Won by a Tune

"Good-by, dearest!"

"Good-by!"

For the twentieth time Mark Jermyn uttered the words of farewell, and for the twentieth time the girl responded, but, realizing that the parting was not an ordinary one, they were loth to part even then. Years hence they might meet again; perhaps never!

"And, dearest, you'll remember, if the recollection of me ever stands in your light, you're to forget I existed. Promise me that!"

The girl looked into the earnest face bending over her, into the depths of the grave, brown eyes.

"I cannot," she said softly. "Moreover, is it necessary? Is it what you would do were you in my place?"

Her logic was unanswerable, and he sighed.

"If you were the only child of somebody next door to a millionaire," she went on, "and your father forbade you to marry anyone who was not wealthy while you really loved one as poor as a church mouse, would you give up without a struggle? Of course you wouldn't, Mark. You'd wait, and wait, and hope!"

"But waiting doesn't always bring wealth," broke in Jermyn, "especially in the musical profession. Why did my father ever destine me for his own career he added, bitterly.

"Because it's what you're most fitted for," Elsie Renton replied. "Mark, dear, you're going to be a great man."

He waived away her words with a smile and another kiss.

"You flatter me, sweetheart," he said, "although it's true my father was far from being a mediocrity. He changed his name on marriage, and died when I was only five years old. But his existence really ended, so far as the world was concerned, when he forsook his old name, for he never composed a single thing after."

"How strange!" remarked the girl, wonderingly. "And what a terrible example to you, dearest."

"You may think so. Of course, I was too young to know much then, and never heard how it all happened, for my mother soon followed my father."

"And his name before was—?"

"Wegar — Mark Wegar — one of the foremost composers of his time!"

* * * * * * *

A couple of years later Mark Jermyn was in London. It seemed much longer since he had parted from Elsie Renton in Paris, where they had been fellow students at the Conservatoire; she, for the sake of finishing a musical education, he because he had his future living to consider.

In Paris the girl had been free from the hidebound conventionalities of home, and her doting parents would doubtless have been horrified had they known she had dared to egard some one with affection. The two had parted; he to work for a name and she to enter society.

And now he was in London, his fame having preceded him, and Mark Jermyn, the celebrated pianist, was announced to make his debut before the most critical audience in the world. Success had not spoilt him, and he remained the same modest man that had held Elsie's hand in his two years since; deeply, madly, in love with her still. Several times she had written to him, and with her last letter in his pocket as a talisman, he faced the eager crowd that evening.

The performance was a success. Mark Jermyn's reputation was more than upheld and he quickly became the lion of the hour. Invitations from the highest in the land literally showered upon him, so numerous, that they would have taken years to respond to all, one of the earliest coming from the Rentons offering a princely fee for a short recital at a forthcoming "At Home." To this Jermyn stiffly replied that he only accepted social engagements. An answer soon came altering the tone of the invitation, and a day or two later, he found himself about to meet his loved one once more.

The place was already thronged with guests when he arrived, but Elsie was the first to greet him, and as he took her hand he would have knelt down there and then and kissed it, had not decorum forbade. She welcomed him gayly, and he felt all at once the happiest of mortals, for a single look served to tell him he held her heart still.

"I'm hostess for the moment," she observed. "Let me take you to mother."

He followed her, and a little later was being introduced to Mrs. Renton.

"Mr. Jermyn, mother!"

The stately lady addressed, looked up, and as she saw his handsome, clear-cut features, started.

"Mr. Jermyn?—ah, yes, of course! Your appearance seems familiar. But then, aren't your photographs all over London?" she asked.

Mark bowed, but guessed by her tone that she had never seen his portrait.

He sauntered aimlessly about, conversing first with one and another, till at length he found himself addressing the host himself. And Jermyn was agreeably surprised; Elsie's father was not nearly so formidable as he had pictured him to be; on the contrary, his attitude toward the young lion of the season was courtesy and geniality itself.

"Ah! my daughter tells me she met you in Paris," he remarked. "One of the first to discover your genius, I believe? Elsie's a dear girl, my dear sir!"

"She is," assented Mark, earnestly.

"Always a dutiful girl, and a prize worth the winning," continued Mr. Renton, briskly. "It's a pity we're to lose her so soon — but there! the men, the men! I was young myself once."

"You mean some one will fall in love with her?" queried Jermyn, anxiously.

"Has fallen in love. Scores of them. By the way, there she is with Lord Mapleson."

Mark Jermyn turned and followed the other's glance to where Elsie stood talking with the man he had noticed but a few moments before.

"Are they——?"

"Engaged, my dear sir, engaged. And to be married shortly. My wife's a wonderful woman; she's arranged it all!"

Mark's first impulse was to flee, but he resolved to learn the truth from Elsie's lips first. At last he caught her glance, following her into a small ante-room leading from one of the principal apartments. When the door closed, he took her hand, and looked into her eyes.

"Elsie," he asked. "Is it true?"

She avoided his gaze.

"Is what true?" she murmured.

"That you're engaged to Lord Mapleson?"

Her eyes filled with tears and she turned toward him passionately.

"No!" she said vehemently. "He's asked me frequently, but I've always refused. But mamma insists, and the rumor we're engaged is about already. Oh, Mark! Mark!" —With an outstretching of her arms that was irresistible; "what is to be done?"

He took her into his arms.

"You love me, what is to prevent our happiness?"

"Mother — she insists. Father, I know, would rather I married a man of my choice."

"And I insist on you marrying me!" he cried earnestly. "That is if you're willing to become the wife of a nonentity?"

She looked up quickly.

"Who is the nonentity?" she asked. "You, the clever artist or" — with a gesture of disdain — "Lord Mapleson?"

"Then, darling," he cried, "if your mother will not consent, it must be a runaway match. You're sure you don't mind intrusting your happiness to me?"

"No, indeed, Mark, no! I love you, oh! heaps more than I did two years ago, and that's something, isn't it?"

He admitted that it was, when someone calling Elsie, she had to leave. Mark strolled back to the drawing room with a lighter heart. Someone was asking Mr. Renton whether Jermyn was to play; the host shrugged his shoulders, but the musician at once interrupted with the remark that he should only be too delighted.

A move was made to the piano, while all voices were hushed as it became known that the great Jermyn was at the instrument. He ran through several of his better known things in succession, playing as he had never played before, his audience spellbound and enraptured. The applause at his conclusion, unlike most drawing-room applause, was for once sincere.

Mr. Renton was profuse in his thanks, and then his less genial wife inquired as a special favor, whether he would give them a novelty.

"A novelty?" repeated Mark, anxious to please his prospective parent. "Ah, yes! I had almost forgotten. To-day's the twenty-second, isn't it? There is one thing I only play once a year, and always on the twenty-second of this month."

The last notes of the song were gradually dying away, when all at once there was a tense scream from a distant corner of the room.

All turned and saw that Mrs. Renton had fainted.

A few days later Mark Jermyn called to inquire after Mrs. Renton, whom it was understood was seriously ill. The young fellow was at once shown into Mr. Renton's study, where the millionaire greeted him cordially.

"My dear Mr. Jermyn," he said, "you're the very man I wish to see! You remember the effect your wonderful playing produced on my wife the other evening?"

"Unfortunately," responded the famous musician. "Believe me, I'm exceedingly sorry."

"It's not your fault, my boy," he answered, kindly. "The event has brought something to light which I hope may mean your happiness. I have learned that my daughter loves you."

"Yes," responded Mark, quietly. "And I love her too."

"Just so, just so! What I was going to say was this; my wife, it appears, was once engaged to your father."

Mark Jermyn looked up in astonishment.

"Yes," continued Mr. Renton, "and from what I can hear — of course, this is in confidence between you and me — it broke Mark Wegar's heart. My wife jilted him for myself, and it seems that, out of pity, he afterward married a cousin whom he discovered had been in love with him for years. The air you played the other evening was one of Wegar's compositions, was it not?"

"Yes," replied Mark. "My father left me the manuscripts, with the injunction it was only to be played on the twenty-second of November in each year — the anniversary of what I could never make out."

"Ah! my wife recognized the theme; it was the old love song he used to play to her and of which she had been so fond. The date you mention was the one on which she broke off the engagement. Old memories came back to her, and—and—"

"Say no more, sir, it's a painful subject."

"To be sure, to be sure! My wife wishes me to tell you that, although she broke your father's heart, she has no wish to break either yours or her daughter's. We are both willing you should marry Elsie."

Someone opened the door just then, and Elsie Renton, seeing Mark, threw herself into his arms.

LOVE AND QUARRELLING.

Every man and woman of us who has lived long enough in the world to gain wisdom by experience will be obliged to admit this strange sad union of Love and Quarrelling; but every one of us who has lived deeply enough to know that experience worketh hope, will admit that when Love quarrels with its beloved, it is just because this noble ideal of unity has run off the track, so to speak; a virtue has gone to seed; a divine quality has developed a defect. The outlook of quarrelsome Love is not so hopeless when we can understand this. See how it would work if those two squabbling sisters would either of them stop to remember that it is only Love, foolish, exasperating, unbalanced, Love, that is responsible for the ill-bred domestic criticism that spoils the home life. If Jane once honestly believed that Mary's love made her so unpleasant, she would stop aghast, amused, no doubt, and very likely touched; but most certainly silenced. And that would be the end of the quarrel.—Margaret Deland, in Harper's Bazar.

UNCLE REUBEN SAYS: ...

"I kin sot down an' gib my feller-man advice by de hour an' feel as complacent as an old hen about it, but de minit my feller-man begins to advise me I git all upsot ober it an' wonder what de idiot am talkin' 'bout."

"The pleasantest way to take cod liver oil," says an old gourmand, "is to fatten pigeons with it, and then eat the pigeons."

IT HELPED TO HIDE THE AGE.

"Rastus, that's a pretty heavy band of crape on that silk hat."

"Yas, sah."

"Some dear friend just die ?"

"No sah—but yo' see dis is 'specially old hat."

ARE COMING HERE TO STAY

FARMERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LINE.

Canada's Prosperity is the Magnet Which Is Drawing the Yankees.

Robert Ronald writing to the London Daily Express says :—Ten years ago there were over two million Canadians in the United States. Long before the next ten years are over there will be quite two million Americans in Canada.

There is no check to the influx of farmers from the Northwestern States. It is estimated that the emigrants to Canada will number 75,000 at least, half of the Americans. During the financial year recently ended they numbered 68,000.

This new development in the awakening of what an American Consul picturesquely described as the "Sleeping Empire Beyond" is leading to new problems, commercial and political. The farmers who are selling their lands in Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, and other northwestern States are not going to Canada as temporary residents ; they are going to stay, and in a few years the provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, and Assiniboia will be largely inhabited by Americans.

RICHNESS OF THE NORTHWEST

Canada has poured out her wealth in developing her railways, in advancing agriculture, in improving inland navigation, in building canals and deepening river channels, and was beginning to despair of attracting immigrants in such numbers as would develop her magnificent domain. Now prosperity has come with a rush, and the American farmers are only the forerunners of a great invasion.

The American capitalists, already powerful in Ontario, and Nova Scotia, in building up Canadian manufacturers, will soon invade the northwestern provinces, where rich minerals remain untouched. Between the Red River and the Rockies there are 65,000 miles of coal-bearing strata—a potential harvest richer than the prairies can yield—awaiting American enterprise.

Perhaps Englishmen will also be attracted to the growing Northwest, but the Americans will certainly get the start.

What is to be the effect of this inpouring of Americans to Canada—politically and commercially ?

AMERICANIZING CANADA.

There are Americans who think the Northwestern provinces should have been regarded as part of the "hinterland" of the United States. There are some who hope that the invaders will assist in the Americanization of Canada. They think the Americans will become a discontented outlander population who will appeal to their Government to take them under its protecting wing. There is not the slightest indication at present of any such movement, and there is no reason why it should arise.

Americans are just as much at home in Canada as in the States they left ; they find political life less turbulent, party politics less corrupt, taxes lighter, the machinery of justice above reproach, and liberty as complete as under the Stars and Stripes. There is no reason why they should not become citizens of the Dominion, and the Canadian Government is certainly doing its best to encourage immigration by sending its agents to the United States and in encouraging settlement.

The American emigration, on the other hand, will have a tendency towards encouraging their trade. While the trade between Canada and the Mother Country is increasing, that between the Dominion and its neighbor is growing at a much greater rate. And naturally so, not only because of the proximity of the highly developed United States, but also because the best commercial routes in Canada run north and south, not east and west. Canada needs American manufacturing products, and the Americans need raw and agricultural products from Canada.

This interchange of trade will greatly increase in the near future. At present the tariff is all too much in favor of the United States, but the growing importance of the Dominion as an outlet for American capital and the development of its industries will soon induce the American Government to enter into reciprocal trade relations.

CANADIANS IN THE STATES.

For many years America has attracted Canadians, and many of these settlers are now returning. The numerous Canadian inhabitants of the United States have not been completely absorbed in the general body of American citizens. They maintain their separate organizations and have patriotic gatherings. Some of them become American citizens and rise to important positions, but they still look upon the Dominion as their fatherland.

Some of the most enterprising and prosperous Americans are Canadians by birth and education. There is quite a large Canadian society in New York.

The present City Chamberlain of New York—Dr. E. R. L. Gould—is a Canadian. The former president of the Board of Aldermen in Brooklyn now Deputy Commissioner of Docks in New York, is a Canadian. America's first representative in Cuba is also a son of the Dominion. The head of the firm of yacht builders who built the Kaiser's yacht Meteor is also a Canadian ; so are the builders of the new Brooklyn bridge.

Among the great host of other distinguished sons of Canada who have risen to important positions in the United States are Dr. James Douglas, president of a large mining company and of several railways ; Mr. James C. Stewart, the builder of the Westinghouse factories in Manchester ; Mr. Seymour Eaton, the founder and manager of the Book Lovers' Library, the great organization for distributing books, which has spread over the United States within a few years, and has now invaded England ; Mr. William Chisholm, the organizer of the Union Steel Company ; Mr. Hugh Chisholm, organizer of the International Paper Company ; and a very large number of professors of American universities.

BRITISH COMMERCE.

With the agricultural and industrial growth of Canada there will be a check to the flow of talent into the United States. Canada will soon have a literature of its own, and will offer as good prizes in the industrial world as its greater neighbor.

While the Canadian Government is welcoming the American emigrant it is still more anxious than ever to draw settlers from this country. It is taking advantage of the present wave of prosperity to boom Canada. Four lecturers are at work travelling about the country describing the attractions of the Dominion.

The Government are offering grants to encourage settlers, and are giving prizes for school essays on Canada. The Canadian emigration authorities are erecting a large office in Trafalgar square, which will be fitted up in luxurious style, and everything in it will be the produce of Canada. The Government are also pushing the fruit trade in this country, and a company is about to be organized to start shops which will sell only Canadian produce.

Altogether Canada is just now the most prosperous part of the Empire.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

It should be understood that good resolutions are usually, if not invariably, against bad habits, none of which we will specify, lest our readers accuse us of being personal, and having one or other of them in mind. It is in the nature of good resolutions to require the penitent to be constantly on his guard; and while one may readily remember to do a fine thing or a noble thing, when the chance offers, or the duty thrusts itself upon one (in that offensive way of duties), one is always forgetting not to do the shabby, or low, or disgusting or wicked thing, that one vowed one's self to forbear; and it is there that one hits gravel, as the old moralists say. We note the facts not with the expectation that the reader will be instantly and fully able to profit by them, but partly for the psychological pleasure that their recognition gives, and partly in the hope of suggesting, dimly, remotely, a way out of the vicious circle in which the reason "eddies round and round." It is apparent at this glad hour of the infant year, that we ought to form good resolutions and not put it off till the Fourth of July, or next Christmas. Yet it is just as apparent that if we resolve not to do this or that, we shall pretty surely do it, because we forget not to. On the other hand, it is again just as apparent that if we resolve to do this or that good thing, we shall now and then do it, because the opportunity offers or insists. The good resolution ought therefore to be positive, and not negative, in its terms. This seems to us the solution, and we commend it to our readers. For ourselves, as we have already hinted, we do not feel the need of so sharp a spur. — Harper's Weekly.

THE ONLY COMPLAINT LEFT.

In an Irish town the lads of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal it from the master. In this they were successful until one evening, when the master caught them puffing most vigorously.

"How now?" shouted he to one of the culprits. "How dare you to be smoking?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging tooth"; another "colic"; the third a "cough"; in short, they all had something for which the weed was an unfailing remedy.

"Now, sir!" bellowed the master to the last boy, "pray, what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! all excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone:

"I smoke for corns, sir!"

MUSIC AT HOME.

Clara — "Don't you love to hear me sing, Clarence?"

Clarence — "Honestly, Clara, I'd rather hear Cook sing; for then I know she is in good humor."