

LIFE'S SILENT WATCHES.

Out of life's silent watches,
Out of the gloom of night,
Souls that foresee the conflict
Send forth their words of might.

Heroes of art and science,
Wrestle alone for years,
Bringing at last some trophy
Worthy the whole world's cheers.

Poets with brooding patience,
Tolling with courage strong,
Out of some lonely vigil,
Weave an immortal song.

Not through the whirl of pleasure,
Not from the din of strife,
But out of the silent watches
Come the great deeds of life.
—Success Magazine.

MISSING

It is said that in New York an average of one person a day disappears. I am one of these persons. I mysteriously disappeared five years ago and have never since been heard from, yet I have visited the place from which I vanished; I have walked past the house; I have looked in at the window. A policeman who might have reaped a large reward had he known me was idly patrolling his beat.

I fled to escape from a man I was about to marry. Chester Burnham was a refined gentleman, of suitable age for me and doing an excellent business. I was uncertain in my feelings when I accepted him, but the more I analyzed them the more I became convinced that I did not love him. My conception of love was that it was a pleasurable disease, if I may be allowed the expression, the symptoms of which were wanting in my case. A repugnance not to Chester Burnham, but to entering into wedlock without this condition or disease or what not, took possession of me and drove me well nigh frantic. I had permitted the affair to go so far that I dared not break it off, or, rather, I could not do so and face either my fiancé or my friends.

The evening before the wedding I was in a condition to do something



I STOLE UP BESIDE HIM.

desperate, and I did. I snatched up my purse and my jewels, walked out of the house, went to a railway station, took the first train that left and landed the next morning in a city many miles from my home. I had nearly \$100 and jewels worth several thousand.

Of course I soon awoke to the fact that I had made a move idiotic, wicked, irreparable, but I had no thought of returning. I examined my feelings for the man from whom I had fled, but could detect no great change. I regretted having treated him so abominably, and as I thought over his traits it seemed to me that he was far above the average man. It was not long before I began to miss his acts of kindness, his attentions, even his endearments, yet this, at least to my mind, was not love. I was a girl of nineteen, with an analytical mind.

That was five years ago, and I am still among the missing. I have made acquaintances and friends. I have met men, but none for whom I have felt that subtle something which is my idea of love. None of them has seemed in any way equal to Chester. How often I have wished to sit down with him and hear one of his practical, common sense talks! How lucky he was to get rid of me! I wonder if he is engaged again or married?

Chester Burnham has fallen in business. I saw the announcement in a newspaper. I wish that I might see him, comfort him. "Comfort scorned of devils." What right would I have to comfort him?

The desire to see him, if only once, was too strong to be resisted. From my knowledge of him I was sure he would bear his misfortune bravely. Then I remembered that he was within a few years of forty, and I have heard that a man who breaks down in business at that age seldom re-



Amateur photographers will have a kindly interest in the news of the recent death of James Carbutt, one of the perfecters of the dry plate. The dry plate made it possible to carry a camera round like a watch, and created the era of the outdoor snap shot.

Good fresh starch is the best mountant, but the amateur often wants to mount a single print in a hurry and then a ready prepared mountant is desirable. A mountant which may be easily prepared at home, and which will keep well, is the following: Bermuda arrowroot (best), 3 1/2 oz.; gelatine (Nelson's No. 1), 160 gr.; methylated spirits, 2 oz.; carbolic acid (pure), 12 min.; water (cold), 30 oz. Mix the arrowroot into a stiff cream, with 2 oz. of water, while the gelatine is placed to soak in the remainder. When the gelatine is softened and the arrowroot well mixed, pour all together into an iron saucepan and bring to the boiling point. Keep at this heat for about five minutes, being particularly careful to stir continually from the moment the mixture is placed on the fire. When sufficiently cooked, pour into a basin to cool. When cool add the carbolic acid and spirit (previously mixed) in a thin stream with constant stirring. Then bottle and keep well corked.

Most people who mix their own developers employ the formula recommended by the makers of the plates or papers they use. Hydroquinone and metol, used separately or in conjunction, seem to be most favored for developing gaslight or chloro-bromide papers. A good hydroquinone formula is the following: Boiled water, 1,000 parts; sodium sulphite (cryst.), 125 parts; hydroquinone, 15 parts; sodium carbonate (cryst.), 250 parts; potassium bromide, 10 parts. Whilst an excellent combination is the following: Water, 10 oz.; metol, 8 gr.; hydroquinone, 30 gr.; sodium sulphite, 350 gr.; sodium carbonate, 300 gr.; potassium chloride of paper the bromide should not be omitted, as it prevents fog, and the developed print may be transferred direct to the fixing, which may be of the same strength as usual; but care should be taken to secure a complete and even flow of the fixing solution over the print at the outset. From five to ten minutes at the outside is sufficient for fixation.

covers. He will recover. He is all strength and intellect.

I arrived yesterday afternoon, and so great was my impatience that I went to the house where he had lived when I fled from him and loitered near, thinking to see him when he came in just before dinner. A few minutes after six I saw him coming. But, oh, how changed! His hair, that had been a glossy black, was almost white. Instead of the strength I had expected to see in his face there was an expression of infinite sadness.

What curious creatures we women are, even at times to ourselves! All my feelings toward Chester Burnham I had misinterpreted. When he was prosperous I fled from him. When I heard that he had failed I thought I should be drawn to him at seeing him override his misfortune. Now that I found a blight on him—a blight which I had in part doubtless caused—I wanted to go to him and put my arms about him.

How I dared approach him I don't know. I could not help it, though I expected him to stab me. I was thickly veiled, and he could not see my face. When he had passed me I turned and a few steps from his house stole up beside him and put my hand within his arm. He looked down at me surprised and shook me off.

"Pardon me," he said coldly. "I am unaware to whom I am indebted for this apparent friendliness."

"To one," I said in a scarcely audible voice, "who is unworthy to touch you with her finger."

I lifted my veil. At times there are events comprised within a few days, hours, sometimes even minutes or seconds, that could not be described or if they could be described volumes would be required for the purpose. Chester and I are reconciled. The sadness of his expression came, he says, not from his failure, but from the blow I gave him. And now I have a purpose. My life is to be spent in atoning for my fault and supplying the incentive for the man I injured to get again on his feet, to minister to his every need, to love him devotedly.

What is my idea of love to-day? Well, the little god has many arrows. They all shoot love, but none of them shoots an awakening of love. It was this awakening that I needed.—Exchange.

PUT NEW TUNES IN ORGANS.

Shops in New York Where Crank Instruments Are Refitted.

This is the season of the year when many an Italian organ grinder takes his instrument to the place where he can "getta the new tunes in." There are several of these workshops in New York, says the New York Tribune, whose sole business is repairing and refitting the "carrousel organs," as they usually call them. Two or three are in Park row. In this city particularly do the grinders seem anxious for the latest popular airs.

Many a grinder comes with his organ on his back for the new tunes. For the small organ he pays \$5 a tune and the operation takes half a day if the establishment isn't particularly

rushed. Usually he wants a tune that is far more up to date than common repute would guess. Last week such a grinder came to one of the Park row establishments to have "Please Come and Play in My Yard" and "A Bit of Blarney" put on his cylinder in place of "I'll Be Your Chauncey Olcott" and "Hiawatha." This particular man was a cripple whose headquarters were at Bridgeport, Conn. He came to the city, playing his own way, through Mount Vernon.

The piece is transcribed by ear from piano music, the chief workmen in the shop being musicians by training. They place the cylinder on a frame, which has an attachment for showing the equal divisions of the cylinder's circumference, and with diminutive chisels, each in the position of a particular note of the scale, they punch the space that each staple is to occupy. The mechanical process of inserting the brass staple is performed in another part of the little shop.

The usual charge for putting eight new airs in a small or "band" organ, is \$25. Such an organ originally cost perhaps \$50. Something very lively, such as a sailor's hornpipe, is usually wanted. So, too, are patriotic airs, suited to the grinder's clientele. Frequently he asks for "St. Patrick's Day," saying that at many places his hearers will demand that he play that air, and will smash his organ if he hasn't it. "The Marsellaise," "The Watch on the Rhine" and "Dixie" are wanted for certain parts of the country. "Yankee Doodle," too, is a general favorite. Latter-day believers in the transcendent value of being able to write the songs of a people ought to get a corner on this market.

Their Ancestors.

"Speaking of old pictures," said the virtuoso, as he placed an old oil color of Grover Cleveland beside a dusty painting of Henry Clay, "I can tell you something that exposes the ridiculous side of ambition and the weakness of vain human nature. It is this:

"Many of the pictures of supposed deceased ancestors that hang on the walls of the nouveau riche are no more paintings of their kinsmen than they are of Julius Caesar or of Garibaldi. They are simply pictures of unknown but respectable appearing Toms, Dicks and Harrys, purchased for so much a head in antique stores for the purpose of deceiving a gullible public.

"So in Mrs. Jimpson's salon, when a visitor adjusts her lorgnette and stares patronizingly at the rusty painting of an old gentleman hanging on the wall, Mrs. Jimpson will calmly say: 'Oh, yes, that's my great-grandfather.' And, indeed, she may be telling the truth; she has no more idea who her great-grandfather was than if she never had any, and she probably paid \$20 for that picture in the store around the corner."

After the Spanking.

Mrs. Whittier Lowell—in disobeying me, Emerson, you were doing wrong and I am punishing you to impress it upon your mind.

Emerson—Aren't you mistaken, mamma, in regard to the location of my mind?—Life.

FOR THE BLOOD

"S. S. S. for the blood" has grown to be a household saying. When the blood is out of order, or needs treatment from any cause, this great remedy is the first thought of and used by thousands of people all over the country, because it is superior to all other blood purifiers. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and while it penetrates the circulation and forces out all poison and morbid matter, it also builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. During the winter months the natural avenues of bodily waste have become dull and weak and failed to perform their full duty, the blood has been sluggish and an extra amount of poisons and waste matters have accumulated in the system and been absorbed by it. With the coming of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

Bridge Built on Wool.

At the little town of Wadebridge, Cornwall, England, there is a bridge of a unique character. Owing to the strength of the current, ordinary stone foundations would not hold, and numerous devices were tried without success. Eventually bags of wool were sunk in the stream and the piles driven in, and this strange foundation has proved wonderfully firm and satisfactory.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Leap-Year Hint.

"Do you know, Miss Clara," said young Singleton, the other evening, "that your face reminds me of a perfect mirror?"

"Does it?" she queried. "And why, pray?"

"Because," he answered, "it reflects nothing but the truth."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a tone that savored of disappointment, "I thought the answer would be altogether different."

"What did you expect me to say?" he asked.

"I thought," continued the blushing maid, "that it was because every time you looked in my face you saw your own."

And the next morning she announced her engagement at the breakfast table.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Secretary Leslie M. Shaw, for more than twenty years prior to going to Washington, was superintendent of one and at times two Sunday schools, and represented the Des Moines conference three times at the general conference of his church.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

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The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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