

Reminiscence.
 A gap among the hills,
 And a white road through the trees;
 A gap among the hills,
 And some few memories.

The river winding down,
 And willows bending low;
 The river winding down,
 And things of long ago.
 —Frank Leo Pisot, in Lippincott's.

The Lacemaker's Sacrifice.

In the Rue de Lille, Valenciennes, was a little one-story house, half concealed by a thick growth of Virginian creeper and clematis. From morning to night a young girl might have been seen at the open window busily occupied in making lace. The pretty features of the young worker, and the almost rhythmic movements of her graceful arms, were quite a picture of loveliness. The bobbins danced in her fingers, flying in one direction to return with redoubled speed, so nimbly, that she appeared like one of the good fairies we read of in old legends. The eyes of the passers-by were raised to this little window with its curtain of verdure, and more than one heart sighed at the sight of the beautiful lacemaker; but such sighs found no response. Miss Noemi Verdier was as good as beautiful, and her modesty and simplicity was universal respect.

At thirteen years of age she had been left an orphan with an only brother, a journeyman cabinet-maker, three years her senior, who thus being left alone at the head of the family worked for his sister and himself.

At first times were very hard for the brave youth; hardly had he finished his apprenticeship when misfortune arrived. As yet Noemi earned nothing, and the young workman's days were not very remunerative. But with good-will, labor and great economy, he succeeded, in spite of all, in enabling his sister to finish her education in lacemaking, and now, in this affectionate association of brother and sister, it was the latter who contributed the larger share to the maintenance of the home.

The rich laces of pure artistic design, real masterpieces of delicacy, made by Noemi, were those which won Valenciennes its fame. All was happiness in the little household. Years glided by until the time for the conscription arrived, and Louis had to accompany the army. The parting was bitter for those two so deeply attached to each other.

"I shall count the days which separate me from your return—a long time, alas!" said Noemi.

"I also," replied the brother, "until the happy moment of being restored to you."

Left alone in the little house, now too large, Noemi set to work with a heavy heart, making marvels, more delicate than gossamer, destined perhaps to adorn the heads of persons less worthy of wearing them than herself. Every Saturday she delivered her work, and divided her earnings into two parts, one of which she sent to her brother to lighten the burdens of his soldier life.

For his part, Louis behaved in his regiment as he had done at Valenciennes; that is to say, in a creditable way, so that after a term of two years he sent word one fine morning that he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant. Noemi was delighted at the news and was proud of her beloved brother.

But her joy was of short duration. Some days later cries of "War!" suddenly resounded on all sides. Armed France rushed to the eastern frontier. The terrible year had commenced. Noemi shed no tears; she wrote to her absent brother, not to exhort him to duty—this she knew was unnecessary—but to tell him once more of her anxious love and to send her little supply of money. One by one she learned by her brother's letters the successive defeats of the French army—Worth, Rezonville, Sedan! Then suddenly there was silence; no letters, no news, nothing. Wounded? Perhaps dead!

Noemi, who had never read the newspapers, now hurried every morning to the offices of the Valenciennes papers to look for some ray of hope. She listened to the street rumors, mingled with the crowds discussing the news, and heard the sorrowful accounts of that horrid war, learning that her brother's regiment had suffered most severely. The wounded were transported by the Hiron and Avenue lines to the northern frontier towns; every day new convoys arrived at Valenciennes. Soon the civil and military hospitals were filled, but the wounded still continued to increase, so that private ambulances had to be organized everywhere.

Churches and factories opened their doors to the poor, maimed soldiers, who seemed innumerable. Noemi was paralyzed with terror; her heart filled with an infinite pity, which with her brother was shared by all these wretched survivors of heroic battles. She watched the sad processions, eagerly scanning the countenances contracted with pain and wasted fever, in hopes of recognizing the beloved features she despaired of ever again seeing in this world.

One morning the news reached her that a convoy of wounded belonging to her brother's regiment had arrived during the night. The poor girl was inspired with new hope; she thought her beloved brother was there among his comrades, and she ran to the ambulances, passing from one to the other, questioning the nurses and bending over each bed.

But events approached, and all had been in vain. The hope which had supported her during the day departed like the light. In the evening she stopped quite exhausted; the supreme effort of will she had made to gaze without weakness at the unforgettable spectacle of these unfortunate soldiers—pale, bleeding, emaciated, that sweet gleam of hope which had given her strength to endure the complaints of sufferers, the sight of hid-

eous wounds, all abandoned her soul. In the midst of her grief she was now alone, more than orphan; and without a murmur, without revolt against the cruelty of her fate, she bowed her head and wept as she had wept the day before, as she would weep again on the morrow. Then she recalled the horrible vision of unsightly wounds, the convulsed features of the terrified countenances, contracted with terror awaiting death, which alone could end such agony.

She pictured to herself her poor brother, abandoned on some battlefield far from all aid, stretching his hands to her in agony, calling her to his side. Suddenly she remembered that on the previous day a hospital had been established at St. Saurve especially for officers. Was there any chance of an unknown sergeant having been conveyed thither? Certainly not, and yet she summoned sufficient strength to return. In a few minutes she reached the hospital, resolutely opened the door, and entered.

A military doctor met her.

"What are you looking for, miss?"

"My brother."

"His name?"

"Sergt. Louis Verdier."

"You mean Sub-Lieut. Verdier." As he spoke the doctor pointed to the long line of mattresses on the floor.

"There he is, in the sixth bed."

The ground seemed to fly under her feet, and, suppressing a cry of joy, she staggered forward, overcome by happiness and gratitude, falling on her knees at the side of the bed on which her brother lay in a heavy stupor, his head enveloped in linen bandages.

"Louis, Louis, I am here!" she said, and almost swooned.

The wounded man recovered consciousness at the sound of her voice and opened his eyes. Then, recognizing his sister, he stretched out both his hands, unable to raise his head, which Noemi grasped and bathed with tears—tears of joy this time flowing from a heart which at last had found happiness. Her emotion was so great that words failed.

The doctor walked quickly forward and half compelled her to leave the bedside.

"You must keep calm," he exclaimed, "or we cannot answer for anything. The wound is healing; your brother will certainly recover unless you spoil our work. Enough for today. You can return tomorrow morning, but do not stay now."

Louis Verdier, promoted to a sub-lieutenancy on the field of battle, was shot in the forehead, but the bullet struck him obliquely and passed to the back of the head, from which it was extracted.

"Do you know," exclaimed the happy Noemi some days later as she sat by the bedside, "yesterday my employer gave me an order for a magnificent piece of lace, very difficult to make, which he requires for a rich English firm. I began the work yesterday, and I hope to finish it in ten days. I shall be exceedingly well paid for this work. Can you guess what I intend to do with the money?"

"No," replied the young officer.

"Well, as the doctor says you will soon be strong enough, I shall have your carried home, so that I can be at your side night and day. You will be very happy and soon quite cured."

"What a good idea, dear sister! I shall make haste to get better, so that I may accompany you."

"I shall work hard, because your return home is not a mere dream, and this happiness is close at hand."

Every day Noemi passed an hour at her brother's pillow; he was now convalescent, and Noemi constantly chatted about her lace; the work was progressing rapidly, and, as she had said, would be completed in ten days.

One morning as she entered the hospital, her countenance beaming with joy, her brother made a sign to her to speak in a low voice, glancing as he did so, at a newly arrived patient on the neighboring mattress.

This was Count de Lanterac d'Ambray, lieutenant in the light infantry; he had been struck on the shoulder by a fragment of shell.

"Poor youth," exclaimed Noemi, moved with pity; "he has no sister to care for him."

She was interested in this unfortunate, whom death seemed awaiting. The pale sufferer gazed with staring eyes at the young girl, who, amid the hallucinations of fever, seemed to him like some heavenly vision. He followed her with his gaze, which had hitherto been expressionless, seeming to be gladdened and smoothed.

After her departure his eyes remained fixed for a long time on the door which had concealed the vision, then gradually closed in sleep.

Next day, long before Noemi's arrival, the wounded man, as though gifted with second sight, which warned him of her approach, directed his looks to the door, and when at length the apparition was visible, a gleam of joy passed over his shrunken features.

"Oh! the poor fellow! the poor fellow!" exclaimed Noemi, troubled by the fixity of those eyes, which seemed to contemplate her from beyond the grave. She whispered in her brother's ear to inquire about the state of the stranger's wound, and seemed freed from anxiety on hearing that there was hope.

The days passed rapidly and Louis daily grew stronger. Had he not promised to make haste to get better? On the morning of the tenth day Noemi made her appearance, her face radiant with joy. In her hand she carried carefully a little packet wrapped in tissue-paper. She also kept her word. Her marvelous piece of lace was completed, and she wished her brother to see it before taking it to her employer. In her happiness at being able to remove her brother, she quite forgot the poor wounded stranger, who was now watching her with reanimated eyes.

"Is it not lovely?" she exclaimed, laying the delicate masterpiece of work she was so proud on her brother's bed; her pride, however, was not due to the difficulties she had conquered, but to the fact that she would now be able to take her brother to their home, to which happiness would thus be restored. They

were both happy as, with clasped hands, they examined the delicate fabric, giving no attention to the stranger, who, being uneasy on account of this behavior, raised himself partially in his bed.

In moving, the count displaced the bandages on his wound, and a stream of blood gushed forth and inundated the bed. Hearing the cry of the sufferer, the doctor appeared and laid the horrible wound bare.

"Quick! Quick!" he shouted. "Some lint! Quick!"

While the distracted nurses were looking everywhere the blood still flowed, and the anxious doctor reiterated his commands.

Brother and sister, motionless, pale with terror, exchanged a single glance. Noemi tore her beautiful lace to pieces and handed it to the doctor, who applied it to the wound; the hemorrhage was checked.

"Thanks, dear sister."

Louis could say no more.

"Merely a few days' delay," murmured Noemi, repressing the tears in her eyes. "I shall recommence my work."

Today Count de Lanterac d'Ambray is a colonel; he has three children—one tall, pretty daughter almost as lovely and gentle as her mother, Noemi, whose name she bears, and two fine lads who, according to their uncle, the brave Commandant Louis Verdier, promise great things.—New York Weekly.

BILLY THE KID'S COUNTRY.

Place Where the Young Desperado Was Killed and Where His Body Was Buried.

Billy the Kid was tried at Mesilla and condemned to be executed at Lincoln. A few days before the day set for his execution he killed the two deputies, Orrendorf and Bell, who were guarding him, and broke back to his old stamping ground around Fort Sumner. "I knew now that I would have to kill the Kid," said Garrett, speaking reminiscently of the old bloody scenes. "I followed him up to Sumner, as you know, with two deputies, John Poe and Tip McKinney, and I killed him alone in a room up there in the old Maxwell house."

He spoke of events now long gone by. It had been only with difficulty that we located the site of the building where the Kid's gang had been taken prisoners, the structure itself having been torn down and removed by an adjacent sheep rancher. As to old Fort Sumner, once a famous military post, it offered nothing better than a scene of desolation, there being no longer a single human inhabitant there. The old avenue of cottonwoods, once four miles long, is now ragged and unwatered, and the great parade ground has gone back to sand and sage brush. We were obliged to search for some time before we could find the site of the Maxwell house, in which was enacted the last tragedy in the life of a once famous bad man. Garrett finally located the spot, now only a rough quadrangle of crumbled earthen walls.

"This is the place," said he, pointing at one corner of the grass grown oblong. "Pete Maxwell's bed was right in this corner of the room, and I was sitting in the dark and talking to Pete, who was in bed. The Kid passed Joe Poe and Tip McKinney, my deputies, right over there on what was then the gallery, and came through the door right here. He could not tell who I was. 'Pete,' he whispered, 'who is it?' He had his pistol, a double action .41. In his hand, and he motioned toward me with it as he spoke, still not recognizing me. That was about all there was to it. I supposed he would shoot me, and I leaped over to the left so that he would hit me in the right side and not kill me so dead but what I could kill him too. I was just a shade too quick for him. His pistol went off as he fell, but I don't suppose he ever knew who killed him or how he was killed."

Twenty-five years of time had done their work in all that country, as we learned when we entered the little barred wire inclosure of the cemetery where the Kid and his fellows were buried. There are no headstones in this cemetery, and no carter holds its records. Again Garrett had to search in the salt grass and greasewood. "Here is the place," said he at length. "We buried them all in a row. The first grave is the Kid's, and next to him is Bowdre, and then O'Fallard. There's nothing left to mark them."

So passes the glory of this world. Even the headboard which once stood at the Kid's grave—and which was once riddled with bullets by cowards who would not have dared to shoot that cliche to him had he been alive—was gone. It is not likely that the graves will be visited again by any one who knows their locality. Garrett looked at them in silence for a time, and turning, went to the buckboard for a drink at the canteen. "Well," said he quietly, "here's to the boys, anyway. If there is any other life I hope they'll make better use of it than they did the one I put them out of."—Saturday Evening Post.

Franklin's Sawdust Pudding.

Franklin believed in fair competition, in freedom for others as well as himself, and cared more for his personal independence in the conduct of his business than for the business itself. The story of the sawdust pudding should be known in every newspaper office in the country. When he first started his Gazette, he made some free comments on certain public officials, and some of the influential patrons of the paper resented it and tried to stop it. He invited them to dinner. When they came they found nothing on the table but a pudding made of course, and a jug of water. They sat down. Franklin filled their plates and then his own and proceeded to eat heartily, but his guests could not swallow the stuff. After a few moments Franklin rose, and looking at them, said quietly: "My friends, any man who can subsist on sawdust pudding, as I can, needs no man's patronage."—American.

Double tracking the Siberian railway will certainly not take place for a year or two.

Why a feeder of farm stock should buy mixed grains is more than one can understand, unless he is too lazy to do the mixing himself.

Time was when screenings were just what was claimed for them, the smaller grains which dropped through the sieves when screening was done for the first grade of grains. Now screenings are quite likely to be the sweepings from the mill floors and contain anything from hulls to tobacco quids. Any of the grains used for feeding stock of any kind can be bought without mixture and one can tell by examination if they be reasonably pure. They cost more than the mixed feeds, to be sure, but they are the cheapest in the end, for less has to be fed.

Of all the bad mixed feeds the ground feeds are the worst, for in this state it is practically impossible to know what is in the mixture, that is, for the ordinary observer to ascertain. In feeding poultry, it has been demonstrated, time and again, that it pays to pay twenty-five per cent. more for the grains by themselves than to feed the mixtures bought in that form.—Indianapolis News.

Health of the Animal.

Except in the warm South we believe that the windows of every barn should be fitted with an extra covering of wood. In other words, a shutter of wood hinged on the outside and swinging in to be hooked on the inside. If the frame will not permit of this, have it anyway, and use a button on the outside. One scarcely realizes how much warmer the barn will be for the cows and horses with this double window, and the cost is not great. In some cases a double window of glass will answer the purpose and be more ornamental, but in cold locations a curtain of burlap should be used on the coldest nights. In addition to fixing the windows as described above, go over the barn wall and stuff newspapers between the cracks of the boards.

Have some corner of the barn where a window of a size according to the number of animals in the barn can be placed which will be open most of the time to give as nearly perfect ventilation as possible, or have some plan which is as applicable to the large building as the small one. While the barn should be made comfortable, remember that the health of the animals requires perfect ventilation, or as nearly perfect as one can get it.—Indianapolis News.

Skim Milk and Growing Pigs.

The cost of growing pork in Canada, according to the Ontario Station, is given by the head of the station as four and one-half cents from two months old pigs till they are about seven months old, when grain fed. He says: Our experiments go to show that by judicious use of skim milk in connection with the grains or meals we are able to produce a pound of pork from one cent to one and one-half cent less than where the meals alone are used. Our experience with the raising of pigs has been that we can keep a good sow in perfect condition a year round for \$15. Estimating the meal at one cent per pound \$15 worth that sow a year, including cost of pasture and allowing so much for cost of building and everything else, barring the labor, which is not included. From the average sow we may anticipate eight pigs, if she produces only one litter, and that reduces the cost of the young pig below \$2. If she gives two litters, it costs somewhere around \$1 per pig. We may say \$1 a pig. If you add \$1.50 a pig to \$7, which we say is the cost of a 200-pound pig, you get \$8, and the very lowest price we have got this year has been \$10. There is still \$1 clear profit and the manure, and the manure that comes from the pig is of a very superior quality.—Indianapolis Farmer.

Door For a Hog House.

There is no good reason why the door to the hog house should be made of heavy boards and kept shut, nor why the house should be without any door if one will work out this simple plan. Take some strong burlap or an old fertilizer bag and get a few laths. Place the laths an inch apart on both sides of the bag (crosswise) and fasten them to each other, nailing through the bag. Hem the edges of the bag so they will not unravel, then fasten over the opening in the door, letting it nearly touch at the bottom.

The laths will weight it sufficiently to hold it in place so that it will keep out cold and storm, yet it will be sufficiently light so that the hogs can push it with their heads when they want to get in or out of the house. The illustration shows the plan plainly and it will work better than any door we know of, obviating the trouble of opening the door every time the hogs are to be let out. If desired the regulation board door may be put in place, to be closed when desired.—Indianapolis News.

Points on Stock Feeding.

Farm animals must possess quality before they can be fed and reared with marked success.

More food is required to make a given gain as the birth period is receded from.

When periods of stagnation occur before maturity, the food of maintenance, fed during such periods, brings little or no return.

When development is seriously arrested at any period before its completion, the feeding quality of the animal is affected adversely.

When development is unduly forced by stimulating foods while the animal is young, its feeding qualities are injured.

Rough on German Autolats.

It having been noticed that many lines for automobile spending were being levied in a small German village, says Automobile Topics, the authorities made inquiry from the local policeman how he determined the rate of speed at which the cars were proceeding, and his innocent answer was: "I report all who come through here." It proved to be a fact that all had been held up for fines, no matter what the speed might be.

Unprecedented Action.

"Young Boomwaller is a rank failure as a legislator," indignantly said the Hon. Thomas Rott. "Why, when in the course of debate I denominated him as a falsifier he struck me on the nose, when, if he had been at all acquainted with parliamentary usage, he would have known that it was permissible only to hurt the adversary back in that fellow, as sure as you are born!"—Puck.

Civilization shortens the life of a horse.

In a wild state he lives to be thirty-six or forty years old, while the domestic horse is old at twenty-five years.

In parts of Austria, where the average rainfall is not more than ten inches a square mile of land will support only eight or nine sheep.

NORWAY'S NEW KING AND QUEEN.

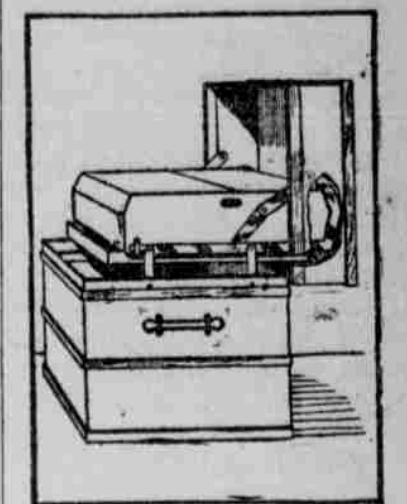


King Haakon the Seventh of Norway is tall, blonde, and good-looking, standing more than six feet high. On November 27, Queen Maud was thirty-six years old. She is three years older than her husband, and is the youngest daughter of King Edward of England. She is described as being attractive personally, a daring driver and excellent huntswoman. Skating and bicycling are also numbered among her athletic accomplishments.

HOW TO SCALE A HIGH FENCE.

Perhaps it is impolitic to teach boys new tricks, but it is really too bad to have to walk a mile when it is so easy to get over the fence and go cross-lots. Some years ago a man thought out

tom of the top tray, and is drawn out or returned similar to a bureau drawer. Fine clothes, if packed in these trays

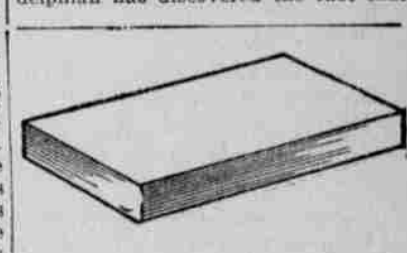


Trays Readily Accessible.

in a neat and careful manner, could be conveniently reached when occasion demanded, and be ready for immediate use without the necessity of pressing.

ALUMINUM HONE.

The ordinary hone, composed of natural stone, has always been objectionable for the reason that it is breakable and is not always of uniform texture throughout, the best of the natural hones being quite expensive. A Philadelphian has discovered the fact that



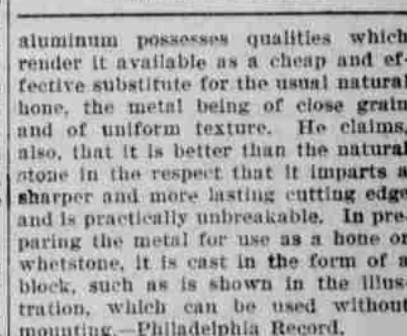
Aluminum

aluminum possesses qualities which render it available as a cheap and effective substitute for the usual natural hone, the metal being of close grain and of uniform texture. He claims, also, that it is better than the natural stone in the respect that it imparts a sharper and more lasting cutting edge and is practically unbreakable. In preparing the metal for use as a hone or whetstone, it is cast in the form of a block, such as is shown in the illustration, which can be used without mounting.—Philadelphia Record.

LATEST IN TRUNKS.

The latest idea in trunks is shown in the illustration below. The most important being the easy manner in which the garments can be packed, without fear of creasing or marring them, and as conveniently removed. It contains two trays, one being supported beneath the other. The upper tray is supported, upon cleats secured to the sides of the trunk, but when the lid of the trunk is opened the upper tray is pulled upward and backward by pivoted braces secured to the lid and the tray. Small swinging arms also add support to the tray.

A second or supplemental tray is supported beneath the upper tray, and is picked up and lowered simultaneously with the top tray. This supplemental tray fits into ledges attached to the bot-



Aluminum

Aluminum

Aluminum Whetstone.

Four Ways the Cherry Tree Incident Could Have Happened.



Little G. W.—Father, I cannot tell a lie! Say, give us a lift, will you?

"Why did you cut down my favorite cherry tree, son?" "Why didn't you tell me it was? I'd just as soon tackled any of the others, paw!"

"Gee! This is tough wood, but I've got to break into the story books somehow!"

"Hi! Hold on, paw! This old story book ain't no history!"