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"Y es."

CHAPTER VIII .- (Continued.) Here was another issue of Nemesis, the your effects to you." curse of another life through his coming back from the edge of the water. In the crush of self-bate, he smiled at the woman. . . I'ntil a moment ago the wrecking work of the morning had put thoughts of Soronia from his mind. He had come to the shop partly to marshal his final resources in an out-of-the-way spot and arrange the last line of action, and partly to avoid the possibility of arrest for the moment in case the Panther had brought an emissary of the law. His end was a matter of hours at best; his cruising and his friendship with Constable were over. Saint Pierre, of the lesser islands, was the last station of his traveling. During three days he had passed many hours in the shop. What those hours had accomplished was dramatically revealed now in the anguish of the maiden as, she waited for the answer to her

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question. "I have been thinking a great deal since | yesterday. I found that I couldn't do what I tried at least, without seeing you again, Sonoria." Breen spoke vaguely. He had sufficient honesty not to be deft with the forces he was now employing. "The future, I cannot tell yet. I may have to leave Saint Pierre for awhile, but I shall leave my heart here, and if I live - I will come back! To-day I must see my friend and tell him that I cannot cruise further south with him." She would have fallen had be not held her, but her eves were shining. The old man tan for restoratives. Breen would have put the girl into a chair, but she clung to him.

"I have waited for you so long, my maker of pictures," she whispered. Pere Rabeaut stool beside them with

medicines. The veneer of shop servitude was gone from the gray old face. The sharp black eyes were directed steadily upon the stranger, who saw that they were ready to soften or burst into flame. Breen san, too, that he was less in the presence of the father of a creole girl of Martineque than the father of an old world household

"I am waiting for you to speak, monsieur," said Pere Rabeaut,

"You have not wasted long, sir." Breen "it was post an instant ago that I had the honor of hearing from your daughter's lips-that she would wait for me until I could come back perma nently to Saint Pierre.

"I know you will forgive an old so dier of France. No many people do not understand don't try to understandthat I decined it a privilege to marry the mother of the maid in your arms -no because a governor general of Martinique was ber father but because she was wor thy the norship of an old soldher of France. The girl is like her mother monsieur

"It is an honor I do not deserve, sirthe daughter of a country woman of Jo sephine and a soldier of France," said Breen, grateful that one of his atter ances contained or entered no lie.

The bow from the veteran was a graclous thing. He held a glass to the lips of his danghter. "I do not need it now, father," Seconia

anid softly There was a knock at the door. The

was left to his thoughts. . . . That which he had done was unchangeable "Nicholas Stembridge, rejoice! this is

rour wedding day " he muttered. "What have lived long and freely, taking what in the gloom. Nick Stembridge, you are | paper evidence as a triumph of her judgwhipped, cornered. You go out a coward ment. As if such thoughts of wretched-

And get he smiled at the perfection of the pride humbling trap the Fates had And get there had been no other was

After what he had done to Constable, it | agreed with her ! was not in him to deprive Soronia of what she seemed to need anot under her | mult mounted to the point of tears. Presnitiful eyes! His own part did not enter, ently she went to the door and locked it He conjured no golden haze as the mate | for the inevitable thought had come. What of this creature of ardor, fragrance, and did the name of Peter Constable mean to gentleness. Nor, on the other extreme, her? She had felt his strength, Long did he reflect that to spend one's days ago she had dreamed of such strength and of amusement at himself, shed a warmin a torrid shop with a woman of black | put the dream away. Whether or not be blood was a fitting end for a brutalized was to be the conqueror, she knew that

He put the woman out of his mind and turned to the sorry business of the wounded friend. He must find Constahie and say the last words; then take the blame from his friend in the presence of the women. If he were taken into custody on the way-there was no help for that. All remnants of justice and whitemanship demanded that he set out at once

He hurried to the court. now. Mr. Coustable expects to leave out a morsel of your mercy." with his ship to-day, and I must talk

with him before he goes." had first seen her. There were tender remonstrances which he scarcely heard, but he answered gently. His mind was would have dropped some hint, at least,

with the pr seemed no reason that he could utter why sched from the pressure of her nails. he should not be back that afternoon.

"Yes, little fairy," he answered. window, if the smoke clears, for your cityward along the smoky highway. In

friend's ship to sail. . . . Ah. don't one of these watches she saw the little stay long from me !" The sun could not shine through the proaching. He would have driven by, but

ash-fog which shut out the harbor dis- she ran below and called to him from the tances and shrouded the great cone, but | veranda : volumes of dreadful heat found the earth Though the Madame lay well in the harbor, she was invisible now, even from the terraces. There was no line dividing the shore from the sea, nor the sea from the sky. It was all an illimitable mask. whose fabric was the dust which had lain for centuries upon Pelee's dynamos.

There was no carriage for hire. The people fleeing to the capital." fay had driven the public drivers to cover. Breen walked to the plantation house. The servant was long in answering his in the morning. He told her, too, how the ring. Mr. Wall was in the hallway. The young man had sent sick native mothers fall from guest to an enemy of the house and their children out to the ship for

pulled hard upon Breen's philosophy.

known your address. I should have sent

"I wasn't thinking about that, but looking for Mr. Constable." Breen declared. "You are Nicholas Stembridge?"

The elder man stared at him savagely Don't you think you have done enough damage?"

"More than enough, Mr. Wall; but there remains, from my point of view, an infinished sentence." "He is not here."

"Then I need trouble you no further." Breen bad not the heart that instant to ask to see the ladies. At the pier he learned from Ernst, who had charge of the launch, that Mr. Constable was not aboard the ship, and had given up the idea of sailing for the day, apparently, At the Roxelane, Breen found that Constable had made his way beyond toward the River Blanch, which had flowed black and boiling yesterday. At the Hotel des Palms there was definite word of M. Constable, American. The proprietor bore witness that the gentleman had stopped at the establishment long enough to procure food, mules and guides—the last at great cost, since the natives were in deadly fear-for a trip to the craters of Pe-

CHAPTER 1X.

The morning which broke through the defenses of Breen, and crumpled the dear est purpose of Constable, also drew Miss Stansburg into the vortex of intense emotions. Whatever dominant traits and impulses she had inherited from her mother, it had been her self-training to repress. Ample opportunity had been afforded her to note in her mother the career of an indomitable mistress of affairs. The result of her observations was a positive distaste for stiffness of views in any sphere, and conviction that the display of masterfulness in woman did not make for woman's happiness.

As a gir!, it had not occurred to Lara to exert an authority counter to her mother's. When she became a young woman she carefully avoided any extremity which might lead to the breaking of either her own or the more visible will of the house

Now, in the midst of painful developments, it was borne home to Lara that she had progressed too for in the way of amiability; that she had unconsciously outstripped her intention, and passed into the boundaries of self-effacement. In the crisis of the newspaper revelations, she had followed her mother's initiative with out question. The creature of indecisions that she had become grew more and more edious to her as the forenoon passed, and in her contrition she realized that the man whose first wish was to spare her from harm had been repaid with a lack of

courtess and a greater lack of courage. Nothing that she had said or done, it seemed to her now, carried the stamina of decision. She had implored him not to spenk; she had it light igm, like a irmines. dild to her mother, when he had told his love and begged her to seek safety aboard his ship. In none of her dealings had she shown the strong womaphood which marked her ideals; and in singular contrast stood out his graciousness and patience. The thousand little things in which she had subserved ber own inclinations to the maternal will had dulled the delicate point of personality. without which a man cannot stand valinutly through the cruz of barah days.

It was all plain now, so hideously plain. The chief of the acts she regretted had a time ton're had down the years! You to do with the morning itself. What manner of "friendship" was this which you saw and daring consequences and accepted as authoritative the testimony prattling like a defective to keep up your of a newspaper's suspicions? She had spirits! Nick, do you recall the prime done more than this, in handing Constable nothing which Portor Peach cannot and shutting the door upon his possible cure'? Isn't it a wonderful saving? So defense. There was an added poignancy wonderful that it has exceptions! No. in the knowledge that her mother would Death will not put l'eter and his lady out | not have thus used one of her favorites. to sea! " " The police are after Her distante for the American caused you: your lips are hot with lies; you sit | Mrs. Stansbury so readily to accept newsveration. Lara's mind finally added to the

and a liar. Where is your laugh of yes ness were not sufficient to start tears of inventory of its miseries by reverting to her conversation with Constable in the laid for him this day; smiled at the words | carriage on the day of his arrival. How he had attered to Soronia and her father, she had berated the essayist for declarwho had bristled into a soldier of France, ling that the stuff of friendship stirred not womankind! How vigorously be had She sought her own room when the to

mastery like his could rouse her heart. She was evading the substance of the question. Before the mirror she frowned severely at the Lara there.

"Tell me this," said the woman, "do want him to go away?"

"No, no !" said the image. "No," repeated the woman; "not if he be innocent. The image scowled at her conservatism.

You deserve to suffer. You sent him "Soronia," he called, "I'll have to go away without a tithe of your trust, with-Standing in the upper hallway, she

heard what passed between Breen and She appeared in the dress in which he | the planter at the front door. Why did not Uncle Joey demand extenuating circumstances? She was sure that Breen of Constable's part in the mysterious al-"And you will be back this afternoon?" liance, had it not been for the barbed In the hollow of the universe there iron of the other's words. Lara's palms

She did not go downstairs to luncheon. but often crossed the hall, entering Con-"And I shall watch from the upper stable's room to look at the mountain and black carriage of Father Damien ap-

> "Come in and rest a minute, father. In there any good to tell?"

on Saint Pierre, indeed. I have grown afraid for my people, and am warning them to seek refuge in Fort de France. Your guest suggested this step, and has helped nobly with money to care for the

She drew from him an account of his meeting with Constable on the highway enced by color. It will be found thickrefuge from the heat and sulphur fumes, est on a board painted yellow, but no "Come in, sir," said Uncle Joey. His and of the large sums of money he had tone was represent as he added: "Had I volunteered for the care of the favored at all on red and black.

few who fled to Fort de France. Lara bent her head forward toward the priest. "And what do you think of this man,

father?" she questioned suddenly. The old man's mild gaze fell before the glowing eyes of the girl, "I did not think when I first met him that he was gifted with such zeal," be answered

"Where is he now. Father Damien?" "That I cannot tell, dear. We have not seen him since morning. Some say that he has gone to Morne Rouge; others that he has ascended to the craters of

Pelee." She sprang up, but repressed the ex-

"Good morning, Father Damien," Mrs. Stansbury said pleasantly. "Is Lara re-

hearsing private theatricals for you?" The priest made haste to depart, saying that he was on the way to Fort de France with the money Constable had given, to make the refugees there as comfortable as possible The ladies followed him to the door. It happened that the old man faced Lara as he said:

"I hope it may be a false rumor that your friend has sought the craters of Pelee. Such services as his we cannot afford to do without. There is power in

"I think I have felt it, father," the girl answered quietly. "What does this mean, this talk of 'friend' in connection with the confrere of

"I did not quibble in the use of the "Do you count as a friend one would try to put you aboard a ship which bears the reputation of the Madame Stael?-one who would bring to our house the notorious Nicholas Stembridge?"

a thief?" Mrs. Stansbury asked.

"You were also invited to go, remem-"My dear child, you are overwrought I cannot believe that you are appealed to by this sudden interest of his in your welterms that would have frightened Domremy saint who braved wars."

"I do not like your talk of terms, mother. There were no terms. Mr. Constable asked me to board his ship, that I might be safe. His care for my welfare is not

important in this talk." "Do you think you would be safe to go with him?"

"Safe as the sea-safe as the black women and their babies now crowded noon the terrible de Stael! I do not care to talk further. You have followed your inclinations regarding Mr. Constable, and until now I have allowed your inclinations to be mine. I am guilty as you are of outraging the sensibilities of a man who deserves at least the consideration of gentlewoman. I shall learn the truth about these reports, and if they are as false in substance as I believe, I shall make up for my incivilities."

Mrs. Stansbury felt that here was resistance no less formidable than sudden It must be crushed, of course, but the present moment was not propitions. She lutely works of art projected by the laughed gently.

(To be continued.)

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# THE TRUE WASHINGTON.

Unless the reader knows more about the "Father of his Country" than school books ever taught him, he will not be prepared to hear that George Washington, one day when he was some sixty odd years old, laughed so heartly at something that happened at Mount Vernon that he rolled on the in Everybody's Magazine Owen Wister brings before his renders the real Washington, the man whom the starving, ragged Continental soidiera idolized; and so one comes to know the wealthy store of human facts about Washington.

Hero-worship is not alone responsible for placing Washington in too unearthly a light. He himself, through endurance of adversity and surmount Ing it came to have a presence so majestic, and so generally held his stormy passions in firm control, that these were forgotten by his biographers, who gave us, to consequence, a statue instead of a man.

To this impression another has materially contributed, his portrait by Stuart, so well known to all of us. It our national imagination Washington standa stiff, in somber dress, almost forbidding in countenance, looking as if even smiles were unknown to him Of course he could look so on occasions, but who of us was ever taught what he said about being painted?

"At first I was as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very rejuct antly, but with less flouncing. Now no dray-horse moves more readily to his thills than I to the painter's chair."

Do not these words, with their sense ing light over the cold image that has stood so long in our minds?

There were moments in battle, and other moments as well, when he acted with a promotness that must have been appailing. He came one day during the Cambridge winter upon the begin ning of a fight between some soldiers newly arrived from Virginia and some Yankee troops. The New Englanders had made fun of the Southerners' cos tume, and although harmless snow balling was all they at first indulged in they had got further when Washington rode upon the scene. Such a fight was full of danger to our cause, as fealousy between North and South

The commander-in-chief sprang instantly from his horse, seized two soldiers by their throats, and shook them together until, when he had finished everybody else had taken a prudent departure and the stage was vacant.

Yet this fierce spirit was at times overcome by tenderness. At the Battle of Long Island, when he saw the slaughter of Americans beginning, he wrung his hands and cried aloud, "Good God, what brave fellows I must this day lose!" Upon another occasion when other soldiers were being "Very little, Lara. The gray curse is bayoneted near New York, and he was powerless to help it, he is said to have wept like a child.

No. Indeed. "He is perfectly at home on the platform, isn't he?"

"No, indeed; at home it is his wife who does the talking."-Houston Post. The deposit of dew is greatly influ**AMUSEMENTS** 

# AT THE CHICAGO THEATERS.

SANS SOUCI PARK.

Creatore and his great band are the leading features this week at beautiful Sans Souci Park. The Crystal Casino with its seating capacity of 10,000 people, is taxed to its utmost limit. " Muclamation upon her lips. Her mother had sic lovers from all parts of Chicago and from surrounding cities find pleas are in attending these concerts. Gerda the Danish Mermaid, excites great admiration by her exhibitions of swimming, diving, etc., and holds her audience spellbound. New programs are offered in the vaudeville theater, the circus, Garden of Eden, fiving pictures, etc., while the new talking pictures, so much commented on by visitors to the down town theaters, will be produced during the coming week in the new Crescent Theater.

### MAJESTIC.

For the week of June 29th at the big Majestic Theater, Chicago, a strong summer time vaudeville bill has been arranged with special view to a bright smart entertainment. Everything is of the touch and go order arranged with the idea of making people forget their but weather woes for the time being. and yet the array of artists engaged includes some of the best talent belonging to the variety stage. George Abel, the famous English concedian. who has made bimself popular through out the country in a happy farce enfare; nor that you dreamed of accepting (litted, "Three of a Kind," will bring our his capable company to the Majestic Theater on this occasion and serve up. is be understands so well how to do. gennine treat of laughing comedy. The six musical Nosses provide one of he very strongest novelty musical numbers to be seen on any stage. Camron and Flanagan company offer as comedy sketch involving a scene in an ctor's dressing room. Herbert's great logs, trained to the minute, and Rice and Cady, the famous sidewalk conversationalists. Cora Beach Turner with a lively one act play will add to the interest of the program which also includes Bessie Browning, the three Reynolds Brothers and the Sis ters Weining. In the line of motion pictures there will be new subjects from the most famous studios, and these pictures, unlike the cheap exbibits in many small shows, are absomost expensive machinery yet estab lished in any theater.

> CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE. Clyde Fitch is out for fun and noth big more in "Girls," the comedy in three acts, which is now in its fifth successful week at the Chicago Opera House. It is an ideal summer enter tainment, and the only comedy now being offered in Chleago. When the sprightly and graceful young women fair of face and figure, doff their outer garments, don flowing night robes and go to bed in full view of an audience in the course of a play sparkling with humor and bristling with clever situations, it is safe to prophecy that the entertainment will be a success. The success of the piece is in a great meas are due to the excellent cast, which include Jane Onker, Georgie Drew Mendum, Ethel Strickland, Ethel Grey Terry, Williem Kelly, Albert Gran and other well known players.

# GARRICK.

Mabel Barrison and Joseph Howard re now in the sixth week of their very presperous run in "The Flower of the Rauch" at the Garrick. This sprightly unsical comedy with its slightly melodramatic tale and its very melodious music, is furnishing an Ideal entertainment for a summer evening or af ternoon. Photographs of pretty little Mabel Barrison are given away at every Saturday matince. The usua! popular priced matinee occurs every Wednesday,

The regular season at the Garrick Theater will open August 16th-when Lew Fields in "The Girl Behind the Counter" will be the attraction. The piece ran all year in New York, scoring one of the biggest successes ever made by a musical comedy.

Dr. Watta Revised. How doth the little busy bee Improve his shining time And gather honey, as we see, With industry sublime!

He dives into the flower's cup And scrapes and digs the sweet, Then hurries off and stores it up For other folks to est.

He builds his cells so trim and stout (You never find him lax) And then we go and smoke him out And swipe his hard-earned wax.

His perseverance we admire, His energy's immense, But though he never seems to tire He hasn't got much sense.

And so with good old Dr. Watts

I cannot quite agree. Of my hard-up acquaintance lots Are like the busy bee. I do not think that I should sing

His virtues to the young. For though he always bears a sting He is the one that's stung. Chicago News. No Difference.

"Yes." said the lawyer, "I can get you a divorce with or without publici-

"No difference. It costs about as tude of formality, edging away from | "Ah!" she cried, "I know what it them to keep still." - Philadelphia

Ledger.

man from his money-if she can't marry him she can sue him for breach

LESS IDEAS AND MORE IDEALS.

MAYOR M'CLELLAN.

By Mayor McCiellan. The crying need of the day is fewer men with ideas and more men with ideals. One of the most difficult problems of the great trust which I occupy is to get the right men for public office. In this country official salaries are small, on the theory, I suppose, that the honor of public service is a sufficient reward. There are, therefore, just three classes of men who accept public office: Men of independent means, men who have not succeeded in private life and who take office as a business proposition,

and men with enough public spirit and sense of duty to make a money sacrifice to serve the State. Unfortunately, there are all too few of the latter class. This is not a plea for a general increase in salaries, but a plea for a general increase in interest in public affairs. There are very few Americans who will not willingly and cheeerfully give their lives for the flag; there are very few who will give their time, or any part of it,

for the State. No man should enter politics with the hope of pecuniary reward. There is no such thing as "honest graft." Salaries are small and the continuity of office holding so uncertain that the life of an honest politician is one of constant self-sacrifice. Moreover, our fournalistic and political ethics are

such that the honest man who accepts office in this country must expect from the beginning to the end of his term to wage one insistent struggle to do his duty.

### AMATEURS IN THE ART OF LIVING.

By Arnold Bennett. Considering that we have to spend the whole of our lives in this human machine, we really devote to it little attention. When I say "the human machine" I mean the brain and the body-and chiefly the brain. The expression of the soul by means of the brain and body is what we call the art of "living." We certainly do not learn this art at school to any appreciable extent When we have been engaged in the preliminaries to living for about fifty-five years we begin to think about slacking off. Up till this period our reason for not having scientifically studied the art of living is not that we have lacked leisure, but that we have simply been too absorbed in the preliminaries-have, in fact, treated the preliminaries to the business as the business itself. See this man who regularly studies every evening of

his life! He has genuinely understood the nature of poetry, and his taste is admirable. He recites verse with true feeling and may be said to be highly cultivated. Poetry is a continual source of pleasure to him. But why is he always complaining about not receiving his deserts in the office? Why is he worried about finance? Why does be so often sulk with his wife? Why does he persist in eating more than his digestion | not offer. 

will tolerate? It was not written in the book that he should complain, and worry, and sulk, an fer. My aim is to direct a man's attention to as a whole, considered as a machine, complex pable of quite extraordinary efficiency for through this world smoothly, in any desired with satisfaction not only to himself but to the he meets en route and the people who are over him and whom he is overtaking. My aim is to a that only an inappreciable fraction of our ordered sustained efforts is given to the business of setual its ing as distinguished from the preliminaries to living.

# SENSATIONAL EDUCATORS CONDEMNED.

By Andrew S. Druger Sensationalism has no rights of any kind in a university. Yet we must have learne that it is not to be kept out by the caying Novelty of theme or of statement, suited to exploitation and to personal notoriety, in a repugnant to the traditions, the philosop basis, the moral sense, and the freedom of university as illiteracy is a menace to gov-

ernment in a democratic state, or as greed is repugnant to fellowship in a philanthropic guild One cannot be allowed to propagate his vagaries upon the time and in the name of a university that would like to be thought prudent and rational. If one wants to be a professor of myths and ghosts, he ought to go out in the woods and sit on a log and pursue his inquiries on

his own time and in the most appropriate place. I have no valid objection to a professor being a free trader. I cannot object to his telling students the reason why. But I have abundant reason for objecting to his hiding from the students the arguments which port the policy of protection, and to his enforcing his partisan view against mere youth with the ponderous solemnity of a military execution.

## FAULTS IN TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

By President Henry Smith Pritchett.

We Americans have had some illustrations of late that our firm American belief that we have a fine system of college efficiency and modesty may not be infallible. Our critics are declaring that our educational systems are not training men properly, and point to Germany, France and England as doing better, as having something better. They say our bankers are not bankers, but promoters. They attack our technical institutions.

This much is true, at least, that in the last two decades we have not been good borrowers not nearly as good as Germany and Japan. It is a truism that the next best thing to being able to do a thing well yourself to become a good borrower of a better method than your own. There are, we must admit, some foreign methods that are better than our own-methods of technical training broader than our own, and which ones paths to the industries and arts which perhaps we de

The dream is o'er, and we awake; The morn is sweet and fair, Deep in the purple-scented brake A bird song woon the air; Up the glad causeway of the East The sun leaps evermore, Anon the noon shall apread her feast-

Dear Love, the dream is o'er. The dream is o'er, we did not deem, Dear Love, the stars would fade, We did not deem 'twee but a dream Of youth all undismayed. Look, where adown the mffron West

Day leads her royal train, Within mine arms, upon my breast, Come, Love, and dream again. -Ainsiee's.

# THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE CANARIES, ANYWAY

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"Oh, I love music!" he cried. sitting back in one corner of the sofa at the bank, too, and we'll give opera as he sat in the other-with rosy-faced parties." admiration she looked at him, eyes sparkling, hands clasped and her lips he grouned and cursed the fate that periment to show both sides of a ness of her regard.

blaring of the brasses and the sighing of the woods! Would you have melanchoir? It is the breathing of the finte. Would you have triumph? Oh, listen to the cornet's tones! So could I go through all the emotions, and oh, the tonals, the cadenzas, the minima, the rittardo and the audden, sudden stop; the silence! Ab!"

He paused, his eyes glowing on vacancy. He made a dreamy, graceful gesture and looked at her from the corner of his eyes, drinking in her admiration and absorbing all the tribute of her pantomime.

"And so do I!" she cried. Impulsively he held out his hand and

impulsively she took it. "We will love music all our lives," the whispered, "all our lives-together !"

Suddenly then his glowing look vanished and over his features there passed an expression of inquiry, fear and doubt. Gently he sought to withdraw his hand, but she held it tightly, pressing it with silent declaration of love long items of figures, in "Ledger: De This model was called the the and esteem and letting him know by posits: A.G." And, seeing that he was Next came the zeotrope, or make the soft engagement and relaxation of still allent and unhappy and gave no life." A cylinder was perforated her grass that when it came to music | answering echo to her melody, she tried she, too, was there with a fond and another and a lower ker. true regard for the most beautiful of "An automobile pahaw!" she ex- dancing men. On the apparatus all the arts and the interpretation of claimed. "I would much rather have slowly rotated, the figures seen ! great souls long dead; and that when a nice carriage. Or we could hire one!" it came to rhapsodies she could rhapso- she laughed. "What fun! Dear me! dize, and when it came to passages of And, anyhow, the music is the thing men and animals taken at m sadness she could weep, but that taking The rhythm and the sweep of it, its fervals were made by Edward one thing with another it was, it was manifold moods of joy, its woes, its bridge in 1877. the twiddly bits, the twiddly bits, the passions! Ah, me!" twiddly bits; ob, yes, it was the twiddly

bits that stole her heart away.

lives-together!" "Which would be the more expenness of entreaty, preserving the atti- misunderstanding-"

were a treasure and she the treasurer, strains of harmony that mine or, better yet, as though it were the the mosning of the tide!" paraphernalia of a conjurer from which | She gased at him with she was about to draw pards of allk and profound, and she antin and linen and other tabetes of the rity, and The House of Commons has given

soup, fish, rousts, game, vegetables, "Hang it, she isn't so bad!" But alous money; crisp bills of yellow and green, mer." and chinking coins of gold-the whole to be performed to the accompaniment of aweetest strains of music, lovely the summer like the city. No. sir! No music, ethereal music, the music that where! And we'll have one of these

they loved and loved so well. "Every summer," she began in low, the best old classics, and oh, w vibrating tones, "we can go abroad and happy, happy hours we'll spend listen to the music in the cradle of the gether! Bach! Beethoven! art-Italy, Germany, France-together! Ah. I feel so happy!" When the music swells our souls will be lifted into the infinite, and when the grand chords sound we will thrill in a shuddering ecstasy. Rayrenth, Paris, Milan, oh, how I have longed for them, and now we will see them, dear-to-

"Now look here-look here"-he be

"Or we can subscribe to the operas here instead!" she cried. "Garden, Ca-Tet-tet-tet-whatever name is. Oh, how I long to hear sing. We'll have a nice little automobile, one of those that's all closed in. and we'll go and see them all-to-She looked at him with admiration, gether! You can invite your friends

She patted his hand, and inwardly



"I DON'T GO AWAY IN THE SUMMER."

wark of the bank where he daily added

"I don't like the operas," he grum bled, his eyes anguished and his feet "Yea, yes," she whispered, "all our shuffling on the carpet. "I hate them, hold your dress up so hi I have always hated them from a child. He looked at her then with the mute- Now, look here. I think there's some

much to get people to talk as to induce her so that their clasped and extended you like! I know! It's the concer! arms grew taut and tight, resembling at the seashore in the pavillous or thus the characteristics of his smile, the sand. And so do I, dear, and so but as for her she beamed upon him II Oh, to sit on the beach, heart to A woman has two ways of separating sweetly, holding his hand as though it heart and hand in hand, to hear the

gravies, cheese and pie; hoards of pin he said, "I don't go away in the same "I have always said," she cried.

lightedly, "that there is no place is plano players, dear, and a collection

Swinging his hand and pressing with affection the while, she began Dinna ask me if I love ye.

Truth, I derena tell-And then not only did she swing his hand, but he swung hers, and fnetse of avoiding her glance and setting hi face in the cast of stones, he looked at her right sweet-in the ere and the her wondrous fair.

"But took here, girt," he said, "I sale get \$18 a week, and those plane player ind concerts and operas and t "Well," she whispered, her area ng as she lifted her roay little light be kinned, "Well . . . Aren't there canaries?"-- Evening Suc.

Delivery and the first over a self-transporter The First Maving Pletures. Moving pictures originated in an exslightly parted in the very breathless had led him to mislead her into think- ing at once. 13 1826, according to the Chicago Tribune, Sir John Bernehe saked his friend, Charles Babbage, how he would show both sides of a shilling at once. Babbage replied by taking a shilling from his pocket and holding

> before a mirror. This did not satisfy Sir John, wh set the shilling spinning on a la table, at the same time pointing a that if the eye is placed on a level with a ratating coin, both sides can be see

Rabbage was so struck by the experiment that the next day be d scribed it to a friend, Doctor Fitton who immediately made a ..

On one side of a disk was draws bird, on the other side an empty b cage. When the card was revolved s silk thread the bird appeared to in the case. This model showed persistence of vision upon which moving pictures depend for their

The eye retains the image of the ject seen for a fraction of a after the object has been a series of slots, and within the der was placed a band of drawl

the slots appeared to be in a The first systematic pho-

Wanted to Share, doesn't look nice. Elea-Well, why did you pretty stockings, m fer Blaetter.