

"AUF WIEDERSEHN"

The sun was just hiding its shining head behind a bank of glorious, colored clouds, reaching far over the towering peaks of mountains which closed prettily the little sleepy town of M.— One long crimson ray lingered caressingly on the golden hair and sweet upturned face of a girl, whose eyes were fixed searchingly on the youth at her side. He gazed moodily at the stumbling, tossing, turbulent little stream flowing rapidly beside them, and then, when the silence became unbearable, he turned quickly to her, saying: "That river is symbolic of my life—restlessly hurrying on its way, never pausing in its mad rush over the falls to the great unknown sea beyond—ambitious, searching for that something which is its very life."

"And so you are going away?" The words were a mere whisper, and as he slowly nodded his head the color left the girl's cheeks and lips and the hand she held on his black, rebellious curls trembled. "You never thought of these things before, Ted, you were happy and contented—but now—"

"Now I have awakened I know where that one thing I desire most lies—appreciation."

"You will come back?" "Some day—yes. He could not meet the clear blue eyes, could not bear to see the quivering of the white lips, for he knew there lived in his heart the unformed thought that when this grand recognition came to pass he might choose his wife from among the greatest of the land, and the loyal little country sweetheart would be forgotten."

Time moves swiftly on, in spite of broken hearts and forgotten promises, and five years later a sweet-faced woman made her way slowly through a crowded salon where were gathered the fashionable devotees to art. A tiny little maiden, with the same big blue eyes and golden hair clinging to her head as she walked down the long aisles, here eyes traveling quickly from picture to picture, until at last she paused before one which was catalogued "Auf Wiedersehen."

"Maid!" She turned and the years fell swiftly away as she gazed once more into the eyes of her childhood sweetheart. With the impulsive little gesture he remembered so well she extended her hand, and his face went white as he clasped it close in his.

"You were looking at my picture?" he asked, after a moment of silence. "Yes," she replied softly. "It is beautiful. I am glad you have been so successful."

"But even you did not quite understand it. No one in the world could! No one knows what I would give to be back in that spot and these last five years only a dream—a fancy."

USES LIMESTONE FOR FUEL.

St. Louis Man Mixes It With Coal and Obtains Intense Heat.

Alexander Marshall of St. Louis told recently how he has solved an important problem that may greatly reduce the world's consumption of coal. He claims to have discovered a method whereby the cost of coal by the use of limestone, in furnaces of any kind may be reduced to one-half. The limestone exists in sufficient quantities in the Plaza Bluffs along the Mississippi River to supply Alton with fuel for centuries to come. Marshall's scheme proves generally successful.

You see, I throw in plenty of coal to get a red-hot fire in the furnace. The former dark, black smoke from the stacks began to be transformed into a light, airy gas—carbonic acid gas released from the carbonate of lime. The heat was intense and in a few minutes seemed as if the seams of the boilers would melt.

Coal alone never gave such a deal, remarked Mr. Marshall. In a few weeks I will have a testing apparatus here for the purpose of finding out exactly the amount of coal and then the number of units in coal and limestone.

After the test the residue left was exhibited in the grate. There were no clinkers, the coal had evidently all been consumed. The residue makes a good fertilizer, Mr. Marshall said. Of course the ashes are not so good as the limestone before burning, for that contains forty per cent more of carbon, the advantage lies in the fact that it has already been made of the coal left in the ground for a long time. The burned limestone will bring about exactly the same effect as the pure limestone, that is, in correct, the acidity of the soil.

The Eternal Feminine.

"I'll tell you how I am saving money so that I can entertain my friends at dinner, Marie," said a New York stenographer to her chum as they soared upward in the office elevator. "Whenever I am invited to dine out and do not have to pay for my own dinner, I put the amount I save in my little iron bank."

Swiss School "Indom."

Whenever the natural temperature reaches a certain point in Switzerland the school's are dismissed. This is on the theory that after a certain point of suffering has been reached by both teachers and pupils, the one cannot impart nor the other absorb instruction that would be of any value, and so the time spent in attempting it is wasted.

First "Dress Suit" in Kansas.

The first dress suit that ever came to Kansas came with the "aid" from Boston during the dry summer of 1860. Some rich man in the east contributed it, having outgrown it, and a farmer named Paswell, in Kapioma township in this county, ploughed corn in it all summer. Atchison Globe.

Friendship.

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions not words are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good will are very far from being the surest marks of it.—George Washington.

What Hurts Most.

"I tell you, said Sinnick, "men are getting so deceitful these days that you can't trust your best friends—" "And what's worse," interrupted Borroughs, gloomily, "you can't get your best friends to trust you."—Philadelphia Press.

Rivers and Men.

Little rivers seem to have the indefinable quality that belongs to certain people in the world—the power of drawing attention without courting it, the faculty of exciting interest by their very presence and way of doing things.—Henry Van Dyke.

AN EXTREMELY PARTICULAR MAN

The woman with the striped woolen shawl tied round her chin took from her mouth the last sample of coal she had been chewing and carefully inspected it to see if the color had run, says the Chicago News. It had not, but she was not entirely satisfied.

"I'm in no rush," she observed to the storekeeper. "I reckon I'll look around for a spell afore I settle on I may git better suited."

The woman went, nevertheless. She's like Clay Hubert, remarked Washington Hancock. "Clay was one of them fellows allus wanted to look around fer a spell afore he gave up any of his good money. I reckon Clay never bought a thing or made a trade the first time of asking in his hull born days. He had an idea he'd git better suited some-where else whatever it was he'd kicked for."

Seems to me like boss sense not to jump at the first thing its offered, said Not Baker. "That's what Clay said when Sile Peters offered him \$2 for \$1.25 and Hancock Sile had a bet up on it. Clay come into the bank to see if he couldn't git a better mortgage bank for less than five cents, which was what the recorder wanted to charge him, an Sile told him that he couldn't let any go at less than 15 cents or two for a quarter. I've got some \$2 bills here that I'll let you have cheap, though Clay, he says they're a little might were an I've more of them in stock than I need. If you'd like to take about five of em off my hands, you can have em for \$87.50. An he handed out a bunch with a paper band pasted around them."

Seems like that's reasonable enough, says Clay after study, an Sile said, "Tell ye, though, there ain't no hurryin' rush about this. I'll go over to the Drovers' bank an see what Keating is offerin' em for. I can't make a better offer. I'll come back and take these. You, keep em to one side fer me."

Then he went over to Keating an ask him what he was selling \$2 bills for in lots o' 50. That's the honest truth. "If Keating was alive now, he'd bear me out," said Hancock. "You can write to Sile Peters if you like, an ask him if it wasn't so. He's in St. Joe now, if he hasn't moved away since I last heard of him."

I remember standin' behind Clay a the ticket seller's stand one time when the circus came to town. How are you a-sellin' tickets today?" says Clay. "Two bits general admission an reserved seats 50 cents," says the fellow. "How many do you want?" "That the best you can do?" says Clay. "Hein it's you, I'll make it half a dollar fer reserved seats an 25 cents general admission," says the fellow, winkin' at me.

Well, says Clay, puttin' up his spawl, I reckon I'll look around a spell first. "That's all right," maintained Haler. "Of course there's such a thing as pushin' it to fur, but supposin' Rufe, here, bought his goods from the fust drummer at come along 'bout inquirin' round to see what the others was a-sellin' an what they charged. If you want to buy a cow, you'd look around a spell, too, wouldn't you?"

"Not if you come to me an' told me the cow you'd got was kind an' gentle an' young an' a good milker an' worth the money you ask fer her," replied Hancock blandly. "Clay would come to town arter groceries an' put in the hull day lookin' around an' then go home chout so much as Bill's m'lasses jug. He put off buyin' his seed p'taters till it was too late to plant 'em, even if there'd been any left to plant. Most generally he'd pay two prices for what he could have bought at half price if he had the gumption to snap at a bargain."

"He was over 30 years old afore he got married, he was so blame pickety an' particular about the kind o' gal he wanted. He'd go around and set up with fust one an' then another an' 'Bigger on what kind o' omen they was likely to be an' how good lookin' they was, an' then he'd drive over to Tarkia an' see what they had there, but he couldn't never make up his mind an' the further he got in the woods the crookeder the sticks was until finally there wasn't nobody left but Levy Bostick's gal Bella."

"I reckon Belle Bostick was about the homeliest critter that was ever raised on corn pone. She'd been give up to be a old maid fur ten years afore Clay seen her. Her folks was poor as cistern water, too. An' Clay might have had a most anybody when he fust started out if he'd made up his mind an' stuck to it. They got on to'rabble well together though—'bout as well as a heap o' other married folks."

LEARNING HOW TO BE FUNNY.

Schools and Newspapers That Cater to Would-Be Humorists.

Anyone wishing to achieve fame as a wit can be taught or coached, but he must go to Buda-Pest, Hungary to undergo the treatment, for there according to an advertisement in a London paper, "an experienced person has opened a school for all those who desire to perfect themselves in the art of being humorous, dry, intellectual humor being taught as well as ordinary witticisms of daily life." The form of this is curiously reminiscent of what is probably the earliest specimen of a professionally comic paper in England, named Poor Robin's Intelligence, or News from City and Country, which made its appearance on July 8, 1691. To the reader of to-day it seems a dreary production, but its "advertisement" for contributions is noteworthy.

These are to give Notice to all Gentlemen, Ladies and others, that have any Ingenious Comical Relations, worth our Communicating to the World (provided they be exactly true), if they send them to our office, which we keep, at the Sign of the Vine, at the upper end of Aldersgate Street, they shall not fall of our Intelligence, but they must be sure to pay Postage other ways the Letters will not be taken in.

The editor at the very outset had a trouble with a contributor not known even now, for in his second number he had to announce that "the Person who sent us the few lines from Epsom, will but send them written in a hand legible to any mortal besides himself, he shall not fall of having his Relation inserted." What that "Relation" was will never now be known.

World is Improving.

The world was ever so truth-telling as it is to-day. Nothing like it ever existed in the past. The commercial life of the world compels truth as nothing has, nothing else can, for it is on its credit and truthfulness that the fabric of our great commerce rests. You may rest assured that there never was so much truth in the world as there is to-day, and there never was such a real care for our truths as there is to-day.—Rev. M. J. Savage.

Finest of Soaps.

If you want soap that will keep the skin as soft and healthy as the dressed hide of a cucumber, make it at home. Five pounds of beef suet, five pounds of mutton suet, five pounds of chicken fat, two quarts of pure olive oil, render these with the proper quantity of lye and mould into oval forms. It is almost good enough to eat. But it is no cheap stuff.

Father Time No Exception.

"You are Father Time?" we asked of the venerable individual with the scythe and the hour-glass. "I am," he replied, bidding us to jog along beside him, as he could wait for no man. "And where is Mother Time?" we inquired. "Mother Time? I lost her several centuries ago. She told me she would be ready to go with me as soon as she got her hat on."

Kingdoms Empire.

The area of the British Isles (England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland) is 121,391 square miles; that of the British Empire is 11,433,282. In other words, Great Britain and Ireland comprise but one ninety-ninth part of the area of the British Empire.

Live With Others.

Life's best school is living with people. It is there we learn our best lessons. Someone says: "It is better to live with others even at the cost of considerable jarring and friction, than to live in undisturbed quiet alone."

That Sawing Motion.

"Some people do dislike work," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "and yet it takes about the same number of motions to play one of Schubert's sonatas on the fiddle as it does to saw a cord of wood."—Yonkers Statesman.

Save the Soot.

A cheap way to keep house plants free from disease is to put a bag of soot into a pail of water, let the contents settle and use a very weak solution for watering plants. Soot is a valuable fungicide.

West Grows Independent.

The matter of securing funds to remove the crop no longer disturbs western bankers. To use an expression of one of the number, "The West no longer sneezes when Wall Street takes snuff."

Sticky Varnish.

Sticky varnish put on furniture by cheap workmen may be remedied by first placing on shellac varnish and then follow with a coat of copal varnish.

Soldiers Live on Nuts.

The small soldier keeps himself in perfect fighting condition on a diet of nuts. He eats only twenty a day, but they are of a very nourishing kind.

An Undiscovered Genus.

The world has never learned the name of the genus who conceived the idea of spreading butter upon his bread.

The Interference of Pa.

Ability to Cut Timber and Handle It Best on Moonlight Nights.

"When a fellow takes to wearing a shirt with a bosom like a skating rink and matching his tie with his complexion, it is a sure sign he is courting, and that is what John Wilcox Jr. is up to, as sure as I am on this chair."

John Wilcox, Jr. twisted his legs in a congratulatory embrace at his own powers of discernment. "What makes you think so, pa?" asked his wife. "I don't think, I know. What's more, I can lay my finger on the gal."

"Who is it?" questioned his wife, eagerly. "Nobody in this town. Junior has run through the hull list, and there ain't none of 'em to his liking; so he has struck a new trail."

"Do tell me, pa," pleaded Mrs. Wilcox. "Well, I'll tell you as far as I know, which to my thinking is fur enough. I heard the fellows in town most had hydrophobia over a true, if they send them to our office, which we keep, at the Sign of the Vine, at the upper end of Aldersgate Street, they shall not fall of our Intelligence, but they must be sure to pay Postage other ways the Letters will not be taken in."

When I got that point of view I strolled down to the town hall to get another I sneaked in, and took a back seat. The first thing I knew the little elocutor come walking across the platform nodding her yellow head like a tassel of corn in the breeze. She talked like she was haunted, a kind of scary and mysterious. I'll be darned if it didn't give me the creeps to listen."

I looked to see how Junior was taking it in and, ma, that boy's heart was beating right in his eyes. Any gal with a grain of sense, who seen him looking at her like that, would know he was head over heels in love with her. Now the question is what's to be done about it?"

"Done about it?" repeated his wife inquiringly. "That's what I said I ain't going to have no son of mine marry a public speaker. The women folks in my family has always had a back seat, and it's the place fur 'em."

"Ma, if you had the gumption of a plucked chicken you would go to her and say we would be much obliged if she would light out again."

"Me?" gasped Mrs. Wilcox in horror. "I wouldn't do such a thing for a thousand dollars."

"Then I will," I have always noticed, declared Mr. Wilcox bitterly. "That's the one to eat all the drum sticks and do all the mud slinging in this family, but thank the Lord, I'm equal to it!"

"Ma," whispered Mr. Wilcox agitatedly as he thrust his head into the sitting-room a few evenings later, "where is Junior?"

"He is upstairs."

Mr. Wilcox inserted his whole body into the room and closed the door softly.

"How did he act, ma?"

"He didn't act at all; just went quietly to his room. What do you mean?"

"His gal is dead," announced Mr. Wilcox tragically, "and I killed her."

Mrs. Wilcox gave a suppressed scream.

"There ain't nothing left for me but to have a private hanging of myself," groaned Mr. Wilcox, mopping his forehead excitedly. "Junior don't know I had a hand in it; but he knows she's dead and he's most crazy. I'll never be able to look that boy in the face again."

"How did it happen, pa?" breathed his wife tensely.

"Well, I went to her as I said I would, and told her in so many words that Junior was the pride of my life. I had my plans all laid for his advancement and I didn't want them upset by her."

"She didn't say much but managed to convey the impression that she considered a polecat an honorable member of society compared to me. She said she thought too much of Junior to stand in his way, and that she would leave at once, though she had intended to stop longer. The train she went on was wrecked, and she's lying this minute as dead as a mackerel."

"But, pa, it wasn't your fault," asserted his wife with visible relief.

"If it hadn't been for me she would be in the town hall right now, and that poor boy upstairs would not be lying there with his heart broken. It is of no use, ma, I broke off irritably as some one knocked at the door and went to see who it was."

A telegram was handed in addressed simply to "J. Wilcox." Mr. Wilcox wrenched it from the envelope and read: "Lady in question not seriously injured." He gave a wild whoop and throwing the message at his astonished wife, dashed upstairs.

"Junior," he shouted, bursting in to the room, "what do you mean by laying there like a carved figure on a monument when your gal is needing you? She ain't much hurt, son. Go and fetch her here and let your ma nurse her up." You might kind of throw in that your pa sent you."

"I'll be willing to bet my best hat," reflected Wilcox, in a moment of rueful calmness, "that if I'd had sense enough to keep my tongue out of this affair, things would never have come to a climax."

WORK DONE BY THE BEAVER.

Ability to Cut Timber and Handle It Best on Moonlight Nights.

It is wonderful what a large piece of wood a beaver will move, says a writer in Outdoor Life. I have frequently seen cuttings of cottonwood large enough for fence posts that had been moved over level ground and through underbrush to water several hundred feet away.

If timber is cut on a bank where a down grade can be had all the way to the streams much larger pieces will be moved. Beavers are very skilful wood choppers and seldom fail to fell a tree in the right direction; that is, with the butts all pointing toward the trail to the stream, and never falling the top of one tree into the top of another.

Smooth trails are always made from the scene of operations on land to the water and all of the material is carried over them. If the cutting happens to be on a side hill above the stream a slide not unlike that sometimes used by lumbermen will be made.

The cutting of the large growth stuff is mainly done in the fall and winter. Willows, small poplars and cottonwoods being used in the spring and summer. After getting down the larger trees the branches are all cut off and made into lengths suitable for transporting and taken to the water, after which the trunk is cut up and as much of it removed as possible.

The bark of these pieces which with the twigs form the principal items of food, is all gnawed off in the water or at the houses. The bark sticks are then used in repairing or strengthening the dams or stacked on top of the house.

Beavers generally work on moonlight nights only, and scarcely ever in the daytime, though they may sometimes be seen making repairs on a dam when it needs immediate attention.

Contrary to the general opinion the beaver does not always build a house for himself, being content very often with a burrow in the bank of the stream. As is the case with the houses the entrance to a burrow is under water, though sometimes there is an opening from the surface through which brush and sticks are carried for their food supply.

These burrows are sometimes very commodious and offer comfortable quarters for a large colony. They seem to be generally dug in the banks of a stream which is too swift to make the building of dams easy and which has a deep channel. A lone beaver who has been driven out by his fellows for some cause or other is very likely to make such a home in the bank of a stream.

When a colony of beaver is harassed by its enemies or when internal dissensions arise a part of the whole of the colony will establish a new home some distance away. They lose no time in choosing a weak portion of the river, where the banks are well wooded, and fall at once to work. Where the river is rapid one of the slow reaches between the rapids is chosen for a dam. The wood is cut above the damsite, sometimes at quite a distance, and transported to the water, where it can be easily across the stream.

The sticks are placed more or less parallel with each other, so as to make a compact structure, and the pile thus resulting extends directly tends directly across the stream. Mud is continually used to fill the interstices as the dam grows in height. At some distance up stream the house is now built, also of sticks and mud, in as secluded and inaccessible a place as possible.

In the days of our great-grandfathers the beaver was a resident of many streams and small lakes all the way from Maine to Oregon. He is now numbered among our rare animals, and a few years ago seemed doomed to total extinction.

Recently some of the Northwest States have given him a certain amount of protection, and in favorable localities of this region he is now increasing quite rapidly in numbers.

Oil Fuel for Warships.

The British admiralty is considering the possibility of supplanting coal with oil in the "mosquito" fleet, the swiftest of England's war boats. A fleet of naval tank steamers would keep the depots supplied.

Care of Rubbers.

To prevent the heel plates of children's shoes wearing and cutting through their rubbers glue pieces of thick hannel in the heels where the wear comes. The overshoes will last much longer.

An Impossible Task.

A leading woman's magazine is demanding that men shall be as good as women. They seem to forget that the average man has a hard time being as good as he is.—Washington Post.

Faith.

The faith that passeth understanding is the kind one has, who pays one dollar for a blood purifier which is passed over the counter by a man whose face is full of blotches.

Just a Thought.

It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.—George Elliot.

Epigrammatic.

However, it isn't always the man who talks the loudest, who is heard the farthest off.