

The Williston Graphic

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When the Sunlight Pierced the Shadow

By ANNIE BRASHEAR

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THE graphophone had been placed on the table, and the family had gathered around to listen to the new music which Mr. Leigh had brought for the entertainment of the girl sitting in the shadow of the curtains.

For once he almost regretted his popularity in the family, for while his heart was one moment agitated by hope and the next dulled by fear, he was anxious to learn the fate which awaited him. He had asked the hand of the girl in marriage, and to-night he was to learn his fate. For while the family listened, then turned away. Mr. Leigh said:

"Wait a moment, Mrs. Hardy. Here is one selection which I am anxious for you to hear. It is, to me, a singularly sweet song, and the saddest romance is associated with it. I have a friend in Dallas who is a dealer in graphophones. One day he told me the story of this song. Its author was a brilliant musician, and this song was written upon the occasion of his acceptance by the young lady he loved, and afterward lost. He allowed my friend to have several plates made, but it was never published. This plate was given to me."

He screwed it upon the graphophone, and a prelude, soft, sweet, thrilling beneath the touch of a master hand, floated through the room, and a voice beautiful and vibrant, sang the triumph of accepted love "When the Sunlight Pierced the Shadows."

No one noticed the cry which burst from the lips of the girl near the window. All were in touch with the sentiment of the words and music.

They seemed to feel the hush of evening, to listen to the murmur of



HER FORM SHOOK WITH SOBS.

music among the pines, and to hear the soft trickle of water over pebbles as it hastened to a forest lake. They saw the vision of a girl, dainty, sweet and fair, standing in the shadows of the pines, the glory of the setting sun falling around her, giving her promise to the lover by her side.

"It is indeed exquisite," said Mrs. Hardy, as the last notes died away. "We are indebted to you, Mr. Leigh, for a great pleasure."

Then in response to her words: "Come papa, come babies," husband and children followed her from the room.

With face pale with emotion Mr. Leigh turned to the girl:

"Alice, will you not give me the same promise which was whispered 'when the sunlight pierced the shadows'?"

Her face was hidden, but her form shook with sobs. He knew that no sympathetic emotion had thus affected her, and his hope was poisoned by a deadly fear, but his voice was as soft as that of a mother comforting a sorrowing child, as he said:

"Will you not trust me, dear, and let me help you in this trouble which I do not understand?"

"That is beyond human power."

Then yielding her trembling hands to his clasp she said:

"Dear friend, that was my song, written for me, sung for me, by my lover."

I was the girl who made that promise beneath the shadow of the pines. It seems so long ago. I was not a poor teacher then, earning my daily bread,

homeless, alone, but a rich man's niece, whom he always said would be his heiress. One summer when the winter's gayety had left me in need of perfect rest, I went to a sanatorium in the pine woods of Carolina. It was there that I met Harry Sinclair. When I went away I was his promised wife. My uncle married, died, leaving no will. I was thrown upon the world. I came here to Calvert, Tex., and friends secured me a position in the public school.

"What of the man?" he asked, sternly. "Did he dare?"

"Hush, hush," she implored. "He was true to me. Business called him to Europe before my uncle's marriage. He was lost at sea. My sorrows followed each other in quick succession; the last being a long illness and grim fight with death. I care for you, I have seen your love for me. I have tried to yield to it, for I know that you are noble, good and true. My heart has sometimes hungered for your tenderness and care, but phantom hands have always, and will always, thrust you from my heart, for I feel bound to him for time and eternity."

"You say that Mr. Sinclair is dead?"

"Yes; the vessel was lost off the banks of Newfoundland."

For a moment the love of the man struggled with the integrity of the gentleman. Unconsciously she had betrayed the fact that he might in time win her love, and save his happiness, but by paying the price of eternal shame. His soul bowed in the dust of despair, but his honor arose triumphant from the crumbling ruin of his hopes.

"Alice, can you bear a great shock? Be brave, I have something wonderful to tell you. Harry Sinclair was picked up by a fishing boat, but was desperately ill for months afterward. My friend says that he sought for his lost love even as Evangeline sought for Gabriel. Then he heard that she was dead. Weep to your heart's content now. I will never rest, never cease in my efforts, until I lay this little hand in his. I have seen him! I had only known!"

"You have seen him! Is it possible? Oh! tell me all about him. Was he broken-hearted, sad?"

"Well, no; he did not impress me that way. I thought him a genial, pleasant fellow."

"I do not see how that was possible."

"You must not be unjust. You loved him truly and yet you have always seemed like God's smile and angel of light."

His voice broke with suppressed sobs as he arose:

"Good-by, my lost love, I will go away to-morrow, and when I return, please God, it will not be alone."

The shock of the news, the power of memory awakened by the imprisoned voice, which she had thought stilled in death, left her mind almost in a state of chaos, but the beauty of such unselfish devotion impressed her as "Love's divine self-abnegation." As if whispered to her soul, came the words of the Son of God:

"Greater love has no man than this; that he lay down his life for his friend," and she knew that the sweetest hope of his heart had been slain by her hand.

She stood in the parlor awaiting his coming. Her face was like a lily which the frost had touched. Piteous expectancy was in her eyes. Her hands were cold and nerveless. She knew that Mr. Leigh had returned alone, but what story did he bring?

When he came the pity upon his face did not escape her eyes.

"He is dead," she almost whispered. "I can read the truth in your face."

"No; it is worse than that, poor child. Sinclair was married the very day I reached."

"Married, married! Oh, thank God!" and the frozen misery of her face broke up in a flood of tears. After awhile she said:

"Listen before you tell me one word. He was my girlhood's lover, associated with the romance, music and sentiment of youth. If he had remained constant to my memory I would have married him. Dudley, the girl loved him, the woman loves you. I did not know until you had gone that I had sent you to find my doom as well as yours."

"Alice, Alice!" and he drew her to his heart. "In June I must go to Europe. Tell me that I need not go alone."

The family had gathered in the sitting room and the children went as usual to the graphophone. In a moment the air quivered with the melody of song. Childish voices joined in the refrain, blending with the father's bass and the mother's sweet contralto.

Alice moved to the doorway, the portiers framing her slight form, and sang as no human ear had ever heard her sing. Then turning she laid her hand in his, and he read his answer in the dying cadence:

"I will wed you in the golden summer-time."

Bad Teeth Cause Cancer.

London.—Walter Whitehead, the well known Manchester surgeon, believes it possible that cancer may be due to bad teeth. Addressing the students of the Victoria Dental hospital the other day he said, that to drain, trap, and ventilate a house for a man with bad teeth was waste of money, for he polluted the purest air as he breathed it, and contaminated the most wholesome food as he ate it.

Dreadfully Provincial.

The Strange Hen.—You'd hardly believe it, ladies, but in the part of the country from which I came incubators are unknown.

The Modern Hen.—Goodness gracious! I suppose the simple minded folk out there still believe that a hen's sphere is her nest.—Town Topics.

Insurance in Russia.

The poor activity of the insurance business in Russia is shown by the fact that in the entire empire there are only 28,810 companies, while the amount of insurance taken out is only \$38,321,401.

RUSTIC REPARTEE.



Stone Breaker.—Hit a bit harder, guv'nor, or yer won't get to market in time. Pig Driver.—You hit them flints a bit harder, or the road won't be mended in time for yer funeral.

IN A BUDDHIST CATHEDRAL

Amazing Musical Service in the Superb Monastery, the Potala, at Lhasa.

A visit to a service in the great Buddhist cathedral, the Potala at Lhasa, is described by Edmund Chandler, says the London Mail. The only imposing building in Lhasa, he says, is this Buddhist cathedral and monastery.

The Potala is superbly detached. It is not a palace on a hill, but a hill that is also a palace. Its massive walls, its terraces and bastions, stretch upward from the plain to the crest, as if the great bluff rock were merely a foundation stone planted there at the divinity's nod.

The divinity dwells in the palace and underneath, at the distance of a furlong or two, humanity is huddled abjectly in squalid, smut-begrimed houses. Above all this squalor the Potala towers superbly. Its golden roofs shining in the sun like tongues of fire, are a landmark for miles and must inspire awe and veneration in the hearts of pilgrims coming from the desert parts of Tibet, Kashmir and Mongolia to visit the sacred city that Buddha has blessed.

The service which Mr. Chandler was permitted to attend were amazing for their musical features. He says:

The monks have extraordinarily deep, devotional voices, reaching deeper tones than any western bass. The voice of 1,000 monks resembles the drone of a subterranean monster, musically plaintive—the voice of the earth god praying for release to the gods of the skies. In the inner temple are three enormous images of the Buddhist trinity, set with jewels from foot to crown. In the upper story, in a place we called "Hades," some lamas were worshipping the demon protectress of the grand lama. The music here was harsh and barbaric. On pillars and on the walls were displayed freaks of diabolical invention. In the shape of scrolls and devil masks. The object of this worship was huddled in a corner, a dwarfish abortion, hideous and malignant. All about the lama's feet ran little white mice, searching for grain, with which they are fed daily. They are scrupulously cared for, as in their bodies the souls of previous guardians of the shrine are believed to be re-incarnated. Some of the rites were conducted in deep and impressive silence. The monks sat like stone figures, as if oblivious of our presence. The reek of candles was almost suffocating.

GORGEOUS PERUVIAN ROBE

Magnificent Specimen of Ancient Inca Weaving Lately Brought to View.

What is said to be the finest and most gorgeous garment of ancient Peruvian workmanship ever recovered and which is classed as one of the most extraordinary pieces of primitive weaving in the world, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic, is a multicolored royal poncho, interwoven front and back into 100 squares, while these in turn contain more than 300 additional figures, making 500 varied designs used. The squares contain different geometric patterns, a conspicuous one being a series of terraced steps, with a bird, thought to be the condor, ascending.

The two lower sections contain the border, which depicts a conventionalized warrior, with lamp and shield, in several attitudes. Other types of ponchos and shawl-like garments are ornamented with large hammered disks of silver the size of an ordinary saucer. These, as well as the border, are festooned with handsome feather work. Great numbers of these fabrics were prepared and consumed in religious and ceremonial rites and sacrificial observances. Many young girls were demanded as yearly tribute from distant conquered tribes, and during the period of their captivity were engaged in weaving these brilliant ponchos, though they were destined themselves to be offered up as a sacrifice on some great occasion. A year or more, it is thought, was needed by these captives to turn out an elaborate ornamental poncho.

Special care was taken to preserve the finest vicuña, which furnished the fine wool. A special game preserve was set apart for them by the lords and the ordinary people were not allowed to hunt in it. The coarse wool of the llama and alpaca was allotted to the common folk for the weaving of their apparel, while the fine, silky skeins of the vicuña were reserved for the nobility and the ruling incas. The color of the vicuña's wool is a ruddy yellow, and it retains its hue forever.

Poison in Sierra Leone.

It is stated by the Journal of the African society that for some years death by poison has been the subject of talk in the colony of Sierra Leone. No one, it would appear, dies from natural causes. Poisoning in one form or another is put down as the cause of death not only among the poor, but also among the rich. A vegetable poison that produces paralysis is used.

HOUSES IN ONE SOLID PIECE.

Novel Plan of Constructing Them of Concrete Is Tried in New York City.

A novel plan of house building has made its appearance in some of the suburbs, says the New York World. The usual way has been to build a house out of stone, brick or wood, in pieces which are mortared or nailed and can be sectionally taken apart. Under the new plan a house is all one piece and after a few years' exposure the walls are like solid rock. The material used is concrete.

Every one has seen the way in which the workmen on the subway mixed their concrete to make the lining and filling for the tunnel. In the new method of building house walls the concrete is mixed in much like manner and poured into a mold. Beginning with the foundation the mold is raised foot by foot as the concrete is poured in and hardens, until, when the roof is reached, the whole wall is a solid mass. Holes are left for the doors and windows during the construction.

This system is cheaper than stone or brick and at the present price of lumber and shingles, than wood, unless the wooden house is flimsily constructed. Its advantage is also in permanency in painting and repairs.

The concrete of which the walls are built is more cheaply mixed than the concrete used for subway work, where there has to be a constant jar and more tensile strength required. The proportions on subway work and sand. On house work one part of cement to seven or eight parts of gravel or crushed stone insures a strong wall, if properly made and set, and if a coating of best quality Portland cement is washed over the outside.

Where gravel, small stones and sand are readily accessible and cheaply to be had, as they are in almost all of New York's suburbs, the main expense of a concrete house is for the cement. This can be lessened by using the cheaper grades of Rosendale cement for the main walls and using the more expensive Portland cement only as a wash.

If plenty of suitable stones have been found in digging the cellar they may be used for the foundation, or the concrete construction may begin from the foundation trench and continue solidly to the roof.

The molds are either wood or metal, with a hollow core. The object of the core is to save material without loss of strength and to provide for an air circulation within the wall. Hollow concrete walls are cooler in the summer and warmer in the winter than a solid stone or brick wall.

Walls made in this manner may be tinted any color both inside and out, by coloring the Portland cement wash. The color then cannot wear off, as it is part of the wall. Floor beams are set in the concrete as in a brick or stone wall now. Windows, doors and frames are inserted as now.

Several of these concrete houses have been ornamented in a novel way by sculptor friends of the owners. The material is almost as soft as clay when first put up. It can readily be modeled into faces, figures, scroll work or any kind of designs. Skillfully done this concrete modeling gives the effect of stone carving at a small fraction of the expense.

A Farmer of 1648.

In the old days in this country farming and manufacturing were carried on together to a very large extent. A letter written from Virginia in 1648 gives the following picture of life on the plantation of a certain Capt. Matthews, a leading citizen of the colony: "He hath a fine house and all things answerable to it. He sows yearly store of hemp and flax and causes it to be spun. He keeps weavers and hath a tanhouse, causes leather to be dressed, hath eight shoemakers employed in their trade, hath 40 negro servants and brings them up to trades in his house. He yearly sows abundance of wheat, barley, etc. The wheat he selleth at four shillings a bushel. He kills store of beaves and sells them to victual the ships when they come thither. He hath abundance of kine, a brave dairy, swine great store and poultry."—Chicago News.

Fashionable woman's waist must necessarily be very limited, and when a dressmaking establishment or a tailor conceives a smart effect that suits the general run of figures he or she is pretty apt to work the design overtime. This duplicating of models even in details of dress is always a little bit annoying and the happiest way to escape this monotony of repetition is to design your own belts and girdles. If it isn't easy to do the entire designing by yourself, at least a little originality can be infused into one of the copied confections and a new effect secured in this way.

Both taffeta and soft silks vie with velvet at present for first choice of material from which girdles are made, and the balance is just a little in favor of the velvet on account of its reintroduction among the fabrics of fashion. Besides it lends itself admirably to the crushing and shirring, to say nothing of the snugness which characterizes the modish girdle.

Plain effects are usually carried out in velvet. The most popular style of this material is nothing more than a ten inch bias strip of velvet crushed into folds so that it measures about three and a half inches in front and scarcely two in the back. A silk encased whalebone to which the plaits are fastened gives the proper stiffening to the front, and the same means is used in the back.

Physical Culture for Children

The prevalence of tiny, crooked backs, crooked legs, of contracted little chests, and pallid child frailty, with the inevitable accompaniments of sharp, shrill young voices, and weary, anxious, joyless little faces, is appalling. It keeps us studying what such sad means, and how we can not quickly and surely help it—or, best of all, how prevent it.

For strengthening the back muscles, lay the baby flat on its stomach, with the front of the body hanging off a

support. Hold the little feet down and the arms outstretched, and coax the up-pulling of the body by the back muscles, with help at first, and finally without help. With children old enough, swimming movements of the arms may be introduced for increasing time endurance.

Letting babies lie down and stretch and breathe and turn until they have strengthened their muscles into readiness to sit up of their own accord, is the beginning of wisdom in physical care. Adult training does wisely nowadays in following the same precaution. Overtaxed muscles throw too much burden back upon bone and organs, upon nerves and energy. Just this one simple, inexpensive precaution of letting babies lie flat, with

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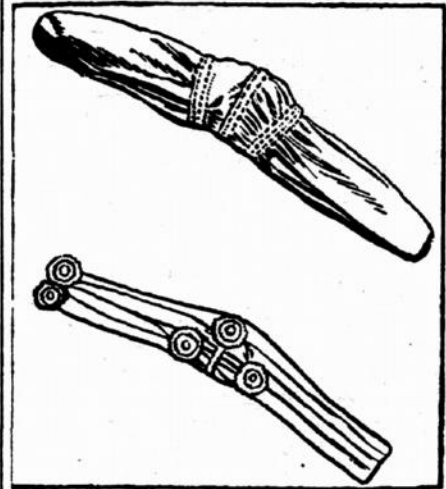
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FASHIONABLE GIRDLES.

The Girdle Is Considered a Very Important Part of To-Day's Costume.

By the way a woman defines her waist line do you determine whether or not she has any claim to membership in the smartly gowned class, for it is this little joining of skirt and bodice that tells the whole story of a woman's knowledge of the fashionable details of dress, says the New York Herald. Once considered of no consequence whatever, the belt, and its more elaborate form, the girdle, have of late assumed a very important position in the feminine wardrobe. Ideas and designs to be carried out in the space offered by a girdle for a



TWO MODISH GIRDLES.

fashionable woman's waist must necessarily be very limited, and when a dressmaking establishment or a tailor conceives a smart effect that suits the general run of figures he or she is pretty apt to work the design overtime. This duplicating of models even in details of dress is always a little bit annoying and the happiest way to escape this monotony of repetition is to design your own belts and girdles. If it isn't easy to do the entire designing by yourself, at least a little originality can be infused into one of the copied confections and a new effect secured in this way.

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