

A SONG.

A song rolled out of a heart one day,
And it drifted over a distant bay.
It carried a message of hope and cheer,
And its charm was breathed in a listening ear;
For it soothed the brows that were lined with care,
And it stayed the white in the midnight hair;
It whispered the calm of a heart at rest;
And it stilled the ache in the troubled breast.
A psalm to defy all hopeless fears,
A song that will live for a thousand years.

—Waverley Magazine.

A CALL IN BUSINESS HOURS

THE young man at the desk was busy, very busy. He was always busy. He made a specialty of hard work. No doubt he carried the fad too far. His complexion had lost its ruddy glow, his muscles were relaxing. But he worked on.

The fact is, he was determined to succeed. He wanted fame and he wanted money. He wanted fame for itself, and he wanted money because it meant power. It meant something else to him—at least he hoped it did—something so far away that it made him gasp to think that he could ever stretch out his arms for it.

John Hammond often said to him—John Hammond was his partner and very good friend—

"Jim Warwick, you're putting too much fuel into your firebox. You'll have nothing to fall back upon when you need a little reserve force. Slack up, my boy, and take things easier. We are doing well enough. This is a rising firm. We are going to climb all right and there's no use taking any short cut to the summit. Put on the brakes, my lad."

So spoke John Hammond, three-and-thirty, to James Warwick, nine-and-twenty. It was the voice of experience and the voice of wisdom, but James Warwick wasn't ready to heed it.

Once in a while John Hammond drew him into society, pleasant little card parties, a theater party once, and once a dance. John Hammond's wife liked Jim—everybody liked him, for that matter—there hadn't been a more popular man at college—and she devoutly wished that he would encounter some charming girl, who would lure him away from that littered desk for a reasonable portion of the time.

There was such a girl, but Anna Hammond, for all her cleverness, never dreamed of her identity. And Jim Warwick scarcely dared to dream it either.

Jim was alone in the office this January afternoon. Hammond's wife had called for him and he had gone away with her. She had put her bright face for a moment in the doorway.

"All work and no play makes Jim a dull boy," she cried. "I want you to come to dinner Sunday, and you are going with us to the theater next week. Good-by."

And Jim, looking after her, felt that Hammond was a very lucky man.

Presently he pushed the papers back and lifted his head with a little sigh. He even leaned back and pushed his hand through his thick hair. He felt a sudden impulse to grab his hat and run away. Was the game worth the candle?

He put his teeth together with a sharp click and seized his pencil again. "Lady wants to see you, sir."

It was the voice of the office boy in the doorway.

"Tell her Mr. Hammond is out."

"Asked for you, sir."

Warwick frowned.

"I'm very busy," he looked around.

"Are you sure she asked for me?"

"Sure. She said, 'I want to see Mr. Warwick.'"

Jim leaned over his papers again.

"Show her in," he said.

He did not hear the light footfall as the visitor entered. He was not aware of her presence until her pleasant voice electrified him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Warwick."

He turned sharply and arose. A dull red suddenly surged to his cheeks.

"Miss Ormsby," he stammered.

She put out her slim hand, and he took it timidly.

"How do you do, Mr. Warwick?"

"Thank you," he replied, "I am quite well."

She looked at him critically.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "I fancy I have seen you when you looked less tired."

"I am quite well," he repeated. He was still dazed by her sudden appearance.

"Will you take a chair?"

"Yes, thank you," she answered.

"Do I interrupt you at an inopportune moment?"

"Not at all," he replied, as he pushed the papers back.

"I warn you," she said, "that my business will take a little time."

"I am quite at your service," Warwick said. He was beginning to feel more at his ease. He knew that he hadn't appeared at his best. She had startled him by entering in this unex-

pected manner. He never could have dreamed that such a call was possible. Yet there she was, almost beside him, her fair presence filling the dingy room with radiance. There was a little silence.

"This is entirely a confidential matter, Mr. Warwick."

He bowed and waited, but she seemed at a loss for further words. Yet the glance from her clear gray eyes did not waver.

"Mr. Warwick," she presently said, "I fancy I have known you much longer than you imagine."

She met his surprised look with a little smile.

"I cannot understand," he said, "how you have this advantage—if advantage it may be called."

"Do you remember Arthur Ridgely?"

"I remember an Arthur Ridgely who was a college man."

"Arthur Ridgely is my half brother."

"But he never told me."

"I have no doubt he told you he had a sister."

"Yes, I remember now. I was a tutor then. He did tell me of his sister. He seemed proud of her."

She nodded.

"Arthur and I are quite alone in the world. We are very dear to each other."

She paused for a moment. "You were kind to the delicate boy, Mr. Warwick. He never wrote me without telling of some new favor at your hands."

Warwick stirred uneasily, but she gave him no chance to speak.

"You were his hero as well as benefactor. I cannot tell you how my own heart throbbled with gratitude when I read those letters. I knew what an effort it was for Arthur to keep up with his college work. His health was always in a precarious condition. I think he would have given up long before he did if it had not been for your encouragement and your help."

"You magnify it so," said Warwick.

"Really, it was very little. I liked Arthur and it was natural that I should feel a sympathy for him. That is all there was of it. Arthur made too much of it."

She shook her head.

"I have my own opinion about that," she said. "Any way, you gained his warmest admiration." She opened her shopping bag and drew out two let-

ters. One she let fall in her lap, the other she opened. "Here," she said, "is the last letter he wrote before he was taken away from the school. I will read you an extract from it." She spread out the sheet. "I cannot tell you how kind and thoughtful Jim Warwick continues to be. I couldn't sleep last night, and he sat up with me. He quite made me forget the pain. And to think of such a fine, husky fellow bothering over a wretched runt like me! He's the only man I have ever met that I thought was good enough for you, sis—and I can't make it any stronger than that."

Her voice was clear and steady as she read this, and her cheeks did not flush.

Warwick started, but glib of tongue as he usually was, he could think of nothing to say.

The girl quickly refolded the letter.

"I have wanted to tell you how grateful I was," she said slowly, "but this seems to be the first chance I have had. We have met a number of times at social gatherings, but you have seemed to avoid me. Perhaps this was only fancy on my part. Any way, you gave me no chance to speak to

you about Arthur." Warwick tried to say something, but she stopped him again. "I had a letter from Arthur yesterday that prompted me to come here." She lifted the letter from her lap and held it lovingly. Then she laid it down again.

"Where is Arthur?" the young man softly asked.

"In the Hawaiian Islands with a trusty man. It seems to be the only climate that will keep him alive. He is on one of the smaller islands, high up above the sea level. He can never leave there."

Warwick nodded in profound sympathy.

"May I write to him?" he asked.

"Wait!" she said, "until I have quite finished." She drew a long breath.

"Let me leave this subject for a moment," she said, "I have something else to tell you. You know, I think, that Jotham Garth has managed my estate for many years—ever since my father's death left me an orphan. He feels that he is too old to continue to bear the growing responsibility. He has asked me to find some one else to take the burden from his hands. Will your firm accept it, Mr. Warwick?"

He was fairly staggered.

"Why, of course we will," he blurted out. "I beg your pardon. You surprised me so." He laughed suddenly.

"I beg your pardon again," he said, "but can you assure me that I am quite awake?"

She gently smiled.

"I can," she said. "And now I must ask you to forgive me for bringing the sordid element into what was intended to be purely a sentimental call. I have done it to show you that I have confidence in your integrity and your ability. I have done it to show that I am truly grateful for your kindness to my sick brother."

"Whatever your motive," murmured Warwick, "I accept the trust and thank you."

"The transfer of the papers will be made at any time you prefer," said the girl. "The business may necessitate several calls at my home. Will you attend to this, or would you prefer to have Mr. Hammond take it in charge?"

"I will come," he quickly said.

She smiled at his sudden vehemence.

"Merely business calls," he murmured.

She looked at him quizzically.

"Perhaps you will call this a good afternoon's work?" she said.

"A great afternoon's work, Miss Ormsby."

"Then it might appear to follow that you might reward yourself with a two weeks' vacation."

He shook his head.

"The vacation will have to wait," he said.

"That's bad. But really, it seems to me as if I might have something to say about it. If my business man shows signs of overwork it is to my interest to immediately order him to take a rest. I want bright and healthy as well as honest men to serve me. Do you understand, Mr. Warwick?"

"I understand that you are very kind and thoughtful, Miss Ormsby, and that I am under great obligations to you."

He drew a long breath.

"Do you know," he said, "that I felt just a little discouraged before you came in? The way upward suddenly seemed long, and the road so rough. And—and I wanted to climb so fast."

"And why have you wished to climb so fast, Mr. Warwick?"

He looked away, and his face was troubled.

"I can't tell you that, Miss Ormsby," he said, "at least not now. Some day perhaps—" He suddenly paused as if amazed at his own temerity.

She watched him with a steady gaze.

"Regard me as your friend, Mr. Warwick," she said in her earnest way. "Any confidence you may repose in me will be held sacred, as you know." She hesitated. "I have not quite done," she added, and her voice sank a little. "I had a letter from Arthur yesterday. Here it is." She lifted the letter from her lap and drew out the enclosure. Then she shifted her chair a little, so the light was at her back and her face in shadow. Slowly she spread out the sheet, and very slowly she read the written words.

"Sis, I am going to talk to you again about Jim Warwick. I suppose being alone out here—for Gresham doesn't count—with so much sea and sky to look at, and the harsh cries of the seabirds at your ears, and the surf forever breaking on the sands, a fellow can't help getting ideas in his head, and nursing them and turning them over, and holding them dear, and keeping a tight grip on them when he begins to think he's going mad. And the idea I've got in my head now—though it isn't a new one—is that you and Jim Warwick should marry. I know the end is near, sis. It's only a matter of a few months—may be weeks. But I'm going to keep alive until I hear from you and Jim. When I stop my pen—and you don't know how the writing tires me—and look up at those eternal mountains against the eternal blue sky, it seems to me that there are wavering shapes that hover about the trembling peaks, and they beckon, beckon, and it's a fancy of mine that they are waiting there for

me. For you get queer ideas here, with the surf forever throbbing in your ears and the cries of the birds jarring on your brain. I want to be at peace. But, somehow, I don't feel that I can go until I know just how it stands with you and Jim. You wrote me that you had met him and that you liked him—and that's all. I can't see how he could help liking you. Did you try to make him like you, sis? I know what it is. It's your money that frightens him. Jim would rather die than have it thought that he was a fortune hunter. Honest old Jim! Do you know what I've done? I've gone down on the beach and turned my face to the east and I've tried to influence Jim across the trembling waters and make him fond of you—and if there's anything in telepathy, I've succeeded. Of course, this is a sick man's fancy. It's that and nothing more. I can't bear to think of leaving you all alone. If you had Jim it would be all right. I tell you, sis, if you had any nerve you'd take this letter down to him and read it aloud. It would not be your voice, you know. It would be a voice from afar—it would be the pleading cry of a passing soul."

She stopped suddenly with a low sob, and the letter slipped from her fingers.

Warwick's eyes were on the papers that strewed his desk, but he suddenly looked up. Then he softly arose and closed the door tightly and slowly came back. And the girl, with her hands before her face, sobbed above the letter.

"Miss Ormsby," said Warwick, "I cannot begin to tell you how I appreciate the beautiful devotion that has prompted this act. Let us believe that you were influenced by the prayer that has gone out to you from that frail body pacing the lonely beach. It may be this influence that emboldens me to say what I might never have dreamed of saying. For Arthur is right, Miss Ormsby. It is your wealth that has kept me from you. It is for you that I have toiled here, and hoped and struggled. From the first time I saw you I knew you were the one woman in the world. I am glad to tell you this, Miss Ormsby. May I—may I write it to Arthur?"

He waited until she slowly raised her tear-stained face.

"I—thank you for your confession," she softly said, "and I know you to be an honorable man. Otherwise I could not have come." She paused, and her voice trembled when she resumed.

"And why may not that gentle spirit have influenced me, too?" she softly said.

He stared at her, and his face suddenly flushed.

"Mary Ormsby," he abruptly said, "will you be my wife?"

She put both her hands in his.

"We will write that letter together," she said.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fish Had False Teeth.

H. S. Noble, a well-known traveler, was at the American House, Denver, and with him he brought one of his stories with which he has thrilled the nation—at least that is what he says about them. Mr. Noble, it seems, had occasion, a few years ago to visit near Akron, Ohio, where is located a lake famous for its fishing.

"It was about this way," said Mr. Noble, "and there is no question about the absolute truth of the statements I am about to make. I was fishing in the lake, for fishing is one of my failings. I had not had very good luck so far that summer, and that was two years ago and I was getting just about tired enough to cut it all out and go home.

"On the day in question I received a mighty tug at my line, and after four hours' hard work I landed something in the shape of the largest fish I ever saw in fresh water. I have never been able to learn the name of it. It certainly was an awful fish for size. The jaw of the animal measured some five feet, and in the jaw is the interesting part of the story. On examination the fish had for teeth in its lower jaw a cross cut saw. When the saw was more closely examined the name of the man who had lost it was found. The saw had been lost in the lake some two winters before by a man who was cutting ice. The fish, which was an old one, and had lost its lower teeth, simply used the saw for a set of false teeth. The saw served its purpose remarkably well. The fish is now on exhibition in the store of a prominent hardware man in Akron."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Assistance.

"Which of these books or periodicals would you recommend?" asked the woman with a pleasant smile.

"Well, lady," answered the boy who was attending to the depot news stand, "it depends. If you want genuine first-class information I'd sell you dis copy of de Sportin' News, but if you jis' wants somethin' to f'row at de Pullman porter I'd recommend dis substantial-bound book—by Herbert Spencer."—Washington Star.

Same Occupation.

Man of the House—You're a bird; aren't you?

Tramp—Well, I'm pickin' up a livin' wherever I can.—Detroit Free Press.

OLD FAVORITES

The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I pace round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.—Charles Lamb.

Speed Away.

Speed away! speed away! on thine errand of light
There's a young heart awaiting thy coming to-night;
She will fondle thee close, she will ask for the loved,
Who pine upon earth since the "Day Star" has roved,
She will ask if they miss her, so long is her stay.

Speed away! speed away! speed away!

And, oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing,
That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing;
That she standeth alone in the still, quiet night,
And her fond heart goes forth for the being of light,
Who had slept in her bosom—but who would not stay?

Speed away! speed away! speed away!

Go, bird of the silver wing! fetterless now;
Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow;
But hie thee away, o'er rock, river and glen,
And find our young "Day Star," ere night close again;
Up, onward! let nothing thy mission delay.

Speed away! speed away! speed away!
—Isaac B. Woodbury.

At a Turkish Bookstall

A writer, who spent much of his early life in Turkey, observed that Turkish books and booksellers were amongst the curious features of the country. "The Turkish booksellers," he said, "has a soul above trade. He rarely or never attempts to push his wares, and will cheerfully turn his attention from a likely purchaser to one who (being a lover of literature) merely wishes to talk with him about books. He treasures some of his more valuable books so greatly that he can hardly be induced to sell them, although they form part of his stock in trade. It is only in disposing of the Koran that his commercial talents are seen. There is a law forbidding the sale of this sacred book, because it is essential to the salvation of every Turk, and the bookseller is supposed to give it away. So he does; but in this fashion: You make him a present of fifty plasters, and he makes you a present of the Koran! Many of the books displayed by the book-seller are in manuscript, which the old-fashioned Turks esteem more highly than print."

OPEN AIR FOR BEAUTY.



The votary of the open air treatment for beauty is well wrapped up and occupies a lounge chair out of doors with her feet raised from the ground, every day and in any weather, but especially when the sun shines.

A man feels a grievance because his wife wants to go everywhere he goes except when he comes to die, and then he feels wronged because she is to be left behind.



"I AM QUITE AT YOUR SERVICE."