## THE SONG OF PAN.

Mad with love, and laden With immortal pain, Pan pursued a maiden Pan, the god, in vain.

For when Pan had nearly Touched her, wild to plene, She was gone-and clearly

Long the god, unwitting, Through the valley strayed Then at last, submitting, Cut the reed, and made,

Deftly fashioned, seven Pipes, and ponred his pain Unto earth and heaven In a piercing strain.

So with god and poet; Beauty lures them on, Flies, and ere they know it Like a wraith is gone.

Then they seek to borrow Pleasure still from wrong, And with smiling sorrow Turn it to a song Archibald Lampman.

## AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

ammoon to get leading parts induced me to throw up a good position in the north of England to join a manager starting at Salisbury. The business turned out disastrous, the theater closing in a formight. I, an utter stranger in the place, with a wife and bake, was taken ill, and could hardly stir for days. But for a good-hearted laadla ty I do got know what would have become of

One morning, however, over a melancholy pipe in the grassy hollow below Old Sarum, a ray of hope dawned upon In my anxiety and depression one stone, an art dealer of Bond street. He first knew me when I had become assistant to a well-known engraver and watched my progress with great interest. I wrote, telling him the whole story of my misfortune. A prompt reply followed.

Apart from proof of Mr. Atherstone's good feeling toward me his letter contained news that I read with surprise the following extract will show:

"I want you to undertake a commission that requires tact and discrimination. It is a private inquiry, and has to be carried through at Shrewton court, Merivale, the seat of Lord Mountfalcon, within a few miles of Salisbury. Obtain permission from the owner to see his art treasures. I shall forward Mountfalcon, and want you to ascertain if it is a fac simile of one in the collection. That is the least important point of the inquiry with which I in trust you. Find out, at any trouble and with all the skill you can command, the circumstances under which the fac simtle came to be painted. There is a keeper of the galleries; try to make friends with him. Keep the object of your visit as dark as possible."

On again hearing from the art dealer 1 wrote to Lord Mountfalcon, asking rmission to visit his picture galleries. By gext post I had the most conricous of replies, acceding to my request. One thing puzzled me, the handwriting of the note signed by the nobleman was familiar. Where I had before seen it I could not recollect. Next morning I went over to Merivale. Shrewton court. cituated in a spacious park, commands many picturesque objects. One is n graceful louie temple, half bidden in a ass of firs and white ches pathway to obtain a close view. It was prevented, however, by a singular ineldent. As I approached a young girl in white bounded down the marble steps. Her melancholy, yet beautiful. face, and sunny tresses decked with pansies and lilles, might have been Ophella's. To my perplexity, she advanced and courtesled three times. Directly afterward a matronly woman ran out of the building. She quickly took the girl by the hand and led her

The Shrewton collection would be famous if only for its Florentine and Venetian masterpleces. While absorbed before them, a light foot fall behind aroused me. I turned and saw Lord Mountfalcon. His open, handsome face would have been an excellent letter of

introduction anywhere. He said: "I have seen you before; was it not garden. os Charles Surface at Exeter?"

From theatricals Lord Mountfalcon's talk glided into matters of pictorial art, in which he was evidently an enthusiast. Half an hour passed, and his Lordship remarked:

"I must now leave you. On no account miss the small blue galleries. There is a portfolio of Rembrandt etchlogs that must have special value in the es of a practical draughtsman. Perhave you might also like to look at my bronzes, cameos and miniatures?"

"I should, my lord," I answered,

"very much. Are there many?" "Yes, a large number," repited his lordship, "very representative, from Hilliard and Cooper to Ross and Moule. My portrait by Moule I regard as fine anything painted by Cosway. The sper shall now attend to you. He till have orders to let you see anything in which you may have an interest."

When the keeper entered the mystery vanished about the handwriting sent to

I had known Samuel Crackenthorpe, nd we were no longer on speaking a. We had become intimate at Exeter, where he was then a lawyer's elerk and a small money leader. It was mean, wily, intriguing, treacherous felt here. By means of that locked door A good many people would rather low, and on discovering him guilty of she is entirely cut off from this side of make a party call than attend the party.

qualutance. We met, of course, like locked since my orders? perfect strangers, but Crackenthorpe's manner was polite, even to obsequi- the keeper, turning pale. ousness.

I had looked at water colors, bronzes and prints and now asked for the minia. ed. tures. They were contained in three large cases, placed upon the table in the smaller chamber of the blue gallery, and unlocked at my request. Just as I was preparing to examine the works of art a footman entered and informed me it was his master's wish I should take luncheon. I could either sit down with Mr. Crackenthorpe or be attended separately. But I excused myself on the score of wanting to leave almost immediately, intending to resume my visit next day. Left alone, I examined several of the miniatures. At last I unbooked the Mountfalcon plcture, It represented the nobleman in court dress. I satisfied myself on every point. After the closest scrutiny I was convinced the miniature I carried in my breast pocket differed in nothing from the original. It was perfect in similarity of jewels, arms and setting. It struck me that I would compare the

The light being less strong in the northern than southern division of the gallery, I entered the brighter chamber, There I looked at the miniatures side by side. I was aghast for a moment lest they should become displaced. To tell which from which would have been impossible. Putting the copy in my pocket, I returned, placing the original on a small table near the cases. Some feeling impelled me to again visit the south apartment, where I once more examined every point in the picture Mr. Atherstone had sent. My all-absorbing thought was to get a clew to the history of that picture. My meditation was broken by a faint sigh-like sound from the inner apartment. I looked around; old acquaintance had altogether slipped | it was perfectly solitary and silent. But my memory. This was a Mr. Ather. on returning to replace Lord Mountfalcon's miniature, it had disappeared.

My feelings can be conceived. searched in vain. Everything else had been unfouched. Amid bewilderment a terrible idea occurred to me. I knew Crackenthorpe's malevolent nature. Had he, I thought, found an opportunity to pay off his grudge against me? It was time, however, to meet the difficulty. Stating what had happened, I and pleasure-not without reason, as requested Crackenthorpe to at once summon his master, if at hand,

Lord Mountfalcon listened to my statement with the greatest calmness and patience. In reply, he said most likely I must have in . Ivertently dropped the picture among the prints or other talings on the table. The keeper and a footman were then ordered to make a search through everything. It was perto you a jeweled miniature of Lord feetly fruitless. The nobleman, whose eyes had never left me, said:

"What explanation have you? I learn that you have been alone with the works of art more than half an hour, and during the time no one has been near the gallery."

"It is a matter of opinion, my lord," I returned, looking hard at the keeper: "a noise I beard warrants my belief that someone secretly did enter.

"Do you want to throw suspicion on exclaimed Crackenthorpe, would not be the first time you have falsely charged me with dishonesty," The nobleman waved his hand and

said to me; "It is very painful to me, but I have no alternative. You must be searched." "Forbear, my lord," I calmly replied:

spare me such humiliation."

"Hear me for a moment only," cried did it strike my fancy that I left the my breast packet and bissed out, "What have you there?

I knew full well, beaven knows, but what could I do?

falcon's," I said, "and Mr. Cracken- of anger, believing the falsehood, and thorpe knows that perfectly well."

"Disprove his charge, then, by produelng what your pocket contains,' was the answer. "I can have no more delay. If you again refuse what is demanded one of my servants must ride off to Sallsbury for a constable."

Surveying the whole situation, I answered:

"Allow me a private interview. Lord Mountfalcon, and I can give you such an explanation that must remove all

What the nobleman's answer might have been I know not. At the moment a wild, mocking cry came from the

"What is that?" exclaimed Lord Mountfalcon, anxiously; "surely know the sound."

In an instant he had quitted the gallery. Soon confused voices, intermingled with the angry tones of the master of the mansion, arose in the corridor. Something unusual had taken place. In few minutes Lord Mountfalcon, strangely pale, re-entered and laid the missing miniature on the table. He said to me, with extended hand:

"I deeply regret we have caused you so much anxiety. Hear my explanation. A niece of mine, unfortunately of weak intellect, gained admission in some inexplicable manner to the gallery. The noise you heard doubtless came from her entrance or departure. A gardener observed her unattended. and, following the young lady, saw her cast something into the rosary. It was the portrait taken from the table where you had deposited it. I deeply regret you should have been placed in such an awkward situation.

I bowed and prepared to depart, Lord Mountfalcon would not hear of it, stating be wished to see me in private.

"By the way," he added to Cracken thorpe, "it is a mystery to me how Lady not long before I found out he was a Hester could have obtained entrance mean, willy, intriguing, treacherous felt here. By means of that locked door

gross dishonesty I angrily cut his ac- the mansion. Has the door been un-"I have no knowledge of it," faltered

> Lord Mountfalcon crossed to the door. and it opened on the handle being turn-What transpired I did not learn

> until an hour later. As I sat down over my luncheon I began to see my way to the possibility of obtaining a clew to the history of the miniature in my pocket. Atherstone had given me some facts, but I had been sensitive about disclosing them. It was not long before I was closeted with the owner of Shrewton court. In a full of conversation his lordship ob-

served in a quiet tone: "Was it solely an interest in art bring-

ing you to Merivale?" I answered in the negative.

"I thought so," was the reply. "Now we have established friendly relations, may I ask why you at first so firmly resisted my demand of your being searched?"

"Because, my lord," I answered, "I have such a terrible witness of guilt in my pocket."

"What was it?" observed the noble-

"Only this," I replied, handing over the replica.

Silence in the room was only broken by the faint ticking of a small French clock, "I am astounded," cried the nobleman. "Surely this is my miniature. - Yet, no! My own was slightly stained by the wet grass of the rosary. To whom does it belong?"

"I am ignorant," was my answer, "It has been in the hands of a dealer for sale, and one of his ellents is eager to What a Reporter Learned About ascertain how it came to be painted." "Who is that?"

"I have no knowledge," I replied. "Well," observed the nobleman, "I would pay a handsome reward to find out the history of the thing. Have you

any key to unlock the mystery?" "No," I said, "but most likely Crackenthorpe has. May I put him through a cross-examination in your presence?"

"By all means," returned Lord Mountfalcon; "it may prevent his teing lodged in jail. That unlocked door in the blue gallery has revealed want a grossly dishonest fellow he is. Ask him

what you please." Sam Crackenthorpe, fearful of being prosecuted by his master, answered every question I put. The examination, as near as I recollect, was as follows: "Well, Mr. Crackenthorpe, you know this fac simile of the miniature you asserted I had in my pocket?"

"Yes." "Who painted !!?"

"Mr. Moule."

"Where?"

"In my sitting room." "Who obtained his services?"

"I did."

"At whose request?"

"A lady came to see the galler es after Lord Mountfaicon went off to the Med-Iterranean."

"Her name?" "Miss Wineaunton."

"Where did she see the original mininture?

"At Moslem, the jeweler's, in Pica-

"What story was told the miniature painter to blind him?" "That his lordship's sister secretly

wanted a copy. "How came Miss Wincaunton to wish

for a copy?"

"Because she so admired the like

the marriage at St. C. are the ceremony of Three months afterward Mr. Ather-

the nobleman was in love with her, producing as proof the miniature she had only be too delighted to give them a circumstances. Lady Brewster return-"I have no property of Lord Mount- ed Lord Mountfalcon's picture in a fit They are gems, indeed." case Lady Susan became reconciled to her old lover.

Atherstone took me out for luncheon. Later on, dallying with a cigar and a bottle of claret, the art dealer said:

the health of the bride and bride-

groom. "By the bye," continued my old friend, "I shall run down the week after next to Shrewton court, for Lord Mountfalcon told me he had fitted you up capital quarters as the new keeper of his art galleries."-Lloyd's London

We Can't Do a Thing to Her.

To one who has visited a telephone works, it is amusing to watch the behavior of the man who cannot get recognition. In nine cases out of ten, if the hour is late and central is sleepy, he goes through this performance;

He turns the handle sharply, jabs your sister at home? the receiver at his ear, and shouts "Helthrough the transmitter. After waiting a moment or so, he repeats the action. Still no answer. Then, unless he is a church member, he uses language that he would not wish his wife to hear, and twists the handle

of the calling bell until his wrist aches. It does not disturb central. No bells ring in the telephone exchange. When the subscriber rings a lozenge-shape disk drops, and the number of the calling 'phone is exposed. That is all. It remains exposed until central answers the call and puts the disk back. It central's head is turned the other way, all the ringing in the world won't attract her attention. When she looks around she'll see the exposed number Schilling's Best, and return around she'll never learn of the call -New York Times.

FREE SILVER

The coinage of silver might have been soo free, but the free use of it is a small sum may be a very big investment with very sure and large profits. What it costs to buy a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil for the cure of rheumatism is within the reach of the poorest. It is the best investment in this line—best cure, and the profits are sure, because it will surely cure. This is so well known it is almost a maxim, and so much good is wrought out of the free use of so little that a strong, active wurkman can be made out of a man who before may have been a helpless invalid or a hobbling cripple.

Power of Thought.

Mies Alice Berry, a boarding house keeper on State street, Bridgeport, Conn., called a doctor one morning. stating that she was in terrible agony, having swallowed her false teeth, plate and all. She could feel the choking object in her throat and was in constant danger of strangling to death. On consultation it was decided to resort to tracheotomy, as the patient was liable to die, Dr. C. E. Sanford and Dr. C. N. Payne got their instruments ready and were about to administer ether to the woman when one of them stepped on some object under the edge of the bed. Picking it up, he found it to be the missing plate and teeth. It was shown to the woman, who was about to go into another convulsion, and as soon as she recognized it the pain left her and she at once recovered.

## A Good Showing.

a Certain Medicine.

From the Journal, Minneapolis, Minn.

pills put up by any other name would not have the same attraction nor popular sales that Pink Pills have in Spokane, Wash.

A representative of the Minneapolis Journal started out the other day to investigate the merits of this popular and widely-sold household medicine. The evidence was on every hand. Hamilton B. Merrill, a young money loaner of Spokane, was seen by the newspaper man. Mr. Merrill made no secret of his remarkable cure by these little pellets.

"Do I know the efficacy of Pink Pills?" he reiterated. "I should rather think I do, they have been a blessing to me. I am not in the habit of praising proprietary medicine, but I must say that Pink Pills as far as my case goes have no equal in the world. A little over a year ago I began ailing and commenced to lose flesh rapidly. The doctor told me to stop smoking; this I did, but the result was even worse. My heart beats decreased to less than forty a minute. I was prescribed for by my doctor, but without receiving any benefit whatever. I continued daily to grow worse and my parents became alarmed over my condition. Some one suggested Pink Pills; I thought I would try them anyway. And I tell you I cannot endorse them too highly; they worked like a charm in my case. My heart soon became normal again, my flesh increased and I felt like a new man. To tell you the truth I am still taking them. I have a sort of fondness for them yet and I am loath to dear old home, which seemed so grand near the old home they found news of

to give her name, as I am sure she would cannot be too highly recommended.

Mr. Merrill is a young man of 22 or do broke off the engagement. On Mr. Ath- 23 years of age and today is the pink erstone communicating the facts of the of health. He has a splendid complex- watch the fire on winter evenings, rickety steps, through the hall and taken for one who has been so seriously After the ceremonial was over Mr. ill only a few months ago. He is a baby Mary had spilled the lnk while splendid athlete besides and moves in

the best circles of society here. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in "I think we are in duty bound to drink a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, soiatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and salw complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills Mother only loved the old house betexchange and noticed how central a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schensctady, N. Y.

Young Man-Ah! How do, Dick? Is

Little Dick-Which sister? The homely one what's goin' to have all pa's

goin' to have anythin? -Woonsocket Reporter.

No one would drink poor tea if he or she knew the difference in tea.

Good tea is not costly.

Your grocer will sell you your money in full if you don't like it. & Schilling & Company

THE OLD HOME WAS LUKE NO OFHER

habbler and more cramped every time | heart,

they came back for a short visit. ture and the tiny paned windows, the calmness, and joined in the search good old lady listened and said noth- weeping bitterly. Henry left his desk ing, but her heart throbbed with pain as though she heard the maligning of of course," she thought, excusing them ters found their thoughts running back in her own gentle way. "Though to fashioned, to me it can never be so, There is one proprietary medicine in for it is the first and only home that I Then their fears and grief grew greater use in this city, the name of which has ever had." And after the sad, tender and stronger. Mother was gone. become a household word and that is manner of the old, who only have a the preparation known as "Pink Pills happy past and an empty present withfor Pale People." Shakespeare said, out aluring future here, she fella-dream-"a rose by any other name would smell lag of bygone days, when her faithful hours yet, they set off across the coun-That may be so, but John had brought her, a bride, to this try in their carriage. As they drew

Such a dear was pining for the old home, though old home it she felt that it would seem ungrateful was. Nestling to say so, and then, somehow, to pray down in an in the magnificent church, where she old-fashioned sat in a velvet-cushioned pew, did not garden, with an orchard full of old seem to give her the help she prayed rough, weather-beaten appletrees behind it, while an outer circle of ancient not as close as when she used to pray lins leaned reverently over it. like at home, kneeling by that old table faithful guardians. The low red house If she could only go back and tell her with its broad wings made you think friend all about it, just once kneeling a mother bird brooding over her where John used to seem to come and well-filled nest. But the nestlings join her. This feeling grew and grew, were all gone now-had wandered from though, as there was no one to tell h old home which seemed to them to, she shut it up in her lonely old

One summer morning she was miss-Only mother clung to it closer and ing, and she could not be found, though oser as the years went by. When they all searched everywhere they the busy sons and fashlonable daugh- could think she would be likely to waners called it lonely and the grandel.il- der, but in vain. She was gone. Then bren wandered all over its queer little Alfred recollected all at once that be nooks and corners, and remarked with bad rather neglected his mother of open contempt upon the stiff old furne- late. His wife forgot her cultured for once and got telegraph wires to work, and confusion and grief reigned some dear friend. "They don't know, supreme, while the sons and daughagain to childhood and mother as they other eyes it may seem poor and old- had not done for years. Hours passed and no news came from the missing.

Perhaps she had gone home. The thought was sudden, and, too impatlent to walt for trains not due for



and beautiful then. How could it ever the lest one. She had passed only "I know of a young lady living in seem lonely and humble to her when it about an hour before, plodding wearily the marriage at St. George's, Hanover this city, whose condition was even was so rich in a thousand happy, bless- along the familiar road, and, with the keeper. "I assure you he is a man square, between Lord Mountfalcon and worse than mine, she took Pink Pills ed recollections? Had not that been lightened hearts, they hurried of disreputable character," and, creeping clear to me, Crackenthorpe struck rival. Miss Wineaunton, had instituated

worse than mine, sae vox Pink Pins
and is one of society's gayest young
John's favorite rosebush? Had not
ladies now. I wish I were at liberty she and John planted that very moungate, through the wet grass they could tain ash together? And could the rooms see a solitary pathway trodden by ever seem empty and cramped to her one who had first visited the low obtained under such mean and crafty hearty send off. I believe Pink Pills when every nook and corner spoke to mound, with the thry one beside it, her sometimes of the living or of the and from there it led straight on to the dead as eloquently as tongues could house. So, with tearful eyes, and not

> ion and would be the last person to be rocking the cradle as she knit. This paused reverently at the door, with redark spot on the worn floor is where she sat there writing to the soldier to do over some childisa discondience, father far away where the battle raged, that they "were sorry, mother." on the long, dreary march. And here beside the old-fashioned table, on which still lay the well-thumbed Bible, she had knelt and prayed for twenty years with John-prayed for her little ones in tearful grief when he was gone-prayed for them when they one by one slipped from her arms into the cold world, and where she still nightly bent her stiff old knees to pray for them and theirs.

> are sold by all dealers, or will be sent ter as the years rolled on, but when post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents grim old age had slowly crept upon her it was decided in family council that she must make up her mind to come and live with one or the other of them, for it was altogether out of the quesdon for her to remain in that gloomy old house alone. So, one sad day, overpowered by the sons and daughters who meant to be kind, mother went softly to and fro over the old money, because she's likely to be an bouse, taking leave of it all, and the old maid, or the pretty one what ain't last farewell was the visit to the two mounds under the drooping elms where that means loss of eggs altogether, or Young Man-Um-er-both of them. John slept and the first born little son soft shells or apoplexy. A handful of Then, with a feeling that the world can never quite understand, she was driven away to the fine city residence—they don't call them homes now isfactory a plan as I ever tried was to -where Alfred and his wife, who for all their kindness rather overpowered mother with their fine ways, had given her a stately room, and, what was the most dreadful, she was supposed to keep in there alone by herself. Yes, they meant to be kind to her, but the city ways and style gave the old lady the feeling that she was in an asylum, and, in spite of all the grandeur, mother's wrinkled cheeks lost their soft pink like that of a halfwilted rose, and she began to grow

ashamed of their tears, either, the par-Here is where she used to sit and ty tiptoed like children up the low, morseful hearts that longed to tell the gentle old mother, as they were wont

The stillness of the clil house grew oppressive while they stood encertain and, though they listened, there was no faint footfail as of one going about after the fashion of one just getting

They softly pushed open the door of the old family sitting room, and there, with her old gray head bowed on the family Bible and a smile of joy and peace on her dear dead face, knell mother, who had gone home to find rest and content with John already there.-San Francisco Post.

Amusement for Hens.

There will be many days this winter when the fowls will have to be confined to the house and shed, so be sure to provide amusement for them in some shape, for "the devil finds some mischief still for idle hens to do." Idleness is the father and mother both of feather pulling and egg eating, besides allowing the fowls to get too fat, and grain among the litter, a cabbage hung up, or some sugar beets or turnips on rake the litter in a heap, scattering a bandful or two of grain through it and let the fowls spread it again. they would do several times in the course of a day. The same plan worked well in the brooding house with the chicks, when chaff was used for litter; it was fun for me as well as them.-Orange Judd Farmer.

"Wasn't that dinner we just had

feeble and worn, though every one was so busy that it passed unnoticed. She felt so uncomfortable."—Brooklyn Life.