

THAT WAS ALL.

'Twas written on the prison door: 'I'm lodging here, forget it not, Because I entertained a thought!'

SUNSHINE TO SPARE.

BY EVERETT HOLBROOK.

(Copyright, 1897.)

In the early days of my struggle in this big city I used to suffer a veritable hunger for music.

It was a gloomy room, I suppose, even when in those days of cast shadows of their own; and so it happened that in the afternoons when I came back dejected and cast down alone, the darkness fell earlier around me than in any other spot in the whole city.

It was at such a time that I first heard the sound of a piano in the room over my head. I remembered having seen some furniture vans before the house on the previous day.

At home I used to hear endless discussions of the power of music over the emotions; and I observed that the most thorough musicians denied any legitimate connection between music and sentiment.

She did just what she had done on the previous day, though, it seemed to me, with a better spirit. It was all serious in the music; it was all serious in tone, but brave and true.

know, and I studiously avoided flinching out. The touch seemed to be that of a woman. I preferred to think of her as young and beautiful.

But whether my neighbor was the fair young creature whom I pictured, or a German professor weighing 200 pounds and sitting at the piano with a glass of beer on each of the lamp rests, the effect upon me was in the highest degree sentimental.

I think some ancestor of mine must have blown his brains out about six o'clock in the afternoon. It is said that morning is the favorite time for suicides; but I could almost always begin a day fairly well.

It must be admitted that the ordinary events of life were powerfully assisting the lady or gentleman above my head to bring me to my end.

It was in the afternoon of a peculiarly unfortunate and humiliating day that I returned to my room, in peril of my life.

ted income and a fair future. Remembering the depth to which I had descended, and the means by which I had been raised up again, it appeared to me as a duty that I should go and thank my neighbor for her helpfulness.

About the time when she usually began to play, I ascended the stairs and knocked at the door of the parlor. A voice said: "Come in." I was surprised, and yet I knew at once from the tone that some one was expected, and that the invitation was not for me.

The room was considerably larger than mine, and it was remarkably bright and cheerful. Already mine had begun to darken, yet even so little distance higher, the sunlight streamed in at the window, and seemed to touch every object in the place.

"I used to play the dearest music that ever was written," she confessed, "I couldn't be satisfied with anything else. But at the time when you noticed the change, I made up my mind that it was wrong to be always gloomy, and that I would put a little sunshine into my music—and into everything else, for that matter."

As I ceased speaking I moved toward the window, where the lightest of curtains seemed to brighten rather than

BATTLE IN A TREE.

How Bold Robin Redbreast Vanquished His Enemy.

(Copyright, 1897.)

They were a very devoted couple just at this time, though I have reason to believe that at other seasons of the year they nagged at one another a good bit, like other husbands and wives.

Then there came a time of comparative quiet; there was less chirping and idle conversation. She sat and dozed on her eggs as he did much the same upon the garden paling, or on an adjacent branch of the poplar, or anywhere that came, looking deeply dejected.

About a week after the hatching of the eggs, Thomas, the cat from No. 15, down this row, began to take an interest in the family. He had, apparently, made his calculations as to the hatching of those eggs, having watched the parent birds at their honeymooning, and, probably, taken a note of the date of the laying.

So Thomas' friends would come and shake their heads over him and go and talk to their other acquaintances about the deplorable falling away of dear Thomas and the hope they entertained that he might still recover his lost ground when he should have got over that unfortunate craze of his.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin took no notice whatever of Thomas; indeed, they never once betrayed the fact that they knew he was there, though Thomas lay and blinked up at their happy domestic home and endeavored to lick his lips all day long.

But presently the little speckle-breasted boys and girls had nearly grown out of the parental mansion; they would take to flying soon; their fat little bodies were as succulent and delicious as they would ever be, and Thomas knew that the time had come for his climb.

One morning Mr. Robin had left the premises upon a foraging expedition. Mrs. R.—had absented herself upon a similar enterprise; the time had come, Thomas crept, snake-like, along the grass of the lawn, looked up the poplar, blinked, opened his mouth without speaking, and jumped four or five feet up the long bare trunk of the tree.

By the recent self-denial week £15,000 was raised in the United Kingdom alone toward the funds of the Salvation Army, being £5,000 in advance of last year.

proximity of danger, clung on to the trunk like grim death and landed himself up a few feet. Mr. Robin, supremely ignorant of the circumstances, interested himself in a feather far away under his wing; he worked hard to find the feather, pulling it out at last, and letting it float away out of his beak.

Thomas clung on to the tree trunk, all the claws of all his feet being requisitioned for the exertion, and stared up at the nest, gathering strength for a rush. Mr. Robin yawned and pretended to be deeply interested in the foliage of the poplar, which, of course, formed no portion of his real diet, though he picked at it now and nibbled a little, for effect. He did this in case Thomas should have caught sight of him, in order that Thomas might, in that case, suppose that his own movements had not been observed.

At length the assassin—the would-be assassin—took a long breath, blinked twice or thrice, and scrambled about 20 feet higher up the tree. Then he stopped to rest. Mr. Robin yawned again, spat out the leaf he was pretending to eat, chucked concealment to the winds and his own round body into the air, and flopped down upon the branch nearest to Thomas' head; to the unutterable disgust of that dishonest individual, who thus found himself suddenly in an extremely awkward position between the devil and the deep sea—Mr. Robin representing the devil, whom he rather resembled just now, and the drop of nearly 30 feet the deep sea.

Thomas looked upwards and perceived a climb of 15 feet, at least, to the nearest bough; he looked downwards—and it made him quiver giddily, so high had he climbed. Also his paws and muscles generally were strained and weary, and the devil, in the shape of Mr. Robin, sat and yawned and watched him, as though with indifference, though with a very nasty look about the eye, up above. Thomas blinked and his ears lay back on his



CLOSE TO MY WINDOW.

head with rage and fear, and his back tried to arch, but failed by reason of his uncomfortable attitude, which did not lay itself out for arching; and Thomas opened his mouth to swear or say his prayers, and I cannot say for certain which, because no sound came.

Mr. Robin allowed Thomas to thoroughly enjoy his position for a minute or two; then he called up his wife, "Come on, missus," he cried, "and you shall see some fun; I have Thomas, the cat, on toast; no hurry!" or words to that effect. Mrs. Robin arrived at once and sat down to watch, and I verily believe the five little ones popped their heads out of the nest and watched also.

Mr. Robin now took the field. He quietly left his bough and poised himself in air close to Thomas' distracted person. Thomas rudely spat at him and viciously struck at him with one of his front paws, which he unfastened from the bark of the tree for his purpose. This nearly lost him his hold and he quickly grabbed the trunk again and spat freely. Then Mr. Robin delivered his main attack. He swooped at Thomas and dug his business beak into his head and his body; once, twice and a third time he repeated his blow, and Thomas found his voice and rummaged his vocabulary for all the worst things that occurred.

But hard swearing did not save Thomas. He could not hit Mr. Robin back, because he knew that if he did he must let go his hold and fall to the earth. Nevertheless he did strike at Mr. Robin, for that he had a need of a fourth and a fifth shot at him, and the attack was painful, as well as dangerous to the eyesight. Thomas flashed his wicked green orbs at the enemy—swore, spat and struck out at him. The inevitable happened, of course. Thomas fell.

A baffled, beaten, dejected cat was Thomas as he crept across the lawn, accompanied by Mr. Robin, who was now joined by his lady; and over the paling into No. 4 he went, and across No. 4 garden and into No. 3, still jeered at and insulted by his escort, and there I lost sight of the party. What sanctuary the defeated one sought I do not know; but this I know—that I saw no more of Thomas for many days, and when he did return his countenance wore that chastened expression which is assumed by those who have seen the error of their wicked ways and have made good resolutions for the future.

Art in Architecture.

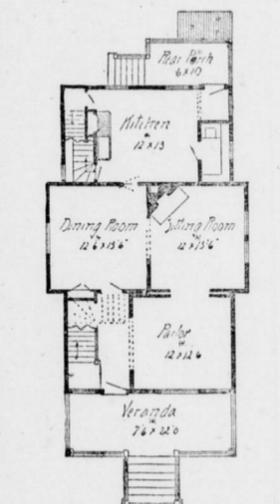
DESIGNED AND WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PAPER.

This seven-room house can be erected for \$1,600. The elevation is nicely designed, and the upper structure is nicely built upon a stone foundation.



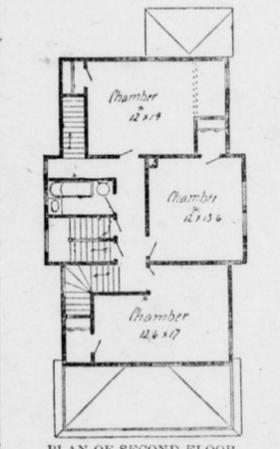
FRONT PERSPECTIVE.

transom of parlor window; eased opening between reception hall and parlor; sliding doors between parlor and sitting room; case opening between sitting-room and dining-room; fireplace in sitting-room; china closet in dining-room; double swing door between dining-room and kitchen; sink; boiler for hot water; case for tinware in kitchen; rear stairway leading to second floor from kitchen; stairway leading to basement from kitchen; pantry with flower bin and shelves off from kitchen; large



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

rear porch, 6x10 feet; outside alley ways; stairway to attic; modern bathroom fixtures; modern hardware throughout; attic floored; double floors; two coats plaster; hard-oil finish on interior wood work; pilaster trim; hard wood red oak floors in reception hall, parlor and dining-room; maple floors in kitchen, pantry and bathroom; front stairway red oak; doors, 2 feet 9 inches by 7 feet 1 1/2 inches; joist, 2x10 inches; studs, 2x4 inches; plates, 2x10 inches; stone wall, 18 inches thick.



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

with footing; brick chimney; beams, 8x10 inches; posts, 8x10 inches; red-wood round-butt shingles in gables; tin gutters, hips, valleys, plastering, etc.; galvanized iron down spouts; paneling in apex of front gable; exterior painted three coats, best linseed oil and white lead, finishing coat a terra cotta color with white trimmings; sash traced with bottle-green color; veranda floor and porch floor gray color; sheathing of fence flooring; A No. 1 building paper; siding, 4-inch o. g.; veranda steps, 12 inches; piping for gas and furnace; basement divided off into furnace, coal, fruit and vegetable rooms, laundry and store room.

SALT RHEUM.

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cedar shingles on roof; roof boards of fencing, laid 2 inches apart for ventilation; lattice work beneath veranda. The cornice projects 18 inches; top sash divided with wood muntins as shown in front elevation. Balusters of veranda square, 1 1/2x1 1/2 inches. All material used is the best of its respective kind. When the house is finished the rooms must be left clean ready for occupancy. GEORGE A. W. KINTZ.