PART I.

I was not out from choice that night, not a bit of it, for it was one of those nights, that, when one has to be walking about outside, his principal idea is to get in again, to take off his wet shoes and warm himself before the great fire.

Because my work kept me out very late, sometimes far into the morning, I had, a short time before, moved down town, so that I could walk home instead of having to depend on the uncertainty of the night cars. That is the reason, together with the fact that I had my mackintosh buttoned up to my eyes, and my hat pulled far down, I missed the street I usually turned into to get to my rooms and walked a block out of my way before I discovered it. It was long after midnight. The street I did turn down was particularly dark and narrow and the houses were mostly small, two-and-a-half story affairs, of brick that had once been red, with dirty marble steps protected by rusty iron railings. They were all equal in grime and dreariness.

As I hurried along, very much disgusted with myself for having gone out of my way on such a night, the heavy tones of a pipe organ suddenly made themselves felt under the noise of the storm, low and solemn. I stopped full of wonderment. I looked about for some structure large enough to contain the sound. There was no church of heavy masonry, with solid stone doorways, with strong arched windows, which would have properly framed the music, and it did not seem possible that it could come from any of the small buildings ahead of me.

A heavy rush of wind drowned the sound. It came from one of the little houses. I stopped in front of it still more amazed. The sombre tones of the second movement in Chopin's famous sonata—his funeral march—came out to me. I got under the shelter of the tree and listened, leaning against the trunk. The shutters were open and there were no curtains to the windows, but I could see no light. The last part of the march was being played. It swelled, it rose, it thundered and crashed, and then it thundered and rumbled and died down and ceased.

I drew in a long breath and sighed, and then wondered why I had done so. For the moment I forget to be surprised that an organ was in such a place and that it was being played at such an hour, but instead simply wondered who it was who could get such human tones out of it. I gazed at the windows eagerly, hoping to se the one who had been playing.

A wenzened face appeared at one of the windows—that of an old man, with long, white hair that grew at the back and sides of his head only. His skin seemed almost colorless. He opened the window and pulled in the shutters; did it slowly, regardless of the storm. I heard the bolt slide into its socket, and then he appeared at the other window and closed in the shutters there, but he did not seem to notice me.

Next morning I began to speculate as to why he was playing the march at that hour, till I got my curiosity worked up to such a pitch that I made up my mind to know all about the old man with the colorless face. Who

I STOPPED, FULL OF WONDERMENT.

was he, I argued, who could get such a feeling out of music that I should stop in the rain and feel full in my chest? I, who thought I cared nothing for music! I, who thought I had no heart for anything but my own work. I had heard the march many times before and had been impressed by its solemnity, but that was all. I could even whistle the second part of it—but this old man; what was his secret? What was his sorrow?

It was impossible for such a person to escape the notice of his neighbors, but I was surprised to find how little was known about him. He was looked upon as a miser. He lived with an old colored woman who did his work and had lived in his dreary little house for a great many years. His name was Landis, but it was not known that he did anything but play on his organ and pianos—it was said he had very many pianos. That was all the information I could get.

I made it a point, after the rainy night when I first heard him play, always to pass his house going to and from my rooms, and now and then when I would hear his organ, I would stop and listen to the march. It seemed to be the only piece the old

HE PUT HIS FINGER TO HIS LIPS.

man ever played. Being but newly come to the city, I had few acquaintances, and for that reason, if for none other, I derived considerable satisfaction from the powerful piece.

One afternoon, it must have been about six months after I first heard him play, I was passing through his street whistling the middle part of the march when I suddenly looked up at his windows and saw the old man looking at me. I stopped short in my whistling and was ashamed of myself because I had an indefinite idea that the march belonged entirely to him and that I was doing wrong to whistle it, especially when he could hear me. But he looked at me so pleasantly that I smiled back and bowed to him, and he also nodded his head. A few days later he was standing on his steps as I was passing, and I nodded to him again. I should have gone on, but he looked as though he wished to speak to me, and I paused as I reached his steps.

"You like my march?" he asked.

I said I did, very much, and wondered how he knew that I had heard him play.

"Come in," he said, after looking me over keenly.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," I said, apologetically, "but I've heard your march several times from the outside and I felt it that I must know the man who played it."

"Yes, he said, and then led the way to the parlor, for the organ was built up to within ten feet of the windows.

"Take a chair," he said, pointing to the only one in the room, and he sat upon the organ bench and eyed me critically.

"You, too have a sorrow. I knew you would come! I saw you under the tree in the storm. But why didn't you come sooner?"

"You knew I would come!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, of course; they all do. They find a crazy old miser, and then they forget the march."

He laughed a low laugh at my astonishment that he had seen me. I studied him curiously. He was very old, not in years, perhaps, but in misery and sorrow. His skin was wax-like and seemed transparent; I almost thought that I could see his skull through it. But the eyes—there was the man! the body vanished. It seemed that the soul was eating up the body. What does a body amount to when one has a soul? I forget that I was sitting in front of him and was wondering why he was a miser when I realized that he was talking.

"They do not know what love or sorrow is; everything is earth to them. They looked at my house and my body and said I am a fool, and they went away. My name is Landis. What's yours?"

I told him.

"Perhaps you may understand." He swung around on the bench and started to play his divine march. He straightened up and seemed to fill out the clothes that hung loosely on him before; his arms seemed strong and active. The player and the emaciated old man were two separate and distinct beings.

When he stopped playing and softly pushed in the stops, the spell was not broken; the spirit of the march was still in the room and when he swung round on the bench again, his face seemed to be encircled in a halo of light. I forget that I was in a dingy little apartment containing no furniture but one chair and a stool, with one old engraving decorating the walls, the paper on which was stained and peeling off.

"Can you blame me for starving for that?" he asked, softly, when the time for speaking came.

"No, I said. "I do not blame you."

There was another silence which he disturbed by crossing the floor and throwing the shutters wide open, letting the sunlight into the room. I roused myself and tried to say something in praise of his playing, but he cut me off by laughing aloud, his face beaming, reminding me of a baby with a new toy which some one has taken the pains to admire.

"Don't say anything," he said. "You know why I starve, and I know what you think."

I asked him if he ever played outside, and where he played. I had an idea that he might be an organist at some church.

"Why, don't you know?" he asked, appearing astonished, and then he said: "No, of course you don't know. I'm playing it for her—my wife—they played it at her funeral. They say I fainted—odd, isn't it? I used to be an architect; I was a pretty good one, too. Yes, I was a good architect. I did that for her. Why, when I got married I was ten years ahead of any man of my age. I was thirty-five then. I'm not sorry she's dead, for she suffered a great deal. Her horse threw her two years after we were married, and she was an invalid for five years. I stayed with her all the time. There was nothing to work for then, because I knew she would die."

He paused for a moment, but did not take his eyes from the floor. Then he went on again:

"I spent almost all of my money for her, but I was very glad to do that, I had earned it for her.

"Do you know," he said, looking up at me, mustingly, while he spoke very slowly, "she is always with me when I am playing, and I know she is not suffering? At first I'm afraid it had a bitterness in it, for I could not be quite satisfied, though I knew I should have been glad at once she was in Heaven. I sold the house we had and bought this, because I only had two hundred a year left. They cheated me in both selling and buying. But I didn't care much. I had enough left over to get a pretty good piano after paying my debts. I've bought three more pianos since, and I've had this organ put in. It is very beautiful, is it not?"

I said it was.

"It's very hard work, though, on two hundred a year—I can't eat very much. But I'm saving up now for the last time, and then—"

He broke off suddenly, and asked me if I should care to see his pianos. I said I should, for I wanted to move around and shake myself together.

The pianos were all over the house—five of them—and he played the march on every one, beginning with the oldest and telling me how much starving each one had cost. Then he took me back to the organ and played the march on it exerting himself to bring out the contrast.

"He wrote it for the piano—Chopin did," he said to me, "but he did not know it as I do—no one ever did. Some day I will write it down as I know it and it will not be played on the piano any more."

I nodded my head and said "yes," but I could not agree with him. He could write it down yes; but who was there to play as he played it? Why else could sacrifice his world for the pleasure of one march?

When I went to see him again about a week later I thought that he looked a little thinner, if it were possible, but he seemed greatly pleased at sight of me. He did not seem inclined to play, but wanted to talk. He apparently had something important to tell. He left me in the parlor and slipped quietly away after putting his finger to his lips cautioning silence. I was at my wits' ends to make out the reason for his mysterious actions.

Something unusual had happened or was going to happen—that was plain. The parlor showed that a change for the worse had taken place in it. Where there had been a chair and a stool before, there was only a stool now and the one engraving was gone.

"She's eating in the kitchen," the old man said when he reappeared, speaking in a whisper.

"Who's in the kitchen?" I asked.

"Sh! she'll hear you—Millie's there, eating sausages. She says she won't starve any more. But she don't starve—I could never keep her from eating three times a day. I eat only once now. She sells my things because I don't give her money. She shan't get the money, though, and I won't any of the things in six months."

"But why don't you give her money to buy food for you both? What do you want to save for now, when you have such an organ?" I questioned.

He seated himself upon the organ bench and played a few bars.

"Did you ever hear of the organ in Albert hall?" he asked, presently, his eyes glistening as he spoke.

I nodded my head.

"I'm going to London to play on it," he said, "and that's why I'm saving my money. It has ten thousand pipes—ten thousand pipes! Think of it! And nearly one hundred and fifty stops. I will play my march on it. My dear old march—I hope some one will play it for me when I am dead. Think of it: ten thousand pipes! I will play on the big organ, and then I shall be ready to die."

(To Be Concluded.)

SLEPT HALF THE YEAR.

Death of Jack Telfer, Nova Scotia's Famous Cataleptic --- Ineffectual Efforts of Doctors to Master His Case and Keep Him Awake.

From the Sun.

John Telfer, who died at Moschelle, Annapolis, Nova Scotia, recently, at the age of 70 years, was, perhaps, the most notable instance of a hibernating human being of which there is any record. For the last twenty years of his life he had passed the winters in almost continuous sleep, and for fully fifteen years no effort was made by his family to prevent him relapsing into his annual stupor, his case having been abandoned as hopeless. Many physicians had tried their hand with Telfer, and one after the other gave him up. The public curiosity which the case attracted at first died away after two or three years, and Telfer's neighbors paid as little attention to his doings latterly as they would to any person in his humble station. When he died the newspapers of the vicinity recorded the fact briefly, and only one gave any account of the strange man's history.

Telfer's people were English. His father had served in the British army, of which he was a pensioner. The only evidence of heredity in the sleeper's mental peculiarity is the fact that his father, the old soldier, committed suicide. The elder Telfer was a cobbler, and before he killed himself the son had begun to act strangely. He would sit for hours at his father's bench, laughing and talking to himself. At times he would break into immoderate fits of laughter, and again in fighting imaginary foes he would work himself into a frenzy of rage.

SUBJECT TO TRANCES.

Before his first entire winter's sleep, Telfer had passed through trance-like attacks of several days duration, and those who knew him were thus in a measure prepared for it. But the case attracted widespread interest among scientific men, many of whom went long distances to see for themselves and make a study of it. None of them ever had any great success in attempts at effecting a cure, although the catalogue of known treatments for cataleptics seems to have been exhausted, and in some cases the remedies adopted were of so heroic a nature as to be decidedly disagreeable, at least to the members of Telfer's family if not to the unfortunate sleeper himself.

About the end of August Telfer would go to bed after eating his evening meal as usual and without exhibiting anything out of the common in his manner, or giving any reason for supposition that he was out of sorts in any way. On the following morning he would not get up, nor would he show any more vitality than a sleeping man. Twice in every twenty-four hours he would be taken up, a person supporting him on each side. About 11 o'clock every night he seemed to show rather more life than at other times, and advantage was taken of this to pour a little thin oatmeal gruel, beef tea or soup down his throat, he opened his lips to allow the attendants to do so and slowly swallowing it. He took a very little each time, and if urged to take more simply kept his mouth shut. About once in every thirty days, during the evening generally, he would get up, but soon would return to bed.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

One of the physicians who had tried his hand with Telfer's case—a Dr. Robertson of Annapolis—gives this account of his experience:

"My first visit to Telfer was about twenty years ago, when I first came to live and practice in Annapolis, and it came about in this way. Of course, there was a talk about the new doctor and what he could do. So I was called to see this queer case. I got all the particulars from the friends and neighbors, and what means had been tried by other doctors, and then I promised to try what I could do. On the following day I went again, accompanied by my brother, also a physician. We took with us a powerful galvanic battery. One of the handles was placed in each of Telfer's hands and bound closely to the finger with wet bandages. We put on the full power of the instrument.

"Poor old Jack was out of bed in an instant, and I shall never forget his look of astonishment and horror as he yelled out 'Damnation, what's that?' I can also well remember my own feeling of satisfaction and complacency when the natives congratulated me on my success in this, my first case. I walked off as if saying to myself: 'I knew I could do it.' Well, Jack remained awake about three days, and then I got a message that my patient was off again. I went up and tried the battery a second time, with only the effect, however, of making him open his eyes and grunt out 'Eh,' in a querulous manner, and, after looking about him for a half hour or so, he lapsed into his former condition. Next day I tried the battery, but without the slightest effect, so I gave it up as a hard case."

A LONG NAP.

Telfer's sleep usually lasted from September to May. During the summer months he did exactly the work he was told to do, but he had to be told over again every day, although the work was the same day in and day out. The only thing he did without being told was to get his meals. He would talk quite rationally when spoken to, and distinctly recalled most of the incidents of his childhood. He would hold animated confab, however, with the cows, dogs, trees, or any other object which happened to be in his way, and might be seen at times lecturing a tree for hours together, breaking out occasionally into uproarious fits of laughter.

JUST REVERSE THINGS.

One French Doctor Says Sleepers Lack the Proper Position.

Another iconoclast! The rampant reformer of the day has now invaded bedrooms. The orthodox fashion in making up the beds, so as to gently slope toward the feet, and having a good-sized pillow or two under the head is all wrong. A prominent French doctor, M. Vilhelm Fischer, is responsible for this statement. He asserts that after a long series of experiments he has proved conclusively that the sleep in a bed prepared in the old-fashioned way is simply to induce ailments of all kinds. He advocates a complete reversal of things.

You must have your head on a level with or lower than your feet. If pillows are to be used they must be under your feet instead of under the head. The result, he claims, will be amazing, being a sure cure for insomnia, as well as a preventive for the nightmare. Dr. Fischer says further that sleep in this new position "will always be intellectual, because more profound, the entire nervous system ameliorated, while people inclined to lung and kidney trouble will be vastly benefited by sleeping in this position." To prevent any inconvenience by too sudden a change the pillows should be gradually reduced and finally placed under the feet.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect November 15, 1896.

Trains Leave Wilkes-Barre as Follows

7.30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburg and the West.

10.15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia; and for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

3.15 p. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

3.15 p m., Sundays only, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg and the West.

6.00 p. m., week days, for Hazleton and Pottsville.

J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
J. B. HUTCHISSON, General Manager.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD SYSTEM.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896.

TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON.

For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45, 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 1.20, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express) and 11.30 p. m.

For Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.55 3.40, 6.00 and 8.47 p. m.

For White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville, and principal points in the coal regions via D. & H. R. R., 6.45 a. m., 12.05 and 4.41 p. m.

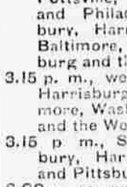
For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R., 6.45, 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 1.20, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 4.41 and 11.30 p. m.

For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 9.55 a. m., 12.20 and 3.40 p. m.

For Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 9.50 and 11.30 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or Lehigh Valley chair cars on all trains between Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila., Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.
Scranton Office, 309 Lackawanna avenue.



DELAWARE AND HUDSON TIME TABLE.

On Monday, Nov. 23, trains will leave Scranton as follows:

For Carbondale—5.45, 7.55, 8.55, 10.15, a. m.; 12.00 noon; 1.21, 2.20, 3.52, 5.25, 6.35, 7.57, 9.10, 10.30, 11.55 p. m.

For Albany, Saratoga, Montreal, Boston, New England points, etc.—5.45 a. m.; 2.20 p. m.

For Honesdale—5.45, 8.55, 10.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon, 2.20, 5.25 p. m.

For Wilkes-Barre—6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.38, 10.45 a. m.; 12.05, 1.20, 2.28, 3.33, 4.41, 6.00, 7.50, 9.30, 11.30 p. m.

For New York, Philadelphia, etc., via Lehigh Valley Railroad—6.45, 7.45 a. m.; 12.05; 1.20, 3.33 (with Black Diamond Express), 11.30 p. m.

For Pennsylvania Railroad points—6.45, 9.38 a. m.; 2.20, 4.41 p. m.

For western points, via Lehigh Valley Railroad—7.45 a. m.; 12.05, 3.33 (With Black Diamond Express) 9.50, 11.30 p. m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton as follows:

From Carbondale and the north—6.40, 7.40, 8.40, 9.34, 10.40 a. m.; 12.00 noon; 1.05, 2.24, 3.25, 4.37, 5.45, 7.45, 9.45 and 11.25 p. m.

From Wilkes-Barre and the south—5.40, 7.50, 8.50, 10.10, 11.55 a. m.; 1.16, 2.14, 3.48, 5.22, 6.21, 7.53, 8.03, 9.45, 11.52 p. m.

J. W. BURDICK, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y.
H. W. Cross, D. P. A., Scranton, Pa.

Del., Lacka. and Western,

Effect Monday, October 19, 1896.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.09, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.33 p. m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m., 1.10 and 3.33 p. m.

Washington and way stations, 3.45 p. m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p. m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.20, 2.35 a. m., and 1.55 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9.15 a. m.

Binghamton and way stations, 1.05 p. m.

Nicholson accommodation, 5.15 p. m.

Binghamton and Elmira express, 5.55 p. m.

Express for Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.35 a. m. and 1.55 p. m.

Ithaca 2.35 and Bath 9.15 a. m., and 1.55 p. m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connection at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a. m., and 1.55 and 6.00 p. m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.08 and 11.20 a. m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.40 and 8.47 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 298 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Effective Jan. 4, 1897.

Trains will leave Scranton for New York, Newburgh and intermediate points on Erie, also for Hawley and local points, at 7.05 a. m. and 2.23 p. m.; and arrive from above points at 10.33 a. m. and 9.38 p. m.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect October 4th, 1896.

North Bound.				South Bound.			
203 Local Pass.	201 NYDay Exp.	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday.)		202 Local Pass.	204 OmHyDay Ex.
P M	P M	Arrive	Leave	A M	
....	7 25	N. Y. Franklin St.	....	7 45	....
....	7 10	West 42nd street	....	7 55	....
....	7 00	Weehawken	....	8 19	....
P M		Arrive	Leave	A M	P M
....	1 15	Hancock Junction	....	2 5	....
....	1 09	Hancock	....	2 11	....
....	12 56	Starlight	....	2 22	....
....	12 46	Preston Park	....	2 31	....
....	12 40	*Como	....	2 41	....
....	12 25	Poyntelle	....	2 50	....
....	12 14	Belmont	....	2 58	....
....	12 03	Pleasant Mt.	....	3 6	....
....	†11 59	Uniondale	....	3 09	....
....	11 49	Forest City	....	3 19	....
6 50	11 34	Carbondale	7 04	3 34	....
†6 46	†11 30	White Bridge	†7 07	†3 38	....
†6 43	†11 25	Mayfield	†7 12	†3 43	....
6 41	11 23	Jermyn	7 14	3 45	....
6 35	11 18	Archbald	7 20	3 51	....
6 32	11 15	Winton	7 23	3 54	....
6 28	11 11	Peckville	7 27	3 59	....
6 23	11 07	Olyphant	7 32	4 04	....
6 20	11 06	Priceburg	7 34	4 07	....
6 18	11 03	Throop	7 36	4 10	....
6 15	11 00	Providence	7 39	4 14	....
6 12	†10 57	Park Place	†7 41	†4 17	....
6 10	10 55	Scranton	7 45	4 20	....
P M	A M	Leave	Arrive	A M	P M

All trains run daily except Sunday.
† signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.
Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.

J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass Agt.
T. Flitcroft, Div. Pass. Agt, Scranton, Pa.