

ON DUTY.

Under the cornice, a hundred feet
Over the paves of the murmuring street,
Behold the masses of turgid smoke,
To spread afar like a giant's cloak.
And close by the curb, at the building's
base,
Stationed here in a vintage-place,
Fighting the march of the treacherous
foe
The engine stays till the chief says: "Go!"
Puffing away in its vibrant rhyme:
Pelted by fire-brands time on time;
Fool and coaxed by its master's hand
It steadily answers each demand:
Steadily gives at the nozzle's need,
Holding fast to the constant creed
That, what tho' the peril, the stream must
flow—
And the engine stays till the chief says:
"Go!"

Torrents of flame from cranny and crack!
Rises the warning: "Back! Back! Back!"
Back from your footing! "Ware the wall!"
Back, for your lives, ere the rain fall!"
Flee to a distance those who can
But true to his charge is the engine-
man:
True to his charge, 'spite blaze and blow—
For the engine stays till the chief says:
"Go!"
Death in the withering tongues of fire
Outward leaping in vengeful ire,
Death in the ramparts threatening o'er,
Towering, leaning, more and more,
Death in the burst of a force long pent—
A seething crater, by lightning rent.
Death in the fore, above, below—
But the engine stays till the chief says:
"Go!"
—The Criterion.

THE ADJUSTMENT OF A DIFFERENCE.

By ELLIOT WALKER.

The supply of "bewitching curves" must have been temporarily exhausted when it came Rosemary's turn to be fitted out. Possibly, in her case, Nature had decided that length and angularity would be more useful for the performance of such duties as accompanied her daily walk.

Not to attempt the humorous at the expense of a pathetic subject, but to point to a fact, it was two miles to the schoolhouse and Rosemary's stride covered that distance in just thirty minutes under favorable conditions of weather.

If she had been short of limb and round of body, three-quarters of an hour would have been consumed in making the trip, so it may be seen that a saving of time was effected as some compensation for less graceful locomotion.

A thrifty soul, impregnated with the ancient superstition that "time is money," may be competent to figure out Rosemary's financial gain from this economical method of procedure, but, beyond compliance from the school committee for habits of punctuality it had not been reckoned in practically augmenting her resources, which, like her frame, were of an attenuated character. The casual observer would have remarked Rosemary as simply a tall, thin, brown country girl of a lankness, to excite amusement. A more critical eye might have gathered interest from a perusal of her features, which, while irregular, were distinctly pleasing and indicative of intelligent and wary faculties.

Her flock at the district school minded. Rosemary was a disciplinarian. The reach of her arm was remarkable, and she possessed that strength and celerity of action when roused which frequently accompanies the gaunt.

Within the boundaries of her extended contour dwelt a pent-up spirit. It manifested itself with equal facility in foot, hand, and tongue movement; and the combination when applied to the insubordinate pupil was a lesson in reduction, ascending or descending, according to the manner in which said pupil was elevated or depressed. Consequently, after the first week of a term, which Rosemary conscientiously gave up to the suppression of warlike natures, the duke of peace was gladly welcomed by her scholars with a full and haunting knowledge of the black ruler reposing in her desk.

The first indication of Wilton Pepper's disposition to cultivate the society of Rosemary was shown in an evident effort to make the most of his physical proportions, that is in regard to height. He essayed a tall hat and a pair of excessively high-heeled shoes (made to order). The erectness of his body carriage was like unto a vertical yardstick. Upon the removal of his headgear, Mr. Pepper's hair showed an exaggeration of the pompadour. He emphatically disproved the truth of that well-known adage: "For who by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature," i. e., heels, hat, and spinal straightening fairly covered Mr. Pepper's cubit, which for the benefit of those who have not just looked in the dictionary, would be the length of his forearm.

Rosemary, unused to male attention of a sentimental sort, gladly received the advent of an admirer with a series of thrills which almost incapacitated her for the occupation of teaching; a wandering wit being the direct result of Mr. Pepper's very first advances.

Painfully aware of the difference in inches, she adopted his cue with blind enthusiasm. The crown of her new hat seemed welded to the crown of her head; the heels of her shoes resembled a shaving for thinness, and appearing before the public gaze in Wilton's company, she assumed a settled attitude of figure, suggestive of rheumatism and decrepitude.

If Rosemary's knees suffered from this bending strain her young heart exulted in the triumphant thought of a becoming adjustment of differences, and Mr. Pepper viewed her shy clumsiness with appreciative sympathy, being himself extremely uncomfortable.

The little man, youthful in years, in spite of many wrinkles wrought by shrewd dicking with the world from early boyhood, was now possessed of the one general store at Pinney Corners, and doing a paying trade.

He had worked up, alone and friendless, saving and doubling, to independence. Women, to him, had been but buyers of goods, and the counter was his only introduction to feminine society until now, settled at "Pinney's," the tall daughter of Dudley's stopping every day for the newspaper on her way home from school had most unaccountably attracted him.

When Mr. Pepper, in the past, felt a strong desire for the possession of any article, it had been his habit to strenuously exert his powers in the direction of acquisition, and his wits being as bright as his blue eyes, he was quite invariably successful.

But Rosemary was outside ordinary methods of acquirement, and but for the inspiration of that young gentleman "who laughs at locksmiths," the storekeeper would have been in despair.

Many times had the object of his adoration visited the store, but words, so ready with others, failed him before the steady gray eyes gazing down into his own with a half wondering look as if in astonishment at his diminutiveness. Pepper had never felt so small. His size was no drawback in dealing with men; he considered himself, by the equalizing power of Nature, as big as anyone. The new sensation worried him, and worry to Mr. Pepper was a preliminary to achievement.

Therefore, he resolved upon a stroke of boldness, and when next Rosemary peered through the mall window (for the store accommodated the post-office), Mr. Pepper, first making sure of no listening ears, mounted a concealed soap-box and brought his blue orbs on an exact line with those of his startled vis-à-vis.

"I'm bound to be on your level for once," stammered he with a tremendous effort. "Miss Dudley, I never cared to be a tall feller, 'til I see you. I don't s'pose you'd care to go anywhere with a runt like me? Lots of times I've thought if I was only bigger—you'd be the young lady I'd like to know—an'an see—"

Here the box slipped, and Mr. Pepper made a convulsive effort to finish his speech, and he slid down with a gasp of consternation.

The girl had shot an angry look in the anxious face at the first words. Then she checked a laugh. Now her cheeks were crimson and her lashes drooped. Behind the grotesque burned the sincere. Something pitiful and far away, yet near and sweet, had confronted her in that forlorn visage staring through the window. For a second she felt like crying. But she smiled instead—a wide, gracious smile, and stepped around to the counter.

"I'd like father's paper," she whispered. "I—I don't think size ought to make any difference with folks if they want to be friends. I've always liked you, Mr. Pepper—I mean—"

Rosemary grabbed the daily print and fled with a blazing countenance as Mrs. Deacon Raggett opened the back door with a squeak.

Mr. Pepper eyed the fleeing vision in rapturous silence and filled Mrs. Raggett's pail with butter instead of lard. The deacon's wife fixed a gaze of piety upon the ceiling and said nothing. If Mr. Pepper wished to do business in that way she had no objection.

This began it, and of all the fools ever known within the precincts of Pinney Corners, Rosemary and Wilton Pepper soon acquired the reputation of leading lights.

Little cared they. Independent souls both, and completely absorbed in this new and agitating experience, public opinion, mirthful and tinged with sarcastic criticism, was an oblivious quantity. Together they walked, drove and attended festivities, with one mutual idea, "the elimination of physical disparity by artifice."

However, Mr. Dudley, a small agriculturist, heartily approved. So did his wife. They immediately ran up

a bill at the store and purchased freely.

Then came the day when chastisement fell upon "Tony" Shillaber. Tony was the star artist of the school and his well known touch was apprehended without a moment's delay.

It was well done, that ridiculous caricature upon the blackboard. The flogging administered to the reckless and ambitious author of the sketch was very well done, also—albeit Anthony was one of the larger boys and a fighter.

His aspect, when Rosemary's final hold relaxed, was not indicative alone of bruises and rent apparel. There were more than suggestions of gore. There was also a tomb-like hush over the entire school.

Rosemary dismissed it in an awful voice; glaring at the clock. Only quarter past two of the afternoon, but much had been crowded into fifteen minutes—sufficient to render the rest of the session an educational farce. The teacher knew it. The children knew it. They filed out into the soft August day on tiptoe. All but Tony, who stamped and swore vengeance through his tears, at a safe distance.

Alone, Rosemary glowered in horror at the representation on the blackboard. The chalky eyes stared back in mockery. Wilton and she—Wilton and she—in all the exaggeration of their innocent efforts for a mutual height. If the children so viewed them, what must their elders think?

The girl sank her head on her tired arms and sobbed, weeping bitterly and long. That very afternoon he was to call for her at the school. The drive they had planned. It was to have been so happy.

With sudden determination Rosemary sat up. She would wait. At four o'clock he would come. There, with that hideous object lesson before them, they must decide to go in separate ways—he would see—oh! he could not help seeing that it must be best.

A long agony, those crawling minutes, while the purr of the drowsy insect voices, floating from the fields, brought painful visions of loved nooks where they had sauntered hand in hand.

His step at last. No! It was a heavier tread—Ichabod Shillaber—the neighborhood terror, the father of Tony. Mr. Shillaber was exceedingly irate, and worse—in a state of savage stimulation. This condition was habitual of late to Ichabod. There had been talk of confining him recently, as a matter of precaution.

The drawing caught his attention as he stumbled in. He laughed coarsely. "Just like yer!" came his snarl. "Say! will ye lick my boy nigh ter death fer a little thing like that—say, will yer? Come here! I'll pinch them claws of yours fer what ye done. A-ah! ye would, hey?"

Exhausted and wild with fear the girl endeavored to dart under the outstretched arms. The brute seized her roughly and she screamed, just as a shadow darkened the doorway. It was Mr. Pepper in full regalia.

He paused one second to wrench at his foot. Another moment, with a leap like a hunting spider, he pounced on the burly shoulders of the startled Ichabod, and his arm flew up.

Something very exciting was occurring in the tiny schoolroom. A perfect rattle of clips and tands from a unique weapon cut and battered the head of Mr. Shillaber, while he vainly tried to shake off his adversary.

At last he sank down, groaning for mercy. Mr. Pepper was not in a merciful mood. Poisoning himself on one stoicened foot, he deliberately and with violence kicked Ichabod squarely in the point of the jaw with a very hard, pointed and well-polished boot-heel. Mr. Shillaber lay still.

Mr. Pepper picked up his tall hat. It was a ruin. Then he put on his shoe. "Come, Rosemary," he said coolly. "I'll drag this rascal out and lay him on the grass. Then, if you're ready we'll take our drive. Scared you, didn't he? Well, you're all right now. Bless me! Who drew that picture?"

Stepping to the board, he erased the direful tracings with an angry scowl, kicked his dilapidated tie under a desk, grabbed the unconscious Ichabod by the collar and hauled him ruthlessly outside with an amazing display of strength.

"My team 's down by the corner," he announced. "I'll have to drive bareheaded. I—I guess I won't wear that style of hat any more, and I'm sick of these shoes. Come on!"

But Rosemary stood still, with her hands over her eyes.

Mr. Pepper pulled them down, elevated himself on his toes and kissed away her tears.

"Isn't I big enough for you as I am, Rosemary?" he murmured with a quiver in his voice. "Let's quit these improvements and be natural."

The girl held him close. "You're big enough for any woman, and I wouldn't have you an inch taller," she whispered.

"Say that again," cried Mr. Pepper delightedly. "Say that again, Rosemary."—The Criterion.

OUR CRAVING FOR SALT.

A BARREL A YEAR FOR EVERY THREE PERSONS.

Statistics of Production—The United States Has Learned to Depend on Itself—States Which Lead as Salt Producers.

A whole barrel of salt for every three persons in the land is the rate at which Americans consume the product which savors the animal and vegetable foods they consume, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post. New York is second only to Michigan as a salt-producing state, and statistics recently compiled by the government show that the combined output of these two states aggregates more than two-thirds of the total salt production of the United States.

How this country has learned to depend upon itself and provide everything required for its maintenance is well shown by the record of the salt industry for the last quarter of a century. In 1880 only 6,961,060 barrels of salt were produced in this country, while consumers were forced to go abroad for an additional supply, amounting to 3,427,639 barrels. This showed that only 63.5 percent of the salt used here was of home production. Last year 95.7 percent was the proportion of the total consumption which was produced within the borders of the United States. The total amount was 26,872,700 barrels, which included only 1,151,133 barrels imported from foreign countries. These figures show that the American people are using three times as much salt as they did twenty-six years ago.

New York and four other states provided 90.61 percent of the total quantity of salt produced in this country last year. The figures show that Michigan furnished 9,492,173 barrels; New York, 8,359,121 barrels; Ohio, 2,528,558 barrels; Kansas, 2,096,535 barrels, and Louisiana, 1,055,186 barrels. Eight other states and two territories also produce salt on a commercial scale—Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Michigan, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Idaho, Utah, Nevada and California.

The New York salt comes from beds of rock salt from 1,000 to 1,300 feet deep, and from wells some of which are 2,500 feet deep. The rock salt is dissolved and recrystallized in preparation for culinary purposes. The brine, which is either natural or an artificial solution made by water led to the deposits through wells, is pumped into covered vats, where it is concentrated by evaporation, or is piped to chemical works, where it is used without evaporation. In Massachusetts salt is obtained from sea water by simple evaporation in covered vats. In the early history of the country this was an important industry, but the production has now fallen to insignificant proportions.

In Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia brine wells furnish the supply. One of the most productive wells is in the oil-sands of the Kanawha Valley, southwestern Virginia turns out a good quality of rock salt, and artificial brine is pumped from deep wells in the same locality. The salt deposits of Michigan are in the Saginaw and St. Clair valleys. The beds are of rock salt, but they are exploited by means of wells, the artificial brine from which is used directly in chemical works, or is evaporated to dryness in a series of covered vats. The principal source of commercial salt in Kansas is the deposits of rock salt in the central and south central part of the state. About one-half of the production last year was from direct mining, the remainder coming from artificial brine made in wells driven down to the deposits. Salt is also found in salt marshes in the state, where it has been brought by leaching from clays.

Louisiana's great production of salt is from beds of rock salt at Petite Anse, in the extreme southern part of the state. The salt is mined through great galleries, each 200 feet long and seventy-five feet wide and sixty-five feet high, without timbering. Although the deposit covers only a comparatively small area, it is of great thickness. On Jefferson Island, near Petite Anse, a shaft 1838 feet deep was sunk in pure rock without reaching the bottom of the deposit. These beds, the government finds, are remarkable for their purity.

The salt deposits in Oklahoma are in extensive plains along the Cimarron river in Blaine county, and in the northeastern part of Woods county. Along the Cimarron river are many springs delivering a clear, saturated solution of common salt almost pure. The salt is obtained in primitive fashion by evaporation in open vats. Salt occurs in lagoons along the Gulf coast and in many salt lakes or salines throughout Texas, from which much is taken annually, but no official report of this production has reached here. The region of present commercial importance is in Van Sandt and Anderson counties, where salt is made from artificial brines drawn from wells which enter heavy beds of rock salt. The salt deposits of the trans-

Pecos region of western Texas consist of salines of considerable extent, open to exploitation to all comers. Much salt is removed annually, but no record of the extent of the output has ever been kept. New Mexico has deposits in the shallow lake basins. The largest of these is in the west central part of the territory on the main line of the Santa Fe railroad. The water contains about 26 percent of salts. The supply is kept up by springs which are supposed to rise in salt beds.

Throughout Idaho, Utah and Nevada there are extensive surface deposits of salt, some of which are associated with bodies of water, while others are not. The most famous of these is, of course, the Great Salt Lake of Utah. The salt is won from the brine by simple evaporation in great shallow artificial ponds, care being taken, not to allow the bitter salts of the lakes to enter the commercial article. Salt occurs in vast quantities in the deposits found in the ancient lake basin in the southern part of California but the only commercially productive deposits of this character have been flooded by the recent diversion of the Colorado river into the Salton Sink. The great production which puts California in the sixth place in order to output among the states comes from the evaporation of sea water, the conditions for which are particularly favorable on the east side of San Francisco bay.

No attempt has even been made to ascertain what percent of salt consumed in the United States is used for culinary purposes. The annual output is largely consumed in the industries of meat packing, fish curing, dairying and the like. The chlorination of gold ores demands a large quantity, and great quantities of salt in the form of brine are used in the manufacture of soda ash, caustic soda, and other salts. Salt is cheap. The average price for 1905 was a little over 23 cents a barrel, which is lower than that reported in any previous year. Dry salt, of course, brings a higher price than brine. The average price for dry salt last year was 31.51 cents a barrel.

PRESERVE THE BUFFALO.

Ernest Harold Baynes Talks on "Our Grandest American Animal."

Ernest Harold Baynes gave a talk before the Society of Arts on the "American Bison: Our Grandest American Animal." Mr. Baynes is secretary of the American Bison Society, president of which is Theodore Roosevelt and which count among their members the governor general of Canada. The object of this society is to promote a public sentiment that will influence congress to provide for the perpetuation of the American bison. At present there is a bill before congress providing for the appropriation of \$15,000 for the maintenance of a herd.

Mr. Baynes said that the bison was the most numerous of all mammals of modern times. The numbers that at one time lived on this continent was in the millions, and it seems remarkable that they could have become almost exterminated in so short a time. There are but two wild herds of buffalo in existence today, one in the Yellowstone National Park and another in Canada. There are a few private herds, but all of these are, without exception, for sale to anyone who will pay a reasonable price.

Before the "white men" who are responsible for this depletion invaded the West the Indians killed the buffalo themselves, and depended upon the buffalo generally for their living.

When the white men came they began killing the buffalo, and the Indians were instructed to kill as many as possible, and to bring their hides to the trading stations. The white hunters also took up the slaughter and there are white men living today who have killed 10,000 buffaloes with one rifle. There is on record a case where 1500 buffaloes were killed in fifteen minutes by a hunting party. Whole herds were exterminated at one time by driving them over precipices, and by coralling and slaughtering them by the wholesale.

Many people ask if the preservation of the buffalo is of any practical value. In an attempt to answer this question satisfactorily, Mr. Baynes has trained two buffaloes to work in harness or under yoke. These animals were exhibited at the Sportsman's Show last fall and are doubtless remembered by many people. They have been found to be very tractable and fully as strong as oxen.

Mr. Baynes showed various lantern slides of the domesticated buffaloes drawing various wagons and carts, and in one case drawing a snow plow through snow up to their shoulders. The buffalo hide is very much more valuable than cow hide, and it has been found possible to weave their fur or wool into coarse cloths. Another valuable use for buffalo is in crossing them with dirt cattle, and so forming a race that is much stronger, healthier and less susceptible to cattle diseases. The hair of these crosses is also valuable, resembling very closely fine bear fur.—Boston Transcript.

ONLY A POOR MILLIONAIRE.

The millionaire sat in his chair,
And madly tore his store bought hair,
And groaned in bitter pain,
Ah, woe was his! You know it is
An awful thing, this Croesus biz—
And sang this sad refrain:

"I am only a poor millionaire—
No friends have I;
The people all hate me, the papers be-
rate me.
I wonder why?
I have but a million—they say it's a bil-
lion.
And that all my wealth has a taint;
That I am inhuman and don't know
What's due men,
I know I am not—and it ain't!

"If I don't own an auto car,
They say that I am short;
I trot out a 'wagon,' they say I'm a
dragon.
And run over people for sport,
If my money in bank I keep I'm a
"crank."
A miser, a gold hoarding boor,
But if I invest it, they say, or suggest it,
That I am an oppressing the poor.

"If I attempt to give away
My wealth I'm Pluto's minion.
My gift they describe as attempting to
bribe.
Through charity public opinion,
My wealth's a disgrace, and I have no
place
On earth; and I can't get in heaven,
For—it's no use to try—through the nee-
dle, its eye,
The camel cannot be 'driven.'"
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

The cranks of one age are the prophets of the next, provided they die in the meanwhile.—Puck.

She—"I suppose you read a great deal." He—"No; I haven't time. You see, I'm a book reviewer."—Philadelphia Record.

"I see that trials by 'phone have been pronounced illegal." "Glad of it. I've been severely tried by mine."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Biggs—"There goes a politician who has paid the price of success." Diggs—"I'll bet he didn't receive as much change 'as' he expected."—Chicago Daily News.

First Politician's Wife—"My husband gives me every cent he earns." Second Politician's Wife—"Is that all? Why my husband gives me every cent he gets."—Judge.

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin," said the admiring friend. "I never thought much of the pin test," answered Miss Cayenne. "Try him with an umbrella."—Washington Star.

"He introduced the bill in the legislature, you know." "The bill. What bill?" "Why, the bill. Before his time the graduates were mostly reckless fellows and used checks."—Puck.

"What, my friends," vociferously demanded the Hon. Thomas Root, "does the Old Lady stand for?" "Well, you, for one thing!" replied a pessimistic voice from the back of the hall.—Puck.

"I say, old chappie, how on earth do these astronomer fellows ever manage to predict eclipses, y' know?" "They buy an almanac and look 'em up," you silly abess!" "Bah Jove!"—Cleveland Leader.

"What do you consider the principal features of corrupt legislation?" "The eyes and nose, for those features enable corrupt legislation first to scent boys and then to wink at them."—Baltimore American.

"Do you think your constituents endorse your opinion on this bill?" "I hope not," answered Senator Sorgum. "I have done my best to keep them from finding out what my opinions are."—Washington Star.

"A prominent oculist says he never saw a pair of perfect eyes," said the woman who reads the newspapers. "That," replied Miss Cayenne, "merely proves that the prominent oculist was never in love."—Washington Star.

Towing—"Whenever you hear a politician declare that 'every man has his price' you may rest assured that he's one of them." Browne—"Not necessarily. He may simply be calling attention to the fact that he hasn't got his yet."—Philadelphia Press.

"Are you all in favor of free alcohol for use in the arts?" "Yes," answered Col. Stillwell of Kentucky. "But to be perfectly candid and not mislead you, I ought to add that I consider a competent mixer of beverages an artist."—Washington Star.

"Why is it," queried an American globe-trotter, "that our American girls are so much more attractive to foreigners with titles than you English girls?" "I don't know," snapped the English beauty, "unless it's because they have more money and less sense."—Chicago Daily News.

"I want to know," said the irate matron, "how much money my husband drew out of the bank last week." "I can't give you that information, ma'am," answered the man in the cage. "You're the paying teller, aren't you?" "Yes, but I'm not the telling payer."—Chicago Tribune.