

**WHEN YOU WENT AWAY.**

"Twas on a day like this, dear Heart,  
You went away,  
Though spring, a chill was in the air,  
The sky was gray,  
The earth before that sad, sad time  
Had scattered light  
And left the fragrant meadows green  
In but a night.

But on the day you went, dear Heart,  
A breath of snow  
Fell from the whitening beard of time,  
A sudden woe  
Withered the joy within my life  
And left it gray,  
And made me old with sadness, when  
You went away.

I cannot now be brave, dear Heart;  
The sadness still  
Speaks to me in mournful whispers  
From wood and hill;  
On the sky the autumn shadows  
Trawl their gray—  
The sun can't shine, until to you  
I go away.  
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Two Alternatives**

**A**ND now, Jack, what can I do? He follows me everywhere, and he stands around and ogles me with that detestable 'baby stare' of his, and—and—you're laughing, Jack! You are as mean as you can be to laugh when I come to you for advice.

Esther stamped her foot. Jack Ormsby leaned against the veranda railing and watched her with amused eyes.

"I can't help smiling, Esther, but I can appreciate the irritation poor Hallowell must cause you."

"Irritation!" A word of emphasis entered into the word. "And just because I was foolish enough to let him propose to me?" Jack said slowly, "you must expect to have your scalp cost you a little something, Essie."

"He doesn't say anything," explained the girl. "If he did, it would give me a chance to tell him what I think of his dogging my footsteps everywhere."

"It certainly is a case of 'the villain still pursued her,'" Ormsby said. "What do you want me to do, Essie—call him out and plug him full of holes?"

"Ugh! Don't be so vulgar! I don't want you to do anything but tell me what to do to get rid of him."

Jack was almost the only man she knew well who had not proposed to her. Men had fallen before her charms, had said their little piece (and some said it rather well, and she had admitted to herself), and gone their way, and until now no man had really been able to trouble her serenely.

"Do think of something, Jack," she pleaded. "It's been three months now since he—"

"Since he said the momentous words which made him—not yours, eh?" And Ormsby laughed, but his hands trembled as he shifted the cane a little.



WITH A SWIFT DIVE ORMSBY SEIZED THE REINS.

"Don't be absurd! He doesn't want me any more than other men do."

"Whew! Your serene conceit is certainly charming, Essie."

"Don't be unkind. You know it's true," she said, calmly. "Any woman with stuffy hair and blue eyes can bring men to her feet. Only you don't get foolish and propose to me, Jack."

"No. I don't propose to you," he said quite calmly.

"And that's why I like you."

"Then I'll try not to make you dislike me. But what can I do to poor Hallowell? A cat may look at a king!"

—But Esther interrupted snappishly.

"That's no reason why a calf should look at me all the time!"

"Poor girl! You're finding it mighty hard getting away from the consequences of your own sin, eh?"

"What sin have I committed?" she demanded, with conscious innocence. "Is it a sin to refuse to marry a man you don't want?"

"No. But how about—well, not exactly leading him on to proposing—but—"

She favored him with a frigid look. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Ormsby," she observed.

"Well, you needn't," he said quietly. "You expect plain talk from people whose advice you ask, don't you? No man will ever ask a woman to marry him if she doesn't give him the opportunity."

"That is different; but such remarks as you are making now are hardly in the nature of advice, Jack."

"Well, I don't see that there's much you can do," he drawled, and his eyes began to twinkle. "There seems to be but two courses to pursue, and two only—"

"Oh, here's your Sultan and the runabout!" suddenly cried Esther, clapping her hands and springing up. "Are you going to take me to ride, Jack?"

"Well, it's what I came around for, but your tale of woe about knocked it out of my head."

The negro from the stable leaped out and held the big bay's head. Esther ran down to the gate, forgetting the be-ruffled parasol lying on the veranda. Ormsby followed lastly.

"Feeling pretty gay, isn't he, Jackson?" he asked, pulling on a glove and looking at Sultan, who danced charmingly to the accompaniment of little squeals of delight from Esther.

"Yes, sah; he do, sah."

"Hop in, Essie," Ormsby said, holding out his hand to assist her. "Then," he added, "speaking of angels, there's Hallowell now."

**ARMY PRIVATE GETS RICH**



**Invented a Cooking Range and Got \$200,000 Worth of Government Contracts.**

From the position of private in the regular army of the United States at a salary of \$15 a month to that of government contractor in transactions involving thousands upon thousands of dollars is a broad leap for a man to take in a few short years. Yet such success has been accomplished by a young man whose home is now in Chicago. His name is Francis H. Buzzsaw.

Mr. Buzzsaw rose from the rank of private to the position of an eminent contractor through the instrumentality of patents secured by him on a unique conception of cooking range for use by the army in the field. For years he fought and struggled against reverses and infringements, and is just now beginning to enjoy the fruits of his unique career. Within the last few days he closed a contract with the War Department for 800 of the ranges patented by him, and this deal involves returns amounting to \$27,000, a sum sufficient to round out a snug \$200,000 which the soldier-contractor has received from the government within the last few weeks.

The range which has been responsible for the remarkable rise of Mr. Buzzsaw is an ingenious affair, popular with the War Department because it is compact, portable, extremely durable, and simplifies cooking in the field and open air. It is made of malleable iron, which can be beaten and pounded with sledge, but which will not break. When in transit the range forms a chest in which are packed the boilers, pans and other cooking paraphernalia for 100 men. It requires no packing, burns any kind of fuel, can be got ready for cooking in five minutes after being taken from a wagon or train, and as quickly taken down and loaded again if an emergency should arise. The range is made in three sizes. One for twenty-five men is intended for the medical department, another for six men is for officers and special detachments, while the third, with a cooking capacity of 100 men, is for troop, battery or company use.

A fresh faced young fellow cantered by on a fine horse and lifted his hat seriously. A little way beyond he pulled in the animal, and dismounted as though he would come back to speak to the couple at the runabout.

"Do hurry up!" exclaimed Esther under her breath. "What shall I do to get rid of him, Jack? You said there were two ways. What are they?"

"Well, and Ormsby buttoned the glove slowly and put one foot on the step of the runabout, "you might marry him to get rid of him."

"No, thank you!" she exclaimed, pointing and tossing her head. Then she started and looked toward the house. "Oh, Jack—my parasol! I shall want it."

Ormsby had already leaned forward to seize the reins. He glanced at the colored man. "Miss Dingley's parasol is on the veranda, Jackson," he said. The man dropped Sultan's bridle. Like a flash the bay threw up his head and started.

The lines had not been quite within Ormsby's grasp. His foot slipped from the step. He made a leap to reach the carriage, but Sultan swung into a long stride on the instant and fairly snatched the runabout from under his master's grasp.

"The reins, the reins! Quick, Essie! Ormsby cried.

Thank God, she knew what he meant and seized the reins before they slipped over the dashboard to dangle about Sultan's heels and drive him mad with terror. But the horse knew instantly that an unfamiliar hand held the reins, and he increased his trot to a gallop.

Esther told herself that she would not be frightened and she drew the lines in firmly and said, "Whoa!"

But Sultan saw no reason for "whoa-ing" just then. There was a long stretch of dusty, sunlit road before him, and he seized the bit in his strong teeth, and bolted. He flew by Hallowell's mount with a rush and set that creature to dancing. Hallowell hung on to the leather and stared with round eyes after the runaway.

His astonishment was vastly increased when a second whirlwind reached him. Ormsby went at him as though he was playing football.

He snatched the bridle from Hallowell's hand, and that young man was sent rolling in the dust as Jack leaped astride and set the now frightened animal after the bolting Sultan.

**WOMEN HAIL PLOW ROPE.**



Much has been written about the use of women as beasts of burden in Europe, and photographs have shown them attached to ropes drawing boats on Holland canals, and sometimes yoked with the animals pulling farm implements. It may not be generally known that in some of the foreign colonies of the Northwest women have furnished the power for turning over many an acre of sod and converting it into fields for raising grain. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph taken in Manitoba, and shows a Hottentot farmer furrowing the virgin prairie with a team of fourteen female members of the colony. Several of these are over 50 years of age.

**RANGE OF THE RAMAPO.**

A Wild Region Lying Close to New York City.

Who would believe that within thirty-two miles of New York city there are mountain dwellings in a district so wild and rough that they are inaccessible even to the feet of ponies; that no produce can be taken out to nor supplies brought in from these farms save on the backs of men; that the people gain their living by making baskets, wooden spoons and such light articles as they can transport on their shoulders; that even the bodies of the dead cannot be taken out, but must be buried in the forest or in the yards of the mountain cabins? A region where the people are as primitive in their ways, though not so lawless in their tendencies, as the Tennessee mountaineers? It is hard to believe, but it is true.

When, in the middle of August, I pitched my tent on the easterly side of the easterly range of the Ramapos, in Rockland County, close to a mountain stream, I did not know that just over the range of these wild mountains descendants of the Tory rangers of 1776 were yet to be found. I did not know that the higher reaches of the mountains were tolerably full of rattlesnakes of great size and beauty. I did not know that the wild dogs lived up there. I only perceived that the hills were beautiful, the air pure and invigorating, the woods practically unbroken and the streams clear and cold. I perceived that there were no swells' places anywhere in the hills, and that the wood ranger's pasturage was unbroken. The people whom I met were cordial, smiling, unassuming. I liked Ramapo as the result of only a glance, and liked them still better after a camping acquaintance of a couple of weeks.

It certainly did not decrease my interest to know that, beginning some twenty or more years ago, sundry domestic dogs of large size, finding in the Ramapo woods no one to say them nay, had fled from the lowland farms to the hills, and had, after going quite wild, started a breed of creatures which has now taken on quite a type of its own.—New York Mail and Express.



**AN IGNOMINIOUS RETREAT.**

The Determined Woman Met Her Match in Her Dressmaker.

Most persons who attempt to emancipate themselves from established custom have periods of falling back into the old way again, baffled reformers. The real reformers are those who persist. The New York Tribune tells a story in which a woman who thought she had conquered was, after all, defeated. She considered herself a strong-minded woman, and had determined that she would have no more trailing skirts. She told her dressmaker of her decision in a tone which seemed to her not to admit of question or protest; but she did not know that the dressmaker, too, was a strong-minded woman, though in a different way.

"Oh!" said the dressmaker, in a tone of mild perplexity. "There was so much behind that 'Oh!' that the woman felt worked to assert herself.

"I will not," she exclaimed, "bring home a choice assortment of microbes."

"But you needn't get a long skirt soiled," said the dressmaker. "You hold it up, you know."

"It tires me to hold it up. I want to step out freely."

"Oh!" said the dressmaker again. It was her favorite argument, and it was apt to make her opponent wilt without knowing why. She had worked for that particular woman for several years, and had exercised over her a mild but invincible despotism.

"They are all made long," ventured the dressmaker, "except the heavy stitched walking-skirts."

"I don't care!" said the woman. "I will defy fashion."

This time the dressmaker's "Oh!" implied that to defy fashion was to invite death or disgrace. The woman felt herself weakening before the inexorable judgment of the "one who knows."

"You're very tall," said the dressmaker, softly. "And slender," she added, after an effective pause. Her power lay in the fact that she never became excited and never gave way. A vision rose before the woman of her long, thin, lanky self, clad girlishly in a skirt that escaped the ground, with a pair of very substantial feet peeping in and out, like anything rather than "little nice." But pride came to her aid.

"Cut it short!" she ordered, sternly. "I mean," she added, "cut it about half an inch above the ground."

"The edge will cut out and collect dirt," said the dressmaker, sadly.

"Let it!" said the desperate woman.

"It's a light material, easily held up."

The tone grew more melancholy, as if the dressmaker were fighting with adverse fate.

"The woman was at bay. 'I'll have it short!' she snapped, and the dressmaker relapsed into silence and depression. When the skirt was nearly finished she tried it on with a look of mute despair.

"The circular founce is only based on," the dressmaker said, finally. "It—it can be let down."

"What's all this length of stuff under the founce?" asked the owner of the skirt.

"Well, I didn't cut it off, you know. The founce can be let down. I thought you might change your mind."

"It looks very straight up and down."

"Yes; if you have it long it will fall out better. You're so tall and slender."

"Let it down!" suddenly exclaimed the woman, in the tone of a general who orders a retreat.

"Very well," said the dressmaker, as meekly as if she were assenting to an act of self-sacrifice.

**Poorly Equipped.**

There are some pleas so moving that it would take a heart of stone to resist them. Squire Patterson is the only representative of the law in a New England town, and is therefore the recipient of constant appeals for the administration of justice not only from his neighbors, but from many of the dwellers on an outlying farm.

One day a widow, known to him as a shrewd and complaining person, way-laid him in the postoffice.

"See here, square," she said, querulously. "I want you should say something to Nathan Boggs that's got the farm next mine. He's told it round that I don't keep my hens at home, and that he'll have the law on me if I don't, on account of his corn. And I want you to put it plain to him how that he ought to have more patience, considering he's got sons to help him and money laid by and what's all; and everything I've got in this earthly world is one cow and these hens and six head o' gal children that can't throw a stone straight!"

When we hear of a man performing a brave action we wonder if the story is true; we know of so many cowardly tricks being done every day.

**A Persian Parable.**

There was a certain man who thought the world was growing worse. He was always harking back to "the good old times," and was sure that the human race was degenerating. Men, he said, were all trying to cheat one another; the strong were crushing the weak. One day when he was airing his pessimistic views, the calf said to him: "I charge you hereafter to look carefully about you, and whenever you see any man do a worthy deed go to him

**ACTRESS DUSE'S VENETIAN PALACE.**



Signora Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, differs from many of her associates in at least one respect—she does not seek publicity. To be sure, her managers, especially when she is on an American tour, use every legitimate effort to keep her before the public, and D'Annunzio's book, which reflected so little credit upon its author, brought her name into prominence in a somewhat regretful way, but this was not the fault of the actress. She belongs, in a sense, to the public when she is on the stage. Her home life is her own. It is not the "home" life of hotels that Signora Duse is happy in, but rather in the home life of her ancient palace, on the Grand Canal in Venice. Her palace, which is the center building of the three buildings shown in the picture, is one of those quaint old structures which have made Venice an architectural delight. It is not as pretentious as some of its neighbors, but, nevertheless, through its great age and its architectural beauties it is one of the show places of Venice. When it was built no one seems to know. Certain it is that it goes back a century or more, and that it was occupied by one of the noble families of Venice established here, surrounded by all the comforts of a practical age. Signora Duse spends the happiest months of her life. A quiet life it is, apart from the glare of the footlights and the thrust of the stage. She entertains, but on a modest scale. Privileged, indeed, are the few who have access to her delightful home.

**GOOD Short Stories**

Not long ago a coroner's jury in England delivered the following verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had recently failed in business: "We, the jury, find from the new doctor's statement that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, superinduced by business failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see far enough ahead."

A certain learned professor in a German university has a learned twin brother, living in the same town, who resembles him so closely that it is almost impossible to tell them apart. A townsman meeting the professor on the boulevard, stopped him, saying: "Pardon me, but is it to you or your brother that I have the honor of speaking?" "Sir," was the ready reply, "you are speaking to my brother."

In his "Reminiscences," Frederick Goodall tells a story of Wellington as an art connoisseur. He paid Willie six hundred guineas for his "Chelsea Pensioners," and laboriously counted out the amount in cash. When the artist suggested that it would be less trouble to write a check, the great duke retorted that he would not let his bankers know "what a d—n fool I have been to spend six hundred guineas for a picture."

It is related of an Irish coachman that his medical adviser prescribed animal food as the best means of restoring health and activity. "Patrick," said he, "you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food. Remembering his case a few days afterwards, he called upon Pat at the stable. "Well, Pat," said he, "how are you getting on with the treatment?" "Oh, shure, sir," Pat replied, "O'man, all right with the grain and oats, but it's mighty hard with the chopped hay."

Howard Paul says that on one occasion William J. Florence, at the end of a not very prosperous engagement in San Francisco, announced a benefit for himself and his wife. The late John W. Mackay happened to be in town at the time, and wrote to Florence for one orchestra seat. It was duly sent, as a matter of course, and Mrs. Florence remarked to her husband that, considering the friendship existing between the two men, she thought Mr. Mackay might have taken a private box at least. "Wait," said Florence, "he has not paid yet, and I am in no hurry." The benefit took place, Mr. Mackay came from Virginia City to occupy the seat he had taken, and a day later he sent Florence a check for \$1,000.

Upon his return from Europe, a fortnight ago, Senator Chauncey Depew told the New York reporter that the rumor that he was suffering from a severe case of indigestion in Paris was incorrect. "I was troubled," he said, "with rheumatism, and I may add that I found a permanent cure for it, and I guess, for the sake of suffering humanity, I ought to tell you what the cure is. It is just a daily bath with electric batteries. In two weeks' time I was well, and now I never feel a twinge of the trouble that led me to take the treatment. It's great. It's true that after I got well I found out that the wires of the batteries had been disconnected all the time I was having my fun with them, but that is only a little incident. I was cured, and now I am not disposed to fall out with the method, for a mere oversight like that."

**Not a Recent Development.**

Talking of the personal journalism now in vogue, the author of "An On-looker's Note Book" declares it to be nothing new, and quotes this paragraph on the Duke of Wellington which travesties the prevailing passion for minute details with regard to the private life of distinguished individuals at the beginning of the nineteenth century: "The duke generally rises at about 8. Before he gets out of bed, he commonly pulls off his nightcap; and while he is dressing, he sometimes whistles a tune and occasionally damns his valet. The duke uses warm water in shaving, and lays on a greater quantity of lather than ordinary men. While shaving, he chiefly breathes through his nose with a view, as is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth. The duke drinks tea for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream. He eats toast and butter, cold ham, beef or eggs; the eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl. At 11 o'clock, if the weather is fine, the duke's horse is brought to the door. The duke's horse on these occasions is always saddled and bridled. The duke's daily manner of mounting his horse is the same that it was on the morning of the glorious 'battle of Waterloo.'

There lives in a Massachusetts town a young woman whose courtesy never deserts her, even in the most trying moments. Not long ago she stood swaying back and forth, holding to a strap in a crowded electric car on a rainy day.

A young man who stood next her had a dripping umbrella with which he emphasized his remarks to a friend. As he pounded it down on the floor of the car an expression of anxiety gradually deepened on the young woman's face, and at last, when the umbrella had become quiet for a moment, she spoke.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in a clear, calm tone. "I am sorry to trouble you, but could you kindly change your umbrella to my other foot for a moment so that I may empty the water out of my rubber shoe in which the umbrella is now fastened?"

These Modern Elites.

Mrs. Justwed (house hunting)—Oh! Charlie, here's the loveliest little linen closet.

Janitor (interrupting)—Dat ain't no linen closet; dat's de dining room.

Someone is always hunting up the neglected grave of some great man, and then calling upon the people to be indignant. This is the hardest kind of an indignation to dig up. There are too many people who are neglected while they are living.

**Bird-Mad.**

Many persons not "to the manner born" are embarking on nature study, to the weariness of their friends. They sit in parks and fields with opera-glasses, and see birds that never were "on sea or land." And sometimes their bored friends rebel.

In a town where untrained observation rages, says the New York Sun, an elderly lady met an acquaintance in a shady avenue, and asked her:

"Do you know anything about birds?"

"No," said the other. "I'm sorry, but I don't."

"Sorry! Oh, you're such a relief! I just met Mrs. C., and she grasped my hand, gazed upward, and said, 'Oh, did you hear that perfectly lovely spike-beaked, purple-eyed tickle-bird?'

"I hadn't gone a block before I met Mrs. K. 'Hush!' said she, ecstatically, 'Don't move a muscle! Right up there on that branch is one of those rare, exquisite, speckle-winged, ring-tailed screamers.'

"You and I seem to be the only sane people. Let us rejoice in chorus."

Paradoxical.

Clara—I am thinking seriously of bleaching my hair. Would you?

Maude—Well, if I did, I'd certainly try to keep it dark.

A man's good intentions would be worth more if he could get them cashed.

Don't lessen your chances of success by brooding over the past.