

All the bells of heaven may ring,  
All the birds of heaven may sing,  
All the wells on earth may spring,  
All the winds on earth may bring  
All sweet sounds together;  
Sweeter far than all things heard,  
Hand of harper, tone of bird,  
Sound of wood at sundown stirred,  
Welling water's winsome word,  
Wind in warm weather.

One thing yet there is, that none,  
Hearing ere its chimes be done,  
Knows not well the sweetest one  
Heard of man beneath the sun,  
Hoped in heaven hereafter;  
Soft and strong and loud and light,  
Very sound of very light,  
Heard from morning's rosiest height,  
When the soul of all delight  
Fills a child's clear laughter,  
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

## Mated by a Pawn.

When a man is about to entertain a very charming girl whom he is anxious to impress and suddenly finds that with the exception of a few coppers, he has no money in his pocket, he may surely be forgiven the use of a few strong ejaculations. Such was the plight of Everard Hamlyn at 10 minutes to 1 on a certain Saturday afternoon. He had been so absorbed in reading the brief of an important case which was to be heard in the courts on Monday that he had forgotten the emptiness of his pocket. At 1 o'clock Alice Valentine, an American girl with whom he had formed a deep friendship, was coming to see what a barrister's chambers in the Temple looked like, and she was also to be taken out to lunch.

The worst was that there were only 10 minutes to rectify the mistake. He wrote out a check hurriedly, and then remembered that time would not permit to go to the bank to cash it. His clerk was gone and the Temple was wrapped in its usual Saturday afternoon peacefulness.

Without a hat he rushed over to Harcourt buildings to see if his friend Anderson was in his chambers. He could rely upon him for a couple of pounds.

But the fates were against Hamlyn. Anderson was out and the doors were locked.

Realizing that there was nothing for it but to go to the bank he hurried along up the court into Fleet street, meaning to hail a hansom. But as he arrived there the clock struck 1 and he knew that he could not get to the bank and back under 20 minutes. Alice would never forgive him if he was not at his rooms to receive her.

Suddenly his eye was caught by the three brass balls hanging over a shop almost opposite. The sight suggested a new idea to his mind, and he promptly acted upon it. In another moment he rushed across the road, and entering the shop handed his 80-guinea hunter over the counter.

"How much?" said the clerk eyeing the hatless and breathless Hamlyn somewhat suspiciously.

"Oh, I only wanted a fiver," replied Everard hurriedly.

"Have you got a card on you?" asked the clerk, thinking he was on the track of a swell mobster.

Unversed in the ways of pawnbrokers, Hamlyn pulled out his case and handed him a card.

"All right, sir," seeing the name and address and noticing it corresponded with the initials on the watch. "I beg your pardon, sir," and he hastily filled up a ticket and counted out five pounds. "Have you a penny for the ticket, please?"

Hamlyn impatiently threw down a copper and fairly bolted out of the shop. The people in Fleet street stared at him with amazement, and a gutter arab with whom he had collided, shouted, "Who are yer shovin' of?" as he crossed the road.

Now it happened that Alice Valentine was just at that moment passing down Fleet street on her way to the Temple. She had arrived somewhat earlier than she had intended, for she upheld the traditions of womanhood with regard to punctuality.

"It would never do," she said to herself, "to be quite punctual. He would think I was too impatient."

So, timing herself to arrive at the Temple about 1.15 o'clock, she was strolling leisurely along when she caught sight of Hamlyn rushing wildly out of a pawnbroker's shop. For a moment the ludicrous side of the situation struck her very forcibly, and she laughed softly to herself. But gradually as she realized the full significance of the action, her amusement gave place to pity.

"Poor boy," she murmured, "I had not the faintest idea that he was hard up. And to think that I have let him spend such a lot of money in taking me about."

I must get even with him somehow." There was a very tender spot in her heart for the tall, clever young barrister who had shown so plainly his preference for her above all other women. Alice Valentine and her aunt, Miss Safford, were making a tour of Europe, and had met Hamlyn first of all at a hotel in Geneva. He had rendered them a number of civilities, and as he happened to be doing the same round of Switzerland as they, for a month he was their almost daily companion. With the frankness of American women, they accepted his attentions graciously, and, finding him a pleasant attendant, enrolled him in their services without further ado.

Miss Safford generally accompanied Alice wherever she went, and showed quite as much eagerness to "do" every place thoroughly as her niece. It was only on rare occasions when the elderly lady was obliged to admit that she was "too tired for anything," that Hamlyn had a chance of taking Miss Valentine out alone.

The constant companionship, however, had brought about the usual result. Hamlyn was not an inflammable man. He had reached the mature age of 30—not unsought after—without having succumbed to feminine charms.

But there was something about the fair American that fascinated him in spite of himself.

Today, as she came into his room, a perfect vision of freshness and loveliness in the gloomy atmosphere of the Temple, Hamlyn was conscious of a certain shyness and reserve in her manner that he had not noticed before.

"I don't believe I ought to come here by myself," she said as she closed the door. "I wonder what Aunt Catherine would say to it."

"You are late," said Hamlyn. "I have been waiting impatiently for you."

"Am I really?" replied Alice. "What is the time, then?"

He pulled at his watch chain mechanically, forgetful of his escapade, and disclosed the bare swivel. He colored slightly as he realized his mistake, and felt her eyes upon him, but answered lightly:

"About 20 minutes past 1, I fancy."

She was walking round the room glancing at the ponderous-looking books and the papers tied with pink tape, getting, as she expressed it, the "atmosphere" of the place.

"It must be just lovely to work here," she said. "Everything seems so old and historic. I believe I should only have to sit here a few hours a day and I should become a lawyer by breathing the air."

"Which reminds me," said Hamlyn, "that I have been breathing air quite long enough and want lunch. Where shall we go?"

Alice Valentine hesitated.

"Look here," she said at last. "I want to say something to you. You have been taking me about such a lot and I have done nothing for you. I feel real mean. I want you to let me stand you a lunch today."

He shook his head laughingly. "You forget," he said, "that you are my guest; but I want you to say where you would like to go."

He named a well-known restaurant in Piccadilly, where she knew the prices were ruinous.

"No," she said, "don't let us go there. Will you take me to one of those little bohemian places you told me of where you get a table d'hôte lunch for 18 pence. I should love to go. It would be a new experience."

"You look too smart," he replied, glancing at her admiringly, "but I tell you what I will do. We will split the difference and go to a kind of semi-fashionable place where you shall see all sorts and conditions of people and hear a band."

Once or twice during lunch, when conversation dragged, Hamlyn noticed again the thoughtful expression on her face. At last he took the matter up.

"Tell me," he said, "what you are thinking of."

"I was thinking," she replied slowly, "of how I could help some one who has been very good to me."

"Not a difficult matter, surely—for you?"

"It is very difficult," she said, "under the circumstances. The person I want to help is poor and, very poor."

She was looking down at the tablecloth and studiously avoiding his eyes. "Can I be of any assistance?" he said.

"You—why—" she laughed. "Yes, perhaps you can. I will think about it and let you know."

There was a new sympathy in her voice and manner, and Hamlyn felt a mad desire to take her there and then in his arms and cover her face with kisses.

But there was no opportunity to tell her of his love. Immediately after lunch they were obliged to hurry off to meet Miss Safford at a matinee, and Hamlyn had no further chance of a tete-a-tete with Alice, but he arranged satisfactorily a meeting for Monday afternoon, when he determined to put his fate to the test.

"You will not forget," he said at parting, "to let me help you in the matter you mentioned?"

"No," she replied with a singular look on her face. "I will not forget."

As Everard walked home he recalled her tones, her face, the fair, flushed cheeks, sweet mouth, earnest brows and eyes of softest fire. There was that in her look which satisfied him.

He was awakened from his reverie by an urchin inquiring what o'clock it was. For the second time that day he mechanically tugged at his watch chain.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed as he realized his loss. "I never knew that it was such a nuisance to be without a watch. I must get it out first thing on Monday morning."

The urchin grasping the situation ran away grinning.

On Sunday Hamlyn again bethought himself to the watch.

"I had better study the ticket," he said, "and see what I shall have to pay."

He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket; it was not there. He tried the others with the same result. With growing uneasiness he searched in every pocket of the clothes he had worn on the Saturday, but the pawn ticket was not to be found.

"I must have left it at my chambers," he declared at last. "It is very careless of me. I hope my clerk won't find it."

On Monday morning he got up earlier than usual and drove down to the Temple in a hansom. His clerk had already arrived. Hamlyn searched all over the table carefully, then in all the drawers, but could not find the ticket. Finally he summoned the clerk.

"Have you moved any papers?" he asked rather irritably.

"No, sir. I haven't touched a thing."

"You haven't by any chance found a ticket, I suppose?" pursued Hamlyn.

"No, sir. What kind of a ticket have you lost?"

"It doesn't matter," he replied impatiently, "it is of no importance."

Putting on his hat Hamlyn hurried into Fleet street to the pawn shop.

"I want to redeem the watch I left here on Saturday," he announced.

"Where is your ticket, sir?" said the man.

"I have mislaid it," replied Hamlyn, "but it is all right, you remember me, I expect. The watch belongs to me and I want it now."

"I am very sorry, sir, but you can't have it without the ticket."

Hamlyn muttered an exclamation of impatience.

"But suppose I have lost it, what then?"

"I will give you a form of declaration to be made before a magistrate."

"Is there no other way?" said Hamlyn, realizing the trouble and annoyance this would cause.

"No, sir," said the pawnbroker, "I am afraid there is not."

There was no time to waste he had to be in court early, as his case was among the first on the lists. It was no use stopping to argue the matter. He must go before a magistrate and sign the declaration as soon as possible. Returning to his chambers, he put on his robes and was soon lost in contemplation of the business in hand.

About an hour after his visit to the pawnshop Alice Valentine drove up in a cab to the same door. She had found the pawn ticket lying on Hamlyn's table on the Saturday afternoon and had appropriated it, meaning to redeem the watch and send it back to him as soon as possible. She was rather nervous at going into the shop, but she was not the kind of a girl to allow her feelings to stand in the way of any project she wished to carry through; so, putting on an air of unusual haughtiness, she entered the little compartment and handed in the ticket.

"I want the watch, please," she said.

The pawnbroker's assistant looked her up and down carefully. When he had, as it were, sized her completely, he inquired dryly, "Where did you get this?"

Alice flared up indignantly. "That is no business of yours, tell me what I have to pay and give me the watch."

"Not so fast," said the young man, "you must answer one or two questions first."

He went away, and after a whispered consultation returned with a gray-bearded old man, who was polite but firm.

"I am sorry, madam, but I cannot allow you to redeem this pledge until you inform me how this ticket came into your possession."

"I found it," said Alice.

"Allow me to inform you, then," said the pawnbroker, sternly, "that you are committing a very grave offense. By attempting to obtain the watch you lay yourself open to criminal proceedings."

"But," said Alice, "I am a friend of the gentleman to whom the watch belongs."

"Come, come, that won't do at all. A gentleman who called himself Mr. Hamlyn was here about an hour ago endeavoring to get the watch himself."

"Mr. Hamlyn been here this morning?" cried Alice. She had never expected that he would be able to redeem his watch so soon.

"Better send for a policeman," suggested the assistant.

"Hold your tongue," said his master. Then, turning to Alice Valentine, he said: "I do not wish to be hard upon you, but I insist upon an explanation. I will send over to the address on the ticket, and if your story is true Mr. Hamlyn will corroborate it. Harvey, send the boy over to Queen's Bench Walk and ask Mr. Hamlyn to come here immediately."

"Mr. Hamlyn coming here," cried Alice unguardedly. "Oh, I must go at once."

"I cannot allow it," said the pawnbroker. "You must wait. If you refuse I have no option but to call a policeman."

If looks could kill the pawnbroker would have died on the spot, as Alice, with the air of a tragedy queen, submitted to the indignity of being escorted to the back-parlor, while Harvey kept watch and ward over her.

A quarter of an hour later Everard Hamlyn jumped out of a hansom and hurried into the shop. He was an impatient person and he had not waited to change his robes, but had come straight away in wig and gown from the law courts. He was met in the passage by Harvey, who had been awaiting his arrival with keen interest.

"There's a woman in here," he said, pointing to the parlor, "who says she's a friend of yours, and has found your pawn ticket, but I suspect—"

"Out of the way," cried Hamlyn, thrusting the officious young man one side and rushing into the room.

Alice, by all that's wonderful!" he exclaimed, and then seeing that her bosom was heaving convulsively, he put his arm around her and inquired tenderly what had happened.

"They have been so rude and insulting she sobbed.

Hamlyn waited for no further ex-

planation, but, seizing Harvey by the throat, he shook him until the unfortunate youth had not a breath in his body. Then, turning to the elder man, he cried sternly: "What do you mean by insulting this lady?"

"The pawnbroker, discovering his mistake, was all apologies, but Hamlyn's temper was still up."

Nothing could justify rudeness to a lady, he said, and he insisted on an object apology from the crestfallen assistant.

Then he took Alice back to his rooms in the Temple. When they were alone he put his arm around her and said impulsively:

"Oh, my darling, how sweet of you to try to get my watch back for me. Did you do it because you care? Tell me darling—I love you!"

"It was very silly of me, I know," she said, softly and slyly, "but I thought you were poor, and—oh—I wanted to help you."

"I am not poor," he said, smilingly, "at least, not very poor. I have a thousand a year, and we might manage on that."

"It would not have mattered," she whispered, if you had been a poor man."

He took out the watch and held it before her eyes.

"I shall never look at it," he said, "without thinking that I won you through it."—A. E. Manning Foster, in the Royal Magazine.

### AT LAST SHE SPOKE.

Drummer's Sad Experience with the Prettiest Girl He Ever Saw.

"Anything wrong?" asked the hotel clerk of the New York drummer who had just got home from the West.

"I was thinking," was the reply. "I rode from Toledo to Buffalo with the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"But that didn't hurt you. Who was she?"

"Can't tell."

"You didn't introduce yourself and get her card in return?"

"No."

"No particular trouble, eh?" solicitously insisted the clerk.

"Well, it was this way," replied the traveler, as he braced up for the explanation. "She sat opposite me, you know, and I tried for an hour to catch her eye. She simply ignored me and gazed out of the window. Then I rose and handed her a magazine, but she declined with thanks. Ten minutes later I bought the latest novel out, but she said she didn't care to read. Then I bought some fruit, but she would accept none. She also ignored me when I tried to draw her out on music."

"But you persisted?"

"Oh, yes. That is, I was about to make another attempt to enter into conversation when the train came to a halt at a town, and the girl beckoned me over. I was there in an instant, and with the sweetest smile you ever saw she asked me if I would do her a slight favor."

"With all my heart," I hastened to say.

"Well, she said, smiling even more sweetly, 'suppose you leave the train here and take the next one that follows, for you have made me dead tired, and I feel like taking a nap.'"

"Good gracious!" whispered the clerk.

"Yes, sir," said the drummer, as he reached for a cigar, "and I want to go up to my room and sit and think and try to figure it out. Perhaps it's time I left the road and settled down at home."

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Before the French revolution unpaid peasants were compelled to flog the ponds all night to prevent the sleep of the seigneurie from being disturbed by the croaking of frogs.

The "stinging tree" is a luxuriant shrub of Queensland, Australia, and is pleasing to the eye, but dangerous to the touch. It grows from two or three inches to ten or 15 feet in height, and sends forth a very disagreeable odor.

A marked peculiarity of the Indiana coal fields is the slight depth at which coal is found. An area of 6500 square miles, or nearly one-fifth of the total area of the state, is known to be underlain with coal at an average of 80 feet below the surface.

Waggon Hill, at Ladysmith, South Africa, takes its name from the peculiar formation of a clump of trees on the top, which so closely resembles a wagon at a little distance as to deceive anybody but an expert. The hill extends for about a mile in length, and is about 500 feet high.

Ernest Kruger, a compositor employed in a printing office in Leipzig, Germany, has just completed his 50th year of service, and has been occupied in setting type for one book nearly all that time. The book is Grimm's German dictionary, and the first batch of manuscript was turned over to the compositor in 1851. Thus far 32,000 pages have been printed, and the work is not yet half done.

Quotations from an English medical work published a century ago show how marvelous is the advance which has been made in the knowledge of practitioners. One sovereign remedy of olden times was that of "blood letting" in cases of hemorrhage of the lungs. Another plan was to make consumptive patients live for a few months in a stable with cows, the supposition being that the exhalations from the animals would cure those affected with pulmonary diseases. People of rank and education submitted to such treatment.

Two French chemists have discovered a process by which rubber may be obtained from a vine known as *landoufia*, which grows wild and luxuriantly in nearly all parts of Africa. In view of native coppers near Montpellier, the discovery has a high commercial importance.

Copperas is rarely found naturally formed in the rocks, but in a recent number of the American Geologist Dr. Otto Kunz describes the occurrence of native coppers near Montpellier, Iowa. This is formed by the oxidation of iron pyrites, and is found under an overhanging cliff, but only at a dry season of the year, as the ease with which copperas dissolves in water would cause it to be readily carried away at other times.

If a load of coal is left out of doors, exposed to the weather, say a month, it loses one-third of its heating quality. If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there, and another ton is placed under a shed, the latter loses about 20 per cent. of its heating power and the former about 47 per cent. Hence it is a great saving of coal to have it in a dry place, covered over and on all sides. The softer the coal the more heating power it loses, because the volatile and valuable constituents undergo a slow combustion.

A highly interesting find of remains of prehistoric man was made, says a German journal of anthropology, on the banks of the Krapina, a small stream in Northern Croatia. It consists of pieces of the human jaw bone with teeth, isolated teeth, parietal and occipital fragments etc., and chipped instruments of stone, associated with *Rhinoceros tichorinus*, *bos primigenius*, *Ursus spelaeus*, *sus*, *Castor fiber*, etc. The thickness of the entire deposit measures nearly 30 feet. Charcoal, ashes, burnt sand, stone implements and bone fragments, a relatively large proportion of the remains being human, are found throughout the deposit, except in its lowermost layer. A detailed and illustrated account of the find is to be published.

Professor Raoul Pictet of Geneva, Switzerland, has devised a simple apparatus for decanting oxygen from air. A stream of air at ordinary pressure is passed through a tube of liquid air into a receiver, where the oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide at once separate according to their specific gravities, and are drawn off accordingly. The carbon dioxide comes off as a liquid; the nitrogen is converted by a subsequent process into nitric acid. The oxygen, which is the most valuable of the products, is retained in gaseous form. It can be used with great economy either alone or mixed with air furnaces. Professor Pictet is one of the two scientists who first succeeded independently in obtaining liquid air, as long ago as 1878, though only in a vaporous form.

### SEARCH-LIGHTS.

New York Firemen Use Them to Save Lives on Dark Nights.

The new portable search-light that the fire department in New York has adopted for saving life on dark nights, and when smoke obscures the vision of the firemen, has already had its trial, and proved its serviceableness.

The search-lights are placed on either side of the driver's seat, and, with 18-inch barrels and 6000 candle-power each, they throw such a powerful glare upon a burning building that nothing except brick walls and wooden partitions can stop it. The lights penetrate the deepest smoke that rolls up from a burning building, and the firemen have all the light they need to work by. By the old method firemen engaged on dark nights in rescuing people in burning buildings had to depend upon the feeble glare of the lanterns they carried. More than once a brave fireman has uselessly sacrificed his life in searching rooms in the dark that contained no one; but rather than risk losing one life every room of a burning building must be searched. By means of the new electric lights the whole interior of a burning building is made as plain as daylight, and firemen can tell at a glance from the window-ledge whether their presence is needed inside. The lights are made detachable, so they can be taken from the engine and set up on standards. They are also provided with 200 feet of flexible con ducting-cables, which enables the firemen to run the search-lights out on a pier, or even into a building. One of the great fields for usefulness of this new apparatus is in lighting up the interior of boats when on fire. When a ship at the pier gets on fire the darkness in the hold makes it difficult for the firemen to control the flames. Dense volumes of smoke further obscure the point where the fire is burning, and sometimes ship and cargo are lost simply because the exact place of the fire. The portable search-light, which will soon be re-enforced by similar incandescent lights for carrying in the hand, will make fire-fighting at night a much easier matter than in the past. Heretofore fire safeguards have been considered chiefly for the public; it is a wise move now to consider the firemen.—Harper's Weekly.

Telephone Service in the United States.

There are 1,200,000 miles of copper wire used in telephone service in the United States, and 4,000,000 calls are received daily in the telephone exchanges of the country. The wire would girdle the earth at the equator 48 times, or reach from the earth to the moon five times.

### SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Poor Man's Temptation—Some Falsehoods Told by the Saloon-keeper—Why His Lunch is "Free"—Reasons Why You Should Avoid the Liar.

"Easy for those fenced safely round from birth With the best blessings of this fallen earth, A happy home, religious parents' care, Firm, watchful, training, sacraments and prayer, Pure pleasure that from filthy pleasure weans, Good education, tastes refined, fair means, Congenial work (well paid) to fill the day, And packs to while a leisure hour away; So circumstanced a man through life might pass Without the solace of the glittering glass. He whom a well-cooked dinner waits at home May saze through streets of public houses roam; But the poor man, whose lot is full of gloom, His home at best one shabby, stuffy room, Not overstocked with furniture or food—"Come in here, Jack, a drop will do you good—"

How can poor Jack refuse such respite pleasant From hopeless future and from sordid present?

### The Rumrunner's Lies.

"I do not invite any person into my place to drink," is a remark you frequently hear from the saloon-keeper when he is spoken to about selling liquors. That is a lie.

When the groceryman makes a fine display in front of his store, whether he has the price marked thereon or not, he is honest enough to tell you he does it to induce people to buy. That is the truth.

The dry goods merchant puts in his window all sorts and kinds of wearing apparel for the sole purpose of attracting the ladies and selling his goods. He tells the truth.

And so it is with all classes of trade, but the "rumrunner." He says he does not invite any one in—in to drink. Let's see. First, in the sale of "Free Lunch from 10 to 12 a. m." Is it "free"? Go in and try to partake of it without buying some of his rum and see how quick he or his dressed-up bartender will tell you to get out. That is a lie!

Does he want you to eat his free (?) lunch, or is it free?

Again, he hires the finest cabinet maker to erect in his place what he calls fixtures, consisting of elegantly carved hard wood, often trimmed with marble and backed with as large mirrors as his room will permit of. In front of these he places highly polished glasses—all for what purpose? To ask you in! And in inviting you in, does he invite you just to see the fine fixtures? No, No! But to drink his miserable, health-destroying, soul-damning stuff. Again he lies!

In front of the place you will see elegant gold and sometimes glass signs, furnished by the wholesale whisky man, or the brewer, gratis to the rumrunner for his trade. Do they resolve now not to help him to adorn his place? No, but to invite you in. Therefore, it is another lie!

The retail rum-dealer lies, and says he does not invite you in. The wholesaler and brewer help him to lie, and take mortgage on his place to help him lie to the poor fools who are enticed into his place by all this display of elegance.

Another final lie: You drink with him. He says, "Here's to your good health." What a lie! You can't have good health if you take the vile stuff. Don't burn the lining out of your stomach for "good health?" Does muddling your brain cause "good health?"

One more big lie: The rum-seller knows he cannot stand up and drink with every one, so he (some of them) have a bottle of tea to take for whisky, or clear water to take for gin, and he makes you believe he is drinking the same vile stuff that you are pouring down your throat, only he takes his from another bottle. A big lie!

Young men, resolve now not to help him to lie any more. Every time you are tempted to go into one of these lying shops say, "No, I will not help anyone to lie and ruin mankind."