



From the window of the chapel softly sounds an organ's note, Through the peaceful Sabbath gloaming drifting shreds of music float, And the quiet and the frelight and the sweetly solemn tunes.

Bear me dreaming back to boyhood and its Sunday afternoons; When we gathered in the parlor, in the parlor stiff and grand, Where the haircloth chairs and sofas stood arrayed, a gloomy band, Where each queer old portrait watched us with a countenance of wood, And the shells upon the whatnot in a dustless splendor stood.

Then the quaint old parlor organ, with the quaver in its tongue, Seemed to tremble in its fervor as the sacred songs were sung, As we sang the homely anthem, sang the glad revival hymns Of the glory of the story and the light no sorrow dims.

While the dusk grew even deeper and the evening settled down, And the lamp-lit windows twinkled in the drowsy little town, Old and young we sang the chorus and the echoes told it o'er In the dear, familiar voices, hushed or scattered evermore.

From the windows of the chapel faint and low the music dies, And the picture in the firelight fades before my tear-dimmed eyes, But my wistful fancy, listening, hears the night wind hum the tunes That we sang there in the parlor on those Sunday afternoons.



### A Jest of Fate.

BY MAUDE E. LEONARD. (Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) The man was in a brown study. Apparently he was engaged in a difficult experiment in his laboratory for his hands moved automatically among the chemicals. Liquids met, mingled and were separated deftly, but in reality he was entirely ignorant of what his sensitive fingers were doing, for his mind was busily engaged otherwise.

He was a well-built man, and his profile spoke of strength, with its slightly aquiline nose, deepest eye, and closely trimmed beard. That the mouth hidden by this same beard held doubtful curves and a curious droop was a fact naturally unknown to most persons. When Dr. Packard chose to address a meeting of scientists his auditors always were aroused and listened. For he had a brain. Whether he was troubled by a heart was something women liked to speculate about. Those who had solved the question discreetly hid their dearly bought knowledge, for women do not parade their hurts.

In the face of this, it is somewhat remarkable to understand that at the moment when he was so aimlessly puttering about in his mechanical work with lackluster, introspective eyes, Dr. Packard's brain was in reality entirely occupied with a woman. She had come out of the past so far back that the halo of mystery was beginning to adorn her memory, and because he was a son of Adam Dr. Packard found this uniquely attractive. She needed some such softening



The other held poison.

nimbus, he reflected, with a touch of sardonic humor, for she must be forty years old—it was over twenty years since he had left that miserable small town in the west when opportunity had stretched out a finger to his restless grasp. The tumultuous and fast following years had cluttered his mind, and it came to him that this was the first time he had ever so seriously and leisurely contemplated his act.

He set down a siphon smartly and smashed it as he reflected what a fool he had been. At nineteen he had married Bessie Crowell. She was a waitress in the railroad restaurant and alone in the world. She had been pretty, of course, and she was good. As to her spilling he was not so sure. Carefully he pieced out his boyish recollection of her. He knew precisely what her type would have degenerated into in the time which had passed. With the uncomprehendingly accurate knowledge of the mature man he could see her as she undoubtedly

was after the lapse of twenty years. She was fat and wore broad, flat shoes with the buttons off. Her gowns were of the dreary, nondescript wools stupid women affect, and her waist went by courtesy. Her hair—it had been brown and roughly curly—was thinning and shiny and screwed into a tight knot. Her complexion was coarse and oily, and she was gross, stolid and entirely repellent to a man of fastidious tastes. Her mind had never risen above the gossip of the store and corners. As this picture grew, so correspondingly faded the idea which as a just man had attacked him, that he had done wrong in running away from her. It was with a sort of pride he recollected in all these years he had never failed to send regular remittances back to her and the child. For there had been one, but it had not appealed to his restless youth and still slumbering emotions of fatherhood. His lawyer relieved him of the delicate task of forwarding



She had never heard such a laugh.

the allowance to Bessie, Mrs. Abbott. When he ran away he had changed his name to Packard and she had never traced him, though his invaluable legal man had once carelessly conveyed to him the impression that a vindictive and spasmodic search for her strangely missing husband was now and then made by his client's beneficiary, Mrs. Abbott. Packard had thanked his legal man gravely without vouchsafing any information concerning the recalcitrant husband to his expectant legal man, and had gone to his club to offer up thanks that his trail was covered.

Dr. Packard, the scientist, the favored, the admired by the lovely and gracious women of society and by men of affairs—what had this man in common with the hot-headed boy of a quarter of a century before, whose name was Abbott and who had been a fool? She could never find him.

With a short sigh Dr. Packard set down the retort he held and reached for the glass of water he had drawn some moments before. The day was warm and he was thirsty. He drank every drop before he emerged from his mental wanderings and stood blinking as one whose sleeping eyes have opened suddenly on a glare of light. Then he stumbled, sat down, and stared stupidly at the empty glass. Two feet away from where it had stood was another glass similar in shape, filled with a colorless liquid. One of those glasses had held water, the other had been filled with a solution he had made of a peculiar, colorless, tasteless poison. And he had drunk one of them.

There was a dampness on his forehead. If it was the poison he had swallowed he was a dead man inside an hour. Then of a sudden he squared his shoulders and laughed harshly with relief. Hastily he reached for the other glass—he could test its contents and the suspense would be over. As he grasped it his trembling hand shifted, the glass slipped into the sink and the contents disappeared down the drain. The man groaned. It had come on him so suddenly, he had awakened to the everyday world so abruptly he had not had time to get his balance. He was not in a normal condition to face such a catastrophe and he sat clutching the table edge with starting eyes and a ghastly face. He did not want to die—he would not! A blind panic had him fast as he realized there was no use calling for help. No one could save him. With nerves tingling he sat waiting for the first twinge of pain, his imagination lending hideous aid to reality. In a few minutes everything would be ended for him if it was the poison he had swallowed and something of his old, dominating will came back as he rapidly adjusted his point of view. Stubbornly his thoughts returned to Bessie Abbott but not with contemplative leisure this time. She loomed a solemn fact in the life he had suddenly become separated from and the idea of a full explanation seized him and was insistent. With the odd notion growing he rose and wavered toward his desk in the next room and wrote hurriedly. There was really no one else with so good a claim on his wealth and the child, young man by this time—he still thought of him as an alien, disinterestedly—might possibly make some use of prosperity even as he had done. With livid face he glanced over the unblotted letter.

"You could never have found me living," it ran, "but it is my whim you should profit by my death. It will give New York something to talk about and wonder over. I do not object adding to the gaiety of nations for I know the devil of ennui. Come to the address at the top of this sheet and take possession. Everything is yours. I must confess I rarely remembered you till today when strangely enough you have been much in my thoughts. They say the mind of the aged reverts to scenes of youth—possibly in my case forty is old. It is evidently sufficient in fate's judgment for in half an hour I shall be dead. Goodby."

The brutality of the few words seemed to revive him and stop the dull pricking that was stealing over his body. Methodically he sealed, addressed and stamped the envelope, walked out and handed it to the postman who at that moment was unlocking the mailbox. Then he came back to the laboratory and shut the door behind him. There was no longer in his mind any doubt as to which of the glasses he had emptied for his hands were cold, he trembled as with an ague and numbness stole over his brain. He could not think. He wandered around the room with protesting despairing tread and when his knees gave way beneath him he fell gasping to the floor and the waves swept over him.

Hours later those working over Dr. Packard who had been found on the floor of his laboratory were rewarded by the flicker of his eyelids and presently he spoke. It was the usual inane question of those coming out of the depths.

"You are in your own room," briskly answered the physician at his right, a personal friend. Dr. Packard was trying to think as the waves which had submerged him receded. "I was poisoned," he breathed in a puzzled way.

His friend's face broke into the humoring smile given remarks made by the feeble and incompetent. "Nonsense," he said soothingly, "you've been in the most extensive and all-pervading faint I ever saw but you weren't poisoned, man—what put that idea into your head? You're dreaming! And what do you mean by keeling over in such a reprehensible way? You were working too long without food and rest, that's what ailed you!"

It was some minutes later that Dr. Packard remembered the letter. He laughed once, shortly, abruptly, before he turned his face toward the wall. But the trained nurse at his side jumped. She had never heard quite such a laugh in all her experience. And she never wanted to hear it again.

### Davies Too Much for the Boys.

A gray-haired alumnus of Columbia, on from a western state for the graduating exercises, chatted of the days when he was at Columbia. "There was Prof. Davies," said the old collegian. "We fellows used to like him as well as it was possible for a college boy to like a professor of mathematics. One winter, I recollect, the members of my class, myself among the rest, had found considerable amusement and relieved ourselves of class work by burning asafetida, pepper and other unpleasant things in the various class rooms. We tried the trick with Professor Anthon, who taught Greek, and with Prof. Nairne, who occupied the chair of moral philosophy. At last some of the bolder spirits suggested that we transfer our attentions to Prof. Davies. Well, I remember that morning. It was bitter cold, and all of the outlets of the room were closed to keep the warmth within. We were on hand early, and had several fat lumps of asafetida smoking away when the professor came. He walked to the desk and laid his hat and coat on it. Then the odor struck him. He hesitated a moment, and then walked slowly to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. 'Now, gentlemen, we will enjoy this together,' said he, as he returned to his seat. Then he got back at us. The mathematics he threw at us would have filled a set of mathematical books from the primary arithmetic to the calculus. And all the time the asafetida was smoking, for he would not let us remove it. When we got out of that room after two hours we were wiser and more discreet boys, and you can bet we played no more tricks on the author of Davies' Legendre."—New York Times.

### Clubs Have Their Advantages.

I think it must be owned that the departsures from the old order of home life have greatly ameliorated the condition of the weak, the timid, the less self-assertive writes Bishop Potter in the Woman's Companion. In any given home circle it is not always the cleverest or the strongest who claims and exercises the mastery. A shrinking and sensitive nature will not fight for its precedence in the home any more than out of it. A gentle, modest woman will often be overborne by her loud, pushing and vulgarly modern children. A man of refinement and real force will often let himself be bullied by a brawling woman because his very nature makes him "no brawler." Now, in the old days, so far as social intercourse was concerned, it was largely a question of the home or nothing. If there was no bright talk, no diverting recreation, no songs and laughter there, there was none anywhere.

### Reforms That Were Expensive.

About three-quarters of a railroad's receipts come from the freight department. The passenger department supplies nearly all the rest, the income from mail, express and other privileges being comparatively small. Carrying passengers is a simple matter, or would be, if state legislatures did not now and then take a hand in prescribing added specifications for railroad passenger service. In Ohio a law was passed decreeing that the height between the platform and the lowest steps of passenger coaches should not exceed 12 inches. This cost the railroads nearly \$100,000, and the reform led to the abolition of a number of flag stops where the passengers had been quite willing to scramble up off the ballast.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Women buy things they do not want at bargain crushes to prevent women who may need the articles from buying them.

## HOT IMAGINATION

Warmest Conditions Described as Amusement.

Cooled by the gentle movement of big palm-leaf fans, a party of friends sat on the piazza, calmly talking of the heat. Presently one of them said:

"Suppose we describe in turn the scene that our fancy pictures as illustrating our notion of oppressive heat. What do we think of? What time? What place? What conditions?"

The suggestion was received with favor and here are some of the responses:

"A new concrete sidewalk at noon, with the sun beating down on it, and your heel's sinking in and the heat reflected in your face, and the air pervaded with the smell of tar."

"The desert, with an exhausted caravan struggling to reach a mirage that hovers on the horizon, but doomed to perish of thirst, as perished the man and the camel whose bleached bones they are passing."

"Washing dishes in the kitchen, with the thermometer at 95 out of doors, and 100 and something within; with your hands so soapsudsy and greasy that you can't lift them to your face to wipe away the perspiration, and with your whole being so tired and cross and miserable that you would cry—if you were not ashamed to do."

"The deck of a becalmed yacht, with a glassy sea and a long slow roll and the brasswork so hot that it burns your hand; the sun high, the sky cloudless, the sails hanging with not a breath to stir them; the victim prostrate and seasick, with no consciousness in the present except of heat

and nausea and no expectation for the future but of sunstroke."

"Standing alone in the middle of a broad, hot field that is flaming with scarlet lilies, with no noise save the sound of the grasshoppers and the locusts."

"Noon on a country road, which lies between treeless, barren fields, with no living thing in sight but an ox team lurching slowly on its way in a cloud of yellow dust."

"A night in August, when coolness has not come with darkness; when you cannot sleep and can hardly breathe and when it seems that morning would never come."

They say it is not well to talk much of the heat when we are feeling its oppressive effects, says the Philadelphia Times, but it may be that the drawing of such pictures as are here described might make us forget present discomfort by contrast with what the conditions might be.—Chicago News

### National Costume of Ireland.

A certain number of peasants in the wilder and remoter districts of Ireland still wear something like a national costume. About Lough Mask plenty of the lassies are to be seen in the picturesque red petticoats that artists loved to bring into their sketches of Irish life. A sprinkling of the old high hats may be seen; the older fishermen and others wear them, but the younger school shun such antiquated headgear, as the English peasant of today does the smock frock.

## Pocket Monkeys

Diminutive and Engaging Little Pets from Brazil.

The latest fad in the way of pets is the pocket monkey. It is only about two years since the little fellow made his first appearance in this country in his present capacity, and he might be said to have taken the hearts of pet lovers by storm. Now his popularity has become so great that the men who make a business of catering to the whims of the people who like pets say that the demand for the pocket monkey is five times as great as the supply. They predict a bright future for the new favorite just as soon as the people down in Brazil can be made to understand what a good commercial article they have and thus be induced to make a regular business of capturing these monkeys and shipping them up here.

The pocket monkey dwells so far in the interior of Brazil as to be almost out of the reach of traders. He is, perhaps, the smallest member of the monkey family known, being about five inches long, but with a tail that is sometimes three times as long as his body. He belongs to the marmoset family of monkeys, and is extremely neat in person and cleanly of habit. If it wasn't for those characteristics, he would not be holding the place he does in the hearts of those who have invested in him.

"We can't get enough of them," said a man who makes a business of selling pets. "I have one here that I have been offered \$50 for, but the average price is \$25. They are the finest little acrobats I've ever seen. For instance, here's a cage made on purpose for a pocket monkey. You will notice that it resembles a miniature gymnasium. There are trapezes, horizontal bars and all sorts of things of that kind. Now, if a pocket monkey didn't find them in his home he would be heart broken. Of course they don't perform just whenever one wants them to, but in the morning, just after they have waked up, you will find them doing every conceivable gymnastic stunt, and if you don't laugh, you are a person with no sense of humor."

### Beards in Russia.

The dwellers in the north of Europe have always been remarkable for their use of the beard. This, of course, is due to the cold temperature of those regions. At the present day Russia is probably the country in which beards are most generally worn. There the peasants wear beards to a man, while the upper classes, adopting the French fashion, usually affect an imperial or a short, clipped beard.

## Modernized Palestine.

In spite of all our philosophy the invasion of the birthplace of Christianity by modern devices and modes of life grates harshly on sensitive minds. Names hallowed by religious associations seem out of place on railway timetables or subscription lists of long-distance telephones. Of course, all this is illogical, for we need not expect any part of the world to remain in infancy, still primitive habits and modes of life are so naturally blended with the Biblical narrative that we cannot entirely suppress a wish for their perpetuation. But modern innovations are strangers to sympathy. The railway from Joppa to Jerusalem, at first an experiment, is now run on strictly business principles, and branches are under construction to familiar places up and down the Jordan. Trolley lines are projected to connect Jerusalem with Bethlehem, Bethany, the Lake of Galilee, Samaria, Jericho, Nazareth and other places, while in the city itself there are electric lights, telephones and other modern conveniences. Instead of the workman longing his shadow, he now consults a cheap American watch for quitting time, and all other modern supplies are handled by commission houses throughout Palestine and Syria. More than 200 phonographs were recently imported, one-half going to Damascus and the rest to Jerusalem and nearby places.

A commission house at Beirut has bought a \$50 windmill from an Illinois firm, and there is an important market for all kinds of irrigation machinery. The all-conquering syndicate is in evidence, and the once fertile valleys are to be reclaimed by irrigation on a large scale, and once more transformed into a land flowing with milk and honey. Many of the rich foreigners making investments are Jews and leaders in the "Back to Jerusalem" movement. The figurative prophecy of the two women grinding at a mill is recalled by the setting up of a 17-horsepower Chicago windmill in the interior west of the Jordan to run a large grist mill. Bicycles are common on the streets, and the mun-

cipality of Beirut had added a \$3,300 steam roller to its public equipment. The Turkish government has given many important commercial concessions to foreign nations, and the Sultan is watching the modernizing process with interest. Trade is the great center of nations, and is also the great iconoclast. No spot, however hallowed by tradition, is sacred from its inroads. A profusion of modern factory products travel inconsiderately before every traveler widens the gulf between the scenes of the Biblical story and the Palestine of today. The Turkish government has shown its solicitude for the believers in the Koran by providing for the sinking of a number of wells along the historic pilgrimage route to Mecca. Each of these wells will be supplied with a windmill, thus lessening the hardships of that self-imposed affliction.

### A Historic Punch Bowl.

Quite possibly the most revered piece of silver plate in the United States navy is the massive 18-pound silver punch-bowl of the battleship Indiana, which bears the honorable scars of an historic battle. During that famous blockade and naval battle before Santiago de Cuba this rich piece of tableware was struck by a fragment of a mortar shell fired from the Socapa battery, and which burst in the ward room passage of the battleship. A five-pound bit of the shell struck the bowl on one of the stoutest parts of the body, just where the seal of the state of Indiana forms the central portion of a beautiful decoration. The seal is still there, not as the artist designed it, for it now forms a part of a large, irregular indentation, which, in the estimation of the officers and men of the battleship, enhances the value of the bowl a thousand times over.—Woman's Home Companion.

### Flesh-Yots of America.

The vegetarian movement does not appear to have made noteworthy inroads upon the armies of the meat eaters. Never was the demand for flesh food so extensive.

### USE MOUSE WHISKERS.

Bears' Eyebrows Among New Things Used by Fishermen.

The business done in mouse whiskers is considerable this year, for they are used in the making of the wonderful new fly for fishermen—the "new gray gnat." And they are expensive—nearly 2 cents per whisker. Trout rise very much better at mouse whisker flies than at the same "gnat" dressed in jungle-cock hackles, which look very much like them. The trade of artificial fly making is the lightest-fingered business in the world, and it is not one man or woman out of five thousand who can learn to tie flies. These tyers are remarkable for the beauty and delicacy of their hands, and only the cleverest of fingers can deal with the "niggling" work of knotting hairs that can hardly be seen. In making a fly the earth has to be ransacked for precisely the correct feathers and hairs, and one hair wrong will make all the difference. It takes an expert tyer only 15 minutes to turn out a fly, which consists of a tiny hook, with wings of Egyptian dove feather, legs of fox hair, and a body of mouse fur, wound round with a thread of yellow silk. A carelessly made fly will have neither legs nor "feelers," but the true expert adds the legs, and puts on a pair of long "feelers" of cat hair, white at the tips. All these tiny details will be exactly in their places, and so finely tied to the hook that the fly will take half a dozen strong fish and be none the worse. Bears' eyebrows, being stiff, and exactly in the right shade, are used in a newly invented fly that is killing quantities of salmon this year; and these eyebrows come from the Himalayan brown bear, and cost about \$1.50 per set.

### MUST DO THEIR WORK WELL.

Incompetent Dentists Liable to Damages for Their Blundering.

The courts are taking cognizance of the competency or incompetency of professional men. A short time ago a New York tribunal held that a physician was liable for unskillful or negligent treatment of a patient and now the court of appeals of that state has rendered a decision holding a corporation liable for unskillful dental work. This corporation, according to the complaint, represented that it carried on the practice of dentistry in connection with its other departments. The plaintiff, a woman, having undergone treatment, sued for alleged resultant injury and received a verdict. Apparently the defence of the corporation was that the dental business was not, in fact, carried on by it, but was owned by the dentist. But the court held that the company having held itself out as carrying on a dental department and the plaintiff having been ignorant of the fact that the company was not the real owner of the dental department, the corporation was estopped from making such a denial. For, under the circumstances, the court said that the plaintiff had a right to rely not only on the presumption that the company would employ a skillful dentist as its servant, but also on the fact that if that servant, the dentist, whether skillful or not, was guilty of any malpractice, she had a responsible party to answer therefor in damages.—Chicago Chronicle.

### The Cowboy Was Generous.

Millionaire McKittrick, who, as all California knows, is the king of the oil district, and is reputed to own half of southern California, was leaving his ranch to drive into town the other day, when he was accosted by one of his cowpunchers, who had been on the job about a fortnight. "Say, boss," said the cowboy, "can I draw \$10?" Mr. McKittrick was about to refer the man to the foreman, but, being good-natured, he handed over the gold eagle. "Oh, I don't want the money," said the cowboy; "I want you to get me some truck in town. I want a dollar-an-a-half pair of yaller shoes, three pairs of two-bit socks, a sack of Durham, some cigarete papers, a pair o' overalls, two suits o' underclothes, two Stanley shirts, the four-bit kind, an' a two-bit silk handkerchief." Charmed by the gall of his employe, the millionaire took the commission. He returned late at night loaded down like Santa Claus, sought out the cowpuncher, delivered the goods, saying: "It cost only eight-fifty. Here's the dollar and a half left over." "Oh, that's all right," said the generous cowboy, "keep the change!"—San Francisco News Letter.

### A Lucky Accident.

Jerry Cooper considers himself one of the luckiest men in England, and not without reason. He used to be a gymnastic instructor in the navy. Then he went into the merchant marine, and five years ago while on a trading vessel off Newfoundland the donkey engine on board blew up, killing four men and knocking Jerry speechless and deaf. Yet a man even in this condition must live, and to gain a means of livelihood when he returned to England he gave exhibitions of conjuring and contortions. A week or two ago he had a bad fall, which made him unconscious, and upon regaining himself he found that speech and hearing had come back to him. And in all Britain there's no one happier than Jerry Cooper.

### Lumber Capacity of California.

Timber experts tell us that California alone has a capacity of lumber in her standing forests of over 100,000,000,000 cubic feet.

A drowning man will catch at a straw—and so will a man who is thirsty.