

LIFE.

I was not asked if I should like to come, I have not seen my host here since I came.

Or had a word of welcome in his name. Some say that we shall never see him, some say that we shall see him elsewhere, and then know.

Why were we bid. How long I am to stay. I have not the least notion. None, they say.

Was ever told when he should come or go. But every now and then there bursts upon the song and mirth a lamentable noise.

A sound of shrieks and sobe that strikes our joy. Dumb in our breasts, and then some one is gone.

They say we shall him. None know where or when. We know we must meet him here again.

—William Dean Howells.

A STORY OF THE DEAD ROOM.

By CAPT. BARCLAY.

PRESUME, doctor, there are many sorrowful scenes which present themselves in your profession, I remarked to the surgeon of our regiment, as I spent an evening in his tent, while we lay encamped near the river in a Southern seaport town.

"Yes, indeed," he replied, with an air of nonchalance. "But then, captain, you are a soldier, and you know how a fellow will get used to almost anything. You do not shudder now at seeing dead men lying around, as you used to, do you?"

"Well, no," I replied, "that is too true." "I remember one incident in my life, when a student of medicine in the office of old Dr. F—" continued the doctor, "that never has been erased from my memory. It is fully a quarter of a century since it occurred, and yet I remember it well. I would to heaven it could pass from mind."

"War is full of horrors," continued the doctor, "and I have been in hospitals where the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying mingled, and went about my business almost as if the weaver listens to the sound of his looms. But this is a story of the dead-room, where no sound is heard but the sharpening of the scalpel and the almost noiseless tread of the surgeon."

"Among the professors in the medical college at that time was an English surgeon. He was a man of brilliant attainments, both as a scholar and as a surgeon."

"He was probably sixty years of age, and had no family, at least he never spoke of one. Why he left his native land, and why he hardly ever smiled, no one seemed to know, and probably no one cared to ask. We, as students, paid our money for a knowledge of medicine and surgery, and did not trouble ourselves about the history of those who taught us."

"The winter season of lectures had commenced, and students from nearly every section of the United States were in the city to attend them. Subjects for dissection were required, and sometimes, like other articles in the market, the supply exceeded the demand, and at other times the dead-room was short. Body-snatchers were employed at the current rates, and were paid for the bodies furnished according to the law of supply and demand. Subjects were scarce and in demand the winter I have named, and prices rose accordingly."

"I happened in the English professor's room one morning to examine a medical work on a subject that required my attention. A gentle rap came on the door, and the doctor said, 'Walk in.'"

"I knew the visitor and his calling at a glance. His soulless eyes glanced cautiously around the room, and then he asked, in a whisper: 'All right, doctor?'"

"Yes; one of my students," replied the surgeon. "Have a fresh stiff, doctor. Found it floating in the harbor at daylight this morning. Female, about fifty, and good form. From an English vessel, no doubt."

"What is the price?" asked the surgeon. "Cannot deliver it at the college for less than a hundred," was the reply. "Too much," answered the surgeon. "You are above the market price."

"Sorry we cannot agree," said the man, with a scowl; "but the fact is, doctor, no class of individuals take such risks and work as hard for our money as us, and mostly for the benefit of science."

"He was about to depart when the surgeon called him back. 'Make it seventy-five, and you can bring the subject.' 'Sorry, doctor, but I can't. You see, Jim and I are in partnership in this stiff, as he happened to be in the boat with me, and come to divide the price, it is only fifty each. We honestly earned every cent we ask.' 'Well,' replied the surgeon, 'bring the subject to the dead-room to-night, and your price shall be paid.' The following day the professor announced in his morning lecture that a fine female subject had been obtained, and that in the afternoon he should dissect it in their presence and for their benefit in the science of obstetrics. A full class and a careful hearing were demanded. The subject had been placed on the dissecting table of the dead-room, and a white sheet carefully secured it from view. A full class was in attendance at the afternoon exercises. The professor dwelt with warmth upon this delicate branch of medical

science, and said the theme was profound, and in part revealed the wonder of our creation. "Stepping from the platform with scalpel in hand, he then advanced to the table, removed the sheet from the corpse, and while gazing upon the face of the dead woman, the color left his cheeks, the scalpel shook in his hand, he gasped for breath, and said: 'Jane, Jane! Great Heaven, it is Jane!' and fell in my arms."

"Restoratives were applied to his bloodless lips, and, when he had recovered sufficiently to speak, he said: 'Gentlemen, I am ill. There will be no dissection this afternoon. Leave the room. To-morrow meet me at the usual hour.'"

"What became of the dead body we never learned. It was removed that night, by whom and to what place were never known to us. The surgeon also disappeared that night, and never entered the college again. What became of him always remained a mystery. He may have departed for Europe in the morning upon some vessel leaving port, or he may have committed suicide. A body resembling the doctor was found floating in the East River, New York, some weeks after, but it was too much decomposed for identification."

"The mystery connected with the dead-room was never fully explained. Rumor had it, but it was never fully confirmed, that the doctor's wife had deserted him in England many years previous to this event, and ran away with a British sea captain, and that the doctor came to America under an assumed name. Being a skillful surgeon, he readily obtained the honored position he held."

"How the woman met her untimely death no one ever knew. Her paramour may have become tired of her, as is the general result in such cases, and she may have welcomed death in a watery grave, or she may have accidentally fallen from the ship's deck. That she was the doctor's wife there can be no doubt."

"Now, captain," continued the doctor, "I have told you the story of the dead-room. The mystery connected with the affair can only be left to conjecture."—New York Weekly.

Can Birds Smell?

Most sportsmen are agreed that when a carcass is hidden, by never so slight a screen, it is safe from the attacks of vultures and other carrion eaters. It is customary, in the tropics, when a single hunter has killed an animal too large for him to carry home alone, to disembowel it and hide the body in some near-by bush or hole.

On returning with natives to remove the carcass a circle of vultures will always be found surrounding the spot where they have devoured the offal, quite unaware that the best part of the killing lies hidden within a few feet of them. Although all birds seem to have small olfactory bulbs, there is considerable evidence indicating that they have no sense of smell whatever.

Mr. Alex Hill, of Downing College, reports a number of interesting experiments to test this question. All he could find in support of the view that birds can smell is the belief which prevails among bird-fanciers and game keepers that birds like the odor of anise and valerian. This Mr. Hill considers doubtful. He placed various substances of powerful odor in and beneath the feeding dishes of a pair of turkeys, and in no case did he see any indication of a sense of smell.

Camphor, carbon bisulphide, acetylene, chloroform, prussic acid were placed so that the odor in full strength surrounded the heads of the turkeys, and, except in the case of the vapors of chloroform and prussic acid, which were partially poisoned the birds, there was absolutely no effect produced.

Views and Nations.

President Hadley of Yale and a young man whose appearance was that of a student once met, says the Searchlight, in Yellowstone Park, in the midst of the wonders of nature. President Hadley turned to the young man for sympathetic comment. "This is a wonderful scene, isn't it?" he said.

The young man smiled and nodded, and turned without speaking to gaze at the prospect spread before them. "Do you think," asked President Hadley, confirmed in his idea that he was talking to an ardent student, "that this chasm was caused by some great upheaval of nature, or it is the result of erosion or glacial action? What are your views?"

"My views," said the stranger, quickly, opening a bag containing photographs, "are only two dollars a dozen, and dirt-cheap. Let me show you some."

Don't Boil Your Gernus.

Dr. A. Charrin, a distinguished French savant, fed two groups of guinea pigs on carrots. One group took the vegetable after it had been sterilized by boiling and all germs thus destroyed; the other after it had been sprinkled over with dust, or with the soil in which the carrots had been grown. Of seventeen subjects in the first group twelve died before those in the second, and the investigation showed that the total absence of germs in the sterilized food impaired the digestion and lowered the assimilative power of the animals. Only five altogether were lost of the group fed on the germ containing food.—Springfield Republican.

The Best of It.

To-date, the champion fish story of the season has been told by the Boston Globe. It says that two Maine men went out fishing lately and saw a big fish under their boat. The fish would not be hooked, so one of the men dived overboard and caught the fish by the tail with his teeth. The second man pulled the two into the boat.

The Luxury of the Rich a Menace to the Land

It is well to observe what this luxurious example is doing for the mass of our people, writes Cleveland Moffett, in an article on "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth," in Success. And I say at once with all possible emphasis that I believe it is doing serious and increasing harm, changing the old standards of simplicity and honesty, demoralizing many women, and acting as a potent cause of far-reaching discontent.

Let us look at certain phases of American life and see there is reason for so sombre a judgment. Take the example of women in the rich smart set and consider its influence on other women neither rich nor poor, on ordinary American women. And remember that for years our newspapers have devoted pages every week to the doings of these wonderful ladies "in society." City newspapers, country newspapers, all the newspapers have told about their gowns, their balls, their grand dinners, their weddings, their divorces, their departures for Europe, their returns from Europe, their follies and their extravagances—always the same names over and over again in pompous catalogue until the hamlets in Idaho and the swamps of Florida know them better than the saints of sacred story. Until by mere force of iteration, by the hypnotism of repetition, as a tireless advertiser at last compels you to buy his soap, these "society" people have been taken at their own valuation and in hundreds of towns and small cities all over America thousands of women follow their spectacular flutterings with almost reverent interest. Thus a spurious aristocracy has grown up in this land, an aristocracy that rests on neither culture nor wit nor serious achievements, but simply on money and love of show and Sunday newspapers!

Yet vain and shallow as it is, this tinsel aristocracy is a real power in America, a great power. It dominates the social life of Newport and New York, it decides who shall or shall not be the "Four Hundred"—who shall or shall not be nodded to from haughty carriages and counted "anybody" in fashionable gathering places. It is envied, feared and imitated, worst of all it is imitated! Women from every part of the country come to New York and see these "leaders" of society (they are always on exhibition), observe their gowns and manners and hear about their morals. "Ah," says one, "so she is in the 'Four Hundred' that girl who used to make her own dresses." And another says, "So she got a divorce and married a millionaire!" And another says: "What that woman a Newport swell, when her father was James, the miner!" And another says, "They tell me this lady drinks too much, and that one never pays her bills, and another swears like a pirate, but it must be all right, for they're in the 'Four Hundred!'" And thousands say, "But I am as pretty and as clever as they are, why shouldn't I do as well? And if they do this or that to succeed why shouldn't I do the same?" And back they go to their homes in numberless towns and small cities carrying with them and spreading the seeds of recklessness and discontent. Nor can any man tell into what miserable harvest these seeds may grow, into what extravagance, into what scandals and wreck of homes.

And even among the great body of American women who would stand firm against such demoralization, there may be noted a certain lowering of moral tone as the result of influences "from above"; they tolerate or practice gambling since the "bridge" craze started, they drink more than they did and are less sure than they used to be what is or is not becoming in a woman.

An amusing illustration of this last point was offered recently at Palm Beach. One day in the height of the season there appeared at the bathing pool a strikingly handsome woman in a much diminished bathing suit. It was made in one piece, much like a man's suit, and there were no stockings. There sounded forth with a scandalized chorus from all the ladies present; they were quite horrified, and protests were made to the hotel manager. But the next day it transpired that the wearer of this outer garment was Lady —, of the smartest set in London and the smartest set in New York, and straightway the murmurs ceased.

"Well," sighed one of the ladies who had been most strenuous against this immodesty, "if I could swim as well as Lady — I suppose I should do as she does."

And the hotel manager, knowing the ways of the world, declared that Lady — might wear any old bathing suit she wanted to, or none at all, since, being rich and a social power, she could do no wrong.

Wherever we follow our spectacular set (the newspapers force us to follow them), we find them parading like eccentricities, taking off shoes and stockings in Baltimore after a fashionable gathering to wade in a public fountain; playing leap frog in Washington (men and women), after a smart dance; wandering off for hours in the Bois de Boulogne (in couples with husbands and wives separated), after a brilliant Paris dinner; watching the contortions of a young woman and a bawd constrictor (this in New York before a company of men); applauding unmentionable features of the stupid Seeley revel; gambling, gorging, drinking, galivanting, in short, challenging the devil to offer any filip for their jaded senses! What wonder if the unjudged

OUR "Best" Writes Cleveland Moffett, Sets a Profligate Example That Threatens the Sanctity of American Homes.

West is yielding to this contamination, as appears in a recent Boston paper which speaks editorially of "an entertainment in Minneapolis where 800 men gathered to enjoy the dancing of a nude artist's model!"

All of which means, if it means anything, that a powerful element in our "best"—that is, our richest—society is setting a profligate example that threatens the sanctity and stability of countless American homes. Pleasure and show and money! Dress for the women! Gems for the women! And a rich husband! There is the poisonous lure that tempts our maidens. Pleasure and show and money!

In conclusion, I reply to those who say that, in censuring extravagance I am striking at the effect not the cause, and who urge consideration of what they think the greater question, how the rich got their enormous fortunes. No doubt many of these fortunes were obtained by unfair means, by unjust discrimination of laws, by trickery and fraud, by stupid luck, as in farm holding on Manhattan Island, and no doubt such fortunes should be made impossible by law, by a graduated income tax or a graduated inheritance tax. Nevertheless, I believe that the wrong done to the people by the rich in getting their wealth is less than the wrong they are now doing in squandering it. It is better to steal a man's money than his manhood. And while the American people may mourn the usurpation of their oil wells, coal fields, railroads, meat supply, etc., there would be deeper cause for mourning if they had lost also their honesty, their frugality and their peace of mind. In these homely qualities, not in material possessions, lies the real strength of this nation, and our profligate rich are doing a wicked thing when they strike at these qualities, when, by their glittering example, they debauch our sound and sane middle classes, when they teach others to do as they have done, and spread through the body of our citizens the leaven of dishonesty and discontent. That is a crime never to be forgiven, for it would work the political ruin of the State through the moral ruin of the people.

Longfellow as a Portland Lad. "The boyhood friendship between Longfellow and Edward Deering Preble has received scant attention from the former's biographers, yet the two grew up together," writes Peter Freneau in the Delineator. "Hand in hand, they said 'Good morning, mistress,' to the prim ma'am who kept the dame's school in Portland. Later, at the academy in Congress street, they wielded goose-quills under the watchful eyes of Jacob Abbott, a pedagogue famed in his day. The same flying wagon, or stage-coach, that bore Longfellow off to Bowdoin College in Brunswick took young Preble. Damon Longfellow and Pythias Preble. It was a happy pair of boys that sat beneath the Longfellow elms reading Washington Irving's Sketch Book and other delightful tales. At an early age they both began to scribble verses. When Longfellow was thirteen years old he published a poem in the Portland Gazette entitled 'The Battle of Lovell's Pond,' about which an amusing and half-pathetic story is told. On the day of its appearance the lad read and re-read it with increasing satisfaction. In the evening, feeling almost vainglorious, he went to visit at the house of Judge Mellon, whose son Frederick was a fellow classmate. There, conversation drifted to poetry, and the Judge indignantly seized the morning's Gazette, and, unconscious of the wounds inflicted, called 'The Battle of Lovell's Pond' a remarkably stiff and unoriginal composition. There were tears on Longfellow's pillow that night, and in the morning he, no doubt, confided his sorrow to his friend."

Fat Boy's Schooling. "Teacher, my boy can't go to school. He is too fat." This is the "excuse" Robert H. Tracy, 3455 Wentworth avenue, might have sent to his son's teacher, he told Justice Caverly yesterday. The court failed to see the force of the argument, however, and fined the father \$5 for violating the compulsory education law. Robert H. Tracy, Jr., is eleven years old and weighs a little more than 132 pounds.

The father said the boy was a victim of indigestion, and when he sat in the regulation public school seat with the desk in front of him he was cramped, and the discomfort caused illness. After he was fined Tracy told the justice his son would go to school hereafter, if he had to hire a bus to get him there.—Chicago News.

Boudoir Counsel. Coined as a political phrase, "Boudoir Counsel" is too good to be lost. We have long wanted it to describe these little airy, wise things which women utter among themselves; those pronouncements upon the affairs of the world spoken over the rim of a tea-cup; the recommendations to great men which never reach their ears. "Boudoir Counsel," surely, is the wisdom of butterflies in session.—Lady's Pictorial.

His Honorable Birth. An amusing example of baboo English came to the author of "Notes From a Diary" by way of Miss Cornelia Sorabji, the Indian woman who was educated in England. Over a baker's shop in Puna Miss Sorabji saw this sign: "Best English loafer to his Excellency."

THE STRANGE HABITS OF AN INSECT.

The Mantis Gongylus Gongyloides Makes Itself Look Like a Flower—An Alluring Resemblance.

Perhaps the most authentic instance of alluring resemblance is that described on the authority of Dr. J. Anderson—the mantis gongylus gongyloides from Southern India—a species which has been known to naturalists for upward of three centuries, but of whose strange habits nothing was discovered until comparatively recent years. Living examples of gongylus have been thus described:

"On looking at the insects from above they do not exhibit any very striking features beyond the leaf-like expansions of the prothorax and the foliaceous appendages of the limbs, both of which, like the upper surface of the insect, are colored green, but on turning to the under surface the aspect is entirely different. The leaf-like expansion of the prothorax, instead of being green, is a clear, pale lavender violet, with a faint pink bloom along the edges of the leaf, so that this portion of the insect has the exact appearance of the corolla of a plant, a floral simulation which is perfected by the presence of a dark, blackish brown dot in the centre, over the prothorax, and which mimics the opening to the tube of a corolla."

"A favorite position of the insect is to hang head downward among a mass of green foliage, and, when it does so, it generally remains almost motionless, but at intervals evinces a swaying movement as of a flower touched by a gentle breeze, and while in this attitude, with its fore limbs banded violet and black, and drawn up in front of the centre of the corolla, the simulation of a papilionaceous flower is complete. The object of the bright coloring of the under surface of the prothoracic expansion is evident, its purpose being to act as a decoy to insects, which, mistaking it for corolla, fly directly into the expectant, sabre-like, raptorial arms of the simulator."

A more perfect combination of protective and alluring resemblance than the above could hardly be conceived. The green coloring of the body and legs of the gongylus harmonizes with the foliage among which it rests, and affords an effective hiding from the sharp eyes of insectivorous birds. The usual shape and brightly colored under side of its prothorax and fore limbs constitute a lure, by means of which the mantis attracts to itself the smaller insects upon which it feeds.—Scientific American.

The Spirit of the Piano. The fact that the piano is descended from the spinet and the harpsichord is still a stumbling block to amateurs of music; the fact that in tone and resonance it has lately been enormously developed is also a stumbling block to those who write for it. The first class have entirely neglected the harpsichord—a perfect and fully evolved instrument, the spirit of which is altogether different from that of the piano; the second class have been tempted by the dynamics of the piano to treat it too much like an orchestra, and to forget that it is not only a solo instrument but really a chamber instrument.

Its utterance, which Chopin understood so well, is really chamber music; and there is always something lamentable to me in the contemplation of a great artist distressing himself and his instrument in the attempt to fill a large concert-room with exaggerated expressions of a delicate and intimate temperament. The effect is never entirely satisfactory, however great the artist may be; for that note of intimacy which is surely the very essence and spirit of the piano cannot possibly be maintained in the presence of a large and miscellaneous audience.

When we consider among all our impressions of pianoforte music the moments that have given us memorable pleasure, we find that they took place in intimate assemblies where some one played and some one sang, and where the atmosphere thrilled with just that amount of electric disturbance which we call sympathy, which is born with the meeting of friends and dies when they disperse.—Filson Young, in the National Review.

A Graphic Description. Shortly after the introduction of the electric telegraph into Scotland a West Highlander, who had been to Glasgow and was, consequently, supposed to have got to the bottom of all mysteries, was asked to explain it. "Weel," said he, "it's no easy to explain what you will no be understandin'. But I'll tell ye what it's like. If you could stretch my collie dog frae Oban to Tobermory, an' if you was to clap its head in Oban, an' it waggit its tail in Tobermory, or if I was to tread on its tail in Tobermory an' it squaked in Oban—that's what the telegraph is like."

A Great Improvement. A new voting machine has been invented and is on exhibition at the State House in Trenton. It is absolutely impossible for persons on the outside to tell how the voter votes. In the good old times, before voting machines were invented, it was often impossible for the voters themselves to tell how they voted. Even the official count wouldn't show it!—Newark Evening News.

Lay Up Good Thoughts. In the course of our reading we should lay up in our minds a store of goodly thoughts in well-selected words, which should be a living treasure of knowledge, always with us, and from which, at various times, and amidst all the sifting of circumstances, we might be sure of drawing some comfort, guidance and sympathy.

APPLES AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPARED.

If the Fruit Can Thrive Without Seed, the Company May Wax Great Without a Surplus.

An illustrious observer of nature and human life has pointed out that there are tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything. The tongue in the seedless apple tree speaks counsel that is especially timely. Surely contemplation of this pomological marvel, compassed by persevering human wit, may reasonably warrant the expectation that an exploit accomplished in gardening may in due time be repeated in finance, and that human ingenuity, stirred to put forth its skill, will presently produce a life insurance company without a surplus. The analogy between our common apple tree and our common life insurance company seems curiously exact. Both have their lovely blossoms, subject to frosts. To suppress them would be a loss to beauty, but the gain in riddance of moths and destructive boring grubs would amply offset that. Seeds in the apple tree's fruit and large surpluses in insurance companies' vaults have both been considered necessary incidents to healthy life. But if apples can get along without seeds or fragrant bloomers, and be all the better worth the buyer's money, who can be sure that the insurance companies, taught to live and thrive without their surpluses, may not, at some loss of alluring charm, contrive such economies in the matter of odor and display, as shall not only make them safer against mischance, but shall enable them to yield to their policy holders considerably more of the "usable fleshy pericarp" which is the one thing that policy holders want.—Harper's Weekly.

WISE WORDS. God is a shower to the heart burned up with grief; God is a sun to the face deluged with tears.—Joseph Roux. If we had lost our chief god, other people's good would yet remain, and that is worth trying for.—George Elliot. Sin and happiness certainly do not travel on the same car, for they are not journeying on the same road.—N. Y. Observer.

Men are always waiting to do some great thing. Let them overcome themselves, for that is the greatest conquest.—Henry Drummond. "Let patience have her perfect work" and bring forth celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your little thread into a web, though the pattern show not yet.—George MacDonald.

Our times of greatest pleasure are when we have won some higher peak of difficulty, trodden under foot some evil, and felt day by day, so sure a growth of moral strength within us that we cannot conceive of an end of growth.—Stopford A. Brooke. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful, but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do.—Thoreau.

Down in the hearts of most men there exists an ineradicable impression that their popularity would greatly increase if people knew what really good fellows they are. Don't smile at them. If you will sit down and think of it, you will realize that you are of their number, and, if you are not, so much the worse for you.—If we do not esteem ourselves, who, aside from our mothers, will esteem us?—Success.

How Japan Has Thrived on War. The record of Japan's recent material progress is, it seems, as remarkable as her progress in military achievement. Mr. F. W. Hewes, the well-known statistical authority, writes interestingly on this subject in Harper's Weekly. The increase of postal savings during the first eight months of the war, for example, shows an increase from \$15,380,000 to \$18,612,000—indicating an astonishing increase of the sources from which such savings are drawn; the income provided by industrial employment. The savings-bank deposits have increased twenty-one per cent, during the same period; there has also been an increase of bank reserves amounting to 5.5 per cent, an increase of 10.3 per cent, in rice production, of 8.2 in exports, and of 6.2 per cent, in imports.

Evidence. A green subaltern, who was smoking while on duty, was reminded by a sentry who had seen many years' service that it was against the regulations to smoke near his post, and he advised the subaltern to throw his cigar away. He did so, and went on his rounds. The soldier then picked up the cigar, and was enjoying it quietly when the subaltern returned. "Why, how is this?" he asked. "I thought no smoking was allowed near your post?" "That's true," replied the sentry. "I'm merely keeping this slight for evidence against you in the morning."—Harper's Weekly.

Ripe Side of Oranges. There is a ripe side to the orange as well as to the peach. The stem half of the orange is usually not so sweet and juicy as the other half, not because it receives less sunshine, but probably because the juice gravitates to the lower half, as the orange commonly hangs below its stem.