MRS. FRANK STROEBE

A Remarkable Recovery.

Mrs. Frank Stroebe, R. F. D. 1, Appleton, Wis., writes: "I began using Peruna a few months ago, when my health and strength were all gone, and I was nothing but a *nervous wreck*, could not sleep, eat or rest properly, and felt no desire to live. Peruna made me look at life in a different light, as I began to regain my lost strength.

"I certainly think Peruna is without a rival as a *tonic and strength builder.*"

PASSING TO THE LEFT.

An English Custom Which Puzzles You When You Meet It in Canada.

When you go abroad you expect to find things different than at home and you try to take everything as a matter of course. So in England, when you learn that railroad trains pass to the left and not to the right, as with us, and when you find that the same rule of the road applies in city streets and country highways and byways, you may be inconvenienced, but you try to remember and get along somehow.

But when you go to Canada and find this left-handed state of things existing you are bewildered. There has been no ocean trip to prepare you. You pass from Yankee soil to Canadian soil without knowing when, and somehow you expect to find the ordinary affair of life moving along as you have been accustomed.

One day you are in Portland, Me., the next in St. John, N. B. You face the direction in which you wish to go and stand beside the right hand trolley track waiting for a trolley car. The car comes, but it is going the wrong way—for you. Then you shift to the left.

But the next day when you are out in the country, you have forgotten the trolley car episode. You go driving. Another team approaches. You tug gently on the dexter rein expecting Dobbin or Maude or whatever the beastie's name is to turn out.

But you get no response. On the contrary. The argument is not concluded when the horses stand face to face and the one you are driving says unkind things about you to his brother of the shafts.

By that time you have remembered and after an apology you proceed.

The matter is especially puzzling since the driver's seat is on the right. But the Canadians find this handy. There the men do most of the talking and when two teams are passing the horses are checked and the men find themselves close together.

With us, in like case, the women have the preferred positions from a conversational standpoint. And that's as it should be.

Railroad trains don't pass to the left in Canada. In fact, they don't pass at all except at sidings. There is only one track.—New York Sun.

Assistance Needed.

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once."

"I'll go down," said he.

"Oh, John, don't do anything rash!"

"Rash! Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove that piano from the house without assistance."—The Throne.

The Professor.

"I suppose," reflected the professor, "a subway is merely an elevated railroad reduced to its lowest terms."

WIFE WON.

Husband Finally Convinced.

Some men are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience.

A very "conservative" Ills. man, however, let his good wife find out for herself what a blessing Postum is to those who are distressed in many ways, by drinking coffee. The wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me.

"Common sense, reason, and my better judgment told me that coffee drinking was the trouble. At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.'

"He knew he was right and he knew I knew it, too. I capitulated. Prior to this our family had tried Postum but disliked it, because, as we learned later, it was not made right.

"Determined this time to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg.—that is, boiled it 15 minutes after boiling commenced, obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich snappy flavor similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added, it was not only good but delicious.

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A LONELY GIRL

By Mrs. Hungerford

THIS is a strong, wholesome story, by Mrs. Hungerford, who wrote that celebrated masterpiece of fiction, "Molly Bawn." It will win a welcome from every person who appreciates a first-class romance.

The story is original, pleasing and fascinating. It is a delight to follow the heroine, Amber, through the chapters of her young love life, full of mingled sunshine and shadow, until, in the end, the womanly loyalty of her innocent nature makes everything bright and happy.

CHAPTER I.

"So nice to find ourselves all here together once again!" says Mrs. Clarence with a satisfied sigh, throwing her pretty head a little backwards and sideways—her charming insincere face smiling out of its aureole of flaxen hair. In town this delicate yellow hair of hers has created a small sensation for more years than she now cares to be reminded of, though in reality she is only thirty. For the rest she has little to complain of in her life; her means being ample, her charms beyond reproach, and her very uncongenial husband at this moment at the Antipodes.

In this small country place—an insignificant spot in the south of Ireland—she is regarded by the villagers in the little town below with feelings that sway between awe and delight.

"'Tis a vision she is," said Mr. Twoomey the opulent owner of the small hotel in Carrigmahon, when Mrs. Clarence had swept through the town in her cousin's—old Sir Lucien Adare's—carriage. Sir Lucien, who as a rule detests this Irish home of his, took a freak into his head the last month, and after eight years' absence from it, decided on gathering together such of his kinsfolk as accompanied him on his last visit, and spending a month or two in the pleasant wilds of Carrigmahon.

Carrig Castle—The Castle, as it is called "for short" by the peasantry—is sufficiently charming a home to tempt most people, had they been its possessors, to visit it at least once a year. But not its delights have brought Sir Lucien to it in this sunny mid-August. Old associations have given him a distaste for Carrig that amounts to positive aversion, and but for several important reasons it is quite certain that he would not have come here at all. A defaulting agent for one. A battery of leters from his coutnry that Bryan Deane was home again and staying at the old mill, for a third, and strongest of all. He had always believed that fellow knew something of the missing jewels!

"Yes. Isn't it?" says a very pretty girl, answering Mrs. Clarence's languid remark. There is very little languor about Mary Adare, or May, as she is generally called. "Hilary and I were delighted to come, weren't we, Hilary?"

She leans towards her brother, a tall young man sitting in a lounging chair near one of the open windows, through which the moonlight is streaming so vividly as to almost put the many shaded lamps out of countenance.

"Intensely," returns Captain Adare politely. It is possible that Hilary, Mary's brother and Sir Lucien's heir, scarcely heard his sister's question, his mind being at the moment many miles away—in a conservatory at that last dance he went to, before leaving town, before "being dragged down here," as he termed it. Amongst the flowers on that memorable evening he had told himself that the girl whose fan he was then caressing was the prettiest creature in the world. A week after he still thought so; six weeks later he is sitting here trying to think so still, and failing a little. Six weeks is a long time—when one is only twenty-eight.

"How many years since last we were here?" asks someone from the background, someone dangling gracefully over the sill of the window, and twanging gaily, with a remorseless disregard for time and tune, on a banjo.

"What a horrid question!" says Mrs. Clarence, with a delicate ruffling of her fair brows. "It must be Owen's!"

She peers round, softly parting with her fan the two men next to her to make them stand aside until she can see the place where her brother, the Hon. Owen McGrath, sits revealed.

"Oh! do stop that dreadful noise!" cries May, covering her little shell-pink ears with her hands.

"You know you love it," says Mr. McGrath, unmoved. He turns his head so far inwards that one can see that he is fat, fair and twenty-four or so. His face is innocent of hair, and so, very nearly, is his head. His sister and his father, Lord Kilfern, make much of him now and then, and so do a good many far better people. "Come here, and I'll sing to you! You won't? . . . You shall!" He has seized her frock and pulled her down beside him. There is a cousinship between them, as indeed there is between everyone now staying in Sir Lucien's house.

"Owen, don't be stupid!" May gives him a vigorous little push, but Mr. McGrath, with his arm so far thrust through hers as to enable him to get a purchase on the banjo, is already unlifting his terrible voice to the moonlit skies.

A young man had come rather quickly up to the window when Miss Adare had been brought so swiftly to a seat beside the interpreter of the banjo.

"Oh, is that you, Gilbert?" exclaims she. "Yes, help me up. I must say, Owen," turning wrathfully to her late companion, "if you think that music . . ."

"Won't you wait for the next verse? Do," says Mr. McGrath. "It's teeming with interest. It is a proposal—from you to me—you won't wait? How blind people are to their own interests nowadays. Tonight—impossible as it sounds—actually have said 'Yes.'"

"No one is listening to him, no one ever does as a rule—which says much for the wisdom of his acquaintances and friends.

But if the present company think to disconcert him by this disregard of his remarks, they are indeed mistaken. He rises like the Phœnix from its ashes to even fresher life, and the knowledge that Gilbert Grey is now at the other side of the room, getting as near to an open quarrel with May as he dares. Indeed so far does the fight go on that now May, leaving Gilbert Grey, and treading the floor as she comes, with the dainty air of a Titania insulted, drops into a seat next Eustace Everard, who as one has come to know, is always very close to Mrs. Clarence.

He is a man of about forty, with blue eyes and a pensive expression. He gives immensely to charities, especially to orphanages, and has about the worst reputation in Europe. His pensive expression, however, stands to him, and then he is so good to the little fatherless ones! A man who considers the Orphans must be good! And besides he is so very rich!

"For me, I am delighted to be here again," May murmurs to him, with the exaggerated delight of a girl who doesn't mean a word she is saying. "I told you so a moment ago, didn't I, Dolly?" to Mrs. Clarence—May always appeals. "I was awfully bored last season."

She says this a little more clearly, so that Gilbert Grey may hear. He had been particularly attentive to her last season—and she, if she told the truth, had been very attentive to him. Mrs. Clarence regards her with a pitying stare.

"My dear May!"

"Oh, yes, I know," frowning and tilting an angry shoulder. "You need not look at me like that. I hate town! The cool green country has charms for me."

"So it has for me," says Everard in his slow way, getting a glance of gratitude from May in return.

"Last time I was here," says Mr. McGrath suddenly and apropos of nothing, "there was a donkey. I used to ride him barebacked, with his disgustingly short mane as reins."

"In what circus were you then?" asks Captain Adare anxiously. But McGrath continues his speech unmoved—"I wonder if he is here still?"

"Ask Sir Lucien," says May.

"Not much! My dear girl, do you know me? No, I shall find him out for myself. I remember he had a little black cross of hair over his shoulders."

"Where's Uncle Lucien?" asks May suddenly.

"I don't know really," said Hilary, "But I made out he went for a long walk, and came back tired; he looked wretched, I thought."

"Yet he ought to be happy," says his sister. "He has every one of his relations around him!"

"For the matter of that," says Mrs. Clarence, "Sir Lucien has not got all his relations round him; there is yet another niece of his living in this part of the country. Have you all forgotten her? But it is not to be wondered at, as of her he never speaks."

CHAPTER II.

There is a pause. Everyone looks as if in search of something once known, but forgotten for years and years. Hilary alone smiles.

"I declare I had forgotten all about her!" cries May, growing suddenly excited. "But now I remember she is our cousin—our first cousin, isn't she, Hilary? Her mother was our aunt—Uncle Lucien's sister! Yet imagine," spreading her pretty hands abroad for a mere charming second. "We have none of us ever yet seen her. Have you, Hilary? No? Then where was she when last we were all here?"

"Where you ought to have been—in the school room," returns her brother, laughing.

"You are wrong," says Mrs. Clarence. "She was in Paris with that precious mother of hers."

"Is she there still?" asks Everard.

"Oh, no! she is here now, as I tell you. Has been here indeed for some time; ever since her mother's death, which took place about six years ago. She is living in an old house seven miles from this, with some relations of her father called Deane."

"Fancy that," says Mary. "Isn't it ridiculous that one can't see her? One's own cousin, and only seven miles away!"

"In a great old rambling house," goes on Hilary, taking up Dolly Clarence's revelations. He has not as yet, however, seen the house of the unknown cousin. "A regular barracks of a place, I'm told; huge, empty; and with a dilapidated mill at the end of the lawn, or somewhere."

"Her father used to work it," says Gilbert Grey; "at least so I am told."

"Her grandfather!" corrects Mrs. Clarence. "Thank heaven they are neither of them alive now. I suppose in a way, they would be relations—of a sort—too."

"A miller," puts in May a little disdainfully.

"Well, yes and no," says her brother. "If you allude to her father, hardly that, in the usual acceptation of the term, as I believe though he still made pretence of working the mill, he let it go to irretrievable ruin. He was a decent enough sort of fellow I have heard—connected not so badly either on his mother's side but not quite—you know!" with a comprehensive nod all round. "A bookworm, too, which is fatal if one is not—exactly—you see!"

"Pity Sir Lucien won't recognize her," says Gilbert Grey, who has a good heart if a very jealous one.

"Pity he should recognize her now," puts in Captain Adare with a shrug. "If he had recognized her long ago, something might have been made of her, but now—she must be a child of the soil indeed."

"A little touch of injustice somewhere," suggests Everard with a pensive expression. It brings a smile to the lips of Mrs. Clarence. She knows him. When had he ever done justice to anyone?

"Well, I agree with Hilary," says May in her little rushy way. "An impossible, vulgar, countryfied girl by this time! How is she to be accepted? Oh!"—impatiently. "How could Uncle Lucien's sister have married so dreadfully!"

"I've just been telling you it wasn't so bad as all that," says her brother. "He was a miller certainly, so was his father and grandfather, and great-grandfather, I believe, before him; and really nowadays if one can show up three generations one ought to get the Victoria Cross. What the girl is like is the question. 'Run wild, I shouldn't wonder. The old mill is standing still, I hear.'"

"Very still," says Everard, with a laugh. "It was in the last stage of decay when we were here—how many years ago?" turning to Mrs. Clarence, who gives him a glance in return that makes him laugh inwardly. "Well, when we were here yesterday!"

"But what has all this got to do with our mysterious cousin?" asks Mr. McGrath, who has been weaving all the silken things in the room into a sort of lasso with which to embarrass May presently, and drag her into his net, to the sure discomfiture of Gilbert Grey. "Let us come back to her; I hate ruins. Some tomfools admire them—to me they suggest nothing but old women!"

"You haven't been listening," says Mrs. Clarence severely; "of course Sir Lucien was frantic when his sister made so low a match, and now he visits on the girl that ancient feud."

"Just like him," declares Grey indignantly. "Fancy making the life of a young girl wretched just because her people had not done according to his tenets!"

"There was more," says Mrs. Clarence. "Haven't you heard, Gilbert, about the disappearance of those jewels?" She leans forward, jewels appeal to her. "Surely you must have heard!"

"I have not indeed. Jewels! Whose?"

"What? Jewels? I never heard of them, either," cries May, growing suddenly most deeply interested. "Did you ever hear about them, Hilary?"

"Years ago! But I confess I had forgotten all about them until lately, when there seemed to be a chance of the revival of the sensation that marked their disappearance."

"But I never heard of their appearance," protested May.

"You must have been asleep, my good child," says Dolly.

"Not a bit more than Gilbert," a little indignantly. She resents this speech. "You never heard of them either, Gilbert, did you?"

"Never!" says Grey emphatically. Blessed ignorance that seems to bring them even a degree nearer to each other.

"Well, tell us about them." May is somewhat mollified.

"Oh! it's a long story." Mrs. Clarence looks bored.

(To be continued.)

WHEN PEOPLE BEGIN TO FLY.

Problems that Are Likely to Present Themselves for Solution.

Taking a very modest view of the promised developments, admitting that the carrying of heavy weights seems unnecessary and undesirable for airships, we can look forward with some safe provision to such small conveyances as will carry a few people and a few packages swift and far, says Charlotte Perkins Gilman in Harper's Weekly. Small individual machines, air bicycles, as it were, offer a tempting and practical field for invention, and here you have an element of portentious importance. Behold man, winged and engined, buzzing off like a huge cockchafer, to soar and circle, dip and rise as he will!

Where, then, is security for private property?

And where the bonds that shall confine him who has long laughed at locksmiths?

Must our windows and skylights be barred as those of dungeons? Must our walled gardens be netted across the top with woven wire? Whose fruit trees will be safe when fluttering flocks of little winged boys—by no means cherubs—may surround them at night and pluck delightedly from the outer branches? The gentlemanly burglar, carrying a light kit for noiseless glass removal, may pick and choose among many windows and be off before capture at a moment's fright.

Only the shotguns can reach him. "Stop, or I'll shoot! Hold up your wings! Come down, you!" This might arrest his fleeing—we cannot say "steps," it must be "flaps"—his fleeing "flaps"—yet a little bomb thrown at our home would make him master even so. When it is no burglar, but a Romeo—what then? Bars—strong bars—as in Cuba, must be placed at every window; and what shall bars avail if the damsel be willing and know the uses of the acid or the file? In sober sadness there is before us here, first, a great danger, and then a greater good. The increased possibility of evil is so patent that in the end there is but one way to meet it. There will, no doubt, be at first strong repressive measures. We shall try our best to police the air; we shall stretch and revamp our laws to reach these new offenders; but the field is far too wide to cover us. We cannot all skulk behind bars and curtains for fear of shameless vandals with wings.

The real result, the big result, will be a lifting of the standards of humanity. Winged, we must be well behaved. We can no longer risk the presence of a large body of persons, illiterate, unmannerly, poor to the verge of robbery and of evil passions. The "firebug," who even now succeeds in arson, could then endanger a city with small risk to himself. Society, so aroused to a sense of the danger of its "undesirable citizens," must once and for all rid itself of them by the simple process of not making any. No longer can the ill-born child be left to evil parents—no longer can we afford to have the child ill born. New care must be taken in the rearing of our people; none can be allowed to grow up evil, because with wings they would be too dangerous.

So to Speak.

"Mrs. Blinks is a leader in the dress reform movement, isn't she?"

"Well, I guess you might call her that. She runs a cleaning and dyeing establishment."—Cleveland Leader.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE.

LESS IDEAS AND MORE IDEALS.

By Mayor McClellan.

MAYOR M'CLELLAN.

The crying need of the day is fewer men with ideas and more men with ideals. One of the most difficult problems of the great trust which I occupy is to get the right men for public office. In this country official salaries are small, on the theory, I suppose, that the honor of public service is a sufficient reward. There are, therefore, just three classes of men who accept public office: Men of independent means, men who have not succeeded in private life and who take office as a business proposition, and men with enough public spirit and sense of duty to make a money sacrifice to serve the State. Unfortunately, there are all too few of the latter class. This is not a plea for a general increase in salaries, but a plea for a general increase in interest in public affairs.

There are very few Americans who will not willingly and cheeerfully give their lives for the flag; there are very few who will give their time, or any part of it, for the State. No man should enter politics with the hope of pecuniary reward. There is no such thing as "honest graft." Salaries are small and the continuity of office holding so uncertain that the life of an honest politician is one of constant self-sacrifice.

Moreover, our journalistic and political ethics are such that the honest man who accepts office in this country must expect from the beginning to the end of his term to wage one insistent struggle to do his duty.

AMATEURS IN THE ART OF LIVING.

By Arnold Bennett.

Considering that we have to spend the whole of our lives in this human machine, we really devote to it little attention. When I say "the human machine" I mean the brain and the body—and chiefly the brain. The expression of the soul by means of the brain and body is what we call the art of "living." We certainly do not learn this art at school to any appreciable extent When we have been engaged in the preliminaries to living for about fifty-five years we begin to think about slacking off. Up till this period our reason for not having scientifically studied the art of living is not that we have lacked leisure, but that we have simply been too absorbed in the preliminaries—have, in fact, treated the preliminaries to the business as the business itself.

See this man who regularly studies every evening of his life! He has genuinely understood the nature of poetry, and his taste is admirable. He recites verse with true feeling and may be said to be highly cultivated. Poetry is a continual source of pleasure to him. But why is he always complaining about not receiving his deserts in the office? Why is he worried about finance? Why does he so often sulk with his wife? Why does he persist in eating more than his digestion will tolerate? It was not written in the book of fate that he should complain, and worry, and sulk, and suffer. My aim is to direct a man's attention to himself as a whole, considered as a machine, complex and capable of quite extraordinary efficiency for traveling through this world smoothly, in any desired manner, with satisfaction not only to himself but to the people he meets en route and the people who are overtaking him and whom he is overtaking. My aim is to show that only an inappreciable fraction of our ordered and sustained efforts is given to the business of actual living as distinguished from the preliminaries to living.

SENSATIONAL EDUCATORS CONDEMNED.

By Andrew S. Draper.

Sensationalism has no rights of any kind in a university. Yet we must have learned that it is not to be kept out by the saying. Novelty of theme or of statement, suited to exploitation and to personal notoriety, is as repugnant to the traditions, the philosophic basis, the moral sense, and the freedom of a university as illiteracy is a menace to government in a democratic state, or as greed is repugnant to fellowship in a philanthropic guild. One cannot be allowed to propagate his vagaries upon the time and in the name of a university that would like to be thought prudent and rational. If one wants to be a professor of myths and ghosts, he ought to go out in the woods and sit on a log and pursue his inquiries on his own time and in the most appropriate place.

I have no valid objection to a professor being a free trader. I cannot object to his telling students the reason why. But I have abundant reason for objecting to his hiding from the students the arguments which support the policy of protection, and to his enforcing his partisan view against mere youth with the ponderous solemnity of a military execution.

FAULTS IN TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

By President Henry Smith Pritchett.

We Americans have had some illustrations of late that our firm American belief that we have a fine system of college efficiency and modesty may not be infallible. Our critics are declaring that our educational systems are not training men properly, and point to Germany, France and England as doing better, as having something better. They say our bankers are not bankers, but promoters. They attack our technical institutions.

This much is true, at least, that in the last two decades we have not been good borrowers—not nearly so good as Germany and Japan. It is a truism that the next best thing to being able to do a thing well yourself is to become a good borrower of a better method than your own. There are, we must admit, some foreign methods that are better than our own—methods of technical training broader than our own, and which open paths to the industries and arts which perhaps we do not offer.

SONG.

The dream is o'er, and we awake;
The morn is sweet and fair,
Deep in the purple-scented brake
A bird song woos the air;
Up the glad causeway of the East
The sun leaps evermore,
Anon the noon shall spread her feast—
Dear Love, the dream is o'er.

The dream is o'er, we did not deem,
Dear Love, the stars would fade,
We did not deem 'twas but a dream
Of youth all undismayed.
Look, where adown the saffron West
Day leads her royal train,
Within mine arms, upon my breast,
Come, Love, and dream again.
—Ainslee's.

CANARIES, ANYWAY

"Oh, I love music!" he cried.

She looked at him with admiration, sitting back in one corner of the sofa as he sat in the other—with rosy-faced admiration she looked at him, eyes sparkling, hands clasped and her lips slightly parted in the very breathlessness of her regard.

"Ah, yes," said he, "Ah, yes! The blaring of the brasses and the sighing of the woods! Would you have melancholy? It is the breathing of the flute. Would you have triumph? Oh, listen to the cornet's tones! So could I go through all the emotions, and oh, the tonals, the cadenzas, the minims, the rittardo and the sudden, sudden stop; the silence! Ah!"

He paused, his eyes glowing on vacancy. He made a dreamy, graceful gesture and looked at her from the corner of his eyes, drinking in her admiration and absorbing all the tribute of her pantomime.

"And so do I!" she cried.

Impulsively he held out his hand and impulsively she took it.

"We will love music all our lives," she whispered, "all our lives—together!"

Suddenly then his glowing look vanished and over his features there passed an expression of inquiry, fear and doubt. Gently he sought to withdraw his hand, but she held it tightly, pressing it with silent declaration of love and esteem and letting him know by the soft engagement and relaxation of her grasp that when it came to music she, too, was there with a fond and true regard for the most beautiful of all the arts and the interpretation of great souls long dead; and that when it came to rhapsodies she could rhapsodize, and when it came to passages of sadness she could weep, but that taking one thing with another it was, it was the twiddly bits, the twiddly bits, the twiddly bits; oh, yes, it was the twiddly bits that stole her heart away.

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "all our lives—together!"

He looked at her then with the muteness of entreaty, preserving the attitude of formality, edging away from her so that their clasped and extended arms grew taut and tight, resembling thus the characteristics of his smile, but as for her she beamed upon him sweetly, holding his hand as though it were a treasure and she the treasurer, or, better yet, as though it were the paraphernalia of a conjurer from which she was about to draw yards of silk and satin and linen and other fabrics of the loom; stores of food and provision; soup, fish, roasts, game, vegetables, gravies, cheese and pie; hoards of pin money; crisp bills of yellow and green, and chinking coins of gold—the whole to be performed to the accompaniment of sweetest strains of music, lovely music, ethereal music, the music that they loved and loved so well.

"Every summer," she began in low, vibrating tones, "we can go abroad and listen to the music in the cradle of the art—Italy, Germany, France—together! When the music swells our souls will be lifted into the infinite, and when the grand chords sound we will thrill in a shuddering ecstasy. Bayreuth, Paris, Milan, oh, how I have longed for them, and now we will see them, dear—together!"

"Now look here—look here"—he began.

"Or we can subscribe to the operas here instead!" she cried. "Garden, Caruso. Tet—tet—tet—whatever her name is. Oh, how I long to hear her sing. We'll have a nice little automobile, one of those that's all closed in, and we'll go and see them all—together! You can invite your friends at the bank, too, and we'll give opera parties."

She patted his hand, and inwardly he groaned and cursed the fate that had led him to mislead her into thinking that he was the mainstay and bulwark of the bank where he daily added long items of figures, in "Ledger: Deposits: A-G." And, seeing that he was still silent and unhappy and gave no answering echo to her melody, she tried another and a lower key.

"I DON'T GO AWAY IN THE SUMMER."

"An automobile—pshaw!" she exclaimed. "I would much rather have a nice carriage. Or we could hire one!" she laughed. "What fun! Dear me! And, anyhow, the music is the thing. The rhythm and the sweep of it, its manifold moods of joy, its woes, its passions! Ah, me!"

"I don't like the operas," he grumbled, his eyes anguished and his feet shuffling on the carpet. "I hate them. I have always hated them from a child. Now, look here. I think there's some misunderstanding——"

"Ah!" she cried, "I know what it is you like! I know! It's the concerts at the seashore—in the pavilions—on the sand. And so do I, dear, and so do I! Oh, to sit on the beach, heart to heart and hand in hand, to hear the strains of harmony that mingle with the moaning of the tide!"

She gazed at him with a sentiment profound, and she looked at him merrily, and arching her brows at him until in his innermost soul he muttered, "Hang it, she isn't so bad!" But aloud he said, "I don't go away in the summer."

"I have always said," she cried, delightedly, "that there is no place in the summer like the city. No, sir! Nowhere! And we'll have one of those piano players, dear, and a collection of the best old classics, and, oh, what happy, happy hours we'll spend together! Bach! Beethoven! Etude! Ah, I feel so happy!"

Swinging his hand and pressing it with affection the while, she began—

Dinna ask me if I love ye,
Truth, I darena tell—

And then not only did she swing his hand, but he swung hers, and instead of avoiding her glance and setting his face in the cast of stones, he looked at her right sweet—in the eye and thought her wondrous fair.

"But look here, girl," he said, "I only get $18 a week, and those piano players and concerts and operas and things——"

"Well," she whispered, her eyes shining as she lifted her rosy little lips to be kissed, "Well * * * Aren't there canaries?"—Evening Sun.

The First Moving Pictures.

Moving pictures originated in an experiment to show both sides of a shilling at once. In 1826, according to the Chicago Tribune, Sir John Herschel asked his friend, Charles Babbage, how he would show both sides of a shilling at once. Babbage replied by taking a shilling from his pocket and holding it before a mirror.

This did not satisfy Sir John, who set the shilling spinning on a large table, at the same time pointing out that if the eye is placed on a level with a ratating coin, both sides can be seen at once.

Babbage was so struck by the experiment that the next day he described it to a friend, Doctor Fitton, who immediately made a working model.

On one side of a disk was drawn a bird, on the other side an empty bird cage. When the card was revolved on a silk thread the bird appeared to be in the cage. This model showed the persistence of vision upon which all moving pictures depend for their effect.

The eye retains the image of the object seen for a fraction of a second after the object has been removed. This model was called the thaumatrope. Next came the zeotrope, or "wheel of life." A cylinder was perforated with a series of slots, and within the cylinder was placed a band of drawings of dancing men. On the apparatus being slowly rotated, the figures seen through the slots appeared to be in motion.

The first systematic photographs of men and animals taken at regular intervals were made by Edward Maybridge in 1877.

Wanted to Know.

Mother (to her daughter)—Don't hold your dress up so high, Elsa; it doesn't look nice.

Elsa—Well, why did you buy me such pretty stockings, mother?—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Railroad Note.

E. H. Harriman is to build a $5,000,000 mansion in New York. It is understood that in architectural appearance it will resemble a roundhouse.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The only thing in the world that collects no sentiment is a dollar, and it collects interest, which some people think is better.