

## AN IMMORTAL SONG.

A poet labored patiently and long,  
On (as he trusted) an immortal song.  
His little girl disturbed him with her play,  
And angrily he sent the child away.

The poem was completed and forgot—  
Even by the poet's friends remembered not.  
But the hard words the tender-hearted maid  
Bore in her breast till she in dust was laid.

—American Agriculturist.

## Out of the Judge's Hands

"O my mind," spoke the judge soberly, "incompatibility is, in itself, no grounds for divorce, notwithstanding the fact that the desire of both husband and wife is to sever the marriage bonds."

He was speaking to William Sprigsbee, a tall, handsome man of 35. Sprigsbee had attained fame and fortune as an inventor.

The scene was the divorce court, and there were but four other persons in the room. One was a woman, plainly though neatly dressed. Her pale face at times was lighted by a ray of sweetness as she smiled upon the two little boys who nestled closely to her as if in fear of the strange solemnity of her surroundings. Each of the tots look turns putting a chubby fist to his mouth, yawning, and then looking up at the woman with a pretty smile. An attorney—the woman's attorney—occupied a seat near her.

When the judge ceased speaking, Sprigsbee sank back into his seat with a sigh of disappointment. It was not as he had expected. A silence followed, broken only by the regular "tick-tack" of the big clock over the stained-glass window.

The judge continued: "In nature there are a few things incompatible. This so-called incompatibility in the domestic life of man and woman is more often the inconsistency or the incongruity of one or the other, or, perhaps, both. It is easily remedied, though not in the divorce court. In fact, the thing, the very thing, that makes man and woman incompatible is the divorce court itself. You come here seeking a divorce—what grounds have I for granting such a decree for trying the sacred bonds and aiding you in breaking the vow you swore before God to keep? None, absolutely none! Incompatibility, you say? But why that? Has not this woman, the mother of your children, been a good and loving wife, fulfilling her duties as wife and mother? No, on the strength, or rather the weakness, of your argument, sir, I could not grant a divorce!" And Sprigsbee sank deep into his seat, his head bowed.

Again there was silence, and the attorney arose. "If your honor please," said he quietly, as if anything but softly spoken words would again disturb the lion that slumbered in the old judge's breast, "I wish to present a few words in behalf of my client. You said a moment ago that this woman had been a loving wife and a devoted mother; that is true. But has the man whom she promised to cherish and love reciprocated with equal affection? Has he been a loving husband and a devoted father? I dare say, if you question him, he would tell you there have been weeks and months that he has not spoken a kind word to this patient, forbearing woman.

"When these two were married seven years ago they were neighbors, and had grown up together. They attended the same school, and studied from the same books. The first months of the first years of their married life, were one delightful harmony, for they were yet, as they had been in childhood, on the same level; they understood each other perfectly. Then a change came. Success and fortune smiled on the husband. His name became a household word the nation over. The press were loud in their praises of him; he was lauded and adored, and everywhere he went he was received with pomp and ceremony. He was no longer the loving husband he had been a short time before. The fine ladies, the talented ladies, the women who bestowed their praises upon him in the world, occupied a higher social level than the simple, plain little woman who had walked with him to the marriage altar. He grew to loathe her, to avoid her, to despise her. He could no longer caress and love her as of old. Her very presence is now obnoxious to him, and the woman, though ever patient, loving and devoted, must live her life in misery. You say, your honor, there is no incompatibility in the domestic life? Why, if you please, this is the very extreme of incompatibility. Not two substances, no two things in the universe could react with greater force, could be more repellant, more disagreeable one to the other than this case of the world-renowned, ambitious, though conceited husband, and the plain, simple, loving and devoted wife and mother. To keep them joined as man and wife is like condemning each to a life of torturing servitude. There is but one remedy: that is to grant a decree of divorce; and to this end my client asks that she be allowed the custody and care of the children. This agreement is mutual between the two."

The attorney went back to his seat. The two little boys yawned in unison, and each gazed apologetically into the pale face of the mother. This time she did not smile at them. Her hand was busy with other things, and she with difficulty suppressed a sob.

"Here we are, mamma." And four youthful arms clasped her neck.

carefully wiped them with the corner of his big silk kerchief. It was evident he was wavered between two convictions.

During the long silence none in the court room saw a thin column of smoke creep, as noiselessly as a reptile, up the stairway and enter the corridor. It kept close to the floor, and glided up the aisles between the rows of empty benches. When it crept beneath the bench where the woman and the boys sat a little puggish nose gave a curious sniff, and the ominous silence was broken by the childish remark:

"Mamma, I smell smoke."

All raised their heads, for all were bowed in thought.

"Fire! Fire!" came a loud, startling cry up the stairway.

The judge closed his book with a start, thrust his glasses into his vest pocket, and looked about him dazed, horrified. "The building is on fire," said he in alarm; "we had best make our escape to the lower floor." As he hurried toward the door he unconsciously picked up one of the boys. The attorney snatched up the other, and in a moment they were down the stairway.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprigsbee sat mute, as



if not yet awake to their peril. Then Sprigsbee ran for the door and was confronted by a stifling column of black smoke. The court room was on the third floor, and he gained the first landing in safety. As he turned to the lower stairs he suddenly thought of Mrs. Sprigsbee, his wife—ah, yes, his wife; the thought brought a smile to his hardened face. But the smile passed quickly, and in its stead a look of horror, of fear, of anxiety came, not for himself, but for the woman he had thoughtlessly, cowardly left in the court room.

He whirled on his heel and dashed back up the stairway, three steps at a bound. Mrs. Sprigsbee was running about the court room frantically, aimlessly when her husband entered. "Oh, where are my children, where are my boys?" she wailed in agony.

"They are down. They are safe," Sprigsbee cried and took her by the hand. "Here, come with me. We must get down instantly."

The woman was faint and weak from long suffering—suffering that he himself had brought upon her, and now, as he gripped the delicate fingers in his own, Sprigsbee realized it all. She could but slowly descend the stairs, in spite of his efforts to hurry her. The smoke rolled up in murky, choking gusts, and the sharp, incessant crackling of flames came from below.

"We must go faster," Sprigsbee cried desperately.

The woman tried to increase her pace, but could not. The raging smoke blinded her, stifled her, and before the first landing was reached, she fell in a swoon.

Sprigsbee caught her in his arms. He was surprised to find how light and frail she was. With his burden pressed close to him, he dashed down the lower flight. The hot breath of the flames scorched his face, and from below he could hear the shouts and yells of the firemen.

"You'll never make it this way!" he heard someone cry. "Go back to the other stairs!" But he was deaf to the warning cry. He wrapped the woman's cape about her face, pressed her closer and rushed on. For a time, an age it seemed to him, he was wading through a furnace of fire. He closed his eyes, leaped, and fell headlong into the arms of two big firemen. A moment more and he was in the refreshing air, safe, with his burden still pressed close to him.

He lay her down on the cool grass and fanned her white face with his hat. He believed he had never seen a sweeter, prettier face than this. He raised her head on his arm, and she opened her large blue eyes.

"Where are little Tom and Harry?"

"Here we are, mamma." And four youthful arms clasped her neck.

"And you, Will, you won't leave me for a while, will you? I feel so weak and faint."

"No, my dear, I shall never leave you."

"Bless you for those words, Will, my love."

Their lips met in a long, quivering kiss. The incompatible had become compatible.—The Housewife.

## JONES'S RECITATION.

He Had a Wonderful Memory and Brought Down the House.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I'm going to give you a recitation. It's—It's called 'The Schooner Horatius.' No, I mean 'The Village Rock.' No, that isn't it. It's 'How the Blacksmith Kept the Bridge.' I mean it's—it's a thing by Longfellow, you know; that is, I think it was Tennyson."

"The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," whispered Blake, loud enough for him to hear.

"Yes, that's it," went on Jones. Then he fixed his eyes on a point in the roof and blurted out in jerks and starts, as the odd lines came before him, the following effusion:

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
He—He stood upon his head,  
Because his arms and legs were off,  
So he waved his arms and said—  
My name is Norval, On the Grampian Hills

The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man, was—was  
wrecked,  
On the pitiless Goodwin Sands.

And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine;  
The doctors had given him up, sir,  
The darling of our crew!

And—and the cheek of Argyll grew dead-ly pale.

And we rushed for the signal rockets.  
"Let's fire them quick," we cried,  
And the good Abbot of Aberbrothock  
plunged headlong into the tide.

Then—who will stand on either hand and  
keep the bridge with me?  
On board the schooner Hesperus that  
sails the wintry sea,

I, with two more to help me, will hold  
the foe in play.

For I am to be Queen of the May,  
mother; I'm to be Queen of the  
May.

When it was all over, and the roars of laughter had subsided, Jones rushed off the stage and hid himself for the rest of the evening. And the memory of his famous recitation is still an ever-green one in the annals of the school.—Tit-Bits.

## Names of Fabrics.

The origin of the names of popular fabrics is even more interesting than the tracing to third lingual roots of ordinary words. About the year 1329 the woolen trade of England became located at Worsted, about 15 miles from Norwich, and it was at this place that the manufacture of the twisted jennet thread of woollen, afterwards called worsted, was first made. It not invented. Linsey-woolsey was first made at Linsey, and was for a long time a very popular fabric. Kersey-mer takes its name from the village of Kersey, and the mere close by it, in the county of Suffolk. We have to thank Gaza, in Palestine, the gates of which Samson carried away, for gauze or gauze. Gaza means "treasure." Voltaire, wishing to describe some intellectual but dressy woman, said, "She is an eagle in a cage of gauze." Mustin owes its name to Mossoul, a fortified town in Turkey in Asia. Tulle obtains its name from that of a city in the south of France. Travelers by rail in Brittany often glide past Guingamp without remembering that it was here that was first produced that useful fabric gingham. Damask derives its name from the city of Damascus; calico from Calicut, a town in India formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, and where also calico was printed; cambrie, from Cambrai, a town in Flanders, where it was first made; and tweed from a fabric worn by fishermen upon the River Tweed.

## Buttons Out of Fruit Seeds.

In Central America there is a fruit-producing palm which has quite metamorphosed the button business and formed the nucleus of one of the most important industries. The seed of this fruit contains a milk that is sweet to the taste and is relished by the natives. The milk, when allowed to remain in the nut long enough, becomes hardened, and turns into a substance as hard as the ivory from an elephant's tusks. The plant which produces these nuts is called the ivory plant. Most of the buttons used in the United States, whether called ivory, pearl, bone, horn, or rubber, come from this source. The ivory plant is one of the wonders of the age, and is rewarding its growers with vast fortunes. The nuts are exported by the shipload to big button factories, from which they issue forth in every conceivable design, color, grade, and classification of button.

## Healthful Optimism.

A certain lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months' confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking his leave, the patient asked, "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?" "Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer; and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only a day at a time," come back with its quieting influence. We think it was Rev. Sidney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a good safeguard against needless worry; and one far wiser than he said, "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

## OLD FAVORITES

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.  
Round the meadows am a ringing de  
darkies' mournful song.  
While de mocking birds as singing  
happy as de day am long.  
Where de boy am a weeping on de  
grassy mound,  
Dere old massa am a sleeping, sleeping  
in de cold, cold ground.

## CHORUS.

Gown in de corn field hear dat mourn-  
ful sound,  
All de darkies am a weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,  
when de days were cold,  
'Twas hard to hear old massa a call-  
ing, cause he was so weak and old.

Now de orange trees am blooming on de  
sandy shore,  
Now de summer days am coming,  
massa never calls no more.

## CHORUS.

Massa makes de darkies love him, cause  
he was so kind,  
Now they sadly weep above him,  
mourning cause he leaves them  
behind.

I cannot work before to-morrow, cause  
de tear drops flow,  
I try to drive away my sorrow, pick-  
ing on de old banjo.

## June.

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in  
tune.

And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it gladden:  
Every eld feels a stir of might.

An instinct within it that reaches and  
towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers,  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip starts in meadows green,  
The larkspur cup-catches the sun in its  
chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too  
mean

To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Attilike a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his limbed being errand

With the deluge of summer it receives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her  
wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutter-  
s and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to  
her nest—  
In the nice ear of nature, which song is  
the best?

—James Russell Lowell.

## IN AN UNKNOWN LAND.

Parts of Roman Empire Which No Modern Traveler Has Ever Seen.

Few people appreciate the fact that to-day, at the dawn of the twentieth century, there are still parts of the old Roman empire where no traveler of modern times has been; that there are ancient towns which no tourist has seen, temples and towers that no lover of classic architecture has delighted in, inscriptions in ancient Greek that no savant has as yet deciphered—whole regions, in fact, full of antiquities for which no Baedeker has been written, and which are not shown upon the latest maps. There are regions within our temperate zone where no modern European foot has trod, so far as we are able to tell—regions where the civilization of Greece and Rome once flourished and where fine monuments of classic art and of an unfamiliar art that supplanted the classic waste their beauties upon the ignorant sight of half-civilized nomads, according to a writer in the Century.

To realize the truth of this one needs only to cross the range of mountains that run parallel to the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, and, avoiding all caravan routes, journey independently about the barren country that lies between these mountains and the Euphrates. Here is a territory which, though not wholly unexplored, is full of most wonderful surprises. Here are cities and towns long deserted, not so great or so imposing, perhaps, as Palmyra, but far better preserved than the city of Zestolia, and giving a much truer picture of the life of the ancient inhabitants than one can draw from those famous ruins.

These towns are not buried, like the great cities of the Mesopotamian plains, nor have their sites been built upon in modern times, as those of the classic cities of Greece have been; they stand out against the sky upon high ridges or lie sheltered in sequestered valleys, presenting to the view of the traveler as he approaches them very much the same aspect that they did in the fourth century of our era, when inhabited by prosperous, cultivated and happy people, or when deserted by those inhabitants some 1,300 years ago.

The ancients in these regions seem to have had two general forms of private residence—one long and low, seldom of more than two stories, and having spacious two-story colonnades or porticoes with inclosed courtyards before them; the other of tower form, four or five stories high, with two or three rooms in each story. Those of the latter sort are naturally preserved a fewer instances than the former, for the reason that high buildings are, generally speaking, a more easy prey to earthquake than low ones. Examples of the long two-story house type common in every ruined town, many of them in a remarkable state of preservation. The dates inscribed

upon them range from 308 to 510 A. D.

The porticoes of these houses were their most interesting feature. Here the ornaments were massed, here the inscriptions were carved and here doubtless the leisure hours of the ancient owners were passed. Between the columns of the upper story was a parapet composed of rectangular slabs, paneled, molded and otherwise ornamented. Many of these apparently thin slabs are, in reality, the backs of the settlers cut in solid stone, with comfortable seats and curving arms. The wooden floors of all colonnades like this have, of course, perished, so that now when one sits in one of the settles, his feet are necessarily suspended in space; but these seats are an index of the homelike ease and luxury that these ancient people enjoyed in the open loggias of their own residences, when the floors were in place, when a sloping roof afforded welcome shade within the portico and when clinging vines twined about the pillars of stone.

The bazaars of these ancient towns which are still recognized as such by these people who live among the ruins who have no bazaars of their own, but have seen them in Aleppo, consist of long, narrow structures facing directly upon the street. Often they occupied both sides of a street of unusual width. The fronts of the shops have two-story porticoes of square monolithic piers carrying equally plain architraves. Behind the portico is a building, also of two stories, composed of a series of small rooms which were undoubtedly storerooms in the ground story and living apartments above. The arrangement was not unlike that of the colonnades of the Greek market places and, indeed, they seem to have been called stoa, as we learn from an inscription upon one of them. We may then suppose that the lower story of the porticoes was employed for the display of merchandise in the daytime and that the goods were removed to the storerooms at night.

## THEY WERE MODEST THIEVES.

Away back in the early fifties Adam Forsythe set up a little country store on the north shore of the Ohio River. It was several miles from any town, and Adam drove a good business. At first he dealt in groceries, tobacco and such other goods as were in constant demand and enabled him to turn his capital over frequently in the course of a year; but as he became more prosperous he added dry goods, hats, caps and clothing, and enlarged his store by lengthening it in the rear. The river had run in front of his store, and for many years it was the principal highway.

At last the river began to encroach on the banks to such an extent that the road had to be moved back several rods. A succession of floods obliterated this new road, and the township authorities decided to abandon the river front and open a new road through the bottom farms, a mile back.

Adam, now a rich man, fought the scheme with all his might, but to no purpose, and the new road went through.

Business at Adam's store, now off the beaten track, immediately sank almost to nothing, for a rival opened an opposition "emporium" at an advantageous point on the new highway.

But Adam persisted. Day after day, and year after year, with a boy for a clerk, he sat on his counter and read his daily newspaper and chatted with such customers as came in at long intervals to make some trifling purchase. The goods that still crowded his shelves grew faded with age, but he made no effort to dispose of them. To all suggestions that he go out of business, dispose of his stock by selling it in a lump for whatever it would bring, or advertise it for sale at auction, he turned a deaf ear. He had put his money into that stock of goods, and he was not going to sell them at a sacrifice, if he never sold them.

Then came an unprecedented flood. The water covered all the bottom-land for miles round, and rose to the depth of six feet in Adam's store, damaging his goods, according to the prices marked on them, more than a thousand dollars' worth. Adam waited till the flood subsided, then spread them out in the sun to dry, cleaned the yellow deposit off his counters and floor, and went ahead as before.

One night, however, burglars broke into the building, piled his goods into a promiscuous heap and departed, leaving this note scrawled on a sheet of wrapping paper:

"Dear Sir: After looking at the prices marked on your goods we have decided we can't afford to steal them, yours, the Burglars."

This was the last straw, and Adam's proud will yielded. He disposed of his stock, some of which had been on the shelves for forty years, to the owner of the rival store, at the latter's own valuation, and went out of business forever.

## Everything in Its Place.

"Where shall we put all that waste material?" asks the track superintendent of the yardmaster.

"Along the belt line, of course," answers the yardmaster without looking up from his order sheet.—Judge.

If a man is only attentive to his wife in public she is willing to overlook a lot of private neglect.

It's as difficult for some men to see the point of a joke as it is for them to get over it after they tumble.

## AN UNRULY ASSISTANT.

Filed among the correspondence of the Lighthouse Board at Washington are two brief epistles: the dates of which show that the first was written about six months before the second. They look precisely like any ordinary business correspondence, they were received in good faith by the board, and so one, reading them casually, would inspect what a tale of domestic woe hangs thereby. An inspector, making his usual rounds, discovered the facts.

An Irishman named McFadden had charge of a lighthouse near one of the lake ports. He was a small, wiry person of about 80 pounds in weight. His wife more than made up for anything that he lacked in size or muscle, for she was a brawny, stalwart woman of 80 pounds. She was, moreover, the possessor of a violent temper, and there were times when the timorous, undersized lighthouse keeper did not dare to call his soul his own.

His duties at the lighthouse were somewhat arduous, so when Mrs. McFadden happened to be in a pleasant frame of mind, she sometimes helped her rather inefficient partner with the lamps. She learned one day that her husband was entitled to an assistant of his own choosing, and she suggested that since she did the work she, naturally, was the person who should be appointed to draw the comfortable salary. Mr. McFadden, however, promptly objected, saying that he was certain that the board would never give the position to a woman.

"Just send in the application," she urged, "and tell them you're wanting it for your relative, J. McFadden. Sure, they'll never know whether it's for John or for Jane, and I can do the work as well as any man."

Mr. McFadden reluctantly sent in the application, and in due time "J. McFadden" was regularly appointed first assistant at the lighthouse. The prospect of the salary brought joy to the assistant's heart, and all went well for a time.

After a while, however, Mrs. McFadden, always a trying person to live with, became so independent on the strength of her separate income that poor McFadden found life with her entirely insupportable. Affairs reached a climax one day when the stalwart Jane laid her superior officer across her knee, and in the presence of visitors deliberately spanked him with the hair brush.

McFadden, of course, was unable physically to retaliate, but mentally he proved fully equal to the occasion. Referring to the lighthouse tower, where he was safe from intrusion, he wrote the following letter:

"To the Lighthouse Board.  
"Gentlemen—I respectfully request that my assistant, J. McFadden, be removed for disobedience and insubordination. Faithfully yours,  
"Patrick McFadden."

As the lighthouse keeper had been the judge of the fitness of his own assistant in the beginning, the board saw no reason why he should not now be a proper judge of insubordination, so the request was granted.

## "BRAIN FAG" A MYTH.

It Is Eye Strain that Causes the Condition Complained Of.

The so-called "brain fag" is a silly myth. The brain does not tire; intellectual work does not hurt under normal conditions. It is eye strain that causes all the brain fag which the newspapers have been exploiting of late. Spencer learned this lesson and escaped the tragedy of Nietzsche and Carlyle by dictating his writings, getting others to do his research work for him, and by being willing to go without vast realms of accurate knowledge. Parkman was driven to similar expedients. But all the rest groaned and suffered even while they wrote little notes and postal cards instead of letters to their best friends.

The result in suffering was incalculable and horrible. There are biographies of these people which do not allude to it; physicians and medical editors have been known who smiled ironically at the "exaggeration" of "vivid imaginations"; and there are numberless fools who think they are excused from all sympathy with a Carlyle or a Nietzsche. They do not know that the misery of the pain of one attack of the nausea of sick headache has not been equaled except in some mediaeval or orient torture chamber. When for some profound reason the dominant and oldest instinct of the organism—that for food and nutrition—is violently reversed, it should be plain even to the stupidest mind that the deepest wrong exists and that the very springs of life are being drained. Add to this another symptom almost equally terrible, intense pain in the brain, the organ controlling both character and life processes, and what disease could be more desperate? How many of our patients had sick headache it is impossible to tell, owing to the disinclination, especially in letters and biographies, to speak of vomiting. Probably most of them did suffer from it more or less.—Booklovers' Magazine.

## As Compared.

Bifkins—Have you noticed how queerly young Pupkins acts of late? I wonder what's the matter with him? Mifkins—Why, he's in love—lost his heart, you know.

Bifkins—Oh, is that all! He makes a much fuss as if he had lost a dollar on a horse race.

Although the government doesn't encourage counterfeiting, it employs a lot of Congressmen who pass bad bills.