

SURAN E. ANTHONY.

Oh, strong, serene, pure rock of womanhood!
Who looking on the laws and finding less
Than his accounted justice, calmly stood
And bravely asked the nation for redress
Not for herself, for she was never blind
To storms of opposition that must come—
The bitterness and scorn of lesser minds—
And traveling round the world without a home.

She met with patience all and long delay,
For marriage was her insistent faith;
Keeping her steadfast purpose day by day,
With eyes that looked beyond the gates
Of death.

And still we see her, with unceasing care,
Tolling till life shall turn her final page,
The almond blossom in her silver hair,
A halo of her venerable age.

And tender hearts are wakening everywhere,
And brave souls giving honor to the brave,
And loving words acclaim her here and there.

In this land and beyond the ocean wave,
So shall she win some answer to her toll,
Some earnest that foretells the final price,
Seeing in native and in foreign soil
Some fruitage of her lifelong sacrifice.

Oh, let no woman turn aside from God,
But take God ever with her in her task,
Knowing whatever lonely ways are trod
His purposes can answer all we ask.

In garnering priceless riches to the soul,
In holding up before defective youth
Amid the strife for pleasure and for gold,
One fearless spirit consecrate to truth.

Nor call her childless, who has risen above
The human passions with their narrow reach,
And in a Godlike, universal love
Stretched helpful hands to elevate and teach.

The children of a nobler age will call
This queenly woman "Mother," without slur,
Who had no children of her own; for all
Alike are sons and daughters unto her—
Miss Grace Beawick, in Globe-Democrat.

HISTORIC CORRESPONDENCE.

Light Thrown on the Reign of Frederic William of Prussia.

Correspondence of the London Post: The correspondence exchanged between King Frederic William and Queen Louise during the dark days which preceded and followed the treaty of Tilsit has been an object of frequent and eager research by German historians, but hitherto without result.

Access to these documents, however, has at last been obtained by Dr. Paul Baillen, who will publish the first installment of them in the January number of the Deutsche Rundschau. They provide the historian with interesting complementary material.

It was on July 14, 1807, that the Russians, under Bennigsen, were defeated at Friedland. Two days later news of the defeat reached Memel, where the King and Queen of Prussia had sought refuge, and created there a consternation so profound that the question of moving to the ships lying in the harbor or to Riga was considered. News of a less disquieting character soon followed, however, and the court remained at Memel, while Frederic William departed for Schaulen, in Lithuania, for the purpose of meeting his ally, the Emperor Alexander. The discussion there, however, was concerned not with an armistice and peace negotiations, and, to the horror of the king, with a proposed meeting with "l'ami de l'homme" Napoleon.

"What a seductive prospect!" wrote Frederic William ironically to his consort, adding that the thought of such a meeting made him shudder. On June 2, the king and emperor separated. Alexander apparently could not hurry quickly enough to Napoleon. On June 25 the two emperors held their celebrated meeting on a raft in the middle of the river, while the successor of Frederic the Great, clad in a Russian uniform, waited in the streaming rain for an interview. This was not granted to him until the following day.

In a letter full of despair, Frederic William wrote to Queen Louise from Piktupoben, near Memel, of "this beast" who had not even introduced his suite or invited him to dinner. In the negotiations which followed, Frederic William wrote that he was obliged to follow the Corsican as though he were his sergeant. Finally, it was thought that the presence of Queen Louise at Tilsit would not be without effect, and the king wrote asking her to come.

The letters of Queen Louise, though they are mainly in French, testify to her burning patriotism and her desire to spur her husband's flagging resolution to the limit of resistance. "The disaster," she writes in one of these letters, "has, for us, at least, the one great lesson, that we have made acquaintance with privation, so that no sacrifice of land can be of any significance to us in comparison with the sacrifice of our liberty. Rather let us lose half our provinces than become vassals to Napoleon."

She is full of hatred for the Russian General Bennigsen, who was responsible for the defeat of Friedland, and inquires why the Emperor Alexander does not have him shot or flogged? Every where, she complains, cowardice, anxiety, despair and death prevail. She concludes a long letter on June 27 with the words: "May prayer strengthen you; he does not desert those who do not desert him. Before all things resolutions; no concessions which militate against your independence. The emperor must and will support Hardenberg and you also. Adieu, a thousand times adieu. God be with you as are the wishes of your friend."

Riddles from Russia.

Here are some riddles which the boys and girls in Russia puzzle their heads over. See how many of them you can guess without looking at the answers:

I am blind, but show others the way; deaf and dumb, but know how to count. I am silent.

Purple pray for me and long for my company; but directly I appear they hide themselves. Rain.

I have four legs and feathers, but am neither hen nor bird. Feather bed.

There are four brothers under one bed. Leg of a table.

Four brothers run side by side, but never catch one another. Wheels of a cart.

The number of legs passed on Chatham street was about 60,000. On the same street about 100,000 feet of cloth were sold to peddlers from the market.

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IN HARD LUCK.

The Rough Experience of an Ambitious Young Journalist.

New Orleans Times - Democrat: "Hard luck stories are common enough," said the old reporter, "but I believe I have a story which caps the climax. At any rate, so far as my experience goes it is about the worst I ever heard. Some years ago I knew a very promising young fellow who wanted to launch out into the newspaper business. He launched out all right and made considerable progress in a way. He made the start that a great many young men have to make, and offered his services for nothing. He wrote good stories, and the men he worked for frequently called him in and complimented his efforts. He was really playing a star engagement. He was a big thing reportorially—the dog with the big collar, as the saying goes. "Things drifted along for six months. He never had much to say, and did not know much about how things were going with the paper he was writing for. One day the manager sent for him.

"You have been doing good work," said the manager, "and we are very much pleased with the showing you have made. We have your case under consideration, and in a short while we hope to do a better part by you. You deserve a great deal more than you are getting, and I will see that you get it. But at this time, unfortunately, we have to cut down expenses, and I am sorry to tell you that we will have to cut \$5 from your salary every week."

"The man was startled, and even up to this good hour he does not understand the mystery of the situation. He quit as a matter of protection to himself. "The fact of the business is," he said to me, "I had been working for six months for nothing, without drawing a cent, and the proposition to cut \$5 of my weekly income as a matter of economy—well, I could not figure the thing out but one way, and that was that I would have to pay \$5 a week for the privilege of working, and so I quit."

CUSTOMER MADE A MISTAKE.

Never Tell One Dressmaker That Another Sent You to Her.

Baltimore News: A young woman wished to have a gown made in a hurry, and went to the dressmaker to whom she usually patronized. There she was informed that not an extra bit of sewing could be undertaken before the end of March.

"But there is a good dressmaker around the corner," I would suggest, "let me try her."

The advice was taken and the young woman called on modiste No. 2, saying: "Mrs. Blank sent me to you, as she can't do the work before the end of March."

"Mrs. Blank? I never heard of her," said the couturiere in icy tones. "What right has she to suppose that I am any less busy than she is? Tell her with my compliments that I could not think of undertaking any more commissions until the end of April. Good morning."

The would-be customer hunted up a third dressmaker, but was careful to avoid arousing any more professional jealousy.

PALMERSTON'S EXERCISE.

Way in Which He Tested Strength of His Muscles.

Mrs. E. T. Murray-Smith in Lippincott's Magazine: Lord Palmerston, at his post two days before he was 60, his faculties undimmed and his physical strength little affected by his advanced age. A hidden witness has recorded a touching anecdote: A fortnight before his death he saw the old statesman come out of his London house early one morning, look around to assure himself that he was alone, then climb over the area railing around his house, and back again to test the strength of his muscles.

Even when he felt himself failing he always assumed a cheerful manner in the wife's presence, lest she should be anxious about him, and, indeed, both husband and wife vied with one another in their consideration and care for the feelings of others. Four years were to pass before the faithful wife, who lived to be 84, followed her husband to the grave, and those who pass to the abbey service up the north transept tread Sunday after Sunday above the coffins of this distinguished and devoted couple.

Catching God.

Ainslie's: Once begun codfishing on the Banks is incessant, and when the fishing is good the men rarely ever sleep. Awakened at 2 a. m. to fill their bait tubs, or tubs, they start at daybreak to the traps, and remove the overnight catch, rebaiting the hooks again. There are about 3,000 hooks to handle, and this often occupies until eventide, when the boats row back. After unloading, the deck is piled high with the glittering mass of fish. To evaporate this and stow it in the hold keeps them until midnight, when they snatch an hour or two of sleep. Some can go without sleep for a week, others will rub wet tobacco in their eyes so that the pain may keep them wakeful a few hours longer. Others again will work until they drop from sheer exhaustion, and sleep as they lie, until aroused by comrades. A Chinese torture is to keep men without sleep, and "banking" does this to an extent to satisfy even the most exacting Celestial. The men sleep in their underclothing; when above deck they can never leave off their oilskins, for on the Banks it is rarely fine; mist and muck prevail and the rigging and sails drip water always.

Very nearly, if not quite, \$40,000 has been contributed in Boston and vicinity for the widows and children of the members of the Monocoy life-saving crew, who were recently drowned by the capsizing of their boat in a brilliant effort to rescue a shipwrecked life crew, and the subscriptions are still coming in.

The total catch of whales this year is stated to be only 35, and the industry seems to have almost reached the limit of exhaustion. Half a century ago the American whaling fleet consisted of over 700 vessels. The catch of 1845 was valued at \$2,000,000.

OUR BEARD SUPPLY.

Statistics Showing Large Production in This Country.

From an article by F. W. Fitzpatrick of the Treasury Department: A couple of years ago Sir William Crookes, a noted English scientist, started in to scare us by compiling a lot of figures to show that our wheat supply was nearly, and soon would be, absolutely inadequate for the wants of the ever-increasing numbers of the world's bread eaters, and that we would have to turn to some other "staff of life;" bread would be the rich man's food.

That bread is becoming a more and more popular food there is no doubt. In 1877 there were 397,000,000 bread eaters in the world; in 1891 there were 490,800,000, and in 1891 we had jumped up to 540,000,000. A lively increase, I grant you, and a steady one, while our wheat crops are far from steady. The first year named there was a deficit of 15,000,000 bushels that had to be made up from the savings, the oversupply held in store from former years. In 1894, in spite of the great increase in consumers necessitating a supply of 2,234,000 bushels of wheat, our crop permitted that we store away 337,000,000 bushels for future emergencies. Then, on the contrary, in 1897, there was a deficit, and we had to draw upon our savings of wheat for 311,000,000 bushels.

Sir William and other statisticians seem to fear that farmers will continue to cultivate better paying crops instead of wheat until the dark things they prophesy will come to pass. As a matter of fact, there were in the United States alone 5,400,000 acres less of wheat in 1897 than there were in 1884. But it is not as if these acres were being built upon or forever barred to wheat raising. It is simply that farmers have been able to make more money from something else. The everlasting law of supply and demand will regulate all that; even if that wheat acreage is never turned into wheat again, we have untold, almost incalculable virgin wheat lands still untouched. Why, in the dominion of Canada, its northwest territories and Manitoba there are but \$3,000,000 acres in wheat today, while they have 240,000,000 acres of wheat-growing land.

STATE SECRET REVEALED.

Newspapers Provide State Department with Vivid Emotions. New York Times: "The mysteries of the newspaper profession," remarked Assistant Secretary of State Hill the other day, "have always had a deep fascination for me, and particularly that rule of the business which requires newspaper writers to assert that 'Much excitement in Washington is felt,' or that 'The state department is deeply gratified over the news,' or that 'Much uneasiness is felt at the state department.'"

"These phrases fill me with a profound and awful joy. But the joy is tempered with a feeling akin to pain when I read, as I frequently do, in one and the same article that 'The state department is gratified at the news that so-and-so has happened, but it deeply regrets,' etc."

"I have deliberated long and seriously on this, and it is manifest to me that the state department cannot be in a state of jubilation and regret at the same time. I have therefore wondered in what compartments of the official machine these varying emotions are stored away for tapping; in other words, which official it is to whom the task is assigned of fluttering with buoyant glee, and upon which official is devolved the painful task of vibrating with fear and anguish upon the receipt of news bearing upon diplomatic situations. And, as it is manifest to me that official machine to refrain from having their souls rent and torn with conflicting passions, alternating between frenzied joy and frantic despair, whenever a consular report comes in."

"Have I reached a conclusion? Yes, I have. With much gratification and deep regret I have come to the conclusion that the state department never feels gratified at anything and never regrets anything that it is never happy, and never sad, and that its soul is hardly more vibrant and responsive than a locomotive."

"I hesitate to express this conviction, because the newspapers evidently do not agree with me, and I would not for the world have them give up these expressions, which have been to me the source of so much deep gratification and profound regret."

WOMAN'S UNEVEN SHOULDERS.

Said to Be Caused by Having to Hold Up a Heavy Train. New York Sun: "Have you," said one woman to another in the course of a walk through the shopping district, "noticed how crooked women are getting to be? Look at some of the women who pass us, and see if the right shoulder is not almost invariably lower than the other." The other woman looked and lo! it was so.

"It is the natural result of always having a train to hold up," said the first woman. "Why will women cling to such unreasonable fashions? A train is graceful only when allowed to sweep the ground, and we cannot let it do that in the dirty street, consequently we are everlastingly clutching it to keep it from the pavement, and the position this necessitates is so constantly assumed that the right shoulder is becoming lower than the other. If the thing continues, the boasted carriage of the American girl will soon be an empty boast indeed. The only remedy for the present, the only hope for the future, is to leave off trailing skirts and go to a gymnasium. There, under the direction of a competent teacher, one who knows how to cure just such defects, train, and never stop until you are straight again."

Alexander R. Shepherd, who for three years was at the head of the government of the District of Columbia, and who spent \$40,000,000 in improving Washington, is returning a millionaire from Mexico, whither he went practically penniless in 1879. He was fortunate in mining ventures. He is 67 years old.

The Canadian census office reports that in all Canada there are but 230 divorced males and 223 divorced females, as compared with 790,915 married males and 668,661 married females. The city of Montreal has but three divorced men and eight divorced women.

IN A RUSSIAN BANK.

Some of the Frills of Getting Money on a Letter of Credit.

Correspondence of the Chicago-Record Herald: When I called at a bank in Russia to make a draft against my letter of credit I was met at the door by a man in gorgeous livery with a long staff in his hand. He wore silk knee breeches, silver buckles on his shoes, a long scarlet coat with silver braid two inches wide, the epaulets of a major general, and a big cocked hat. He led me into a reception room which was sumptuously furnished. It might have been the library of a club. There were no old paintings upon the walls, bronze and marble statuary, and the furniture was artistic and expensive. Upon the center table were several volumes of photographs, a city directory, a railway guide, the last report of the bank, two or three guide books and several morning papers. Over in one of the corners was a handsomely carved writing desk furnished with all sorts of stationery.

While I was wondering what I was there for a gentleman of irreproachable attire and manners entered and asked how he could serve me. I explained that I would like \$250 on my letter of credit, and wondered how he knew I was an American, but he had doubtless learned from long experience to distinguish the different nationalities, and I soon discovered by the manner in which he received subsequent arrivals that he could speak German and French as fluently as English.

I handed him my letter of credit and he bowed politely and left the room. For a time I was alone with my own thoughts. I looked over all the books and papers, watched the traffic in the street from the window, made two or three entries in my notebook, and wandered if the polite gentleman had not forgotten all about me, when a page in buttons entered with a silver tray, upon which were two drafts—duplicates for my signature. The little fellow bowed like a French dancing master, and seemed to be deeply impressed with a sense of responsibility. He came in several times afterward on similar service for other people, and his salutes were repeated each time with an exactness that showed careful training.

"I was afraid he was going to be gone all day, and became impatient. I sat down at the desk to write a letter, and had written nearly a whole sheet when he came back with my letter of credit and the money upon my try. But the latter was all in big bills. I handed him one of them and asked him to get it changed. He bowed again and disappeared. I must have spent 15 minutes regretting my folly, when the handsome manager came in to inquire if there had been a mistake. He seemed to think I had been overpaid, and was greatly relieved when I told him I only wanted a bill changed. He disappeared, and it was another ten minutes before the boy returned with the smaller bills. I had been in that room more than three-quarters of an hour.

THE ROMANCE OF AN HEIRESS.

She Fell in Love and is to Marry the Man of Her Choice. New York World: When Miss Clara Huntington, the favorite niece of the late Collis P. Huntington, and an heiress to many of his millions, accompanied her mother and sisters some two summers ago to Lake Mohonk she did not know the tradition of the place.

But when she came away the fiancée of Gilbert Brooks Perkins, whom she is to marry in April, she was promptly told of the tradition.

No attractive unmarried girl, so the story goes, ever left Lake Mohonk heartwhole.

The pretty romance of Miss Huntington and Mr. Perkins is one that has interested greatly some hundreds of their friends, who are scattered over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Mrs. Huntington took her daughters to Lake Mohonk to spend a quiet, restful season.

The next day a party of Princeton men were introduced to the Huntingtons and their friends. An informal acquaintanceship developed rapidly. And before a week passed the young men and young women of the party had fallen into the habit of going off on walking expeditions or rowing or golfing expeditions every day. A good fellowship sprang up that lasted until the latest guest had left the lake for the summer.

No one in the world could have disapproved of Miss Huntington's falling in love with Gilbert Perkins. He is, indeed, a young man of brilliant education, having studied both at Princeton and at German universities. He is a son of Judge G. G. Perkins of Covington, Ky., and belongs to an excellent family. He is, indeed, all that a young man of birth and breeding ought to be.

But in spite of these things the Huntington family refused to take their daughter's engagement quite seriously. They know how fleeting summer attachments ordinarily are.

"At least do not announce it yet," they begged. "Wait a year, and meanwhile you shall go to Europe—wherever you like."

This was agreed upon. Having unconsciously lived to the traditions of Lake Mohonk, the young lovers separated and prepared to undergo the test imposed upon them.

Young Perkins came back to New York and worked hard to establish himself professionally. Miss Huntington was taken on a tour of the world. Returning to New York after a year's separation, Miss Huntington again submitted her case to her parents.

"We have waited a year," she begged. "Is it not time to announce our engagement?"

So when she went back to her home in San Francisco it was as Mr. Perkins' fiancée. The wedding is to take place on April 30.

After abnormally wild weather, frost has closed all the rivers of southern Russia, including the Danube and the Dniester, to navigation. The absence of snow promises badly for crops. Spain is also exercising extremely cold weather. Heavy snows and hail storms at Seville and Corunna have destroyed the crops, and there has been some loss of life.

One thing at least is revealed by these letters of Napoleon to Josephine, and that is that, though he did divorce her, she certainly had her innings in the first few years of married life. He was doing the worrying then.

A BIG SOUTHERN FARM.

It is in Georgia, and 4,000 Acres Are Under Cultivation.

Augusta Chronicle: Ten days ago I had the pleasure of inspecting a big plantation in South Georgia. It embraces 6,500 acres, 4,000 of which are in cultivation. Instead of being an old-time plantation it is a combination of one, two and three-horse farms, operating 75 plows, and under the immediate direction and the guiding hand of J. Pope Brown.

In the center of this vast stretch of productive territory stands the cozy home of the proprietor, presided over by his accomplished wife, formerly Miss Miller of Augusta, daughter of our venerable and highly esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Jonathan Miller.

Driving over these gently undulating acres, one sees the results of systematic work—how pine lands, and lands threatened with gullies, lands worn out and left to broom sage, have been brought up to a high state of cultivation and productivity. Thorough preparation of the soil, the free and intelligent use of commercial fertilizers, and careful terracing have called into new life 4,000 acres that gladly respond in a generous manner to the touch of the plow and the shining blade of the hoe.

This is a great all-round farm—producing in home-leaving proportion, corn, wheat, oats, peas, sugar cane and cotton. It is conducted on the tenant system. The results of the tenant system are full of interest.

Colonel Brown provides a nice house, a colonnaded porch, shed, barns, crib, smokehouse and well for each tenant, so that, with a good mule and the best farming implements, he may go forward to success under the general direction of the proprietor. Every tenant has the mule or horse, cow or cows, poultry and hogs. Every tenant's barn and crib are full to overflowing, and his smokehouse and cane mill make him independent of the pork-packers in the far west.

Colonel Brown is not only doing good for himself and family, but he is lending a hand to the 400 men, women and children on his farm that is helpful—helpful along the lines most practicable and most needed.

Standing on a little knoll in one of the great fields, the writer was lost in admiration, as he turned from point to point of the compass, when he beheld a sleek mule and a happy tenant or wage-hand at close intervals breaking the soil for the crops of 1902. Thoroughness ruled on every hand, and not a weed in sight. No wonder that Colonel Brown, wooed by ambition—an honorable ambition in any man—to be governor of Georgia, found it difficult to turn his back on this entrancing field of labor, where everybody's duties are new and every odd anxious to be turned to profitable account. I know the struggle he experienced, and we can all appreciate the victory he has won when he decided to let go his ambition and cling to his magnificent farm.

YOUNG M. D.'S FIRST CALL.

Waited Six Months, and Then the Case Was One Not in the Books. New York Sun: Dr. Boone, whose reminiscences of the lost cause interest many listeners at several New York clubs, where he is a frequent visitor, told a good one about his first patient. His shingle had been a target for the elements for six months.

"It was not because the town of Fayette, Mo., was so distressingly healthy," he said. "All my professional brethren were doing well while I waited.

"My office was on the second floor of a shop, and I could hear what was going on below. One night a man galloped his horse in front of the house and hallooed to the shopman. When the shopman answered, the man on horseback asked him if he thought 'Doc Boone' was in his office.

"The shopman assured him that I was upstairs. The horseman dismounted and hitched his nag. 'At last!' I mused as any young doctor would have done under the circumstances.

"Then I began thinking of all the ailments which human flesh is heir to, and as each recurred to me I thought of what I would prescribe for it. I never thought so rapidly as I did between the time of that man's dismount and his knock at my door. As soon as he came in I recognized him.

"'Hello, Doc!' was his salutation. The abbreviation was common in those days. 'All alone?' he asked.

"'Obstetrics,' I said to myself. I said to him that I had been alone until he appeared.

"I was just on my way to a dance down the road," he went on to explain, "and just before I got here I discovered that I had changed my trousers. Loan me a dollar, Doc."

"And that was the result of a six months' wait for my first patient! My visions vanished.

"Well, I had a dollar, and I let him have it. I didn't see him for several months. The next time he showed up he had a load of wood to sell. I bought it. After the fuel was delivered I asked him what I owed him.

"'Oh,' he replied, 'just call it even, Doc, on that dollar you loaned me.'"

"I congratulated myself until I found that the wood was green elm, and if you know anything about wood you might as well try to fire a saboteur as to fire green elm. Oh, yes, I remember my first call."

Gen. T. M. Buffington, the governor of the Cherokee Nation, measures 6 feet 6 inches in his stockings, and weighs 275 pounds, and is not overburdened with superfluous flesh. He wears a No. 8 hat, No. 12 shoe, and dresses after the most approved business fashion. His one-eighth Cherokee blood gives him the ruddy appearance characteristic of the race of which he is so proud.

The population of the cities of New Zealand is rapidly increasing. The largest cities are Auckland, with a population of 67,266; Christ church, with 57,041; Dunedin, 42,716; and Wellington, 51,417. The population of the whole of New Zealand, including the Maoris, is 315,920.

The purchasing of the home of Chief Justice John Marshall in Richmond, Va., is contemplated for the purpose of erecting thereon a proper court house as a memorial of the federal government to the great chief justice, as well as a proper home for the judiciary, of which he was such an ornament.

GOLD IN THE SMOKE.

\$50,000 a Year Lost in the Omaha Smelters.

Omaha (Neb.) Dispatch to the New York Journal: While workmen were making repairs on the roof of a building in the Omaha plant of the American Smelter and Refining company they were amazed to find the shingles and boards covered with atoms of metal.

One of the boards was taken to the assayer, who burned it, returning information that the metal was composed of gold, silver, lead and copper.

Other boards were burned with like results, and the mystery grew more perplexing. Finally some one standing on the roof of the building had occasion to brush from his coat sleeves pieces of metal which were dropping from the rolling clouds of smoke and gas emerging from the plant stacks near by.

Sheets of common cheese cloth cut to fit the interior of the stacks were prepared. Through their center were cut holes large enough to allow free draft. They were fastened to various heights in the stacks and allowed to remain in position for several weeks.

When removed and subjected to treatment the chemist produced gold, silver, copper and lead worth thousands of dollars.

More cheese cloth catchers were inserted in the smokestacks, a few feet apart, one above the other, from the base to the crown; a semi-circular steel house was built, extending from the furnaces to the base of the stacks, a blower was placed in position to cool and force the smoke and gas through the steel house and up the flues. In its passage the smoke deposited in the steel house hundreds of pounds of grime, which was allowed to gather and pack for six months. That of the grime which managed to travel through the circular house and reach the flues was caught by the cheese cloth, a very small portion, practically, escaping to the outside.

When the steel house became filled with packed soot—highly inflammable—the mass was touched off with a common match and allowed to burn for several days, after which it was found that there still remained in the inclosure many tons of a peculiar dead-looking cinder, hard and worthless in appearance. This cinder was run through the furnaces, receiving treatment in the same manner as the original ore, and readily yielded its precious wealth.

The Omaha plant gathered a six months' smoke house and cheese cloth harvest, receiving 500 tons of cinder, which yielded more than \$25,000.

Fifty thousand dollars a year scattered over Omaha in smoke! That's what it has amounted to for 20 years.

How Sammy Went Away.

From "When Love Is Young," by Roy Rolfe Gilson.—One afternoon, when the sky was full of rain, and the street was full of sloppy little pools, Sammie came home from playing in the wet. Next day he went to school with a red band around his neck, and next day he did not go at all. The doctor's carriage stopped outside the gate.

"'Spotten I should die,'" said Sammie to his mother, as she softened the pillows for his head.

"'Oh, Sammie, you mustn't talk so, dear.'"

"'Well—there with a fellow in school about what did.'"

"'Did what, Sammie?'" asked his sister, coming in.

"'Died.'"

"'Heavens! what are you talking of, child?'"

"'Well, he did. An' all the fellers that went with him for a croch made out of v-l-lets. Oh, it was a fine croch.'"

"'Oh, Sammie. Please don't talk about such things.'"

"'Well, mommer, it's well to be prepared, you know. Miss Theventon thaid th in Thunday thashool. An' I thought if I ever went an' died, I'd want Robbie to have by Robinson Crusoe and Johnny Peterth could have my velothiped, cauth he ain't got any. An' I thought—'"

Sammie hesitated.

"'Oh, mommer, you'll laugh if I tell.'"

"'No, I won't, dear.'"

"'Well, I thought—oh, mommer, you're thure you won't laugh?'"

"'Sure, Sammie.'"