

## Farewell

Oh, drowsily the breezes lingered over  
And wayward moonbeams, fairy-fingered,  
Hushed the restless sea  
When through the meadows, dim with  
shadows, came my love to me,  
A dainty ditty he was singing—Oh, I  
loved him well!  
And all the world went idly swinging  
where the echoes fell.  
While soft, serene, by hill and dene there  
throbed an evening bell.  
Oh, wistfully the winds, went sailing o'er  
the sobbing sea,  
And cloud-wrack swift with moonlight  
trailing worked its wizardry,  
When far away, as lovers may, went  
forth my love from me.  
—Wilfrid L. Randall, in Boston Tran-  
script.

# HURIBUT'S QUEST

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Russell had made no mistake. There was but one jewel like that in the whole world. He had made sure of that before he bought it for his wife—ten years before. Curious it was; a solid diamond heart, flanked by a score of tiny ruby ones, held in place by the finest thread of gold that was quite invisible at the distance of a few feet.

To-night she was wearing it in a new place—as a sole ornament to the gleaming pile of corn-gold hair that, alone, might have made Nannie Russell beauty-famous. But besides this, there were eyes of a matchless amber-gray, a richly pale, perfect skin, and fine, scarlet lips that were gravely sweet.

Russell gradually let his eyes away from the jewel to a furtive contemplation of his wife's familiar features. No; seven years had made slow progress in ageing a woman of this indestructible type. If anything, she had grown more splendid in her thirties than she had ever been in the old girlhood days of their first love.

She was conversing spiritedly with an ambassador, and Russell thanked Heaven that he had been allotted a seat at the other end of the table. She would hardly bestow more than a casual glance in that direction, and he relied upon his short beard and eyeglasses to protect him from recognition.

The dinner progressed fitfully, and the running fire of small talk Russell found himself obliged to keep up with the lady on his right, was about the hardest work the young broker had ever done in his life.

Presently there was a lull, and he became conscious that all eyes were turned upon the man who sat directly opposite to him.

"Yes," Huribut was saying, "it seems I am here on a very absurd quest, considering the fact that I don't even know the fellow's name or address—or that of any of his friends. All I have to go on is that he lived on Fifth avenue seven years ago—was tall and dark and smooth-faced, with the prettiest wife in New York, and spent his work hours on Wall street."

Russell started. Luckily no one was looking at him, and the ridiculous red that poured over his face went unnoticed. After all, how many thousand people there were to whom this description might apply as well as to himself! He sincerely hoped he was not growing egotistic.

"The man was dying, you see—it was out in India—and all I could get out of him was that this friend of his had brought a lot of trouble and seeming disgrace upon himself in trying to shield him from it, and that I must move Heaven and earth to locate him and make matters right between him and his wife, who, it appears, left him because of this thing."

Russell shifted his gaze transiently to his wife's face. From pale, it had grown all at once bloodless, and she was leaning forward with parted lips and wide, tense eyes. A remark from her dinner partner recalled her to her-



She had grown more splendid in her thirties.

self, and sent the crimson to her cheeks. She made some hurried response, laughing in a half-hysterical little way to conceal her agitation. Then she looked back at Huribut again; he had stopped talking, and Russell almost jumped at the sound of his wife's clear, controlled tones.

"Do tell us all about it, Mr. Huribut," she was saying, "a romance like that is too rare not to be interesting."

"There isn't really much more to tell," he answered, smiling, "that's where the trouble comes in. Evans was always more or less gloomy, almost melancholy—except at times;

then he was unpleasantly hilarious. One day, he got confidential and told me all about his trouble, but withholding the names of the parties. A month later, he was stricken with a fever, and they sent for me at his request. In some way, he made it known to me that I must look up these people and make things right, now that he was going. But he was too far gone to talk distinctly, and I never could get at the names. The story, in brief, however, is this:

"He was staying with some friends in town two weeks prior to his wedding. A young lady was there, at the



"I am afraid she has never ceased to—"

house, and Evans—man-like—found himself making love to her in spite of himself. One night, he kissed her in the rose-garden. In some way, it has never been discovered how, the fact came to the ears of his fiancée. She wrote an immediate letter, dissolving their relationship. Evans replied, assuaging his innocence. He could not do otherwise. But the girl refused to budge. He confided in his friend, who, like a brave Don Quixote, took the affair into his own hands and went to see the girl, and, in order to prove to her that Evans was innocent, himself took the blame of the whole thing, and swore that he it was who kissed the young lady in the rose garden. And in turn, the young lady who was kissed, betrayed the man to his wife, and the wife took French leave."

"But did the girl—the one who was kissed—did she uphold the husband in his deception, to protect the other girl's fiancée?"

"Just exactly."

"Then I should have thought that the husband would have explained everything to his wife!"

"He tried to—pleadings were vain."

"I don't much blame her, do you?"

"Well—I hardly know."

"A man's reply. Were there any children?"

"I don't think so."

"That was lucky. So many women have to endure a continual flagellation of their souls if there are children."

"But the man—think of him! He loved his wife; he must have suffered terribly when she turned on him."

"If he loved her so much, why did he place her in such a position?"

"He thought he could explain; thought that she would trust and believe him. And he loved his friend, and couldn't bear to see his life wrecked all on account of a little nonsense."

"Mrs. Russell laughed then, the tension had to give way somewhere, and when she looked up again, her eyes were calm, with a new light in them.

"Quite a little drama," she remarked, "and so it has fallen to your lot to arrange a climax?"

"In a way, it has."

"And do you think the woman would believe—"

"On the oath of a dying man? I think so. Don't you?"

She nodded. "I think she would like to, at any rate."

"I gave Evans my solemn promise."

"Why did he wait so long to set matters straight?"

"He never knew of the estrangement till a year ago. He went to India, you see."

After that, there was a silence, and soon the hum of general conversation was resumed.

Half an hour later, on emerging from the smoking room, Russell found himself being presented to his wife.

At the sound of his name, she looked up, startled, and the color faded swiftly from her face and lips.

"Francis!" The name came involuntarily, in a sharp whisper.

The hostess, who introduced them, had disappeared, and Russell drew his wife's arm within his and led her out into the cool, shadowy moonlight.

"Nannie," he said, suddenly getting both her hands in his, "do you think that that woman would still like to believe that her husband had told her the truth?"

She met his gaze for an instant, impassioned, pleading, compelling, and her eyes went down.

"I am afraid she has never ceased to believe, dear, since it was—too late."

He stooped and took her in his arms, but for only a moment. Some one was coming, and they moved off down the veranda. At the end of it they came face to face with Huribut. Russell held out his hand.

"First chance I've had to speak to you, old man. I was very much interested in that little story of yours to-night. Meet me at the club to-morrow at one, and I may be able to give you a clue." He turned to his wife with a little half-laugh, "and if you'll condescend to dine with us at seven, there may be even a chance of meeting some of the dramatis personae."

## TURNED JOKE ON HIS FRIEND

Political Orator Delivered Speech the Other Had Prepared.

In the Hayes-Tilden campaign the Hon. W. W. Rice of Worcester, Mass., was a candidate for Congress, and made a desperate fight for his election. He had secured the aid of a friend of Gen. Butler to speak for and with him.

On the 20th and last night of the campaign Mr. Rice, who before that had always spoken first, said to his friend as they were driving to Westboro, "Joe, you must speak first to-night."

The reply was: "I have raked after the cart so far, and decline respectfully to change the program." Mr. Rice insisted, and his friend said, "Well, what shall I talk about?" "Anything you please."

The thought flashed through Mr. friend's mind to play a little joke on the principal, and he replied, "All right, I will open the meeting and give you the pleasure of closing it."

Mr. Rice had prepared carefully a speech which he had given at all his meetings, and his friend had heard it so often that he was familiar with all its details. When the meeting was called to order Mr. Rice's friend was introduced as the first speaker and exhausted, in his own choice of words, every point of Mr. Rice's speech.

As he sat down, Mr. Rice slapped him on the knee and said, "Joe, when I get you out of doors, I'll give you a sound spanking." Which he forgot to do, as he had enough to do to extemporize a speech in his turn at the wheel.

## Sky Falls.

"Many stones must fall into the sea," says a contributor to the Wind sor. "Sailors have described their weird appearance in the night watches, but unfortunately the trail of the sea serpent is over all salt-water yards, and they get discredited. One such fall may be quoted here, because it is near at hand—at Dover, Dec. 17, 1852, and was witnessed by a naval officer, Lieut. Higginson. "At three minutes past five in the morning," he writes, "the meteor having spanned the channel from S. E. to N. W., upon approaching the land, evidently throwing off portions of its substance as it passed through the atmosphere with a terrific rushing noise the nucleus suddenly exploded with a report similar to a heavy clap of thunder. The great body of the meteorite seemed to fall into the water about half a mile from the land—as indicated by a vast volume of spray which rose foaming in the distance. Some fragments of the exploded aerolite were picked up along the sea beach."

## Unconventional Call.

Mme. Rejane, the great French actress, has received a call by balloon at her summer villa at Hennequeville. At the hour of afternoon tea, five o'clock, there, settled down on the lawn an airship, and standing up in it was Mme. Henri Letellier, who observed quietly as she extended her hand to the astonished lady of the house, "We have called to thank you, dear madame, for your co-operation in our charity play."

"This is the first time anybody has dropped from the clouds to thank me," said Rejane.

"It is the way we have in 1905 of paying tribute to talent," was the ready response.

## A Sweet Young Face.

Along the noisy city ways,  
And in the rattling city car,  
On this the dearest of days,  
Perplexed with business fret and jar.

When suddenly a young sweet face  
Looked on my petulance and pain,  
And lent it something of its grace,  
And charmed it into peace again.

The day was just as bleak without,  
My neighbors just as cold within,  
And truth was just as full of doubt,  
The world was just as full of sin.

But in the light of that young smile  
The world grew pure, the heart grew warm,  
And sunshine gleamed a little while  
Across the darkness of the storm.

I did not care to seek her name,  
I only said, "God bless thy life,  
Thy sweet young face, be still the same,  
Or happy maid or happy wife."  
—Phyllis Brooks.

## Third Belmont to Join Racing Game.

August Belmont III, though he has decided to take part in business affairs, evidently does not mean to keep out of the sporting game altogether. He has made application for membership in the Jockey club, which will elect him no doubt at its next meeting. It is his intention to relieve his father of much responsibility in connection with eastern racing affairs.

# PREACHER A DIVER AND ROPE-WALKER

One of the most extraordinary preachers that ever came out of the South is the Rev. "The Mountain Evangelist," says a Parkersburg, W. Va., dispatch. At present Mr. James Joseph Tecumseh Copen, known as Copen, is exhorting in Wirt county, and he selects for his meeting places the most rugged part of the country he can find. His pulpit is a derrick perched upon a rock, as high as possible above his audience—usually at a height of about fifty feet—and from



Diving Point of Sermon.

this elevated position he shouts his sermons through an immense megaphone, specially made for him, to the listening crowds beneath.

As an additional attraction for people to gather at his revivals the preacher makes high dives from a springboard seventy or eighty feet high, or walks a tight rope stretched from his airy pulpit to a convenient anchorage. Sometimes this rope is run across a river, if there happens to be one handy; if not, a canyon answers the purpose just as well.

It must not be supposed that the Rev. J. T. Copen is a "reformed" acrobat or circus performer. He is a

mountaineer pure and simple, and in his boyhood devoted himself to athletics, including high diving and tight rope walking. The feats of his younger days he repeats for a twofold purpose—to draw a crowd and to illustrate his sermons in showing how the sinner plunges into evil ways and how "the wicked stand in slippery places."

The last place selected by this spectacular preacher for his combined "show" and revival was the historic "Devil's Teatable," near this city. His audience gathered on the banks of the Little Kanawha river, across which the preacher walked on a tight rope and into which he plunged from a springboard seventy feet above the river surface. From the top of the "teatable" he belted forth his sermon to the crowd below. So widespread was the interest in the peculiar religious service that special trains were run to accommodate the crowds.

When asked why he had chosen such an elevated place from which to speak, he said that the Bible suggested it, and he was merely complying with the teaching of the Scripture in



Rev. J. T. Copen, the Mountain Evangelist.

doing everything he has done and intends to do.

"The faithful who are delegated by the higher power to teach the Gospel will be served as Elijah was served," said the hoary headed but vigorous mountaineer. "When the time comes for me to go I shall be removed from earth in much the same way that Elijah was taken. It may not be in a chariot of fire, but the means of removal will be equally adequate."

The Rev. Mr. Copen is the founder of a new sect for which he has not yet found a name, nor is his creed



Preaching Through Megaphone.

quite clear. He says it is an improvement over the Baptist faith. As yet he has but a few followers, but is hopeful.

"Many people say I am crazy," said he, "but I am not. It does not necessarily follow that because I believe in a creed which differs somewhat from all denominational creeds I have ever heard of that I am of a crippled mind. I believe in the reincarnation of souls. I have lived for thousands and thousands of years, and so have you and everybody else. When I get to thinking I can see myself with Napoleon, and while I cannot quite make out my position at the time, I was a high official in some court hundreds of years ago."

## DEMANDS MADE ON DIPLOMATS

American Representatives Asked to Do Queer Things.

Andrew White, for so long our representative at St. Petersburg, tells in his biography of the many strange requests made of him. Perhaps the quaintest was a letter from a town in the middle west which reached him when he was at Berlin. The letter was accompanied by a package of cheap cotton cloth in squares, and made the modest request that he have the emperor and Prince Bismarck divide them up and place on each their signatures.

It was explained that there was a church fair to be held in the town and it was desired to place on sale a number of patchwork quilts containing the signatures of the rules of Europe, as well as the leading Americans. Packets, it was explained, had been sent to the other embassies, and it was expected that the quilts would prove quite a profitable article of sale.

The incident is more than matched by the experience of our minister to France, who received a note reminding him that he was in Paris as the representative of the American people.

As the writer felt that she had the right to share his time with the rest of her countrymen, she requested that he try to match a sample of ribbon which she could not duplicate at the local store and which the shopkeeper had declared to be of French manufacture.

## A Triumph Over Obstacles.

Her first ventures at cooking dinner in her own home had passed successfully, and they sat in silence at opposite ends of the table, wondering at the novelty of it all, and gazing at each other.

"Honestly, honestly—on your word of honor—did you like it, Fred?" she asked, finally.

"Never enjoyed anything so much in my life," he said, and swallowed a lump.

"Everything—everything—from soup to pudding?"

"Every mouthful, from soup to pudding," he said bravely.

"Oh, I'm so relieved, then," she said, as a huge sigh escaped her. "You see, I forgot to order the sirup for the sauce for the pudding, and I had to have something, so I took the cough sirup, and I was so afraid you'd taste it!"—Exchange.

## It Didn't Work.

"George," said the colonel to a colored man whom he met on the street, "I wish you would spread the news around among your people that I am going to set a spring gun in my henhouse and that if any of them are shot it won't be my fault."

"Yes, sah, I'll do so, sah, but I don't reckon it'll do any good."

"But why won't it?"

"Bekase, sah, as I understand de stit washun, dey dun cleaned your henhouse out last night and won't have any occasion to go back dar!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Where Children Are Sold.

On the same steamer by which I reached Benguela there were five little native boys, conspicuous in striped jerseys, and running about the ship like rats. I suppose they were about 10 to 12 years old, perhaps less. I do not know where they came from, but it must have been from some fairly distant part of the interior, for like all natives who see stairs for the first time they went up and down on their hands and knees. They were traveling with a Portuguese, and within a week of landing at Benguela he had sold them all to other white owners. Their price was 50 milreis apiece (near \$10). Their owner did rather well, for the boys were small and thin—hardly bigger than another native slave boy who was at the same time given away by one Portuguese friend to another as a New Year's present. But all through this part of the country I have found the price of human beings ranging rather higher than I expected, and the man who told me the price of the boys had himself been offered one of them at that figure, and was simply passing on the offer on to myself—Henry W. Livingston in Harper's Magazine.

## Cruel Jest on Proud Papa.

A young man employed in a Market street office, who recently became possessor of a fine baby, the first in his family, has been made the victim of a cruel jest, and it is causing a few silver strands to appear in his raven locks.

Upon learning of the happy event in the young man's household a wag at the office promptly inserted an ad in the paper offering a fine, healthy baby for adoption, and giving the office phone number for the convenience of applicants. The number of phone calls by parties seeking information about the baby has been great, and every time an inquirer calls up the proud father is sent to answer.

It is in vain he protests that his offering is not to be given away. The callers pester him with queries about the baby's sex, weight, color of hair and eyes; whether it has dimples, and sentimental females invariably ask if it can say "goo, goo." One inquirer offered to adopt the youngster for \$100 to boot, and this was not the only mercenary proffer made.—Philadelphia Record.

## Denison to Leave Service of Japan.

H. W. Denison, an American attorney, who has been for the past twenty-five years legal adviser in the Japanese foreign office, will retire and return to the United States within a year. He is the only American who has ever held such a high position in a foreign government. His place corresponds to that of solicitor general in the state department of this government. It is known that no important document has been sent from the Japanese foreign office in recent years that has not been first submitted to Mr. Denison for his approval. In all probability Mr. Denison will be succeeded by a Japanese.

## CASTING OUT THE EVIL ONE.

Farmer Paid Much Money for Peace that Didn't Come.

From a town near Erfurt in Germany comes this tale of a "wise woman," an ignorant farmer and an imitation Beelzebub. The "wise woman" lives at Langensalz and claims to have the power to cast out evil spirits. A farmer and his family who had for some time been troubled by evil dreams and harassed by various minor misfortunes came to the conclusion that Satan had his hand in their affairs, so they consulted the "wise woman." She prescribed that the family should go to certain spot among the neighboring hills, where they were to bury a new earthen pot containing several gold coins. The devil, attracted by the money, would empty the pot and leave the family in peace.

A novelty was introduced by the "wise woman" into the program. This was the letting off of fireworks from the spot where the money was buried as soon as the duped family had retired on their way home. These satanic pyrotechnics were managed by an accomplice, but the "wise woman" explained to the farmer that they were caused by Beelzebub's departure with mammon.

But these offerings to the evil one brought no relief, although the sums in the earthen pot went on increasing. Light at last dawned on the farmer. He put the matter in the hands of the police. His payments to procure a release from Satan's attentions amounted to 70,000 marks (\$16,800).

## Originality of Thoreau.

The handwriting of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau had a striking resemblance; I could hardly tell them apart; it was very strange, for Mr. Thoreau never imitated anybody; there was nothing but originality in him, as I know from my many hours with him. He was very reticent of biographical recollections; yet I recall that he well remembered a certain field, through which he walked in Concord, a good distance from the village, to which he used to drive his cow—with bare feet, like the other village boys. He did not dwell on the past. I am confident he rarely read a book over twice, and he loved not to repeat a story after its first freshness. His talent was onward, vigorous, in the moment, which was perfectly filled, and then he went to the next with great speed.—F. B. Sanborn in the September Critic.

## Salvation on the Links.

The bishop of Manchester declares that if the people will not come to the church the church must go to the people, and follow them to their week-end resorts. It is, we hear, proposed to make a start by supplying golf links with missionaries, who will sing a short hymn after each drive. In the event of a fizzle the hymn will be sung with extraordinary vigor in order to drown any lay remarks that may be made.—Punch.