

the touch of her hand has made sacred. They know her for the best and truest friend they have ever had, or ever shall have; they know her for one who never did them a wrong, and cannot do them a wrong; who never told them a lie nor the shadow of one; who never deceived them by even an ambiguous gesture; who never gave them an unreasonable command, nor ever contented herself with anything short of a perfect obedience; who has always treated them as politely and considerately as she would the best and oldest in the land, and has always required of them gentle speech and courteous conduct toward all, of whatsoever degree, with whom they chanced to come in contact; they know her for one whose promise, whether of reward or punish-

ment, is gold, and always worth its face, to the uttermost farthing. In a word, they know her, and I know her, for the best and dearest mother that lives—and by a long, long way the wisest."

And he concludes thus:

"In all my life I have never made a single reference to my wife in print before, as far as I can remember, except once in the dedication of a book; and so, after these fifteen years of silence, perhaps I may unseal my lips this one time without impropriety or indelicacy. I will institute one other novelty. I will send this manuscript to the press without her knowledge, and without asking her to edit it. This will save it from getting edited into the stove."

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY Z. D. UNDERHILL.

A HOUSE stands far  
 On the lonely moor,  
 Empty and desolate,  
 Ruined and poor.

The snow lies cold  
 On the cold hearth-stone;  
 Through shuddering rafters  
 The mad winds moan.

The hands that builded it  
 Long are dead;  
 The souls it sheltered  
 From earth have fled.

False or faithful,  
 Coward or brave,  
 They are all asleep  
 In the hush of the grave.

But not for store  
 Of jewels or gold  
 Would I gaze upon that  
 Which the bleak walls hold.

For at eve, when all  
 Should turn to rest,  
 As the red sun sinks  
 To the wave in the west,

Bright and level,  
 And full and fair,  
 His parting rays  
 Still linger there;

And blazing out  
 On the gathering night,  
 From the crazy windows  
 Shines a light.

Then I know within,  
 On that hearth-stone cold,  
 Is leaping the ghost  
 Of the fires of old;

And long as the phantom  
 Flame shall burn  
 Must the spirits of those  
 It had warmed return.

Oh, whether in peace  
 Or in pain they dwell,  
 They must draw to earth  
 At that eerie spell,

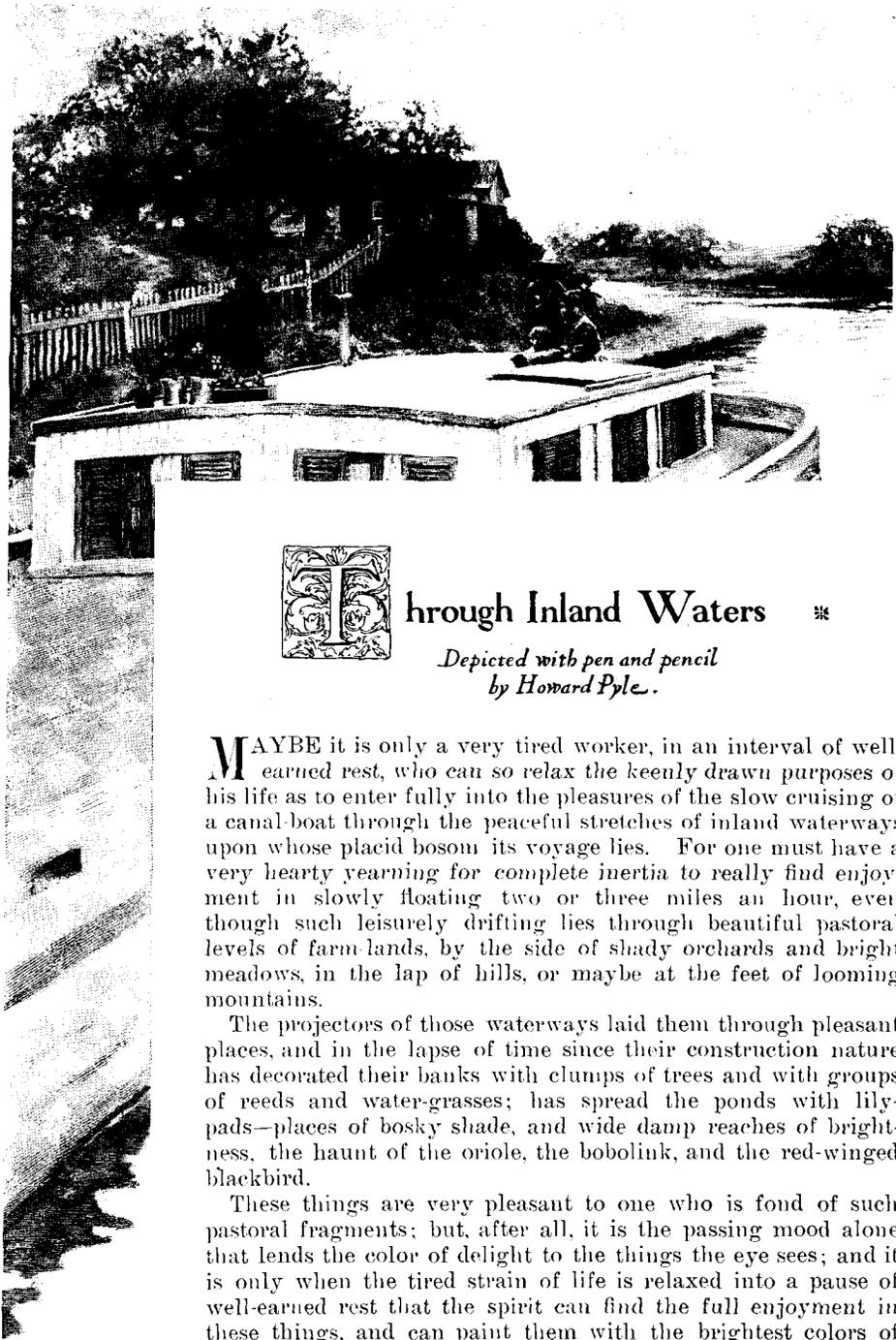
And spread thin hands  
 To the spectral blaze,  
 And cower and whisper  
 Of old, dead days!

You can hide and listen,  
 Close at the door,  
 To their tread as it crosses  
 The shivering floor;

Then, as the sun  
 Is quenched in the wave,  
 On a sudden all  
 Is still as the grave!

The ghosts have flitted;  
 Their fire is gone;  
 The old house stands  
 In the dark alone;

And far and wide  
 On the dreary heath  
 Falls the silence  
 Of night and death.



## hrough Inland Waters ❖

*Depicted with pen and pencil  
by Howard Pyle.*

**M**AYBE it is only a very tired worker, in an interval of well-earned rest, who can so relax the keenly drawn purposes of his life as to enter fully into the pleasures of the slow cruising of a canal-boat through the peaceful stretches of inland waterways upon whose placid bosom its voyage lies. For one must have a very hearty yearning for complete inertia to really find enjoyment in slowly floating two or three miles an hour, even though such leisurely drifting lies through beautiful pastoral levels of farm-lands, by the side of shady orchards and bright meadows, in the lap of hills, or maybe at the feet of looming mountains.

The projectors of those waterways laid them through pleasant places, and in the lapse of time since their construction nature has decorated their banks with clumps of trees and with groups of reeds and water-grasses; has spread the ponds with lily-pads—places of bosky shade, and wide damp reaches of brightness, the haunt of the oriole, the bobolink, and the red-winged blackbird.

These things are very pleasant to one who is fond of such pastoral fragments; but, after all, it is the passing mood alone that lends the color of delight to the things the eye sees; and it is only when the tired strain of life is relaxed into a pause of well-earned rest that the spirit can find the full enjoyment in these things, and can paint them with the brightest colors of pleasantness upon the surface of the memory.

