

SHORT STORIES.

FOUND ON THE TRAIN.

"Well, well; it does seem kind of funny that this should happen again. I have come home for the last five years on this 5:30 train, still nothing of this kind has ever occurred before until the last week. It's queer; but I'll advertise this one—maybe they are mates." He drew the other from his pocket and compared them. "They are a pair as sure as I am Granville Baker—same color, size and all." He folded them and replaced them in his pocket, took the evening paper and settled down to read.

Mr. Baker was a bachelor and resided in W—, a suburb of Boston. He was a banker in the latter city, liked and respected by all who knew him. On two different occasions he had found on the train a glove, which, after investigation, proved to be a pair; so he determined to find the owner.

In a few days in the lost and found column appeared:

Found—On the 5:30 train to W—, a pair of gloves; owner can have them by calling on G. W. Baker, 318 T— street, City.

The first morning a light-haired damsel arrived and asked in faltering tones if Mr. Baker was in. He smiled as he told her she was talking with that gentleman, but after questions were answered, the gloves still remained in his possession and the young lady left the office utterly disappointed.

The ad remained in the paper over a week, yet the rightful owner had not put in an appearance, so he made up his mind to have it removed.

It was nearly time for closing as Granville Baker sat at his desk and took the gloves out of the drawer. "I guess I'll take them home as a souvenir," for as he folded them it somehow brought to his mind bygone memories. "I wonder where she is now?" he mused. "Strange that I never met her. Let me see. It is nearly ten years since we parted. How foolish I was to believe such false stories, but it's past and gone now, and I'm the loser." He returned the gloves to his pocket, closed his desk and prepared to leave, when a woman stepped to the door. "Is this Mr. Baker?" she asked. "Yes, madam, but we're closed now," he replied kindly, trying to see her face through the thick veil which concealed it.

"I didn't come to deposit—but came in search of my gloves." "Ah, did you lose a pair—can you describe them?" "Certainly, sir; they were light gray with pearl buttons." He drew them from his pocket and handed them to her. "Are they yours?" he asked slowly. She gazed into his face with a pitying glance and murmured: "Yes, thank you." Was it imagination, or who did that look remind him of? He watched her as she left the office; then a feeling of remorse came over him as he seated himself in his chair and bowed his head. Why should the past come so vividly back again? Why should those gloves make him feel uncomfortable, and where had he seen that look, and why didn't he detain her a moment? But—only eight minutes to catch my train." He took his hat, but had gone only a few feet when he stopped. "Who was that I saw at the door? How I tremble. I am tired and nervous. It is gone now." He buttoned his coat up tightly and hastened to the depot.

As he took the train and started to peruse the paper, his mind was too disturbed, so he laid it down and azed at the passengers. Opposite him sat the face he had seen at the door; it dazed him as before. Where had he seen it? Carefully he studied every outline and noted every change of expression, until he was fully convinced, then he took the seat beside her.

"Beg pardon, but are you not Miss Wilnot?"

She did not blush, but sighed as she laid her hand upon his arm and gazed earnestly into his face. "No, I am not Miss Wilnot now, but am still Grace. You judged me wrong years ago, but I know you have found out differently."

She ceased speaking, for she saw the words caused him pain. In a few minutes she began: "You remember how you sent me that letter of stinging rebuke? I never answered it because you accused me of so much. I went west with my father, and after he died I married for a home, but my husband was killed four years ago in Colorado, so now I have come east, hoping, perhaps to right a cruel wrong." As she finished his heart was too full for utterance, so he pressed her hand, for he knew her face betokened a sad life.

She was a widow, alone in the world. He was a bachelor, nearing his fortieth year, but the old flame of love was rekindled, and as the train puffed out of W— it left behind two happy hearts that had been separated for so many years. It is needless to say what took place, but now Mrs. Baker often smiles as she thinks of how her glove unintentionally restored her to her lost happiness.

A SPRING MEMORY.

How warm the air was! Though only April it might have been a day in midsummer. The ill-clad woman on the bench shut her eyes and lay back in momentary content. She drew in deep breaths of the soft wind, laden with perfume from gay beds of hyacinths and wall flowers, and felt refreshed as with wine after the close atmosphere of the small garret in the narrow back street where her eyes rested on chimney stacks that appeared on all sides through a thick haze

of smoke, and her ears were assailed by harsh voices of poverty-cursed mortals, whining children and the whistle of the railway hard by.

Now she opened her eyes and drank in the beauty of the scene before her, the sky clear and blue-flecked here and there with soft baby clouds, the trees just bursting into leaf, their buds of freshest green, the grass so smooth and trim and restful to eyes wearied with work and tears and dotted about with waving daffodils and blue hyacinths. There was a suggestion of nature untrammelled and free in the flower-scattered sward that pleased her better than the symmetrical beds with their carefully arranged blue-hued blossoms; yet these were lovely, too, and, oh, the scent!

Just opposite where she sat, and facing the park garden, was a row of houses, tall and commanding, with high pillars and carved balconies and flower-wreathed windows. She was especially interested in one of them, for it was the home of the lover of her youth and he was dying. She had heard this the night before, and had come to the gardens that bright afternoon, moved by a strong yearning to be for an hour or two as near to him as possible. For in the heart of this pale-faced woman there was a memory green and fresh and fragrant after long years—the memory of a short-lived romance, of sighs, of parting and tears. That bit of her life stood out in strong relief—the rest was not pleasant to remember, for it had been filled with sin and shame, and latterly with broken health and grinding poverty. But that time, so long ago, when she was beautiful and pure and sweet, and he was still youthful, and only beginning to give promise of a fame that came later—that was a cherished memory, and for its sake she had come to watch beside him, and to breathe out in the spring sunshine a prayer for the passing soul.

Some parting words of his came to her mind, and she murmured them half audibly.

"Dear little Loo, remember, if you are ever in any difficulty or trouble, write to me, and if I am able I will help you."

Something had always kept her from taking advantage of that promise—some half-conscious desire that he should always think of her as she had been then, and not as she became later. Besides, men forget; it is only woman who remembers.

There was a sound of carriage wheels; she looked up. The vehicle stopped at the house, a footman appeared with rugs, and presently a lady got in and was driven away.

She remembered that he had been married about a year ago to a rich and beautiful girl, and there were rumors that the domestic relations of the two were not happy.

"If I had been his wife I would not have left him alone to hire people when he was so ill."

Then she gave a little scornful laugh as she spread her coarse red hands on her lap. Once they had been so fair and soft, and he had praised them.

"A pretty girl I was, then," she thought sadly, "hair like ripe corn and eyes like forget-me-knots. I remember him saying so the day we went to the picnic in the country, and he painted me sitting by the brookside with my lap full of flowers. Good Lord! who would think it to see me now? and yet somehow I feel as if thinking about him makes my soul come back to the likeness of that time long since. If only one could get rid of this old, tired, ugly body and start fair again."

"I never told a soul about him and me," she thought wistfully; "it might have done him harm, for they would not have understood. It's strange I've thought so much of him lately, but now I'm old and poor and tired, and no man—or woman, either—will ever again pretend to care for me even. It seems to make a happier look come into everything when I picture him as he was five and twenty years ago, bright and gay and loving, and eyes that looked at me so kindly, and such a different look to—ah! God have mercy on him, bear him in his trouble. If I could bear his pain for him I would—oh, so gladly—for he is the only man I ever loved—and I think he loved me once."

The light was fading, angry clouds were coming up and a cold wind bent roughly the tender stalks of the daffodil. The woman suddenly shivered and looked paler than before, for she had looked again at the windows, and one by one the blinds were being pulled down.

It was an hour and a half later, as the warning bell for the shutting of the garden gates was ringing, that the carriage containing the pretty young wife returned. The shabby woman paid no attention to either sound, for she seemed asleep—her head sunk on her chest. One of the attendants of the garden came along and roughly laid his hand on her shoulder. She was dead.

TWO WEDDING RINGS.

man at the door, and leaned over the banisters to inquire if there were any letters for me.

There was no immediate response to my query, and I inferred from the suspicious silence that either Mrs. Metcalf or her daughter was inspecting my letters, probably reading the post-cards, if there were any.

One card came from my tailor to notify me of his removal; one from Louis Durande to tell me that he could not keep a certain engagement with me and a letter from Percy Cresmer who had warmed his slippers at the same college fire with me scarcely three years ago.

His epistle ran thus:

"Dear Belton: I claim your congrat-

lations. I am to be married next week to the sweetest girl the sun ever shone upon. There's surprise number one for you. And I wish you'd go to Silverman, the jeweler, and get the wedding ring, size enclosed on a bit of paper. There's surprise number two. Seriously, old fellow, it will do me a great favor, for business matters here are complicated in such a way that I cannot hope to get to the city a day before the event; and, of course, I know that I can trust your taste and judgment equally with my own. Have the words 'Helen, 1896,' engraved on the inside, and please send by post without delay. Ever yours faithfully,

"PERCY CRESMER."

"P. S.—She's an angel!"

"Well," said I to myself, laying down my old chum's letter, "here's a pretty commission for a bachelor. An angel, is she? I don't believe she's any more angelic than Pauline Brooks. But every man thinks his goose is a swan, I pity the poor fellow, I'm sure; he's clearly in a state of glamour that makes him see everything colour de rose. But I'm not one to desert a friend at a pinch—I'll buy his miserable wedding ring with the greatest pleasure in life."

So I locked my desk, put on my overcoat and went straightway to Silverman's.

Jones was behind the counter. I knew Jones; I had bought a gold bracelet of him for Pauline Brooks six months ago. Jones was a dapper little fellow, with a stiffly waxed mustache, a cameo scarfpin and hair bedewed with some ambrosial perfume or other.

"Wedding rings, if you please," said I, plunging at once into the object of my visit. "Here's the size," producing my slip of paper.

"Any inscription, sir?" questioned Jones, assuming so preternaturally knowing an aspect that I could have cheerfully pitched him in among the plated war in the big glass showcase behind him.

"Helen," said I brusquely, "1896."

"Very pretty name," simpered Jones, as he wrote down the order. "Any particular style?"

"Simple and solid," said I; "that's all."

"Yes, sir, it shall be attended to at once. Shall I send it to your residence or—"

"I'll call for it tomorrow," said I.

I crossed the park and hurried up Regent street, mentally gnashing my teeth, and in my impetuous haste had near stumbled over Pauline herself, just out of a florist's with a tiny bouquet of violets in her hand.

"Pauline!" I cried, rapturously.

But Pauline drew back the least little distance in the world, thereby putting an invisible barrier between us that froze me like an icicle.

"Dear me, Mr. Belton, is it you?" said Pauline. "I congratulate you, I am sure!"

"Upon what?" I demanded, growing desperate.

"Upon your approaching marriage to be sure!" said Pauline, with a smile like auroral lights hovering over a snowbank.

"But I'm not going to be married," protested I.

"Oh, excuse me, pray! Gentlemen do not usually buy wedding rings without a purpose," interposed Pauline. "Only I should think you might have paid such old friends as we are the compliment of some slight intimation of your impending marriage."

"Pauline," said I—"Miss Brooks—hear me. There is only one woman in the world I would care to marry, and she stands before me now!"

THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER.

Long since, in sore distress, I heard one pray:
"Lord, who prevailst with resistless might,
Ever from war and strife keep me away,
My battles fight!"

I know not if I play the Pharisee,
"Lord, who prevailst with resistless might,
But mine shall be the warrior's plea to Thee—
Strength for the fight."

I do not ask that Thou shalt front the fray,
And drive the warring foemen from my sight;
I only ask, O Lord, by night, by day,
Strength for the fight!

When foes upon me press, let me not quail,
Nor think to turn me into coward flight.
I only ask, to make mine arms prevail,
Strength for the fight!

Still let mine eyes look ever on the foe,
Still let mine armor case be strong and bright;
And grant me, as I deal each righteous blow,
Strength for the fight!

And when at eventide the fray is done,
My soul to Death's bedchamber do Thou light,
And give me, be the field or lost or won,
Rest from the fight!
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A MUSICIAN'S LOVE STORY.

Ignace Paderewski has ended the rumor that he is married or about to be married, says Ada Patterson in the New York Journal.

Twice within two weeks the story has come across the Atlantic that Paderewski was married or about to marry. First the cable carried the tidings that he had been married since December to Mme. Gorski, the former wife of the famous violinist. No sooner was that story laid to rest by an authoritative denial than another came across the wire. This time he was to wed a Polish girl 18 years old. And now comes the story from M. Goerlitz, Paderewski's European manager, to William Tredbar, his American manager, calling the second report a "foolish fiction as barren of fact as the first."

Paderewski will never marry. He so declared in Paris last week. He gave his reason.

"Why should I marry?" he exclaimed. "I, who have a wife there?" and he pointed to heaven. "There? She is here. She is with me always. I would die if it were not for her presence."

The pianist remembered that he was talking to his manager and saying what all the world would know. He turned his back abruptly and said: "Pardon me! I never speak of this. Say simply that I shall never marry. It is enough."

It was twenty years ago that Ignace Jaś Paderewski, a poor unknown pianist, made a tour through Russia, Siberia, Servia and Roumania. He played to small audiences at reduced rates. Most of his hearers listened dully. Some of them caught the whisper of genius when the boy pianist touched the keys.

One of the few who listened to his playing was a girl of 17. She was Rosa Hassal, the daughter of a wealthy Roumanian. It was said that there was noble blood in her veins. She was a beautiful girl with great, soulful eyes.

Ignace Paderewski from the rude platform of the village hall felt the girlish eyes upon him. Under their spell he played as he had never played before. She and her father thanked him for the music. He bowed low to the father, and looked into her eyes and was mute. The father frowned. The girl blushed and her eyes fell. Ignace Paderewski played badly the rest of the tour. Ignace Paderewski went back to the Roumanian village three months later. He told the owner of the eyes that he could never play again without their presence and their inspiration. She confessed she had thought often of the player and his music. She loved all the world, but she loved him most of all. So when the Roumanian had talked loudly about rank and fortune and angrily about "pauper musicians," he did so to less than no purpose. The next morning there was an early wedding performed by the village priest, and the rich Roumanian's daughter and the "pauper musician" left the village.

The young husband and wife traveled together on his concert tours in Russian and Polish villages. When Paderewski and his wife were not traveling they lived in his birthplace, the Russian-Polish village of Podolia. Here he practiced eight hours a day, always insisting that she be near him when he practiced. He complained that his fingers stumbed and would not obey his will if she was away. And she, childing him a little that the household machinery must be stopped for him, obeyed. She sat near him and sewed until she was weary, while he played and played.

They were very poor. They had the piano, but little else. Her father would do nothing for them. His could not. Much privation can be endured in health. But the wife of Paderewski was not strong. She had been used to luxuries unknown in Podolia. She missed them, but she was too brave and tender to give a sign. The folk gossip about the Podolia peasant's playing reached Warsaw, and a grave professor, with bristling black whiskers and hair and thoughtful blue eyes, went down to hear.

He went to the little college and listened outside the door. His grave eyes brightened. "Schoen! Schoen!" he said. He was so pleased that he quite forgot to knock. He pushed open the door. The Warsaw professor coughed. The husband and wife stared.

"We want you at the Warsaw conservatory," said the man with the bristling hair. "Will you accept?"

When the professor left he had their promise that they would go to Warsaw in two weeks.

One night two angels hovered over the Podolia musician's cottage. They were the angel of life and the angel of death. Each brought his gift and departed. Each brought his gift and departed. In the morning Ignace Paderewski knelt beside the bed where his wife lay with white face and still lips and eyes—those tender eyes—closed forever. In the next room the village women gathered and gossiped about a weak, walling babe, with limbs as helpless as a wooden doll's. Sometimes they peeped into the next room and saw the musician, with his face hidden in his hands, beside the bed, and crossed themselves.

After his wife was buried he went to Warsaw and took the peevish infant with limbs as helpless as a wooden doll's, with him. He played badly at first and his instruction was feeble. He knew it.

HORSE FERRYBOAT.

Type of Vessel Used Between Albany and Coe's Island in 1819.

A writer who visited Albany in 1819 gives the following interesting description of a horse ferryboat then in use at the South Ferry:

"The ferryboat is of most singular construction. A platform covers a wide, flat boat. Underneath the platform there is a large horizontal solid wheel, which extends to the sides of the boat, and there the platform, or deck, is cut through and removed, so as to afford sufficient room for horses to stand on the flat surface of the wheel, one horse on each side, and parallel to the gunwale of the boat. The horses are harnessed in the usual manner for teams—the whiffletrees being attached to stout iron bars, fixed horizontally, at a proper height, into posts, which are a part of the fixed portion of the boat.

"The horses look in opposite directions, one to the bow and the other to the stern; their feet take hold of the channels, or grooves, cut in the wheels in the direction of radii; they press forward, and, although they advance not, any more than a squirrel in a revolving cage, or a pit dog at his work, their feet cause the horizontal wheel to revolve opposite to their own motion; this by a connection of cogs moves two vertical wheels, one on each wing of the boat, and these, being constructed like the paddle wheels of steamboats, produce the same effect and propel the boat forward. The horses are covered by a roof, furnished with curtains, to protect them in bad weather, and do not appear to labor harder than any draught horses with a heavy load.

"The inventor of this boat is Mr. Higdon, of Whitehall, and it claims the important advantage of simplicity, cheapness and effect. At first view the labor appears like hardship upon the horses, but probably this is an illusion, as it seems very immaterial to their comfort, whether they advance with their load, or cause the basis on which they labor to recede."

"Do you think she knows?"

"Yes," said the professor.

In a little while he heard music in the room he had left. It was sad music. It made him weep for the first time in ten years.

When the professor looked up Ignace Paderewski was beside him.

"I believe she knows. I think she was with me then. I could feel her eyes upon me," he said.

The old Warsaw professor is still Paderewski's confidant. It is his story that has come across the Atlantic in answer to the reports of Paderewski's marriage.

"Will Paderewski marry?" the curious ask him.

"Never," says the professor, smiling and folding his arms as one who knows.

Always the great musician's inspiration has been the tender eyes of his young wife, the eyes that are bright still in memory, the eyes that he believes are still upon him as he plays and writes and that watch ever beside him as he wakes or sleeps.

His crippled son is now as old as Paderewski was when he married. He has never walked, and he cannot use his arms. He does not care for music, but he loves his father with abject devotion, and he looks at him from eyes like his mother's. Paderewski is very tender to this child of his one love.

Next year he will leave off playing and live on his farm in Galicia, near to the border of Russia and of his native Poland. Thither he will take his invalid child, and the time he can spare from him he will give to composition. Though only 39, Paderewski is an old man at heart. He has suffered and worked more than less sensitive men of twice his age. He is tired and craves rest with his son.

The pianist and his son are both in Paris. The son lives in the home of Mme. Elena Gorski, who was a friend of the boy and his father in their friendlessness and obscurity. No medical skill can ever give the maimed boy the strength denied him at birth in the cottage at Podolia.

This is the love story of Paderewski as told by the old Warsaw professor in Paris last week.

THE ILLNESS OF HIS SON.

From the London News: There was much disappointment in London the other day when it was announced that Paderewski could not play at a Philharmonic concert, at which he was to assist in producing a new composition by Mackenzie. The real cause of M. Paderewski's absence and sudden visit to Poland is the very serious illness of his only child. The great pianist lost his wife under highly pathetic circumstances, and his domestic happiness has since been centered in his son, a confirmed invalid. No crowned head has had doctors' fees more profusely lavished for him than this boy, though, unfortunately, without securing a permanent cure. M. Paderewski hopes to be back in London next month to fulfill some private engagements, but it is unlikely that he will be heard here again in public until after his return from America next spring.

How Men Buy Gloves.

A glove salesman in a prominent Philadelphia shop declared recently she would rather wait on ten men than one woman, whereupon a woman shopper who overheard her remarked:

"Perhaps you would rather talk to ten men than one woman, too."

Just at this point a man came up to the counter.

"What would you like to see, sir?" she inquired.

"I want a medium shade of brown, with wide stitch on the back, and fastened with a button instead of a clasp."

The saleslady placed a varied assortment before him. Quickly selecting a pair, he exclaimed: "Just what I want!" and had one glove fitted. It suited him exactly, and having paid for his purchase he left the store.

Now, what sort of glove does the reader think this man purchased? They were a dark shade of brown, not medium; they had a narrow stitch on the back, not wide; they were fastened with a clasp, not with buttons.

Perhaps some man can answer this question: Why do women like to wait on men better than on their own sexes—because men are so easily pleased, or because they do not really know what they want?

Why He Knew the Seasons.

"I was traveling down from Cincinnati not long ago," said a New Orleans insurance man, "and became acquainted in the Pullman smoking compartment with a very agreeable gentleman from Louisville. He proved to be a man of literary taste, and, in the course of a rambling conversation about books, he surprised me by quoting with extraordinary freedom and accuracy from Thompson's 'Seasons.' I had never seen that very long and prosy epic since I studied it at school, as a supplementary textbook, and certainly I didn't dream that anybody ever read it nowadays without compulsion. I said as much, and added that I was surprised to find an admirer of what I supposed to be an obsolete work. 'I didn't admire it,' he replied; 'on the contrary, I think it the blindest thing ever written on earth, yet I can repeat almost the entire poem from memory without missing a word.' With that he told me a curious story. 'Five years ago,' he said, 'I developed an acute nervous malady and was advised by my physician to take a trip on a sailing vessel from New York to Frisco via the Horn, for the sake of complete rest. Two weeks later I left on the ship Falcon. I was the old passenger, and before my departure I packed my big box full of books, which by accident was never brought aboard. When I discovered the fact I was wild. The captain was not a reading man, and the sole and only literature on the entire craft consisted of a copy of Blake's Nautical Dictionary, an Almanac for taking observations, and Thompson's 'Seasons.' How the 'Seasons' got there I never learned. It is a deep, dark mystery, but in self-defense I was obliged to read the thing, and as our voyage was unusually prolonged by unfavorable winds, the infernal poem was absolutely reared into my memory by the time we reached the Pacific coast. The most distressing feature of the episode is that I have never been able to forget it. I am today the only human being on the continent who knows Thompson's 'Seasons' from end to end."

Megaphonic Streets.

Some of the Baltimore streets are so narrow and the houses so close together that a huge megaphone is the result, and at night conversations held on the streets can be heard with great distinctness in rooms on the second and third floors.

The other night a young woman who had been kept awake by the heat was sitting by the window in her perfectly dark room when two maidens, who lived across the street, came home attended by a young man. The escort said goodnight and left, but the girls lingered on the steps for an exchange of confidences.

"Marie," said one of them, "I will tell you how he talked to me. Promise faithfully not to breathe a word of it."

Marie promised, but a select audience of air seekers made no pledge of secrecy, and doubtless the harrowing tale that followed is now known to a large circle. Some attempts were made to attract the attentions of the talkers to the fact that they had listeners, but they were so much interested in their subject that they never heard the warnings and continued to tell their woe to the policeman and everyone else on the block.

When everything is quiet at night even a whisper seems exaggerated, and the cheerful tones of healthy young women carry for a long distance, a fact which should be remembered now that the open-window season is upon us.—Baltimore News.