### THE OLD ORGANIST.

In through the window steals the silent splendor Of fading twilight; like a blessing there It lingers with a touch so soft and tender Upon an old man's flowing silver hair. The pews are vacant, but for shadows flitting With silent tread along the narrow aisle, And like dim spirit-forms within them sitting, Or bowing in devotion there the while.

Beside the organ sits the old man, playing A tune so sad that sorrow seems the theme; His fingers o'er the yellow keys are straying, As though he played it all within a dream. His tear-dim eyes see not with mortal vision, The music bears his spirit far away Into a splendor land of life elysian Where peace and pleasure crown an endless day.

Still slower move the old and feeble fingers With soft caress along the murm'ring keys; Still fainter on the air the music lingers Almost as silent as a summer breeze. The shadows deeper grow; the night, descending. Steals through the lattice at the window sill, And with the melody its darkness blending, The lofty arches with foreboding fill.

Hark! through the church a louder strain is stealing. Far out into the star-shine of the night, In mighty sounds triumphant grandly pealing, Like waves of melody in wondrous flight. Along the keyboard fly the fingers, playing The song exultant of a soul's release; For with the music, up to Heaven straying, The old man's spirit passes into peace.

Into an echo sank the song of sadness, With all its sorrow changed to love and bliss, Till on the wings of sweet, harmonious gladness It reached a land more beautiful than this. The last strain died: still on the keyboard rested The fingers, whence all melody had fled. A moonlight beam stole in and silver crested The white hair of the old musician-dead.

-Arthur Lewis Tubbs.

# LOVED IN VAIN.

"On! mother, look here; a French sailor. How pale he is!"

And with the point of her sunshade the young girl gave a sign to the coachman to stop, who already had made an attempt to

avoid the throng of people.
"Diane! How childish you are!" grumbled the dutchess. But nevertheless the old lady, likewise curious, turned around to look at a variegated group of Javanese, Chinese, Birmans, Siamese and Battacks in the midst of whom appeared a tall sailor, dark and lean, his hair dripping on his livid forehead. The man, thus surrounded, nearly succumbed in the arms of two policemen, whose large red turbans made his face appear the more pale.

Shaking and trembling he cried pitifully at each pitcher of water they continued persistently to pour on his head: "Enough! mercy," but he was not understood by his audience.

It was at Singapore, under a scorching sun, on a red road between high palms. "A drunkard, nothing more!" declared the consul, sitting opposite to the two ladies in the carriage.

The sailor heard it. With a violent movement he pushed back the policeman and advanced through the rows of natives. He did not stagger, but only seemed still

"I am not drunk," he cried; "I am ill!" Suddenly he drew back confused, and in order to salute he touched his bare head. At the side of the grave, uninterested consul he had just now noticed, drawing aside the blind, a fair, rosy young girl, whose eyes examined him with compassion. Then behind he saw another figure like a painted doll, whose looks were somewhat concealed by a tortoise-shell eye-glass. He drew back again, his cheeks flushed, and without lowering his eyes he stood sullen, timid and proud, like a beaten animal. "Come here, my man!"

The young girl called him with a hesitating smile in her handsome face. With slow steps he came to her, his eyes suddenly lowered.

"Where are you from?"

"From Ajaccio," he murmured. "Bastiani Pierre, shipwrecked with the Aurore from the harbor of Marseilles." But already the consul, having recog-

nized him, explained his presence in Singapore by saying that the crew of the brig had been sent back to their country; only this man, ill, consumptive, exhausted by his sufferings, had been obliged to remain in the hospital. Recovered now; at least, well enough to be able to depart, he awaited the coming of a man-of-war; but if he continued to frequent barrooms they would not allow him further liberty.

Bastiani cut him short. The word "consumptive" had not shocked him, but he revolted with the indignation of a sober inhabitant of Southern France against the accusation of being a drunkard. Being more courageous now, his eyes did not leave the face of the young girl, and he came still nearer.

first time with only a little cap on. The sun made me feel sick, miss."

His hair was dripping on his forehead; his misery demanded justice; his poor face, his thin form asked for pity. The young girl regarded him, moved to the heart, then turned around, embarrassed by his glowing dark eyes, which were persistently

"Tell me, sir," she asked the consul,

"Really, I do not know. In a month I think, with the Vink-Long."

"What a long time still! Wouldn't it be possible to send him with our packetboat tomorrow?"

said evasively: "The regulations . . .

"But, you see how ill he is! Come, now, she not come once?" if I plead for him? We will pay, if it is

necessary, will we not, mamma?" The Duchess, occupied, at the other side of the carriage, said abstractedly: "Certhe oranges of his own country, if she had tainly;" and turning round added: "Well, come. Why did she not come? He began

With a submissive smile the consul bowed, own country men. then turned to the sailor: "Come to the Consulate this evening, my fellow. You will take the packet-boat." And the carriage rolled away, leaving the policeman giving the military salute (the right hand to the turban) and Bastiani, the ship-wrecked sailor of Aurore, from the harbor he had not seen her distinctly, and he was sengers, they had thrown wide open the iron

The Djemnah, her coal on board, awaited only the pilot to veer her cables and quit the New Harbor, when Bastiani appeared, walking heavily, his baggage on his back. He was less pale, less exhausted than the day before, and wore a large, clean, blue collar on his jersey. His look sought some one among the passengers, but, disappointed, he shrugged his shoulders, ad-

vanced, and went on board. In the crowded passageway he lingered with dragging steps, his ticket in his hand; and people turned round to look at him, so very ill he seemed. Finally a steward received him and conducted him to the doctor, who cast one glace at him, and, furious, stamped his foot: "It was madness!

The consuls be hanged! . . We should really not accept this ill person." But the face of the sailor contracted with such violent despair that the doctor softened down enough to question him. "There are ladies, . . . a young miss

. . passengers, who have given me a ticket," the sailor said.

Astonished at this information, the officer ordered him to wait. "My fellow," he said, coming back, "you are lucky, that the Duchess and her daughter have taken an interest in you, if it is common sense to take such an invalid from the hospital and embark him. But you are a passenger; thanks to those ladies you will be provided for with the third-class passengers?

Bastiani stammered his thanks. He had lifted up his eyes to the door, as if he hoped to see his benefactress appear behind the doctor. Then she was the daughter of a duchess! This grandeur revealed to him did not cause him any astonishment. Rather a shame and vague regret on account of his glances of the day before. He shrugged his shoulders again, his face now indifferent, then went away quite dejected. The tranquility of his joy, his calmness at the moment of departure for his own country, astonished him.

After having installed him, he remounted the bridge. The ship was trembling; passengers waived their adieu the people thronging on the shore; others threw sous to the little divers. The sailor discovered in the multitude at the back, the white and blue veil of the young girl, and, in spite of himself, without knowing it, he advanced a few steps in her direction.

"Half turn, my man!" grumbled a stew-Bastiani stood still, paralyzed. The white bonnet and blue veil disappeared, lost amid the crowd, far, very far from him. And in a dazed manner he recollected that he could not overstep the middle of the bridge. At this moment he felt faint, like on the day before under the sun, and he remained prostrated, trying to spell the

tablet fixed at the smoking-room. "Limit to the third-class passengers." He started at the sign as if held by an unknown force. His brain was weak like his muscles and unable to think. He was incapable of any effort. However, he comprehended very well, that his hope to meet his benefactress again, or to hear her, had been mad, but this wish returned again and again. It was a curiosity, a longing, that he could not overcome. And he reproached himself for not having thanked her enough the day before, now he would never dare do it.

Slowly he turned back to sit down, near the boxes where the animals were placed. Above was an accumulation of cages imprisoning hundreds of monkeys and parrots. Around on all sides innumerable latticed boxes containing crowds of many colored bustling birds. There he put down the bamboo couch which the young girl had sent him, and on which he passed, henceforth, all his time, enchanted with the idea that she had perhaps used it herself

Stretched out on it, he ruminated over different things in his simple heart. He discovered that she was a beautiful woman; further his thoughts did not go. He was weak like a little child, under the return-

"If she should come perhaps to inquire for me?" he murmured, in great anguish; and he awaited her some time between two fits of coughing.

In the evenings he remembered his sufferings and the months, long months of his campaign since the setting out of the Aurore from Marseilles till the burning in the straits of Mallaca. A little more and they would have let him be burned to death in his hammock, for he was then already ill; but resigned, asking nothing more than the boon to die at home, there, near the Porto Vecchio.

The days passed by slowly; an intolerable heat reigned and was made unbearable by the bad smells, that came, in spite of repeated washings, from the stables, the cages and menagerie. Sometimes Bastiani longed for the temptest to disperse all those heavy miasmas and refresh his fevered brow. Then, as he had not again seen the young girl during all this time, her sending him "I have not been drinking! I have not now a book, another time some grapes, been drinking," he repeated like a child. only made him bitterly regret his lost "It is the sun. I came out today for the strength.

If only he had been robust and in good health! He could have worked, though a stranger on board, with the others, gone there and seen her perhaps! But it was better thus, now, he knew well, how ugly and repugnant he must look. "Povero! Ah! Santa Madre, to see her

He tried to get up, to walk, but a nameless despair overcame him, at feeling himself weaker every time. He gasped with

the effort red lights dance before his eyes, and the cruel cough racked his breast. "Then she will not come? Never? I

shall never see her again?" At certain hours he drew out his rosary oat tomorrow?" and kissed it fervently. "Madonna! Santa Madonna, grant that she comes! Any why should she not come? Others come every it was not necessary . . . too ex- day, after breakfast, and after lunch, to distribute biscuits to the animals. Why should

> Remaining there, living all the day in such fever and heat, he would have felt to inquire after her of a waiter, one of his

"She is very well," said the man. "She of Marseilles, in ecstasies, on the red road, under the scorching sun, between the palms. mind like the remembrance of an apparition, days before. The coffin was taken out of the

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### MANCHESTER.

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and ALLISON.

like the remembrance of a virgin in a holy picture. Then he was anxious to know, what she did in Singapore and he was quite astonished, when he heard that she was coming back from having made a voyage around the world with her mother. "How could she like that? She rich! Do people sail, without being forced to it?"

The voice of the young girl was soft and angel-like. He remembered that voice more than the face, and repeating to himself the words she had said, he tried to imitate her accent. Oh! to hear her again! But no, all was at an end: he would not hear any more this musical voice!

He wrung his hands, dreamed of getting up, pushing back the steward, and going there to see her again, and then die.

Once he had a great joy: he recalled the name Diane. Her mother had called her Diane; he thought of it now. The pretty soft frock draped in Greek fashion, with name! He saw it written everywhere fillets of gold about her hair, standing in 70 KING STREET, around him, in unknown characters, myster- one corner of the room under a tall palm ious and pretty, and the waves, softly beat- tree. You think what a good background ing the sides of the Djemnah, murmured to she has and how lovely the entire effect is, him 'Diane! Diane!

Weeks passed by. He grew more and more teeble; the doctor came to his cabin every morning, but always found that the invalid, already up and dressed, had gone to the bridge with the help of a waiter, and was lying on his bamboo-couch.

"If she should come today!" So he remained for hours taking his meals on his lap, watching sometimes without seeing Arab stokers keeling down to their prayers, counted the hours, according to the chances he had of seeing Diane arrive, the evening twilight crushing him and sending back his hopes to the eternal

At this time, the waiter, his countryman, came often to talk with him in his language, to tell him what she had done during the day. She had been sitting at the side of commandant at table, she had

"Oh, to have heard it! But who could say? Perhaps she would yet come. Passengers mounted sometimes on the bridge to be refreshed by the breeze or to hear the songs of the crew."

But the young girl was, perhaps, afraid of the sailors. The monotonous sadness of their songs made Bastiani feel still more unhappy. If he could be on the firm earth again, where there were no tablets, no her soft, many colored backgrounds. They limits, he would have followed her from do study it out, and there is no reason why afar, he would have filled his eyes with her image for long days. His heart was break-

One morning he saw the duchess behind the doctor, and, in a mute supplication, he retained her, tried tell her his burning wish in unintelligible stammerings. The doctor and the duchess looked at each other, murmured some common-place comforting words, and, his visitors departed, he waited, feeling strong again with a

resurrection of hope. Surely the mother would speak to her duaghter, would bring her to see him. He was strong enough to descend without help, to put on his Sunday suit, then he awaited her, his heart in his mouth, the book she had sent him, opened before him, the book

he did not know how to read! A chambermaid appeared; she carried a plate with fruits.

"Miss Diane sends it." And she went away.

He cried out only once, and fell down, crushed, like one dead.

It was at an end; she would not come, never, never, as she did not come now, knowing him so ill! In his breast, in his head something was broken. A long time he wept, wetting with his tears the mangoustans, the letchis, the bananas, the oranges. The monkeys attracted by the odor, put their paws through the barriers and pulled his sleeve.

That evening in his cabin he was shaking under a fit of fever. Through the passage sounds of music reached him. She was singing. He saw her in his imagination, beautiful, dressed superbly, flowers in her hair, surrounded by love, and despairingly he threw himself down on his bed in an agony of sobs. The next day he would not rise, broken down, conscious of having raved during the whole night. The doctor

"when they throw a dead person into the and Chronic Dyspepsia; this quality OTHER DRINKS will be added as the season sea, all the passengers come, is it not so,

The physician tried to evade the question with comforting, soft, reassuring words, but he was obliged to answer "yes,"

And during two days, in his ravings, as in his quiet moments, he did not cease to repeat: "She will come! she will come!" He died with this cry on his lips.

cabin and put before the opening. The crew ranged themselves at each side, a waiter brought four candelabras from the saloon. By the open door a fresh breeze entered

with the murmurings of the waves. The passengers arrived, also the duchess and her danghter. They were crowded in the tight perpendicular passage-way, so that only the first ones could see the coffin, half hidden by three nuns kneeling, the commandent erect, a missionary and a Franciscan in Chinese costume. A boy held the basin with holy water. The monk opened the breviary, every body knelt down, with exception of the captain, who turned to a sailor:

"The engine at forty turns." The sailor departed to execute orders and the Djemnah almost instantly seemed to stop moving. The water was splashing in small murmuring waves. "De profundis, clamavi ad te, Domine!"

. . The nuns gave the responses with quiet passionless voices. The flames of the candles vacillated, gray shadows trembled on the wall.

"In nomine Patris, Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen. The priest sprinkled the coffin with holy

water; his gesture each time made his false Chinese queue pop up and down on his white surplice. Soon under the wetted cloth now became transparent, the wood of the coffin appeared made from planks of chests, covered with commercial inscriptions in large letters: "Protect from the wet." . . . "Fragile."

Everybody rose.

"Softly, my fellows!" said the boatswain. "Attention! . . . Hold fast! Down!" The coffin was near to the water. It glided, glided down, the captain took his silver whistle, did the honors, and the coffin disappeared. A splash of the water was heard, then the little waves close over the spot where it had disappeared, and the sea laughed in the sunshine without a wrinkle on its shining surface.

"Engine in motion!" ordered the com-

The passengers went away. The duchess said to her daughter: "On a government ship he would not have had a coffin."

"I am very glad," replied Diane, "that I saw nothing. I might have dreamt of it. . . It is so sad!"- From the French.

GIRLS, CAN YOU POSE? Young Women who Can are in Demand in

Drawing Rooms. The posing young woman is very much to the tore, and, as fashionable drawing rooms are furnished with a view to aiding her in her artistic desires, she is happy. You see a tall, slender girl in some sort of and if you are a man you believe it is an accident. If you are a woman you give her an admiring glance and say to your

chum: "She has her pose." You see a tailor made girl, who is calling, with her hands clasped behind her, standing up in a very erect way against the side of a mantel shelf, and it all seems to harmonize—the natural wood, the straight lines of her figure, the somewhat decided way in which she is speaking, the polish on her patent leather shoes and her smoothly braided hair. She has succeeded: she is

There is another girl who has come in a lingering, dawdling sort of a way, enveloped in a long, soft, full cloak, and with a picture hat laden with plumes, crowning a mass of fluffy, disorderly hair, and after she has said her good afternoon to the hostess she half sits, half reclines against a pile of cushions; one of her adorers brings a footstool to her and her small foot, in its Louis Quinze shoe, shows to best advantage, and she drawls as she talks. She's got her pose. It's the semi-lazy, semi-serpentine effect of a woman who looks awkward in a tailor suit, whose angles are too many for her to pose against a palm tree, but who is filled in and rounded by her full draperies and one should dislike it. If a woman looks the better for being well posed, society is the gainer rather than the loser by it .-Indianapolis Sentinel.



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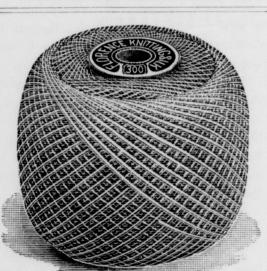
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