

OLD FAVORITES

A Lost Chord.
Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.
—Adelaide Anne Procter.

Song of the Silent Land.
Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the
strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O, thither,
Into the Silent Land!

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection. Tender morning
visions
Of beautiful souls, the future's pledge
and hand;

Who in life's battle firm stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O, Land! O, Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth
stand.

To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

BOY SELLS HIS HEAD FOR \$3,000.

Arthur Jennings, a 17-year-old peanut
vender of Florence has achieved national
publicity because of a deal in a

which he entered some
time ago with well-
known Eastern medi-
cal college for the sale
of his head after
death.

The lad, through
sickness when very
young, was afflicted
with an enlargement
of the cranium and
has long been an ob-
ject of study for local
physicians, who are

surprised that he has lived as long as
he has. Arthur's head has not grown
any for the past year, but it is now
large enough to cause the boy a great
deal of inconvenience and may result
in his sudden death almost any day.
The head measures thirty-two inches
in circumference and is said to be the
largest cranium on a human being in
the world. Local physicians say the
enlargement is due to water. The
head is so large that the spinal column
has been affected, and young Jennings
is compelled to use a cane when he
walks to keep from losing his balance.
His body is far below normal size.
Jennings has already received \$1,000
on the deal. The remaining \$2,000 will
be paid to his heirs after his death.
Young Jennings laughingly refers to
the sale of his head and thinks he has
perpetrated a good joke on the col-
lege. "I feel all right and do not be-
lieve I am going to die very soon," he
says.

Muscle Comes, Mustache Goes.

Tucked away in an up-town side
street under the shadow of a towering
hotel is an athletic trainer who gets
from all his clients the liberal sum of
\$50 a week to keep them in good phys-
ical condition. They are a credit to
him and look as if his services were
worth the money. They grow strong
as a matter of course, the fat are re-
duced in bulk and the thin made
plumper. But there is one other pecu-
liarity of their training which it is not
so much a matter of course. This is
the tendency of all the trainer's cli-
ents to dispense with their mustaches
after they have had a course or two
under him. He is the determined
enemy of the mustache. He believes
it insanitary and a survival of those
primitive days in which men's faces
were covered with hair.

The trainer talks eloquently of the
impossibility of keeping a mustache
entirely clean, especially when a man
smokes. During the few minutes of
daily exercise that his system requires
the trainer talks on many subjects.
His conversation covers a wide range.
But one subject always reappears. He
never neglects the unhealthfulness of
the mustache. So his patients, if they
are to be called that, come to have a
certain distaste for the mustache,
even if they have worn one for years.
When he sees a sign of weakness the
trainer sticks to the attack. So to-
ward the end of their training period
it generally happens that the mus-
tache disappears. Some patients have
withstood the trainer's arguments.
But most of them emerge from their
course of treatment stronger and with
newly shaved upper lips that are con-
sciously stiff after years of securi-
ty under the sheltering mustache.—New
York Sun.

When there are no men in the fam-
ily, a woman occasionally gets a turn
at being sick without feeling that she
is stepping on some other person's
privilege.

When some people do you a favor
they never allow you to forget it.

AMERICA'S MANSIONS.

Type of Buildings the Great Wealth
of the Country Has Produced.
Readers will recall how many pages
of the Architectural Record have been
devoted in recent years to the repre-
sentation of costly city houses and
country places erected not only by the
Vanderbilt family, but by the Goulds,
the Astors, Messrs. Poor, Whitney,
Wetmore, Huntington, Benedict,
Bourne, Foster and others—a register
of the great opportunities that have
been provided for the American archi-
tect by the astonishing increase of
wealth in this country, and an indica-
tion also for the world at large of the
new and interesting development of
American social life, which as yet has
attained to barely more than its be-
ginning. Nothing comparable to it ex-
ists elsewhere in the world, writes H.
W. Desmond, in Architectural Record.
The buildings it has produced (and in
the future will demand) are very decid-
edly differentiated from the English coun-
try house, their nearest contemporary
analogue. They differ even more from
the American homes that arose after the
war and when prosperity returned to
the country. Neither are they at all
kindred to those old colonial houses
which added the chief charm to our
early social life, the remaining exam-
ples of which still retain an indistin-
guishable atmosphere of delight. The
style of the old days, or, rather, the Ameri-
can counterpart in the Southern planter
and the New England trader, has been
replaced by the merchant prince, and
the homes the latter is now creat-
ing, especially along the eastern littoral,
may best be likened to those
which the merchant princes of Medi-
cinal days erected in a manner and
with a purpose not entirely dissimilar
to the manner and purpose of their un-
dreamt-of American successors. These
buildings are the registers, and let us
hope, enduring chronicles of our very
latest days, of our rapidly accumulat-
ing wealth, of the prodigious rewards
of high finance, and the extraordinary
degree of luxury that has become com-
patible with American life.

The Old-Fashioned Woman.
Oh, well I remember the home of my
childhood,
The hill that I climbed in the sunlight
and dew.
The rabbits that hid at its base in the
wildwood,
The hunters that often would trouble
them, too.
But better than these was the ivy-grown
dwelling—
Oh, why did I ever away from it
run?
Where lived the dear woman whose story
I'm telling,
That old-fashioned woman who made
it a home.
That love-faded woman,
That sweet-faded woman,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in
the home.

Oh, where has she gone with her aprons
and knitting,
Her calico gown and her sunbonnet
dear?
She never was one that was given to
fitting,
Her home was her temple, her empire,
her sphere.
She cared not for riches, nor travel,
nor pleasure;
The wealth that she craved was be-
neath her own dome,
Her husband, her children, her friends
were her treasure.
That old-fashioned woman who lived in
the home.
That dear-faded woman,
That soul-faded woman,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in
the home.

The ivy-grown walls of that homestead
are falling,
The branches have choked out the
blossoms, the weeds
Grow wild and unsightly—the night
hawks are calling.
When day into darkness and silence
recedes,
Oh, never again shall I haste there to
gather
The flowers that grew in the sweet-
scented loam
When my heart and my steps were as
light as a feather.
To greet that loved woman who made
it a home.
That old-fashioned woman,
That home-faded woman,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in
the home.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Unfortunate Investment.

The story of the man who paid the
minister his marriage fee in yearly
dividends, according to the value of
the matrimonial goods, is matched by
one which the Philadelphia Telegraph
relates.

A Southern clergyman had married
a pair of negroes. After the ceremony
the groom asked, "How much yo'
change fo' dis?"

"Well," said the minister, "I usu-
ally leave that to the groom. Some-
times I am paid five dollars, some-
times ten, sometimes less."

"Dat's a lot ob money, pahson. Tell
yo' what Ob'll do. Ah'll gib yo' two
dollars, an' den ef I fin' I ain't got
cheated, I'll gib yo' mo' in a monf."

A month later the groom returned.
"Ah's yere, lak Ah promised, pah-
son."

"Yes," said the minister, expectant-
ly.

"Ah tol' yo' dat ef it was all right,
Ah'd gib yo' mo' money, didn't Ah?"

"You did."

"Well, pahson, as dis yere am a
sort of speculation, Ah reckon yo' owe
me about a dollah an' eighty-five
cents, an' Ah come ter git it."

The Novelty Had Worn Off.
A good indirect comment on the
American idea that a live man is a
live workman is contained in this
from the Chicago News:

"Your father must be getting along
in years," said the city cousin.

"Yes; he's right on to eighty-nine."

"Is his health good?"

"No; he hasn't been right pert for
some time back."

"What seems to be the matter with
him?"

"I dunno. I guess farming don't
agree with him any more."

At High Altitudes.

Balloonists who ascended about 10,
000 feet in Europe, the other day,
found a temperature of 27 degrees be-
low zero.

No man ever finds fault with another
man if there is a woman he can lay it
on.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XVII.

A week before the theatricals the Prin-
cess Zellkoff, Lady Dora's old-time
friend, arrived at the Court. Lady
Dora was charmed to have her friend
with her again.

Coming every day to rehearse with
Lady Dora, Winifred saw, with the ter-
rible instinct of jealousy, that the pale,
beautiful, laughing French woman loved
the master of Hanoi Court. She watch-
ed them narrowly, not seeming to see
them, and yet painfully conscious of ev-
ery word that passed between them. She
fancied, and perhaps it was not only fan-
cy, that the old tenderness Mrs. Hastings
had shown for her was creeping into his
manner to the Princess Zellkoff. He was
always at her side now—when she rode,
when she sang or when she sat apart
from the rest of the company. Sometimes
Winifred, stung with jealousy, would try
the power of her old fascinations upon
him. She spoke to him in the low, soft
voice he would have given half he pos-
sessed to hear in the time that was past;
she looked with pleading eyes into his
face and sang the songs he loved, and
yet she could not keep him by her side.

The agitation and excitement of the
last few days before the Court ball were
almost too much for Winifred. She had
no sleep at night, and could scarcely be
induced to touch food, and Mrs. Cham-
pion really felt a little anxious at seeing
her so hollow-eyed.

Every one was charmed with the en-
tertainment. It had not been too long.
The tableaux were lovely and as for the
play, "Cross Purposes," it was charming.
"There is nobody at home but me—
they are all gone to a picnic, and I should
have been with them but for one of my
bad headaches."

"It is better now, I trust. You do not
look ill."

"No! I am getting quite strong here.
Lady Grace is so good to me, and Winifred,
she added, looking sideways at him—
"I think I never knew any one so sweet
and thoughtful."

She noted the slightest quiver of his
lip, but he said nothing—merely bent his
head as though in polite acquiescence.

"Will you not come into the house?"
she asked.

"Not unless you are going." And they
went together into what was called the
awn garden.

"Am I to congratulate you?" she said,
looking up at him suddenly.

"Congratulations, Mrs. Clayton?" he
repeated after her. "On what?"

"I heard you were going to marry the
Princess Zellkoff."

"Then some one has been taking an un-
warrantable liberty with the Princess
Zellkoff's name."

"Not altogether unwarrantable, Mr.
Hastings."

"Surely, yes. I am quite certain that
she never gave the slightest foundation
for such a report."

"Come, confess now that it looks rather
suspicious when a gentleman takes a lady
a cruise in his yacht."

"My dear Mrs. Clayton, what do you
mean?"

"Did not your cousin and the princess
accompany you on your yachting expedi-
tion?"

"Most certainly not. No one went with
me but Le Marchant and Ashburnton."

Mrs. Clayton looked rather blank, but
felt secretly pleased.

"Then we have all been misinformed,"
she said, laughing. "And, forgive my
pertinacity; but, seriously, you are not
engaged to the princess?"

"I am not. I feel greatly vexed that
there should have been even a discussion
about the matter."

Mrs. Clayton sat down on a garden
bench, she was silent for a moment, and
then, looking up in her companion's face,
said, with some hesitation:

"We are old friends, Errol—are we
not?"

"We are, indeed," he returned, smiling,
with some surprise.

"May I take an old friend's liberty?"
she asked again, with still more hesita-
tion.

"You may do anything that you wish
or please," he answered.

"And you promise not to be offended?"
"I promise sincerely."

"Thank you. Then, Errol, I am going
to say something exceedingly distasteful
to myself and perhaps painful to you,
for which some one else would, I think,
forgive me. I am bold—am I not?"

"You are enigmatical," Mr. Hastings
replied, still smiling.

"I like you very sincerely; I love her,"
Mrs. Clayton went on, hastily, "and I
want you both to be happy; therefore I
am about to perform a Quixotic action,
which may be the means of losing me
your friendship and her love. I see you
frown; perhaps you guess of whom I am
speaking."

"I would rather have a certainty than
a surmise," he said, gravely; "tell me, if
you please."

"I speak of Winifred Errol. My task
is all the more difficult because I do not,
in truth, know, nor can I guess at the
circumstances which have caused your ex-
travagance. Do not be angry with me,
Errol, I must ask you one question—do
you love her?"

"I love her," he said, seeming to force
the words from unwilling lips, "but I am
trying to forget her."

"But, Errol, if you thought she cared
for you, would you still try to forget
her?"

"I cannot answer you," he said, speak-
ing abruptly after a pause. "My love
is not what I thought her. I believed her
to be sweet, and gracious, and womanly;
and I have found her hard, and proud,
and cold!"

"Oh, Errol, you mistake—she is nei-
ther."

"She is to me," he said, sternly.

Mrs. Clayton waited for some moments.
"If I might only tell you," she said, in
great perplexity. "She broke down once
when we were speaking of you. She con-
demned her own false pride bitterly; she
said you must hate her; that she—"

And Mrs. Clayton stopped suddenly in
her rapid utterance, feeling a terrible
fear that she had committed an unwar-
ranted breach of trust.

A sudden thrill of pleasure came into
Errol's heart, but the expression of his
face remained unchanged.

"Mrs. Clayton," he said, with some pas-
sion, "I asked Miss Errol twice, nay,
three times, to be my wife. I made my
self her slave because—well, the reason
matters little—suffice it that I humbled
my pride into the dust for her sake. She
treated me with scorn, and yet I bore it,
for I believed in my heart she loved me.
When I asked her the last time, her re-

sponse was such that in such terms that I
felt the utter impossibility of a thought
of love coming between us again."

"She has forgiven you now from the
depths of her heart. And she suffers,
Errol—suffers; and at night, when she is
alone, she cries bitter tears. I went one
night to her room, and I heard her sob-
bing as though her heart would break,
and went away again."

Mr. Hastings felt a sudden choking in
his throat, and turned away. The groom
was just bringing his horse round. He
rose.

"Thank you a thousand times for your
kindness," he said, in a low voice; "I
shall not forget it. Good-by!" and he
took her little white hand in his and kiss-
ed it. Then he rode thoughtfully away.

For days and days after his conversa-
tion with Mrs. Clayton, Mr. Hastings
mused upon her words. So many doubts
divided his mind, and kept him from de-
ciding on what course he should pur-
sue. "Could he in truth rely upon her
words—did Winifred really love him,
and regret her harshness and pride to-
ward him, or was it a kindly thought mis-
takenly attempted on Mrs. Clayton's part to
bring them once more together?" If he sought
her again, and she gave him the same
answer, his pride would never recover
such a terrible humiliation.

A whole month of restless uneasiness
passed away before he could make up his
mind to visit Endon Vale again. Then
one morning he plucked up courage sud-
denly and went.

At first Mrs. Clayton had anticipated
the happiest results from her talk with
Mr. Hastings; but as day after day wore
on, and he did not return, she fell into
despair, and wished with some bitterness
of heart that she had forebore to inter-
fere. One thing was fortunate—she had
not breathed a word to Winifred of what
had passed between them.

(To be continued.)

LIVING IN IDYLIC EASE.

Residents of Pitcairn Island Have Lit-
tle to Worry About.

One of the most delightful spots on
the habitable globe is Pitcairn Island,
in the South Seas, which is chiefly in-
habited by the descendants of the
mutineers of the English ship *Bounty*.

These people are entirely isolated from
the world, with the exception that they
live sufficiently near one of the great
ocean routes to induce the captains of
vessels wishing fresh meat or fruit to
make a slight detour from their
course, sight the island, land on it with
one of the ship's boats and get their
needed supplies. The island has no good
harbor or roadstead, hence in stormy
weather it is practically unapproach-
able.

According to the official report, the
islanders are under the government of
one of their number, who appears to be
a man of ability and determination, and
are in a contented, though hardly a
progressive, state. The entire com-
munity numbers about 15 members, with
a somewhat disproportionate number
of females. There are no diseases on the
island, and absolutely no medical
means of treating them if they were.

The local authorities when offered med-
ical supplies said that they neither
needed nor cared for them. There ap-
pears to be an abundance of fruit and
vegetables, and a sufficient supply of
goats to furnish the comparatively lit-
tle animal food required in a tropical
region.

The system of control is evidently
largely socialist. From 8 a. m. until
2 p. m. all of the male grown popu-
lation are engaged in public works of
various kinds. After 2 p. m. they are at
liberty to do what they care to for
themselves, or to enjoy their leisure.

They are all devout members of the
Seventh Day Adventist faith, and the
American missionaries of this religious
organization are endeavoring to do
what they can to build up some slight
commerce between Pitcairn Island and
Tahiti, believing that it would be of
advantage to the people of the former
island. These latter appear to be in
certain ways undergoing a species of
degeneration. In consequence, presum-
ably, of too close intermarriage. One
evidence of this is the very early loss
of their upper front teeth, although, on
the other hand, it may be said that
when they are engaged in public work
they appear to have the strength and
endurance needed to do more than
most workmen would in this coun-
try or in Europe. Another defect, due
to extreme isolation, is the corruption
of language. There has been a tendency
among them to adopt what may be
termed a language of their own, made
up by the careless and clipping use of
English words, so that at the present
time it is somewhat difficult for the
younger members of the community to
quickly understand English when they
are addressed in that tongue.

True to Her Charge.
Every now and then we hear a story
of a man or a woman who has never
ridden on a railroad train, though liv-
ing for a generation within sound of
the locomotive's whistle. Similarly, the
telephone is still an uncanny mystery
to numbers, even in our big cities. In
one of the residence sections of Phila-
delphia a gentleman had a telephone
installed in his house the same day on
which his wife had engaged a new ser-
vant. The first time the girl heard the
telephone bell ring she went to the
front door, found no one there and re-
turned puzzled. Then she heard her
mistress' voice upstairs. Thinking
that she was being called she went up
to the room. There she saw the tele-
phone in use for the first time in her
life. She could think of but one ex-
planation. "Oh, the poor thing gone
crazy. Don't worry, darlin'. I'll stand
by," she cried, and was immediately or-
dered out by her indignant mistress.

"Never," was the reply. "Never will
it be said of me that I left my poor
lady talking into a wall, and her with
three little children."

Fears a Fuel Famine.
Unless vast new stores of coal which
can be mined and transported at a rea-
sonable cost are discovered ere this
generation draws its last breath the
expense of crossing the Atlantic in the
fastest steamships is likely to soar to
lofty figures. The number of coal-con-
suming vessels, naval and mercantile,
is increasing rapidly every year, and
the demand for fuel for such craft is
steadily expanding. Coal fields which
can be worked to advantage for the
supply of steamships do not contain in-
exhaustible treasures of carbon. The
biggest and fleetest boats on the sea
burn 500 tons or more each day. Long
before this century ends the fuel prob-
lem may become perplexing.—New
York Tribune.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

Fox, Duffield & Co. have published
"The Autobiography of a Thief," a genu-
ine human document recorded by
Hutchins Haggood.

Julia Ward Howe is to write the in-
troduction to the collection of Margaret
Fuller's love letters which D. Appleton
& Co. are preparing for publication.

It is reported that Meredith Nichol-
son, whose novel "The Main Chance"
is making a bid for popularity, is being
talked of as a possible candidate for
mayor of Indianapolis.

Chapman & Hall, famous as Dickens'
publishers, have secured the English
rights to John D. Barry's novel of
American stage life, "A Daughter of
Theatricals," and will bring it out.

Arthur Symonds, the well-known Eng-
lish critic and commentator on French
literature, will write the introduction to
the volume of De Maupassant's
stories which G. P. Putnam's Sons
have in preparation for early publica-
tion.

Carl Snyder's scientific work, "New
Conceptions in Science," has been
issued by Harper & Brothers. The
volume, which is written in nontechni-
cal language, presents clearly and con-
cisely the status of scientific research
today.

F. Berkeley Smith, the son of F.
Hopkinson Smith, the artist, has been
in Paris during the last year writing
a book on his experiences there. It
has just been issued by Funk &
Wagnalls Company under the title of
"How Paris Amuses Itself."

John Burroughs is believed to have in
hand a volume dealing with the natu-
ralist's phase of his recent journey
through the west with President Roose-
velt. He has also ready for the press
a volume of vagrant natural history
stories made up of his recent contribu-
tions to magazines.

"Boston: The Place and the People,"
a work similar to Mr. Crawford's "Ave
Roma Immortals" and Gilbert Par-
ker's "Quebec," will be published early
in the autumn by the Macmillan Com-
pany. It is by Mark Antony De Wolfe
Howe, whose long residence in Boston
and his familiarity with every phase
of the political and literary life of that
city make him an eminently fit man
for writing such a book.

Frank C. Bostock, in his book on
"The Training of Wild Animals," calls
attention to the fact that the art of
training such animals as lions and
tigers was unknown 100 years ago and
that it is only within the last twenty
years that the involved groups and
elaborate tricks by animals really well
have been attempted. Mr. Bostock
tells just how the training is accom-
plished—the long season of patience,
the risks of the profession, the habits
and thoughts of the animals.

GOOD COUNTRY FOR BICYCLES.
Wheels Have the Call in Denmark.
American Goods Being Popular.

"Copenhagen owns her position as
the trading center of Northern Eu-
rope to her free port. This is a por-
tion of the harbor where goods are
admitted free of all duty. They can
be reshipped to Russia, Finland, Swe-
den and Norway without paying a
cent of duty. Of course, all goods in-
tended for Danish consumption are re-
quired to pay the regular tariff duty
of the country."

"I am in this country to buy bicy-
cles," laughed Axel J. Widam of Co-
penhagen, Denmark, as he dropped
into a big easy chair in the dark part
of the Hotel Cadillac lobby. "The
bicycle has the call in Denmark, but
we also have automobiles, not so
many of them, just yet."

"You see the roads in Denmark are
well adapted for bicycle riding. They
are very fine and are cared for by the
government. The farmers use the
American wheels almost wholly as a
means of transportation and communi-
cation. The farm products are taken
to market either by wagon or on the
trailer lines."

"All of the machines for our trade,
which runs into Russia, Finland, and
the other countries of the Northland,
have to be made according to special
design. We use a wheel much heav-
ier than the Americans usually make,
and the tire are of the detachable
variety. Our trade is constantly in-
creasing and I think this will prove
true of all countries in Europe. Peo-
ple are finding the bicycle is an easy
means of transportation and the farm-
ing class abroad are the heavy buy-
ers."—Detroit Free Press.

Carried Out His Plans.
A millionaire had died. There had
been great apparent grief among those
who had been most substantially re-
membered. And some real sorrow re-
gretted among those who had expected
to, but hadn't got a dollar.

The funeral was over.