

KING EDWARD AND HIS I



King, Queen and Princess of Wales in the first row; Prince of Wales and Princess children are the little "Wailees."

HE WHO KNOWS A BOOK.

With staff in hand and dusty shoon,
I walked from morning till high noon;
Then rested for a little while
Upon the green grass by a brook,
And with a morsel and a book
Forgot me many a mile.

And then upon my way I strode
With bending back beneath the load,
Until the night best my way
With cheerful thought on song and tale,
And so I fare by hill and vale,
Contented day by day.

For he who knows a book to read
May find sweet comfort on the road,
And shall forget the rugged way,
Nor sigh for kindly company,
Nor faint beneath his load,
—Leslie's Monthly.

THE EVOCATION.

WE had been talking of spiritualism, telepathy and black magic; the conversation turned to apparitions and mediums. Among us all, men and women, assembled in the drawing-room after a long and formal dinner, there were several who were skeptical, two or three vaguely credulous, without certainty one way or the other, and my friend Francois, who was an ardent believer in what we not of the faith agreed to call spiritualism. In his mind there were vast differences in the meanings of terms, but for me spiritualism covered them all. One of the young women, making allusion to the recent experiences of an English medium, asked:

"Is it true that M. Crooks has seen and touched the spirits, or, rather, the material forms of the dead?" M. Francois is a very learned man, they say. If he has not been the victim of an illusion or an imposture, I must confess that his testimony would have great influence on my own faith."

"It is certainly a mystery," said Francois, thoughtfully, "and a mystery which those who have never had any experience are willing to deny existence to. But if this man has not been mistaken or deceived; if he can, as he says, prove scientifically that souls survive bodies, preserve their identity, their personality, their memory, and have the power to become material and visible to living people, what a revolution it will make in philosophy!"

"Oh, how I wish I might have some experience of the kind," sighed a young girl.

"Well, I don't," responded one of the men. "I would fear for my reason if I should see the phantom of my mother come at the call of a medium. And, on the other hand, I resent the idea that my own soul, when it is freed from my body, must be obliged to clothe itself in visibility at the command of a living person."

"One of my friends," said Francois, "tried the experiment, and it cost him dear."

"Tell us about it," cried the women, drawn by the instinctive delight in the supernatural.

Francois responded: "It is not a very happy story, but it may be interesting. It shows that it is not always safe to interfere with those powers which govern the unseen. Here is the story."

and he related the following:
Pierre Franckel was one of the best friends of my childhood. I saw him again when he was 20 years old, a pale young man with blonde hair, eyes as blue as the sea, singular eyes, large and fixed, lit as by an interior light, the eyes of a girl, somewhat unusual in the

face of a man. With a delicacy of coloring, a slightness of build and a soft sweetness of voice the beautiful eyes gave to my poor friend a charm almost effeminate. But he was a manly fellow and had a great many friends.

He was 23 years old when he met Madeline Maurice at a ball given in the chateau of Changis. This young girl was poor but brilliant and well born, beautiful, vivacious and gracious. Her great black eyes spoke eloquently to the blue eyes of Pierre, and he was fired with an enthusiastic and sincere love for her. He had been a skeptic on the subject of love, so that it came to him with all the force of a new experience, and she had nothing to lose by being compared to former objects of adoration. She was the first to enter his heart, and she took entire possession. She returned his love and accepted his proposal of marriage.

It took Pierre some time to talk his family into consenting to the match, but after they had seen and talked with Madeline they succumbed to the charm of her personality. They were married and he took her away immediately to a house he owned in the country, where they lived alone and reveled in the pure and happy love they had found in each other.

Then, suddenly, death broke the dream. Mme. Franckel died without any preparation for death, without suffering, while she was seated at the piano playing a sonata of Mozart's, on a beautiful moonlight evening of summer. Her husband stood leaning against the window listening to the music and breathing the fragrance of the night. The music stopped at the precise moment that the soul left the body, and Pierre, surprised at the pause, turned to find his wife dead, a smile on her lips, her head resting against the back of her chair and her fingers still touching the keys of the piano.

For several years the poor man shut himself up and would see no one, hiding his suffering from the world as he had hidden his joy. One day I called to see him, and on account of our old friendship I was admitted. I found but a shadow of the young man I had known. His hair was gray, and his movements betrayed him to be suffering from a nervous disease. He soon spoke of his sorrow and gradually opened his whole heart to me.

"The question of immortality is constantly in my thoughts," he said. "For five years I have searched philosophy, studied hypotheses and questioned religion, and I am still divided between faith and doubt, which is killing me. If Madeline's soul exists it will manifest itself to me. I look for her constantly, waking and sleeping, and I feel that she must come. I would give all the years of life that remain to me to see her for one instant in all the sweetness of her youth and beauty."

I tried to turn my friend's thoughts from this idea, for I feared his reason would give way. But he persisted in his hope. One day he asked me if I knew a certain Claymore, a Scotchman, who had made quite a stir in Paris as a medium. He was a peculiar man, undoubtedly sincere, and I had enjoyed meeting him several times.

"You must introduce me to him," said Pierre. "He has evoked spirits into material form, and if he can bring Madeline's to me I will owe him more than my life."

I used all my power of persuasion against this decision, but he was firm, and finally I gave in. I first went to Claymore, however, and told him my friend's history and begged him not to abuse a credulity brought about by extreme suffering.

"I can give him what he wants," re-

plied. "Certainly. The next day Claymore, accompanied by a medium, entered the house where Mme. Franckel had died five years before.

It was in June. The villa, with its closed windows, seemed to desire to keep out the soft beauty and warmth of the night air. Inside the house all was dark and chilly. As Pierre met us he shivered.

"If her soul lives," he said, "it is in this room." His voice shook with mingled joy and fear.

"For the last time," said I, "do not commit an act at once sacrilegious and dangerous." But he did not even hear me.

The medium was a young woman, pale and slender, who fixed her idolizing looks on Claymore's face. The light in the room was very dim, coming from a single candle, which stood above the fireplace. The window had been opened wide and the moonlight came faintly in. The spiritualist put out the candle and led the young woman into a dark corner of the room. Then in a low, solemn voice he abjured the spirit of the dead woman to manifest itself.

"Oh, my sister," said he, "my unknown sister, departed from this earth, come back for one instant in the material form you once took on. Appear, evoked by faith and love. Come! Madeline!" His voice rose and grew ardent, while the medium became convulsed with trembling movements.

All at once Pierre cried, "Listen! Listen! The sonata of Mozart!"

A harmony, light and soft as a sigh, floated from the motionless keys of the piano, which stood just within the pale stream of moonlight.

"She is coming," said Claymore, solemnly, stretching out his hand.

"Madeline! Madeline!" cried Pierre, falling on his knees.

I am telling you what I saw—or thought I saw. The room was dark save for the one thread of moonlight which touched the piano and traced a line upon the floor. Suddenly the mysterious music ceased and in the moonlight, before the piano, the whiteness seemed to thicken and slowly to form itself into the contours of the human body. More distinct it grew until I saw sitting there a woman dressed in a long, flowing gown of white, her head back against her chair and a smile on her pale lips.

Pierre had sprung to his feet.

"It is you, my beloved!" he cried, and with outstretched arms he moved toward the white figure and fell at its feet.

At the sound of the fall I threw off with a great effort the spell which held me and ran to him. The figure vanished and I raised my friend, to find that he had breathed his last at the feet of his dead wife. He had paid the price for the vision. On his face was an expression of purest ecstasy.

There was a long pause when Francois finished his story, which told the deep effect he had produced upon his hearers. Finally the young woman who had been most eager in her request to hear the tale said, in a low voice:

"Please let's talk of something else."

—Translated from the French of "Gilbert Dore."

Short on Houses.
The Brazilian coast city of Bahia has about 260,000 inhabitants, who live in 17,000 houses.

Man is born to rule the world—but along comes woman and declares it is up to her.

THE OLD HOME.

Simple Songs that Bring Childhood Joys Back to Us.

Thomas Dunn English, the author of "Ben Bolt," who died in April last, was nearly 83 years old. He was born only ten years after Edgar Allan Poe. The announcement of his death was followed by the reprinting of his most famous ballad in many places, and its reading and re-reading by thousands of men and women.

What is its charm? It is not poetry of a high order, nor is it very good verse. It was set to a pleasing tune, but not to one to be compared with the air of "Annie Laurie" or "Swanee River" in those qualities that find permanent favor with the people. Yet it belongs to a small class of songs, every one of which holds a secure place in the hearts of the generation for which they were written, and is known and loved by many younger folk, who have learned them from parents or grandparents.

These songs celebrate in one fashion or another the influence of country sights, sounds, occupations upon the growing boy or girl. They are not love-songs, except that they are full of the love of country life. Their phrases are often homely, their music may be cheap; but they have the power to bring tears to the eyes of even a conventional man or woman of the world, as they carry the imagination back to the childhood's home.

Into this class of poems would go, besides "Ben Bolt," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Auld Lang Syne," "Woodman, Spare That Tree," "I Remember, I Remember the House Where I Was Born," "The Old Armchair" and "Home, Sweet Home."

The man or woman is to be envied who finds in the lines a value not their own, and to whom they bring pictures as dear as they are vivid. The quotations are familiar, but they do not grow trite:

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

And the shaded nook by the murmuring brook
Where the children went to swim,

The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laborer on his birthday—
The tree is living yet.

And most characteristic of all, this:
I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

The life that has the country for a background has unfailing refreshment for the hard-working years that follow youth, and that life may be passed in counting-house or factory or shop, far from forest and field.

The farm may have seemed dull and prosaic to the boy and girl. To the man and woman it wears the colors of poetry. Its simplicity, its intimate association with nature ally it to the noblest in the universe, and the memory of it prompts those who have known it to a resolve that they will never stoop to ideals unworthy of their heritage.—Youth's Companion.

KILLING A NOXIOUS WEED.
Canada Thistles May Be Extirpated in Two Consecutive Seasons.

One of the worst enemies of the farmer is the Canada thistle. It works more injury every year to farms in this country than many other causes to which greater attention is given. It spreads slowly apparently, but it sooner or later takes full possession of the land and unless eradicated the entire farm becomes worthless. The heavier seeds, which are carried by winds, will germinate, but its progress is by means of long white root stocks, which are proof against disease and seasons. It is claimed that a piece of root stock if left in the soil will grow from six to ten feet in a season and from each small piece as many as fifty heads will grow. The best season for beginning the war on thistles is in June. Plow the land and then plow again every few weeks until well into the fall, the object being to destroy the young growth as fast as it appears, as any plant must succumb if deprived of forming leaves, as plants breathe through the agency of the leaves. Another plan is to allow them to grow until the plants are just high enough to mow and then run the mower over the field, repeating the work as fast as the plants appear.

As the farmer may prefer to utilize the land he can plow the land and plant it to potatoes. If he will then give the potato crop frequent cultivation he will destroy many of the thistles and the potatoes will pay for the labor. It may not be possible to subdue the thistles the first year, but if the work is well done the thistles may be completely destroyed the second year, when the ground should be plowed in the spring and a crop of early cabbages grown, removing the cabbage crop and harrowing, with Hungarian grass seed. As the Hungarian grass grows rapidly and may be mowed once a month it gives the thistles but little chance, while the previous cultivation of the cabbage crop will have greatly reduced the thistles in number. The point is to keep the thistles cut down from July to frost, after which they will be under control.

The roadsides must also be carefully attended to, for it is on the uncultivated roadside that weeds are neglected and hence are protected. Neighbors should also work harmoniously in the

destruction of weeds, as frequently some negligent farmer injures the entire community by producing the seeds of weeds which are carried by the winds over a large area. Weeds may also be carried long distances on the tops of railroad cars or by water; in fact, there are so many modes of distribution that it is almost impossible for any farmer to escape the nuisance of weeds, but all farmers can prevent their spread, and in protecting his neighbor he also protects himself. The Canada thistle is not so great a nuisance as many suppose if farmers will determine to combat its spread.

KNOW BAD MONEY AT SIGHT.

Bank Officers Are Seldom Victimized by Counterfeit Currency.

It seems wonderful to the casual observer that cashiers, bank tellers and others who handle large amounts of paper money are able, at a glance, to detect a bad note. Exactly what it is that does expose the counterfeit the best experts find it difficult to tell. They say they know it instinctively. They judge not only by the looks of the note, but also by the feel of it.

It is obvious that a counterfeit note must be widely circulated to make it profitable. No sooner does a counterfeit appear than its description is widely published. Those who are likely to suffer from taking counterfeit notes make it their business to be on the lookout for new ones, which are soon distinguishable by some easily discovered mark.

A teller knows of just what denominations are the counterfeits and just where to look for the tell-tale marks. He detects the spurious notes as easily as the reader does a misspelled word. It is no particular effort. It is a habit.

The principal reason why counterfeits are so easily detected is because in some feature they are almost uniformly of inferior quality. This is indeed the main protection of the public. Genuine notes are engraved and printed almost regardless of cost and the very best materials are used in the engraving and printing. It is done in large establishments, with costly materials and by the best workmen.

It is practically impossible for counterfeiters to do as well. They must work in secret and at a disadvantage and of necessity cannot have the experience to produce such perfect work. If they get the engraving done nicely they fail in the printing, or if they get the engraving and printing done well they fail in securing the proper paper.

Of late years there has been a great deal of care taken to get paper manufactured expressly for the notes issued by the government. The national bank notes are also issued by the government, so that the sources of supply for exactly that kind of paper are controlled.

The Lost Child.
Here is an amusing story told of an "active and intelligent" officer in the Metropolitan police force:

The other day he saw a little boy in the Strand crying bitterly. The officer loomed up before the infant, who gazed up, and, amid sobs, said:

"I'm lost!"
"Where do you live, little man?" asked the constable kindly, for he had children of his own.

"Boohoo!" wailed the child. "I don't know. Boohoo!"
"Come with me!" said the officer. "What can your mother be thinking of to let a little one of your size stray away?"

And away went the "bobby," resolved to find the parents of the little one and to administer a fitting rebuke when he found them.

As he was going up Bow street he met a sergeant.

"What's the matter with the kid?" inquired the sergeant.

"He's lost, and I'm trying to find his mother or father. If I can't drop across 'em, I'll land him in the station."

"Rats!" responded the sergeant. "Don't you recognize your own boy?"

It is not known whether the officer administered a rebuke to the child's parents.

His Marvelous Check.
An impecunious constituent of Abraham Gruber called upon the latter at his office last week and requested the loan of a dollar. A \$2 bill was the smallest the colonel had. This he handed to the caller with the remark:

"Go to the cigar stand downstairs, get a 15-cent cigar, keep a dollar and bring me the change."

In a few minutes the visitor reappeared, puffing contentedly at a cigar and handed the colonel 85 cents. Noticing a peculiar expression on Colonel Gruber's face, he withdrew the cigar from his lips long enough to inquire:

"Did you mean that the cigar was for you or me?"

"Get out 'of here," was all Gruber could say.—New York Times.

Would Not Need It Then.
An Arkansas man once wrote to inquire the price of a saw-mill that would saw all the various ways that he wanted to saw. When he learned by return mail that such a mill would cost him \$1,000, he replied by postal card: "If a man had \$1,000 what in thunder would he want of a saw-mill?"

At the close of one of those days when you have been too busy to look up, you will always meet on the way home some one who complains that he can't kill time.

If you discover that you have made a mistake, don't stubbornly insist upon keeping it up; let go and run.

It is every man's opinion that he would have been a great man had he lived fifty years ago.



McTartan (expanding his chest—I'm a self-made man. Knox (after looking the other over critically)—Your excuse is satisfactory.

Nell—What awful table manners he has. I think I shall eat him. Belle—If he continues to eat with his knife he will probably eat himself.

"Beware," said the fortune teller, "of a tall, dark man." "You are trying to black male me!" faltered the fair young maid.—Chicago Tribune.

Excited Wife—Wake up, Henry! The house is on fire. Sleepy Husband—Great heavens! Now we'll have to move again!—Ohio State Journal.

Wigg—That pretty girl next door screeches to beat the band. I thought you said she sung beautifully. Wagg—No; I said she was a beautiful singer."

College Idiot (indefinitely)—It doesn't necessarily follow. Kind Friend—What doesn't? College Idiot—Why, a dog—when you whistle for it.—Columbia Jester.

The Difference: What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss? One sews seams nice and the other seems so nice.—Quips and Cranks.

Thick: Briggs—The electric light has gone out on the other side of the hotel piazza. Griggs—Yes, I had to elbow my way through the lovers there just now.—Life.

Reformers: "Some er de loudes" talkin' reformers," said Uncle Eben, "makes me think of a bald-headed man goin' 'roun' sellin' hair restorer."—Washington Star.

Bertha—And so Edith has made up with Fred? How did it happen? Constance—Oh, you see, it was the only way in which she could have another quarrel with him.

"So he has written a good play at last." "Oh, no, it's very commonplace." "What! It's one of the most successful of the season." "Which proves exactly what I say."

Hojack—Here's an account of how a man wrote a love letter and got into trouble by it. Tomdick—I can sympathize with that fellow. That's how I happened to get married.

Nell—He wrote a lovely poem to Mabel. Belle—I know, but she got mad and tore it up. Nell—The ideal. Why? Belle—He headed it "Lines on Mabel's Face."—Philadelphia Record.

Playwright—From the nature of my play you see it ought to close with some line or significant act from the hero in perfect accord with the feelings of the audience. Critic—Why not let him leave a sight of relief, then?

Instructor—Lord Byron said that Macaulay woke up one morning and found himself famous. What great character in American literature is parallel to this? Student (who had been dozing)—Rip Van Winkle.—Princeton Tiger.

At the marriage of an Albany widower one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, sah; when old missus's alive he took a paddle to her; dunno if he takes a bridle to the new one or not."

The President—Then you don't care to have your name mentioned in connection with your one hundred million dollar gift to our university? The Philanthropist—Well, you might say that you give my name without my consent.

Little Augusta was at the window. "Oh, come quick, or you won't see it!" she called excitedly. "He's running away." "What is it, dear?" asked her mother. "Why, there's a horse going down the street with nothing on but his tail."

A Very Good Day's Work: Weary Willie—I jes' put in a good day's work in thirty minutes. Frayed Fagin—Explain yourself. Weary Willie—Well, I put in six ples, a pan uv doughnuts, an' fou; jars uv preserves. Pat's a good day's work for any woman.—Judge.

Cupid's Benefit: Celia—Oh, we had a delightful time at Ophelia's announcement party. Della—What did you do? Celia—She had us submit sealed guesses as to the man she is engaged to; the girl who guessed right is to be maid of honor.—Detroit Free Press.

"There is only one reason," he said, "why I have never asked you to be my wife." "What is that?" she asked. "I have always been half afraid you might refuse." "Well," she whispered, after a long silence, "I should think you'd have curiosity enough to want to find out whether your suspicion was well founded or not."

Has Been.—An Englishman went into a restaurant in a New England town and was served for his first course with a delicacy unknown to him. So he asked the waiter what it was, and the waiter replied: "It's bean soup, sir," whereupon the Englishman, in high indignation, responded: "I don't care what it's been; I want to know what it is."—Philadelphia Times.

An Inherited Weakness: "How readily and naturally your daughter takes her high C," said Mrs. Oldcastle, as she sat in the splendid music room of the new neighbors listening to the practicing of the daughter of the house. "Yes," replied the hostess, "Mamie takes after her pa. I always told Josiah that whenever anything came high he was sure to take it right off. He always was so aristocratic in his tastes."—Chicago Record-Herald.