## THE HALL OF WASTED THINGS.

At the Castle of Men's Sorrows, in the Hall of Wasted Things, Are broken old betrothals, and old be

trothal rings, And long-forgotten kisses, and old letters never sent.

And heartstrings of young lovers that faithless ones have rent,

And long-since burnt-out passions, and the fires of wasted loves,

And cast-off maidens' ringlets, and pairs of maidens' gloves,

And smiles that men have treasured, and sweet glances gone astray,

And broken words of lovers, and hours of many a day.

Now with these I'd fain deposit some few things of my own-

Some paltry, wasted triffes that some one has outgrown;

This tiny, battered locket, and this bit of gem-set gold,

And the love I've left unspoken, and the love I may have told:

May they lie and be forgotten, where the gray-robed angel sings-

The Angel of Oblivion, in the Hall of Wasted Things.

-Life.

00 go: THE NIGHTINGALE. 00 80

T HE suburban road was gay with the plumes of flowering the the plumes of flowering lilac and the bright promise of laburnum. The red buds on the May bushes had not yet uncuried. The water cart had just gone by, leaving a pleasant scent of wet earth.

She was leaning her arms on the gate and looking away from him.

"So it's no use?" he said-he also was quiet except for passing tradesmen, whose carts now and then flashed along its silence. He had called to bring her a book, and she had walked with him to the gate. He had not meant to speak them-had indeed rehearsed many a time a declaration to be made in very different surroundings-but she looked so dear in her blue morning gown, the breeze of spring played so charmingly with that hair of hers that quite suddenly he had spoken, and she had said "No.'

"It's no use?" he repeated, for she still kept silence, and her eyes were far away.

"No, it's no use," she said. "I couldn't marry anyone unless I was so fond of him that I couldn't bear my life without him. That's the only excuse for marriage."

"Then I'm not to come here any more -I suppose?"

"Oh, dear!" she said, drawing her eye brows together with a worried frown, "why did you go and spoil it all? It was all so pleasant! Can't you be really sensible? Let us go on just as we were, and pretend that nothing has happened."

"No," he said, "I shall go away. When one lives in lodgings they may as well be in Putney or Kew-as here. She thought how dull tennis and dance and picnic would be without him, and said stiffly, "Just as you please, of course."

Then her face lighted up as the rattle of hoop and hoopstick and little patter-

the nightingale's got such a pretty tle thing, but it was all I could do for home, in the warm country where he the dear. And it did her good. You lives, that he can't make up his mind to said so." come here."

"Oh, Sissy, he must come: i can't lie still all the time unless he comes! Do stayed in that wood all night, every please ask God to tell the nightingale night? You imitated the nightingale how badly I want him. And, Sissy, put out the night light. Perhaps he doesn't

he couldn't know I've got broken, could he?" "No, my preclous, no. Try to go to

sleep, and Sissy will wake you if he the child." begins to sing."

But Vynie could not sleep, and by morning the fever was high. She talked and moaned and laughed, but always ble hand and touched her neck. her cry was for the nightingale.

"Master Tom, miss, to inquire." Rose went down, trembling with want of sleep, haggard with anxiety. face-I don't in the least mind dying and whites alke, the shortest road to She took the great basket of roses her friend had brought, and, holding it, told him how the night had passed. "They were singing like mad down by the station," he said. "Confound the brutes! I expect your nightingale isn't coming this year."

"Don't," said the girl. "I believe Vynie will have no rest if he doesn't. When she heard the church bells this morning she told me to send to the clergyman and tell him to explain to God that she couldn't do without the nightingale. Oh, my own little girl! Oh,

Tom, she's all I have." Tom was not such a fool as to say, You have me." He only said, "Yes, I know," and pressed her hand.

"You are good," she said, and went back to the child.

A little fitful sleep came in the long night hours of that terrible Sunday, but it was broken and feverish, and at evleaning on the gate. The road was very ery awakening the little voice, growing ever weaker, said:

"Isn't it dark yet? Won't God send the nightingale? Oh, Sissy, I do want to hear him."

The old servant, who had been with the two sisters since Vynie's birth, two months after the father's death had cost the life of the mother, insisted on sending Rose to rest, and sat by Vynie's side.

"Nursey," whispered the child, "come close. Will you do what I say?"

"Anything, my precious," said the old woman, holding the hot little hauds in her smooth, withered palms.

"Well, kneel down and tell God I shall die if I'don't have the nightingale. God will attend to you because you always remember to say your prayers. I forget mine sometimes, even when I'm not very sleepy. Oh, nursey, I shall never be sleepy any more. Do tell God all about it."

The old woman knelt by the bedside, and with a faith simple and beatuiful as the child's own "told God all about

The dusk was deepening. The child lay with cheeks scarlet against the white pillow and shining eyes fixed on the slowly darkening squares of the window. She moaned with pain and the misery of sleeplessness.

"Open the window, nursey, my dear," she said softly when the night had almost fallen. "I think I heard some-

thing.' When the window was opened Vynie

# "Yes, my sweetneart: but perhaps for you in the winter? It was a stilly lit-the nightingale's got such a pretty the thing, but it was all f could do for TEACHING REDSKINS. [like them. The children of our aborts-he nightingale's got such a pretty the thing, but it was all f could do for TEACHING REDSKINS. [like them. The children of our aborts-he nightingale's got such a pretty the thing, but it was all f could do for

CHILDREN.

Progress Made by the Introduction of

schools scattered throughout the West-

by Miss Estelle Reel.

He turned aside his head, exhausted. METHOD OF EDUCATING INDIAN Rose's eyes were full of tears. "You in all the wind and rain? And now-She had crouched by the bed, and laylike to sing till he's sure I'm in bed, and ing her head on her hands she sobbed aloud.

> "Don't," he said, feebly; "it was nothing. Just a little thing to please

She lifted her face, flushed and distorted by her violent weeping, and laid It gently against his. He put up a fee-

"You're sorry for me," he whispered. her career as superintendent she be-"You needn't be. I can't even be uncame convinced, as she herself expresshappy after this. Your face-your dear es it, that "among all children, Indians

now. She sprang up. "Dear Tom-my own dear Tom! You're not going to die. I shall send nurse to take care of you.

Now promise me at once, that you will get well, because Vynie and I cannot results have been gratifying in the possibly live without you. My dear, dear, dear----

Tom did not give the promise, but he did what was better. He got well. When first he saw Vynie, now walking cheerfully with the crutches that would soon be laid aside, she told him about the nightingale.

"And, do you know," she said, "Sissy says he never sang after you got ill. I suppose God was so busy taking care of you that he hadn't time to bother with naughty nightingales that wouldn't do their singing. The nightingale sang very nicely, though, when forts of those teachers who adopted he was made to. Only I thought after a bit he seemed a little husky.'

"Perhaps he caught a cold," said Tom. "Some of the nights were very a really fair trial. The result has been wet.

"Perhaps he did-like you, know," said Vynie cheerfully. "Well, he was a naughty nightingale. But if he had a cold I hope he had some one ly practical character of instruction in as Nursey and Sister to look after him, our own schools; the kindergarten has like they did you.'

"I think he had," said Tom.

even if he was naughty, because he helped me to get well."

"It would make him very happy if he knew that."

"Do you think he does know?" "Yes, I think so."

"Well, whether or no," said Vynie, comfortably, "I'll go out into the wood and tell him all about it if he sings in that wood next year."

But the nightingale never sang in that wood again .- Collier's Weekly.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

Awful Suffering of the Victims of the Traffic in Humanity,

Every one knows how wearlsome it is to lie for any great length of time in one position, even on a well-made bed. We must needs turn over when we are awakened in the night. But the slaves were chained down naked on the planks of the decks and shelvesplanks that were rough just as they came from the saw, and had cracks between them. No one could turn from side to side to rest the weary body. They must lie there on their backs for inal land holders are now wards of the thinking people they are entitled to

kindly consideration." WHERE IMMIGRANTS LAND.

Extensive Quarters Being Built on Ellis Island, New York.

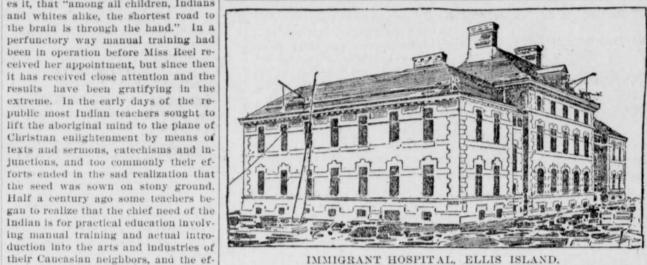
Manual Training Into Schools-Gratifying Results of an Experiment Tried Early next year the immigrant who arrives in New York Bay will make his first landing on free soil in one of a set of spacious buildings which are now in Since her appointment as superintencourse of erection on Ellis Island, New dent of Indian schools Miss Estelle Reel York Bay. The new immigrant stahas accomplished wonders by the introtion, when completed, will consist of duction of manual methods in agency the large examination and office building, a restaurant, laundry and bathern States and territories. Early in

wooden building 750x250 feet was nation, and in the minds of most right- erected on Ellis Island as a station at an expense of between \$500,000 and

\$600,000. It was opened on New Year's Day, 1891. On the night of June 15, 1897, the big nondescript building, described at the time as a veritable tinderbox, was burned to the ground, fortunately without the loss of a life. The immigration office was moved back to its original home in the barge office and preparations were made for the construction of a series of fireproof buildings to replace the old buildings. The cost of these is over \$1,000,000.

## Too Many Fried Messes.

Dr. Jacobi, writing in the Medical house, a power-house and a hospital Record, says that in the United States and a physician's house. All of these there is one physician to every 600 peo-



IMMIGRANT HOSPITAL, ELLIS ISLAND.

are to be fireproof. The government ple-proportionately twice as many as fruitful. It was not until the advent, does not intend that the catastrophe in Great Britain, four times as many as which destroyed the old station on the France has, five times as many as Ger-Fight of June 15, 1897, and threatened many has and six times as many as so satisfactory that doubtless the work the lives of between 200 and 300 immi- Italy has. And Dr. Jacobi might have grants, shall be repeated. No wood gone on to show that we take an intermain building except in the floors of and in various other forms of extra-prothe offices on the second story and in fessional treatment which is almost non-existent in Europe.

There must be some explanation of this American craze for doctoring, Ceran alling race. On the contrary we are

It may be that our backwardness in distant passer-by on the water by four the art of cooking has a great deal to towers. The exterior in some respects do with it. Outside of a few highlysuggests an exhibition hall. Owing to favored centers the efforts of cooks are the absence of any buildings not in har- directed chiefly to the concocting of mony with it in dimensions and design, sundry fried messes that are interesting to the palate but productive of that one-half acres of ground and is 165x400 and afterward of all manner of disorders, from a general sense of gloom and

Sunday Manday 110.194 Auroday BRYCER 25 1

will be still further developed in future. Observers of educational prog- has been used in the construction of the est in patent or proprietary medicines ress are impressed with the increasingthe trimmings. passed the experimental stage and be-The architects have adopted a color come an important educational factor: scheme in red brick, Indiana limestone "Anyway, I shall always love him, manual training has been substituted and Maine granite. The design is pick- tainly it is not that we are a sickly and for the dreary grind of word drill, to ed out in the light stones and accentuthe immeasurable benefit of pupils, and ated by the contrasting tints. The big exceptionally hardy and enduring. building is further accentuated to the

the eye does not convey to the mind from this system of education Miss an idea of its size. It covers one and lumpy feeling in the pit of the stomach this educational revolution to the chil- feet.

nature teaching is rapidly replacing the many of the primary schools throughout the country.

Reel said recently: "The benefits of

husks of dead knowledge in every university and in all the better normal schools and high schools, as well as in In speaking of the benefits accruing

this plan were always more or less

of Miss Reel that the system was given

ing feet drew her eyes to the other side of the road, where a little girl in a scarlet frock came quickly along the asphalt, her brown hair flying behind her. "Here's Vynie---'

The child saw her sister and her friend, for he was a friend to all children, and struck the hoop so that it bounded on the curb and flew into the middle of the road. The little scarlet figure followed it. Then, in a flash, a butcher's cart from a side road, a clatter, a scream, a curse, and the butcher was reining in his horse thirty yards down the road and looking back over his blue shoulder at a heap of scarlet with it, and over which a girl in a blue gown and a man in a gray suit were bending.

. . . . . . .

"Her leg is broken. They have set it. It will be months before she can walk. But they say she will be all right again then."

The two were standing at the gate again, but now there was no fresh rose in her face, and in his eyes no light of passion.

"My poor dear," he said-and she did not resent the words-"let me do anything I can. Forget all that folly of this morning, and let me help my poor little Vynie."

"I will-you shall," she said, looking at him through swollen eyelids red with weeping; "but there is nothing any one can do. It is horrible! When I told her she would have to lie still for a time she tried to smile, and then she said, 'Don't cry, Sissy, I will be as good as gold;' and then she said she should sleep all day, and lie awake at night to hear the nightingale. She has never heard it yet."

He remembered how he had listened to the nightingale in the copse behind her house on many a summer night when he had walked lonely in the fields to see her light in the window and her shadow on the blind, and he sighed, and said:

"The nightingales are singing bravely In the wood beyond the station. I'm glad she has thought of something that pleases her, poor darling."

Vynie, lying still and rigid in her splints, with wide-open eyes, watched the day die. Then the lamp was lighted. and presently in its turn gave place to the yellow glow of the night light, and she?" the great shadows it cast.

"Are you asleep, Sissy, my own?" said the little voice.

"No, my darling." Rose bent over the bed. "Does it want anything. Will it have some milk-nice fizzy milk?"

"No-yes: but I want to hear the nightingale, Sissy. Why doesn't he begin? Isn't it late enough ?"

that after a moment was softly broken pleasant weather in port. by two or three mellow notes. "Is it-oh, is it? Nursey-Nursey-

"It's the nightingale, right enough, my pet," said the old woman, as Rose crept into the room like a ghost in her white dressing gown.

"Oh, Sissy, my own! It is--it is! God's not forgotten me. He's going to let me go to sleep, and I shall hear the nightingale even when I'm asleep. Listen?" Again the full notes pierced the soft darkness.

Rose gathered her little sister in her arms, and together they listenedand brown that now had crimson mixed Vynle to the song of the nightingale

against her bosom.

"She's asleep," said the nurse, softly. "I won't move," whispered Rose, "I'll There was never a voyage even in the stay here. Oh, thank God, thank God!"

it seemed to Rose that he grew paler and thinner in this anxious time, and every night the notes of the nightingale sounded from the dark wood-through nights radiant with clear moonlight, and through the black darkness of night wild with wind and rain. And Vynle grew stronger and ate and drank and played dominoes, and was on the

high road to well-being once more. Then came a night when the nightingale did not sing. Vynie did not miss it; she slept so sound o' nights now. And on that night followed a day when Tom did not come, and then another day, and another. Rose missed him angry at his absence; on the second, nurse to see whether he was ill.

"You'd best go round," said the old woman when she came back from her mission; "he's more than ill. Pneumonia or something, and he keeps asking for you. Go you; I'll stay with the child. He's got no one with him but his landlady, a feckless body, if ever there was one. Go now, my lamb."

So Rose went. His face showed ghastly in the frame

of his disordered hair and of a three days' beard.

She came to him and took his hands, "That woman says I'm dying," he whispered; "but Vynie's all right, isn't

"Yes, yes; but what have you been doing? Oh. Tom, it isn't my fault, is it Tom? I didn't drive you into folly? That woman says you've been out all night-every night since Vynle's been ill. Say it wasn't my doing.'

"It was for Vynie," he said. "I was the nightingale, dear. Don't you remember how I used to call the robins portance than her rights.

held her breath and listened to a silence eighteen hours at a sfretch even in

Hard as that fate was, new tortures

were added with the first jump of the ship over the waves. For she must roll to the pressure of the wind on the salls, so that those on the weather side found their heels higher than their heads, and when the ship's angle increased under the weight of a smart breeze the unfortunate sometimes sagged down to leeward, until they were stopped by the irons around ankle and wrist. They were literally suspended -crucified in their shackles.

Even that was not the worst of their sufferings that grew out of the motion and Rose with a full heart to the of the ship, for she was rarely steady breathing, gradually more even and when heeled by the wind. She had to tranquil, of the little child she held roll, and as she did so the slaves sometimes slid to and fro, with naked bodies on the rough and splintery decks.

best ships where the slaves did not Tom came every day to inquire, and suffer tortures from mere contact with the slave-deck.

To the sufferings due to these causes were added other torments, when the weather was stormy. For then it was necessary to cover the hatches lest the waves that swept across the deck pour down and fill the ship. The slaves were confined in utter darkness, and the scant ventilation afforded by the hatchways was shut off. Serious as that was, still worse must be told. The negroes were made violently seasick more readily than white people eventhey sometimes died in their convulsions. The heat and foul air quickly brought on more serious illness; but miserably. On the first day she was there the slaves were kept in their anxious; on the third she sent the old helpless and wholly unattended .-Scribner's.

## He Addressed the Jury.

A man who had never seen the inside of a courtroom until he was introduced in a case pending in one of the Scottish courts, on being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury and began telling his story to the judge. The judge, in a bland and courteous manner, said:

'Address yourself to the jury, sir." The man made a short pause, but, notwithstanding what had been said to him, continued his narrative.

The judge was then more explicit. and said to him: "Speak to the jury, sir: the men sitting behind you on the benches."

The witness at once turned around, and, making an awkward bow, said with perfect gravity:

"Good morning, gentlemen."-Buffalo Courier.

A woman's wrongs are of more im-



EDUCATING YOUNG LATTER DAY SAVAGES.

dren and youth of America have been very great, yet the advantages of the for the hospital and furnish a basin for of medicine to complete collapse and a modern method are incomparably the anchorage of the steamers used in fierce struggle with death. greater to Indian children than to their transporting the immigrants, a new A good cook can come pretty near to Caucasian contemporaries. Allowing island, about three acres in extent, has keeping the doctor out of the house .for exceptional cases, the Indian child been made southwest of the main isl- New York World. is of lower physical organization than and and parallel to it. The two are the white child of corresponding age. connected on the Jersey City side by a His forearms are smaller and his fincrib. The hospital is being built on gers and hands less flexible; the very the Jersey City end of this new rect- carrot will add to the popularity of that structure of his bones and muscles will angle of land. The physician's house is somewhat prosaic vegetable. It is said not permit so wide a variety of man- to stand on the southwestern extrem- that not only is this a wholesome and ual movements as are customary ity. The other buildings are on the sustaining article of food, but that among Caucasian children, and his main island, the restaurant, laundry when partaken of in the morning, regvery instincts and modes of thought and bathhouse adjoining the main ularly and plentifully, it has a beautifyare adjusted to this imperfect manual building on the northwest end and the ing effect, surpassing that of any comdevelopment. In like manner his face power-house occupying the north side

is without that complete development of the island. of nerve and muscle which gives character to expressive features; his face plers and ferry slip are to be connected seems stolid because it is without the with covered passageways, so that term of derision, but under the new mechanism of free expression, and at from the moment he lands on the islthe same time his mind remains meas- and until he leaves it the immigrant is carrots and grow young is the motto of urably stolid because of the very ab- not once in the open air unless he is sence of mechanism for its own expres- permitted to walk upon the broad promsion. In short, the Indian instincts and enade on the roof. There are no loopnerves and muscles and bones are ad- holes by which he may leave without justed one to another, and all to the the consent of the officials.

habits of the race for uncounted gener- Ellis Island has been used as an imations, and his offspring cannot be migration station since 1891. Shortly a seedless apple. These new apples are chains for days at a stretch, wholly taught to be like the children of the after Congress relieved New York State superior in flavor to the ordinary kinds. white man until they are taught to do of the supervision of the European im- High prices are being paid for the trees,

In order to provide greater isolation dissatisfaction and need of some sort

### Carrot Works Wonders.

Perhaps the new claim made for the pound sold at the beauty factories. Carrots make the skin smooth and clear. All of the buildings and the landing the eyes bright and the hair soft and luxuriant. "Carroty hair" has been a interpretation it is a thing of joy. Eat those who have discovered the hygienic merits of this lowly vegetable .- New York Press.

### Seedless Apples.

A fruit-tree propagator has produced



Three-quarter Coat. Cloth Frock Trimmed with Bandana Silk. Seasonable Costume of Light Cloth. Visiting Costume,