## **How Senator Sparks Took** Tea With the Dunns.

By SUSIE BOUCHELLE WIGHT.

together, and each felt secretly resent-

ful of the other's unreasonable tenac-

When Mrs. Dunn had put on a wrap-

per and darkened her room for her

nap, Rosaleen's opportunity had come,

She went quietly to the kitchen, re-

kindled the fire, and set about the

preparation of sundry modern deli-

She made a mayonnaise dressing:

she gathered late tomatoes hollowed

them out, and chopping up the breast

meat of the chickens, which were al-

ready fried and ready just to be heated

satisfied her soul, filled it into the to-

matoes, and set them in the Ice-box

The milk-yeast bread was not yet

uncooked chickens, evidently laid away

for the morrow's use, she said to her

ing out of the window wor

that was hobbling down the street

'I have something good for you."

"Come in, Miss Mary Jane," said she.

wo canny lous baskets, and set them

down at the klichen door with a groan.
"My rheumatism!" she grumbled.

Tve took ters and doctor's medicine

and it keeps getting worse. If only

folks would send my victuals to me,

"Too bad"! laughed Rosaleen, "But

d. She has had a busy morning. I

With that she took one of the bas-

grated whites and vellows of eggs.

"It's heavy, Rosaleen!" fretted Miss fary Jane. "Couldn't you walk a

tions neatly in the ice-box, since every-

She fell asleep directly when she lax

"I shall drive slowly from the sta-

gets with some of her cronies-but

you are her best crony, aren't you?

Pleased with the arrangements for sup-

per? Of course I shall be? When was

ever not pleased with your arrange-

ments? You're here, Rosaleen, just in

time to kiss me good-by. Well, won't

old Tony open his eyes when he sees

my daughter, that is as large and al-

most as pretty as her mother! Good-

by ! Don't hurry. I tell you I shall

"We might sit down here for a little

while," said Mrs. Dunn, after a glance

at Rosaleen, whose eyes did not look

very bright and whose face lacked its usual animation. "There isn't a thing

The hominy is already on to

drive alowly."

piece and help me carry it?"

times again."

Mary Jane.

company to tea."

owner.

them to the pig.

ity of purpose.

cacles.

thoughtfully

When a girl is 16, and her mother | her own cooking for the supper as she just 17 years older, they may be de- had planned it. lightful chums; but when the rift comes within the lute, the precedent of comradeship makes it difficult for the mother to insist upon being treated with the deference that belongs by right to mothers. It is especially difficult if both parents have united all the 16 years in spelling the girl, so that, sweet as she may be, she do:s not understand anything about disci-

After her first year at boardingschool, Rosaleen had come home very full of the notion that her people in the far back country village in the piny woods of Georgia were far behind the times. Her mother immediately resented this, perhaps the more bitterly because her tender heart missed the former close relationship that had been so sweet.

Rossleen had always had her way about things, and she resented her mother's refusal to accept new standards, so matters had gone on, until now the two were only united in one thing, and that was to keep the true state of their feeling from Dr. Dunn, the indulgent, doting head of the fam-

Affairs had come to a crisis however. with the receipt of a letter from the doctor's best boybood friend, a newly elected senator, who wrote to say that in passing through Georgia he was going to give himself the pleasure of stopping with his old chum from 6 o'clock one evening until 12 that night. Mrs. Dunn and Rosaleen began planning to have the house and supper worthy of the occasion, and were both talking at once, when Doctor Dunn broke in with his big, hearty voice:

"You may call him Senator Sparks if you want to and you may put on the big pot and the little if you so de sire, but as for me, he is just plain Tony, the same as when we were barefooted chaps together, and I don't see the necessity for going to so much extra trouble.

"I should like to make a good impression on your friend, who has never seen your wife," said Mrs. Dunn, prim-

"And I have a little pride of my own," remarked Rosaleen, and she and her mother exchanged cool determined glances. Their gray eyes were very

gind to have monopolizby my pretty young wife and daughare than twenty years, and to tell you the truth, I have a good mind to mother Smith's, so that I can have him all to myself. Supper, mother? Ha! gotten the tales I have told you of how Tony and I used to have possum roasts and oyster stews all to ourselves and those times when we hooked chickens and rice from our unsuspecting mothers, and went down into the "wamp boilers? Just fix to your heart's con-

tent, but don't worry yourselves." The doctor stopped long enough to kiss them good-by, and then set off uron an all-day trip. "Fried chicken, boiled ham, hot rolls

will get you the things," kets, carried it within, and then with salad, potelo salad, milk-yeast bread, piccalilli, chow-chow, watermelon pre

"Mother!" Rosaleen's abrupt pro test terminated Mrs. Dunn's hospitable enumeration, and recalled to her mind the fact that there were differences between herself and the young lady of the house. "You will kill the things!" Rosaleen proceeded, con-"People don't have scientiously. groaning tables any more, like those Grandma Smith fixes-they call it vul-

ougly bright, but she listened in silence not trusting herself to speak

bright and pretty," went on Rosaleen, "and then, if you will let me, I will take entire charge of the tea-table, if only you will make the pound-cake

and the rolls for me. "Yes'm!" returned Mrs. Dunn, simthe one word to reveal all that was in her heart. She went directly to the kitchen, and a few moments later, when Rosaleen leaned out of the parlor window to brush the dust off an thing she had chosen was to be cold.

ornament, she saw a cloud of smoke boiling out of the chimney she was going to broll. There would "The big pot and the little one are be no need for a fire in the stove until evidently being put on," she said to her father had started to drive to the herself. "But never mind. I don't fust know how, but I will manage. She nodded her head until her brown course of turning up her small nose at

down and her map lasted a little longcurls shook and trembled, and then, a er than she had intended, so that she few moments later, began a serial had to hurry in dressing. When she ran down-stairs she heard her mother various sounds and scents that reached and father chatting at the front door. her from the kitchen. "That is the wooden spoon hitting tion, dear," he was saying. "I feel about Tony as Rosaleen acts when she

the cake-bowl, and that is all right; but I smell sweet potaties steaming for those custards, and I know that milkyeast is already in process of being

She dusted and tidled away, and filled the bowls and vases full of sweet lated, after a while. "That makes four chickens that I have heard sing their swan song. I wonder if mother is going to kill all we have. I know there are six dressed young partridges in the

In spite of strong temptation to g at once into the kitchen and remoner, Rosaleen refrained. She felt that after their midday dinner her mother would be tired, and she knew that then

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* the helmousness of what she had done had all dawned upon her, and she felt frightened at herself, and afraid of what her mother would say when she missed the pies and other things.

"Dear me!" ejaculated the mother. There is old Mary Jane Holland coming. Tell her I'll be back in a moment, must take a peep at those rolls." A sudden impulse to rescue her donations from the dirty old basket as

immediately abandoned by Rosaleen. Mary Jane kept on past the front gate She had seen the mistress of the house going towards the kitchen, and as her It turned out as she sad anticipated business was with her, she followed to They are their dinner and maintained the side entrance. Rosaleen, troubled conversation upon strictly neutral lines, although both of them were sein her thought, sat quiet a few moments, and then went to the kitchen, cretly longing for the folly old times when they were wont to make frolics

of these meals when they were alone When she entered it she noticed a Mary Jane had just gone fussing on her WRY.

> "Come. Rosaleen, we must get tea on the table, so we shall not be flustered when the Seator comes." Mrs. Dunn threw wide the pantry door as she spoke, and then stopped in sudden dis-

"For gracious sake!" she exclaimed and Rosaleen knew that the time had come for her to assert herself.

"Mother," she said, "I couldn't bear for you to put all those old-fashioned things on the tea-table, and so I have over for tea, she made a salad that simply given them to Miss Mary Jane, and the milk-yeast, that I heard you tell father had mysteriously disappeared, I have thrown to the pig."

baked, so she poured it into the pig-They stood and looked at each other pen, and going to the bread-box, took for a time, and Rosaleen's lip began to out some of the last baking cut the tremble. She was very sorry, but she slices into slender bread sticks, and was determined not to say so. piled them away for future reference.

"What are we to set before the Sena-She prepared several other dainty dishor?" asked Mrs. Dunn, and Rosaleen es, and after an approving look at the brightened a little. "O mother, I have made several

lovely dishes, and I have come right now to broil the chicken and the birds. "I shall broll those chickens, and I We shall have a splendid supper. She studied her mother's face for can serve the partridges broiled, on Mother won't stand out. If it some sign of approval, but it was sadly wasn't for father I'd never do it, for I lacking. "You will flad my dishes in

bate to act this way; but it is for the credit of the family." She went to the the Ice-box, mother," she concluded, "No, I sha'n't." said Mrs. Dunn, "for pantry shelves and looked them over have just given Mary Jane every single bit of your fixings."

At that they looked at each other The Smith potato custards were faious, and there were six of the goldenagain, and before they had time to think they had broken into a great yellow circles cooling within their frills of pastry. Rosaleen had used all the laugh and in a moment were fairly choicest parts of the fried chickens, shouting with mirth that held a susand it was a bony array of pieces that picious quaver in it.

lay on the old blue platter. She was wondering what she would do if her "O mother, the hominy is burnt un!" cried Rosaleen, rushing to the stove mother held out for her own way. It and snatching off the bright blue boiler, from which rose the telltale odor. occurred to her that if she had a little "Oh, it is, it is!" Mrs. Dunn sud help she could eat up the offending pies denly grew sober. "Rosaleen, it serves and most of the chicken, and she made a brave beginning as she sat on the us right, but what is the Senator to have for supper? He will be here in

> try to cook things he'll have stesses for sure," replied the She had come close to her with the sputtering boiler in and, but the other one stole up ut Mrs. Dunn's neck.

how she could dispose of the rest of "I'll tell you," said Mrs. Dunn, after the pies and fried chicken. Her early a moment, wherein her own hand had says the Dairyman. The results are raining would not allow her to give said he would like to have him to him-"Ah!" Rosaleen hopped down from self, and cook as they used to. Let's all the fertilizing constituents of the he stool, ran round to the gate, and en to Grandma, Smith's until

"Good!" Rosalcen hastily secreted the boiler beneath the sink. They worked in a hurry. They sliced bread Miss Mary Jane Holland, the village and put it on the table, along with eggar, came willingly. She carried cake, preserves and pickles. They brought out the dressed chickens and partridges, and washed some rice, and et it suggestively near, with some cheese, some cream, some erackers and the teapot Mrs. Dunn hurriedly wrote instead of making me trudge about

"We have taken you at your word, father, and left you and your friend to enjoy yourselves alone. You may come you must talk easy. Mother is asleep for us as you return from the depot. ip-stairs, and I don't want her wakenpilau left for us."

By this time Rosaleen was at the foor with the pony and cart, and as Doctor Dunn and his guest swept up careful hands arranged all the ples, the the drive behind the Moran colts, the emains of the fried chicken, and the mother and daughter drove out of sight two salads, which her mother had down the cedar avenue that led back decorated in various designs with the ward to Grandma Smith's.

Grandma Smith could not see the hu-"It is a sin!" the young woman admor of the situation, and was openly nitted to herself, with some compune scandalized. "Rosalcen ought to have tion. "If I didn't feel that it was my been sent to bed and kept in her room duty for father's sake. I would not go for a week for such behavior," the old through with it, for it is the meanest lady said, severely. "And instead of thing I ever did, and my mother's the that, here you are, Kate, giggling with sweetest mother-when she isn't in one her and hugging her as if she had done something smart. Whatever Senator of her contrary ways! There'll be a great to-do over this, but when we Sparks will think, I don't know, and it make up we will make up everything Billy Dunn has never before been sorelse, and we can have our good old ry that he married you. I guess he will be when he finds he has to fix his own She was rather silent when she carsupper. ried the basket back to its grumbling

After awhile she went to bed. Rosaleen and her mother sat on the door step, arms round each other, talking as they had not talked before since the "Not today," replied the girl, with disastrous home-coming from school another laugh. "I am tired, and I and waiting for the sounds of buggy disastrous home-coming from school wheels.

want to rest a bit, for we are having The midnight train passed, and pres Before she went up-stairs she set the ently the doctor's team appeared in table, and arranged her own concocsight. They went down the old boxbordered walk to meet him at the gate, but the moonlight showed that except the chickens and birds, which he had a companion

"It was a delightful thought," the Senator was saying, cordially, a moment later, "and Billy and I have had the time of our lives-yes, we saved you some pllau; but I couldn't go away without seeing the wife and daughter that he is so puffed up over, so I have begged him to let me stay till tomorrow afternoon."

"And to-morrow morning you and Rosaleen shall prepare breakfast for us, and put on all the frills you want to," said the doctor, looking smilingly down at his wife.

"Yes, Rosaleen and I will fix your breakfast-or I'll fix the breakfast and Rosaleen will fix the frills," she replied .- Youth's Companion.

"Where have you been?" asked Mr. McGruff, as his wife came in the drawing-room all excited.

"Why, I have been down to the enealogist's," she replied, proudly, and he has traced my ancestors back You will notice after some of them there stands the letter 'P.' "

"Why, either poets or painters." "You don't say? I thought, perhaps od for pirates or peddlers,



Mutton and Wool.

There has always been a considerable difference of opinion as to the breed of sheep which in itself combines the best qualities for both mutton and wool. The demand for both is better than for years past, and starts the discussion of the old question. The heightened color in her mother's face. Kentucky Farmer and Breeder takes the following view of the matter and briefly gives its reasons, viz.:

The Southern sheep still stands a the head of all the mutton breeds for quality of flesh, but some breeders favor the Shropshire, because it is larger than the Southdown and shears more wool. The matter of wool should not be considered at all in mutton breeds. While the Shropshire is a breed that is not easily excelled, yet the Southdown can subsist where the Shronshire would not thrive, and they can also be kept in larger flocks than any of the breeds except the Merinos. For improving the mutton qualities of common flocks to the Southdown is claimed to be superior to all others-Indiana Farmer.

Facts About Alfalfa.

Alfalfa seed weighs 60 pounds to the bushel. For a hay crop, sow 20 to 30 pounds of seed per acre. For a crop of seed, sow 14 to 18 pounds per acre. Sow clean seed. Sow alone, without any nurse crop.

The latter is often just as harmful as the weeds. Screen alfalfa seed before sowing, to separate the dodder and other

seeds. Dodded is the worst enemy of alfalfa North of the latitude of Washington sow alfalfa in the spring, as son as the ground is warm-from the middle of April to the middle of May. Sow in

drills or broadcast. In the southe and southwest, and in California, sow alfalfa in spring or autumn. Sow in drills.

Do not cover the seed too deep. Alfalfa does not attain maturity until the third or fourth year; therefore do not sow it expecting to ge the best results in less time.

Alfalfa grows best on a deep, sandy loam, underlaid by a loose and permeable subsoil. It will not grow if there is an excess of water in the soil. The land must be well drafted. Alfalfa is a deep feeder. Plow land deeply.-Untional Farmer and Stock

Fertility of Skim Milk.

The constant sending of skim milk from the farm is its own indictment, sought her daughter's. "Your father patent to any close observer. It is a fact that in cheese districts, in which milk are sent from the farm, the soil does not improve in fertility tricts where the cheese factory runs five or six months in the year and where no buttermaking is carried on are not progressing, but retrograding. By constant pasturing, the farms are becoming poorer, and, as the cheese factory closes in the fall, no effort is made to make milk during the winter. It is no wonder that these farms become poorer and poorer when it is tility is carried off the farm in every ton of cheese. Many patrons will not take the whey home at all, claiming that it is of no value, and those wno do, get little value from it because they do not feed meal with it. if meal is fed with the whey to their hogs, so little is fed that results are not encouraging. Whey is a splendid hog food, but requires about twice as much meal to feed with it in order to get gratifying results. Making cheese in the summer from about June 1, and the remainder of the year, is all right, and probably the best way to get the most out of the cows under present market conditions. In a ton of milk there is nitrogen, 10.2 lbs.; phosphoric acid, 3.4 lbs.; potash, 6 lhs. At usual values of these fertil-

izers a ton of milk is worth \$2 and

4000 lhs, is worth \$4 or ten cents per

100 weight to scatter on the land. A Problem in Fertilizing. Will you please give me some advice on fertilizing a peach orchard. We have about two hundred peach trees, one-half five years set, the rest 10 years. The older trees bore well in 1901, 1902 and 1903; since then the winters have been too severe for the peach crop. They are set in a young apple orchard, about one-third of which has been in potatoes, and later in berries. The orchard for the last five or six years has been ploughed in May and sown to buckwheat. This treatment has, of course, reduced the fertility and weakened the trees. The soil is a clay loam, with clay subsoil, and produces good average crops, but has had (except the one-third mentioned above) little manure of late years. The grade runs from slightly slanting at one end of the lot to an easy side hill at the other. Last season we seeded to clover with the buckwheat and se cured a fine stand. Now, what I wish to know is, how can I best fertilize the orchard to secure nice peaches this fall (as the trees promise to set well) without disturbing the clover's Would an application of muriate of chemicals waste by surface drainage unless harrowed in? What would yo and method of applying?-W. V., Hudson River.

you to do is to plough under your clover, replies the New York Tribune Farmer. I would then fertilize on the surface, by the top dressing method, using 250 pounds of acid phosphate and an equal amount of muriate of potash to the acre. When the ground is in this turned up, fresh condition there would be no danger whatever of the chemicals washing by surface washing. It would be wall, however, to apply them on the rough surface which the disk harrow

would leave when used after ploughing. The ground could then be smoothed with a smoothing harrow, and the fertilizer would in this way be properly incorporated. In midsummer you could again seed with clover or such other cover crop as you deemed advisable. If the trees are making as much growth as you think they ought it might be well to defer seeding with a cover crop till the early part of September, when rye could be introduced. This would add less nitrogen to the soil than clover, and consequently would not stimulate the growth as much. If the clover is allowed to remain it should be cut before blooming and allowed to lie on the ground as a mulch. In either event I would use the chemical fertillizer.

How Often to Plow Corn.

Corn needs plowing whenever it is crassy or weedy and the ground is packed. Grass and weeds take up the life that should go into the corn. Thus obbed, the crop will be shortened unless the robbers be removed. Ground cannot furnish the necessary nourishment to the corn if it is baked. So the ground must be stirred in order to enable the moisture to rise that gives strength to the corn and enables it to endure the droughty times, My experience has proven that three or four plowings are generally sufflclent to mature the crop. In my boy-bood we plowed five or six times, but the last plowing was unnecessary and sometimes I thought it harmful. I remember one year we plowed a field of corn that was tasseling, with a diamond plow. The injury was manifested in a few days, for during the hot portion of the day the blades would wist and soon it had fired very badly. The plow had cut the roots that had overlapped between the rows. causing this effect. If the ground is thoroughly stirred and not foul it is uscless to plow. About all you accomplish is to turn over the clods Sod and new-ground corn need less plowing than that in old fields, because the ground is free from weeds and grass and does not bake easily. We have raised good crops of corn on sod or new-ground sesses all the varying hues of the with but two plowings, although it is | soul, well to plow even this kind of ground three times. It is better to plow some old ground four times, while other may do as well with three plowings. A person must be governed largely by the season. If it is rainy, plow often and deep, or in extreme drouth it will be profitable heroes, to keep the ground thoroughly stirred

Neale, in the Epitomist. "You have a fine lot of pigs here,

Mr. Farmer. May I ask to what breed they belong?" "We call them the Chester white,"

was the reply. "Ah, yes, very appropriate, indeed," ommented the visitor. "They are so white and clean, they look as if they

had been treated to a bath every "Well, not exactly that, but if you will take note of the pen and the amount of bedding it contains, you was understand why the pigs look white and clean. A plg is generally considered a dirty animal, but that is in a large measure cause he is

not properly cared for." amount of good straw in their pens. Do you keep them supplied like this all of the time. Mr. Farmer?"

"Yes; that is the intention. course after it has remained in the pen for awhile it has to be removed and more supplied. They greatly enjoy their clean, dry, comfortable bed, and as they are a quiet kind of pigs they will eat and then go and lie

"I thought that pigs as a general thing were uneasy, never satisfied and squalling for something more, observed the visitor. "That maybe the case with some kinds of pigs, and particularly if they are not fed regularly and enough, or their quarters are uncomfortable. These do not act so. Once in a while they will get on an industrious mood and turn their bedding bottomside up, and then it is time to throw it out and give them a

"I should think it would take a large amount to keep them supplied, and then such good straw too. Does it pay to use so much as you are doing for this purpose, Mr. Farmer? Is to not a waste of material? Some farmers feed the straw to their stock, while

the pigs do not have much bedding." "On this farm no straw is fed. It is all used as bedding for the stock of all kinds. In this case it first server to make a dry, warm and comfortable bed all through the winter. Then the manure that is made in the keeping of this kind of stock is one of the prime factors in the business. As you may judge, a large amount is made during the year, and, although it may not ap pear so to you, it is a fertilizer of the best quality for crops.

"The value of this fertilizer is some thing worthy of much consideration by the farmer who is trying to keep his soil in good condition. There is an old saying that 'a hog should make manure enough to grow the corn to fatten him,' and I think with right con ditions this may be accomplished.—E. R. Towle in the Massachusetts Plough-

Changing Use in Shoe Leathers. It is said that today about one-third of the shoes made in Lynn are fancy leathers. At one time as much as 80 percent of Lynn shoes were made of kid leather. This shows both bow tanners have improved their THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY CR. CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE.

Subject : Music and Culture. Brooklyn, N. Y .- Dr. Charles Edward Locke, paster of the Hauson Place M. E. Church, preached Sunday on "Mu-sic as a Factor in Culture." He took his text from Psalms cl:1: "Praise ye the Lord." Dr. Locke said: From that moment in the creation

when the morning stars sang togeth-er and the brooks went singing down the hillsides of Eden, and the birds made glad the dawn of time with their thrilling melodies, music has bad an indisputable place in the world. The study of music is a liberal education. Music, like poetry, makes its appeal to the noblest instincts of the

soul. It is said that the inhabitants

of Cynette, who slighted music, were the cruellest of all the Greeks and no ther town was so immersed in luxuries and debauchery. Christianity was born with a song or, its lips. Mary sang in thrilling measures of the Magnificat; the angels sang in their tumultuous hallelujah chorus; and the shepherds sang in plaintly strains of quiet ecstasy. And the world has been singing ever sace.

Paganism does not sing; it laments. l'agodas and mosques do not lighten their sombre interiors with music but every Christian church, however humble, is a conservatory of sweetes metodies.

Music is both a science and an art. As an art it does not, as do painting and scuipture, occupy itself in reproducing nature-for it is itself a of nature, and seeks to reveal itself. The Egyptians first excelled in music but great strides were made by the Greeks under Pythagoras. The word music is derived from a Greek term, which includes all the learing of the

Muses. Of all the fine ar.s. music is the most comprehensive. The majesto of the architect, the pictures of the artist, the rhythm of the poet and the themes of all these belong to the musician, whether he sits at the instru ment or pours out his soul in voca melodies. The fable tells that Merury stretched strings of aried skin a ross a shell, and, striking them with his fingers, invented the lyre. bow as a musical instrument was probably first used by the warrior. is he described his successes in battle, twanged the string of his bow. It was later discovered that the bow, then drawn across certain bollow obects, produced pleasing sounds-thence the lute and the violin. Music has been called the universal language, and truly it is a means of communication between all souls whatever clime may have given them birtis the most responsive of all the arts

-the most human. It more nearly breathes and sees and feels. It pos-The music of the siren would allitra lilesses to his death and the monotonous tones of the bell buoy direet the imperiled mariner to safety. Tumultuous music is the complete expression of his days; and tender terpret the lane when a nation theroes, Glac tial psalm, ext

for it raises the moisture.-W. D Music was de There Is an inexpressible something in the heart of man which seeks to define itself in speech, but, failing in this, music flies to his re lief and in melody he pours out his imprisoned soul. Music is the language of the over-soul; it is the soul pro longing, or projecting itself. The high est music cannot be expressed in words. This is the explanation of the angel's edvent anthem and of all mu-sic in worship. The deeper the soul life the more is one conscious of feel igs beyond the limitations of articu late utterance. In the attempt of the finite soul to praise and glory the Infinite, all earthly devices of language ntterly fail, and music only, which is an adjunct of the infinities, enables man to sing what he can never express, his adoration and gratitude to his great God and King. quently, whenever religion is the sin-cerest, then music will be the purest. Music is the echo of God's voice it

the soul of man. Without that echo man's soul is a cavernous abyss, filled Music is a gift of God. Like all the sciences, it is a radiation of divine truth. Pythagoras taught a close affinity between music and astronomy was right so far as he went, but music leads men up to the perpetual throne of glory, of which stars and constellations are but glittering scintillations, St. Cecella, music from angel visitants, tells the secret of the musician's power. Great nusicians are born, not made. Their extraordinary genius is an endow

ment manifesting itself in phemone nal ways in childhood, as in the cases

of Mozart, Liszt and Christine Nils The divinity of music further ap pears in the fact that the greatest mu sicians have been good men; and to develop the mighty impulses which they have felt in their souls the great musicians have chosen lofty divine themes. This was true of Jubal and Job, of David with his harp, and Soiomon with his sweet songs, It was true of Beethoven, whose soulful son atas have won for him a genuine priesthood of the emotious; and of Bach, whose elaborate fugues have been !!kened to Gothic temples in their intricate details. It was true of Menelssolm, who, in thirty-eight years pictures; and of Batiste and Schumann; and of Chopin in his nocturnes and of wierd if not unearthly l'aganini, with his miraculous Stradivar ins. It was true of Mozart, whose this ty-Lve years gave the world such treasures from the Infinite that he is truly exhaustless; and of Liszt, who dying as late as 1886, seems to belong to us. At eight he was the wonder of Surope; at twelve Beethoven en braced him as a coming master. Dur-ing the days of his best work, Thom as a Kempis' "imitation of Christ" was his constant companion. It was true of Wagner, picturesque, unique, once ostracised, now nearly worshiped. "the Holy Grail" is the thrue of one of his masterful operas. Most true was it of Haydn, the father of symphony, whose massive oratorio of "The Creation" brings men into the presence of God's colossal creative power; and true, indeed, of Handel, the majestic grandeur of whose masterpieces has remained unequalled for two centuries. There was another in-carnation when he produced his di-vinest work, the oratorio of "The Mes-siah." which no doubt he was right in

Lover of My Soul," and Toplady, a Calvanist, "Rock of Ages," and Sarah Adams, a Unitarian, "Nearer My God to Thee," and Whittier, a Quaker,
"The Eternal Goodness," and Faber,
a Roman Catholic, "There's a Wide-

ress in God's Mercy," and Doddridge. Baptist, "O, Happy Day." these well-known hymns are sung by all and claimed by all. In spite of con troversy and unbelief, the music of the Christian Church is saving the world for the Caristian Christ. The hymn and the singer are often a long way in advance of bearer in evangelizing influences. Music refines and ennobles

days of chivalry the sir knights studied music because of its elevating and purifying influence. Music bright-ens life's dark places and soothes the heart in trouble. Many prison doors have opened and manacles burst asunder when troubled hearts have sung songs in the night. Music was believed by the ancients to have healing power. and was used as a therapeutic. Many a weary soldler, tired and footsore, has leaped on to victory under the magic spell of fife and drum,

There is a quaint belief that singing preceded speaking. Alas! perhaps one of the entailments of sin is that singing has degenerated into discordant, rasping speech. Perhaps, when man shall have reached his highest earthly estate the means of communication will be in the soft tones of chastest music.

Music, if not more perfectly than printing, the art preservative of all art, is surely the best Interpreter of of all art and science. The anystery and miracle of truth reveal their ope sesame when studied through the mosphere of music. The minster, graceful with gothle beauty, or massive with Romanesque magnificence, can only be filled to ground crehes and spreading dome by music's swelling tones. Music gives a motif to architecture. The art gallery's corridors, or belvederes only reveal the master's secret in marble or canvas as divinest music fills up all the interstices of finiteness. And poetry never reveals its most exquisite times of beauty and truth except when in the companionship of music, its twin sister. Theology would have none but altars to the unknown God if music did not dream, and prophesy, and fee in the priestly office. Music i, what Waiter Pater called "the great Anders-Streben-reaching forward of all art It is the soul of man endeavoring to come to its own-to express and realize and fulfill itself. 't helps Browning's grasp to acquire Its reach.

Music is thus an intellectual factor li is not so much a truth seeker as it is a truth finder. It does not delve among the rocks, but it comes down like a dove from above, singing, "This Is My Reloyed Son" It dwells in the heights and shouts "Excelsior!" neak to peak, and makes life's dizzy Granting that music furnished to cut

ture its initial impulse, and that music more than any other factor sustains the quest of man's nature for the highest and hollest achievements. I dare to submit the deliberate conclusion that instrumental, and well as vocal music should be a part of the public curriculum for every as! that the children whom posterity affords the opportunity of musical study often so little appreciate these privileges, while many who crave these

facilities are deprived of them by pov erty. Even the boys and girls who are compelled to leave school to enter up the problems of making a living, wor their musical instruction had included familiarity with an instrument.

As is his Maker, so man is a spirit Muscle and brain are merely temporary

shall for a brief season tarry upon this earth. When painting and sculpture and architecture, and, perhaps, ever poetry, shall have ended their carthly ministry, music will be revealing the fathomless mysteries of spirit and life througs. True eloqueree is thought winged with music. The luminic God is more perfectly worshiped with nonsical accompaniment because mus-goes beyond language and logic at opens up the vistas of faith through beauty. Do you ask me which is the mightler agency for culture. Baco or Beethoven? Spencer or Schummun Kant or Mendelssohn? and I will an swer that science and philosophy havtheir own important places in the foundation of intellect and chara and are as necessary to the soul a food to the body; music, however, to only has its mission side by side with these, but when the present conclusions of men shall be abandoned for completer revelations of the all to of Him who is the Way, the Truth and anything but divine in its nature and influence shall be our old familia friend increasing in divinity as on own evolving souls are permitted to mprehend and participate in that

The Body's Cros ..

emembrance, keep young my heart, Feed me with the feast of yesterday stir me with the sougs of yesterday brace me with the breezes of yester day. Let me walk the valley by the ory of the mountain air. health of the spiri, let me bear the

Religion at its best is a high, bu still increasing, consciousness of God's life in one's own. "I and the Father are one" is the humblest word a man can utter, when it is but another verprayer is prayed and meant and lived, but one," becomes the simple fact.

The tug Wyadda has arrived at Neah Bay with a whale captured yesterday ten miles off Flattery by six When the Wyadda reached the Indians they were killing the monster

Another tugboat had been lying by during the chase, which was a long one. Members of the crew state that watch the maneuvers of the Indians and the great dexterity with which nasty sea, several canoes being fastened to the whale. The levinthan's wild plunges all but swamped them.ma correspondence Los Angeles

The Yellow river is styled the "Sorrow of China." During the last con-mry it has changed its course twenty-

A SOUVENIR OF WILLIE.

Willie was a gentle lad.

General regrets
Were felt when Willie one day took
To smoking cigarettes.
Wille kept on puffing
Harder every day.
Sister took the coupons and
She put them all away.

Willie dear has left us;
Twas a mournful shock.
Stater cashed the coupons in
And got a manter clock.
Now we gather 'round it
As the minutes fly;
It is something lovely to
Remember Willie by.
— Washington Star.

## FOR FUN

"Tis well to find out what we're getting before letting go of what we

To play to a gallery of ordinary mortals is better than truckling to a box of cultured conceit.

Katherine-Think of marrying a man for his money. Babette-Yes, I've often thought of it, but I could never get hold of the man.-Detroit Free Press.

"You doctors," said the Gothamite, "don't seem able to make anything out of his meningitis." Don't, eh? I'm making my expenses out of it."-Houston Post

Jack-1 declare Helen is getting prettier every day-Dick-You only think that because every time she comes out she has an uglier buildog. -Chicago News. Head of Foreign Trade Office-Where would you prefer to go as our

agent? Young Traveler-Well, If possible where the natives are vegetarians.- New Yorker. "Poor old Versely died last night." "Indeed?" "Yes, he turned over and died without a struggle," "Well, he died without a struggle,"

dled easier than he lived, then."-New Orleans Picavone. Miss Angles-He was pleased to say, I believe, that I had many good points. Miss Cutting-Not exactly, dear. He said you had a good many points.-Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Jones-Your friend, Miss Powderpuff, is an actress I believe? Mrs. Brown-She used to be, but she's an artist now. She gives a turn on the variety stage.-Boston Transcript.

"He seems to have gone to the bad completely." "Yes: I believe he found himself between the devil and the deep sea, and he realized that he couldn't swim."-Philadelphia Ledger. Tommy-Pop, what is the differ-

nce between charity and philan-

thropy? Tommy's Pop-Merely, my son, that philanthropy can afford to hire a press agen:-Philadelphia Rec-"Why does Dr. Grumpse always buy openwork socks?" "He says that hav-ing been a bachelor for 45 years the

kind with holes in are the only ones in which he feels natural."-Cleve First Cannibal-How'd it happen that the shipwrecked dude was scratched off the bill of fare? Second

Cannibal-We found at the last min-Chicago News. "I takes notice," said Uncle Eben "dat de man who tells you how easy it is to be contented wif salt po'k

an' beans giner'ly has as fine a appe -Washington Star. ed to marry you for your money, What did you say? She-I persuaded him that you didn't, and then he said

sense.-Detroit Journal. "How fashions change!" "Oh, not a great deal." "Don't they? When I was young, men and women wore linen coats and leather shoes, and now they wear leather coats and lin-

en shoes."-Milwaukee Journal. "There are too many mutual admiration societies," said the harsh person. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and it is strange how seldom a man and his wife are eligible to the same one."-Washington Star.

"Don't you think he lacks aplomb?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Well," replied her hostess. "I don't know, but at the dinner the other night it did seem to me as though he couldn't get enough peaches."-Chicago Record Giffle-What is your experience

with street car hogs? Spinks-I had one man move up and give me the end seat this summer. Giffle-Mere ly from politeness? Spinks-No; I think it was rather from prudence. You see there was a shower beginning.-Philadelphia Bulletin.

"What a gentle, peaceful creature that cow is! Just look into her eyes!" Old Guest—"I did that wheh I first arrived. But I discovered that in order to get a correct line on a cow's character you mustn't judge her on of the prayer, "Not my will, but cow's character you mustn't judge her by hine." When that Gethsemane by her eyes; you must judge her by her hind legs!"-Philadelphia Press.

> The police in Japan are expected to learn English. For their guidance phrase book has been compiled. The

following advice is taken from it: "Japanese police force consists nice young men. But I regret their attires are not perfectly neat. When a constable come in conduct with a people he shall be polite and tender in his manner of speaking and move ment. If he terrify or scold the people with enormous voice, he will come himself an object of fear for but barbarous people is vain and haughty. They should imitate themthe people. Civilized people is me selves to Caesar, the ablest hero of Rome, who has been raised the army rainst his own country crossing the Rabicon."-Liverpool Post.

tits off his heirs for spite. Inh tance has worked enormous ever since there were fortu

ne to be an heir.-St. Louis