Dreaming of Home.

It comes to me often in silence, When the firelight sputters low— When the black, uncertain shadows Seem wraiths of the long ago; Always with a throb of heartache That thrills each pulsive vein, Comes the old and inquiet longing

- For the peace of home again.
- I'm sick of the roar of cities, And of faces cold and strange; I know where there's warmth of welcome
- And my yearning fancies range Back to the dear old homestead With an aching sense of pain,
- But there'll be joy in the coming When I go home again.
- When I go home again. There's music

- When I go home again. There's music That never may die away,
 And it seems that the hands of angels On a mystic heart at play
 Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful, broken strain,
 To which is my fond heart wording— When I go home again.
- Outside of my darkening window Is the great world's crash and din
- And slowly the autumn shadows
- Come drifting, drifting in. Sobbing, the night wind murmurs To the splash of the autumn rain,
- But I dream of the glorious greeting When I go home again.

-Eugene Field.

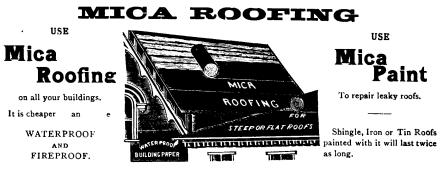
The Boer's Idea of Business.

The average Transvaal Boer's limited knowledge of mathematics makes difficult money operations on a large scale. A farmer who owned land on the rand which was full of gold was offered $\pounds_{12,000}$ for it. "Twelve thousand pounds," he said meditatively, "I know how much £1 is, and I know how much £100 is, for I have that much in the house, but £12,000—I cannot tell how much that is." The Englishman who made the offer tried in vain to make an explanation which would give the boer some sort of a conception of the magnitude of the sum.

"I will not sell my farm for £12,000, for I do not know how much that is, but if you will bring me a bushel basket full of English sovereigns, a muld-sack full of half-crowns, and a bushel of sixpences and shillings, so that I can have small change for my Kaffirs, you can have the farm." The Englishman posted off to the nearest bank and measured out the currency to the farmer's wishes, with the result that he got the farm for about $\pounds_{4,000}$ instead of the $\pounds_{12,000}$ he had offered.

Another farmer who had disposed of his gold range farm for a large sum, paid in cash according to his demands was perplexed for the safe keeping of the pile of gold. He inquired of a a more intelligent neighbor, who told him that in Johannesburg were men possessed of stout iron bins, whose business it was to take care of money for other people. The farmer hasten-ed to the bank and inquired of the cashier what it would cost to have his money guarded.





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