OLD FAVORITES

A Lost Chord.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.
—Adelaide Anne Procter.

Song of the Silent Sand.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, O, thither,
Into the Silent Land!

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection. Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls, the future's pledge and band;
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land?

O, Land! O, Land!
For all the broken hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

BOY SELLS HIS HEAD FOR $3,000.

Arthur Jennings, a 17-year-old peanut vender of Florence has achieved national publicity because of a deal into which he entered some time ago witha well-known Eastern medical college for the sale of his head after death.

A. JENNINGS.

The lad, through sickness when very young, was affected with an enlargement of the cranium and has long been an object of study for local physicians, who are surprised that he has lived as long as he has. Arthur's head has not grown any for the past year, but it is now large enough to cause the boy a great deal of inconvenience and may result in his sudden death almost any day.

The head measures thirty-two inches in circumferences and is said to be the largest cranium on a human being in the world. Local physicians say the enlargement is due to water. The head is so large that the spinal column has been affected, and young Jennings is compelled to use a cane when he walks to keep from losing his balance. His body is far below normal size.

Jennings has already received $1,000 on the deal. The remaining $2,000 will be paid to his heirs after his death. Young Jennings laughingly refers to the sale of his head and thinks he has perpetrated a good joke on the college. "I feel all right and do not believe I am going to die very soon," he says.

Beyond Help.

One of the street philanthropists who always has an eye and ear for childish troubles stopped to comfort a stout little boy who was filling the air with lamentations.

"What is the matter, you little dear?" she asked, solicitously.

"M-my b-brother's got a vacation and—and I haven't!" roared the afflicted one at last.

"What a shame!" said the comforter. Then you don't go to the same school, of course?"

"I—I don't go to school an-anywhere yet!" came from the little boy with a fresh burst of sorrow.

Thirty Bibles a Minute.

The Bible publications of the Oxford University Press have been issued for 300 years, and can be published in 150 languages and dialects. Every year fully 600 tons of paper are used for this purpose alone. Orders for 100,000 Bibles are quite common, and the supply of printed sheets is so great that an order for 500,000 copies can be readily filled. On an average from thirty to forty Bibles are furnished every minute.

When there are no men in the family, a woman occasionally gets a turn at being sick without feeling that she is stepping on some other person's privilege.

Whenever a boy sees dirt he wants to get into it.

AMERICA'S MANSIONS.

Type of Buildings the Great Wealth of the Country Has Produced.

Readers will recall how many pages of the Architectural Record have been devoted in recent years to the representation of costly city houses and country places erected not only by the Vanderbilt family, but by the Goulds, the Astors, Messrs. Poor, Whitney, Wetmore, Huntington, Benedict, Bourne, Foster and others—a register of the great opportunities that have been provided for the American architect by the astonishing increase of wealth in this country, and an indication also for the world at large of the new and interesting development of American social life, which as yet has attained to barely more than its beginning. Nothing comparable to it exists elsewhere in the world, writes H. W. Desmond, in Architectural Record. The buildings it has produced (and in the future will demand) are very decidedly differenced from the English country house, their nearest contemporary analogue. They differ even more from the American homes that arose after the war and when prosperity returned to the country. Neither are they at all kindred to those old colonial houses which added the chief charm to our early social life, the remaining examples of which still retain an indestructible atmosphere of delight. The squire of the old days, or, rather, his American counterpart in the Southern planter and the New England trader, has been replaced by the merchant prince, and the homes the latter is now creating, especially along the eastern littoral, may best be likened to those which the merchant princes of Medician days erected in a manner and with a purpose not entirely dissimilar to the manner and purpose of their undreamt-of American successors. These buildings are the registers, and, let us hope, enduring chronicles of our very latest days, of our rapidly accumulating wealth, of the prodigious rewards of high finance, and the extraordinary degree of luxury that has become compatible with American life.

The Old-Fashioned Woman.

Oh, well I remember the home of my childhood,
The hill that I climbed in the sunlight and dew;
The rabbits that hid at its base in the wildwood,
The hunters that often would trouble them, too.
But better than these was the ivy-grown dwelling—
Oh, why did I ever away from it roam?
Where lived the dear woman whose story I'm telling,
That old-fashioned woman who made it a home.
That love-fashioned woman,
That sweet-fashioned woman,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home.

Oh, where has she gone with her aprons and knitting,
Her calico gown and her sunbonnet dear?
She never was one that was given to flitting,
Her home was her temple, her empire, her sphere.
She cared not for riches, nor travel, nor pleasure;
The wealth that she craved was beneath her own dome,
Her husband, her children, her friends were her treasure,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home.
That dear-fashioned woman,
That soul-fashioned woman,
That old-fashioned woman that lived in the home.

The ivy-grown walls of that homestead are falling,
The brambles have choked out the blossoms—the weeds
Grow wild and unsightly—the night hawks are calling
When day into darkness and silence recedes.
Oh, never again shall I haste there to gather
The flowers that grew in the sweet-scented loam
When my heart and my steps were as light as a feather
To greet that loved woman who made it a home.
That old-fashioned woman,
That home-fashioned woman,
That God-fashioned woman that lived in the home.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Unfortunate Investment.

The story of the man who paid the minister his marriage fee in yearly dividends, according to the value of the matrimonial goods, is matched by one which the Philadelphia Telegraph relates.

A Southern clergyman had married a pair of negroes. After the ceremony the groom asked, "How much yo' charge fo' dis?"

"Well," said the minister, "I usually leave that to the groom. Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less."

"Dat's a lot ob money, pahson. Tell you' what Oh'll do. Ah'll gib yo' two dollahs, an' den ef I fin' I ain't got cheated, I'll gib yo' mo' in a monf." A month later the groom returned.

"Ah's yere, lak Ah promised, pahson."

"Yes," said the minister, expectantly.

"Ah tol' yo' dat ef it was all right, Ah'd gib yo' mo' money, didn't Ah?"

"You did."

"Well, pahson, as dis yere am a sort of spec'lation, Ah reckon yo' owe me about a dollah an' eighty-five cents, an' Ah come ter git it."

At High Altitudes.

Balloonists who ascended about 10,000 feet in Europe, the other day, found a temperature of 27 degrees below zero.

At the end of a hard day, when you look over your work, how little you have accomplished!

THE MUSHROOM-CAVES OF PARIS

(Edward Charles, in the Wide World.)

With most cities life begins at the ground floor (cellars, sewers and electric tubes always excepted) and ends at the top story, but in Paris, while business is being profitably conducted in the bright sunshine of the loftiest story, it is also being as profitably pursued in the darkness of the depths below, far beneath even the sewers and the famous Metropolitan Railway of which the Parisians are so proud. For Paris is honey-combed with subterranean vaults and passages. It is literally built upon columns and walls, and if one fine morning the world awoke to learn that the bottom had fallen out of the Gay Capital and it had crumpled up like a house of cards it would be no surprising thing to those familiar with the underground world of Paris. It would seem as though the former inhabitants had devoted their efforts to hewing out a place wherein they might seek refuge in case of dire necessity, for, though few are aware of the fact, the entire

"CHAMPIGNONNISTES" AT WORK.

population of Paris could hide itself beneath the city.

To build the city we know so well to-day past generations delved and dug beneath it for the coveted stone. What then were quarries have now become caves, portions of which have been converted into catacombs and contain the bones of the dead, while others are used for the very mundane purpose of growing mushrooms. The mushroom is a comestible particularly favored by the French. Wagon loads from near and far find their way into the central markets of the city every day in the year, and the annual consumption by the Parisians of this vegetable represent a value of over $1,250,000. Both beneath the city itself and outside it, these strange mushroom caves extend for miles in all directions; and in them hundreds of men, who often never see daylight from morn till eve, pass their lives in cultivating the mushroom.

"I was told that I should find these "under-boulevards" of the great city well worthy of a visit, and I accepted the offer of an influential friend to obtain permission for myself and a photographer to descend into the bowels of the earth and learn something of the art of underground mushroom growing. We departed one fine morning, the photographer and, I, for Malakoff, on the outskirts of Paris. We found the mushroom farmer on his farm awaiting us—a well-built, bluff, hearty specimen of French "fermier," M. Burvingt by name. I looked around for signs of caves, but failed to find them, nor did I see any hills in the neighborhood under which they might be. In answer to a question I was informed that they were just 15 metres under our feet.

"This shaft leads right into them," said the farmer, indicating a covered circular hole in the ground I had not hitherto noticed. He pulled the boards away, and I looked down, shuddering, for I looked only into fathomless darkness. How we were to get down puzzled me; how the photographic apparatus was going to fare worried the photographer, and we were both immensely relieved to learn that this shaft was not the entrance, but only the place where they pitched the manure down. I still had hopes of gaining entrance other than by descending a shaft—a gentle slope or something of that sort was what I wanted—and I felt convinced that this would be the case when our guide said we had rather a long walk before us. It proved a good three-quarters of an hour's journey, over fields and down country lanes, ere he stopped suddenly before a small square fence and told us we had reached our destination. And we had been following the line of one of the underground passages all the time.

Opening a gate, the farmer revealed a shaft; my hopes were scattered to the winds. I had never done any ladder-climbing, and I really did not fancy the feat of "monkeying" down a pole, the rungs of which were just short iron bars inserted, none too near one another, on either side, and which swayed to and fro like a bough in the wind.

"I can't see the bottom," said the photographer, somewhat ruefully.

For my part that did not matter so much, I was only anxious not to feel it too suddenly, for there was nothing to break a drop of 45 feet, unless hitting against the sides as one fell might be regarded as breaking it. The first difficulty was to get the photographic apparatus below. Camera-stand, and flash lamps were packed into a basket, which was hooked on to a rope, and away it sped, but quick as the rope ran through the hands of the "champignonniste" the camera-stand was quicker in its descent. The farmer uttered a cry of dismay, and the photographer gave me a look of pain which clearly indicated his fear that there would be no photographs taken that day. After our guide had disappeared over the ledge and reached the bottom, the photographer followed him, anxious, no doubt, to discover what was broken. When the primitive ladder oscillated no longer beneath his weight I went slowly and silently down, landing safely in about three inches of mud. I found my colleague busily engaged in cleaning the broken camera-stand.

"Good thing it wasn't the camera," he remarked and I agreed.

It had been 120 degrees in the sun up above, for the day was particularly fine. Down here it was cold, damp, dark and uninviting; so cold that I shivered in my shirt-sleeves, for I had left my coat above; so damp that I developed a violent cold next day; and so black that out of the circle of light that came down the shaft one could not have seen one's hand before one's eyes had it been held there. Our guide shouted, and his voice, being in keeping with his stature, filled the blackness, rumbling away down the many arteries leading from where we were standing and coming back again from a dozen different directions. In answer to his call there presently danced in the dark void ahead of us a couple of lights.

They heralded the approach of a couple of "champignonnistes," who, emerging from their habitual gloom, disclosed themselves as short, dark individuals, of none too prepossessing appearance, attired, with but scant regard for the temperature, in blue cotton trousers, blouses, and "sabots." Their coats they had discarded. Looking at the condition of the ground I envied them their substantial foot-coverings, and the more so when, later, I found myself wading through a veritable morass of slimy sand.

Provided with lights—small round colza-oil lamps fixed on the ends of sticks—and encumbered with the photographic materials, we moved forward and then the real torture of the experience began.

"Minds your heads," said the guide. "Bend your backs! Prenez garde la!" in alarm, as the bewildered photographer was about to dispute the solidity of the ceiling above. We bent our backs, bent ourselves nearly double in fact, and yet felt our heads scraping the roof of the passage; and bent and cramped like this we were for two mortal hours. I said that the place

MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL.

was cold, damp, black, and uninviting; let me now add that it was very uncomfortable, for the ceiling above us,—of solid stone—was not more than 3 feet from the floor. If ever there was a time when I have not been proud of my height it was during those two awful hours. We formed a weird and ghostly procession as we moved forward through the inky blackness, the silence broken only by our footsteps as we splashed along through the puddles, the solemn drip, drip of water from the walls and roof, an exclamation now and then from myself as I nearly tripped over one of the mushroom beds, and strange mutterings from the man who was to work the camera.

The famous mushroom-beds were at our feet. We were, in fact, walking in the narrow space between them— a path perhaps a foot in width. They ran along the caves in rows, two against the sides, and a pair down the centre. They seemed to be banks of sand some 2 feet in height, and inclining up from a 2 feet base to a rounded top. The soil was clammy and crumbling to the touch, and inlaid with round white discs, varying in circumference from the dimensions of a quarter to a small-sized saucer—the precious mushrooms.

"Is there much of this?" I asked of the farmer leading us, who seemed prepared to walk on for ever.

"Seven or eight kilometres," he answered unconcernedly.

We had arrived at a bend. How long I had been creeping onwards, bumping now my head and now an arm, stumbling, sprawling and saying things, I know not; but my back ached frightfully, and I appreciated more than ever before the comforts of being a short man.

It seemed we had walked for ages.

"We will take a photograph here," I said, which brought the party to a halt. While the photographer made ready his camera I explained to our friends the mystery of the flash-lamp, and when he was quite ready gave them the signal to put out their lamps. They did so. The blackness could almost have been cut with a knife, and the stillness was so intense that we could hear each other's regular breathing. Terrible thoughts scurried through my brain. What must it be, I thought to be lost in such a place without a light, without food, or to be in there with an enemy who was familiar with its ramifications? It was a place to lose one's self in, to go mad in, to be murdered in without the world being a jot the wiser. And what was that? Something crawling over my face, here and there and everywhere; something creeping up my arms; something gliding round my neck. Would that lamp never flash? It seemed an age, but was in reality not a second. A blue, blinding glare went up, illumining the space around with such a light as it had never seen before, and showing up plainly the trio of "champignonnistes" crouched down as they worked, and scaring a million flies and spiders and goodness alone knows what other insects and vermin. The light died down and went out, and again the lamps sprang into life and shed their flickering, welcome gleams around.

After securing some other pictures and a very fine accumulation of small flies on our lamps—indeed, the oil-wells were black with them—we gladly sought the upper world again. I had no ambition to explore the caves in their entirety, but only to get my cramped spine once more into its normal position, to sit down and rest in a neighboring inn and gather mushroom knowledge from the lips of the grower himself. Fifty years before, he told me, the caves had been open to the broad light of day. They were the scene of great activity, resounding continually with the explosions of gunpowder, for there men were quarrying the stone that helped to build Paris. Later on they had been abandoned and covered in, to be finally taken over by the cultivators of mushrooms. This is the history of most of the caves which are now used for this purpose, not only in the neighborhood of the capital, but throughout France.

But all are not of the kind I have just described, otherwise I should not have gone myself and prevailed upon the photographer to accompany me to the famous caves of Issyles-Molineaux, owned by champignonniste Sauvageot. I found them, as I had been told I should, to be in decided contrast to those previously visited; as large as the other were small 630 feet in height at least. And there was no ladder to descend one walked straight into the tunnel from the daylight, for it pierced a hill, a chalk hill whence had been quarried thousands of tons of chalk of the quality that makes acquaintance with the tips of billiard cues. The main tunnel, cutting clean into the hill for a distance of not less than 250 yards would have easily admitted a carriage and pair, carrying another vehicle on top. As mushroom caves go it was certainly a handsome one, but just as cold and damp as any other, with a switch-back sort of road leading from the entrance to the bottom of the caves. Here there was space for six lines of mushroom beds to wend their irregular ways side by side, as will be seen in our photograph.

There were six of these large galleries, from which numerous others ran off, twisting and winding about to the length of some seven kilometres. Cut in the sides of the passages were numerous little "chapels," some on a level with the ground, others high up in the side of the wall. In all these caves contained some sixty kilometres of fine mushroom-beds: spiders and flies we found there in their millions, the only occupants beyond rats and the cats that are kept there to catch them.

In no case of such dimensions are all the mushroom beds in the same stage of advancement at once. While some thousands of metres are in full bloom, others are not so far advanced, and in some passages the beds are only just being laid down, while in others the work of clearing out old and useless beds is being carried on. Why this is so will be apparent when it is stated that it would take fifty men employed in the caves at Moulineaux eight months to fill them with the 68,000 metres they are capable of accommodating.

Scrupulous cleanliness is an absolute sine qua non ere a new bed can be laid down. The cave must be cleared of the old bed entirely; not a particle of it must be left, for with all the mushroom's aptitude for lightning growing, it is something of a dandy in the vegetable world. There are certain things it does not like; that it prefers death to, in fact, and amongst them may be mentioned dead rats, old iron, and a parasitical insect with a special weakness for the nutritious mushroom. When this insect gets in its deadly work, the farmer has good reason to sigh. Dead rats are frequently found in the caves with dead mushrooms all around them, for the mushroom apparently cannot tolerate dead rats any more than it can rusty horse-shoes or any other rusty pieces of iron. Such things spell loss to the "champignonniste."

Now beds are laid down every five or six months, and as they do not bear until three months have passed, the harvest need be a rich one, for the average cost of a bed ere it shows signs of produce is 2½ francs per metre. First the manure has to be secured, and then, ere it can be used, it has to be prepared, the work taking from three to six weeks. When ready it is carried into the cave or shovelled down a shaft, as occasion requires.

The building of the beds is a peculiar and laborious process. Sitting astride the portion of the bed he has first made the worker gathers armfuls of manure and presses the materials down to an even height in front of him. Thus he is always provided with a seat. Ere the spawn is sown the temperature of the beds must have reached about 12 degrees to 14 degrees Fahr. (No wonder we had been cold in our shirt sleeves) The spawn sown, the manure is covered with sand, and then every two or three days the beds must be liberally watered. At the end of three months the "buttons" poke their heads through, then gradually the beds become covered with white hoods, which, on attaining the required size, are collected for market. Unless, however, a metre yields four kilos of mushrooms at the least, the proprietor of the cave has little occasion to be cheerful, for its creation and care account for an outlay of three francs, while the harvest only fetches a franc per kilo.

Winter is the best season for the "champignonniste." Then M. Sauvageot told me, he sends to market no few than one hundred baskets a day, which means 1,100 kilos, while during the other seasons of the year forty baskets or 440 kilos is the daily output. In the production of this perennial harvest thousands of workmen find employment round Paris alone—men who pass their days in damp and darkness with only spiders and flies to keep them company, and yet seem to experience no evil effects as the result of their strange surroundings.

SAYING A WORD FOR MULE.

Missouri Animal Shown to Have Many Points of Excellence.

In many respects the mule is the noblest beast that has been placed under man's dominion, but unjust ridicule for some unaccountable reason marked the long-suffering brute for its own and by obscuring his many virtues and playing upon his few defects and idiosyncrasies has compelled him since the day he was discovered by Anah in the wilderness to live under the torture of a false and slanderous report. At last, however, he is being restored to his proper position in the social and economic world.

In truth the mule, if he happens to be a Missouri product, is a valuable, beautiful and lovely beast. For general all around purposes, in comparison with the horse, mules are superior. They are easy and cheap to raise, easy to sell and hard to blemish. They go to the market early and bring bigger profits for the time, work and money expended in growing than any other stock. Time and hard work have less effect upon them than upon any other kind of flesh. Disease rarely touches them. Adversity and hard knocks make them stronger and tougher.

A mule does not wither or weaken with age. The process of years simply turns his coltish friskiness to contemplative sedateness, his silvery voice to a raucous roar and his obstreperous heels to the paths of peace. His habits, as they are better understood, are less feared and more appreciated. He is tractable, gentle, sympathetic and very intelligent. When well treated he loves his master, as Sancho, the companion of Don Quixote, and many old negroes in the South have proved.

He eats little and requires no shelter and toils to the bitter end without complaint or fatigue. He quickly understands the whims of his driver and will go and can be guided without whip or rein. He is a dynamo in hide, an engine on hoof—a perfect machine in flesh and blood which rarely gets out of order or temper.—Kansas City Journal.

Muscle Comes, Mustache Goes.

Tucked away in an uptown side street under the shadow of a towering hotel is an athletic trainer who gets from all his clients the liberal sum of $50 a week to keep them in good physical condition. They are a credit to him and look as if his services were worth the money. They grow strong as a matter of course, the fat are reduced in bulk and the thin made plumper. But there is one other peculiarity of their training which it not so much a matter of course. This is the tendency of all the trainer's clients to dispense with their mustaches after they have had a course or two under him. He is the determined enemy of the mustache. He believes it insanitary and a survival of those primitive days in which men's faces were covered with hair.

The trainer talks eloquently of the impossibility of keeping a mustache entirely clean, especially when a man smokes. During the few minutes of daily exercise that his system requires the trainer talks on many subjects. His conversation covers a wide range. But one subject always reappears. He never neglects the unhealthfulness of the mustache. So his patients, if they are to be called that, come to have a certain distaste for the mustache, even if they have worn one for years. When he sees a sign of weakness the trainer sticks to the attack. So toward the end of their training period it generally happens that the mustache disappears. Some patients have withstood the trainer's arguments. But most of them emerge from their course of treatment stronger and with newly shaved upper lips that are consciously stiff after years of seclusion under the sheltering mustache.—New York Sun.

Canada's Trade in Cattle.

The increase in Canadian cattle sent to Great Britain is enormous—from 10,163 in the first four months of 1902 to 27,300 in the first four months this year.

When a boy isn't in mischief, it is because he is being compelled to take time to repent.