Washed Away.

All unobserved it started, drop by drop,
The stream grew larger and larger every day:
And lo! it's flooding waters did not stop
Till it had washed the bridge of Love away,
The whole foundation, founded on the Rock
Of Faith, fell swiftly downward, stone by stone;
Fell swiftly down beneath the awful shock
Of waves which beat so cruelly upon.

Its hydra head it lifted ever higher;
It coiled its sinewy length all through the day,
Flooding the pleasant paths where had Desire.
Walked undisturbed upon her way.
And when the night-time came an awe-some scene
Showed where the hurtful flood tide had been sent,
For desolation reigned where erst had been
A sunlit path, and flowers of sweet content.

Ah me! the saddest of sad sights it is,
To see the wrecks of joy strewn thick ahead;
The sweet, sweet flowers of Happiness to miss,
To miss and feel they are forever dead.
To know no more upon Joy's pleasant track,
Our longing feet in all the years may stray;
Saddest of all—there is no going back,
Because the bridge of Love is washed away.

THE 'CELLO PLAYER.

My friend Gilbert sat on the organ bench, his back to the manuals, his left knee clasped in both his hands, and a meditative look in his fine, expressive brown eyes. I stood facing him with my back against the gallery rail, my two elbows resting upon it and an equally meditative look in my eyes of no particular fineness of color. I know how Gilbert looked because I could gaze directly into his face. I know how I looked because I could glance beyond Gilbert into the looking-glass over the keyboard and between the looking-glass and the keyboards lying open at the last page upon the music rack, was what had thrown both Gilbert and me into this meditative silence. It was a piece of manuscript music, writen in an exquisitely neat hand, clear as copperplate, yet full of character, and as unlike the soulless work of the professional copyist as possible. The music was defaced by stains, had been torn and patched, was thumbworn at the lower corners, and altogether showed hard usage.

The reason that Gilbert and I thus faced each other in meditative silence was that he had just been playing this composition while I listened. Had you heard it, you too would have sunk into silence as we did; and I am much mistaken if your eyes would not have held, besides a meditative look, a perceptible moisture. Either Gilbert's organ mirror was shamefully beclouded with dust, or else my face looked indistinct in the glass. I had never heard the piece before; but Gilbert played it, hardly glancing at it, though he turned the leaves as he went along.

It was a requiem, evidently composed for use in the Roman Catholic service—a sad yet noble work that filled the arches of the great empty church with the very spirit of woe as the minor harmonies flowed up the nave, and seemed to surge against the very altar itself, as if seeking solace where alone it might be found. My heart swelled more and more as it neared the close. After the final chord, and when the tears within me were trembling on the divide, not knowing which way to flow, I glanced at the last page of the music. There, after the heavily-ruled double bar at the end, written between the staves in the same odd, yet beautiful hand, were the words:

"De profundis clamavi ad te, Domin." It was then that my tears refused to go back whence they had come.

As we thus faced each other the afternoon sun suddenly sank below the eaves of the church roof and shone directly through a window into the organ loft, staining Gilbert's face and hands. He quickly got down from the bench, turned and leaned his elbows upon it, and looking at the manuscript in an odd sort of way, said: "I'll tell you where."

At first I did not understand him; but in a moment I remembered that after he had stopped playing I had asked: "Where did you get it, Gilbert? and that he had not answered me or spoken a single word till now. I sat down in a chair and Gilbert began his story.

"I had been engaged to direct the spring festival of the Northfield Association in 1870. The festival was to last three days, and the closing performance to consist entirely of Mendelssohn's oratorio, 'Elijah.' I must say that the Northfield Association was one of the best choruses it has been my fortune to conduct. It was composed of the best singers in five towns, and numbered some 250 voices. When I tell you that they were all good, balanced each other perfectly, and that they had their 'Elijah' music well learned when I first met them, three days before its performance, you will only understand that it was a pleasure to conduct them.

"The committee had spared no expense in making their arrangements. Metz was to sing to 'Elijah'—and when all is said and done I would rather hear Metz sing that part than any other man in the country. The other solo voices were capital, and I had an orchestra picked for the occasion.

"Everything went along smoothly till the last rehearsal of 'Elijah.' Then Metz, whose singing I love, whose disposit on I hate, began his tantrums. I had selected Grozzi to play the solo 'cello, well knowing that Metz would not sing his part at all unless 'It is enough was accompanied as it should be. Now Grozzi can play the 'cello obligato to 'It is enough' nearly as well as Metz himself can sing it. But for some reason Metz found fault with the way Grozzi played the obligato, and the whole rehearsal came to a standstill. We tried three several times, and each time Metz stopped stock still as soon as Grozzi had played the introduction, and dumbly refused to go on. I was angry. The whole chorus gazed down at the actors in this absurd drama much as they might have looked upon a dog fight from the raised seats of an amphitheater. I saw that unless I asserted my authority there would be total demoralization. The pause after the third stopping was but momentary. I rapped sharply for attention, turned the leaves of my score, announced the next number, skipped the troublesome solo entire, and away we all went, leaving Metz standing with his book in his hand livid with rage. Presently he sat down in his chair, fixed his eyes on the chandelier in the center of the hall, and did not move until the intermission, we skipping everything in Elijah's part.

"At the intermission Metz arose and left the hall. Where he went I did not care. I was thoroughly mad, and I would have abandoned the whole oratorio and given a concert of selected music, which we could readily have done, before I would have submitted to Metz's childishness, and I told the committee so.

"After the rehearsal the committee came to me in great distress. 'Elijah' was the chief attraction of the three days' session. Every seat in the house had been taken, they said, and only 'Elijah would do. The people would not put up with anything else, and yet there was Metz smoking a cigar on the verandah of the hotel—a hotel, by the way, already over-crowded by those who had come from a distance to hear 'Elijah'—the obstinate basso evidently determined not to sing a note. 'Not one of the committee dared beard the lion in his den; would I try him and see if I could pacify him? No, I said, very emphatically. I would not condescend to pacify Metz. But I would make him sing, if the committee desired me to.

"The committee were delighted.

"But I should need the backing of the committee.

"The committee were charmed.

"But possibly it might become a question for the lawyers.

"The committee were in ecstacies; three out of the five were lawyers.

"By this time it was half past six. The performance was to begin at eight. I walked to the hall, the committee remaining at the hall by my request. As I stepped upon the verandah Metz threw away his cigar and lighted a fresh Havana. He offered me one! I declined. He pushed a chair toward me with one foot. I coolly sat down on the rail of the verandah. Metz changed color, but went on smoking.

"'Metz,' said I, 'I have just ten minutes to give to you. They will be devoted to allowing you to make up your mind whether or not you will sing to-night. You can do just as you choose. It is a matter of supreme indifference to me. If you don't sing, I shall simply change the programme and tell the audience why it is changed. And you will return home without a cent of your salary for your three days here, paying your own hotel bill and railroad fare in the bargain. I only come to you on behalf of the committee. Take your time; you have eight minutes left to decide in,' I continued looking at my watch. Then I drew out my own case and lighted a cigar.

"Now if Metz had been poor and proud he would have spurned my offered pardon. Being rich and mean it only needed three minutes' contemplation of his threatened loss to decide him.

"'I'll sing, Gilbert,' he said; 'come and take a glass of wine.'

"'No, thank you,' I answered, turning on my heel and leaving him, to go back to the anxious committee with my news.

"The hall would not have held another person when I entered the dressing room at a quarter before 8. The chorus was seated—a mass of white, edged with black and aflutter with fans. The musicians were filing in upon the stage when some one asked: 'Where's Gozzi?" Sure enough, where was he? Not in the building, not at the hotel, whither an usher was dispatched post haste, for when the usher came back he was breathless from running and almost speechless with bad news. Grozzi had paid his bill and taken the 7 o'clock train for home.

"Here was a pickle! I must confess I was nearly floored this time. The sensitive Italian violincellist, offended, outraged by Metz's insult of the afternoon, had thought only of revenge, and had certainly taken a most effectual way of having it. He knew well enough that the other 'cello, Bolles, would no more play 'It is Enough' with Metz than he would cut his hand off. So there we were. The committee looked at me, and I turned and looked in the mirror to see if my hair was turning gray. Just then the breathless usher hurried in from the stage door.

"'Mr. Gilbert,' said he, 'there a man at the door asking for you. He says his business is immediate and important, but he won't come in.' Mechanically I followed the usher and left the committee alone in their woe.

The man at the door was shabbily dressed. His clothes had once been good, but were now gone to the extreme of seediness. He wore a full beard not long, but somewhat gray. He had large, dark eyes and delicate hands. He said in a low, distinct voice:

"'Mr. Gilbert, I understand that your solo 'cello player has left you suddenly, and that you and the committee are in distress. I have sent for you to offer my services. I assure you that I am perfectly competent to play the part, though I admit that the time is too short to prove it by previous trial. If you are willing, however, I shall be glad to serve you.'

"He looked me straight in the eyes as he spoke, and I felt that he was competent. I glanced downward at his attire.

"'I know that I'm not fit to appear in the orchestra," said he, without a touch of embarrassment in his manner, 'but if a dress suit could be borrowed—'

"I walked into the dressing room, dragging the stranger with me.

"'Franklin,' I said to the chairman, 'tell the people that the delay will be but a few minutes longer. Talman, run and borrow a dress suit for this man—take one right off from one of the chorus, if necessary!"

"But what about a 'cello?' asked the low voice of the stranger.

"Sure enough. In my anxiety about his appearance I had forgotten what he was to do.

"Rev. Dr. Ellsworth has one,' suggested the waiter, who now begun to regain his breath.

'Good!" I shouted, 'and it is a splendid one, too. He showed it to me yesterday. The doctor is in the audience now. Run and ask him to get it for us. He lives only a block away.'

"As the usher rushed off a loud round of applause from the hall told that Franklin's speech of explanation had been satisfactory. My spirits had now revived, and I turned to the stranger and held out my hand.

"'You have saved the oratorio,' I said.

"Hardly a smile stirred his serious face as he said quietly: 'I am very glad.' That was all.

"Talman came in with one of the chorus bassos, and by the time the stranger was arrayed in his dress suit and the basso, wrapped in overcoats, had sent for another, the usher and Dr. Ellsworth entered with the 'cello in a green bag. As the good doctor carefully took it out and handed it to the player, he said: 'Take good care of it; I love it next to my wife.'

"The stranger suddenly straightened up and fixing a piercing glance upon the minister said quickly, 'So much as that?'

"'Yes,' said the doctor.

"'Well, then,' replied the 'cello player, I love it more than you do,' then taking the precious instrument.

"The performance of Mendelssohn's master-piece was excellent from the very beginning, and nothing occurred to disturb the smooth progress of the oratoria until we came to the great solo that Metz had stopped on in the afternoon rehearsal. I glanced at the strange 'cello player and almost feared that we were upon the point of a breakdown. His eyes were fixed neither upon men or his music. He sat with his right hand grasping his bow, and resting upon his knee, his head bent slightly forward, and the head of his 'cello pressed against his cheek, while his eyes gazed intently at nothing, and seemed veiled in a sort of reverie. Such a look of ineffable sadness I have seldom seen on the face of a man. I did not know for an instant what to do, I did not want to rap for attention, yet I hardly dared begin the introduction, with its lovely 'cello, while the man whom I had taken on his own recommendation to play it sat there in apparent oblivion. There was, however, not an instant to lose. I lifted my baton and the sobbing accompaniment began. I kept my eyes on the 'cello player, and the moment his time came to play he raised his head, glanced mechanically at my moving baton, though without apparently taking any notice of me, and drew his bow across the string.

"'Metz,' I said, "if you fail to sing when your time comes, I shall stop the whole performance, make a speech to the audience and place the blame where it belongs." And I stepped upon the platform and grasped my baton. The orchestra gave the four grand opening chords and Metz sang. I have never heard that brief but impressive recitative so impressively rendered, before or since.

"I cannot describe to you how he played that melody. Its every note went straight to my soul. It is only eight measures long, yet into that eight measures was crowded a burden of sorrow, a life-time of despair such as no strings vibrated with before. Even Metz turned in astonishment and looked first at the stranger and then at me. The 'cello player still looked not at his music, but at something far away, beyond the hall, the town, the world itself. His gaze was unearthly. As for me I ceased to conduct, though my baton continued to move, it was not I, but the 'cello player, who controlled it.

"'It is enough; O, Lord, now take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers. It is enough. 'It is enough.' Thus sang Metz, in a way that I had never heard him sing before. He, too, seemed under the spell. And all the time that sobbing accompaniment of the violins and the mourning of the 'cello intensified the wail of the life-weary Elijah. The allegro wherein he with burning indignation recounts the evil and wickedness that the enemies of God had done, was but a brief relief, and again the despairing cry broke forth: It is enough; now let me die. O, Lord, now take away my life,' and died away interwoven with the vibrations of those sobbing strains, and the chief work of the strange 'cello player was done.

"The rest of the oratorio was like a dream. It went, and went well, but I no more controlled it than if I had sat in the audience. It might have been five minutes or five hours for all that my sensation told me.

"As soon as the final chords had ceased Metz rushed up to me. 'Who is he? Where did you get that 'cello player? Come, introduce me to him. He is the greatest artist I ever sang with.'

"Then I remembered that I had neither asked the stranger's name nor made any terms with him for his services. I turned to where he had sat, but he was not there. I hastened into the dressing-room, but he had already changed his clothes and left.

"We hunted the town high and low. Not a hotel or boarding-house escaped; yet the 'cello player could not be found. He certainly was poor, and did not appear like one who had money enough to travel. He had not registered at any hotel nor been seen by anyone before his mysterious appearance at the concert hall. At last we gave it up, and about midnight I went to my hotel. As I applied at the office for my key the clerk said:

"'By the way, Mr. Gilbert; here is a roll of music that I guess you must have dropped on the street. A seedy-looking tramp brought it in here just after the performance to-night and asked me to give it to you when you should come in. He would not wait, and went right away, seeming in a hurry.

"I unrolled the music. It was that requiem which I have just played for you. I have never seen the 'cello player since, but that composition is worthy of the man who could play 'It is enough,' as he alone could play it.'

As Gilbert ceased speaking he turned to the organ and taking down the manuscript looked long and thoughtfully at the last page. As we left the now darkening church I heard him repeat to himself the Latin words written at the close of the 'cello player's requiem:

"De profundis clamavi ad te Domine."

Edison claims that in the new phonograph upon which he is now at work, the sound will be amplified four times louder than the human voice.

Glue is rendered waterproof by first soaking it in water until it becomes soft and then melting it with gentle heat in linseed oil.

Chained to a Seat.

'Come into the sleeping car and I will show you a singular case,' said the conductor on one of the great express trains that daily enter and leave the Union depot, Pittsburg, to a reporter. The sleeper stood at the other end of the depot, and towards this the conductor led the way. It was not far from the middle of the day and none of the berths were made up. Near the centre of the car in a section by herself, sat a young lady of perhaps 20 years. She was tastily dressed in a neat gray suit and a diamond necklace glistened at her throat. Her face was an intelligent and attractive one but her bright blue eyes had a meaningless look and were fixed stupidly upon some object at the front of the car. Her hands seemed to rest easily at her side, and such would have been the impression a careless observer would have carried away. As the conductor and the reporter stood in the aisle for a moment longer than was necessary to observe the above however, a clamping sound was heard and the young lady seemed to be trying to free her arms from something that kept them firmly fixed to her side. Stepping a little nearer, a delicate pair of steel handcuffs could be plainly seen attached to her wrists. They were separated, however, and to each was fastened a small but stout chain that was firmly secured to the seat. Behind the young lady sat a gentleman of not over 25 years reading a book. It was not difficult to understand, by the occasional sharp glances that he directed toward the lady in front of him, that she was in his charge. Obtaining the prestige of an introduction by the conductor the reporter solicited the story that was connected with his strange errand. The gentleman courteously put aside his book and asked the reporter to share his seat.

'I am taking her to New York,' he began, 'where I expect to secure such treatment as will speedily restore her to sanity. I need hardly tell you that she is my wife. We were married about two years ago, in one of the rapidly growing western cities. The young lady was one of the brightest and most refined of her sex in the city. Carefully educated at a popular school and reared among the best influences that a loving father could spread about her she was at 19 years of age as intelligent a lady as one would meet in a lifetime.

'I regret to say that at first my business as a merchant kept me closely confined, and not unfrequently late into the night. One evening on going home from the store my wife met me in the hall with the same meaningless stare that you observe on her face at present. Never having noticed anything in the slightest degree indicative of insanity, I quite naturally guessed she was playing a joke on me, and pretended not to notice her.

All during the evening, however she walked about the rooms, her eyes fixed directly before her. At last becoming thoroughly alarmed, I slipped out into the hall and out the front door, returning a few moments later with a physician. He gave her one searching look, and then, turning to me he said, 'she is a maniac.' The physician advocated perfect seclusion, and she was placed in a nicely furnished and heated room by herself. But she grew worse instead of better, and finally became violent, and insisted on pulling out her hair by the roots, disfiguring her face and tearing her clothes in shreds. Her mind was completely gone, and from the time I returned home on that eventful evening she has never recognized me nor any of her many relatives and acquaintances.

'When she became violent I insisted on a more careful examination of the cause of her sudden dethronement of reason, and just back of her forehead we discovered a long scar that looked as if it might have been caused by a heavy blow from some cruel instrument. This led me to think that possibly a burglary had been committed, and on searching through the dressing case in our sleeping room, I discovered that all her diamonds had been stolen. I could get no clew to the strange crime, but the story was plain. Thieves had entered the house and struck her insensible with some heavy instrument. She had been rendered unconscious, and awoke with her reason gone. The handcuffs on her wrists seem a cruel precaution, but without them she would be absolutely beyond control. I shall take her to one of the ablest physicians in the east, and hope to return with her soon perfectly cured.' This ended the strange story. The train had been made up and was slowly moving out of the depot as the reporter dismounted, bearing the notes of the above story. 'It is the strangest case I have ever seen in my five years of railroading,' said the conductor, as he mounted the platform of the last car. 'She has neither moved nor spoken since we left Chicago, and keeps her eyes fixed in that same unvarying way before her.'

Engagement Rings.

In all things fashionable in personal apparel, France is the authority par excellence, and with regard to engagement rings, which are said to be mostly required at this season of the year, one of the oracles delivers itself thus: "The first of the presents which must be made to an affianced bride ought to be the engagement ring; this ring must forever be kept by the woman; it is the first openly allowed gage of love; it should be of perfect taste and at the same time not inconvenient to the wearer (which remark, considering that the custom of marriage de convenance is still very much adhered to in France, has a slightly sarcastic tone). I would not choose the ruby; it is too showy, loud and indiscreet; my taste inclines toward the sapphire and the diamond, of which the one should not choose a large sapphire surrounded by diamonds. I should ask our jeweler-artists to interlace in happy combination the sapphire and the diamond; the turquoise is also a taseful stone, but when it is constantly worn it has the immense disadvantage to change its color, and to this change most women attach sad and sentimental superstition. It should, therefore, not be chosen for the first present, which is worn and cherished while life lasts, and which remains from the days of youth while everything else changes."

Different Methods of Using Sticks---Characteristic Walking of Business Men and Dudes.

The first one will carry a stout stick, and he will try and walk fast, the same as he did before he got the gout. He will stamp that cane down upon the walk with a venomous vigor and grimace viciously every time he sets the sick foot down upon an uneven place in the sidewalk. When he gets home he will sit down in an easy chair and place the lame foot upon an ottoman and keep the cane in his right hand. When anything occurs which displeases him or somebody keeps him waiting for something longer than he thinks they ought to do he will pound that cane upon the floor or bruise all the furniture within reach. If a cat or dog gets into the room and behaves in a perfectly legitimate and gentlemanly manner the chances are ten to one that the old man will throw his cane at him before he gets out again.

A middle-aged man of business, a bank president or any of these kind of men, will walk moderately fast on a week day and strike his cane upon the pavement at an average of one stroke to every three steps. As soon as he strikes the cane upon the walk he will raise it to a nearly horizontal position, pointing directly ahead, but as soon as the stick gets at the proper height it will begin to descend again, and so long as he walks the cane will be in perpetual motion. On Sundays this class of gentlemen will walk slowly and with a comfortable, self satisfied air, if they've been making money during the week, but the cane will move just about the same.

There is a very large number of men who carry canes, but who very seldom use them in walking. Their great hobby is to thrust the stick under one arm, with the longest portion protruding from the rear. When they go through a crowd in the street or anywhere everybody behind them is in mortal fear of having an eye or two or three teeth knocked out. When one of these gentlemen jumps upon a street car with one or two men standing upon the step those men are apt to literally "get it in the neck." When they don't dodge adroitly enough as the gentleman swings around they often get a rap in the jaw. These gentlemen with the canes do great execution when they go into a cigar store for a smoke. They will lean over the glass case and the cane will keep eveybody else away until they have selected their cigars and lighted them. Then they back away from the case and punch everybody in the ribs as they go out.

A dude probably makes less trouble with a cane than anybody else. He will generally carry it perpendicularly, with the head nearly on a level with his chin, and he will seldom move it from that position unless he desires to change hands.

There are the energetic gentlemen who carry light rattan or whalebone canes and who walk fast. They go with head slightly inclined forward, and every time they put the cane down they will bend it almost double. Then there are the "flip" men, who keep the canes in constant motion. First, they will walk with it touching the ground, then they will drag it along a little way and then they will place it in the other hand. Then it goes over the shoulder like a soldier carrying his musket at "right shoulder arms." Then they will take it between the thumb and forefinger and twirl it the same as an Irishman on the stage does his shillaleh.

Then there are the high-toned boys who carry a thick, stout cane and never use it to touch the ground. They just grasp it in the middle. "That's English you know."

A Noble Daughter.

Our Thurso correspondent might make a beautiful little volume out of the life-story which he describes. It is that of a crofter's daughter, who, when her parents were incapacitated by the infirmities of age from working their little farm, and had the prospect of being thrown for their support on the parish, resolved to do the work of the croft with her own hands, and has done it successfully for a quarter of a century! The father, still a living evidence of this heroic daughter's devotion, is a respected elder in the Free Church, and now a nonogenarian. In order to carry out her self-imposed task the daughter resolved to graduate in every department of farm work (for which, however, she had no congenial taste,) from the plow to the barn; and during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since she took up this position she has kept the little farm equal in order to the best around her, and has maintained her aged parents in comfort and respectability. Not only has she attended to all the kinds of work needed on the small holding, such as plowing, sowing, reaping, etc., she has also undertaken outside work, driving her cart with minerals from a neighboring mine in company with men, some of them uncultivated and rude. Yet the calm dignity of this woman never deserted her in the midst of such occupations; and by this extra work she was enabled for many years to supplement the modest income from the little farm. For some time past she has been relieved to a certain extent from the more laborious toil on the croft by the coming to maturity of a young male relative; but she still holds the reins. She has always been a regular attendant at church however laborious the duties of the week. She has a well-cultured mind, and has read largely in standard literature.

Changing Poor Pine to Walnut.

A striking similiarity to black walnut, it is said, can be manufactured from poor pine by the following method: One part of walnut peel extract is mixed with six parts of water, and the wood is coated with the solution. When the material is about half dry, a solution of bichromate of potash with water is rubbed on it, and the walnut is ready. In this way excellent walnut can be made from poor pine, and it is said to defy detection except upon very close examination.

What a man can't prove never ruined any one yet: it is what he can prove that makes it hot for him.

The Mountain and the Sea.

Once upon a time the Air, the Mountain, and the Sea lived undisturbed upon all the earth. The Mountain alone was immovable; he stood always here upon the rocky foundation and the Sea rippled and foamed at his feet, while the Air danced freely over his head and about his grim face. It came to pass that both the Sea and the Air loved the Mountain, but the Mountain loved the Sea.

"Dance on forever, O Air," said the Mountain; "dance on and sing your merry songs. But I love the gentle Sea who in sweet humility crouches at my feet or playfully dashes her white spray against my brown bosom."

Now the sea was full of joy when she heard these words, and her thousand voices sang softly with delight. But the Air was filled with rage and jealously, and she swore a terrible revenge.

"The Mountain shall not wed the Sea," muttered the envious Air. "Enjoy your triumph while you may, O slumberous sister; I will steal you from your haughty lover!"

And it came to pass that, ever after that, the Air each day caught up huge parts of the Sea and sent them floating forever through the air in the shape of clouds. So each day the Sea receded from the feet of the Mountain, and her tuneful waves played no more around his majestic base.

"Whither art thou going, my love?" cried the Mountain in dismay.

"She is false to thee," laughed the Air, mockingly. "She is going to another love far away."

But the mountain would not believe it. He towered his head aloft and cried more beseechingly than before: "Oh, whither art thou going, my beloved? I do not hear thy sweet voice nor do thy soft, white arms compass me about.

Then the Sea cried out in an agony of helpless love. But the Mountain heard her not, for the Air refused to bring the words she said.

"She is false!" whispered the Air. "I am alone am true to thee."

But the Mountain believed her not. Day after day he reared his massive head aloft and turned his honest face to the receding Sea and begged her to return; day after day the Sea threw up her snowy arms and uttered the wildest lamentations, but the Mountain heard her not, and day by day the Sea receded farther and farther from the Mountain's base. Where she once had spread her fair surface appeared fertile plains and verdant groves all peopled with living things whose voices the Air brought to the Mountain's ears in the hope that they might distract the Mountain from his mourning.

But the Mountain would not be comforted; he lifted his sturdy head aloft and his sorrowing face was turned over toward the fleeting object of his love. Hills, valleys, forests, plains, and other mountains separated them now, but over and beyond them all he could see her face lifted pleadingly toward him, while her white arms tossed wildly to and fro. But he did not know what words she said, for the envious Air would not bear her message to him.

Then many ages came and went, until now the Sea was far distant—so very distant that the Mountain could not behold her—nay, had he been ten thousand times loftier he could not see her, she was so far away. But, still as of old, the Mountain stood with his majestic head high in the sky, and his face turned whither he had seen her fading, like a dream, away.

"Come back, come back, O my beloved!" he cried and cried.

And the Sea, a thousand miles or more away, still thought forever of the Mountain. Vainly she peered over the Western horizon for a glimpse of his proud head and honest face. The horizon was dark. Her lover was far beyond; forests, plains, hills, valleys, rivers and other mountains intervened. Her watching was as hopeless as her love.

"She is false!" whispered the Air to the Mountain, "She is false and she has gone to another lover. I alone am true!"

But the Mountain believed her not. And one day clouds came floating through the sky and hovered around the Mountain's crest.

"Who art thou?" cried the Mountain, "who art thou that thou fillest me with such a subtile consolation? Thy breath is like my beloved's and thy kisses are like her kisses."

"We come from the Sea," answered the Clouds. "She loves thee and she has sent us to bid thee be courageous, for she will come back to them."

Then the Clouds covered the Mountain and bathed him with the glory of the Sea's true love. The Air raged furiously, but all in vain. Ever after that the Clouds came each day with love messages from the Sea, and oftentimes the Clouds bore back to the distant Sea the tender words the Mountain spoke.

And so the ages come and go, the Mountain rearing his giant head aloft and his brown, honest face turned whither the Sea departed; the Sea stretching forth her arms to the distant Mountain and repeating his dear name with her thousand voices.

Stand on the beach and see the sea's majestic calm and hear her murmurings, or when, in the frenzy of her hopeless love she surges wildly and tosses her white arms and shrieks—then you shall know how the sea loves the distant mountain.

The mountain is old and sear; the storms have beaten upon his breast, and great scars and seams and wrinkles are on his sturdy head and honest face. But he towers majestically aloft, and he looks always toward the distant sea and waits for her promised coming.

And so the ages come and go, but love is eternal.

APPLE-SAUCE with meat is prepared in this way. Cook the apples until they are very tender, then stir them thoroughly, so that there will be no lumps at all; and the sugar and a little gelatine dissolved in warm water, a tablespoonful in a pint of sauce; pour the sauce into bowls, and when cold it will be stiff, like jelly, and can be turned out on a plate. Cranberry-sauce can be treated in the same way.