OLD FAVORITES

A Lost Chord.

Seated 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 overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled 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 Proctor.

Song of the Silent Sand.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather
And shattered 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 beauteous souls, the future's pledge and band;
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land?

O, Land! O, Land!
For all the broken hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, 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 peanut vender of Florence has achieved national publicity because of a deal into which he entered some time ago witha well-known Eastern medical college for the sale of his head after death.


A. JENNINGS.

The lad, through sickness when very young, was affected 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 almost any day.

The head measures thirty-two inches in circumferences 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 gets 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 are reduced in bulk and the thin made plumper. But there is one other peculiarity of their training which it 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 insanitary 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 consciously 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 beginning. 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 differenced from the English country house, their nearest contemporary analogue. 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 indestructible atmosphere of delight. The squire of the old days, or, rather, his American counterpart in the Southern planter 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 princes of Medician 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 wildwood,
The hunters that often would trouble them, too.
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'm telling,
That old-fashioned woman who made it a home.
That love-fashioned woman,
That sweet-fashioned woman,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home.

Oh, where has she gone with her aprons 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, her sphere.
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 hawks are calling
When day into darkness and silence recedes.
Oh, never again shall I haste there to gather
The flowers that grew 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 yo' chahge fo' dis?"

"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 you' what Oh'll do. Ah'll gib yo' two dollahs, an' den ef I fin' I ain't got cheated, I'll gib yo' mo' in a monf."

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 spec'lation, Ah reckon yo' owe me about a dollah 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 night 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.

Balloonists who 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 Zelikoff, 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 rehearse with Lady Dora, Winifred saw, with the terrible instinct of jealousy, that the pale, beautiful, languid French woman loved the master of Hazell 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 tenderness Mr. Hastings had shown for her was creeping into his manner to the Princess Zelikoff. 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 of her old fascinations 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 agitation and excitement of 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. If had not been too long. The tableaus 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, so graceful.

Miss Champion and Lady Laura may have suffered some pangs of jealousy at the admiration Miss Eyre excited, but the Princess Zelikoff was in a torment of jealous pain. She, the unsusceptible, the pale, impassible Diana, as she had been called, was at last in love, and with Mr. Hastings. She did not know if he cared for her; nay, when she saw his passionate look 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 have thrown such 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 bridal pair had started on their journey. As she drove off in the barouche, drawn by four magnificent bay horses, Flora Maxwell looked like a queen. Perhaps she felt like one as she bowed right and left to the crowd of country people who stood on either side of the Manor gates to see her pass.

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 danced more than usual with the Princess Zelikoff.

"How glad I shall be to get away from this!" poor Winifred said to herself, with exceeding bitterness. "I think I should die if I were forced to stop and see him love another woman. Perhaps when I am back at Endon Vale I shall forget him."

She was delighted when the day came for her to leave Hurst Manor. Her only regret was in parting with her grandfather, who had been very kind to her, and to whom she had really become attached.

Lady Grace was expecting a party of guests at Eudon Vale, and invited Lady Ada Fordyce to accompany Winifred home, as Lady Valanton and her eldest daughter were going to visit in the north.

All the household were glad to have her among them again; and as for Sir Clayton, he had such long arrears of copying and references for her to make up, that Lady Grace was obliged to interfere and rescue her from her musty labor.

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 Fordyce. He was still very much in love with Winifred, but he began now to reflect sagely that it was folly for him to be pining and sighing after her if she had really made up her mind that she would not marry him.

Some one gave out the intelligence at dinner at Endon 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 sickly whiteness which came into 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, bay-windowed sitting room to Mrs. Clayton'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 dissipate 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, oftener silent. The day had been sultry, and the windows 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 gayly.

"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."

"I could."

"Who, Fee?"

"Yourself and Errol Hastings."

"O, Fee!" cried Winifred, with impatient pain, "why do you speak of him? You know all is over between us!"

"I should like to speak just this once, dear; and if you will hear me, I will be silent in future. I know that Errol loved you very dearly; I cannot but believe you cared for him. Do not let some foolish trifle, some false pride, mar the happiness of all your life!"

Mrs. Clayton spoke with intense earnestness, and when she finished, tears of passionate regret stood in Winifred's eyes.

"It is too late, Fee! You do not understand. Your words only make me more miserable."

"Why too late?"

"Because I behaved wickedly to him; because he must despise me, and because he will go and marry that French woman, who loves him and lets him see it."

"Did you refuse him, then?"

"Don't ask me, Fee. I think my pride blinded me. If I could atone for it now I think I would ask him on my knees to marry me. I can't tell you the true story. I know you love me and would not willingly pain me. I have sealed my fate with my own folly. Do not ever speak about it again."

It was nearly the end of September when Mr. Hastings called one afternoon at Endon Vale. As he rode up the avenue he met Mrs. Clayton sauntering down it.

"Mr. Hastings!" she cried, with real pleasure in her voice; "I have wanted to see you such a long time."

He dismounted and walked along by her side, leading his splendid bay horse.

"There is nobody at home but me—they are all gone to a picnic, and I should have been with them but for one of my bad headaches."

"It is better now, I trust. You do not look ill."

"No; I am getting quite strong here. Lady Grace is so good to me, and Winifred," she added, looking sidelong at him—"I think I never knew any one so sweet and thoughtful."

She noted the slightest quiver of his lip, but he said nothing—merely bent his head as though in polite acquiescence.

"Will you not come into the house?" she asked.

"Not unless you are going." And they went together into what was called the lawn garden.

"Am I to congratulate you?" she said, looking up at him suddenly.

"Congratulate me, Mrs. Clayton?" he repeated after her. "On what?"

"I heard you were going to marry the Princess Zelikoff."

"Then some one has been taking an unwarrantable liberty with the Princess Zelikoff's name."

"Not altogether unwarrantable, Mr. Hastings."

"Surely, yes. I am quite certain that she never gave the slightest foundation for such a report."

"Come, confess now that it looks rather suspicious when a gentleman takes a lady a cruise in his yacht."

"My dear Mrs. Clayton, what do you mean?"

"Did not your cousin and the princess accompany you on your yachting expedition?"

"Most certainly not. No one went with me but Le Marchant and Ashburton."

Mrs. Clayton looked rather blank, but felt secretly pleased.

"Then we have all been misinformed," she said, laughing. "And, forgive my pertinacity; but, seriously, you are not engaged to the princess?"

"I am not. I feel greatly vexed that there should have even been a discussion about the matter."

Mrs. Clayton sat down on a garden bench; she was silent for a moment, and then, looking up in her companion's face, said, with some hesitation:

"We are old friends, Errol—are we not?"

"We are, indeed," he returned, smiling, with some surprise.

"May I take an old friend's liberty?" she asked again, with still more hesitation.

"You may do anything that you wish or please," he answered.

"And you promise not to be offended?"

"I promise sacredly."

"Thank you. Then, Errol, I am going to say something exceedingly distasteful to myself and perhaps painful to you, for which some one else would, I think, never forgive me. I am bold—am I not?"

"You are enigmatical," Mr. Hastings replied, still smiling.

"I like you very sincerely; I love her," Mrs. Clayton went on, hastily, "and I want you both to be happy; therefore I am about to perform a Quixotic action, which may be the means of losing me your friendship and her love. I see you frown! perhaps you guess of whom I am speaking."

"I would rather have a certainty than a surmise," he said, gravely; "tell me, if you please."

"I speak of Winifred Eyre. My task is all the more difficult because I do not, in truth, know, nor can I guess at the circumstance which has caused your estrangement. Do not be angry with me, Errol, I must ask you one question—do you love her?"

"I love her," he said, seeming to force the words from unwilling lips, "but I am trying to forget her."

"But, Errol, if you thought she cared for you, would you still try to forget her?"

"I cannot answer you," he said, speaking abruptly, after a pause. "Miss Eyre is not what I thought her. I believed her to be sweet, and gracious, and womanly; and I have found her hard, and proud, and cold!"

"Oh, Errol, you mistake—she is neither."

"She is to me," he said, sternly.

Mrs. Clayton waited for some moments.

"If I might only tell you," she said, in great perplexity. "She broke down once when we were speaking of you. She condemned her own false pride bitterly; she said you must hate her; that she——"

And Mrs. Clayton stopped suddenly in her rapid utterance, feeling a terrible fear that she had committed an unwarrantable breach of trust.

A sudden thrill of pleasure came into Errol's heart, but the expression of his face remained unchanged.

"Mrs. Clayton," he said, with some passion, "I asked Miss Eyre twice, nay, three times, to be my wife. I made myself her slave because—well, the reason matters little—suffice it that I humbled my pride into the dust for her sake. She treated me with scorn, and yet I bore it, for I believed in my heart she loved me. When I asked her the last time, her refusal was couched in such terms that I felt 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; and 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 in truth rely upon her words?—did Winifred really love him, and regret her harshness and pride to him, or was it a kindly though mistaken 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 Endon 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 he did not return, she fell into despair, and wished with some bitterness of heart that she had forborne to interfere. One thing was fortunate—she had not breathed a word to Winifred of what had passed between them.

(To be continued.)

LIVING IN IDYLLIC 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 socialistic. 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. They 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 intermarrying. 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 workingmen would in this country or in Europe. Another defect, due to extreme isloation, 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 gone crazy. Don't worry, darlin'. 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 in exhaustible treasuries 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 may become perplexing.—New York Tribune.

GOOD Short Stories

At a rehearsal at the London Lyceum Theater, before Sir Henry Irving had arrived, one of the actors in the company, who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic, proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation of the actor-knight's highly characteristic mannerisms. As he finished his demonstration, Sir Henry's well-known voice came from the depths of the darkened auditorium: "Very good! Very good, indeed! So good, in fact, that there is no need for both of us in this company."

An anonymous writer in To-Day tells an interesting anecdote of a visit paid by Gladstone to a little bookshop near the Odeon, in Paris. As he entered, Gladstone saw a strange-looking man in conversation with the bookseller and carrying an old copy of Villon's poems. "His dress was ragged and dirty, his face was matted with hair, and he had the eyes of an archangel, with the mouth and jaw of a baboon. Nevertheless, the respectful attitude of the bookseller showed that the man was a personality. Gladstone entered into conversation with him about Villon, and for an hour they 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.' 'Monsieur, he himself is our greatest poet. C'est Paul Verlaine!'"

Artistic folk frequently have vague notions about business. Some of them, says Collier's Weekly, are quite ignorant of it, others utterly indifferent to it, and others yet hate the very name of it. One of the last-named category was Liszt. He had returned from a successful tour, and Princess Metternich, the wife of the celebrated statesman and diplomatist, was questioning him regarding the concerts he had been giving abroad. "I hear," she said, "that you did good business in Paris?" To which Liszt gave the tart reply: "I only played some music there. Business—I leave to bankers and diplomatists." To another lady the musical cleric gave a still more sarcastic answer: "Ah, Abbe," she sighed, "what a great fortune you could make if you could be induced to go to America to play!" "Madam," returned Liszt, "if you stood in need of that fortune, believe me I would go at once."

Shortly after the appearance of his first book, "Ten Months a Captive Among the Filipinos," an enterprising manager induced Albert Sonnichsen to go on a lecture tour. The young author made his debut in a small New Jersey town, in a dismal, ill-lighted hall, before a handful of people huddled in the front seats, and a multitude of empty chairs. The manager, as dejected as the lecturer, sat in the rear, under the gloom of the balcony. Mr. Sonnichsen ended his lecture in a state of nervous collapse, and then, in order to live up to his program, said: "I shall be pleased to answer any questions you may care to ask." An oppressive silence followed. Mr. Sonnichsen repeated his offer, with the same result. Something had to be done. In desperation, the lecturer pointed to "that gentleman over there," indicating the manager, and suggested that he looked "as if he wanted to ask a question." That disgusted individual, seeing an opening to get back at the author, who had attracted attention to him so unexpectedly, shouted back: "Yes, I do. Sonnichsen, how do you feel?"

How He Keeps Contented.

W. H. Truesdale, president of the Delaware & Lackawanna railroad, was discussing the question of happiness with a friend not long ago. Various arguments were advanced as to the best way to find contentment. "I was greatly impressed," said Mr. Truesdale, "with a talk I recently had with the president of one of the largest banking institutions in the country.

"I met this man about six o'clock one night on an elevated train in New York city, and expressed surprise that he should have been working at his office so late in the day. 'This is nothing unusual for me,' said the bank president; 'I am down town as late as this every day, and very often I remain until seven o'clock. I have tried a good many ways to find contentment in my life, and have decided that the only thing that brings it is good, hard, steady work, day in and day out.'

"These words have stayed with me ever since. There are many people in this country whose aim in life seems to be to get money by 'hook or crook,' without working for it, and there are many others who inherit large fortunes. These persons spend their lives in dawdling in this corner and that corner of the world, trying to spend their time without doing anything in particular, and they fail utterly to find the peace and happiness of which they are in search.

"Young men, and old men, too, should learn the truth that the only real, lasting pleasure in life comes from being actually busy at some work every day; doing something worth while, and doing it as well as you know how. The more we appreciate this fact the more will we be able to make the most of our lives."—Success.

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 perfumery for a Christmas present, I'll give him that painting for a New Year's present."

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.

THE GLACIER

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