When the song's gone out of your life.
That you thought would last to the end—
That first sweet song of the heart,
That no after days can lend.—
The song of the birds to the trees.
The song of the wind to the flowers.
The song that the heart sings low to itself?
When it wakes in it es morning hours—

Not even a tremulous note Will falter lorth on the empty air, It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try.
For the spirit of song is fied—
The nightingale sings no more to the
When the beautiful flower is dead.

You can start no other song

So let silence softly 'all On the bruised heart's quivering strings: Perhaps from the loss of all you may learn The song that the seraph sings,— A grand and glorious psalm That will tremble and rise and thrill. And fill your breast with its grateful rest, And its lonely yearnings still.

#### FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

The library of Friedholf Castle was one morning the stage of a dramatic tableau. The count's heir and son Norden had a few hours before married the little peasant girl Brombilda Laurenz, and had now come to ask his father's forgiveness. The count had long cherished more ambitious schemes for his son in marriage, and his rage was furious when his daughter Irmengarde led her brother and his young wife into the library.

Norden's eyes quailed before the stern look in his father's eyes. For once his gay self-confidence deserted him as he sank on his knees at his father's feet and craved forgiveness.

The sight of this gentle young couple only added to the count's anger, as he cried:

Forgive you! Never! You can go and take your-your wife with you. Go! Do you hear!

father," said Irmengarde, pleadingly, "look at her. She has the face of an angel. No wonder Norden loves her No, I will not look at her-the

lowborn, the presuming. But Irmengarde desisted not in

her endeavor to make peace.
"Think of our mother," still continued the soft voice. "Even as you loved her, my brother'

"Mention not your sainted mother in such a connection." And, as he spoke, the count pointed to the door, and, turning to Norden, said slowly and sternly:

"Go. Do not let me see your face again. Norden grew pale to the lips. He had, indeed, offended beyond forgive-

ness. He had his arm about Hilda. "Come," he said; "we are not the first who have perilled all for love and have lost. Remember though, turning again to his father, "the fault is wholly mine, not hers, I was deceived myself, and so have misled her. I telt so sure of your love and forgiveness for any act short of a dishonorable one."

"If your idea of honor is to mingle base blood in a pure, unsullied stream it does not accord with mine sir." And the count's lip curled in unmitigated scorn. "I advise you to make new acquaintance with the code."
"I will, sir." answered Norden,

proudly, stung by his father's con-tempt, "and you shall not be troub-led with a sight of my face again until I have proved my right to claim the knowledge.

He kept his word. Before another month he had taken passage for himself and Hilds in a sailing vesselthe Odin-bound for America Then news came that she had gone

down with all on board. Alas for pride and anger! when the Death angel lays his cold hand upon the heart of one we have loved, even though estranged, to all appearances, for-When the count heard of his son's death, it seemed to smite a blow at the springs of his own life. He fell as though stricken by a heavy hand, moaning:
"My son! My son! Oh, cruel father,

to slay his own flesh and blood!" Irmengarde ministered to him ten derly in this hour of anguish, and when, after a weary, lingering illness he once more arose from his bed, he was a changed man. Months dragged on, sad and interminable, all seasons seeming alike to the mourning father and sister. Then came a morning when the cloud was lifted in a burst of gladness. A cable telegram in the morning papers announced that a few survivors of the Odin had reached America—picked up by a passing vessel—and that Norden and Bromhilda Friedholf were

among the names of the saved.

The next mail carried letters to the young emigrants asking them to return, and conveying messages of love and forgiveness; but in the near presence of death Norden's boyish impulsive nature had undergone a change, and he realized that be had failed in duty to his father, and that he must make reparation by doing something to atone to him for the sorrow and anxiety he, in his thoughtless willfulness, had caused him to suffer. So he wrote home an im to suffer. So he wrote home an arnest, manly letter, expressing his cop happiness, and gratitude to his ather for the loving recall, but saying that he must fulfil his resolve to in a reputation which should add ow lastre to his time-honored name; her he would return and lay his name at his feet, thus earning his

WHEN THE SONG'S GONE OUT OF ple which, though often tried, had never before succeeded. One morning a distinguished-looking foreigner paused among the crowd of spectators before it. On his arm leaned a beautiful girl, evidently his daughter. As it happened, a groug of gentlemen were discussing its peculiar excellencies, and their remarks being on their own native tongue, attracted their attention.

"These Americans," said one, "carry off the palm everywhere for mechanical ingenuity.

"But," said one, "this name is not an American one. I see not why it should be in this particular depart-

"It has a right here," was the answer, "for Mr. Friedholf's talent received its first impetus in this adopted country, of which he has become a naturalized citizen.'

Irmengarde-for it was indeed Norden's sister-gave a sudden start. "Father," she whispered," did you hear? Can it be Norden?

plendid looking man, in the prime of life, came toward them. One look was enough.
"Father!" "My son!" burst sim-

ultaneously from their lips. It was indeed Norden Friedholf who had won this proud triumph, who had distanced all competitors.

'I was waiting." he said after the first greetings were over, "to see what treatment should be meted out to this child of my brain. Then, if successful, I was coming home to you and Irmengarde, and to the dear old

Another hour found them at Norden's home.

In the beautiful, dignified woman who came forward to recieve them, it would have been hard to recognize the startled girl in her peasant dress, whom Norden had introduced to them so suddenly as his wife on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, long

Hilda had come to the New World with an ideal to attain to, as well as Norden. It was to render herself worthy of him, and of the proud old name he had bestowed upon her, and she had spared no pains to accomplished herself.

Now she was richly rewarded; for in parting the nobleman kissed her first upon one cheek, then upon the other, saying in his courtly way:

"Good-night, my daughter. Thope it will not be long before Norden brings you to your rightful place as mistress of Dora Castle. My Irmengarde here only waits for you to take the keys as lady chatelaine, to leave her old father. She is betrothed, and will soon be married."

### Bacilli on a Bald Head

Dr. Saymonne claims to have isolated a bacillus, called by him "bacillus crinivorax" which is the cause of alopecia. It is, he says, found only on bus, Ky., in the shape of a huge, old the scalp of man, other hirsute parts of fashioned columbiad, which did duty the body, and also the fur of animals during the late war in the hands of being free from it. The bacilli invade the hair follicles and make the hair very brittle, so that they break off spicuous part in the battle of Belto the skin. Then the roots them mont, Mo., in the fall of 1861, and selves are attacked. It the microbes can be destroyed early in the disease the vitality of the hairs may be preserved, but after the follicles are invaded and all their stuctures injured the baldness is incurable. The following is Dr. Saymonne's remedy to prevent baldness: Ten parts crude cod liver oil, ten parts of the expressed juice of onions and five parts of mucilage or the yolk of an egg are thoroughly shaken together and the mixture applied to the scalp and well rubbed in once a week. This, he asserts, will certainly bring back the hair if the roots are not already de-stroyed, but the applicant of the remedy must be very distressing to the patient's friends and neighbors. -Medical Record.

## Jean Ingelow at 60.

Jean Ingelow lives in an old fashioned, cream-colored stone home in Kensington, set in the midst of extensive grounds, with handsome trees and many beautiful flowers and shrubs. At least, this is her house very strong, and in winter she oc-cupies a little cottage in the south of France, on the shores of the Mediterranean, covered with vines and smothered with flowers. She is nearage; her eyes are so bright and her ly 60 now but does not look half her eks are as rosy and rounded as a girl's. Of late years she has written very little, and even what she does rarely publishes, for her theory is that a poet never writes any immortal verse after he or she passes 50, and she may very justly rest on the laurels she has won for herself before she reaches that age.

# Wild Men.

With the progress of science a whole race of men has disappeared, ly escaping with her own life. the so-called "wild men," in whose existence the most learned firmly believed a few decades ago, and who still live in the imagination of many who are unacquainted with recent investigations. The wild man was supposed to be a peculiar creature, half man and half heast, forming the connecting link between the human species and the apes. The belief in his existence is to be ascribed, without doubt, to erroneous observations out doubt, to erroneous observationand reports of travelers.

#### Rhythmic Prose.

We have no means of ascertaining who is the author of this marvelous effusion:

In swalling swirl of the soughful wind, as the gust goes glooring by, I sit by the bole of a bournful birch, with a moan and soulful sigh; the mellowing mists of the eve are low, and the frog in the dankful marsh chirps chirpingly sad in the ghoulsome gloom, in a swivering voice and harsh, "O, where is the swing of the swoonful swish, and the voice of the flimflam lowl? Methinks it means from the mirky mold, from the home of the hootful howl. Now swivel me swift from the surging spring-I'm weary of world and wind; the grewsome gralk of the jabberwok comes jimmering to my mind: the feeble song of the spotsome frog comes solemnwise, soughing slow, and again I hear by the bournful birch the wail of wimpled woe, "O, where is the swing Just then the crowd parted and a of the swoonful swish, from the land of the springful sprole? Must the blue mists blur on the tinker's drale, and freight with their fraught my soul? I dreamed, I dreamed of Amelie Rives in the dim of the danksome dark, and methought I rode on a moonful main in the prowofa pullful bark: I wrought a rhyme as I roamed along in the stream of the starful gloat; I awoke at dawm in the dimpled day, and above is therhyme

#### A Little Domestic Episode.

A somewhat amusing mistake is said to have occurred at the home of a well-known musician-Mr. Max

It appears that a young lady visiting the madam of the household remained all night, without the knowledge of the musician, he being abent at the time, his wife removed the babies from the room in which they usually slept and installed the young lady therein.

About "gloomy midnight's cheer-less hour" the musician wended his way homeward, and, having gained entrance to the house without disturbing any one, he went into the room, as was his custom, where the children had been sleeping. The absence of even a glimmer of light rather surprised him, but he thought he would kiss the babies anyhow.

There was a startling denouement. The young lady screamed, while the gentleman's wife, awakened by the clamor, shouted to her husband, 'Come out of there, quick." It is needless to say he came without delay.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

### A Formidable Weapon.

Extreme low water in the Mississippi recently unearthed an historical relic at the ferry landing at Columthe Contederates. Those familiar with the history of the formidable weapon state that it played a conthat from its lofty perch on the bluffs above Columbus it sent many a huge shell screaming across the river into Grant's army, and that it had more to do with keeping the gunboats at bay than all orders at the tort. The cun is the only remaining relic of the Confederate fortifications erected at Columbus, Ky., thirty years ago .-Chicago Times.

## A Woman's Memory.

You never can tell what will fix itself in a woman's memory, but most of the time she remembers only what she wears, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle. I called at the house the other evening where several ladies happened to be calling too, and the conversation turned on opera. Somebody said something about Mme. Albani. "I'm so sorry" said one lady, "I did not hear Albani sing." "Yes, you not hear Albani sing." "Yes, you did," said another. "No, I couldn't go, and was quite broken heart-ed." "Indeed, you did hear her, be-cause I was there the same night, and shrubs. At least, this is her house I saw you sitting in the dress circle, in summer time; her lungs are not and you had on that pretty little hat very strong, and in winter she oc- with the pink stather—" "Oh!—so I did. I remember now. Certainly I heard Albani."

## A Brave Woman.

Welsh papers describe a conspicuous act of bravery performed by Mrs. Irving, wife of Capt. Irving, Gadlys, Bagilt, North Wales. As the Irish mail was entering the station at the speed of 50 miles an hour, an aged man slightly deaf, was in the act of crossing the rails, carrying a parcel. The officials shouted to him, and certain death appeared to him, and certain death appeared to await the poor fellow, when, with-out a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Irving sprang down, seized the man, and pushed him off the rails, narrow-

# Bad as Wooden Nutmegs.

Spurious coffee beans are manuinctured in Cologne by special machines, which produce the shape very skilfully. They have been examined by Herr O. Reitmair, who finds them to consist of an extract of coffee, soluble in water, and some insoluble organic constituents. They can be readily distinguished from the natural bean by their property of sinking in the water. The genuine coffee bean floats on water. Moreover, strong exidising agents do not decolorise the artificial bean so rapidly rotorus the artificial beau so rapidly as they do the natural coffee.

#### WEARYIN' FOX YOU.

Jest a wearyin for you.

All the time a feelin blue:
Wishin for you, wonderin when
You'll be comin bome agen.
Restlems—don't know what to d5,
Jest a wearyin for you.

ep a mopin' day by day; Reep a mopin day by day.
Dull—in everybody's way.
Folks they smile an pass along
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong;
T'wouldn't help 'em if they knew—
Jest a wearyin' for you.

Room's so lonesome, with your chair Room so by the fire place there; Jest can't stand the sight of it; Go out doors an' roam a bit. But the woods is lonesome, too, Jest a wearyin' for you. Comes the wind with soft caress

Like the rustin' of your dress.
Blossoms fallin' to the ground
So tly like your footsteps sound;
Violets like your eyes so blue. Jest a-wearyin' for you. Mornin' comes. The birds awake (Use to sing so for your sake) But there's saduess in the notes That comes thrillin' from their throatal Seem to led your observe, too.

Jest a wearyin for you. Evenin' fails. I miss you more
When the dark gloom's in the door.
Seems jest like ver order to be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin—thrills me through—
Sets me wearyin' for you.

Jest a wearyin' for you; All the time a feelin' blue! Wishin' for you—wonderin' when— You'll be comin' home agen. Restless—don't know want to do—

Jest a wearyin' for you. -F. I. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

### HER HUSBAND'S NIECE.



HEN did you get this letter?" asked Mattie Henderson, as she glanced into her hus-

band's face. "On Wednesday," he said, with some hesitation.

"And this is Friday," rebukingly replied his wife. "You carried it about in your pocket for at least two days. It is from your niece, Fanny Atwood. She left New York yesterday and will be here on the 8 o'clock train this morning, and it is half-past 7 now. This is a nice state of affairs, isn't it?"

"It was careless in me, Mattie," the young farmer regretfully admitted. He was a handsome, good natured fellow, sturdy in frame and pleasing in speech. He had a whip in his hand, and his wagon, loaded with milk cans, was standing at the gate.

"She says she'll get off at Forest station, where you are to meet her," Mrs. Henderson said, her eyes once more on the letter.

"Oh, pshaw," cried the husband with an impatience unusual with him. "I can't. I must have my milk at Beaver station on time. Why didn't she come over the road most convenient to me?"

"I suppose she'll have to walk here," replied the young wife. "And as she says that she intends to stay three weeks, no doubt she has brought her trunk with her-a trunk of no mean dimensions, I'll veuture to predict. I am a good deal more put out about it than you are. There's the butter to churn, the clothes to iron, the current jelly to make, and goodness only knows what else. She'll be too dainty to lay a hand to anything, and will spend her time reading, sleeping and lolling in the hammock. She might have waited to be asked."

'I know it will prove an infliction,' the husband consolingly said. "But I guess there's nothing to do but to bear it. Things may not turn out so bad as you fancy they will."

He got into the wagon and drove off. Mrs. Henderson walked into the spring house to churn the butter. She was seldom peevish and rarely complained, but the visit really seemed inopportune. She was not very strong, and as she worked early and late and took no recreation, it was beginning to tell on her

The farm was not entirely paid for, and they were not able to keep agirl She was a sensible little woman, and felt that it was her duty to second her thrifty husband's efforts. Leisure, if not competency, would come by and by. In descending the steps of the spring

house she fell and sprained her ankle, the pain was so great that she almost fainted. "That means a week of enforced

idleness," she despairingly thought.
"Time so precious, and that fashionably reared niece of George's more of a hindrance than a help. Oh, After much painful effort she suc

ceeded in reaching the sitting room and threw herself upon the comforta-ble lounge. She iell into a doze, and when she opened her eyes there stood Fanny Atwood, looking down into

She had on a plain, sensible look ing traveling dress. Her figure was compact, her complexion healthy, her air cheerful, her demeanor self posair cheerful, her demennor self pos-sessed. Her cheeks were dimpled, her mouth indicated resolution, her soft brown eyes offered confidence and in-vited it. She had walked two miles through the hot sun, over the dusty road, but one would hardly have thought so, she looked so neat, clean,

and placid.
"You are my Aunt Mattie, I suppose?" she said, in a low, sweet voice a smile lurking among her dimples.

"Yes," Mrs. Henderson said with an effort. "Your uncle forgot to give me your letter until this morning. He could not meet you because he had

to deliver the milk over at the other railroad at the hour you named. I am sorry you had to walk." "I wasn't vexed about it," replied

the visitor. "Nor am lin a hurry about my trunk." "I sprained my ankle," Mrs. Hen-derson said. "I am atraid I will not

be about for three or four days. "That is too bad," commiseratingly rejoined Miss Atwood. "It seems

I was just to come. I can do ever so many things for you. "Yes," grinnly assented Mrs. Henderson.

"I'll first look after that ankle," the visitor said briskly, cheerfully. She removed her dainty looking cuffs, and then took off her aunt's shoe and stocking. "It is considerably swollen." she

said. "I am not surprised," replied Mrs. Henderson. "You'll find a bottle of liniment in the cupboard yonder." "I wouldn't put liniment on it

just yet," advised Fauny. "Have you any sugar of lead?" "Very likely. Look in that medicine box in the cupboard. There's a

little of everything there, almost.' Fanny found the sugar of lead, and then some linen suitable for a bandage. She put the sugar of lead in a basin, added cold water, soaked the bandage in it and then wrapped it around the swollen ankle. went about it like a professional

"That feels very cooling," Mrs. Henderson greatfully said.

"There is nothing reduces a swelling like sugar of lead water," replied Fanny, "Ill wet the bandage every now and then with it. Just you remain quiet, dearie, and don't bother yourself about anything. You have

"No, child," Mrs. Henderson said. "We cannot afford to keep one."

"I'll get uncle his dinner," announc-"You'll-get-George his dinner!"

repeated Mrs. Henderson. Fanny noticed the incredulity in

her tone, laughed prettily and said: "Why shouldn't I? If you will allow me to skirmish around I'll manage to find things. However, it isn't near dinner time yet. When I went to the kitchen for the basin, I saw you had sprinkled the clothes. Shall I iron them?"

She saw the odd smile that came to her tired aunt's lips and correctly interpreted it. "Maybe you think I can't iron?"

she pleasantly said. "Just you wait "But the dress you have on, Miss

Atwood? It"-"Was selected for service," completed Fanny. "Of course I'll put on

one of your aprons." When George Henderson returned from his errand he heard some one singing cheerily in the kitchen. He stepped in and saw his niece ironing away as deftly as it she had spent the best part of her life at it. made such a pretty picture that he stood still and looked at her.

"How do you do, uncle?" a twinkle of merriment in her brown eyes: then she went and kissed him, standing on tip-toe to do so. 'I'm glad you've come, Fanny," he

said with heartiness. Mattie explained why I did not meet you at the station? But why are you ironing? Where is Mattie?" "She is lying down, uncle. She fell

and sprained her ankle," Mr Henderson stepped into the sit-ting room, a look of concern on his

face. "Why, dear, how did this happen? "Oh, how does anything happen?"

she replied a little querulously. "Through my own awkwardness, no doubt. I almost fainted, the pain was so great." "Does it pain you now, dear?" "I am glad to say that it doesn't."

"I'll bathe it in sugar of lead water," he said. "There isn't anything

"Fanny has already done that," replied the wife. "It was her own suggestion." "Oh," ejaculated Mr. Henderson, with increasing appreciation of his

"And she insists upon ironing. A pretty mess she'll make of it. "Well, maybe not," Mr. Henderson

said in a quiet tone. "I watched her a little while. Mattie, you are a good ironer, but she is your equal."
"Oh, nonsense George!" exclaimed
his wife. "Reared in the city, as she has been"-

"Didn't necessarily make her a lazy, silly, novel reading imbecile," inter-rupted her husband. "Perhaps we haven't been just to Fanny. I think she is a solid, energetic, capable sort of a girl, and it is lucky that she came.

"Well, I hope it may prove so," doubtingly rejoined the wife. "George, there's the butter!"
"I'll churn that," he said. "We'll

get along. Just you keep your mind at ease. You will get about much sooner if you do."

Fanny Atwood prepared dinner, now and then slipping into the sitting room to wet the bandage, and to chat in her cheery way with her On the third day Mrs. Henderson was able to hobble to the kitchen,

where she found everything "Look at my current jelly," Canny proudly said, as she held up one of the glass jars to the light. It was translucent and bright as ruby tinted

"It is very nice," Mrs Honderson said. "How much sugar did you take?"

"Pound for pound," replied !
"I wasn't extravagant, use !"
"You were wise," her aus with a smile

She opened the door leading "Fanny, did you whitewas starway?" she asked in surprise "Yes, auntie. It needed it. I

you meant to do it, for I sa had slaked the lime. Isn't it done?

"Very nicely," Mrs. Henderson
"But is wasn't right for you to
Surely your hands"—
"Look at them." Fanny
laughing. "They are as white
soft as any lady's. I put glore
and I have a sort of dainty w working. I can do it well pitching into it all over. I h knack, as mother calls it. If i right for you to whitewash the way, it was right for me to white it. I came here to help you a spare you; to ride the horses, to the mill with Uncle George,

to New York." She spoke with voluble earne her gestures rapid, her d

make myself useful and-welco

you are not going to let me w

have any fun, why I'll go right

Mrs. Hattie Henderson satd a chair and cried "Why, aunt, what is the masked Fanny, her brown eyes ing. "I hope I didn't say as

"No, dear, you didn't," repli Henderson in a broken voice. crying because I am ashamed self-because I have been so to you in my thoughts. I su

to you in my thoughts.

that you would annoy me, an
er me; that you would be b
selfish, fault finding; that you
"But you think more kindly
now, do you not?" interrupt
her hands moving car ny, her hands moving car over her aunt's hair

"Most certainly I do," replie inctenths enderson, explosively. Henderson, explosively. "I had?'s min why I contess my injustice is will no want to make amends-why

"Don't mind it, aunty," a "Way need why sweet, forgiving, sympathetic "I don't censure you, and right now. There may be heed not fact, there are—listless, fright helpless girls in New York cit in other cities—but I am not them. If I was, I am atraid I despise myself."

"I am clad you have the second "Way need to female at there is no seath. But

"I am glad you have come, and I will be sorry when yo Mrs. Henderson said, and she "My prejudices misled me have been taught a lesson after I'll not be so hasty in a ing people, especially before met them."

Not So Smart

inquiry in

ONE

th the m

es and fe

estipation.

action ar

An uptown Scranton man a great deal of his old mathe a little while after he reached other evening. He saw her dead English sparrow from yard to the back of the he on the back porch he found more dead sparrows in a le cat dropped the last one on and the man praised p her remarkable work. led him so much that right away and told h est neighbor all about the of catching fourteen sparror afternoon. His bliss was of ration, for the fact of the m that the cat hadn't caught one of the birds alive. The to whom he was bragging a cat had shot every one of t cat had shot every one of the rows from his window with riffe, and the birds had drop the other man's yard.—

(Pa.) Letter

Only a Baby. A pretty story of royal et seed, pleas told by The Pall Mall Gazeth that all the royal children,
Prussia, Austria, or Bavequal delight in seeing the present arms to them.
Princess Gisela, who is austitle Archduchess Elizabet years old she used to make fussevery time her gloves we she was told one day that it. Any year gloves, the little girl became more wear gloves. Then as so was out of doors she perfor soldiers. Directly she sight of one she held up bot fat hands and cried, that all the royal children, fat hands and cried, gloves."

(Pa.) Letter.

An Automatic Nails An automatic machine porgeshoe nails has n brought out, Wire is co off, stamps, points and hes without any hand assists ever. The receiving boxco perfect nails, for if there in the working the machi-self, and points out by m dex where the tault occu moments only are require the offending nail, and the starts again.

Wanted It Go "Are you fond of me

"Are you fond of its Mrs. Symphony of an elds from the country.
"Well, yes, I am" was reply; "that is, when it's Laury. Now you take cordeum an' a fiddle as bones an' a flute an' let 'Old Nicodemus' all at thand I tell you it's sweets Basar.

shes to try

III Pill, Sm

and all is