

## THE COST OF A SONG.

Over and over and over, the songs of our life are sung,  
The same today as in ages gray, the singer's highest art  
Is to sing of man and the soul of man from the depths of the human heart.

To sing the song that lingers in his heart from that far day,  
When men were brave and women fair and life was in its May,  
Is the singer's part of gladness when he gives his soul to man,  
In a song that lives because sweet Pain has changed his earlier plan.

The husk, the harvest and the bin and all Life's spreading plain  
To the singer must be singing if he man's soul would gain.  
Man in his soul unsatisfied strives for what cannot be;  
He grasps at a star, and holds in his hand a drop from the sounding sea.

Over and over and over, since the towers of Time were old,  
Over and over and over, since the cloud gave the sun its gold,  
Over and over and over, since the lines of our lives began,  
Has man gone out from the marching host to sing of the soul of man.

The slayer who sang of the pyramid's prime has gone the way of men;  
But the sun and moon and human heart are just the same as then.  
The heart of man is a restless sea of varied tides and clime,  
And only when its depths are stirred comes Song on the shores of Time.

Over and over and over, since Wrong had realm and state,  
Over and over and over, since the Shades on the Living wait,  
Over and over and over, since the sun in the rain,  
The chosen of God are bringing the voice of song from pain.

—By James Riley, in New England Magazine.

## AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

BY I. R. ARMSTRONG.

Something over forty years ago Gaius Eaton and I became students of a popular school in the State of New York, which he had long wished to attend, although up to within a month of our entrance we might, it seemed, as reasonably have wished for seats in Congress. But unexpected circumstances made it possible for my father to send not only me but Gaius, whose widowed mother was father's beloved sister.

In the unfamiliar city we were comfortably established near the top of a large, square-built house standing on high ground. Our room overlooked a long stretch of the river which flows past the town, and a wide tract of open country beyond. This view across the river was broken by certain tall buildings scattered on high ground on our side of the river, and by a corresponding bluff-like eminence on the other shore, perhaps a mile and a half away.

We prepared our own meals, and patronized a convenient little variety store, owned and managed by an inquisitive old gentleman named Mason, where we purchased bakers' goods, milk, fruits, and so forth.

His only helper was a young man of twenty or thereabouts, who had sleeping rooms on the floor above, but boarded with a private family—distant relatives, he said,—with whom he frequently stayed overnight when taking an evening "off."

They were both friendly to us—Mr. Mason especially so, after learning that we had come from his native county. He was well preserved physically, except that he was very deaf, which did not prevent him being an attractive, cheery old gentleman. Of course his infirmity obliged him to rely much upon his clerk, George Dow—a bright, wide-awake young man who had been in his employ upward of two years.

Dow's cordial, pleasant ways attracted Gaius, with whom he was soon on intimate terms. As for myself, I liked him in a general way, and one likes all agreeable people, and no more. Gaius, noticing what he chose to call my "indifference," inquired what I had against Dow. I replied, "I can't think of anything I have against him."

Still, an indefinable feeling—not exactly suspicion of him, but rather a sense of inability to estimate him satisfactorily—was constantly with me when in his presence.

Months of our school-days passed uneventfully, nothing varying the monotony but a street arborer runaway. Yet we frequently heard of the doings of what was supposed to be an organized gang of local roughs, the daily lengthening story of whose petty villainies caused much curbsome discussion and unsparing criticism of the police.

One day, however, I was surprised to find that the police had been called out to investigate a case of burglary in the neighborhood of the school. The burglar was a man of about thirty years of age, and was described as being of medium height, with dark hair, and a well-cut face. He was seen to enter a house on the night of the 15th, and to leave it about midnight. The burglar was seen to enter a house on the night of the 15th, and to leave it about midnight. The burglar was seen to enter a house on the night of the 15th, and to leave it about midnight.

"I don't care for the money," he repeatedly insisted. "What makes me mad, though, is their taking advantage of my deafness and coming in here during George's absence—that's unneccessary! I'd give twice its value to see them well settled where they belong."

Gaius and I, upon my return with the news, became so absorbed in discussing it that what he was to tell me was forgotten until the following evening, when he called my attention to the lights and a diagram he had made, illustrating their relative positions.

Kneeling at the window, the sill of which was very high, he said, "This straight, horizontal line represents the level of the window-ledge, and these little circles at different heights above the line and scattered along the paper are the thirteen houses visible in the daytime on the other side of the river. You see some of the circles contain each a dot inside; they are the houses where lights are commonly seen evenings."

"I saw only seven lights when I drew this, and they are so widely separated I think they can all be located by daylight; but now I can see eight lights—the new one is pretty near those two farthest down-stream. If that proves to be the one we have often seen at midnight, I would like to know just where it is."

"Probably it is in the room of some invalid," said I; "perhaps the house where we saw that consumptive young man the first time we were across the river. Don't you remember the fellow who tried to sell us the fancy pigeons?"

"Yes; and by daylight I can make out the farmhouse. I should not be surprised if it were the same place." Sticking a pin into the window-sash, he took from the stand a strip of pasteboard, made a pinhole through one end, and looked through it at the pin and the distant light.

"That's all right," said he, pulling the stand under the window. Upon it he piled books, in such a position as to hold the pasteboard strip perpendicularly. Then he peeped through the pinhole as if it were a gun-sight, and carefully adjusted it at the right elevation. Turning to me, he said, "Look through it."

I did so, and saw that pinhole, angle and light were exactly on the line.

"of human kind since it became a ruin. I am bound to look inside before I leave," I said.

"That's right," replied Gaius. "But they say 'there's a better way to get into a jug than by cracking it.' Let's take a look down the bank," he continued, going to the corner of the foundation and peeping down the deep slope to the water's edge some twenty feet below. "Look there! See those chicken bones!" he cried.

"Sure enough, there were many bones on the bank, besides other odd bits in the water's edge. "Somebody boards pretty near here," said I. "Those things must have been thrown out of the cellar." But we could not examine on that side, for the bank broke away abruptly, so near the foundation that passage round it was impossible.

Returning, Gaius said, "I am going into the open cellar again to look under the rubbish. Help me take this old door around the other side to climb out on." Stooping, he raised one end of the floor from the ground, where it had been lying flat. As he raised it I caught sight of a large hole in the ground underneath.

"Eureka!" I shouted, and together we threw the door over, so as to expose an entrance through the wall big enough to admit a man.

Without a thought of meeting any occupants, we entered immediately. The little light admitted through the opening enabled us to discern a lamp on a small shelf, and this when lit up, disclosed a room about ten by thirty feet in area and a little higher than our heads. On one side were several bunks filled with straw, against the other was a long bench, with brackets for lamps above.

Upon the bench and ground were boxes and bags, some of which we examined, finding masks, dark lanterns, and everything else belonging to burglars' outfits, stolen goods in great quantity and variety, including a number of boxes of Mr. Mason's cigars—a private brand readily recognized—and numerous specimens of counterfeit coins and the dies with which they were made.

We said little until our amazement had in a measure abated, when I broke out with, "What do you think, Gay?"

"I think it will show good judgment if we move out of this vicinity before anybody drops in," he said; and with his opinion I readily agreed.

Very carefully we replaced everything as found, went at once to police headquarters, related our experiences, and readily secured the co-operation of the authorities in a plan to capture the gang that very evening. The chief proposed that if the usual light was observed, we should present ourselves before him at 11 p. m., and guide a posse to the den.

This arranged, we went home, stopping at Mason's store by the way to inform our friends of what was in the wind. Mr. Mason had gone to supper, and George was so busy with customers there was no opportunity to tell him of our discoveries, so on our return to fulfil our appointment we called again. This time we found Mr. Mason, who showed an excited interest in our story; but George was absent. It was his night off. Mr. Mason did not expect his return before the next morning's opening hour.

part. But of this we said little, except to Mr. Mason, whose extravagant praise we vainly tried to modify.

On the evening of our departure for home at the end of the school year, we called at his store to say goodbye. As usual at that hour he was very busy, and consequently said little, but shaking hands with each and wishing us a pleasant journey, he handed me a sealed envelope, bearing the inscription, "Messrs. Croft and Eaton—to be read after reaching your destination."

We refrained from opening it until we reached home, and then its contents surprised us greatly. This is what we read:

P. N. Y., Nov. 5, 1885.  
Messrs. Croft and Eaton.  
My Young Friends: At the time my store was robbed I said I would give twice the value of the property taken to see the rascals who took it placed where they should be. Perhaps you heard me say so. If you did, quite likely you thought I had as little intention of fulfilling my agreement in case of their capture as you had at the time of capturing them. I meant what I said, however, and as a practical demonstration of my sincerity and appreciation of your efforts in the matter, I herewith enclose check—made payable to you jointly—for two hundred dollars.

Very cordially yours,  
Ephraim A. Mason.  
Moreover, he was a steady friend to both of us as long as we attended school in P., and indeed, as long as he lived.—Youth's Companion.

A FREEZE-OUT.  
It Shows That a Private Secretary May Make Himself Too Valuable.

"What I want to remark is that the private secretary of an important official is a good thing until he begins to think he is the important official."

This was from a man past middle life, who sat with a knowing bunch of politicians at the hotel. "Now," he continued, "I was once elected mayor of a small city down east. In the race for the honor I beat a very fine old gentleman, simply because he thought it undignified to solicit votes, while I got out and hustled as though my life was at stake."

"No sooner was I elected than a delegation of my friends called upon me. They informed me that I had shown myself the most popular young man in the community. I had made friends right and left, and there was no limit to my future prospects. But I was a novice, so I needed an old hand at the business for my guide and counselor. They had the man and I took him."

"I was just like a tender plant trying to grow under a great, overshadowing tree. My secretary was paternal with paternal sternness. He wrote proclamations, jumped on the council, prepared speeches that did not suit my ideas at all, had himself interviewed every time he could hold up a reporter, and, first thing I knew, people on the street were addressing him as 'Mr. Mayor.'"

"I was in line for congress, all right enough, if I had not submitted to the indignity of playing figurehead, but when it came to the convention some fellow got up and lauded my administration to the skies. It was something beyond adverse criticism. But justice must be done though the heavens fell. My private secretary had furnished the brains and generalship, and he was placed in nomination. I was simply frozen out, and there never was a colder political frost. I was out of politics and I have never been able to break in since. If you must have a private secretary, pay him a stipulated amount to keep his mouth shut."—Detroit Free Press.

## FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

The Pompadour Sash.  
What immense vogue the pompadour sash is having! Not only are our new gowns fashioned with this ornament in front, slightly toward the left; but our "left overs" from last season are being remodeled as far as possible by the addition of such a sash. It is easy to add this feature, as it does not militate against any arrangement in the same space of last season's gown. Some ribbons are very costly. The silk sashes and those of satin are finished with fringe on the ends.

For a Sparkling Branelotte.  
A shady hat of crimson straw in smooth satin braids is trimmed with knots of black velvet ribbon, and with crimson velvet cherries very natural in aspect. This is worn by a sparkling branelotte.  
A stylish toque is composed of a giant bow of yellow straw, surrounded by knots of black tulle, and of nothing else whatever, except the small circle of white marcelline silk, which does duty as a crown lining. The toque is simply a straw bow with tulle decoration.

Play Lessons for Children.  
Many enjoyable half hours may be spent by children in playing at "nouns and verbs," and a good deal of learning unconsciously impressed upon the young mind.  
"A noun is the name of anything," is definition enough for a beginner. Then with her box of letters she makes a whole list of nouns which of course are names of the things she sees around her.

The mottoes and the names are printed carefully on checkered paper or cardboard. When the latter is used the words are afterward picked with a course needle and reproduced in bright-colored silks in kindergarten fashion.

The New Costume Trunk.  
The care needed to keep the belongings of the well-dressed woman in good condition has brought out all sorts of inventions for her convenience. Tray trunks succeeded the Saratogas into which an entire summer's wardrobe went, solidly, and now costume trunks are rivaling the tray-boxes. The costume trunks stand on end, the rounded top making it impossible to stand it upside down. Into these trunks a dozen gowns may go, each suspended as if in the home closet; and, best of all, the sides of the trunk open, the box thus becoming a wardrobe, of service in the limited and usually closetless room of the summer boarder. It pays to make the rounds of the shops before selecting new luggage-boxes, their improvement, through even the last year, being remarkable.

Don'ts for Clubwomen.  
Some of the Don'ts of Mrs. Hanger's address will be suggestive in other club circles. This is a family gathering, she said, and as such would not be a typical one without a few admonitory don'ts.

Don't join a club just because there is a vacancy.  
Don't join a club expecting to attend only when there is nothing else to do.  
Don't join a club until you have read and understand its by-laws.  
Don't join a club expecting the officer to furnish all the fuel for the steam of enthusiasm and for the fire of energy.

Don't imagine if you are an officer that you have any higher personal privileges than a high private, except to work early and often.  
Don't imagine that every other subject on the programme would have suited you better than the one the committee assigned to you.  
Don't imagine because corporations have no souls that clubs have no epistolary etiquette; prove that they have by answering letters even at the point of nervous prostration.

The last don't was suggestive—don't forget that you belong to the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs, that there are 2600 women of you, and what you wish and work for cannot escape being a certainty and a success.—Harper's Bazar.

Linens for Summer Wear.  
Fancy linens of various degrees of sheerness and softness are to be a great feature of summer wardrobes. In the pale pastel tints they make most becoming and comfortable outfit gowns, and keep fresh and clean longer than do duck or pique, the blues and pinks washing as well as white. For yachting dresses much embroidery in black or white, adorns these costumes, and pipings of white or of a contrasting color are sometimes used with pleasing effect.

lin is edged with tiny trails of blossoms and foliage meandering on a pale blue ground with a handful of La France roses and forget-me-nots here and there.

Women's Clubs in Japan.  
"Women's organizations in Japan are called societies rather than clubs," said Ume Tsuda of Tokio, in a recent letter to a clubwoman of New York City. "The word club prejudices many people, and so we prefer the other term, society. Our work in these societies is not much like club work in America, partially because our women are retiring and partially because there is little social life of any kind for our women, or for men and women together."

The Women's Educational society, which meets once a month, has for its president Princess Mori. Its membership is about 500. The Sanitary association also meets monthly. Both organizations have lecturers, who occupy from one to two hours at each session. The latter society has between 300 and 400 members. The character of the Interrogation society is more like that of an American club. Its object is to bring up useful topics for discussion. At each meeting an original paper is read by one of the members, and this is followed by a discussion. This society has about 50 active members.

"The Monday Club," which was formed during the last year by a number of foreign residents with some prominent native women, has for its purpose instruction and social enjoyment. This meets every two weeks during the season. A short lecture in either Japanese or English, interpreted so that all may understand, is given at each meeting. The membership of this society is limited to 50.

"Our women, of course, need experience, and our work in these lines is a mere beginning. We are not used to going about as American women do, and for this reason it is difficult to get the members to be regular in attendance, even when they wish to do their part faithfully. In my opinion the old social customs hinder the progress of such work. I believe much more can be done now to foster a taste for intellectual pursuits and for social life through school work and life among the young girls."

Summer Fabrics.  
Printed liberty foulards in all colors. Picture styles for thin summer dresses. Figured silk poplins in all colors and shades. Foulards, voiles and crepes de Chine rank first in dress goods. Fancy jettied net and applique in all colors will be used for boleros. Dark blue, white polka dotted foulard, the popular summer utility gown. Aeolian cloth combines the characteristics of voile and crepe de Chine. Exquisite old-rose and black China figured silks are among the novelties. Dressy fans either spangled or painted with exquisitely carved ivory sticks. Fancy straw saffrons with velvet band, chiffon pompon and quill, new and jaunty.

Colored lawn skirts, in Dolly Varden, very brilliant in effect, the latest in lingerie. Chenille dots arranged in scrolls on finely meshed grounds among the latest veillings. Swisses, dainty muslins, lincens, organdies and nainsook the prominent thin fabrics. Tuckings in vertical, horizontal, or waved lines, on many of the ready-made shirtwaists.

Barege is shown in Persian patterns blossom and foliage designs, stripes, silk or velvet dots, etc. Printed patterns in mercerized cotton foulards so closely resembling the silk ones as hardly to be distinguishable. Ruffles banded with one or more rows of black velvet ribbon prominent on dainty and thin summer fabric gowns. Short capes of net, guipure cloth, or silk, elaborately jetted and finished with frills of chiffon and long scarf ends, for summer evening wear. Platte, Normandy, Valenciennes, and Point de Paris effects among the fine cotton laces for trimming wash gowns. Excellent imitations of the hand-made kinds, too.

A Straggling Way of Letting Land.  
A singular custom has been practiced every year at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, since the year 1770, when an old gentleman, Richard Clay, died and left a piece of land, the rent of which was to be laid out in bread for the local inhabitants. The meadow is let from year to year in a curious manner. An auctioneer attends and starts a number of boys running a fixed distance. Then as soon as they have set off, he asks the people who wish to rent the field to commence bidding. Bids can only be made while the boys are running, and, as the time occupied by the journey is limited, the bidding becomes very keen and exciting. As the bids approach their destination some of the farmers shout out wildly the price they will pay for the field. At last the boys get back, down goes the hammer, and the last bidder is declared the lessee.—Tit-Bits.

Not Eager for a Song.  
Patience—Won't you ask her to sing for us? You know she'll never do anything that I ask her.  
Patience—Then I'd rather have you ask her.—Youkers Statesman.

Usually Entertaining.  
"She's such a gossip."  
"Hears everything does she?"  
Oh, no; just the inventive kind, you know.—Chicago Post.