

DON'T LET THE SONG GO OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

Don't let the song go out of your life;  
Though it chance sometimes to flow  
In a minor strain, it will blend again  
With the major tone, you know.  
What though shadows rise to obscure life's  
skies,  
And hide for a time the sun;  
They sooner will lift and reveal the rift,  
If you let the melody run.  
Don't let the song go out of your life;  
Though your voice may have lost its  
trill,  
Though the tremulous note should die in  
the throat,  
Let it sing in your spirit still.  
There is never a pain that hides not some  
gain,  
And never a cup of rue  
So bitter to sip, but what in the cup  
Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life;  
Ah! it never would need to go,  
If with thought more true and a broader  
view  
We looked at this life below.  
Oh, why should we mourn that life's spring-  
time has flown,  
Or sigh for the fair summer time?  
The autumn hath days filled with poems of  
praise,  
And the winter hath bells that chime.  
Don't let the song go out of your life;  
Let it ring in the soul while here,  
And when you go hence it shall follow you  
thence  
And sing on in another sphere.  
Then do not despond and say that the fond,  
Sweet songs of your life have flown,  
For if ever you knew a song that was true,  
Its music is still your own.  
—Kate R. Stiles, in Boston Transcript.

Honora's Hit.

The strong sunshine which poured through the skylight of the big studio was tempered and diffused by a white muslin screen painted with blue dragons, while tall vases, plaster cast reliefs, bits of odd tapestry, a palm tree or two, a brass tea urn and a luxurious divan with pillows three deep gave the room an air of once artistic and feminine. Five young women were sitting or standing at the easels, some flourishing charcoal sticks, others with paillettes on their thumbs, all intent on mastering the difficulties of perspective "values" or "planes," while a sixth, with her hair unbound and wearing a flowing red robe, represented their idea of a Moorish heroine. Outside the buzz and roar of New York throbbed on the afternoon air, elevated trains shrieked and whizzed by, street calls rose and fell, and a hurdy gurdy on the next corner ground out a once popular tune, but no one noticed these noises any more than the country plowboy notices the wind sighing all day through the pines on the hill.

Time to rest, Nora," announced Miss Haviland, and while the worshippers of art relaxed their tired muscles and exchanged theories, praise and criticism with the frankness of the cult, Honora also stepped down and took a curious look at the semi-circle of more or less realistic likenesses. What she saw was a young, dark haired woman with wistful gray eyes, hands clasped before her and a sad and almost careworn expression. This Moorish girl was clearly a captive, pining for home, and, unconsciously, a flash of her old spirit came back into Honora's face. "Goodness, do I look like that?" she thought, slightly straightening herself. "Dick, dear Dick! What would you say if you knew?"

"You pose very well; you've done it before, no doubt," observed one of the girls in a tone of serene patronage, but Miss Haviland broke in kindly, before Honora had time to reply: "Oh, no," she said, "Nora isn't a regular model. She just came to oblige us, didn't you, Nora?"

"Pose!" cried Grace Hunt in a clear, high voice, consulting her watch; the captive's dimple disappeared; she hastily resumed her station and attitude, and the sorrowful look again crept over her face. The young ladies returned to their stools, and for some moments nothing was heard but the squeaking of charcoal and the scraping of paillette knives.

"The line of the neck is good, but she's distinctly too thin, and her arms are unsatisfactory," declared Mrs. Tremaine, selecting a flat brush and squeezing some raw sienna out of a tube. She was a young widow, married the apartment and spoke exactly as if the girl had been a lay figure or a block of wood.

"Your nose is too long and you are an ill-mannered icebergs," thought Honora, vindictively, with such a rush of blood to her cheeks that she severely heightened the tint of her portraits with a touch of rose-madder.

Honora went home that night with \$2 in her pocket and insulted pride in her heart. Home for her now was a mere closet under the roof of a neighboring apartment house.

"Who is she, anyway?" asked Grace, carelessly, as the friends compared canvases after the model's departure. "She has a stunning head of hair. You say she is not a professional?"

"Oh, no; she's a girl who has done plain sewing for Mrs. Lawrence, on the fifth floor. I happened to see her there and thought she looked paintable. She needed the money, I guess, by the look of her hollow eyes," answered Miss Haviland, half remorsefully.

A month passed after the pictures were finished, and the fair students of the Iverness did not see Honora—never thought of her. Early one January morning, however, the private bell rang and Elizabeth went to the door.

"Why, how do you do—ah—Katy, no, Nora, isn't it?" she said, with her kindly smile. "So you want to pose for us again, do you? But you look thin. Have you been ill?"

"No, thank you; I'm quite well. I would rather not pose, but I thought you might have some sewing for me—possibly—one of you ladies," stammered Honora.

"Well, sit down and I'll speak to the others." The girl sank into a chair in the dark little corridor, for her limbs trembled under her. Miss Haviland, when she came back, appeared somewhat at a loss for the right word herself.

"We don't seem to have much in the way of sewing," she began, but I suspect that Providence may have sent you to our relief, after all. You know four of us girls—the four that you saw—live here with Mrs. Tremaine in a suite of rooms, and we've

been housekeeping by turns, getting our breakfast and lunch and taking dinner at the cafe. But we are all tired of the arrangement, and we've been thinking if we could get some nice—Miss Haviland hesitated—"refined young woman to cook the meals and keep everything comfortable, it would be a good idea all around. Can you cook?"

"Yes," Honora's tongue really wouldn't say ma'am, so she made it "Miss Haviland" instead.

"Then what do you say to trying it? We put out the laundry work, so it would be easy housekeeping," and the young artist went on to speak of wages and the usual "Saturday afternoons."

The candidate asked for an hour to consider the matter. She walked up to the park and sat down on one of the wooden benches near the Fifty-ninth street entrance. Honora thought how she had come to the city only four months ago, fired with the dreams of a larger life, and utterly ignorant of its difficulties, disappointments and perils. She thought of the brave start she had made, her confident courage and high hopes, and the succeeding bitter discouragements, repulses and failures. Peliquagamas, Me., was the melodious name of her birthplace; she shut her eyes and saw the prim village street, her old aunt's neat cottage, and herself, a restless, impetuous girl, growing up under the good spunter's wing, like an enterprising hawk under the wing of a well disposed hen.

Six months ago she had offered a tale to a city newspaper, and all her troubles dated from that day, for it was promptly accepted, and the check which came back seemed to open out a dazzling prospect of wealth, fame and a "career." One or two later ventures proved equally fortunate, and then nothing would do but go to New York and try her fortune. Of course her elders remonstrated, but Honora's strong will and abundant relish for adventure carried the day. Dick stormed, protested and implored—but what was a six-room cottage, even with Dick, to a girl stage struck for the triumphs of a world theatre? Of the succeeding months Honora did not like to think—their pitiless lessons were still gall to her spirit. Enough to say that she had left the expensive boarding house, and too proud to confess her straits or ask help from home, taken the poorest of lodgings. Even so, with a needle instead of a pen in her hand, the struggle was too hard, the battle was against her.

At this point in her meditations Honora jumped up and said to herself, resolutely:

"I'll do it! It's better than starving, better than posing and better than destroying my eyes and ruining my temper by sewing 14 hours a day. I'll let them call me Nora and think it's me Oirish name," she declared, under her breath, "and I'll give them some first rate Yankee cooking and go to the free lectures and concerts and the museums, so that my time won't be all wasted. I'll take up my de-spised diary again, and when I get home in June I'll make a clean breast to D—ick."

"Nora," said Mrs. Tremaine one May morning, shaking out the folds of her gown, "I expect a gentleman from Philadelphia to dinner tonight, so lay an additional plate and have something a little extra, will you, and pretty flowers?" for "Elizabeth's protegee" was trusted now even to choose the bouquets. "He's the editor of 'Pettingill's,'" she said, turning to Grace. "A remarkable man!" Nora's heart gave a little flutter, but it died out immediately.

The gentleman duly arrived, and between the ice and coffee he observed to his hostess: "Cousin Laura, I came to town today partly to see one of our contributors. Last winter a manuscript reached the office which struck us all as something quite extraordinary. It was in the form of a diary, purporting to have been found in the room of an unknown girl who lost her reason from sheer starvation in a well-to-do quarter of Gotham. She is a Down East girl, with literary ambitions, and in her loneliness keeps one of those voluminous journals that no one really writes nowadays with wonderful freshness and country wit. It might have been written for her mother's eyes, or a lover's, perhaps; it reveals her follies and her virtues both with such perfect spontaneity. When literature fails her she tries sewing, and even posing for art students, and she hits off the fine ladies and sisters of your craft with a most delicious mixture of satire and enviousness. But though it all runs the tragic sense of the rushing power of her environment, closing upon her like the remorseless jaws of a trap. The last four entries describe her sensations on four successive days with-

cut food, after a grand dame fails to pay her for the work she has done, and it breaks off with the first incoherent ravings of coming insanity. I never read anything more weird or powerful in its way than that last cry for help."

"Tell us who wrote it, quick!" exclaimed Grace, who felt a light breaking in on her.

"That's an odd thing about it. The sketch was unsigned, and the accompanying slip giving the author's name and address was accidentally lost. We had it put in type and decided to publish it, thinking that the writer would see and claim it. I have the advance sheets here, but yesterday, by good luck, the missing paper turned up and I determined to run in and explain matters to the presumably irate lady in person. The address, I believe, is in this neighborhood; the name—Mr. Phillips took out a memorandum slip and regarded it through his eyeglasses—"Miss Honora Graves. Why, what is it? Do you know her?"

"Fortuna-ly Nora was in the kitchen during the ensuing conversational scene. She took her laurels very quietly when they were placed tumultuously on her brow. Sitting among the girls who welcomed her now as a sister "artist," she told them how the idea of transcribing her diary occurred to her as a last resort in the midst of a starving week, which came near to ending as tragically in reality as on paper.

When no reply was received she gave up all literary projects, and grasped the first opportunity that chance threw in her way—no other than Miss Elizabeth's offer.

But upon being hailed as a promising "lion," with a career opening before her, our Honora very frankly and emphatically disclaimed the idea. "I might never succeed again," she said. "This wasn't art, but plain truth, which was forced out of me by the pinch of reality, and I don't want to have the screw put on a second time. No; if New York has done nothing else for me, at least it has tamed my ambition and taught me my place."

"But what shall you do? You can't expect to travel incognito and laugh at us in your sleeve, now that we know you?"

"Do? I shall go home and live it out with dear old Dick," cried Honora, impulsively, and that brought down the house.—Springfield Republican.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A Duquesne (Iowa) man has a dog which was sent him by express all the way from Manila, Philippine Islands.

On a farm in West Virginia there is an apple tree which is eight feet five inches around. In 1880 85 bushels of apples were gathered from it, and sold at the apple house for \$60. The tree is 75 years old, and is still bearing.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost Arctic winters because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

In Belgium organ grinders are compelled by law to play each morning before the police magistrate, who must be satisfied that their instruments are in tune. An organ which is out of tune must be put in order before a license is issued to the player.

The practice of eating arsenic is very prevalent among the peasantry of the mountainous districts of Austria, Hungary and France. They declare that this poison enables them to ascend with ease heights which they could only otherwise climb with great distress to the chest.

People are right or left eyed just as they are right or left handed, and just as the right hand is usually the more powerful, so is the right eye. Only one person in 10 is left sighted. It is very probable that the use of weapons during countless ages has had something to do with the extra power of the right eye.

Two curiosities in American ship-building have recently been completed at San Francisco. They are stern-wheel launches for use on the Amoor river, Siberia, and when loaded they draw but six inches of water. They are 35 feet in length, 12 feet in beam, and have a hold 21 inches in depth. They have made seven knots an hour on their trial trips, and the engines are wonderfully light and compact.

It is not a common thing to see a church bell up a tree, yet there is one in the parish of Therfield, Herts, England, which occupies this unique position. Rather more than 20 years ago the church was rebuilt. There were not, however, sufficient funds to complete the rebuilding, and the upper portion of the tower and church remain unfinished to the present time. As there was no belfry in which to place the bells, one was hung on the branch of a large walnut tree in the rectory close.

Side Views of Life.

When a man tires of himself his case is hopeless.

If a minister siums his remarks at himself he is pretty sure to hit nineteenth-century society.

Many a true word is spoken when two women have a quarrel.

Wise is the woman who doesn't expect a man to love her when he is busy.

There are many different brands of foolishness. A man indulges in one kind when he traduces his enemies.—Chicago News.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Lift up the Fallen—A Plea For Welcome For the Prodigal—Kindness Would Reclaim Many Unfortunates Who Have Dropped by the Way.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage pleads for a hearty reception to all those who have done wrong and want to get back, while the unsympathetic and self-righteous are excoriated; text, Luke xv., 28. "And he was angry and would not go in."

Many times have I been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the parable. I received a letter from Canada saying, "Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition? The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son, but you can hear the fappings of his rags in many a sermon breeze and the cranking of the prodigal for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that it has been difficult for me to treat the elder son with any sympathy upon the elder son of the parable. I could not get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were poor, or the sitters moved in the picture. Now, I think I have him; not a side face or a three-quarter portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a saint. Find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the arid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the leeward side, and the other goes down over the starboard side, but they both go down."

From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is a vigorous and astounding. The neighbors of the prodigal come out and the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries; not only the usual kind of meat mentioned in the concomitants, "Clap!" go the cymbals, "Thrum!" go the harps. "Click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The elder son stands at the corner of the house, a rigid phlegmatic. He does not come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exclamations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goatskin of wine on his head, "What are those people doing? One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced and, if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the jubilation. No, he stands. His brow lowers; his face darkens; his lip curls with contempt; he stamps the ground with indignation; he sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming in from the kitchen, his appetite; the lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is a terrible pout; he criticizes the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in; he says to his father: 'He goes into the house and rejoices and, if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the jubilation. No, he stands. His brow lowers; his face darkens; his lip curls with contempt; he stamps the ground with indignation; he sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming in from the kitchen, his appetite; the lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is a terrible pout; he criticizes the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in; he says to his father: 'He goes into the house and rejoices and, if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the jubilation. No, he stands. His brow lowers; his face darkens; his lip curls with contempt; he stamps the ground with indignation; he sees nothing at all to attract. 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