

SONGS UNSUNG.

Let no poet, great or small,
Say that he will sing a song;
For song cometh, if at all,
Not because we woo it long.
But because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung
Was before it took a voice,
Waiting since the world was young,
For the poet of its choice.
O, if any, waiting be,
May they come to-day to me!

I am ready to repeat
Whatever they impart;
Sorrows sent by them are sweet.
They know how to heal the heart;
Ay, and in the slightest strain
Something serious doth remain.

What are my white hairs forsooth,
And the wrinkles on my brow?
I have still the soul of youth,
Try me, merry Muses, now!
I can still with numbers fleet
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young,
Old am I this many a year;
But my songs will yet be sung,
Though I shall not live to hear.
O, my son that is to be,
Sing my songs and think of me!
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

Evelina's Pupil

Evelina paused on the bridge and resting her slim little hands on the rough railing, looked down into the rumbling water of the brook.

Jim was looking at her. He had just plucked up courage to ask her to marry him, but she had as yet given him no answer.

Evelina was thinking. She meant to say no, of course, but it was somehow very hard to say—much harder than she would have thought possible.

She depended on Jim. She had depended on him ever since the first year she came to Boxberry and began to teach the district school. Jim had come to her a few months that first winter. She was 17 then, and he had been a year older. He was such a help to her in managing the other big boys, she remembered. Indeed, she doubted if she shouldn't have given up, discouraged, and gone somewhere else to teach, if it had not been for Jim.

He did not come to school after that one winter, for his sister's husband died, and Jim had to take care of her and her two children.

But though he left school, he kept up his friendship with the teacher. Hardly a Sunday passed that he didn't bring her something rare or curious or beautiful from woods or fields—for Sunday was his only leisure day. It was Jim who took her to slugging schools and sojourns in winter, and at moonlight skating and coasting parties it was he who put on her skates for her, and insisted on drawing her up the hills on his double runner. He wasn't obtrusive, like some of the others, either, but seemed to divine her moods, to talk when she was inclined to talk, to keep silent when silence pleased her, to go away when he was not wanted. Evelina sighed deeply as she turned from the brook and continued her walk, Jim by her side.

It was a lovely spring afternoon, and Evelina for the moment forgot her perplexities in rapturous enjoyment of the freshness and greenness and sweetness all about her, for she was a passionate lover of nature. Then the thought of Jim came, like a cloud. Evelina was very timid, and she reflected that it was to him she owed the delight of these peaceful Sunday walks in woodland roads. She felt so safe with Jim.

"May I come in too?" he asked, when they had entered the village and reached the house where Evelina boarded.

"Yes." The word came reluctantly, and there was a note of sadness in it. Why couldn't Jim understand her silence. Why, oh, why must he go and spoil their pleasant friendship?

They went into the stuffy little parlor and Evelina seated herself on the half-cloth sofa.

Jim hesitated an instant, then came and sat beside her, but not very near. He did not dare.

"I wouldn't say a word long's I couldn't support a wife," he said, going on from where he had left off when they stopped at the bridge, "but now I've got that contract—and with all the buildings being put up here and in the towns round here, I'm likely to be doing better right along. I know I ain't good enough for you, but there ain't nobody in God's world would try harder to make you happy. There couldn't nobody want you as I do. The children need you, too, the worst kind."

Evelina sat silent, her face averted. "Seems as if you was there, I could go ahead and be somebody—get to be more fit for you. I"—he choked a little—"ever since the first day I saw you, it's been in my mind that—that some time, perhaps, you'd—I'd come home and you would be there—my wife—waiting—"

He glanced at her. There was a drawn look about her mouth, and he reproached himself.

"If you can't—if it ain't to be," he said bravely, "I won't hector you any more. I'll take myself away—out West, maybe—"

There was a startled expression in Evelina's eyes as she turned them full upon him. It occurred to her that Boxberry would be a very lonely place without Jim, though she didn't stop to dwell

on that; she thought how bad it would be for a young man to go away so far—how many pitfalls there were likely to be. Perhaps it was her duty—

But he was so different from the man she had dreamed of marrying. His clothes were shabby, his hands were large and red. He had a good face—a face to be trusted—but Evelina saw only the youthful beard that straggled over it, and the hair that needed cutting.

Evelina herself was the picture of trimness, from the top of her head to the soles of her feet—a pretty, dainty little creature.

She thought with shrinking of Jim's house and Jim's housekeeping, and of the two unkempt children, Jim's niece and nephew, whom he had adopted when his sister died.

Most of all she thought of Jim's ignorance and of his slus against his mother tongue; to the prim little schoolma'am these were almost worse than drinking or gambling. If he went West he would grow still more ignorant and illiterate.

At last Jim broke the long silence. "Will you marry me, Evelina?"

There was another pause and then suddenly Evelina raised her serious gray eyes to his.

"Yes, James, I will."

It was more than he had dared to hope. The tears sprang to his eyes, and he could not speak. He leaned nearer and kissed her reverently, then rising hastily, walked to the window, where he stood, pretending to look out, till he could master his emotion.

So, in due time, Evelina became Mrs. Jim Foster, gave up her school, and took up her abode in Jim's untidy house.

She was a small person of great executive ability, and the disorderly rooms soon began to reflect her own exquisite neatness; the soiled curtains became snowy white, the glass in the windows shone, the grimy paint was cleaned, musty odors ceased to linger and order succeeded chaos.

The two children shared in the general regeneration, and came out of it really pretty and attractive. At first they were a little shy of "teacher," but their timidity quickly vanished, and they hung about her, seeming to like her all the more that she exacted obedience from them. If she was firm, she was yet kind and gentle, and if lessons were hard they knew that stories would be forthcoming afterward.

Jim came home half an hour early one afternoon. He had been married several months now. His eyes grew eager as he approached the house, and sparkled when he caught sight of Evelina in the yard.

When he came nearer he saw that she was raking up the twigs and old leaves that lay scattered about in the young grass.

Jim's face flushed.

"This is too hard work for you, little woman," he said, taking the rake from her gently. "Go sit on the steps and see me do the job. Where are the kids?"

"They are sitting in the opposite corners of the kitchen with their faces to the wall," Evelina replied tranquilly.

"Been cutting up?"

"Oh, no; I'm merely trying to strengthen their memories and cure them of the bad habit of using singular verbs with plural pronouns, and the past participle in place of the past tense."

"Oh!"

"They are coming out at half past five," she explained further.

"Tis that now," Jim said, looking at his watch, and at that moment there was a joyous whoop and the two young persons came rushing out like small cyclones. Seeing Evelina so handy, they made a dash for her, and let off some of their accumulated energy in nearly smothering her with embraces. She smiled, but offered no caress in return. Then they rushed upon Jim, with a demand for pennies, which they got, together with permission to go to the nearest store and spend them.

Jim raked the yard till not a twig or leaf marred its green surface, and then he came and sat on the step by Evelina.

"It does look better, doesn't it?" he said. "But don't try to do such work yourself again, little woman. You've only got to say the word, you know—just touch the button, and let me do the rest."

"Sometimes, James, I think it would be nice to have the house painted," suggested Evelina.

"So 'twould, and we'll have it done right away, too."

Jim looked a different person. His hair was short, his face clean shaven. He was in his shirt sleeves, but the shirt was immaculate, and his boots shone.

Evelina gazed dreamily off into the distance. Jim looked at her wistfully. He wished he knew what she was thinking, but she never told him her thoughts and he felt a delicacy about asking. Somehow, though she was his wife and

so near, it yet seemed as if a long distance separated them. He was happy—yes, certainly—but not as happy as he had expected to be.

He looked at the few houses up and down the street, and seeing no one in sight he took Evelina's hand, which lay in her lap, and put it to his lips.

Evelina gave his hand a slight answering pressure, and smiled at him.

"I must go in and get ready the tea," she said.

Jim sat for awhile after she left him, and decided that he was very happy, after all. A man must not expect to have the whole earth.

Summer and autumn passed. Jim was a carpenter, and in winter there were days when he could not work at his trade. This spare time he spent in making many little conveniences for Evelina, and in repairs about the house. He had already painted the outside. In the long evenings he and Evelina studied and read together.

When spring came, Evelina was always standing at the door or at the window when Jim came home at night, and smiled when he waved his hand. When he came in he would draw her to him very gently, and kiss her once on the cheek. He was very careful of her. She still seemed a person set apart, to be treated reverently.

Jim loved her more than ever, but it made him sorrowful to think how far above him she was. Sometimes he questioned whether he had not done her a great wrong in persuading her to marry him.

Summer came again. Jim had been married nearly a year and a half, and a dull sense of misery had taken possession of him. He was convinced that Evelina had never really cared for him. She seemed to dwell serene in a land of dreams where he was not allowed to enter, and he was very lonely.

Brooding over his troubles one day, Jim made a misstep and fell from a high scaffolding.

Evelina sat by Jim's bedside. It was evening now. Kindly disposed neighbors and friends had gone, and the two children were sleeping.

Evelina had no inclination to sleep. The clock slowly ticked away the hours. Twice she gave Jim the opiate, as she had been directed, then resumed her seat.

When at last Jim awoke the sun had long since risen, and Evelina was standing over him. There were tears in her eyes and her lips trembled.

Jim thought he understood.

"Don't feel bad, Evelina," he said weakly. "It is all right. I wasn't the one for you. You will be better off without me, and happier."

"You are not going to die, Jim. You will be out in a few days, the doctor says."

"Then why—"

But Evelina, falling to her knees, threw her arm about his neck, and pressing her face hard against his, began to sob bitterly.

Jim, with much pain, lifted his free hand and laid it caressingly on her hair.

"Don't, little wife!" he pleaded.

"I've been so blind," she said at last, controlling her sobs and lifting her head so that she could see his face—"so blind and foolish and heartless. I'm going to confess everything, Jim. I married you to save your soul and to improve you—or at least I deceived myself into thinking that was the reason. I—I looked down on you—you, who have always been so good and true and thoughtful and unselfish, and who were miles and miles above me! And I thought I didn't care very much for you, but—oh, Jim, if you had died I should never, never have been happy again!"

Jim looked at her, and the words he could not say—said themselves through his shining eyes.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Seeing Ourselves.

"The man who can pick out the best picture of himself is a rare bird," said a photographer. "Even an author, who is reputedly a poor judge of his own work, exercises vast wisdom in selecting his best book compared with the person who tries to choose his best photograph. Every famous man or woman who has been photographed repeatedly has his favorite picture. Usually it is the worst in the collection. It shows him with an unnatural expression sitting or standing in an unnatural attitude."

"The inability to judge of his best picture must be due to the average man's ignorance as to how he really looks; or perhaps it can be partly attributed to a desire to look other than he does. A stout man will swear that the photograph most nearly like him is the one that makes him look thin, a thin man the one that makes him look stout, the solemn man selects the jolliest picture, the jovial man the most cadaverous. President Roosevelt is about the only man whose favorite picture is the one most photographers would pronounce the best, but then exceptional judgment on his part is expected all along the line."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Emergency.

"I'm in an awful hurry, Judge," said the fair applicant for divorce.

"These affairs must take a regular course," responded the referee.

"Well," she went on, "be as quick as you can, anyway. You see, my husband has picked out his No. 2 and I have picked out my No. 2 and in case of delay we're afraid they'll marry each other."—Philadelphia Press.

A word to the wise is sufficient—if he is paying for it at the end of the long distance to—

YOUNG FOLKS

Without a Moon.

Once, some sixty million years ago, the earth, then a mass of molten lava, revolved upon its axis in about five hours, instead of, as now, in twenty-four. In that dim, far-away past the moon, itself a great flaming orb, much larger than at present, was only a few hundred miles from the earth, and as the two planets spun with fearful velocity, the attractive power of our satellite, the moon, raised a tide wave of molten lava, hundreds of feet high, which continually raced beneath it. This put a drag upon the earth's rotation and slowly, and more slowly the earth turned, the day lengthened and the moon receded.

Without a moon the oceans of the world would be practically tideless. The little moon that often looks no bigger than a cartwheel, has power to raise the ocean into vast tidal waves. The sun's power to raise tides is so slight in comparison that the solar tides by themselves are scarcely worthy of consideration.

Philadelphia, one of our most important seaport cities, would probably have been no more than a sleepy, little Quaker village had it not been for the tide water that renders the Delaware River, on which it is located, navigable for the great sea-going vessels that have made the city a flourishing commercial port, bringing to her docks the products of the whole world. Many other of our towns owe their importance as seaports to the moon, which raises the tides that swell the rivers into proportions great enough for the stately ships of commerce.

Were it not for these moon-caused tides the whole map of the latitudes, forty degrees north and south of the equator, would have been so vastly different from what it actually is, that the most vivid imagination can scarcely picture it. England, for instance, would in all probability, still be a part of the European continent, as it was once, before the tides and tide-caused currents in the Straits of Dover, in which case it is almost certain that the British nation would not have attained its present greatness.

Astronomers and historians would be lost without the moon. Without her there would have been no means for savage or early nations to record time by months. The revolution of the moon around the earth from west to east has been the means of noting time since history began.

Hints for Bathers.

Much of the loss of life which occurs on the water during the holiday season might be avoided if greater care were exercised by those who take their recreation in or on the water, and to help that better state of affairs the English Life Saving Society has issued a list of "Don'ts" to be observed by holiday makers.

The most important of these injunctions are the following:

Don't bathe in quiet, secluded spots.

Don't swim out from shore in the sea and other tidal water unattended by a boat.

Don't bathe shortly after a hearty meal.

Don't bathe alone if subject to giddiness or faintness.

Don't take fright because you happen to fall into the water in your clothes. Clothes will float.

Don't take fright because taken with cramp. Keep calm and turn on the back, then rub and stretch the affected limb. If seized in the leg, turn up the toes, straighten the leg to stretch the muscles and apply friction by kicking the surface of the water. Leave the water as soon as possible.

Naturally, one of the most effectual courses to be taken in avoiding fatal accidents by water is to acquire a thorough knowledge of swimming.

The society has advocated for long that swimming instruction should be made a part of the national education.

Climbing Stairs.

There is a good old-fashioned exercise, called "chasing the cat," that is often recommended as a cure for laziness—and for some other things. The way you take the exercise is to go into an unoccupied four-story house, close all the doors, including those of the rooms, turn a tramp cat loose in the house, and chase him up and down the stairways. The editor has been told that this will be sure to cure—if it doesn't kill. He doesn't advise any of you to try it, but he does advise you to try stair-climbing as an exercise, particularly if you happen to suffer from indigestion or from lung trouble of any kind. But you should not climb in the way that most persons do—treading on the ball of the foot at every step, and bending the body forwards. That way is both tiresome and wearing on the body, for it throws the whole weight on the muscles of the legs and feet. Place the foot down squarely on each step, heel and all, and walk up slowly. In this way there will be no strain on any particular muscle, and each will do its duty in a perfectly natural manner. Then, you should not bend your body over, in the fancied belief that such a position will lighten the work. Hold yourself as erect as you can, and you will find that you can ascend with comfort; that there is no compression about the chest, and that you breathe with freedom. A certain physician is in the habit of prescribing stair-climbing in this way to such of his patients as he

dyspepsia or lung trouble, and always with good results.

Magic Lantern Pictures.

It is said that an ingenious Frenchman has invented a device by which magic lantern pictures may be made to appear "in the round" as they do when looked at in a stereoscope. The principle of the stereoscope, you know, is the placing of two pictures side by side, one taken as seen by the right eye, and the other as seen by the left. The lenses of the instrument are so arranged that they carry the two pictures to the eye as one, thus making the object appear solid, as it appears in life. The Frenchman has applied the stereoscope principle to the magic lantern by furnishing the observer with a pair of spectacles fitted with lenses set at the proper angle, and letting him look at two pictures on the screen. Thus the figures appear to stand out from each other and the surroundings as they do when looked at in the natural way.

To Stop Hiccoughs.

The editor has no desire to usurp the functions of the family doctor, but he wants to tell you something that may be of service. You know how hard it is, now and then, to cure a case of hiccoughs. You hold your breath; you take nine swallows of water; you press your hand on your stomach; in fact, you try all the various ways in which you are told, relief may be had, but the obstinate spasms will persist. Hence the suggestion that the editor is now going to make. It is said that an effectual cure was accidentally discovered in a French hospital not long ago; simply thrusting the tongue out of the mouth, and holding it in that position for a little while. Try it.

Water as an Anesthetic.

It is said that a surgeon of Berlin has accidentally discovered that water may be used as an anesthetic. He was experimenting with cocaine to see how small a quantity of it might be used locally for minor operations, when he made the discovery about water. A small quantity is injected under the skin, and the effect is to render the flesh at that point insensible to pain. The water causes a slight swelling resembling that caused by the sting of a gnat, and the space marked by the swelling remains insensible for several minutes.

FISHING SUPERSTITIONS.

Dancing for Salmon—Words to Be Avoided When Baiting a Hook.

In British Columbia the Indians ceremoniously went to meet the first salmon and in flattering voices tried to win their favor by calling them all chiefs, says the Los Angeles Times.

Every spring in California the Karaks used to dance for salmon. Meanwhile one of their number secluded himself in the mountains and fasted for ten days. Upon his return he solemnly approached the river, took the first salmon of the catch, ate some of it and with the remainder lighted a sacrificial fire. The same Indians laboriously climbed to the mountain top after the poles for the spearing booth, being convinced that if they were gathered where the salmon were watching no fish would be caught.

Very widespread, in fact, is this native belief of the necessity of caution whenever Adam is on fishing bent.

In Japan among the primitive race of the Ainos even the women left at home are not allowed to talk lest the fish may hear and disapprove, while the first fish is always brought in through a window instead of a door so the other fish may not see.

The Eskimo women of Alaska never sew while the men are fishing, and should any mending be imperative they do it shut up in little tents out of sight of the sea.

Under no circumstances on the northeast coast of Scotland will a fisherman at sea mention certain objects on land, such as "minister," "kirk," "swine," "dog," etc., and the line will surely be lost if a pig is seen while baiting it. As on the land, chickens must not be counted until they are hatched, so at sea fish must not be counted until they are all caught. It is good luck to find mice nibbling among the nets; a horse-shoe nailed to the mast will help, and a herring caught and salted down will produce wonders.

In the Shetland Islands a cat must not be mentioned before a man baiting his line and among the Magyars of Hungary a fisherman will turn back and wait over a tide if he meets a woman wearing a white apron.

Every year the natives of the Duk of York Island decorate a canoe with flowers and fern, fill it with shell money and cast it adrift, "to compensate the fish for their fellows caught and eaten."

It was always the custom of the Maoris, the primitive inhabitants of New Zealand, to put the first fish that they caught back into the sea "with a prayer that it might tempt other fish to come and be caught."

If the fish did not come soon enough in British Columbia the Indians used to employ a wizard, who made an image of a swimming fish and put it in the water to attract live fish to the bait.

If you imagine this is a cold, unmythical world, tell people you have a wild and listen to their suggestions.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1388—Earl of Douglas killed and "Hotspur" taken prisoner at battle of Otterburn.

1521—Cortez retook the City of Mexico.

1588—The Spanish armada becalmed before Dunkirk.

1687—Prince Charles of Lorraine defeated the Turks at Mohacs, Lower Hungary.

1758—The New London Summary was published at New London, Conn.

1778—Fort Boonesborough invested by Canadians and Indians... French fleet dispersed in a gale off Rhode Island.

1782—British evacuated Savannah.

1787—First bishop appointed in New Scotia.

1794—Poles defeated the Prussians at battle of Wilna... Battle of Bellegarde, between the French and Spanish.

1803—Agra taken by the British.

1806—Miranda abandoned his conquests on the Spanish Main and sailed to Aruba.

1807—Trial trip of Fulton's steamboat "Clermont" was made.

1811—The British took possession of Batavia and a part of Java.

1812—The United States troops under Gen. Hull evacuated Canada and entered Detroit... United States frigate Essex captured the Alert, the first vessel taken from the British in the War of 1812... Gen. Brock arrived at Amherstburg to oppose the invasion of Gen. Hull.

1814—First meeting of the British and the American commissioners at Ghent, to treat for peace.

1820—Elisa Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon, died.

1822—An earthquake devastated a large part of Syria.

1829—The Centennial of Baltimore celebrated... Royalists came into power in France.

1831—Barbadoes swept by a violent hurricane.

1846—The Smithsonian Institution founded at Washington, D. C.

1851—Litchfield, Conn., celebrated its 200th anniversary.

1860—The Prince of Wales visited Charlotte, N. C.

1861—Gen. Lyon killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.

1864—Twelve persons killed by an explosion on the steamer "Racine" in Lake Erie... Fort Gaines at Mobile bay, surrendered to Farragut and Granger.

1868—Body of Thaddeus Stevens lay in state in the capitol at Washington.

1870—Marshal Bazaine appointed commander-in-chief of the French army in the war with Prussia.

1887—Hawaii adopted a new constitution.

1888—William C. Van Horne succeeded Sir George Stephens as president of the Canadian Pacific railway.

1893—Charles F. Crisp of Georgia elected Speaker of the House of Representatives.

1894—Congress passed the Brice-Gorman tariff bill.

1897—Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Canadian premier, received the order of the Legion of Honor from the President of France.

1898—Spanish surrendered Manila to the Americans... Protocol signed ending hostilities between the United States and Spain.

1899—Second court martial of Maj. Dreyfus begun at Rennes.

1907—Opening of the International Esperanto Congress at Cambridge, England... Several persons killed by an explosion of nitro-glycerine in the town of Essex Center, Ontario.

Commodity Prices Still High. The Bureau of Labor of the Department of Commerce and Labor has issued a report covering the price movements for the past two decades, or from 1880 to 1907. From this it appears that, in spite of the financial depression of the last six months, prices were higher in most lines at the close of the year than at the beginning. The average price for all commodities decreased only a little over one point for the period. The wholesale price average reached a higher point in 1907 than at any time during the period. The increase in the farm group of products was the greatest—namely, 10.9 per cent. It was 4.6 per cent increase for food, 5.6 for clothing, 2.4 for fuel, 6.1 for metals, 4.9 for building material, 8.3 for drugs, 6.8 for house-furnishing goods and 5 for the miscellaneous group.

A Powderless Gun for War.

The latest sensation in the realm of mechanical invention is a working model of a powderless gun with a possible discharge of 50,000 shots a minute. This gun, which is also noiseless, is the invention of William Patten of New York. It is fired by centrifugal force. All there is to it is a big wheel with a crank to it, the inventor getting his idea from seeing a big fly wheel burst. The bullets are poured into the gun and then as the wheel attains a certain velocity they begin to pour out in a solid stream of lead