

SUNSHINE.

A pocketful of sunshine
Is better far than gold;
It drowns the daily sorrows
Of the young and of the old;

A pocketful of sunshine
Can make the world akin
And lift a load of sorrow
From the burdened backs of sin;

The Old Man Across the Hall
BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

"How delicious they are, Jennie!
They remind one of the dear old farm
in Hillsdale."

Maggie Wells dropped a large, purple
grape between her rosy lips, and her
brown eyes took on a dreamy look

"You see, George, I hadn't lit up
yet, and she could only see the dim
outline of my figure in the chair."

"Only think, Jennie dear, if it
hadn't been for Paul's ridiculous
eloquence, and our interest in the old
man across the hall, we would probably
have been making corsets today in
Mme. Danford's hot rooms. Great
events do grow out of small beginnings
sometimes.—Saturday Night.

He persuaded brown-eyed Maggie
that his life would be miserable unless
spent with her, and the heart
which was touched by an old man's
moans yielded to a young man's
entreaties, and she became his wife.

She did not learn of her mistake in
regard to Uncle Dan and Paul's
eloquence until she had been his wife
for several weeks. She then ascertained
that the genuine "Uncle Dan" knew
nothing of her act of kindness; but her
husband appreciated it, and treasured
his little wife all the more for her
loving heart.

Maggie could not endure the thought
of being separated from her friend,
Jennie, who had been companion and
sister in the days of her "struggle for
bread," and so it happened that Jennie
became a permanent guest at the
great house, over which Maggie pre-
sided as mistress.

It was in Paul Leonard's parlors
that his friend, George Howard, met
the girl with "blue eyes, for all the
world like country pansies."

He had not for one moment forgot-
ten those blue eyes, nor had he lost
interest in their owner since the day
he accidentally met her in company
with Maggie, near the tenement house
in which Paul's room was located.

Six months later a wedding was
celebrated in Paul Leonard's parlors.
Pretty Jennie was the bride and
George Howard the groom.
Maggie Leonard fluttered about, giving
the bride's apparel little finishing
touches; and just as they were ready
to descend to the parlors, where the
guests were waiting for the cere-
mony to begin, she gave the bride a
rapturous kiss, whispering as she did
so:

"Only think, Jennie dear, if it
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eloquence, and our interest in the old
man across the hall, we would probably
have been making corsets today in
Mme. Danford's hot rooms. Great
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ADULTERATED MOLASSES.

The Blame Placed Upon People who Want
Cheap Goods.

The fact of the matter is that all
this cry about adulterated molasses
has somewhat befogged the public on
this interesting topic. They have come
to believe that the molasses producers
in Louisiana have ruined their industry
by adulterating their product with
glucose, and even worse, by using
harmful chemicals. This is not the
case at all. The producers, or planters,
as they call them in this part of the
world, still make the Simon Pure
article as of old, but as the supply of
the fine old-time sugar house or kettle
molasses is necessarily small, it is
high priced, and the consuming public
will not pay the price in competition
with the fine-colored, adulterated, but
cheaper article. Jobbers no longer
desire to handle the pure kettle molasses,
because their customers will not pay
the cost when they can buy the mixed
article for almost half the price. Any
one who is willing to pay the price
can buy all the pure molasses he wants
from first hands in New Orleans.

There was a time when large quanti-
ties of rich kettle molasses were made
in this state in the old-style sugar
houses. This rich molasses represented
the waste of a considerable portion
of the sugar product. The tendency
in recent years has been to extract all
the sugar possible from the cane juice,
and modern sugar factories extract
such a large proportion of sugar that
the molasses by-product is no longer
the rich sugar-house article, except
in the case of a few old-fashioned
factories, where the kettle process is
still in use.

The great bulk of the molasses now
marketed from the plantations is a
comparatively low grade by-product
of indifferent color and inferior in
saccharine strength. A very large pro-
portion of this molasses would not be
acceptable to consumers in its crude
or original state, hence the practice
of mixing it with glucose to improve
its appearance and render it merchant-
able commenced. This mixing of mol-
asses is quite distinct from the cus-
tom of bleaching, in which the chemi-
cals are used, the deleterious effect
of which has been much discussed.
Molasses mixed with glucose, although
it is certainly an inferior article com-
pared with pure sugar-house molasses
or can syrup, is yet entirely wholesome.

It is certainly a bad practice to sell
a mixed article in lieu of a pure
article; but in the case of molasses there
is no danger of being deceived.
Pure molasses is very much more ex-
pensive than the mixed article. The
reason why it is difficult to obtain
from the retailers is the unalterable
propensity of the average American
to discriminate in favor of the cheaper
article, providing its appearance is sat-
isfactory. The average consumer will
buy the mixed article every time in
preference to the pure article. The
mixing of molasses has therefore been
actually forced upon the distributors
—first, by the altered system of manu-
facture on plantations, and, second, by
the unwillingness of consumers to pay
the price of the pure article.—New
Orleans Picayune.

A Test of Courage.
You may talk about your cannons'
months and all that, but the suprem-
est test of courage is to reach to the
foot of the bed in the morning for
more cover.—New York Press.

The finest piece of amber ever found
off the English coast was recently
picked up by a traveler near Lowen-
toff. It brought the lucky finder the
sum of \$137.

BRIQUETTES FROM COAL.

NOVEL WAY OF UTILIZING WASTE
FROM THE MINES.

Culm Heaps Reduced to Powder by Means
of Powerful Crushers—Mixed With a
"Einder" and Made into a Paste Moulded
Under High Pressure.

Travelers in Europe are familiar
with the coal briquettes which are
used extensively in place of ordinary
coal in both England and on the con-
tinent, and the amount of smoke which
they emit has probably impressed
most Americans unfavorably, so that
they would be slow to recognize their
adoption in this country. The great
amount of smoke which the briquettes
yield when burned is due partly to the
inferior sort of stoves in common use
in Europe for heating purposes and to
the fact that soft coal dust is used in
their manufacture, with a large
amount of pitch for binding material.

The advantages of coal briquettes
are briefly their freedom from dust
and dirt when handled, and their
economy in utilizing coal dust and
waste from the mines. Coal waste in
this country has been enormous in the
past. The vast culm heaps for years
piling up at the mouth of every coal
mine represented waste of natural
material amounting to millions of dol-
lars. Although these culm heaps
were neglected for years, there were
plenty of geniuses who realized that
some day the waste fuel would be
utilized, and since 1837 many patents
have been taken out to make coal
briquettes.

But it is a foregone conclusion that
coal briquettes would never be popu-
lar in this country without the elimi-
nation of the disagreeable features
characteristic of the briquettes used
on the other side. The successful
manufacture of coal briquettes in the
West-to-day, says a writer in the
Scientific American, consequently
proves of more than general interest
as inaugurating a new era in our fuel
problem that may have wide-reaching
results. When we consider that the
combined output of briquettes in Eu-
rope exceeds some 20,000,000 tons a
year, and that they are used for house
heating, for manufacturing purposes,
and on the railroads and some of the
ocean steamers, we can appreciate the
extent to which a similar industry
may develop in this country. In the
American coal briquettes manufac-
ture in the West-to-day the binding
material has been mixed so that only
5 per cent. of pitch is employed, with
about 2 per cent. of lime. The use of
lime in the binding cement has made
it possible to obtain good results with
much less pitch than the European
manufacturers employ.

There is one large factory in Chica-
go which has been successfully manu-
facturing the American coal briquettes
for several months, and, with a daily
output of 200 tons, or about 60,000
tons a year, the plant is probably the
most representative of its kind in this
country. The success of this western
plant has already started a similar
movement in the East, and a second
plant may soon be built near the At-
lantic seaboard.

In this Chicago factory soft coal is
employed for the briquettes, with a
slight quantity of anthracite mixed
with it to give it hardness. The so-
called "slack" coal of the mines is em-
ployed for this purpose, and after the
slate and sulphur have been eliminat-
ed by washing and other processes the
coal is reduced to dust by means of
powerful crushers manufactured espe-
cially for this work. The dust is
carried from the crusher to a heater
where a temperature is maintained be-
tween 180 and 200 degrees Fahr-
enheit. This heat is sufficiently below
the igniting point of coal, and high
enough to make the binder adhere
firmly to produce the desired results
without in any way injuring or chang-
ing the chemical condition of the coal
dust. An automatic elevator next
carries the heated coal dust to the
floor above, where it is mixed with the
binder while still warm.

The binding materials are contained
in enormous tanks. In one huge tank
there is slaked lime mixed with just
sufficient water to make it thick and
creamy. In a second tank there is a
soft mass of bitumen heated to a
temperature of 350 degrees, while in
the third tank there is cold bitumen.
With these ingredients at hand the
mixer performs his work according to
formula. With weighing apparatus
for each ingredient he fills another re-
ceptacle, capable of holding a thou-
sand pounds, with the different com-
pounds, until the right consistency is
obtained. As the success of the whole
process consists in the proper mixing
of these ingredients, it is highly im-
portant that the measurements should
be exact, and the work is performed
under the supervision of experts. In
this gigantic mixer the coal dust and
the binding material are thrown by
automatic machinery, and when they
have been properly stirred and mixed
they fall through an opening to the
room below, where the powerful
presses are ready to convert them into
suitable sized briquettes.

The mixture, which is now about as
thick as paste, is first fed into small
molds arranged on a wheel. As this
wheel revolves with the paste in its
pockets a second wheel meets it with
indentations to correspond to the first.
The two come together so that an
enormous pressure is exerted, and the
briquettes are squeezed by a force
equal to five tons to the square inch.
This great pressure molds the bri-
quettes into solid, compact masses,
and when they are dropped out they

are nearly as hard and firm as bricks.
At present the size of these briquettes
is about equal to small egg coal, and
they weigh between five and six
ounces each. They are adapted to use
in ranges, furnaces and the open
grate. The size and form, however,
are merely arbitrary, and the molds
can be made to suit the demand of any
special grate or furnace. New molds
can be made and substituted for the
present ones very easily. It is sim-
ply a matter of making new wheels
and putting them in the place of the
present ones.

CUNNING OF GAME.

Wyoming Elks Much More Wary Now Than
a Few Years Ago.

If any one wants an illustration of
the way in which animals grow wise
in the ways of the hunter, they ought
to come out to this country and try to
hunt after some of the bull elk that
hang around here. Usually a bull elk
is not remarkably cunning, and the
elk that stay back in the mountains
are still rather simple.

They use all the tricks that the
sharpest buck deer or bull moose in
Maine ever thought of, and in addition
have invented a lot of brand new
schemes of their own that are just
suited to this country. When one re-
members that only a few years ago
these elk were just as stupid as the
balance of their tribe, one wonders
where they picked up all this know-
ledge. Such things as making a loop
down wind before lying back for the
day, watching their back track and
things of that kind, are only a very
small part of their plans to escape
being killed. The intelligence which
they display in picking out places in
which to bed down for the day is re-
markable. I put in a couple of weeks
this fall trailing around after some
bulls that stay pretty close to the
house, and in spite of all I could do I
never even saw a hair of one of them.
Their beds were always in a place
where they could either see, hear or
smell anything approaching them
long before they can be seen them-
selves. Time after time I put in hours
trying to get a sight of these old fel-
lows, but with always the same result.

After loop after loop down wind,
after crawling for hundreds of yards
at a time in snow a foot deep, and
moving as silently as possible, I would
find the bed just vacated. And if I
waited until dusk before trying to
close in, I always found that the cum-
ing brnte had, on getting up and
commencing to feed, gone up wind
into the thickest cover he could find,
where it was absolutely impossible to
get within sight, without making
noise enough to spoil the stalk.

I guess the trouble is that the game
is learning new tricks faster than us
fellows, who learned to hunt when the
game was tame, can figure out new
ways of hunting.

At any rate, I used to think that I
could hunt, but when I chase around
among a lot of elk for a couple of
weeks and only get one fool calf that
did not have any better sense than to
stick its head out of the clump of
spruce behind which the rest of the
bunch were calmly watching me, I
rather think that something is wrong
with my woodcraft.

Civilization is spoiling the game,
just as it is spoiling the Indian, the
cowpuncher and, in fact, the whole
West. And there is no other place to
go, so I guess we might as well get
civilized and be done with it.—Wyoming
correspondence in Forest and
Stream.

Cumulative Economy.

An old bookkeeper declares that it is
surprising to see how many valuable
things a man can buy if he simply
economizes in little things.

"I once made up my mind I would
become the possessor of a good gold
watch. I saved up the money for it in
this way: When I felt like eating a
50-cent luncheon, as I often did, I ate
a 25-cent one instead and put the
other quarter aside for my watch fund.
You will hardly believe it, but in less
than six months I had saved money
enough to purchase the watch."

"But you don't seem to have bought
it," said his friend, observing that
there were no outward signs of such
a purchase.

"Well, no. When I found how easily
I could get along without 50-cent
lunches, I concluded I could get along
just as easily without the gold watch,
and the watch fund is growing into a
house and lot fund now."—Youth's
Companion.

The Practical Side of It.

"Yes," said he, "life is lonely."

"It is lonely sometimes," she an-
swered.

"Wouldn't it be sweet to have a lit-
tle cottage covered with ivy, and hon-
ey-suckle, and roses?"

"Oh, wouldn't it?"

"And when a fellow comes home
tired from business, to have a nice
little wife to meet him at the door
with a kiss?"

"Y-e-e-s."

"And then the sunset nights; the
windows open, the sunset just giving
light enough in the cozy parlor, and
—you—I mean a wife at the piano,
singing in the gloaming. It would be
lovely."

"I—think—it—would—be—nice."

"And then—"

At this point a careworn woman
came round the corner with a pair of
twins in a perambulator. A dead sil-
ence fell upon the air for a little.
Then they changed the subject.



A TITLE TRANSFERRED.

A maid there was, whose mind serene
No circumstance e'er ruffled,
Not even when a mouse was seen
And others screamed and scuffled.

She boldly faced the horned cow;
No thunder could fright her;
Of tramps she said that anyhow
She knew they wouldn't bite her.

When Bridget let the china fall,
A casual observer
Would think she didn't mind at all,
And nothing could unnerve her.

But in good time there came a man
And, by her own confession,
Made blushing behind a fan,
She lost her self-possession.

ABOVE SORDID CONSIDERATIONS.

"What is your idea of the artistic
life?"

"Buying old candlesticks when you
need shoes."—Chicago Record.

A PERIL RECOGNIZED.

"That mature Miss Boggs has quit
acting so childish of late."

"Yes; probably that kidnaping
scared her."—Chicago Record.

CUSTOMARY CONDITION.

"It's funny that you should be so
tall. Your brother, the artist, is short,
isn't he?"

He (absently)—Yes, usually.—Brook-
lyn Life.

THE FLAT.

Flat Dweller (sarcastically)—There
isn't room here to swing a cat.

Janitor (dignifiedly)—These apart-
ments were designed for light cat-
swinging only.—Detroit Journal.

FORM.

"Listen!" he whispered.

Majorie pressed his hand softly.

"Not now!" she said. "It is bad
form to listen while the piano is play-
ing!"—Detroit Journal.

WHAT HE THINKS.

"Spiffins is a thoughtful chap," said
Beechwood to Bellefield.

"I never heard any one accuse him
of thoughtfulness before."

"Well, he thinks he can play golf."—
Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

HIS PAPA'S SON.

"What a fine head your boy has,"
said an admiring friend.

"Yes," replied the fond father, "he's
a chip of the old block—ain't you, my
boy?"

"Yes, father; teacher said yesterday
that I was a young blockhead."—Tit-
Bits.

NO CAUSE FOR SURPRISE.

"Didn't I see you sitting in that fel-
low's lap, last night?" said the frow-
ning father.

"Well, gracious, pa! you wouldn't
have a big, heavy man like that sit-
ting in my lap, I hope?" replied the
surprised maiden.—Yonkers States-
man.

CONFLICTING ORDERS.

"The average photographer," said
Henpeck, musingly, "is an unreason-
able creature."

"What's the matter now?" asked his
friend.

"Oh, while my wife was sitting for
her picture to-day the fool photog-
rapher sung out 'Look pleasant, please.
Be natural.'—Philadelphia Press.

A WASTED MORAL LESSON.

"Don't forget, my dear boy," said
a fond father who saw an opening for
a little useful advice, "don't forget
that 'rich gifts wax poor when givers
prove unkind.'"

The boy seemed to struggle to catch
his parent's meaning. Then he smiled.

"That's right, dad," he cried; "rich
gifts wax poor ones out of sight!"—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ON BETTER AUTHORITY.

"You are looking handsome to-night,
Miss Plite," Bagster remarked in the
pauses of the dance.

"So Mr. Smythe told me a few min-
utes ago."

Bagster (only remembering that
Smythe is his hated rival)—Well, you
wouldn't believe anything that chump
said would you?—Philadelphia Times.

WHAT HE SAID.

"My wealthy uncle spoke very nicely
of you, Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton;
"very nicely, indeed. I'm sure you
would have been flattered if you could
have heard him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. His tribute to your personal
charms was most graceful, and at the
same time his recognition of your
store of information, such as most
people need a lifetime to acquire, was
convincingly sincere."

"I should like to know precisely
what he said."

"I can recall his exact language,"
Mr. Meekton went on, in gentle inno-
cence. "He said you looked like
twenty-five and talked like sixty."—
Washington Star.