

## WHEN LIFE IS DONE.

When life is done a'vall naught  
The pleasure that we dearly bought,  
The wealth we risked our souls to gain,  
The honor won through toil and pain,  
The love we sought and dearly bought,  
No worldly fame availeth aught,  
No name, no marvel science taught,  
When earth and earthly objects wane,  
When life is done.

The kindly deed for others wrought,  
The patient word, the generous thought,  
The effort made by hand or brain,  
Against might for right, though made in vain,  
Shall be by God forgotten not  
When life is done.

—Donahoe's Magazine.

## ST. GABELLE'S INN.

My Uncle Bayle was a man whom every one loved and welcomed as a visitor. His home was not as ours was, in the little city of Mirepoix, but in a grand chateau, with crimson roof and shutters, in the environs of Foix. A lawyer by profession and pressed with business, he never let a fortnight pass without coming to see our mother, and there were many of us to greet him, for Uncle Bayle was the eldest of 13 children, all of them, with one or two exceptions, living with their own or their children's children in the neighborhood of the family home, my sister and myself in the homestead itself, with our infirm but pious and courageous mother, whom, as I told you awhile ago, Uncle Bayle came to see.

"Uncle," said Dorothy one evening, the prettiest as well as the bravest of all our cousins, "tell us a ghost story, please. We have heard all the others."

"One cold autumn evening," said he, "some 40 years ago, I was returning from Toulouse, where I had been called on business. I was traveling fast and had already passed Antwerp, where some friends had urged me to stay the night, but I was in a hurry to reach Saverdun, three leagues farther on, and continued my route. Just in front of the monastery of Bolbonne, in the forest of Secourien, one of those furious tempests which spring up in the heart of the mountains without a moment's warning fell upon me. In less than no time it was as black as midnight and the road invisible. There was nothing for it but to turn about and ask for shelter at Bolbonne. In a little while my horse stopped, and I saw that we were before the door of an inn. I entered. The company was numerous and composed of merchants, Spanish students and the sportsmen of the neighborhood, surprised like myself by the storm."

"Truly," said one of the hunters, "the weather's devilish—a regular witches' sabbat."

"Pardon me," cried a voice in a distant corner, "witches and goblins hold sabbats on moonlight nights and not in storms."

"We all turned to see who had spoken and saw that it was a Spanish merchant. None of us seemed disposed at first to answer a remark made with such solemn gravity. In fact, we were as silent as owls until suddenly my neighbor on the right, a young man of frank and pleasing appearance, burst into a fit of laughter."

"Really," said he, indicating the merchant who had spoken last, "it seems as if the gentleman understood the habits of goblins. Perhaps they've told you, turning to him scornfully, 'how much they dislike to be wet and muddy!'"

"The Spaniard gave him a terrible look."

"You speak too lightly, young man," said he, "far too lightly of things you know nothing about."

"And you would have me believe that ghosts exist?"

"Perhaps," said the other, "if you are brave enough to look and see. Here's a purse," he continued, rising and approaching the table, "containing 30 golden quadruples. I wager them all that in an hour's time I call before you the face of any one of your friends, even if he has been dead a dozen years, whom you may name to me. Moreover, when you have recognized him, he shall approach, embrace and salute you with a kiss. Do you agree?" And as he asked the question the manner of the man was so impressive and stern that we involuntarily trembled. My neighbor only remained unmoved.

"And you can do all that?" he cried.

"Yes," answered the Spaniard, "and willingly part with my 30 quadruples beside, if I do not, provided you will lose a similar amount if I hold to my promise and force you to believe." The offer was at once accepted.

"To guard against trickery and deception, we decided to use a little pavilion situated in the outer garden, perfectly isolated and bare of everything but a chair and a table. After assuring ourselves that there were no other issues than a door and a window, the student entered and, we left him to his fate, not, however, without placing beside him all the necessary writing materials and extinguishing the lights."

"When everything was ready and we had arranged ourselves in a circle around the door, the Spaniard, who had waited in absolute silence till all was done, began to sing in a low, sweet voice, a verse, as near as I can remember, running thus:

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## A DIPLOMATIC BOY.

His Reformation Was Sudden and Many Sided and Served His Purpose.

I have a little son 8 years old. He is smart and bright, and for mischievousness I think can't be beaten. I was sitting in a room one day reading and smoking, when he came sauntering up to me with the forefinger of his left hand in his mouth. I thought at the time that there was something wrong, but said nothing with regard to the same.

"Pa," he said after awhile, "I didn't get one demerit in school today."

"You didn't, Willie?" I interrogated, throwing a rather fierce look upon him. "Well, I'm sure that's a good showing."

"Yes, and I carried a bucket of coal up for Kate after school," he went on, still keeping that finger in his mouth.

"Why, you are getting very considerate," I remarked.

"Yes, and I brushed your coat all off nice and clean."

"No, Willie; you didn't do that?" I asked, looking frowningly at him, for I knew he had been up to something.

"Yes, I did, pa, and I lit the gas in ma's room for her."

"Well, now."

"And I shined your best shoes until they glitter like Sister Ella's looking glass."

"Is that so? What else have you done?"

"Well, I studied all my lessons in school, got out at the regular time, said 'yes, sir,' to Uncle John and helped the hostler around the stable."

"Why, what is the matter with you? Are you going to get sick?"

"No, sir," he replied, twisting around a trifle, "but I'm going to be a better boy—at least for a while."

"You are? Well, I'm glad to hear that."

There was a short pause, and then he said: "Here, pa, are two cigars for you. I bought them with my own spending money. I'll buy you a boxful when I get money enough."

At this juncture he placed both little arms around my neck and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, pa," he asked, "do you like your little boy?"

"Why, of course I do," I replied, getting alarmed. "Are you ill?"

"No, but I've got something to tell you. Would you keep your little Willie from pain?"

"Certainly I would. Tell me what is the matter, my son?"

"All right, pa, I'll—dear, good, old pa. This morning Billy Button, Tommy Todd and myself were playing ball, and I couldn't catch very well, so I went and got your brand new stovepipe hat and caught with that. Pa, that hat must be made of awful poor stuff, for the first fly ball went clear through it, knocking the roof out. But never mind, I'll buy you another one," clasping me tighter as I essayed to rise, "and one gooder'n that too!"

What could I do?—Boston Courier.

Paderewski as a Hard Worker.

To be a pet of the public sometimes has its disadvantages. M. Paderewski, for instance, keeps up his reputation only at the cost of tremendous efforts. To an interviewer for Black and White he has confessed the fact that he practices at the piano often for 15 or 16 hours a day. Once, in New York, he had to work up eight entirely distinct programmes in little over as many days, and then it was a case of 17 hours' practice daily. One must always be at it, he explains, to keep the fingers right and the memory active. The work is certainly tiring, and M. Paderewski considers that playing billiards—a game he is very fond of—has saved his life by affording him the necessary relief from his arduous work.

Those crashing blows of his on the piano are not, as some might imagine, made with the closed fist. Sometimes they are done with the third finger stiffened out, sometimes with the thumb sideways. He seems to see nothing wonderful in the effect produced, although his hands are so delicate that an ordinarily firm shake makes him wince. It is true that he has a forearm such as a professional strong man might envy, so perfect is it in its muscular development.—London Daily News.

Thought He Could Jump.

A young man the other day got an umbrella where the bottle got the cork—in the neck. This young man is one of those fellows who can readily explain to you that nothing that any one else can do is really as difficult as it appears. He joined a local gymnasium not long ago, and after watching the members once or twice going through their exercises came away with the feeling that he was a full fledged athlete. Walking on East Court street alongside of the jail, he espied two men ahead of him walking abreast and carrying a basket of freshly washed clothes between them. The street being narrow at this point, they took up the full width. The young man, being in a hurry, thought he could save time by jumping over the basket, but his calculation was not acute enough, and he kicked some of the wash off. After walking a few steps he turned around to ascertain the result of his maneuver and was just in time to see an umbrella hurled at him by the unerring aim of an enraged woman. He tried to dodge, but was too slow.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Ancient Stationers.

In medieval times the stationarius, or stationer, held official connection with a university and sold at his stall, or station, the books written or copied by the librarians, or book writers. Such is the origin of the modern term stationer, one who now keeps for sale implements of such service, and not usually the productions of literary persons.—Harper's Bazar.

A Lost Bride.

An absentminded groom in Rome, Ga., forgot that he was to be married the other day, and when the time for the ceremony arrived he was not present. An examination showed that he had overslept himself. He apologized, but the father of the bride refused to accept him as a son-in-law, and the engagement was broken.—Detroit Free Press.

## DREAMING.

The cooling fingers of the twilight lay  
A balm upon the fevered ebb of day,  
And, languid lulled by dream winged spirits in  
their flight

Between the half uncertain hours of dark and  
light,  
I dream of thee.

Trilled through the silvery sphere of fading  
day,  
A late bird homeward wings its weary way,  
And, through the wide tranquility of upper  
sea

Attunes his vesper note of faroff minstrelsy  
To songs of thee.

Far from the west the sentinel of flight  
Sets the dead altars of approaching night  
Aflame, and paints the ambient skies with  
mystic gold,

Whose liquid light reflects the happiness of old  
Of me with thee.

The sky, the air, the sea, the earth, its flowers,  
Lie steeped in magic of the moonlit showers,  
And far beyond the waves, where sky  
meets sea,

From star to star across the night's tranquil  
lity,  
I come to thee.

The evening winds, distilled from fragrant  
flowers,  
Pour out their incense on the dew wrapt hours,  
And on the still, sweet harmony of sky and sea  
I stray a little space into infinity  
To dwell with thee.

Thus when the fingers of the twilight gray  
Four balm upon the ebbing tides of day,  
I, languid lulled by dream winged spirits in  
their flight

Between the half uncertain hours of dark and  
light,  
Can live with thee.

—Amy Seville Wolff.

Kilgore's Objections.

A single phrase has made Colonel Kilgore a national character. Very early in his congressional career he began to say, "I object." He has kept this up at every session of congress with serene consistency. A small man, a nervous man or a bad tempered man could never have made a success of such a policy. He would have been run over in some way. But Colonel Kilgore's "I object," uttered with dignity and with deliberation and backed by such an impressive personality, has won its way. It has stopped hundreds of little bills; it has sent many a disappointed member to the cloakroom fuming and swearing. And yet the big man, who is always good humored and who smiles on slight provocation, is a popular member of congress. There is everything in the way that "I object" is said. The tone can carry malice or anger or honest opposition. Colonel Kilgore says "I object" with such utter disregard of personal considerations and with such unflinching regularity that he has disarmed the resentment which usually falls upon objectors.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Smelling Out Bank Bills.

If a bill must be sent in a letter, the safest plan is to roll it tightly into the shape of a lamp lighter and lay it in the fold of the sheet inclosed. Arranged in that fashion, the fact that it is money cannot well be distinguished by the "feel."

A thread, with a knot at the end, will not be so likely to fetch a tell-tale fragment of the fiber paper when drawn by means of a needle through the envelope, and the smell of it will be less perceptible. So peculiar is the effluvia belonging to bank or treasury notes that experts at the bureau of engraving say that they can distinguish them when sealed in envelopes by the nose every time. A thief once showed to government detectives who had caught him that he could pick out, while blindfolded, from a pile of 400 letters every one of seven which contained paper cash merely by scent.—Washington Star.

Tollmach's Consideration.

Of the late Lord Tollmach's consideration for others an amusing instance has been related by his brother. One day, at Peckforton, he came down earlier than was his wont and happened to look into the drawing room. He found the room "not done" and littered with brushes and dusters. Extremely displeased he rang the bell impetuously, and the inculcated housemaid was summoned, but when she appeared, instead of administering the intended rebuke, he apologized to her for coming into the room so early, and was so full of excuses for his untimely visit that she said at last, "Pray, don't mention it, my lord."

—London Tit-Bits.

Malta Drinking Water.

"The best water I ever drank," writes a correspondent, "was at Malta, where it is collected on the flat roofs, which are most carefully cleaned preparatory to the heavy fall of rain which takes place when the weather breaks the first or second week in September. Every house has below it an immense tank, often of the same area as the house, and about 12 feet deep, and into this pours the beautiful fresh water, which comes up cool and sparkling when wanted."

Scared Enough to Die.

"See here," said the man who had married a widow, "hasn't your hair turned gray rather suddenly since we were wed?"

"Oh," said she, "that's from fright. I was so scared when you proposed to me, don't you know?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The strongest animals in the world are those that live on a vegetable diet, say the vegetarians. The lion is ferocious rather than strong. The bull, horse, reindeer, elephant and antelope, all conspicuous for strength and endurance, choose a vegetable diet.

When you speak of bees, designate the kind referred to. There are 4,500 species popularly known as "wild bees," 3,200 being natives of the Americas. Britain has 70 species of bees and 16 of wasps. Of the latter there are 170 species known to entomologists.

In the Vatican library there is a treatise on dragons, a manuscript in a single roll 300 feet long and a foot wide, the material of which is said to be the "tanned gut of a great dragon."

A woman wearing stays as loosely as is possible for such articles to be worn exerts a pressure of 40 pounds on the organs which they compress. Such figures in cold print are startling.

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