

THE TREMOLO STOP.

BY ERNEST JARROLD.

The old man's smile was the sunniest in the land. It began with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and ran down his cheeks in ripples, softening the wrinkles, and irradiating his sweet face as apple blossoms light up an orchard.

This sunny smile was an outward expression of a cheery philosophy born of varied fortunes.

In his youth the old man had been in the chorus of an opera company, and he looked back through the 40 intervening years with pleasure to the night when he had been permitted to sing solo.

But disease had injured the delicate muscle box in his throat, and his hope of becoming a famous tenor was crushed. Then he enlisted and fought with Garibaldi and left a leg on the battlefield.

On his 60th birthday he stood in the shade of an lux tree in the city of Naples, the possession of a long gray beard, a wooden leg, and a barrel organ, rich in tone, and ornamented with gilding.

The organ was a beautiful instrument, rich in tone, and ornamented with gilding. When the old man pulled aside the red silk curtain which hung on a brass rod in front of the organ, he displayed to the eyes of the children a number of little wooden figures, which danced and curtsied with the grace of courtiers.

When he turned the handle of the organ out came the merriest song from "La Traviata," followed by the plaintive melody of "Bory O'More," the joyful sweetness of "Annie Laurie," the inspiring strains of the "Watch on the Rhine," the warlike measures of "The British Grenadiers," that most cosmopolitan of airs, "Home, Sweet Home." But the wonderful thing about the organ was the tremolo stop, which was a mechanical contrivance of the old man's invention.

It was used only in connection with the song of home, and when he touched this stop it imparted a tremulous, wavering movement to the music. The old man found the tremolo stop to be very profitable, because it made travelers feel homesick, and so the home-songs brought him more pennies than all the other tunes in his organ.

As the summer wore away and the travelers became few in Naples, the sunlight in his eyes faded, and his anxious look on the old man's face. For he had been carefully saving his pennies toward opening a cafe.

He reasoned that it would be easy to dish out macaroni when he could no longer carry a heavy organ. One day two friends of his youth, who had just returned from America with what in his estimation were snug fortunes, met him.

These friends were bootblackers. They were attracted by the tremolo stop, and the two Americans were always in search of a novelty. They advised the old man to go to America and assured him that he could return within a year with money enough to open a cafe.

The old man listened eagerly to the advice of his friends, but he hesitated about leaving his native land; besides, he was growing old, and all he desired was rest and comfort. But there was no prospect of realizing his hopes in Italy, and so, after a long and anxious conference, he decided to go.

Landed at Castle Garden, he was disappointed that his service with Garibaldi did not bring him a patriot's welcome among his countrymen. His success with his organ, however, was even greater than he had been led to expect.

The native dignity of the old man, his infecting smile—into which as his fortune rose and fell, his eyes shined and returned—and the tremolo stop, attracted attention, and the people came to him as easily as cats run out of a bin.

The aptness with which the puppet who held out the little brass plate discriminated between rich and poor, and pieces of coal was marvelous to the children, and their trials of it working was profitable to the old man. He frequented Mulberry street because there were so many children there.

Once a tall, handsome man put a silver dollar on the plate of the manikin, who was so surprised at the magnitude of the gift that he could neither reject nor dump it into the box. The old man held the money for a few days, care looking forward to the return to his sunny land.

But the autumn passed away, and the weather grew cold. The children were kept indoors now, although he could see their noses and heads through his window panes, he missed their pennies. To buy coal and wood he had to spend the money he had laid away.

Besides, the gilding upon the organ had become scratched, the red silk curtain was faded and torn, the four little figures refused to dance and curtsy with their old time ease, and the tremolo stop failed to impart its wondrous vibration to the home song.

As winter drew near, the old man's health failed, and he grew thinner and thinner. He could no longer see through his window panes, and he could not get on his feet. He grew feverish, and disappointment had made him delirious. The kindly rays of the sun came in the window and did what they could to cheer him, but the grim fate finding a way to his window, he could not get on his feet.

Reaching his hand out from under the bedclothes, with trembling fingers, he seized the handle of the organ. As he turned it there fell out, broken and disintegrated.

All he was left to rest was the tremolo stop. Then the rollicking melody of "Bory O'More" seemed to people the room with Irish lovers. His desire to reach the song of home quickened his waning strength as he caught the four little figures as they danced.

Again he heard the blare of trumpets and the rattle of drums as he feebly ground out the "Watch on the Rhine" and "Annie Laurie." When he reached the home song his strength failed, and the plaintive tremolo which had been led to the tune in earlier days by the tremolo stop was now imparted by his shivering hand. Slowly and feebly the song came out, but a shadow of the former self-like the emaciated player—battered in failing cadences—"through pleasures and pines," and stopped.

THE SAQUENAY.

By Ernest Jarrold.

Rejoice, my soul, for thou hast had thy royal company to-day!

Attired in fir and hemlock array, She came, so savage, grand, and ad— Queen of the northern woods, the peonies Saquenay!

Dropped in the twilight's blue veil, She moved, all modestly bedight, Then, as the regent orb of night A vesture flung o'er hill and dale, She caught the sheen and rebel hair lustreous limbs with light.

Where'er thy vapory dragons go, The forest's every nook and hall, And nymphs and gnomes, have vanished all— All save the mighty Manitou, Who hides within his caves and caverns to our call.

No life within these solitudes! No gleam of light, no sound of cheer! Here night may howl before Stern nature in her iron mood, And leads in reticence her silent, more and more.

The sun seems absent, Eber above, Loom the precipitous mountains vast, And over the abyss their massive cast, While in each iron battlement rose Gloom lingers and scowls until the intrusive day be past.

Loth Lomond of a wider West! We list for Bodecker's martial strain And watch where foot to foot's plain agents Fly faster from some danger's track, Or Elinor's fairy skirt may skan the slanting plain.

Or heather blossoms where the bill has put its purple garment on; The vision comes, and lo! it goes, For the unfathomable forest still Strikes away—strays—through lakes is one.

No grim scorpions there to art, But cradle of a life to be, And tempt of its majesty, The very silence of the heart That throbs in this slays a message brings to me.

Then sing, my soul, for thou hast had Right royal company to-day! In evergreen and granite array She comes, majestic, grand, and ad— Queen of the northern woods, the saquenay! —J. W. A. Crozier.

"LIKE DRAWS TO LIKE."

Such, science says, is the Law of Conjugal Attraction.

Hermann Fol, one of the most eminent of living embryologists, while staying at New York, in 1883, was examining the attention attracted to the resemblance between young married couples.

The popular notion that married people "end by resembling each other" was stated by Fol, but his training directed attention toward the young married couples characteristic of the fact led him to suppose a contrary proposition to be nearer the truth—they begin by resembling each other.

To put the matter to scientific test M. Fol engaged in a series of observations and researches on the photographs of young and old married couples, the results of which he publishes in the Revue Scientifique. His conclusions are as follows: Out of 123 young couples, resemblances were found in 132, or 69.6 per cent; out of 54 old couples examined, resemblances were found in 15, or 71.7 per cent.

To evidently large percentage of physical similarities between young married couples is emphasized by the calculation that in marriages made at random—by chance—the number of resemblances would not amount to more than two in ten.

As the number of resemblances between young and old couples was found to be four to five times as great as that between young and old couples, Fol infers from this an argument in favor of the idea that candidates for marriage do not fear the particular form of ugliness to which their mirror reflections are ten.

After warning against a hasty generalization prepared to receive a counter-argument, Fol invites other scientists to follow up the subject and verify or modify the following tentative conclusions he draws:

(1) In the immense majority of marriages of "inclination," the contracting parties are attracted by similarity, and not by dissimilarity.

(2) The resemblances between aged married couples is not a fact acquired by conjugal life.

(3) The plans of Washington City. The city of Washington was long known as the city of magnificent distances. Yet how few of us have ever heard of the man who, with a grand plan in the future, planned the city and designed its first public buildings.

Peter Charles L'Enfant was born in 1755 in France. He entered the French army with the commission of a lieutenant, and was promoted to major and lieutenant colonel in the Continental army.

The 18th of February, 1778, he was made captain of engineers, and was a remarkably active and able officer.

In the attack on Savannah he displayed the most gallantry, and was severely wounded. On his recovery General Washington appreciated his merits so highly that he placed him on his staff.

After the war he employed his skill in various engineering and architectural works at Fort Mifflin. The selection of a district for the seat of Government was a subject of long discussion, and when the present District of Columbia was fixed upon, Major L'Enfant was selected to lay out the city of Washington, and to select the position.

He drew the plans also for some of the public buildings, and sketched others as a part of his official arrangements of the city.

In 1812 he was selected by the Revolution to receive the offer of a professorship of engineering in the Military Academy, West Point, but declined the position. He died at his home in Prince George's county, Maryland, June 14, 1825.

A Sensible Man.

When any one runs a nail or wire in the flesh, hold the wound over burning sugar and it will prevent soreness.

Soak the feet and bind on baking soda in dampened, and in the morning you will be surprised to find the soreness all out of course.

To have a religion on Sunday is a good thing, but to have it in every day life is better.

"It's all very well to talk of writing for posterity, but editing any magazine is a different matter."

When a man affirms that "there's no life in leather," don't dispute him—purses are made of leather.

The man who keeps right himself is a good deal to help other people to behave themselves.

Let's Name and Live It. An important discovery. They set on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They specify uremia, biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and indigestion. Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, sweetest. 50 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Hiers Drug Store.

Lithographer—"What color will you have your job heads?"

Die-caster—"Blue, for the color."

"That man has a wonderful memory." "How does he show it?"

"He never leaves his rubbers in a restaurant."

A tired Man. To constantly enter, in the human system when you suffer with constipation, a couple of pills, made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, will do you good. Take time to write me, and I will send you a copy of my book, "The Science of Health," for 25 cents. Samples free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Hiers Drug Store.

It is a little singular, to say the least, that after a man has been painting the town red he usually feels blue.

The prohibitionists are out gunning for those prophets who promised a dry summer. Thus far every state has gone "wet."

The bad small boy, when his mother asks him "What's the matter?" he answers, "I don't know." Hard to beat—Your way.

Manual labor—Compiling a text book. Ringing words—"Will you marry me?"

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Which we are selling at regular city prices. We will equip Base Ball Clubs with complete outfits at lowest prices and give them best quality goods.

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Our assortment of the above goods include all that is new and novel in these lines. Don't buy until you know our prices and see our goods.

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Has just opened an entire new line of LADIES' FINE DRESS GOODS!

Comprising all the very latest styles in White Goods, Seams, Prints, Gingham, Marcellines, Seersuckers and any Dress Patterns of the very best qualities at exceedingly low prices.

Groceries, Provisions, Crockeryware, Glassware, Wood and Willowware of the best makes at low figures. Cloths Cassimers, Hats, Boots, Shoes and Ready-made Clothing in great variety and at prices with the reach of all purchasers—prices fully as low as the same goods can be bought for at any other general store in this vicinity.

Carpets, Oil-cloths, Lamps and Fixtures in great variety and of best quality at Rock Bottom Prices. Best quality of Flour and Feed at prices fully as low as the same articles can be purchased elsewhere.

A car load of coarse salt has just been received—the price is being marked down to the very lowest notch. All goods of the very best quality and are being sold at prices equally as low as the same goods can be bought at any general store in this section. Call and be convinced. Respectfully, AMOS REIGEL. July 23-71

YES, MY DEAR, IS THE START OF LIFE.



And let one of our best friends tell you of it. An amount of good will be yours, and you will be a much better man, and you will be a much better man.

Wolf's Acme Blacking. It is the best shoe polish ever made. It is the best shoe polish ever made. It is the best shoe polish ever made.

It is the best shoe polish ever made. It is the best shoe polish ever made. It is the best shoe polish ever made.

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MEMORIALS BY THE

In Nature's bright blossoms not always so pure. The fragrant subtle essence more rare than their beauty. Which lies in the hours of exaltation and passion.

That explained something that men call perfume. Though modest the flower, yet great is its power. A perfume with meaning each petal and leaf.

If only it breathes, if only abides there, its fragrance suggestive of love, joy, and grief.

Not always the air that a master composes. Can stir human heart-strings with pleasure or pain. But strains subtle chords, like the essence of the roses.

Breaths out of some measures, though simple the strains. And when you hear them, you love them, and feel them.

You remember with anguish, you thrill with delight. For back of them slumber old dreams without number.

And faces long vanished, peer out into night. These four foolish days when the earth seemed all yours.

Before you had knowledge enough to be true. When youth held no higher ideal of duty. Than just to fall through the world and be true.

On harpstrings of memory you seemed to live ever, with all the sweet fancies that hang round youth. Life's burden and troubles turn into a bubble.

And break on the music's swift current of rhythm. Fair Polly comes back with her spell while you listen.

And points to the paths where she led you of old. You were on past sunset, you see dead stars shining.

You were in life's glory, you were in death's glory. All past and all virtues surge up through these measures.

Your heart is wreathed upon with earth and from seas and embures rise June and December. Lost islands in fathoms of feeling recall.

Some airs are like oysters of memory's ocean. They rise in the past and flow into the heart. And then from that shell slipshades of mighty emotions.

All are cooked and steam-tossed and drilled. Their fire timbers battered, their livery soiled and stained.

Their ancient crew of dead days on their decks. Then a crash of chords blending, a crisis, an ecstasy.

The music is over, and vanished the wreath. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Steam Whistle. The problem of making a light steam carriage has been attacked in a promising way, says the Boston Transcript.

By M. Serpollet, the French engineer, whose instantaneous steam generator was brought to notice a year or two ago.

This generator consists of a strong spiral tube, from which a fine jet of water issues over a fire and instantly expands.

into steam, explosion being impossible and steam being brought at once to full pressure. Such a boiler is especially adapted for light vehicles.

M. Serpollet has been experimenting with it on a bicycle, and in his latest effort he employs it to drive a motor car, capable of carrying six persons on its two seats, with a seventh passenger on a stool in front.

The carriage is elegant in appearance and very comfortable. The boiler is under the rear seat and the fire case receives four atmospheric feet chests on each side, while the water reservoir and the engine are placed under the front seat.

The normal horse power is four, which may be instantaneously increased to six at will, and at 15 miles an hour is obtained an amount of one to twelve at easily speeded with a full load.

Water may be carried for a trip of about 50 miles and fuel for 25 miles, and with a full charge of fuel will cover the total weight of the carriage is 2,750 pounds. Coke, of which about 30 pounds is consumed per horse power an hour, is preferred for fuel on city streets on account of its smokeless nature.

This novel vehicle is really going to get through thoroughly, and is permitted on the streets of Paris with no restriction except that the speed shall not exceed 10 miles an hour.

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