

IT CANNOT BE.

It cannot be that He who made
This wondrous world for our delight—
Designed that all its charms should fade
And pass forever from our sight;
That all should wither and decay,
And know on earth no life but this,
With only one finite survey
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years
Of toil and care and grief we live
Shall find no recompense but tears,
No sweet return that earth can give;
That all that leads us to aspire
And struggle onward to achieve,
With every unattained desire,
Was given only to deceive.

It cannot be that after all
The mighty conquests of the mind,
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
And leave no record here behind;
That all our dreams of love and fame,
And hopes that time has swept away,
All that enthralled this mortal frame,
Shall not return some other day.

It cannot be that all the ties
Of kindred love and living hearts
Are broken when this body dies,
And the immortal mind departs;
That no serene light shall break
At last upon our mortal eyes,
To guide us as our footsteps make
The pilgrimage to Paradise.
—David Banks Sickets, in N. Y. Sun.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The stranger turned quickly, wrenching aside one end of the shattered pole. "No; he is all right," he reassuringly declared, when a hasty examination had revealed that a slight abrasion on the adventured leg. "But you, Miss Meredith, are you really unharmed? It was such a nasty fall—on this gridiron of a bridge."

"But I did not fall; I jumped," she quickly retorted, with the sensitiveness of a skilled rider to such charge of clumsiness. She gasped a little for breath, turning about to place her back to the storm as she added: "I was looking for the trail which leads across by the Mascot mine. Perhaps you can tell me where it turns off."

"Oh, certainly. I came that way myself only a few minutes ago. It is about a mile back."

"A mile back! I missed it, then," she disappointedly exclaimed, her teeth closing suddenly on her under lip as she glanced down at her left wrist, her cheeks turning rather white. "I have so much farther to go."

"But you are hurt, Miss Meredith; I am sure you are," he solicitously returned. "What can I do for you? Is it your wrist?"

"I believe I did twist it a little," she murmured, dubiously regarding the long wrinkled glove which covered the now intense aching. "It is nothing, of course, but—"

"You are faint!" he cried, casting loose the bridle-rein he had been holding, and making as though he thought he should offer the support of his arm. "Can you walk to this log beyond the bridge?—Yes, that is right; sit there while I get you some water." He dashed down to the water's edge, where some campers had left a litter with it dripping full. "If you could drink from this—" he urged, deprecatingly. "It is clean, in spite of the rust; and I'm afraid it is the best I can do."

"It does beautifully, thanks," she murmured, gratefully, as she took the



"But you are hurt, I am sure you are," he said, adding, when she had drunk of it, "I never fainted in my life; there was not the slightest danger of that; but I felt a little queered. The water has helped me."

"But it has leaked all over your dress," he cried, dismayed, as though charging himself with the damage.

"But the heavens have already leaked so much, a little more will hardly matter," she returned, faintly smiling, as she stood up again. "And, by all the signs, I am likely to be better. I must be making for shelter as fast as I can."

"But will you not let me see the wrist?" he anxiously interposed. "You are sure that it is not broken?"

"Oh, it couldn't be," she protested, although she looked frightened at the suggestion.

"We'll hope not, surely; but won't you take off the glove, please?" She obediently drew off the sodden kid, holding out the injured member for his inspection. He took the small hand by its finger-tips, awaying it to and fro with a sort of reverent hesitancy, anxiously gazing at her face to see if he were giving pain. "No; it is only a sprain, and not a very bad one. I hope," he decided, in a tone of relief. "But of course it is paining you. You must let me bind it up with water. It will be better than nothing." And he hurried away to dip his handkerchief in the stream, folding it to a compress as he came back.

"But I am sure that is not necessary," Dorothy protested, drawing back.

"Not strictly necessary, perhaps; but it may somewhat relieve the pain. You

would better have it," he returned, in a peremptory tone; and, as though comprehending that argument would be wasted, she meekly submitted to the treatment.

Even with the pain of the injured wrist, with all the roaring of the storm, the rain now developing to a torrent, even with such diverse unpleasantness to fill her mind, the girl had not failed to perceive that this was no cloud-pated ranchman who had come to her relief. He was clothed in the brown duck of the miners' common wear, his pantaloons tucked into the tops of a pair of high, heavy boots laced across the instep, the soft felt hat pulled low over his eyes more than anything else betraying his occupation in its splashes of candle-grease. But Dorothy knew her Rocky mountain world too well to think of gauging the man's position by the chance appearance of his clothes.

That he was engaged in mining was evident; but he might be a tyro from the east, out of luck and toiling for daily wage; or he might be the owner of the richest property in all the district. Whatever his present standing, there was that in the modulations of his voice, in his neatness of speech, which told of a sometime environment very remote from the rude life of the mining camp. That he was a gentleman appeared to her beyond question, while her woman's instinct had been quick to decide that he was one to be trusted; moreover, there was something about him that struck her as oddly familiar. Was he one of the boarders at the hotel, and had she seen him there? There seemed an assured friendliness about his manner which implied some measure of previous acquaintance. "You will show me the way?" she anxiously exclaimed, flushing a little to be detected in intent study of his looks as he glanced up.

"Certainly. But you will have to let me lift you on your horse, Miss Meredith; with your wrist you must not try to help yourself at all," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, stooping a little to be heard above the noise of the storm; and with the words his strong hands closed about her waist, raising her to the saddle as though she had been a child.

"You need not have done that," she protested, rather sharply. "I could have mounted myself perfectly well."

"I beg pardon, but I am sure it was better you should not try," he imperiously returned, picking up her whip from the ground. "It is such a mercy that it is not the left wrist; you can hold the rein all right," he went on, with a gratulatory smile. "And there's another silver lining to the cloud. There's an old shack of a shaft-house up the draw there, where we can get under cover until the worst of this is over."

"But my father is waiting for me at the Grubstake mine," gasped the girl, ducking her head before a furious onslaught of wind and rain. "I must get there as soon as possible."

"But it is not possible to get there in such a deluge as this," he protested. He had mounted his own horse, and now rode up beside her. "Your father could not expect you."

"Oh, but he would. He would be frightened. I must get there."

"See here, Miss Meredith," he impatiently exclaimed, with an air of driving an unwilling bargain, "you cannot go on in a storm like this. It will be raining cats and dogs within three minutes. If you will only let me get you under shelter, I will ride on myself to the Grubstake, if you say so, and let your father know that you are all right. Ah, you must!" he insisted, as a fierce gust swept down the rough defile, causing the girl to crouch low over the horse's neck.

CHAPTER III.

They had not far to go, but it was a rough climb, and the young man's first words were of apology when, springing to the ground, he came back to seize her horse by the bit and guide him up the last few feet over an almost perpendicular mass of loose gray rock.

"I would have gone round by the trail if I had known it was quite so rough; but we're all right now," he said, turning to try the door of the rude hut to which they had come. The horses were huddled together on a small, rhomboidal bit of ground formed at the top of an old dump pile, which went crumbling away in a sheer descent far down among the trees, some of which had been half buried in the lava-like flow. At the left yawned the mouth of a tunnel about which appeared no sign of recent work, while the rough slab door of the shanty was fastened by a chain and padlock so rusted that they seemed to have been exposed to the storms of years. By no means daunted by this obstacle, however, the young man coolly caught up a jagged piece of rock and in a moment the staple was broken and the door thrown open.

"If you will just step inside while I run the horses into the tunnel—" he hastily advised, when he had lifted her to the ground. Dorothy needed no second bidding, but once within the door she paused, peering about doubtfully. It was nothing more than a rude smithy, obviously designed merely for the sharpening of drills used in the tunnel, its floor the bare, brown earth, its only equipment a great stone forge in one corner with an anvil at one side, a few empty candle-boxes, a small pile of wood, and some picks and drills thrown down with other undistinguishable rubbish in one corner.

"It is not quite the lap of luxury, but we might do worse," the stranger smilingly observed, as he came back, carrying his hat filled with pine cones, while he was further laden with an armful of broken sticks. "And a fire will help the looks of things amazingly." "To say nothing of the comfort of it," Miss Meredith rejoined, her teeth chattering as she smiled. "How cold it has grown!"

"That is the worst of this much vaunted climate; it has a capacity for

infinite variety. When the barometer gets started on the down grade there is never any telling where it will stop. The weather is always exceptional, if one is to believe the statements of the oldest inhabitants. But there—that looks encouraging, doesn't it?" he said, standing back and pleasantly surveying his work, as a tiny spiral of flame leaped with sputtering eagerness through the damp pitchiness of the piled-up cones on the forge.

"I have seen the fire—I am warmed," the girl smilingly quoted, holding out her hands to the blaze. "It is lovely."

"And now won't you sit down and make yourself comfortable?" He turned a candle-box on end for her as he spoke.

"But the box is so low and the fire is so high," she smilingly objected. "I should only be warming the tip of my nose, and I am half frozen."

"Are you?" He looked as dismayed as though he accepted the statement literally. "But of course you are. What can I do?" He answered the question for himself by recklessly heaping upon the forge the greater part of all the dry



"And to think of meeting you again in this out-of-the-way place," she said.

wood that had been in the hut; from which he turned to fish out from the debris in the corner a dusty gunnysack, which he held up before him as if dubiously measuring its possibilities.

"It won't do; it is not half big enough," Dorothy exclaimed, divining his idea with a merry laugh.

"I suppose not; and it is so abominably dirty besides," he disgustedly rejoined, his laugh by no means so gay as hers, as he threw the thing back where he had found it. "But you ought to have something around you; you will have your death of cold. I am afraid my coat is as wet as your dress," anxiously feeling the sleeves.

"And I could not think of taking it if it were not," she decidedly returned. "Please don't trouble; I am doing beautifully. It is such a glorious fire."

"But still, with all the draughts in this sieve of a place—Oh, I say, why can't I put the box up on the forge for, to the windward of the smoke—so," suiting the action to the words, and hastily adding a small erection of sticks to save her feet from contact with the ashes. "Now, Miss Meredith, you won't find this half bad, I promise you. Come." He confidently held out his hand to assist her.

"But I cannot," the girl protested, laughing at the idea, even though she spoke she yielded the point, meekly permitting herself to try the strange construction. "I feel like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief," she laughingly observed, glancing about from the high perch.

"And will I do to personate grief?" he amusedly returned. "Niobe could hardly have been wetter than I, I fancy. But—heavens!—hear that downpour. We are here just in time, you see, Miss Meredith."

"Yes," she replied, listening with an awed face to the thunderous beating upon the roof. "And it is leaking over there in the corner—see."

"But it is all right where you are," he reassuringly returned. "And are you getting warm? Can I do anything to make you more comfortable?"

"I am doing beautifully, thanks." There was a puzzled light in her eyes as she looked at him with a glance that swiftly took note of his dark brown, close-cropped hair, showing a tendency to curl at the ends, which lay damp against his forehead, the clear, gray-blue eyes, the dark moustache, and the square-cut chin beneath. It was a strong, masterful face, fine-looking rather than handsome. There was intellectual force in the high forehead, uprightness in the frank glance, which had a way of flashing in light of humor, exquisitely contagious when he smiled. In that smile lay his strongest claim to real beauty, softening and brightening the whole face, which expressed something of severity, almost of sadness, in repose. But even when he was grave it was a goodly face to look upon, a face to like and remember. If in any part of the world she had ever met this man before, Dorothy thought, it would seem that she could hardly fail to recognize him now, even under the partial disguise of his rough mining garb, and yet—

"I beg pardon; you were about to say something?" he asked, as with a little catch in her breath she looked away, meeting his glance.

"It was nothing, only—" hesitating, with a shy little smile that made her divinely pretty in the dancing firelight, "it struck me that I had possibly met you somewhere before to-day."

"I think you have, Miss Meredith," he answered, smiling so broadly that she must note how even were the strong white teeth showing under the brown moustache. "But I hardly expected that you would remember it," he added.

She looked at him for an instant in silence, the puzzled expression suddenly changing to a flashing smile of recognition. "I know," she breathlessly exclaimed. "It was at the world's fair!—It was you who—"

"Who turned burglar to slych you jacket from the Colorado building in

the dusk of a summer evening," he smilingly finished, as she hesitated.

"And to think of meeting you again in this out-of-the-way place!" she cried, with an excited little laugh, surveying him incredulously. "I thought your voice seemed familiar the moment I met you to-day; but I did not half see your face that night, and that it could not enter my mind." She looked at him again, as though reduced to speechlessness by the wonder of it, while he laughed amusedly, saying nothing. "Of course I guessed that you might be from Colorado, from your familiarity with the building," she presently went on, "but to think of running across you here, of all places."

"And I fancied also that you might be from Colorado," he rejoined, looking up at her with pleased eyes. Just as she had been keen to take account of his good looks a moment ago, so was he missing no charm of the bronze-brown hair with its soft love-locks pressed flat against her forehead where her riding-cap had been, no curve of the daintily rounded form, so trimly displayed in the well-fitting habit, of the wildrose bloom of her face with its gray eyes, that now looked black in the shadows, of the enticing lines of the small mouth, where pride and passion seemed equally blended. But, unlike her, he would make no reservations; her beauty in his eyes was simply perfect. And he could not say that he had not seen her face on the night of which she spoke, in the gleam of the electric lights he had admired her then just as he did now, and not one detail of her loveliness had been forgotten. "I was so sure of it, indeed, that I hung round the building for days, hoping you would come again, but you never did."

"No; we left for the east the next morning," she replied, her cheeks grown rosier for this frank confession. "That was the reason I was so anxious to have my jacket. It was such a shock to me to find the building closed for the night; I believe I was on the verge of bursting into tears when you appeared. What a funny little adventure it was! I shall never forget how I stood outside and trembled while you prowled about hunting my property. I think I counted on nothing less than arrest for us both if you were discovered."

"It might have been temporarily embarrassing, but you had the check to show that the coat was yours, and since they had carelessly neglected to bolt the one side of the door to the floor, so that the lock gave way so easily—well, they should have been thankful that only such honest folk went in."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SENATOR'S COW.

A Deal That Cost the Statesman Very Heavily.

When, in a certain legislative proceeding, it was proposed to make an appropriation in a series of expenditures that never came to an end, Hon. Philletus Sawyer, then a United States senator from Wisconsin, said that the case reminded him of a cow that he once had on his farm. He told the story thus: "Once, when we were living on the farm a man came along and wanted to buy a certain c. w. I offered him another, but nothing would do but the one he had pointed out. Then I told him that that cow was one I had given to my wife and that I could not sell it without her consent."

"Well," said the man, "wouldn't she sell the cow?"

"I went into the house and asked my wife if I should sell the cow."

"Oh, yes," she said, "but I want the money."

"I sold the cow for \$20, gave my wife two dollars, and said: 'Call on me when you want more.'"

"Then after that, when my wife wanted a dress, a bonnet, or money to get a wedding present, she would ask me for some of that cow money. I had paid her several thousand dollars of it, and wondered when the credit would be exhausted, when we built a house. Then it had to be furnished. We figured up what the cost would be of the things wanted, and found that it amounted to several thousand dollars. I said: 'Wife, I'll pay you the balance of that cow money, and you can pay for furnishing the house with it.'"

"It was a bargain, and at last the cow deal was over. That animal cost me not far from \$20,000; but it was all right."—Youth's Companion.

Abhorred by Nature.

The conversation had dragged somewhat and she decided that he didn't amount to much intellectually.

"It must be unpleasant," she observed, after a wearisome silence, "for you to be so generally unpopular."

The dude stared stonily and gasped a little.

"Unpopular?" he repeated, his pale face flushing a trifle; "why, I'm sure I didn't know."

The glance that she directed toward him was not unkind. It was only pitying.

"Nature abhors a vacuum, you know," she said, gently.

The silence that followed was so thick that it formed an impenetrable barrier between them for many years.—N. Y. World.

A Present for a Husband.

Furniture Dealer—Yes, madame, there is no nicer present for a man than a handsome writing desk. Look at this one, for example.

Customer—It's very pretty; but what are all those square things?

"Drawers, madame; that desk has 160 separate drawers."

"Hub! And every time he mislays anything he'll expect me to find it. Show me a desk with one drawer."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Retort Courteous.

Dawson—What is your business, may I ask?

Boorish Stranger—I'm a gentleman, sir. That's my business.

"Ah! You failed, I see."—Odds and Ends.

BEETHOVEN THE DIVINE

His Memory Revered by Music Lovers Everywhere.

What the City of Bonn Has Done to Perpetuate the Fame of Her Greatest Son—The Composer's Birthplace.

[Special Berlin Letter.]

Genius is honored everywhere. The birthplace and the grave of a great poet, hero, musician, philosopher or any human mind of unusual brilliancy and permanent worth to mankind, these are, to every normally constituted being, hallowed places, spots of interest to the tourist from afar, to the student of human nature, and to the lover of his kind. A perennial hegira is taking place from all over the globe to that worn slab in Stratford-on-Avon on which the pilgrim is implored to "forbear" disturbing the bones of the divine William. But nowhere else, I believe, is this praiseworthy sentiment put into such a system and crystallized, so to speak, as in Bonn, the birthplace of the greatest musician the world ever saw, Ludwig van Beethoven. Bonn is a city well worth seeing in itself. Though in the main it gives the impression of a rather modern city, yet it is one of the oldest in Germany. It was a place of importance in the early Roman times, and a fortified and castellated camp of a legion was maintained there as early as the birth of Christ. Its very name is of purely Roman origin. Up to 1794 Bonn was the see of the archbishop of Cologne. Now it holds one of the best universities of Germany, and there is considerable wealth, industry and culture stored up within its walls. But what makes Bonn to the world at large

by visitors and admirers encumber the deal floor. That is all. The society has purchased the whole house and maintains a caretaker there who is to show everything to tourists and others who express a desire.

The society is made up of the elite of Bonn, of the wealthiest and most cultured, with the highest provincial officials in the directory. It is under the patronage of Empress Frederick, and associated with her are the ex-chancellor, Bismarck, and the present one, Hohenzollern, as well as many names of the highest aristocracy.

Vienna, where Beethoven lies buried in the largest communal cemetery, has been rather derelict in its duty of taking care of the remains and of the grave. It was not many years ago that the exact burial spot of three great musicians—Mozart, Haydn, Schubert—had to be determined at the cost of much trouble and pains, they being also near the grave of Beethoven, and it was with some difficulty that Beethoven's last resting place was discovered and suitably cared for. Vienna has always been careless of its dead, even of its great dead—there are too many of them in the Viennese cemeteries—and a large and bustling city, with its myriad of interests and its numberless cares of the hour, has always been rather ungrateful to the great men who died within its shadow.

The smaller towns, whose people feel a personal pride in every point of interest, are more considerate and more thoughtful of their dead, as is seen notably in the case of Weimar and its tributes in bronze and stone to Schiller and Goethe, who were denizens of that quaint, pleasant town.

Part and parcel of the Beethoven cult in Bonn is the memorial museum existing in the Beethoven house. That for the student of music is of entran-

ing interest. It contains a unique collection of manuscripts and of original scores by the composer. Many of these show the corrections, two or three times made in some instances, in the nervous, cramped writing of Beethoven. There are some among them that were written after he had become deaf, and as the deafness increased—the dates bring that out plainly—the corrections, too, increased. Besides, there are hundreds of letters from him and to him, letters written when a boy, a youth, a young man and a soured, cynical old man. These letters alone tell the whole story of Beethoven's life, of his lonely, loveless life, of the sting of betrayal by nephews and friends. But there is also a diary, which, if it ever got into the hands of a ruthless publisher, could be made a sensational publication, for it is teeming with satire.

Ludwig van Beethoven was born in 1770. His genius was very early displayed, and his musical education was begun by his father, and continued by the court organist who introduced him to the works of Sebastian Bach and Handel. He soon attempted composition, and showed wonderful facility in improvisation. About 1790 he settled in Vienna, where Mozart quickly recognized his marvelous powers. When about 40 years of age he was attacked with deafness, which became total, and lasted through life. He became, gradually, the victim of morbid irritability and hopeless melancholia, ending in confirmed hypochondria, and, finally dropsy and delirium. He continued to compose, however, long after he had ceased to hear himself play, and received homage and honors from all parts of Europe. He died unmarried in Vienna, in March 1827.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

Maiden Superstitions.

"Our modern young lady has almost as many superstitions as the maid of ancient days," remarked Dr. G. Courtney Phillips, of San Antonio, Tex. "Not long ago I had occasion to be walking through one of our parks with three pretty young summer girls. We were chatting pleasantly and laughing, when suddenly a black cat happened to cross the path ahead of us. The girls all stopped still and refused to move until I had rummaged through my pockets, found a bit of cardboard, and tore it a trifle. I was surprised and amused, and asked them why they should insist on the cardboard being torn. They told me that it was awfully ill luck to have a cat cross a path in front of one, and that the only way to avoid the evil that would otherwise result was to tear a bit of paper. They did not know what magic was in the paper, but insisted that some subtle forces dispelled the bad luck."—Washington Post.

She Was Homely.

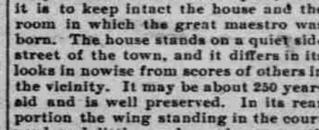
"There," said the teacher as she concluded the demonstration of a mathematical problem; "do I make myself plain?"

"Yuh don't have tuh, mum," gallantly replied little Willie Biggs—judge.

BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

(The Great Composer Was Born in the Rear Room.)

city in Bonn whose self-imposed task it is to keep intact the house and the room in which the great maestro was born. The house stands on a quiet side street of the town, and it differs in its looks in nowise from scores of others in the vicinity. It may be about 250 years old and is well preserved. In its rear portion the wing standing in the courtyard and little garden, whose smooth greenward and rose trees just now look most inviting, was the abode of Beethoven's parents. Trellised vines spread over the smooth whitewashed walls. In a garret room the visitor is shown the exact spot where the great musician was born. A white marble bust of him stands near the slanting walls, and laurel wreaths and many other gifts of devotion deposited there



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