

THE VIOL AND HARP AND THE REEDY BASSOON

Oh, wondrously wistful and tender the somnolent measures
Played by the viol and harp and the reedy bassoon!
I think I could sit in the shadows and listen forever
Wrapt in the spell of the strange and enchanting soft tune.

With you, O my dreams, I could linger and listen forever,
Delighted and soothed by the somnolent flow of the tune
That weaves and upbuilds me a tangle of magical music
Poured from the viol and harp and the reedy bassoon.

Visions and memories waken that long have been sleeping,
Stirred by the viol and harp and the reedy bassoon;
Phantoms of flowers and of songs of the faraway summers
Rise at the sound of the haunting and eloquent tune.

The sweep and the sway of the plaintive and somnolent measures
Charm and enchant me and flood all my thought with the tune
As I dreamily sit in the shadow and listen delighted
To the song of the viol and harp and the reedy bassoon.

—John Russell Hayes, in Lippincott's.

AN INDIAN TALE.

The good man and the evil man walked along together side by side; they journeyed into the desert together in search of fortune and adventure. The good man was good, and was not elated, for he owed all to the grace of God. The evil man was evil, and took no shame, for it was ordained that he should do evil. They walked along side by side the desert track, while the sun blazed down upon them, and their feet sank into the heavy sand. Some days they walked, toiling all day in sand and resting at night on the ground. Food ran low, and water, for each carried his own store. The good man's bottle failed first, and he was faint and thirsty, and the desert stretched dry before them. "I can go no farther," said the good man; "give me a drink from your bottle, lest I die in the drifting sand." "Why should I do good?" the evil man replied. "I will give you no water to drink." The good man struggled on, and, fainting, appealed again for water. "I will not give you water without price. Let me pluck out one eye of yours, and I will give you one cup of water." The good man sank down in the sand and vainly struggled to rise. "If I lose one eye," he said, "I shall still be able to see the bright world and see the faces that I love." So the evil man plucked out one eye and flung it on the ground, and then gave him a cup of water.

The good man rose refreshed, and they continued their journey together. Again they slept in the sandy desert and struggled on next day, but the sand still stretched before them and the way was long. The good man felt the heat again and cried out for water, but the evil man refused. The good man fainting, and appealed again. "Shall not the evil man do evil? Give me your other eye and I will give you another drink." The good man said to himself, "It is better to be blind than to die, for life is sweet, and I shall still hear the voices of my friends." So the evil man plucked out the other eye, and then gave him another drink. Then the two went on together, the good man and the evil man, hand in hand. As the evening fell, lights of a town appeared ahead, but the good man did not see them. The evil man led him along till he came to a deep, dry well on the edge of the desert. "Stop here, friend," he said, and thrust him in and saw him fall. "Shall not the evil man do evil?" he said, and laughed as he went towards the city. There he found food and refreshed himself and went upon his way. But the good man lay in the well, bruised and hurt and blind.

As he lay there, night fell and it grew dark, though it was now always night to him, save in his heart, where the sun still shone. He heard the pad of wild beasts walking round the well, and soon he heard their voices and knew that he could understand what they said. A lion and a jackal and a wolf gathered round the well. Said the others to the lion, "How do you keep so fat and sleek, though game is scarce in the land?" "Game is scarce," the lion replied, "and I must go far to kill, yet there is a place in the desert, a withered oak tree near a stone; beneath are buried the treasures of seven kings. When I am hungry I lie there, and the thought of the riches below fills me with fulness.

"But when the lion hungers the jackal hungers; how do you keep so well, jackal?" "I, too, have a secret," said the jackal. "West of the city, in the grove, is a white flowering plant. The very sight of the leaves gives comfort to the hungry, and it has virtues to cure lepers. There I lie and am happy. But the wolf has a secret, too."

"Yes," replied the wolf, "I, too, have a secret. In this well grows a fern which gives sight to the blind and strength to the weak. I am here now to smell it and to get strength."

The good man lay below and listened, and knew that God had heard him. He lay till dawn broke and the animals stole away. Then he arose and felt with his hands, and found the fern, and, breaking off some branches, rubbed them on his face and smelt them; and at the touch sight came again to him, and the smell brought healing to his wounded body. He saw the sun again, and felt his strength return, and gave thanks to God. Slowly he clambered up the ruined well till he stood on the bank above, and saw the world again, and the city amidst green palms and glistening springs, brightening in the morning.

He went on alone to the city, and as he reached the gate he saw a proclamation and heard a herald who beat upon a drum and cried aloud to all who heard. He cried that the

king's daughter, who was his only child, was ill of a leprosy, and that he who cured her should have her to wife and the half of his kingdom. The people listened and cried with grief and beat their breasts, for they loved their king and knew that his daughter was as beautiful as the day.

The good man was filled with pity for the grief of the king and for the whole people, and for the daughter whom men said was so beautiful. Swiftly he hurried away west of the city and searched the grove for the white flowering plant of which the jackal had spoken. He found the plant and joyfully brought it back, and running to the palace, cried to be brought to the king's daughter, for he could cure her disease. They brought him in, and he laid the plant upon her and she saw it, and it brought peace to her trouble, and she was made whole and was in very truth as beautiful as the day. Then the king ordered and the drums were beaten and the guns fired, and proclamation made that the good man had cured the princess and that he should marry her at once. So the king gave him his daughter in marriage, and there was great joy and feasting, and the king gave him the half of his kingdom to rule over and all were happy.

Weeks passed and the king rejoiced in his son-in-law, and the people in their ruler, and most of all the king's daughter in her husband. One day it chanced that the good man rode in the streets with many followers and horses and elephants, when he saw the evil man clad in rags passing through the street. He stopped his train, and, dismounting, ran to the evil man and embraced him and kissed him. He threw a robe upon him and set him upon an elephant and brought him to his own palace. Here he entertained him and made much of him and praised him, saying that he owed all his good fortune to him.

The evil man's heart was filled with jealousy. He went before the king and spoke to him, saying, "Do you know what sort of man you have for a son-in-law, you who are so proud? I have known him from a child, and he is the son of a scavenger, one of the very pariahs whose touch is pollution." The king rose in fury and cast his son-in-law into prison, and the evil man laughed and went his way.

When the king's daughter begged her husband's life, and he was dragged before the king for judgment, the good man said: "Have I done evil to you or good that you should believe evil of me? I am no pariah; but I come of royal blood. I was poor and outcast, but I count my fathers for a thousand years, and am the child of the sun and the moon even as you are yourself, and as I told you before. Thus shall you know that I am no mean man, give me camels and I will go fetch my treasure."

The king gave him camels and men, and he went and dug beneath the withered oak tree near a stone of which the lion had spoken. There he found the treasure of seven kings, gold and silver and jewels without number. He loaded up the camels, and sent for more and more again, and yet again, till the city was filled with wonder, and the king's treasure houses overflowed. The king believed his word and knew that he was no pariah's son, and took him back to

Presidential Mnemonics.

George Washington, the first among his mates,
Presided over these United States.
John Adams next attained this lofty fame,
And after him great Thomas Jefferson came.
Succeeding him James Madison arose,
And James Monroe, with few, if any, foes.
John Quincy Adams next controlled the reins,
And then old Andrew Jackson showed his brains.
After eight years, Van Buren took his place;
Then Harrison, who lived but a brief space,
John Tyler filled the unexpired term,
And then came James K. Polk, just in his prime.
Zach Taylor next proceeded to the fore,
But in some sixteen months his life was o'er.
His term unfinished Millard Fillmore served.
Then Franklin Pierce, who never from duty swerved.
Buchanan next responded to the call,
And then came Lincoln, noblest of them all;
All nations view from far his grand behavior,
And, dying, he was called the country's savior.
To take his place A. Johnson now was bound,
Who oft was wont to "swing the circle round."
Ulysses Grant next came upon the field,
And after eight long years was loath to yield;
But, having had his share of worthy praise,
At last he gave his place to R. B. Hayes.
Brave Garfield then the assassin's bullet slew;
He revealed Lincoln as a martyr true.
"Chet" Arthur now, of gentlemanly mien,
'And Grover Cleveland, a statesman clean.
Ben Harrison his grandpa's hat then wore,
And Cleveland did grand work for four years more.
Then came McKinley, from the Buckeye State,
To be assassinated was his fate.
Next Teddy Roosevelt held the White House craft—
His shoes will now be filled by big Bill Taft.
—Addison Fletcher Andrews, in Life.

his palace and begged his forgiveness. The good man now ruled the kingdom and did justice, and all men loved him.

Again it chanced that he rode in the city, and the evil man came by, returned to see the effects of his evil. Again the good man ran to him and kissed him, and brought him to his palace, and treated him with honor, naming him the source of all his good fortune. Shall not the good do good, and the evil do evil, for so God has appointed, and who shall gainsay? The evil man, full of wonder, asked him how all had befallen him, and the good man told him all from the beginning, and hid nothing from him.

The heart of the evil man was filled with jealousy and evil, and he took counsel how he could destroy his benefactor. So he went to the dry well on the edge of the desert, and climbed down, hoping to hear the animals talk and to learn new secrets. When night fell the animals came back—the lion, the jackal, and the wolf. Said the lion: "My treasure is gone, and I go hungry. Who has robbed me?" "My flowering plant has gone," replied the jackal; "someone has done this thing, some man who hid in the well and heard our talk." The wolf looked down and cried, "My fern is gone, and here is the man who took it."

With a bound the lion leaped into the well upon the evil man and tore him limb from limb, for so it had been appointed from the beginning that he should perish. Thus died the evil man, full of evil, but the good man reigned in the palace, and did good and loved justice. Strong sons were born to him and fair daughters, so he lived in happiness and honor, and died in the fulness of time, as God had appointed to him his place. —Detroit News-Tribune.

THE POLITE PEONS.

And the Engineer Who Knew Little Spanish Tried to Boss Them.

An engineer who came up a while ago from Mexico told a story about a man in his line who had a rather limited knowledge of Spanish but fancied that by combining what he knew and some English he could make the peons employed on the railway understand.

In his vocabulary were these words: Para, stop; ustedes hombres, you men; piedras, stones, and via, road. One day this engineer was walking up the track and saw a lot of peons standing around doing nothing. So he stopped and said:

"Ustedes hombres, why are you standing around idle? Take those piedras and throw them into the middle of the via."

The always polite Mexicans smiled and said "Si, señor," and the engineer marched away. Then they debated what he meant and decided he wanted the stones thrown on the other side of the track. They started to do that and back came the engineer. "Para, ustedes hombres, para! Didn't ustedes hombres hear what I said? Didn't I tell ustedes hombres to take those piedras and throw them in the middle of the via? And why don't you do what I said?"

And he marched away, as the peons said suavely, "Si, señor."

They had another consultation and decided that what he wanted was to have the piedras thrown clear across the track in the other direction. So they began again, tossing the stones back again. The engineer came rushing back, shouting:

"Para, para! What is the matter with ustedes hombres? Do ustedes hombres take me for a fool?"

He paused, and believing that he had come to the end of his speech the peons bowed gravely and said: "Si, señor."—New York Sun.

Preferable.

The jurymen who toward the end of a very long trial wished to know what the terms "plaintiff" and "defendant" signified is not alone in his ignorance. A writer in the Philadelphia Press tells of a man whose coat had been stolen. He had charged a suspicious looking individual with the theft.

"You say this man stole your coat?" said the magistrate. "Do I understand that you prefer charges against him?"

"Well, no, Your Honor," replied the plaintiff. "I prefer the coat, if it's all the same to you."

A Plea for An American Peerage

By Clifford Howard



HOSE who keep tab on worldly matters tell us that within the past generation upward of four hundred American girls have married more or less decorated Europeans, and that the sum total already paid for titles is close to the four-hundred-million mark.

Truly, this is bad management on our part. We have allowed our independence and our imperial scorn of rank and heraldry to cheat us most ingloriously.

If our American beauties must have titles, to complete their native queenliness and crown their fortunes, would it not be blending good sense with gallantry to ourselves supply the needed titles? Indeed, ought we not to be ashamed—big, brawny, handsome specimens that we are—to stand by in passive onlooking to see some of the fairest of our daughters compelled to purchase coronets with such funny little valentines attached to them?

Before God or a bear, a duke has no points of superiority above a lumberjack. "Your lordship" rises no nearer to heaven than "Mike, old boy." It is so writ in the gospel of democracy; and there lives today no sound-chested, healthy fellow on this side the Atlantic who would swap his title of American "Mr." for any string of princely names and decorations. "Mr." stands for Master.

If, therefore, a badge of nobility is a thing so empty, there would seem to be no more reason why we should be so skittish about it than there is for a horse to stand on its hind legs in the presence of a paper bag. Would any one of us be any less a sovereign if Willie Sniffle-Jones of Newport were dubbed a baron? It is not likely. And when we consider what this innocent ennoblement would mean from the viewpoint of good statesmanship we shall be astonished that we have so long tolerated in our Imperial Constitution the fear-inspired clause forbidding the granting of titles. For, besides making Willie happy and in no wise hurting anybody, we should thus be enabled to juggle him from a social liability to a very appreciable asset.

As Lord Sniffle-Jones, with a plenitude of good nature and rich relations, and with a pedigree which through the aid of an expert genealogist could be worried back though the Mayflower to William the Conqueror, he would prove irresistible bait for some golden dower which would otherwise have taken wings beyond the sea. For it may be at once assumed that our daughters of the rich, in their bargain-hunts for crests and embroidered names, would instinctively prefer such as were tagged with a familiar species of husband.

An American nobleman, however apish his love of pomp, could generally be reckoned upon to be chivalrous and clean-blooded and labelled with a name that would at least sound like it looks and not appear to have been coined in a fit; a man who, besides the coveted scutcheon, could give in return something more than a rheumatic old castle and a mouldy lineage of soft-headed drones, and who, furthermore, through training and heritage, whatever be his vices or shortcomings, would never forget—that the foreign nobleman has not yet learned—that his American wife is his social peer and not a mere woman thrown into the bargain with the purchase price of a title.—Lippincott's.

The Luxury of Children

By Winifred Black



I took a journey the other day. A journey I have traveled many, many times. Sometimes in sorrow and anxiety, and sometimes with a heart that beat high with hope.

It is a long journey, and the road lies over the mountains, and through the alkali of the pitiless desert and then into green valleys and past the ripple of shining rivers.

I know every station on the route by heart. I know it so well that I have been in the habit of getting half a dozen new books and a box of chocolates and knowing nothing but the people in these books all the way across.

But the other day when I took the journey I didn't read a single word. I looked out of the window and every time the wheels went round I saw something new and strange and beautiful and fascinating.

The plains dull? Why, they're alive with interest. There are the prairie dogs, for instance—funny little things, with their hands held up before their faces as if they were trying to signal to you as you fly past; and the coyotes—what ragged beggars by the wayside they are! And the herds of cattle and the cowboys; oh, the plains are full of marvelous life, and it is marvelous to look through the window afar and see it.

The desert dreary? Why, it's a panorama of fascinating and exciting events—that whole trip, that seemed to me so dull and so monotonous, turned suddenly the other day into a perfect carnival of delight, and I grudged every minute the watch ticked into oblivion.

All because I carried with me the magic charm of the presence of a little eager-eyed, active-minded, warm-hearted child.

I looked through her bright eyes, not through my dull, tired ones, and, 'oh, what a world I saw!

Do you want to know whom to pity in this world? Pity the childless, the people who have to go through the world just once—and then leave it.

Come, little mother, with your brood around you. You're richer by a life for every child who calls you mother. This world grows tiresome?

Never while you have with you the clear eyes of childhood whereby to see it.

I'd rather be the poorest washwoman in this country and have my children to live the world over again with than to be the wife of a millionaire with nothing but my own empty heart for company.

The childless—poor, lonely, selfish things—let's pity them from the bottom of our hearts.

Horse Breeding to Type

Something That the United States Department of Agriculture Should Do.

By John Gilmer Speed



FARMERS and others, for that matter, as well must breed to type. They must know what kind of horses they wish to produce, and strive to that end. To do this, they should know what kind of material is at hand, and how it can be used. Here is something that the United States Department of Agriculture should do. And the War Department might also assist, for proper cavalry remounts are difficult to secure. In European countries, where great standing armies are maintained, there are not only governmental breeding farms, but the farmers are encouraged to breed army horses by the giving of prizes, and by permitting government-owned stallions of proper breeding to stand to approved stock at merely nominal fees. In Austria I have seen a whole regiment of cavalry mounted on horses so true to type that it would take study and acquaintance to tell one horse from another. In Germany the government has been breeding for the cavalry since the time of Frederick the Great, and with most satisfactory results. In these continental countries much enterprise is shown in securing the best blood that may be had in other countries, not omitting the Desert of Arabia, whence comes the best and purest equine blood in all the world. In this matter of horse-breeding the Italians are not the least enterprising, nor, by the way, are the Italians by any means inferior in their horsemanship.—From the Century.

The Ingenuity of Inventors.

The ingenuity of inventors and manufacturers is ever at work in the endeavor to reduce the expense of production, and at the same time to improve the quality of articles having a large sale. This is not only beneficial to the purchasing public, but it inures to the benefit of the producer in increasing sales and preventing competition. This has been so in the case of farm machinery, clothing, shoes, bicycles, etc., and now it is apparent in the safety razor field. Thousands of this style of razor have been sold at from \$1.50 to \$5 each and given satisfaction. Recently manufacturers have applied more scientific principles and improved methods in their manufacture, and the result is seen in the "Shrp Shavr" razor, which is sent postpaid for twenty-five cents in stamps by the Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard street, New York. It is superior to any razor sold, being bought largely by those already owning the highest priced razors. Not every one knows that the best results are obtained by having two or three razors and alternating them in use. This practice of alternating possibly accounts for the very large sale of this low priced implement.

The Lost Leisure.

Leisure is gone—gone where the spinning wheels are gone, and the pack horses and the slow wagons, and the peddlers who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons. Ingenious philosophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them; it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in. Even idleness is eager now—eager for amusement; prone to excursion trains, are museums, periodical literature and exciting novels.—George Elliot.

She Knew.

"Did she ask you if she was the only girl you had ever loved?" "No; she said she wouldn't insult me by intimating that I had so neglected my opportunities. And besides—" "Well?" "She said she didn't have to ask; she could tell."—Chicago Evening Post.

He Has Married Her.

Returned Tourist—Is Mr. Goodheart still paying attention to your daughter?

"Indeed, he isn't paying her any attention at all."

"Indeed? Did he flirt her?" "No, he married her."—New York Weekly.

Only Three.

Friend—The gossips have formulated a regular indictment against your character. They say you were a terrible flirt abroad. Do you plead guilty?

American girl—Ye-s; to three counts.—New York Weekly.

A Phenomenon.

Biggs—Thompson seems to be awfully proud of that boy of his.

Boggs—He has a right to be. The boy is 12 years old and hasn't made a single bright remark yet.—Judge.

Her Presence of Mind.

"Now, Miss Ethel, remember you promised to answer truthfully any question I might ask you."

"Yes."

"How many birthdays have you had?"

"One."—Indianapolis Journal.

Talks on Alveolar TEETH

By E. Dayton Craig, D. D. S.

INVESTIGATE MY METHOD

I have heard a definition for a skeptic, which reads something like this, "A Skeptic is one who first doubts, then investigates."

If you are skeptic in regards my Alveolar Method "Investigate" and you will be satisfied that it will do all that is claimed for it.

Investigations are being made daily and I wonder if you, who may be reading this article, are ready to start yours. There must be merit in my method, else it would not stand the test of time. I can send you to patients who are wearing my Alveolar teeth—you can talk with them and be satisfied for yourself.

But first of all I would have to examine your mouth. No charge is made for examination and there is no obligation to have work done.

There is no two cases exactly alike, hence each case has to be examined carefully before I could say whether you could be supplied with these Alveolar Teeth.

When by examination it is found that you can have teeth put in that will give you absolute satisfaction. I will be ready to proceed with your work.

If you cannot call at this time, send for my booklet on "Alveolar Teeth" which explains my method fully. It is free on request.

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