

JIM.

"Yes, stranger, that's Jim. He was only a tramp—Just a rovin' an' roamin' an' worthless scamp—An' that on th' slab's all that's left o' him, An' all that they know is, his name was Jim; But I kinder suspect on th'e other shore They've recorded his name, an' a hull lot more.

"It seems that th' feller was stealin' a ride On Number Four's cowcatcher, there outside, When th' engineer saw in th' dusty whirl, Th' stoopin' form of a tiny girl Who was pickin' up coal with might an' main, Her mind on her work an' her back t' th' train.

"'God help me!' he cried, as he threw his weight T' reverse th' lever—but all too late, For a form was struck, an' a feeble cry Reached th' engineer as th' train went by, 'I've killed th' gal!'—an' his eyes were dim With tears, as th' train went back fr'—Jim

"Th' tramp was livin', but good as dead. 'I saved th' gal—I'm—Jim!' he said; 'I pushed her away fr'm th' track, an' say, I must 'n' slippe'd—an' he passed away; An' that on th' slab's all that's left o' him— He was only a tramp—just a tramp—called Jim."

Baltimore News.

A Mysterious Disappearance

THEY were Damon and Pythias in their friendship—were Nate Morgan and Tom Dolliver, of the old company.

"The boys," said their old captain, "were born in the same neighborhood, grew up there, went to the same school, were in the same classes, and when they were young men chose for sweethearts a pair of sisters, so that they might be in close touch with one another.

"They were twenty when the big war came, and promptly enlisted in the same company.

"They lived in the same tent and ate with the same mess.

"When one was ordered on picket,



"MY GOD, MAN, THIS IS MY FATHER'S BADGE."

the other volunteered to go for some one else, lest they separate.

"If there was a game of cards, they were always partners; if one was given a pass, the other sought one.

"I never saw two better friends.

"In 1864, after we had been through all sorts of hardships and some of the greatest battles of the war, including Antietam, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, our company re-enlisted for three years more, the Siamese twins being among the first to put down their names.

"It may be remembered that they gave us boys a furlough of a month's duration when we re-enlisted for three years more, or during the war.

"I need not tell you that our lads had a nice time at home that month.

"I think about half of the boys were engaged when they went back to the army. Morgan and Dolliver were of the number. They had captured the two sisters.

"On the way back to Virginia we got into a terrible railway accident. We were making a curve on the Pennsylvania where the Juniata river was on one side and a high mountain pointed with rocks on the other. Our twelve cars flew the track. Some of them upset, one stood on end and one started for the Juniata river. It was headed off by a protruding rock. Three were killed, and among the injured was Nate Morgan. He received a blow on the head that stunned him, but when he recovered he thought that he was not sufficiently harmed to stay back with the more seriously wounded, and went on with the regiment. But he was never the same Nate Morgan. His lifetime partner was ever trying to cheer him up, but he grew more and more gloomy, said but little, and seemed to have lost all interest in the world and everybody in it.

"The night we left Culpepper, Va., to enter upon the campaign that was not to end until Appomattox, Morgan disappeared. Twenty minutes after he

left the tent Dolliver went in search and did not give up until the signal was given for the regiment to fall in.

"When we went into camp near the Wilderness that night the disconsolate soldier resumed his search for his friend, this time among other troops. Then came the great battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Ann, Cold Harbor, and the siege of Petersburg.

"No tidings ever came to the regiment from or about poor Nate Morgan. We came to believe that he had wandered away and died.

"Dolliver was broken-hearted, yet he continued to be a brave, manly soldier to the end of the war. The day we were mustered out he said to several of his friends:

"During the balance of my life I shall ever be on the watch for my chum, or information that will tell of his fate."

"Two or three years after the war there was a wedding, in which one of the sisters became Mrs. Dolliver.

"Their first boy was named Nathan Morgan Dolliver.

"When a boy of 15 his father told him the story of Nate Morgan and their friendship. 'You were named after him,' said Dolliver. Taking from his pocket a corps badge bearing the name, the company and the regiment in which his friend Morgan had served, he gave it to the young man, with a request that he never part with it, explaining that when he and his young friend were in the army they exchanged badges, he taking Morgan's and Morgan taking his.

"A week later this patriot father died, and his family and friends believed that his life was shortened by his ceaseless mourning, a sorrow that was keen for a quarter of a century.

"One of the things that made a deep impression on my mind, as well as my heart, at the beginning of the Spanish-American war was the promptness with which the sons and grandsons of the men who fought in the civil war, on both sides, offered their services and their lives, if need be, in that new war.

"Among the first to enlist in the Wisconsin city where he lived was the first-born of Patriot Tom Dolliver.

"His command reached the Philippines in time to get into the hottest of the fighting in 1899, and remained there until the hard fighting was over. Private Dolliver became a sergeant on the way to the far-off islands, and when the regiment was mustered out he was captain of his company, an honor won by conspicuous bravery.

"The summer of 1902 he was a first lieutenant of regulars and quartermaster of his battalion.

"In the performance of his duties he was called upon to make occasional visits to various points on the island of Panay, department of the Visayas. The trips were made on a small transport, which got along very nicely when the weather was good, but did all sorts of dancing and capering when the water was rough.

"He was going up on the east side of the island in September of that year when a sudden storm, a veritable typhoon, put in an appearance, rendering it hazardous to continue. With great difficulty they reached the harbor of refuge, near Capez. Most of the stores on the transport and two of the natives were washed overboard and lost.

"As the little transport made her way into the quiet waters of the harbor all sorts of craft hurried to her side. The head man of the first banca

that reached the storm-beaten transport, a handsome fellow, asked, in very good English, if there was anything he could do for the officer and crew.

"Lieut. Dolliver expressed a desire to go ashore. When they reached land the newly-found friend invited the lieutenant to ride with him to Capez. On the way to the city the lieutenant discovered that his friend was the president of a neighboring city. He had been on a visit in that part of the province. Upon discovering the transport in its perilous position he had gone out to offer assistance.

"My father," said the president, "often told me of an experience he had when he first came to the islands, many years ago. He was caught, as you were, in a typhoon, and his vessel was wrecked. For a day and a night he was on the ocean, clinging to a spar, and was then rescued by natives, as I feared we might have to rescue some of your crew. He landed just where you landed, and found his way to Capez with one or two others of the wrecked passengers. He had come from London with an exploring expedition. In the wreck he lost all he had; was penniless. The people of Capez took a fancy to him, gave him a home and encouraged him to remain, and he did remain. He married the daughter of the president of the city which he became president of later on.

"Early one morning he woke me, handed me a small box, and said: "'Keep it, my boy; keep it always," and while I was examining the contents of the box he placed a revolver in his temple and dropped dead at my feet.

"This is what he gave me. I shall always keep it."

"The lieutenant took it in his hand and exclaimed: 'My God! man, this is my father's badge!'

"Then, taking from a pocket over his heart a package, he said: 'And this is your father's badge!'"—J. A. Watrous, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

ETHICS OF JAPANESE SAILORS.

There are two characteristics of Japanese naval officers which they share almost to a man with the sailors under them, and which quickly impress the foreign visitor, says the author of "The Imperial Japanese Navy." These are dignity and courtesy. Seldom, indeed, circumstances overturn the one or induce them to violate the other.

Underneath their politeness they are a very sensitive people, so that even quite unwittingly one is apt to tread upon a "touchy" spot—especially by some infraction of the laws of etiquette, which they themselves observe most punctiliously. An officer will often mispronounce the names of the ships of his own navy when a foreigner with whom he is speaking has already done so, rather than subject the guest to the slightest suspicion of ridicule by pronouncing them correctly; and his brother officers will pass by the mispronunciation without a smile, in perfect understanding. So it is that to see themselves represented as speaking in broken English, as they often are in Occidental papers, gives them the greatest offense.

Among the sailors as among the officers the rendering of a service seems to give pleasure, and to offer payment for it, especially if it is in the line of the sailor's duty, is an insult. No Japanese sailor will accept a tip for showing visitors round his ship, or for ferrying him to or from the shore. Should a man do so his shipmates would render his life on board the vessel almost unbearable.

A visiting English lieutenant who had kept a Japanese boat's crew waiting a long time on a bitterly cold day, and who wished to compensate them for their trouble and kindness, ran afoul of this characteristic. It was a long row to the ship against a strong tide, in which the men were soon wet through. Arrived at the ship, the Englishman at once attempted to tip the coxswain. The latter shook his head. Thinking he misunderstood him, the Englishman repeated the attempt.

"No, no! Go away!" said the coxswain, in a most indignant tone, and his expression was that of a man on whom had been put a deadly insult.

Theft is almost unknown among the sailors. One guilty of it becomes a complete outcast. Not only is he sent to Coventry on his own ship, but the story of his crime is passed on if he is sent to another ship.

Beautiful Poems with Long Hair.

The following remarks on Tennyson were recently handed in on an examination paper by a schoolboy in an English literary class: "Lord Alfred Tennyson was a celebrated poet, and he wrote a lot of beautiful pomes with long hair. His greatest pome is called 'The Idle King.' He was made a lord, but he was a good man and wrote many oads."—Harper's Weekly.

When a man gets into a bad kin complication, you can do nothing for him. Of course you can sympathize with him, but that doesn't help.



The Water Mill.

Oh! listen to the water-mill through the livelong day, As the clicking of the wheels wears the hours away; How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered leaves, As on the fields the reapers sing, while binding up their sheaves! A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast, "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

The summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er earth and main, The sickle never more will reap the yellow garnered grain; The rippling stream flows ever on, aye tranquil, deep and still, But never glideth back again to busy water-mill.

The solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and vast, "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true, For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing, too; Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day, For time will ne'er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away; Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy kindness sow broadcast—"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life, that have swiftly drifted by, Alas! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh, Love that we might once have saved by a single kindly word, Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, perishing unopened, unheard, Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast, "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength and will, The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by clicking water-mill;

Nor wait until to-morrow's light beams brightly on thy way, For all that thou canst call thine own, lies in the phrase "to-day;" Possession, power and blooming health, must all be lost at last—"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! love thy God and fellow man, thyself consider last; For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the past; Soon will this fight of life be o'er and earth recede from view, And heaven in all its glory shine where all is pure and true, Ah! then thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and vast, "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

MINING SALT IN KANSAS.

Stuff Handled and Sold Like Anthracite Coal at the Mines.

In 1887 a party of Ohio people, led by J. S. Crowell of Cleveland, settled on the Kansas and Pacific land grant and founded the town of Kanopolis, on the exact spot where they supposed the geographical center of the universe to be, writes Wm. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald. While they were mistaken in their latitude and longitude, they hit it off in great snape in other directions, discovering an enormous deposit of rock salt, which lies like anthracite coal in a bed 150 miles long and six miles wide, nearly across the state. Crowell, with E. H. Phelps and S. E. Baker, organized the Royal Salt Company and have been mining it like coal. They have a shaft 900 feet deep at Kanopolis and send the miners down, who dislodge the salt rock with dynamite, shovel it into cars just as they would handle coal in Pennsylvania, hoist it to the surface and ship it by car load lots to every part of the country. It costs about as much to mine it as it does coal, and sells for about the same price as anthracite—that is, an average of \$3 a ton on cars at the mines.

An opposition company has been formed by James Cowie of Columbus, Kan., and his associates. Cowie was formerly general superintendent of the Royal Salt Company and had a falling out with his employers. The opposition company has been unable to buy salt lands, hence they secured permission from the authorities at Kanopolis to sink shafts in the streets and alleys, and are getting ready to undermine the town. This, as you will imagine, involves some perplexing questions. It is not settled whether the authorities have a right to grant such a concession, even to mine the streets and alleys, and their right to grant authority to mine salt under the residence property is strongly disputed. The town lies on top of an enormous deposit of salt. Every lot owner claims ownership to everything under as well as above the surface of his land. If he wishes to sink a shaft in his backyard down to the salt bed no one can

prevent him from doing so, but the majority of the people do not admit the right of the city authorities to dispose of anything within the bowels of the earth.

The salt comes out in chunks, very much like anthracite coal, and is graded in the same way. It is shipped in sacks and barrels for use in packing meats, curing hides and for other purposes. Very little table salt is made there, but at Ellsworth, a neighboring town, three or four hundred carloads of table salt are shipped every year. The water from the mines is pumped up to the surface, exposed to the sun in shallow vats and allowed to evaporate. The bottom of every vat, after the moisture is exhausted, will be covered with an inch or so of pure, fine crystals of salt.

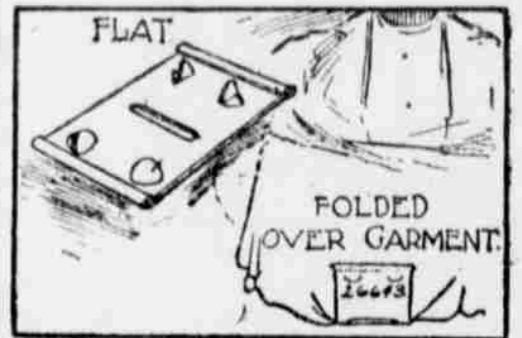
The town Victoria was settled twenty-five years ago by a colony of Englishmen, who named it in honor of their queen. They bought large tracts of land, came over in a body, and preserved their home customs as long as they lived there. But they, after two or three crop failures, abandoned their farms and disappeared, and the land is now occupied by Russian Mennonites, who are growing macaroni wheat on dry farms with great success.

TAG FOR LAUNDRY USE.

Dispenses with the Necessity for Marking the Clothes.

There are circumstances under which a housewife protests against what many fastidious ones consider the marring of their household linens by indiscriminate indelible ink laundry marking.

As the laundry is inevitable, a compromise is made on the detachable laundry tag, and some laundries use these exclusively for all napery, bed linen and towels. All these devices partake of the nature of a flexible metallic holder adapted to be bent over the edge of the article and carrying a piece of marking tape or linen. One particular form of recent invention is illustrated herewith, its chief merits being its simplicity and effectiveness.



DETACHABLE LAUNDRY TAG.

It consists of a plate over which a piece of tape is folded, the ends of the plate being bent upon itself to secure the ends of the tape through their entire width. In order to present a perfectly flat surface on one side for which a piece of tape is folded, the ends bent out of the plane of the body of the tag to bring their surfaces on the tape side flush with the surfaces of the tape. A slot is cut out of the body piece to establish a bending line. On one side of the plate tangs are struck up from the inner face and at the other side cups or sockets are also struck up in such position as to receive and cover the points of tangs when the two sides of the plate are pressed together over the edge of an article. As the cloth lies over the sockets the points of the tangs must necessarily pass through the cloth to enter the sockets. If it is desired to remove the tag this can be done by prying it open, but the construction is such that the tags when removed do not tear the cloth.

Proven Honesty.

Woonsocket had for a long time a chief of police, one Alf Church, noted for his bluntness and straightforwardness. One day a grocer went to Alf for information about a certain Joe White, who had applied for credit and a book at his store, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Good mornin', Mr. Church."
"Mornin'."
"Do you know Joe White?"
"Yes."
"What kind of a feller is he?"
"Putty fair."
"Is he honest?"
"Honest? I should say so. Been arrested twice for stealing and acquitted both times."—New York Tribune.

Norway's Opportunity.

Norway has shown poor judgment in offering the kingship to an impecunious Danish prince when so many American millionaires would have been glad of the job. Mr. Carnegie, who, like most Scotchmen, almost certainly has Viking blood, would have showered libraries, museums, pension funds and golf courses on the whole country from Bergen to the Cape.—Boston Transcript.

Laugh.

Dey ain't no use ter grumble an' ter hol'er an' complain. De rosy-tinted rainbow means good-by ter all de rain, An' dey ain't no use er sighin' when o' sorrow strikes de path, Caze her sister, joy, is drownin' all her weepin' wid er laugh.

"I am tired of hearing of lazy people who masquerade as the poor."—Parson Twine.