

### The Song I Never Sing.

As when in dreams we sometimes hear,  
A melody so faint and fine,  
And musically sweet and clear,  
It flavors all the atmosphere  
With harmony divine.

So, often in my waking dreams  
I hear a melody that seems  
Like fairy voices whispering  
To me the song I never sing.

Sometimes when brooding o'er the years  
My lavish youth has thrown away,  
When all the glowing past appears  
But as a mirage that my tears

Have crumbled to decay.  
I thrill to find the ache and pain  
Of my remorse is stilled again,  
As forward bent and listening,  
I hear the song I never sing.

A murmuring of rhythmic words,  
Adrift on tunes whose currents flow  
Melodiously with the thrill of birds,  
And far-off lowing of the herds  
In lands of long ago.

And every sound the truant loves  
Comes to me like the coo of doves,  
When first in the blooming fields of  
spring,  
I heard the song I never sing.

The echoes of the old voices wound  
In limpid streams of laughter where  
The river Time runs bubble-crowned  
And gaily eddies ripple round  
The lilies growing there.

Where roses, bending o'er the brink,  
Drain their own kisses as they drink,  
And ivies climb and twine and cling  
About the song I never sing.

An ocean surge of sound that falls  
As though a tide of heavenly art  
Had tempested the gleaming halls  
And crested o'er the golden walls  
In showers upon my heart.

Thus, with open arms and eyes  
Uplifted toward the alien skies,  
Forgetting every earthly thing,  
I hear the song I never sing.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

### THE LITTLE MEDIATOR.

"And the young Prince married the Princess and lived happily forever after."

A girl of probably twenty, in a big chair, by the light of a bright hearth fire, was reading to a younger girl, a much younger girl—in fact, a little girl. The story is concluded and the book closed.

"There, dear, how does that story please you? Don't you wish you knew such an interesting, handsome, noble Prince as the one of whom I have just read?"

This interrogation from the older girl the younger one unconsciously ignores for a time. She is dreaming. Her big, blue eyes are staring vacantly into the red embers, which have fallen from the logs on the hearth. Then she sighs deeply.

Waking from her reverie, she turns those wide, wondering eyes of hers into the face above her, for she is seated at the older girl's knee, and asks:

"Do you know, Julia, that Prince reminds me of Mr. Mercer? Mr. Mercer is handsome. And he's brave, too, 'cause he saved my dollie when it fell into the lake last summer. Only"—in a regretful tone—"he hasn't any princess for his bride yet. But he will have, 'cause he said he would."

"Oh, he did!" from the other girl.  
"Yes, he did. Least he's going to marry a queen. And isn't it strange, Julia, her name is just the same as yours?"

"Why, child, what are you saying?"  
"Well," answered the little one, pucker her mouth in a childish, quizzical way, "while Mr. Mercer was waiting for you to finish dressing for the theatre, the other evening, he took me on his knee and we sat here by the fire. I told him I was awful tired tired reading fairy stories, and asked him if he couldn't tell me one. He said he thought he didn't know any 'cept wreat's in the books, but 'course, if I wanted him to he'd try."

"Yes, and what did he tell you?"  
"He said, 'Once there was a man who liked a girl awful much, but he was afraid to tell her so, 'cause he didn't know how she'd take it.' And he said, 'By Jove, I wish she wasn't so distant to me.' And I said, 'Is she so far away?' He said, 'No, not that kind of distant.' 'She's not kind to you, then?' said I. 'Well, not kind enough,' said he. Then I told him she wasn't nice, if she wasn't kind, and he said right quick, 'Oh, yes, she is nice—she's adorable—she's a queen.' 'Why, what's her name?' said I. Well, he was staring into the fire, and he took a big, long breath, and said, 'Julia.'"

"Yes, yes," said the older girl, very much interested. "Go on."

"Why, that's my sister's name," I said. "Does she know her?"

And he jumped up so quick he really frightened me, and then he kissed me and sat me on the edge of the table and said:

"Now, Joyce, I started in to tell you a fairy story, didn't I?"

"Yes," said I, "but it wasn't much account."

"I know that," said he, awful quick, "and I want you to forget all about it, and I'll come around some other time and tell you another one."

"Well, if it isn't any better than the one you started, you needn't come, said I. And he, why he laughed and said he'd try and make the next more interesting. Then you came down stairs and when you were going out with him he turned around, put his finger on his lips and looked real serious. I think—"

"Why, Joyce, he meant you should not say anything about it."

"About what?"

"Why, about what he told you. It was naughty of you, Joyce; it was wrong."

"Well, that's the second time I didn't know what 'keep quiet' meant. You know what you said about him last week. Well, after I told him about it—"

"What! did you tell him all about—"

Miss Julia sits back in her chair aghast.

"Yes; I told him, and he said: 'My, my, Joyce, you musn't tell things like that,' but he didn't tell me that 'till I was all gone talking.'"

"Oh, you horrid child! How dared you do such a thing? How"—Overcome by her feelings, Miss Julia sat in silence, but she did a good deal of thinking.

The two girls sat in silence for a time without speaking, and it was becoming embarrassing to both when the entrance of a maid with a card caused both to rise. The older reads the card, "Mr. Mercer."

"Tell Mr. Mercer to come up here. It's much warmer,"—in an apologetic way—"and Joyce, it's far past your bed-time. Say good-night and run away."

Obedient her sister, Joyce just reaches the doorway, when her path is blocked by the form of a tall, good-looking young fellow, who stands slightly surprised, with a bulky package in his arms.

"Good evening, Miss Julia, How are you, Joyce? You are not going as soon as I come, are you? Why I have brought you a present. But"—carelessly—"you wont want to see it until to-morrow."

"Oh, yes; show me now, please," pleaded the little one.

The young man takes from the package a magnificent French doll.

Giving vent to an exclamation of surprise and delight, Joyce makes a rush for the prize, and, obtaining it, spends several hurried moments in admiration and examination. Then, remembering about bed, she throws one little arm around Mercer's neck; the other tightly holds the doll. She gives him a hearty kiss, and, looking earnestly into his eyes, exclaims, "Oh, you are so good!" and turning to her sister, she says: "Isn't he, Julia?"

With a perceptible blush the sister answers, "Why, yes, he is indeed. But you must run off to bed now."

With a happy smile on her little face Joyce kisses both her sister and Mercer good night and starts off to bed.

But at the door she hesitates, stops and turns. "Mr. Mercer," she says, "I hope you won't be angry, but I didn't forget that fairy story you told me, and I told Julia about it. Now, you're not angry, are you?"

Mercer just about realizes what the child has said. He is dazed, but he replies with a nervous, forced laugh.

"Am I angry? Oh, no; not at all."

The little one is too young to notice—but the older girl does—that this is said in a sarcastic way, kindly withal.

"I'm so glad" Joyce says, in a relieved tone. "I didn't think you would be angry, 'cause I told Julia you liked her. 'Cause you do, don't you?"

Miss Julia has not only had trouble to retain her composure during this interrogation, but she felt she was in danger of fainting from embarrassment. However she controls herself long enough to say:

"Joyce, its almost midnight; go over to your bed."

Without any further remarks save a sweet "Good night," the little one runs off to bed.

The unexpected declaration that Joyce had made regarding the secrets each had thought buried in the child had quite unnerved Julia. Walking to the window she hides her face in the folds of a friendly curtain. The fire on the hearth had almost died out. Nothing came from the embers save a dull red glow. The lamp had not been lighted and the room was becoming enveloped in darkness. Julia throws back the heavy curtains and the rick, silvery light from a full, round moon, flows softly into the room.

And as the midnight hour draws nearer there comes floating to the window, over the silent city's roofs, the sound of chimes, as soft and as pure as the moon's white rays.

"Listen to the bells. Won't you come to the window? You can hear them better."

Mercer accepts the girl's invitation and is sure he can detect a tenderness in her voice that she had never told to him before. A hope springs up in his breast, and as he reaches her side he tenderly takes her hand within his own and says, almost in a whisper, as if awed by the stillness and the mystic music of the midnight chimes:

"Miss Merton—Julia—Joyce asked me a question before she left us to-night. You heard it?"

Faintly and faltering comes a "Yes."

"Let me answer it to you. I like you. More than that, I love you. Tell me that I may hope."

Julia raises her head, and in her eyes he reads his answer. Tenderly he stoops and kisses the lips upturned to his, and locked in his strong embrace she stands silently, happy in his love.

And who knows, as they stood there together, but what both blessed the child who had unconsciously told each of the other's love. — Philadelphia Ledger.

### A Strange Fishing Match.

A novel contest has taken place at the Edinburgh Corporation Baths between one of the strongest swimmers in Scotland and a well-known angler.

The bath where the contest took place is eighty feet long and forty feet wide. The angler was furnished with an eleven-foot trolling rod and undressed silk line. The line was fixed to a girth belt (made expressly for the purpose), by a swivel immediately between the shoulders of the swimmer, at the point where he had greatest pulling power. In the first trial the line snapped.

Having been again secured another trial was made. The angler gave and played without altogether slackening line, and several porpoise dives were well handled. The swimmer then tried cross swimming, from corner to corner, but ultimately was beaten, the match ending with a win for the rod and line. Another contest took place in which the angler employed a very light Dunfield trout rod, ten feet long and weighing only six and one-half ounces, the line the same as that used with the trolling rod. The swimmer, whose aim was evidently to smash the rod, pulled and leaped in the water. He was, however, held steadily, and in about five minutes was forced to give in, the rod being again successful. At the finish both competitors were almost exhausted. — Pall Mall Gazette.

Salt making is one of the staple industries of Pittsburg and gives rise to a business in other articles necessary in the manufacture. Six firms are engaged in salt making from water obtained within the city limits. The wells are sunk from 1,500 to 2,000 feet and the product is about 250,000 barrels annually. The capital invested is about \$800,000. Considerable over one thousand people are employed, and in wages they receive \$760,000 or thereabout in a year. The shipments in and out exceeded 15,000 tons per annum. — Chicago Times.

The Biggest Insurance Policy.

Probably the very largest fire insurance policy in existence, or ever written, is that covering the property of the Santa Fe Railway Company. It was issued by the Phoenix Fire of London, England, in amount \$17,000,000 and takes a premium of \$170,000 to carry. — New York Journal.

### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

#### WATCH IN A SLIPPER TOE.

The latest idea in respect to ladies' watches is a little enamelled slipper, with the watch face in the toe, suspended to a pin in the form of a true lover's knot. — New York Journal.

#### NURSING AS A PROFESSION.

Some remarkable figures are given as to the popularity of nursing as an occupation among women. At one of the large London hospitals upwards of 5,000 applications have been made to enter the Nursing Training Home during the last year. At another London hospital more than 800 applications were received within two months. — New York World.

#### BEST LOOKING QUEEN IN EUROPE.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is not only the best looking but the best educated queen in Europe. She knows English, French, German, Spanish and Latin thoroughly, and she speaks them as fluently as she does her own Italian. She is a good Greek scholar, and is not only familiar with the masterpieces of European literature, and quotes Petrarch, Dante and Goethe, but is so fond of Shakespeare that she has written for her own amusement a little work on his heroines. — Public Opinion.

#### A WOMAN MANUFACTURING SHOES.

When the strike among the girls employed in the Haverhill, Mass., shoe factories broke out recently it developed that M. D. Lucier, who is operating a factory employing several hundred women, is one of the sex. Mrs. Lucier's husband also has a factory, her two grown-up sons work in factories, and her 28-year-old daughter is an operative in her mother's establishment. Mrs. Lucier was a factory girl herself and appreciates the factory girl's position, so that when other shops were shut down by the strike, hers was unaffected. She has been for two years president of the St. Elizabeth Benevolent Society of Haverhill. — New York Advertiser.

#### FEMALE FOOT-BALL TEAMS.

Woman seems now to have a task before her in which we fear greatly she will fail. Report goes that football teams will shortly contest in public, and the problem is now, on the one hand, to make the performance graceful, and, on the other, not to spoil the game. Those who have witnessed the modern developments of that noble sport will probably doubt whether even woman will be able to harmonize such conflicting aims. Into this question we will not enter. Whether the real game played by women is a graceful or a disgraceful sight, Mrs. Grundy must decide, and whether the game played in a lady-like manner is worth looking at will doubtless soon be settled by the polite frequenters at the football field, who, we may be sure, will not be backward in expressing their opinion. — British Medical Journal.

#### RED HAIR IS NOW THE FAD.

The women of New York have sounded the death knell of the bleached blonde. The vogue just now is Titian hued locks, and the hair dressers have their hands full eradicating the traces of peroxide of hydrogen that the chemical hued tresses shall take on a deeper, darker and richer hue. There is no use in any masculine fancy undertaking to pass any comments on the new russet shade. The women who affect "Péon d'Espagne" to scent their dainty handkerchiefs and wear six inch whisker trimmings on their wraps have given the new hair shade the signet of their approval.

A hair dresser on upper Broadway told a reporter that the process consumed several days in securing the requisite tone. First the hair had to be steamed and every trace of dye removed. Then the hair must be treated in a certain uniform temperature for nearly eighteen hours. So strong is the preparation used that around the brows and ears, where the still damp locks touch the patient has the skin discolored for days. Sociologists may find food for comment and reflection in the popularity of the new craze. In the meantime two shrewd young fellows who have the patent rights to make and sell the new re-

storers are getting rich and New York will shortly be surprised at the number of red headed women. — New York Advertiser.

#### FIFTY CENTS A FREE.

The ruling passion gets away with women every time. At the theatre the other night a lady appeared suddenly at the box office and asked the manager for an admission ticket.

"Do you wish a seat?" the ticket seller asked. "We have a few good seats in the balcony."

"I haven't time to sit down," said the lady. "My husband is waiting for me outside, and besides I have seen the play already."

The ticket seller didn't know what to say to this.

"I only want to go in for a few minutes," the fair visitor continued.

"I saw a lady pass in a moment ago, and she was so elegantly dressed that I wanted to have a good look at her and see exactly what she had on. That's all."

The manager to whom this explanation was made, escorted the dress-fascinated woman into the auditorium, and she went around to a side aisle and made a thorough observation of what the ultra-fashion dame "had on."

"Oh, it was perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed, as she joined her husband at the door. — Boston Globe.

#### FASHION NOTES.

The Brownie is even engraved on notepaper.

Fur boleros and short jackets are popular and becoming to slender figures.

Bonbon boxes that can be utilized when the candies are gone are new and sensible.

Individual candles and shades at dinner parties are gradually going out of vogue.

Long, handsome cut glass scent bottles with silver tops are again coming into vogue.

Too profuse floral decoration at dinner parties is declared to be "questionable taste."

Something new, pretty and useful for the desk is a paperweight and clock combined.

The up-to-date girl is having the gems that once glistened in her ears made into finger rings.

There is a fashionable craze for brooches of all kinds, with the preference for grandma's.

Trimmings of chenille and cut jet embroidery on bands of cloth are among the favorite garnitures.

Effective bodices are made of piece guipure stretched over a lining of cloth or silk of a contrasting color.

Velvet is much worn for entire evening gowns. It requires to be plain in fashion, but perfectly cut and fitted.

A dinner gown recently seen had puffed elbow sleeves of widely striped silk, the rest of the gown being of solid color.

Plush and velvet are among the favorite materials for the round, full capes that seem to be preferred to all other wraps.

Very wide-brimmed hats of velvet are trimmed with an abundance of ostrich tips curled close. A band of velvet around the crown, and a couple of loops are all the other trimming required.

Some of the new tartan velvets and silks are rarely beautiful. They are used for separate bodices and can scarcely fail to win favor, although many women have a prejudice against bright plaids.

Velvet and wool form a combination very much worn this season. The velvet may be of the same color as the goods or of a decidedly different tint, bright velvets being much employed with black material.

A handsome cape has a yoke made of solid passementerie. This is edged with fluffy fur or feather trimming, and the cape portion is of a new sort of plush that is said to be absolute proof against water and weather.

Pink in all clear shades is in immense demand. It is the favorite color for evening gowns, and in deep tones it trims black hats and bonnets and forms the ornamental draped collars which are now worn with nearly every sort of costume.

### NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Roller skating is being revived. The house tax in Greece brings \$400,000 a year.

The Kansas Legislature has made betting a felony.

The Missouri River is now less than 100 feet wide at Abilene, Kan.

Some Missouri farmers now have to drive their cattle five miles to water.

The Cincinnati papers are appealing for aid for the starving poor of that city.

Colonel Waring, New York's new Street Cleaning Commissioner, is cleaning the streets.

Emperor William has expressed his approval of the project to make Berlin an island port.

The good effects of anti-toxins in New York City are shown in the reduced mortality from diphtheria.

A State terrier was the only survivor of the crew of the steamship Chloera, wrecked on Lake Michigan.

Last year there were 461 rear-end collisions in this country. 311 head collisions and eighty-nine at crossings.

"Grasshopper" dealers are flooding Illinois and Indiana with swarms telling how to secure \$40,000 for \$2000.

The English people are afraid of American oysters, because of a suspicion that they contain typhoid fever germs.

To float an American loan in London the Statist declared the rate of interest must be higher than three per cent.

Last year the Berlin municipality spent nearly \$1,000,000 in excess of the income assigned in charitable relief.

The owners of the Ferris wheel have finally decided to re-erect it in Chicago, at a summer resort near Lincoln Park.

"Nat" Herreshoff has agreed to take command of the Berlin syndicate America's cup defender in her early races.

Great Britain, France and Russia are said to have instructed their Ministers to advise China and Japan to come to terms.

An insane man on the train between Paris and Fontainebleau, France, fired several shots in the car and killed a man.

Judge Geogar, a Kansas official in Phillips County, sentenced his son-in-law to eighteen months in the penitentiary for burglary.

Hundreds of carloads of provisions, by reason of inefficiency, are awaiting distribution, while the destitute are starving and freezing.

Because his two-year-old son would not stop crying Alexander Yankarage, of Wilkes-Barre, Penn., dashed his brains out on a hot stove.

Chicago is enjoying the cheapest coal ever known there, as a result of a railroad rate war. The low grades of coal are selling for \$2 a ton.

The flash and noise of the recent explosion at Butte, Montana, were both seen and heard at Central Park, a distance of fully forty miles away.

The father of Robert Wilson, the leader of the recent revolt that has stirred the island of Hawaii, is a quiet, much-respected citizen of Newport, R. I.

M. Morrison, an English bachelor, has left \$500,000 to Percy Ludlam, a boy who struck his fancy during a recent summer sojourn at Suwanee Springs, Fla.

By the uprooting of a large tree in a recent storm in Missouri a heavy deposit of lead was uncovered. Over 400,000 pounds have already been taken from the mine.

The annual report of the Boston Fire and Police Notification Company for 1934 shows that 1784 alarms were rung in for fire with a gross loss of \$1,577,000. During the year twenty lives were lost and 150 persons injured.

Three hundred colored people reached New Orleans in a special train from Birmingham, Ala., en route for Mexico. The Mexican Colonization Company expects to send 10,000 colonists to its concessions on the Mapico River to raise coffee.

A PAN-AMERICAN congress of religion and education will be held during the coming summer in the United States, to which the people of all religious beliefs—Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew—in every country of North and South America will be invited.

Governor Evans, of South Carolina, has found that nearly every county and sub-dependency in the State is short in its accounts, and has begun to make things lively in consequence. Some of the discrepancies have been found to have shortages ranging from \$500 to \$1500.

### PROMINENT PEOPLE.

DR. TALMAGE is sixty-three years of age. The Shah of Persia drinks a bottle of brandy a day.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is Grand Master of English Freemasonry.

Mrs. KATE CHASE SPRAGUE, it is said, is reduced to almost absolute want.

FELIX FAUER is the first President of France who has been a confirmed smoker.

Governor McKinley, of Ohio, says he is not a candidate for the United States Senate.

PRESIDENT BARRIOS, of Guatemala, is said to have mortgaged all his plantations and sent the money to Spain.

MASTER TYRAN HOBSON BUREFFY, the original Little Lord Fauntleroy, is now sixteen and a football player.

The Amber of Afghanistan, who is going to visit England in the spring, will probably come by way of Japan and the United States.

JOHN R. TABB, the poet, is a Catholic priest living in Amelia County, Virginia, but holding a professorship in St. Charles College, Maryland.

The King of Greece gave orders to have the Chateau of Smidrup, in Denmark, prepared for his occupancy in case he should abdicate.

In a letter to the army Emperor William, of Germany, ordered the guns and standards which took part in the war with France to be decorated with oak leaves.

WILLIAM WALKER ASTOR cancelled the order for a blanket of flowers on his wife's grave every day for a year, because he was annoyed at the publication of the fact.

Death of the Original Train Robber. John Reno is dead at Columbus, Ind. He was a member of the first train robbing gang in the United States. He planned the idea for several years and made a success of it in the end, but his brothers were hanged in 1853. In 1868 an express train, then known as "the south-bound J. M. and I" train, was stopped at Rockford station. The robbers entered at a side door and soon overpowered the expressman, securing packages of money amounting to \$90,000. Fully this amount was dropped from the car window and lay lying on the track, the thieves being unable to carry away the spoils.

Women on Justice. The ladies are serving on a jury at Denver, Col.