

THE CALL OF THE HILLS.

I met its sound in the night,
The surge song of the sea;
I mark it, a wester of white
Or gray with the driven rain;
I watch it broad and bright,
A sapphire harmony—
But the hills call and the rills call,
So it's ho for the hills again!

The ships go wavering by,
And fade on the faint sea rim;
Graceful the white gulls fly,
Their cry like a far refrain;
The low wind comes like a sigh
From the outer islands dim—
But the hills call and the rills call,
So it's ho for the hills again!

I turn my back on the foam,
On the long curved line of shore,
On the dunes and the reedy loam
And the murmur of the main,
Oh, the hill man seeks his home
As the sailor the ocean's roar!
Hark! the hills call and the rills call,
So it's ho for the hills again!
—New York Sun.



Honor of Thieves

The thief had been a trifle surprised to find the door of the room unlocked; but his surprise amounted to momentary stupefaction when, having entered stealthily, he found himself looking into the terrified eyes of a woman. She was on her knees by an open safe, and the light of the candle she had placed on a chair beside her showed him the ivory luster of her face, framed in its streaming hair.

When she saw him she let fall a little canvas leather bag which she had just taken from the safe and clasped both hands to her breast. "Jim!" she gasped. "Jim!"

The thief recovered his self-control at once, and coming forward, seated himself in an armchair opposite to her and surveyed her with some amusement.

"This is a surprise party, ma cherie!" he said lightly, with a gay smile that went well with his devilish eyes and bold, sharply cut features. "I did not know that you had taken to felonious practices. But—by Jove, how the deuce— and he arched his eyebrows and gave a low whistle of astonishment as he gazed at the complicated machinery of the massive safe door. She rose from her knees and confronted him; a slim, girlish figure in her soft dressing gown, trembling from head to foot, whitelipped and ashen-faced.

"I knew how to open it," she faltered. "I hid in here one day and watched Lord Mordon do it. Oh, Jim, for heaven's sake go, or we shall be heard! Why did I do it? Oh, why did I do it?"

A cynical smile played about the thief's clean-shaven lip.

"Yes! why, indeed? I often see your name in the social columns of the daily papers, and read that 'the beautiful Mrs. Wytham wore magnificent diamonds,' etc. And isn't your host, Lord Mordon, one of the wealthiest aristocrats in society? If the state of your finances is desperate enough to warrant this dangerous game, why do you come to these swell house-parties?"

"Oh, I'm awfully in debt!" she declared vehemently. "Indeed, it's terrible! I've sold my diamonds long ago; the things I wear are wretched imitations. And I've been losing money at bridge, and— and horse racing. Oh, Jim, be generous and go! Lord Mordon's bed room is just above us and he will hear us! Oh, I would kill myself rather than be caught! For the sake of old times, Jim!"

The thief settled himself more comfortably in the chair and stretched his muscular arms languidly.

"Old times, eh?" he said, stifling a yawn. "Dear me, how melodramatic we are! Do you mean to tell me you ever think of those old times?"

Her white lips were trembling pitifully.

"I would give the whole world to undo the past!" she said passionately. "If it is any satisfaction to you to know that. Oh, how cruel you are to torture me so! It isn't like you—as you used to be, Jim!"

He laughed grimly.

"I am not as I used to be; thanks to you!" he said bitterly; then, rising and speaking more briskly; "but, of course, I'm going. I was only teasing you. There is honor among members of my—I beg your pardon—our profession, and this is clearly your show. But how in the name of all that's wonderful do you intend to dispose of the thing?"

A nervous smile twitched her colorless lips.

"I have friends—" she began, then stopped, her face flaming and paling by turns. "Oh, I heard someone coming! Jim, Jim, what shall I do?"

They both stood listening; she with tense face and parted lips, he in a bored, uninterested way that bespoke nerves of steel. She ran to his side and clung to him, tremulous and hysterical. The touch of her clinging hands, the contact of her soft draperies and softer, faintly perfumed hair, conjured up a host of bitter-sweet memories that the thief had long ago considered dead and buried; and for an instant the candlelight shone upon a sudden moisture in his eyes. But it was clearly no moment for sentiment, and already his resourceful brain had mapped out the course of action he meant to follow. He knew that escape was impossible, but he knew that there was only one thing for him to do. He took the bag gently from her unresisting fingers, thrust it into an inner pocket, and sprang away from her toward the open door. That which he had known to be inevitable took place. The room clicked suddenly into a dazzling brilliance, and he found himself blinking into the barrel of a revolver. He had little difficulty in recognizing the tall, blonde, pajama-clad leveler of the Lord Mordon, whose portrait he had frequently seen in the illustrated papers.

"Hands up," said that young gentleman quietly, for the thief's hand had shot instantly and instinctively to the bulging side pocket of his overcoat, "that's it!" as he was smilingly obeyed. "Now—but—great Scott!"

His eyes had fallen upon the woman, who had staggered down upon a chair and was regarding the thief with wide, bewildered eyes.

"Mrs. Wytham" he gasped; "what ever—"

The thief's eyes telegraphed their urgent message to her, and the thief himself addressed his captor.

"The lady interrupted me," he said blandly; "I was threatening her with my shooter as you arrived, intending to tie her up and make tracks. Oh, I'm not going to give you any trouble, I assure you. I'm not such a poor sportsman as all that!"

The woman had roused herself with an effort, and the color was coming slowly back to her face.

"I came down for my book," she said to Lord Mordon. "I couldn't sleep, and thought I would read. Oh, Archie, it was awful! He threatened to shoot me if I made any noise and I was so terrified! What could I do?"

"Mrs. Wytham," said Lord Mordon, "will you kindly go into the hall and telephone down to the police station? They'll send up a couple of men in ten minutes or so."

Mrs. Wytham got up.

"Oh, I don't know how to telephone, Archie," she said. "I've never done it before. But can't I stay here while you go? You can give me his pistol if you like, but I'm sure he's not going to be any trouble. If he is—well, you know what a good shot I am."

But as soon as Lord Mordon's broad shoulders had disappeared through the doorway into the dark hall beyond his mobile face resumed its normal expression of blasé audacity. Mrs. Wytham, who had divined his swiftly conceived plan with true feminine intuition, thrust the revolver into his hands.

"Through the window, quick!" she whispered. "I'll know what to say to him when he comes back. Oh, quick, quick, for heaven's sake!"

He laughed softly, with shining eyes, kissed his hand to her, and ran swiftly across the lawn that lay smooth and blanched in the light of the full moon. She waited a moment or two, then, having cleverly imitated the sounds of a scuffle—stamping and pushing the chairs about in a manner sufficiently grotesque to warrant a verdict of lunacy from any chance beholder—she rushed to the door, almost falling into the arms of Lord Mordon.

"Oh, he's gone!" she cried. "I wasn't looking at him, and he sprang at me and wrenched the revolver out of my hands. Oh, how awful it is! He looked so broken and miserable, I thought he was safe!"

"Dash it, yes," said Lord Mordon viciously, repressing a stronger explosive. "I thought so, too! I'm going after him; he's probably got his pockets stuffed with notes. Rouse the house, Mrs. Wytham, and send the other fellows after me. Which way did he go?"

But the house was soon roused more effectively than by any screams of hers. The sharp crack of a revolver shot broke upon a momentary lull in the gale, followed by another, then the din of the driving wind swallowed up all sounds for a while. Mrs. Wytham crouched on her chair, shivering and sobbing. She had misdirected Lord Mordon; but it appeared that she had done so to no purpose.

Two days before Lord Mordon had asked her to marry him, and she had told him very gently and sweetly that she could never be more than a friend to him, but he had always supposed, as the world supposed, that her husband was dead, and this was the death blow to a hundred pathetic hopes. Then, kneeling there with that white, upturned face upon her knee, and the dark trees murmuring about them—an admirable mise-en-scene of which she was completely unconscious—she told him her story—from that miserable day six years before, when in a frenzy of unreasoning rage she had sent her husband (innocent as she soon knew, of that which she had laid to his charge) away from her forever, to the

shameful record of her share in that evening's happenings.

When the thief opened his eyes he was lying in a cool white bed in a room wherein the lights were softly shaded. He could remember nothing, and when he tried to sit up and look about him a sharp pain stabbed his left ankle and he sank back at once. Then he heard a movement by his side, and turning his head, looked into the kindly eyes of Lord Mordon, who was sitting beside the bed.

"An explanation of affairs would greatly oblige," he said languidly, glancing round the luxurious room; "is this an Improved Wormwood Scrubbers, run by your lordship as a society fad? In which case, will you be so kind as to summon my valet to bring me some breakfast? I'm hungry and—"

"The whimsical voice ceased abruptly. Lord Mordon had leant forward and the light shone on his haggard face.

"Mrs. Wytham has told me everything," he said quietly; "will you shake hands?"

The thief did not move, and his cynical smile crept back to his lips.

"Then she cannot have told you everything," he said bitterly; "men like you do not want to shake hands with professional thieves."

"Rot!" said the young fellow bluntly; "as if I cared, after to-night!"

So they clasped hands, and the thief's face flushed strangely. Then Lord Mordon rose.

"I'm going to send her to you," he said; "and look here, she wants you to take her away with you, to one of the colonies. I have a large farm in Manitoba, and I want a manager for it. If you will take the place I will be very pleased."

His boyish face was crimson, and he avoided the thief's eyes. The thief lay very still for a few seconds; then he spoke. Perhaps it was from weakness that his voice was unsteady.

"You make me think there must be a few decent fellows in the world! I did not think there were any left! Of course, I'll take the place! But I don't know what to say; how to thank you. Perhaps I'da may know better!"

At that the other laughed harshly, and comprehension dawned in the thief's pitying eyes.

"No," said Lord Mordon, quickly; "I will not let her thank me. I have borne enough without that!" and he went out of the room.

A few seconds later the thief, known to a large circle of friends six years before as James Barrington Wytham, was looking into his wife's tear-stained face.

"Jim," she was whispering, with gaze averted, "just answer me, dearest. Do you really want to take me back after spoiling your life as I have done, and then after—what I was so nearly doing to-night?"

He drew her head down beside his on the pillow.

"From to-night," he said gently, "we will forget the wretched past and begin again. Lord Mordon has offered me—"

"Oh, I know!" she cried, her eyes growing dim; "he is such a dear fellow!" and she told him of that which Lord Mordon's frank face has already betrayed.

His arms closed about her, and she laid her head on his breast with a little contented sigh.

"Yours now forever and ever," she said softly.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

SAUSAGES AND SAUSAGES.

Bewildered London Judge Learns What Are the Ingredients.

That there are fresh sausages, preserved sausages and commercial sausages were facts brought out in the course of an appeal against a conviction at the London sessions, the appellant being a pork butcher who had been fined for selling a "pork sausage which was not of the nature, substance and quality of the article of food demanded by the purchaser," a New York Times London correspondent says.

The facts were not disputed. It was admitted that the sausages contained as a preservative 22.4 grains of boric acid to the pound, but the case of the City of Westminster, which was the original prosecutor in the matter, was that it was quite unnecessary from a commercial point of view to use boric acid in the case of fresh sausages as distinct from preserved sausages. Toward the close of the appeal the learned judge, Mr. Wallace, remarked:

"What is a sausage? I have been trying to find out the whole day!"

"A sausage," replied Mr. Douglas, who was in the witness box, "is composed of meat, cereals, spices, water, preservative and a skin casing."

"When is a sausage not a sausage? When there is no boric acid in it?" asked Mr. McCall, counsel for the City of Westminster.

"It depends on the conditions. A commercial sausage without boric acid is not a sausage."

Later, Mr. Douglas again used the words "commercial sausage," to which Mr. McCall remarked: "Of course, we're not speaking of sausages for museums."

The Angelus.

This picture was painted by Malay. It contains a man and a church steeple. The man and the woman are very poor, they have been digging potatoes because they need them to live on. The potatoes look very small. Just at sunset they hear a bell ring; it is the Angelus; it means they must pray. So they bow their heads and pray for bigger potatoes.

Some men who pose as good story tellers are not much good at anything else.

Old Favorites

The Old Granite State.

I have come from the mountains of the old Granite State,
Where the hills are so lofty, magnificent and great;
I have left kindred spirits in the land of the West,
When I bade them adieu for the far distant West.
Oh! thy mountains, Oh! thy valleys,
In my old native State.

Oh, thy hills and thy valleys are sacred to me,
No matter what in lands of others I may see,
I may view scenes as sunny, as fair and as smooth,
Then I'll think of my cottage that stands in the grove;
Oh! my childhood, Oh! that home-stead, in my own native State.

When I think of the fair one who once was my pride,
As she roved among the mountains so close to my side,
Then I sigh for the days that will never come back,
For she sleeps on the shore of the hold Merrimac.
Oh! that loved one, Oh! that graveyard in my own native State.

A mother dear I've lost; she's gone to the grave;
She was the dearest blessing that God ever gave,
Now I go to the spot where buried is the loved,
And I seem to hear her singing with the angels above.
Oh! my mother; I bless her ashes, in my own native State.

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TALK RICH OUT OF RICHES.

Critic Urges Criticism as Most Effective Weapon of the Poor.

Everything to-day depends upon talking. It is futile to sentimentalize about the vanity of speech or the solidity of action, like poor Carlyle. There is no action that we can profitably perform toward a millionaire, except strangling him. If we can, at every afternoon tea or society dinner, say everything that is calculated to make the wealthy people present feel very uncomfortable, we shall have done all that is immediately practicable and shall not have lived in vain, G. K. Chesterton says in Hampton's Magazine.

Thus, if I were an American, I should turn off every conversation until it came into collision with the subject of the trusts. If a young lady began speaking to me and said: "Have you seen the Velasquez at Vienna?" I should reply (untruthfully), "Oh, yes—magnificent when he worked in oils—which reminds me that this oil trust—and so on. If the hostess said with a smile, "Will you carve the duck?" I should answer with unscrupulous enthusiasm, "Oh, I am quite at home with the cold steel; in fact, the steel trust, etc." And if at last people began not to want me at dinner parties, and timid conversationalists fell back on the weather, I should cry, "Have they yet started a sun trust, a wind trust, or a sea trust? That seems to me much healthier than— But you quite understand."

After I had done this for a year or two, even the trusts (though, as their name implies, full of innocent confidence) might have begun to suspect me.

There is indeed another reason why we must to a great extent rely (for the present) on speech rather than action in our dealings with the monstrosities of modern wealth. Unless our action is mere lynching (and I would never deny that there is something to be said for that), instead of what one calls political, it will not be action against the very rich, but in their favor. They hold all the handles of the political machine; and for the purpose of any prompt action they have only to move the handles. That the poor could conquer the rich at last I believe, because I believe in God—and also in man. But that the rich could conquer the poor by 8:30 to-morrow evening I am quite certain. The whole press would follow the same tune over a million breakfast tables.

The servants of the rich would have run a million errands, the solicitors and agents of the rich would have struck a million bargains, before the ordinary stonebreaker had even found his pickax. The poor are sure—but slow.

Add to this that worst and wildest work of modern science (more blasphemous than its denial of God)—its invention of scientific war. The sergeant would obey the captain, the soldier would obey the sergeant, and the democracy would lie dead about the streets before soldier, sergeant or captain had realized that they were all obeying a swollen and cynical pawnbroker.

As if by accident, the little white child was held up in view of the angry and excited people. Suddenly a hush fell on the assembled throng, gradually giving way to a shout of delighted surprise.

A few minutes afterward, in response to urgent invitations to come on shore, the Bentley baby, in a dainty white dress, was being paraded through the town, nursed and dandled by warrior after warrior, till his snowy frock was reddened with camwood dye or stained with greasy black marks from those who had stained their bodies with oil and soot.

Mrs. Bentley was equally an object of interest and admiration, as she was the first white woman who had appeared in those regions. Up to that time the white man had been looked upon as a sort of unnatural creature, who was not bred and born like ordinary human beings, a semi-supernatural being without a mate. The Bentley baby practically created the mission station of Bolobo, which has endured ever since.

The Wall-Paper Man.

Oh, I'd sing you a song of the wall-paper man,
Who's with us once again,
Who comes with the flies and who everywhere hies
With his ladders and buckets ten;
I'd sing of the case with which bric-a-brac breaks
At the soft, gentle touch of his hand,
I'd sing of the joy which it seems that he takes
In upsetting a jardiniere stand;
I'd sing how he figures the cost of a job
To a dot (except extras worth ten),
Of his tracks in the hall and paste buckets that fall.
And the way the new rug appears then;
Oh, I'd sing of the wonderful litter he leaves
And the household he puts in a fuss—
Yes, I'd sing of him now if I didn't somehow,
Have to pass up all singing to cuss.
—Kansas City Times.

His Colors.

"What are your college colors?"
"Well," answered Farmer Cortnessel, "Josh has figured so strong in having an football, I should say they must be black and blue."—Washington Star.

It's simply impossible to love thy neighbor as thyself if he is an amateur cornet player.

Even a college education can't deprive some young men of their good sense.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

The best fitting for future work is fidelity in present duty.

To-morrow's shadow is always heavier than today's burden.
Love overcomes all mountains because it sees through them.

It is an unhealthy thing for a boy to be able to digest a man's religion. Heaven is bound to be a very far country to the man who can hate his brother.

There can be no friendship with the Savior without fellowship with His sorrows.
It is the religion you wear as a cloak that is soon worn out and threadbare.

The depression of many a meeting is due to people who want to make an impression.
A peculiar look of wisdom belongs to the man who discovers the hole in a doughnut.

The church pessimist takes a bite at the oven before speaking on the bread of life.
Crooked paths come from trying to walk to heaven while looking on the other country.

The church that has no place for the child-life will have no place in the life of the man.
Some men think they are called to the ministry because they have a liking for fried chicken.

The best proof that you have had a glimpse of Heaven is that you are trying to make earth like it.
You can never get the temperature of a church to go up when the folks are talking one another down.
Lots of people believe in walking with God on the rest day and waiting for themselves the rest of the days.

THE BENTLEY BABY.

In the summer of 1887 Holman Bentley, accompanied by his wife and child, made a steamer journey on the Upper Congo, in Africa. Sir Harry Johnston, in his book entitled "George Grenfell and the Congo," recounts the result of the journey and the important part played by the Bentley baby.

The party went through the Bolobo district, which at that time had become excessively hostile to Europeans. The temporary station of the Congo State had been burned to the ground, the chief, Ifaka, was dead, and when the steamer Peace, bearing the Bentleys, arrived in August, it was roughly ordered away. Before sheering off, however, an idea occurred to Bentley. Taking advantage of the steamer's halt, his wife and nurse were giving a bath to the Bentley baby.

As if by accident, the little white child was held up in view of the angry and excited people. Suddenly a hush fell on the assembled throng, gradually giving way to a shout of delighted surprise.

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Wit of the Youngsters

Little Ethel (aged 3)—Tum on, gwanna; supper is weady. Grandma—Why, dear, you mean breakfast, don't you? Little Ethel—Es, tourse I does, but I tan't say it.

Little Myra had been to parties on three consecutive days. "Oh, mamma," she cried, on her return from the third, "just think, I've had ice cream three times in congestion!"

Anxious Mother—Harold, don't you know those are bad boys across the street for you to play with? Little Harold—Yes, mamma; but don't you know that I'm an awfully good boy for them to play with?

"Well, Bobby," said the minister who was making a duty call, "what do you intend to be when you grow up?" "An orphan," promptly replied Bobby, who was still suffering from a dose of parental discipline.

A Successful Expedient.

A certain prominent minister was compelled not long ago to give strict orders that, while he was engaged in the preparation of his sermons, his young son must be kept reasonably quiet. In spite of this, however, there arose one morning a most astonishing noise of banging and hammering, which seemed to indicate that the steam-heating pipes were being knocked to pieces. Hurrying out of his study, the minister, encountered his wife.

"My dear, what in the world is Bobby doing?" he asked.

"Why, he is only beating on the radiator downstairs," was the somewhat surprised reply.

"Well, he must stop it," the minister said, decidedly.

"I don't think he will harm it, dear," his wife answered soothingly; "and it is the only thing that will keep him quiet."—Harper's Weekly.

Shrewd Scheme.

Traveler in Parlor Car—Porter, that man in front will give you a quarter for dusting him off, won't he?

Porter—Yeasir!

Traveler—Well, I'll give you half a dollar to leave the dust on him and not brush it off onto me.—Somerville Journal.