

**TWO SONGS.**  
The sun is gone from the valley,  
The air is breaking and chill;  
On the hillside, yellow with leaves,  
A robin is singing shrill.  
Like a lonely bird in his home,  
Like a friend in his woe;  
Like a friend of the countess and king,  
As the thrush is glad of the spring.  
The sound of the shepherd's piping  
Comes down from a distant hill,  
Like the ripple of running water,  
Fountains and sweet and still.  
The two songs mingle together,  
And unite as they go,  
For the sounds of the violin and piano  
Add one stage proud and gay.  
They take no thought of their music,  
The bird and the shepherd lad,  
But the music that they breathe  
And the human note is sad.

**BENTON'S BELIEF.**  
"If you have never tried it I don't see why you say it is all nonsense," she said.  
"I've tried against all the rules of common sense," replied Benton. "The very idea of a filler—woman having such a power is simply ridiculous."  
"He had attacked clairvoyancy merely because Miss Dale defended it. She always kept her own counsel and thoughtfully regarded him so earnestly through those bright hazel eyes, and came up that dainty little mouth of hers so bewitchingly, that Benton could never resist the temptation of an argument with her."  
"Before coming to college Benton had known Ethel Dale slightly. They both lived in St. Louis, and had come east at the same time to enter Harvard, and she lived with an aunt in Boston and took her education there. In his freshman year he talked to his acquaintances about the "pretty little Western girl" who had been so often in his Sophomore year he spoke of "Miss Dale" only to his most intimate friends; and in his junior year—well, he never mentioned her name at all, but was never prone to talk of the "ideal woman" and the "Western girl, Easternized." The only bit of sentiment he was guilty of was to sit alone by his fire and imagine the two bright eyes peering at him through the wreaths of his tobacco smoke.

"Oh, I was just so skeptical as you are," she continued. "It was only because I had read in the most intelligent seamstress in St. Louis, who was known as clairvoyant after she left us, that I happened to notice her advertisement in a Boston paper, and went to see her. She didn't know who I was, and she said she would do the most wonderful things about myself."  
"How does she go about it?" asked Benton.  
"Well, she takes you into a dark room and sits down directly opposite to you. She then asks you a few questions about yourself, and she reads the thoughts you send themselves by the force of the nerves in your fingers. All through the interview she holds your hand. Then she falls into a kind of trance and tells you fortune, and calls you some strange fortune names, she called me "Fochantian," and talks in a shrill, piping voice that is awfully weird. All of a sudden she says "good-bye" and won't answer any more questions. I've been round to see her quite often, and she will talk with me, and she isn't a bit of a fraud."

"But Benton absolutely refused to go. The scepticism of the man was so deeply seated, he said, and he did not believe in encouraging such tawdry things. Miss Dale would rain her eyes on him, and really felt somewhat piqued when he said good-night, apparently unconscious of the fact that she was really Benton had thought of going from the first, and now as he walked to Cambridge, he was determined to visit the clairvoyant of his earliest opportunity.

"Five days after this conversation Benton went to have a seance. He rang Miss Johnson's bell twice before the door opened. The woman who finally opened by a short delicate woman, with rather a pleasant expression. She looked as neat as a pin, and her dress, except that there was more intelligence about her face.

"Miss Johnson?" inquired Benton.  
"The woman scrutinized him closely. "Her hair is down and well. It is ready in a moment, and when the door opens, walk right in." She pointed to the door opposite, and Benton went out by a third door, which Benton heard her bell on the other side. He looked back at her for almost a minute of an hour, and was just becoming impatient when the door slowly swung open, and she was perfectly dark indeed. Benton entered without hesitation. The light was hardly in, when a dark shadowy figure came forward, and took and took the key. Benton felt that his heart gave a sudden bump against his side, and his eyes instinctively felt for his watch. The dark figure now came to within a few dollars' reach. Benton kept a firm hold on his purse as he passed over the money.

"As soon as his eyes became used to the darkness, Benton noticed that the shadowy figure was short, and that his slight in a case of row, he thought he was really manly manner. "She was dressed entirely in black, with a black velvet over her face, and a heavy black shawl wrapped completely around her body. Her hair was entirely concealed by a covering of white lace, which looked unaccountably like a comparison with her dark clothing. She looked as if she were sitting down, and Benton could not help feeling slightly startled. He was waiting for his hand, for he expected to feel something moist and cold. To his astonishment, however, he felt a warm and its very touch seemed to dispel his fear.

"For a while in this position for some moments, the clairvoyant began to breathe heavily, and finally gave a gasp, as if she were in pain. Benton had entirely recovered his nerve. The clairvoyant slowly nodded her head about her eyes, and she said in a shrill, piping voice. The tone sounded so affected, that Benton could not help becoming more and more sceptical.

"The clairvoyant seemed a little tremor in her hand. "I will tell you about your past," she said at last.  
The result was perfectly startling. She told him some of the most intimate details of his life. Benton sat at college, and finally said that he had lately had a friend, whose spirit she saw hovering about his head. She was only a week since one of Benton's classmates had died. She looked at the velvet glove, and she said she felt the eye and the strange unconsciousness of the young legs to come over him again.

"Have you any questions, brave?" she asked abruptly. "Well, I don't see why you say it is all nonsense," she said. "I've tried against all the rules of common sense," replied Benton. "The very idea of a filler—woman having such a power is simply ridiculous."

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