

I WOULD NOT LOSE THAT ROMANCE WILD.

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

I would not lose that romance wild,
That high and gifted feeling—
The power that made me fancy's child,
The crime of song revealing,
For all the power, for all the gold,
That slaves to pride and avarice hold.

I know that there are those who deem
But lightly of the lyre—
Who ne'er have felt one blissful beam
Of song-unkindled fire
Steal o'er their spirits, as the light
Of morning o'er the face of night.

Yet there's a mystery in song—
A halo 'round the way
Of him who seeks the muses' throng—
An intellectual ray.
A source of pure, unflaming joy—
A dream that earth can ne'er destroy.

And tho' the critic's scornful eye
Condemn his faltering lay,
And tho' with heartless apathy
The cold world turn away—
And envy strive with secret aim
To blast and dim his rising fame;

Yet come, my lyre! some hearts may beat
Responsive to thy lay;
The tide of sympathy may meet
Thy master's lonely way;
And kindred souls, from envy free,
May listen to its minstrelsy.

Haverhill, Eighth Month, 1827.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BRIDAL STATEROOM.

By Edward Dobson.

THE Man of Reminiscences, seated in a comfortable reclining chair, was buried in thought. I had just dropped in for a brief visit, and his action was not meant to be disrespectful to me. I was aware of the peculiarities of my friend's character, and knew that he had unconsciously fallen into a brown study. But it was for a few moments only. Suddenly arousing himself as though he had then discovered my presence in the room, he remarked in a quiet drawl:

"Did I ever tell you of a weird experience which befell me while crossing the Gulf?"

I replied that I had not had the pleasure of hearing his story, and assured him that I was waiting for him to open up. As I have intimated, my friend had some peculiarities which would give a stranger the impression that he was "queer." But those who had his friendship knew that no saner being lived and no more loyal friend ever walked the earth. So, before beginning the narrative, he turned down the lamp until the room was clothed in a funeral gloom, at the same time remarking, "Darkness makes the best accompaniment of what I am about to relate."

"Some years ago," he said, "when he had resumed his seat, 'I had occasion to make a trip from New York to Galveston, Texas, by way of the Gulf of Mexico. My object was partly business and partly pleasure. I sailed on one of the steamers of a line which plies regularly between the two ports. For some reason I was given what was called the bridal stateroom, which contained a fine wide berth, a mirror, a writing desk in one corner, a chair and hooks for hanging clothes on. It was nicely decorated and had every appearance of what I call luxurious comfort. I congratulated myself upon my quarters, but, as you shall see, I was premature with my congratulations."

"The weather was delightfully fair until we were near the Gulf, and nothing unusual had occurred. Then the Captain noticed disquieting signs upon the horizon which warned him that a severe storm was approaching. The sea began to roll heavily, while the ship lurched in a manner that was sufficient to give sickness to even the most veteran sailor. When darkness enveloped the sea and all thereon a fierce Gulf storm had developed, with every indication that it would continue through the night."

"While the raging of the elements begged description, the sight being one that awed me and which I never expect to witness again, we had no fear, as the steamer was staunch throughout. Her engines were new and powerful, and her skipper was long versed in the moods of the water on which we were sailing. But the storm grew into a gale. The wind blew with hurricane force, a perfect sheet of rain fell for hours, while the huge waves swept the decks with ever-increasing violence. I believe I was the only person aboard that revelled in this grand outburst of natural forces, and so much did I enjoy the unusual experience that I did not turn in until nearly midnight."

"During the night, how soon after I had fallen asleep I do not know, I awoke. An uncanny feeling took possession of me, while my attention was riveted to the bottom of the berth where a transparent light seemed to glow. Gradually the bust, clad in some light drapery, and face of one of the most beautiful women I have seen emerged with a startling distinctness. I studied the apparition for a few minutes, and when my brain was able to work I reasoned that whatever it was it could not harm me. (You know I do not believe in ghosts or in anything suggestive of the supernatural.) I therefore rose in my berth and reached toward the foot as if to touch the form, but it suddenly disappeared and left the stateroom in utter darkness. I thought that I would see it no more and again attempted to sleep."

"I must have been dozing for a half-hour when I heard three slow, sharp raps underneath me. I was immediately all awake, and I noticed that the transparent light was reappearing at the foot of my berth. The same beautiful face confronted my gaze. A calm look pervaded the features; in fact, the calm seemed to be that of

Yet fresh amid the blast that brings
Such poison on its breath,
Above the wreck of meager things,
His lyre's unfading wreath,
Shall bloom when those who scorned his lay
With name and power have passed away.

Come then, my lyre, altho' there be
No witchery in thy tone;
And tho' the lofty harmony
Which other bards have known,
Is not, and cannot e'er be mine,
To touch with power those chords of thine—

Yet thou canst tell in humble strain,
The feelings of a heart,
Which tho' not proud, would still disdain
To bear a meager part
Than that of bending at the shrine
Where their bright wreaths the muses twine.

Thou canst not give me wealth or fame;
Thou hast no power to shed
The halo of a deathless name
Around my last cold bed;
To other cords than thine belong
The breathings of immortal song.

—From the New York Independent.

ported it to the authorities. It then transpired that the couple had wealthy connections in an Eastern State. But the extraordinary fact was also learned that about six months previous the father of the bridegroom became suddenly insane and shot his wife. He then carried her body to a nearby lake and jumped with it into the water. The two bodies, with his arms entwined around her form, were found on the following day, and a coroner's jury returned the verdict of murder and suicide committed by the husband while in a sudden insane frenzy. When the coroner's jury, who considered the case of the bridal couple, heard all the evidence, they returned a similar verdict. On the anniversary of the tragedy the transparent form of the bride's bust and head appears, accompanied by the three knocks. Yesterday completed the tenth year since the occurrence of the tragedy.

"As for the three knocks. Well, I remember a peculiar incident which happened at supper on the fatal night. While we were engaged in general conversation three distinct knocks, as if made on the underside of the table, startled us all. Inquiry proved that no one present had knocked, not even in a joking spirit. But the bridegroom's face blanched plainly, and I was the only one who noticed it. At the inquest it was learned that servants of the parents had heard three knocks, precisely the same as we heard at the supper table, and you heard last night. The servant, who was with the old couple at the time, said that the father's face turned deadly pale. That night he sent his wife and himself out of the world. What a coincidence, you may say. Aye, it's a mystery that I don't pretend to understand. I leave such things to people cleverer than I can ever be. Well, I have told you the strange story of this stateroom. I guess, I hear the mate calling for me."

"With that last remark he left me to ponder over what I had heard. I knew that that apparition appeared because I saw it. It left an impression upon my mind that will never be effaced. I don't attempt to explain it, I strong disbeliever in the supernatural, I am. There exist phenomena that baffle all investigation, that defy the brightest minds to offer a solution, that seem to be not a part of, and yet must be, it cannot apparently be otherwise, a part of the natural. We are groping in the dark. Perhaps, some day we shall see the light and we shall be surprised at the simplicity of the solution. All the workings of nature are simple when we understand them. It is our ignorance that mystifies us."

I glanced at my watch. I still had time to keep an appointment. So bidding my friend good night, I left him to the companionship of his reminiscences.

"On the Side of the Angels."

Commenting on Mr. Carnegie's suggestion that public libraries should be used for purposes of dramatic art, Sir Henry Irving says: "We who have given our lives to the cause of the advancement of our various arts may well cheer with gladness this great voice coming to us from the humming world of commerce, from the roaring of mighty furnaces and the thunder of ceaseless hammering of steel on steel. Even to the successful merchants, the prosperous manufacturers, the giants of the world of material industry, success in this world is not enough. There is something wanting to make money of the value which it seemed when the purse and the heart were light, and when hope, however great, could only throw its enlightening and invigorating beams along one path of life. The graces and the charms and the sweetness of life have their own share in making worthy the heights at which ambition may rise. This conspicuous example is one which must be doubly dear to you as Scotchmen as well as artists, and I am glad that we may hope to have henceforth 'on the side of the angels' so powerful as well as so willing a helper."

The Old and American Tribe.

Are the Mayas, a tribe in Southern Mexico, about which little has ever been known, Asiatic in origin, and was there a tribe of civilized people in that country earlier and more obscure than the Aztecs?

Professor Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago has just returned from an investigation into these problems, and it may be that his research work of the last four months in Mexico will result in an affirmative answer to these important questions.

A purple spot on the back of each baby born into the Maya tribe, Professor Starr declares, is the connecting link between the Mayas and the Mongolian families. He has discovered that the Mayas are the only tribe among which new born infants bear a purple spot in the middle of the back.

The spot disappears about four months after birth. The same phenomenon appears among Mongolian families, and this similarity may prove that the Mayas are in origin Asiatic.—New York Times.

Built Her Nest on War Ship.

A rather curious gift has been presented by Staff Surgeon Beadwell, of the Royal Navy, to the Royal United Institution at Whitehall. It is a cormorant's nest, containing five eggs, which was discovered in the lookout on the foremast of H. M. S. Sybil, which was wrecked some time ago in Lambert's Bay, on the southwest coast of Africa.

The nest is composed of seaweed, somewhat roughly put together, and bound with stout pieces of wire rigging, on which the cormorant may have expended very great strength, for they had been wrenched off the submerged ship and broken into proper lengths on purpose to hold the nest together.—New York Herald.

BABY'S FIRST WORD.

A Child's Efforts to Make Itself Understood.

The most interesting period in a child's life is that in which it makes its first efforts at understanding and being understood. A child produces sounds only for the first few months, but these sounds are very expressive, if one is an attentive and sympathetic hearer, and arise from the many changing feelings of suffering or pleasure. The scream of a child in pain is altogether different from the roar of anger, and both are unlike the fretful cry of hunger. A little later the small being begins to practice on the vocal organs a rehearsal of the sounds which in time will become language.

In this baby twittering the vowel sounds come first, and modifications of the "a" are continuously strung together, often in odd ways; later the child apparently becomes conscious of amusement in making these noises and then babbles, because to do so affords him pleasure. An unusually loud shout will be followed by a pause of admiration, and there will be plain efforts to renew special sound effects as he grows older.

The first articulate sound made by a baby is usually the syllable "ma," as every one knows, and the result is that in almost every language this syllable is part of the word meaning "mother," as made in Italian, mater in Latin. A baby will exert his lungs to the utmost extent in order to obtain his end when in earnest need of attention. The parting of the lips and opening of the mouth to its widest naturally produce the sound "ma," and, as his Majesty's desires are usually attended to by the mother, the syllable comes to be understood as her appellation.

How many neons have passed since first this word was first used none can know; but there can be little doubt that it was one of the very earliest in primal language.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Killed the Whole Covey.

To kill six quail, the total number in the covey, at one rise, with a thirty-inch double-barrelled shotgun, is a performance that for this part of the country is likely to stand as a record for some time to come. It was done in the presence of two witnesses the other day by R. M. Taylor, of Amelia County, Virginia.

With two friends and three pointers, one of them an inexperienced puppy, Taylor had been hunting quail since daybreak, and it was not until after sundown and with only two shells left in the outfit that the remarkable shot was made. The men were returning to the village with their game bags comfortably well filled when one of the older dogs stood a flock of birds that had coveyed for the night in a small slump of dense pine scrub standing on a slight eminence in the middle of a big field of broom grass.

As Taylor had the two remaining shells the chance fell to him, and he had approached to within thirty yards of the outer edge of the pines when the puppy broke his stand, and, running over his field partner's point, flushed the birds. The covey came up out of the little clump in a compact ball like a toy balloon.

There was no opportunity to pick a bird, and Taylor fired his right barrel point blank into the mass. Every quail but one fell, and this one was grassed at a distance of fifty yards with the left barrel. The entire family was annihilated in less than two seconds.

The shells were loaded with three drams of dense powder and an ounce and a quarter of No. 8 shot. The right barrel of the gun was a plain cylinder and the left full choke.—New York Sun.

He Would Take Umbrellas.

When Verlaime, the author died, he left his friend Bibliopuree, as a legacy to those who had cared for him. Bibl was an inoffensive fellow, and there was a tradition that he had worked, but the man was not then alive who had seen him with a pen in his hand, yet Bibl was looked after for the dead poet's sake. Painters, sculptors and journalists gave him house room, in turn, fed him and clothed him, and Bibl was grateful. But one little vice of his was incurable; he invariably walked off with his host's umbrella. This bad habit at last produced a coldness, and his friends dropped off and Bibl experienced the cold shoulder of neglect. One day he was discovered almost starving in an empty house and Verlaime's friends reproached themselves for the unkindness to the poor old man. A subscription was raised for his benefit, and the money handed to him at a banquet at which the twenty-seven subscribers were present. Bibl's health was drunk often and he rose to reply, but emotion so overcame him that he sought permission to retire, and in his retirement he was accompanied by twenty-seven umbrellas.

Puritan Pies.

When the young girl could prepare the crust of a pumpkin pie of such a consistency that it would be tender and flaky, just thick enough to hold the semi-fluid mass and fluted evenly so as to present an attractive appearance, she was held to have begun to be a skilled cook, writes Ellen H. Richards in Good Housekeeping. This "crinkling" of the pie crust was a very important point. The esthetic instinct so sternly repressed by the common creed found a certain satisfaction in the cookery of the dames, once they were released from the harder pioneer work, so that the innate love of ornament came out on these various pies. Those made of cranberry were decorated with slender strips of crust forming various geometric figures. Children expected to find birds' nests with the watching bird on their special individual mince pies which they carried home from grandmother's.

Old Maids and Climate.

By Lillian Bell.

AN unmarried woman, of course, is always a disappointment to herself, but the way she takes it is the difference between old maids and bachelor girls.

The unenlightened frequently make the mistake of thinking that lack of opportunity is responsible for the existence of single women, but I lay most of it to climate. The New England climate is not conducive to matrimony or even love-making. And even after the crucial moment has passed and the single woman has drifted from girlhood to spinsterhood, a cold climate, raw winds, chill rains, and snow tend to increase the loneliness of it.

There may be old maids in the South, but I never heard of their being called by that name. I have known some single women, schoolteachers, anywhere from seventeen to fifty, and some of their grown boy pupils were eternally and perennially in love with them. A single woman who has made up her mind not to marry has a hard time to keep her resolution in the South, for she is always assailed to break it. The very climate breathes love. Ah, there it is! As I said, old maids are surely a matter of climate.—Harper's Bazar.

The Place of the Feeble Minded

By Dr. Louise Fiske Bryson.

ONE of the problems of the twentieth century is to find out the place of the feeble-minded. That they should be educated is the opinion of those fitted to judge in the matter. While it is impossible to eradicate a weakness which is theirs by heredity, nearly all sub-normal children can be educated to a surprising degree, and their usefulness and happiness increased to a wonderful extent. One has only to visit an institution where they are trained rationally to realize this fact. The feeble-minded claim, therefore, the same privilege that belongs to every child in this republic, which is cheerfully granted to other defectives.

No one challenges the right of the blind to an education which will fit them for a sphere of usefulness. Justice demands the same care and consideration for mentally deficient children, equally helpless and equally blameless for their misfortune.

All there is of power, all there is of religion, of statecraft, science must inevitably take part sooner or later in the immediate care and training of the sub-normal child. Cheering is the thought that the future holds forth highest hope concerning the redemption of the "least of these." Even now the spirit of religion is beginning to be harnessed to the work of the world, and tasks hitherto disregarded acquire dignity and moment.

Instil a Sentiment For Bird Protection

By Casper Whitney.

HAVE said that, in sections where the birds have been destroyed, the loss to agriculture has increased. It is estimated on absolutely reliable authority that a loss of \$400,000,000 is sustained annually by cultivators of the soil in North America through insect ravages. Therefore, the question becomes, not is it desirable to protect the birds, but how effectually they may be protected.

In this, as in all other similar efforts, the most difficult obstacle in the way is lack of popular sympathy. And this is why these educational campaigns, such as the one started by the Southern Pacific Company, through Professor Attwater, are of such value, for they point out to the average man and woman just what bird protection signifies, not from a sentimental, but from the common-sense view of protecting material interests.

The place to begin education on this subject is in the homes and the schools. If parents will take the trouble to explain to their boys just how valuable these little birds are to the prosperity of the country, there will be a tremendous and important cessation of the killing that now goes on in the parishes of every country town and village.

The small boy with his new gun is among the most persistent destroyers of small birds; and, of course, the boy has no conception of what he is doing. A course of home and school instruction on bird protection is fundamental, and means a development of sentiment which will require no legal restraint to prevent killing our birds of song and birds of plumage.

The most implacable enemy of bird protection is the milliner's agent. Women throughout the land grow maudlin over all kinds of charities, and funds for the benefit of the foreign-unclad and unclothed; they weepfully discuss table's demise, unhonored and unsung, through too persistent back fence exploration; but they continue to encourage the most pernicious trade on earth, by wearing on their hats the remains of our birds of song and of plumage which the milliner's agents have slaughtered.

Mr. William T. Hornaday, who is an authority on the subject and a devoted laborer in its cause, says, "that milliners' hunters have practically exterminated birds known as plume birds, in this country, and have stripped our Atlantic Coast, the whole of Florida and the Gulf Coasts of egrets, terns and hundreds of thousands of other birds acceptable to milliners for hat trimmings. The hunters are now at work along the coasts of Mexico, Central America, Lower California and even at the head of the waters of the Orinoco and Amazon Rivers."

The Audubon Society and sportsmen have done and are doing great work in making laws to check the progress of the milliners' butcher; yet, while great good has resulted, the root of the evil never can be reached until women themselves respond to the decent sentiment spreading over the country, and decline to buy headgear which is ornamented with bird plumage.—Outing.

The Charity of Millionaires.

By John A. Hobson.

TEN years ago Carnegie preached his gospel of wealth—that it was his duty to regard it as a trust to be administered for public good—he caused us to think. The poor heard this gospel gladly; stranger still, even some of the rich. Society not merely commends the gifts of the rich; it applauds them. In what way can the wants of the great mass of the people be so well supplied?

Is there no loss of independence in this? I challenge any one to deny that these methods of getting money for public purposes do not awake in the receiver at any rate that sentiment of patronage which is the mortal enemy of independence in an individual or in a city. I was brought up in a town which depended for its best public improvements upon a rich brewer—Michael Thomas Bass—a generous, kind-hearted, open-handed man, without personal pride or a perceptible feeling of patronage, but I know well the slavish reaction of the civic mind, the reluctance of the municipal authorities to put their hands into the public purse even for the most wholesome objects, the calculating schemes to extract new benefits in the way of parks, schools, or hospitals from the great benefactor. Those who know such men as Mr. Carnegie, Parsmore Edwards, and others cannot doubt the honesty of their motives, but such personal regard must not divert us from the greater question: Is society to be saved by millionaires?

The first danger associated with the millionaires' charity is, I think, that it operates to deter scrutiny into the origins of great wealth. The good, easy, popular assumption is that a man has made his money. Most millionaires are men who have more than the usual business capacity. They may even have rendered the public some service in acquiring their millions, but the measure of public service they render is not always equal to the injury they do to society. It is not always easy to trace the origins of great wealth. It is sometimes accomplished by the increment of land values, by combinations to secure control of the market—limit the output; by rebates and discriminations, tariff manipulations, lobbying to that end; by speculative coups, etc.

Those engaged in private charities know the dangers of promiscuous giving. What about the public? Has it no character to lose? Does not charity buy off justice? Great munificence appeals to the soft-hearted. The question is this: What can the millionaire best serve by his gifts? Some say, let the millionaire supply needs which lie in advance of public opinion—works which the public purse cannot buy. These might perhaps include the alleviation of physical suffering.

Without proper discrimination the charity of millionaires is proving dangerous. What is most needed for social enlightenment is a flood of free daylight upon the arts of human knowledge related to the most vital issues of reform. Is the millionaire likely to supply them in his gifts toward higher education? Will he employ his millions in cutting down the branch upon which he sits? It is not the dead hand, but living interests, that should yield the education for the masses. Let us remember that charity is not justice.