- If you and I were young again,
 Just you and I alone,
 Would we choose the same old paths, dear,
 That we so lon 'have known?
 Would we be so far apart to-day
 While all these years have flown,
 If you and I were young again,
 Just you and I alone?
- What would it matter if the world Reeled on its giddy way? What if all men and women, too, Were wrinkled old and gray? Would it not be an Eden, dear, As bright as ever shone, If you and I were young again?
- I wonder if you ever think Of days so long gone by, wonder if one vain regret E'er dims your loving eye.

 I only know I ne'er shall taste
 The bliss I might baye known,
 When you and I were young, dear,
 Just you and I alone.

Geralda's Delusion.

BY MARION LEROY.

CHAPTER II-CONTINUED. "Do not take that tone with me, Arthur." she says plaintively, just she says plaintively, just brushing her dry and anger-brightened eyes suggestively with a handkerchief. "Of course, I have no right to interfere; but, as your near relation and an old married woman, I thought I might speak a word in season. And, my dear boy, you know that I have only your interest

and-and that of propriety at heart." "And you think propriety is out-raged here?" Arthur Macdonald asks sternly.

Elsie clasps her hands with a little fluttering cry and a quick look of appeal at her mother. Geralda smiles -a curious painful smile that tells of a hurt endured, though the proud eyes never droop, and the firm hands, lightly linked before her, do not tremble.

Lady Conway wipes her eyes again

and answers quickly:

"No, no—Heaven forbid that I should say or think there was anything really wrong! I should not have used the word 'propriety'; it does not do justice to my mean-ing. 'Conventionalities' is better. You will admit, my dear Arthur, that like most men, you are disposed to pay but small respect to them. Now, that is a mistake and a dangerous one, as I mean, with your permission, to show you."

She pauses, with a coaxing, caressing smile, which seems to entreat the man to whom her appeal is made to agree with and spare her the trouble of further explanation. But no mask could be more repulsive than Arthur Macdonald's face. She turns away and vents her growing irritation on her daughter, whose eager disapproving glance chances just then to encounter hers.

"Go, Elsie," she exclaims grandly, with full consciousness that here at least she can command and, at the same time, deal a sharp stab in the breast of her silent and statuesque -"go to your own room, child! There is something I have to say to your cousin which it is as well you should not hear."

Elsie raises her brows and shrugs her pretty shoulders in vain protest against a decision so little to her taste, but nevertheless steps back demurely into the house, when her cousin's clear voice recalls her.

"Come here, Elsio," he says, meeting the glance of the troubled blue eyes with a reassuring smile, and holding out his hand, which the girl eagerly clasps. "As your mother proposes to lecture me in Miss quick fierce gesture, as the Blake's presence, I am sure she will subdue some sudden pang.

This is a deliberate challenge—a declaration of war, as Lady Conway feels, and she accepts it at once. Conciliation has failed her; she will

etrike without mercy now.
"Miss Blake!" she echoes, with a scornful little laugh. "If Miss Blake only knew it, I am speaking as much in her interest as in your own. You set a seal upon my lips when you keep Elsie here. Arthur. In her presence I can hardly use my plainest words of warning."
"Say nothing to Miss Blake that

you would not say to her!" Arthur interrupts with savage sternness; and Lady Conway's black eyes flash.

Talk common sense, and be decently respectful to your cousin, Arthur Macdonald! It is a wrong to her to drag her name into this discussion. When my daughter calmly settles down in the house of a young widower, to whom she is in no way related, upon whom she has no possible claim, plays the part of mother to his children and chief companion to himself, rules in his house, and rejects with insolent indifference the dvice of those older and wiser than herself-then, and not till then, will anyone have the right to speak of Elsie Conway as I now speak of Miss Geralda Blake!"

Geralda moves a step or two forward, her pale lips apart. But, be-fore a word can pass them, Arthur has laid a firm and gentle hand upon

"Geralda!" he exclaims quietly, and with something like a smile.

Elsie, watching eagerly, sees the proud eyes soften and droop, a lovely flush overspread the white throat and face, and settles in her own mind how the affair will end.

"On Miss Geralda Blake's behalf, as my own, I will answer you," Arthur goes on, turning with perfect composure to the angry woman, who, not possessing her daughter's philosophy, will not even yet believe that her cause is lost. "Your charges are categorical, Lady Convay, and I will take them in order, if you please. You object. on the ground that Miss Blake is too young and handsome, to her holding the you trust my love!" post of instructress to my children, though their dead mother loved and trusted her, and left them in her

"I say that you are too young; that

laying herself open to misconstruction; that malevolent gossips say she has held it too long already."

"Though for the past two years I have been at the other end of the world, and you have kindly chaperoned the party since my return,' Arthur says, with an odd smile; "but that is a detail, I admit. Well, Lady Conway, I am bound to confess that there is something of sense and rea-

son in what you say."
"My dear boy!" Lady Conway breaks in joyously, her eyes brightening with a gleam of the triumph she feels, the triumph that is all the more delicious from being so utterly unexpected just then, "I know you only wanted a warning word; your common sense and high honor would do the rest, Miss Blake, I am sure, will forgive me!"-turning with sudden overpowering graciousness to

But Arthur cuts her explanations apologies unceremoniously

short. "Miss Blake has nothing to forgive," he says, with a mischievous twinkle in his deep-blue eyes; "Miss Blake entirely agrees with me that her present position at the Larches is untenable, and has resigned it tonight."

"Before-before I spoke?" the lady stammers, looking from one to the other with a curious mixture of bewilderment and dread. "Oh. I do not understand!" she adds with a nervous laugh. "lou are joking,

"Not at all," the young man answers coolly; "I would not be so disrespectful to your earnestness; besides, in any case, this would be but a sorry subject for a joke. I am telling you simple facts, Lady Conway. Before I knew that you had in any way interested yourself in the matter, Miss Blake had placed her resignation in my hands, guided, I suppose, by some such reasons as those you suggest."

"She acted with a most creditable discretion," Lady Conway says, with rather a ghastly smile; then adds, with irrepressible eagerness-"And you accepted it-she is to go?"

Arthur Macdonald's face brightens with a flash of triumph as he crosses suddenly to Geralda's side and takes her unresisting hand in his. The action is a death-blow even to Lady Conway's incredulity; she hardly needs the words that accompany it' to tell her that her hard-fought fight

"Yes, I accepted it," he answers, clearly and proudly; "but, if words of mine can avail, she will not go, Lady Conway; she will stay here, as my wife!"

There is no mistaking the wholehearted satisfaction, the pride and joy with which he utters the last significant phrase. But, looking curiously from him to the beautiful woman whose hand he holds, Elsie is struck and startled by the expression of the latter's face. It is not that Miss Blake looks proud or abashed, or pained or triumphant. Any one of these feelings would have suited the situation equally well, though Elsie privately thinks the lucky governess ought to be fit to jump for joy. But her face tells of none of these; it is stamped with a strong look of ghastly terror; and, when Arthur turns to her with the two words "my wife," she winces visibly, and places one hand above her heart, with a quick flerce gesture, as though to

at all this is noticed only by the acute observer. Lady Conway is too savagely indignant to notice anything, and Arthur is bent only on convincing and punishing the woman who has dared to assail his beautiful love. So, while Elsie criticizes them all and Geralda Blake tries to overcome the momentary faintness that assails her, these two stare mutely into each other's eyes, each waiting for the other to renew the attack.

Lady Conway is the first to tire of that oppressive silence.

"I beg your pardon. Arthur," she says; "the whole matter has been-I will not say so improper, as that phrase naturally offends you-but so altogether unconventional, that I really could not guess, and easily fell into the error we must all regret. Am I—but of course I am—to congratulate you?"

"That is for Miss Blake to say, Arthur answers promptly. "I have pleaded hard, but as yet I can boast of no triumph, Lady Conway. Geralda,"-seizing her hands, and speaking with an ardent passion makes Lady Conway tingle with indignation-"I am still waiting for my answer."

But Geralda has none ready. She is trembling violently, and the momentarily uplifted eyes have an anguished look that thrills Elsie Conway's worldly-wise young heart with sudden pity. But Elsie's mother only says, with scornful emphasis—

"I think you will not have long to wait; I think I could answer myself. Miss Blake is not likely to refuse so generous, so chivalric an offer as yours."

"Generous, chivalric," Arthur echoes, with an angry flash; then he checks himself, and says, with a proud smile and a tender expression in his dark blue eyes, "Miss Blake knows, Lady Conway, that the happiness of my life is in her hands, that it is my own strong and passionate wish that she should be my wife. Ge. alda"—turning to her with an eager, earnest sincerity that removes all awkwardness from this very public declaration of his love, "say you at least believe me-say that

Geralda Blake looks at him a second, and seems to hesitate over her answer—to hesitate strangely, Lady Conway thinks-then suddenly she extends her slim white hand, and she cannot hold such a post without voluntarily places it in his, saying |- New York Weekly.

with a smile that changes the whole

character of her face "Yes, I believe and trust you, Mr. Macdonald; I have no choice but to believe and trust the noblest gentleman I know, gad-

She pauses there with a look that in any other than Geralda Blake would have been coquettish, it dazzles and bewilders Arthur Macdonald. She has won his heart long since,

she turns his brain completely now. "And what?" he cries, holding her hand passionately fast, repeating her last words. By an odd coincidence he has forgotten the presence of Lady Conway and her daughter, just when Geralda remembers it, to the exclusion of all other things. "Finish the speech, my darling. You have learned to believe in and trust me. Say you have learned to love me too.

The lovely violet eyes meet Lady Conway's, and the elder woman sickens at the conscious triumph she reads there.

"And to love you too!" Geralda echoes clearly and softly.

"My darling! And you will be my wife?

"And I will be your wife." To Elsie Conway's acute and critical ear there seems something oddly jerky and mechanical in the way the words are spoken; but, between rap-ture on the one side and rage on the other, neither Arthur nor Lady Conway is in a state of mind to form a dispassionate judgment. It is only indeed when Geralda lays her hand gently on Mr. Macdonald's sleeve and reminds him in a lowered tone, which is yet, as Elsie thinks, maliciously distinct, of Lady Conway's presence, that he becomes quite conscious where and with whom he is.

Then he blushes in a most boyish fashion, and drawing Geralda's hand within his arm, brings her a little nearer to the white-faced, hard-eyed woman who represents his kith and kin.

"Come, aunt Eliza," he says, with much pride and something of appeal in his voice and eyes, for he wants to conciliate her now for Geralda's sake, "we have had a little difference tonight but you will not let that spoil your welcome to my wife!"

Elsie looks anxiously at her mother, whose fierce ungovernable temper she knows by cruel experience. Will she be able, for decency's sake to control it now? Something like a prayer—although the good-natured little worldling is not much given to praying-flutters to Elsie Conway's lips; but it is a vain one. Lady Conway acknowledges her cousin's appeal with a broad stare of insolent disdain, and, without a word of answer sweeps angrily away.

Tears of mortification and wounded pride rush to Elsie's eyes and blind her so completely that for the minute she cannot see the pair who stand dumbfounded in the moonlight. What must they think of her, what will they say, for of course they guess the real reason of her mother's rage? Acting for once on impulse only, she springs out and confronts them in the path, her blue eyes sparkling through the mist of tears. "Arthur," she cries earnestly, "I

am so sorry, so ashamed! Mother will be sorry to-morrow, but meanwhile she has hurt you both."

Arthur Maclonald bends and kisses

the pretty little upturned face, as he might kiss that of a child who had been unexpectedly good. He has to her now.

"You at least will give my wife a welcome, Elsie," he observes kindly; this is a new cousin, Geralda-no. something more than that; I hope you two will be sisters and friends.

"I hope so, too," Elsie replies cordially, and then, with her happy knack of unembarrassed ease, she lifts her little face and purses up her rosy lips, as she says with a gay little laugh, "You must stoop to kiss me, you 'daughter of the gods,' for I am but a diminutive mortal, and could not possibly reach your lips."

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Stenography Is Nothing New. Most people probably believe that stenography is a modern invention. But it is not. Some think that the Egyptians, Phoenicians and Jews alike knew it, but it is uncertain. It is certain that the Romans used it extensively. The creator of Roman stenography was Cicero's freedman. Marcus Tullius Tyro. By means of his "notes" the speech of man. Marcus Tullius Tyro. the younger Cato against Catiline was taken down on the fifth day of December, 63, B. C. Cicero's speech for Milo was preserved by means of stenographic characters. Mæcenas loved stenography and caused Augustus to take a liking to it and to establish a system of regular instruction in 300 Roman schools. Under Diocletian the teachers of stenography were paid out of the public treasury 75 denarii per month for each pupil. After the introduction of Christianity the popes, bishops and the fathers used stenography. In Greece, also, stenography was known and employed. Trials and public speeches were reported in

Broken Friendship. Mrs. Smith-And how is your neighbor? Mrs. Brown-She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to for six weeks. Mrs. Smith -Why. I thought you were on the most friendly terms. Mrs. Brown-Well, we used to be, but we've exchanged servants. - Vogue.

• Mrs. Slimdiet-Put plenty of butter on the table. New Girl, who has worked in boarding houses before-Half a pound, mum? Mrs. Slimdie -Two or three pounds. If there isn't enough to smell they may take some.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

GOOD WOOL AND HOW IT CAN BE PRODUCED.

Fine Wool is Growing in Demand-About Eggs-No Reflow of Sap-Tariff on Animals - Horticultural Hints and Household Helps.

To Make Wool More Profitable. There has been a steadily increasing demand of late years for fine grades of wool, and while foreign growths have had a tendency to compete successfully with our home grown poorer grades of wool, they have practically had no effect upon the sale of the finer grades. it is to this point that farmers should have their attention drawn frequently. for very many who go into the sheep business think that wool is just the same, no matter how grown. They secure good blooded stock, and naturally expect that these high priced animals produce good, salable wool. They are somewhat astonished when they find that after all more depends upon the proper care of the sheep than upon the breed. Poor and common grade wools in this country are not in great demand. They are not profitable to the sheep grower, and it is the class of sheep raisers that grow this wool whom we always hear complaints from.

Fine, home made woolen clothes. are daily growing in popular demand here, says the American Cultivator, and the large mills are absorbing such grades of wool rapidly. People who wear these clothes are willing to pay fair prices for them, and the mills consequently offer a premium for the fine grades of wool. We can depend upon this demand a great deal better than we can on any short-lived fad for an inferior article.

There are a few points about wool that even the old experienced flockmaster, as well as the beginner might think about. The fine grade of wool that takes well to-day is the one that has a good fine staple. but not too silky in fiber. The wool is graded often according to the even development of it.

If developed evenly it will resist tension equally. This wool can be woven freely and easily by the mills, and it makes good cloth that will be equally strong in all parts. No breed alone will produce such wool. The finest breed in this world, unless attended to properly will not give an evenly developed wool fiber. The strength and development of the fiber depends upon the uniform good health and vigor of the animals, and if these are checked in any way the fiber will be long and strong in some places and weak and short in others.

This production of inferior wool is caused by every neglect to feed the animals regularly, by starvation and by exposure to inclement weather. They all combine to injure the fiber so that it cannot pass muster as a fine grade. If treated in this way continually, the patches of poor fiber will increase in number so that the wool will degenerate annually, and finally become so poor that it does not pay to keep the sheep.

Good staple should also be evenly lubricated along in its whole length. and this can only be accomplished by having the animals in perfect health. If growers would stop to think of how much this neglect injures the fiber of their wool when placed upon always liked this queer little cousin the markets they would give more attention to their animals. We must have good stock, but more than that, we must have the time and patience to grow good wool by attending to the sheep. Something About Eggs.

Authorities on scientific cooking tell us many things that are well worth remembering. A writer in Food tells us something about eggs. Eggs should never be cooked before they are twenty-four hours old, and they are much better if kept fortyeight hours or until their whites are set. The white in a freshly laid egg cannot be beaten stiff until it has laid on ice for some time. The old way of testing eggs-that of putting them in water-is one of the best. If they are fresh enough for cooking they will sink. On the contrary, if the eggs rise to the surface air enough has penetrated the shell to make the egg unfit for use, although its yolk may look perfect and no odor can be detected. Decomposition begins when the contents of the shell are exposed to the external air, and the fact of the egg floating in water is proof positive that it has been lightened by air. The digestibility of the hard-boiled egg is a favorite theme. Eggs should never be actually boiled, as the extremely high temperature of the water hardens and toughens the whites at once, rendering them indigestible. If they are submerged in water just below the boiling point and kept at that temperature for one half hour they will be almost as digestible as raw eggs.

A good rule to cook eggs for invalids is to pour boiling water in a tin pail having a tight cover; put the eggs in the pail carefully, cover it tightly and let it stand entirely away from the fire for five minutes. The whites of the eggs cooked in this manner will be perfectly coagulated. soft, tender and easily assimilated. -Journal of Agriculture.

There Is No Reflow of Sap.

Mr. Charles R. Barnes, professor of botany in the university of Wisconsin, in an address to the state Horticultural society, thus gives the latest accepted conclusion of science:

"Before passing from this topic of | sels the movement of water which the movement of water which supplies evaporation. I must allude to -at least I judge it to be widespread, because it is so frequently pro-

pounded by my students-that the "sap goes down in winter and up in spring." Just where the sap is supposed to go in winter is not exactly clear, since, if the roots are absorb ing water in the fall when the evaporation is diminished, they are likely to have quite as much water as they can hold already. The conception, apparently, is that all of the water lodged in the trunk and spreading branches goes down into the roots. It needs, however, only the most casual examination of trees in winter to discover that at this time they are almost saturated with water. The twigs of the hickory tree, for example, will be frozen on a cold day in winter so that they are brittle almost as glass, and one can snap off a twig half an inch in diameter as though it were an icicle. The same twig, when not frozen, on a mild day will be so tough that there will be

no possibility of breaking it.
"Again, if one cuts off a branch from a tree in winter and brings it into a warm room, he will quickly discover that water is oozing from the cut end, showing that the twigs are almost saturated with it. As a matter of fact, the water in trees increases from midsummer or early fall to the beginning of growth in early spring. There is thus no necessity for any "going up" of the sap in spring until the leaves are expanded and the water with which the tree is already saturated begins to be evaporated from the foliage."-Florida Despatch.

Decrease in Bumble Bees. There are, at least in the older sections of the country, not nearly so many bumble bees as there were soon after its settlement. We grow as much clover as ever, but it is cut earlier, and the men and boys engaged in haying have more time to fight bumble bees than they did when all grass was cut with the scythe. There are not so many good places for the female bumble bees to lay their eggs in spring as there used to be. The soil is firmer from longer cultivation, and there are fewer rotten stumps. In our boyhood, pretty much all the fun we found in haying and harvesting time was in fighting bumble bees whose nests were in danger whenever we cut near where they were.-American Cultivator.

Horticultural Hints.

Rubbish around trees harbors mice. Plums naturally grow in clumps, and the seed will therefore bear thick

An experienced gardner says that tile drainage must precede the manure for successin gardening fruit growing. Some one has said that when the

farm breaks out into smiles of fruits and flowers it becomes the most charming spot on earth. It is not worth while to have an

orchard unless it is given proper care. The orchard cannot prune itself or defend itself against insects. The director of the Oklahoma ex-

periment station recommends as a remedy for various squash bugs, spraying the vines with soap suds in which is enough Paris green to give a decided tinge of color.

It pays to sort fruits before offering for sale. Frequently the secondclass by being uniform, will bring as much or more than the mixed lot. while the first-class will bring much better prices than when mixed with

An orchardist says that he plants his vegetables in the young orchard so that one cultivation will do for both. He says his rows of trees are thirty-three feet apart which admits seven rows of strawberries, nine rows of corn, or eleven rows of potatoes.

At a meeting in New York a horticulturist said he had always made a sheep pasture of his orchard, and that they were the best insecticides he ever tried. He advised keeping 100 sheep on every ten acres of orchard. Give them plenty of linseed meal and bran which will make them ravenous for apples.

Household Helps.

Thinnest and clearest of "clear soups" are now very much in order. A new name at the clubs for Welsh rabbit, or rarebit, is "Cardiff hare." Lettuce as a cure for insomnia is

more and more favored by the doctors. Those who eat inordinately of radishes soon take a gloomy view of

life. The introduction of grated pine-

apple into cake is voted a great suc-Modern codfish balls leave that

particular kind of fish to the imagin-To be "intensely fashionable" eat your strawberries with a fork-never

with a knife. No city baker can make cake to compare with the "gentlewoman housekeeper."

The number of courageous people who eat oysters out of season is said by dealers to be increasing every year.

Scotch toast is the best dish ever invented for the pleasant and satisfactory utilization of "old, stale bread.

Flatirons should be kept as far removed from the steam of cooking as possible, as this is what causes them to rust.

Tile that can be purchased for a few pennies each are at once neat and convenient to place between the kitchen table and hot cooking ves-

A towel rack made with several arms fastened to a half-circular cena very common and widespread idea ter, which in turn fastens to the wall. is a convenient place for drying dish

A THOROUGHBRED PEGA The Altitudinous Parar a Missourian Who Saw the Real The moon looked so queer and perfect the other night, some

perfect the other mant, long like an egg with one tide not per ly rounded out, says a writer in

Kansas City Star. She seemed and insignificant against the bloom

the early evening, and as she for

aimlessly and slowly across heavens could have been mist for a lighted balloon. wader along in her somewhat riden want of symmetry. But as climbed higher and met the mutinous-looking clouds she gain glory and seemed to be the po which ruled the night and held check the clouds and storm W she was a prisoner behind their st ter darkness all seemed insect threatening; the little stars twint timidly as if asking, 'Is there to no more light? Have they on thrown our queen?" And other is stars seemed to hurry across blue space as if charged with sages of encouragement and p ises of help to her imprisoned in ty. And she, behind the black tranquilly pursued her heavenly sending before her a radiance with the white clouds caught her beness and were illuminated, following the glory she herself we step from behind the shadow; ye victorious, not pale and fright but full of confidence in her right her kingdom and her power to it. There was no trace of the perfect about her then, the clouds like a veil covering the lines, made her seem again a per golden globe. As another black came hurrying up and obscured brightness, perhaps a little path light would flicker through, mark where she took her undaunted man or a narrow golden rim would for a minute like a scimeter, she were trying to cut her way or sometimes one would see, mayed, what looked like her the ghost flying from the all-surrou

There was one steady page where the clear blue way cut a clouds apart, and down this path a imperial brightness stepped screen disdaining the discordant glean above and below her. And even the darkest times, when the bleat ness spread all around, up in the nith the clouds were white and des showing behind the darkness h light reached out to bless the log parts of her kingdom. Once a seemed to tread along the very to of a murderous-looking mass clouds as if she knew not what is meant. As the blackness was dued the white clouds ranged the selves into little mackereled wave patines of silver turning to pd where she smiled upon them. times her path seemed lost as if had been driven out of her con but the illusion vanished with the falsifying cloud and the moon she down again from her appointed plan The scientists say she is old a wrinkled; that she has lost all the brightness that once was hers. Hor dauntless must her spirit be the even after nature has told her the her work is done, she yet refuses be a useless part of the univer but still clothes herself in light beauty and holds her regal sway the deep blue heavens, and even for black clouds seems to draw an add glory of victory, which makes he

blackness.

Beautiful queen! Reaching dent to the far away sun she stores heart full of his light and, in on to pour out all the splendor of it mankind she does continual bat unwearied and undismayed, wi those wandering hosts that in men wanton sportiveness seek to in prison her in the heavens behin them, leaving her earthly worshipe in darkness.

Street Railways.

One of the principal sources economy in street car traction is the maintenance in perfect condition the rails. Dirty rails are a drag of the car that represents so much dollars and cents, and many more less efficient methods have been pro posed whereby this source of wa can be stopped. The newest of the is one in which the principle of electricity is introduced to the control of ticity is introduced for the first time and in which also a greater degree The cleaner is attached to the and reduces the cost of cleaning rails to twelve cents per day. It expense of the various methods of m cleaning usually adopted is as follows. By hand once a day, twenty-five cert per mile of single line in fine season and fifty cents a mile in the winer watering by cart twice a day, single cents per mile. It has been show that the tractional states and show that the tractional states are shown to be shown that the tractional states are shown to be shown that the tractional states are shown to be shown to that the tractional resistance method by a car running on rails clean by the previous car was from twenty five pounds to thirty pounds less the when running on dirty rails

The Husband—Will you go to the theater with me to-night, deares! The Wife—With pleasure; there is a favor I wish to ask of you The Husband-Name it, darling

The Wife—It is only midday nor, you have all the afternoon before you. Won't you kindly go to set that man now instead of going of the see him to see him to-night?

The Music Lesson. "Your little daughter, as she west out awhile ago, seemed the very ple

"She was going to take a music ture of misery.

"And your eldest daughter, who is now going out, looks even more that miserable."

"She is going to give a music les son "-New York Press.