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"FOUR FEET ON THE FENDER."

[Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' definition of happiness: Not many months before his death he said sadly: "Only two feet now on the fender."]

The fire on the hearth is all glowing,
"A light in the window for thee,"
There is one who looks for my coming,
Who is "watching and waiting for me."
O, joy of earth the most precious!
The dear angel presence of home
Is beside me in the sweet gloaming,
As into my heart-rest I come,
"Four feet on the fender."

Our cup is full of life's nectar,
And we thank the dear Father above
As we sit "four feet on the fender,"
In the oneness of hearts' perfect love.
So near our souls are together,
They meet and mingle as one,
In this holy and tender communion,
The love feast I keep with my own,
"Four feet on the fender."

Alone I sit by the hreside,
No hand lies softly in mine,
No eyes all tender with love-light
For me with the home-welcome shine,
And I long with a heart-ache and grieving
For the "grace of a day that is dead,"
For the one tender presence, my heart-rest,
From my home and yearning flight fled.
Only two feet on the fender.

The Autumn came in its glory,
But a glory had passed from the earth.
The genial presence had vanished,
No light on the evening hearth.
Ended the songs of one singer,
Broken the strings of his lute,
Silence o'er chords he has wakened,
The voice of his melody mute.
No feet on the fender.

—Phebe A. Holder, in Banner of Gold.

HER HERO

By Elizabeth M. Gilmer.

(Copyright, 1899, the Author's Syndicate.)

MRS. MORGAN kept a working-men's boarding house, down near the railroad tracks and a perpetual odor of fried steak and onions and boiled cabbage permeated the dingy hall, and saluted you as you opened the front door. Here there rallied itself to a procession of tired men who stumbled up the steep steps at night, or heaved themselves down at the table and ate ravenously of the heavy food, or smoked short pipes in their shirt sleeves on the doorstep in the evenings. It was the last place on earth where you would have looked for a romance, yet, nevertheless, it was the home of an idealist whose soul soared far above her sordid surroundings, into a world of fancy where such things as grimy men with calloused palms were unknown, and a putty pipe would have been an impossibility.

This was Mrs. Morgan's daughter Mamie. Mrs. Morgan, in talking about her, always dwelt fondly on the fact that Mamie had had advantages, which, being interpreted, meant that she had been ground through a few grades in the public school, where she had acquired a passion for novel reading and a profound contempt for the station in life to which she had been born. In her mother's adoring opinion this passed for culture, and she never looked at Mamie's soft white hands, so different from her own work-hardened ones, or at Mamie's slim young figure in its pretty, cheap finery, so different from her own toil beat one, without a thrill of pride that she had "raised" the girl above herself.

The little tragedy of the mother who makes a willing slave of herself in order to indulge her daughter is so common we scarcely notice it. Assuredly neither Mrs. Morgan nor Mamie saw anything strange or culpable in the mother spending her days cooking endless meals, washing endless dishes, and making endless beds, while the girl gossiped with her friends in the shabby parlor, or read the novels in which her soul delighted.

"Mamie don't take to housework, and she ain't got to, long as I live," her mother would say, and left free to follow her own devices Mamie reveled in lurid romances where the beautiful but impecunious and lowly born heroine is importuned by Sir Reginald de Montmorenci to share his coronet, or where, after impossible scenes of carnage and daring, the hero succeeds in rescuing the noble Lady Clara De Beauchamp from her enemies, and is rewarded with the hand of that august and frigid lady in marriage.

If she had only been content with what real life had to offer her, Mamie would have had no time to find her love stories in books. She was an extremely pretty girl, with a skin like milk, and eyes as blue as a summer sky, and there was no lack of honest-hearted young fellows who would gladly have married her, but she would have none of them.

"She's looking out for one of them hero chaps what wears silk hats, find smokes cigarettes, and don't get his hands dirty, like what's in them books she's always reading," one of her discomfited suitors had declared, resentfully.

"An' what if I am, Sim Reeves," she had flashed back in sudden wrath, "what if I am looking for a man what's got more spunk than to sit down cross-legged and' sew an' patch all day like a woman? Anyway, don't you worry. When I start out to look for a hero I won't come round your way."

Other men had come and gone, and paid their court to the romantic and scornful maiden, and had taken their blighted affections elsewhere for consolation, but Tim Neely had been faithful through it all.

He was a big, good-natured teamster, with a hand as large as a sledge hammer and as gentle as a child's. For three years he had occupied Mrs. Morgan's second story back, and during all that time he had laid patient siege to Mamie's heart, with a devotion as faithful as a dog's. He surrounded her with boundless love and tenderness, but he was too humble to urge his own merits, least of all to dream how much too good he was for the silly, selfish girl.

"I—I—I—know I ain't much to look at like them fellers what's you're always readin' about," he said, deprecatingly, to her, "but I got a $30 a month, an' something laid by in de bank, an'—an'—I ain't never drove a hoss that wouldn't follow me round de stable yard."

"I know, Tim," the girl answered. "An' I wish I could love you. Honest, I do; but it jest seems to me like I can't marry any man that's just everyday common kind of folks like I've knowed ever sence I was born, that don't think 'bout nothing but just eating, and sleeping, and working. I just got to have somebody that's a hero and romantic."

"That's so," he answered, soothingly, to her passionate outburst, and then he sighed and added: "I reckon that lets me out, Mame, 'cause I ain't built that way."

"Well, I ain't going to marry a man that ain't a hero," the girl repeated, doggedly, and Tim, gathering up his cap, went back to his team.

That night, after supper, Mrs. Morgan's boarders were sitting on the steps, trying to gather a little freshness out of the sultry summer air. Suddenly some one called attention to the little glare just above the roofs of the houses a few blocks off, and in an instant more a long tongue of flame had leaped up against the dark sky.

"My God," cried a man, "it's the Mehigan flats. They are crowded like rabbits warren, and they will burn like tinder after this drought." The shrill clang of the fire engine gong cut his speech short, and, with the inexhaustible curiosity of the street born, they all trooped off in its wake.

The engine was already pouring futile streams of water on the flimsy frame building, and the firemen were making a gallant fight against overwhelming odds. Little groups of white-faced women, and scared children stood on the pavement about pathetic bundles—the poor possessions that they had been able to save from the burning house.

"Everybody out?" inquired a spectator of the fireman.

"Guess so, if they ain't—God help 'em," he responded, laconically; but even as he spoke a groan went up from the crowd, and at an upper window there appeared the frightened face of a little child.

"It's too late," cried one, "the old shack is ready to fall now. It's certain

THE RESCUE.

death." The firemen were struggling with a ladder, trying to get it nearer the window, when suddenly a man was seen to dart in the burning building and up the stairs that creaked and swayed under his weight. A moment more and he reached the trembling little figure, tore off his own hat and pressed it over the child's face, and started back on his perilous journey.

Down on the sidewalk Mamie stood breathless, white, trembling, for in the rescuer she had recognized Tim, and in the same instant she had known that she loved him. All that was petty, and mean, and selfish in her nature shriveled up in the fierce light of that revelation, and something nobler took its place—something grand enough to make her even willing to risk the man she loved for a great deed, and with a sudden impulse she turned to the crowd and cried:

"He is risking his life for the kid. Give him a cheer, boys; give him a cheer," and her own voice, sweet and piercing as a bugle call, lead the wild shouting.

Tim, coming down the steps, stifled, blinded, choking, ready to sink with his burden, heard it, and it gave him courage for one more effort that carried him across the threshold just as the walls caved in, and he knew no more. When he awoke to consciousness again he was lying in the white cot at the hospital, and a weeping girl was kneeling beside it.

"Mame?" he asked, vaguely.

"It's all right, Tim," she answered, bending to kiss the poor helpless bandaged hands, "you know I said I wasn't going to ever marry any man but a hero? Well, I—I've found him."

Regular and Volunteer of Britain.

"'E comes up to me," said the regular, "an' 'e sez to me, sez 'e: 'Look 'ere man, where can I find your sergeant-major?' I looks at 'im an' sez: 'Wot are you?' sez I. 'E sez: 'I'm a city imp'rial volunteer,' sez 'e. 'O?' sez I 'Yus,' sez 'e. 'Yus,' sez I, 'you're a volunteer an' I'm a reg'lar.' I sez, 'an you ain't goin' to lord it over me,' I sez, with yer "me man,"' I sez, 'don't you forget it. I didn't get no freedom of the city,' I sez, 'the only thing the lord mayor ever giv' me,' I sez, 'was 14 days for fo'-'ons drivin',' I sez. 'I wasn't entertained at tea,' I sez, 'by all the dooks and earls of London,' I sez. 'I wasn't 'ugged an' kissed as I walked along the street,' I sez, 'but I'm a bloomin' privit an' so are you, me lad.' 'Yus,' sez 'e 'an' I'd —— proud of it,' sez 'e. 'So am I,' sez I. 'Well, come an' 'ave a drink,' sez 'e. 'Right you are,' sez I; 'now you're talkin'!'"—London Daily News.

No Chinese in Potter's Field.

Among the thousands of bodies buried in the potter's field of New York there is not one of a Chinaman.

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CAST-OFF RUBBER.

Buyers of the Material Now Pay Good Prices for Old Shoes, Hose, Etc.

There is a good market for any old kind of rubber thing. Whether it is footwear, garden hose or car spring it can be sold to junk dealers, no matter what its condition. The heels and soles of boots and shoes may bring as much as 12 cents a pound because the rubber is mixed with fiber. The tops, which are lined with some sort of cloth, may bring no more than six cents if detached from the soles, but the boot taken as a whole commands nine or ten cents a pound. Garden hose brings from two to six cents, according to its quality and the amount of fiber mixed with it. Car springs are worth four or five cents a pound. Air brake, acid, steam, water and brewers' pipe sells at $40 to $50 a ton, which is two and 2½ cents a pound. Old rubber belting commands about the same price, but packing is worth barely one-half cent a pound. The difference in the prices is largely due to the fact that some of the rubber goods are made of old stock or are "loaded" with other substances or are lined with sheeting or other cloths, says the Chicago Chronicle.

Chicago has a number of buyers of old rubber, and they gather in hundreds of tons every year. Their largest supply comes from the railroad companies, and it is an unusual thing for a railroad to sell two car loads of rubber in a lot. It consists mostly of car springs and air brake pipes. The old junk is sent to rubber reclaiming works, which grind it up and subject it to rubber treatment with steam to burn out the fibrous stuff mixed with it. The old rubber is then mixed by manufacturers with new stock to produce cheap articles. The best Para rubber is worth $1.03 a pound, and has been as high as $1.15. Reclaimed rubber can be produced for 20 to 4 cents.

Garden hose costs 4 to 18 cents a foot, according to quality. Consequently when one buys 10 feet of hose and a reel for $2.49 the chances are ninety-nine to one that the rubber is largely adulterated with old stock. The man who congratulates himself on having got a good bargain may chuckle in his sleeve, but he can't fool the rubber. Having yielded up its "life" once in the service of man, it is hereafter more or less "dead." The mixture of new rubber may deceive the inexpert, but a rubber doctor can tell by a little manipulation of his fingers whether the corpse has been galvanized or not. If it shows signs of cracking when doubled up sharply he knows it is not first-class stock.

Pure rubber should float on water and should stretch five times its natural length. Commercially pure manufactured rubber has five per cent of sulphur in its composition. If allowed to lie in the sun for a few weeks the sulphur is dried out of it and it becomes brittle. Belting that in the east might last for ten years loses its life in the dry climate of Colorado in one-fifth of that time. The thin sheets of rubber used by dentists for dams are made of pure stock. Shoes were once wholly of fresh rubber, but that is not now the rule. Almost all rubber goods subject to rough use are more or less adulterated with old or reclaimed stock. Manufacturers prefer to use fresh stock, but inexperienced buyers demand cheap goods, and the maker meets their prices by varying the amount of old stock he mixes with the raw material. Rubber manufacturers say there is no economy in buying cheap goods, because the rubber is brittle and will soon give out. Bargain hunters may flatter themselves they are getting a "good thing," but they cannot fool caoutchouc.

LAST OF SEA ELEPHANTS.

Plentiful in California Fifty Years Ago, the Herds Are Now Extinct.

Fifty years ago the fine natural harbor on the southwest coast of the island of Santa Catalina gave shelter to what was perhaps one of the largest herds of the California sea elephant—macrorhinus angus tirostris—then known, the largest of its tribe, many attaining a height of 22 feet, says the Scientific American.

It was a striking and conspicuous object, and naturally attracted the attention of the whites, who immediately began a war of extermination, the animal being very valuable for its oil, the large bulls affording 200 or more gallons.

The animals were very plentiful at this time from latitude 25 to 35 degrees, but the war of extermination began about 1852, and the present decade has in all probability, seen the last of the animals.

The government, recognizing the inevitable, sent an expedition to Lower California a few years ago and secured all the sea elephants they could find and the oil hunters have since completed the work, and it is believed that this fine animal is extinct.

In 1884 the crew of the sloop Liberty killed 95. These men had sentiment enough to leave a few females and young; but it was a mistake, as some weeks later another boatload of exterminators came along and slaughtered what was left of the herd.

The government then sent Charles P. Townsend to secure what animals might have remained. He visited all the localities in Lower California which had formerly given shelter to these animals, but found none until he came to San Cristobel bay, where there was a herd of 15, these being killed in the interest of science. These were probably the last of the race.

Many-Sided.

Of course the sides of a many-sided man need to be connected if he is to make any figure at all.—Detroit Journal.

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