WHERE MINERS DIG FOR OREGON SILICA--

Mosier the Scene of Activity in the Development of New Industry — The Hood River Section Has Other Than a Wealth of Big Apples -- Deposits of Valuable Substance to Be Found in Great Abundance -- Many Varieties of Clay

By Rinaldo M. Hall.

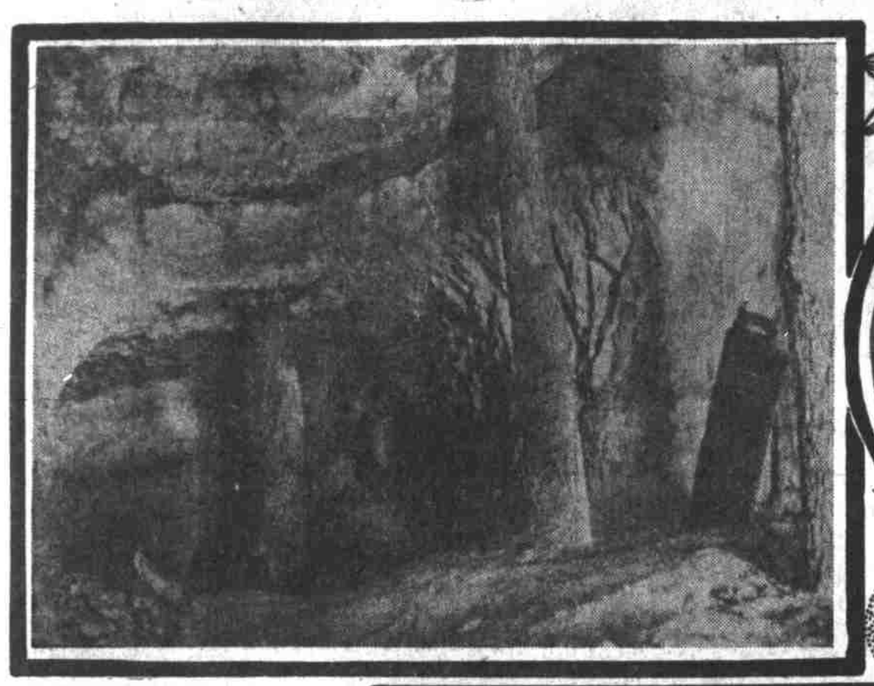
DURING the past few years, great has been the rivalry existing between Hood River, Or., and Mosier, six miles east. Hood River's reputation as a fruit growing district had already spread to the ends of the world. Mosier apple growers were inclined to contend that in view of the fact of their proximity to Hood River and because of the equal superiority of their fruit, there should be no discrimination and, in short, that it should find the same markets and receive the same prices. "Not agreeable," declared Hood River, and the merry war began, the greatest blow being given when "Hood River County" was formed, the dividing line falling just west of Mosier.

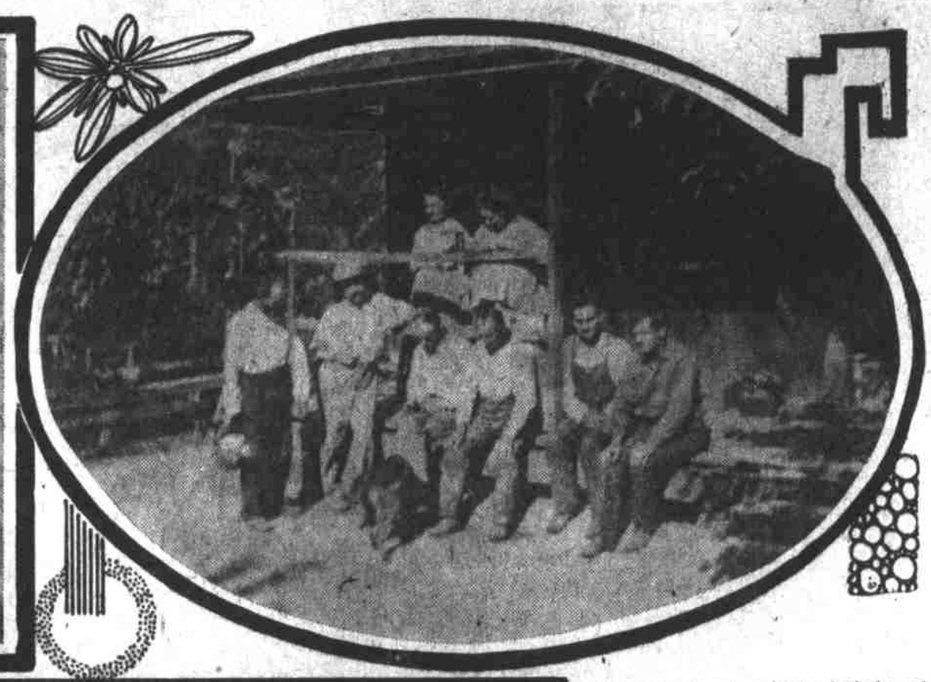
I had occasion to visit Mosier the past week and, while amazed at the remarkable activity in fruit culture, stumbled onto an industry that was entirely new to me, and I thought, after five years of study of Oregon's resources, that I was familiar with every product the state's storehouse of nature had within its doors.

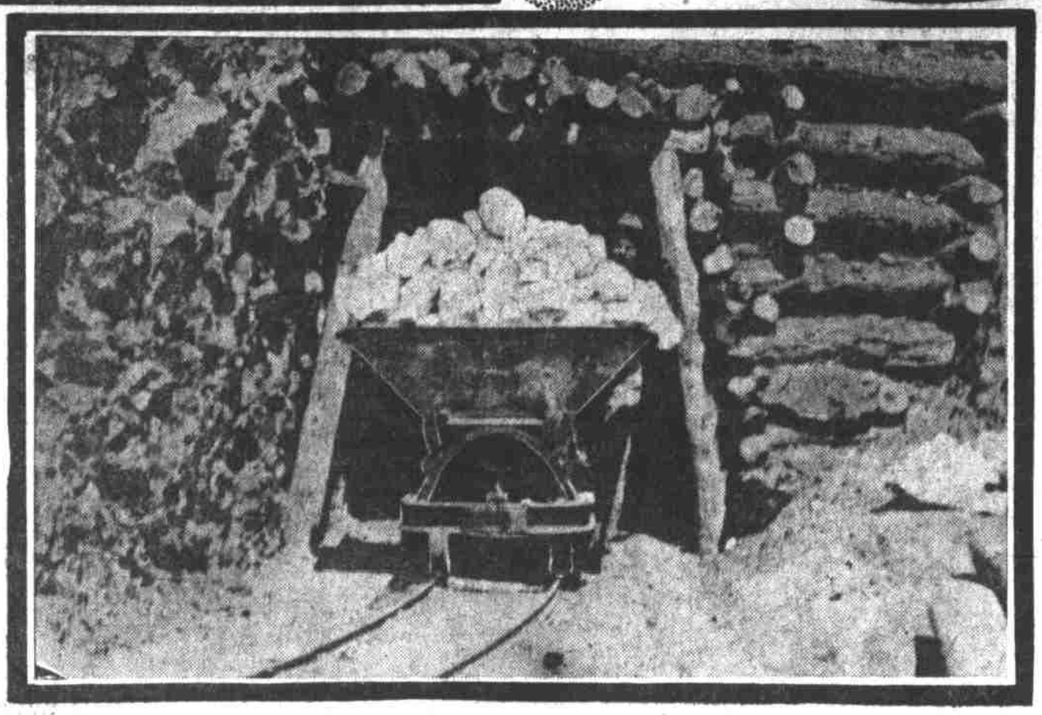
A delayed train and an enthusiastic eastern business man who had come over 3000 miles to verify reports, caused me to know about a wonderful deposit of silica, and this silica discovery is the club to be used by Mosier in getting even with Hood River. They see in it the means of a great stimulus to Mosier, and in the opinion of the eastern business man, the silica discovery means big things to the Mosier district.

"We use great quantities of silica," he said. "A Portland gentleman sent me samples of silicas and clays that I could scarcely believe had come from American soil, yet upon investigation, personal inspections today, I saw deposits of silica flour, silica rock or quartz and highly silicious clays in plastic form that took my deepest attention. I could not have believed that such a variety of clays existed in this country covering a range of wares and products from toilet articles, gunpowder, paints, paper filler, etc., on the one hand to fire proof materials heretofore unknown on the Pacific coast; fire brick, architectural terra cotta, face brick and kindred wares, with other veins most suitable for annealed brick, pipe, etc."

I was deeply interested; pulled out my watch; walked to the telephone; called up the depot agent and ascertained that we had good four hours to wait before arrival of the train.







Three Scenes at the Mines.

Less than twenty minutes had elapsed when I was on my way up Mosier valley to the silica mine. The three miles were soon traveled.

H. W. Beatley of New York, in charge of the mine, was courteous but reticent.

"Yes, indeed, we are busy. Were we to run at full capacity and not receive an additional order for six months, we would scarcely be caught up. Quantity? Over one thousand acres—millions of tons of silica and terra cotta clay—and the best part of the story is the fact that our mine is the only known deposit of like quality in the United States."

More than an hour was consumed in going over the property and through the mine—time well spent. During our walks and talks Beatley informed me that before he and his friends bought the mine, the best experts in this country, as well as abroad, analyzed the products with the following results:

Flour silica: Silica, 98.05; aluminum oxides, 2.65; calcium oxides, 1.02; trace of magnesium and trace of carbon dioxides.

Plastic silica: Silica, 84.09; aluminum oxides, 14.02; calcium oxides, 1.15; trace of magnesium.

He handed me a letter received that day which goes to prove that the silica product is beginning to work wonders in Oregon. It was from J. H. Whyte, manager Astoria Chamber of Commerce:

"Please forward by freight 200 pounds of silica. State your lowest price per ton on this material. We now have a small factory here to manufacture chinaware and porcelain, and if it proves satisfactory in our work, we can use a large quantity of it in the near future and do a big business with you."

Mr. Beatley stated that they will manufacture fire brick, fire clay, glazed and enameled brick, calcimine, staff, asbestos goods, soap, wood preservatives, gunpowder, paper, talcum, tooth and face powders, architectural terra cotta, vases, white, buff and red granite brick, tile and arches, flue linings, partition and arch tile, annealed paving brick, drain tile, sewer pipe, electric conduit tile and hollow wall blocks.

Back to the little town of Mosier I went, firmly convinced that the state of Oregon is rich in her clay resources, and amused at the fact that about ten years ago a number of clay experts were sent to this coast by the government, and made report on Pacific coast clays. These gentlemen took one big step from California into eastern Washington, and in their report made no mention of Oregon, carrying the open conclusion that there was nothing in this state worth stopping to see.

A WARTIME WARNING

By Jeanie W. Barr.

"WHAT do you mean by that? I grant our position is not without danger. Indeed, I have but now dispatched word to General Brook intimating that we are ready to meet any force he may have at his disposal."

"Surely you have not sent your defiance already. I tell you there is treachery afoot; you have enemies not in the field who will be more fatal to your village than those behind either Brock or Tecumseh."

"Soldiers must be content with the fortunes of war, but I scarcely see how the village is to suffer so long as one of our men remains to protect them. Pray tell me your meaning plainly without more ado."

Cecille sank once more into her chair, thought a moment, then told them of the plot as revealed to her by Joachim Maloche, being careful to screen her friends and blind even Hastings as to the identity of the plotters.

General Hull paced the room, listening to every word. When she was finished he wheeled upon the girl fiercely, crying: "Dare I believe you, girl? Who are you that takes upon herself to warn me and make a demand so derogatory to my honor. Is there anyone who will vouch for your sincerity?"

In her distress, Cecille at once turned to Hastings and stretched her hand out to him, but the young man's face was stern and he made no motion to aid her.

"What, Captain," cried Hull, tersely, "do you know this girl? Speak, man, who is she? Do you think her story true?"

Carl moistened his lips and faced the General that he might not see the appealing attitude of Cecille.

"I have known the lady for a year, General."

"Is she honest, sir?"

"She is, General."

"Well man, proceed," stormed Hull. "Must I question you like a child? Is she loyal to the British cause?"

"She is, sir."

"What reason can she have for her action tonight?"

"I believe she would do much to save her country, sir."

"Carl!" cried the girl in a strained voice, but the man did not heed her.

"Do you advise me, Captain, to think no more of her story and hazard an encounter on the morrow?"

"My country and my honor must stand before all else," replied the miserable young man. "I advise you to hazard an encounter on the morrow."

With eyes flashing, the girl started up and cried:

"I have been slighted by my friend, but I tell you my story is true. Think you I would betray the plots of my own people, would I risk the exposure of this night's visit, would I have pleaded as I have done but for a mighty reason? I felt I must try to frustrate the plot and came directly to you, but my trust has been misplaced. Tomorrow morning the alternative of surrender or a wholesale massacre will be placed before you. Ere you decide, remember there are bands of Indians under neither Brock nor Tecumseh who are but waiting the signal to swarm upon the village while all your power is enlisted in the fight with the enemy proper. We have been warned before now that oftimes more is accomplished by discretion than by valor. Will you believe in my truth when the demand of surrender is made upon you?"

"I shall consider the situation when it presents itself. You are at liberty to withdraw, Ma'amoiselle."

Quickly gathering her cloak about her, the girl fled from the room without a glance at either of the men.

"Captain," commanded General Hull, "keep the girl in sight and see where she lodges."

Although stinging with the pain of the late encounter, and bitterly deploring that his love and his duty demanded opposite action, Captain Hastings gladly left the room and the fort to carry out the general's orders. The girl's fleetness necessitated speed on his part, but even with his utmost efforts Cecille was soon beyond his view. Believing her to be staying at her aunt's home, he made for that place after a more direct route which led him over fallen trees and through a rather dense wood. Captain Hastings was on the alert, but just as he was about to step into the clearing which surrounded the farmhouse he was set upon by several Indians who seemed to have been stationed as sentinels. He turned upon his assailants with all the power he possessed, but could only succeed in holding them off his person. There must be something in Cecille's story, thought the young man, or why should the bands of Indians be on the offensive so near the fort. If he could only hold his own against them, make his escape, inform Hull and head a party to beat up all the woods for miles around the fort, then they might really know what manner of enemy to expect on the morrow. But the matter in hand was growing too desperate for the American, his antagonists were closing in upon him, and he felt there was no escape. With fearful lungs he plunged at them with his sword, but an Indian from behind finished the fighting by felling the young officer to the ground with the stout butt of his rifle.

The Indians were now at a loss to dispose of their victim, for they dare not leave him so near a friend's house. Finally it was agreed to throw the body into the river and let nature look to the burial. Two stalwart fellows lifted the prostrate figure and carried it down the gentle slope to the water, but just as they were crossing the road an apparition all in white appeared coming toward them. With a yell of terror they threw the body from them, sprang into the woods and disappeared.

* * * * * * *

When Cecille left the fort she had feared pursuit and ran as fast as she was able, disappointment and misery giving speed to her flight. Her father had warned her to insist upon her aunt going to Canada until the trouble was over, and she was glad they were leaving Detroit that night. The evening was warm and she drew the cloak from her shoulders, when, to her dismay, a shriek screamed out on the road before her and she saw two figures dart into the wood. Thoroughly frightened, the girl ran forward and nearly tripped over the prostrate body of Hastings as it sprawled partly on the path and partly in the water. She recognized the man at once and, stooping, turned his white face toward her, but could not tell whether he was dead or alive. She gently bathed his face and drew him into an easier position. Her first thought was to take him across to her Canadian home, where he would be safe from the troubles of the morrow and his much-loved honor would be unblemished, for he could then know nothing of either massacre or surrender.

Hastily Cecille ran up the shore to where her canoe was moored, and stepping lightly in, paddled to where the young man lay. In her efforts to lift him, Carl groaned and opened his eyes. He looked at the girl in wonder, and then said eagerly:

"Cecille, my dear one, forgive me. I doubted your words, but now I know them true."

"Hush, dear," said the girl quietly; "all may be well if you are but careful." With her assistance Carl staggered into the canoe, where he again dropped into a faint. Placing him in a comfortable position, Cecille crept carefully in beside him and began paddling toward the opposite shore, using the utmost caution, for the added burden rendered the passage exceedingly dangerous. She headed for her father's house, but feared she could not make it, the current was so strong. The Canadian shore was but a blur to her vision, but she could make out her whereabouts by watching the flicker of light behind in Fort Shelby. After strenuous endeavor she abandoned the hope of gaining her father's house and cast about for some other place of concealment and aid. Just then she saw a dim light on the shore toward Sandwich, and at once she concluded that it must come from Father Jerome's vigil candle. Why had she not thought of him before? He was the very one to render assistance and bring the American back to life. Quickly Cecille made for land and with care grounded her canoe in the tiny crescent-shaped cove which had so often been her lover's harbor. Stepping carefully out, the girl secured the boat and ran up the bank, through the orchard, and softly knocked at Father Jerome's door. Just as softly it was opened and the priest stared out at her.

"Cecille, my daughter, what mad freak is this? Know you not that morning is all but here?"

"Forgive me, father, but I come to you in great distress."

"What is it? Has your father met grief through his friendship with those rude Indians?"

"No, but I have found one who has been terribly injured—perhaps killed. Come, good father, and see." Together they ran to the young man, raised him and carried him into the house, and when he had been placed on the priest's straw bed, Father Jerome lifted his candle and allowed the light to fall upon the face of the injured man; then deliberately putting down the candle he stared at the girl. Cecille's eyes were full of tears, her cheeks pale, and her grief so apparent that the priest forebore to chide her.

"Now, my daughter," said he coldly, "while I do my utmost to bring life back to this young man, I bid you sit by the fire and tell me your story. How came the captain of the enemy's forces in your possession, and now that you have him, what do you mean to do with him? Am I to understand he is a prisoner"—and the old man chuckled.

Cecille related all that had happened to her that night, the priest allowing her to tell the story as she would. He was by profession a listener, and knew well how to draw the narrative by word or look.

"The young man will doubtless live," said he when his work was finished; "that is, with care and good nursing; always providing the British do not find him and insist upon carrying him off to prison."

"He is safe with you," said the girl quietly.

"And do you mean to leave all the nursing to me, Cecile?" inquired the priest. The girl blushed, but answered sadly: "At the present moment I have little desire ever to see him again."

"In that case, off home you go as soon as possible. He may wake any moment and be clamoring for explanations."

The next day was Sunday, and early the British forces began crossing the river, and by 8 o'clock had landed on the American shore and were marching upon Fort Shelby. When the column was approaching the fort, a young man stepped from the gate carrying a flag of truce. He was received by General Brock, and the necessary arrangements for surrender being agreed upon, the American soldiers filed out of the fort and the union jack was again hoisted over Detroit.

It was a bloodless victory, we say, but the mental conflict fought in the early morning hours by General Hull must have been fiercer than many of those waged by victorious heroes who freely baptised battlefields with noble blood. Moreover, as much may have been gained by this quiet surrender as by a bloody victory.

The wounded soldier at L'Assumption was backward in gaining strength, victories by heroes had been won and lonely graves for the vanquished had been dug before he was well enough to listen to the story. Then, scarcely waiting for the days of convalescence to be over, he hurried off to give his services again to his country, and when the British evacuated Fort Shelby and the flag of the republic again waved over Detroit, Captain Hastings was in the midst of the rejoicing. But when peace was at last thoroughly established the young officer set off in great haste to Montreal in search of a dainty French maiden who was attempting with a heavy heart to secrete herself behind cloistered walls.

Perhaps the lover would have chosen a more fitting atmosphere in which to present his suit to this high spirited damsel, but Providence has these matters in keeping, and he was ushered into the soleman reception room of a convent, where his impatience was at last rewarded by the appearance of Cecille. The cold stateliness of the room did not counteract the warmth of the greeting, as Carl had feared, and Cecille seemed to have forgotten all of their differences of opinion and only remembered they were lovers long held apart.

"You dear, brave girl!" cried Carl. "There is peace and happiness now in all the land, and only my heart needs rest. Cecille, you saved my life and all I am is yours."

"How about your honor, brave sir?" said the girl teasingly.

"Ah, little rogue, you shielded that, too. Now, verily, you must take me all in all." And the gift was gladly accepted.

AN "M" THAT MADE MISCHIEF

TERENCE was feeling distinctly aggrieved because she would not turn around. From his present position he could only see a delicately rounded cheek, opalescent in its tinting, and the tip of a small ear, just visible from under the tendrils of her hair, which was dark, silky and abundant and worn a trifle lower than the fashionable angle, thus displaying the contour of her head, and a certain amount of individuality.

Her name was Marjorie Farrall; she was 23 years old, an orphan with a limited income to which she added by acting as companion and secretary to a South American widow, whose wealth was fabulous, beauty undisputable, and manners impossible. All this Mrs. Durant had told him in the five minutes before he took her in to dinner. Afterwards he had decided for himself, that she was lovely in a delicate flowerlike fashion, clever in spite of her shyness, an ingenue at 23, which he had hitherto deemed impossible, and altogether charming.

That she was staying at the same hotel as himself, was a piece of good luck he had not counted upon, and he felt pleased accordingly. He supposed the woman sitting next to her was the widow. Her back suggested beauty though a very elaborate ruff, and an amplitude of hat and veil precluded the possibility of verifying the suggestion.

Here the waiter brought Terence his soup, and he was roused to the fact that a hotel dining room was scarcely the place for reflection except upon things culinary.

When he next turned to the table over at the window, the ladies were preparing to leave, and he was surprised to find how annoyed he was because Bertrand was with them. She hadn't mentioned knowing Bertrand when he met her the night before—But why should she? It wasn't possible that she liked him. Bertrand was fat and 50, with the characteristics of an animated wine cellar, wealth unlimited and the reputation of being on the lookout for a wife. Faugh! it was all disgusting. What imp of the perverse had brought him to Atlantic City anyhow?

As they passed his table her eyes met his for the briefest instant, and she bowed slightly. Bertrand and the widow who had dropped her veil, were talking animatedly (possibly that was the attraction) then they were gone.

Terence left the dining room, and wandered moodily into the hall. It was full as was usual at this hour. Old ladies exchanging confidences concerning their rheumatism and cap patterns, while waiting for their chairs; matrons giving final injunctions to their offspring. Young girls and boys moving restlessly about until it was time to start off on the evening jaunts.

The day had been hot, and the night was close—a land breeze not adding to the comfort of things. He walked to the door and struck a match to light his cigar, and the momentary flash revealed Marjorie Farrall, looking rather lonely and forlorn on the nearest settee.

She smiled as she saw him, a smile that was faint at first, and deepened as he came toward her, with outstretched hand, tossing the burnt match into the street.

"You are going to talk to me?" he said eagerly, "I am playing in luck for tonight."

She laughed with the touch of shyness he had noticed and wondered at the night before: the girls in Terence's set were women of the world before they were debutantes; drew her skirts aside to make room for him.

"You must smoke if I do then," she said. "You know what Kipling says about 'A good cigar.'"

"I am glad you don't ask me to stand sponsor for the first part of the quotation," he said gaily, striking a second match, as he took the proffered seat.

The girl did not reply; she was listening to the dull rhythmic roar of the incoming ocean, and watching the twinkling lights of the Boardwalk, alive with its mass of pleasure seeking humanity. Terence followed her glance, and a sudden impulse seized him.

"Do you think—?" he began, and the girl turned toward him.

"Yes—?" she said breathlessly.

"Your—your friend wouldn't mind your going with me? I am an old friend of Mrs. Durant's, and I hone of yours by now."

"My friend? Oh you mean Mrs. St. Vincent. Why she is down there with Mr. Bertrand. Why should she mind if—"

Their eyes met again, and this time they both laughed.

"Then suppose," said Terence boldly, "we go now." He rose as he spoke and the girl stood up beside him. The piazza was almost deserted, and there was no one to notice as they stepped off into the street below.

Terence drew the girl's hand through his arm, and he could feel the slender fingers tremble under his touch. His own blood on fire. Could it be he—Chandler Terence—bachelor—according to some people—misogynist—tingling with delight at the thought of spending an hour alone with a woman he had only seen twice in his life?

They had reached the end of the street and turned into the crowded esplanade, before the silence was broken. The people pushed against them, the salt breeze blew in their faces, the myriad lights twinkled and danced and in from the distant piers came the distant strains of the different bands of music.

"Oh, I love it—I love it," Marjorie breathed rather than said.

Terence drew the hand within his arm, a little closer, and guided her away from the track of a double chair that was bearing down hard upon them.

"Why, it's Mrs. St. Vincent," said the girl. "She saw me and laughed. She noticed you at dinner, and asked me if I knew you."

"And you said yes," said Terence, his voice thick with something he could not define. His heart was beating madly. "You said you knew me—had known me—for a long time, didn't you, little girl? For I have known you so long that it cannot be measured by days or months or years—but by infinities."

The girl's wide startled eyes met his for an instant, and fell beneath the fire in them. "I have known you always, I think," she whispered.

They followed the crowd into the great Steel Pier, mingled with it for a while, and then found themselves almost alone, far out toward the end.

Terence drew a chair close to the railing, and put Marjorie into it. "Poor little fluttering bird," he said tenderly. "Love is not gauged by place, nor time, nor the world nor reason—" The boom of the waier almost drowned his voice, and the faint sweet sound of a Strauss waltz came to them over the rush of the waves.

Terence's hand closed over the two little ones resting on the sea dampened rail, and then in the semi darkness his lips found hers.

"Tell me sweetheart. Say 'I love you,'" he pleaded and she drew herself away.

"Tomorrow," she said simply and because of a subtle change that he felt in her rather than saw, Terence let her go.

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She was not at the breakfast table the next morning. Terence waited about the halls until the dining room closed, then he sent her a note.

"My Darling—Where are you? Let me know when I can see you. When a man has hungered and thirsted after heaven for more than 30 years, it is cruel to give him but a little taste.

"C. T."

The answer came within half an hour.

"Mrs. Vincent and I always breakfast in our rooms. I am busy this morning but will be on the sea end of the plazza at 3. Always yours, M."

At 2 Terence went to the Casino. He had to kill time somehow but he had not expected to find Bertrand there. Bertrand was drunk, he was also playing cards. Neither of these two things was remarkable. Bertrand generally played cards when he was not making love to some woman, and he was always drunk. He greeted Terence jovially, but the latter merely nodded and was about to pass on, when his eyes rested on a sheet of note paper that Bertrand held in his hand; it was exactly like the one that reposed in his breast pocket at that instant. Bertrand had paused in his game, and in a voice shaken with alcoholic emotion, was offering to share with his dear friends the contents of a note he had just received.

"I can't read it all m' dear friends, but it's begun m' darlin'. I'm her darlin', the sweetest li'l girl." Here, overcome by his feelings, he brust into a flood of tears and the bit of paper fluttered out of his maudlin grasp and lay open at Terence's feet.

A dizziness came over him. It could not be true, yet he would know that clear, almost bold hand anywhere, and the signature lying uppermost was identical. "Always yours, M."

Terence was white to the lips and his eyes blazed. He picked up the bit of paper and tore it into shreds. "You d—d sneak," he said, "how dare you make a woman's letter public property?" And then, heedless of the other's protests and drunken anger, he rushed out of the room.

He went straight to the hotel office, asked for his bill, and then sent Marjorie a second note.

"I have just seen Bertrand. He was drunk, and is a scoundrel, and he made your note common property. You will not be troubled with me any more, for I leave this afternoon. It may add to your happiness to know that you have destroyed the faith I ever had in women."

An hour later he was in his room getting things hastily together, when a card was brought to him. It was simply engraved:

"Mrs. Jose Cardeza St. Vincent, Rio Janeiro."

"De lady is waitin' to see you, sah," said the bony hued automaton in livery.

"Tell the lady—" Terence began, then changed his mind. "Very well, I will come with you," and he followed the man down the hall. At the end they paused in front of a door that was partly open, and in response to a knock, a voice said, "Come in," and Terence entered.

Mrs. Jose Cardeza St. Vincent was lounging in an easy chair by the window, and even in his present miserable mood Terence could not help being almost startled at her beauty. The flood of afternoon sunlight brought out tints of gold and bronze in the mass of coppery hair, that rippled and waved, and broke into a thousand delicate tendrils in its mad attempt to scape form under her wide black hat. Her complexion was of the sort that is God-given, and masseuse preserved, and will stand until the end of time, or as long as its owner has need of it—which is after all much the same thing.

She turned a pair of heavily fringed brown eyes of the melting Spanish type upon Terence, and smiled at him. "You are Mr. Terence?" she said.

Her manner and voice were distinctly disappointing. Had the marble Venus of the Louvre gallery come down and talked commonplaces it could scarcely have seemed more incongruous than the accent and person of this tawney-haired goddess.

Terence merely bowed, and remained standing although she indicated a chair with one slender jeweled hand.

"You are," madame pursued briskly, ignoring his stiffness, "engaged to my little friend Marjorie Farrell."

"Pardon me," said Terence coldly, "I did not come here to discuss my relations with Miss Farrell."

Mrs. St. Vincent tapped the polished floor impatiently with her slender, high-arched, patent leather shod foot.

"You didn't come here to discuss anything, that I know of," she said tartly. "You came here because I sent for you, and I sent for you to thank you for a service you rendered me, unconsciously, I believe, this afternoon."

"You have the advantage of me, madame. I am unaware of any service."

"You did not, of course, know," madame pursued, with her customary indifference to his answer, "that I am engaged to Mr. Bertrand, though it was not the part of a gentleman to show my letter."

"Your letter," gasped Terence forgetting himself in his bewilderment, "but I don't understand."

"Of course you don't," snapped Mrs. St. Vincent, "men never do. I found that out when I first married Jose, and I was only 15 at the time and naturally supposed he would be a miracle of wisdom."

"But the letter was signed——"

"M—of course—my name is Mercedes, you don't corner the letters of the alphabet in this country of trusts and high tariffs, do you?" and Mrs. St. Vincent began gathering together her fan, parasol and scent bottle, as she rose to a sitting posture.

"Marjorie is my secretary and writes all my letters. I never had time to learn to do such things before I was married, and Jose never required it of me. Then he died and left me all his money, and it was easier to pay Marjorie than bother over it myself, and it makes no difference to Mr. Bertrand, besides I never explain those little matters to him; he would not understand, men never do. And now," she went on consulting a tiny little jeweled watch which she wore on her bracelet, "I am going for a drive. I told Marjorie to meet me here in half an hour but I can't wait, so perhaps you would be willing to do me the service to wait for her and explain." She smiled again, her radiant, bewildering smile, and held out her hand to him as he opened the door for her.

Terence took the little jeweled member in his own and raised it to his lips with true old world gallantry.

"You have done me an inestimable service," he said, and his voice was broken and hesitating. "I can never reward you, but I trust the future will bring you the happiness you have made possible for me today."

A curious, half-troubled expression passed over Mrs. St. Vincent's fair face, and she was gone in an instant. Then she smiled and waved her hand at him and Terence stood watching her graceful figure in its trailing black draperies until it disappeared around the turn in the hall.

* * *

A year later Bertrand died in a drunken debauch in Paris, and his widow disappeared. Six months later Marjorie Terence received a voluminous epistle dated St. Petersburg. It was from Mrs. St. Vincent-Bertrand.

After graphically describing the last sufferings of the late lamented Bertrand, she concluded: "And now you see, my dear Marjorie, I do much of my writing myself. However, I am engaged to a Russian prince and my new secretary attends to his letters for me. She is a clever girl and not bad looking, and her name is Sophia. I thought it wiser to have one whose initial was not the same as my own.

"Remember me to Mr. Terence. I always thought him wonderfully intelligent for a man, and I have no doubt he makes you happy.

Devotedly yours,

"MERCEDES ST. VINCENT-BERTRAND."

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH A SOLDIER—Wonderful Vitality Shown by Austrian Ruler at Recent Maneuvers

VIENNA, Nov. 12.—In view of the troubled state of affairs in the Balkans and the grave possibility of an appeal to arms on the part of Servia, pictures of this year's maneuvers of the Austrian army, which have just been published, are selling in thousands. Undoubtedly, the most popular are those depicting the Emperor Francis Josef, astride his black horse, intently following the movements of the troops. Every subject of the monarch, be he German, Magyar, Czech, Slav, Mussulman or a member of any other of the numberless races united under the Hapsburgs, is intensely proud of the wonderful vitality of the 78 year old kaiser.

In years gone by one of the handsomest rulers in Europe, Francis Josef is still a distinguished looking figure. At close range he shows his years. It would be strange if he did not, for few men have been more sorely tried and afflicted. There is a stoop to the shoulders, a hang to the whole figure that speaks eloquently of the weight of years and sorrows, but there is still fight in the flash of the eyes and the firm grip of the hand that warns the unwary that Francis Josef, although he may have relinquished the reins of active government to the heir presumptive, is nevertheless still a man to be reckoned with.

A well known diplomat who was almost daily in conference with the Austrian ruler once said that Francis Josef was the hardest working ruler in the world and Bismarck, who was no mean judge of work, heartily endorsed the remark when it was repeated to him. Unfortunately for his health he does not take the cares and worries of his kingly duties easily but worries incessantly. He rises at 4 o'clock in the morning, hours before the majority of his subjects are awake, and in the following two hours reads a selected portion of his immense correspondence. At 6 he sits down to his breakfast in his study alone and at the same time reads all the important local and foreign newspapers which have been previously marked for him by his private secretary. At 10 he gives audiences, first to his own ministers with whom he insists upon entering into the smallest details of their respective departments, and later to foreign diplomats. At 12 lunch is ready and at 3 work is resumed. At 4 he frequently takes a ride on horseback, accompanied by a single officer of his suite, through the streets of Vienna. His is a well known figure and the fact that he makes these unguarded appearances in public despite the racial animosities of his subjects is evidence that Francis Josef still possesses the conspicuous personal bravery that brought him fame at Solferino. At 5 o'clock dinner is served and 9 o'clock always finds the emperor in bed.

The emperor is still every inch a soldier and he is very fond of paying surprise visits to garrisons and barracks. He is a stern disciplinarian and does not conceal the fact that he believes he has the finest soldiers in the world, not even excepting the Germans. In this he is supported by many experts. It is not more than a week since, apropos of the present crisis, one famous military authority expressed the opinion in print that no better raw material existed in Europe than some of the races of which the Austrian army is composed. Outwardly and to the mere layman there is surely no comparison between the Hungarians and the Bosnians, with their fire and dash and the cold, phlegmatic Germans over whom Emperor William II rules.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the throne, has taken an appreciable jump in public popularity in the past six months. This is, of course, due to the progress of events in which he is supposed to have had a directing hand. And a strong and heavy hand it has proved to be. "After him the Deluge" has been a well nigh universal way of referring to the Austrian emperor and the dual monarchy for years past, but he is a rash man who would make that prophecy today. In other words the archduke has demonstrated a quite unexpected amount of strength and ability and Austria-Hungary is exulting accordingly. Today the Archduke Francis Ferdinand is almost as popular as his aged uncle. Whether or not it is the fleeting popularity of the man of the hour or of a more durable, lasting brand it is hard to say, but he has already given excellent reason for supposing that if there is any deluge it will not be because of any fault of his.

The archduke takes even more interest than the emperor in the military affairs of the country. In fact, while Francis Josef was more or less a spectator at the recent maneuvers because of his advanced age, the archduke took a leading part in the planning of the movements of the troops. It is believed in well informed quarters that the heir would undoubtedly take the field in the event of war with Servia or any other country.

Economy of German Locomotives.

Although the first 10 months of the year point to a decrease in German exports, in keeping with the existing universal trade depression, a remarkable increase in the number of German locomotives exported has to be noted. This development, which has been a steady one for years past, shows a phenomenal increase for the current year. Most remarkable, perhaps, is the sudden increase in the number of locomotives exported to France. From about 181 tons the sales have risen this year to some 8633 tons, showing an increased value of at least 9,000,000 marks. Latterly more than 300 locomotives have been constructed in Germany for French railway companies. The numberber of German engines exported to Italy shows the same satoisfactory development. Japan, too, continues to import German locomotives in ever increasing numbers, and the still unsettled tariff dispute between Germany and Canada has not prevented the latter country from ordering from us lately.

There is every reason to believe that this increase will prove a lasting one. Up to the present nearly all orders have been confined to quadruple expansion engines of the kind built in other countries for years past. All the engines with which we have supplied France have been of this pattern. Germany's chief superiority in the construction of locomotives lies, however, in the domain of the superheated steam engine. These locomotives, which, thanks to the genius and perseverance of a German engineer, have so quickly reached a stage of perfection, are, it is conceded on all sides, much lighter and cheaper than the finest makes of quadruple-expansion engine, at the same time having an equal working capacity. It has also been proved on the Prussian railways that they burn considerably less coal. The authorities of the state railways are, consequently, intending to introduce superheated steam engines for their goods trains.—Continental Correspondence.

Proof.

From the New York Sun.

Mrs. Knicker—How did you know your husband was working down in the office?

Mrs. Youngbride—I telephoned, and central said "Busy."

"Faith and Unfaith."

"Men are very liberal about some things," said the wife of one who isn't. "Most of them will trust you implicitly with their honor, but not with their pocketbooks."