

IN THE SOLTITUDE OF THE CITY.

Night; and the sound of voices in the street,
Night; and the happy laughter where they meet,
The glad boy lover and the trysting girl,
But thou—but thou—I can not find thee, sweet.

Night; and far off the lighted pavements roar.
Night; and the dark of sorrow keeps my door.
I reach my hand out trembling in the dark.
Thy hand comes not with comfort any more.

O, silent, unresponsive. If these fears
Lie not, nor other wisdom come with years,
No day shall dawn for me without regret,
No night go unaccompanied by my tears.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

LEISHA'S CHOICE

"Who is there?"
The door burst open on the words, and Leisha stood on the narrow porch, swinging a leather strap against her short skirt. Her eyes lighted with merriment on the visitor who had swung from his horse, and tapped the step with his whip to attract her attention. At his eager inquiry, she shook her head.

"Not to-day, Dan," she said gently. "To-morrow?"

"Well—er—perhaps."

His face clouded.

"You haven't been riding with me lately," he said slowly. "It's that Randon."

He bit off the last savagely.

"Now, Dan! Not jealous? No, you are too big for that."

She hesitated, fingering the strap in her hand.

"I am going down to Hilton with Mr. Randon to-day," she said at last, adding hastily, "I will go with you to-morrow, Dan, sure. Up to the old place."

He turned in silence, and mounted his horse very slowly.

The girl ran out to him, and put up a pleading hand.

"Cross?" she queried gently. "We are too good friends to quarrel."

"No," he said shortly; then he reached suddenly for her hand and crushed it fiercely.

"Till to-morrow," he said and put

at her ease, but in these surroundings he, too, had assumed terrifying proportions and she did not breathe freely till they were well on their way back.

And then he told her what she had long suspected; that he loved her. "I don't know," she faltered, "I can't tell you now. I think I am a little confused."

His answering glance was quizzical-ly tender.

"I understand," he said gently. "I will wait till Friday."

When he lifted her from her horse, he pushed back her curls and kissed her forehead.

"I will wait till Friday," he re-peated, and was off, a brave, bright picture of self-assurance.

It was early when Dan came for her in the morning, and dew hardly dry on the grass.

His face was very stern, a contrast to her own mood of gayety. For some reason she was filled with bubbling, irrepressible joy. She alternately sang and chatted the silent figure at her side, her laughter echoing far down the trail before them.

In the place they had known for years they tethered the horses, and stood looking out on the wide, western country which swept beneath the ledge on which their feet were resting. Struck dumb by the grandeur about her, the girl's mood of laughter



SHE WAS FILLED WITH IRREPRESSIBLE JOY.

ting spurs to his horse, he rode off down the trail.

Leisha watched him out of sight, then turning slowly, she went back to the house.

An hour later she was off with Randon.

"A rare bonnie lad," old Nelson had dubbed the latter, for the square of his shoulders, the set of his head, the clear cut of his features were pleasant to look upon. One knew at a glance that he did not belong here, yet he rode a broncho and wielded a lasso with the best of them. His weeks in the open had tanned his skull and strengthened his muscles. To the grace of his personality he had added the strength of primitive man, a combination fatal to the heart of woman.

Leisha thrilled as she looked up at his straight figure. The significance of that day was very obvious to her. She was to meet Randon's mother and sister, and see the manner in which they lived in Hilton. Next week they would return to their home in New York, and Randon, his health recovered, would go back to business there.

They came into town about noon. It was a mushroom western town, sprung up over night in a plain below the hills.

At one end was a group of white villas, with tiny strips of lawn and wide, cool awnings. To the mountain-bred girl they were palatial, and her instinctive refinement rose to meet the occasion. She summoned the manners of her eastern schooldays to her assistance as they swept up before the most pretentious of the villas.

Mrs. Randon came out to meet them and the girl crimsoned before the pat-ronizing curiosity of her gaze.

"This is Miss Fenton," said Randon, and there was pride in his tones.

The girl felt the chilling reserve in his mother's response, and her face grew hotter. She thought of her short, rough skirt and high, stout boots. She did not know how bright her eyes were, how pink her cheeks, how her lips curled up in tempting curves, and her brows arched in penciled lines against her forehead.

Randon's sister was better. She was a frank, happy girl, but Leisha quailed before the unconscious ease of her manner, the elegant simplicity of her dress.

They had luncheon in the cool, ex-quisite dining room. Randon sat beside his guest and sought to put her

ned. Leaning one shoulder against a projecting boulder, the man looked down at the thoughtful little face beside him.

"Leisha," he said, and the voice held a note of resignation that did not escape her, "I've thought it over and I guess I haven't anything to offer with Randon. He can give you everything, while I—it'll be this always, most likely. But I want to tell you this, Leisha, seems as if I must tell you this just once, I love you, girl, I love you."

With a sudden gesture he caught her shoulders in either hand and looked down at her with all the fierce intensity of rough, young passion.

To Leisha came the vision of Mrs. Randon, supercilious, condescending. The walls of the splendid house seemed suddenly to lower about and smothered her. She raised her head and there was the country she loved, the face she had always known and trusted, and with a little laugh that was a half sob, she laid her cheek against Dan's shoulder.—Boston Post.

To See by Wire.

"To see at a distance, as we now hear, by means of the telephone, is the claim for the invention made by the Anderson brothers," says a Copenhagen letter in a Paris paper. The patents are for "an apparatus for the transmission of pictures by wire, showing color and motion." The brothers could not obtain money in their own country to defray the expenses of preparing working models and procuring patents, but they were helped by a Parisian concern, which paid 80,000 francs for all the rights and has agreed to pay also eight per cent on the earnings resulting from the invention.

He Is Posted.

"The man who really knows how to order steers a middle course. He doesn't demand \$5 worth of ham and eggs."

"I see."

"Nor does he call for a 10-cent portion of terrapin."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

After a man passed fifty, he is pretty fortunate if he doesn't find more acquaintances on the tombstones in the cemetery than he finds on the door plates in town.

As you get older there is always something to worry about.

HAVING "PHOTO" TAKEN

Motives of Vanity That Push Many People, Mostly Women, Through the Ordeal.

WEARY ROUND OF STUDIOS.

Barbarous Methods Employed by the Photographer Which Should Be Abolished.

It is extraordinary that women more often than men submit themselves into the hands of professional photographers, says an exchange. It is extraordinary for the reason that personal appearance is to women a matter of far greater importance than it is to men. The shock felt by a man when he sees what a photographer has made of him is far less acute than the shock a woman feels in like case. But why, even so, should he ever let the photographer make anything of him at all? There is no charm in the actual process of being photographed. Your heart does not throb with rapture when you are conducted into that little anteroom and left there to consult the mirror and see whether your hair and your necklace be not disordered. Your instinct is to make a dash for freedom. Too late! You find yourself led into the studio, where the air is thick partly with the gloom and the heart flutterings of your predecessors, and partly with the amiable efforts of the photographer to put you at your ease. With the air of desperate nonchalance you subside on the carven chair which he indicates. You are told that your attitude is "perfect;" you must be taken "just as you are." For a moment you feel that you have been rather clever; but "chin a little more up," and various other injunctions, enforced by gentle prods and tugs which you have not the spirit to resent; and, just when you have conjured a little animation into your face, the back of your head is firmly encircled in an instrument kept for that purpose; and so you remain, trying not to blink, and with all youth and hope withered within you, while the photographer counts the seconds of your ordeal.

The only photographs that are tolerable are the photographs of people one has never seen. Over the old albums I can pore with delight. I like those "cartes-de-visite" in which not yet had photography slipped the grand manner of Sir Thomas Lawrence. I like the marble column and the looped curtain of velvet and the balustrade and the bosky park behind this or that whiskered and peg-top-trousered gentleman who holds firmly in his hand a scroll of paper. I like, too, this, and that lady leaning across a rustic stile, with the forefinger of one hand pressed pensively to her cheek. As a record of costume photographs are admirable and amusing. As a record of what the wearers of those costumes really look like, they are quite negligible. It would be great good fun to have albums even older than those of which I have spoken. But if all the illustrious figures in history had been photographed the mystery that is a part of their charm would not be violated. I should like to see the cartes-de-visite of Leonardo da Vinci, Shakespeare, Nell Gwynne, Socrates, Valasquez, Joan of Arc, Julius Caesar and so on. But I should not then be one whit the wiser as to the actual semblance of these folk.

THE IMMORTAL J. N.

His Wonderful Library in Ohio Is Rapidly Falling Into Decay.

Hidden away in the most unlikely place in the world, a shabby, woefully prosaic little cottage in a country town, is a library unique and so valuable that to wander among its ancient tomes and fondle their ponderous clasps and worm-eaten pages would plunge the ordinary bibliomaniac into what Robert Louis Stevenson calls a fine, dizzy, muddleheaded joy."

Since there is no real reason for preserving the secret forever inviolate, let it be told that the village is Mc-Cutchenville, in Wyandotte County, Ohio, and the owner of the library—Mrs. Elias Cooley, M. J. Thrall says in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. While this name may not convey any especial significance, Mrs. Cooley is the sister of the late Jacob Newman Free, better known as the Immortal J. N., and the last surviving member of an extraordinary family.

The Immortal J. N. was one of the most eccentric and at the same time pathetic creatures who ever lived in Ohio. He first came into public notice at the time of the Civil War by means of his frequent journeys between Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis for the purpose of "removing the pressure"—i.e., restoring peace.

Through overstudy and brooding over the tragedy of the rebellion he had become mentally unsound, and through all the rest of his long life he remained resolved upon one thing, "to lift the pressure."

To-day this splendid library is piled in confusion in the little McCutchenville cottage in mute testimony of his erudition. In the old home one side of the front room from floor to ceiling was lined with volumes and the table in front of the shelves was heaped with them. The collection numbers about one thousand volumes. They are printed in many languages—in Latin, Greek, German, French, Hebrew, Sanskrit and Chinese. Some of them date

as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century. They are stanch old tomes, but the worms have bored their neat little tunnels quite through the heavy bindings of wood and leather. Some are pierced in this way from cover to cover and a few are gnawed by the rats.

One book dated 1570 and written in Latin contains the works of "Eusebius, bishop of Cesarea, in Palestine." The covers are a quarter of an inch thick and covered with leather and the front is closed with metal clasps. Another similar in date and binding is devoted to the works of Chrysostom. A sixteenth century Bible is over two feet long. The front cover and back are torn off and reveal the method of binding. The works of Justin, the philosopher and martyr, printed in Constantinople in 1686, are a curious commingling of Latin and Greek, and is abundantly interlined with notes in the same languages.

BEDOUIN GENEROSITY.

When Homer Davenport was about four years of age he began to draw pictures of Arabian horses. When he was in his early teens he cherished a tin can bearing a label with a very beautiful picture of an Arab horse, and always he wished very much to go to the desert and bring home an Arab horse. In his book, "My Quest of the Arab Horse," he tells of accomplishing his ambition, and the romantic way in which a wonderful Arabian mare became his. It was in Aleppo, and Mr. Davenport was paying his respects to Akmet Hafez, the ruling prince of all the desert.

Ameene, our interpreter, spoke, and told him why our sudden call was made.

The dignified old gentleman learned that we were the people who had been in Antioch three nights before. "These, then," he asked, "are the people, one of whom has an trade from the Sultan of Turkey, and letters from the one great sheik of all the American tribes?"

"Yes," he was told.

The old man's eyes filled with tears as he looked at me, and his slaves and secretaries grew more interested, when, turning toward Ameene, he said: "Then you have called on me before calling on the Governor of Aleppo and Syria. No such honor was ever paid to a Bedouin before, and if I should live to be one hundred years old, my smallest slave would honor me more for this visit."

It was difficult to find exactly the right thing to say through an interpreter, but this fine old Bedouin was equal to the occasion. Repressing his emotion, he said, with a deprecating smile: "But, after all, you have not come here to see me. Better than that, you have come to see horses, and I should be selfish if I kept you longer from seeing the greatest mare of our country, the war-mare of the great Pashem."

As I advanced to take his hand, he graciously waved me back. All this time the old sheik was talking in an emotional voice to the interpreter. I looked upon Ameene to explain. I saw the interpreter's face grow full of astonishment, and turning to me, he said: "He wants you to take his hand, but not unless you can accept the great war-mare as his present to you, with the Bedouin boy that now holds her. Her name is to remain the same—Waddad. He hopes that when you speak the name it will bear living witness of his love to you, and that the gift and its acceptance will be the forming of a friendship, and later of a brotherhood, that will never end."

I was so much concerned at this that I asked Ameene if I could accept such a present. The interpreter told me that under ordinary circumstances I could not, but under these conditions I would insult Akmet if I did not comply with his wish.

So I accepted the mare and the hand of brotherhood, and the old Bedouin ruler seemed very happy.

A Tough Job.

The professor in the agricultural college was lecturing to his class upon the wonderful advance of science in utilizing the so-called waste products of nature. "Without taking into account," he said, "the work of our 'wizards,' who can convert the thorny cactus into an edible plant, effect a permanent change in the color, size and taste of a berry or any other kind of fruit, and all within the space of a few years, chemistry has shown us that the sage brush and other weeds heretofore considered worse than useless contain valuable substances which can be extracted in sufficient quantity to pay for raising them."

"Our most advanced investigators are coming rapidly to the conclusion that there is nothing useless in nature, and that everything that grows or exists can be pressed into the service of mankind."

"Men, professor," enthusiastically exclaimed one of the boys in the class, "perhaps they'll find a use some day for the Ben Davis apple!"

Often Happens.

"I guess I made a mistake. I wouldn't paint a doortape for the old tenant."

"Well?"

"And now I've got to paint the entire house for the new tenant."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Think it over: How many people have treated you right in everything? If you can think of more than one, you are lucky.

OLD COINS RISING IN VALUE.

Collectors Paying High Prices for Special Denominations.

The advance in value of rare American gold coins is strikingly manifested by a comparison of the prices paid recently and in the period between 1860 and 1895. For some reason collectors formerly took little interest in coins struck in gold. It was not that the investment required was too great, for they paid high prices for the early rare American coins, but they simply did not seem to fancy gold coins, and what are now considered the greatest coin rarities went for the proverbial song, says an exchange.

One of the best illustrations of the advance is shown by the price brought this year by the two unique \$50 gold pieces for which W. H. Woodin of New York paid the world's record price of \$10,000 each, an exchange says. Several dealers in coins declare that it is by no means an exaggeration to say that in 1877, the year of the issue of the \$50 pieces mentioned, very few collectors would have bought them at their bullion value in gold for \$100. This statement is borne out by the records of coin sales in the latter part of the '70s. Some of the rarest of the gold pattern coins, in which series the \$50 pieces are classed, sold then for little more than face value. Now the same coins would bring a hundred times as much.

One of the rarest of American gold coins is the \$5 gold piece made by the private minting firm of Dubosc & Co. at San Francisco in 1850. In 1884 a specimen of this coin offered at auction brought only \$6.40. That was the last and only time the Dubosc \$5 piece has been offered for sale. As a matter of fact, the specimen sold is the only one of which there is any record. Even the mint cabinet at Philadelphia does not contain one of these pieces. It is not known where this solitary specimen is now. Its value can only be guessed at.

KAISER'S BUSINESS APTITUDE.

Now Pushing Use of Output of Pottery for Building Purposes.

The Emperor has recently shown himself to be an excellent business man by the energetic and efficient way in which he has pushed the sale of the manufactures of the pottery works at Cadinen, which belong to him. These pottery works, where majolica is the principal article produced, have been the Kaiser's private property for several years, and his Majesty personally supervises their management.

Apart from acting as managing director of the enterprise, the London Standard says, his Majesty also contrives to stimulate the sale of these manufactures among his friends and wealthy men.

Recently majolica from the imperial potteries was used to decorate the hall