

## STAY, STAY AT HOME, MY HEART.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest.  
Home keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those that wander they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care.  
To stay at home is best.

Wearily and homewick and distressed,  
They wander east, they wander west,  
And are lashed and beaten and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt.  
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest.  
The bird is safest in its nest,  
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly  
A hawk is hovering in the sky.  
To stay at home is best. —Longfellow.

## HIS DUTY.

Bennie Waters got up at daylight that morning to build the fire and warm the room for his mother, who was not strong, and found the keen air of the early spring very trying in their rudely built cabin a few miles out on the plains from the village. All the time he was about this labor of love he was thinking of the fortunate opening likely to be his that day.

He had been searching for something to do in the village, for matters were getting serious in their little home. The mother had been sick so long, and their expenses had been so heavy, that the little they had saved against a time of need was now completely gone. Next to nothing remained for them to live upon, and, if possible, he must find work of some kind to keep actual want from the door.

So for two or three days previous to this morning he had been looking for work, but without success. He was either too young or not strong enough, or they had no work for a boy, and he had become well nigh discouraged. The evening before, however, just as he was about to give up trying further for that day, he had stepped into the store of Field & Swinburne, hardware dealers, and asked if they needed a boy. He was shown into the office, where he found Mr. Swinburne alone.

That gentleman, after making some inquiries as to Bennie's age and where he lived, said:

"Yes, we do need a boy, but Mr. Field is now out of town. You may come tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, and we will see what can be done for you. Mind, now, and be on time, as we shall hire the first boy that comes along."

"What wages would you be apt to pay?" Bennie ventured to ask.

"Oh! two or three dollars a week," answered Mr. Swinburne, carelessly. "It depends altogether on how well you work." So Bennie built the fire, and busied himself in cooking the potatoes—all that they had for breakfast—happy at the prospect before him, and sure that he would do his best to earn the highest wages suggested. On that account he felt confident his mother and himself could, with proper care, live comfortably until she was able to work again.

The breakfast—if a dish of potatoes can be called a breakfast—was ready, he went to the door of his mother's room and called her.

"Only think, mother," he exclaimed, as they sat down at the table, "I'm to have work today; and if I'm worth it I'm to have three dollars a week, and that'll be enough for us to live on."

"Yes, indeed!" responded his mother. "But I fear you are too young to undertake so much, above all, to take your long walk after each day's work."

"Oh, I can stand it easily enough, mother," he asserted confidently.

When the poor little meal was finished he brought in several huge armfuls of wood, and arranged as far as possible for his mother's comfort throughout the day, and then put on his coat and started.

"Here is your scarf, Bennie," said his mother, calling him back. "It will be chilly as you walk home to-night, and you will need it."

He laughingly took it, not realizing then how it would be of special service to him a little later.

It was not yet 8 o'clock, and he had ample time to reach the village before the appointed hour. The most direct way was down the railroad track, and he hurriedly tripped over the ties as happy as a boy could well be.

Within a mile of the village the track made a sharp turn to the right and entered what was known as Hibben's cut, where the rounded bank had been blasted through solid rock for a number of rods. As Bennie reached the curve in a precaution, glanced along the track to be sure the 8-40 passenger train was nowhere in sight, and then entered the cutaway.

When about half way through, however, he suddenly stopped, for in front of him lay a large bowlder which had fallen from the cliff above, and completely blocked the passage.

But it was possible to climb over it, and Bennie began to do so. Then he was as quickly got down again. The thought had come to him that the train, No. 27, coming around the curve at full speed, would not have time to come to a full stop before reaching the obstruction, and a smash-up, more or less terrible in its results, was inevitable unless some one gave the warning.

But if he waited to warn the train, of its danger he could not reach the village at the appointed hour, and might lose the place. Indeed, Mr. Swinburne had distinctly said if he was not there on time they should hire some other boy.

There was not time enough to go on to the village and have someone sent to flag the train. At best it would be a tremendous risk to do so.

The first horse back, on the track, was a full mile away, and to go there and leave word to stop the train would also make him late at the store.

For a moment he hesitated. More than this, he actually left the cutaway and went a short distance up over the cliff toward the highway. Then he came back to the track and with quivering lip sat down. He knew it was his duty, whatever the personal sacrifice, to stay there and warn the train.

"I can't leave here," he resolutely said, "even if I do not get work and we have to beg."

The train was late that morning, and for nearly an hour he sat there. He knew it must be already 9 o'clock, and he wondered if some other boy had been hired to fill the place he had only an hour before been so

sure of. In spite of himself the great tears would come to his eyes.

The low rumbling of the train at last roused him from the despair into which he was fast falling. Springing to his feet he exclaimed:

"I wish I had a red flag, so I'd stop the train easy enough."

Then his eye fell on his scarf. It was large, and of a bright red color. The next moment he had cut a huge stick and stretched his scarf to its widest capacity over one end, forming a wide flag. He now hurried down the track toward the coming train, moving the scarf to and fro as he had often seen the flagmen do.

On came the train. Now it was near enough for the engineer to plainly see him. The next instant a prolonged whistle which Bennie knew meant "down brakes," rang on the air, and he jumped from the track.

The cars shot by him, but came to a standstill near the curve. The engineer sprang from his cab, asking:

"Well, my boy, what is it?"

"Just stepped around the curve, any road for yourself," answered Bennie.

The engineer, fireman, conductor and a crowd of passengers hurried into the cutaway, and a moment later stood by the bowlder.

"It is a big morning's work you have done, my lad," the conductor at length said. "Had we come around that curve and stove full force into that rock, there would have been terrible work here. How came you to discover it?"

So Bennie briefly told his story.

"I was going to work for Field & Swinburne down at Scottville this morning at 9 o'clock, and left our cabin back here a couple of miles to go there. When I got here I saw the rock, and I knew I ought to stay to give you warning, though I s'pose I have lost my place by it," he added regretfully.

"How is that?" asked a tall, finely dressed gentleman standing by.

"Why, Mr. Swinburne said I was to be there on time," answered Bennie, "or else they should hire some other boy."

The conductor now decided that, with enough men and proper tools, the obstruction could be removed in an hour or two at the furthest, and dispatched a messenger to the village for them. He also advised the passengers to return to the cars and make themselves as comfortable as possible during the delay.

Then a gentleman spoke up enthusiastically.

"Let us make up a purse for the lad. Here is five dollars toward it."

A hat was passed among the passengers, and a few minutes later the gentleman announced:

"We have got a hundred dollars. Now where is the boy?"

He could not be found, but a brakeman finally said:

"I saw him go off toward the village with the man the conductor sent down there."

"He'll be back this way by and by likely as not," said the conductor. "If not, it can be left at the Scottville depot for him."

It was true Bennie had hastened off to the village, hoping he might even yet reach the store before some one else was engaged. But in this he was disappointed, for as he entered Mr. Swinburne's office that gentleman looked up at him and curiously said:

"You are too late, sir, I engaged another lad half an hour ago. Learn next time to be punctual at the appointed hour."

Poor Bennie! Without offering a word of explanation, he left the store and hurried off home. He had no heart to look elsewhere for work that day at least. He knew he had done right, that his mother would approve of his course. Still, he could not get over the great disappointment that had come to him. What in the world should they now do for bread?

As he reached the cutaway, he found the men busy blasting the bowlder to pieces, and he paused to watch them. While he stood there the conductor caught sight of him.

"Look here, youngster," he said, "aren't you the boy that stopped the train?"

"Yes, sir," promptly responded Bennie.

"Well," he went on, "there is a gentleman up at the cars that wishes to see you." Wondering what could be wanted of him, Bennie went up to the train, clasped into the parlor car and asked:

"Is there a man here who wants to see me?"

"Yes, sir," exclaimed a gentleman, dropping his paper and springing to his feet. "We all want to see you. We want to thank you for your unselfish conduct this morning, and give you this roll of bills, as a token of our appreciation of your act."

And he handed Bennie the money.

"I didn't expect nothing," said Bennie modestly and ungraciously. "I didn't just like to see the train busted up."

"We can well afford to give this money to you," replied the gentleman kindly, "for some of us would have doubtless lost our lives but for you, and had the overturned cars taken fire in that cut none of us could have escaped."

With joyful heart Bennie now hastened home. Nor was his joy any less when his mother, after listening to his story, said:

"I would rather a son of mine should do his duty, even if it forced us to beg, than to have secured the best position by a dishonorable act."

But the good flowing forth from Bennie's unselfish act did not end here. The very next morning, as he was cutting wood at the door, a gentleman rode up and asked:

"Are you Bennie Waters?"

"Yes, sir," replied the astonished boy.

"Well, here's a letter I was asked to leave here," said the man, handing it to him.

It bore the name of "Field & Swinburne," and read:

SCOTTVILLE, Ky.  
Mr. Bennie Waters,  
DEAR SIR—Mr. Field, of our firm, was upon the train so lately warned of his danger yesterday, regardless of your loss. We have decided that we have a place in our store for a boy like you, and we will furnish your mother a tenement in the village cut free, and allow you at first five dollars a week. I trust you will be magnanimous enough to overlook my unpardonable curiosity of yesterday; for had you explained the cause of your delay, we should have hired you then and there. At our earliest convenience let us know your decision. Respectfully yours,  
GEORGE A. SWINBURNE,  
Firm of Field & Swinburne.

Bennie and his mother have already

moved into their comfortable home at the village. He is busily at work in the store. He studies hard evenings, and hopes to thoroughly master the business he has entered. He says:

"I just did that morning what I knew was my duty, and all came out right in the end."  
So it will always.—Sunshine.

## Interpreting the Scriptures.

"There is a queer old preacher down in my country," said a native born Marylander to a party of friends in the Manhattan club one evening last week. The man had just returned from a visit to his old home after a long absence and was amusing the company with anecdotes.

"He is about seventy years old," continued the speaker, "and he has had little or no education and is utterly incapable of preaching a sermon. He believes every word, letter and punctuation mark in the Bible is inspired, and his method of teaching his flock is to read from the Scripture and expound and explain his reading to the best of his ability."

"Of course the good old man quite frequently runs up against some passage most difficult to interpret. His method of extricating himself, as I have reason to know, is unique. I was listening to his exposition of Solomon and all his glory the other Sunday and wondered how he was going to do justice to the great king in the matter of his thousand odd wives. All of a sudden he came upon the passage, which he read through slowly. Then he paused, mopped his brow and said:

"Euthiren, we have come across a difficult passage. Let us, however, not shirk our duty. We must look the difficulty firmly in the face and pass on to the next verse." And he promptly proceeded to do so, to the evident satisfaction of his flock.—New York Herald.

## A Typical Mississippi Steamboat.

The City of Providence was one of a long line of Mississippi boats edging the broad, clean, sloping levee that fronts busy St. Louis. She was by far the largest and handsomest of the packets, but all are of one type, and that is worth describing. They are, so far as I remember, all painted white, and are very broad and low. Each carries two tall black funnels, capped with a bulging ornamental top, and carrying on rods swung between the funnels the trade mark of the company cut out of sheet iron, an anchor or an initial letter, a fox or a swan, or whatever.

There are three or four stories to these boats—first the open main deck for freight and for the boilers and engines, then the walled in saloon deck with a row of windows and doors cut alternately close beside one another and with profuse ornamentation by means of jig saw work wherever it can be put, and last of all the "Texas," or officers' quarters, and the "bureau," or negro passengers' cabin, forming the third story.

Most of the large boats have the big square pilot house on top of the "Texas," but others carry it as part of the third story in front of the "Texas." The pilot house is always made to look graceful by means of an upper fringe of jig saw ornament, and usually carries a deer's head or pair of antlers in front of it.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

## A Mania for Decorations.

There are Frenchmen, according to M. Simon, who collect decorations just as others collect postage stamps. In certain official positions it appears the one thing is hardly more difficult than the other. "I knew," he says, "two public officials who had this insatiable mania. One was fat. The chain on which he hung his medals spread across his ample chest and struck downward and was lost to view in his waistcoat pocket, in the interior of which the imagination pictured further honorary insignia. The other was thin, to his great disgust, and he could only exhibit some thirty decorations in a row. Some one advised him to wear a double line, just as unruly convicts wear a double chain. He did so, and he was quite right. His breast was a collection of all the animals of creation in gold, silver and enamel. It amused people to look at all this while he was speaking, and they were very glad of this little distraction, for he was an ass."—London News.

## The Shape of the Shoe.

Our Puritan fathers wore shoes moderately peaked. About 1680 square toes made their appearance. In the reign of Mary, who died in 1558, there was a proclamation issued that no person should wear shoes over two inches wide at the toes. Square toes began to lose favor in 1757. In our newspapers from 1710 to 1735 round toes became more common, and peaked ones less, according to descriptions given of shoes on runaway slaves and servants. From 1787 shoes toes continued in a small proportion and became mostly pointed. This shape lasted nearly a hundred years. Square toes began again in 1835, and in 1836 were succeeded by round toes.—Boston Herald.

## Bonds in History.

Henry VIII of England, in the earlier part of his reign, posed as a saint. He thought himself a great theologian, and as long as he was surrounded by brunettes seemed really more devoted to the Creator than to any human being. But when the fair Anne Boleyn came upon the scene he, too, fell a victim, and it is not worthy of remark that neither she nor Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves or Catharine Parr could be called a brunette.—New York Herald.

## TO CONTEST EDISON'S PATENT.

Henry Goebel Claims That He Invented the Incandescent Lamp Thirty Years Ago. Who invented the incandescent lamp? As to the electric light, it would be true enough to say that no one invented it, for it exists in nature, and many methods of developing it have been in use for many years. But the incandescent lamp which gives the light permanence—who invented that?

This question is soon to be tried once more in the New York courts, as the Edison company is determined to shut up the works of the Benson company and all others manufacturing the lamp, and the law



HENRY GOEBEL.  
yers for the defense have brought out an entirely new claimant, or rather a claimant so old that he had been forgotten. His name is Henry Goebel; he is 74 years old; he is a native of Hanover, Germany, and he is a pauper! That is what it amounts to, for he is an inmate of the German Masonic home in Tappan, N. Y., and has been for two years.

His history is a romance in applied science. In boyhood he was apprenticed to the watchmaker's trade and for many years worked only enough to secure a meager support and devoted all the rest of his time to experimenting. He invented an entirely new set of tools in his trade and many other improvements, but was so ignorant or indifferent to business that he patented none of them. The troubles of 1848 drove him to the United States, where he began to experiment in electricity and soon had an arc light in operation on top of his house. He insists that the fire department was called out. Of his incandescent lamp he says:

"My first filament was fine copper wire. This did not do at all, so I tried filaments of platinum wire. I got a little glow, which was encouraging, but that was all. The wire melted. The vacuum was very bad indeed. I saw it wouldn't do at all, so I set to work to invent an air pump which would work."

"The result was the invention of the mercury air pump. I got this patented afterward, but not in the improved shape they use it now. But my pump worked all right. I fastened a long, slender glass tube to my cologne bottle and filled the whole thing, bottle and tube, with mercury. Then I turned it upside down, and the mercury settled down in the tube, leaving a beautiful vacuum in the bottle. Then I sealed the neck up with a bunsen burner. That was all right, but my filament was all wrong. Every sort of metal filament melted as soon as it got hot enough to give any satisfying light."

He gives in detail the experiments by which he was led to use carbon, just as Edison did. Being a very impracticable man, he secured no patents and made no money, but married young and became the father of 14 children, of whom seven are living, all too poor to give him a good home. Since the lawyers got hold of him, however, he has been lodging in a tenement house in New York city with his married daughter. He is a fine looking and lively old gentleman, extremely popular at the Masonic home and always at work on some mechanical contrivance.

The Edison company's lawyers smile when the story is mentioned and add: "All this was brought to our attention in 1882, and we were asked to buy Mr. Goebel's work, but there was really nothing to buy. He is a wonderful old man and has done much curious experimenting, but in this lamp affair his work is of no practical value whatever and has no legal standing. All this is set down in the minutes of the Edison company for 1882." Oddly enough for a born inventor, Mr. Goebel takes the same view of the money value of his work, but says as the lawyers want his testimony they can have it. As \$100,000,000 or so are involved a few historic notes are of interest.

Soon after the discovery of galvanism Sir Humphry Davy invented the voltaic arc. In 1812, by using a battery of 2,000 cells, he produced an intensely brilliant arc measuring five inches, but it was pretty nearly as expensive as burning diamonds. In 1834 Professor Dumas of Paris produced a brilliant light which was much cheaper, costing only \$6 a minute! Yet he prophesied Edison, declaring that in time a gas lamp would arise to make the light both continuous and cheap. Sixteen years later Stahls and Foucault in England produced an electric light system apparently so cheap that a company was organized, and there was a pair in gas-stocks. In 1862 Faraday practically invented the electric light in a British light-house. In 1878 the Jablockhoff candle was officially declared a success in lighting Paris.

Many Americans were meanwhile experimenting, and in 1879 Edison solved the problem. The interests involved may be judged from these figures: The United States then had \$400,000,000 invested in gas, New York and vicinity owning about \$35,000,000 of it; England had \$200,000,000 of that \$400,000,000 was in London; Paris alone had \$40,000,000, and Germany some \$30,000,000.

## Greeting Friends in Public.

A woman is sometimes annoyed by the informal manner in which some of her intimate friends address her in public. It may be a brother or a cousin who passes her on the street with a nod or a brief word, but a stranger, noticing the greeting, might get a wrong impression. In such cases, whether the hat is lifted or not, a woman would like the same appearance of respect that she would expect from a less intimate friend.—Manchester Union.

## Losses in Big Hotels.

A well known hotel man said recently: "In all my experience I have never been able to explain to my entire satisfaction why it is that so many hotel guests consider the articles in their rooms public property and persist in carrying them away."

"The losses to a large hotel such as the Grand Pacific, of Chicago," he added, "run high in the thousands of dollars annually from such pilfering. No article is too insignificant to escape the attention of the thieves, nor is there anything in a hotel bedroom, except, possibly, the bed, bureau and washstand that may not be carted away."

"Knives and forks, towels and bed clothing are, however, the articles most frequently removed. Still everything has to be watched, from the soap in the dishes to the French clock in the bridal chamber. I can recall several instances of thefts of the last named article, and as for rugs, there is scarcely a hotel proprietor in the country who would leave one of any value in a room."

"John Hoy was an exception to this rule, however, but after the first season or so that he ran the palatial Hollywood at Long Branch he was compelled to have itemized lists drawn up of the articles contained in every sleeping room and suite in his house. When any guest departed an account of the contents of the room vacated was at once taken and compared with the list, and this was done only because experience showed it to be necessary."

"I do not know how the thieves have the face to use the marked articles," said the man in conclusion, "but the fact remains that thousands of articles are taken annually, and I believe that an inspection of the effects in the homes of many a traveler would bring to light a most curious assortment of hotel stuff picked up here and there in journeying over the country."—New York Herald.

## Origin of an Indian Name.

One of the most prosperous clubs with supposed Indian names, in whose members can be traced no blood of our aboriginals, the "Poor Lo's" of the school books, is the popular Wawayanda club, to whom thousands of their friends are indebted for the jolliest days of their lives. Their hospitality, lavishly displayed at their handsome out of town clubhouse, is proverbial. In explaining the origin and meaning of the title a member of the club will tell you that, "once upon a time," a noble red man stood in silent majesty upon the very ground upon which the clubhouse stands, gazing with melancholy eyes at the setting sun. He was the only relic of a great tribe of peaceful aborigines who had been swept from the face of the earth or despoiled of their lands and exiled by the wicked white man. A paleface approached him with the inquiry:

"Where is your tribe, noble chief?"

"Way, way yonda," replied the red skinned lover of fire water.

That settled it, and "Wawayanda" became the name of the club for want of a better one, for all the Indian names available had been distributed among other organizations, including Tammany. There seems to be a touch of original sin and Ananias in the always ready explanation, but the hospitality of the club soon dispels the doubt and makes the visitor acknowledge that, with such a welcome and good cheer, a club by any other name would not be as enjoyable.—New York Times.

## The Largest Baby Ever Born.

The baby for general size, height and weight takes the cake as being "the largest on record" was born in Ohio on the 12th day of January, 1879. The "average baby" weighs from six to nine pounds. This giant infant's weight was exactly 23½ pounds. He (it was a boy) was 2½ feet in height (the common run of babies range from 16 to 20 inches in height) and had a head measuring 19 inches. His cute little pink foot measured 5½ inches and was as thick as that of the average eighteen-months-old child. About six years prior to this extraordinary event the same woman gave birth to an eighteen-pound baby which was 24 inches in height.

Although this may be thought to be a wonderful story by those not informed as to the real facts, it will be shorn of some of its seemingly Mythologic marks when it is known that the parents themselves were two of the largest people in the United States at the time of the occurrence related above—they were Mrs. and Mr. M. V. Bates, the former known as the "Nova Scotian Giantess," and the latter as the "Kentucky Wonder." Mrs. Bates was (if my memory is not at fault, she died five or six years ago) 7 feet 9 inches in height, the father of the baby giant being about two inches less in stature.—St. Louis Republic.

## How a Woman Judges.

Confidence between man and woman must always be comparative and absolute trust a practical impossibility, since the difference of temperament preclude a perfect understanding. A man can never see a woman entirely as she is or as one of her own sex may see her, and vice versa. Yet a woman is more likely to comprehend a man and his motives than he is to comprehend her, for a woman, while more sensitively sympathetic, judges instantly by instinct, straight and sure as the crow flies. A man, on the other hand, travels the railroad of reason, where there are many shuntings, and a single mistaken signal may upset the whole train of his logic. In judging a woman's motives and feelings, a man argues from his own, and deduces conclusions which are, more often than not, radically erroneous.—"Woman Through a Man's Eyes."

## It Parallels the Naturalists.

The peculiar breed of cats found in the Isle of Man differs from others only in that they have no tails, and the lack thereof is the insoluble puzzle to naturalists. Since it has become the fashion to explain everything by the principles of evolution, two theories have been offered—one, that owing to the limited range and lack of dense forests the original cats had no use for tails, and consequently they (the tails—not the cats) gradually atrophied for lack of use and became rudimentary; another, that the primitive Manx cut off all their cats' tails and in the course of time developed a tailless breed. One thing is certain, the cats are there, and they have no tails.—Chicago Herald.