

AT THE CONCERT.

"It has been a mistake," said Nathan Taussig. "It has been a bitter mistake. I cannot see how either of us ever made it. But the sooner we retrieve it, the better. Perhaps, after all, I have not quite ruined your life, though you seem to think that I have. As for myself, I defy you to ruin my life. No woman shall do that, nor man, either."

"Oh, no!" interposed his wife scornfully, "no one could ruin your life. You are too independent and too selfish. One could lavish one's best love on you and you would never know it. One could hate you and you would not care. I have been angry and out of sympathy with you for weeks at a time, and you did not even suspect it. I'm tired of the soul of living with a galvanized mummy."

"Of course," responded Taussig, smilingly, "you naturally would be. Therefore, let us separate without further delay. A divorce is not necessary. I shall have no further use for matrimony, and, as for you, I know your scruples much too well to think that you would ever be the wife of another man during my lifetime. Now, I have a proposition to make."

"Yes."

"Let one of us take the child and the other the home. You are to choose. If you take Claribel, then leave me the books and pictures and the other things we have cared for. If you choose the home I will take our daughter and go. The offer is not, perhaps, a generous one. It is not chivalrous. I ought to offer you the home and the child. But I see no reason for being more than just. I have been as unfortunate as you, and see no reason of despoiling myself of everything."

Mary Taussig looked about her at the familiar, beautiful room. The fire danced in the great fireplace; the pictures she and her husband had selected together looked at her from the walls; her chair stood in its accustomed place by the reading table. Beyond, in the dining room, she caught the gleam of the china and crystal she had enthusiastically selected in happier days. The beauty and the association of these material things called to her with a thousand tempting voices. Her face grew white.

"I will take the child," she said. "I choose Claribel."

The next morning, leading her 8-year-old daughter by the hand, she opened the door of her house for the



last time. At the ultimate moment she turned and looked back upon her land of lost delights.

"What a pity that we hate each other," she said to her husband. "It is so inconvenient."

"Isn't it?" he assented. He bowed her out. The latch snapped behind her. She walked to the pavement, holding her little girl by the hand. One more look backward escaped her, and she gave a sharp cry.

"My home, my home!" she said. "Mamma, you hurt my hand so!" sobbed Claribel. "Why do you talk so? I don't want to go walking. I want to go back to the nursery and play with my dolls."

Inside of the house a man flung himself, face downward, upon a couch and cried:

"My little girl! My little girl! How am I going to live without my little girl!"

Ten years later Mary Taussig and her daughter entered the Auditorium one Friday afternoon for the pleasure of listening to a concert by the Chicago orchestra. Mary Taussig walked with the independent step of one who is in the habit of walking alone. There was a clear and sad light in her gray eyes. Her brow had grown loftier than it had been in the days of her youth. Dignity and patience and kindness spoke in her every feature. As she moved along in her violet colored garments no woman in the audience that day, young or old, had a personality so appealing and so picturesque. About her young daughter there appeared to be something unfulfilled. The face wore an expression of longing and the vague and enchanting restlessness of a young girl, but something suggestive of more definite regret and deprivation. With the frank disregard of beauty, which the young can afford to assume, the girl had costumed herself in black. Black plumes shaded her face; her little chin was hidden in her somber furs, and the delicate hand with which she pressed down her theater chair was gloved in black.

This slender hand caught the casual glance of the gentleman occupying the next seat, and he followed it with his eyes till it rested on the owner's lap. Still his fragile contour held him, as if it awakened memories, and he sat staring at it idly, with no care, apparently, to lift his eyes higher.

He was a man of middle age, prematurely gray, with a serious and intellectual face, and the manner of one who is weary with too much work or responsibility.

It was not until after the music had begun and one of the too obvious descriptive symphonies of a certain modern composer began to make its insistent way into the comprehension of the audience that he chose to lift his eyes. When he beheld the face of the young girl next him a strange and comprehending light stole into his face, and his fixed regard caused the girl to return his look. For a moment perplexity had its way with her. Then an expression of awe—almost fright—appeared in her eyes. Then, quietly and naturally, the two knew themselves for father and daughter meeting after ten years.

There was no need of Claribel's soft pressure on her mother's arm to make her acquainted with the fact Nathan Taussig sat there beside them. She had noticed him when she stood in the aisle waiting for her daughter to precede her. A mist clouded her sight and it seemed to her for a moment as if death were actually knocking at her house of life. But she forced herself to calmness and seated herself.

It was fate, no doubt. From the day she had left her own home she had not lived in Chicago. For a time she and her daughter had known peaceful English country life; for years she had lived in a quiet, beautiful Massachusetts village, where Claribel had attended school. For the first time she had returned to Chicago. What likelihood, she had asked herself, was there of meeting Nathan Taussig in a city of two million souls? Yet here, on the first occasion on which she ventured into a public place, she met him. It was fate, no question.

The music had changed. The orchestra was giving to the people the most reverent thoughts of a master. True and sweet and comforting was the serene major harmony, and the dew of its beauty fell into the very clefts of the heart. In the trembling young girl in the sable garments it awoke a world of tenderness. The longing and dissatisfaction from which she had suffered took concrete form in her elated imagination.

It was her father that she wanted—her father's love, her father's guidance, his authority! As the rivulets of spring dance down the hillside to find the river, so her soul sought that of her father. The music, "yearning like a god in pain," impelled her to indulge in an exquisite impulse. She slipped the glove from her warm and quivering fingers and laid them softly—softly as a kiss—within the hand of the man beside her. On his part there was a second's hesitation as if the faithful nerves of his hand had not told his aching heart the truth. Then, with a grasp, such as a sinful one might take upon an angel's robe, he closed his hand upon that of the girl and over the two spread a happiness like the balm of a starlit summer night.

The concert ended in time. The three arose. They faced each other. Each looked beautiful to the eyes of the rest. The crowd passed along the aisles. It would have been profane to have said anything commonplace. Yet it was no place for an extraordinary word. It was Claribel who first found courage to speak.

"It is strange that you knew me," she said to her father. "Tell me, was it your eyes or your heart that first informed you who I was?"

"I cannot tell. But now that we have met, are we to part?" His eyes asked the question of the elder woman, though it was the younger one he addressed.

"Nathan Taussig," said his wife, "let the girl have her rights. She wants you, and needs you. Take her home with you for a time."

"But you must come, too, Mary. Come, life is going fast. Let us be at peace. What were the old feuds? I have forgotten what they were all about. I only remember how lonely I am."

"Who am I," said Mary Taussig, with those divine melodies of the master still ringing in her soul, "that I should refuse to walk the path appointed for my feet?"

So they went out together—those three—onto the street, and so home.—Chicago Tribune.

Military Salute.

You've undoubtedly noticed during a military review the officers salute while passing the reviewing stand by bringing the hilts of their swords to their faces. It is a custom which dates back to the time of the Crusaders. When the Crusaders were on the march to the Holy City, the knights were in the daily habit of planting their long, two-handed swords upright in the ground, thereby forming a cross, and before this they performed their morning devotions. On all military occasions they kissed the hilts of their swords in token of devotion to the cross. The method of saluting by bringing the hand to a horizontal position over the eyebrows dates back to the tournaments of the middle ages, when after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights, who were to take the part in the sports of the day, marched past the dias on which she sat, and as they passed, shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty by placing their hands horizontally to their foreheads.

She Knew.

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota says that when he was abroad he did a great deal of parish work in *Italy*. After holding a service in the English church outside the walls, he overheard one Englishman say to another: "Who was the bishop who preached today?" "The bishop of Mimosa," she replied. "He comes from South Africa, you know."

God works through human instruments, through the natural laws that he has instituted.—Rev. P. C. Yorks.

ENGLAND ON DECLINE

LOSING PRESTIGE IN WORLD'S TRADE.

America and Germany bounding forward while Great Britain rests content with her laurels—America's Advance.

From her proud position as acknowledged head of the trading nations of the world, there is a possibility, and even a probability that Great Britain will in the near future be relegated to a place on the list below America, Germany, France and other nations that are showing more enterprise in the world of commerce and trade and which have been bounding forward with tireless energy while England has been resting seemingly content with her laurels, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Only those who watch the course of nations fully appreciate the laxity and carelessness which have marked the actions of Great Britain as a trading nation within the last twenty-five years, and only those who now look at the figures and who consider what the Transvaal war means, can count the cost. The truth is that England has not kept pace with the world's progress, and that to-day, whether she conquers the Boers or not, her trade supremacy is threatened.

No branch of industry exemplifies this more fittingly than the manufacturing of cotton goods. Not many years ago Liverpool ruled the raw cotton market, and Lancashire mills ruled the manufactured cotton goods trade of the world. Today English mills consume but 40 per cent of the cotton spun in Europe, and the position of Liverpool as the dumping ground of the cotton crop is more a theory than a reality.

France, Germany, Switzerland and Russia have made mighty strides in the cotton manufacturing business, and all at the expense of England. In Germany the greatest progress is shown, but within the past ten years America has had an impetus to this branch of industry that promises ere long to place her in the front rank.

Particular attention is paid to cotton because it is and has been for more than fifty years the greatest industry of England, furnishing employment not only for hundreds of thousands of operatives, but making up a goodly part of the stuff sold by Great Britain to her colonies and to other nations.

Now, however, England appears to have reached the apex of her supremacy in the cotton trade. Within the last five years the number of spindles in England have increased only 500,000 while the other countries of Europe report an increase of 4,600,000. Fifteen years ago England manufactured 56 per cent of the cotton goods made in Europe. Last year England's percentage was only 40, and by the signs now showing, the percentage will be still smaller this year.

With nations as with individuals, repose comes with plenty. England, apparently, has been content of late to rest on her trade laurels. While England has been resting the other great nations have been exerting themselves, Germany and America being particularly enterprising, and unless a great change comes over the spirit and character of the English merchant within the present generation the struggle for commercial supremacy will be between the Teuton and the American.

In one department of the world's business England is yet supreme. That is the ocean carrying trade. Not only is she supreme in this, but never before did her ship-owning subjects enjoy such prosperity as now.

Actions, Not Words.

There are those who say happiness is nothing; that one should not care to look for it. When you hear such a sentiment expressed, know that the speaker is saying what in his inmost soul he disbelieves. While nobody believes that happiness is the only object to be sought in life, there is not that human being who, while he lives, say what he may, is not seeking it openly or unacknowledged to himself. He who loftily waves off the acknowledgment of this fact, generally is at the same moment finding plausible excuses, of duty or present necessity, for securing to himself all possible ease and enjoyment. What is uncomfortable and disagreeable to do is sure to be contrary to his ideas of "right." What he wishes to do can never be "wrong." By men's actions, not by their words, must we judge them.

The Kaiser An Ardent Sportsman.

It is well known that the Kaiser is an ardent sportsman, but the following catalogue of his bag since 1872, carefully compiled by a journal devoted to sport, is quite startling. The Emperor William, we are told, has killed during twenty-seven years 1,223 bucks, 1,467 does, 2,548 wild boars, 771 roebucks, 17,446 hares, twenty-two foxes, 121 chamois, 1,392 rabbits, 13,720 pheasants, 694 herons, and other birds and beasts, making a grand total of 40,957. It is fortunate that the Kaiser has other occupations, pictures to paint, operas to compose, sermons to preach, impromptu speeches to prepare, otherwise Germany would run short of fauna.

English Postoffice Employer.

The English postoffice employs not far short of 80,000 women, and it is probable that the largest number are employed in telegraphy, or in duties relating thereto. In London alone the number would appear to exceed 1,500, of whom no fewer than 1,000 are employed at the central telegraph office at St. Martin's-le-Grand.—Scottish American.

BOGUS BATTLE SCENES

Made to Order by Frenchmen—Posing for the Scenes.

New York correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean: The demand for photographs of Boer war scenes for publication has so far outrun the supply that ingenious Frenchmen have devised a scheme by which any style of war pictures may be made to order on short notice. The French photographs have secured some old horses, a few guns and a score or more of supernumeraries, who are photographed as Boers, may be distinguished by their long whiskers, and the Englishmen may be known at a glance by their uniforms. Near Paris imitation breastworks have been constructed, and these are stormed several times a day by the supers while the camera man takes their pictures. When a general officer is wounded the scene is produced by the aid of an old horse and a super, who is photographed in the act of falling out of the saddle. Such little odds and ends of war as photographs of snipers, pickets, stretcher-bearers, etc., are easily counterfeited before a camera, and the results are just as good for the papers which buy them as would be photographs from the battlefield. There is one genuine picture of a ford somewhere in South Africa which has done service every time a river is crossed. It is a peaceful looking picture, with a big tree at the left in the foreground, a shallow river behind it, and half a dozen cows or sheep wading to the farther shore. Whenever any division of the English army has crossed a river anywhere this picture has been trotted out to illustrate the exact place of crossing. If the English forces keep on maneuvering as they have for the past two months they may cross this particular river at this very ford. Along with the mass of counterfeit pictures which are sold in this country are many genuine ones. None of the genuine photographs up to date, however, has been half so dramatic as the French counterfeit.

FASCINATING PLACETOMARKET

Infinite Variety of Everything—Fras Sold by the Sauceful.

Probably there is no better market in the whole world than New Orleans affords, says the Boston Transcript. In the historic old French market the products of every clime meet on common ground. Here is the fine refrigerated beef from Chicago and Kansas City, kept until it is just the right mellowness, here are the marvelous products in infinite variety of southern waters—pompano, sheepshead, deep sea trout, rodnappers, flounders, crabs, shrimp and crawfish for the bisque beloved of Creoles, and a thousand nameless varieties of fish and shellfish; here in season may be bought deer and bear and duck and wild turkey and snipe and quail and all the varieties of birds and game we know in the north, with papabotes and grasses and delicate little reed birds to makean epicure's mouth water merely to look upon them; in the vegetable department the stalls are heaped with every vegetable you have ever known, and many whose names and usages are unfamiliar to you—queer things from Central American ports, with queer flavors that you first endure, then adore. Here, squatting on the outskirts, by the side of their baskets, are the last remnants of the Choctaw tribe of Indians, "dull, flat-faced women, with fle and bay and sassafras leaves to sell. But nothing else is so odd to you as the fact that in the French market you have had to adjust yourself to an entirely new system of measurements. You can not buy your peas or potatoes by the peck or bushel, as you have been used to all your life. "How much?" you ask the market woman in her stall, and she replies so much a saucer. There they are, piled up in a neat little pyramid in a saucer, the delicate green peas or the pink new potatoes, and you haven't the very slightest idea how many saucerfuls it will take to make a meal for your family.

Horse-Power.

Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, introduced into the vocabulary of machinists the term horse-power. When he first began the manufacture of steam engines, he experienced much difficulty in ascertaining from his distant customers what sized engine they required, and they were not less puzzled how to communicate to him the information. He was frequently guided, however, by their mentioning the number of horses which the engine ordered was designed to replace. Acting upon this hint, he ascertained by experiment that the very strongest of the London brewers' horses (animals of wonderful size and strength), could exert a force equivalent to raising 33,000 pounds one foot a minute. This force he called one horse power, and adopted it as the standard in regulating the size of steam engines. Now, not one horse in a hundred is able to exert that degree of strength. A steam engine of ten horse-power can, in reality, do the work of about twenty horses.

Foolish Question.

Higgins—"Well, has Dr. Green given you any relief? I suppose you took my advice and called him in?" Twentystone (troubled with obesity)—"Look here, did you send him to me to poke fun at me?" Higgins—"Eh? No. Why?" Twentystone—"Because the first thing he asked me was: 'Do you feel heavy when you get up in the morning?'"

Killed Himself by Shooting.

At Springfield, Mass., William Metcalf, a well known local printer and publisher, killed himself by shooting.

QUEEN VIC'S LIFE.

SHE DRESSES PLAINER THAN HER SUBJECTS.

Lives More Frugally and Maintains a Greater Air of Comfort and Homeliness About Her Private Rooms—Her Daily Labors.

The home life of Queen Victoria has ever been a subject of widespread interest and sympathy. Her somewhat dull and monotonous childhood, her idyllic married life, her long widowhood and her peaceful by busy old age have alike attracted both writers and readers on every hand. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the queen's career has been the skill with which she has contrived to maintain the simplicity of an old-fashioned English home life, notwithstanding the pomp and ceremony which necessarily belong to court. This is largely due to her early training. The daughter of the duke of Kent, a prince of very limited income, the young Princess Victoria saw little of the luxury which is commonly supposed to abound in royal circles. Strict economy was the rule of her early home, and the lesson has never been forgotten.

Amid the costly magnificence which characterizes the state apartments the queen's private rooms are always notable for their comfort and homeliness. In matters of dress, too, Queen Victoria is far more economical than many of her middle-class subjects.

The queen attributes her long life and excellent health very largely to her practice of spending as much time as possible in the open air every day. In her youth riding was her favorite recreation, and in Scotland she has almost lived on pony back. Now, of course, carriage exercise has taken its place. Every morning her majesty goes out in her little pony chair, often visiting the farm and stables in the course of her drive. Sometimes her chair is drawn by a beautiful donkey which was purchased in the south of France by his royal mistress to save him from ill treatment. This donkey rejoices in the name of Jacko, and on holiday occasions wears a curious harness adorned with bells, and with two foxes' brushes hanging over his blinkers. The greater part of the forenoon of each week day is devoted to business, for no woman in the land gets through more actual work in the course of each week than the queen. Her dispatch boxes are arranged on a table set in Windsor park, near the Frogmore tea-house, whenever the weather permits. Here the queen carefully reads and annotates the innumerable dispatches which come to her from the foreign and home offices, for it has been the rule of her life to attend personally to all important affairs of state.

But this by no means represents all the multifarious occupations of the queen. Her private correspondence is enormous, for it is a kind of unwritten family law that all her children and grandchildren shall write to her every day. All important housekeeping questions are settled by the royal mistress herself, who often orders the meals and even keeps an eye on the household linen. Even the smallest details of domestic economy are not regarded by the queen as beneath her notice. A story is told that on one occasion she went into a practically disused room at Windsor and noticed a cabinet that had evidently not been dusted that day. She promptly wrote the royal autograph in the dust, and beneath the name of the particular maid whose duty it was to dust the room. This may seem rather a small matter, but when one remembers that nearly 2,000 persons are employed in Windsor castle and its precincts it shows a very remarkable knowledge of the personality of so vast a staff.

The Power of Imagination.

Stories illustrating the power of imagination are many. Here is a new one. It comes from a recent number of the Psychological Review which relates an interesting experiment made by Mr. Slosson with the view of demonstrating how easily this faculty of imagination may be called into play. In the course of a popular lecture, Mr. Slosson presented before his audience a bottle which he uncorked with elaborate precautions, and then, watch in hand, asked those present to indicate the exact moment at which a peculiar odor was perceived by them. Within fifteen seconds, those immediately in front of him held up their hands, and within forty seconds, those at the other end of the room declared that they distinctly perceived the odor. There was an obstinate minority, largely composed of men, who stoutly declared their inability to detect any odor, but Mr. Slosson believes that many more would have given in, had he not been compelled to bring the experiment to a close within a minute of opening the bottle, several persons in the front rank finding the odor so powerful that they hastily quitted the room. The bottle contained nothing but distilled water. It would be interesting to know the effect of the explanation on the audience, but this part of the story is left to the imagination of the reader.

Would Have Them.

Visitor (looking at portraits)—"What a lot of ancestors you've got!" Forkenochps—"That's dead right. I didn't want so many, but Sarah she insisted."—Brooklyn Life.

A Contrary Man.

Nixon—"Would you call Dickson a contrary man?" Funderberger—"Contrary? Why, that man would try to toboggan up hill!"—Harper's Bazar.

STOPPED DRINKING.

New Orleans Drunkard Saw a Verbatim Report of His Monologue.

"There goes a man whom I reclaimed from the Demon Rum," remarked a New Orleans court stenographer recently. "It happened in this way. He is a tip-top fellow, and has no end of ability, but four or five years ago he began to let liquor get the best of him. He had a fine position at the time, and I don't think he exactly neglected his work, but it got to be a common thing to see him standing around barrooms in the evening about two-thirds full and talking foolish. A few of his close friends took the liberty of giving him a quiet hint, and as usual in such cases he got highly indignant and denied point blank that he had ever been in the least under the influence of liquor. All the same he kept increasing the pace, until it became pretty easy to predict where he was going to land, and it was at this stage of the game I did my great reformation act. I was sitting in a restaurant one evening when he came in with some fellow and took the next table, without seeing me. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and on the impulse of the moment I pulled out my stenographer's note book and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It was the usual maudlin rot of our good fellow half seas over, shading off in spots to boozey pathos, where both gentlemen wept in their beer, and including numerous highly candid details of the speaker's daily life. Next morning I copied the whole thing neatly on the typewriter and sent it around to his office. In less than ten minutes he came tearing in, with his eyes fairly hanging out of their sockets. 'Great heavens, Charley!' he gasped, 'what is this anyhow?' 'It's a stenographic report of your monologue at ———'s last evening,' I replied, and gave him a brief explanation. 'Did I really talk like that?' he asked faintly. 'I assure you it is an absolutely verbatim report,' said I. He turned pale and walked out, and from that day to this he hasn't taken a drink. His prospects at present are splendid—in fact, he's one of our coming men. All that he needed was to hear himself as others heard him."

SOMETHING NEW AT BULL FIGHT

Some of the Spectators May Lose Their Sight.

A disgraceful scene was witnessed in a bull ring, when there was a struggle between a small panther, an old lioness, a large bear, and a powerful bull, says a Madrid correspondent of the London Standard. In a short time the bull terribly gored the panther and the lioness, but he had more trouble with the bear, which required several terrific tossings and wounds from which blood flowed freely, before the wretched animal gave in. The proceedings were witnessed by 12,000 spectators of all ranks, who were so engrossed in the fight and so enthusiastic over the victory of the bull, that they hardly noticed the report of a gun fired by the keeper to goad on the wild beasts when at first they did not show fight. About twenty persons, however, hurriedly left one of the stone galleries, and when the performance was nearly over it was found that these twenty spectators had been wounded, several seriously, in the eyes and face by the slugs fired at the animals. All the injured were instantly attended to by the doctor of the infirmary at the bull-ring, who stated that one man—an Austrian baker—would lose the sight of both eyes, while another would not be able to see again with his left eye. On hearing this the crowd became very demonstrative toward the tamer, who was at once arrested and taken to the office of the civil governor by the gendarmes. He is to be prosecuted for having caused the injuries to the occupants of the gallery. The Madrid papers denounce the authorities for allowing the use of firearms in a crowded bull-ring, but only El Correo and El Correspondencia have the courage to lament the fact that such scenes are possible in the capital of Spain.

Age Limit for Cheese.

"A few days ago," said Harry Cunningham, of Montana, at Chamberlain's, "the late Charlie Broadwater, of our state, gave a banquet to about a score of his personal friends. It was an elaborate spread, and one of the chief items was some twenty-year-old brandy that cost Mr. Broadwater a fabulous price and regarding which he spoke with much enthusiasm. At the wind-up of the feast coffee and Roquefort cheese were brought in, though the latter was not commonly down on Montana menus at that period. Sitting near the host was one of his special friends, who, after eyeing the Roquefort a trifle suspiciously, tasted it, made a wry face and shoved his plate to one side. 'You don't seem to like that,' remarked Mr. Broadwater. 'Indeed, I do not, Charlie. Your twenty-year-old brandy is all right, but I'll be d—d if I like your twenty-year-old cheese.'"—Washington Post.

Spread of the English Language.

Writing on the decline of the French language, M. Jean Finot points out that at the end of the last century French was the language spoken by the greatest number of civilized people, whereas now it stands fourth. English is spoken by 116,000,000, Russian by 85,000,000, German by 80,000,000, and French by 58,000,000.

A Queen's Collection of Dolls.

Queen Wilhelmina has preserved her dolls and adds constantly to her collection.