

OLD TIME FAVORITES

THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Mabel, little Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the Beacon Light,
A-trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea-birds screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan,
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves;
And the willow-tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crows
Standing out there all alone
With her wee,
Wringing as she stands,
Her gait and paled hands!
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the Beacon Light,
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher-lover
Is out there in the storm,
And your father—you are weeping:
O Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go spread the supper table,
And set the tea-steeping,
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is staunch and tight;
And your father knows the perilous reef
That makes the water white.
But Mabel, darling Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the Beacon Light,
At the Beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire,
And the thunder how it rolls!
In the lull of the storm,
The solemn church-bell tolls
For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell
In that bell-rung old high;
Unseen fingers sway the bell
As the wind goes tearing by;
How it tolls for the souls

A PIANO THAT LAUGHED.

BY CLAUDIA MAY FERRIN.

NO one could play upon it—that is, no one whose nerves were very sensitive or whose horrors of the uncanny or whose magnificent piece of workmanship it was, to be sure, famous since its completion for its sweet tone and its wide compass of expression. Yet it stood there in Mr. Briggs's parlor ready to indulge in mocking laughter at whoever should dare to seek its music.

The laughter in itself was sufficient to unnerve even the most courageous scouter at the possibilities of ghostdom. It was a harsh, grating "Ha, ha, ha!"—such as a merry-making bedlam will give vent to, and with a little occasion for utterance. The longer any one played the louder the laughter became, until even the boldest would clasp his hands to his ears and arise in nervous haste. Another strange thing was that it did not begin until the performer touched the note G, continuing until he ceased playing, whether that note was sounded again or not. It stopped as soon as the last echo died away, which caused more than one to gaze back at the instrument in shame-faced confusion.

"What shall we do with it?" said Mrs. Briggs, helplessly, after a final effort to play upon it without heeding its ridicule.

"Sell it," replied her husband, promptly.

"No, no, no!" she said. "Father made me promise upon my knees that I'd never part with it. Besides, who'd want it? I must have a piano that I can play upon, for I cannot live without music."

"Well, then, I'll send an expert to examine it—what say you?"

"Send him, of course. But what good can he do? The laughter was not heard until after father died, and you know that the letter G was his initial—G of Gottlieb."

"It is a strange coincidence, to be sure. But G may also stand for Gretna," said the practical Mr. Briggs. "Let's see what the piano-maker will discover before we worry further. Then if he cannot remedy the trouble I'll get you a new one."

The next day the expert came, taking apart the beautiful instrument and minutely inspecting every detail in its make-up. To their dismay he discovered nothing out of the ordinary, informing them instead that it was the best-made instrument he had ever examined. His efforts proved a failure, obviously; for as soon as he had put it together again it stood ready to emit that blood-curdling laughter in the face of any and every performer.

The instrument was made in Germany by the father of the cultured Mrs. Briggs. Gottlieb Vandofen had been one of the leading manufacturers of pianos in Berlin, also owning large manufacturing interests in Paris and London. He was reputed as fabulously wealthy, yet at his death the entire bulk of his fortune did not exceed \$3,000,000 in American money. This was to be divided equally between his daughter, Mrs. Briggs, and his son, Karl Vandofen. A sense of disappointment was experienced by the former, though she tried to persuade herself that she had known so little about her father's business affairs that perhaps she had overestimated his financial worth.

The son was absent in Australia and its neighboring islands when the father was attacked with his final illness, failing to receive the letter bearing the news of his approaching demise. Three months previously he had gone thither, led by his roving disposition and the desire to see that part of the world. The two had had a lengthy conversation previous to Karl's departure, but Gretna had not learned the purport of it, neither did she let con-

"You know as well as I that father did every bit of the work on this instrument except, perhaps, the carving. He spared neither pains nor expense in building it, for it was to be a family treasure so long as an atom of it remained. Well, that morning he took me to it and removed a part of the case, showing me that the rear of the musical framework was double, with space enough between the boards to admit one's hand. In that space is a peculiar bit of mechanism of father's own devising, which he termed a laughing-jack. It can be connected with the musical apparatus by means of a very slender wire, which is brought around past the sounding board in such a way that no one can find it unless he knows beforehand just where to look for it.

"To show me how it worked he attached the wire to the hammerbank of a string near the centre of the instrument, and struck that note with his finger. At once the laughter began, just as it will do now. He played a strain or two and the thing kept laughing as long as the piano continued to sound. This amused me so that I laughed in earnest. He feared that you might hear us, so he released the hammerbank from the secret wire.

"He then told me that he was thinking seriously of depositing his money in a bank in a foreign country, so that the lawyers and sharpers would not be so apt to discover it and perhaps purloin part of it in case I should not be at home. He mentioned England and France, because of his factories being at the capital of each country. He sanctioned the suggestion, whereupon he explained that if he deposited his money in England, at London, he would attach the laughing-jack to the note E, by which I should know that a letter of introduction to the cashier of the Bank of England was secreted in this recess at the back of the piano. If he left the money in Paris he would attach the wire to the note F, meaning France; if in our home city, to the note G, signifying Germany. Of course when he gave me these instructions he took it for granted that I would get word immediately if he should die ere I returned, so that you would not need to be alarmed by the laughing-jack's merriment. He said further that if he should die so suddenly that he could not attend to this matter, then I must look for the letter in the secret recess in his desk at home, with which you also are familiar. I searched for it there as soon as I reached home, but finding nothing, I concluded that you had either taken it or that it was in the piano."

"I found nothing of importance," returned the sister. "There was no letter there, at any rate—nothing but some old bills and about fifty marks in money."

"Then I'll inspect the piano."

With that Karl Vandofen arose and moved the instrument to a lighter part of the room. In a very few moments he had taken away a portion of the casing, and his first act was to show his sister the thread-like wire attached to the base of one of the hammer-shanks, the prime cause of all that hideous laughter. With a small stool which he had brought for the purpose he unwound the wire, whereupon he struck the middle G note of the keyboard to prove to her that the enchantment was gone.

He next gave his attention to the double back of the instrument, disclosing the unusual bit of space to which he had alluded, with its queer piece of mechanism within—the laughing-jack. Near the latter was a carefully sealed envelope, addressed to Karl in scrawling hand and lettered in faultless German—the father's special legacy to his son and daughter.

With trembling hand Karl opened it, to find therein the following message, also in German:

"My Dear Son—The money awaits you, as I promised—all in twenty-mark pieces. Present this letter to the cashier of our national bank, whereupon he will produce an exact duplicate of it and will give you the key to a box in the safety vault. Take the money and divide it equally between yourself and Gretna; but first give the cashier 100 marks as a reward for his fidelity, although I have already paid him a handsome sum. Sell our interests in Paris and London, and live in the old home, remembering the blissful days when your mother lived and we were an unbroken family. Awaiting death's call, GOTTIEB VANDOFEN."

Thus the magnificent piano delivered its message, which touched a tender spot in the heart of each recipient. Nothing was left them but to obey, with Karl as the principal actor in the drama.

A few months later the wishes expressed in the letter were all fulfilled save one. And Karl had taken the initial step toward its consummation, having begun to pay attention to a hexam little lass in Berlin with a view to installing her finally as mistress of the Vandofen mansion—New York Times.

ern her very much. She knew that her father and brother were upon the best of terms.

Two months after Gottlieb Vandofen's death his daughter Gretna was married to Augustus Briggs, an American professor who had gone to Germany to study the language. This seemingly hasty marriage was but in accordance with the father's request, for he knew that his daughter's interests would be safe in the hands of that gentleman. As soon as the business could be adjusted, the happy pair sailed for America, expecting Karl to reappear upon the scene at any day to take charge of affairs there at Berlin.

But he did not come, and unknown to them, was anxiously awaiting word from the beloved Fatherland. Finally, he wrote his sister a letter of inquiry as to her silence, which reached her a few days after her arrival in America. Three months more passed, and at the time of the final struggle with the mysterious piano Mrs. Briggs was daily expecting another missive from her wandering brother.

The letter failed to come, but the brother arrived in its stead. Sun-burned, weary and heartily satisfied to refrain thereafter from his long, aimless journeys, he appeared at her door one morning to be welcomed as none but a sister can welcome.

Explanations over, he began to glance casually about the room, and immediately his eyes fell upon the new piano.

"What's this for?" he queried.

"Where's father's piano?"

"It's haunted," replied Mrs. Briggs, with subdued voice.

"Haunted? Tut, tut!" And without further comment he seated himself at the familiar old instrument at the opposite side of the room. Eagerly he struck the central note E, then listened intently. Next the note F, and listened again. Lastly the note G; and as the laughter began its weird reverberations he turned to his sister with a smile of triumph.

"Haunted, is it?" he cried, exultantly. "No, no, Gretna. That's just what I was hoping for. Come, sit down, and I'll tell you all about it."

Leading her to a divan near by, he seated himself beside her, and began to explain carefully the hitherto unfathomable mystery.

"When I was about to leave on this last trip, you remember, father called me to him and we had a long conversation. That morning he told me for the first time the exact amount of his fortune—about \$10,000,000 in American money—and gave me a working knowledge of his three establishments. He had long been thinking of selling his interest in the factories at Paris and London, but was not yet ready to close negotiations. Whenever he did so, that would necessitate the handling of large sums of money, and he was then at a loss to know just which city—whether London, Paris, or Berlin—to deposit the bulk of his fortune in. He expressed the fear if such should be the case he knew that you could not manage affairs, as you had never handled money except to spend it. I read his thoughts and offered to give up my trip, but he would not consent to that. Instead, he exacted a promise from me that when I should return this time I would remain at home and devote myself to business.

"Well, when he had explained everything so thoroughly that I knew just what was depending upon me, he then told me that he was afraid to leave his fortune all in one bank, and that he intended to divide it into two sums. The smaller amount he would leave in the bank with which our family has always done business; the other—and now comes the great secret of the piano.

TWENTY MILLIONS PAID FOR AUTOMOBILES IN 1902

CURIOSITIES OF THE INDUSTRY IN AMERICA—BOOMS IN UNEXPECTED PLACES—THE DEMAND FOR GASOLENE MOTOR VEHICLES—2000 AGENTS AND DEALERS SELL THEM.

IT is usually stated that there are about 300 automobile manufacturers actually engaged in building complete vehicles in the United States and about 2000 manufacturers who, in addition to their other business, make component parts and accessories for automobiles. A great many of the latter have found it unprofitable to cater to the automobile trade, however, because the requirements change with lightning rapidity, the shapes of parts are intricate and the orders received are rarely of sufficient magnitude to warrant special efforts.

Summing up everything, the total output of automobiles for the first eight months of 1902 may be placed at about 19,000 and their value at somewhat more than \$20,000,000. This takes no cognizance of the automobiles which have been imported from Europe.

Beginning with the East and counting only manufacturers who have reached or exceeded ten automobiles, we find in the State of Massachusetts eleven builders of steam vehicles with an output of 770 machines sold at \$717,500. One of these builders makes only heavy steam trucks, worth about \$3000 apiece, but has not yet built very many.

In the same State, in which the steam automobile was originated so far as the most common American type is concerned, there are eight manufacturers of gasolene vehicles whose output was 705 machines, sold at about \$747,500. More than one-half of this number were made by one firm, which made its debut at the first Madison Square Garden show in 1900.

Massachusetts has never been favorable to electromobility, and the few makers who built electric carriages in previous years have apparently given it up. A few may have been built here and there to order, but none for the market.

Connecticut occupies a peculiar position. One highly capitalized concern, with manufacturing facilities which should be sufficient for turning out 1500 automobiles per annum at least, had no model corresponding to the popular demand at the beginning of the year.

It sold its left-over stock at reduced prices, and made up, of new vehicles, probably not more than one hundred. Of these some fifteen or twenty were gasolene vehicles and the rest electric carriages.

Another large concern, capable of producing 4000 or 5000 steam vehicles, also found itself on the wrong side of the market, and limited its output to somewhere in the neighborhood of 2000 machines, while devoting much of its energy to the designing of new models. Two much smaller concerns rested on their roars and produced practically nothing.

In the district adjacent to New York City, including parts of New Jersey, only seven manufacturers have made gasolene vehicles. One of these seven firms has failed. The production amounts to about 405 automobiles and their selling value to \$680,000.

Here also it is a new firm which has done most of the business, turning out about 300 gasolene phaetons at a moderate price. Heavy delivery wagons (gasolene motors) foot up a value of about \$100,000 at an average of \$2000 each.

In the same district electric trucks and delivery wagons have been produced by one firm, aggregating \$500,000 in value and 200 in number, and another firm has made from twenty-five to thirty electric delivery wagons of a lighter type, valued at \$30,000. Still another firm has made about 100 electric vehicles, some of them delivery wagons, but mostly runabouts, sold at \$150,000.

A dozen large trucks operated on the system of combining a gasolene motor with electric transmission of the power and an auxiliary storage battery, complete the round-up of actual manufacture of electric automobiles in New York City and its vicinity, but a great deal of experimenting is going on which is likely to lead to results in 1903.

Three steam vehicle manufacturers here turned out in excess of 1100 pleasure carriages, many of them of large size and some of them intended for stage lines. Their value comes comparatively high, reaching a total of \$1,222,000.

Other parts of New York State, especially Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse, are represented in the industry as follows: Six makers have produced 245 gas vehicles worth \$213,750; five others have made 280 steam pleasure vehicles selling for \$277,500, and a few electric runabouts, probably not more than fifteen in all, have been produced by two of these firms, who give some attention to all forms of power.

Until recently the State of Pennsylvania had one manufacturer of steam carriages whose output reached 100 vehicles. This firm went under, but a successor has taken over the plant.

Aside from this resurrected concern the State has only one devotee of steam now, as against four makers of gasolene carriages who have produced about seven hundred and twenty-five machines at a valuation of \$1,038,500.

Cleveland is one of the undisputed automobile centres. There have been made 1500 steam vehicles of a construction type which was unknown in this country two years ago and which represents a distinct improvement in some respects over its nearest proto-

type in the French industry.

Here is also situated the largest American factory of gasolene vehicles made to sell for more than \$1000 apiece, and probably 1000 of these automobiles have been made in 1902, aggregating a valuation of close to \$1,800,000. Of small electric carriages between 300 and 400 have been turned out by one concern.

The total production of gasolene vehicles in Cleveland reaches about 1320, made by five manufacturers, and its value is estimated as high as \$2,379,000. With the steam and electric vehicles the total runs up to \$4,479,000.

In other cities of Ohio, such as Toledo, Warren and Clyde, there have been produced and sold from 700 to 750 gasolene vehicles, mostly of medium power and dimensions, valued at \$1,110,000; 500 steam carriages, all of the water-tube boiler system and worth about \$500,000.

The State of Ohio thus reaches an output of five and one-half million dollars' worth of automobiles, and in the prices obtained ranks higher than any other territory.

Three factories in Indiana have produced at least 950 electric carriages, mostly runabouts, valued at \$937,500, and one of these concerns which has only recently entered the automobile business, has about 500 more vehicles coming through. The two older firms are also very active at present.

Steam vehicles are not made for the market in Indiana, but the State has produced about 225 gasolene vehicles which have been sold for \$59,000 or more.

The industrial ten-strike of the year has been recorded by the State of Michigan. Somebody's intellect must have grasped the peculiarly American requirements of automobiles, for the product of gasolene runabouts in this State jumped from about 1000 in 1901 to more than 5000 this year, and their valuation from \$600,000 to \$3,500,000.

The automobile industry in Chicago and its vicinity is given over to the explosive motor system exclusively, with the exception of one company, which has produced 100 electric delivery wagons, mostly intended for use by the company's financial backers in their other business.

Another firm, which built electric runabouts in 1901, now builds gasolene runabouts. The total production of gasolene vehicles (including factories at Kenosha, Milwaukee and Peoria), amounts to 450 valued at \$365,000.

The city of St. Louis has produced, perhaps, 100 gasolene vehicles, worth on an average of \$1800 apiece, making \$180,000 in value.

California has made great efforts to secure factories, but so far has only two, making in all perhaps thirty-five automobiles.

By looking into the facts and figures for each of the eighty-six manufacturing concerns which have been considered above, it is found that fifty firms made 10,040 gasolene automobiles which sold for \$10,451,250. This would make an average price of slightly above \$1000 apiece, but if the one firm which turned out nearly one-half of the total number at a much lower price is left out of the figuring, there remain 5040 gasolene vehicles costing \$7,181,250 or an average of about \$1400.

Similarly it is seen that twenty-seven manufacturers of steam vehicles produced 6180 carriages, valued at \$6,525,500; again an average of slightly more than \$1000.

Thirteen makers of electric vehicles produced 1835 trucks and carriages, sold for \$2,202,500, the trucks bringing the average up to between \$1200 and \$1800 a vehicle.

Several of the manufacturers make all three types of automobiles and this accounts for the discrepancy between the ninety firms noted in this summary and the eighty-six firms actually existing.

More than 2000 agents and dealers in automobiles are doing business throughout the United States. On a total turnover of \$200,000, they should earn \$2,000,000 in profits and commissions on the basis of a ten per cent. advance. This would make an average of only \$1000 to each of them.—New York Sun.

BEAUTY'S WAYS.

One Chicago Young Person Followed All the Rules.

"Why, how you look!" exclaimed the book-keeper as she met the stenographer. "Have you been sick?"

"No," answered the stenographer, humbly, "I have just been beautifully."

The book-keeper looked impolitely surprised, and the stenographer continued: "The beauty pages of the magazines have always fascinated me and I read them until I was convinced that there was no reason why I should not be beautiful."

The book-keeper stared.

"So I followed the prescribed rules for business girls. I shivered through a cold bath each morning, took an hour to put on my clothes, and then had a hearty breakfast, consisting of a peach and two grapes, eaten very slowly. The directions hinted at taking time during office hours to brush one's hair and put on fresh powder, but I did not attempt that, as my employer does not read the beauty notes. It was also recommended that the noon hour be divided equally between lunch and a nap, but it was 15 minutes' rush from the office to the nearest rest room, so I had to shorten the lunch and the nap. The meals did not strike me as particularly strengthening, but the beauty writers said that if one would persist in the diet one's friends would be astonished at the change."

"I am," said the book-keeper.

"The directions further said that when a business girl reached home at night she should take off her tailor-made and put on something light and fluffy and forget that she is a working girl. I fuffed. Then I ate dinner so slowly that by the time I had finished avoiding the pie and rich pudding I was ready to begin again with the soup course. Then I took a long walk to reduce the size of my hips. At 8.30 I began getting ready for bed."

"Horror!" shuddered the book-keeper.

"I brushed my clothes, laid out fresh linen, did the physical-culture act for 20 or 30 minutes, took a hot bath, brushed my hair 15 minutes and gave it a tonic, rubbed my neck with a fattening oil, manicured my nails, said my prayers and tried to get eight hours' sleep. Of course, during the training I had to refuse all invitations, but I comforted myself with the thought that the other girls would be jealous of my beauty."

The book-keeper smiled.

"The more I walked the fatter I got. Today I read another article in the same magazine and no doubt by the same beauty specialist, which said that walking developed the hips, the fattening oil darkened the skin and while fruit breakfasts might do very well for ladies of leisure, working girls needed hot steaks. So my whole summer has been wasted."—Chicago News.

The Emperor and the Duellists.

The Germans cannot get rid of the idea that it is "honorable" to bear unrightly scars on their faces telling of duels fought. Their emperor recognizes the absurdity of this and frequently tries to put a stop to the practice, having issued an order on one occasion directing the punishment of any officer dueling without his consent.

Not long afterward, consent was asked by an officer of high rank, and graciously granted on condition that his Majesty should be notified of the time and place of the meeting.

When the duellists arrived on the ground they found the emperor there before them, and seated near a newly erected gibbet. The challenger asked the meaning of this, and was astonished when the emperor replied:

"It means, sir, that I intend to witness your battle until one of you has killed the other, and then I will hang the survivor for murder!"—Chicago Journal.

Punishments.

There are still great local variations as to the punishment inflicted for trivial offences. For England and Wales the proportion dealt with whose offence was considered to be of a trivial character during 1900 was 4.62 per cent., and the proportion convicted summarily and released, either on their own recognizances or on finding sureties, was 1.95 per cent. of the total number of persons tried summarily. In some police districts, such as Gloucestershire, those discharged, without conviction exceeded 10 per cent. of the persons prosecuted, while in other districts, such as Bristol, the proportion of persons released on recognizances was nearly as great. On the other hand, there are several districts, including such large boroughs as Burnley and Hartlepool, in which those powers have not been exercised at all, and others in which their use has been a very rare occurrence.—The Justice of the Peace.

It Didn't Look Homelike.

Lord Shaftesbury used to tell this story: He had looked in at a poor dwelling and had been shocked to see it so very dirty. If, he thought, the place were once made clean, perhaps the occupants would try to keep it so. The work was executed, ceiling and walls being left a spotless white. About a week afterward Lord Shaftesbury was passing, and was amazed to see the walls blacker than they had been before. He expressed his surprise, and the tenant, a good-humored fishman, explained the matter thus: "Sure, we're very much obliged for your lordship's kindness, but the place had such a cowlid look we thought we'd just ask the sweep to come in and give it a few warrum touches."—London Daily News.

—Success.