

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home, how bright it beams When evening shades around us fall...

The light at home—how still and sweet It peeps from under cottage door...

HEDWIG'S PUPIL.

Anthony Alexander was a woman hater. He was also a student of philosophy; very comfortably off...

Alexander made up his mind to learn German, because he desired to read in the original the works of Kant...

"The German tongue taught on a new and speedy system. Apply Herr Schwab, 3 May street, Pimlico."

"What a fool man is!" thought Alexander. "The less he can afford a female appearance, the more sure he is to have one."

He entered. The little room was neatness itself. A girl in a brown dress and black apron stood up to receive him...

Alexander bowed stiffly, and said that, having seen the advertisement of a Herr Schwab—

"Yes," said the girl quickly; "he is my father, at all. You want to learn German, sir?"

Alexander replied in the affirmative, and added that he hadn't much time to spare; he would be glad to see Herr Schwab at once. He stood like a tower, one bristling with battlements...

"My father cannot titch now," said she. "Face de notice appear he has a complaint. De treat of my father ill, sir. He must rest speak."

Alexander said he was sorry, and with a second stiff bow moved toward the door.

"But I, Hedwig Schwab, I know de seestem of my father," said the girl, with a bright blush. "I can titch. I have titch. It is a great seestem for de adults, at all."

She looked imploringly up into the face of the 6 foot 2 black-bearded quadragenarian. He shook his head.

"I'm much obliged," he said. "Herr Schwab may be better soon. I'll wait."

Hedwig nearly let him go. Pride and filial love made a sad to do with her. As Alexander got to the door he heard a choking voice.

"He will not be better soon if I earn no money to get him what he want. Will you try, sir? I am not young. I am 23, at all."

"At all!" This was one of the first phrases Hedwig had acquired on her arrival in England. She regarded it as an idiom of all work, and brought it in whenever she wanted to be particularly emphatic.

"Look here," she went on. "I shall give you two lessons, and if you are not contented you pay nothing—noting—and I beg your pardon of you; otherwise, I shall persevere till de treat of my father is good. Will you try?"

books were open Hedwig was stern, curt, dry; one seemed to see the spectacles of Herr Schwab on her nose...

"Do you think she was going to Germany?" "I'm sure, sir, I haven't an idea. She paid the week, and left. She seemed all of a daze."

Alexander knew what he had done. He had run away from his one chance of happiness—and—now—where was Hedwig?

By night London looked to him like a couchant beast, stuck over with cruel eyes—a beast that swallowed lives down, and kept the secret; by day the sunny streets mocked him with passing faces...

He had been returned to town four days. As he came in late from a weary stretch of walking, his valet met him. "A person to see you, sir."

"What sort of a person?" "Alexander's nerves were in a queer state. He turned very pale. 'A woman, sir.' 'A lady?'"

"I think, sir, she's a nun." Alexander walked into his study. Amazed, he saw rise before him a figure in black, with flapping sleeves and flowing skirts.

A calm, good face looked from under the white band and sable veil. "It is you," said the nun quietly, "who have been advertising to discover the address of Hedwig Schwab?"

"Yes—yes." "She is with us." "Hedwig! A nun?" She shook her head with a grave air. "Nuns are not made so quickly. Our Order has a chapel and infirmary near Soho. We work there. Two days ago I found the poor woman lying on the chapel steps. I am Sister Frances. Her name is on her clothes; we could not find out anything about her. She has fever—it is on the brain—she doesn't speak sense. But we see she is a good girl, and has been well cared for—inocent, refined. If you are a relative, and wish to see her, you can come with me."

"Not a relative," gasped Alexander, "an old friend." The nun bent her head. "I am sorry to have to say it, but there is no time to lose if you want to see her alive!"

Beds—narrow beds, white beds, sick beds in rows. Walls—gray walls, silent walls, glimmering walls—with pictures. Lights—dim lights, kind lights, holy lights—like flowers. And on a pillow Hedwig's face, with the roundness and the roses and the splendid hair gone from it, and Hedwig's voice babbling in German wildly.

"She won't know you," said Sister Frances. But she did know him. He took her hand and bent over her, and she began talking English at once. A light came into the sunken face.

"It is you. I am so pleased to see you, at all. I was knowing you would come. What a fine day! What a blue sky! Happy, happy!" Her gaze wandered. "And look only—the beautiful tamed deer! Can I give him bread? No, no. His eyes are too sad! Take him away. I am tired! Gute nacht."

Perhaps Sister Frances had had a love story in her youth. She turned her back when she saw how Alexander's tears raised down, and how he held the poor delicious little girl in a passionate, yearning clasp.

Was it the warm tears, the warm clasp, that brought Hedwig back to life's shores from which she had been fast drifting? Who can say? As soon as she was better, Alexander asked her very timidly if some day she would marry him.

In a whisper came Hedwig's reply: "I will—at all." —Answers.

Profitable Fishing. Salmon fishing with flies is no longer a matter of mere sport, for it has been taken extensively for money. It was formerly thought that it took several years of practice with at least a \$200 outfit of tackle before the sport could be made successful.

The Vagaries of Luck. Some time ago an Austrian peasant who was cleaning an old picture for his aunt found 50,000 florins in paper money in it. He claimed the usual 10 per cent. as reward and got it. There were two aunts, and as each claimed the picture as her own, an expensive lawsuit resulted.

Large Steam Hammer. The largest steam hammer in France is that at the works of Marrel Freres, at Rees-de-Gier. It is of a hundred tons weight and works on an anvil which weighs 600 tons. The face of this anvil is a solid block of cast steel weighing 125 tons.

THE APPLE CROP.

COME SUGGESTIONS ABOUT UTILIZING THE ENTIRE HARVEST.

Methods of Western New York Growers to Use the Various Grades—Evaporation, Canning and Cold Storage.

Apple growers in Wayne County, N. Y., writes C. N. Perkins in the American Agriculturist, have hit upon methods whereby their entire apple crop is utilized. Wayne County is one of the largest apple growing sections of the country, but apple growers did not begin to utilize the entire crop until low prices and insect ravages, causing a large per cent of inferior fruit, caused them to do so.

The next grade of apples are evaporated, and of these enormous quantities are used, which bring to Wayne County apple growers over \$1,000,000 annually. In evaporators, there are many makes on the market. A good machine, capable of evaporating fifty bushels per day, can be bought for \$75 to \$125, and a one hundred and fifty bushel daily evaporator for \$300.

A finer grade of apples than those used for evaporating, but not perfect fruit, is used for canning. For evaporation, apples are cored, peeled and sliced by machine, but for canning they are cored, peeled and cut in halves or quarters. They are washed, boiled in a syrup and packed in gallon cans. To fill a dozen cans, one and one-half bushels of fruit is required, which can be bought for twenty-five cents.

For packing in cold storage, only the very best, perfect and sound apples are selected. Immense quantities of such fruit is now going into cold storage in the belief that the market will be better from March to June. The apple crop has got to be marketed in the most attractive appearance, or the orange will seriously compete with it as a winter fruit.

For cold storage of fruits, ice is not used, the building being constructed to use air by opening the building to cool outside air nights, and closed during the day. Cold storage is used only to bridge over the keeping of fruits for a time and to thereby exclude frost. The price per barrel on apples will be increased from fifty cents to \$1.50 each season, and the advanced price more than pays for the buildings each year.

Artificial Cotton. Artificial cotton, says a Paris Journal, resembles the natural product in this, that both are formed of cellulose nearly pure; and as nature has prepared cotton by means of the elements of the air and soil forming the cellulose in fine fibers by means of secret forces, and offering it in the state of wool to be transformed into what is required of it, so the chemist in his laboratory takes the natural cellulose of the tree and separates it from the substances with which it is combined, transforming it into threads by means of suitable appliances.

Rooster and Rat in a Deadly Duel. Mr. Eugene Polley, who lives at 1039 North Carey street, has a little white bantam rooster that is a fighter. The bantam has a mate, a little white hen, not much larger than a pigeon. When she went to her nest one day last week to lay her daily egg a big rat flew from her nest and the rooster went to her rescue. The little fellow valorously attacked the rat, and after a hard battle, which lasted for half an hour, the rat was killed.

The Czar's Private Yacht. The Russian Czar's private yacht is said to seat comfortably, in the dining room, a party of eighty persons. It has also a library and music and billiard rooms fitted up most gorgeously, and a kitchen whose arrangements are most elaborate and complete.

A UNIQUE DISTINCTION.

New York's 15,000 Hall Bedrooms and Their Occupants.

That which distinguishes this city from all others is the hall room. London has nothing like it, nor has Paris. They do not exist in Boston, nor yet in Philadelphia. The typical New York house has five; there would be six, but the space for one has been appropriated by the bathroom.

The moral and social significance of the hall room is even more impressive. The manifest destiny of a New York house is that sooner or later it shall become a boarding-house. The history of block after block enforces this view. In that case to the poor, the lonely, the forlorn, the hall room will fall. Of this the architect, the plumber, the gas-fitter, seem to have had prescience. The water pipe ignores it; the slenderest rim of gas alone enters it; the steam pipes go out of their way to avoid it.

Indians as Stock Raisers.

Judge D. M. Browning, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has been visiting a number of the coast Indian agencies and came to Salt Lake from the Fort Hill Reservation. "My observations on this tour and the experience of the Bureau generally show that the Indian service is improving," the commissioner said.

First Burglar—Is Bill going to have Sharpley defend him? Second Burglar—No. He don't think Sharpley has the right experience. First Burglar—How's that? Sharpley got him off lots of times before. Second Burglar—Yes; but this time Bill says he ain't guilty.

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Stirred Up Discontent—The Object of his Visit—Doing Her a Kindness—Not to be Separated—Proof of His Ability—Exchange of Melody—Etc., Etc.

OLD MOTHER BLOOMERS. Old Mother Bloomers Kept boarders and roomers. And on each one she made a good deal; She saved up her cash, Made her boarders eat hash, And now she is riding a wheel.

STIRRED UP DISCONTENT. See—John, will you get up and light the fire? e—Maria, don't keep making incendiary speeches.

THE STING OF RICHES. "I hear Jinson has married a rich wife and stepped into a snug little nest of his own." "Yes; a hornet's nest."

THE TIME TO DIE. "The good die young, you know," said Bilger to Saddy, the pessimist. "Yes," said Saddy, "that's because it's the only time people are good."

TOO TRUE TO LIFE. "Why does the photographer have to sue that rich young widow for his pay?" "Because he took a dozen pictures so exactly like her that she refuses to settle."

THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT. "Did Sir Alfred Murgatroyd come over here on business?" "Oh, no! It is purely a pleasure trip. He came over here to sweat at the country."

EXCHANGE OF MELODY. "Doesn't it vex you when that girl next door plays the piano all day?" "Oh, no. I just tie a cow-tail to our hammock and swing in it after she has gone to bed."

AN ILLUSTRATION. He—Yes, Jack is very fond of drawing the distinctions. She—I haven't noticed it. He—No? You remember that, the other night, he was trying to explain the difference between love and emotional insanity?

DOING HER A KINDNESS. "I did not send for you to tune my piano," said Mr. Felty to the man who called for that purpose. "No, Madam, but your next-door neighbor sent me."

DISTRESSFUL. Mother.—Don't eat your pie now, Johnny, save it until the last. Johnny.—Say, Maw, I don't distrust you, but the kid who swiped my pie at the picnic said the same thing.

A COMPLICATED CASE. First Burglar—Is Bill going to have Sharpley defend him? Second Burglar—No. He don't think Sharpley has the right experience. First Burglar—How's that? Sharpley got him off lots of times before. Second Burglar—Yes; but this time Bill says he ain't guilty.

PIEPOSSESSING. "Sue Fodrick is a very prepossessing girl, isn't she?" said Mrs. Taddels to Mrs. Wilcox. "I should say she was," replied the latter lady. "She gets engaged to every young man who arrives at the hotel before the rest of the girls can get an introduction."

HIS BUSINESS. "Saw you coming out of the barber's this morning," said the sociable boarder. "I went in on business connected with purely personal ends," replied Asbury peppers, with much dignity. "Oh, beg pardon, I—" "That is to say, I got my hair cut and my shoes shined."

HALF A LOAF. The Baron.—Well, she won't marry me. She has accepted my rival, the Count. His friend.—You seem quite cheerful, however. The Baron.—Oh, yes! The fact is, the Count and I pooled our issues. Our understanding is that if she marries either, we divide the money.

HOW IT FAILED. "And you four brothers were named Edmund, Edgar, Edward and Edwin, were you? What could have been your parents' object in doing that?" "They wanted to keep us from ever being nick-named."

"Did it have that effect?" "Not exactly. We've always been called Chuck, Snorky, Flippy and Pill-gric."

LAWLESSNESS. She started up in bed with an exclamation of anger. "How dare you!" she cried. The burglar quailed. Her voice rose to a trenchant shriek. "How dare you call when you know this is not my night at home?" Abandoning his tools, he fled, pale with terror.

TRIOFF OF HIS ABILITY. Pop—Young man, before you think of marrying my daughter, just think what it costs to keep a wife in good style. Oliviero—Oh, that's all right. I've done something more difficult than that. Pop—What, pra? Oliviero—Kept four of my sisters bicycling in rear—

POP—That will do, my son. Take her, and be happy. She's extravagant, but— NOT TO BE SEPARATED. "I only make one condition, Count." "What's that?" "That I can't undertake to deliver the amount my daughter will settle upon you until after the first week in November. But, of course, the marriage needn't be delayed."

COOSES ME. "Vile I am waiting I can choot so veel vite for ze girl as ze money." A SUFFERER. Blinks.—He is a man who has suffered for his convictions. Blinks.—How is that? Blinks.—He thinks he can get a No. 8 shoe on a No. 8 foot.