

### SUMMER SMILES.

A bust developer—Whisky.  
The most successful of all spotters—Flies.  
Is it quite right to call an expert oarsman a first-class sculler.

Adam was perhaps the first man who deemed marriage a failure.  
Whatever Noah's shortcomings, he knew enough to go in when it rained.

"What is there besides luck that amounts to anything in cards?" "A good deal."

It is peculiar how soundly a man sleeps when his wife crawls over him on her way to the kitchen to make a fire.

Mr. Cuthin—"Miss Ella, may I hope to win you?" "Miss Ella—" "Why, Mr. Cuthin, do you think I'm to be raffled?"

What a vast difference it makes with the average man whether he picks up a carpet tack with his fingers or his heel.

Colonel Yerger—"Well, how did you like the picnic?" "Gillhooley—" "I was so glad to get home again that I was glad I went."

"Did your girl ever refuse—you or ever say 'No' before she finally consented?" "No, but since we've been married she says nothing else."

As a man leaves the barber's on a rainy day those in the shop turn their heads simultaneously as he walks towards the umbrella stand to see which one he is going to take.

Ripley—"How Shorts laughed at Fogg's story a while ago. I didn't think it very funny." "I didn't!" but Shorts had just before borrowed five dollars from Fogg."

"They say the Prince of Wales strongly resembles Henry VIII." "Well, he may, but he doesn't seem to have the knack of getting Queens out of the way that Henry had."

Minister—"I think I delivered a very touching sermon to-day. Don't you think I moved the congregation?" Deacon—"I knew you did. I saw a good many get up and go out."

Mrs. N. Peck—"Well, you need not look as if you were going to eat me." Mr. N. Peck—"There's not the least danger that I will. I'm dead sure you would not agree with me."

Matilda Snowball—"I say, Uncle Mose, what does yer think ob my new Spring suit?" "Uncle Mose—" "Folks what puts on all de clothes dey kin git puts me in mind of a sweet pertater patch dat's all gone ter vine."

Tramp—"Beg pardon, sir; can you 'elp a pore man? I've lost my voice and now I'm out o' work!" "Old Gentleman—" "Out of work because you lost your voice! Are you a vocalist?" Tramp—"No, sir; I sell fish!"

Fair woman doesn't hate the men, oh no; That scarcely chimes in with her plan. But had she her way there wouldn't be In all the world a single man.

Tommy—"Pa, what does tact mean?" "Pa—" "It means, my son, the ability which a woman has of sponging money from her husband so that he can never find enough in his pocket to buy a cigar or pay car fare."

"Man wants but little here below;" "All that is very true." "And, more than this, it is a fact, He generally gets, it too."

Clara Placid (to her bosom friend)—"So you and Arthur are at outs?" "Emily Darling—" "Yes, and we don't look at each other any more. That is to say, I don't look at him, though I've quite often caught him looking at me when we've met."

Blokson is a great fellow for recounting his exploits as a fisherman. "Do you believe," he asked a friend one day, "in the saying that truth is stranger than fiction?" "I don't know about its being stranger," was the reply, "but there are sources from which it is a great deal more unexpected."

The lion is very fierce and bold, The tiger we must shun. And when we see a rattlesnake A good plan is to run; But the thing that spurs man on the most To run his level best Is to disturb, in a careless way A yellow hornet's nest.

### A Handkerchief Specialist.

The other morning, as the depart ng Gunard steamer was casting off its lines and swinging out into the stream, an elderly-looking business man hastily embraced a lady who was one of the passengers, and rushed down the gang-plank to the wharf.

Going hurriedly up to a melancholy loafer who was watching the busy crowd, the gentleman drew him behind a pile of freight, and said:

"Want to earn a dollar?" "You bet."

"You see that lady in black on the bridge there?" "Cert."

"Well, that's my wife, going to Europe. Now, of course, she'll expect me to stand here for the next twenty minutes, while the steamer is backing and filling around, so as to wave my handkerchief and watch her out of sight. See?"

"I catch on boss."

"Well, I'm too busy to fool around here; stock to buy, biz to attend to. She's a little near-sighted; so I'll just hire you to wave this handkerchief, instead. It's a big one, with a red border, and as long as she sees it, she'll think it's me. Come up to 202 Wall Street where they are well off, and I'll pay you."

"S'posin' she looks through a telescope, or suthin'?"

"In that case you'll have to bury your face in the handkerchief, and do the great weep act."

"That'll be fifty cents extra."

"All right. Time is money. Look sharp now! You can kiss your hand a few times at, say, one dime per kiss;" and snapping his watch the over-driven business man rushed off.

We print this affecting little incident to call attention to the fact that the man thus employed has gone into the business regularly. He is now a professional fareweller, and businessmen and others can save valuable time, and yet give their departing relatives an enthusiastic send-off by applying to the above specialist any steamer day. Go early to avoid the rush.—[Muchow Traveller.

### An Alarming Tendency.

"How nice it is for clergyman to be musical—the Rev. Dr. Sworry, for instance—how exquisitely he plays on the violin."

"Well, I don't think it's altogether becoming in a clergyman like Dr. Sworry."

"Why?"

"It might decrease the proper reverence his flock ought to have for him, and they might come to regard him as a fiddle D. D."

### The Treatment of Widows in India.

The practice of treating widows as quasi-criminals, outcasts, or slaves, is among Hindus of high antiquity. It is probably a substitute for a still older custom, once universal among the conquering tribes of the Asiatic world, of slaying the wives of chieftains on the burial places of their lords. As manners grew milder and men less desperate, and new religious ideas were born, that practice was abolished, and widows were permitted to live, but only as persons whose right to survive must be regarded as imperfect. Their position became that of household slaves, or rather family outcasts, entitled to no honor, bound to servile offices, dressed in the meanest clothes fed with the cheapest food, and regarded by all around them as persons who ought to consider themselves incurably degraded by all around them as persons who ought to consider themselves incurably degraded. Had not the very gods themselves, or the fates, pronounced them deserving of heavy suffering?

It is the rooted belief of every convinced Hindu that unexpected or severe misfortune brought about without human hands is evidence that the sufferer has in some former state of being deservedly incurred the displeasure of the higher powers, and is justly expiating by his own misery his own actual though forgotten guilt. They think this even about themselves, and we have known a respectable Hindu, full of life and energy, and by no means specially bigoted, upon the death of an only son suddenly to renounce the world and thenceforward to live, covered with ashes and repeating only prayers, the painful expiatory life of the sunyasee, or Hindu hermit. What he believed about himself, his friends were more ready to believe about him, and, as the death of a husband is the highest misfortune his wife can endure, those who insult or degrade his widow, even if her own closest connections, do but carry out the visible will of the Divine. The widow is therefore, in theory, at all events, abandoned to her fate. Of course, natural laws are not wholly suspended even by superstition, and thousands of widows protected by personal affection, or by their own abilities, or by their wealth—for widowhood does not cancel rights of property—lead decently happy and contented lives. The majority, however, suffer under the ban typified by the shaving of their heads—that is, they are regarded till death as fallen from all title to respect, and are treated with a habitual indignity which, even when they are exempt from actual oppression, makes the position of millions of unoffending women no better than that of slaves or convicts. So severe is their lot that it excites pity even among those who believe that it is sanctioned by religion, and it would probably have been ameliorated long since but that it fits in with one of the principal Hindu social arrangements—that of early marriage.

### A Cold-Blooded Groom.

"Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Bathgate, of a middle-aged couple who had come to be married.

"No; we ne'r thoct o' that. Is't necessary?"

"Oh, certainly," said the minister; "you should have a groomsmen and a bridesmaid as witnesses."

"Wha can we get, Jean, dae ye think?" The bride so addressed suggested a female cousin whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a man was also thought of.

"Step ye awa' along, Jean, an' ask them, an' I'll walk about till ye come back."

Jean set out as desired, and after some time returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, some what younger than the bride. When the parties had been properly arranged, and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said: "Wad ye bide a wee, sir?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I is just gawn to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that ane," pointing to the bridesmaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage! I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it?" said the bridegroom in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

### A Dead Corpse.

Ann McCafferty was, perhaps, once able to say of Edward Owens, "You were born with butter in your mouth, and that is what makes your orations to the fair sex to be so soft and melting;" but, alas! on Saturday they quarrelled and fought, and were marched off to the police station.

Policeman—She had a bottle of whisky.

Ann—Is that a crime?

Policeman—And she struck Owens with the bottle. (Laughter.) They were fighting.

Ann—Oh, titts, titts! Wid I waste it like that? (Laughter.)

Edward Owens—Whisht, Ann! (Laughter.) Here's the right set o' it. There was a man who drapp'd down a dead corpse—(laughter)—in the Bird Market. Weel, thinks I to myself, maybe, noo, I ken the deid corpse. (Laughter.) Up I'm gawn to the offis—

Magistrate—What has that got to do with your being out and quarrelling at three o'clock on Sunday morning?

Edward—Well, I am tellin' ye. I was gawn up to see the corpse. (Laughter.)

Magistrate—You are each fined 15s or ten days.

### When the Curfew Flourishes.

Those who are fortunate enough to live in the shadow of Battle Abbey still enjoy the exceptional privilege of hearing the curfew every night from Christmas to Epiphany, the eyes of saints' days only excepted. Lately it has been found necessary to rehang the valuable and ancient bells, and Dean Crake appeals to the public to subscribe £200 for the expenses necessary to allow the Battle Abbey curfew to continue to "toll the knell of parting day."

The curfew also flourishes at Hastings, where it booms forth nightly from the fourteenth-century tower of St. Clement's Church. Last week the annual "church parade" of the Cinque Ports Volunteers and "Royal Naval Reserve" took place there, the Mayor and corporation making a goodly show with their fine old silver maces. The procession was somewhat short of its normal grandeur by one of the ex-Mayors vetoing the use of carriages.

Fair motto for Chicago—"I'll make thee glorious by my pen."

### THE SAVING OF THE FLAG.

A Thrilling Episode from the Austro-Italian War.

The "Reminiscences of General di Revel" contain the following stirring account of the saving of the flag: During the Italo-Austrian war of 1859, on the 24th of June, part of the Forty-fourth Italian Infantry, consisting of a group of about ten officers and twenty-five men, got separated from their regiment during a surprise, and being hard pressed by the Austrians, entered a villa called Fenile, near Alzarea, and prepared for an obstinate defense. They had with them the flag of the regiment, and the oldest officer present, Captain Baroncelli, took the command. After the Austrians had been repeatedly repulsed, they set fire to some heaps of straw, hay, and other inflammable materials kept in the garrets of the villa. The Italians, half suffocated by the smoke, and seeing that it would be impossible to defend themselves much longer, determined to save their flag before surrendering. They stripped the bunting from its staff and tore it into small pieces, of which each officer hid a portion under his clothes; the spear-point, being indestructible, was hidden under a fire-place in the house, and the staff was broken into pieces and burned.

This done, Lieut. Chiverni, who spoke German, fixed a white handkerchief to the point of his sword, and leaning from a window in the midst of smoke and fire, offered to surrender—a proposition immediately accepted by the enemy. The brave little troop issued from the house and surrendered their arms to Colonel Attems, of the Hon. holohe Regiment. "Where are the others?" asked the Colonel, seeing so few men; and when he had ascertained that there were really no more he exclaimed "Bravo! you defended yourselves like lions!" The Italians, taken prisoners to Austria, managed to keep their precious relics secret, and one of them dying, his piece of bunting was buried with him. On the 1st of July following di Revel was appointed commander of the division, and while inspecting the Forty-fourth Infantry was surprised to see no flag. He was told that it was taken by the enemy, but as the matter had never been mentioned, not even by the Austrians, who would naturally have been proud of such a trophy, the General called the officers of the Forty-fourth together and begged them to keep perfect silence as to their loss, and the first time they found themselves within reach of an enemy's flag.

When Austria agreed to the convention of the Red Cross, the Italian military doctors were set free, and one of them came to General di Revel and informed him of what had been done with their flag by the group of officers of the Forty-fourth. The general recommended silence, and his wish was respected. On Oct. 9, when Di Revel went to Verona, a merchant of that city was presented to him, and in secret consigned to him the spear-point of the missing flag, which had been found in the villa of Signora Rose Faina, and by her jealously preserved in order to be restored to the Italian army. One can imagine the gratitude of the General. He reported the affair to the Minister of War, begging him to provide a flagstaff.

This was done, and when peace was concluded and the prisoners of war returned home, the officers of the Forty-fourth consigned to the General the several pieces of their flag. They were sewn together by three workwomen in the presence of two officers of the company, and attached to the staff and spear-point, the whole proceedings being written down, witnessed to and signed, and an account of the saving of the flag added. On Oct. 25th the Forty-fourth Regiment was drawn up in the square of St. Mark, and in front stood Lieutenant Libretti bearing the recovered flag. The guardia voi was sounded, and General di Revel expressed his pleasure at being able to restore to the assembled regiment the actual flag stained with the blood of the handful of heroes who had so valiantly preserved it from the enemy. "One piece only," he concluded, "is missing, and that lies in the heart of the brave man who carried it with him to the tomb." A storm of applause burst from the regiment and the spectators; then, while the men presented arms, the General kissed the flag and gave it to Lieutenant Colonel Zarni, the commander of the regiment, who also kissed it and then consigned it to Lieutenant Libretti, who, bearing aloft his glorious banner, accompanied General di Revel along the front of the regiment amid renewed acclamations. The General speaks of this incident as one of the most moving in his military career.

### Across the Llamas' Country.

Mr. Rockhill's successful journey across a hitherto unexplored region in the country of the Llamas appears to have been attended with no little peril. His servants were more often in chains than out of them, and Mr. Rockhill himself only escaped death by a series of fortunate chances, so determined were the agents of the Llamas to frustrate any attempt to explore the mysterious and jealously guarded district between Silifu and Tasienu, in the Province of Derge. Mgr. Wiet, Vicar Apostolic of Thibet, pronounces the feat of crossing without an escort the immense steppes in that land of grass, where the habitations of men are more to be dreaded than the solitude, as the most difficult and dangerous that has been accomplished in Asia during the present century. The district is described as teeming with natural riches, and Mr. Rockhill is stated to have mapped out a route of prime importance for commerce.

### Value of Sincerity.

Though a man must be sincere in order to be great, he need not be great in order to be sincere. Whatever may be the size of our brain, the strength of our powers, the talents of any kind with which we are gifted, sincerity of heart, or of belief, or of life is possible to us all says the *New York Ledger*. It is of itself a kind of greatness which, in spite of many other drawbacks, will make itself felt. The honest, upright man, who lives openly, fearlessly and truly, professing only what he feels, unholding only what he believes in, pretending nothing, disguising nothing, deceiving no one, claims unconsciously a respect and honor that we cannot give to any degree of power or ability wielded with duplicity or cunning. If we could correctly divide the world into the sincere and the insincere, we should have a much truer estimate of real worth than we generally obtain.

Don't try to drown your sorrows in a jug; troubles are great swimmers.

### How "Shakey" Recited the Story of Mary and Her Lamb.

A very fat and good-natured but extremely dull German boy was a pupil in a school I taught in a country neighborhood some years ago. The lad's name was Jakey Seifert, but his mother, who came with him on the first day, called him "Shakey," and as "Shakey" he was known from that time forward.

He proved to be as dull as he was good-natured; in fact, although he was ten years old, he was still unable to read.

We were going to close the term with a little exhibition at the school-house in the evening. Nearly all the boys and girls were to have short recitations or parts in dialogues, while others would sing or read essays.

Jakey had not been able to attend school during the last week of the term, but he appeared at the exhibition, and early in the evening came up to me, his round face all aglow with excitement.

"Teacher, oh, teacher," he said, "I haf a piece I would like to speak, too. I haf been a veek learing it."

"Very well, Jakey," I said "you shall speak your piece." And when several boys of about his own age had spoken, I called:

"Jakey Seifert."

He came quickly forward, and stepped upon the stage a comical picture of overgrown boyhood and childish excitement. His fat body was clad in a pink calico waist, and around his neck was a huge embroidered white collar, such as used to be worn by our great-grandmothers. His face was shiny as soap and water could make it.

After a jerky little bow, Jakey commenced:

"Mary had von leedle lamb."

Then he stopped short and began twitching at his trousers leg with the thumb and forefinger of either hand.

"Mary had von leedle lamb."

He stopped again and fell to twisting around on one leg. His lips moved rapidly, but no sound came from them. Some of the other boys began to laugh. Then Jakey cried out:

"You need not geegle like dot! It vos so—Mary did haf von leedle lamb! It says so in de book!"

Everybody laughed at this and Jakey, recovering his good nature, said, in a comically loud and shrill voice:

"I cannot dink how it was in boetry. It was meexed in mine head, but it was like dis: Mary had a leedle lamb. It went to school mit her, vich the teacher he did not like. De children dey did all holler und yell. Dot made de teacher mad. He yoost got after dat lamb. I bet you dot vas goot fun. I vish I vas dere to see it. He made de lamb git lamb. I would laugh to see dot. Ven de lamb vas out it would not go away. It staid 'round, going 'ba-a-a-a' dill Mary did come out and den it run up to her voost so glad as never vas. De lamb did love Mary because she was shentle mid it. I like dot lamb story. Good-by!"

Jakey's recitation was the success of the evening and his face shone with pride as he took his seat amid shouts of laughter and applause.

### A Star Quilt.

The most popular quilt at present is the star quilt. For materials get two yards good quality domestic linen, quite heavy, with a smooth surface—a quality worth about 35 cents a yard will do—three bunches wash twist, one bunch etching silk, two gross smallest size brass rings, one five-pointed star perforated pattern (to stamp with). Place the linen on a smooth surface and stamp your star pattern over the surface (or you can get it done for you), being careful to economize space and yet leave room for working.

After the stamping is done, cut out the star on the square; that is, do not cut the point out, but cut a square with the star in the center, leaving about one inch margin from the end of point of star; this is for convenience in working. When the stars are all stamped and the stars cut out, then proceed with the fancy work. With the wash twist work a heavy button-hole stitch around all points of the star; then with the same silk fill each point with one of the filling stitches, either fish-net, brick, cross, or crow's feet, or any other that is preferred; each star may have the same filling stitch, or every star may be filled differently.

Now for the center part of the star, crochet a sufficient number of brass rings over with the etching silk and sew them in a circle to the linen. After the embroidery is done, cut out all the linen from the points of the star with a pair of sharp scissors. Thirty-six stars will make a quilt large enough, and they are to be set together by points. This will make the edges formed of the points which finish with a small silk tassel. If preferred, bolted sheeting and rope linens may be used.

The colors used are gold and white, old rose and white, green and white, and all white. The number of stars depend on the size you make your stars, but from thirty-six to sixty-four are enough.

### A Chinese Bride.

A writer in the North China Herald describes the dress worn by a Chinese lady at her wedding, of which he was a witness, as follows: "At length we were admitted to inspect the bride whose four-hours' toilet was just completed, and a marvelous spectacle, truly, was the figure seated motionless in the center of the room. Gorgeously elaborate was her array from head to foot, the former crowned with a helmet-like erection of a material resembling turquoise enamel, wrought into the finest filigree work, from which projected glittering artificial beetles and butterflies and other quaint rich ornaments, the whole surmounted by three large, round tufts of crimson silk, arranged tiara-wise. From the brim of this head-gear fell all-around strings of pearl and ruby beads, about half-a-yard in length. Just visible through these, at the back, were broad loops of jet black hair, stiff and solid as polished ebony, and decorated with artificial pink roses. Her principal vestment was a long tunic, whose foundation fabric of crimson satin was so delicately discernible amid its embroidery of gold; a corner turned back, lined with emerald satin, revealed an under-skirt paneled in brilliant red and blue silk. This also profusely trimmed with gold embroidery. A belt of scarlet satin, studded with tablets of white coral, crossed the waist behind. From the front edge of her head-dress a red silk veil fell almost to the ground, adding much to her preterhuman aspect."

### "A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW"

The Story on Which the Well-Known Song Was Founded.

Few are probably the persons who have not one time or other heard the Sunday school song, "A Light in the Window." Unless I am mistaken, says a writer, it is founded upon a story told upon the little island of Sylt, but which might easily have where a mother's heart beats with yearning love for her sailor son and keeps its fond promise from night to light.

Among the simple fisher folks on the island lived a woman and her son. He was her only child, the pride of her heart as well as the source of constant dread, for he loved the sea as his father before had loved it, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as to watch the incoming tide tumble its curling waves over the sands. No sooner was he strong enough to wield an oar and steer a boat than he joined the men in their fishing expeditions.

The mother, with all her fears and the late of a long line of sailors in her mind, yet would not have had it otherwise, for it would have been deemed dishonor among the hardy coasters to have kept the boy at home or sent him safely at work for some farmer. Whatever the dangers they must be faced for the sake of family pride. Had not the boy's grandfather been a captain when he went away last time? Had not his father sailed his own ship when he went down in a great storm? The child was the last of his race, but he must not dishonor his name and cowardly sa'ety catch.

So the boy grew up tall of his age, straight as a mast, nimble as the fleetest and handiest boat, blue-eyed, fair-haired, true-hearted, a real son of the sea. The fishermen taught him the tricks of their craft until he knew how to sail a boat, splice a rope, and do many little things which a sailor must know. Whenever a ship was in the offing he was soon aboard, learning the rigging and how work was performed upon her. He was a great favorite among the longshore folk and with the sailors, and when at last his thirteenth year came around and he obtained the consent of his mother to go to sea he easily found a good ship and captain. Then there was parting, and tears shed by the mother, while he looked forward into the great, wide world with all the joyous eagerness of a boy. But with her last blessing the widowed mother promised that every night a light should burn in the seaward window of her cottage to light him homeward and to show him that she still lived, awaiting his return.

The ship sailed. Six months passed and sailors dropped into the village and told her she had been spoken and all was well, and the neighbors came to the cottage and told the pleasant news to the waiting mother, who nightly trimmed the candle, lit and set it in the window to make a bright path up the sands. Again six months elapsed, and other sailors arrived from far-off lands, but they had no news to tell of the ship. A great storm had happened and she was overdue. She might yet make port, but—and the people shook their heads and carried no tales to the widow, whose candle burned brightly every night and cast long streamers of light out upon the sea. Another year passed, but the sailors going or coming brought no news of the ship, and the neighbors whispered apart and shook their heads whenever any spoke of the widow's son, but no one was cruel enough to cut the slender threads which held the anchor of her hope. And thus the light continued to glow out toward the sea at every gloaming and burned steadily through every night.

Years came and went. The children who played with the sailor lad had grown to be men and women, her own head had been silvered with age, her form was bowed, yet no one dared to cut the cables of her hope. Tender words cheered her and tender hands smoothed the way for her as she patiently waited for the home-coming of her fair-haired boy, and every night the glow of the candle streamed out to seaward and told the story of the loving heart waiting at home.

How many years did she watch and wait? I do not know. But one day, at eventide there was no gleaming patch of light across the sands. The window remained dark, and the accustomed beacon failed the fisher folk, and when they wondered and went to the cottage they found that the mother's love had gone out to seek the son.

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