

OLD FAVORITES

A Lost Chord.
Beated 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's enlivening strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.
It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trophied 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.

How of the Silent Band.
Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly
gather
And sheltered 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 doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land?
O, Land! O, Land!
Which he entered once
The mildest herald by our fate-locked
Beacons, 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 pennant vendor of Florence has achieved national publicity because of a deal in which he entered some weeks ago with well-known Eastern medical colleges 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 object 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 at 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 college. "I feel all right and do not believe I am going to die very soon," he says.

Muscle Comes, Mustache Goes.

Tucked away in an uptown side street under the shadow of a towering hotel is an athletic trainer who goes from all his clients the liberal sum of \$50 a week to keep them in good physical 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 is reduced in bulk and the thin muscle plumper. But there is one other peculiarity of their training which is not so much a matter of course. This is the tendency of all the trainer's clients 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 insidious 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 toward the end of their training period it generally happens that the mustache 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 conspicuously stiff after years of seclusion under the sheltering mustache.—New York Sun.

When there are no men in the family, 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 representation 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 architect by the astonishing increase of wealth in this country, and an indication 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 beginnings. Nothing comparable to it exists elsewhere in the world, writes H. W. Desmond, in Architectural Record. The buildings it has produced (and in the future will demand) are very decidedly differentiated from the English country house, their nearest contemporary analogues. 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 examples of which still retain an indelible atmosphere of delight. The square of the old days, or rather, his American counterpart in the Southern plantation and the New England trader, has been replaced by the merchant prince, and the homes the latter is now creating, especially along the eastern littoral, may best be likened to those which the merchant prince of Mediaeval days erected in a manner and with a purpose not entirely dissimilar to the manner and purpose of their undreamt-of American successors. These buildings are the registers, and let us hope, enduring chronicles of our very latest days, of our rapidly accumulating wealth, of the prodigious rewards of high finance, and the extraordinary degree of luxury that has become compatible 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 wood,
The hunters that often would trouble them,
But better than these was the ivy-grown dwelling—
Oh, why did I ever away from it roam?
Where lived the dear woman whose story I tell,
That old-fashioned woman who made it a home.
That love-faded woman,
That sweet-fashioned woman,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home.
Oh, where has she gone with her apron and knitting,
Her calico gown and her sunbonnet dear?
She never was one that was given to flitting,
Her home was her temple, her empire,
She cared not for riches, nor travel, nor pleasure;
The wealth that she craved was beneath her own dome.
Her husband, her children, her friends were her treasure,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home.
That dear-fashioned woman,
That soul-fashioned woman,
That old-fashioned woman that lived in the home.
The ivy-grown walls of that homestead are falling,
The brambles have choked out the blossoms—the weeds
Grow wild and unsightly—the night
The house is calling.
When day into darkness and silence
recedes,
Oh, never again shall I haste there to gather
The flowers that grow 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-fashioned woman,
That God-fashioned woman that 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 you charge for that?"
"Well," said the minister, "I usually leave that to the groom. Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less."
"Dat's a lot ob money, pahson. Tell yo' what Ob'll do. Ah'll gib yo' two dollars, an' den if I die I ain't got clobbered, I'll gib yo' mo' in a month." A month later the groom returned.
"Ah's yere, lak Ah promised, pahson."
"Yes," said the minister, expectantly.
"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' own me about a dollar 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.

Balloons that ascended about 10,000 feet in Europe, the other day, found a temperature of 27 degrees below 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 Princess 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 rehearsal with Lady Dora, she had seen, with the terrible intensity of passion, that pale, beautiful, languid French woman loved the master of Havelst Court. She watched them narrowly, not seeming to see them, and yet painfully conscious of every word that passed between them. She fancied, and perhaps it was not only fancy, that the old-time friend of her father had shown for her as 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 she had over him upon him. She spoke to him in the low, soft voice he would have given half he possessed 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 last few days before the Court ball were almost too much for Winifred. She had no sleep at night, she could scarcely be induced to touch food, and Mrs. Champion really felt a little anxious at seeing her so hollow-eyed.
Every one was charmed with the entertainment she had not been too long. The tableaux were lovely and as for the play, "Cross Purposes," it was charming. Not very much plot in it, perhaps, but so wonderfully acted. It was so rare to see gentlemen and ladies play thoroughly well; and they had all been so handsome.

Miss Champion and Lady Laura may have suffered some pang of jealousy at the admiration Miss Eyre excited, but the Princess Zellkoff was in a torment of jealousy pain. She, the unscrupulous, the pale, impassible Diana, as she had been called, was at last in love, and not with Hastings. She did not know if he cared for her; nay, when she saw his passion she looked at Winifred at the end of the play, a terrible fear seized her that his affections were centered on the graceful English girl. She must love him, too; the most finished actress could not throw an expression into her eyes, had not some deep emotion been working in her heart.
Two weeks later the marriage of Flora Champion to Mr. Maxwell took place. It was a grand and stately affair, yet it was a relief to every one when the breakfast was over and the guests had departed. Hastings, who had been very kind to her, had not been in the house since the day of the marriage. He had been very kind to her, but there was an unpleasant kind of stiffness and reserve between them. She fancied he wished to avoid her; he thought the same of her, and the only whiff she had of him was the faintest of his eyes, had not some deep emotion been working in her heart.

Mr. Hastings and Winifred danced together at the ball in the evening; but there was an unpleasant kind of stiffness and reserve between them. She fancied he wished to avoid her; he thought the same of her, and the only whiff she had of him was the faintest of his eyes, had not some deep emotion been working in her heart.
"I had not seen you for some time," said Hastings, as he stepped forward to her.
"I have been very busy," said Winifred, looking at him with a smile.
"I am glad to see you," said Hastings, looking at her with a smile.
"I am glad to see you," said Winifred, looking at him with a smile.

Lord Harold, who was at the house again, complained bitterly of her frequent and prolonged absence; but after a time he grew more tolerant, and seemed to find some consolation in the company of Lady Ada Perlyce. He was still very much in love with Winifred, but he began now to reflect sadly that it was fully for him to be pining and sighing after her if she would not marry him.
Some one gave out the intelligence at dinner at Eudon Vale that Mr. Hastings had gone on a yachting expedition, and that Lady Dora and the Russian princess accompanied him. Mrs. Clayton looked from underneath her lashes at Winifred, and noted the sudden change in her face. "Ah! how I wish I could help her!" she thought, pitifully. "A real friend might often be able to save a girl years of unhappiness and regret. If she would only tell me!"
Lady Grace had devoted a pretty, hazel-eyed sitting room to her cousin's use, and there she and Winifred often sat for hours together undisturbed. They were very fond of each other, very sympathetic and caressing, yet neither mentioned the subject that was nearest her heart.
At last Mrs. Clayton resolved to displease the reserve. She knew that to gain confidence you must be prepared to give it, and strengthened herself to the task.
They were sitting together as usual, one each side of the window, sometimes speaking, often silent. The day had been sultry, and the window were thrown wide open to let in the little air that was stirring. Mrs. Clayton had been watching her for some time. At last she spoke.
"My dear Winifred, you will go on reading and dreaming about Oenone until you have completely identified yourself with that forlorn maiden."
Winifred turned her eyes dreamily to the speaker. "I was not even thinking of Oenone," and then her hand closed the book which had been open at her favorite poem.
"Confess now—you are jealous of the attention Lord Harold pays your cousin?"
Winifred laughed gaily.
"O, Fee, you are a bad diviner of secrets. I am waiting in daily hope that he will propose to her. I could not fancy two people better suited."
"Who, Fee?"
"Ourselves and Errol Hastings."
"O, Fee!" cried Winifred, with impa-

tion! I feel 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!—at night, when she is alone, she cries bitter tears. I went one night to her room, and I heard her sobbing 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 kissed it. Then he rode thoughtfully away.
"For days and days after his conversation with Mrs. Clayton, Mr. Hastings mused upon her words. So many doubts divided his mind, and kept him from deciding on what course he should pursue. "Could he be truthfully upon her words?"—did Winifred really love him, and regret her harshness and pride to the point of a kindly enough mistake, an attempt 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 Eudon Vale again. Then one morning he plucked up courage suddenly 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 for an hour she talked about early French poetry. Then the stranger shuffled out of the shop. "Who is that gentleman?" asked Gladstone; "he has an extraordinary knowledge of French poetry." "Mon Dieu, he himself is our greatest poet. C'est Paul Verlaine!"

LIVING IN IDYLIC EASE.

Residents of Pitcairn Island Have Little to Worry About.
One of the most delightful spots on the habitable globe is Pitcairn Island, in the South Seas, which is chiefly inhabited 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 deflection 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 unapproachable.
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 community 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 medical supplies said that they neither needed nor cared for them. There appears to be an abundance of fruit and vegetables, and a sufficient supply of goats to furnish the comparatively little 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 population 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. There 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, presumably, 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 country, 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 living 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 Philadelphia a gentleman had a telephone installed in his house the same day on which his wife had engaged a new servant. The first time the girl heard the telephone bell ring she went to the front door, found no one there and returned puzzled. Then she heard her mistress' voice upstairs. Thinking that she was being called she went up to the room. There she saw the telephone in use for the first time in her life. She could think of but one explanation. "Oh, the poor thing is so crazy. Don't worry, darling. I'll stand by," she cried, and was immediately ordered 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 reasonable 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-consuming 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 inexhaustible 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 problem will become perplexing.—New York Tribune.

GOOD Short Stories

A DICKENS GRIEVANCE.

Tom Pinch's Beats Removed from Fountain Court.
Dickens worshippers are lamenting the mysterious disappearance of the seats from Fountain Court in the Temple, says the London Express.
Always numerous here, they have a real grievance to discuss, for this now violated shrine had hitherto been sacred to the memory of lovers' meetings and Martin Chuzzlewit.
It is easy to imagine that Ruth Pinch and John Woodcock—John so bold and Ruth so shy—may have sat on these identical seats. And what would Tom Pinch, who so loved this fountain refuge, have said to the gratuitous impertinence of their removal?
Some of the most delightful sentiment in all Dickens is associated with this spot. Here it was that John Woodcock's secret assignation with Ruth was stamined upon by ingenious Tom. "What an extraordinary meeting!" said Tom. "I should never have dreamt of seeing you two together here."
"Quite accidental," John was heard to murmur.
"Exactly," cried Tom; "that's what I mean, you know. If it wasn't accidental there would be nothing remarkable in it."
"To be sure," said John.
"Such an out-of-the-way place for you to have met in," pursued Tom, quite delighted. "Such an unlikely spot!"
And so on, until Ruth managed to get around on the further side of her brother and squeeze him, as much as to say, "Are you going to stop here today, you dear old blundering Tom?"
"Afterwards came another, and a more fatal meeting.
"Why they came toward the fountain at all was a mystery, for they had no business there. It was not their way. They had no more to do with the fountain, bless you, than they had with—well, love, or any out-of-the-way things of that sort."
"However, there they found themselves. And another extraordinary part of the matter was that they seemed to have come there by a silent understanding. Yet when they got there they were a little confused by being there, which was the strongest part of all; because there is nothing naturally confusing in a fountain."
"What a good old place it was!" John said. "With quite an earnest affection for it."
"A pleasant place, indeed," said Ruth. "Why they got that tiny, precious, blessed little foot into the cracked corner of an insensible old flagstone in the pavement, and be so very anxious to adjust it to a nicety?"

SAVING A WORD FOR MULE.

Miscourly Animal Shown to Have Many Points of Excellence.
In many respects the mule is the noblest beast that has been placed under man's dominion, but unjust ridicule for some unaccountable reason marked the long-suffering brute for its own and by obscuring his many virtues and playing upon his few defects and idiosyncrasies has compelled him since the day he was discovered by Anah in the wilderness to live under the torture of a false and slanderous report. At last, however, he is being restored to his proper position in the social and economic world.
In truth the mule, if he happens to be a Missouri product, is a valuable, beautiful and lovely beast. For general all-around purposes, in comparison with the horse, mules are superior. They are easy and cheap to raise, easy to sell and hard to blench. They go to the market early and bring bigger profits for the time, work and money expended in growing than any other stock. Time and hard work have less effect upon them than upon any other kind of flesh. Disease rarely touches them. Adversity and hard knocks make them stronger and tougher.
A mule does not waver or wince with age. The process of years simply turns his coldish stiffness to contemplative seditiousness, his silvery voice to a raucous roar and his obstreperous heels to the paths of peace. His habits, as they are better understood, are less feared and more appreciated. He is tractable, gentle, sympathetic and very intelligent. When well treated he loves his master, as Sancho, the companion of Don Quixote, and many old negroes in the South have proved.
He eats little and requires no snifter and tolls to the bitter end without complaint or fatigue. He quickly understands the whims of his driver and will go and can be guided without whip or rein. He is a dynamo in hide, an engine on hoof—a perfect machine in flesh and blood which rarely gets out of order or temper.—Kansas City Journal.

Beyond Help.

One of the street philanthropists who always has an eye and ear for childish troubles stopped to comfort a stout little boy who was filling the air with lamentations.
"What is the matter, you little dear?" she asked, solicitously.
"My m-brother's got a vacation and—I haven't!" roared the afflicted one at last.
"What a shame!" said the comforter. "Then you don't go to the same school, of course?"
"I—don't go to school an-anywhere yet" came from the little boy with a fresh burst of sorrow.

Thirty Bibles a Minute.

The Bible publications of the Oxford University Press have been issued for 300 years, and can be published in 150 languages and dialects. Every year fully 600 tons of paper are used for this purpose alone. Orders for 100,000 Bibles are quite common, and the supply of printed sheets is so great that an order for 500,000 copies can be readily filled. On an average from thirty to forty Bibles are furnished every minute.

Substitute for Human Hair.

A substitute for human hair is now made from cellulose and nitrocellulose, according to a German scientific periodical.
At the end of a hard day, when you look over your work, how little you have accomplished!

Recommendations to Burn.

Mistress—I hope you have some recommendations.
Bridget—Recommendations, is it? Sure I have 12 or 14 in the last four months.
There is always room at the top of a ball costume for more costume.

Likely to Get Even.

Old Friend—What became of that beautiful full length portrait of yourself and your first husband?
Mrs. Twotimes—It is hidden away up in the garret. My second husband has never seen it yet. I'm keeping it for a surprise.
"A surprise?"
"Yes, if he ever again gives me a ten cent bottle of perfume for a Christmas present, I'll give him that painting for a New Year's present."

There is Always Room at the Top of a Ball Costume for More Costume.