

THE OLD HOUSE.

The house we used to live in looks at us
So wistfully as we go driving by;
The wind that makes its neer tree mur-
murs
Flies swiftly after with entreating sigh.
Come back! come back! we hear it low
implore.
Lift up the grass-choked gate, the earth-
strained door,
And enter in your childhood's home once
more.
Ah, no! let us make merry with light
speech
Of newer days and push the past aside.
Close to that door the baby used to reach
The knob and play with it—before he
died;
He used to sleep on the broad window
sill—
A sunbeam in his curls—no, not that
hill—
This level road. Drive fast—oh, faster
still.
How small it was! Before the birds are
grown
They lie so warmly in one tiny nest;
But all the world is theirs when they
have flown,
And foreign roofs replace the mother's
breast.
Ah, well—God careth. See, before us
now
The simpler home beneath a lofty bough.
Lift up the saddened heart and clear the
brow.
For in that empty nest beyond the hill
Are blessed shadows at immortal ease;
The sun-crowned baby on the window sill,
The happy children underneath the
trees.
Old house, look not so piteous. Thou art
Of larger lives the very sweetest part:
The first love of the unforgetting heart.
—Youth's Companion.

HIDDEN IN THE CLOSET

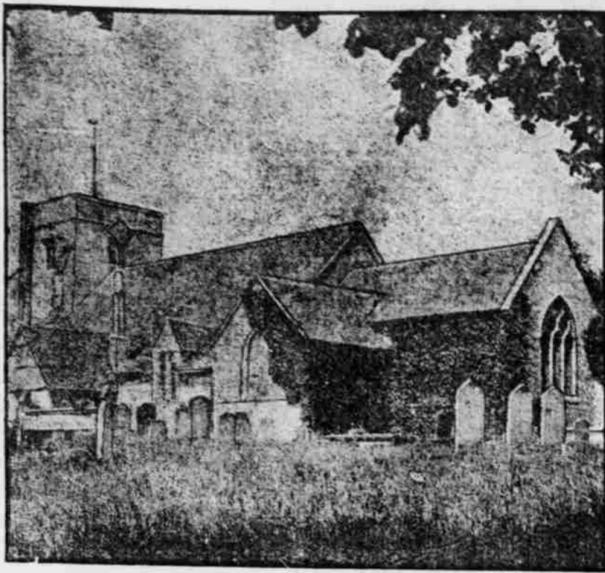
It was early morning, and Thomas,
Lord —'s valet, had waited on
his master's American guest to see
what he desired him to do for him.
There certainly was something odd in
the gentleman's manner, and he had
not the look of one who had enjoyed
refreshing slumbers. At last, just as
the man turned to leave the room, he
spoke:
"Thomas, I have been awake all
night."
"My Lord will regret to hear it," said
Thomas.
"Something odd disturbed me," con-
tinued the gentleman. "One of the
maids kept me awake all night."
"One of the maids, sir?" cried
Thomas.
"Yes, Thomas. She kept running into
my room at least every half hour to
look in the glass and admire herself.
She came out of that door," and he



"SOMETHING ODD DISTURBED ME."

pointed to one in a corner, "and walked
straight up to the mirror; the light
from the night lamp fell upon her face;
she seemed to catch my eye in the glass
each time, and smiled at me as she did
so. She wore a short, quilted skirt, a
little black bodice, and full white
sleeves. She had a gold cross tied
about her neck by a black ribbon, and
wore a little cap on her black braids—
a young girl with a French face.
Thomas. Do you know her?"
Thomas made no answer. He looked
at the gentleman steadily and grew
pale. At last he spoke:
"If I have the honor of understand-
ing you, sir, the young person came
through the door?"
"Yes," said the American.
"More than once, sir?"
"About once an hour from midnight
until dawn."
"And smiled at you in the glass,
where you saw her face? I understand
she did not look toward you as she
passed, sir?"
"Right, Thomas."
"May I beg you to do me the favor of
looking into this room, sir?"
"The gentleman followed Thomas to
the door through which he asserted
that the young person passed, and saw
nothing but a closet about twelve feet
square, with no door save the one that
opened into the large room, and high
in the ceiling a little window through
which a bird could scarcely have
flown. It contained no furniture what-
ever.
"There must be a secret door—or—
something!" cried the American. "I
am not mad, and I was wide awake."
"Yes, sir," said Thomas, still more
solemnly. "An ordinary young person
could not have contrived to disappear,
but the young person you have seen has
been an apparition, sir, for more than
two hundred years."
"An apparition!" cried the American
gentleman.
"Yes, sir," replied Thomas, "an ap-
parition, sir. I think you have seen
Lady —'s gentlewoman Rosette.
sir. It is ten years since she was seen
before to my knowledge, but she has
been seen often."
"I should like to hear more about
Rosette," said the gentleman.

**AMERICA TO BE CALLED UPON TO
RESCUE PENN CHURCH FROM DECAY**



PENN CHURCH AND ANCIENT AND PICTURESQUE GRAVEYARD.

THE famous old Penn Church, located in Amersham Bucks, England, in which many of William Penn's descendants are buried, and which contain the historic brasses of the Penn family, the earliest dating from 1897, is in great danger of falling into complete decay.
The vicar of this venerable house of worship, Rev. B. J. S. Kerby, is coming to Philadelphia early this spring for the purpose of interesting the people of the Quaker City in the work of repairing the old Penn Church, which he hopes to complete before the coronation of King Edward.
This ancient and historic church of Penn, so closely connected with the great founder of Pennsylvania, and which contains a vault in which repose the remains of no less than six of the founder's grandchildren, the eldest of whom was named after him, stands on a lofty summit which commands a beautiful panorama of Windsor and the valley of the Thames. The sacred edifice stands 700 feet above sea level. From its massive square tower may be seen portions of twelve counties. This eminence gives a great charm to its churchyard, which contains some beautifully twisted old yew trees supposed to be more than 1,000 years old.
The church was built in 1213, consisting originally of a nave and south aisle; a chancel was added in 1736, in which are several very elegant monuments by the celebrated Chantrey, and also a fine east window of stained glass.
The church is also famous for its ancient and well-preserved brasses, most of which relate to the Penn family. The earliest of these is that of John Penn, 1537, and another is that of William Penn and his wife, Martha, dating from 1635.
The tomb or vault containing the six grandchildren of the Great Quaker is in the center of the nave, and is marked by a flat stone bearing the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of William Penn, son of Thomas Penn, proprietor of Pennsylvania, and Lady Juliana, his wife, February 11, 1753."
The unsightly and decayed pulpit in use for many years has recently been replaced by the beautiful oak pulpit from Curzon Street Chapel, of which Thackeray writes in "The Newcomes."
It is three hundred years old, and the panels are beautifully inlaid, one panel containing no less than one hundred and sixty pieces of wood.
The chapel has been pulled down and the site sold to the Duchess of Marlborough, as Vanderbilt, to build a town house upon.
Should the \$2,000 be obtained, the vicar proposes to put up a brass tablet in the church stating that the roof and tower were restored by citizens of Philadelphia and other Pennsylvanians in memory of the Great Founder and to mark the coronation of Edward VII. of England.—Philadelphia Times.

CAUSES OF SUN SPOTS.

Investigation Indicates They Are Not Due to Planetary Influence.

It frequently happens that a theory which would satisfactorily explain certain facts of momentous scientific interest is unable to find acceptance for the reason that the more closely it is investigated the less probable it appears. For example, the attraction exerted by the planets on the surface layers of the sun should account for sun spots, and a great many astronomers have insisted on it.
But Birkland has examined this theory with reference to the attraction exerted by the planets Venus, Mercury, Jupiter and Saturn on the sun's atmosphere, and comes to the conclusion, which he has reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences, that the variations of the eleven-year-period cannot be traced to planetary influences. It is certain, he says, that the planets must have a tidal influence on the solar envelope, but how far, if at all, that influence goes toward the creation of the spots is at present mere conjecture. So, exactly, is it with the lunar attraction on the earth's atmosphere. It assuredly exists, but how far it interferes with the readings of the barometer eludes all research.

Even the late Dr. Croll's seductive idea that the changes in the earth's orbit round the sun would account for the glacial epoch, a brilliant conception and one that captivated astronomers, physicists and geologists alike, is now very generally given up or in abeyance. In each case, says the New York Times, the causation is real, not imaginary, but whether it is the "vera causa" of the effect to be explained is doubtful.
Answering a Question.
Some of the troubles of editorship are the letters which come to the editor from subscribers in search of information. The Bookman acknowledges the receipt of this letter from a correspondent who lives not a thousand miles from Boston:
"Do you ever realize that the emanations of human thought are never isolated and abstracted so that they stand without the universal consciousness, but that instead they form one endless continuity whereby through all the phases of literature, whether primitive or typical of high aesthetic cultivation, they are united by what is perhaps a subconscious but nevertheless an inherent and persistent striving after the complete and perfect expression of what is best in the human heart and intellect? Do you ever think of this?"
Happily the editor was equal to the occasion, and he replied in all the buoyancy of an optimistic nature:
"Yes, sometimes. By the way, in a couple of weeks it will be about time for buckwheat cakes."

Why She Didn't Scream.

"Did you scream when he kissed you?"
"Well, I guess not. Papa was in the next room."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
A woman can talk without thinking, but she can't think without talking.

A WIRELESS 'PHONE.

ACTUALLY IN USE IN PENNSYLVANIA AND KENTUCKY.

Farmer Talks to His Friends Across Vast Spaces Without Wires, and Buildings, Stonework and Noise of Traffic Constitute No Obstacle.

Wireless telephony is now an assured fact. Indeed, just at the time when the whole country is talking of the wonderful success achieved by inventors recently in wireless telegraphy, a test of telephony by the wireless means has been made with almost equally astounding results. A plain, almost unheard-of Kentucky farmer, who has been carrying on electrical experiments as a sort of side line, is the man who has come forward and transmitted the sound of his voice without wires through wood, brick, mortar and solid stones; through blocks of business houses, over long distances—through city streets uninterupted by the noise of traffic. The farmer's name is Nathan Stubblefield and his home is a farm a few miles from Murray, Ky. The story of how he demonstrated the worth of his discovery to the people of the little town of Murray will soon be world history.

Wonderful as X-Ray.

From a station in the law office of a friend over a transmitter of his own invention he gave his friends a greeting by wireless telephony, and at seven stations located in different business houses and offices in the town the message was simultaneously delivered. Music, songs, whispered conversations could be heard with perfect ease. Hundreds of people visited the different receivers during the period of the public demonstration and were astounded at the results. As insidious and penetrating as the wonderful X-ray, "the electric envelope of the earth" bore the Stubblefield messages. This mysterious, intangible envelope is what Stubblefield claims to have made a messenger boy for the millions that inhabit the globe.



PROFESSOR COLLINS TESTING HIS WIRELESS TELEPHONE.

Stubblefield is the inventor of several electrical contrivances which have been patented in this country and Europe. His only assistant in the work on the invention has been his 14-year-old son, Bernard B. Stubblefield. The father has for years been an enthusiast on the subject of electricity, and the boy has made playthings of electrical devices since babyhood. The father says the son deserves credit for numerous valuable suggestions given in the course of working up the details of the invention.

Up to this time he has devoted his entire attention to the construction of a transmitter. He will now occupy himself with the completion of an improved receiver, which has been partially constructed. It will, when perfected, bring up the sounds to any desired pitch. With this device it will, the inventor claims, be possible to communicate with hundreds of homes at



INVENTOR AND HIS SON.

the same time. A single message can be sent from a central station to all parts of the United States. He thinks the device would be invaluable in the matter of sending out the United States Weather Bureau predictions, in directing the movements of a fleet at sea and in numerous ways which appeal to one at first thought.

Mr. Stubblefield is in hopes of getting a government appropriation to aid him in carrying on his work or at least the promise of such assistance. The possibilities of the invention seem to be practically unlimited, and it will be no more than a matter of time when conversation over long distances between the great cities of the country will be carried on daily without wires.

In the theory of wireless telephony ether is the great medium for the transmission of energy. It fills all space, interplanetary and intermolecular. The ether is easily thrown into vibration, resulting in waves. The intermolecular vibration of the ether is transmitted to the earth and causes intermolecular vibration there. At the transmitting station an electric current is made to oscillate under very high voltage or pressure, and waves go out in every direction. These waves striking an electric circuit at a distant sta-

tion will set up oscillations in it similar to those which produced the waves. A telephone receiver will respond to these secondary vibrations. The receiving and sending instruments will probably have to be tuned electrically to one another and by this means a wireless telephone communication might be had without fear of some one tapping the wireless line. Stubblefield thinks that a transmitter for a long distance will not have to be of large size, and in that event European and American houses, with properly tuned instrument, could hold daily conversations over wireless instruments no more cumbersome to the office than the first long distance telephone boxes.

The Collins System.

Somewhat different from Stubblefield's method is the system being perfected by Prof. A. Frederick Collins, a nimble-witted Yankee of Philadelphia. To put the case in a nutshell, it may be stated that he uses terrestrial currents instead of metallic currents such as are employed in the old-fashioned telephone or ether waves which are utilized by Marconi. The Collins wireless telephone has not, of course, yet reached the stage of development which it will ultimately attain, but outdoor wireless stations are in constant operation at Narberth, Pa. Each terminal station consists of an ordinary camera tripod supporting a small wooden stand, to which is affixed by means of a brass rod a cup-like transmitter, such as is used in ordinary telephoning, and two intensity coils enclosed in hard rubber, together with the pieces of copper sheathing technically known as "condensers." Below the tripod is a shallow hole in the ground, in which is buried a small zinc wire screen, and this is connected by means of a wire to the mechanism on the tripod platform. With this system in its primary form it is possible to send a message but one way—that is, if the person listening to a message wishes to reply he must talk into an apparatus similar to that at the sending station. But the wireless instruments designed for regular use, as for instance, those in actual service at the present time in a Philadelphia office building, are combination installations—the transmitter being fitted with a receiving annex and the receiver with a sending attachment, and are identical in general appearance with the familiar form of telephone in universal use to-day in offices and residences.



MADE "GIANT JACK" WINCE.

The Courageous Act of a Northwestern Sheriff's Wife.

A woman who is looked upon as one of the bravest of her sex in the West is Mrs. A. F. Kees, the wife of Sheriff Kees, of Walla Walla, Wash. The act which proved her daring was the preventing of one of the worst jail deliveries in the checked history of Walla Walla.

Among the desperate men who are locked in the jail in that city are Arthur Rogers, a San Jose bad man; Marshall Linn, a highwayman, and "Giant Jack" Andrews, the terror of Coppel Hills, and it was with this select circle of cutthroats that a plot to escape originated. The dash for liberty involved a murder—perhaps three of them—but a human life more or less is not a matter of great concern to the bad men of the Walla Walla country. There was to be no sawing of bars, no tunneling under the walls. The men had secured a heavy vinegar bottle and secreted it in "Giant Jack's" cell. With this weapon they planned to dispatch Levi Malone, the jailer. Should Sheriff Kees, who was suffering from a gunshot wound in the arm, oppose them in their escape he was to be dealt with as the moment might require.

A few evening later Jailer Malone stepped into the corridor to lock the cells for the night. There was a quick blow and the next instant "Giant Jack" Andrews was choking out the prostrate jailer's life. Outside the crippled sheriff was standing on guard, gun in hand, but fearful that he could not withstand the rush of fourteen maddened men. Andrews secured the keys, unlocked the door and threw his weight against it. On the opposite side Sheriff Kees braced himself, striving to hold the door shut, but he was slowly forced back. Then came an interruption. Through the crack of the door appeared the barrel of a revolver and glancing over the sights were the snapping blue eyes of the sheriff's wife.

"You understand, do you, Jack?" the woman said. "I'm going to kill you unless you return to your cell."
The other prisoners, less dogged than their leader, already had slunk to the rear of the corridor. "Giant Jack" hesitated for a moment, as if trying to devise some way to conquer the plucky woman who held his life in her hands. "One, two, three—"
The woman had started to count, and the terror of the Coppel country understood at three she would fire.
"Don't shoot—don't shoot!" pleaded the big man to the little woman. "I'm beat. You're too many for us. I'll quit."
And with that "Giant Jack," who was a terror to men, capitulated to the "bravest woman in all the West," and the Walla Walla jail delivery had failed.

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

Mrs. Cassidy Had the Division of Labor All Arranged.

When Mr. Cassidy suggested, one morning, that meat, vegetables, coal and flour were "going up" while wages were not, and that in the interest of the savings-bank account it might be well to take some of the section-men to board, Mrs. Cassidy uttered neither rash affirmative nor harsh denial. She merely smiled upon her husband, and murmured, "Sure, Terence, 'tis the good head ye have!"
That evening, however, she opened the subject of her own accord. "I do be wanting to save more money meself, Terence," she admitted. "Would you put four men in the two chambers and charge them five dollars a week?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Cassidy.
"And four men at five dollars is—How much is it, Patsy?"
"Twenty dollars," replied Patsy, promptly.
"True for you, darling! Listen till him, Terence! 'Four fives?' says I. 'Twenty,' says he, betune two breaths, for all the world like his granddaddy that might have been a schoolmaster if he could ever have learnt to read. Twenty dollars! And ye never thought of taking anny out for anny girl to help me wid the washing and scrubbing and the likes o' that?"
"No," answered Mr. Cassidy.
"No," Mrs. Cassidy repeated. "We'll have the twenty dollars all in the family. Sure, I've planned everything out to-day, wid me for the ironing and the mending and the baby and cooking. 'Tis nigh about a woman's work to do that same cooking, when four of the six is strangers; but I'll throw in the ironing and the mending—mending for eight, Terence—and the baby."

An Unfortunate Example.

The present King of Italy has a sharp tongue, which he is not slow to use if he thinks the occasion demands it. Not long ago he was bewailing the fact that it was almost impossible for him to know the real sentiments of his people toward him.
"That," said one of the courtiers, obsequiously, "would be easy if your majesty would disguise himself as a student, and visit the cafes and gathering-places of the populace. That is what Peter the Great did."
"I know," replied the king, "but apparently you forget that Peter the Great used to hang all those whom he overheard speaking ill of him. Don't you think you'd better choose another example?"

The Only One.

The Sage—There is only one successful argument to be employed in a controversy with a woman.
The Tyro—And what is that?
The Sage—Dead silence.—Puck.
When it is silks with the wife it is apt to be silks with the husband.