

GOD'S POETS.

BY FRANK DEMETER BREWSTER.

In grove and field, on vine and tree,
God's little choristers are here,
Interpreting in lyric glee
His messages of cheer.

Of fragrant bloom and silver dew,
Of lapping leaves and laughing rills,
They fashion songs forever new
To spell the vales and hills.

THE REFORMATION OF JIM LYNCH

BY C. C. NEWKIRK.

HERE are men who cannot
outlive their childish
fears of darkness—men
who cannot step into a
dark, deserted chamber, or
mount a gloomy stairway

to empty corridors, after nightfall,
without a nameless, creepy terror
in their hearts. Cyrus Holden, banker,

was such a man.
In the prime of his bachelor life
the coming of each night brought with it
the foolish fears that rightly belonged
to his childhood. His weakness was a
secret which no living person shared.

The banker entertained often and lavishly
in his magnificent home, where
none lived save himself and his ser-
vants. On such occasions, when mer-
cenary men high, the host's laughter
was as loud and his wit as sharp as
any there. After the guests had de-
parted and the servants had stolen to
bed—after the laughter of the half-
spent night was hushed, and the
clinking of the wineglasses had died
away—Cyrus Holden would steal trem-
bling to his bed, to toss, sometimes,
until the dawn, his eyes wide open,
his hearing acute, and every nerve
tense, suffering the torments which
his wild imagination conjured up.

If he slept it was to dream of a man,
whose face was half masked in black,
stealing toward him with a glittering
blade, held ready to strike. As the
murderer drove his knife into his
heart the banker would awake to hear
the echo of his own agonizing shriek.

His forehead would be beaded with
moisture, and his body quivering in
fear. The nightmare was invariably
the same—the panther-like man in the
black mask, the very gleaming knife.

Later, when Cyrus Holden closed
his library and bedroom to the eyes
of his own servants, there were
whispered speculations as to his sanity,
in which the butler, the coachman,
and the maid offered their views.
Outside the great house, no one knew
or cared. From the time he had begun
to double lock and bolt these two
rooms from all eyes save his own,

there appeared to have been lifted
from Cyrus Holden some great care.
The lines which sleepless nights had
etched upon his face disappeared, and
the flush of health and vigor came
there instead. When he left the house
for the day he saw to it that his bed-
room and library were as safe from
invasion as the vaults of his bank. As
for the window, it was always barred,
and the blinds closely drawn.

Only two men living to-day know
the mystery of the locked chambers.
One is Mr. Cyrus Holden, banker; the
other is Mr. Jim Lynch, professional
burglar and cracksmen.

Curiosity did not prompt Mr. Lynch
to pry into the banker's secret. The
housebreaker's motive was merely a
business "proposition," on which he
hoped to realize handsomely for his
time, trouble, and risk. If Cyrus Hol-
den had known that the stranger who
went through his house in the guise
of an insurance inspector was a des-
perate criminal sought after by the
police of a dozen cities, he might have
experienced a return of the old fear.
If the banker had known that, as he
walked abroad, a gentle shadow stole
behind, or when he sat at lunch two
eyes studied him from behind a news-
paper, the sleepless nights might have
come back.

Mr. Lynch made his entrance unan-
nounced, through a rear window,
shortly after midnight. The burglar
stood for a time in the corridor to
listen. His immovable figure was con-
cordant with the silence and darkness
that reigned throughout the great
house. Suddenly a bright bull's-eye
looked about, with inquisitive activity.
Behind it two human orbs burned
through the holes in black half mask,
and a firm forefinger felt its way
about a pistol trigger. Then the light
stole noiselessly forward the length
of the corridor, and, as an aid in case
of a hasty exit, Mr. Lynch unbolted
the front door before he turned to
creep up the broad stairway.

On the upper landing to the right
was the banker's library, and opening
from it to the rear, his bedroom. The
burglar first examined the latter win-
dow and then bent so sturdy the fast-
enings of the library door. To go
through the window it would be neces-
sary to saw the bars; if, through the
door, there would be two patent locks
to "work," and perhaps a bolt or more
on the inside. Mr. Lynch reflected a
moment, and then, moving to the rear,
began to pick the door-lock of the room
beyond the banker's sleeping chamber.
It offered slight resistance to a man
who had burrowed his way through
iron and steel.

As the cracksmen pushed open the
door and stepped over the threshold,
the beam of the bull's-eye was playing
on the interior of the room, and the re-
volver was in a shooting position. Mr.
Lynch operated on the theory that
every locked room he entered was oc-

cupied until he had proved the con-
trary. He had never met an emergency
for which he was not prepared. The
room, however, was untenanted, and to
his satisfaction, the burglar observed a
door leading into the banker's sleeping
apartment, which was not secured by
double locks and bolts, as he had found
the library door.

Mr. Lynch placed his ear to the
keyhole and listened for the breathing
of the sleeper, but he heard nothing.
Then he began with the utmost cau-
tion on the lock. He made less noise
than the gnawing of a rat. The faint
clink of the skeleton keys could scarce-
ly have been heard beyond three feet
—they would not have awakened the
most restless sleeper.

When the door was ready to be
opened the burglar closed the slide of
his lantern and was swallowed up in
the blackness about him. Noiselessly
he turned the knob and gently pushed
open the door of the secret chamber.

The banker's bedroom was dark.
Over the transom from the library
came enough light to give the inter-
ior a weird, phosphorescent glow, but
not sufficient to annoy a sleeper or re-
veal the bed.

Very slowly the intruder allowed a
tiny ray from his lantern to travel
across the floor till it found it, and
then steal quietly up from the foot of
the massive bedstead till it fell the
briefest moment upon a pallid face,
and was then withdrawn before the
lightest sleeper could awake.

He knew Cyrus Holden perfectly
well by sight. The motionless figure
lay in apparent deep and quiet sleep,
one arm thrown above the head and
the other extended on the convict. But
Mr. Lynch had known men, under sim-
ilar circumstances, to feign sleep, and
as he advanced toward the bed, with
the velvet tread of a cat, both revol-
ver and lantern were in readiness. As
he bent downward to study the bank-
er's face, the burglar suddenly stood
erect and shrank back, crouching.

The open eyes were fixed in a glassy
stare upon the ceiling!
During that moment of awful sus-
pense the ray of light was again al-
lowed for an instant to rest on the face.

A little later, when the burglar
would have sent a bullet into the body
on the bed. For the first time in his
professional career Mr. Lynch felt his
nerve ebbing away. The meaning of
the open eyes unbalanced him. Was
it the frozen stare of fear, or of sleep,
or of death? If death, so much the
better; but it was Mr. Lynch's prin-
ciple to take nothing for granted until
proven.

Placing his revolver on the carpet
he drew a gleaming knife, and again crept
toward the bed. The motionless face
did not quiver an eyelash, only lay
looking upward, with that haunting,
penetrating stare. When the light had
moved within a foot of the face, a
strong arm swung from the lanky back-
ground and drove the knife, hilt deep
into the spot which to the robber's
trained eye covered the sleeper's heart.
As he pulled upward his fingers slipped
over the handle, and the knife was
left firmly fixed. The violence of the
thrust turned the body on its side, with
the face away. A tremor ran through
it, and then the figure lay motion-
less.

Mr. Lynch reeled as he stooped to
pick up the revolver. Cold beads of
sweat stood on his forehead, and his
legs quivered under him. Turn-
ing his back upon the bed, he worked
with feverish haste to finish and get
away. From cabinet to dresser he
hurried, leaving the drawers open and
their contents strewn about the floor,
but he found nothing of value.

The library—then he would be
through! The door was closed, but
not latched. Noiselessly but hastily
pushing it open, he stepped from the
haunting chamber into the flood of
light.

"Good heaven!"
There before him, with a revolver
levelled full at him, stood the perfect
image of Cyrus Holden! Mr. Lynch's
nerve stretched and snapped! He was
standing on the edge of eternity! He
only knew one thing to do—shoot be-
fore the other fellow! Like a lightning
flash he swung his own weapon into
position and pulled the trigger—once!—
twice!—three!—all in a second's
time. Through the smoke he saw the
figure yet standing in the same threat-
ening posture—piercing him with that
stony stare behind the leveled revol-
ver. It did not shoot—it did not move!

Was it man or devil?
The next instant the weapon dropped
from the burglar's hand, and turning
he ran, cursing, through the dark
chamber, where the body lay, with
the knife driven into it—through the
next room into the corridor—head-
long down the steps, and out into the
streets from the awful place—un-
manned, and a temporary maniac.

The banker awoke at the three shots
to hear the hurried footsteps of some

one through his secret chambers. A
moment afterward a concealed panel
door opened from a wall of the bed-
chamber where the body lay, and Cy-
rus Holden timidly emerged from his
unknown sleeping closet, bearing a
light. He advanced to the bed and
rolled the wax counterfeit of himself
on its back. A knife was sticking in
the cardiac region of the dummy dou-
ble. Then the banker crossed into the
library. The wax statue of himself,
which stood there, holding the leveled
revolver, presented a most grotesque
appearance. A portion of its lower jaw
was shot away, and there were two
other bullet holes in the body, either
of which would have proved fatal—
if the dummy had been a man.

At his feet Mr. Holden found Mr.
Lynch's lighted bull-eye lantern and
revolver. This suggested to him the
probability that the burglar would not
tell the secret of the locked chambers,
and he hastily refastened the doors
and he hastily refastened the doors
and he hastily refastened the doors

As the banker again passed through the
panel door into his secret sleeping
closet, there was a look of pleased
triumph on his face. The disfigure-
ment of the wax dummies did not
seem to annoy him. They had proved
valuable substitutes, and he could
order two more from Paris.

The cool night air, and the peaceful
suburban street, brought Mr. Lynch
to himself with a jerk. He realized
that his conduct was unprofessional
in the extreme, and, pulling off the
black mask, he slunk into the dark-
ness of a convenient alley. An hour
later he was speeding from the place
in the first train for the metropolis.
That was his last night's work in the
"crooked" line.—New York Weekly.

WHAT THE TYPES SAY

Two Newly-Told Stories of Typographical Errors.

Stories of typographical errors are
as old as type itself and will probably
continue as long as that method of ex-
pression endures and man is fallible.
If none of these stories are new some
of them seem so, at least, to the pres-
ent generation.

Telling one of these in a recent social
session a doctor who now has a large
practice in one of the suburbs said:
"It was a case that got into the news-
papers because of the prominence of
the patient and the suddenness of the
attack. The suddenness of the attack,
indeed, was the only reason I was
called in, for I was a beginner then
and quite young. A friend of mine on
a local paper determined to give me
a boost by dwelling on the fact that
prompt action alone saved the patient's
life, so in the course of his article he
wrote 'the skillful physician immedi-
ately observed the patient's full pulse
and at once prescribed for him,' but
when it came out in print it read:
'The physician observed the patient's
full pulse and at once prescribed for
him.'"

"In the only typographical error that
concerned me," said another story-
teller, "it's always been a question in
my mind as to whether it wasn't per-
haps intention rather than error. If
it was when I was a young man so-
journing in a village where there was
only one paper and that a weekly. I
took a girl out buggy riding one moon-
light night; the horse, an animal from
a livery stable, famous for its uncer-
tain disposition, bolted and we were
both thrown out. Neither one of us
was hurt; but it made a big item for
the paper nevertheless. In the usual
florid style then prevalent I was de-
scribed as the handsome and popular
traveling man, etc., and the girl as the
accomplished and beautiful daughter
of, etc. Then the writer got down to
the fine details of the incident and
the paper said: 'It was just as the
buggy was entering the dark and mys-
terious shadows of Cosman's Grove
that the horse began to plunge and
rear, and Miss Evelyn, fearing she
would be kissed to death, jumped.'
Miss Evelyn read the account aloud
to me up to that point and then I went
around to the newspaper office. The
editor declared that the reporter, who
was himself, had written it 'kicked,'
and he showed me the manuscript to
prove it, but since he was also the
chief compositor and proofreader, and
was also sweet on Miss Evelyn him-
self, I always had my suspicions."—
Philadelphia Record.

Country Life and Increase.

Those who view the increase of in-
sanity in these islands with alarm are
apt to attribute the deplorable growth
of lunacy to the pressure of modern
life, and especially the struggle for ex-
istence in great cities. They picture
the simple countryman living the 'sim-
ple life' in reasonable content and
keeping a sound mind in a healthy
body, while the dweller in crowded
areas succumbs to nervous strain.
Upon this picture the fifty-ninth report
of the Commissioners in Lunacy, just
issued, turns the hard light of facts.
According to this summary of the
year's records of insanity it is the
countryman who goes mad soonest on
the average, while the much-pitied
townsman, remains sane enough to be
called upon to look after him. "There
is no apparent relationship between the
density of population and the ratio of
insanity," the Commissioners boldly
declare. "Many of the sparsely popula-
ted counties give the highest proportion
of insane to their respective popula-
tions."—London Telegraph.

Her Remains.

A little Kansas girl who had been
told to bring to school an essay of
250 words on the bicycle wrote the
following: "My auntie has a bicycle.
One day she went out for a ride.
When she got about a mile from home
her dress caught in the chain and
threw her off and broke the wheel.
I guess this is about fifty words, and
my auntie used the other 200 words
while she was carrying her bicycle
home."



Praises American Women.

Many men seem to have little to
do in these days but to discuss women.
An ex-President, not to speak of lesser
personages, has gone to the trouble of
defining their sphere and pointing out
their virtues and vices, and now it is
the Japanese Minister to the United
States who is turning his attention to
this enigma of the ages, so called.

His excellency Kogoro Takahira dis-
cusses his subject in the Woman's
Home Companion, and takes a line
somewhat different from that of some
previous critics. He has nothing but
praise, and high praise at that, for the
American woman.

He goes so far as to attribute the
friendship of the United States for
Japan to her influence, and of this
friendship he says:

If one could only magnify and mul-
tiply fifty million or eighty million
times the beauty and charm of woman
given to man and man this would
give just a glimpse of the splendor of
a friendship between two great na-
tions.

The typical American woman does
not concern herself, it is true, with the
details, the machinery, the knotty
complications of international politics.
Indeed, from the very nature of things
there are few women of any nation
who have an intimate knowledge of
the inner workings of such affairs.

But in their larger outlines almost
all international questions of magni-
tude seem to claim the American wom-
an's stamp of approval, and woe to
those measures upon which she
frowns. The story of her interest in
them and her comprehension of them is
the highest tribute that could be
paid to the intelligence of American
womanhood.

In the troublous and trying hours of
Japan during the last two years I
have had many opportunities to ob-
serve with admiration and gratitude
the sympathetic intelligence of the
women of America in reading the
aspirations of our country and inter-
preting their significance. Athwart
our path were mountainous obstacles
which to western eyes seemed quite
impossible for us to scale.

Perhaps it was the pluck of a com-
paratively small nation that refused
point-blank to consider these obstacles
insurmountable that appealed to the
American woman. What was worthy
of her to do spoke to the heroic in her
nature, and her sympathy was as sen-
sitive as an Aeolian lyre when at last
we successfully weathered the storm.

In these two eventful years I have
been made to see two traits which
are conspicuous among the many re-
markable attributes of the intelligent
American woman. The first is the ten-
acity with which she holds to her con-
victions. This stands out in no un-
certain outline. If she does not com-
pass every detail, she certainly takes
good care that what she has in her
grasp does not escape her.

That is not all. She sees to it that
the same conviction is somehow con-
veyed to the minds of her friends.
Once she is thoroughly possessed with
a conviction and once in the arena, I
know of no missionary who can claim
the distinction of being her superior
in zeal and ability. It would perhaps
be difficult for even a gifted historian
to trace accurately all the national and
international events in the salons and
bondoirs whence they came; but it
would be very much more difficult
to prove that these epochal events have
had nothing to do with the gentler hours
of a nation's life, with silken arenas,
with smiles and whispers behind fans.
And in America this fact seems to be
so emphasized by the exceptionally
high intelligence of the American
woman that I do not see how any one
with grace deny it.

His excellency comments with par-
ticular satisfaction and some amaze-
ment in the unalloyedness of an Ameri-
can friendship for Japan. He says:

"There are many phases in the Far
Eastern question which the United
States can very properly look upon
through the eyes of self-interest. The
press and a few people call the atten-
tion of the American public to these
points. The public remained entirely
indifferent to them.
"May it not be true that this peculiar
feature of our friendship, so foreign
to the self-interest basis of diplomacy,
has had its root in the work of the
American woman, who is not always
the best hand to count how much su-
perior is the value of steel exports to
Japan over so airy a subject as an
international friendship?"

The Art of Conversation.

To one woman who is thoroughly
satisfied with her ability to maintain
a reasonable share of interesting con-
versation there are scores who dis-
turb their own powers to the point of
awkwardness. One has to note the be-
havior of guests at a reception given
in honor of some more or less famous
personage to realize that. The few
except the presentation easily and
graciously, make little speeches that
exactly fit and go away leaving an
agreeable impression. The many look
uncomfortable, appear awkward and
say the wrong things if they find
speech at all.

There is no short cut to grace of any
description. Familiarity with an art
brings ease, of course, and nothing
broadens one like travel and much
rubbing of elbows with humanity.
A woman's opportunities have never

equaled those of the other sex, because
she has always spent so much time
within the four walls of home. Con-
ditions are improving all the time,
however, and with newspapers, maga-
zines and clubs there is less excuse
for feminine awkwardness in the art
of conversing. Serious discourse has
but little part in our hurried life and
that helps to ease the burdens.

It is said of elderly leaders of soci-
ety in one of the larger cities that
her power comes from her ability to
talk to everybody upon the topic that
pleases. She knows enough of music,
art, literature and science to be in-
teresting to those who make a life
study of those arts, even though she
might not be able to keep afloat in
deeper conversational water. I have
no doubt of the truth of the statement,
for her wealth is insignificant by com-
parison with thousands of women she
rules and she lacks beauty, style and
grace. She is not even amiable.

I know that it is impossible for many
women to talk to any extent, but
some of them manage to be charming
by evincing an interest that possesses
drawing power and puts really good
talkers at their best. Nothing is more
irritating than half-hearted interest
and the woman who allows her atten-
tion to wander while others are ad-
dressing her is likely to be black-
listed. A good memory is a veritable
prop, for happy turns of conversation
can be found all through the reading
matter of the present day, and the
retailer of good stories is sure of pop-
ularity.

One of the rules of conversation is
never to appear to know things of
which you are ignorant, but I would
amend that by advising an owl-like
expression of wisdom when subjects
of which you know little or nothing
come up. It generally gives one a
deal of information without detract-
ing from one's reputation. So many
chatterers are scattered through the
world that a really well-informed per-
son rarely gets an opportunity to ap-
pear to the best advantage.

In speaking of a woman who passed
away a year or so ago, at the age of
eighty-seven a group of men and wom-
en paid her a splendid tribute. She
had never spoken an unkind word to
the best knowledge of those who knew
her best. Her sickness was long and
painful, but her gentleness never
failed. How she managed to escape
the taint of the gossip habit nobody
knows, for she lived in a neighborhood
where it flourished in a lively fashion.
But there is her record to prove her
innocence.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Latest in Headgear.

Everyone recognizes the paramount
importance of hats. Has not one of
our cleverest writers remarked that
one may in time grow to care about a
soul, but that a chapeau makes an in-
stant impression?
Well, the latest in hats is warranted
to make an instant impression, for it
boasts the novelty of a high—"dome"
is the correct name, though thimble is
more descriptive—crown, covered
plainly in the pin-cushion with vel-
vet, the base being decorated in some
way, with a wreath of shaded dahlias
repeating the tones of the velvet, per-
haps, or by the much-discussed but
redundant veil, or both together;
while its brim is not unlike an enlarged
and extended edition of that on a
man's felt, and often enough is of a
totally different color. Our old friend
the felt "flop" bent into unwonted
smartness, and the French sailor gen-
erally modernized, are also favored.—
Washington Times.



Braids continue to be the leading
trimming for suits, coats and costumes.
Patent leather hats for children are
in roll-brim sailor and in Colonial
shapes.

The new Tricorons are most becom-
ing. One shape particularly took my
fancy.
As the season advances, the promi-
ence given to the princess gown is
more apparent.

The new browns are of the mahog-
any type. Some of them are quite
brilliant in their make-up, but will be
none too extreme to be chosen by the
modish dresser.

Admitting the successful rivalry, for
the time, of the felt hats for fine dress,
it is not to be imagined that there has
been any decadence of favor for hats
made of the rich textile fabrics spec-
ially devoted to the millinery of au-
tumn and winter.

Attention is still called to chiffon
and sewing-silk braids, and to spangled
net, as variants of the velvets in the
objective creation of elegant headwear,
while in the construction, of whatever
materials employed, much use is made
of faulle taffeta, and soft satin in
combination effects—more silks having
recently appeared to contest favor
with those of plain finish; and shot
colorings varying solid colorings, in all
the silks.

Dr. Kisaburo Yamaguchi, of Tokio,
has announced that Johns Hopkins is
to be the recipient of an extensive col-
lection of Japanese minerals.

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW

DUN'S WEEKLY SUMMARY

Wholesale Business Promises Well
for the Coming Year—Rail-
ways Prospering.

Trade broadens in a healthy manner
in response to lower temperature and
holiday demand. Staple lines of
heavy weight wearing apparel are
readily distributed and the movement
of Christmas goods promises to add
one more to the many new high re-
cords established by 1905.

Many manufacturers in these lines
are unable to fill orders, notably those
producing jewelry, candy, toys and
novelties. Wholesale business is on
a scale that promises well for next
season, shipping departments are
taxed to the utmost and mercantile
collections are satisfactory, with a few
exceptions, which are confined
chiefly to Southern districts where
cotton has not been marketed prompt-
ly. Prices have made further ad-
vances, Dun's index number being
\$105,312 on December 1, against
\$102,853 a month previous, and the
past week has brought a still higher
level.

There was nothing in the States
documents to disturb confidence, in-
dustrial activity is showing greater
progress than at any previous time
and railway earnings in November
were 6.1 per cent. larger than last
year's. Foreign commerce at this
port for the last week showed a gain
of \$1,119,395 in imports and a de-
crease of \$2,421,005 in exports, as
compared with the same week of
1904.

New business in the iron and steel
industry may be coming forward a
little less freely, but the demand for
many products is so far ahead of sup-
ply that there is little interest in cur-
rent operations. More high record
prices for recent years have been
established in the markets for minor
metals. Export trade is not en-
couraged by the new quotations, al-
though moderate orders are received
for certain heavy goods on which
prices were quoted before the crop re-
port appeared. Leather is firm, but
quiet. Failures numbered 232 in the
United States, against 239 last year
and 24 in Canada, compared with 26 a
year ago.

MARKETS.

Table with columns for Grain, Flour and Feed. Items include Wheat, No. 2 red, No. 3 yellow, etc.

Table with columns for Dairy Products. Items include Butter, Eggs, etc.

Table with columns for Poultry, Etc. Items include Hens, Chickens, etc.

Table with columns for Fruits and Vegetables. Items include Apples, Potatoes, etc.

Table with columns for BALTIMORE. Items include Flour, Wheat, etc.

Table with columns for PHILADELPHIA. Items include Flour, Wheat, etc.

Table with columns for NEW YORK. Items include Flour, Wheat, etc.

Table with columns for LIVE STOCK. Items include Cattle, Hogs, etc.

Table with columns for Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg. Items include Cattle, Hogs, etc.

Table with columns for Hogs. Items include Prime heavy hogs, etc.

Table with columns for Sheep. Items include Prime wethers, etc.

Table with columns for Calves. Items include Veal calves, etc.

John Bull's Liquor Bill.
According to a committee of Lon-
don physicians, Great Britain spends
\$174,475,270 annually for intoxicating
liquor.

A Boston housekeeper explains that
she manages to avoid cutting her
servants by simply putting herself in
their place. That scheme should give
her most of her afternoons and even-
ings "off," the Providence Journal ob-
serves.

The movement to compel women to
wear hats at divine service is spread-
ing in New Jersey, says the Chicago
Inter-Ocean, and, as elsewhere, the
women are only concerned—for the
most part, in the hats they shall be
compelled to wear.