

FROM JEST TO EARNEST.

him from beneath her eyelashes.

nette; "it's all in the pla"."

played backgammon serenely.

you for suggesting it."

or not.

who had expected to see the recreant

to promenade through the halis arm in

Fanny laughed and consented, and

the whole evening long she and the

captain exchanged very commonplace

"I like this," said Captain Kent to his

"Oh, but Kent, you musn't fall in love

"I shall not fall in love with her-

there's no danger." said Aymer; "but

it's such fun! I'm so much obliged to

Fanny cried herself to sleep that

night. Dewey didn't seem to care a pin

The next day she went out horseback

his horse like a centaur and Fanny

came back rosy as a whole bed of car-

"Are you going with us to the Cedar

Falls to-morrow, Fanny?" asked Mr.

T DON'T understand you at all!" said | sitting on the sofa and being very de-Pierce Trevor to his friend Ralph voted to Miss White.

Dewey. "Let 'em work," said Mr. Dewey, and "You talk as if I were a conundrum." he sat down to play backgammon with "So you are! Now, look here, Dewey. a pretty little widow. Fannie watched

let's have a clear comprehension of the matter. Do you love Fanny White?" "Well-yes-I rather think, on the

.

4.

whole, that I am a little taken with the sparkling brunette." "'A little taken." How very enthustonce

astic you are! And she, poor child, is more than 'a little taken' with you!"

"I flatter myself that you are right." "Fanny-I may call you Fanny, may "Well, then, why don't you ask her to n't 13' marry you?"

"There it is," groaned Dewey; "you are all in such a hurry! Can't a man admire a girl without being brought to book for it the very next day? I won't arm a little while, and if we were to be hurried. When I get ready I'll ask whisper instead of speaking aloud-" Fanny to marry me. Are you satisfied?

"Very far from it."

"As Miss White is only your wife's remarks in very confidential whispers. cousin, I really don't recognize your while Mr. Dewey and the widow right to catechise me!"

"Does that mean that I am to mind my own business?"

sister, when Miss White had gone to Ralph laughed. "Construe it as you Ralph laughed. "Construe it as you her room. "She's the prettiest girl I please-only pray don't bother me any ever saw." more." with her."

He threw himself lazily on the grass, flinging his cigar into the very heart of a cluster of wild flowers and making an impromptu pillow of his arms, crossed underneath his head.

"Sleep, then," said Trevor, a little contemptuously. "I can't afford to lose the brightest hours of a golden day like this."

Our hero had not lain there many minutes, however, before the soft chime of girl voices sounded through the tiny bugies of summer insects and the monotonous murmur of green boughs nations. overhead.

"Girls!" muttered Dewey; "can't a fellow be clear of 'em anywhere'? But Dewey that evening. "We said somethey're on the other side of the copse, thing about going together a week or that's one blessing, and if I keep quiet so ago, didn't we?"

"She loves you, Kent-she loves you. I can see it in her eyes!" she cried, exultantly. "Stand aside, Hildegarde" said

Aymer. "I have the first right here. She is mine now." And he took her tenderly to his breast. Yes-it was true that the little morsel

of acting had become strong, life-long reality. Kent and Fanny had played at "lovers" until Love, the shy rogue, crept into both their hearts with almost unperceived footsteps.

"Are you happy, Fanny?" demanded the exigent army officer when all was, settled and Hildegarde had gone to tell Mary Bell as a "great secret" how the little stratagem had ended.

"Oh, Kent!" whispered Fanny, "I never knew what true happiness was before.'

And Captain Aymer must have been unreasonable indeed not to be satisfied with the answer.

He departed, carrying in his keeping the loving little heart of Fanny White. viving with the sincerity of her resolu-Ralph Dewey contemplated the de- tion, "I will be true, though it hurts me parture of Hildegarde's brother with no horribly to speak the truth to you. You

small degree of satisfaction "Now's my chance," he thought. "I

guess, on the whole, I'll not keep her in be coerced "

due form and ceremony that very day 1 should? "I am very sorry. Mr. Dewey," said

Fanny, looking | rovokingly lovely, 'bu -but I'm engaged." "Engaged?"

"Yes-to Captain Aymer."

"It doesn't produce any effect at all upon him-the brute," said Hildegarde, "Now, Fanny," said Ralph, argumentatively, "where's the use of carry lover brought to capitulating terms at ing on this pretense any longer? O

course I know it's all a stratagem." "That's because we don't put it on strong enough," said the captain. "But it isn't stratagem," said Fanny

indignantly; "I love him and he love me-and there's my ring."

She held up a pretty finger as she "Oh, certainly," said the little bruspoke, whereon glittered a solitaire diamond. "Well, then, Fanny, I think we ought

So Mr. Dewey found himself outmaneuvered after all, and accordingly retreated in as good order as possible, while Pierce Trevor, Miss Bell, Hildegard and all the rest returned a unant- derness you can!" mous verdict of "Just exactly what he deserved."-New York News.

Half a Pumpkin.

The close-fisted and the absent-mindminded serve a similar use-they amuse their neighbors. The New York Sun quotes a man from the rural districts as teiling a story of a Mr. Putterby, an old-time townsman of his, whose reputation for "nearness" was evidently well deserved. Locally he was thought to be a prodigy in this respect, but no story of this kind is so good but that another can be found to beat it. One of the coins current in those days was the old Spanish silver-piece, which

whether she flirted with Captain Aymer was the old Spanish silver preterior, and ly-for marry me you must;" passed for twelve and a half cents, and "y-for marry me you must;" "Are you so resolved?" asked Nora, "Are you so resolved?" asked Nora, riding with the captain. Kent sat on 'York shilling," and "bit." It was the existence of this coin that enabled Mr. Putterby to achieve his crowning triumph in the way of a close trade.

A farm-boy came along one day with a load of pumpkins, which he was peddling about the village at a cent aplece. Mr. Putterby looked at them, concluded to buy, but wanted only half a pump



"I will do anything you like, save one thing," he interrupted, "but no reflection will change me. I see all this has been too much for you. I will have you for the present, and in a day or two I trust

to find you reconciled to the dreadful al-"It is the magnanimous trick, then? ternative of keeping your promise to me. Magnanimity which I suspect does not Nora bent her head in silence, and after looking at her for a minute or two with "Clifford," said Nora, determined to be a glance of mingled anger and admiration, brave and honest, feeling her courage re-Clifford said with a short laugh:

"Curiously enough, I am summoned tomorrow to see the rival to whom you would fain hand me over-on business, she says. I wonder if she could invent a bribe big enough to induce me to give you up, Nora?

He took and kissed her hand, pressing it prinfully hard.

"%f I did not love you so madly, how I could hate you!" he said between his teeth, and hastily left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

Despite his cool indifference to the minious and interests of others. Marsden felt that he should be as well pleased that his interview with Mrs. Ruthven was over. It is true that she seemed a mere frivolous, fanciful triffer, much taken up with the outside of things; but instinc rather than any deliberate thought impressed him with the convicton that beeath her pretty draperies was a heart of steel, which would never melt, though you might strike fire from it and an iron vill, tenacious to carry out her purpose, great or small. He knew better than any one else that a short time ago he had only ask and he would have been accepted; and, thinking that such might have been his destiny, he had done his best to prepare and smooth the way. From this, his preme good luck had delivered him.

Even if he had not fallen headlong in ove with Nora L'Estrange, there was much in Mrs. Ruthven which dimly displeased him. She was carefully wellored, yet her manners had not the indescribable ease or grace of one born in the purple, there was an under-tone of animalism in her tastes and looks; moreover, he shrewdly suspected that fidelity to a husband would be with her very much a matter of accident, though he did he the justice to believe that she would al

ways keep up appearances. In fact, she was an admirably compose norsel of Paris paste, excellently set and pleasant to the eye, until placed beside a orilliant of the purest water, like Nora. However, the visit had to be paid, so

Marsden made a careful toilet, and set out to keep his appointment. It was some time since they had met,

indeed, since their encounter in Paris the previous spring, they had not been so ong apart.

Mrs. Ruthven was fully dressed in black silk and velvet, with a handkerchief of creamy lace knotted round her neck, and a dainty cap of the same on her thick, short hair. Her costume seemed to indicate that the business on hand was too serious for the easy negligence of a

Marsden thought her looking better

"You rouse my curiosity," cried Mars-

den, placing himself opposite her. Mrs. Ruthven turned over a page or two of the manuscript before her, and resting her clasped hands on it, fixed her eyes on her companion. "I had," she began, "a clew, a mere

trifle, which no one knew save myself, and when I came up from Evesleigh, I sen* for a man of whom I had heard, no mate ter how, a man of keen, trained intelligence, for I saw that the regular solemn English detective, with his heavy precau tion and transparent devices, was merely announcing to the criminal world. 'I have a secret inquiry to conceal.' I sent for this man. I gave him, and him only, my clew?

"And why did you not give it at least to me," cried Marsden, "when I was tearing my heart out in fruitless efforts to recover your jewels?" "I will tell you presently. Well, this

employe of mine, led by my-my suggestions, tixed upon an individual whom he thought might possibly have been the robber or agent of the robber and shadowed him" (she emphasized the word with cruel bitterness). "For days he followed the unconscious thief, in various disguises; at last, after keeping him in sight with infinite difficulty, he watched him leaving a country house not far from St. Ger main.

Marsden's expression changed from polite attention to deep gravity.

"At a station midway to Paris he got out, a small valise in his hand. The detective followed. It was early afternoon. and few passengers were traveling: the suspected thief went into a first-class carringe, with a small dark mustache, a lowcrowned brown hat such as Englishmen wear in the country, and a long loose overcont. He came out at a station some ten miles off in a sort of frock coat; rather shabby, braided and fitting badly, a soft black felt hat pulled over his eyes and large light mustache; his overcoat was hanging on his arm, and he still carried his valise. Here he waited some time, reading a paper, which he held before his face, and finally, as it began to grow dusk, he took a third-class ticket to Paris; my employe traveled in the same carriage." she turned a page. "It is too long to tell how he tracked him that night to an obscure street in the Marais, to the shop of a Polish Jew dealer in precious stones, where he held a long parley, and then back to a shabby cafe, where he engaged a room for the night-he went to it, after partaking of some wine and food When his pursuer had ascertained that he was locked in for the night, he returned to the shop-I ought to have told you, that this man was himself the son of a Polish Jew, and spoke the language well. He made himself known to the owner of the shop, told some story of having been on the outlook for jewels, and, in short, persuaded his compatriot to let him hide in a corner, where he could witness the interview erranged for next day. I am dwel-ling too much on details, perhaps! Ultimately my employe witnessed the sale of ten large unset rubbies for a price, which, though high, was not enough for their value, and he saw the face of the man who sold them."

"Indeed!" with a slightly contemptuous accent; "and may I ask what was your

"There it is," cried Mrs. Ruthven, raising her voice for the first time above the level tone at which she had kept it, drawing her breath in a deep sob, as she took out a small leather case, and threw to him, a diamond stud. He had grown perfectly colorless, but the hand with which he took up the stud was steady. "And what does this prove?" he asked.

"That Clifford Marsden, of Evesleigh Manor, is a felon!" she answered, fierce xultation lighting up her face and ing her eyes. "Do you think I did not recognize the peculiar setting of the diamond which caught my hair in that walts that waltz-

ought not to throw away consideration of prudence, perhaps duty, for the sake of a girl who does not, can not, love you as you ought to be loved for making such suspense any longer, poor child. I only wanted to let 'em see that I wasn't to what I did. Can yon ever forgive me, if beg of you to give up the idea of mar-Mr. Dewey proposed accordingly in rying me? I should disappoint you, I fear

CHAPTER XIV.-(Continued.)

cost you much," said Marsden, bitteriy,

quietly, "never!" His hand, which by on the sofa cushions, clinched itself tight. "If you persist in breaking with me, if you attempt to juggle me-but you are too wise, too kindly! My sister talks of what she does not understand. I cer tainly will not attempt to reside at Evesleigh, and throw open my house to the country for some time, but 1 am by no means in the straits she imagines or in vents; and even if I were, no amount of ortune, no advantages would atone to me for you-I love you-I want you-and nothing shall separate us."

"But, Clifford, shall you be happy with me, if I cannot love you as you do me?" "Love as 1 do?" cried Marsden, starting up to take a hasty tura, and throwing himself on the sofa again. "That you never can! Nature forbids it! But you shall be my wife, and give me what ten

Nora began to feel indignant at his tone "If you really loved me, you should think of my happiness as well as your own.

"I do! I only care to make you happy! But I don't want any one else to make you happy. Noral it cannot be possible that after your solemn promise you want to draw back? There is some thing I do not understand here; something more than Isabel's letter.

"Her letter brought on a climax; but I have been uneasy for some time, frightened at the responsibilities I was going to undertake; frightened at my own want of affection for you; though I do like you, and I am miserable at making

you unhappy." """Then save your misery and my un happiness! Marry me; marry me willing-

changing color and feeling alarmingly faint

"I am; even though I think I have hit on the solution of the riddle," said Marsden, rising and confronting her. "You may not love me; but you love some one

Nora was silent. Falsehood in every shape was abhorrent to her, yet truth in morning gown. this case was terrible; how could she con-

"Forgive you!" repeated Marsden

they'll never beat up my ambush!"

They were on the other side of the copse, three bright-faced girls in fluttering raiment.

"It's so delightfully cool here," said Hildegarde Aymer, a fair blonde, as Saxon as her name.

"And one can talk here, too," said Mary Bell. "At the hotel one is never certain of not being overheard!"

Dewey gave a silent chuckle at this Fanny White, leaning against the twisted stem of a veteran wild grape vine, devoted her whole attention to her parasol handle.

She was the prettiest of the three. with deep liquid brown eyes and hair black as the blackest jet, while her skin, just touched with the creamy tint that characterizes the creole, glowed carmine on her cheek.

"Fanny, do let me try!" said Hildegarde. "It will be such a splendid joke and your English adorer is so long in making up his mind."

"But-but what will Captain Aymer think?"

"He'll be delighted; men always glory in a bit of mischief, and Kent is such a splendid actor."

"Do, Fanny?" urged Mary Bell. "It will be just for all the world like the 'theater. Hildegarde's brother is to pretend to be desperately in love with you and you are to encourage his attentions until that slow moving Dewey is brought to the point. How I shall enjoy the progress of the situation."

"But your brother must fully understand the scheme," said Fanny, hesitatingly

"Of course; shan't I explain it to him myself? There's not a bit of harm in it, and Mr Dewey certainly needs some stimulus. Now, do consent! Kate will be here this very evening."

"She don't forbid it, Hildegarde," eagerly cried Miss Belle, "and all the world knows that silence gives consent. Come, see how long the shadows are getting ?"

And the three graces fluttered down the hillside.

Dewey rose to his feet and walked away also.

"My dear little girls," said he, by way of sollloquy, "it's a very cleverly con-cocted little plan, but it won't work, and I've no doubt I shall enjoy it as much as Miss Bell proposes to do."

And he inughed aloud to think how completely he should outgeneral his feminine adversaries.

"I'll keep Fan in suspense for a other month, just to pay her for that!" he added, within himself. "I like the girl well enough, but for all that I won't be hurried into matrimony."

Knowing what he knew, therefore Mr. Dewey was not at all surprised that evening when he walked into the hotel drawing-room to see a stylish young man in the uniform of a captain

Fanny was ready with her lesson. "Did we? I had forgotten; besides, I promised to go with Captain Aymer." "With Captain Aymer? Oh, well, all right, I'll take Julia Symington."

Fanny's lips quivered, but Hildegarde shook her head at her, and she did not call back the young Englishman, as had been her impulse.

Captain Aymer proved a most devoted cavalier and Fanny half reproached herself that she had enjoyed the day so much

"It's very wrong of me," sighed Fanny to Hildegarde, her faithful confidante.

"No, it isn't; it's exactly right," responded Hildegarde.

"I-1 begin to be afraid he doesn't care for me." "He's a brute," asserted her friend;

"and it will serve him right if you never look at him again."

So the glowing midsummer swept by and Mr. Dewey held abof, hugging himself to think how he was outwitting the conspirators, though an occasional twinge of jenlousy now and then passed through his mind.

Presently there was a sore outcry among the allied forces. An order had come from the inexorable war department and the captain must go somewhere on the frontier straightaway.

"The matter was beginning to get a little serious," he thought, "and just as soon as that confounded puppy gets away I'll make little Fanny a happy woman. Maybe, though, it would be well to punish her for a few days longer.'

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny! aren't you sorry?" sobbed Hildegarde, clinging around her tall brother, whose face was unwontedly grave.

"Yes, Hildegarde," said Fanny, "I am very sorry."

Captain Aymer looked penetratingly into her face. There were real tears quivering and sparkling on her eye lashes and the roses had all paled from her cheeks.

"Fanny!" he said, impetuously, "is it from your heart?"

Fanny-silly little creature that she was-began to cry, and Hildegarde rushed forward.

"Oh, Kent! You promised that-"A man isn't responsible for his fate, and I have fallen in love with her." exclaimed the young officer. "Fanny, am

I to love you in vain?" Fanny tried to laugh hysterically.

"Of-of course; all this is only part of the program," she faltered. "By Jove, but it's not!" cried Aymer.

"What was jest has become earnest. I love you, Fanny; I cannot leave you here to become the bride of that self-

conceited puppy. Tell me that I may Hildegarde seined both her friend's

"But a whole one is only a cent,"

pay me for half a one?"

'Easiest thing in the world," said Mr. Putterby.

The pumpkin was cut, he took one half under his arm, and handed the boy a shilling.

"Now give me the twelve cents myself." change," he said; and taking the twelve coppers from the astonished boy, he walked away with his purchase.

A Grating Laugh.

There is never a time for the harsh grating laugh that finds amusement in the mistakes of another. The Detroit Free Press, admonishing a man in that town who is disposed to laugh at the errors of his acquaintances, writes: He is a very well-educated man, too and is especially good in the languages Not long ago he was talking to a mildmannered little woman who had asked him a question about a French sentence He asked her to repeat it. She did so

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Ha, ha! haw haw, haw?" And the little woman blushed.

"What is it?" she asked, much em barrassed.

"Haw, haw! I-haw, haw-was laughing-at your very bad-haw, haw -pronunciation-haw, haw----"

"Haw, haw, haw!" she interrupted. uddenly. "Haw, haw! ha, ha, ha!" And she kept it up as loud as she could, until he began to get red in the face and feel embarrassed.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, when she gave him the chance.

"Haw, haw!" she responded, uproar iously. "I was laughing-haw, hawat your very bad-haw, haw-manners -haw, haw! Good morning." And she turned her back on him, and hasn't spoken to him since.

English Names.

Some of the names among the upper ten in English society look as if they had been taken from playbills, though, of course, the assumption is that playwrights depend, as Dickens did, on directories and peerages for the names of their characters. Among the persons of high depree at a recent wedding in London were Lady Lurgan, Lady Minto, Lady Feo Sturt, Mrs. Willie Grenfell Dorothy, Lady Cantelupe, Lady Eden, Mrs. Atta Hay and Lady Kathleen Cuffe. With such names as these glistening in the columns of the society journals the invention of odd cognomens for novels and plays is a sheer waste of time and brains .- Buffalo Courier.

We gain nothing by falsehood but the disadvantage of not being believed when we speak the truth.

"I am of deadly rage, were fixed on her. right? You do not reply!" Then Nora, said the boy. "How are you going to with a sudden flash of courage, determined that all concealment should be swept away. "You are right, Clifford," she said, coloring crimson, throat and cheeks and ears. "But I thought I had got over it all, that it would trouble me no more; and I do humbly pray you to forgive me for deceiving you as well as

"Forgive you! Of course, I forgive you, my sweetest, my darling!" he exclaimd. I only want you to love me now. If you will but give me the fragments which remain, I am catisfied! I will even bless that solemn rectangular prig Winton, for trampling the divine pearl of your tenderness under his feet, so that it may ome to me in any shape."

"Why do you imagine-what makes you think of Mr. Winton?" faltered Nora. raguely distressed by his tone, and shocked beyond description at the notion of having betrayed herself.

Who else could it be? Unless indeed me very juvenile affair, with a Teutonic paron or graf aboard," he laughed, harsh "I do not mind Winton. He never 15. ould love as I do. He has a sort of chilled-shot detachment to your pretty step-mother, which may-

"There you are mistaken," interrupted Nora, quickly. "Which of the two W tons did you believe her engaged to?" Marsden turned and looked sharply at "You have been exchanging con fidences with Mrs. L'Estrange?" he said. "I have received hers.

"It was Black Winton who was for a while engaged to her; but your friend was attached to her, too!" returned Mars-

den. "You told me-you implied-he was en-

gaged," murmured Nora. "Oh, I see You mean I deceived you"

I really cannot remember what I saidonly what I believed. But that is of no consequence. I want you to understand me, Nora. I will not give you up. I hold you to your promise. Keep it, and I'll gladly devote my life to you. Break it-no, I will not believe that! I'll not think of it! Nora, do not desert me! All the good that's left in me, clings round If you shake me off, I know I shall go to the devil, and it will be the WOFS for you. I know what I am capable of;

I could be damnably cruel." "Do not suppose you can frighten me," cried Nora, roused to anger by the shadow of a threat. "I care too much for you not to feel infinite pain in disappointing you; but I will not submit to be bullied!"

"Great heavens! You misunderstand me. I do not know what I am saying, Nora! You must not be faithless. Look bere, I am utterly dependent on you for my future. I have no hope, no life, apart from you, and I hold you to your promise, as I cling to salvation. On your it whatever becomes of me without you! My love! my soul! do not turn from ms. I will never give you up. I claim you,

whatever happens."" The profound supplication of his voice the protound supplication of his ories, the entreaty of his speaking eyes, shook Nora's heart. Had she, indeed, any right to turn from one to whom she seemed so essential? "Do not decide anything to-day, Clif-ford," she said is a low voice. She was

fess her weakness! Marsden's eyes, full than he had ever seen her before. The debility and languor of slow convalescence had spiritualized her expression and given more refinement to her movements. He could even understand how some men might think her charming, a charming toy. There was something un usual, too, in the earnestness with which she looked into his eyes, something pained and reproachful in the expression of her

> "I hope she is not going to make thought Marsden, as he greeted scene. her cordially.

"You are very good, for an unpunctual man, to be so punctual," she said, graciously, but gravely.

"I was eager to see with my own eyes how you were progressing," he returned, smiling sweetly upon her. "You know you were cruel enough to reject my prayer for an interview at Chedworth."

Yes, it was cruel considering how anxious you were about me." Marsden did not quite like her tone. "I want to speak to you about Evesleigh; there are e or two little matters you and I can settle better between ourselves than through our lawyers.'

"More agreeably, I am sure!"

"Before I go into my own affairs, how ever, Mr. Marsden, I must congratulate you on your engagement with Miss L'Estrange. I always admired her. But your taste is unimpeachable." There was a kind of deadly composure in her manner that struck him as ominous.

"It's coming," he thought, while he said aloud, "You are very good! I am sure Nora has the highest appreciation of you; she has often spoken of you most warm-

"She will appreciate me much more leeply and justly later on," returned Mrs. Ruthven, with a slight laugh. "Pray when does the marriage take place?" "That is not settled yet."

"And I suppose your fair, inexperienced fiancee is desperately in love with you? You have quite distanced Mr. Winton "Well, I hope so," carelessly, feeling more and more uncomfortable

"I should think you had, you are rather a fascinating sinner. I had a fancy for you at one time myself." And she glanced quickly at him, a glance fiery enough, half admiration and half anger. "Is it possible?" cried Marsden, with an exaggerated air of regret. "And how was I such an idiot as not to see it?'

"That unconsciousness and modesty for which you are celebrated, no doubt, preserved you," she returned in a peculiar tone. "However, it is too late to talk of the past; besides, I have a curious stor; to tell you, in which, I am sure, you will be interested. Do you know I have found a trace of my rubies at last, and the day you marry Nora L'Estrange I will give her one of the best for a wedding present!

"My dear Mrs. Ruthven, I am astonished and interested!" cried Marsden, struck by her tone and looking full at her. Nor shall 1---"

"Pray listen to ma," she interrupted, "Pray listen to ma," she interrupted, leaving her seat by the firs, and draw-ing a chair to a writing table at a littel distance, where a number of closely writ-ten sheets fastened together with a clip, iay beside her blotting book. "It is a long story, and I do not want to occupy your time more than I need."

She stopped, her breast heaving. (To be continued.)

The Tenor High C.

There is a question in music which I have heard debated often and one upon which musical people, even singers, disagree. As the question is such a fundamental one, it seems strange there should be any difference of opinion concerning it among those at all educated in music. The question is this: Is the range of the male voice an octave below that of the female voice? In other words, is the tenor high C and the low G of the baritone an oc tave lower than the low G of the con tralto? If this be so, why is the music for a tenor written on the same clef as for a soprano, showing apparently in the same pitch, instead of indicating in some way that there is an octave difference between the two? A clear explanation of the question will be gratefully received.

Answer: The tenor high C is an octave below the soprano high C, and the low G of the baritone is an octave lower than the low G of the contraito. All "opinions" to the contrary belong in the same category as the alleged "proofs" of the exact squaring of the circle which continue to be put forth from time to time.

Another cause of misconception on this point is, however, the very different impression made upon the ear by notes in a male or a female voice. High tenor A, for instance, is in unison with the medium A of a contralto; but somehow it seems to sound higher. That is, everyone immediately recognizes the high A of a tenor voice as a "high note;" no one thinks of the medium A of a contralto as a "high note." And yet both notes are of exactly the same pitch. The reason for this difference of impression is that this A really is a high note for a tenor-it lies very near the extreme limit of his compass, and its production is associated with a certain amount of effort to "sing high;" but this same note lies in the medium of a contraito voice, and no sort of physical effort or straining is associated with its production. Thus it is dimcult for cars of no more than ordinary acoustical keenness to realize that high tenor A is really no higher than medium contraito A; the ordinary car is the victim of an "acoustical Illusion."

That some singers, even profession al ones, are still victims of this illusion is unfortunately true; but they are to be considered as cranks, at least on th subject.-Boston Transcript.

The pursuit even of the best the