

From the window of the chapel softly sounds an organ's note.

When we gathered in the parlor, in the parlor stiff and grand.

Then the quaint old parlor organ, with the quaver in its tongue.

While the dusk grew even deeper and the evening settled down.

From the windows of the chapel faint and low the music dies.

TAKING HIS ADVICE

M. R. SHELDON was the principal merchant in the important manufacturing town of Torment.

"That's the secret of success in life, Harry," he said, one day, to his favorite clerk.

"Thank you," said Harry, apparently not a bit cheered up by this cool way of being told he had nothing to expect from Mr. Sheldon.

"What is it, my dear boy, then? I really take an interest in you, as you know."

"Well," said Harry, with some hesitation, "I'm in love, and—"

"In love!" exclaimed the rich merchant. "In love, and with only a clerk's salary to marry on."

"What a miserable tyrant!" said Mr. Sheldon. "If I was the lover, Harry, I'd run off with her."

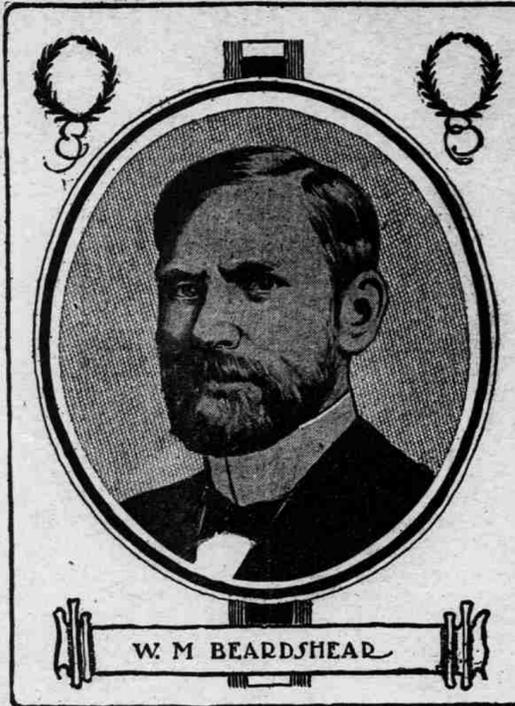
"But would that be honorable?" "Honorable? Isn't everything fair in love and war?"

"He'd probably never forgive me," said Harry, dejectedly. "And then what could I do, with a wife brought up to every luxury, and only a poor clerk's salary to support her on?"

"Never forgive you? Trash and nonsense! They always do forgive. They can't help it. Besides, with a confidential wink, 'I think I know your man. It's that skinflint Meadows. I've heard of your being sweet on his daughter. She's a pretty mix, though she is his child. Oh, you needn't deny it. I saw how you hung about her at our party the other night; and when I joked about it with my daughter the next morning she as good as admitted that it was true, saying it would be a good match for you. Now, I owe old Meadows a grudge. He tried to do me in those railway shares last winter, and I mean to pay him for it, somehow. I tell you what I'll do. I mustn't ask, mind you, who the girl is. Mum must be the word. I mustn't, of course, be known in the affair; but I'll give you a check for \$50 to pay for your wedding trip if you'll make a runaway match. Is it agreed? Well, there's my hand on it. Here's the check, Egad! Won't the old rascal howl when he hears how we've done him!"

Harry seemed to hesitate, however, and it was not till Mr. Sheldon, eager to see his old commercial rival put at a disadvantage, had urged him again and again, and promised to stand by him, that he finally consented, and took the check which his employer persisted in forcing upon him.

The next morning Mr. Sheldon came down to breakfast in high glee, for a note had reached him just as he was shaving, which ran as follows: "Dear Sir—I have, with much difficulty, persuaded her to elope. It was



W. M. BEARDSHEAR

William Miller Beardshear, elected President of the National Educational Association, is President of the Iowa State College of Agriculture at Ames, Iowa.

not, however, till I showed her your check that she would consent to do so. She said that she was sure you would not recommend anything that was wrong; that you would advise her as if you were her own father, and she hopes you will stand by us.

"The old gentleman brought the note with him to the table, opened it out before him, adjusted his spectacles and read it over and over again.

"It was the custom of Mr. Sheldon to read his newspaper at breakfast, while waiting for his only child and daughter, who, a little spoiled by overindulgence, was generally late.

"The banker had read all the foreign, as well as the home news, and even reperused Harry's note, and still she had not made her appearance.

"The lazy puss!" he said at last. Then he looked up at the clock. "Half an hour late! Now, this is really too bad. John!" he cried, addressing the manservant at the sideboard, "send and see why Miss Sheldon doesn't come down. Tell her, with a severe air, 'I'm tired of waiting.'"

"John came back in about five minutes, looking very much flustered. 'If you please, sir,' he stammered, 'Miss Sheldon's not in her room, and the maid says that the bed looks as if it hadn't been slept in all night.'"

"Dear Father—Harry and I were married at 8 o'clock this morning. I would not consent to an elopement till Harry assured me you had advised it, and had shown me your check as proof. He says you promised to stand by us, and I know you pride yourself on never breaking a promise. We wait for your blessing."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Sheldon, when he had recovered breath. "The impudent, disobedient—"

But here he stopped—stopped, and mopped his bald head, which, in his excitement, had broken out into great drops of perspiration. He remembered that he had himself advised Harry to elope, and that, if the story got wind, he would be the laughing stock of the town, including—hardest cut of all—Mr. Meadows. He remembered, too, that he had but one child, and that she was all in all to him.

So he accepted the inevitable and telegraphed back: "You may come home, and the sooner the better, so as to keep the \$50 for pin money. Tell Harry he's too sharp to remain a clerk, and that I take him today into partnership. Only he must remember that partners never tell tales out of school. God bless you!"

"H. SHELDON." The runaways returned by the next train. The marriage proved, too, an eminently happy one. The story never got out. We only tell it now in confidence.—Woman's Life.

ANNA GOULD'S SISTER-IN-LAW.

Senorita Natico Terry, who has married De Castellane's Brother.

Senorita Natico Terry, whose marriage to the Count Stanislas de Castellane, brother of Count Boni de Castellane, is announced, is the daughter of Senor and Senora Francisco Emilio Terry, of Cuba, New York and Paris.

She is a niece by marriage of the prima donna, Sybil Sanderson, and a granddaughter of the late Tomaso Terry, the fabulously rich Cuban planter, who began life as a peddler of cheap jewelry in Havana and ended as one of the richest land-owners on the island.

titled husband a fortune which while large is by no means equal to that of the young woman whom Count Boni de Castellane married.

"Marry, my sons, and marry happily, but be sure and marry money. I have no money to leave you."

This injunction was given by that sage old worldling, the Marquis de Castellane, as his sons arrived at the years of discretion. They have followed his advice with the most absolute filial duty. Count Boni got Anna Gould and



NEW COUNTESS CASTELLANE.

the most money. Count Jean captured the rich widow of Furstenberg, Marie Louise of Talleyrand-Perigord. And now comes along Count Stanislas, the last of the trio, whose marriage is announced to the daughter of Emilio Terry, of the rich and famous Cuban-New York family of that name.

While Count Stanislas does not secure as much money, perhaps, to help repaid the ignoble escutcheon of the Castellanes as Boni or Jean, he gets a wife whose face is described in the Paris chronicles as delicious to look upon.

Curiously enough, in two instances the money procured to the Castellane family by the advice of this up-to-date Polonius to his sons was made by two peddlers in America. One was Jay Gould, who peddled mousetraps; the other was old Terry, the sugar man, who started in life peddling cheap jewelry.

Once "King of the Wheat Pit."

There died in San Francisco a few days ago in great obscurity a man whose name was known all over the country in 1887 as the "king of the wheat pit."

So he accepted the inevitable and telegraphed back: "You may come home, and the sooner the better, so as to keep the \$50 for pin money. Tell Harry he's too sharp to remain a clerk, and that I take him today into partnership. Only he must remember that partners never tell tales out of school. God bless you!"

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Art of Polishing Diamonds Unknown Up to the Fourteenth Century.

Pliny said that in gems might be perceived all the majesty of nature united in small space. Epitomes of all that is most perfect, these flowers of the rock add to splendor of form and color the quality that most impresses the imagination of finite man, durability, while in virtue of their rarity they become most truly precious—attributes all possessed in sovereign degree by the diamond, the Greek adamas, the "indomitable," the marvelous stone which nothing in nature, so the ancients believed, could impress; which placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer, as Martial and Lucretius record (an erroneous test, responsible for the loss of many fine stones), shivered the iron without being affected by the blow.

ALARMING THE YOUNG MAN.

How the Young Woman's Mother Cinched the Case Early.

It was the second time that the hero of the story had accompanied the young lady home. She asked him if he would not come in. He said he would.

"She was hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly, and, dropping down beside the young man, said: 'I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with our Sarah, he should have my consent.'"

"The young man started with alarm. 'She has acknowledged to me that she loves you,' continued the mother, 'and whatever is for her happiness is for mine.'"

"I—I haven't—" stammered the young man. "Oh, never mind; make no apology. I know you haven't much money, but of course, you'll live in my house."

"I had no idea of—" he began. "I know you hadn't, but it's all right," continued Sarah's mamma, reassuringly. "With your wages and what the boarders will bring in we shall get along as comfortably as possible."

"The young man's eyes stood out like hatpegs, and he rose up and tried to say something. 'Never mind about thanks,' she cried; 'I don't believe in long courtships. The 20th of May is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day.'"

"But—but—" he gasped. "There, there! I don't expect any reply," she laughed. "I'll try and be a model mother-in-law. I believe I'm good-tempered and kind-hearted, though I did once follow a young man a couple of hundred miles with a broomstick for agreeing to marry my daughter and then backing out of the engagement."

She patted him on the head and smiled out. And now the young man wants advice. He wants to know whether he had better get in the way of a locomotive or jump off the nearest bridge.—Tit-Bits.

Politeness as a Fine Art. A Vienna correspondent writes that there is a law in Austria which makes it a very serious offense to insult a public official, or even to offend his dignity in any way.

Interesting Smoking Statistics. Holland holds the first place in the world as a nation of smokers. Every Dutchman consumes on an average 100 ounces a year.

The women are wearing a white glove now that looks exactly like the gloves men wear when they act as pall-bearers.

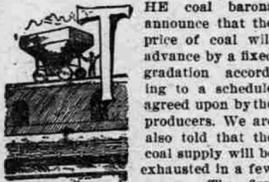
Rich widows are the only desirable second-hand articles on the market.

FACTS AND CALCULATIONS TOUCHING INCREASED PRICE.

ASTOUNDING FIGURES

Annual Output When Considered in Bulk Gives Rise to Fears.

But 1,000 Years of Reserve Left Surely Alleviate All Anxiety—The Imagination Staggers Under the Array of Facts Illustrated by Diagrams and Fortified by Calculations—A Train 71,000 Miles Long to Transport Our Annual Product.



TEN MINUTES' OUTPUT.

is thirty feet long and carries twenty tons. On this basis it would require 12,500,000 cars to hold 250,000,000 tons of coal, and if the cars were put into a train, making no allowance for coupling spaces, the train would be over 71,000 miles long.

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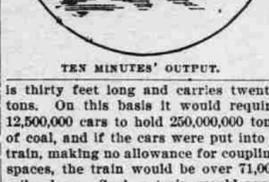
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HAULING ONE YEAR'S OUTPUT OF AMERICAN COAL.

tons. As a ton of coal in strata represents about one cubic yard, last year's output was 250,000,000 cubic yards. This amount of coal would make a stack a mile square and approximately 400 feet high. It is an enormous quantity, and we may be excused for some alarm when we are told that the reserve supply will soon be exhausted.

But it may be well to look into the matter a little before getting into a panic of fear. However, before relieving our distress of mind, let us enjoy a brief season of additional shivers.

Thirty Years' Product. Somebody has estimated that during the past thirty years we have mined 5,000,000,000 tons of coal. Do we realize what that means. This quantity of coal, estimating a ton at a cubic yard, and dealing in round numbers, would make one cubic mile; that is, a block one mile high, one mile broad, and one mile thick. But this calculation is made on the basis of coal closely compacted in the strata.



A WALL OF COAL, 2,000 MILES LONG.

When coal is brought to the surface it gains about one-third in bulk. Let us suppose, therefore, that each ton of coal after being extracted from the mine occupies a space of about forty cubic feet. This is not uncommon allowance for storage. It follows, therefore, that one cubic mile of coal in the mine becomes on the surface 1-3 cubic miles. A person with a taste for mathematical calculations can figure out that 1-3 cubic miles of material would build a wall 100 feet high, 140 feet broad at the base, 100 feet wide at the top, and 2,000 miles long. In

comparison with the total output, it would require about 334,000 cars of twenty tons capacity each to haul it to the seaboard for shipment, and it would supply cargoes of 3,500 tons each to 2,000 vessels. England exports annually 42,000,000 tons of coal, and to transport it, 12,000 vessels, each of carrying capacity of 3,500 tons, are required.

71,000 Trainloads. Let us imagine a condition in which our entire annual output would be exported. In that case we should have 71,000 trains each a mile long carrying coal from the mines to tidewater, and the seas would be crowded with more than 70,000 loaded ships. If we carry the calculations still further and deal with the output for thirty years, the

World Need Not Worry. Now the world is beginning to worry lest it be not able to get enough coal to burn. It may be of interest to know what proportion of the world's total output of coal is credited to the various coal producing countries. In 1899, the last year in which statistics are available, the production in metric tons was as follows: United States, 228,717,579; United Kingdom, 223,606,668; Germany, 135,824,427; Austro-Hungary, 36,000,000; France, 32,779,965; Belgium, 21,917,740; Russia, 13,000,000; Japan, 6,650,000; Australasia, 6,700,000; India, 5,000,000; Canada, 4,141,000; Spain, 2,742,000; Mexico, 406,125; Sweden, 239,344; Italy, 375,000; all other countries, 3,500,000; total, partly estimated, 727,603,661.

Japanese Fuel. The dust of charcoal is gathered up and mixed with the chaff from wheat, barley and other grains, and with chopped straw, in Japan. It is then moistened into a paste, rolled into balls about as big as a billiard ball, and makes excellent fuel.

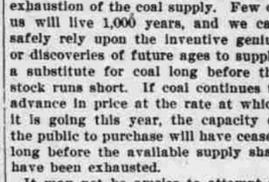
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