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LEMU-EL.

Across the field floated the trembling voice: Lemuel, Lemu-el! Floated softly, yet far, with a hair musical, wholly pathetic cadence, and seemed to nestle and die away at the foot of the low hills which the village folks politely called "The Mountains."

A little old woman with a snowy cap, a small shawl pinned over her shoulders, and a dark dress, stood at the door of a cottage. The smooth silvery hair and the soft withered cheeks seemed to suggest the charm of an earlier day ; perhaps she had even been very fair in her long-ago youth. But the large, dark eyes had a strange, restless look, and the hands twitched nervously.

A younger woman stepped up beside her from within. She was taller, larger, and less comely, but the resemblance between them bespoke near relationship.

"Yes, mother," she said, soothingly, laying her hand on the other's shoulder. "Some day he'll come. I wouldn't call him any more now."

"Some other day ?" the older queried, a faint color tinging her cheek.

"Yes, yes, some other day; come and get your cup of tea," and she led her mother to the table and seated her beside it.

"Mary, put a plate for Lemuel, he might like a bit too ; and why do you forget ?" she added half fretfully. With a patient sigh the daughter obeyed. How many weeks, months and years was it she had gone through her useless task ?

"He'll come to-morrow," the old woman murmured, half to herself.

"Yes, to-morrow he will come, surely," Mary answered cheerfully. It was almost stereotyped, their brief talk, repeated daily. For years the mother's heart had yearned and waited for the absent or the dead. But each morning life renewed itself and hope sprang up again in the clouded mind. Each morning of all these long years.

"To-day, to-morrow, he will come !"

In the meantime the hamlet had grown from a straggling settlement to almost the proportions of a town. The narrow, congested main street, where butcher and baker were huddled together in confined proximity, had been widened, and more pretentious stores and offices had taken the place of the smaller wooden structures of twenty years since. Factories and mills had their chattering shops and workmen's dwellings and long fringes of outlying streets with more or less ornate villas and cottages, had succeeded to rural lanes or short cuts across the common.

The street on which our cottage was situated had been graded and kerbed to the foot of the hills which it was meant to climb, but had faint-heartedly given out, and though approached on the other side by many more showy residences the cottage still held its own and looked across the fields as it had done when first built on what seemed almost a prairie. It and the enclosed plot on which it stood was a pattern of neatness which brought no shame, and even set an example to its larger neighbors.

Trees and vines had grown, about it, but they were kept sharply trimmed. All necessary repairs were promptly attended to, and each new coat of paint reproduced, as nearly as might be, its predecessor. No changes within or without showed themselves, no added luxuries or adornments crept into any of the four rooms, for the little mother grew restless and unhappy, and what remained for poor Mary but to guard her peace.

Nearly twenty years ago father, mother, son and daughter had occupied the home. The father, somewhat taciturn and cold, had spoken little to his children and frowned upon what he had called youthful follies ; who, in the case of the son, his eldest born, folly sometimes deserved a stronger name, he reproved fiercely and sometimes unreasonably. The boy, filled with the independence of youth resented and rebelled, and quarrels ensued till it ended in the father's turning his son out of doors, with the injunction never to let him see or hear from him again. Too literally had his behest been followed. The mother had idolized her boy, and under the strains of silent grief her mind gradually gave way. No word had come back from the wanderer. She had written to "his mother several times but the father had destroyed the letters without handing them to her, and when one was returned to Lemuel unopened he wrote no more. He tried to drown the memory of his youth in wild dissipations and, sobering down at last, he tried to put his old life from his thoughts amid new scenes and surroundings.

To his whereabouts neither mother nor sister had any clew, so great a silence had fallen between them. The father's heart was sore, but he gave no sign, not even on his deathbed, which followed in less than a second twelvemonth.

So for years and years the two women had lived on together, the snows of age whitening the mother's hair, while the roses of youth departed from Mary's face. The whole village knew the story, and even the stranger passing by would shake his head and guess something of its pathos when a woman's voice rang through the field : "Lemu-el! Oh, Lemu-el !"

Was it a stranger, that bearded man that one day came along the road, with silver streaks looking here and there, as if half in a dream. Back from the hill came a faint echo, "Lemu-el !" and he started and pressed forward. He turned unerringly into the gate, passed through the open door, and threaded his way back on his knees buried his face in the old woman's lap as she sat by the table. "Oh, mother! mother !"

"Why, father !" the old, with only a faint surprise in her tone. She half put out her hand as if to stroke his hair, then drew it back. The man rose and brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "She does not know me."

...weary moaned and grasped the table, looking at him speechlessly for a minute. Later she broke out : "Oh, Lord, it is you ! Why, why have you never sent us word all these years !"

"Never sent a word !" he echoed. "Didn't I write again and again, and this is all I got—my own letters returned and he drew from his pocket an old envelope with postmarks of ancient date.

OVER THE WIDE WORLD.

PEEP INTO MANY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

Facts Gathered from the Corners of This Great Big Earth.

Next to Great Britain, Russia is the largest exhibitor at Glasgow Exhibition.

Lord Kitchener is now in his 52nd year. His military service is one of 30 years.

Ninety-eight per cent. of the slaves of Zanzibar and Pemba prefer to remain slaves.

France has 60 cities with more than 30,000 inhabitants, and 12 of these exceed 100,000.

The world has two and a quarter million acres under tobacco, which produce 850,000 tons a year.

The lowest cities, where any exist at all, are at Panama, where two feet is the average rise and fall.

The punishment for highway theft in Hungary is compelling the man to live with both wives in one house.

The Egyptian Soudan has 12 provinces, with an area of a million square miles, and 101 million people.

Patented processes have been employed for the many of converting sawdust into charcoal and other products.

Four thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight of the present population of the United Kingdom were born at sea.

The Empress of Russia operates a typewriter, and assists her husband by taking down many of his letters from dictation.

London uses one hundred and ten pounds of ice yearly per inhabitant. New York one thousand three hundred pounds a year.

Germany, with one thousand and eighty-three paper mills, makes only half as much paper as England with but three hundred.

Four hundred and forty-eight British guns blew from the southwest in the last fifteen years, only ninety-six from the northwest.

The banking power of the United Kingdom has increased from one hundred and thirty-two millions in 1840 to over one thousand millions at present.

The Norwegian Parliament is called the Storthing, that of Sweden the Regsdag; of Servia the Skupshtina, of Greece the Boule, of Bulgaria the Sobranje.

The "Australian Naval Forces Act," passed in 1887, a fleet of five fast cruisers and two torpedo gunboats was equipped for service in Australian seas.

The Congo is one of the widest waterways in the globe, it not the finest. In some parts it is so wide that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight.

As an initiative to secure higher tax assessments in Cleveland, Mayor Tom Johnson asked the assessor to increase the valuation on his home in Euclid avenue from $300 to $500 a foot.

AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED

Look at the stuff that goes to waste in the grocery business, said the lounger in the store, and think of the small margin on most of the goods. Where does the profit come in?

The profit, said the impatient man with the basket on his arm, comes from having only one clerk to wait on thirty-six customers.

SUPERFLUOUS.

Summer Boarder—You didn't mention having so many mosquitoes.

Uncle Ezra—No, I knowed it wasn't no use, cuz you'd find that out soon as y' got here.

HOME.

SUMMER RECIPES.

Jellied Chicken—Boil a chicken until the meat slips readily from the bones. Season highly with pepper, salt, celery salt and butter. When the chicken is cold, take out the bones, and chop the meat fine. Soften one-half ounce of gelatine in one-half cupful of water. Strain the liquor, add to the gelatine. Place sprigs of mint in the bottom of a wet mould. Pour a layer of the gelatine, then all of the chicken, the remainder of the gelatine. Place in a refrigerator for at least six hours. Remove and garnish with light golden-yellow nasturtium blossoms.

Ham Mousse—Chop very fine two cupfuls of boiled ham, season with one teaspoonful of English mustard. Dissolve one teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in six teaspoonsful of hot water, add one-half cupful of whipped cream. Mix thoroughly the ham and prepared gelatine. Place in a mould on ice for three hours. Slice very thin and serve with a mayonnaise to which has been added two tablespoonsful of horseradish, one tablespoonful of Tarragon vinegar, one teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce.

Stuffed Eggs—Hard boil six eggs, halve carefully. Remove the yolks, make a smooth paste of them with one tablespoonful of melted butter. Add a cupful of chopped cooked lamb or beef, a dash of cayenne, salt. Mix thoroughly. Fill the eggs carefully. Rub a trifle of raw egg white over each piece, and press together. Roll first to beaten egg then in fine bread crumbs, deep fry in very hot fat. Serve cold on lettuce leaves.

Anchovy Eggs—Cut in halves six hard boiled eggs. Mash the yolks with one tablespoonful of melted butter, one minced bay leaf, one tablespoonful of chopped calf's liver, one tablespoonful of anchovy paste. Fill the whites of the eggs with the prepared yolks, press the halves together. Place on ice until very cold, serve with French dressing.

Peach Salad—Pare, halve, remove the stones from five ripe peaches. Stand cut side upward on ice, with one teaspoonful of sugar and three drops of lemon juice in each cavity. Crack one-fourth of the stones, chop these kernels, add to the whole stones and simmer. Strain, add one-half teaspoonful of ground mace and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved. When cold, add four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, pour over the peaches, keep on ice until serving time. Arrange the peaches on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Apple Salad—One cupful of celery and two cupfuls of tart apples, cut into dice. Cover immediately with lemon juice to prevent discoloring. Serve with this French dressing: Cover one teaspoonful of salt with cayenne, add two tablespoonsfuls of lemon juice and six tablespoonsfuls of olive oil. When these ingredients are thoroughly blended, add a piece of ice the size of a butternut, stir five minutes until the dressing is perfectly chilled. Remove the ice, beat until thick, serve the salad at once.

Then she drew away, yet still clinging to him and looking imploringly to the elder son.

"Oh, father ! be friends ! be friends. He's a good lad ; he means no harm !" and the two men clasped hands silently, while a tranquil happy look crept over the poor harassed face.

So no more the sad cry rang over the fields, but an old woman and a boy might often be seen walking together on the road near the cottage, and the late roses bloomed on the faded cheeks, and the sad eyes grew calmer, though reason no more felt resumed its sway.

Lemuel, the elder, remained in his former home and builded onto the cottage, which was kept unchanged, as a wing to the new house, where Mary was happy again in being a mother to her nephew. When her short Indian summer was over and they laid the little mother to rest, they wrote "Peace" on the white headstone.

A WATER CURTAIN.

The public library building in Chicago is protected against the invasion of fire from the outside by means of a so-called "water curtain." At the top of the building is a system of tubes through which water, supplied from a tank, can be caused to flow over the outside walls. Some time back the ... enemy of the water curtain was tested by the occurrence of a fire in a spice mill adjoining the library building. The water being turned on, the outer walls were immediately covered with a liquid sheet, which, as the temperature was low, became presently a sheet of ice.

WOOL FROM TURF.

Artificial wool made from turf fibres is now employed at Dusseldorf, Germany, for manufacturing cloth, bandages, hats, rugs, and so forth. Ten years have elapsed since the first attempts to make turf wool, and it is averred that recent improvements in the processes have resulted in the production of a soft fibrous material, which can by spun as readily as sheep's wool, and which, besides possessing excellent absorbent properties, is capable of being bleached and colored for use in various textile industries.

WORLD'S BIGGEST TREE.

What is probably the biggest tree in the world has been discovered to belong to the cypress family, and was found in Mexico. Its circumference 6ft. from the ground is 154ft. 2in., and to me the top of it one must stand many yards away. It is near the famous ruins of Mitla, in the State of Oaxaca. It is variously estimated at from 3,000 to 5,000 years.

VALUABLE HINTS.

A delicious hot weather dessert is lemon jelly and soft custard. But you want your jelly a semi-solid, quivering mass, not hard enough to cut, piled in the centre of a thick soft custard. Too stiff jelly and too soft custard will spoil it.

In stuffing a chicken for baking, where there is a lot of hungry children asking for second helps of everything including "dressing and gravy" make a generous supply of the stuffing. Fill the cavities in the body as usual, then make an incision in the skin between the thigh and the body, on each side; loosen the skin from the flesh round the breast and down the leg and put in as much stuffing as you can crowd in pressing it close down to the breast and legs. Put another extra portion in the inside of the wings before tying them to the body. Bake in a covered pan and baste frequently.

Figs, dates, raisins and prunes are apt to be regarded as luxuries rather than as rich food substances of a most digestible kind when freed from skin and seeds. Nuts are rich in fat and also furnish muscular energy; they are a form of very wholesome food, with which, however, must be taken fruit or other bulky foods to balance the concentration.

Cure for Rats—Bait traps with sunflower seeds and rats and mice will soon disappear, says one who knows.

BIG GAME SURE ENOUGH.

A Hunter Who Almost Invariably Got an Elephant With Every Bullet.

Writing of the veteran officer, Gen. J. Michael, C.S.I., of the Madras Staff Corps, who was in his time a noted elephant shot, a correspondent of the Madras Mail states that ... one of Michael's earliest exploits inspired his native attendants with a wonderful amount of confidence in him, as well it might. He got among a herd of elephants in very long grass, and for some time could not get a shot. At last he got up to one, and dropping it dead, jumped onto the body, and with a second shot dropped two more elephants before they had time to make off.

A SIXTH ELEPHANT?

The following is the feat in the recollection of which I happen to know the General himself finds most satisfaction because he considers it showed thorough knowledge of the game : One day he was out botanizing with a friend, and was unarmed. They heard elephants in a shola below and Michael sent back for his rifles. On getting down into the sholah Michael found his quarry was two tuskers, evidently travelling one behind the other. He intercepted them and had covered the leader, and was just going to fire when it flashed through his brain that the second would escape him—greedy man ! In accordingly dropped the hindermost elephant first, and, as he anticipated, the leader wheeled around, got blocked by his prostrate companion, and gave Michael time to lay him out beside him—the two fell with

THEIR TUSKS TOGETHER.

Gen. Michael shot the majority of his hundred and odd elephants with a 14-bore, which in the days of muzzle loaders was the ordinary gun. just as a 12-bore is now. The maximum charge in the gauge of his powder flask was five drams, but when he was loading for elephants he used to add a little more. Complaining that this metal and charges used for big game now. His suspicion in this particular form of sport was due quite as much to a perfect knowledge of the game as to splendid shooting. His directions for finding the way to the brain of an elephant were as follows :

"Imagine a ramrod (there were ramrods in those days) passed from one ear to the other through the elephant's head, and another bisecting it vertically ; in whatever position you may be, aim for this point of bisection." I have heard it said of Michael that he used to concentrate his thought on this one imaginary point, that he, in a sort of way, lost sight of everything else ; I presume that it goes without saying that if you find yourself in such a position that your gun cannot penetrate to the desired point you must not fire at all. In the old days wild elephants were looked upon as things to be got rid of, and the Government gave rewards for shooting them—I think it was 40 rupees for a tusker—and the tusks were the property of the shooting party.

LIT BY CHIMNEY-POTS.

A Belgian engineer residing in England has discovered a method by which smoke can be turned into light. In operating his device the inventor collects the smoke from any kind of a fire and forces it into a receiver. It is then saturated with hydro-carbures, and a brilliant light results. The method is simplicity itself, and its discoverer is now at work upon a simple apparatus which can be attached to any chimney to bring about the desired result, so that at night-time, instead of a dense cloud of black smoke being emitted from the chimney-tops a bright light will take its place. The apparatus is already at work in London, and its general adoption is probable, and highly desirable.

SEEKING REST.

Mrs. Naggsby—Why don't you spend your nights at home ? I always do.

Naggsby—Perhaps, my dear, that accounts for it.