

TWO SONGS.

The sun is gone from the valleys,
The air breathes fresh and chill;
On the barn roof, yellow with lichen,
A robin is singing shrill.

Like a tawny leaf is his bosom,
Like a dead leaf is his wing;
He is glad of the coming winter
As the thrush is glad of the spring.

The sound of the shepherd's piping
Comes down from a distant fold
Like the ripple of running water,
As tuneless and sweet and cold.

The two songs mingle together;
Like and unlike are they,
For one sounds tired and plaintive
And one rings proud and gay.

They take no thought of their music,
The bird and the shepherd lad;
But the bird voice thrills with rapture
And the human note is sad.

BENTON'S BELIEF.

"If you have never tried it, I don't see why you say it is all nonsense," she said.

"It's against all the rules of common sense," replied Benton. "The very idea of an illiterate woman having such a power is simply ridiculous."

He had attacked clairvoyancy merely because Miss Dale defended it. She always knit her brows at him so thoughtfully, regarded him so earnestly from those bright hazel eyes, and pursed up that dainty little mouth of hers so bewitchingly, that Benton could never resist the temptation of an argument with her.

Before coming to college Benton had known Ethel Dale slightly. They both lived in St. Louis, and had come east at the same time, he to enter Harvard, and she to live with an aunt in Boston and finish her education there. In his Freshman year he talked to his acquaintances about the "pretty little Western girl" he called on so often; in his Sophomore year he spoke of "Miss Dale" only to his most intimate friends; and now in his Junior year—well, he never mentioned her name at all, but was never prone to talk of the "ideal woman" and the "Western girl Easternized." The only bit of sentiment he was guilty of was to sit alone by his fire and imagine two bright eyes peering at him through the wreaths of his tobacco smoke.

"Oh, I was just as skeptical as you once," she continued, "but I was converted. We used to have quite an intelligent seamstress in St. Louis, who became a clairvoyant after she left us. I happened to notice her advertisement in a Boston paper, and went to see her. She didn't know who I was at all, and still she told me the most wonderful things about myself."

"How does she go about it?" asked Benton.

"Well, she takes you into a dark room and sits down directly opposite to you. The theory is, you know, that your thoughts show themselves by the twitching of the nerves in your fingers; so all through the seance she holds your hand. Then she falls into a trance and tells your fortune. She calls you some strange Indian name—she called me 'Pocahontas'—and talks in a shrill, piping voice that's awfully weird. All of a sudden she says 'good-by' and won't say another word. You'd better have a seance some day; it's great fun, and I'm sure you'd enjoy it. I've been round to see her quite often, just to talk with her, and she isn't a bit of a fraud."

But Benton absolutely refused to go. The principle of the thing was utterly bad, he said, and he did not believe in encouraging such tomfoolery. Miss Dale tried in vain to convince him, and really felt somewhat piqued when he said good-night, apparently entirely unmoved by her persuasions. In reality Benton had thought of going from the first, and now as he walked out to Cambridge, he decided to visit the clairvoyant at his earliest opportunity.

A few days after this conversation

Benton went to have a seance. He rang Miss Johnson's bell twice before anybody came. The door was finally opened by a short, delicate woman, with rather a pleasant expression. She looked as most seamstresses do, except that there was more intelligence about her face.

"Is Miss Johnson in?" inquired Benton.

The woman scrutinized him closely. "I'm her; sit down and wait, I'll be ready in a moment; and when the door opens, walk right in." She pointed to a door just opposite, and herself went out by a third door, which Benton heard her bolt on the other side. He was kept waiting for almost a quarter of an hour, and was just becoming impatient, when the door slowly swung open. It was perfectly dark inside, but Benton entered without hesitation.

He was hardly in, when a dark figure brushed past him, locked the door, and took out the key. Benton could feel his heart give a sudden bump against his side, and his hand instinctively felt for his watch. The dark figure now came towards him and said in a tremulous voice: "Two dollars, please." Benton kept a firm hold on his purse as he passed over the money.

As soon as his eyes became used to the darkness, Benton noticed that the clairvoyant was short and rather slight; in case of a row, he thought, he could easily manage her. She was dressed entirely in black, with a black veil over her face, and a heavy black shawl wrapped completely around her body. Her hair was entirely concealed by a covering of white lace, which looked unnaturally bright in comparison with her dark clothing. She motioned him to sit down and drew up her chair directly opposite. Her whole appearance was so strange and uncanny that Benton could not help shivering slightly as she reached out for his hand, for he expected to feel something moist and cold. To his astonishment her hand was soft and warm, and its very touch seemed to dispel his fear.

After sitting in this position for some moments, the clairvoyant began to breathe heavily, and finally gave a deep sigh. By this time Benton had entirely recovered his nerve.

The clairvoyant slowly nodded her head. "I will tell you about your past life, brave," she said, in a shrill, piping voice. The tone sounded so affected and unnatural that Benton became more and more sceptical.

The clairvoyant seemed a little nettled, and Benton could feel a slight tremor in her hand.

"I will tell you about your past, brave," she said at length.

The result was perfectly startling. She told him some of the most minute details of his life at home and at college, and finally said that he had lately lost a friend, whose spirit she saw hovering around him. It was only a week since one of Benton's classmates had died. He looked at the veiled figure before him with a feeling of awe, and the strange uncanniness of the thing began to come over him again.

"Have you any questions, brave?" the clairvoyant asked abruptly. Without taking time to consider, Benton inquired: "Will Harvard or Yale win the base-ball match next Saturday?"

"Harvard," replied the clairvoyant immediately. "Have you any more questions?"

Suddenly it occurred to him to ask about Ethel. The very idea of this increased his excitement; he could feel his heart beating fast again, and was afraid he could not control his voice. At length he pointed to a little piece of black ribbon, which Miss Dale had given him and which he wore in his buttonhole.

"I am in love with the girl who gave me this," he said, "and am thinking of proposing to her in a few days. Shall I do it?"

The clairvoyant seemed nettled, and there was a slight tremor in her hand. After a pause she said:

"Do you think you love her, brave?"

"I am sure of it," replied Benton.

For almost five minutes the clairvoyant sat perfectly silent and motionless, while Benton could hardly control his agitation. At length she spoke deliberately, as if weighing every word:

"When Harvard wins the game next Saturday, go to her immediately. If she asks you to dinner—propose?"

"Do you mean that she'll accept me?" cried Benton eagerly.

"Good-by, brave," said the clairvoyant, suddenly dropping his hand. She glided to the door and opened it, then disappeared through a door at the other side of the room. Benton watched her till she was gone, then rose mechanically and hurried out into the street. If Harvard won that game on Saturday he would be a convert to clairvoyancy.

Saturday afternoon came at last, and Benton was almost the first man on the field, for he really could not keep away. Benton had never seen so exciting a game in his life. Whenever Yale made a run, he thought that the game was lost, and whenever Harvard made a run, he acted like a maniac. In the last half of the ninth inning, with the score tied, Dean knocked his great home run into the willows in left field, and Harvard had won, nine to eight. Benton was off like a flash, tearing past the gymnasium and rushing on through the yard. At length, all breathless, he jumped on the back platform of a car. The first condition was fulfilled, Harvard had won; now—would she ask him to dinner?

It was not till he was on the doorstep and had rung the bell, that Benton began to think what he was doing. Probably she had been to the game with some other fellow. This apprehension was soon removed by the servant girl, who said Miss Dale was in and would be down directly.

"So far everything has gone right," thought Benton as he paced up and down the parlor to recover his composure. Suddenly his eye happened to wander into the back room. He started involuntarily. There, standing with her back towards him, was the figure of a woman dressed entirely in black, except for some white lace wrapped about her head. For some moments Benton stood still. "What the devil is that clairvoyant doing here; has she given me away to Ethel?" he muttered. The very idea of this made him furious. He went up and tapped her roughly on the shoulder.

The clairvoyant slowly turned—she had no veil on this time, and a pair of bright hazel eyes looked up at him roughly. "Will you stay to dinner, Mr. Benton?" she said.

During the evening Ethel managed to tell him that she had been calling on the clairvoyant one day and was sitting at the window, when she saw him on the steps. She persuaded the clairvoyant to let her play the trick, and being about her figure, managed to disguise herself completely.

"Imagine my feelings," she concluded "while I was thinking how to answer your last question."

"But how on earth did you know that Harvard was going to win?" inquired Benton.

"Oh, that was by clairvoyancy," laughed Ethel. "Do you believe in it now?"

"Do I?" said Benton.—Harvard Advocate.

WHY MEN CROSS THEIR LEGS.

Some Queer Characteristics of Men of Talent.

Men generally cross their legs when there is least pressure on their minds. You will not very often find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing

accounts will seldom cross his legs; neither will a man who is writing an article or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actively engaged. When at work in a sitting posture the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained, he bounds forward toward his neighbor and begins to use his hands.

But these observations are made of mankind in general. There are particular cases that are otherwise. There are certain men of distinguished talents who, when engaged in literary work, twist their legs into intricate coils. One of the most eminent dramatists in this country never abandons himself to deep thought without contorting his limbs, which are long and slender, into a kind of angular scroll-work under the table. Another man, whose poems appear most frequently in the magazines, seems actually to wring his emotions out of his legs, as if they were sponges sopped in the afflatus. However, these are exceptional mannerisms by which particular men of brains are insensibly affected. Some men twist their beards when they are in deep thought, others scratch their heads abstractedly, while others, again, chew their finger nails. To this absent-minded genus belongs now and then a man who cannot ponder severely without making his legs express all the emotions of thought.—New York Recorder.

WHO ARE THE HAPPIEST?

Dr. Authority Says People Whose Lives Are Devoted to Science.

The earl of Derby answered this question recently in an address to the Scientific and Technological School of Liverpool, an institution of which he was one of the founders. He said:

"Having known men of many professions, I should say that the happiest lives are those which have been devoted to science. Every step is interesting, and the success of those who do succeed is lasting.

"What general, what orator, what statesman, what man of letters can hope to leave a memory like that of Darwin? An invalid in health, a man who seldom stirred from home, a man until his later years very little known to the outer world, but who from his quiet study revolutionized the thought of Europe and will be remembered as long as Newton and Bacon.

"If fame is worth working for—I do not say it is—that kind of fame is surely the most durable and the most desirable of all."

These words are true of the disinterested men of science. We have never had in this country men more uniformly cheerful and good-tempered than Franklin, Rittenhouse and Jefferson, who spent most of the leisure of their lives in the pursuit of knowledge; and Professor Agassiz was noted for the buoyancy of his spirits in every company where he felt at home. But we can say something similar of every person who has a pursuit suited to his talents and circumstances.

The happy people are they who have an occupation which they love, apart from any advantage it may bring them, one that they can pursue with generous ardor. It is the element of disinterestedness that cheers their lives, whether they are engaged in ordinary or extraordinary vocations; and this is the reason why earnest students have such a keen enjoyment of existence.

A Doleful Order.

Three doctors joined a secret order in Omaha. At the door of the lodge-room they were met by three fellow physicians. The outside sentinel was a life insurance agent; the inner door-keeper was a druggist; the oath was administered by a minister; the escort was an undertaker and tombstone dealer, and the treasurer was a city bill collector.