

Bingen on the Rhine

A soldier of the Legion, lay dying in
 Agiers.
 There was lack of woman's nursing,
 there was death of woman's tears,
 But a comrade stood beside him, while
 his life-blood ebbed away.
 And bent with pitying glances, to hear
 what he might say.
 The dying soldier faltered, as took that
 comrade's hand,
 "And he said: 'I never more shall see
 my own, my native land.
 Take a message and a token to some
 distant friends of mine.
 For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on
 the Rhine.'"

"Toll my brothers and companions, when
 they meet and crowd around
 To hear my wonderful story, in the pleas-
 ant vineyard ground,
 'That we fought the battle bravely, and
 when the day was done,
 Felt many a corpse lay ghastly pale, be-
 neath the setting sun.
 And old the dead and dying, were some
 grown old in wars,
 The death wound on their gallant breasts,
 the last of many scars,
 But some were young, and suddenly be-
 neath life's young decline,
 And one had come from Bingen, fair
 Bingen on the Rhine.'"

"Toll my mother that her other sons
 shall comfort her old age,
 For I was gone, a truant, hard, that
 thought his home a cage,
 For my father was a soldier, and even
 as a child,
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell
 of struggles fierce and wild,
 And when he died, and left us to divide
 his scanty hoard,
 I got them take whatever they would, but
 kept my father's sword,
 And with boyish love, I hung it where
 the bright light used to shine,
 On the cottage wall at Bingen, at
 Bingen on the Rhine.

"Toll my sister not to weep for me, and
 sob with weeping head,
 When the troops are marching home
 again with gay and gallant tread,
 Bid to look upon them proudly with
 calm and steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier, too, and
 not afraid to die,
 And if a comrade seeks her love, I ask
 her in my name,
 To listen to him kindly without regret or
 shame,
 And to hang the old sword in its place
 (my father's sword and mine)
 For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen
 on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser, his
 grasp was childish weak,
 His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed
 and ceased to speak,
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the
 spark of life was fled,
 A soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land
 was dead,
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and
 calmly she looked down,
 On the red sands of the battle field with
 bloody corpses strewn,
 Yes, calmly, on that dreadful scene, her
 pale light seemed to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen
 on the Rhine.—Mrs. Norton.

Two Points of View.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.
 (Copyright 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
 A mocking bird, drunk with sun-
 shine and the scent of apple blossoms,
 was flying from tree to tree and carol-
 ing ecstatically—an animated spring
 song gone mad.

From the door of the little brown
 house at the head of the orchard
 emerged a wee, rosy maiden, herself
 as dainty and sweet as an apple blossom.
 Her hair was primly brushed
 back and tightly plaited, and her ging-
 ham dress was a miracle of crisp
 attractiveness.

She ran down the steps, across the
 yard, and peered through the lilac
 hedge. A lanky, slovenly boy of four-
 teen was stretched upon the grass,
 deep in a book.

"Rob," she said, in a stage whis-
 per, "come here."
 "What do you want?" drawled the
 boy, without moving.

"Come here! I've something to tell
 you."

He arose slowly, shaking back his
 unkempt hair, shuffling his unlac-



"Bob," she said, in a stage whis-
 per, "come here."
 "What do you want?" drawled the
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seen—I—that is, you must know—I—
 I— And then he kissed her."

Her eyes were exclamation points!
 "Well," said the boy, breathlessly,
 "That's all."

"What!"

"S-sh! Don't talk so loud. That's
 all I can tell you. Then they were
 engaged."

"Jeez! Why, how'd she know
 what he meant?"

"Why, she knew!"

"Must be a mind reader then."

"Pshaw! She knew from the way
 he acted. She's known a long time,"
 said the miniature woman, with a
 wise look.

"Well, of all the fools. And he took
 a prize for oratory last year, too. He
 ain't much like a feller I was readin'
 about yesterday. He went down on
 his knees, so—"

And the youngster
 flopped down on the grass with the
 grace of a young kangaroo, and rolled
 his eyes like a dying cow. "And he
 said, 'Qu-ween of my hear-t' and a
 lot more stuff that I can't remember.
 It was bully," he added, falling back
 into a lounging attitude.

"Lend me the book."

"Pa got it," he said, indignantly.

"I kep' it behind a row of books in
 the book case and he got a-hunting'
 some'n and found it and chucked it
 into the fire. I don't care. I can
 write a piece just as good, an' get it
 by heart. Catch me a-makin' such a
 fool of myself as that college dude."

"When you have written it may I
 read it?"

"Yes," he replied, condescendingly.

"I'll let you see it. It'll be a cracker-
 jack, you bet."

"Maybe I could help you write it,"
 she suggested, humbly.

"Oh, I sha'n't need any help," he

said, complacently. "I know just how
 it ought to go."

"Grown people are so commonplace,"
 she sighed. "Do you suppose we'll
 ever be like that?"

"Land, no!" said he, as he slouched
 back to his book. "If I thought I'd
 ever be such a fool as that feller, I'd
 trade myself off for a dog and then
 shoot the dog."

A mocking bird, drunk with moon-
 light and dew, was caroling from
 tree to tree, singing madly, and send-
 ing showers of pink petals down on a
 couple who were wandering through
 the orchard.

Her hair was a golden tangle, and
 the soft folds of her gown fell with
 studied carelessness from her ivory
 throat. His manner was the manner
 of a young man deeply, devotedly in
 love with the dearest girl in the world.
 From his high, shining collar to his
 polished shoes, all was immaculate,
 irreproachable. Not a hair on his
 glossy head was out of place.

They were silent. He, because his
 tongue refused to speak the words
 that were clamoring for utterance.
 She, because she was sorry for him.
 It was not maiden shyness that lurked
 behind her demure face and down-
 cast lids, but pure perplexity. No
 master of diplomacy ever faced a more
 delicate issue than that which con-
 fronted her.

"It's exactly eight years since Uncle
 John asked Aunt Lucy to marry him,"
 she said at length. "It was in apple-
 blossom time, and the mocking bird
 was singing in the moonlight. The
 odor and the song always bring it
 back to me."

"By Jove! Eight years— He
 was struck speechless by the contem-
 plation of so much bliss."

"Do you remember how we laughed
 over the proposal? By the way, you
 never showed me the one that you
 talked of writing."

"I never wrote it," he said, with a
 grin that was almost a grimace. Then
 with a tremendous effort, "I—d—don't
 you think I—er, that is, w—we could
 d—d—lapse with anything of that sort,
 Lucy?"

The situation for the next several
 moments did not admit of connected
 conversation, but as they strolled to-
 wards the house a little later, she
 said, with an arch look, "We've grown
 up quite as commonplace as the rest
 of the world, after all, haven't we?"

"Commonplace!" he ejaculated, fer-
 vently. "Well, if this is common-
 place, I—"

Another pause, a lengthy one.

"Do you remember wondering why
 the mocking bird rioted among the
 apple blossoms and sang like a mad
 thing?" he asked, solemnly, after a
 little. "I know now. If I could do
 the same it wouldn't begin to express
 my feelings."

When after several pauses, they
 finally reached the lilac hedge, the
 young man startled the nestling rob-
 ins with a sudden guffaw of laughter.
 With his mind's eye he saw a lanky
 boy on his knees in the grass beyond
 the hedge.

"A half-grown cub of a boy is sev-
 eral kinds of an idiot," he said.

"I—d—don't—you—think—I—er—that
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IS RICH IN TIMBER.

VAST FORESTS HAVE YET SCARCELY BEEN TOUCHED.

A Correspondent's Impressions of the South and Southwest Land Values in These Regions Are Rising—Northern Lumbermen in the Field.

A correspondent of an eastern man-
 ufacturers' journal who has spent a
 month of travel and observation in the
 south and southwest finds everywhere
 in that part of the country a feeling
 of prosperity with merchants and man-
 ufacturers, railroad men and planters,
 farmers and men who work for days'
 wages. The impression prevails that
 the good times now prevailing will not
 end until there has been a develop-
 ment of the south's resources approach-
 ing the advance made in other parts
 of the country. In analyzing the situ-
 ation the correspondent gives due cred-
 it to 10-cent cotton, accompanied by a
 diversification of crops. Of the needs
 of the south the correspondent says:
 "In railroad building the south and
 southwest now show a great degree of
 activity, but railroad building down
 here is by no means complete. There
 are several north and south trunk lines
 of great importance, and which prob-
 ably will meet all requirements for
 many years to come, but large areas
 are wholly devoid of transportation fa-
 cilities. In many of those sections
 there are vast forests of the finest tim-
 ber minerals of great variety and com-
 mercial value, and land which, when
 cleared, will make as good farms as lie
 outdoors. Already there are numer-
 ous undertakings on foot in the way
 of building small branch lines to open
 up tracts of the character named, and
 it is evident that here will be a rich
 field for development work by both
 railroad constructors and real estate
 operators. Take Mississippi as an il-
 lustration. Off the line of the rail-
 roads there are thousands and thou-
 sands of acres of timber, which will
 cut from 10,000 to 20,000 feet to the
 acre, and when cleared they will pro-
 duce a minimum of a bale of cotton to
 the acre as well as other crops. These

lands may be bought for from \$8 to
 \$10 per acre. The soil is an alluvial
 deposit, and like the famous black
 lands of Texas, which now bring from
 \$30 to \$50 per acre, these lands can be
 worked for years without using any
 fertilizers. The idle timber lands of
 this section alone offer opportunities
 for almost illimitable profitable opera-
 tions. The distance between the devel-
 opment of any of these southwestern
 states and the conditions which pre-
 vail in Massachusetts, for instance, re-
 veals the reason why the south is to-
 day pointed out as the section above
 all others where the young men seek-
 ing a location will find more opportu-
 nities than in any other part of the
 nation. There is so much to do down
 here and the rewards are so certain and
 so rich that there is a disposition to
 wonder why any ambitious young man
 will remain in the overcrowded east
 and north, where conditions are fixed
 and opportunities for original individ-
 ual effort grow less every year, while
 in many parts of this country almost
 primitive conditions prevail, and a de-
 velopment work remains to be done
 which it will take generations to ac-
 complish. In timber lands an aston-
 ishing change has occurred within the
 last five years. Five years ago timber
 lands were almost a drug in the real
 estate market and any amount of good
 lands could be bought for somewhere
 around \$2 an acre. Now one has to
 hunt for 'bargains' at anything less
 than \$5 an acre. Lumbermen from
 Michigan and Wisconsin have come in
 and bought up tracts by the tens of
 thousands of acres; good yellow pine
 lands are being put infrequently of-
 fered and prices have jumped up to at
 least 100 per cent all round. Five
 years ago the red cypress men, who
 were then feeling blue over the dull
 condition of trade, agreed with a pro-
 moter to sell out their holdings, plants
 and all, for \$7,000,000. Today these
 same people, who compose about 80
 per cent of those engaged in the red
 cypress industry and own at least that
 proportion of the available, merchant-
 able red cypress timber standing,
 would hardly sell for \$25,000,000, and
 red cypress timber lands which could
 be bought for \$6 or less then are
 snapped up now at \$12 per acre."

Europe Wants Our Coal

RECOGNIZED AS A SUPER-
 IOR ARTICLE BY MANY
 NATIONS.

The prospects, as seen by impartial
 observers after several months have
 elapsed, indicate that American coal,
 both anthracite and bituminous, is in a
 fair way to win a permanent demand.
 Our consuls in Europe report that the
 London gas companies are pleased with
 their experiments with our gas coal.
 Fifty per cent more gas has been
 yielded per ton by some samples. Not-
 withstanding a considerable margin in
 favor of British coal in the matter of
 prime cost, the demand for samples is
 growing, and our anthracite coal, which
 has been heretofore unknown in Eu-
 rope, is found superior to any mined in
 Great Britain. There is, however, a
 disposition to insist on 70 to 80 per
 cent of carbon, as European coal of
 lower percentage than that is simply
 inexhaustible.
 France produces 32,000,000 tons and
 consumes 42,000,000 annually. Hereto-
 fore she has imported from Great
 Britain, Belgium and Germany. Cardiff
 coal does not break up into as small
 pieces as American coal does; but
 Pocahontas coal gives almost equal
 results for steaming purposes. In both

Wales and France the labor demand is
 gradually raising the price of coal, so
 even with occasional strikes in our
 coal regions, we are not obliged