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THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Strange force, concealed in some forgotten song,
That dost past hopes and dreams of love recall;
And as the notes harmonious rise and fall,
Canst bring to me in light both clear and strong,
The forms of dear ones who have slept years long;
Whom I thought dead, but now they live once more,
And at thy call come smiling as of yore!
O, tell me that the flight of time was wrong;
That all life's sparkling hopes again are bright,
And these dark years between were but a dream!
Lay not thy harp aside, or cruel night,
The child of day's bright hopes, shall o'er me steal,
And this blest moment but a vision seem,
While I again life's bitter woe must feel.
—Boston Journal.

A BRAKEMAN'S STORY

It was so quiet outside that when the long freight train would come to a standstill with an abrupt, awkward jerk we could almost hear the big, drifting flakes as they fell. Not a breath of air was stirring and the big, round moon filtered down through the snowstorm with a white, softened light that revealed nearby objects in a strange, ghostly sort of a way. The soft coal fire that splintered drifully in the old-fashioned cast iron upright stove lacked cheer enough to break the spell of the outside air. Without knowing precisely why, we sat mostly in silence or muttered an occasional monosyllabic observation as to how soon we might reach Jersey City. We were four hours behind time and somewhere back of us we knew was the West Shore express, likewise behind time and endeavoring to make up something of its lost run.

Sitting in the little red caboose in the rear of the big freight train, rumbling along through a blind fog of silence with a flying express at our heels gave an uneasy sensation that I, for one, did not relish in the least. The drummer who had boarded the train at Newburg sat moodily on a pile of grips, which afforded him a softer seat than the hard, wooden benches strung along the sides of the car. A couple of skippers anxiously discussed the prospects for getting their stock to market without having them half frozen to death.

At the entrance of Joe, the brakeman, however, the glum little party seemed to thaw at once. He swung down off the roof of the last box car and, in through the door in a cheery, wholesome sort of fashion that warmed us at once.

"Joe," said one of the skippers, "are we going to reach Jersey City about Christmas?"

"Isn't this good enough for you to live in? If you don't like it be out looking to night?"

"Talk to sleep, that's a fact," the skipper assented.

"No, you bet it ain't," said Joe, decisively. "The ride ain't a patch to what it is sometimes."

Something in the manner in which Joe carefully filled his coal pipe took a bit of stick from the floor, poked it into the fire and lit his pipe slowly and thoughtfully, indicated that a story was coming.

"Strange," said Joe at last, with a reminiscent look into the fire and a long, steady puff at his pipe, "somehow to-night reminds me of the day after Christmas two years ago. That was when we brought Johnny Haines home. Guess you must 'a known Johnny," he added, turning to the skipper.

"Nope. Heard of him. Go on, Joe. What was the story?"

"Not much of a one," Joe replied deprecatingly. "Just a brakeman's yarn, only it's a little out of the common run. The first day I ever saw Johnny Haines I thought he was about the handsomest lad I ever set eyes on. He came up on No. 6 on her first trip. We used to meet often up and down the road and got to know each other pretty well. He was one of these lads with a fresh, pink and white complexion and a jolly laugh that made you warm up to him at once. He was straight and strong, and when he used to stand jaunty on top of the car, the train going forty miles an hour and he not seeming to think it was moving at all, there wasn't a girl along the road that hadn't a smile for him as he went by. The lad was anxious to stick and worked hard, and, as he kept his mouth shut pretty close, it was a long time before we found out anything about who he was. He had little ways about him that made us think once in a while that he hadn't been brought up to work, and his hands at first were as soft and white as a girl's. One of the fellows told us a story of how Johnny belonged to a good family, but got kicked out for some reason or other, but we always thought he made it up, and, in fact, we never did find out his story until that night. I mean the night we took him home."

Joe stopped, pulled vigorously at his pipe for a few minutes, blinked rather suspiciously several times, and finally the rather husky voice went on:

"It seems that the lad's name wasn't Haines at all. He took that to conceal his own. His first name really was Johnny, though, and, as that was what everybody called him, the last didn't seem to make so much difference. When he first came on the road he was a little past 20, and his open, boyish ways made some of the fellows guy him and want to play tricks on him at first. But it didn't take them long to find out that he had plenty of mettle. A gang of us were loafing around the Albany roundhouse one day, waiting for a train to be made up, when 'Bill' Lawson began to nag him and see if he couldn't get a fight out of him. It seems they had some trouble down the road, and when 'Bill' had offered to fight Johnny had refused. He tried to keep out of Bill's way, but when 'Bill' said he was afraid, Johnny turned and walked squarely up to him and said quietly: 'You take that back.' I never knew just how it was done, but 'Bill' made some sort of a feint, and the next moment the big, hulking bullier was lying on the ground. 'Bill' didn't seem to know what hit him. But he went at Johnny with such a savage look that a lad without genuine pluck would have turned feather. But when 'Bill' lay sprawling on the ground a second time we found out that Johnny was a scientific boxer. There was an ugly gleam in 'Bill's' eye when he got up, and as he got close up to Johnny all of a sudden he flourished a big jackknife he always carried. How he got it out of his pocket I never could tell. He made a lunge, but Johnny dodged cleverly and the knife just grazed his face. He was on 'Bill' quicker than it takes to tell it, choking the life out of him. We started to separate them, but when we found that Johnny had 'Bill' so that he could not do any damage with the knife we let them fight it out. 'Bill' finally held up his hand for mercy and then Johnny let him up. After we got them cooled off Johnny made 'Bill' shake hands, and, though he didn't show it then, I think afterward 'Bill' came to think as much of him as the rest of us.

"Up the road not very far from Albany there is a pretty little farm that runs down to the river, and right at the corner of it was a water tank. It happened that on this farm there was a dark eyed little girl who was the idol of all the boys along the road. She wouldn't flirt with us, but she used often to come down to the water tank and get little packages which the engineer, who was a friend of the family, used to bring down from Albany. She was plump and peachy, with dark eyebrows and long lashes, and under them the prettiest pair of eyes I ever saw. There wasn't one of us who wouldn't have married her quick if she'd had us. But she was sort o' reserved and shy and none of us had nerve enough to make love to her. All except Johnny. All the girls smiled on Johnny and he smiled on them. He didn't have to see the boss twice before he was head over heels in love with her and it wasn't very long before he made her know all about it. To woo was to win with Johnny, and regular as his train passed the farm Jenny that was the little girl's name was always there to meet him. We used to chaff Johnny a good deal over the matter, but we couldn't get much out of him. Somehow, through the engineer or somebody, though, we found out that Johnny was going to marry the girl if he could get his father to consent. He couldn't very well marry on the salary he was getting as a raw brakeman.

"Things ran along through the summer and into the fall, and we noticed that Johnny had got very quiet and reserved like, and was evidently brooding over something. At last we found out that Johnny had been promoted a place, and that along about the holidays he was to be made a passenger brakeman, and then he was going to get married. There wasn't one of us that wasn't glad of it, or who envied him his good luck. The fall stretched way into the winter, I remember, and my, wasn't it beautiful weather! You'd stand up on top of a car, and as the train wound along the river shore miles after mile, just drinking in the air and view. Braking is a hard life, with lots of danger and pretty slim pay. But those days we'd forget all about the hardships and everything else. Johnny was on the same train with me and happy as a lark, thinking how he would marry and go up to Albany to live. I used to notice, though, that every once in a while his brow would cloud up, as if he was thinking of something that hurt him.

"Such weather couldn't last, though, and when the end came, it came with a rush. The thermometer dropped forty degrees, and a cold, driving rain that had set in in the afternoon turned toward night into a drifting, blinding snow. We had a big train that night, and with the snow and the sleet and the cold it gave us no end of trouble. She parted three or four times going not more than twenty miles, and it was cold, dangerous work slipping along the top setting brakes or getting down to make couplings. The wind howled and whistled and the snow cut your face like going through a hedge. It was dark and the lanterns didn't show plain through the snow, and everything seemed to go wrong. Several times we thought we were stalled in the drifts, but we'd uncouple and send the engine and two or three cars through the drift, and then back up and take the rest of the train through. We wanted to get through to Albany, for the next day was a lay off, and two days after that came Christmas.

"Johnny and I fought like beavers against the cold, and, I tell you, it was ticklish work. I felt more anxious about Johnny than I did about myself, for I was old at the business and he was new, and I know how easy it was for a sudden jerk to send a man flying down between the wheels. But Johnny wouldn't listen. He said he wasn't afraid, and just then the whistle sounded 'down brakes.' We were sitting in the caboose, shivering around a dirty little fire. I had frozen three of my fingers, and I thought my ears were frosted, too. You see the storm came so sudden we didn't have time to get on any mittens, and the mittens were pretty thin.

"Well, we climbed out, and Johnny ran on ahead, saying that he was all right and he'd take the front. The cars on top were as slippery as glass, and we had almost to creep along from one car to another to keep from falling off, for she was running at a good pace, and the snow on the tracks made the cars lurch and swing. I looked up and through the snow and the dark I recognized the landmark, and knew we were nearing the water tank, where Johnny's girl lived. Just at that moment the train gave a frightful jerk and I saw the engine go rearing in air, and about a hundred feet ahead I saw a lantern swing wildly in the air and go down. I went flat on the car and hung there for dear life. We stopped in ten or twenty yards and I swung off the car like mad. 'Great God,' I thought, 'if that was Johnny!'

"Something made me feel that he had gone under the wheels, and when I crawled ahead a few cars there I found him, lying all white and still. He was too much stunned to say a word. We picked him up and started to carry him to the house—where Jenny lived. I saw that the wheels had gone over both legs—over one near the thigh and the other below the knee. My, but he was a game lad, for all the torture of carrying him up the hill couldn't wring a word from him. We knocked at the door and said one of the boys had got hurt—that the engine had jumped the track. A white little face came to the door and looked at us a moment, and then as soon as she saw me and my face Jenny shrieked out, 'It's Johnny!' But she didn't faint or cry, nor say another word. We just carried him in and put him on the bed and she took charge of him. One of the boys rode over to get a doctor, but when he came he saw at once that it was no use. It was only a question of how long Johnny could survive the shock. He lay there very quietly, and finally when the doctor's examination was finished, he said: 'Is there any show, old man?'

"I couldn't reply, but he knew as I turned my head away what the answer was. Johnny was quiet for a moment, and then pulling Jenny's head with his own weakly, he said in a husky voice: 'Little girl, I want to go home.' And that he insisted on all the rest of the night. We didn't think that he'd be alive by morning. But he was, and we decided to put him on board the morning express. The wrecking train had thrown the engine out of the road and cleared the track, and when the express came down we flagged her and took Johnny aboard. All Jenny would tell us was that his father lived in New York. But she gave the conductor an address for a wire.

"We didn't think that he would last the journey, and about half way down he suddenly clutched Jenny's hand hard and then lay back still. The little girl threw herself upon him sobbing as if her heart would break, but it didn't do any good. Poor Johnny was gone."

Joe paused a moment and looked into the fire.

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, when we got into Jersey City Johnny's father was there. It didn't take more than a glance at his clothes and his portly bearing to tell one that he was a rich man. He sprang into the car and would have pushed me out of the road. I knew who he was and I held on to him, and I said: 'Wait a minute, Johnny was pretty badly hurt.' He grabbed me like a vise, and said, in a set voice, 'Can he live?' I shook my head, and he gasped, 'Is he—'

"I led him over to where the boy lay, but he didn't want to see him. He looked very hard at the little girl who sat there sobbing, and said, dowly, 'Is this Jenny?' And then he took her very quietly in his arms and kissed her.

"I went to the funeral the next day. That was the day before Christmas. The old man's hair had turned white, and his face was as lined and rigid as though he was mounting a scaffold. He was twenty years older than the morning I saw him first. It seems that Johnny had been brought up, like most boys, to have all the money he wanted. He got wild and in with a fast gang, and, to try to curb him, his father, who was a wealthy banker, got him a place in a store as cashier. Johnny's allowance wasn't enough and he made it up out of the cash drawer. When it was discovered his father made up the amount, and then sent Johnny adrift. He never spoke to him afterward, and when Johnny, after a year's good service on the road, appealed to him for money enough to get married on the old man returned the letter. I found it in Johnny's coat pocket the morning we took him home."

The train whistled for a station, and "Joe," grabbing his lantern, escaped into the night and the falling snow.—New York Herald.

Memorial to John Hancock.

For 103 years the tomb of John Hancock in the Old Granary burying ground has been marked only by the name "Hancock." The bronze marker of the Sons of the American Revolution was placed in front of the tomb several years ago, and has since remained there. In 1894 the General Court appropriated a sum of money for the erection of a suitable memorial to mark the spot. This has been completed, and workmen are now engaged in placing it in its position, just under the shadow of the Park street church. The monument is 16 feet high, the base is of Milford granite 5 feet by 6 feet, and 20 inches thick. The shaft is 12 feet 6 inches long, by 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 1 foot 6 inches thick. The portrait on the shaft is after Copley, and is surrounded by a wreath. The coat of arms of John Hancock, consisting of a shield, on which are three cocks on a hand, bearing the crest of a winged griffin, with the inscription "Obsta principiis," will be displayed on the top of the stone. Under the portrait is this inscription: "This memorial erected A. D. MDCCCXCV. by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to mark the grave of John Hancock."—Boston Transcript.

TWO CUBAN NUISANCES.

Venomous Crawlers that Make Things Unpleasant.

With the coming of the rains in the tropics, many of the insects and smaller reptiles which live out of doors in the dry season seek shelter in the country houses and beneath stacks of cane and trash. Bites and stings from insects are rarely reported, still they are more frequent than one would believe.

Of those which do not often trouble mankind much north of the latitude of

A CUBAN CENTIPED.

Havana are the chigoe, or "jigger," which burrows beneath one's toe nails and lays eggs which develop festering sores; the scorpion and the centipede. In Cuba the scorpion develops into a pest, especially in the country districts, and, together with the centipede, is a foe with which the Spanish soldiery are compelled to reckon. Both the centipede and scorpion hide beneath rotten wood, the "trash" of the yard and cornfield and fallen leaves. The bite of neither is sufficient to cause death in an adult, for many children have been killed by them in every island of the West Indies.

These two are the worst, and it would seem as though they were endowed with almost superhuman instincts, for they appear at times and in places when and where least expected. The centipede moves with the rapidity of a streak of light, leaving behind it if it traverses the limb or body of a human being its venomous track punctured in the skin. Its punctures are from the front pair of legs, which have poison ducts or glands, but its bite is worse than these, and sufficient to cause violent fever in a grown person. With its flat, glistening body, its scores of legs twinkling like the mischief, and its rapid motions, it seems the embodiment of evil as it is.

The island of Cuba is almost as free

A CUBAN SCORPION.

from poisonous snakes as is Ireland, and the only annoying pests are those mentioned. One might stay in the island for months and years without being bitten, the cities, as Havana and Santiago, not being infested.

ADOPTS AMERICAN MODES.

Wife of New Japanese Minister Has Discarded Native Dress.

Among the recent additions to diplomatic circles in Washington are Minister Hoshi of Japan and his wife. Mme. Hoshi is about 22 years of age and of the most pleasing personal appearance. She is short, probably 4 feet 10 inches in height. Her dark hair is very abundant, her large brown eyes soft, yet bright, and her complexion is clear and rosy. In dress, her costume is that of the American woman, yet as she has only recently laid aside her native gowns, her wardrobe of western robes is limited. She has placed herself in the hands of a tutor, in order to master the intricacies of the English language, and by next winter will no doubt be able to preside at a tea in the most approved style, as far as conversational ability is concerned.

Mme. Hoshi has been married ten years, but there is only one child in the

JAPANESE MINISTER AND FAMILY.

family, a boy of 6 years of age. His name is Hoshi Kikaru, and he is a bright little fellow, wandering about the house in evident loneliness for his many playmates in the East. The wife of the minister is a fine musician and devotes much of her time to that art.

A Wise Word to Mothers.

When the school days are finished and the home coming over, many girls are more or less discontented in the home because there seems to special place for them to fill. In school they have had duties and occupations, and have become accustomed to regular hours of employment.

Wise is the mother who at this trying time is willing to make a place in the house for the little would-be reformer, or the enthusiast who would like to put into practice some way her ideas of house keeping and home making. Let the new ways and the new ideas be tried, and show some hospitality to them and some sympathy to other views than your own.

A division of labors and responsibilities is a happier way of meeting the difficulty than a giving up and over of one's ideas and domain to the perhaps overzealous young woman who should have gained tact and sympathy and some knowledge of how to live happily with others if her school days have been of any value. Encourage her to use her gifts, not only in her own home, but for others. The New York Evening Post says that the girl who has plenty of work for expatiation in her own home is usually the least anxious to try home making under another roof.

WARNING TO WHISKY DRINKERS

Crusade Against Strong Potations Inaugurated by a Kentucky Druggist.

Probably the busiest man in the United States is a druggist doing business in Nicholasville, Ky. His name is Jno. W. Gordon, and he has fitted up in the front of his drug store what he calls a poison window, and a bottle of the corn juice dear to the Kentucky heart is there. The window is a grewsome thing. It is a whole course of lessons to the man who wants to commit suicide. In the middle, white and grinning, is a skull. Clutched in its teeth is the deadly cigarette, an ash clinging at its tip. At the right of the skull is the bottle filled with the good corn juice of the Kentuckian's daddies. At its left is a bottle of port wine. Scattered about in the foreground are cards, dice and poker chips.

The rest of the window is filled with small jars containing liquid poisons and papers upon which are tempting powders

WHISKY AMONG THE POISONS.

enough of various sorts to end the troubles of a regiment. Every article is labeled, from the cigarette to the prussic acid, and to prevent an possible misunderstanding of his meaning Mr. Gordon has treated the whole deadly collection with a startling sign, which reads: "Every article in this window is poison."

A PERILOUS FEAT.

Three Wheelmen Perform Foolhardy Antics on the Tarraca Viaduct.

Three New York wheelmen, on route to Chicago, a few days since took at a rapid pace across the coping of the great Starrucca viaduct at Lanesboro, Pa. When in the center of the structure they waved their hats as a pleasantry below, which watched their foolhardy antics with breathless interest. The breaking of a portion of a wheel or the swerving of a few inches and

A FOOLHARDY FEAT.

the rider would have been hurled down into the fields below, a distance of over 100 feet. They were the most venturesome riders to perform the hare-brained exploit.

Towed by a Deer.

The shores of the great Lake Chelan, in Washington, one of the most picturesque and remarkable bodies of water in America, abound in game. In some places the lake is so narrow that a deer may swim it. A paper published at Chelan, at the foot of the lake, tells how a young man named Alan Royce recently made the capture of a deer in the water.

Royce saw the deer from the shore, swimming across the lake. Though the chase seemed hopeless, as he had no gun with him, Royce got into a boat and rowed after the animal. He soon saw that the deer was making better time than he was, but, in the language of yachtsmen, if he could not outfoot the animal, he had some chance of "outpointing" it.

So he rowed across the course of the deer, forcing the creature to waver. Then he rowed so as to cut off the new course; and after a while, by heading first one way and then another, he came alongside the frightened creature, and with a quick movement seized it by the tail.

Thoroughly frightened, the animal swam faster than ever, and made straight for the shore. Royce got into the bow of his boat and held fast to the tail; he was drawn through the water much faster than he could have rowed.

Meantime his pursuit of the deer had attracted the attention of Mr. J. A. Green on the shore. Mr. Green got a rifle and came out in another boat to meet them. Coming quite near he fired at the deer and killed it, ending the spirited chase. It turned out to be a very large and fine buck.

Wild oats cost as much as ever, in spite of the fact that everything else has been greatly reduced in price.

PLAYING THE PIANO.

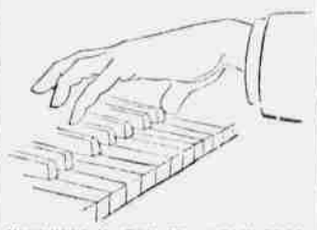
NEW AND INTERESTING THEORY IS ADVANCED.

Prominent Instructor Says the Study of Anatomy, Physiology and Knowledge of Acoustics Is Necessary for a Thorough Mastery of the Pianoforte.

Hints to Pianists.

H. A. Kelsey of Hinkle Hall, Chicago, presents a new theory of piano playing based upon principles of anatomy, physiology, acoustics and psychology, and in an exhaustive article which he has published on the subject undertakes to show how piano playing may be reduced to a scientific basis. He advises the study of anatomy, that the teacher may learn to develop a good "paper hand" of physiology that we may learn the fundamental causes which operate in correctly playing. We learn, he says, to avoid and successfully treat weeping sinews and musician's cramp. By the understanding and application of the laws governing muscle contraction we learn to control and have better the power force normal exercise. Mechanical strain and other physical harm and disorders to man's internal organism are seldom to be met with. Modified forms merely make slightly noticeable progress and undesirable music is the result. Extracts from his article follow:

Rather than of developing the power of memorizing and of preserving musical the pianist's individuality, are the aims of psychological study. This we comprehensively term "Tone intelligence." As we cannot know the "tone intelligence" of



MOVEMENT IN STACCATO OF TAPPING. NO. 1.

singer. Point management, head management and the science of harmony are all helped understood through a knowledge of the principles of acoustics. A knowledge of the anatomy of the hand, wrist, fore and upper arm also is needed. Second, finally, an intellectual acoustic control. In consequence of the control thus gained, the whole [illegible] becomes self-evidentive. A great economic effect can be produced by exercising the muscles of the upper arm and those of the forearm while relaxing the wrist muscles. This is a very important point. Still [illegible] the application of the principle of gravity to the pressure transferred to the keys of the piano.

The outer side of the hand is naturally weaker than the inner side, yet it is as essential a factor in playing. The little and ring fingers are the most frequently placed with the weaker tendency to leave the [illegible] in holding up the inner region of the hand. A development of the muscles in the forearm to bring possible a good position of the hand for playing octaves, arpeggios, scales, chords and trills with the fourth and fifth fingers. Rapid octave playing is dependent upon a separated control of the supinator and pronator muscles from those of the fingers. Speed requires the shortening of the linear period of the muscle, and this can be accomplished only by taking up the slack of the tendons. The principal muscle concerned in producing a steady staccato effect with angle action is the extensor, as upon this muscle depends the brevity of time. By elevating the wrist, exercise the second finger and depressing it at the knuckle joint, the force so gained has been possible [illegible] for producing the effect.

The physiology of tone in playing is a subject of great interest to the [illegible] piano pedal. In some persons capable of movement between the muscles [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] of speed [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]