

HEARD BY AN OLD MAN.

Here in my easy chair I sit,
An old, old man before the fire,
Deaf to all sounds of every day
And dead to every past desire.

Perhaps the falling outward sense
Quickens the spirit's inner ear,
For sitting here before the fire
You'd scarce believe the sounds I hear.

All this long afternoon I heard
The brook in the old orchard sing
Just as it used to, on the farm,
When first the grass grew green in spring.

You know that gurgling, gladsome noise—
The voice of water wild with glee
When it has burst its icy bond
And finds itself alert and free.

The birds, too, in the beech-tree grove,
I hear them as in days of yore,
When I went forth at break of day,
Call through the sunrise hush once more.

And that one bird that nested high—
I thought she had a silver throat—
A trickle of clear melody,
It thrills me off, her slender note.

My mother's voice, too—oh, so plain
It calls across the fading light:
"Come, children, time to leave your play;
Come in the house, 'tis almost night!"

Sometimes when you have left the room,
And I alone am sitting here,
I speak the answer right out loud,
"Yes, yes, I'm coming, mother dear!"

Then there's one song comes back to me,
Your mother sang it, my dear wife,
A slender girl dressed all in white,
First time I saw her in my life.

She used to croon like a bird—
'Tis an old-fashioned song, I know,
But day by day I hear her still
Singing, "John Anderson, my Jo."

I sometimes think that when I go
To join her in the angel throng
Her voice, above the heavenly hymn
Will rise once more in that loved song.

An old, old man—and common speech
But seldom reaches my dulled ear;
Yet sitting here before the fire
You'd scarce believe the sounds I hear.
—Youth's Companion.

A TALE OF A SALE.

MRS. MASON is what we call in our village "a character," and as such I dearly love a chat with her when she is in the humor to be drawn out. The other afternoon I called to remind her of the annual rummage sale. She is a regular purchaser, but priding herself on possession of a judicial mind, she does not feel at all called upon to approve in the abstract of institutions in whose benefits she is quite ready to participate.

"Rummage sales? I don't hold with 'em! I call it a-nuisance of the Almighty, the gentry offering Him their cast-off clothes and what not!" she said tartly. "Tack my word for 't, the gentry gets their fun out of 'em sales same as bazzars, and times they gets the best bargains, too."

"I don't see how that can be," I said; "the gentry don't buy at rummage sales."

"Don't they?" she chuckled. "Much you know about it. The best bargain ever I seed was got at a rummage sale. Sit 'ee down, and donnut fidget wif yer chair, and I'll tell 'ee how it cum about. 'Twas worth half-a-sovereign to me."

"I was a slip of a girl, in service at Squire Hargreaves, at the hall. Well, they had a guvness there for the children; a tall, handsome lass she was, as proud as if she was a duchess."

"Her father had been what they call a millionaire, but he lost all his money, and the daughter, who had been to college and was a great scholar, went out to help earn a living for the family. Before that she'd been engaged to be married, but it was broken off when her father lost his money."

"Well, one day I was cleaning the outside windows of the schoolroom when Mrs. Hargreaves comes in, and, 'Miss Alwyn,' says she, 'I want you to help the vicar's daughter, Miss Rogers, at the rummage sale.' So Miss Alwyn said she would."

"On the days of the sale, Mary, the housemaid, told me she'd asked Miss Alwyn for any of her old things to send to the parish hall. Miss Alwyn just looked up, and said:

"'Very well, Mary, you can take what's hanging on the end peg in my room; I have nothing else I could spare.'"

"There was a pink frock as fitted Mary and a lavender muslin gown."

"'Mary,' I said, 'there's a mistake. Miss Alwyn's always kept that put by so careful in her drawer, with sprigs of rosemary between; she don't mean that.'"

"But Mary wouldn't listen. She'd set her heart on the lavender gown and took it down to the parish hall herself, for we two servants had a holiday for the afternoon."

"Mary took the dresses to Miss Rogers' stall and got them priced. She bought the pink one, but the lavender was too dear. 'I can't think,' says Miss Rogers, 'how anyone comes to send it. It's quite a Parisian creation.'"

"There was a Mr. Bartram as was staying with the vicar standing by, and he laughed. 'Let's see the creation,' he said; and then he looked startled. 'Where did that come from?' he says, shortlike; and Miss Rogers said, 'from Mrs. Hargreaves.' 'Hargreaves! I don't know such a name! But it is—it must be the same gown!' he muttered. Then I knew that he was Miss Alwyn's former young gentleman and what Mary had done."

"Mr. Bartram tried to turn off all the seriousness of the joke. 'Look here!' he says, 'that's too smart a gown for your village folk. In the interests of parochial morality, I want to buy it!'"

"So he paid the price and went off without seeing the other stalls."

"Presently Miss Rogers, as was keeping the stall, wanted to go away for something, and asked me to keep an eye on things. Miss Alwyn had sold her lot, and came round to see how we was gettin' on."

"In a moment she catches sight of the gown, and—'Oh!' she cries, 'My

HERR JAN KUBELIK AND HIS FIANCEE

COUNTESS MARIANNE CSAKY-SZELL.



Kubelik's romantic engagement to the Hungarian countess, who is declared to be the most beautiful woman of her country, continues to form the subject of articles in European newspapers, and periodicals, and many stories are told of the intense devotion of the couple to each other.

lavender dress! How came that here? I must have it back; there has been a mistake! So I told Mary, miss,' says I; 'but now it's sold.' 'Sold!' she cries, with her face as white as my apron. 'No matter, I will buy it again. How much was given?' 'Two sovereigns,' says I. She seemed a bit set back at that, but she pulled out her purse. 'Fortunately I have as much,' she said. 'Make it right for me, Betty.' And not staying for a 'By your leave' she catches up the gown and off with it hanging over her arm. I ran after her to wrap it up, but, lor' bless you! she never took no heed. So I came back to the stall. Mr. Bartram had returned. 'I've come for my bargain,' says he, smiling. 'Oh, sir,' says I, 'Miss Rogers left me in charge of her stall and I've sold it!' 'Sold it?' said he. 'But it was sold! I bought it!' 'I'm very sorry, sir,' says I; 'but the young lady as is guvness at Mrs. Hargreaves took it and left this for you,' and I showed him the money. 'But I don't understand. Why is she so anxious for it?' he says. 'Well, you see, 'twas her dress, and only sent by mistake,' I answered back. 'Her dress—Mrs. Hargreaves' guvness! What is her name?' he asks. 'Miss Clarice Alwyn,' says I. And I could have laughed out loud, for with that he was off and away down the lane and all the folks looking after him.

"They were leaning on the stile leading to 'squire's fields, and the gown had fallen between them. As I came near I heard him say, 'And you wrote the letter because your father lost his money?' 'Of course I did. How could I keep you bound to a beggar?' she made answer. 'And I thought it was because you didn't love me!' he cried. 'Oh, Robert, how could you!' she said. And with that they looked up and saw me. I dropped a curtsy. Miss Alwyn blushed. 'Please'm, you've dropped your frock,' says I, demure-like. And at that Mr. Bartram laughs quite heartily. 'Betty,' says he, 'I see you've guessed the story. Here's half a sovereign. Run along, and tell Mrs. Har-

greaves Miss Alwyn's found a bargain at the rummage sale, and won't be back to tea.'—New York Daily News.

Creating a Waterfall.
When the waters of the Niagara River were made to flow over turbines to give electric power and light to the city of Buffalo it was considered a great revolutionary feat of engineering. But at Niagara the dam and the fall were there from the beginning. The power was ready in the rough—it had only to be applied to the machinery. When, however, it was proposed to utilize the speed and force of the Hudson River and to turn them into the power that lights towns, runs street railways and vitalizes factory plants the problem was a different one. The river was there, but the fall had to be created, and to do this it would be necessary to build one of the largest dams ever constructed, a wall, in fact, 1,400 feet long and 154 feet high, at certain points. No such barrier, great or small, had ever been placed across a river of a volume and flow equal to that of the Hudson just above Glens Falls, N. Y., yet this has now been successfully accomplished.—Leslie's Monthly.

Exchange of Compliments.
The village sexton, in addition to being a gravedigger, acted as a stonemason, house repairer and furniture mover.

The local doctor, having obtained a more lucrative appointment in another county, employed the sexton to assist in his removal.

When it came to settling up accounts the doctor deducted an old count account due by the sexton. He wrote at the same time, objecting to the charge made for removing his furniture:

"If this was steady, it would pay much better than gravedigging."

The sexton replied:

"Indeed, O! we'd be glad to 'ave a steady job; gravedigging is very slack since you left."—Spare Moments.

DIVORCED BARONESS WHO KILLED HERSELF.



Baroness Wolfbauer, a granddaughter of the famous Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Church, and daughter of a United States army captain, committed suicide by shooting in a hotel in Jersey City, N. J. The baroness, who was also known as Mrs. Louise Ames Van Welk-Wolfbauer, was recently divorced from Baron Wolfbauer, an Austrian, in South Dakota. Baron Wolfbauer is in the sugar business in Cuba, with offices in New York. Her first husband was Otto Van Welk, now a postoffice inspector, from whom she also was divorced.

"WHITE COAL" OF FRANCE.

Glacial Streams of the Alpine Region Put to Work.

There has been quite a great deal of activity in the past few years in the development of the glacial streams of Alpine France, says the Philadelphia Record, and the torrents which until recently flowed aimlessly through that country have in many cases been put to useful labor and the engineers have designs on a number of others. One of the chief spirits in this movement to utilize the mountain streams is M. Berges, a well-known engineer, and he has estimated the hydraulic forces of France at 10,000,000 horse power. This is more than sufficient to drive all the industries of the country. According to his figures the 25,000 miles of railroads in France make use of 4,000,000 horse power and the other industries of the country require 2,500,000, making a total of 6,500,000 horse power.

In most cases the method of making use of the water has been to divert it and conduct it to a point where it can economically be availed of. Large pipes of metal bring the water from vast heights. A section of one of these great conduits is a few inches less than eleven feet in diameter, or about the same size as the tunnel under the Thames at London, but the latter is less than 100 feet in length, while those in the mountains of France are in some instances of great length. The one spoken of, which is laid near Grenoble, which is the "white-coal capital," is over 15,000 feet long. A little over 8,000 feet of this is of steel and the rest is of wired cement.

At Lancy, a few miles northeast of Grenoble, the water which gives power to mills of various kinds and to the electrical plant which lights the valley of the Gralsvald and maintains its several tramway systems is brought by three successive falls, whose total is 6,500 feet.

Light is furnished to the houses and farms of the vicinity at a very moderate cost. For example:

Per year.
First lamp, ten candlepower.....\$4.82 1/2
Second lamp, ten candlepower.....2.89 1/2
Three lamps, five candlepower.....2.89 1/2

Total for five lamps, 35 candlepower.....\$10.61 1/2
An average of \$2.12 per lamp per year.

In 1863 it was deemed a bold achievement to bring water from a height of 200 feet, as at Uriage; but now M. Berges has succeeded in canalizing a fall of 1,640 feet and another of 1,804 feet. At Epierre (Savoie) M. Joya used a fall of 1,935 feet and at Chappareil (twenty-five miles from Grenoble) another of 2,040 feet.



The eel has two separate hearts. One beats sixty, the other 160 times a minute.

A large number of swans from Russia and North Germany wintered on the Swiss lakes.

The boa and python have the largest number of ribs of any animals, the number being 320 pairs.

Near Tiverton, Devonshire, there is to be seen a blackbird with a white head and a speckled back.

A curious butterfly exists in India. The male has the left wing yellow and the right one red; the female has these colors reversed.

The house fly is very rapid in flight, its wings making 800 beats a second, in which time it goes twenty-five feet. When alarmed the rate is increased to that of fifty feet a second.

It has often been stated that sixty miles an hour was the utmost rate at which a swallow could fly. Recent experiments upon Compeigne and Antwerp proved that a swallow in a hurry can cover 128 1/2 miles in an hour.

When feeding, the stride of an ostrich is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking, but not feeding, twenty-six inches, and when terrified eleven and a half to fourteen feet, or at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour.

Originally the common or domestic goat was a native of the highlands of Asia. Naturalists generally regard it as having descended from an animal found in the Caucasus Mountains and the hill country of Persia, called in the Persian language the peang.

New kinds of living butterflies can be produced from existing forms by greatly increasing or decreasing the temperature of the place where the butterflies are kept. A difference in coloring and even in form has thus been obtained by Prof. Fischer in recent experiments.

On the Way Home.

A wind is a wind, from whatever quarter it may blow. So the night hotel-keeper in the Scottish Highlands, of whom a tourist asked:

"Is this a good place, do you think, for a person with weak lungs?"

"None better, sir, none better," was the encouraging reply.

"I have been advised to settle in a place where there is a south wind. Does it blow much here?"

"Oh, aye," was the answer. "It's aye the south wind that blows here."

"But it's blowing from the north now!"

"Oh, aye, sir, it's a' one. It's the south wind 'n' the same, sir, on its road back again."

A Mere Myth.

"Welcome," cried a voice, as Charon's boat grounded on the transylvanian beach.

"Who are you?" inquired the newly arrived shade. "I can't see you at all."

"No wonder," replied the voice. "I never had even a ghost of a chance to exist. I'm the man under the bed that the old maids are still looking for."—Philadelphia Press.

If a girl has a long head, she will postpone the marriage indefinitely rather than go to live with his folks.

If you like any one, his mistakes are almost as easy to excuse as your own.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Science and Disease.

THE warfare of science with disease is one of those ever-old and ever-new contests which have a fascination for many minds. While the training of specialists has doubtless done much to effect cures in individual cases, and while the experiments of investigators have certainly enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge respecting disease neither of these factors have contributed so much toward the control of the half-dozen more important maladies that annually slay their thousands as the gradual spread of elementary knowledge respecting disease among increasing numbers of the earth's inhabitants. The immortal Jenner has for more than a century had the credit of discovering the efficacy of vaccination and so of saving the lives of millions; yet it is probably true that he gained his knowledge of cow-pox, the method of disseminating it among human beings, and the protection it afforded against smallpox from the simple dairy folk of Gloucestershire, who had long observed it. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for spreading abroad the information he had gained, but hardly for a true discovery or generalization in science. Pasteur worked out from many contributing sources a consistent theory of germ diseases, and following his reasoning Behring and Roux perfected the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, probably the greatest contribution of pure science to the specific treatment of disease. In the case of typhoid fever, while science has done much in investigating the causes of its epidemics, only the gradual education of the public to the protection of its food and water supplies can ever put an end to its ravages. Fortunately, the public is growing more and more alive to the importance of such protection, and the death rate from typhus is decreasing. Only the co-operation of large numbers of widely scattered people can destroy the malaria-burdened mosquito; but in the case of yellow fever intelligent action by a single local health board, like that of Havana, will suffice practically to conquer the disease. Tuberculosis, again, is clearly preventable by the spread of knowledge that consumptive sputum must be disinfected; and the end of cholera infantum waits on the growth of the simple practice of sterilizing milk for infants.

In all these various directions while science has been the pioneer it remains for the slow spread of elementary knowledge among the people to work the cure.—Current Literature.

A Disappearing Race.

TWO decades ago the native population of the Esquimaux lands, Labrador, Greenland and Alaska, was 80,000. To-day the population of these countries is only 15,000—a decrease of 50 per cent. At this rate the Esquimaux will soon have vanished off the face of the earth. There is something about this evanescence of race as a totality which is more than dramatic—it is tragic. This in spite of the fact that the Eskimos are only one of the inferior divisions of the great human family. The disappearance of a distinct subdivision of humanity as whole shows how dubious is the tenure of the earth when the question is considered with regard to the destiny of human beings in their relation to the great march of historic progress. One naturally thinks of the disappearance of the Indians in the United States as a parallel. But great as is the decline of their branch of the human commonwealth within recent years, it cannot relatively equal the losses sustained by the Esquimaux.—Buffalo Enquirer.

How the New Law Hits Bankrupts.

A MEASURE of great importance to business men and lawyers—and, indeed, to the whole community—is the bill which was signed by the President recently, and by which the bankruptcy law of 1898 was materially amended. We observe, in the first place, that by the new law preferred creditors of a person who soon afterward becomes a bankrupt are not debarred from having their claims passed upon by a failure to surrender the amount received. In pursuance of a decision of the United States Supreme

Court, a preferred creditor may now retain the amount paid, provided, of course, the payment was not fraudulent, while at the same time, as regards debts unpaid, he will share the rights of other creditors. Another important amendment provides that the appointment of a receiver for an insolvent corporation shall be deemed an act of bankruptcy entitling the creditors to choose their own trustee. Among the objections to a discharge which are included in the new law is the giving of a false mercantile statement, or the proof that a voluntary bankrupt has sought to go through bankruptcy more than once in six years. The bill just enacted also adds to the list of debts from which a bankrupt cannot be relieved by a discharge in bankruptcy. Among these additions are debts to the wife and children, and alimony; also any sum due under a judicial decision to a seduced woman or for the support of an illegitimate child. We note, finally, that the list of corporations permitted to go into voluntary bankruptcy will hereafter include mining corporations, and that the fees of referees and trustees are to be increased on an average of about 50 per cent of the fees hitherto allowed by law.—Harper's Weekly.

New Tendency in Immigration.

IN alluding to the fact that during the six months ending with the close of 1902, 323,641 aliens entered the United States, Commissioner Sargent, of the Immigration Bureau, points out that the great bulk of this army of newcomers promptly sought employment in the towns and cities, especially in the East, instead of spreading throughout the country and assisting to populate the farming regions of the West.

The change that has come about in this respect is marked. Formerly the majority of our immigrants came from Great Britain, Germany and Scandinavia. Those from the last two territorial divisions of Europe made their way in great numbers to the West and Northwest, where their energy and industry made them valuable factors in building up the prosperity of the agricultural Commonwealth which play such important parts in feeding the nation and producing the surplus food products which the United States send abroad to furnish means of subsistence for the masses of the Old World.

This general distribution of the immigrants was wholesome on every account, since it tended to equalize the national population. Now, however, the people who come to our shores are chiefly from Russia and the south of Europe, and their tendency to stay in the cities increases the congestion in industrial centers, while it leaves a marked scarcity of labor on the farms of the West, where, during most of the year, the demand for workers at good wages is keen and constant.

How this trend toward concentration is to be overcome is not apparent. But it is manifest that it is a much less healthful development than the former practice. It is far better that the immigrants who are now arriving in such multitudes should be distributed widely over areas where the population is comparatively scarce than that they should herd together on the Atlantic slope in "colonies" which tend to make the progress of Americanization slower and more difficult.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Increase of Crime.

THE statistics of crime as set forth in a report made to Congress by Dr. Arthur MacDonald indicate that for thirty years past crime has been increasing in the world. In spite of the progress of education and the labors of philanthropy, mental and nervous diseases, suicide, insanity, juvenile crime, and pauperism are at present increasing faster than the population. This increase, due apparently to concentration of population and increased strain on the mental apparatus of mankind, does not necessarily imply that the world is growing worse, but merely that it is changing. An increase of crime may be an incident of a development that in the long run will be salutary. Dr. MacDonald's report accompanies a bill to provide a laboratory for the study of the criminal, pauper, and defective classes, in the hope of discovering the microbe of crime and eliminating it.—Harper's Weekly.

FAVORITE MODELS IN MILLINERY.



TEN DOLLARS FOR A SLAVE.

Owner Was Glad to Take the Money Eventually.

They had been speaking of the far back days, the days when the men of the old regime used to put negroes upon the block and sell them, the mellow antebellum days before the proclamation had been issued giving the negro his freedom.

"That reminds me of one of the most interesting slave sales I ever made," said an old auctioneer, who lives down in the old quarter, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and it may be interesting to state right here that the sale was made just before the war between the States. I was conducting an auction business in the neighborhood of the old Cabildo."

"One day a friend of mine who was a very large slave owner came to me and said he had an old negro woman that he wanted to get rid of. He said she was not worth much, and he was willing to take almost anything for her. 'She is too old to work,' said the owner, 'but she makes about 60 cents every day by picking up coffee on the river front, which means \$15 a month. But just give her away if you want to,' he said, as he left me, and as a matter of course I thought he meant what he said."

"A few days later I put the old woman up and sold her under the hammer, and she brought the sum of \$10. The owner came around. 'Well, I guess you sold the old woman for a song,' he said, as he brushed into the office; 'a couple of hundred was all she was worth.' I began to feel heavy in the throat, for I knew he would have a fit when I told him I had been able to get only \$10 for her. But I had to tell him, just the same, and he did have a fit. He refused to take the

money, and told me rather curtly I could keep it. I did keep it.

"More than six years rolled around before I saw my friend again. In the meantime the war broke on the country and the South awakened from the bloody orgy poor in purse and broken in spirit. One day a worn and haggard man walked into my office. I scarcely knew him even after he had reached out to offer me his hand. But in a few moments I recognized him, and he began to tell me about the hardships of the war. He was penniless, and did not hesitate to say so. 'By the way, old man, I owe you \$10,' I said to him in a friendly way, 'and I'll pay it now if you don't mind.'"

"He took the \$10 and was apparently glad to get it. All of which goes to show that you can't always tell just how the dice will roll out of the box."

Fish Ejected by Volcanoes.

The stories of dead fish thrown out by volcanoes have been revived by the recent West India catastrophes. In particular, great quantities of them are reported to have been cast into the sea from the island of St. Vincent. It is pointed out by a French expert, M. Girardin, that these fish are simply the detritus of the lakes formed in the craters during their long period of inactivity. A crater first becomes clogged, then fills with water, and the water is in time peopled with fish that find access to it through subterranean channels. When volcanic activity is resumed, the first thing that occurs is an explosion that blows the lake—water, fish, and all—into the air, and distributes it over the neighboring land and water surface.

When people meet you, after an absence of several years, they don't look more closely at a borrowed book that has just been returned, for signs of age.