

A SONG.

A song rolled out of a heart one day,
And it drifted over a distant bay.
It carried a message of hope and cheer,
And its charm was breathed in a listening ear.
For it soothed the brows that were lined with care,
And it stayed the while in the midnight air;
It whispered the calm of a heart at rest,
And it stilled the ache in the troubled breast.
A psalm to defy all hopeless fears,
A song that will live for a thousand years.

—Waverley Magazine.

A CALL IN BUSINESS HOURS

THE young man at the desk was busy, very busy. He was always busy. He made a specialty of hard work. No doubt he carried the fat too far. His complexion had lost its ruddy glow, his muscles were relaxing. But he worked on.

The fact is, he was determined to succeed. He wanted fame and he wanted money. He wanted fame for himself, and he wanted money because it meant power. It meant something else to him—at least he hoped it did—something so far away that it made him gasp to think that he could ever stretch out his arms for it.

John Hammond often said to him—very good friend—

"Jim Warwick, you're putting too much foot into your frock. You'll have nothing to fall back upon when you need a little reserve force. Slack up, my boy, and take things easier. We are doing well enough. This is a rising firm. We are going to climb all right and there's no use taking any short cut to the summit. Put on the brakes, my lad."

So spoke John Hammond, three-and-thirty, to James Warwick, nine-and-twenty. It was the voice of experience and the voice of wisdom, but James Warwick wasn't ready to heed it.

Once in a while John Hammond drew him into society, pleasant little card parties, a theater party once, and once a dance. John Hammond's wife liked Jim—everybody liked him, for that matter—there hadn't been a more popular man at college—and she devoutly wished that he would encounter some charming girl, who would lure him away from that littered desk for a reasonable portion of the time.

There was such a girl, but Anna Hammond, for all her cleverness, never dreamed of her identity. And Jim Warwick scarcely dared to dream it either.

Jim was alone in the office this January afternoon. Hammond's wife had called for him and he had gone away with her. She had put her bright face for a moment in the doorway.

"All work and no play makes Jim a dull boy," she cried. "I want you to come to dinner Sunday, and you are going with us to the theater next week. Good-by."

And Jim, looking after her, felt that Hammond was a very lucky man.

Presently he pushed the papers back and lifted his head with a little sigh. He even leaned back and pushed his hand through his thick hair. He felt a sudden impulse to grab his hat and run away. Was the game worth the candle?

He put his teeth together with a sharp click and seized his pencil again. "Lady wants to see you, sir."

It was the voice of the office boy in the doorway.

"Tell her Mr. Hammond is out."

"Asked for you, sir."

Warwick frowned.

"I'm very busy," he looked around. "Are you sure she asked for me?"

"Sure," she said. "I want to see Mr. Warwick."

Jim leaned over his papers again. "Show her in," he said.

He did not hear the light footfall as the visitor entered. He was not aware of her presence until her pleasant voice electrified him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Warwick."

He turned sharply and arose. A dull red suddenly surged to his cheeks.

"Miss Ormsby," he stammered. She put out her slim hand, and he took it timidly.

"How do you do, Mr. Warwick?"

"Thank you," he replied. "I am quite well."

She looked at him critically. "Are you sure?" she asked. "I fancy I have seen you when you looked less tired."

"I am quite well," he repeated. He was still dazed by her sudden appearance. "Will you take a chair?"

"Yes, thank you," she answered. "Do I interrupt you at an inopportune moment?"

"Not at all," he replied, as he pushed the papers back.

"I warn you," she said, "that my business will take a little time."

"I am quite at your service," Warwick said. He was beginning to feel more at his ease. He knew that she hadn't appeared at his best. She had startled him by entering in this unexpected manner. He never could have dreamed that such a call was possible. Yet there she was, almost beside him, her fair presence filling the dingy room with radiance. There was a little smile.

"I cannot understand," he said, "how you have this advantage—if advantage it may be called."

"Do you remember Arthur Ridgely?"

"I remember an Arthur Ridgely who was a college man."

"Arthur Ridgely is my half brother."

"But he never told me."

"I have no doubt he told you he had a sister."

"Yes, I remember now. I was a

tutor then. He did tell me of his sister. He seemed proud of her."

She nodded.

"Arthur and I are quite alone in the world. We are very dear to each other."

"You were kind to the delicate boy, Mr. Warwick. He never wrote me without telling of some new favor at your hands."

Warwick stirred uneasily, but she gave him no chance to speak.

"You were his hero as well as benefactor. I cannot tell you how my own heart throbbled with gratitude when I read those letters. I knew what an effort it was for Arthur to keep up with his college work. His health was always in a precarious condition. I think he would have given up long before he did it if it had not been for your encouragement and your help."

"You magnify it so," said Warwick. "Really, it was very little. I liked Arthur and it was natural that I should feel a sympathy for him. That is all there was of it. Arthur made too much of it."

She shook her head.

"I have my own opinion about that," she said. "Any way, you gained his warmest admiration."

She opened her shopping bag and drew out two letters. One she let fall in her lap, the other she opened. "Here," she said, "is the last letter he wrote before he was taken away from the school. I will read you an extract from it."

She spread out the sheet. "I cannot tell you how kind and thoughtful Jim Warwick continues to be. I couldn't sleep last night, and he sat up with me. He quite made me forget the pain. And to think of such a fine, husky fellow bothering over a wretched runt like me! He's the only man I have ever met that I thought was good enough for you, sir—and I can't make it any stronger than that."

Her voice was clear and steady as she read this, and her cheeks did not flush.

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HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Old, Curious and Laughable Phrases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"Here," shouted the suddenly rich man from the West to a waiter in the highest-priced hotel on the beach, "bring me another knife."

"Yes, sah."

"Understand that after this that I never eat mashed potatoes and boiled cabbage with the same knife."—Detroit Free Press.

Handy.

"That man says he is a sailor during the summer, and in winter time he works for a retail carpet store."

"A very logical change of occupation, I should say. At least he does plenty of tacking in either case."

The Connoisseur.

Miss Elderton (to eminent painter)—How singular it is that you should have so much more successful with Helen Radant's portrait than with mine.

Queer.

"He's out of a job now. He had a good opportunity, but he didn't take the trouble to improve it."

"Yes, it's a funny thing about trouble, isn't it? If you don't take it you'll have it."—Philadelphia Press.

Good Material.

"Captain, how did you manage after you lost your anchor?"

"Made one by tying a bunch of those old life preservers together. Held like a rock."

More to Her Liking.

Mrs. Neighbors—I see you have a new physician.

Mrs. Illington—Yes, I thought it best to make a change.

Mrs. Neighbors—And do you find the new one more satisfactory?

Mrs. Illington—Yes, indeed. He actually tries to make me think he thinks there is something the matter with me.

Not Quite So Warm.

"A hundred years hence," remarked the bourder who had been reading the scientific page of a patent medicine almanac, "the battle of the world will be fought under water."

"That," rejoined the cheerful idiot, "will be better than fighting them under fire, as at the present writing."

Wasted Opportunities.

Slowboy—Am I to understand that you regard me only in the light of a friend, Miss Swift?

Miss Swift—Well, it isn't my fault if you—er—don't know enough to turn down the light.

Family Pride.

"What's old Rooster crowing so about?"

"Why, he's all stuck up! He's just heard his wife's eggs are worth 25 cents a dozen!"

Absent-Minded Man.

"Been in a fight?" asked the inquisitive person.

"Not exactly," replied the absent-minded man. "While shaving myself this morning I tried to lather my face with the razor."

Between Friends.

Miss Elderton—I see by the papers that the craze for the antique is dying out.

Miss Young—Yea, dear; but I hope, for your sake, that it will last through leap year, at least.

In After Years.

"Beauty," remarked the poetic youth, "may draw us with a single hair."

"She may," admitted the prosaic man, "but after marriage she is more likely to grab a handful."

Putting Him Wise.

"Is your business an art or a trade?" asked the inquisitive party.

"Both," answered the joke carpenter. "Writing jokes is an art, but exchanging them for real money is a trade that is anything but easy."

Old Axiom Goes Wrong.

"Yes," said he of the care-worn look, "I married in haste."

"And repented at leisure, eh?" queried the other party to the dialogue.

"Not me," replied the other. "I haven't any leisure since I butted into the matrimonial game."

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

Commodore Preble made a fifth attack on Tripoli, capturing several vessels and prisoners.

England ordered a blockade of all the northern ports of France.

The treasury of Havana, Cuba, was valued at \$250,000 in gold.

By treaty at Vincennes the Delaware and Piankeshaw Indians ceded their claim to all lands between the Wabash and Ohio rivers and south of the road from Vincennes to the falls of the Ohio.

Margaret Shippen, wife of Benedict Arnold, died in London.

England took possession of Cape Nicholas Mole, Port au Prince, mounted guns on the fort and fired on American vessels which passed.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Instructions were given to American ministers abroad to make every effort to obtain redress for spoliation on our commerce.

Two American vessels were captured off the coast of Portugal by Don Miguel's squadron, for which an explanation was demanded by the United States.