Susan's Home - Coming.

"No Susan I never want your hands to look like mine, knotty and gnarled, like the branches of that old apple tree yonder."

"Why don't you call me Suzanne, mother? Susan is such a common old-fashioned name. You know I told you and father when I came home that I wished to be called Suzanne—that was the name I went by at Creighton."

"It don't seem like the real name we gave you, but if it will please you, child I'll try to get broke into saying it, but I'll tell you now you musn't expect father to say it. He's dead set against folks changing their names. I s'pose as you say it's the same name, only fixed up to be a little higher sounding and modernfied, but you can't make father believe that nohow. Besides, you was named for his mother, and he thought a sight of his mother, father did, and he done his duty by her, too."

The mother was watching her daughter as she stood leaning against the lattice at the end of the porch. The young girl was putting vaseline on a scratch which the thorn on the rose she had pinned on her gown had given her. Her hands, bearing the scratch, were white and shapely. The mother sat in the doorway and her tired hands rested in her lap in her blue-checked apron. "The farm at haying and harvest is full-flood time," and it had been a day of extreme heat and extra work. She looked with eyes of love and pride on her daughter. It was good to have her through school and home again, but there was an indefinable something about the reunion that brought a disappointed feeling to the mother's heart.

"Well, I guess I'll set my sponge and go to bed," she said in a weary tone of voice. "I feel sort of beat out to-night, and I've got to get up early in the morning. Your father is going to mow down the north meadow and he's hired two extra hands to help him and they'll be here to dinner and supper. Good night, child. You better not stay out here much longer; there's a heavy dew a-falling."

The daughter sat down in the chair her mother had just vacated. Things seemed so different to her from what they did four years ago when she went away to school. Before she went to Creighton there was no place in all the world so dear and sweet to her as that old farmhouse, nobody in the whole world so good and wise as father and mother. Of course they were just as good now as they were then, but somehow she wished they had seen more of the outside world, had been better educated, and were more cultivated. Her eye fell on the diamond ring on her finger. Clarence Dinsmore had placed it there a few evenings before she left Creighton. He was coming soon to see her in her own home. She had been happy in anticipation, but now she shrank from having him come in contact with the old farm life and ways. She had not told father and mother of having already made a promise to leave the old home, and them, before very long. What would Clarence Dinsmore think of her home and family? There was so much made of one's family when matrimonial ventures were pending. She wondered if her father and mother could claim descent from any of the notables of the world. She lost sight of the fact that in her parentage she had the safest stronghold and dearest pride of any family—a father's unstained, honorable name. The round silver moon came up over the hilltop, and the night dews were heavy. The thin muslin gown was not warm enough for the damp, chill air, and the young girl went into the house, turned the key in the lock of the door and passed up stairs to her own room.

As young girls are not prone to lie awake long to ponder vexed questions over in their minds, Susan was soon asleep. Not so her mother. The father was proving that the sleep of the laboring man was sweet, but the sleep of the laboring woman was longer in coming and not sweet when there are vexed questions to solve. Notwithstanding the hard toil of the day the mother's head did not rest easily on the pillow and all because of Susan.

"She isn't one bit as she used to be before she went away. Father was always talking about what a comfort she'd be when she got through school and came back to stay. I don't want to rile father up none, but Susan hasn't come back to stay; she won't be contented here no more. She's got a far-away look in her eyes and she kept them turned Creighton way to-night. She don't take no interest in things here as she used to. I don't know but we ought to expect she'd sort of outgrow us, with all the schooling we gave her. But I ain't sorry and I know father ain't, that we raked and scraped to get the money together to give her as good a chance as we could. It came kind of hard for him to sell the south meadow lot, but after 'twas gone, he never made no words about it. 'Twas different with me. I didn't have to make much sacrifices. I never get time to go anywhere, and I don't need new clothes and fixin's. Folks all know me at the meeting house and don't make much account of my wearing them old-fashioned small sleeves in my Sunday-go-to-meeting dress. Susan said I'd got to fix it over and put some big sleeves in and I s'pose I'll have to now she's come home.

"We wanted her to take painting and music, so she'd hold her own with the best of 'em. Father's just as proud of them pictures she painted, that's are hanging on the parlor walls, as he can be. He's kept the carpet muddled up all summer taking men folks in to see them."

"Now, father tells me to put her right into work and let her learn 'the arts,' as he calls, 'em of 'housekeeping.' But he don't know how much store folks set by the hands nowadays. There war'n't no account made of hands when I was young, only to obey the command, 'Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might.' 'Twa'n't no disgrace for folks to know by the look of your hands you'd been using the rubbing board or the dye kettle. But things are different these days and young folks must keep up with the times, I s'pose. But I do wish Susan didn't want to change her name, and that she seemed happier to get home again."

"Susan! Susan!" It was the father's voice calling the daughter's name at daybreak, and dispelling the illusion of a beautiful dream.

"I don't know what's the matter of mother. I never saw her like she is this morning. The hot weather or something has wilted her clear down. I tried to have her get one of those O'Donnell girls, living down in the holler, this spring, but she wouldn't hear to it. She said hired help was more bother than they was worth. I'm so glad you've come home to help her. I'm going to hitch up as quick as I can and go to Dr. Simmonds."

The awful possibilities! How they forced themselves upon the daughter's thoughts as she hurriedly put her clothes on and went down to see mother. There are times in our lives when the high lights fall on our hearts with such a power of radiancy that blessings we had seen heretofore, as it were, through a glass darkly, are suddenly thrown out with an illumination of their beauty that shows their inestimable value. As she stood at her mother's bedside, the sufferer said, "I didn't expect this to come, child. I'm a'most burnt up with a fever. I s'pose it was the fever that made me have that dreadful dream last night. I thought we'd lost you, and father and I was hunting all over. We seemed to be in some city, way off somewhere. All at once we spied you setting upon a high place, all dressed up grand; folks were coming up and bowing and scraping to you.

"Father and I had a dreadful time pushing our way through the crowd, but when we got up in front of you, you didn't seem to know us. Then I remember we had on our old farm working clothes. You was kind of ashamed of us, I knew but it wa'n't but a dream."

"Nothing but a horrid dream, mother dear," the daughter replied, readjusting with gentle touch the loved one's pillow. Then she bent over and kissed the dear face, so full of careworn furrows, and yet gleaming with the beautiful rays of love light. "You'll be better soon, dear, and then what good times we will have here together in the dear old home—you and father and I."

"And we won't have to call you another name? You'll just be our loving little girl—our sweet Susan, as you used to be before you went away to school?"

"No, no, mother dear—no new name. I am your own loving little girl—your own Susan—just as I used to be before I left the dear old home. But you must not talk any more. I will bathe your head now, and perhaps it will quiet you so you will sleep."

During the long and serious illness that followed, it was not the fact that the prize had been won for high standing in scholarship that was the happiest thought in that daughter's heart. It was the grateful knowledge that the Giver of every good and perfect gift had given her the gift of healing ministrations and that the Great Teacher was ever at her side showing her how best to use that gift to soothe and comfort and strengthen the overworked, loving, self-sacrificing mother. What a wonderful revelation of gratitude and joy comes to us when one whom we have seen go down almost to the gates of death is given back to us again! How anxiously we listen to hear the physician say, "The crisis is over; the danger is past!" What blessed words were those the old family doctor said to the loyal, loving daughter on that ever-to-be-remembered morning: "Your mother is going to get well, and let me tell you that your good nursing has done more to bring her up again than any medicine."

Mother was rapidly convalescing. She was sitting in the south room full of sunshine, surrounded by the "little things" which make a room so attractive, and which had been arranged with an eye to fitness of color by the loving hand of Susan. On the porch the daughter was sitting near the south window with the one who loved her the best of all the earth and had hoped soon to make her his wife. They were saying their good bye words.

"The dear, loving old hearts had been waiting and watching for my home-coming so long that I cannot leave them yet, even though I love you so much, my dear. Do you not think my first duty lies here for the present," the young girl whispered.

"I suppose I ought to say 'Yes' to that question, but it is so hard to go away without you, my darling. I have never loved you so much and never appreciated your love for me as I do since I have seen you in your own home. All my life long I have seen so much of the mockeries and vanities of life, so much that is spurious. But here I have found the genuine. Oh, the peace and quiet and sweetness of this dear old farm home and the pure, unselfish love in it. The loyal daughter will make a loyal wife. May the waiting time not be for long, dearest!"

When the good bye kisses had been given, and they two stood hand in hand at the gate, the loving maiden whispered:

"Dinna be cast down, laddie,
God helps us do our duty and not shrink,
And trust his mercy humbly for the rest."

But as she turned back and went into the house, the tears would come. But when it was time to carry the mother's beef tea into the south room, the mother, looking up to the daughter's face, saw no trace of them.

DIDN'T BOTHER HIM.

"Is the house very quiet?" he asked as he inspected the room that had been advertised for rent.

"No," said the landlady wearily, "I can't truthfully say that it is. The four babies don't make so much noise, for they never all cry at once; and the three pianos one gets used to, and the parrot is quiet sometimes; but the man with the clarionet and the boy that's learning to play the flute do make it noisier than I wish it was."

"That's all right," said the man cheerfully; "live and let live is my motto. I'll take the room and move in to-morrow, and the little things you mention will never disturb me a particle. Good-bye."

And it was not until he was moved in and was settled that they learned his occupation. He played the trombone in an orchestra.

ABOUT TURKEY'S SULTANS

CRUELTIES PRACTISED BY THESE HUMAN MONSTERS.

Abdul Hamid Only One of Many Who Have Massacred Their Christian Subjects—A Long List of Butcheries Perpetrated by the Fiends.

The word Sultan (pronounced Sooltaan, not Saltan) is by no means a Muhammadan title. It occurs in the Kuran three times, but there it stands for authority. It occupies a similar position as a title of authority, among the Sunni Muslims as Shah does among the Shiahs of Persia. The proper title for the chief ruler in Islam is Imam (Eemaan), or leader or Khalifa (Khaleefa), "one who is left behind," a successor, a vicegerent, or deputy. The word is used in the Kuran for Adam, who is said to have been placed upon earth as the vicegerent of God.

The rulers of the Ottoman Turks assumed the title of Sultan, because there was at the time of their rise in history a Caliph at Baghdad who claimed to be the rightful ruler in Islam.

The present Turkish dynasty took its rise from Halaku, the grandson of Jengis Khan, who, in the middle of the thirteenth century, came down from the fastnesses of central Asia, and seized Baghdad, putting the Caliph to death. Osman, the founder of the present Osmani dynasty, first established his kingdom at Boursa, the ancient capital of Bithynia, and was immediately succeeded by his son, Orchan the Conqueror, a tyrant of the deepest dye. The present Sultan Hamid of Turkey is the thirty-seventh from Osman, and it is a curious coincidence that the present Ottoman dynasty supplanted the thirty-seventh Caliph of the Abbaside dynasty. The Sultan of Turkey, claiming, as he does, to be the vicegerent of the Prophet is the ninety-third in succession to Abu Bakr, the first Caliph.

It is remarkable that so many Sultans of the Ottoman dynasty have

DIED VIOLENT DEATHS.

Orchan died of excessive grief on hearing of the death of his favorite son, in 1359. Murad I., known in history as Amurath, was assassinated, in 1389. Bayezid the Thunder Bolt was dethroned in 1400, and died of drunkenness. Murad II. fell down dead when feasting with his friends at Adrianople. Bayezid II. was dethroned by his son, Selim the Cruel, in 1512 and Selim died of a pestilential boil on the spine eight years afterward. Mustafa I., the Saint, reigned only three months and was dethroned by the Sheik of Islam in 1618. Muhammad IV. was dethroned, after a reign of thirty-nine years, in 1649. Ahmud II. died of insanity in 1703. Abdul Hamid I. was poisoned on April 19, 1789, and was succeeded by his nephew, Selim III., who was deposed in 1807. His successor, Mustafa IV., was deposed and strangled in 1808. Mahmud II., the reformer, was poisoned July 1, 1839. Abdul Aziz was assassinated on June 4, 1876, and his nephew, Murad V., who was proclaimed Sultan, was found to be a raving maniac, and the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid II., reigned in his stead.

Abdul Hamid is the second son of Abdul Medjid. His mother died while he was an infant, and he was cared for by his father's second wife, a childless and wealthy woman. He is just 54 years of age, having been born Sept. 22, 1842.

He has been rightly designated by Mr. Gladstone "the assassin," and it is probable that this well-deserved title will pass down into history just as Muhammad II. was surnamed the Conqueror, Selim I. the Cruel, and Suleyman I. the Magnificent. But it seems scarcely fair that the reigning Sultan should have exclusive right to so fit a title, for the long line of Ottoman Sultans is one of

MONSTROUS CRUELTY

and outrage. In the reign of Bayezid I. the great warrior, Tamerlane of Tartary, invaded his dominions, and the two mighty chiefs met on the plains of Angora in the spring of 1402 and fought one of the most sanguinary battles recorded in history. Tamerlane seized the city of Smyrna, then held by the Christian Knights of St. John, and ordered a general massacre of the inhabitants without mercy to either age or sex. Thousands of Christian warriors were buried alive after their heads had been fastened under their legs. It was Sultan Muhammad II., surnamed the Conqueror, who conceived it to be his mission to stamp out Christianity. He entered Constantinople as the Mahdi of Islam on May 29, 1453. The Turks rushed into the city, meeting with no resistance, and the Sultan, proceeding to the Christian Cathedral of St. Sophia, stood upon the marble altar and recited the Muslim prayers. Upon the taking of Constantinople the meanest Turks insulted the noblest Christians with impunity. The Muslim conquerors did not hesitate to commit the vilest outrages on women and children, in mere wantonness, and yet it is a remarkable fact that this Sultan is said to have been the son of a Christian mother. He was a man with no redeeming virtue, a vicious and sensual tyrant.

It was Sultan Selim I. the Cruel who first assumed the title of Caliph. He threatened to kill all his Christian subjects unless they embraced Islam, and would have carried out his threat but for the manly attitude of the Greek Patriarch. In return for his clemency he took the Christian Church edifices and turned them into Muslim mosques, Suleyman, the Magnificent, slaughtered in battle

TWENTY THOUSAND

Hungarian Christians, and in September, 1524, entered the cities of Buda and Pest, without any resistance and took 100,000 Christians—men, women and children—to Constantinople to be sold as slaves. It was this Sultan who very nearly conquered Vienna, but the Austrian capital was saved by the heroism and endurance of her defenders.

Sultan Murad IV., who reigned from 1623 to 1640, was notorious for his crimes. On one occasion he killed several Christians with his own hands at the northeastern porch of St. Sophia, and on another, when he saw a number of Greek women, dancing in a meadow, he ordered them to be seized and drowned. Among the many cold-blooded murders of his reign were those of his three brothers. This Murad was so greatly hated for his atrocities that the physicians of his court opened his veins and terminated his existence at the early age of 36.

The cruelties of the Turkish Sultans have developed with the growth of civilization. For it is during the century which is passing that the greatest enormities have been perpetrated. Mustafa IV. was an assassin to the manor born, and would have committed great enormities if he had not been deposed and assassinated.

Under the reign of Sultan Mahmud II., designated the Reformer, from 1808 to 1839, there was a determination to convert the Christians of the Turkish empire by force, and on this account Russia decided to subdue and extinguish the power of the Turk. The Russians captured several ports on the Black Sea, but, on the eve of victory, were obliged to withdraw on account of the

ADVANCE OF NAPOLEON

with his large army into Russian territory. On April 6, 1822, the Turkish troops landed at Samos and butchered its unoffending people. Twenty-five thousand men, women, and children were murdered and 45,000 were sold as slaves in the market places of Egypt and Barbary. The little island of Casos was entirely desolated and 2,000 children were sent to the slave market in Alexandria.

Sultan Abdul Medjid was regarded as the friend and allay of Christian people, and it was in defence of his empire that France, England, and Sardinia sacrificed thousands of lives. Sebastopol was taken on Sept. 8, 1855, after a siege of ten months, and during this siege nearly eight thousand French and three thousand English soldiers of the line were killed.

During the reign of Abdul Aziz the inhabitants of Crete were cruelly treated, and the island was devastated and impoverished, like the other Christian possessions of the Turks. On May 7, 1876, the French and German Consuls at Salonica were murdered, and the revolutions in Herzegovina and Bulgaria continued for more than a year. The Bashi-Bazouks attacked and slaughtered 1,200 Christians who took refuge in a church. The total number of Christians massacred at this time was estimated by Mr. Baring of the British Embassy at 25,000.

And thus the tale of tyranny goes on. The only remedy for all this is that proposed by Mr. Gladstone, namely, to send the Sultan and his Muhammadan subjects "bag and baggage to Bagdad."

ALGERIAN BRIDAL.

Mme. Dralla, who recently returned from Algeria, describes a bridal in that country thus: "Fatma and Ali, two young acquaintances, were to be betrothed. The father of the bridegroom was to pay a sum of money agreed on and receive a receipt from the father of the girl—practically a certificate sealed by the Cadi. The father of the girl and bridegroom then sit on the ground, face to face, grasping one another's right hand, raising the thumbs and pressing them one against the other. The father of the girl says, 'I betroth to thee my daughter, So-and-So, for a dowry of such an amount.' The bridegroom answers, 'I accept from thee the betrothal to myself.' While these words are being spoken, a muezzin or a schoolmaster puts a handkerchief on the two united hands, and when the last word is said he recites a short prayer in praise of God, a form of blessing and some verses on marriage. Two or three days later the wedding takes place.

"On the wedding day a professional 'beauty dresser' came forward to do her duty to the bride, who, poor child, looked frightened and amazed. She yielded her tiny hands and feet to be painted with the deep orange-red tint imparted by the leaves of the 'henna;' her nails were made perfectly black, but the back of both hands and feet were left of their native hue. On her head was placed a red, dome-shaped cap, sparkling with sequins and gold embroidery. This cap covered most of her hair, and left disclosed a fringe over her forehead and two long locks by her ears. Jewels were put on arms and ankles, and a necklace was fastened about her throat. When thus fully adorned she was instructed to walk before us, that all might have full and equal opportunity of admiring her. She obeyed slowly and with a peculiar gait, inclining the lower part of her body from side to side as she walked, while with her hands she slightly raised the edge of her outer garments.

"Then the women veiled themselves. The bridegroom was coming out, and met Fatma at the foot of the staircase. He blew in her face to teach her submission, and put over her head a golden piece to pay the beauty dresser, thus assuming his responsibility for her."

"I'M NO DEID YET."

There has just died in Liverpool John Geddes, who was once the hero of a rather stirring incident. In 1861 a very old building in Edinburgh, which contained about twenty tenants, fell. The Geddes family was among the occupants. Although many lives were lost, several of the inmates were rescued in a very remarkable manner. The accident occurred on a Saturday, and on Sunday, the crowd became so great that the Provost sent for and received the assistance of a company of the Cameronians from the castle to aid the police in keeping order. Under great risk, the work of excavation was carried on during the whole Sunday. For several hours the rescuers had labored to reach the little boy Geddes, guided by his voice. While the men were clearing away the debris, Geddes was heard to shout, "Heave awa, lads; I'm no deid yet." When a new tenement was built on the spot where the house fell, a bust of young Geddes, with these words, was placed above one of the doorways.

HOME LIFE AT ROYAL COURTS.

The Life and Duties of Maids of Honor to Queens and Empresses.

High life above stairs is shown up in a light that may dispel many illusions in a conversation I have just had with a maid of honor to a northern Queen, says a writer in London Truth. The maid of honor is wealthy in her own right, has a time-out-of-mind pedigree, and is daughter of an eminent statesman. Not satisfied with these advantages, she thought how nice it would be to enter not merely the charmed circle of the court, but the impenetralia (to the ordinary mortals) of the royal family. The Queen to whom she owed social allegiance, learning of her wish or weakness deigned to gratify it. Royalty would take it ill indeed if weariness of the place led to retirement. The unfortunate maid of honor's waits last for nine months, a good many of which are spent moving about from one German spring to another. She is given £80 a year, out of which she has to keep her maid. This keep includes the price of demi-pension in the palace and wages. Though the Queen leads, for her station, a quiet life, there are a good many state pageants and public drives in open carriages. This involves a good deal of expensive dressing. Etiquette does not ordain that her Majesty should be consulted about the toilets, but les convenances do. The maid of honor should be handsomely, but not too handsomely dressed. Her belongings should be subordinate to those of her royal mistress. Her unvarying manner should be one of even cheerfulness. A betrayal of tedium would be thought bad form. Nervous headaches must be concealed. One does not speak until spoken to.

The subjects of conversation are limited, because so many subjects would be unsafe if repeated. Thus, that kind of scandal which goes in at one ear and out at the other is tabooed. But serious fault may be found if leading questions are asked. Young members of the royal family are held in by staid attendants, though dying to vent the animal spirits natural to their age. They sometimes, bursting out, shake with laughter at the slightest provocation, and sometimes at no provocation. Visits of other royalties delight them, for these guests can be as jolly as they please, and start subjects of conversation. A prince of European repute for his indefatigability in fighting against the tedium of court life, is nicknamed by his royal nephews and nieces "Uncle What-next." The reason is that when one form of amusement is exhausted at a house where he is a guest, he is sure to ask "What next? What next?" The fair princess, his wife, can play for a whole evening with a toy puzzle, and with non-royal companions thinks this the safest pastime. With kindred royalties she throws off all restraint and fait chanter le piano, throwing into the instrument all the feeling she has had to keep to herself, unless in her Sunday visits to the kennel. There is scarcely a royal personage in Europe who does not dote on dogs. They can be themselves with their dogs, and familiar without fear of breeding contempt.

The desk of the King's or Queen's secretary is like the Pool of Siloam before the angel touched it. All the ills to which flesh is liable are represented there. In sad letters, some true and some false, morbid and vane persons delight to reveal their uneasy consciousness to heads of states and their consorts. This mania is worse in Protestant than in Catholic countries. It is impossible to waste-paper basket all the appeals for help and recognition of unsuccessful talent. When there is a letter showing the sense of a permanent grievance it is sent to the police, and precautions to protect the royal person are multiplied.

The pests of the small courts are the importance attached to etiquette, and the thin-skinnedness and jealousy of the courtiers. Great pests of all courts, but chiefly of the greater, are the hosts of fussy people, humbugs of all kinds and projectors who want to secure royal patronage as a means of advertisement. They are much more likely to get it than the deserving, because their instinct tells them how to make their approach. Queens are now pestered all over Europe with individuals who imagine money is to be made in getting up unions to secure artistic and literary employment for women. The Empress Frederick is ready to help feminine unions, but for handicrafts requiring trained skill and talent, and not to get poor scribbling or painting shot into the market. The Queens of Sweden and of Denmark are of the same mind, but the Queen of Sweden likes to patronize authoresses on the side of religion and good morals. The Empress of Russia feels her way. My maid of honor tells me that the Prince of Wales's daughters are credited in northern courts with shrewdness and insight into the motives of fussy philanthropists.

The most pleasant court for maids of honor is that of St. Petersburg. One sex is as free as the other. The ladies smoke, skate, dance, take sentimental drives in the long daylike summer nights, flirt with grand dukes or with no matter whom, throw themselves into love, diplomatic, palace, and even political intrigues. The latter may lead to Siberia. But the gambling spirit is strong in them; danger gives zest to enterprize, and forbidden fruit is sweetest.

THE WORST YET.

Kosciusko Murphy—I don't see you and Hostetter McGinnis together as much as formerly.

Gus de Smith—No, I have given him the cold shake.

What did he do?

Nothing, except he asked me why a thief who gives his confederates away was like the capital of Turkey. I said I didn't know, and then the double-dyed assassin replied, "Because he is constant to no pal."

That was pretty tough.

Yes, I should say so. I told him never to speak to me again. I'd shake my grandfather if he sprung a gag like that on me.