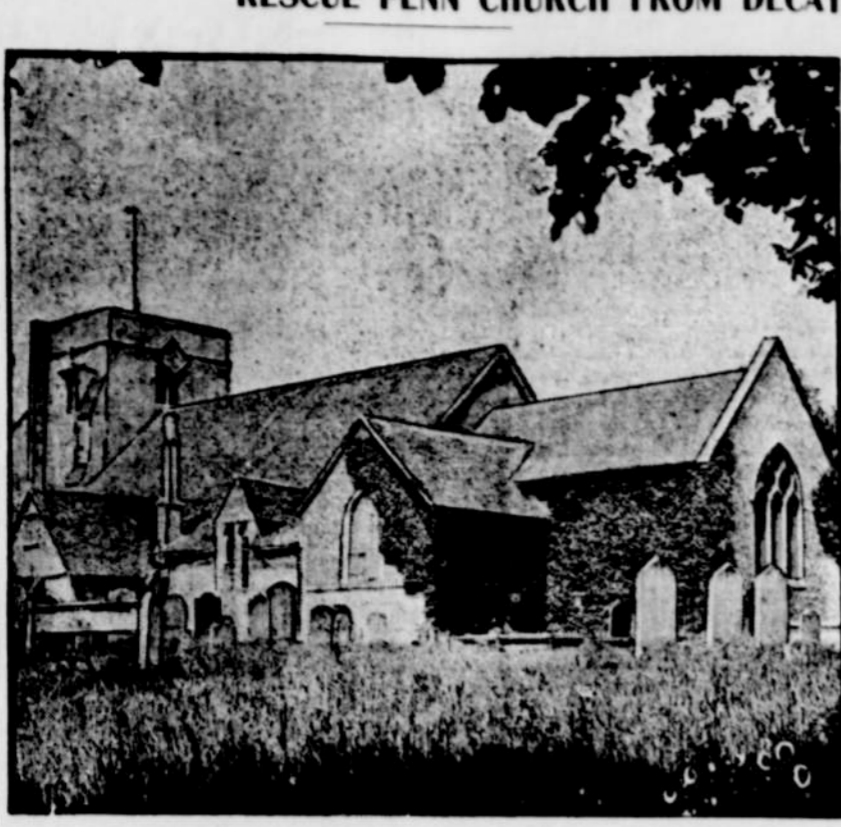
"Lord will regret to hear it," said Thomas. "Something odd disturbed me," continued the gentleman. "One of the maids kept me awake all night."

"One day, sitting before her glass, Rosette combed her hair for her, she heard her husband come into the room. Her back was toward him and Rosette was behind her, and they forgot the mirror, and so, she saw in it, without stirring, both their faces, and she saw the girl smile at her husband and she saw him smile back at her. She understood everything, but she never stirred, and she never said anything to him, nor to the maid, sir."

"All the time she was doing it the girl thought she heard a faint, moaning sound, and was frightened, and went back to the rest pale and trembling, and before night it was well known in the house that that little closet there was not only locked, but nailed up."

"After that my Lord seemed to take to his wild ways again in a measure and drank a great deal, and my Lady lived much alone. There never were any children; but they both lived to be old indeed, and at last my Lady died in this room and was buried in the church yonder."

AMERICA TO BE CALLED UPON TO RESCUE PENN CHURCH FROM DECAY



PENN CHURCH AND ANCIENT AND PICTURESQUE GRAVEYARD.

THE famous old Penn Church, located in Amersham Bucks, England, in which many of William Penn's descendants are buried, and which contain the historic brasses of the Penn family, the earliest dating from 1597, is in great danger of falling into complete decay.

The vicar of this venerable house of worship, Rev. B. J. S. Kerby, is coming to Philadelphia early this spring for the purpose of interesting the people of the Quaker City in the work of repairing the old Penn Church, which he hopes to complete before the coronation of King Edward.

This ancient and historic church of Penn, so closely connected with the great founder of Pennsylvania, and which contains a vault in which repose the remains of no less than six of the founder's grandchildren, the eldest of whom was named after him, stands on a lofty summit which commands a beautiful panorama of Windsor and the valley of the Thames.

The church is also famous for its ancient and well-preserved brasses, most of which relate to the Penn family. The earliest of these is that of John Penn, 1597 and another is that of William Penn and his wife, Martha, dating from 1635.

The tomb or vault containing the six grandchildren of the Great Quaker is in the center of the nave, and is marked by a flat stone bearing the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of William Penn, son of Thomas Penn, proprietor of Pennsylvania, and Lady Juliana, his wife, February 11, 1753."

The unsightly and decayed pulpit in use for many years has recently been replaced by the beautiful oak pulpit from Curzon Street Chapel, of which Thackeray writes in "The Newcomes."

It is three hundred years old, and the panels are beautifully inlaid, one panel containing no less than one hundred and sixty pieces of wood.

A DOG DETECTIVE.

He is Useful in Spotting Game Law Violations in Maine. The game laws of Maine positively prohibit the transportation of partridge and woodcock from the State, but "pot-hunters" if not sportsmen are fruitful in expedients to evade the law.

As people alight from the train few notice the little dog dodging among them, snuffing at this hand-bag and that bundle. Soon his master hears a little bark. He knows what that means, and dropping everything, finds Scip nosing about the heels of a passenger.

While making his usual inspection of the express car the other day he came across a barrel purporting to contain fish. It certainly had fish in it. Scip sniffed at it, went on and then came back and sniffed again. Round and round the barrel he went, whining and dancing as if it were full of rats.

With a faith in the little animal born of long experience, the warden investigated the barrel, and found in the center of a liberal lining of fresh fish several dozen plump partridges. "Fish" shipments from a certain Washington County station has ceased since then.

COMRADES.

Free and Easy Companionship of English Soldiers in South Africa. The rough give-and-take and the free-and-easy comradeship of army life are pleasantly illustrated in Reenie Stevenson's book, "Through Rhodesia," where in he tells some of the experiences of sharpshooters in South Africa.

"Well, cocky, you thought you'd pull me off that saddle, did you? You haven't had fever. Wait till you get it, and then see if you have any strength left!"

"No, thanks, I'm all right as I am." "Sure?" "Yes." "Good night!" "Good night!"

How He Fooled the Dog. A gentleman who is fond of studying wild animals in their natural surroundings once had an opportunity of seeing for himself an example of the cunning for which the fox has become proverbial.

Why Tennis Never Married. A story is told of Sir John Tenniel, the famous cartoonist. He was asked why he had never married. "Well," he replied, "if I had married a girl she would always have wanted to be going about all over the place, and that would not have suited me; while, on the other hand, if I had married an elderly lady she would have worn a shawl, and that I could not have stood."

Effect of Philippine Climate. Medical men have noted the injurious effect of the Philippine climate on wounds. The time for healing is much longer than here. In South Africa it is shorter.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Nothing Unusual. The Lawyer—I really hope I don't annoy you with all these questions. His Fair Client—Not at all. I'm used to it. I have a 6-year-old son.—Harlem Life.

Old Proverb Proves True. Watchmaker—The first time I cleaned your watch it was in a gold case, the next time in a gold-filled case, and now it's in a silver case. Hardup—Yes; "circumstances alter cases," you know.—Stray Stories.

Same Old Story. Mamma (who has just whipped Bobby)—You know, Bobby, I love you, and when I whip you I do it for your own good. Bobby (crying)—Well, I—I wish you didn't (boo-hoo) think so much of me.—Punch.

Lacked the Nerve. "Do you mean to say that I have no right to open my wife's letters?" "Of course you have the right. What you want is the nerve."—Moonshine.

They Descended. Teacher—Hereditary is an adjective that means something that descends from father to son. Now, Willie Green, construct a sentence containing the word. Willie Green—My pop's pants are hereditary.—Philadelphia Record.

Apprehension. First Populist—Are you afraid there may be a split in the party? Second Populist—No; but I'm afraid that after a while it'll be too small to have a split.—Puck.

His Fault. Mrs. Gaddie—My husband's so slipshod. His buttons are forever coming off. Mrs. Goode (severely)—Perhaps they are not sewed on properly. Mrs. Gaddie—That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing.—Philadelphia Press.

Quite Enough. He—I was lucky coming home in the car to-night. She—Got a seat, eh? He—No, but I got a strap all to myself.—Philadelphia Press.

Uncle Tom En Route. "Who's the distinguished-looking gentleman leading the bloodhounds?" "Why, that's our leading man."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why She Did It. Bridget, why did you let that policeman kiss you? "It's ag'in th' law to resist an officer, ma'am."

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

A Touch. "I'm a sick man to-day. I feel fearfully weak." "I guess you can't stand a loan, then."

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His Share Very Light. Cholly—Yas, Guskie Chickadee and I have decided to waive a mustache. Miss Peppery (scrutinizing his lip)—Ah! He's raising at least three-fourths of it, then, I presume.—Philadelphia Press.

To Whom It Referred. Sunday School Teacher—Now, Willie Green, what are we to understand when the Bible speaks of people who, having eyes, see not? Willie Green—I guess it must mean policemen.—Philadelphia Record.

Nothing Doing. Mother—Yes, Rupert, the baby is a Christmas present from the angels. Rupert (aged four)—Well, mamma, if we lay him away carefully and don't use him we can give him to somebody else next Christmas.—Puck.

Asked and Answered. Reporter—To what do you attribute your long life? Centenarian—Perseverance. Self-perseverance. I kept on livin' in spite of everything.—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Amount to Much. Willis—And who is that fellow Henpeck? Does he amount to anything? Wallace—Oh! He isn't anybody. He's nothing but his wife's second husband!—Puck.

Making Others Happy. Cholly—I don't know what to do with myself this afternoon. Algie—Nor I. Say! Let's each go and call on some girl or other and propose.—Somerville Journal.

DEMOCRACY OF THE MIKADO.

The First Japanese Sovereign to Mingle with His People. The Mikado is the first Japanese sovereign to emerge from the dignified retirement in which his predecessors lived. This step has only increased the passionate loyalty of his subjects toward him, and people are already comparing him with the Kaiser as regards the prominent public role he seems disposed to play.

During the army maneuvers, he says a Yokohama correspondent of the London Daily Mail, his majesty, who followed events with the greatest interest and enthusiasm, ordered two privates to be brought before him and questioned them through the medium of his chief aide-de-camp. His questions were of the paternal kind, such as the following:

How did they get on with the hardships of barrack life? Did they long to go home whenever they thought of their nearest relatives? Did they not think their lot a hard one each time their thoughts wandered back to the ease and joys of their homes? Were they not feeling the effects of their daily exercise and maneuvers? Did not the exertions of the military service sometimes make them cry in secret?

The soldiers answered that they were quite happy in the army and that their only desire was to do their duty toward their beloved sovereign. A few days before the Mikado, while traveling by rail, was cheered by a number of very old people at Shirah-shi station. He sent them all presents through the local Governor, an act of kindness which moved the old people to tears of gratitude.

Waited Twenty Years. Twenty years ago a minister in a certain mission church married a couple who had decided on matrimony after a very short acquaintance. The man was a sailor, very much down on the heels, who had just shipped for a long voyage; the girl was a thrifty servant in a good house.

The sailor called the parson apart in the vestry (for it was a church wedding, although with only the witnesses required) and confided to him that he was literally reduced to his last cent, which he proffered as a marriage fee, saying that if all went well with him he would return some day and pay more. He was to spend a few days with his bride at her mother's, then sail for a three years' voyage. He had told her it would take his last cent for the minister, but she did not know that this was literally true.

The parson had forgotten all about the incident when, the other day, he received a call from a happy, prosperous second mate of a vessel of a big freight line, accompanied by his wife and a flock of five youngsters. The call was made for the purpose of thanking the minister for his politeness about the one-cent fee, and requesting his acceptance of a twenty-dollar gold piece.

"It's worth more'n that," said the cheerful husband, "but perhaps that will help out on marrying some more folks on the installment plan, a cent down and a dollar a year!"—New York Mail and Express.

Little Elsie's Comment. A 6-year-old member of a Harlem family of five girls has been the innocent cause of much surprise and amusement to her elders lately by reason of many droll remarks. A few days ago a relative, on a visit to the family, told of the progress his son was making in his first year at public school. The little girl had seemingly been interested in a doll on the floor, near her father's knee, but no sooner had the talk ceased than she looked up at the visitor, and said: "Have you a little boy, Uncle Willie?" "Yes, Elsie. And why do you ask?" "A look of happiness spread over Elsie's face, and brushing back a golden curl with her hand, she said very deliberately: "Well, indeed, you're a lucky man, Uncle Willie, for there's a ca-fam-ly of girls in our house."—New York Times.

Why Mountains Never Grow Smaller. The mountains are always moving down into the valleys. When spring-time comes every stream will run muddy in its course. At this rate all the soil from the hills would soon be gone were not this soil being constantly replaced. Water soaks into the crevices of the rocks, and when it freezes it swells with almost irresistible force. That a very little of it can crack an iron pipe most of us have found to our cost. Thus the rock is split, and the pieces made in this way are again broken into finer and finer fragments until new soil is made to take the place of that which is so rapidly moving down to the lowlands.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Pert, but Patriotic. "Sir Thomas Lipton is going to keep trying for the cup," said the young Englishman. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "your country is going to keep on trying and ours is going to keep on succeeding."—Washington Star.

An Illuminated Bird's Nest. The baya bird of India spends its spare time catching mammoth fireflies, which it fastens to the side of its nest with moist clay. On a dark night the baya's nest looks like an electric lamp. Every time a story is circulated that a man has whipped his wife, the woman says, "Oh, I'd like to see a man strike his just once!"

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