

LEMU-EL.

Across the field floated the trembling voice: Lemu-el, Lemu-el. Floated softly, yet far, with a half 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, 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 confused 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 clustering 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 unbent little to his children and frowned upon what he had called youthful follies; when, in the case of the son, his eldest born, folly sometimes deserved a stronger name, he reproved fiercely and sometimes unreasonably. The boy, fired 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. He 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 clue, 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.

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 slow steps 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 throwing himself on his knees buried his face in the old woman's lap as she sat by the table: "Oh, mother! mother!"

"Why, father!" she said, 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."

Mary stood and grasped the table, looking at him speechlessly for a minute. Later she broke out: "Oh, Lem, is it 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 letter returned, and he drew from his pocket an old envelope with postmarks of ancient date."

"Oh, father!" Mary murmured, and then she turned away to stop the fast-flowing tears.

"Where is father?" the man asked, a sterner note coming into his voice.

"In the churchyard this many years," she answered. And he sat down heavily.

The old woman glanced at the newcomer furtively, but silently. The other two fell into talk in low, suppressed tones, going over briefly the life that lay between this and their parting.

"Yes, I sowed wild oats enough at first," the man said, "but I managed to work my way across the ocean, and then there came over me a great disgust of myself and my evil ways. Father was hard enough on me—but I was wrong, too, very wrong, and for mother's sake I should have been patient and tried to do better. Please God, my boy shall have no such experience."

"Your boy!" Mary asked eagerly, her face lighting up.

"Aye, my boy—bless him. He's a great lad. Well, I settled down in England, in a good, sizeable village, after awhile, and I did fairly well. Then we married and we had this one boy and a girl."

"Where are your wife and children?"

He turned his face away for a moment to conceal its quivering. "The boy is with me—the other two lie under the sod. When they were gone Lemuel and I didn't care to stay. So we've been wandering a bit. Then it came over me that I must see the old place once more, and here I am."

"But where is your boy?" pressed Mary.

"He's down at the hotel. I just wanted to walk around and take my bearings first—it's all so changed except this house."

"Yes, mother always wanted this kept just the same until you got back. How like you've grown to father, Lem. Is your boy like you?"

At every mention of his son, the man's face lightened up. "Yes, I suppose he's like me some, but he's taller and rosier, too, since he's English born, whilst I see a look of the mother in him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. "I am pining to see him."

"Yes, I'll go and fetch him now," he said, rising. "It's seldom we're so long separated."

So she bustled about, tidying up the always neat little house, and looking into the glass to give some touch of improvement to her own personal appearance, of which, poor soul, she scarcely ever thought, but she had a sudden wish to be pleasing in the strange young eyes.

The mother wandered around restlessly, going again and again to the door and looking out toward the hills, but saying no word. And thus they waited. At last the click of the gate sounded, and the two, father and son, came up the path, the latter looking around with questioning eyes. As they entered a wild cry rang out, and the old woman threw herself upon the boy with passionate caresses, exclaiming unconsciously in the words of Scripture:

"O, my son! my son! He was dead and is alive again! He was lost and is found!"

"Humor her, lad," the father whispered, and the boys rosy cheeks grew rosier as he stooped to her embrace.

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 fully resumed its sway.

Lemuel, the older, 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.

About the House.

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 teaspoonfuls 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 tablespoonfuls 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 in 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 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and six tablespoonfuls 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.

Water Cress Salad.—A pint of water cress and a lavish amount of nasturtium blossoms compose an artistic appetizing salad. Serve immediately with French dressing.

Cucumber Salad.—Peel and slice two cucumbers, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, two cupfuls of cold water, simmer until the cucumbers are very tender. Dissolve a tablespoonful of gelatine in warm water, add to the cucumbers and strain. Line a mould with slices of cucumbers and fill with the jelly. When cold serve with mayonnaise on celery, cress or lettuce leaves.

Tomato Salad.—Pare medium sized five tomatoes. Place on ice. Cut off the top, stem end, take out the seeds. Dressing: Two eggs beaten separately, one-half teaspoonful each of white pepper, mustard, salt, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, six tablespoonfuls of Tarragon vinegar. Add salt, pepper, mustard, to the beaten yolks, next slowly the vinegar and butter. Cook carefully over water until thick. Place on ice. Just before using fold in a cupful of whipped cream. Fill the tomatoes, serve very cold, on a bed of green leaves.

Compo of Peaches.—Boil together one cupful of water and two cupfuls of granulated sugar, fifteen minutes. Remove, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and one teaspoonful of rose extract. Pare eight fine ripe peaches, remove the pits. Place in an agate bake dish, pour the syrup over the fruit, cover, and bake until the peaches are tender and not a minute longer. Place the peaches on ice. Boil the syrup again until it becomes rosy. Pour immediately into a deep pudding dish. At serving time, cover this fruit jelly with whipped cream which has been colored a light dainty pink. Arrange the peaches handsomely on this, fill their cavities with fresh grated coconut.

Peach Foam Pie.—Line a deep pie plate with a rich pie crust, brush it with egg white, bake. Pare nice ripe peaches, rub through a coarse sieve, two cupfuls of pulp are required. Beat four egg whites, stiffly. Add slowly four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, then gradually the ripe pulp. Serve this pie very cold, heaping whipped cream artistically over the top.

A SUMMER SKIRT.

By a day's work you may turn out

a stylish skirt in pique, linen or denim. Such a skirt is comfort itself, and being easy to make and inexpensive there is no reason why every woman should not be plentifully supplied with them. To avoid similarity the skirts may be trimmed in numerous pretty ways. Rows of braid or embroidery can encircle the lower part of the skirt, put on perhaps in graduated widths or in serpentine waves. If you are stout a more becoming effect would be attained by running the trimming up and down. Let it follow the seams, and put corresponding rows in between. A very pretty way is to run the trimming down the front seams to within six inches of the bottom, then turn it backward, extending it around the skirt, but not crossing the front breadth. Two or even three rows look particularly well. In that instance let each turning form a hollow square instead of merely a corner.

White is always the daintiest material to use, but colors make up smartly. Natural-colored linen is extremely popular this season. Trimmed with itself or white the results are very pleasing. Bands of dark blue, of red or bright plaid are charmingly effective and easy to apply, while they have the additional advantage of being inexpensive. Always shrink the goods before using.

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.

RAILROAD MEN'S NERVES.

Most Accidents Due to Neurosis, Says Dr. Scott.

Two or three important points were brought out at the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association. Dr. Alexander Scott, of Glasgow, made the alarming assertion that most railway accidents were due to neurosis of railway men, caused by the nerve tension of their duties. To prove this he cited many cases which had come under his own observation.

A man who had been promoted from fireman to engineer soon complained of dyspepsia. The usual remedies failed and he sent the man to a consulting physician. The latter also failed to cure the man. Then the engineer went through a whole course of quack medicine without any success. It was only after a big smash-up on the railway, as a result of which the man was dismissed, that he finally got well. He had simply been suffering from nervous tension.

Another man who had been working on a farm became a railway servant and afterwards a signal man. The nervous tension was so great that it brought on headache, weariness and insomnia. He ultimately recovered and is now an excellent workman, but not a signal man.

Another case cited that of a signal man who was found on the floor in convulsions. When he was able to speak he said he never entered the signal box without feeling that he was on the brink of a precipice and that some day a disaster would occur.

Another man who was put in the signal box after doing general railway work developed an acute mania in the form of an affection of the nervous cells.

Dr. Scott referred to the Slough accident. In this case the engineer declared that he did not know how he had run past the danger signal. The jury found that the engineer had been afflicted for a moment with aberration of the mind, yet this same man had conveyed over 150,000,000 passengers without a single mistake.

Turning to the question of driving electric cars Dr. Scott stated that a Glasgow man who was used to driving horses was put on an electric vehicle. He caused a smash-up in which one person was killed and several injured. It was proved that the man had not tasted drink, and the case was one of nervous tension.

The doctor thought it was time to consider whether more attention should not be paid to the temperament of railway men, and he deplored the fact that the medical profession was so poorly represented at inquiries in regard to the causes of railway accidents.

ROBBING ROYAL PALACES.

MYSTERIOUS MANNER IN WHICH PRESENTS DISAPPEAR.

They Are Offered For Sale in the Second-Hand Shops of Europe.

A few weeks ago a Parisian bric-a-brac dealer sold to one of his customers two solid silver caskets lined with purple satin. They fetched a fancy price on account of the fact that their workmanship was of the very finest kind.

The dealer was quite satisfied with the prices he had obtained for the caskets until he came to hear that one of them had at some time been presented to the late Tsar of Russia, and the other had been the property of the Pope.

It has long been a mystery how so many Royal presents—presents to and from Royalties—find their way into public sales. The two caskets just mentioned, for instance, were undoubtedly the property of the late Tsar and Pope respectively. It is impossible to suppose that either the Tsar or the Pope gave their casket away, because such an act would be a gross insult to the donor, and the supposition that either of these exalted personages sold his casket is absolutely ridiculous.

At the same time, robberies from Royal palaces are unheard of, and it is very doubtful if anyone having access to Royal presents would dare to steal any, or supposing they did, would be able to dispose of the articles without exciting grave suspicion. Then, how do Royal presents find their way into dealers' hands, as they undoubtedly often do?

It might be supposed that the Royal presents sold from time to time are mere frauds, intended to draw fancy prices from the credulous. But such is not always the case; numbers of perfectly

GENUINE ROYAL PRESENTS

may occasionally be met with in shops, particularly on the Continent.

An English gentleman had on two occasions picked up on the Continent presents which have been the property of members of our Royal family. In Vienna he purchased for a few shillings a silver inkstand, which he recognised at once as having belonged to the King, then Prince of Wales. To put the identity of the inkstand beyond all doubt, it was submitted to the Prince, who also recognized it as a present which had been made him by a member of the family of King George of Greece, but which he was not, till then, aware he had lost.

How it passed from Sandringham to Vienna was a mystery, not that over much trouble was given to seeking an explanation.

On the other occasion the same gentleman bought in Paris a small gold or silver-gilt salt-cellar belonging to a set of six presented to our late Sovereign by the Empress Eugenie many years ago. The mysteriously disappeared salt-cellar had, before being recovered, been replaced by another specially made to complete the set, which was, however, hardly ever used by the late Queen.

These instances are sufficient to show that not all the "royal presents" offered for sale are trifles manufactured specially to trap the unwary collector, as some few very likely are; and it is probable that many genuine Royal gifts are bartered to and by dealers, but, not possessing distinguishing marks, escape recognition as what they originally were.

Some years ago a London dealer became possessed of a

SILVER GILT CIGAR BOX

which had been a present from the Emperor William I. of Germany to his ally King Humbert. A very significant fact in this matter was that all the precious stones with which the box had evidently been set, when it must have formed a present worthy of its royal donor and recipient, had been removed, although no attempt had been made to erase the royal crests engraved on the inside of the lid.

The theory of robbery in this case is one which most readily occurs, but it seems strange that any such robbery should have been kept secret, and that robbers committing such a crime would have the temerity to sell the box which bore proof of its origin that would, we should fancy, be a most valuable clue in tracing the robbers. In fact, it is incredible that the most blundering thief would attempt to sell such a box after having extracted the stones without in some way effacing the marks which proclaimed it to have been Royal property. We believe that after being in the possession of the dealer for a few days the box was purchased by a member of the Italian Embassy in London, which is in itself significant.

THE VERY IDEA.

Deddebete—I want you to measure me for a suit.

Tailor—Why, you haven't paid me for the last one I made for you.

Deddebete—Huh! It's worn out long ago.

Five men can hold a full grown lion; but it takes nine to hold a tiger.

The world's output of copper last year was 160,000 tons, a record up to date.