

O Peace, Eternal.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it fieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it fieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

O rest of rests! O peace, serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, forever and forever!
—Harriet Beecher Stowe.



"The book," mildly objected Miss Molly Caldwell. "The book says 'prominence.'"

"I can't help what the book says," retorted her companion, tailor fashion on the floor with a phrenological chart in her lap. "I say bumps—and it is much the best word, too. I believe he has seen ghosts—he has the ghost-seer's bump over his forehead. And bumps do count. Look at that bump of firmness on top of his head. Isn't he the hardest-headed man you know? And that bump of ideality over the temple. If he hadn't had ideality to burn do you suppose he could ever have fallen in love with Sarah Saunders?"

"Mary, my dear—"
"But it is true, Aunt Molly."
"How do you know?"

"Why, he was asleep in the hammock and my window was open. If I had put out my hand I could have touched his head."

Miss Molly accepted the change of issues. "And you did it," she said with grim conclusiveness.

"I didn't, either. I could see. Can't you see that bump on top of his head?"

"I know Henry Stothers is hard-headed without looking at his bumps and—"

"Of course. And I'm trying to find out what else he is"—she mused over her chart—"Wit joins ideality. Now



"I say bumps," he has a perfect ridge along the edge of his temple, but—do you consider him witty?"

"Really, Mary, if you believed a man to have an atom of brains would you accuse him of having fallen in

love with a spinster years older than himself? A man of his age?"

"Why, Aunt Molly. But I don't mean wits. Wit! Have you heard him say anything witty? You had a long chat with him yesterday. Please think."

Miss Molly passed that memorable conversation in gloomy review. The good natured indolence with which he had laughed down the proposition she had schooled herself to suggest: "Dear lady, I'm a dozen years too old for your little girl." Mary looked up dreamily from her chart: "Benevolence."

"He has a hole there."
"Oh, no. He has the kindest heart in the world. Why, he opened the gate yesterday for Roco when somebody had shut the poor fellow out. And then his falling in love with poor old Sarah Saunders—"

"You have already used that to prove his ideality."

Mary sighed. "I do wish I could get hold of somebody's head to feel."
"Why not feel your own?"

"It doesn't do any good. No matter where I find a bump I imagine right away I'm that. I believe I'll ask Mr. Stothers if he has ever seen a ghost. Language. Ah, ha. And he hasn't got prominent eyes."

"I should say not. He has deep-set eyes—and very fine ones."

"Of course he has. That's the reason he threw down my volume of German poetry and called it guttural conundrums."

Miss Molly laughed in spite of that ever-present sense of uneasiness. "I confess, Mary, you and your Spurzheim are too many for me."

"But it is so fine to see it all work right out. I'll bet he has seen ghosts. Oh, Aunt Molly, please let me feel your head—just a minute."

"Mary, have mercy on my hair."
"Just your forehead. Oh, you are so good. See if it don't work out. Bump over the corner of the eye? Order. And look at this house. Of course, order. Just above the nose? Individuality. Didn't I tell you. Just above ideality? That's—oh, yes; ideality, good memory for events. Do you remember events, Aunt Molly?"

"There is the dinner bell, Mary, and your hair is startling. Run along."
"But you do, don't you?"

"Yes, yes. Run along." Remember events? If she had not been afflicted with that bump of ideality she would long ago have been a busy wife and mother instead of a weary-hearted old maid. No wonder she was interested in getting Henry Stothers married. As long as he remained single how could she hope to forget the chain of events that had come so near to binding them together for life, or that other event that had come like a cold chisel to cut the chain? If she could have forgotten—but she could not forget. And now he was home again on the old farm that was half his from his mother, and half hers from her father. Home again after a dozen years of travel, with his bump of stubbornness bigger than ever. Reading and sleeping in the hammock just as he used to do when he was a boy—a dear, hard-headed boy; calling her Molly, and guying her just as he used to do before the dancing brook of their boy and girl friendship broke through into deeper waters. Well, but that was over and done with. So done with, she had found it almost easy to comment upon his single state, pointing out that if he intended to marry he should not postpone it much longer. Mary, at fresh fifteen, had seemed to her exactly what would take the eye of mature thirty-five. And Stothers had laughed at her. Very much as he had laughed once when she proposed to use perch hooks for trout. Well! But, of course, he must marry. And surely Mary was much more attractive than that—that Sarah Saunders. Why, she had been a grown girl when they were children. But it was no use talking to him. He would do whatever he took it into his hard head to do, and—"

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"I know. But he wasn't. Because he says that bump on top of the head means firmness, and you have—"

She stopped confused and Stothers covered her confusion with half-abstent kindness.

"So Spurzheim has passed judgment on my head as well as on Aunt Molly's? Thus far I admit his measurements. Prithee, pupil of that prince of phrenologists, what other bumps have you placed to my credit?"

Mary saw her opening. "Mr. Stothers, did you ever see a ghost?"

And Stothers, also, saw an opening—one that he had been seeking through many lonely years.

"Ghosts? Have I a ghost-seeing bump?"

"Yes, sir; please don't joke."
"Joke." Stothers pushed aside his dessert and fell to crumming cake. A sudden uneasiness had fallen upon his long fingers. "I could not joke about my ghost," he said gravely.

"Then you have seen one?"
"Almost every night for twelve years."

"Didn't I tell you, Aunt Molly? Right above the forehead. Oh, please, Mr. Stothers, is it always the same ghost?"

"Always the same. A young girl in a white dress. She comes down a moonbeam tearing a red rose to pieces. Always tearing it to pieces."

"Why, auntie."
"It is too close in here for you, Molly. You look white. Come in the garden with me while I smoke. Come on." His hand closed over her arm with an authoritative pressure, but through her sleeve she could feel how cold his fingers were.

"Please don't say anything," she pleaded incoherently.

"There is nothing to say, dear, ex-

"Auntie, Mr. Stothers says won't your dreams wait until after dessert?"

"Dreams? I'm not dreaming!"

"Not by a million. You never dream. Why, you weren't dreaming the time you sat up in the apple tree until the wind blew you out."

"Auntie, did that ever happen to you?"

"Oh, yes; when I was quite a small child. About twenty years ago."

"Twenty—Oh, Mr. Stothers, you must have as good a memory for events as Aunt Molly has."

"Your Aunt Molly has no memory for events, little girl."

"Why, yes she has. Look what a bump of ideality she has—at least



"If it hadn't been for Spurzheim's little pupil."

you have to feel for it—but it is right where Spurzheim says it should be—and, besides, she remembers everything."

"Everything?"
"Everything that has happened to her, I mean."

"Oh, no, she doesn't, little lady. Why, she can forget ten things where I cannot forget one. If that bump on her brow meant ideality, there would be a regular rhinoceros horn in the middle of my forehead."

"But Spurzheim says that is what it means and she says—"

"Some people will tell you that Spurzheim was a fraud."

"I know. But he wasn't. Because he says that bump on top of the head means firmness, and you have—"

She stopped confused and Stothers covered her confusion with half-abstent kindness.

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"There is nothing to say, dear, ex-

cept that we have lost twelve years through my top-knot and the Lord alone knows how many more we would have lost if it hadn't been for Spurzheim's little pupil. God bless her. Molly—Molly."

SHOWING HIM THE CITY.

Boston Young Man Proved Poor Guide for Friend.

Edward Farmer of Boston sat in an electric car the other day behind two young men. One of the young men was a Bostonian, and the other was a visitor from the West. The former was showing the city to the latter.

As the car glided past Copley square, the Bostonian pointed out the plain and massive building of the public library to his friend.

As most of the world knows, the people of Boston, when they built this library out of the municipal funds, resolved to make it the show place of New England. They carried out their resolution well, and the beautiful, costly building, with its excellent architecture and its decorations by Sargent, Puvis de Chavannes and Abbey, is studied and admired by visitors from all parts of the globe.

"There," said the young Bostonian, "is the public library. I guess you've often heard of that."

The other looked at the library and nodded his head in approbation.

"Fine," he said. "Did Carnegie give it?"

The Bostonian hesitated. "I don't know," he said. "I'm not quite sure whether Carnegie gave it or not. Come to think of it, though, I believe he did. Yes, he did. Carnegie gave it."

Mr. Farmer smiled, but said nothing.

SOPHS MADE A MISTAKE.

Interruption That Put Stop to Fun of Hazing Party.

Jesse Lynch Williams, who has written some delightful stories of student life at Princeton and who has lived there since his graduation from the university, is a very youthful looking man, with a frank, boyish face and slender figure that do not betray the dignified paternity of three fine boys. Early in the autumn, just after college had opened, he was crossing the campus one morning when a party of sophomores suddenly surrounded him.

"Stop!" commanded one. Mr. Williams stopped.

"Take off that hat!" said another. The hat came off.

"What do you mean by wearing a stiff hat here?" demanded another. "Put it down."

The hat was laid aside. "Now walk over to that tree and stand there till we tell you to—"

But the hazing got no further, for an older student came along just then and recognized Mr. Williams.

"What the deuce do you fellows mean?" he asked. "Don't you know an old grad when you see one?" and the wise sophs melted among the trees in the heat of their woeeful apologies.

—New York Times.

Her Defective Memory.

Mrs. Ferguson had just returned from an entertainment, and was in ecstasies over a young woman elocutionist who had taken part in it.

"She had on a trained gown of dark purple velvet," she said, "with bodice trimmed in deep collar of real Irish lace and lace cuffs. She wore her hair pompadour and had a diamond cluster at her throat."

"What did she recite?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"Something about a little girl whose mother lost her in the park, or somewhere. I've forgotten the name of it. You know well enough what a wretched memory I have. But it was awfully pathetic. What are you grinning about, I'd like to know?"

King's Life Insured for Millions.

Don Carlos, king of Portugal, has life insurance amounting to about \$3,000,000 in American money. His majesty is continually at war with his weight, which, by dint of a vigorous outdoor life, he has reduced from over 300 pounds to about 225.