

The Goring Symphony.

By Douglas Alexander.

The man looked up from the desk and held his busy pen idly in his hands for some moments. Before him was a large sheet of manuscript music, the ink still wet at the place where he had left off.

He was listening now, not writing. From a room adjoining his the strains of a violin could be heard, the notes sounding in a plaintive air which penetrated through the wall. But after a few minutes the music ceased, and taking up the pen once more the man proceeded slowly to place certain notes upon the page in front of him.

It was laborious work, yet it was plainly a task that entirely absorbed him, until everything around him was completely shut out and forgotten. Presently with a sigh he put aside the pen and leaned back in his chair, glancing with a keenly critical eye over the page he had been scoring.

The music written there was the music to which he had been listening—the music played by the unknown violinist who dwelt in the next house. And yet there was a marvellous difference between the airs—original work Goring had at once recognized it to be—which had sounded in the afternoon stillness and those same airs captured and held for ever prisoners upon paper. The former had been little snatches of tunes, melodic ghosts, struck off the violin with a careless touch.

But starting up at Edward Goring from the page before him were those same melodies, yet so finished were they and so cleverly elaborated that there was hardly any resemblance in them to their original.

Goring was a musician himself, dependent, indeed, upon his skill at the piano to earn his living in a music-hall orchestra. But for the last two weeks the latter building had been closed for structural alteration, and in consequence he had temporarily been without employment until it should be reopened.

The music was still sounding in his ears at this very moment as he walked through the crowded streets, and instead of paying proper attention to the direction his steps were taking, he was holding an imaginary discussion with an eminent conductor as to the way in which certain movements of the great work should be played when the sound of people's voices raised in a shout brought him to his senses.

But the warning came too late. He had a confused vision of heavily laden omnibuses and carts bearing down upon him, and, starting back in a vain endeavor to reach the pavement he had just quitted, he was caught by the shaft of a fleet hansom and knocked down, the frightened horse inflicting a severe kick upon his prostrate body.

He felt that he must have passed through centuries of time before he completely regained consciousness. His eyes, blinking once more at a world to which they had been so long indifferent, fell upon walls which they knew to be those of a hospital ward. He rapidly regained his strength, and a week later was able to receive a visitor, a close friend of his, a man who played in the same orchestra as himself.

"I've got glorious news for you," exclaimed Arthur Mills, his pleasant good-humored face smiling down at the invalid. "You'll never guess what I've done for you, old chap. But I'd better tell you straight away. While you've been lying here, lost in the land of concussion of the brain, I have been making your name, and opened the way for you to make your fortune as soon as you are well enough to work once more."

Three weeks ago the symphony I found on your desk was played for the first time at a Queen's Hall concert and hailed by a critical audience as a work of absolute genius."

Good heavens! This symphony which his friend had given to the world under Goring's name was partly the work of another man! Goring decided that when he was well again he would put the matter right—you'll publicly remove the laurels which had been placed upon his own unworthy brow and hand them over to the man to whom by right they belonged.

Yet, even when he had fully recovered, Goring, although his character was not naturally a weak one, shirked the unpleasant task of stripping himself of those rewards which he had won from the world with a single composition, part of which was not his own.

He felt it to be a matter of common honesty to proclaim the truth, and yet he temporized, and finally decided that, as an initial step in this direction, he would place an advertisement in the agony column of the daily papers, and thus endeavor to trace the mysterious composer. Such inquiries as he had so far made had been fruitless. But while the advertisement appeared regularly twice a week, no answer came to it, and as each day passed it became increasingly difficult for Goring to stand forward self-branded as a plagiarist.

Six months had gone by, and the symphony had won its reputed composer a wider fame.

At a private concert one night the voice of Fate whispered in Goring's ears, when his hostess introduced him to a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, that here was the one woman whose coming into his life

would change the whole world for him.

Chance threw them several times together during the following weeks, and the warmest friendship sprang up between himself and Alice Severn.

And with his growing love for her the last scruple of his conscience died away. How could he acknowledge his false position, into which in the first instance he had been betrayed by Arthur Mills's officiousness, and stand to be derided, an object of mockery to the world, while the woman he loved was there to witness such a downfall?

And one day he told her that he cared for her—began to love her. He was a confident lover, for he believed that his cause would prove successful. But now he was bewildered by the expression on her delicate features—it was cold and hard.

"I cannot marry you," she answered, slowly, yet with evident emotion.

He stared at her dully. "I dared to think that—that you were not quite indifferent to me," he said, the glad, conquering note fading from his voice.

"Listen," she interrupted, quietly. "and I will explain why I can never be your wife. It was my own brother whose brain work you stole and introduced into your own symphony. Now, need I say any more?"

He started. It was the very last thing he had expected. He stood for some little time at a loss for words. "I should like to hear everything," he said, at last; "to know why he never came forward to lay claim to his work."

"My brother is dead," she replied, a little brokenly. Tears were in the deep brown eyes. "He quarrelled with my father and left home, living in some miserable fashion—denying himself the necessities of life through foolish pride. He sent for me, his only sister, but not until it was too late. I found him dying. But while he still had strength he gathered every remnant of it together, and played to me upon his violin the music that he had imagined would bring him fame and fortune."

There was silence between them for some moments Goring felt that to this woman, who had loved the genius that had died before the promise of his gifts could be fulfilled, it would be almost a sacrilege to offer any defense for his own part in the wretched business of the symphony. Yet there was one thing which he could not resist mentioning.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" he asked. "Why did you let me get to love you first? Was—it it revenge you sought?"

She shook her head coldly.

"I had never heard your music played until two days ago," she answered. "I had had meant to do so many times, but something had always prevented it until then. I heard the melodies which the world thinks were born in your brain, and I knew then that you had won your place in life, had lifted yourself high in the public gaze, by—unworthily means. The melodies no more belonged to you than the jewels in a Bond Street shop belong to the beggar who looks at them from the pavement. I could not believe it at first that you, of all men, could have acted so dishonorably."

The music world received a shock the next day in the morning papers was a letter from Edward Goring. In it he explained without any attempt at self-justification, the whole facts of the case, and stated that for the future the symphony which bore his name must be attributed to its real composer—Hugh Severn.

But instead of covering him with opprobrium, as he had anticipated, the critics smiled at the letter, and their general verdict upon it was expressed in a reply written by one of the most renowned among them, in which he conclusively proved that the dead man could have had little share in a symphony based on his melodies alone, as heard upon a violin, and not upon any written manuscript.

He resolved that he would leave England at once. To stay here any longer was unendurable.

He lost no time, but almost at once started to pack, and his task was nearly finished when there came a timid knock at his sitting room door. Opening it, he found Alice Severn upon the threshold.

There was a strained silence between them for some moments, a silence which Alice at last broke.

"I wish to tell you that I was wrong, the other night—hasty in my judgment, bitter in my speech," she said in a trembling voice. "I did not know the whole circumstances then, and now that I do I want you to forgive me."

"I am glad you think that," he said with a sigh. "It will be a pleasant memory to carry with me out of England."

She looked up at him, and there was a wistful light in her eyes, cold now no longer, but shining with a look that made the blood throb with passionate beats through every pulse in Goring's body.

"Alice," he whispered, "need I go alone?"

She rested in the arms held out to her.

"Not if you will take me with you," was her reply.

Remnants of Torture. When the floor of the operating theaters of the old hospital at Canterbury, England, was torn up the other day, the rings were discovered through which were passed the cords for tying patients down on the operating table prior to the discovery of anesthetics.

Five Minute Sermon

Jesus Cures the Man Sick of the Palsy.

It was the city of Capernaum, on the west bank of the river Jordan, a little before it flows into the Sea of Tiberias, also called the Lake of Gennesareth and the Sea of Galilee. This was a rich commercial city, and the emporium of all Judea on account of its great population, its extensive trade, and concourse of strangers.

The home of Jesus was Nazareth, but St. John Chrysostom and many others are of the opinion that He cherished a special affection for Capernaum, so that St. Matthew called it His city. In Capernaum there was a house where Christ was accustomed to meet with his apostles and in this city He began to preach the kingdom of God, to correct the prevailing vices, to teach virtue, and worked many astounding miracles.

He healed the paralytic mentioned in the Gospel. He restored sight to two blind persons, and healed the deaf and dumb man who was possessed by the devil, of which mention is made in the Gospel for the third Sunday in Lent. He also cured the servant of the centurion, the woman who was suffering from the loss of blood, and the son of Regulus, who was dying of fever. Besides these, He recalled to life the daughter of Jairo.

We are to learn from this that when we are sick our first thought should be to place ourselves in the grace of God, thus healing our soul first, because diseases are very often a punishment of sins committed; hence a cure can scarcely be hoped for if the cause has not first been removed by repentance.

Forty Hours Devotion

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:

October 7—Ontario; Horseheads; Rushville; Honeoye Falls; Montezuma; St. Cassimir's, Elmira.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday October 7—Gospel, St. Matt. ix. 1-8—Feast of the Holy Rosary.

Monday 8—St. Bridget of Sweden, widow.

Tuesday 9—St. Denys and Comp. martyr.

Wednesday 10—St. Francis Borgia, confessor.

Thursday 11—St. Louis Bertrand, confessor.

Friday 12—St. Wilfrid, bishop and confessor.

Saturday 13—St. Edward, king and confessor.

Pigeons as Doctor's Assistants.

A doctor in the north of Scotland finds carrier pigeons of much use to him. He has a scattered practice, and when on long rounds he takes several pigeons with him. If one of his patients needs medicine immediately he writes out a prescription, and by means of the birds forwards it to his surgery. Here an assistant gets the message, prepares the prescription, and despatches the medicine. If, after visiting a patient, the doctor thinks he will be required later on in the day, he simply leaves a pigeon, with which he can be called if necessary.

Mr. Speaker's Privileges.

The speaker of the House of Commons has several peculiar privileges. Every year he receives a gift from the master of the buckhounds of a buck and doe killed in the royal preserves. Later in the year the speaker receives another tribute from a different source. The donors on this occasion are the Clothworkers' Company of London, who send to the speaker a width of the best broadcloth to be found in England—London Tin-Bits.

Valuable Eggs.

The enormous value attaching to the eggs of birds which have become extinct has been recalled by the accident that has befallen the specimen of the great auk, which constitutes one of the treasures of the Scarborough Museum. Kept securely guarded in the safe, it was recently placed on public exhibition. By some means or other it has become cracked, and its value has been depreciated by more than £50.

Ancient Bridal Cake.

Bridal cake is a relic of the Roman confarrations, a mode of marriage practiced by the highest class in Rome. In confarration the bride was led to the altar by bachelors, but conducted home by married men, and the ceremony took place in the presence of ten witnesses by the Pontifex Maximus, whereupon the contracting parties mutually partook of a cake made of salt, water and flour.

Carpets, Rugs and Draperies

Now a Live Issue

Fall furnishing has fairly commenced and the prudent housewife is alert to discover the most promising places for her investments. Under these circumstances it is not out of place to refer to the pre-eminence of the Howe & Rogers store as a source of supply of floor coverings and interior decoration materials. Nor do we hesitate to assert that this pre-eminence will be more apparent during the coming season than ever before, for the reason that stocks are larger in all grades of goods pertaining to the different departments, varieties greater, and the factor of **QUALITY** of the same importance as at any time in the past. To these inducements we add that of lowest possible prices.

TO anyone expecting to purchase one of the higher-priced carpets, such as a Wilton, we wish to say that our patterns are from the mills which produce the best qualities and the most elegant designs; and whether the selection be intended for parlor, reception room, library or hall and stairs, our assortment will be found incomparable.

FOR a less costly carpet, and the next best in quality to the Wilton, the Axminster will suggest itself. Our display in this weave, particularly in the grade of which we make a specialty, is most attractive, because of the exceedingly serviceable quality and the Oriental styles of coloring. It should not be overlooked where a fine carpet at a moderate cost is in question.

THE good old Body Brussels is a carpet to write in praise of which would be to paint the lily. We have a close personal interest in this weave which influences us greatly in making our season's selections and strengthens our determination to show at all times an unexampled assortment.

AS for the medium-priced and, we might say popular-priced, carpets, they have a magnificent representation here, two entire floors being reserved for their display. In these grades we buy with the same care that is bestowed upon our more expensive selections, admitting nothing unworthy to our stock. We realize that to please the many is sound business policy. In this paragraph we would make reference to our excellent showing of Velvets and Tapestry Brussels—weaves which are easily the best of all at their prices. And our Ingrains also deserve special mention, for they occupy the largest showroom in our building and it is rarely indeed that a visitor tells us that she is not able to make an entirely satisfactory choice from the multitude of beautiful patterns. Of the plain Ingrains, now so much used as a background for rugs, we make a strong feature.

EVERYBODY uses Rugs nowadays, and the demand for room sizes especially is increasing at a rapid rate. Here, as in carpets our inducements in patterns, colors, qualities and prices are unrivaled. The opportunity to choose from a large assortment is often essential to satisfaction and it is an opportunity that awaits every caller at this store. Nowhere else in this part of the state can Rugs be purchased at so good advantage—an assertion for making which we have the authority of people who are posted.

A FEW weeks ago we announced the readiness of our Drapery Department to serve those interested in interior-furnishing, all lines there being practically complete. Now, in view of the large quantities of goods since received, we may be excused for speaking of the stock as more than complete. As we contemplate the well-nigh unlimited assortments, we are led to wonder if there is anything good in drapery materials that is not found among them. Practically every known fabric used for Portieres and Draperies of all kinds is included, while the variety in Lace Curtains, Net Curtains and Edges is most profuse. Damasks and Silks of all descriptions are seen in all the newest patterns and color effects, and Silks and other stuffs suitable for wall upholstery are a marked feature of our exhibition. The foregoing call for special treatment and we therefore deem it incumbent upon us to associate in this department men who are thoroughly competent to suggest and create effects of the most artistic character. We are fortunate in engaging the most capable craftsmen in their respective lines, and our execution of orders for wall upholstery, cushions for window seats or other purposes, window and doorway treatment and fine furniture refinishing and re-upholstering is fully up to the standard demanded by the most exacting.

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Big Rent Ground.
By the letting of the Aldwych site at 255,000 per annum, which for the 123,350 feet is the equivalent, with a fraction of 9s. per foot per annum, the London County Council has brought into existence the greatest ground rent ever, in the case of any one building operation, created in the United Kingdom.

Census Taking in British Empire.
To take the census of the British Empire is a matter of difficulty in certain districts. A native official was ordered to take a census of what was known to be a populous village in Uganda. He returned with the report that there was no population, the explanation being that the inhabitants had fled on hearing of his approach. More precise instructions were given to him and he paid another visit to the village. The result of his inquiry was given thus in the tabulated form: Number of Males, 257; Inhabitants, men over 18 years of age, 0; women under 18 years of age, 0; women, 0; children, 0; total, 0.

No Bank Failures in China.
"It is 900 years since the failure of a bank in China," said a bank examiner.

"Over 900 years ago, in the reign of Hi Hung, a bank failed. Hi Hung had the failure investigated, and to his indignation found it had been due to reckless and shady conduct on the part of the director and the president.

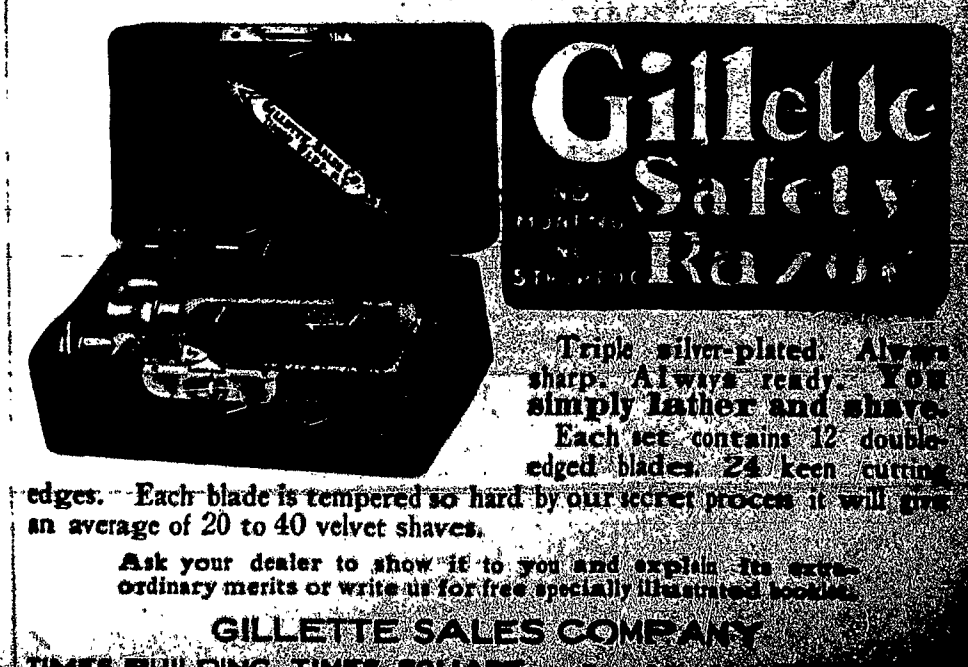
"Hi Hung at once issued an edict that the next time a bank failed the heads of its president and directors were to be cut off. This edict, which has never been revoked, has made China's banking institutions the safest in the world."

Capacity of the Marabout.
The adjutant or marabout, a tall bird of India, of the stork species, will swallow a hare or a cat whole. It stands five feet high and the expanse of wings is nearly 15 feet.

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