THE SECRET CHAMBER.

Mold upon the ceiling, Mold upon the floor, Windows barred and double barred, Opening nevermore. Hist! the spectres gather, Break and group again, Wreathing, writhing, gibbering Round that fearful stain; Spiders in the corners, Spiders on the shelves, Weaving frail and endless webs Back upon themselves. Weaving, ever weaving, Weaving in the gloom, Till the drooping drapery Trails about the room. . . Hist! the spectres gather, Gather in the dark. Where a breath has brushed away Dust from off a mark.

Dust of weary winters, Dust of solemn years, Dust that deepens in the silence, As the minute wears— On the shelf and wainscot, Window-bars, and wall, Covering infinite devices With its stealthy fall.

Blood upon the panels, Blood upon the floor, Blood that baffles wear and wrshing, Red forevermore. See, they pause and listen, When the bat that cling: Stirs within the crevices Of the panclings. See, they pause and listen, Listen through the air, How the eager life has struggled That was taken there. See they pause and listen, Listen in the gloom; For a startled breath is sighing, Sighing through the room— Sighing in the corners, Sighing on the floor, Sighing through the window-bars That open nevermore.

-Anon.

Fanny's Stranger. : By HERO STRONG.

"I tell you, Fanny Shawmut, you believe you can help falling in love ere made for each other!" with him!"

"I tell you, Fanny Snawmut, you were made for each other!" "And I tell you, Aunt Hildred, I would sooner die than marry him!" "You are a fool, Fanny! You are as headstrong and self-willed as your fa-

was before you!" "Please leave my relations entirely out of the discussion! I am my own mistress, 21 years old last June, and free to refuse the emperor of Russia, if I choose to! And I tell you, Aunt Hil-dred, once more, that I will not stay here to meet Earle Röchefort, to be inspected like a cow or a horse just up for sale! So there!"

And Fanny Shawmut left the room, and shut the door behind her in a way which showed that she had a temper, as it was right and proper she should For a woman without a tem have. per would be as insipid as broth without salt or pepper.

Aunt Hildred Ames put her smelling salts to her nose and took a long sniff. Such contumacy in Niece Fanny was exasperating. If she had dreamed that the girl would ever have developed so much obstinacy, she would have declined to become her guardian, even to please her dying brother. A very few words will explain how

matters stood. Earle Rochefort was a young man of 28 or 30, a native of Mrs. Ames own town, and a prime favorite with the good lady. According to her idea, there was not another man in all the world worth naming beside him. His world worth naming beside him. His confess to herself that she had never father had been Aunt Hildred's first seen a finer face. Its clear blue eyes love, but treachery on the part of somebody or other, it does not matter whom, had separated them; and he and eyes were black, and her lips and bed formed earther work that he had never had found another woman, and Aunt Hildred had found another man. But when Earle's father died, an explanation had taken place, and Aunt Hil-dred had promised to love the son for the sake of the father. And indeed, she found it not very difficult to love Earle for his own sake, for he was gentle and affectionate, and won the regard of all with whom he came in

daughter Fanny to her aunt's care. Fanny, pretty, spoiled, an heiress in her own right, and accustomed always to troops of servants to order about. did not fall readily into the groove her aunt had prepared for her. She made up her mind that she would not love and marry this Earle Rochefort, of whom she had heard so much. As yet, she had not met Mr. Roche

fort. He was absent in Californta; where he owned some mines, and had been there nearly a year, perfecting some arrangements for their improved

Aunt, Hildred capered around the room so gayly that the staid old cat fled under the sofa to recover her equanimity, and the very canary in the cage stopped his singing and con-templated his mistress in silent awe The letter to Cousin Martha was written and dispatched, and Aunt Hildred felt willing to await the course of events. She felt moderately sure that all would be just as she wished it. Fanny Skawmut looked very pretty in her dark blue traveling suit, and her coquettish round hat, with its

white feather, as she took her seat in the cars the morning she began her journey to Derby More than one gentleman looked

wistfully at the unoccupied seat beside her, but she spread out her skirts in a way that lady travelers have, and put her muff on the cushions, and none of them were hold enough to ask her if the seat were engaged. The car filled up rapidly, and pres

ently a young man in a heavy ulster paused beside her, and asked the question she had been expecting somebody would be impertinent enough to ask

She had a great mind to tell him she preferred sitting alone, but he had-taken up the muff and made himself comfortable before she had quite made up her mind to be so impolite. Then she looked at him, and was obliged to confess to herself that she had never checks were glowing like the heart of a cleft pomegranite. And, of course, she liked a blonde man best-indeed, how could she help it? And he had such a grave, sweet voice,

and he was so careful not to sit on her flounces, and he did not twiddle with the tassels of her muff in the way most men do, but held it daintily, just as if he knew it was real Russian sa-

regard of all with whom he came in contact. But he did not marry, though a great many beautiful young girls would gladly have accepted him, and so it happened that at eight-and-twenty he was still a bachelor; and er John died in Madeira, and left his daughter Fanny to her auri's care pinions agreed. After that it was sailing.

A furious snowstorm set it, for it was in New England, and the month was January, and the wind blew a gale from the northeast; but our young friends were so much occupied in getting acquainted that snowstorms

were of no account whatever. After a while it began to be very cold in the car. The small stove was en-tirely insufficient to send out heat enough to combat successfully with the streams of frigid air rushing in at every crevice; and to make things daily, and Aunt Hildred was contin-more uncomfortable, the locomotive heart. She had likewise written to ing drifts in a way which showal the

this interesting stranger, how casily she could have stayed at Elmwood

and married him, and made Aunt Hil-

dred happy. The storm increased, the drifts be

came more and more formidable, and

ward, which shook most of the pas

sengers out of their seats, and demoralthey were off the track, and no

Fanny cried, and clung to her strang-

who did not appear a bit s t the accident had happened.

comforted the young girl, and drew her down on his shoulder to finish her crying, and took off her hat so that it

would not be crushed-it was a Paris

hat—and wound her soft, white "cloud" over her curls in such a deli-

more progress could be made

Ah, well! Fanny had rost her heart | him before the crash and now she was completely subjected.

ş After all, it was a very delightfu ght. Fanny dozed a little, and her stranger sat beside her and kept her wrapped up. The other men in the car swore over the vile situation they were in, and occasionally went out on the platform to smoke cigars; and the women fretted, and the two babies who were along squalled at intervals all night; but none of this disturbed Fanny Shawmut.

In the morning aid came—an extra train, with a snowplow attached, and a car with troops of men with shov-els, and baskets of provisions. The stranger secured all the nicest things for Fanny, and she had never enjoyed anything before as she enjoyed these sandwiches and seed cakes.

But everything delightful must have an end, and in due time the train was put on the track, and Derby was The stranger put Fanny in a cab,

and went with her to Cousin Bentley's, and asked permission to call on her, and so they parted. He had not thought to ask her name, neither had she thought to ask his.

The next day Cousin Martha received Aunt Hildred's letter, and that ning, when Fanny's stranger called oddly enough, Cousin Martha herself opened the door for him, and took his card. Then she showed him into the parlor, and followed him in, and shut the door behind her, and stayed there talking with him fulll 20 minutes be-fore she called Fanny.

The stranger was introduced as Mr. Fort, which Fanny thought a very sin-gular name. But then, after all, "what's in a name?"

Of course, they had a very delightful evening, which was but the beginning of a series of delightful evenings. Mr. Fort's heart held out just

fortnight, and then he told his love in words too glowing for the cold point of our cynical pen to write, and the two young people did a very desperate thing—they engaged themselves, and set the wedding day just one month ahead.

Faary wrote her aunt a very graphic account of the whole affair, dwell ing on Mr. Fort's kindness and devotion during the snowstorm, and end-ing with saying that her lover was so far in advance of that odious Earle so far in advance of that offous Earle Rochfort in all the virtues and graces, that she was sure Aunt Hildred would be delighted that her disobedient but ever-loving nicce did not stay at home and marry that California bear.

When Aunt Hildred read the letter, he laughed till the tears came and dimmed her spectacles, and she hugged the cat, and shook hands with Betty the cook, and then proved herself a true woman, and in her right mind, by overturning her wardrobe to see if she had any dress suitable to wear at the wedding.

The wedding dress and veil were splendid, and Fanny looked like an an-gel in them. Just about five minutes before the time set for the performance of the ceremony the bridgeroon was announced.

But what was Fanny's amazement But what was Fanny's amazement to see Aunt Hildred rush up to him, throw her arms around his neck and call him her "dear Earle," and teil him how glad she was to see him back. And then Aunt Hildred led him toward the bride, and making a low obeis-ance, went through with the ceremony of an introduction

Miss Fanny Shawmut, allow me to have the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. Earle Rochefort, to whom you are about to be married!"

Fanny's black eyes blazed, and her little red mouth unclosed to say some-

· By W. Romaine Paterson.

The Cost of Slavery

Brown

Ş HAT the enslaved races endured oppression so long is no doubt partly to be explained by the strange Oriental passiv-ity and fatalism which is in some measure shown by only one European people, the Slavs. Centuries of subjection produced that vast stupor and stagnation from which India has not yet awakened, while Russia has only lately moved

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has not yet awakened, while Russia has only lately moved uneasily in her sleep. India has never been a unity and has never possessed a political consciousness. * * * It was precisely be-cause she rejected the sciormation preached by Buddha that her organization on a basis of justice became impossible and that her conquest became easy. It was after Buddhism had been driven out that the great Mohammedan in-vasion began. * * A nation of slaves was called upon to fight a nation of free-men, for the Mohammedans were free. * * * How momentous the result of the conquest was destined to be may be measured by the fact that today India contains 62,458,097 Mohammedans (according to the census of 1906) * * Ever since India has been a battle-ground, and the world knows that it will be a battle-ground in the future.

1906) * * * Ever since India has been a battle-ground, and the world knows that it will be a battle-ground in the future. Babylon was great. She used science and she used art, but she abused humanity. She invented sun-dials, but forgot to regulate with justice the hours of labor. She could calculate a star's eclipse, but not her own. No state has been more guilty of the waste-of human life. And when we see her ruins lying like a yast mystories autoruph screen like area. her ruins lying like a vast, mysterious autograph scrawled over the desert her history appears to be full of warning. The Athenians possessed words for liberty, equality, and even for fra-

ternity, but all those great doctrines were evolved at the expense of slaves, * * It has been said by a great scholar that many writers foolishly write of Athens as if it were a lost paradise. The truth is, that behind her tacades we discover an industrial tyranny and workshops full of slaves. When it is remembered that without their labor the leisure which went to create Athenian art, literature and philosophy would not have been possible, we can not resist the conclusion that the culture of Athens was bought at too high a price

Not long ago the Esquiline Cemetery was excavated and there was dis covered a pit one thousand feet long and three hundred feet deep. It was an ancient burial ground for slaves, who were thrown into it along with the carcasses of animals and the refuse of the city. If it be true that methods of human burial indicate the value which is placed on human life, these Roman slave-pits are in themselves sufficient to indicate the spirit that lay behind Roman civilizaton.

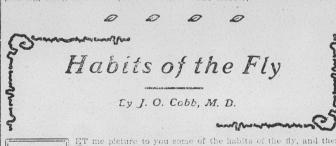


HE instrument in the observatory on Mount Whitney, by which the variations of the sun's heat are measured, might be called an electrical the momenter. It is an apparatus so large as to occupy a building of considerable size, yet the essential part of its mechanism, which makes the record, is a fine thread of platinum, connected electrically with a behavior of the mechanism of the second seco

Estential part of its interfaction, which index the relation because the end of plathum, connected electrically with a balance of marvelous delicacy. The beam of the balance is a filament of spun glass five inches long and less in diameter than a hair, in the middle of which is a concave mirror as big as a large pinhead. This mirror (which weighs two and a half milligrammes—about as much as the hind legs of a fly) is fastened upon a square piece cut from a dragon fly's wing, and the whole affair is suspended from a fibre of spun quartz crystal two-feet long and one five-thousandth of an inch thick. Outside of the building is a queer-looking machine provided with a large circular mirror, which is controlled by clock-work in such a way as to face the sun at all hears and to throw a reflected beam into the month of a great tube that enters the observatory. A single ray of the sunshine thes conveyed is permitted to fail upon the plati-num thread, through which a current of electricity continuelly passes. It is well known that the electrical resistance of the thread the heat of a sun's ray thrown upon it is determined. So accurate, in fact, is the de-termination that a variation of one-millionth of a degree Fahrennieit can be distinguished.

distinguished.

Changes in the temperature of the platinum thread cause the wonderful Changes in the temperature of the platinum thread cause the wonderful little balance to sway, while another ray of light, allowed to fall upon its thy concave mirror, is reflected upon a measuring scile. Thus, as the dot of re-flected light runs along the scale one may observe with the eye the varia-tions in the amount of heat conveyed by the sunbeam, which comes through the tube from outside the building. When desired, however, the measuring scale is replaced by a souty-traveling photographic film, which makes a per-manent record of the fluctuations of the solar temperature, convenient for printing, filing and subsequent reference.—The Reider,



ET me picture to you some of the habits of the fly, and then we shall see if it is unreasonable to believe that he is an important factor in the spread of discase. Turn about you and see the server of fly



IN STYLE.

n elbow sleaves and elbow gloves And elbow hat Ble's clad just just for sure of that. She feels unconfortable and stiff. Beneath her lord. She joks a sight, but what's the diff? She's a la mode.

To network waists and network hose She stoutly clines; And network yells, and, goodness knows, What other things. Melhow-network, dream, ye goist-She takes the road.
She looks a sight, but what's the odds? She's a la mode.

-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Him-I would die for you! Her-Would you? Weil, that's about the only chance there is of us two becom-ing one.—Cleveland Leader.

"That fisherman is always talking, about the whoppers he caught." "He doesn't catch them," answered Miss Cayenne. "He merely tells them."— Washington Star.

City Visitor-I suppose there's quite a little idle gossip in a village like this. The Postmaster—Idle? Not a bit of it! Works eighteen hours a day an' never takes a holiday."-Puck.

Little Willie-Say, ba, what is an idle theory? Pa-There is no such thing, my son. Every man or woman who has a theory keeps it working overtime.-Chicago Daily News.

"I dropped some money in the mar-ket today," announced Mr. Wyss at the dinnertable. "Again?" exclaimed Mrs. Wyss, reproachfully. "No." re-plied Mr. Wyss, mournfully; "a loss." Judge.

-Judge. First Summer Girl--Who is that clean-shaven, handsome boy? Second Summer Girl--Oh, he's an actor, First Summer Girl--No: 1 mean the other one. Second Summer Girl--Oh, he hasn't any money, either.--Harper's Wookle Weekly.

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"Gosh, all hemlock!" exclaimed the "Gosh, all homook!" excitation of the first farmer, "sin't yet struck water yet? How deep hev ye gone?" "Bout a hundred feet," replied the other, placidly. "An' ain't ye discouraged?" "Of I dunno, I can't say I ain't gittin' along well?" "Philadelphia Press.

"But," protested the space writer, perhaps you could use this article if were to boil it down?" "Nöthing dowere to boil it down?" "Nothing do-ng," rejoined the man behind the blue benell. "If you were to take a gallon of water and obli it down to apint, t would still be water."-Chicago bdie Nowe Daily News.

Daily News. "I'm afraid,' said Mrs. Oldcastle, "Mr, Harklins would have been better off if he had never inherited that money 'from his aunt. He is rapidly becoming a voluptuary." "Do you think so?" replied her hostess. "But mebbe he'd of got that way anyhow. Most men begin to fatten up when they get along about his ate."—Chi-cago Record-Herald. "Horewit you loand that De Broite

"Haven't you loaned that. De Broite a good deal of money?" "No. I've let him have a rumber of small sums." "Knowing his reputation, why did you give him that last five?" "It was this way. He shid if I'd let him have it he'd pay me something on what he advant way. He shid if I d let him have the d pay me something on what he already owed me." "Well?" "So I let him have the five and he paid me \$1 on account."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

The Almighty Dollar.

The Almighty Dollar. A recent headline, "Rule of the Dol-lar," has suggested the inquiry. Who originated the familiar phrase, "the almighty dollar?" It was Washington Irving, in "the Creole Village," which -he published in 1837. The phrase be-came so popular and excited so much controversy in consequence of a doubt whether the adjective was irreverent that its author had to explain eighteen that its author had to explain eighteen years later that he intended "no irrev-erance, even to the dollar, which he is well aware is becoming daily more and more an object of worship." ar" is certainly one of the world's great words now, and it is difficult to realize that it only means "valleyer," the "thater" having been named after the Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, in whose valley it was first coined in the sixteenth century.—New York-World.

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Fanny came back to Elmwood just a week previous to this important event, and Mrs. Ames' house was turned upside down with the grand preparations. Fanny declared she hoped that abominable Rochefort wouldn't put in an appearance at the wedding for she knew she couldn't be decently polite to him; and thereat Aunt Hildred would go off into such convulsions of laughter that Fanny began to look serious, for she was cer-tainly afraid her aunt's brain was softening. So many brains did soften

Earle, over and over again, glowing passengers that are long snow would descriptions of Fanny, and had dwelt largely upon her favorite plan of a days in January are very short, you know-and the train was just enterunion between her two children, as called Earle and Fanny. Young Rochefort, with all a man's aversion ing upon the 20 mile stretch known as to having a wife picked out for him, began also to fairly hate the name of Brownslow's Common, and there were not half a dozen dwellings from one Fanny, and to feel very much averse end of this desolate waste to the oth-

eting the paragon.

In fact, so strong did this feeling Fanny began to feel very nervous become that he decided not to go to Elmwood, Aunt Hildred's town, but to She wondered what she should have done without this gentleman who oc**spend** the winter at Derby, a place **some** hundred and forty miles distant. He could make "business" an excupied the seat with her, and wido wrapped his traveling shawle-wound He could make "business" an ex-cuse; for, in addition to his other adher so carefully, and insisted on sit ting next the window, to-keep off the cold draught of air. vantages, Rochefort was wealthy, and Fanny thought that if only a man of property is always sup-Earle Rochefort, of whom Aunt Hil-dred prated so much, had been like posed to have plenty of business on So he wrote to Mrs. Ames to

that effect, promising to run down and see her some Saturday night at the very first opportunity. Fanny, meanwhile, had packed a

few dresses, and as little finery as it is possible for a young lady to exist with, into a couple of trunks, and, in at last the engine gave a plunge for spite of Aunt Hildred's remonstrances, had departed to make a long visit to her Cousin Bentley's folks in Derby

very day of Fanny's departure Mrs. Ames received Earle's letter, and when she had read it, she executed a pas de seul which would have done credit to a French dancing master.

"Glorious!" she cried; "things could-n't have happened more to my liking. I'll write to Cousin Martha this very day, and get her on my side; and Miss Fanny we shall see you Mrs. Earle Rochefort yet, in spite of your-self. For I know he will fail in love with you, if he meets you, and I don't cate and skilful way.

thing spiteful, but Earle stopped it with a kiss, which is always an ex-cellent way to stop a woman from scolding.

The wedding came off just as though nothing had happened, though everybody remarked that Fanny had a very high coolr for a bride. Brides should

always be pale, you know It proved a very happy union, though Fanny is wont to declare to Aunt Hildred that she never would have married that Earle Rochefort if it had not been that she could not bear the thought of not using that "lovely dress and veil."-From the New York Weekly.

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Relic of Antiquity.

M. G. Ramsay, of York, Pa., is the possessor of a rare treasure of antiquity, which has been handed down through a long line of ancestry. It is that of an old High Boy, or a beautiful walnut piece formerly owned by Thomas Reed, a signer of the Decla-ration of Independence. Reed, formerly lived in Delaware and then in Mary After his death it passed the hands of one of his nearest relatives, and finally passed into the keep ing of a family by the name of Burns living in the southeastern part Maryland. It has since come into the Ramsay family.

A recent church notice in Manchester, England, read: "A potato pie sup-per will be held on Saturday evening, Subject for Sunday evening, 'A Night of Agony.

Conserver and

and see the swarms of flies upon decaying vegetable matter —In the sarbage cans, on, the manure piles, everywhere. Watch the flies swarming upon the filth of the streets, such as sputtum and bones and decaying vegetables. Follow him further and see him alighting upon the candy offered for sale by the street venders, and on all the fruit at the stands. And the meats—have you observed how they are carried in open wagons through the streets without protection, covered with flies? Cooking this meat does not change the fact that it is simply nasty. This is no idle pleture of the chargers from fly intection. We know that their depths alone contain millions of bacteria. Urge upon gwerven, the screenbug of houses, and especially, of food and see the swarms of flies upon decaying vegeta

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-Juneson See

Urge upon overyone the screening of houses, and especially of food.-Detroit News-Tribune.

By Hannis Taylor, former Minister to Spain. Connorton Con BO and man Swing wing Sto

sasses KNOW of no monster so dangerous to the life of a republic as one who can in a moment throw bewildering millions in one direction of the other, especially when those millions grow out of abuptinal conditions that should not exist. The grew out of comptained conditions that should, not exist. The omnipotent dispenser may throw his millions in a good di-rection today, but it is sure to be in a bad one tomorrow. But most and worst of all, he is an imagebreaker, he fi an iconoclast who shatters the ideals upon which the nation's life was founded. There was a time when our young men thought it worth while to strive to be like Marshall, Webster, Emerson and

thought it worth while to strive to be into all shall, we see the find some and Washington Irving. But how long will those illusions last under the teach-ings of the new gospel which proclaims that nothing is really worth while except the brute force wielded by masses of money. If this thing goes on we can soon close all departments of our universities, except those that ap-ply the principles of physical science to the production of material wealth or its equivalent.

A Step on the Ladder.

Assistant to the president of large railroad and industrial corporations is refired and industrial couporations is becoming a recognized office. The position is one much sought after by young men of brains and influence, for the duties educate them for the presidency itself. Although the rank is usually below that of vice president, the opportunities for learning busi-ness and administrative methods are unique especially if the president be well over in years and inclined to re-linguish some of his activities. The sons of railroad magnates and of financiers of large caliber are finding their way into these positions, for by this means the drudgery of climbing up from the bottom rung of the lad-der is obviated.—New York Joarnal of Commerce

A Malign Wife.

He-Do you know there is to be a grand bail for charity, and I am thinkling of taking you. Have you ever danced for charity? She—Certainly. Do you not re-

member that even before we were engaged I never refused your invita-tions?-Translated for Trans-Atlantiv Tales from "Il Motto per Rifere."

Monster So Dangerous"

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