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MEMORIES.

As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you remaining
Deeply folded in my brain
Will not leave me; all things leave me;
You remain.
Other thoughts may come and go,
Other moments I may know,
That shall waft me in their going,
As a breath blown to and fro.
Fragrant memories; fragrant memories
Come and go.
Only thoughts of you remain
In my heart, where they have lain,
Perfumed thoughts of you remain,
A hidden sweetness in my brain.
Others leave me; all things leave me;
You remain. Arthur Symonds.

Love That Was False

Helen Marsden's new life rose phoenix-like out of the ashes of the old.

Turning out of one of the broadest and most fashionable avenues of C—, well down in the older part of the city, where the substantial houses and spacious grounds tell of a respectability which is of more than a day's growth, you will find yourself in a quiet little street, if we dignify the place with the name of street, only two blocks in length, and coming to an abrupt termination against a garden wall. A strip of sod borders the narrow way, and old elm-trees stand sentinel at either side of the way, and the pretty cottage houses are set back in the midst of shrubbery. In one of the prettiest of these cottages Helen Marsden was born, and lived happily enough for the 19 years of her life. Her greatest joy and her greatest sorrow found her within its walls. In many a pleasant summer evening, she and Charles Belsham paced the gravel walks in the moonlight, or lingered by the little fountain that played in the middle of the grass-plot, or at the gate, while the elm-tree shadows fell over them and around them, and flickered on the pavement at their feet, and earth seemed fair enough for heaven. That was her greatest joy. The story of her sorrow will take me longer in telling.

Marsden was a rich and influential man, but he was not a happy one. His business was old and well established; his name stood high on "change;" and and his house on the broad avenue, not far from the cottage in which his niece and sister-in-law lived so pleasantly, was one of the largest and finest, but it was cold and empty, and there were no children to inherit John Marsden's name and wealth. Helen Marsden was her uncle's only heir. This was why, although her father had died poor, she and her mother were dwelling in comfort and ease; this was why she was well dressed and well instructed, and lived in every way as only a rich man's daughter has a right to live; this, too, was why Charles Belsham paced the garden walks with her in the moonlight, but how was she to know that?

Charles Belsham was an inmate of her uncle's house, and a nephew of her uncle's wife. Mrs. John Marsden was a cold, hard, fashionable woman. There was one person in the world whom she loved, and that was her nephew, Charles Belsham. There was one person in the world whom she hated, and that was her husband's niece, Helen Marsden. If John Marsden died intestate, the law gave his immense wealth to his widow, but John Marsden's will was in favor of his niece, and although Mrs. Marsden was well provided for during her life, everything reverted to Helen. Mrs. John Marsden first discovered this will in the private draw of her husband's secretary, she was inwardly raging, but outwardly as calm and cold as ever; and when she had made her plans, she gave her nephew her orders. Then had commenced those visits to the little cottage, those pacings in the moonlight, which were Helen Marsden's greatest joy.

John Marsden's home need not have been silent and empty, for he would long since have brought Helen and her mother to enliven its solemn grandeur, if Mrs. Marsden would have consented. But Mrs. Marsden would not consent; not that she was jealous of quiet Rose Marsden—she could but respect and confide in a character so opposed to her own—but that she was jealous of her husband's love for Rose Marsden's child. So Helen and her mother continued to occupy the little cottage; and night after night, when Mrs. John Marsden had rolled away in her carriage to the opera or theater, or party, with Charles Belsham for an escort, John Marsden, growing tired of loneliness, would betake himself to its quiet hearth-stone, and there find his only realization of domestic comfort.

But latterly there had crept a new pain into his life—an ever-increasing fear that this "ark of refuge" would be swept away; for gentle Rose was drawing visibly toward the end which cometh to all.

It was a dreary night in November; the rain was falling steadily; the wet, dead leaves that strewed the sidewalks glittered in the lamplight, and not a footstep broke the stillness; but in the cottage there was unusual stir. Mrs. Marsden was suddenly worse, and Helen was hanging over her in an agony of fear and hope.

Before morning she was a double orphan.

Rose Marsden was dead, and John Marsden was not there to comfort the daughter she had loved so well. When they had come to his room in the morning to tell him of his great loss, they found that it was rather a gain. Somewhere in the measureless realm two souls had met.

The servant who went to summon John Marsden to the cottage came back with a white face, and there were hushed comments and whispered consultations as to who should tell the quiet girl up-stairs.

Helen seemed to be living in a dream, a trance, out of which she would wake to find all the sorrow and pain which were so new to her gone out of her life. When she was at last told she did not even seem surprised.

It was when the funerals were over, and she came back to sit alone in the silent house, and wait for Charles Belsham, who would be with her in the evening, that her thoughts turned to the future, and she caught eagerly hold of the one comfort that was hers in the midst of her deep affliction, Belsham's love. Whatever storms might bear upon their heads, whatever sorrows might come into their lives, they two together would meet them.

Poor, foolish girl, she waited expectantly, anxiously. It was twelve o'clock and Charles Belsham had not come. She was filled with a vague prescience of calamity. What was it?

At last it was morning. The fire was dead; the servants were stirring. She rose chilled and miserable, and went up to her own room. There could be nothing serious the matter, and soon her lover must come to explain away the trifle.

But as the morning wore away, and he did not come, the doubt and uneasiness returned, and for the first time there crept into her heart a feeling of condemnation for the man she had thought could do no wrong.

It was near noon when the servant announced a gentleman.

"Who is it, Jane?"

"I don't know, Miss. He is an old gentleman."

When she entered the parlor, she recognized in the person who rose to meet her her uncle's lawyer.

"Mr. Haverly," she said, "it is kind of you to remember me."

"My dear Miss Marsden, I came upon business, and I would rather this moment be almost anywhere else. I have bad news for you—"

She sat looking at him, unable to articulate.

"Very bad news; but you must try to bear it bravely. Your uncle's will cannot be found—I mean, your uncle left no will."

She breathed more freely; her first thought had been of Belsham.

"I do not quite understand," she said.

He saw that she did not understand.

"My dear, if we do not find a will you will get nothing at all."

She sat silent for a long time, and when at last she spoke she showed that she comprehended the whole matter.

"Did my uncle know?"

"Certainly, certainly. It is an almost unpardonable piece of carelessness."

"My uncle was not a careless man."

"That is what puzzles me."

"Mr. Haverly, if my uncle knew what the law was, there is a will somewhere."

Mr. Haverly only shook his head.

"We must be careful what we say," he said.

"Did you say anything to my aunt?"

"Yes, and I found at once that she would hear nothing concerning your claim. I may as well tell you at once that you have nothing to expect from her generosity. If you want any help or advice, I will be glad to do all that I can for you."

She thought he had gone, but he was back.

"Miss Marsden, you will not be offended—but, do you need any money—immediately I mean?"

The tears came into her eyes. "No." she said. "But I thank you, thank you!"

Belsham had known this, and he had not come to her. It was all plain enough now. No mother, no uncle, no fortune, no lover! If she had not been a brave, strong nature, she would have been utterly crushed; but pride and indignation came to her support.

She engaged board in a distant part of the city, with the privilage of furnishing her room, and removed to it her own room furniture, adding her mother's work-table and many little articles of ornament; but there was not room for half the things she would have taken, for every article in the old house had its associations, and to qart with any of them was like leaving old friends. Nevertheless the red flag had been hung out, and they were gone. All debts were paid, the servants were satisfied and discharged, and there were a few hundred dollars left, with which to begin the new life she proposed.

Helen Marsden was a successful woman. After ten years, she was for the first time going back to her uncle's house. Mrs. Marsden was ill, and had sent for her. She did not hesitate a moment; all feeling of animosity had long since died out. As she ascended the well-known stairs and entered the library, she looked curiously around to note the changes, and was shocked by the dilapidated aspect of the place. There was but one change to note—that of time; the carpets, the curtains, the furniture were the same, save that they had grown old and faded and shabby.

"How long has Mrs. Marsden been ill?" she asked of the servant.

"Its years since she has been downstairs, Ma'am; but it's not very long since she took to her bed."

If there had been any enmity yet lingering in Helen's heart, it surely would have received its death blow at sight of the ghastly face that peered at her from the midst of the pillows of Mrs. Marsden's bed.

Mrs. Marsden's voice was much stronger than one would have expected from such a frail body.

"Is that Helen Marsden?" she asked.

"Yes, Aunt, it is I."

Mrs. Marsden moved uneasily. "Give me a drink," she said to the nurse; but even while she drank, she continued to gaze over the rim of her cup. "How I hate you!" she exclaimed; then suddenly to the nurse again, "Well, what are you staying for?"

Helen began to fear that she was in delirium.

"You sent for me, Aunt. Did you want me? Can I do anything for you?"

"I hate you. I cannot rest for dreaming of you. Why do you torment me? I never did you any harm."

"I never accused you of doing me harm."

"But I did. Yes, and I would do it over again."

"Mrs. Marsden, it seems to me it is time for you to put all hatred out of your heart."

A look of terror came into those immovable eyes.

"Did you come here to tell me I am going to die?"

"No."

"But I am going to die; I know it. I am afraid to go without telling you. I will tell you, and hope it will as great a curse to you as it has been to me."

"Aunt, Aunt. Do you mean my uncle's money?"

"Yes. He gave it to you."

"He gave it to me?"

"In his will. I hid it!"

"The will?"

"I hid the will. I wanted Charles to have it. At first the only way seemed for him to marry you; but he did not love you, and did not want to marry you; and when John Marsden died I knew where thewill was, and I took it. I was afaid Charles would hunt you up, and I made him go to Europe. I thought he would come back soon and stay with me, but he has never come back. They say that he is dreadfully dissipated, and I know that he is dreadfully extravagant. I have sent him money, and money, and money. He never writes but when he wants money, and he cares nothing at all about me. He thinks he will have it all after I am gone, but he is mistaken. Here, take it," and she threw a paper at Helen's feet.

Helen glanced around the cheerless room, and thought of the pitiable condition of the woman before her.

"I wish you would let me stay and take care of you," she said.

"No."

"Shall I come again to see you?"

"No."

So Helen left her. She did not, however, stay away from the house, but came daily to inquire about the sick woman. A month passed and the invalid grew steadily weaker. One morning Helen came as usual.

"How is she to-day?" she asked.

"Oh, she's most gone, ma'am. Hadn't you better go up? she won't know you."

Once more Helen stood within the forbidden chamber; the difficult breathing of the dying woman fell upon her ear.

Louder and louder, and more difficult grew the labored breathing. At times it ceased entirely, and again it went on and on; but ever the pauses grew longer, and the time between them grew shorter, till at last that long pause came—eternity.

Helen and Charles Belsham were together in the library of the old house, and Belsham was pleading for the love he had lost so long ago.

"If you knew how I have suffered, you could forgive," he said. "I was weak and easily led, but I have paid the penalty. I have never ceased to regret you for one moment."

"You were right," said Helen; "you were in no way fitted to work for us and your aunt would, as you say, have disinherited you if you had insisted on marrying me then. But you must not hurry me; I must have time. If you will come to-morrow, I think I will grant you all that you want."

"My darling!" He would have taken her to his arms, but she stopped him.

"Not to-day," she said, "wait."

When he came next day the servant handed him a document, upon the inner wrapping of which was written:

"All that Charles Belsham wants."

It was the will of John Marsden. The signature had been torn out and destroyed.

Helen went back to the new life and not a memory of him remained with her.

A thousand piano organs are played in the London streets daily.

HOME-MADE GUNS.

The Crude Artillery Which Cuba's Patriots Use.

Forts Captured by Logs Wound With Green Rawhide.

Both the old and the present revolution against Spain in Cuba have brought to the front many clever devices in the shape of home made weapons. Almost everything has been pressed into service which would suffice for a cannon. Cannon in Cuba have been cast from crude bronze; have been extemporized from captured sugar mill steam pipes, and quite serviceable ones have even been made from wooden logs, wound with strips of green rawhide.

There grows in the interior of Cuba a peculiar tree, with a winding grain. The wood is remarkably tough, and to split it by ordinary means is almost an impossibility. When wanted for artillery purposes the tree is felled; a section some five feet in length and one foot in diameter is selected, and cut; the bark is removed, and all knots and uneven places on the surface dressed down. The embryo cannon is then placed on rude trusses and a bore burned in it with white hot crowbars or round iron pipes from the sugar mills. This burning out of the interior serves to still further toughen the wood. While the bore is being burned green ox hides are cut into long strips by commencing in the center and working toward the outer edge, as you would peel an apple.

When all is in readiness, one end of this raw hide band, which is about three inches in width, is spiked to the wooden cannon, near the breach. A lever, or bar, is attached to the butt. Two or three stout men grasp the arms of the bar and slowly turn the hollowed log on its supports. The band of green hide is kept under a strain, and in this way the core of the cannon is wound with one of the toughest materials, outside of wire, in the world.

The first layer of hide is tightly wound to the muzzle of the growing gun and back toward the breach; again to the muzzle and back until a number of successive layers have thus been wound on and the promising piece of artillery has gown several inches in diameter. It is then placed in a draught of dry hot air and allowed to harden. When the hardening and curing process is complete the persevering patriots have a really serviceable weapon, which will stand a greater strain than manufacturers of modern artillery would readily believe. The resistance of this weather dried rawhide is next to metal, and these rudely constructed cannon have proved more satisfactory than those made from cast bronze, one of which at the first fire bursts in a hundred pieces. One of these home made combination wood and rawhide cannon is said to have withstood one hundred and four charges of powder before becoming useless. The projectiles for it were made of scrap iron, round stones and fire hardened clay balls.

When, in the early part of October last, general Gomez started on his now famous raid into the western part of Cuba, he had under his command but twenty-two hundred men, and these had hardly four shot apiece, although they knew they were going to meet fifty thousand well armed Spanish troops, intrenched along the first trocha, which extended fifty miles across the island near the eastern border of Santa Clara province.

One of the first places of general Gomez's attack was the town of Pelayo, near the centre of the trocha. Shortly before reaching Pelayo Gomez entered a sugar mill and took from it a piece of iron steam pipe, about four inches in diameter, which had a strong screw cap on one end. Near the cap he drilled a small hole, and had this substituted for a cannon, mounted on a rough wooden carriage. The piece was charged with gunpowder and filled nearly to the muzzle with telegraph wire, which had been cut into pieces about two inches long. The gun, during the night, was brought up, under cover of the surrounding rocks, until within two hundred yards of the nearest wooden fort. The fort was summoned to surrender, and refusing, the cannon was fired.

The aim had been excellent. There was an American boy behind it and a perfect hail of cut telegraph wire swept the fort. The gun, or steam pipe, strange to say, stood the strain. At the second shot the fort surrendered. This most useful piece of pipe was then trained on the second fort, which sent up a white flag after the first fire. The second fort was in possession of Gomez, but the cannon had cracked its whole length. Nevertheless, it was moved and trained on the third fort. Fortunately for the insurgents, this one surrendered before it was necessary to fire, and the two remaining forts followed suit.—New York Herald.

How One Book Was Written.

Dr. Hoffman of Frankfort, Germany, whose "Shock-headed Peter" is one of the most famous child's books in the world, tells as a good joke how he happened to make it, for he is a quaint old German scientist, though good humored. One Christmas he had been searching high and low for a suitable picture book for his two-year-old son, but in vain. At last he purchased a blank copy book and told his wife he was going to make a picture book for the boy—"one he can understand, and in which the tedious morals 'be obedient,' 'be clean,' 'be industrious,' are brought home in a manner which impresses a young child."

Dr. Hoffman was the head physician of the Frankfort lunatic asylum, and knew nothing of drawing, but he set to work and produced the gruesome picture of all the naughty boys and girls which everybody knows. His child was delighted, and when some of his circle of literary friends saw it, they urged him to have it published before the boy spoiled it, and Dr. Loning the publisher, said he would bring it out.

"Well," said Dr. Hoffman, "give me eighty gulden (about twenty-five dollars), and try your fortune. Don't make it expensive, and don't make it too strong. Children like to tear books as well as to read them, and nursery books ought not to be heirlooms. They ought to last only a time." An edition of 1,500 was quickly sold, and now 175 editions have appeared in Germany and forty in England, and it has been translated into Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, French, Italian, Portuguese, and it has penetrated India, Africa and Australia—Paper World.

Problems Solved in Dreams.

At a recent meeting of the American Psychological Association, as reported in The American Naturalist, Professor W. R. Newbold narrated informally three cases vaguely described as "dream reasoning," which had occurred in the experience of two of his colleagues. Dr. W. A. Lamberton, professor of Greek in the University of Pennsylvania, when a young man, after giving up as insoluble a problem in descriptive geometry upon which he had been working for weeks by the analytical method, awoke one morning several days later to find an hallucinatory figure projected upon a blackboard in his room with all the lines necessary to a geometrical solution of the problem clearly drawn. He has never had any other visual hallucination. Dr. H. V. Hilprecht, professor of Assyriology in the University of Pennsylvania, some years ago dreamed an interpretation of the name Nebuchadnezzar, which has since been universally adopted.

At a later period he dreamed that an Assyrian priest gave him imformation about some inscribed fragments that had puzzled him which was afterward confirmed in all points now capable of confirmation. Dr. Newbold offered a psychological explanation of those curious cases.—Atlanta Constitution.

Worked Themselves Out.

W. L. Scott, the coal baron of Erie, was a dyspeptic. He once said to me as we sat at the table together in the dining room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel: "I will give you $1,000,000 for your stomach." Charles Broadway Rouss is offering $1,000,000 for a pair of eyes. What lesson do we draw from this? The insane thirst for money, money, money, is at the bottom of it all.—New York Press.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

No Reason for Haughtiness—Made Light of It—Two Birds With One Stone—An Improvement, Etc., Etc.

Made Light of It.

Mr. Dolley—What do you mean by saying that your father made light of my proposal?

Miss Giggles—Well, he did. He used it to ignite his cigar with.—Detroit Free Press.

An Improvement.

Professor (reading)—"Dropping the reins, Mr. Flood assisted his wife from the carriage, and together they entered the store." Can any little boy improve upon this sentence?

Bright Pupil—The reins descended and the Floods came.—Life.

Would Expect Him.

Watts—So you don't look on young Sharpe as a coming man, don't you?

Potts—I would if I were in charge of the penitentiary.—Indianapolis Journal.

Orpheus and Morpheus.

Miggs—Your husband is a great lover of music, isn't he?

Mrs. Diggs—Yes, indeed. I have seen him get up in the middle of the night and try to compose.

Miggs—What?

Mrs. Diggs—The baby.

The Influence of Food.

"I am so fond of candy," said Miss Kittish to Mr. Goslin.

"That's what makes you so sweet, doncher know."

"You must believe, then, that food has an important effect on a person's characteristics."

"I do."

"What a quantity of noodle soup you have consumed, Mr. Goslin."

A Little Knowledge.

First Small Boy—What is filthy lucre?

Second ditto (who reads the newspapers)—Why, money with microbes on it of course.

Changing the Name.

"John," she said, rather sternly, "the coal bin is empty."

"Yes," was the disconsolate reply, "it's that way most of the time. It's never of use in any immediate emergency. I'm going to change its name, and call it a coal-has-been."—Washington Star.

The Reason.

Pastor—Do you ever play with little bad boys, Johnnie?

Johnnie—Yes, sir.

Pastor—I'm surprised, Johnnie! Why don't you play with good little boys?

Johnnie—Their mammas won't let 'em.

Wise Precaution.

Maude—Isn't that new process of photographing through solid substances wonderful? How I do wish I could get a photograph of Algy's brain!

Belle—Why, do you think there is anything serious the matter with his brain?

Maude—No, but I want to be sure he has one, you know.—Detroit Free Press.

Until.

"How has Bluffton been doing?" asked the man who had been away from his native community for some time.

"Well, he has made a great deal of money, but"——

"Getting along well, is he?"

"Well, he seemed to get along first-rate until he tried to pass some of it."

Two Birds with One Stone.

"Molly, what shall I get you for your birthday—a doll or some candy?" asked a Texas mother of her pet.

Molly was silent for a few moments, and then a happy thought struck her.

"Get me a doll—one of those candy dolls that I can suck."—Texas Siftings.

Philosophy on the Cable.

In the car:

"Do you believe in the greatest good to the greatest number?

"Well, yes."

"Then don't try to sit down on this side—eleven of us in this row have comfortable room now, but if you sit down, twelve of us will be crowded."—Chicago Record.

Popular Women.

Miss Longpurse—Why, of course, Helen of Troy was beautiful. Do you suppose there would have been a twenty-year war over her if she had not been beautiful?

Mr. Shortcash (forgetting himself)—Oh, I don't know. May be she was rich.—New York Weekly.

Going Down.

De Hote—Yes, Brown is going down hill. Saw him in very tough company last night.

De Blote—Dear, dear! Is it possible? Where?

De Hote—Talking to a steak at the Cafe Rosbif.—New York Press.