

The Romance of A Ring...

And her hand there, with its rosy inside color, and the sparkle of its rings—Owen Meredith.

John Bourroughs got into the habit of taking a dose of literary browsing every afternoon. Indeed, he went as regularly up to the aloof and delightful rooms of the Crerar or Public Library as other men dropped into their favorite haunts for a glass of Madeira, or a Frenchman stops to sip his 5 o'clock glass of absinthe. To be sure, the reading of good literature was his only intemperance. And love of the arts can never be an objectionable mania, although occasionally it proves an unprofitable one. He was a broker. He was neither young nor old. He was ordinarily good-looking. He was successful in his line, but he continually experienced a sense of deprivation. He fancied the making of a literary luminary was lost in him—obliterated by training and environment. This idea was probably an illusion. Nevertheless, it prevailed. And in reading the poets, in keeping abreast with current thought, and in delving in old books he found much mild and legitimate entertainment. He knew that his pleasure in reading was a vicarious expression of himself—a sort of self-offered atonement for his failure to make his mental imagery vivid to the eyes of less keenly imaginative men.

One blistering summer day he flung off Wabash avenue, passed between wide reddish portals, swung up the few stone steps leading to the hall, entered the elevator at his right, and said, "Sixth!"

One—two! He happened to glance at his hands. He had a feminine detestation of soiled palms and fingers. That rummaging for old receipts in the old desk—

"Six!"

He stepped from the elevator. There, to be sure, at the left, was a row of marble basins. He wheeled around, gave his hat to the attendant, removed his cuffs, and turned the hot water faucet. A sense of gratitude to the founder of this particular library, and to the individual who suggested a public lavatory, came over him. One of these days, when he had made his pile, he would see that his money reverted to those who should be benefited in a manner at once as



worthy and artistic as the former, as utilitarian as the latter. He—

Whose ring was that? It lay on the marble slab before which he stood lathering his shapely hands. A tiny golden circlet, set with one flashing diamond, which was flanked by emeralds, gleaming and translucent as the heart of an ocean wave. A beautiful little trinket! Never had he touched or handled a woman's ring. Then, why should this seem so absurdly familiar? Where—when—how—had he seen it before? Some time—somewhere. That was sure. The peculiar, old-fashioned jeweler drew his attention. He had admired that at the time, and—

"Great Scot!" he said to himself, "what kind of a memory have I got, anyway? I haven't been drinking. Might as well have been, though. To get queered over a bauble—" Just here he picked up the bauble in question and furtively slipped it into his pocket. He sent a stealthy glance in the direction of the attendant. While he fastened his cuffs and pulled down his coat sleeves, and walked away into the long, lovely, book-lined room at his right he experienced all the sensations of an accomplished kleptomaniac.

If he saw the girl to whom the ring belonged he would recollect under what circumstances he had formerly seen the costly trifle. He would explain. He would apologize. He would restore it to its owner. But there were few in the reference library that hot afternoon. Half a dozen spectacled men deep in ponderous tomes, a few precocious youths with deliberately puckered brows, some middle-aged women who were unnecessarily energetic in the matter of turning the leaves of the books before them—no one else.

A great disappointment swept over Bourroughs. He stood still, fingering the ring in his vest pocket. He must hand it over to one of those in charge of the room. It would undoubtedly be missed and called for. But as he moved forward to perform this act of restoration a swift remembrance of the time—the hour—when he had seen the ring recurred to him.

His friend Dick Lyden had shown it to him. This is for the dearest girl in the world," he had explained. "It's my engagement ring for Phyllis Lane.

We will be married in the fall, and you'll be best man. God willing!"

Whereat John had shaken his hand heartily and wished him joy, and from that hour experienced a loneliness at once morbid and perplexing. He did not feel like looking up any of his kindred acquaintances today. Those kindly people between covers would be here when he came again. He swung around on his heel. Something caught his eye. What? A lot of tulle fluted into the shape of sweet peas? Braided dark hair over a shapely neck? The glimpse of a young eager, rose-lipped face bent over a book of old English engravings?

Three seconds—six! He was beside her, was looking down at the pretty pink, ringless hands.

"I beg your pardon," he said, standing bareheaded before her. Your name is Miss Lane?"

She rose, coloring deeply, drawing back a little, looking up at him.

"You are mistaken, sir. My name is Faith Ferris."

Bourroughs drew the ring from his pocket. "This—" he began.

She started—glanced down at her unadorned fingers. "Have I lost—did I leave that in the lavatory? How good you are to seek me out! It is the engagement ring of my cousin, Phyllis. I begged her to let me wear it to town that I might remember a certain commission. I took it off when I washed my hands before coming in here. I do a good deal of magazine work, you know, and occasionally there are references to be secured. How shall I thank you?"

"By letting me offer you the use of the library I've been accumulating. I adore literary work, but have only the desire, lacking ability. And—as I'm to be best man for Dick Lyden this fall—perhaps you will allow me to see you home."

He did not browse in the library that day. He did see Miss Ferris home. And it seems that there is to be another romance of a ring—or the romance of another ring—

But this is anticipating.—Chicago Tribune.

TOBACCO TRUST

Buys an Entire Town, Which Includes a Snuff Company.

One hundred and forty-four revenue stamps and a stroke of the pen transferred the entire town of Helmetta, N. J., to a trust, says the New York Journal. Snuff was the foundation of the town, and with snuff its destinies will continue. Twenty-five years ago the George W. Helme company started in to make snuff. He made good snuff and prospered. The Helme family owned the tract of land whereon its factory stood, and a town was laid out and named after Etta Helme, a daughter of the house, now Mrs. John W. Herbert. By the simple process of adding her first name to her last and euphonistic name of Helmetta was produced. The Helmes, as their trade increased laid out streets and built houses for their workmen. Nearly every inhabitant in the place worked in the snuff mill, they were happy and prosperous and withal the business grew to grand proportions. Time and again outsiders tried to buy the property, but the Helmes felt that their prosperity and happiness were in the works, and they steadfastly refused all offers. The American Snuff Trust at last made a big offer. It kept adding to this year after year, and a few weeks ago its success came. The Helmes counted up profits found they were enormously wealthy and being tired of continual work in one place at one trade, decided to accept the trust's offer. The deeds were signed and recorded in the county clerk's office at New Brunswick. The deeds set forth that the amount of the consideration is \$1, but the revenue stamps tell another story. By law it is required to put one-dollar stamp for each one thousand dollars value to the deed recorded, and there are 14 on the Helmetta deed.

Moro's Brilliant Trousers.

The most amazing thing about a Moro is his trousers. If he is of any station, or has any money, they are made of silk, and the more colors and the brighter they are, the better. And the greens and reds are no soft, subdued affairs; they are the most violent and vehement things in the color line. It is the fit of them that is the wonder, though. If they were of the right shade of brown, you couldn't tell that there were any trousers. Nothing so tight ever was contrived by any sartorial artist who uses the English language.—Philippine Letter.

Lied About His Reading.

One of the British officers temporarily stationed at Pretoria, wrote home, a short time ago, to his sister: "It is awfully slow," he said. "I have read every book in the prison library, and there is not a thing left to do." The Boer censor who read the letter put a big blue mark against the passage, and a foot-note below: "Now, you shall see what lies your prisoners tell in their letters. The prison library contains 10,741 volumes."—London Truth.

Accident Barred Injunction Service.

A party of citizens of Far Rockaway were speeding to that point from Brooklyn over the Long Island railroad recently bearing with them an injunction from the Supreme Court forbidding the Long Island railroad from laying tracks in Far Rockaway when an accident occurred on the road ahead of them and stopped them. Of course the accident continued to obstruct travel until the objectionable tracks were laid.

GIVES HIS FORTUNES TO THE POOR.

Frederick M. Mooers, mining king and prince of good fellows, whose career the past four years has been extraordinary and eccentric in its lavish expenditure of money, died suddenly the other day at the Fifth Avenue hotel, in New York. He will be remembered because, like the blithesome prince of old, he went along tossing fortunes into the laps of all to whom his fancy turned.

The story of Frederick Mooers' rise from poverty to wealth is an interesting one. Indeed, his whole life was one of unusually romantic vicissitudes.

At the age of 50 Mr. Mooers was without a dollar. At the age of 55 he died, possessed of one-third of the Yellow Aster mines, a property for which the Del Mars, of Utah, vainly offered \$1,200,000.

His father was a cobbler in Cambridge, Mass. He went to New York at the breaking out of the civil war, and for months was a street arab. Then

the Eagle changed hands and Mooers was out of a job.

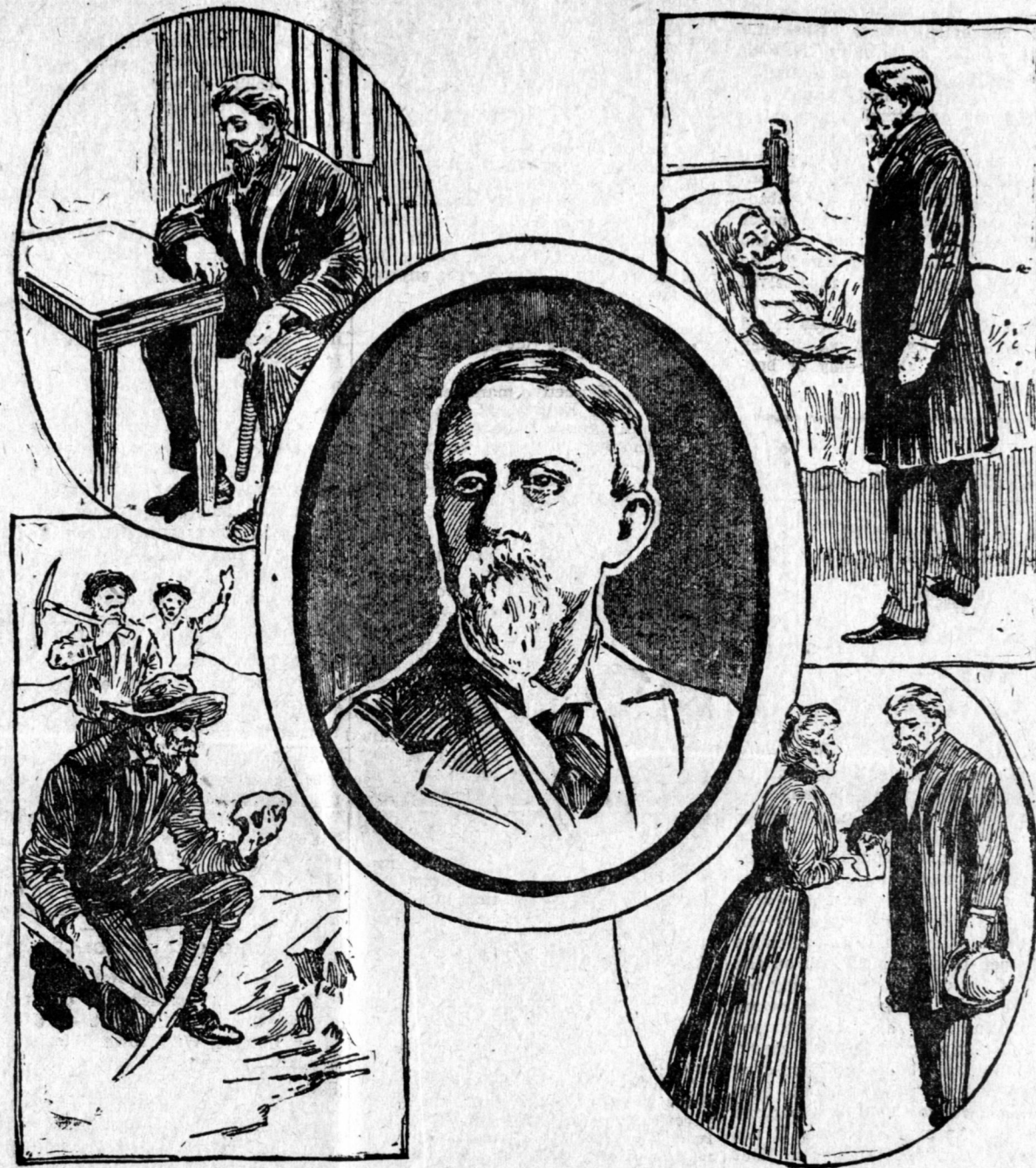
Mooers next joined a filibustering expedition to Costa Rica, in Central America, and with his comrades lay in jail one year, expecting almost any day to be led out to execution. He was a sailor before the mast for the next year and a half. Returning to New York, in broken health, he wrote an article for the Sun about the hardships of common sailors, which brought him to public notice. He was called to Washington by a committee in congress to relate in detail how American sailors were treated on ships sailing under foreign flags.

In April, 1895, Mooers, John Singleton and Austin Burchem were living in a tent at Goler, earning a dollar a day, and on particularly favorable days a dollar and a half. For weeks Mooers had pondered over the problem of the source of the golden specks which they were dry-washing in the brown desert

consumption. The next day the printer, his wife and two children were traveling in sumptuous style toward San Diego, where for over a year, until the man died, they received from Mr. Mooers' Los Angeles bankers a certain monthly stipend.

A year ago a man fell down the shaft in the Yellow Aster mine. The Yellow Aster company pensioned the widow liberally. Mr. Mooers happened to be on the cars a few weeks later, and the widow came forward and introduced herself to him. During their conversation she spoke of her three daughters and of the plans of their dead father to send them east to the paternal home. A day or so later Mr. Mooers had bought round trip tickets for the whole family to New Bedford, Mass. Not only that, but he secured berths in the Pullman cars for them, and gave a \$20 gold piece to each of the trio.

While in New York last summer he overheard a colored man in the hall



FREDERICK MOOERS AND INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE.

he became a compositor on the New York Sun, later joined an expedition to Brazil, and before he was 24 made a fortune of some \$18,000 in the diamond field along the Amazon. Returning to New York he married, and gayly spent his little fortune within two years. He went back to the Brazilian diamond fields. Meanwhile the governmental policy toward the diamond miners had changed, and aliens were no longer permitted to mine there.

He returned to his type-setting, this time on the Brooklyn Eagle. One day he contributed an article to the Eagle on commercial affairs of Brazil, attracting the attention of the proprietor, Thomas Kinsella, who made him a bookkeeper in the business office. Next Mooers was cashier for the Eagle, at \$5,000 a year. Those were palmy days of journalism in New York and Brooklyn—days when Tweedism put vast sums in the pockets of favored publishers. But Tweed was sent to pris-

sands. One day it flashed upon him that the Goler camp was the center of an enormous extinct crater; that the golden particles in the sand were washed there through countless ages from ledges formed by volcanic action, and if the rim of the volcano might be found the original ledge would be a source of fabulous wealth. For days he told and re-told his story to his companions. Finally Singleton and Burchem agreed to go and search for the ledge. Two days of prospecting led to the location of the seven mines known as the Yellow Aster group, where Randsburg has since grown up. So rich were the specimens whacked from the outcropping rock that the Yellow Aster paid from the start. Mooers, Singleton and Burchem had taken over \$700,000 in ore from the golden ledges up to January, 1900.

With the knowledge that the Yellow Aster was to be the source of thousands of dollars every month as long as he would probably live, Mooers set about having a gloriously good time with his suddenly acquired fortune. "I know too well," said he to friends, "that my life has been one of such hardships that I will probably live but a few years more—ten or twelve years at the outside—and I mean to have fun and make some people remember me for personal kindnesses after I am gone."

And he kept his word. First he bought a magnificent mansion owned by Thomas F. Fitch, at 818 Bonnie Brae street, Los Angeles. He sent to New York and got his aged mother, his young son and his brothers, and brought them all in a private car to Los Angeles. The home was furnished superbly. He bought horses and carriages for the family's use, provided his mother with servants to anticipate her slightest wish, and made sure that the home circle should have a certain part of the dividends from the Yellow Aster monthly.

All the rest he devoted to all sorts of whims of pleasure.

A month later, in Buffalo, he found a printer of his own name dying of

the Imperial hotel, where he was stopping, tell another servant of how the sweeping of dusty carpets in the hotel was gradually killing him with consumption. He inquired at the office about the man, had a doctor examine him, and found the case a genuine one for charity. Shortly after the man, his wife and child were on their way to California at Mr. Mooers' expense. They are now in Phoenix, Arizona, and the man is the chief cook at the Adams House.

Two months ago Mr. Mooers was in a blacksmith shop in Los Angeles to see about shoes for his pacer. He heard several men discussing the prospect of getting gold at Cape Nome. None of the men knew him. He became interested in one of the young men because of his burning zeal to go to Nome. He invited him to his house that day and several days thereafter. On one of the first steamers from Seattle to Cape Nome, early in May, Richard B. Judson sailed north with supplies and capital enough to last two years. Frederick M. Mooers was his silent partner.

A Good Railway Signal.



"Every time I see a clothes pin I think of a railway accident."
"Why?"
"Because it indicates a wash-out on the line."

Blackleg in Cattle.

Blackleg in cattle also goes under the names of symptomatic anthrax and black quarter. The disease was for many years confounded with anthrax, and it was only found after careful research that it differed in a great many ways from that disease. Especially in its contagious nature is the distinction marked, for of animals other than cattle only sheep and goats are susceptible and these slightly. The symptoms of the disease are familiar to all stockmen. These are lameness in a front or hind leg, accompanied by the development of a tumor on that limb. This tumor is filled with gas, and upon pressure a peculiar crackling sound is produced. The meat which this tumor affects is black, and the tumor itself contains a dark fluid. Blackleg is caused by the introduction into the system of a germ known as the blackleg bacillus. The usual manner of infection is through a wound of the skin or mucous membrane. The germs do not pass out with the excretions, hence the disease is not communicable from animal to animal. But if a blackleg carcass be skinned and the blood and juices be allowed to enter the soil or if such a carcass be allowed to decompose without being buried, the germs form spores, or "go to seed" and in this form may live in the soil for many years, ready to begin life anew as soon as conditions are favorable. Thus the pasture may be a constant source of infection. To prevent this the carcass must be burned immediately, or buried at least six feet under the ground. There have been many treatments advocated for this disease. The most common are rowelling and the use of setons. These are alike utterly worthless.

Within the last five years there has been introduced a vaccine prepared from the dried meat of the muscles of the tumor of an animal that has succumbed to the disease. This is the only practical method at command at present for combating the disease if the animal is exposed to infection. For information on free vaccine and how to obtain and use it, our Nebraska readers should address A. T. Peters, Nebraska Experiment Station, Lincoln.

Power of Horse and Mule.

Professor Henry, in his book on "Feeds and Feeding," says: Rennie found the hauling power of a draft horse weighing 1,200 pounds equal to about 108 pounds at 2.5 miles an hour, or 23,000 foot-pounds per minute, for 8 hours per day—a twenty-mile haul. This is a little over two-thirds of a Watt horse-power, at which value Rennie rates the average draft horse, and this is taken to be, ordinarily, five times the power of a man. Between 2.5 and 4 miles an hour, the hauling power of the horse is nearly inversely as the speed.

The mule carries a load of 200 to 400 pounds, and its day's work consists, usually, in the transportation of the equivalent of 5,000 to 6,000 pounds per mile. The ass carries 175 pounds and upward, and its day's work is the equivalent of 3,000 to 4,000 pounds per mile.

According to Weisbach, a horse should be able to carry 240 pounds on its back 3.5 feet per second ten hours a day. Carrying 160 pounds, he should be able to trot seven feet per second seven hours a day, doing in the day nearly ten per cent less work than before. The pulling power of a draft animal is said to be, as a rule, about one-fifth its weight. Its usual effort, in the case of the horse at least, is seldom in excess of one-tenth, or about one-half the maximum. One hundred pounds is a common pull for the average horse in draft vehicles.

In racing, the requirement of speed reduces the work performed (carrying the rider) to the smallest amount possible.

Low writes: "When it is considered that an ounce of additional loading to the same horse may make the difference of a yard or more in half a mile of running, it will be seen how greatly the weight borne may affect the issue in the case of horses of equal powers."

Ohio Dairy Interests.

In the state of Ohio are 800,000 milch cows estimated at an average value of \$31.00. This means an investment of \$25,000,000 in milch cows alone, and if the farms and equipments where these cows are kept, and the cheese and butter factories are taken into consideration, it will be found that at least \$500,000,000 is invested in the dairy business in this state. By the proper selection of these cows and by feeding and handling, the annual returns from these animals can be increased by several millions of dollars. Much unnecessary loss in quality also occurs in the manufacture of the milk into butter, cheese and bottled products, which might be saved by more intelligent methods of operation. A loss of one-tenth of a per cent of butter fat in a factory receiving 10,000 pounds of milk per day means 4,258 pounds of butter in a year, and this at the average of 20 cents per pound amounts to \$851.60, enough to pay a butter maker's wages.—Ohio State University Bulletin 31.

Dairying as a Profession.

Ten or fifteen years ago cheese and butter making was taught "by rule of thumb," but the attention of scientists has been turned to this interesting field of work, and a long list of men in our experiment stations have raised the business to the dignity of a profession, and guess work has given place to accurate knowledge. The investigations that have been made, and the inventions that have been perfected in recent years make a thoroughly scientific knowledge of dairying necessary to the highest success, and for this reason the need and demand of trained dairymen are constantly increasing.