

AN ORCHESTRA.

The world is one great orchestra
Wherein each human heart
Must tune his destined instrument
And practice well his part.

THE SIXTH BENCH.

BY LUKE SHARP.

HE was in earnest; he was not. When that state of things exists everything may happen.

Hector McLane came to Paris with noble resolutions, a theory of color and a small allowance.

He entered with great zest into the life of a Parisian art student, but somehow the experience did not equal his anticipations.

In Paris you may have nearly everything—except the something better. It exists, of course, but it rarely falls in the way of the usually unpeccant art students.

McLane's theory was that art had become too somber. The world was running overmuch after the subdued in color.

He wanted to be able to paint things as they were, and was not to be deterred if his pictures were called gaudy.

She did not answer. He held her fingers, which were slipping from his grasp, and the shadow touched her feet.

She quickly withdrew her hand from his, shook her head and turned away. He watched her until she was out of sight.

His thoughts were not comfortable. He was disappointed in Yvette. She was so clever, so witty, that he had at least expected she would have said something cutting.

She bitterly reproached herself, taking three pages to do it, and on the fourth page he gathered that she would be married by the time he had the letter.

There appeared to be no doubt that the nice girl fully realized how basely she had treated a talented, hard-working, aspiring, sterling young man, but the realization had not seemingly postponed the ringing of the wedding bells to any appreciable extent.

Young McLane crushed the letter in his hand and laughed a hard, dry laugh at the peridy of woman. Then his thoughts turned towards Yvette.

What a pity it was she was not rich! Like so many other noble, talented men, he realized he could not marry a poor woman.

Suddenly it occurred to him that Yvette might not be poor. The more he pondered over the matter the more astonished he was that he had ever taken her poverty for granted.

He remembered that she wore a watch which flashed with jewels on one occasion when he had seen it for a moment.

He wished he had postponed his explanation for one more day; still that was something easily recalled. He would tell her he had thrown over the other girl for her sake.

Like a pang there came to him the remembrance that he did not know her address, nor even her family name.

Still she would be sure to visit the little park, and he would haunt it until she came.

He was more than pleased when he read its contents. It asked for one more meeting behind the church.

"I could not tell you to-day," she wrote, "all I left. To-morrow you shall know if you meet. Do not fear that I will reproach you. You will receive this letter in the morning. At 12 o'clock I shall be waiting for you on the sixth bench on the row south of the fountain—the sixth bench—the farthest from the church." "YVETTE."

He was an easy-going young fellow, who hated trouble, and perhaps, knowing that the inevitable day of reckoning was approaching, this accounted for the somewhat tardy awakening of his conscience.

He sometimes thought it would be best simply to leave Paris without any explanation, but he remembered that she knew his address, having written to him often, and that by going to the school she could easily find out where his home was.

He nerved himself up many times to make the explanation and bring on the avalanche, but when the time came he postponed it.

He merely kept her eyes fixed on the gravel and gently withdrew her hand from his. To his surprise she did not cry nor even answer him, but walked silently to and fro with downcast eyes in the shadow of the church.

No one, he said, would ever occupy the place in his heart that she held. He was engaged to the other girl, but he had not known what love was until he met Yvette.

He drew such a pathetic picture of the loveless life he must in the future lead, that a great wave of self-pity surged up within him and his voice wavered.

He felt almost resentful that she should take the separation in such an unemotional manner. When a man gets what he most desires he is still unsatisfied.

It was exactly the way he hoped she would take it. "Well, good-bye, Yvette," he said, holding out his hand.

She hesitated an instant, then, without looking up, placed her small palm in his.

They stood thus for a moment under the trees, while the fountain beside them splashed and trickled musically.

The shadow of the church was slowly creeping towards them over the gravel. The park was deserted, except by themselves.

She tried gently to withdraw her hand, which he retained. "Have you nothing to say to me, Yvette?" he asked with a touch of reproach in his voice.

She did not answer. He held her fingers, which were slipping from his grasp, and the shadow touched her feet.

"Yvette, you will at least kiss me good-bye!"

She quickly withdrew her hand from his, shook her head and turned away. He watched her until she was out of sight.

He watched her until she was out of sight, and then walked slowly towards his rooms on the Boulevard St. Germain.

His thoughts were not comfortable. He was disappointed in Yvette. She was so clever, so witty, that he had at least expected she would have said something cutting.

He had no idea she could be so heartless. Then his thoughts turned to the nice girl at home. She, too, had elements in her character that were somewhat bewildering to an honest young man.

Her letters for a long time had been incoherent and unsatisfactory. It couldn't be possible that she had heard anything. Still, there was nothing so easy as point-blank denial, and he would see to that when he reached home.

An explanation awaited him in his rooms on the boulevard. There was a foreign stamp on the envelope, and it was from the nice girl.

There had been a mistake, she wrote, but happily she had discovered it before it was too late. She bitterly reproached herself, taking three pages to do it.

On the fourth page he gathered that she would be married by the time he had the letter. There appeared to be no doubt that the nice girl fully realized how basely she had treated a talented, hard-working, aspiring, sterling young man.

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succeeded in getting away. The quarter and then the half hour passed before McLane began to suspect that he had been made the victim of a practical joke.

He dismissed the thought. Such a thing was so unlike her. He walked around the little park, hoping he had mistaken the row of benches.

He read the letter again. It was plain enough—the sixth bench. He counted the benches, beginning at the church. One—two—three—four—five. There were only five benches in the row.

As he glared stupidly at the fifth bench a man beside him said: "That is the bench, sir."

"What do you mean?" cried McLane, turning toward him, astonished at the remark. "It was there that the young girl was found dead this morning—poisoned they say."

McLane stared at him—and then he said huskily: "Who—who was she?" "Nobody knows that—yet. We will soon know, for everybody, as you see, is going into the morgue. She's the only one on the bench to-day. Better go before the crowd gets greater. I have been twice."

McLane sank on the seat and drew his hand across his forehead. He knew she was waiting for him on the sixth bench—the farthest from the church.—Detroit Free Press.

WISE WORDS.

Women's jabs make men's wars. A woman's tears are a fountain of craft.

The cunning wife makes her husband her apron. Women laugh when they can and weep when they please.

Truth travels in slow boats while hope and fear run in slippers of lightning. In maturity reason sometimes builds a palace out of the ruins which the passions of youth have left.

He has an ignoble soul who is unwilling to serve a royal cause unless first decked in its livery. One man finds history an epic river of heroes with their splendid deeds; another finds it a sleazy web of intrigues with their vile scandals.

A little depression is more favorable to improvement than much complacency. Better pass through life drooping with self-distrust than trip along elated with a globe of gas in the brain.

Prejudice is intellectual and moral impurity disturbing the balance of our faculties with a personal bias. It mixes our ignorant error and wilful desire with what should be kept clean and free for the truth.

Disagreeable duties are better done with quick resolve by a generous impulse of devotion than with careful deliberation by a dogged perseverance. When one has to take an emetic it is a great economy to swallow it at one heroic gulp and not dribble it down in successive disgusto.

Rectitude is the normal condition for religious peace; certitude the normal condition for intellectual contentment. Rectitude is the regulation of personal conduct by the standard of universal good. Certitude is the complacent repose of the mind in conscious union with its object.

Rattlesnakes and Prairie Dogs.

It is often remarked that owls, prairie dogs, and rattlesnakes live amicably together in one hole, which the prairie dog is supposed to have prepared. In order to test the question of the peaceful relations between the dog and snake, an old army officer tells me that he once turned a rattler loose in his room.

Opening the cage of the prairie dog, the little fellow at once came out and ran back and forth immediately in front of the reptile, which was coiled with its head poised ready to strike the dog.

The snake followed the dog's movements with its head. The dog's eyes were constantly directed toward the snake's eyes. After a time, the movement of the snake's head from side to side grew slower.

It seemed to have become confused or dizzy from the continued exercise. With a quick spring the dog seized the snake's neck close to the head and bit it viciously. He continued biting the snake along the spinal cord from neck to tail, the first bite having practically ended the snake's life.

When the dead reptile was swung to and fro from the bars of the dog's cage, the animal tried to ward it off with his fore feet. These actions convinced the officer that the dog appreciated the dangerous qualities of the snake. This observer also thought that snakes did not strike adult dogs when living with them because the holes were too small to maneuver in.—Scientific American.

Whiskers Grow Faster in Summer.

"I find that there are very few men who believe their whiskers grow any faster in summer than they do in winter," remarked a Sixth street barber to a customer in the chair. "Those who believe that way, however, are ignorant, because there is no question that hot weather makes the beard grow just as it does the grass and flowers and garden stuff. The man who shaves three times a week in cool weather finds it necessary to have the razor applied six times a week in hot weather—if he wants to keep his chin smooth all the time."—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Himsy Structures and Earthquakes.

Careful studies made of the results of the big earthquake of last April in Sacramento Valley of California demonstrate clearly that the buildings which had deep and firm foundations were unharmed while those adjoining which had shallow foundations were totally wrecked. Bricks taken from scores of shattered houses showed that they were laid dry with mortar that contained a very small percentage of cement to sand.—New York Tribune.



GALLOWAY AND ANGUS CATTLE.

There is considerable difference between Galloway and Angus cattle, although both are black and hornless. The former belong to the west coast of Scotland, the latter to the east coast and the neighborhood of the city of Aberdeen, whence they are called sometimes Aberdeen or Aberdeen-Angus cattle.

THE COW STALL.

The cow stall is having much attention and ingenuity lavished upon it, but the horse worries along with the most objectionable kind of imprisonment in the narrow quarters where he is fastened in a painful manner. A few days ago a stable was burned, and a valuable horse was slowly roasted to death, because held by a chain that could not be loosened or cut.

SOWING RYE.

Rye is a crop easily raised and is subject to fewer casualties than wheat and grows freely on soils that will not produce remunerative crops of other grains. It may often be profitably sown in the fall on light soils as a kind of supplementary crop which may be used for winter pasture when the ground is frozen, and also be cut for soiling in early spring, when the green stubble can be turned under as a fertilizer for a coming crop.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Plant deep in dry weather; shallow in wet. Ascertain the merits and demerits of a cow before buying her. Drive a horse with a rein that both you and the horse can feel.

If you want your berry bushes to be productive keep them cut back. There is generally lime enough in the soil, but its presence is indispensable.

There are few breeds but what will lay well if they are well fed and cared for. Buckwheat hulls produce piles in pigs. Therefore, it is not very well to use them as food for the pigs.

It is thought that pigs grown from old dams exhibit greater vitality than others, and are less liable to disease. Set the first laying of both turkey and duck eggs under hen; more eggs and better fowls will be secured.

The cholera symptoms in poultry in a nutshell are: Intense thirst, debility, prostration, greenish droppings. Young chickens will eat wheat or sorghum seed when two weeks old and they will be better than soft feeds.

In very hot weather see that the chickens have some chance to get into the shade. Too hot a sun is not good. The enterprising farmer will hasten the fattening of his hogs, so as to have them ready for the market in the fall.

Stone drinking vessels for poultry are better than tin ones during the summer; water will keep cool in them longer. A wide wagon tire is a road maker, not a rut cutter. One secret of the good roads of France is the wide tires in use there.

Lice always attack the poorly-kept, ill-fed chickens first. Coal oil is said to be destructive to them, but must be used with caution. Having a system will save time; have a time for feeding the fowls, for gathering the eggs, for cleaning out the poultry house and for cleaning the roosts.

While liberal feeding is necessary to secure a good growth, poultry should never be so well fed that they will not willingly forage for something to eat. An old gobbler or pea fowl will often get very troublesome in fighting the other poultry; when this is the case the quicker they are got rid of the better.

The cost of feeding a thoroughbred flock is no greater than for scrubs, while such birds give their owner far more pleasure and he can occasionally sell fowls or eggs at a good price. The farmer who raises hogs the flesh of which is fine will be able to get more than the market price if he once secures a reputation for such. The big, coarse, and over-fat pork will not bring much money, for the simple reason that it does not sell very good when placed on the market.

All farmers do not use coal, but those who do can make good use of the ashes. It is well known that excellent walks can be made of them; but they are valuable for another purpose. The hogs will be benefited greatly if the ashes are fed to them. They correct the acidity of the pigs' stomach, and do a vast amount of good.

The Berkshires are one of the oldest breeds in existence, and one of their drawing cards is a disposition to take on from the start a great amount of flesh and fat. Another point in their favor is the immunity which they have from disease. This is not saying that they are disease proof, but on account of their strong constitutions they are more able to keep disease at bay.

The best way to keep up with agricultural progress is to take a live agricultural journal. There are over 15,000 Masonic lodges in existence.

To determine whether green-soiling really pays, let us suggest that you try it for yourself.

If tobacco is to be made a paying crop it must be given the very best land on the farm. You can never grade up your stock until you begin to use better animals for breeding.

The fastest way to make money in the dairy is to keep always weeding out the poor cows. The only way to free the farm from weeds is to cut them always before they go to seed.

The best success with sheep is attained only by those who believe in both wool and mutton. Stock that is continually tempted by weak fences should not be blamed for becoming breachy.

Sweet potatoes cannot be kept through the winter unless you handle them gently when harvesting. The farm will never give you complete satisfaction so long as you have to buy fruit from your neighbor.

If the weeds have possession of the bed this fall you can hardly expect a good strawberry crop next spring. If the 'first-class farmer' would maintain his rank he must keep on studying and learning all the time.

If you expect the boy to love the farm you must permit him to get some enjoyment from it as he goes along. Something new must be planted every week if we wish to maintain a good garden throughout the season.

The wrong way to make money from hogs is by beginning to feed them only "when big enough to feed off." You can never keep up with the work on the farm if you ever put off until tomorrow what can be done to-day.—American Agriculturist.

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A DARING ADVENTURER.

Captain William A. Andrews, already famous for his daring adventures in small boats on the stormy Atlantic, has again set sail on a novel and interesting voyage.

He crossed the ocean twice before, first in the "Nautilus," when he was accompanied by his brother, who has since died, and again in the "Mermaid," both of these trips being made to Land's End, England. A few years ago he again attempted the pas-

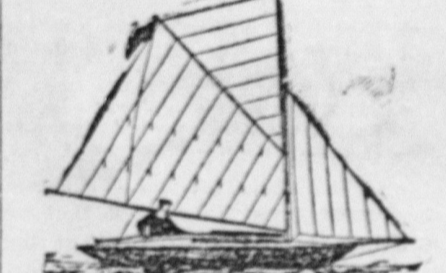


sage in a boat called the "Dark Secret," but, after battling with contrary winds, high seas and terrific storms, he reluctantly consented to give up his efforts after a struggle of sixty-two days, and returned to America on a bark which kindly consented to take him and his sea-beaten boat back to New York.

The captain is a very interesting character. He is a man of fixed purposes, very hard to turn from the object he has in view. He has made the subject of small boat sailing such a study that he is prepared to meet every argument against the risks which spring to the minds of his critics, yet the New York Herald put the case in a nutshell when it said: "The fact that Capt. Andrews can cross the ocean in a corkie shell merely proves that small boats are safe when a Capt. Andrews sails them. Adventurers should remember this when the wind begins to sing."

The Captain himself says that "half the people who are drowned lose their lives because they do not realize that a boat cannot sink. An iron vessel might, or a ship loaded with a heavy cargo, but a row boat, sail boat or ordinary wooden vessel may capsize, but will, nevertheless, float. The passengers on the great ocean steamers run some risk when they go to sea, but all around the deck they see wooden floats hung up on which they are taught to depend for their lives if the big steamer goes down. These boats are often crushed against the great vessel or are capsized in lowering. I am alone in a wooden boat entirely under my own control, and, in my opinion, far safer than others." An ingenious theory but hardly a fair one.

Capt. Andrews is by trade a piano maker. He built the "Sapallo" at Atlantic City in the presence of hundreds of people, and exhibited it on the Long Pier for several weeks. It is a canvas folding boat lined



with half inch cedar and decked over with the same. In order to fold it there must be three long canvas hinges from a stem to stern, and the daring Captain writes by an incoming ship (when he is hundreds of miles from shore) that he finds the "Sapallo" in a sea-way is a scrubber but very leaky. No better proof of his coolness and pluck could be given.

The start was made at 4:30 Wednesday, July 26th, the destination being Palos, Spain. Captain Andrews has instructions to scour the seas until he discovers that port and the starting point of Columbus. It is believed that, sailing in a fourteen foot boat without so much as a hot cup of coffee to vary his diet of biscuits and canned goods, he will, single-handed, eclipse the record of that Spanish Italian adventurer who almost failed to cross the great ocean with three ships, 157 men, after securing the Queen's jewels to pawn and having the blessing of the Church thrown in. This Columbus is sailing in a boat which had never been in the water until this hour when he started on his 4000 mile trip. He has been spoken in mid-ocean several times, scoring all assistance and commendation of a lifetime success. His effort should interest all Americans as a test of pluck, endurance and good seamanship. That it is not a foolhardy affair is proved by his former success and by the notable trip in which he battled for sixty-two days without reaching the other side. Thousands of people saw the start, his presence at different points on the ocean has been noted by large numbers of vessels, and his landing on the other side will no doubt be made a matter of public demonstration and rejoicing. As he sailed from the pier he said, "In sixty days I will be in Spain," and up to the last reports he had made better time than he anticipated. Every day during the voyage a bottle will be thrown overboard noting the location and other information about the trip.

If Capt. Andrews succeeds in reaching Spain and joining in the October celebrations which will be held in honor of the discovery of America, he will then return in one of the great steamers and arrange to exhibit his boat and the log which he writes up day by day, at the World's Fair in Chicago, where he will be one of the features of the magnificent display which the manufacturers of Sapallo are now perfecting. The assurance, we might almost say the impudence, of these aggressive manufacturers in securing a Columbus in their own name is probably without precedent in advertising.

The Government of New Zealand is considering the question of laying a new cable to Australia at an estimated cost of \$750,000.

The altitude of El Paso in the trans-Pecos territory of Texas is 3830 feet above the sea.