

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

(A German tale of love.)
The twilight still hung over the valley and streaks of mist lay against the mountain slopes. A cool wind blew through the branches of the trees, set the white blossoms in motion and rustled among the dry reeds so that it sounded like the soft tones of a harp. Then the mountain tops became crimson, the pines creaked and stretched their boughs as if awaking from sleep. The sun had mounted high in the heaven and strewn bold over the crowns of the firs, and the forest birds flapped their wings, raised their voices and sang their morning song.
At that moment a young man appeared on the high road that led through the wood. He wore the leather jerkin of a huntsman and in his cap was a gray eagle's feather. A broad hunting knife with a bone handle hung at his side, but instead of the gun a knapsack of badger fur was strapped on his back. This and the iron-tipped thorn stick that he swung in his hand indicated that the young man was on no business of the chase, but was about to start on a journey—and so he was. Just there, where the road led from the main road to a mill, the young fellow halted and seemed undecided whether to continue on the high road or to turn down the footpath to the hermitage. But he did not hesitate long. He looked gloomily in the direction of the mill, then raised his head defiantly and gave a hunting call that echoed through the pines. Then he went on singing:
"Farewell, thou green and pleasant wood!
I leave thee now forever,
To reach and grasp what greater good
The world may grant endeavor.
"With skill and joy,
As a hunter-boy,
Have I pursued the quarry;
Now go I far
To camp and war,
To bloody fray and foray."
But the last words stuck in the young fellow's throat, and the half-stified sigh at the end accorded ill with the merry song.
Suddenly the huntsman left the broad road and came through the wood straight to the deserted hermitage. He stood at the spring, bent down and filled a wooden cup with the cool water. He drank it slowly and poured the last drop over the moss.
"There," he said, "Now it is all over." The water was clear and cold, but it could not cool the feverish blood of the drinker. He sat down on the threshold of the hut and covered his face with his hands.
The previous summer he had returned home after a long absence, and had entered the service of the old forester. He had seen a little of the world; he had hunted the chamois in their mountainous, as one of the emperor's hunters, he had followed his master to merry hunting-boxes, and to the splendid palace in the capital, and he had carried with him everywhere his love for the miller's blonde daughter. He had returned with a neat little sum of money and many good hopes; but they had come to naught, and now he was about to leave the village and enlist as a soldier.
It was at the hermitage that he had seen his sweetheart for the first time after the long separation. She had come to fetch water, and the hunter saw the beautiful, slender figure bend down over the stream his happiness was so great that he sprang from his hiding place with a joyful cry and took the frightened girl in his arms. But she pushed him from her so violently that he recoiled backward; then she turned her back upon him and left him.
Afterward the hunter had made one more attempt to win the favor of the miller's daughter. It was at harvest time when young and old trooped merrily to the dancing green. The hunter had placed himself in the fair one's path and met her with friendly greetings and a bunch of dark red carnations. But when she saw the young fellow come toward her she turned and went back to the mill; and the hunter knew the message given into the mill stream. He did not know, to be sure, that the coy maiden fished them out at the dam, dried them and laid them carefully away among her little possessions.
Then the hunter had become defiant. "If you go to the left I will go to the right," he said.
And in order that she should not imagine that he took the matter to heart he collected a company of jolly brothers, drank, sang, and pursued so mad a course that the wild folk round the talk of the country for miles round.
This went on the whole winter. Then one evening a fiery streak like a sword was seen in the sky, and shortly afterward news came that there would be fighting on the border when spring arrived. Before the drums began to sound in the land, and the roads were thronged with people setting out to join the imperial forces. Then the hunter left the forester's service, gave a farewell feast to his jolly companions and followed the rest in the hope of forgetting all his troubles on the battlefield. And he had actually got as far as the hermitage in the forest. There he sat now, on the doorstep and hung his head in misery.
A soft rustle in the distant underbrush was heard by the young fellow; the woodsman in him was strong, and he looked with piercing eyes for the cause of the disturbance. But it was no wild animal that went through the bushes. Among the pine trunks there was a light shimmer as of a woman's garments. The hunter glided noiselessly, but with beating heart, behind the mill of the hut, for through the wood came she whom he would gladly forget but could not.
The girl came slowly nearer. From time to time she stooped to gather a flower for the nosegay that she carried in her hand, and then her long flaxen braids fell over her shoulders and touched the ground. At the spring she filled an earthen jug with water and placed the nosegay in it. Then she went into the chapel, set the vessel with the flowers before the picture of a virgin, and knelt down on the moss-covered steps.
She repeated the Ave Maria in a low voice, and then she began to lay bare her heart to the queen of heaven. It was a prayer full of self-accusation and remorse.
"I have driven him from me," she lamented; "driven him forth to danger and death. And I love him so, more than the light of day. It is not yet too late; I could still recall him by a word if I only knew that he still cares for me. Give me a sign, oh heaven, that he still thinks lovingly of me and I will go after him, as far as my feet can carry me, and lead him back. Give me a sign!"
Then, above her, the bell rang softly. It was a single note, but it sounded like the heart of the maiden like a triumphant song of rejoicing. She raised her eyes questioning to the picture of Mary. Then the bell rang for the second time, louder and more happily, and

when the maiden turned—there, in the doorway of the chapel, stood the young hunter and stretched out his arms to his loved one. But this time she did not repulse him. She put her arms around the young fellow's brown neck and murmured words of love.
The titmouse and the golden pheasant, who lived in the branches of the pines, fluttered near, the field mouse put her head out of her door and they all pecked inquisitively at the pair in the chapel.
The two clasped each other in a long embrace. Then the hunter seized the cord of the bell and called up to her.
"Little bell, you have brought us together; now you shall tell our happiness to the wood."
The tiny little bell in the cupola of the chapel glittered merrily in the sun and swung tirelessly back and forth, letting her clear voice pierce deep into the forest.
From the steeples of the surrounding villages rang the chimes of the hearty church bells. But not one of them sang so joyfully as the little forgotten bell in the woods.
The St. Paul Judge.
In a certain village which rejoiced in the possession of only one lawyer, an action was commenced before Justice S. and W., the local attorney, was retained by the plaintiff. The defendant employed counsel from the county seat, but the return day came and no lawyer appeared. The defendant, in distress, was relating his woes to a group of idlers, and explaining the situation besought his aid. A. condescendingly replied that, although he had long since ceased to practice in these inferior courts, he appreciated the hard situation of his would-be client, and would consent to take his defense. When ushered into the presence of the court he was introduced to his honor as Judge X., of St. Paul. S., highly elated at the honor of having such eminent counsel appear in his court, at once called the case.
A. arose, made a motion to dismiss and argued with great pomposity and at considerable length, quoting pretended decisions of the supreme court of the United States and the state of Minnesota, referring to Blackstone and every other writer of whom he had ever heard, not omitting the most open and shameless flattery of the magister. When he had concluded and sat down, W., the local counsel arose to reply, whereat the justice smote the table a thundering blow and cried in a voice pregnant with righteous indignation: "Sit down, sir, that is Judge X. of St. Paul. Don't you suppose he knows the law? What do you mean by attempting to contradict him? This case will be dismissed."
Walking on the Hairth.
The sidewalks of Marion, Va., were once paved with irregular slabs quarried from surrounding cliffs; so, also, were the hearths (provincially denominated "hairth") in that district's cabins.
One day a prairie schooner from "Callany," evidently containing one of the indigenous, prolific families of the "tar-heel" state, passed through town, en route to the railroad station. They were unquestionably planning to migrate to the "wild and woolly west," for the much-needed batterment of their condition, upbuilding of their fortunes and expansion of their cramped lives. White-haired children, of all sizes, peered from the uplifted edges of the tiny, ruffled bed-quilt which canonized them. The patriarch, still in life's prime, swung from the driver's seat, with slouch far back upon his head, and proceeded to stretch his lank limbs in a "free-and-easy" stroll through Main street, followed by an ungainly lad, a young man, and a child. They left a snuff-stained woman with a pipe in mouth, and a freckled, barefoot boy, with sagging features, to steer, through our rarely crowded thoroughfare, their "moonshine wheckle" and its ill-assorted team, a mud-bank ox and a brindle, red-brown "nag."
But, astonished by the shop-window marvels, pater familias soon paused till the wagon hove within halting distance, then, to the amusement of bystanders, cried out, with stentorian tones: "O, Jeminy! Let Borb drive the critters, an' I'll come over here to wash my hairth with we-us, an' see the bolt-darned monkey shows in these here st' widers!"
He must have been named Gad, for behold, a troop followed him after that invitation.
A Telling Climax.
An amateur play writer once submitted a play to Tootle, the actor. "What I want," said Tootle, "is a bright short play." "How do you mean, a short bright drama?" asked the author. "Well, something with what the Americans call snap—a thing with a point in it. I don't care whether it is farce, comedy, or drama, if it has effective situations and good telling climaxes." "Can you give me an idea of the sort of play you mean?" said the budding author. "Oh, yes," said Tootle. "I remember one of the shortest and certainly the best play of its kind imaginable; it was so direct, you know, and yet left so much to the imagination. It was in one act. When the curtain went up two persons were discovered on a sofa; one was a pretty young woman, the other a nice young man; they embraced each other silently; neither of them, you understand, said a word. Then a door opened at the back and a traveler entered. He wore an overcoat and carried an umbrella. You could tell at once by his manner, and without looking at the program that he was the husband of the young woman; at least that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer present. The husband took off his coat, laid aside his umbrella, and drew from his breast pocket a heavy Colt's revolver. In the midst of a silent embrace of the hero and heroine he fired. The young woman fell dead. He fired again, and the young man was similarly disposed of. Then the traveler came forward, put on a pair of eyeglasses, and contemplated his sanguinary work. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed; "I am on the wrong floor!"
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CHILD TRAINING WHILE ASLEEP

Chicago mothers are pursuing an up-to-date way of training their children. It is by suggestion.
The force employed is merely the action of one mind, alert and active, upon another mind, rendered for the time being quiescent.
The mother, therefore, who wishes to influence her child for good by means of suggestion merely talks to the little one during sleep precisely as she would were the child awake, having first, however, paved the way to the childish consciousness by gently and lovingly mentioning her purpose in the daytime.
"When you are sound asleep tonight," is the manner in which one very successful Chicago mother suggested commences operations, holding her child in her arms. "I am coming to talk to you about the nice things papa and mama will do for you when you wake up do them in that way. So you must be ready to listen to me, even though you are asleep, when I begin to talk to you."
To the mind of the child anything "mamma" does is natural and right, so she accepts the nightly talk for what it really is: a natural working out of her parent's affection for her, and is not only ready but anxious to listen. That she actually does listen, with mental if not physical ears, is proved by her subsequent conduct. And the mother, by carefully alluding to the subject of her nightly admonitions only when an especially pleasant feeling exists between herself and the child, insures pleasant associations for and a ready acceptance of them on the part of the baby.
"Tell me something nice when you talk to me tonight, mamma," is a frequent remark of the delighted little one.
The mother who wishes to make a similar experience should, just before retiring for the night and when she herself is in a calm and peaceful frame of mind, take up her position by the bedside of the child, and gently taking the little hands into her own—at least if the child seems restless under the sound of her softly modulated voice, or if the experiment has become an assured one—quietly talk to the little one precisely as she would were the child awake.
The Effect of Perfumes.
Dr. Simon poured a few drops of patchouli on a bit of cotton. It was undoubtedly patchouli, the strong, insistent odor lingering after the cotton had been carried to the other side of the room, where the hypnotic subject sat snoring.
The cotton was passed beneath his nose twice quickly and then pressed to his nostrils. The man's face flushed hotly. An expression of disgust settled upon his features. He moved about restlessly, raised his hand to his head and groaned.
"My head feels as though it would burst. Oh, God! It is breaking into pieces."
The doctor tossed the cotton out of the window. "There! it is over," he said with a wave of his hand, and the young man's natural pallor returned.
"He was on the verge of congestion of the brain," he said gravely. "A too frequent use of patchouli would kill him."
A fresh bit of cotton was saturated with white rose. The subject smiled as he caught its fragrance. He drew up three deep breaths. At first he had the air of one who had heard a soothing word, or felt the tender touch of a mother. The complainant look on his face deepened. He grew paler. He breathed stentoriously at first, then faintly. His pale face began to take on a livid tinge. His features relaxed. His lips parted. His head sunk upon his breast. He looked like one in a swoon.
"Enough," said the doctor and the head was raised again.
"Has not this demonstrated the terrible enervating effects of white rose?" he said. "It is soothing in the first stage, but becomes a strong devitalizer later on. It might cause death if used continuously and in large quantities."
"And now for the fairest of all the flowers."
The man's face was transformed by the fragrance of the violet. There was something exalted in his expression. He had reached the highest flight of which his nature was capable. He broke the silence himself this time.
"I would have thought I'd like to live here all the time," he said.
"Of whom are you thinking?" asked the doctor.
The man's smile deepened. "Of the one I love best in all the world," he said. "My little girl, my baby daughter."
The physician allowed five minutes to pass between the experiments. "I want the effect of one perfume to pass away before I try the next," he said. "The effect of a mixture would be of little value to science."
Musk, the most aggressive of all the perfumes, was the next. The subject sniffed it. His face took on a look of agony. His mouth was drawn as though he were in mortal pain. His hands both sought his heart and a cry like the scream of a wounded animal escaped him.
When Charles Dudley Warner was on his "pilgrimage" through the states he visited an old-time southern home near Nashville.
He expressed a desire to see a real, typical negro. So the most loquacious old "auntie" was brought in. To the surprise of everyone she would not say a word beyond "Yes, sah" or "No, sah."
After the departure of the distinguished guest she was asked the reason of her silence. With as much dignity and scorn as a negro could assume she replied: "Ugh! I wain't gwine talk to dat Yankee. I know'd him son's I seed him. He's de very one dat stole mistiss'!"
Little Willie disliked to attend school, so on Monday he thought he would play off sick. "What is the matter with you, Willie," asked his mother. Not knowing a whole vocabulary of ailments to select from, on the spur of the moment he replied: "Why, my teeth itch!"
Between 15 and 19 only one girl out of seventy-three marries. Marriages used to be much earlier, and Miss Austin's delightful Marion Dashwood maintained that after 24 a woman could no longer expect to be loved for herself. In the old novels it was about the extreme limit of age for a heroine and it was perhaps the most popular.
"Oh, papa," exclaimed little 5-year-old Harry, pointing to a turkey gobbler strutting around in a neighbor's yard. "That's the biggest, red-nosed chicken with a folding fan."
"What kind of a dollie do you want, Mildred?" "I want one that will cry when I spank her."—Puck.

Good Blood!

Your heart beats over one hundred thousand times each day. One hundred thousand supplies of good or bad blood to your brain. Which is it?
If bad, impure blood, then your brain aches. You are troubled with drowsiness yet cannot sleep. You are as tired in the morning as at night. You have no nerve power. Your food does you but little good.
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"Johnnie," said a little girl to her small brother, aged 5, "lend me your knife for a minute." "I haven't got no knife," replied Johnnie, "and, besides, I'm going to use it myself."
"Hesitating a few minutes, and remembering his standing in the church he roared back, with a feeling of the utmost veracity: "No; Ben's gon't th' city!"
Nellie, aged 5 years, was in her father's office one day when he had occasion to use the telephone. "Who are you talking to, papa?" she asked. "To a man," was the reply. "Well," exclaimed Nellie, "he must be an awful little man if he lives in that box."
Tommy, aged 3, was playing out on the lawn one evening and happening to see a shooting star for the first time he ran into the house exclaiming: "Mamma, mamma, some here, quick! 'De jes' let one live stars fall!"