

The Surviving Heart.

BY HOWARD MARKEL HOPE.

Along an old road in Pennsylvania stands the charred ruins of an inn which in its day afforded welcome shelter and rest to many a wayfarer. Several years after the Revolution a pike was opened ten miles to the southward and the ancient thoroughfare became a mere byway. Some of the regular travelers, however, who had grown used to the richness of its larder, still patronized the tavern, but on many an evening its landlord, Joel Beggs, sat alone in the tap room, which had been wont to resound with the rollicking song or the hearty laugh following a gay tale, ruminating upon the decay of his fortunes or lamenting to a neighborhood covey.

One October night in 1785—so the queer tale runs—the sat smoking his briarwood pipe by the great wood stove and looking curiously at a stranger who occupied a chair by a table in the corner. The man had arrived about an hour before, had had his overriden horse put up, had staked into the tap room, where he had declined to register and refused supper. He had taken the chair by the table and had not risen from it since. A black cape fell to the tops of his heavily spurred boots entirely concealed his feet, which might, however, have been surmised to be such extremely gaunt. Long and kinky locks hung to his shoulders, and from their raven mass his face looked out with almost startling pallor, and his eyes seldom left the hands of the tall clock back of the bar. He had dropped his cocked hat upon the table, and placed beside it a box neatly rapped in oil-skin.

Beggs had essayed sociability by asking as to the condition of the roads. "Damnably," had been the answer. Repelled by the adjective, which was mild tap room profanity, the landlord had taken a turn about the room and then made a second effort.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" "No," was the impatient reply, "but you can make out my bill as if I had kept your scullions working like devils. You can do something else—let me alone."

Joel had broken himself to his chair and pipe and the stranger had passed into pointed silence. But as the former had continued to study his odd guest he suddenly straightened up, put his hands upon his knees and openly stared. The stranger did not notice this, but a small man, who came into the room at the moment, stopped short upon seeing the landlord's posture, and also turned his small eyes upon the stranger. After a moment or two he walked to the stove.

"Hello, Lewis," greeted Beggs, withdrawing his eyes from his guest. "Glad you come in. It's a damp night and mighty lonesome."

"It is damp and it's come foggy, too. But I didn't come in to talk about the weather, Joel. Old Sydney's home."

"You don't mean it?" "You don't mean it?" "You don't mean it?" "You don't mean it?"

"What did he find?" whispered Beggs. "That there was no heart in the body," Stiles replied, withdrawing his eyes with some difficulty. "But that ain't all. The heart had not been cut out, there was no sign of a cut on the soldier's breast. Dr. Leighton thinks that old Sydney and the Frenchman performed some diabolical experiment on the young fellow."

Both men turned their heads and looked at the stranger, moved by a yet unspoken fact regarding him. By a jaded draw his black hair free from his pallid face and was still staring at them. They shrank closer to the window.

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house, which had been the abode of hospitality during the brighter days of the Revolution, and up whose capacious chimneys "her great fires" had roared, stood then like a sepulchre of bygone times. Deserted, silent, mournful, the hill which it surmounted seemed to be thrusting it far above the world's activity and good cheer.

After they had passed between the granite pillars at the entrance and had closed the creaking iron gate, Beggs stopped and cautiously raised the box to his ear. He instantly lowered it, and said in a low whisper: "It is still beating."

"Yes," Stiles repeated, after listening to its beating heart. "They ascended to the broad porch and went noiselessly around to the lighted window. The taper had burned low and the hearth flames were dying, but the solitary figure in the great arm chair was plainly revealed. Old Sydney was staring back of him into the embers. His long hair, plaited and bowed, was little whiter than his face, upon which horror of memories he could not dismiss was visible.

As the light had waned the shadows had crept closer to him, and now seemed to be pressing back of his chair and looking over his shoulders as if curious to learn what he saw in the expiring glow.

Awed by the suggested terrors of the place, they tip-toed to the front door and Beggs swung the heavy iron gate by the knocker. A third they shone in hollowly through the wide passage before the old man came to the door and asked from inside who was there.

"Lewis Stiles and Joel Beggs," the landlord responded. "What do you want?" "I have brought you at package that was left at my inn."

The master of the lonely house shoved the heavy oaken bolt and opened the door. The light of the new taper he held showed a man aged past maturity by years. His eyes were red and a haunted look—the whole face, long pinched and pallid, wore the rapt expression of one who suffers wretched forebodings of the future.

He invited them in, holding up the light to show the way. They noted that he had suddenly become the mighty Sydney Greivson, they knew long known; the one in the chair by the hearth had been a stranger to them.

"A young man came to my inn this evening," Joel explained, "and asked me to bring this package to you if no one came for it before 11 o'clock. He had a remarkable resemblance," said Stiles, searching the withered face which had suddenly become stolid, "to the young soldier who died up here fifteen years ago tonight."

"Is that all, landlord?" said the old man, ignoring Stiles, but they saw, in spite of his efforts to hide them, that his frail hands were shaking as if with palsy.

"He said there was no message, but I felt it my duty to advise you, sir," said Stiles, "I do not need your advice, sir; I have been expecting this package for some time. Very well, sir," Beggs acquiesced, "I only wished to ask you to put your ear to the package."

"My ear? What for?" "What is an ear for?" Stiles interposed indignantly, "but to listen?" "With a laboring heart," the old man bent and listened. His lips were trembling, when he rose, but he asked with well-remembered credulity: "What is there to hear?"

"Sydney Greivson," said Stiles, "fifteen years ago tonight a young soldier died in this room. He had no heart in it, but there is a heart beating in that box!"

"A heart beating in that box? What game are you simpletons trying to play? Who ever heard of the like? My dear friends, you and your friend have been imbibing spirits, and you own bar. You have now carried the messenger's instructions. Good night."

They turned angrily from him and walked to the front door, the old man following with the taper and chucking uncharitably in ridicule. "Curious to learn if the heart of old Sydney and the one they had seen in the chair returned to the room they hastened around the window and looked in. It was the latter, a bent, withered, fearful old man—that came from the hallway and walked shrinkingly to the door. He put down his brass knob and fell to his knees near the doorway. Sinking further back he bowed forward until he was almost prone, his white cue trailing upon the dusty floor. Fascinated by his wretchedness and expected each moment to see him arrested as a madman, they stood by the window and watched. He finally pulled himself to his feet by the aid of the table. He placed one quivering hand upon the package and stood as if waiting for expected help. At that moment a tall clock in the further corner of the room began to strike.

must go. Good landlord, call a boy and send him for the nearest doctor, and then we must all haste to save him."

Eager to be relieved of any possible blame in leaving the box with Sydney, Beggs summoned a boy, and bade him tell Dr. Leighton to come as speedily as he could. The three then started up the hill, but the landlord and Stiles had almost reached the house before they noticed that Francois had lagged behind. They found that Sydney had fortunately left the front door unopened, and they entered the hall. It was totally dark, but having learned that the old man had gone upstairs they groped their way to the landing above. They paused there, not knowing whether to go forward or back along the passage. Their hesitation, however, was speedily ended by hearing a moan near them, and, guided by its repetition, they came to a chamber door, under which a very dim light shone.

Beggs turned the knob and cautiously pushed the door open. The close air that issued from within told them that the room must have been unoccupied for years. The light barely showed a bed in a corner with its tattered canopy, frayed chairs standing about, and the ragged carpet upon the floor. Upon the table beside the taper stood the box, but Sydney was not visible. They stood but a few moments, however, before a deep groan called them in haste to the bed. Old Sydney lay upon it, bent with suffering, gripping his waistcoat over his heart and breathing feebly.

They were relieved by hearing steps come rapidly up the stairs. Eager for Dr. Leighton's arrival they both hurried to the door and met him there. "Old Sydney is on the bed there," said the landlord, "and I think he is in a serious condition."

"Almost to the minute," added the doctor, going to the bed. He parted the tattered damask hangings, held the taper forward and leaned over. He instantly straightened, pulled the curtains together and turned to the two men.

"Not dead," they cried together. "Yes; it is all over." With a rapid explanation concerning the box Stiles went to it and put his ear down.

"I still beating fast," he exclaimed; "come and listen, doctor." Dr. Leighton complied, and at once said: "This is a perfectly natural heart beat. This is a very dangerous affair and it must be destroyed."

He took a lancet from his case and pushed it under the leather thong. He was about to sever it, when an excited protest sounded from the doorway. It came from the French student, whose footsteps they had not heard. He rushed toward the doctor, crying: "Do not cut; it is mine. It was stolen from me and brought here. It was a diabolical plot, but you were in time. Yes, yes, tell me you were in time to save Monsieur Greivson!"

"In the same bed and in the same room where you and he killed the young soldier fifteen years ago tonight," said Stiles, glaring into the man's eyes.

"That has nothing to do with this, man," said the doctor, "but what is this? Help, doctor! Help! I-Sacre!" He was clutching at his heart in agony. He reeled about, and in a moment fell into a large chair near him.

"Take that box from the room," commanded the doctor, hastening to the sufferer. Stiles put his hands upon the box, but instantly sprang back from it, crying: "I would not touch it to save the soul!"

"Don't you do so either, Beggs," the thing gripped my heart. Doctor Leighton sprang to his case, took out a phial and poured a few drops of a colorless liquid into a glass. After Stiles' warning Beggs bent over the box, being careful not to touch it. He rose up and caught the doctor's arm.

"Your medicine will do him no good now. The heart has stopped beating." They turned quickly to the sufferer on the chair. He was perfectly still, his hands gripping the chair arms in his last agony. The doctor bent over him and returned to the table.

"It is as you say, Joel," he quietly observed, putting the glass upon the table. "He is dead. Now we will open this package."

He cut the thing with the lancet and unwrapped the skin. A finely-polished mahogany box was disclosed. He raised the lid with difficulty and took from it a bottle and held it close to the taper.

RECEPTION OF VISITING KNIGHTS

(Concluded from Page 1.)

ever given the degree, as the robes and paraphernalia are the best procurable. It is expected that all the grand officers and representatives will be present to enjoy this presentation of the ritual.

The idea of presenting one degree of the work at each succeeding grand convocation was instituted some time ago and has rapidly grown in favor. The work of this team will undoubtedly incite the efforts of the others hereafter.

At the conclusion of the degree work a knightly social will be held. In part, he said, "There are now 114 commanders located in seventy-nine places in 32 counties in the state, having up to May 1 a total membership of over 15,000. Each commandery has taken an interest in the work of the order and representative are all prepared to do business. The convocation will pass smoothly along in its labors."

"We have had a most successful year, having 1,318 past commanders in good standing paid out over \$3,000 in relief. We have invested over \$50,000, and own almost \$71,000 worth of paraphernalia. In conclusion, I might say I like your city first rate, though I have seen but little of it. The order seems to be very strong here, and represented by a fine lot of men."

POINTS FOR REPRESENTATIVES. Only ten representatives can be elected to the supreme convocation this year. The representation is based upon one for 1500. The supreme body meets in Philadelphia in October next.

Sir Louis E. Stitz, of Philadelphia, is said to be the tallest and handsomest knight attending the convocation. He is chairman of the committee on grand commander's address and state of the order.

General headquarters are at the Hotel Jermyn, but information and guides can be secured at Malta temple, 28 committee headquarters, where all representatives should register.

All the grand officers, with the exception of Grand Junior Warden Joseph W. Smink, of Shamokin, who is ill at Atlantic City, are here ready for work.

About 200 representatives have arrived already and a most successful convocation is expected.

SONG CANARIES OF GERMANY. Their Home Is in an Entirely Isolated Chain of Mountains.

The home of these birds, the Harz, an entirely isolated chain of mountains rising out of the plain between the rivers Leine and Saale, is the most northern elevation of the Harz range in Prussia.

The best song canaries are reared here at the present time, chiefly in Andressberg, a town also celebrated for its silver mines. In every house and cottage of the place you see canaries, and on a fine summer day, when walking by, their song greets you from every open door and window. Whereas with the other races of canaries color, markings, shape and size are important points, with this breed there is but one—beauty.

The birds are usually of middle size and strongly built; the head is large, the legs shorter and the neck not so long as in the common canary; the legs slant backward a little and the bird does not stand as upright as the others.

AS POTTER AS A KING. Influence of the Mad Mullah Among the Swatts.

London Letter in Chicago Record.

seq. of Bradley Forge came up our canal of this town, loaded with 22 tons and 15 hundredweight of its own metal. It is nearly of equal dimensions with other boats employed upon the canal, being 70 feet long and 6 feet 8 1/2 inches wide; the thickness of the plates with which it is made is about five-sixteenths of an inch, and it is put together with rivets, like copper or fire engine boilers; but the stem posts are wood and the gunwales are built to be same; the beams are made of elm planks.

"Her weight is about eight tons; she will carry, in deep water, upward of 32 tons, and draws eight or nine inches of water. Light and maneuverable, she is such that hints as these should have fallen dead. Was there no shipbuilder with an eye swift to witness the enormous possibilities latent in these little canal experiments? A small iron boat was launched in August, 1897, and fitted up in Liverpool as a pleasure boat. Hundreds viewed her as a curiosity. She was sunk maliciously in the Duke's dock, as though some Daniel Quilip of a workman, foreseeing iron as an issue, 70 feet long and 6 feet 8 1/2 on hinging, had put an end to her. Her owner raised her and sold her for old iron; but the loss of this boat," he says "turned my attention to the practicability of making an iron boat which could not be sunk by any ordinary means."

REVOLT AGAINST SILENCE. How Solitary Confinement Prisoners Rest While at Liberty.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

When the presumptive system of re-education confinement enforced at the Eastern penitentiary aroused the indignation of Charles Dickens, and his trenchant pen gave expression to his horror of such punishment, the institution on Fairmount avenue was given a sinister reputation beyond its deserts. Since the great novelist wrote in terms so severe and emphatic upon the management of the prison here have reformed in the main the strictures passed upon the Eastern penitentiary.

Penologists have given their testimony in favor of the system which Dickens condemned, and solitary confinement is in vogue in many of the penitentiaries of the country. If enforced to the letter, and a man was compelled to sit within a narrow cell day after day, with nothing but his own thoughts to occupy his mind, and frequently three or four years of such confinement would be a barbarity that would shame civilization and humanity. Madness and death could only result in the majority of cases.

But when the convicted man stands before his judge to receive his punishment, and listens to the words "solitary confinement," their terror is lightened by the merciful provision that his loneliness shall be relieved by "hard labor." Then, too, the crowded condition of the Eastern penitentiary requires that the solitary confinement of convicts shall be confined in the same cell, and the "solitary confinement" part of the sentence is more or less a legal fiction.

While a man has the company of his fellow-prisoners, and the work in the prison, there is imposed upon him a punishment the severity and irksomeness of which can only be apprehended in its full force by one who has undergone it. The punishment is silence. Throughout the day no man dare speak to his fellow-prisoner, and frequently three or four years of such confinement is a punishment which can only be apprehended in its full force by one who has undergone it. The punishment is silence.

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Carano. Its height does not surpass seventy centimeters; it is often harnessed to a lilliputian mail coach.

Berlin has the smallest elephant in the world. It is only one meter high and weighs eighty kilograms.

The smallest cows in the world are to be found in the Samoan Islands.

The smallest locomotive ever made can now be seen at the Omaha exposition. Its height from the top of the stack to the rail is 25 inches, and the gauge is 12 1/2 inches. The cylinders are 2 by 4 inches; the boiler is 1 1/2 horse power, made of steel and tested to 300 pounds pressure, and will hold twenty-four gallons of water. The diameter of the driving wheel is 10 inches. The weight of the little engine is about 600 pounds, and it will run on a rail three quarters of an inch square. It will draw ten cars, each containing two persons.

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