WON BY A TUNE

"GOOD-BY, dearest!"

"Good-by!"

For the twentieth time Mark Jermyn uttered the words of farewell, and for the twentieth time the girl responded, but, realizing that the parting was not an ordinary one, they were loth to part even then. Years hence they might meet again; perhaps never!

"And dearest, you'll remember, if the recollection of me ever stands in your light, you're to forget I existed. Promise me that!"

The girl looked into the earnest face bending over her, into the depths of the grave, brown eyes.

"I cannot," she said softly. "Moreover, is it necessary? Is it what you would do were you in my place?"

Her logic was unanswerable, and he sighed.

"If you were the only child of somebody next door to a millionaire," she went on, "and your father forbade you to marry any one who was not wealthy while you really loved one poor as a church mouse, would you give up without a struggle? Of course you wouldn't, Mark. You'd wait, and wait, and hope!"

"But waiting doesn't always bring wealth," broke in Jermyn, "especially in the musical profession. Why did my father ever destine me for his own career?" he added, bitterly.

"Because it's what you're most fitted for," Elsie Renton replied. "Mark, dear, you're going to be a great man."

He waived away her words with a smile and another kiss.

"You flatter me, sweetheart," he said, "although it's true my father was far from being a mediocrity. He changed his name on marriage, and died when I was only five years old. But his existence really ended, so far as the world was concerned, when he forsook his old name, for he never composed a single thing after."

"How strange!" remarked the girl, wonderingly. "And what a terrible example to you, dearest."

"You may think so. Of course, I was too young to know much then, and never heard how it all happened, for my mother soon followed my father."

"And his name before was——?"

"Wegar—Mark Wegar—one of the foremost composers of his time!"

* * * * * * *

A couple of years later Mark Jermyn was in London. It seemed much longer since he had parted from Elsie Renton in Paris, where they had been fellow students at the Conservatoire; she for the sake of finishing a musical education, he because he had his future living to consider.

In Paris the girl had been free from the hidebound conventionalities of home, and her doting parents would doubtless have been horrified had they known she had dared to regard some one with affection. The two had parted; he to work for a name and she to enter Society.

And now he was in London, his fame having preceded him, and Mark Jermyn, the celebrated pianist, was announced to make his debut before the most critical audience in the world. Success had not spoiled him, and he remained the same modest man that had held Elsie's hand in his two years since; deeply, madly in love with her still. Several times she had written to him, and with her last letter in his pocket as a talisman, he faced the eager crowd that evening.

The performance was a success. Mark Jermyn's reputation was more than upheld and he quickly became the lion of the hour. Invitations from the highest in the land literally showered upon him, so numerous, that they would have taken years to respond to all, one of the earliest coming from the Rentons offering a princely fee for a short recital at a forthcoming "At Home." To this Jermyn stiffly replied that he only accepted social engagements. An answer soon came altering the tone of the invitation, and a day or two later he found himself about to meet his loved one once more.

The place was already thronged with guests when he arrived, but Elsie was the first to greet him, and as he took her hand he would have knelt down there and then and kissed it, had not decorum forbade. She welcomed him gayly, and he felt all at once the happiest of mortals, for a single look served to tell him he held her heart still.

"I'm hostess for the moment," she observed. "Let me take you to mother."

He followed her, and a little later was being introduced to Mrs. Renton.

"Mr. Jermyn, mother!"

The stately lady addressed, looked up, and as she saw his handsome, clear-cut features, started.

"Mr. Jermyn?—ah, yes, of course! Your appearance seems familiar. But then, aren't your photographs all over London?" she asked.

Mark bowed, but guessed by her tone that she had never seen his portrait.

He sauntered aimlessly about, conversing first with one and another, till at length he found himself addressing the host himself. And Jermyn was considerably surprised; Elsie's father was not nearly so formidable as he had pictured him to be; on the contrary, his attitude toward the young lion of the season was courtesy and geniality itself.

"Ah! my daughter tells me she met you in Paris," he remarked. "One of the first to discover your genius, I believe? Elsie's a dear girl, my dear sir!"

"She is," assented Mark, earnestly.

"Always a dutiful girl, and a prize worth the winning," continued Mr. Renton, briskly. "It's a pity we're to lose her so soon—but there! the men, the men! I was young myself once."

"You mean some one will fall in love with her?" queried Jermyn, anxiously.

"Has fallen in love. Scores of them. By the way, there she is with Lord Mapleson."

Mark Jermyn turned and followed the other's glance to where Elsie stood talking with the man he had noticed a few moments before.

"Are they——?"

"Engaged, my dear sir, engaged. And to be married shortly. My wife's a wonderful woman's she arranged it all!"

Mark's first impulse was to flee, but he resolved to learn the truth from Elsie's lips first. At last he caught her glance, following her into a small ante-room leading from one of the principal apartments. When the door closed, he took her hand, and looked into her eyes.

"Elsie," he asked. "Is it true?"

She averted her gaze.

"Is what true?" she murmured.

"That you're engaged to Lord Mapleson?"

Her eyes filled with tears and she turned toward him passionately.

"No!" she said vehemently. "He's asked me frequently, but I've always refused. But mamma insists, and the rumor we're engaged is about already. Oh, Mark! Mark!"—with an outstretching of her arms that was irresistible; "what's to be done?"

He took her into his arms.

"You love me, what is to prevent our happiness?"

"Mother—she insists. Father, I know, would rather I married a man of my choice."

"And I insist on you marrying me!" he cried earnestly. "That is, if you're willing to become the wife of a nonentity?"

She looked up quickly.

"Who is the nonentity?" she asked. "You, the clever artist or"—with a gesture of disdain—"Lord Mapleson?"

"Then, darling," he cried, "if your mother will not consent, it must be a runaway match. You're sure you don't mind intrusting your happiness to me?"

"No, indeed, Mark, no! I love you, oh! heaps more than I did two years ago, and that's something, isn't it?"

He admitted that it was, and kissed her, when some one calling Elsie, she had to leave. Mark strolled back to the drawing room with a lighter heart. Some one was asking Mr. Renton whether Jermyn was to play; the host shrugged his shoulders, but the musician at once interrupted with the remark he should only be too delighted.

A move was made to the piano, while all voices were hushed as it became known that the great Jermyn was at the instrument. He ran through several of his better known things in succession, playing as he had never played before, his audience, spellbound and enraptured. The applause at his conclusion, unlike most drawing-room applause, was for once sincere.

Mr. Renton was profuse in his thanks, and then his less genial wife inquired as a special favor, whether he would give them a novelty.

"A novelty?" repeated Mark, anxious to please has prospective parent. "Ah, yes! I had almost forgotten. To-day's the twenty-second, isn't it? There is one thing I only play once a year, and always on the twenty-second of this month."

The last notes of the song were gradually dying away, when all at once there was a tense scream from a distant corner of the room.

All turned and saw that Mrs. Renton had fainted.

A few days later Mark Jermyn called to inquire after Mrs. Renton, whom it was understood was seriously ill. The young fellow was at once shown into Mr. Renton's study, where the millionaire greeted him cordially.

"My dear Mr. Jermyn," he said, "you're the very man I wish to see! You remember the effect your wonderful playing produced on my wife the other evening?"

"Unfortunately," responded the famous musician. "Believe me, I'm exceedingly sorry."

"It's not your fault, my boy," he answered kindly "The event has brought something to light which I hope may mean your happiness. I have learned that my daughter loves you."

"Yes," responded Mark, quietly. "And I love her, too."

"Just so, just so! What I was going to say was this; my wife, it appears, was once engaged to your father."

Mark Jermyn looked up in astonishment.

"Yes," continued Mr. Renton, "and from what I can hear—of course, this is in confidence between you and me—it broke Mark Wegar's heart. My wife jilted him for myself, and it seems that, out of pity, he afterward married a cousin whom he discovered had been in love with him for years. The air you played the other evening was one of Wegar's compositions, was it not?"

"Yes," replied Mark. "My father left me the manuscripts, with the injunction it was only to be played on the twenty-second of November in each year—the anniversary of what I could never make out."

"Ah! my wife recognized the theme; it was the old love song he used to play to her and of which she had been so fond. The date you mention was the one on which she broke off the engagement. Old memories came back to her, and—and——"

"Say no more, sir, it's a painful subject."

"To be sure, to be sure! My wife wishes me to tell you that, although she broke your father's heart, she has no wish to break either yours or her daughter's. We are both willing you should marry Elsie."

Some one opened the door just then, and Elsie Renton, seeing Mark, threw herself into his arms.—New York News.

A PURSE FOR HIGHWAYMEN.

Highway Robbery Very Prevalent in England a Century Ago.

The frequency of highway robberies only a century ago sounds surprising to the present generation. Horace Walpole, in a letter to a friend, recounts an adventure of this kind which befell him and his friend and neighbor, Lady Browne, in the autumn of 1781.

The night I had the honor of writing to your ladyship last I was robbed. Lady Browne and I were, as usual, going to the Duchess of Montrose at seven o'clock. The evening was very dark. In the close lane under her park pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure on horseback pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side.

I suspected it was a highwayman, and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking and stopped.

To divert her fears I was just going to say, "Is not that the apothecary going to the duchess?" when I heard a voice cry, "Stop!" and the figure came back to the chaise.

I had the presence of mind before I let down the glass to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat, under my arm.

He said, "Your purses and watches!"

I replied, "My watch is not in my pocket."

"Then your purse." I gave it to him; it had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it.

He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said, "Don't be frightened; I will do you no hurt."

I said, "No; you won't frighten the lady."

He replied, "No; I give you my word I will do no hurt."

Lady Browne gave him her purse and was going to add her watch, but he said, "I am much obliged to you. I wish you good night!" Then he pulled off his hat and rode away.

"Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it."

"Oh, but I am!" said she. "And now I am in terrors lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with my old bad money that I carry on purpose."

"He certainly will not open it directly," I said, "and at worst he can only wait for us at our return; but I will send my servant back for a horse and a blunderbuss," which I did.

Faithful to the Last.

In many Scotch families the old man servant is a permanent institution. He enters the service of a family when he is a boy, sticks to his place, and resigns only when the infirmities of age are upon him. Naturally he grows in time to claim as rights what were at first granted him as favors, and if he is opposed asserts himself with a spirit of independence. An English paper tells a story illustrative of this.

A lady's coachman—a crusty old fellow who had been in the service of the family in her father's time—gave her great trouble and annoyance on several occasions by not carrying out her instructions. At length his conduct became unbearable, and she determined to dismiss him. Calling him into her presence, she said with as much asperity as she could command:

"I cannot stand this any longer, John. You must look out for another situation. You will leave my service at the end of the month."

The old servant looked at her in amusement for a minute, and then the characteristic "loyalty" came to the surface.

"Na, na, my lady," he said. "I drove you to the kirk to be baptized, I drove you to your marriage, and I'll stay to drive you to your funeral!"

A Potent Remedy.

Customer—Are you quite sure this preparation of yours is good for weak lungs?

Druggist—Certainly. Less than one year ago a man in the last stages of consumption bought a bottle of it and to-day——

Customer—He's a dead one, eh?

Druggist—Not on your life. He's a calamity howling political orator.—Chicago News.

Tight shoes won't hurt you if left in the shoe stores.

MATERIAL IS WASTED

PRESENT FASHION FOR EXTRAVAGANT SLASHING.

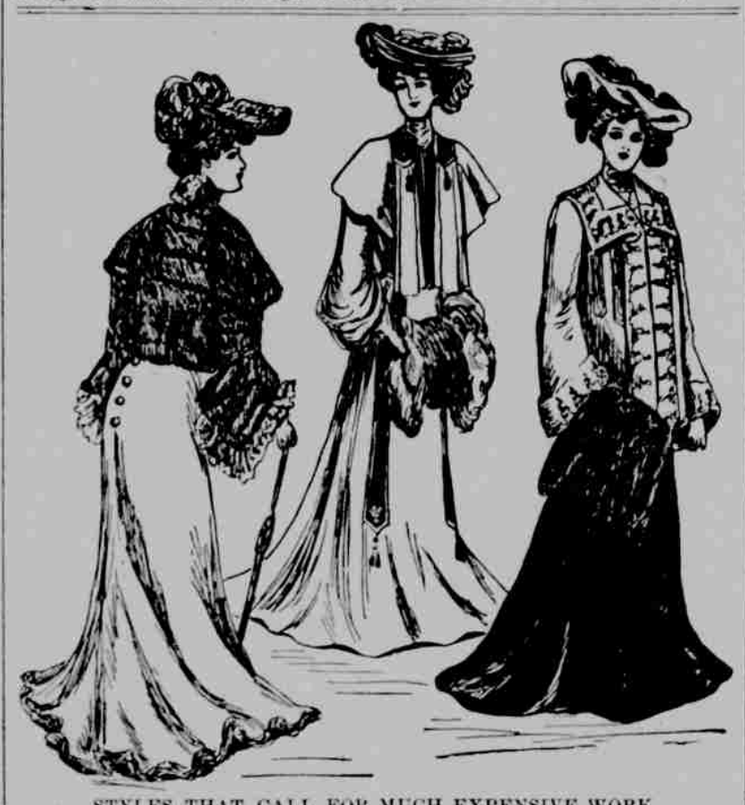
Fad for Snipping Up Clothes Adds Greatly to Cost of Costumes and Does Not Show to the Casual Observer—Gotham Modes.

New York correspondence:

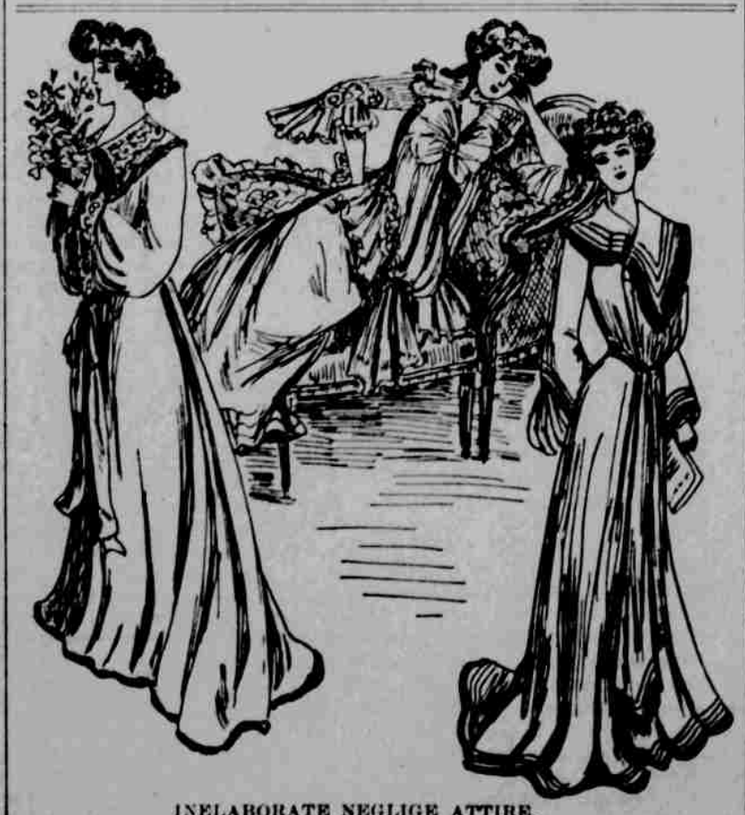
SLASHING of materials is in evidence on every hand, and in many stylish gowns is done so freely that the getting of the parts together again is a matter calling for much work of a difficult kind. This last point explains the costliness of many dresses that do not make show of complexity until the time that has been put into them has due consideration. Slashing is carried into street attire less wastefully, perhaps, yet usually at no small sacrifice of materials. The accompanying initial shows how velvet may be treated. This gown was navy blue, with mink trimming, light green silk showing through the slashes. At the right of the next picture is a white broadcloth coat stencilled as freely as anything shown in the fancy for stencilling of a few years ago. Besides these tortures for the dress materials, there are many lesser ones in tab and stole finish. Stole effects like that of the middle gown of this group necessitate snipping, and the squirrel jacket next it showed that even fur may not escape the scissors. Often slashing on street gowns is resorted to in order to secure fullness. The skirt at the top will be slashed down about ten inches, and a tuck of silk will be let in, an inch wide at the waist and tapering to nothing at the hips. That is a much prettier way to introduce fullness than to gather the cloth, and it suggests that a protest already has been entered against too much fullness at waist and hips.

The present is a period of transition in skirt fashions, which, accordingly, are of much interest. The means suggested for effecting a radical change from very tight skirts to full ones are numerous, and it is nip and tuck between some of them as to which will catch and hold the favor. Many of the new skirts are attractive, and there'll be more of them. Yet despite them all, the tight skirt will die hard. Almost as apparent as the activity of designers in getting up new types, is the reaching after devices that will extend the stylishness of current sorts. Many tricks are resorted to in the way of trimming that shall relieve the older skirt from the charge of being out of style. These appear in model gowns, too, so are especially significant. Big buttons placed in the manner shown at the left in to-day's first pictured group are the only concession at times, while again, ruffles are the resort. That such schemes are indulged is no cause for wonder, because the weight of the present skirt is a strong recommendation, and the ease with which it can be kept free from mud and dust, as compared with a full skirt, makes it still more attractive.

There is one grade of gowns whereon accordeon pleating seems very appropriate, and where a great deal of it is seen. That is on neglige gowns. The pleating is so fluffy and dainty in thin materials that here it is seen at its best. The current showings of negliges is much varied and very dainty. The materials include heavy and light silks, silk crepes, cashmeres, woolen crepes, challies and even chiffons. Then trimmings vary as much as do materials. Fur, lace, ribbon, velvet, chiffon and buttons are standard, and novelties are a host. The neglige attire the artist presents here was of the inelaborate grade. At the left there is a white jean de soie, with rank edging and heavily embroidered collar and cuffs; then comes a dainty house jacket of white Japanese silk self-trimmed with ruffles, and last is a light blue cashmere neglige finished with black velvet in different widths. From such pretty but neither fanciful nor showy get-ups the shopper may pass readily to negliges as elaborate as evening gowns and well nigh as costly. These seem too much like dress-ups to be reserved entirely for the privacy of the wearer's boudoir, but there intimate friends are received, and where is rivalry in dress more intense than between fashionable dearest friends?



STYLES THAT CALL FOR MUCH EXPENSIVE WORK.



INELABORATE NEGLIGE ATTIRE.

A Four-Footed Singer.

Why the singing mouse should possess its unique gift no one knows, but undoubtedly it sings. It is a small animal, with very large ears, which are moved about much while singing, as if that were necessary to the success of the vocal performance. The song is not, as you think, a prolonged squeak with variations, but a succession of clear, warbling notes, with trills, not unlike the song of a canary, and quite as beautiful, though some of the notes are much lower. One great peculiarity is a sort of double song, an air with accompaniment quite subdued. Upon first hearing this one believes that he is listening to more than one mouse, so perfect is the illusion.

Medicine for Him.

"His wife has treasured all the letters he wrote to her when he was courting her; keeps them by her all the time."

"Gracious! She doesn't read them over, does she?"

"No, but she threatens to read them to him whenever he gets obstreperous."—Philadelphia Press.

A Deadly Arsenic Spring.

There is a deadly spring in the desert in south Nevada. A prospecting party found the skeletons of several men about the spring, but drank of the water notwithstanding. They were seized with violent cramps and suffered intensely. Some of the water was brought away and analysed. It was found to contain a large percentage of arsenic.

Women prompters have been tried at the Berlin theaters wtih success, as it has been found that their voices carry better across the stage and are less audible in the auditorium.

POETRY VERSUS SCIENCE.

Naturalist Bore Silenced by Sidney Smith's Quotation.

For Sidney Smith to joke was no great effort, but not even he could always joke so effectively as in the instance mentioned in "Memories of Half a Century." He was the guest at dinner of an archdeacon at whose table there were others of the cloth, among them one who was greatly interested in natural history. As the man rode his hobby to death, he was the prince of bores, and his entrance was therefore viewed with something like consternation. He was unknown to Sydney Smith, but his peculiarity was soon laid bare.

"There'll be no talk at all unless you can manage to floor him," said one of the men to Smith. "Can't you manage it?"

"I can try," he returned gallantly, although with some doubt, for there was not telling to what branch of his crotchet the bore would turn.

The dinner began. The one or two customary toasts such as "The Queen," "The Church," had been honored, and there came a lull which was the bore's opportunity.

"Mr. Archdeacon," said he, "have you seen the pamphlet written by my friend, Professor Dickenson, on the remarkable size of the eyes of a common house-fly?"

The archdeacon courteously said he had not had the privilege, and in spite of the discouraging looks on the faces of the guests, the bore pursued his advantage:

"I can assure you it is a most interesting pamphlet, setting forth particulars, hitherto unobserved, as to the unusual size of that eye."

"I deny the fact!" said a voice from the other end of the table.

All smiled save the bore.

"You deny the fact, sir?" said he. "May I ask on what authority you condemn the investigations of my most learned friend?"

"I deny the fact," replied the voice, which was Sydney Smith's; "and I base my denial on evidence wedded to immortal verse well known to every scholar, at least, at this table."

The emphasis laid on scholar nettled the naturalist by its implication. "Well, sir," he said, as calmly as he was able, "will you have the kindness to quote your authority?"

"I will sir. The evidence is those well-known, I may say immortal, lines:

"'Who saw him die?'
'I,' said the fly,
'With my little eye.'"

The guests roared, and during the rest of the dinner nothing further was heard on the subject of natural history.

QUEER STORIES

Thunder is rarely, if ever, heard at a greater distance than eighteen miles.

The wife of the Governor of New Borneo has a baby rhinoceros for a pet.

The moose deer has the largest horns of any animal. They often weigh from fifty to sixty pounds.

Beetles in the East and West Indies are so brilliant in coloring that they are beautiful as gems.

Denmark has the largest army in proportion to her size. She has 187 soldiers to every 10,000 of her population.

The largest butterflies are the "bird-winged" of the Moluccas. Their wings are sometimes twelve inches in expanse.

A person usually begins to lose height at the age of fifty, and at the age of ninety has lost at least one and a half inches.

A wall thirty feet high and thirteen feet broad could be built all round England with the coal annually raised in that country.

The world now consumes 6,300,000,000 pounds of tobacco yearly, or 2,812,500 tons. This is worth $200,000,000. In other words, the world's smoke bill is just $5,000,000 a week.

A Berlin periodical, Der Weinkenner, relates that when Bismarck died about 10,000 bottles of the choicest wines were found in his cellars, mostly gifts from friends and admirers. They came from all countries.

But eight States do not now require examination by a State Board of those who wish to practice medicine. They are Arkansas, Colorado, Kentucky, Michigan, Nebraska, Nevada, South Dakota and Tennessee.

Prizes of $1,200, $750 and $500 for the best instruments to measure wind pressure are offered by the Hamburg Marine Observatory to German and foreign inventors. The plans must be sent in by April 1, 1903.

The New York City Record, an official publication, owned and issued by the municipality, is the biggest newspaper in the world. It appears every day in the year, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, and sometimes contains as many as 383 pages.

Five of the twenty fellowships recently awarded in the department of philosophy, University of Pennsylvania, were given to women. Most of these fellowships carry with them an income during the academic year of $500 and free tuition, with an additional $100 for particular research work.

Honesty is a prevailing virtue among most Chinamen. Some of them, in their native towns and cities, often leave their places of business unguarded while they go off for half an hour or more. Should customers arrive in the meantime, they find the prices of goods plainly marked, select what they want and leave the money for them.