

**"FAREWELL."**

(Provoked by Cavalry's "Forever.")  
 "Farewell!" Another gloomy word  
 As ever into language crept,  
 'Tis often written, never heard  
 Except  
 In playhouse. Ere the hero flits—  
 In handcuffs—from our pitying view,  
 "Farewell!" he murmurs, then exits  
 R. U.

"Farewell!" It is too sighful for  
 An age that has no time to sigh.  
 We say, "I'll see you later," or  
 "Good-by!"

When, warned by chancieer, you go  
 From her to whom you owe devoir,  
 "Say not 'Good-by,'" she laughs, "but Au  
 Revoir!"

Thus from the garden are you sped;  
 And Juliet were the first to tell  
 You, you were silly if you said  
 "Farewell!"

"Fare well," meant long ago, before  
 It crept, tear-spattered, into song,  
 "Safe voyage!" "Pleasant journey!" or  
 "So long!"

But gone its cheery, old-time ring;  
 The poets made it rhyme with knell.  
 Joined, it became a dismal thing—  
 "Farewell!"

"Farewell!" Into the lover's soul  
 All poets use it. It's the whole  
 Of Byron.

"I only feel—farewell!" said he;  
 And always tearful was the telling.  
 Lord Byron was eternally  
 Farewelling.

"Farewell!" A dismal word, 'tis true  
 (And why not tell the truth about it?)  
 But what on earth should poets do  
 Without it?

—Chicago Tribune.



**M**ELEN MARTIN lived with her widowed mother in a little Lake View cottage. Helen tapped the fender before the crackling wood fire a bit nervously with her tiny foot. Then she turned to her mother and said: "Well, dearie, I've answered it."

"Oh, Helen, you ought not to have done it. There must be something sinister, perhaps a crime, behind an advertisement like that."

Helen laughed. "Criminals don't have first-class references, dearie, and then you know we need the money."

"Read it to me again."  
 The girl took up a morning paper and read this: "Wanted—by a man thirty years old, comfortable room in suburban residence, where there are no visitors; absolute seclusion the first consideration. Applicant will refer to people of standing; highest price paid. Seclusion, box 85, Breeze office."

There was a step on the veranda. Helen exclaimed: "Dearie, there's the answer." A moment afterward a man with a tall, well-knit figure stood in the little parlor. One side of his face was shrouded in the folds of a scarf. This side he kept away from the lamplight. The voice had in it a ring suggesting that at times its keynote was command.

"Is this Mrs. Martin? I have called in response to an answer to my adver-

cover up half of his face like the talent that was buried in a napkin?"

"What I saw of his face, Helen, had something of nobility in it. As for his hiding one side of it, I suppose that has something to do with his seeking seclusion."

Helen called on General Nelson in the Pullman Building. Did he know Mr. George Sidney?

"Yes, well. He is an officer in the army, retired for disability received in line of duty. Mr. Sidney is now working on some ordnance plans, and for reasons of his own he works only at night. He is a soldier and a gentleman."

For two months the members of the little Lake View household saw George Sidney infrequently. He left for his work after nightfall and returned just before daybreak. At 1 o'clock every day a closed cab was driven to the doorstep. The recluse drove away in it, presumably to his breakfast. Whenever Helen caught a glimpse of their mysterious lodger she saw the ever-present scarf concealing the greater part of his features. One morning her surprise almost overcame her when she heard his voice calling from the upper floor. Lieutenant Sidney was standing in the doorway of his room with his head averted. "I am sorry to trouble you, Miss Martin," he said, "but I wish you would ask the cabman when he

went to the doorway. Sidney had thrown wide the shutters and the room was bright with sunlight. He was standing with folded arms at the window where she had sat when reading. The strong light was full on his face and the scarf which he had ever worn was gone. The girl gave one searching look at the face so long concealed. Sidney's eyes were on her. A cry came from her lips, and she recoiled with a feeling half fear, half horror. Sidney saw the action and heard the cry. In an instant he had closed the door quietly. Helen with a white face fled to her mother's room.

"Child, what is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin.  
 "Mother, I saw his face. He showed it purposely. Mother, it is the face of a fiend."

The mother led the girl to a sofa and took her in her arms. They heard him pass on to the veranda, and both mother and daughter felt that George would not return. A month passed. Helen went about her duties as usual, striving to be cheerful, but the mother knew.

At the end of the month General Nelson called. Mr. Sidney had not returned to his work as expected after his recovery. Did Mrs. Martin know of his whereabouts? No. Well, for years Sidney had been a man of moods. "You see," said the general, "when Sidney was in active service he risked his life to save a brother officer. It's an old army story. It's enough to say that Sidney jumped between his friend and a shell the fuse of which had become accidentally ignited. The shell exploded. Sidney received a fearful wound and was marked for life, but he saved his fellow. Marked for life, did I say? Yes, marked worse than Hugo's 'Man Who Laughs.' That shell fragment gave to the handsomest man in the service the half-face of a fiend. He was to be married, poor chap, but the girl saw his face and fled. She was the sister of the man whose life he saved. What a world it is! The face of a devil and his life a hell. That is George Sidney's fate."

It was the anniversary of the day that George Sidney left the Martin cottage. Helen was standing at the gate looking down the moonlit road. A bush partly hid her. She heard footsteps. Leaning forward she saw a figure approaching. Her heart gave a sudden throb, and she muttered the half-smothered cry, "Mr. Sidney!" The man heard and turned as if to hurry away, but there was something in the tone of the cry that held him. He saw the girl's face in the moonlight, and in a moment he was at her side.

"Helen," he said, "I left because I loved you."

She looked up. "Then stay because you love me," she said, and saying it she drew the scarf from the side of his face, and, kissing him gently, said: "It is God's mark of manhood."—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

**Blaine's Spruce-Gum Adventure.**

Few men possess the talent for remembering faces such as that of the late James G. Blaine. Here is an instance which has not appeared in print before:

In the early sixties he was traveling in a sleeping car through Canada. Deep in the Canadian forest the engine broke down, and there was a delay of several hours. A little girl of five years was a fellow passenger. Mr. Blaine made friends with the child, and to pass the time of waiting proposed that they should go in search of spruce gum. They came back laden with sticky spools, which were shared with their companions.

Fifteen years went by, and the child had grown to be a college senior without again seeing Mr. Blaine. One afternoon she heard him speak at a large public meeting, and at the close of the address she made her way to him. She said simply:

"Mr. Blaine, I don't suppose you will remember me. I am Margaret Sargent."

Quick as a flash came the answer, emphasized with a hearty hand-grasp: "Have you ever tasted any spruce gum since that was as good as that was?"

Of course the recognition made that girl his friend for life.—Youth's Companion.

**Men Who Make Beds.**

Making beds is commonly considered a woman's work, but there are nevertheless quite a number of men who follow bedmaking as a calling, finding regular steady employment at this work in many of the lodging-houses for men. This is especially true of those in New York City. For many years all the bedmakers in these places of many beds were men. For example, in a big lodging-house, with from 400 to 500 beds, there is a bedmaker to every floor, having perhaps ninety beds to make daily. Incidentally he sweeps the floor and keeps it clean and in order. The bedmaker goes on duty at 6 a. m. and works until 6 p. m. The bulk of his work, however, is over by 3 p. m. Some men bedmakers, like women, make untidy beds, and some not only quick but careful, and make a bed that looks inviting. The pay of the man bedmaker is small, and commonly he sleeps in the house where he is employed.

**STRANGE PENSION CASE**

**HOW A SMALL SUM HAS GROWN INTO A FORTUNE.**

On \$50 a Month the Estate of Henry Wensler, an Insane Union Soldier, Now Amounts to \$25,000—Story of the Veteran and His Accumulated Wealth.

Starting \$11.87 in debt thirty years ago, and depending for a livelihood wholly on a pension of \$50 a month from the Government, the estate of Henry Wensler, of Spiker, Wabash County, Ind., now amounts to more than \$25,000, and is growing at a rapid rate. What is still more curious, the Government, having paid Wensler this pension for a generation, will, at his death, receive back the \$50 a month and \$8000 in addition. Such a state of affairs has never before come within the ken of the bureau officials, as reported by Special Agent Stephens. The story of Wensler and his accumulated wealth is an interesting one, and is thus related by the Wabash correspondent of the Indianapolis News:

"During the war he enlisted from Wabash County in the Eighty-ninth Indiana Infantry. While on the march in the South he suffered from prostration by the heat, which caused mental derangement, and though he has not at any time been violent, he has been, to an extent, incapable of managing his affairs. For twelve years after his affliction Wensler was confined in the hospital for the insane at Indianapolis, and was discharged as being harmless and requiring no attention. Application was made for a pension on account of his mental condition, and the case was pending some time. In 1867 his wife was divorced, and he was left comparatively friendless.

"At that time his condition was such that Jonathan Talmage, a local banker, was appointed guardian, and Mr. Talmage's report to the Circuit Court in September, 1870, showed that Wensler had overdrawn his account with his guardian \$11.37. In the next report Mr. Talmage showed that the pension of \$50 a month, with a considerable amount as arrearages, had been paid, and as Wensler had been supported by the State while at the hospital, the arrearages amounted to a tidy sum.

"In this way the foundation of the present fortune was laid. Four years ago Mr. Talmage died, and Thomas F. Payne, a wealthy land owner of Wabash, was appointed guardian. The Pension Bureau required, about that time, that all reports of guardians of wards receiving pensions should be made to Washington. In his report of May 1, 1900, Mr. Payne set forth that the amount of funds belonging to Wensler in his hands was \$23,430, and that the total cost of administering the guardianship was \$1214. With a few exceptions the funds were loaned on gilt-edged security, at ten per cent. interest, and later at eight per cent. Some of the later loans have been made at six per cent. This interest was compounded, and the total mounted higher and higher. Wensler was active, and contributed to his own sustenance. For years he plied his vocation as a huckster, and drove about the county with his little wagon, on which were printed in sprawling letters the words: 'H. Wensler, Hugster.'

"Recently he went into business in a small way at Spiker's Station, four miles from Wabash. He lives alone, and his expenses for food and clothing are almost nothing. His guardian pays \$3.50 a week for his food, and Wensler takes \$25 a month for other expenses. The rest of the \$50 pension, and the handsome increment from the \$25,000 at interest, is re-invested as it comes in.

"The reports of the guardian to the Pension Bureau, making this remarkable exhibit, induced Commissioner Evans to send Special Agent Stephens to Wabash to look into the case, and he uncovered the facts as stated. The special agent says that as Wensler has no friends the money at his death will revert to the Government. Wensler is perhaps sixty-five years old, and never speaks unless addressed. He is expert in handling horses, and on several occasions has been injured in runaways, but he does not seem to know what fear is. Probably no estate in the country has been so capably managed.

"It is said of Wensler that a few years ago he was seized with a desire to manage his property, and went to the office of a well-known Wabash lawyer to state his case. 'See here, Mr. —,' said Wensler, 'I am not insane, and I want my funds turned over to me.' The lawyer gazed at him intently for a moment and then replied: 'You're drawing a good pension, aren't you?' Wensler admitted he was. 'Well, then,' drawled the lawyer, 'if you are not insane your pension will stop, for that's why you are getting it.' Wensler looked wild, and shot out of the door. And after that he was content to waive all right to the management of his estate."

**A Bicycle Sweeper.**

Bicycles can be fitted with a new pavement cleaning device to keep the wheel from getting muddy, which is made of a cylinder brush held in a frame ahead of the front wheel and geared to the axle to revolve and sweep the street as the wheelman rides along.

**THE BIG FACE IN THE ICE.**

Gigantic Visage That Startled a Sailor on a Norwegian Steamer.

A real but gigantic Santa Claus is coming down from the frozen North, according to reports brought in by the Norwegian steamer Drottling Sophia. On the blotter at the Maritime Exchange the vessel's report: "Four icebergs passed six miles north-northeast from Cape St. Francis"—seemed but little out of the ordinary, but an interview with the Captain brought to light a most curious freak of Nature.

The ship, with her cargo of iron ore for this port, passed the four bergs when two days out from Wabana, N. F. But little attention was paid to them until the ship was just abreast of the largest one. A cry from one of the crew on watch attracted all hands. Captain Nordahl at first thought what he saw was an optical illusion, but leveled his glasses, and then ordered the course of the ship changed.

The Drottling Sophia sailed around the end of the berg, and all members of the crew saw at close range the gigantic head of a man in profile, as clearly defined in the ice as though chiseled by a sculptor. The forehead was at the very top, depressions gave the appearance of eyes, the nose was clear cut, and the bottom of the beard, seamed by tiny rivulets of melting ice, had every resemblance to a long, flowing beard tapering off into the water. The iceberg was over 200 feet high, and was evidently aground in about ninety fathoms of water. The face and head, said Captain Nordahl, bore great resemblance to the familiar Santa Claus.—Philadelphia North American.

**WISE WORDS.**

Shallow waters flow with vexed currents.

The homes of a nation are the barometer of its life.

We must answer for our riches, but our riches cannot answer for us.

We put a price upon riches, but riches cannot put a price upon us.

The gem of truth bears all tests without diminished lustre or clearness.

The meanest use for money is to make it cover a multitude of sins.

It is a great deal better to cheer one man than to be cheered by a thousand.

Better a pair of clean bare hands than the most expensive soiled white gloves.

Call another a fool and you are the fool; call yourself a fool and you begin to be wise.

Goodness outranks goods. A bursting barn and a godless heart proclaim a fool without hope.

No lot in life is small enough to stunt a soul. Lowly circumstances are no bar to high thoughts.

'Tis a sad thing when a man can have no comfort but in diversions, no joy but in forgetting himself.

When two hearts cease to beat as one, it will not be long until the owners will want to beat each other.

**Costliest Thimble on Record.**

Think of it, a thimble which cost \$65,000 in American money! And think of a husband who presents his wife with such a gift! It belongs to the Queen of Siam.

Thimbles were not in use in Siam until a comparatively recent date. The King seeing that English and American women visiting his court used thimbles, had one made for his wife. The thimble is of gold, enriched with precious stones. It is shaped like a partially opened lotus flower, each petal bearing the interlaced initials of the sovereign and his wife in amethysts, rubies, emeralds and topazes. Around the rim of the thimble can be read the date of the marriage of the royal pair according to the Siamese and European calendars, each number and each letter being of alternate diamonds and pearls.

**His Sweetheart's Letter.**

A colonel, on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drill room when he came across a couple of soldiers, one of them reading a letter aloud, while the other was listening, and, at the same time, stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the former.  
 "You see, colonel, I'm reading to Atkins, who can't read himself, a letter which has arrived by this afternoon's post from his sweetheart."

"And you, Atkins, what in the world are you doing?"

"Please, colonel, I am stopping up Murphy's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to hear a single word of what she has written."—Tit-Bits.

**Gates in Norway.**

A curious feature to travelers in the high roads of Norway is the great numbers of gates—upward of 10,000 in the whole country—which have to be opened. These gates, which either mark the boundary of the farms or separate the home fields from the waste lands, constitute a considerable inconvenience and delay to the traveler, who has to stop his vehicle and get down and open them.



BUT HE SAVED HIS FELLOW.

tisement. My name is George Sidney. I know, Mrs. Martin," he continued, "that my advertisement may have seemed strange. I do desire absolute seclusion and freedom from callers. My reference is General Nelson, army headquarters, Pullman Building. I should like to see the room, and if you find my credentials satisfactory, I think other details may be arranged readily."

Helen led the way up a winding stair to a well-appointed room. Lighting the gas she turned to look at her follower. He was in the act of drawing still more closely the folds of the scarf about the right side of his face. What she could see of his countenance was strikingly handsome. "Mother and I live here alone," she said. "After my father's failure and death we came here from a distant city. We have few friends and no visitors."

"I like the room," said the stranger; "kindly look me up and let me know if I shall make a satisfactory lodger." Then he said good night and left the house.

"Well, mother, what do you think of him?" asked Helen, "and why does he

comes to go for Dr. Girard, the headquarters surgeon, at once."

The surgeon came. He saw the Martins' lodger, and then going to the little parlor said to Helen: "Mr. Sidney is suffering intensely. I have expected this trouble and have urged rest. Now he must take it. He must keep his room and on no account is he to use his eyes."

Thus it was that Lieutenant Sidney became the patient as well as the lodger of the Martins. For weeks he sat in a darkened corner of his room while Helen read to him from where the light found its way through a half-opened shutter. How she had come to do this she did not just know, but it came about naturally. The girl's life had been a lonely one, and it needs but to say that there slowly stole into her heart something deeper than a mere interest in her charge. As for George Sidney, he knew, and the thought was like a knife to him that something was once more creeping into his breast which he thought was forever barred.

The day for the patient's release from the dark room had come. Helen heard his voice calling her. The girl