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Nobody Knows But Father.

Nobody knows of the money it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the debts it makes,
Nobody knows—but father

Nobody's told that the boys need shoes,
And girls hats with a feather;
Nobody else old clothes must choose,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody hears that the coal and wood
And flour's out together
Nobody else must make them good,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody's hand in the pocket goes
So often, wondering whether
There's any end to the wants of those
Dependent—only father.

Nobody thinks where the money will come
To pay the bills that gather;
Nobody feels so blue and glum,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody tries so hard to lay
Up something for bad weather
And runs behind, do what he may,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody comes from the world's cruel storm
To meet dear once who gather
Around with loving welcome warm,
Nobody does—but father.

Nobody knows of the home-life pure,
Watched over by a mother,
Where rest and bliss are all secure,
Nobody can—but father.

THE EMMA-JANE VERBENA.

Mrs. Pease was fond of flowers. She liked them in masses in a cracked white pitcher, and she admired what she called a "set bouquet"—such as her son Orrin carried on Sunday evenings to his sweetheart, Miss Abby Swift, over in the "Center." Best of all she loved them growing in her garden.

The garden was a tangle of color and sweetness. Roses crowded up against the little brown house, and peeped boldly in at the windows. Morning-glories climbed to the low roof. Petunias and mignonette flourished in their humble way; and tiger-lilies, sweet peas, phlox and hollyhocks mingled with cockscombs, canterbury bells, nasturtiums and poppies in gay confusion.

Mrs. Pease spent hours over them, weeding, training, clipping and watering unwearidly. Her bent figure could be seen all summer long moving lovingly about the narrow paths, hanging patiently over the brilliant beds. The flowers repaid her in many ways. They filled the air with sweetness, they seemed to smile and nod to her through storm and sunshine, they seemed quite human in their silent grace. She called them all by name, often in grateful memory of some friend, generally for the giver of the plant or precious slip from which the blossoms sprang so thriftily.

Her son, too, felt an interest in the garden. He shared her pride in the lusty roses and geraniums, he liked to see his mother's sun-bonnet bobbing among the bushes, or bending intently to the ground. He was interested in the welfare of the "Liddy Ann Pink," and solicitous as to the growth of the "Amanda chrysanthemum."

"I do declare," said Mrs. Pease, one summer evening, "that Martha lily does look dreadful peaked, just like the Ponds. I kinder hated to call it after one of 'em, but I see she was goin' to feel badly if I didn't, and so I did. Now look at it, all yeller and droppin'. Seems as if there was a sort o' sympathy 'atween 'em."

Orrin was a youth of few words. He looked interested, but said nothing.

"There's that Betsey peony," continued his mother, walking slowly down the path, "how it does grow! Great strappin' thing. Everytime I look at it, a-standin' up so peart and sassy, I think of Betsy Bangs in her red jersey."

"How's the verbena, mother?" said Orrin.

"The Emma-Jane?" said Mrs. Pease, stooping over a plant whose little fingers, spread in all directions, promised to cover a large space with pale blossoms. "It's a growin' beautiful," and she sighed.

Her son looked serious for a moment, then straightened up to his full height of six feet, a handsome, stalwart young fellow in his shirt sleeves, with his sunburned face freshly shaved.

"I guess I'll go over to the Center," he said.

"So soon!" exclaimed his mother with a wistful look.

He went into the house silently; and the good woman picking a dead cinnamon rose to pieces, said in a low voice: "I hope to mercy she'll be good enough for him, and not one of your flighty kind. I s'pose she'll like a bouquet." And then with care, if not with skill, the kind soul gathered a large bunch of the different flowers and wrapped a bit of newspaper around their stems.

When Orrin appeared in his best clothes, he thanked her warmly, picked a blossom of the white verbena for his buttonhole, and blithely strode away. She watched him through the dusk as long as she could see. He and the flowers were all she had to love; sometimes it was hard to have him leave her of an evening—hard to know that a fair face had such power to win him from the devotion and companionship of years.

"He's better than the common run," she thought with pride, "more quiet behaved and faithful. He's been a good son to me. He'll be a dreadful indulgent husband. Ef she ain't good to him——"

She turned away from the gate and shook her head as if words failed to express her feelings. At each side of the path the blossoms leaned towards her, filling the air with their sweet breath, as if reminding her: "We are always here. We never leave you."

"No more you do," said the simple woman, understanding them. And then she picked a bit of the white verbena.

"Sweet creetur" she whispered, "jest as innercent and sweet as Emma Jane herself."

Meanwhile, through the scented evening walked Orrin with his big bouquet. His honest heart was full of tender anticipations. Would she be out in the yard, watching—watching for him? Would she smile with the look in her eyes he loved to see there? Or would she be unaccountably shy and cool, seem surprised to see him, and take his offering indifferently. There was no telling about girls. Somehow he fancied that his manner had always been straightforward and easy to understand. Abby was differen', all spirit and change, one minute wild with merriment; the next, quiet, inscrutable, "mad," perhaps.

"Twill take more than a garden to satisfy her, I guess," he thought, half amused, half tender. "God bless her!" he added reverently.

She was watching for him, with all her soul in her great dark eyes. She was thinking, with a pang, how late he was; then a fear flashed over her—perhaps he might not come at all! Suddenly her heart leaped; a dimness clouded her sight. She tried to still, with one hand, that beating in her breast. He was coming! Ah, she would know him among ten thousand, with his broad shoulders, and his springing step. She leaned against the window frame, and watched him with kindling eyes.

When he opened the gate she was in the kitchen; by the time he reached the door she had gained the woodshed.

Deacon Swift answered his knock.

"Good evenin'," he said politely.

"Good evenin'," said Orrin. "Is Abby at home?"

"Guess likely, Step in." And the Deacon opened the parlor door invitingly.

Orrin walked in over the rag-carpeted "entry" into the dark and sacred "best room." An indescribable odor, musty, herby, close, pervaded it, an odor peculiar to New England village parlors. The haircloth chairs and sofa stood stiffly on the red and yellow ingrain covering of the floor; the marble-topped centre table bore a lamp and a few cherished books; the mantelpiece was loaded with shells, daguerreotypes and wax flowers. A row of family photographs and a wedding certificate in a black walnut frame adorned the walls, and green paper shades covered the windows. The deacon tied up one of them, saying:

"The wimmen folks hain't ben in here lately, I guess, to jedge from appearances." Then he went into the passage and called.

"Abby! Abby!"

Abby appeared, demure and calm.

"Good evenin', Orrin," she said; "nice evenin'."

"Yes. I walked over, seein' 'twas so pleasant. I've brought you some flowers, Abby."

"O, ain't they pretty. Your mother does have the handsomest flowers of any one I know," she said so admiringly that her lover blushed with pleasure.

"I'm glad you like 'em, Abby."

"How is your mother?" she next asked him, as she put her bouquet in a china vase painted with red and yellow roses.

"She's well," he replied, watching her lift the vase to its place on the whatnot.

"That's too heavy for you," he cried, jumping up and trying to help her.

They stood close together. He could see the flush deepening on her soft cheeks; he could almost touch the little ring of hair about her pretty ear; how long her eyelashes were! They both held the vase. Above the flowers he gazed at her.

"Abby, look up," he whispered.

A tremulous smile hovered about her red lips, she bit them angrily, and turned her head away.

"Abby, dear, look at me." And he put one hand over hers as it rested on the gay china. She tore it away. His grasp on the vase loosened; down it fell, dashing to a hundred pieces on the floor. He was kneeling in a moment picking them up, and she was beside him. They gathered all silently, and laid them on the table.

Then they looked at each other. His eyes were full of mischief. Hers brimming with tears—the shock, the reaction, something, she knew not what, had brought them there.

Instantly his arm was around her. He said some inarticulate words; then kissed her gently on her forehead, where the pretty locks were parted—for Abby didn't wear a bang.

"Don't cry," he whispered. "I'll buy you a dozen china vases. I'd give you all the world, Abby, if I could."

The tears were rolling fast down her round cheeks now.

"Will you come and live in the little house with me, Abby? Will you be my wife? Say, Abby, will you?"

As he stooped to hear her answer the white flower in his coat fell out. It smote the girl's heart, then dropped to the carpet. She stooped and lifted it without a word, raised her shy, happy eyes to his, then kissed the little blossom tenderly.

"Oh, don't, Abby, don't do that. 'Twas Emma Jane's you see. Somehow I don't like you to—I—"

"Emma Jane's!" she said slowly, with the radiance dying from her eyes.

"Yes, I think a heap of it for her sake, you know; but—"

And at this moment Mrs. Swift walked in with civil greetings.

"Good evenin', Orrin. All well to your house, I hope?"

He went home slowly with a puzzled expression upon his manly face. "I could 'a' swore she almost took me," was his thought. "What was it changing her so all in a minute? What could it 'a' been?"

The summer glowed and deepened. It reached its height—then waned.

The birds carolled madly in the elm trees—by August they had changed their song. The crickets piped with ominous distinctness through the long hot afternoons. The locust uttered its heartless shrill cry from the stone wall and hedge. A sense of sadness and of change lay on the hills and pastures.

In Orrin's heart, winter had come already. His mother now had no need to complain of his leaving her alone. He was more silent than ever; and she wondered and asked no questions. She tried to cheer him up in every way she knew. She made as many different kinds of pies as possible—lemon, custard, berry and apple. She even concocted an imitation mince turnover—knowing his fondness for the real thing—but it was useless. He tasted them all with an absent look in his blue eyes, pushed away his plate and sighed.

"It does beat all," she concluded. "I've done my best. Doughnuts won't rouse him up, and blackberry puddin' hain't no effect. I'll try a huckleberry shortcake."

She put on a pink calico sunbonnet, hung a two-quart tin pail over her arm, and started for the berry pasture.

"I'll go to Deacon Swift's patch first," she decided. "The best and sweetest always grow there."

In the field the sun lay warm on sweet fern and on vines. A scent, born of ripening fruit, and wildwood green things basking in the warmth, filled all the air. The apple trees stood each in a little "pool of shade." The summer's spicy breeze swept over weeds and grasses with a languid sigh of pleasure. Mrs. Pease bent over the loaded bushes, a patient, homely figure. The hard, black huckleberries rattled like hail into the tin receptacle, and while her fingers moved, she thought.

"'Taint much use after all. That Abby Swift, she's at the bottom of it with her triflin' ways. I'd like to give her a piece of my mind."

With the thought a shadow fell across the grass, and a slim young figure stood beside her, a girl in a white sun bonnet and a black gingham gown, a girl unmistakably erect and trim. The pink and white bonnets confronted each other. Two kindly dim eyes peered out from the one, two sorrowful dark ones from the other. Mrs. Pease had turned with anger in her heart, when she saw the girl's pale cheeks and altered look, she softened.

"Why, Abby, child, for the land's sake, where did you drop from?"

"I come down to pick berries for tea."

"How's your mother?" and the good woman put on her spectacles for a closer look at her companion.

"She's tolerably well," said Abby listlessly.

"Father well?" continued Mrs. Pease, regarding the girl sharply.

"Pretty well."

"And how are you, child? Seems to me you ain't a-lookin' very peart."

"I'm all right," said Miss Swift promptly. "Huckleberries plenty this year," she added.

"Orrin ain't right well jest now," said the old lady after a pause.

The girl's hand trembled; half the berries she held fell on the ground.

"What's the matter with him?" she said in a low voice. "I hain't seen him lately," she added, defiantly.

"No, I know you hain't," said Mrs. Pease with decision. "Whose fault is't?"

"'Tain't mine," said Abby, twitching a bush toward her.

"'Tain't his I know for certain," said the mother, rattling her tin pail. "He's the most sot in his feelings of anybody I ever see. There ain't no change in him. The gal that gets Orrin Pease 'ill get a dreadful good husband. And the gal that trifles with him 'ill live to repent it. He ain't one to be took off an' on like an old shoe, I can tell you, Abby Swift; and the time may come when he can't be got back noways."

"Who want's him back?" cried Abby, her face in a blaze. "Not I, for one," and she burst into tears. Between her sobs she managed to say, "You think—he ain't—the—triflin'—kind. I know—better. He's been—a keepin' company with me—and all—the time—he—cares—for—another—girl. He's good's said—so!"

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed Mrs. Pease, nearly dropping her pail. "I hain't never heard of no such girl. What be you a-thinkin' of, Abby Swift? It's you, and nobody else, he's been a-follerin' after these two years. Ef ever a man was dead sot on havin' a gal, and that gal you, it's my Orrin. Why, he'll smile jest to see your pa's ol' white horse a-comin' down the road—he's fairly tickled to death to see that critter ambling along. There, child, for the land's sake don't get no such foolish notion in your head. Only be good to him—I beg and pray of ye to be good to him. He's dreadful tender-hearted and faithful, Orrin is," and the old lady put her worn, thin hand on the girl's shoulder, and looked at her beseechingly.

With a cry Abby flung her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Good to him!" she said brokenly. "O Lord, good to him!" and then she turned and fled as fast as she could go.

At 6 o'clock the huckleberry shortcake lay smoking, and liberally sprinkled with sugar, on Mrs. Pease's tea table. Orrin helped his mother to a large slice. As he handed it to her she said:

"I picked them berries over in Deacon Swift's pasture, Abby was there a-pickin' too."

Orrin looked up sharply. "Was she?" he said.

"She looks dreadful peaked," declared his mother.

"Sick, mother?"

"Yes, real sick. I don't know, Orrin, why she thinks so, but she's got an idea that there's another girl you're a-keepin' company with. I done my best to prove to her there warn't. I think likely you'd better kind o' explain to her yourself."

"Another girl!" cried Orrin frowning. "O mother!"

"There, eat your supper, and then go over to the Center. 'Taint best to let such things spite your appetite."

"Save my supper, mother. I'm off now."

"But, Orrin, a leetle more shortcake, do. Bless my heart, how dreadful foolish young folks is!"

The Swifts were all at the table, the deacon, his wife, Abby, her brother and the hired man. They looked up surprised when Orrin knocked. There was no bouquet in his hand this time as he walted in the dim, close parlor. As Abby came in slowly he met her, a determined look on his face.

"Get your hat and take a walk with me," he said, gently, yet so firmly that she never thought of disobeying. Without another word they left the house, walked down the silent street past the few shut up houses, and out to where there was space and solitude. Then he stopped and looked at her gravely.

"Tell me," he said, "did you think I ever cared for anyone but you?"

Her face drooped before his gaze. At last she nodded sadly.

"For Heaven's sake, who?" he demanded.

"Emma Jane!" came the answer. There was a moment's silence between them.

"O Abby," he cried, "come and see Emma Jane with me. Come now."

The girl shrank away.

"No, no," she faltered. "I couldn't. You wear her flowers. You think they're too fine for me. You—"

"Yes, I do love her flowers. I'll show you why I love them. Come," and he drew her hand through his arm and he held it there.

Still she resisted him. He stopped short, clasping her reluctant hand firmly, and said in a voice that shook.

"I swear to you, my love. I've never cared for any girl but you, only just you, Abby."

"Then why—?"

"Come, trust me, and I'll show you why."

They walked along through the soft evening light. The hills lay bathed in sunset splendor; above them shone a strip of palest amber sky. Everything seemed strangely hushed and peaceful. Even the village graveyard wore a sweet, restful aspect as they passed through its gateway. Over the quiet sleepers the grass waved gently, field flowers nestled lovingly about the headstone, and wild strawberry vines clasped the graves with clinging fingers. In a distant corner a hemlock tree sighed above a little green bed, on whose small slab was

EMMA JANE,

AGED FOUR YEARS AND ONE MONTH.

Suffer little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

And over the tiny mound spread and wandered, like an exquisitely embroidered pall, the starry blossoms of a white verbena.

Orrin took off his hat and stood beside the grave. "You see," he said in a low tone, "Emma Jane and me was great friends. I played with her. I made her boats and whistles. I took flowers to her when she was sick and dyin' She'd hold 'em in her little hands and smile and thank me, poor little girl. She came to our house once when you was away to school—like enough you never heard about her. She warn't here long. Mother took care of her. She was my cousin Lucindy's child, left all alone without a home, and mother took her. We loved her like she'd been always with us. And we called the plant we've got to home the Emma Jane Verbena, cause she was fond of it."

Abby was crying softly. He put his arm around her.

"I thought," he said, "that night when you was a-kissin' the flower, 'twarn't a lucky thing for you to do, seein' she drooped and died so easy. It seemed as if 'twas a bad sign when we was makin promises for life, my love."

The girl in her impulsive way sank down by the little grave. She flung her arm across it, and her tears fell fast on the white, radiant blossoms. Orrin knelt beside her, and tried to draw her toward him.

"We shan't never misunderstand each other again, Abby," he whispered.

"No, Orrin, never."

The Knickerbockers Reign.

A note-book, kept by Peter Van Hoesen, one of the notables back in the days of the Dutch occupation of New York, has turned up, and from it have been taken the following curious and interesting entries:

1647—First commissioners appointed to regulate buildings, fences, palisades.

All taverns are to be licensed.

Lots given freely to such as will build within the city.

Twelve retail liquor dealers in the city.

Slaves not permitted to be harbored or their escape facilitated.

1648—Beer sold at $4 a barrel.

Punishment for theft extends to whipping with a rod and banishment from the city.

Price of passage to Fort Orange (Albany), $4.

Indians killed Herman Jacobson.

Peter Vandewater, while shooting partridges near the fort (present Bowling Green), wounds a citizen.

1659—Wages of a brewer's clerk, 150 guilders, or $60, per annum and found.

1661—Rent of a hatter's residence in Bridge Street, thirty-six guilders, six beavers and two fine hats.

1664—The sheriff reports that dead hogs lie here and there in the streets and asks how they shall be removed.

The bellringer of the city hall (commonly known as the koeck) receives as salary $20 per annum

Fire buckets first introduced in the city.

Lots granted to various people on condition that they build.

1665—Rent of house in city, $27 per annum.

The Widow Melje Wessells keeps the principal tavern in the city on the present Pearl Street, near Broad.

Charles Jansen, having a lease near the Bowery, offers to give it up, "as he has to ride through a dense forest."

Price of a yacht or North River sloop, $560.

Price of an ordinary house and lot below Wall Street, $250.

Punishment of a man for stealing vegetables from a neighbor's garden, "that he stand in the pillory with cabbages on his head and be banished for five years."

1666—First city treasurer (Olof Stevenson Van Cortland) appointed.

The public weigh scales farmed out by the city.

Cartmen are not allowed to sit on their carts while driving; they must walk beside them.

Tapsters are allowed to take thirteen steuvers for two pints of beer.

Hendrick Jansen, a smith, committed on the kalkbook by hanging himself on a tree, being the first instance of suicide in the history of the city.

1682—Lot on Wall Street, South side, 23 feet front, and 60 feet deep, sold by Mrs. Dressius to John Pound, a laborer, for $30.

1683—Lot on Wall Street, same size, sold by same lady to Churcher, a bricklayer, for $35.

1706—House and lot, corner Broad Street and Exchange Place, sold by Watts to Van Horn for $650.

1708—House and lot, Broad Street, near Wall Street, sold by Noxon to Wells for $850.

Capturing a School Ma'am.

"Yes," said the young man as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty schoolteacher. "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but——"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah Minerva, if you knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the North Pole I would fly to you. I——"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome, there will remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance——"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings bank and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I——"

Let the curtain fall.

—The race at New Orleans in which Jockey Crannon was injured was the first hurdle race of the season.

Lemoine's Love; or, the Story of a Picture.

"There's a queer story about that picture," said Bruce Lemoine, puffing on his pipe and contemplating the elegant painting critically. "Would you care to hear it, Wharton?"

"I should indeed," said the friend. "Is it dramatic?"

"Well, rather, but you shall judge for yourself. During his wanderings some years ago an artist fell in love with a very beautiful girl, the most perfect woman he ever met. They were betrothed and there seemed to be nothing in the way of their being married.

"One day the lover was called away to a distant city. You may have noticed a spot near the river in the picture, a dark, damp nook. Well, the night before he went away they sat down on a log on that spot to exchange a few words of farewell. They were there two hours, for the night was glorious and they were loath to say good-by. Her heart was almost broken at the parting in the morning.

Two days subsequently to his arrival in the city, as he was sitting in a room alone, thinking of her he loved, he was suddenly started by the ringing of a telephone bell. He knew there was an instrument there, if, indeed, within the building. He listened and the sound was repeated, yet not a wire was within sight. He went down-stairs, and inquiry proved that there were none within, passing over or near the building. Returning to his room he endeavored to dismiss the strange fancy from his mind rather than to account for it, when the ringing quivered upon the air still more loudly, prolonged and impatiently."

"Was your friend a believer in any of the forms of spiritualism?" questioned Wharton.

"Not in the least. He was not given to theosophical speculation, to psychological philosophy, had never even seen an experiment in phreno-magnetism. The lady of his love had been his Art, the shrine at which he worshipped Fame to the exclusion of all other things."

"You are certain he was not asleep and dreaming?"

"I have ample reason to know that he was as fully awake as you are. The third ringing was followed by a message, short, but clearly voiced, as if he had held a receiver to his ear."

"Are you attempting to practice upon my credulity?"

"If the picture you saw was reality, and not a myth of the imagination, then what I am telling is equally so."

"What were the words, and who uttered them?"

"Tell me first if there is any difficulty or uncertainty in deciding with regard to a familiar voice when listening at a telephone?"

"Not in the least."

"And there was not then. The voice was that of Ethel Scott, and the words were, 'Love, I am dying; come quickly.'"

"Impossible under the conditions you have described."

"So argued the startled listener, and fancied he must be going mad. Subsequent events, however, proved to the contrary."

"Yet he must have been keenly sensitive to all that followed."

"And nervously alert had not friends called, changed the current of his dreams, and left him a few hours later in the best of spirits."

"Well?" questioned Wharton in disappointment.

"Untroubled because unthinking of the strange episode of the day, he prepared himself for slumber, turned out the gas, and retired. Scarcely, however, had his head touched the pillow before his unclosed eyes were dazed by a peculiarly bright light. It was diffused over the room at first, then assumed shape, distinct letters, distinct words."

"And they were?" interrupted Wharton, with nervous anxiety.

"These: 'Love, why don't you come? I am freezing, dying.'"

"Nearly the same as before."

"Yes, and the instant he had repeated them aloud they disappeared."

"And you—the man? I should indeed have gone mad."

"He arose, lighted the gas, and carefully noted the hour and minute, as I should have told you he had done when he received the spiritual telegram—I can call it by no other term. He saw that by haste he could catch the train, did so, and in the gray of the morning stood at the door of his beloved. It was open and the house in confusion. He met the distracted mother, the agonized father, the affrighted and useless servants. From their incoherent stories he learned that Ethel had been very sick, delirious had escaped during a temporary absence of her mother, and thus far search had been in vain."

"And he?" questioned Wharton, carried out of himself by the intensity of his interest.

"Waited to hear no more, but ran with all his possible speed to the trysting place by the sheltered stream."

"Why there?"

"Something—it was as intangible as his other warnings—told him that there she would be found."

"And was?"

"Yes, and just as painted. Beneath the lily pads and bending swaying reeds she lay in the shallow water, with her arms thrown backward and her hands clasped beneath her head. Her pale face was toward the sky, the wet night-dress clinging to the glorious form, but so torn and washed aside as to reveal much of limbs and arms and bust whiter than marble, and shaming the work of any chisel. But I need not describe further. The painting does that better than words can, especially the hair that floated in waves of shining gold around."

"Dead?" gasped Wharton.

"No," answered Lemoine, reverently. "God be thanked, not dead, and to rescue and carry her home was brief labor, and"——

"She recovered?"

"Yes, and is alive to-day"——

"Thanks to the loving care of the truest, warmest and best heart on earth," came in soft whispers to their ears—came as if floating out of space.

Wharton sprang to his feet in astonishment, in terror, saw a reality, not a spiritual shadow, that had stolen into the room unseen, unheard, and exclaimed:

"Great Heaven! The lady of the picture.'"

"And my dear wife," answered his friend as he drew her tenderly to his side.

"Then the story you have told me is"——

"Of ourselves, and every incident is true. As I learned upon the recovery of my darling, she had called me at the time I fancied I heard the telephone, and her last recollection when in the water was for help and from me."

"And you painted the picture?"

"Yes. It was indeed a labor of and inspired by love."

"One thing more. How do you account for the mysterious summonings?"

"I attempt no explanations—am content to simply state the facts, with my wife."

"Whom you worship, as the world will the picture when they learn its story."

AN EAR FOR MUSIC.

A Switchman Who Could Tell the Different Engines by the Bell.

A fine ear for music is no rarity, yet peculiarities are occasionally noticed that attract attention. It is said that expert musical conductors can tell which one of the thirty or forty instruments should come in at given points in orchestral work, or in minute technicalities who is wrong. Ability to name a keynote is also sometimes noticed, that is, some people on hearing a chord upon piano or organ, can tell, without seeing the instrument or player, what key has been struck, or what is the signature of a chord or concerted piece. This is quite rare, but a more peculiar faculty is sometimes exhibited. Some time ago two people were walking near a railroad crossing in the evening. The man had at one time been a switchman on the railroad. His companion said, as a train was heard approaching?"

"Is that the Chicago express?"

"No," he answered, "that's a wildcat, with Engine 236."

"How do you know?"

"I know by the sound of her bell."

His companion was skeptical so he said:

"Now, you stand right here till that train comes in sight, and see if I'm not right."

And sure enough a minute later a light engine, No. 236, passed under the electric light at the crossing, toiling her bell meanwhile.

"I learned to do that when I was switching nights," the man explained. "I had thirty trains to let into the train house between 7 P. M. and morning. There were nine tracks for them to go in on, and I learned to know which was switch—with a smile—by the tone of their bells."

Such a faculty is a rare one, and cannot be acquired where it does not exist.

Credit Everywhere.

In Australia a credit of six months is generally allowed.

In France a four months' acceptance is required to be sent in settlement of the invoice.

In Italy but little credit business is done, and none without good security being given.

In Cuba the time fixed for payment is from four to five months after delivery of the goods.

In the Bermudas accounts are settled but once a year. The 30th of June is the day usually fixed for the payments.

In England a payment of the price of goods delivered is required at the end of three months, dating from the day of shipment.

In Australia it is scarcely possible to do business without allowing a very long credit, which is usually one of six months.

In Spain four-fifths of the transactions are done on a cash basis, while in Portugal great liberality is shown and quite a long credit is generally allowed.

In Turkey even objects of prime necessity are sold on credit, and in this country, as well as in Russia, the time allowed is in most cases twelve months.

In Mexico the large commercial houses willingly give credit of from six to eight months, and in real estate trade longer terms are given customers in which to settle their accounts.

In Canada settlements are made at the end of thirty days, with a discount of 5 per cent. Sometimes a credit of from three to six months is allowed, but in this case there is no discount.

In China it is not customary to give credit. Money is obtained from lenders, who exact an interest of from 8 to 12 per cent. Business is nearly always conducted upon a cash basis.

People in Luck.

Those who are waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for "something to turn up," may take heart upon reading the following list of "windfalls" which have recently fallen to various persons, varying in rank from the queen to the peasant: $2,000,000 to her majesty from an Indian prince, toward the protection of our Indian frontier from Russian advance; $400,000 to her majesty as a "woman's jubilee offering," in addition to numberless presents of untold value from all sorts and conditions of men and women: $15,000,000 to Mr. Calmont, a popular subaltern in the Scots Guards, from his uncle, the late Mr. Hugh McCalmont; $100,000 to the St. George hospital, from the same source; $10,000 to Mr. Thomas F. Burk, of Kent; from the late Samuel B. Lean (in no way related to him), who died in New Zealand; $100,000 to a Mr. Thomson, consequence of the death of his brother; $375,000 to the University college, London, from the late Mr. Richard Quain, F. R. S.; $100,000 to a railway gauger, of county Kilkinney, in consequence of a decision of the court of appeals; $245 to the creditors of James H. Coupland, who failed in 1869; $200,000 to the chancellor of the exchequer, "to be applied towards extinguishing the national debt," from the late Mr. O'Reilly Dease; $100,000 "to the poor of Newry," from the late Henry Quinn, of Richmond, Surrey.

Poison in The Breath.

If the condensed breath collected on the window panes of a room where a number of persons have been assembled be burned, a smell as of singed hair will show the presence of organic matter, and the condensed breath be allowed to remain on the windows for a few days, it will be found, on examination by a microscope, that it is alive with animalcules. The inhalation of air containing such putrescent matter causes untold complaints which might be avoided by a circulation of fresh air.

A PAIR OF GLOVES.

How a Pretty Girl Wastes Time in Buying Them.

"Let me see some gloves, please."

"Yes'm; what kind?"

"Really, I don't know. Let me see what you have."

"Silk or kid?"

"I hardly know; let me see both."

"Light or dark?"

"Oh, neither, exactly; something medium, I think."

"Here are some tan colors that——"

"Oh, I don't want tan colors."

"Don't want black, do you?"

"No, I don't hardly think I do."

"Something for evening wear?"

"No—that is, not exactly."

"Here are some——"

"Oh, I don't want elbow kids."

"How would six buttons do?"

"No, I want longer gloves than that."

"Here are some new shades in brown."

"Have you any silver gray?"

"Yes'm, here are some new shades——"

"Oh, those are too dark."

"And these?"

"Altogether too light. Let me see something in seal brown."

"Yes'm, we've something quite new and——

"Oh, I want them with stitching on the back."

"Black or colored stitching?"

"Really, I don't know. Which kind are they wearing the most?"

"Well, it's hard to tell; one is worn about as much as the other."

"Yes, I suppose so, but I can hardly decide, for I—— Why, Mame De Smythe, is this you?"

"Of course it is; who do——"

"So glad to see you. Do you know I've been thinking about you, and——"

"It's an age since I saw you. What are you buying?"

"I am trying to buy some gloves, but I don't know what I want. Do help me decide."

"Well, I will. I'm not buying anything myself; just looking around. Isn't it lovely to shop?"

"Lovely! And aren't things beautiful this year? I'm wild over the ribbons!"

"Ribbons! Don't mention them! I just rave over every milliner's window I pass! But about the gloves?"

After half an hour of harrowing consultation, and handling every box of gloves in that store, the glove customer says:

"Oh, let's go over to Fittem's. I always get what I want there. There's nothing here I want."

Overheard at the Zoo.

'My dear, do you see that Bengal lion?"

"Yes, John. Ugh! What a monster he is."

"Terrible animals, lions are."

"Yes, John."

"Can't change their spots."

"But he hasn't any spots."

"Yes, but he couldn't if he had—my dear, I wish you'd keep that trap of yours shut. Women don't know anything. A lion hibernates in the winter—"

"What's that?"

"Oh, something Irish—can't you keep quiet? This lion is a bad one. He killed his keeper and they say he won't eat anything unless it's covered with blood."

Here the lion began to chew straws and a policeman made the couple move along toward the rhinoceros cage.

"Now, my dear, do you see that creature with the corn on his nose?"

"It's a horn sawed off John."

"I sa-a-a-aid a horn—keep your mouth shut—are you deaf? You never let me get in a word edgeways. That animal is a rhinossorus. They live on bananas. Yes, that's what they live on. Can't eat anything else. It costs a heap to keep them. Bananas make the skin hard. They won't touch anything but—"

The rhinoceros slowly ate a mouthful of hay and turned his eyes up in delight.

"Yes, John, I'm listening."

"Oh, come along to the monkey house. I know all about the darned little cusses."

Emperor William's Signature.

The state signature adopted by Emperor William immediately after his elevation to imperial rank took the following form: Wilhelm, Imp. Rex, and the abbreviation promptly became the subject of comment and conjecture in Berlin court circles. The official mind perplexed itself by vain attempts to guess or excogitate his Majesty's reason for refraining from either signing his title in full—Imperator Rex—or indicating it by the mere initials I. R.

One day some state document having relation to his imperial functions was submitted to him for his signature, which he inscribed upon the parchment, observing to the cabinet ministers in attendance, "I dare say you wonder why I only sign one syllable of my first title, but the whole of my second. I will tell you why. It is because I feel that I am only partly an emperor, while I know that I am altogether a king."

An Impressive Ceremony.

About 5,000 Protestants of the Cevennes recently celebrated, on the top of one of the mountains where their ancestors used to meet on Sunday, the centenary of the edict of toleration signed in 1787 by Louis XVI. The ceremony is described by an eye witness as having been singularly impressive. A rustic pulpit had been erected on the summit of the wild mountain which forms there a plateau. Thirty pastors, in black silk gowns, were seated in front and on a ridge behind the congregation. A commemorative stone was unveiled by a patriarch of Cevennes, and Pastor Vigue of the faculty of Protestant theology of Paris preached a sermon.

GOLDSBY—How does my new gown strike you, papa?

Papa (laconically)—For about two hundred and fifty, I suppose, my dear.

FRIEND—Don't go on so. All the crying you can do won't bring your husband back to life again.

Widow (for the fifth time)—I know it, but I can't help crying. That's the way I am. The least little thing upsets me. Boo-hoo!

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Morphia was discovered in opium by Sertuerner in 1803.

—There are $1,000,000,000 worth of diamonds in the world.

—On the average 100,000 people cross the Brooklyn bridge every day.

—Two hundred thousand infants under two years old are believed to be farmed out in France.

—A low estimate puts the number of persons supported by all the forms of employment furnished by electricity at 5,000,000.

—There are forty-three log school houses in Iowa. This is the number given in the report of the State Superintendent for 1887.

—Alexander III of Russia is going to spend $650,000 on a monument to his father in the grand court of the Kremlin at Moscow.

—Venus, the morning star, is brighter than it ever appeared to any man now living, and nearer the earth than it will be again for 243 years.

—One hundred and twenty bull fights were given in the City of Mexico during the past year. Seventeen bull fighters were wounded, and one professional and two amateur fighters killed.

—A certain Philadelphia family seems to be of very fragile material. There are 10 persons in it, and they have experienced 32 fractures of bones during the past few years.

—Two Protestant citizens of Madrid were lately condemned to six months' imprisonment for refusing to kneel before the Viaticum. The liberal newspapers are indignant at this display of intolerance.

—Mrs. Eliza Wilcox is the only person born in the White House. She was the only daughter of President Jackson's adopted son, and was born in the presidential mansion during the administration of "Old Hickory."

—A year ago Miss Clara Moore, of Cincinnati, went to visit friends in Los Angeles, Cal. She had a few hundred dollars with her, which she invested in Southern California lands, and in the boom that followed she sold out her property at a net gain of $125,000.

—There is a man in the Kansas penitentiary who, beginning with a term at Sing Sing years ago, has served his time in regular succession in the penitentiaries of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Kansas.

—Miss Meuk Meyer, a grandniece of Anton Rubinstein and a pupil of Liszt, is the musical prodigy of Vienna, Austria. She is not yet eighteen years old, but has composed the music and written the libretto of an opera.

—There were lynched during the year 1887 in the United States no fewer than 123 persons. Of the various States and Territories Texas leads the list with fifteen lynchings, and Mississippi is entitled to second place with fourteen to her credit. All the victims were males, eighty of them being negroes.

—Queen Victoria dislikes the electric light, and refuses to have it in her palaces. She has at length permitted one of the royal yachts to be fitted with electric lamps, except her sleeping cabin and saloon. It is said soft oil lamps best suit the complexions of elderly ladies.

—There is a little girl in Baltimore who goes out into the streets, begins crying and gets the police to try to find her home. She gives an accurate description of a house, but when such a one is reached she always declares it is not the right one. The other day she kept three policemen busy all day walking about the city with her, and at night admitted that she knew all the while where her home was, and could have gone to it any hour.

—The princes of the Hapsburg family are about to present the Emperor Francis Joseph with a magnificent album, the cover of which is to be richly studded with jewels; and it is to contain life-size photographs of the donors, taken in the uniform of their respective Austrian regiments. The Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria and the other German princes who are connected with the Austrian Imperial family have joined in the gift.

—Baron Hirsch's offer of $10,000,000 to be expended by the czar of Russia in promoting the welfare of the Russian Jews has been accepted. The money is to be paid into the Bank of England, and Baron Rothschild and Baron De Worms, who were appointed trustees, will receive the interest of the sum deposited. It is estimated that it will be possible to open 1,000 schools for 50,000 children with the money, other charities not being neglected in the meantime.

—The old Rodgers house in Washington is for sale. This interesting structure has many curious associations. On the sidewalk in front of it General Sickles shot Barton Key. The house was occupied during the war by Secretary Stanton, and it was there that Payne tried to assassinate Secretary Seward. The lot on which the house was built was formerly owned by Henry Clay, who swapped it with Admiral Rodgers for a blooded colt.

—Among the various substances found on the human tongue, as shown by the microscope, are the following: Fibres of wool, linen and cotton, fibres of spiral vessels, and fibres of muscle, starch grains, cheese mould, portions of potato skin, scales, moths, etc., hairs from legs of bees, hairs from legs of spiders, pollen of various flowers, stamens of various flowers, hair