

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Its worn-out acres fallow lie,
Unsprung the archway stands
For they who tended them long since
Have gone to other lands—
One to the prairies of the west,
And one across the sea;
The rest have reached that blest country
Where partings may not be.

The elm boughs tap the skylight dim
As, in the days ago,
They tapped to waken merrily
The little folk at dawn.
The woodbine curtains tenderly
The shattered window pane,
Yet grant admittance to its friends,
The sunshine and the rain.

No step, no whisper, breaks the hush
But hush! A sweep of wings
Athwart the attic's dreaming dusk,
And tender twitterings!
A tenant for the empty nest?
See—from the window ledge
A phoebe bird calls to its mate
Upon the cradle's edge!

And in the cradle, vacant long,
Four downy fledglings peep
And cuddle close. They'll dream of wings
And twitter in their sleep
All through the quiet summer night;
While on the dingy wall
Flit silently the thin, weird shapes
That come at moonlight's call.

O life and love that were of yore!
O sad old house bereft!
To thee but memory's treasured store
And the little birds are left.
One of thine own is in the west,
And one across the four;
The rest are in that fairest land
Of Home, Sweet Home.
—Utica Globe.

THE LAST
FOUR LEAGUES.

It was sundown in Santa Rosalia. The rainy season was on in Cuba, and low, rumbling thunder had been heard all the afternoon. That is, the people who lived in the little cluster of palm-thatched houses called Santa Rosalia thought it was thunder. And so it was—the distant roar of Spanish artillery that came up from the south. One little cottage stood by the roadside, some distance apart from the others. It was the home of the Moncados. The father, Jose, was dead. He had fallen a victim to the last, the "ten years' war. Three sons were left to carry on the fight, and they were then with Brigadier Lopez Recio. Only mother and Emilia, the sister, a little girl of twelve years, were left at home to watch and pray to God to aid the Cubans in their struggle for liberty.

Suddenly the noise of clattering hoofs came from the southwest. The still night air bore the unmistakable sound with distinctness. In an instant every head was at the open door. Nearer and nearer came the galloping rider. He was alone. His horse was covered with foam and panting like a tired hound. Up to the little gate of the Moncado cottage he staggered, and then his rider reeled and almost fell into the arms of his mother.

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

The poor fellow never finished the sentence. He had fainted. The arms of tender women bore him into the house. Poor little Emilia followed, the tears streaming from her eyes. She watched them draw off the riding boots filled with her brother's blood. She brought water to moisten his parched lips. She saw the ugly wound in his hip and murmured through her gritting teeth: "Bad Spaniards! Bad Spaniards! They will kill us all yet!" And then her brother's eyes opened. The cold water had revived him. He tried to move, but only groaned in agony. Once more he strove to rise.

"Mother, some one, help me to my feet! I must go on—I must go on. I have ridden sixteen leagues since morning. There are only four more to Santa Lucia and to Pena. We must have him." And with a mighty effort he rose to his feet. Then he wavered, tears of helplessness came into his eyes, and he sank back on the bed with a sob of anguish.

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

"Rafael, my boy, it is impossible; you are weak. You cannot ride; the motion of the horse will cause you to bleed to death. Guido must go. Emilia, tell him to saddle a fresh horse and get ready to ride to Santa Lucia."
Emilia started toward the door, but her brother raised his hand in protest.
"Guido is only a half-wit. He might start for Santa Lucia, but he would never find his way in the dark. Even if he reached the place he would forget whom he wanted to see."
"But there is no other man in Rosalia," pleaded the mother.
"True! Therefore I must go, wound or no wound. Emilia, tell Guido to saddle a horse and bring it to the gate quickly. We are losing time."
"Brother, we can't let you go. I'll never see you again." And the poor

child buried her head on her brother's neck. Then, suddenly rising, she exclaimed: "O, why was I not a man? Cuba so needs men! Yes, I'll tell him to get Linda ready at once. Colonel Pena must go to help Gomez." Turning, she kissed her brother's forehead and hurried out to the stables. Soon the quick gallop of a horse was heard approaching the house. But it did not stop at the gate. On it sped in the direction of Santa Lucia.
A moment later Guido, the half-witted black boy, wandered aimlessly into the room.

"Where is the horse, where is Emilia?" inquired her brother.
"Gone!" replied the boy.
"Gone? Where?" came from all present.
"I dun know. She said somethin' 'bout St. Lucia, jumped on Linda's back, and looks to me as how she's gone."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You poor little thing, you should be abed and asleep." Wrapping his coat around her little, trembling, wet form, he jumped into his saddle and had an officer pass the child up to him. The order was given to march, and in his arms the fighting Colonel of Camaguey carried the little heroine back to her home in Rosalia.
"Take her," he said, as he handed her over to the half-crazed mother. "She brought us the news. I'll speak of her to General Gomez. She deserves the rank of a Major General. She has saved her brother's life, and her brave deed may win the day at Saratoga."—Omaha Bee.

Wanted the Birds Cared For.

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

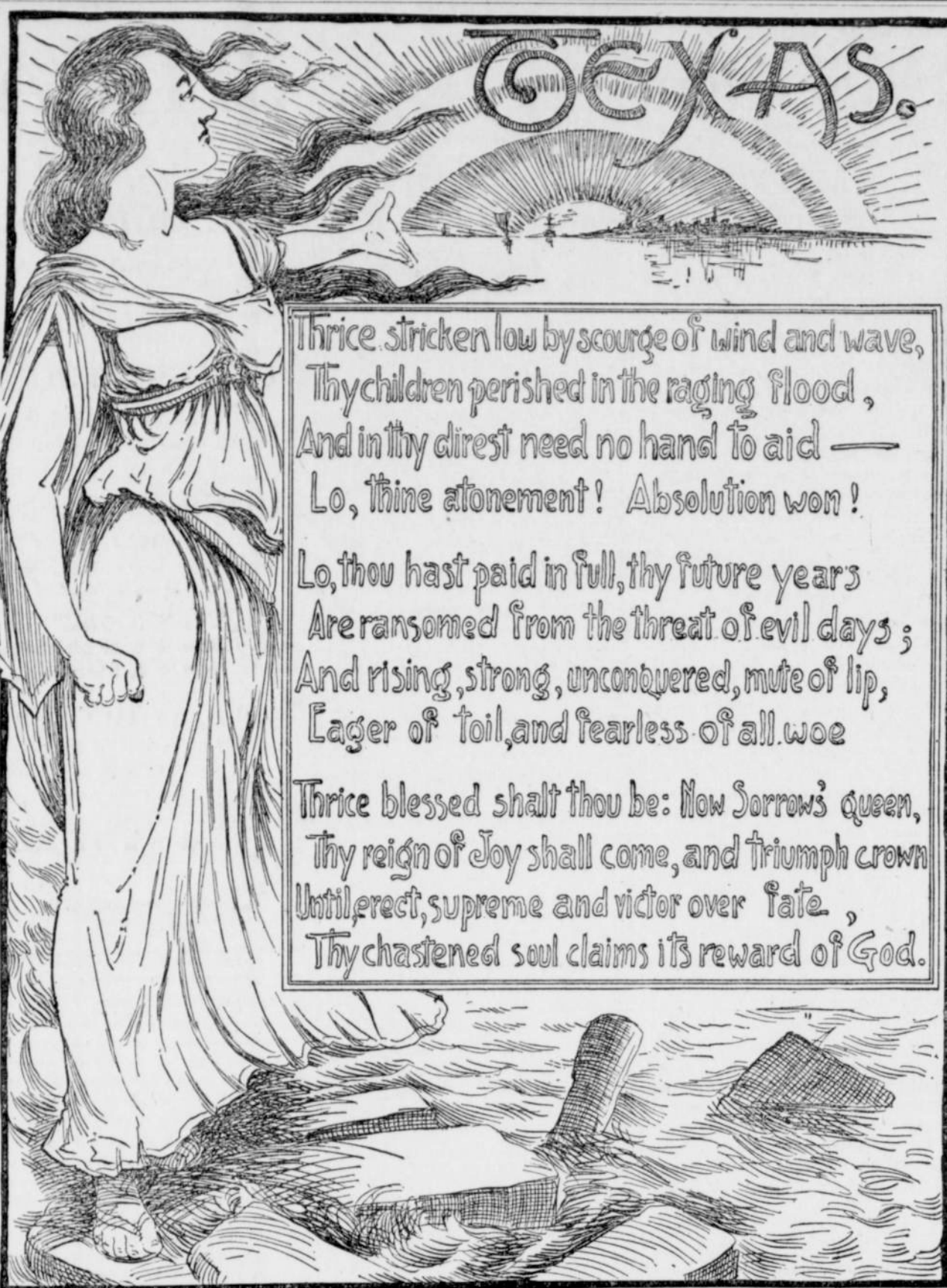
Matches Made from Paper.

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

German Juries.

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

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



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

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BULLS OF FIGHTING BLOOD.

Mexicans Still Delight in Sports of Doubtful Morality.

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

Sunday is the day usually selected for bull fights in Mexico. Then the entire population is at leisure and a large attendance is certain.

The advance agent of the fighting



ROPING A WILD BULL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

are the Spanish horses. That is why



ROPING A WILD BULL.

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

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

And then—the shouting of many people and the screeching of trumpets, and

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

To Acquire a Good Vocabulary.

"A good vocabulary is acquired by reading good books, as well as by hearing the talk of those who express themselves in the speech of educated people," writes Margaret E. Sangster, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Thought lies back of speech, and the more subjects interest us the more command of language we shall have in which to describe them. They who read scientific books will have a grasp of scientific terms. They who discriminate nicely and use the very best word to say what they have in their minds will consult a dictionary and see what are the similarities or the contrasts of certain words; will choose, as among gems, the flawless ruby or crystal; will not be satisfied except with the exact word which can express precisely the meaning they wish to convey. The reading of good authors lifts our vocabulary from meanness and meagerness to nobility and splendor, enriches our speech with words which are like a beautiful embroidery on the garment of daily life, and furnishes us with allusions, quotations and phrases which are picturesque, apposite or convenient for illustration."

Cordiality a Heart Winner.

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

Ceylon's Sacred Oxen.

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

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

HAD PLENTY OF TROUBLE.

Fisherman Had to Make Explanations on Account of an Accident.
This one is on a resident of Princeton street: He went to sleep on his own doorstep and had difficulty in explaining matters to the satisfaction of a patrolman, who desired his company to the police station. It seemed that the victim is an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, with a strong penchant for trout brooks and fish stories.

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

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

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

He went in to soothe her. His neighbor, sleeping calmly, forgetful that he was going fishing, was awakened by the sound of voices in the kitchen. His servant-girl must be entertaining visitors. It was outrageous. He would put an end to it. He burst angrily into the kitchen—and here endeth the troubles of the Princeton street fisherman.—Springfield Homestead.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

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

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

To prevent the flow of gas when a jet is accidentally extinguished an improved burner has a metallic rod connecting the tip with a valve inside the pipe, the rod expanding under the heat of the match to open the valve and allow the gas to flow until the flame is extinguished.

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

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

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

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

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

More Brilliant Than the Sun.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing of stars which are so distant that they have no measurable parallax, remarks that one of these, the brilliant Canopus, can be said, with confidence, to be 1,000 times brighter than the sun. "Whether we should say 20,000, 10,000 or 5,000 no one can decide." The first magnitude stars, Rigel and Spica, also are at an immeasurable distance, and must, in view of their actual brightness, enormously outshine the sun.

Cashmere Shawls.

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