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COTTAGE GROVE FLOUR MILLS

A MUSICIAN'S ROMANCE.

Fanelli's Triumph, That Came After Thirty Years of Misery.

The life story of M. Fanelli, the composer of "Tableaux Symphoniques," reads like a romance. How easily it might have read like a tragedy this incident will show.

In his youth Fanelli had been courageous and ambitious, full of dreams of the music he was going to write for the world to hear and admire. But misfortune followed misfortune. He found it impossible to get a hearing for his compositions, and one by one his dreams began to fade.

Ten, twenty, thirty years went by. Fanelli, all hope crushed by continued adversity, was earning a pittance by playing night after night in an orchestra. None of his colleagues suspected his genius, for he kept his ambitions locked in his heart, as he kept the symphony, the masterpiece of his youth, locked in his desk.

Then one day Fanelli, in search of work as a copyist, called upon Gabriel Plerne, one of the great musical celebrities of Paris. Asked to show a sample of his writing, Fanelli produced the symphony, which he had brought with him. Plerne looked at it and saw that the writing was clear; then he saw something more, for he continued reading the music eagerly.

"Who is this Fanelli?" he asked at length.

"Myself," answered the composer. "I wrote it nearly thirty years ago."

"Leave this with me and come again in a few days."

So Fanelli went out, while Plerne, too enraptured to say goodbye, stood by the window, poring over the music. A few days later he announced to the delighted but dazed Fanelli that he was going to produce the symphony at one of the Concerts Colonne.

On the eventful night Fanelli himself took a seat with the musicians. Tears came into his eyes as he heard the first strains of his work, neglected for so many years. He was not alone in his emotion, however, for as the music proceeded tears came into the eyes of the other musicians, the director, the audience. The music took them by storm. When it was over a burst of applause broke out, rose and swelled and rolled and crashed. The composer alone sat quiet, as if in deep thought. Finally he got up, walked over to Plerne, and with a full heart expressed his gratitude.

"Again I thank you, M. Plerne," he said, taking his leave. "Good night, and a good appetite to you."

Plerne wondered at this strange farewell, but at last the meaning dawned on him. The applause that was still ringing through the hall had brought to Fanelli not only fame, but what for the moment was of even more importance to him, the promise of easier living. The composer of "Tableaux Symphoniques" had left the scene of his triumph to enjoy a much needed and rare treat—a good dinner.—Youth's Companion.

Self Conscious Greatness.

One day in the train—one of Victor Hugo's journeys to or from Brussels—he happened to find himself in the company of two English ladies who spoke French. Hugo knew but one word of English—Christmas, which he always pronounced "Christ-mus." In the course of conversation these ladies observed that it must be inconvenient for him not to know English when he was passing through that country. To which the great man's reply was, "When England wants to talk with me she will learn my language." "From their astonishment at this answer," said Hugo in relating the story, "it was evident they did not know who I was."—Victor Hugo, His Life and Work.—A. P. Davidson.

Echoes From Horse's Skulls.

Those curious twists and turns superstitions take are to be found in the introduction of horses' skulls in or about the church buildings in England and Scotland, the reason alleged being to help the sound in church. This habit is unquestionably a relic of heathenism where an animal was sacrificed. Some years ago, when an old meeting house in Edinburgh was pulled down, the sounding board space above the pulpit was found to be filled with horses' skulls. In some parts of England there still exists the idea that if a horse's head is buried in a field there will be an echo.

Quite Frank About It.

"So you are going to marry Tom?" "You saw the announcement, didn't you?" "Yes, but—" "It wasn't a fake." "But, dearie—I never thought that Tom would be your choice." "Tom ain't my choice. He's my chance. Have you any other questions to ask, darling?" "Darling decided she hadn't.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Energy of Will.

Energy of will is the soul of every great character. Where it is there is resolute character; where it is not there is faintness, with effeminacy, despondency, neglect of duty and failure. "The strong man and the water-fall," says a proverb, "channel their own path."

In Training.

Nell—Why does she always dress in black? Belle—She's in training. Nell—Training for what? Belle—Well, you see, she married an octogenarian.—Philadelphia Record.

Opponents think that they refute us when they repeat their own opinions and take no notice of ours.—Goethe.

THRIFT OF THE SWISS.

Hard and Perilous Work of the Hay-makers of the Alps.

The thrift of the Swiss turns every bit of ground in the Alps to the best account. If a few square yards can anywhere be made or reclaimed the requisite labor is not grudged.

The farmer makes the very soil. He builds terraces along steep inclines, lines them with blocks of stone and then packs the earth on them. Thus he transforms the mountain and the rock into a little patch, where he plants a vine or raises oats or corn. Along the edge of precipices the peasant haymaker goes in search of grass, clinging to the rock with iron clippers on his feet. He hangs on the sides of the cliffs which imprison the valley and mows down a few tufts of grass on craggy shelves here and there.

His scythe on his shoulder, armed with his iron shod stick, provided with his clamp irons, a cloth or net rolled up in his bag, he sets out at midnight in order that the dawn may find him at work. During the two months of hay harvest he goes down to the village only three or four times to renew his supply of food. By this hard and perilous occupation an Alpine mower makes from 3 to 5 francs a day, his food not included, and many times under some projecting rock he must seek a bed and pass the night.

Once dried the wild hay is carefully gathered into a cloth or net and carried down to the first little plain, where it can be made into a stack, which is weighted down with large stones to prevent its being blown away.

In the winter, when everything is covered with snow, the mower climbs again the mountain, carrying a little wooden sledge on his shoulders. He loads it with hay, seats himself in front and shoots down with the swiftness of an arrow. Thus the hay crop of the Alps is brought in.—New York Sun.

PATENTS IN GERMANY.

There Inventors Are Looked Upon as Teachers to the Nation.

In Germany a patent is regarded to be equivalent to a promotion of national knowledge by the disclosure of a heretofore unknown art, writes H. F. Werthelmer in Paper. The inventor is judged to be some kind of teacher to the nation; therefore the patent office does in no way care for the real father of an invention. To the first applicant is allowed the patent, and lack of first and true inventorship does not invalidate or bar the grant of a patent unless the invention has been fraudulently obtained or stolen. If the person from whom a patent has been stolen files an opposition at the proper time or starts an annulling suit against the granted patent the patent is refused or annulled. Moreover, under certain conditions a fraudulent patentee may be compelled by a lawsuit to assign the patent or even the patent application to the rightful owner.

This broad principle regulates easily the status of persons who have actually carried out the invention previous to a patent application by another, as well as the question of interfering applications. Such persons are not affected by the patent, for they have not been instructed by the inventor. In other words, they have not derived any new or useful knowledge by the disclosure of the patent; therefore they have a legal right to use the patent for their own business, but this right can only be assigned to others, together with the transfer of their whole business. In other terms, they are entitled to a limited free license.

Infringement suits are relatively rare and by no means so frequent as in the United States. Furthermore, they are considerably less expensive.

Ozone and Air Sewage.

Ozone is a particularly active or concentrated form of oxygen. One molecule of oxygen contains two atoms; a molecule of ozone contains three atoms. As only two atoms of oxygen balance harmoniously in a molecule when there are three of them together in a molecule the third atom will cut loose and seek a union elsewhere. The oxygen atom has a remarkable affinity for carbon, of which decaying organic matter is a common form, and as the greater part of the organic matter in the air is in process of decay the third atom at once attacks and oxidizes it, burning it up.—Cassier's Magazine.

A Ship's Speed.

A ship's speed is reckoned by knots, a knot being a geographical mile or one-sixtieth of a degree. Six geographical miles are about equal to seven statute miles, and a ship that sails twelve knots therefore is really moving at the rate of fourteen statute miles an hour. It should be remembered that it is incorrect to say so many "knots an hour," simply so many knots, for a knot means "one mile an hour."

Lots to Learn.

"I have just been talking to a youth who claims to have done everything." "Has he ever wrapped a motorcar around a telegraph pole at 3 o'clock in the morning?" "I think not." "Then he has a great deal to learn."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Life's Mysteries.

Stick to the ideal and hug the unreal. The people who have solved the riddle of the universe at fifteen are bowled over by the enigma of their work at fifty.

When you have spoken the word it reigns over you; when it is unspoken you reign over it.—Arabic Proverb.

LIGHTS THAT FAILED.

Gloom Reigns When Thackeray and Charlotte Bronte Meet.

Those do not always shine who should, as many a chagrined host or hostess has found out. Amusing in retrospect, if quite otherwise at the moment, must have been the occasion when Charlotte Bronte, "the little lady from Yorkshire of whom all England was talking," appeared at the London house of the author of "Vanity Fair." The story is told in Lewis Melville's "The Thackeray Country."

Thackeray gave a dinner party to meet Charlotte Bronte in June, 1850, and among the guests were the Carlyles, the Proctors, the Brookfields, Mr. Crowe, Miss Elliot and Miss Perry.

"It was a gloomy and silent evening," Lady Ritchie has recorded. "Every one waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all."

"Miss Bronte returned to the sofa in the study and murmured a low word now and then to our governess, Miss Trueblood. The room looked very dark; the lamp began to smoke a little; the conversation grew dimmer and more dim; the ladies sat round still expectant. My father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all. Mrs. Brookfield, who was in the corner in which Miss Bronte was sitting, bent forward with a little commonplace, since brilliancy was not to be the order of the evening."

"Do you like London, Miss Bronte?" she asked. Another silence, a pause; then Miss Bronte answered very gravely:

"Yes—no."

"After Miss Bronte had left I was surprised to see my father opening the front door with his hat on. He put his finger to his lips, walked out into the darkness and shut the door quietly behind him. Overcome by the gloom and constraint, he was running away to his club."

TERROR OF A BOMB.

A Dramatic Incident of the Political Unrest in Russia.

Here is the story of a Russian anarchist outrage in the words of one who was nearly killed in the explosion: While staying at Cannes H. Jones Thaddeus, author of "Recollections of a Court Painter," met the Grand Duchess Elena of Russia, who gave him an account of the then recent attempt upon the life of the czar. The czar was a few minutes late in his arrival in the dining room, and for this reason the explosion was premature. After describing the event the grand duchess told Mr. Thaddeus:

"When the echoes of the explosion died away a dead silence succeeded, which, united with the darkness prevailing, so dense as almost to be felt, conducted to render our helpless position still more painful and unendurable. We dared not move. There was no escape from the peril which surrounded us. Presently out of the darkness came the clear, calm voice of the czar, 'My children, let us pray.' The sound of his voice, while reassuring us as to his safety so far, relieved the awful strain on our nerves and brought comfort to our hearts."

"We sank to our knees, sobbing. How long we remained so I really do not know. It seemed an eternity of anguish before the guards appeared with candles, little expecting to find us alive. Some of us were nearly demented when the welcome relief arrived, and our feelings were not calmed as we then contemplated the awful nature of the destruction we had escaped."

"A few feet in front of the czar was a black chasm where so short a time before had been the brilliantly lit dining room filled with servants. Not a trace of it or of them remained."

The "Copper."

There are two theories as to the source of the term "cop" or "copper," the familiar name for an officer of the law in the mouth of the mischievous gamins. One derives it from the letters C. O. P.—central office police—but the other and more usual explanation of the word is that it referred to the eight point star made of copper and surrounded by a copper ring worn by the Metropolitan police of New York in the late fifties. This badge, a huge affair, which was fastened to the buttonhole by a chain about four inches long, was later superseded by a special badge of smaller size.

For His Own Pleasure.

"I suppose your wife was more than delighted at your raise of salary, wasn't she?" asked Jones of Brown.

"I haven't told her yet, but she will be when she knows it," answered Brown.

"How is it that you haven't told her?"

"Well, I thought I would enjoy myself a couple of weeks first."—Judge.

Cupid's Recall.

"Father, what do you think of the recall?"

"Well, my dear, I hardly know. Some people think it is dangerous. But why do you ask?"

"I sent Ferdy away last night, and now I'm sorry."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Long, Long Run.

"I believe honesty pays in the long run."

"So do I, but I often wish it were not such a mighty long run."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Main Thing.

Actor—I can bring tears to the eyes of the audience. Theatrical Manager—Huh! We want somebody who can bring the audience.—Puck.

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