

The Miner's Love

One September morning, while the sun was shining down in the mining town of Walong, Ellen and her father came slowly along the road.

Over in Gilt Creek a great strike had occurred, and numbers of prospectors thronged the streets and stood in groups at every corner. One rough miner turned and looked after Ellen and her father and the old hand organ.

"This here's a city now, boys!" he cried. "Just look at the organ-grinder come to town."

"Give me a tune, old man!" called out a second miner.

"Let him alone, boys," said a third. "He is blind."

Ellen led her father down the narrow street and piloted him safely through the noisy crowd. As she turned a corner she spied an unpretentious eating-house.

"Dinner fifty cents," the sign read, and she paused before the open door.

"We'll go in and get some dinner, dad. I'm fearful hungry."

She led her father to one of the small tables and slipped the organ from his back. Then she drew an old red handkerchief from her pocket and untied one corner. A little roll of coins dropped out on the table.

"Got enough, dear?" asked her father. His quick ear had caught the click of the coins.

"Lots," said she, shortly.

She hastily tied up the money, and going to the counter ordered dinner for her father and for herself—only a bowl of oatmeal and milk.

"I was pretty near starved," said the old organ grinder, as he ate his roast beef with a good relish. "Hain't the meat good, Ellen?"

"Course it is!" answered Ellen, calmly taking a sip of milk.

"And the tomatoes and the rice pud-din'?" added her father.

"Yes, dad; but don't stop to talk," said his daughter.

She soon finished her own simple dinner and leaned back in the stiff wooden chair. Two miners close by looked up admiringly. Her eyes were large and black, as had been those of her Italian mother, who had died when she was born. Heavy braids of black hair were wound round her head, and her cheeks and lips were crimson. Her old straw hat was tied down with a faded ribbon; her dark blue dress was stained and shabby. She wore a blanket shawl round her slender shoulders.

"We've had a splendid dinner, hain't we?" said her father, rising and taking the organ on his back.

The young woman took her father's arm and led him to the corner of the street.

"We'll stop and play here, dad."

Her father patiently began to turn the crank of the old organ. She stood beside him, and eagerly scanned the faces of the passers-by. Few seemed to think the music was worth paying for. A lady gave a coin, and a miner carelessly tossed a quarter toward them.

But their supper and a night's lodging were to be paid for, and very little was left in the handkerchief.

It grew late at last. The organ-grinder had played through all his tunes.

"You are tired, dad," said Ellen, as her father paused. "We'll go and find a place to sleep."

"We don't want no supper, do we, Nell? We had such a hearty dinner."

"Yes, dad," said she, faintly.

"And it was late, too," added the old man. "It must have been 'most three o'clock."

"Be you hungry, dad?" asked the daughter, anxiously looking into his face.

"Not a mite," answered her father, very cheerfully. "And s'pose I play a little longer. Hain't dark yet, is it? Let's walk along."

They turned a corner and found themselves in a side street, in a quiet neighborhood. There were curtains at some of the small cabins.

An open door gave a glimpse of a bright Brussels carpet. Suddenly a young girl appeared at a window, and raising the sash, very carelessly, tossed out into the road a beautiful, half-withered bouquet of bothouse flowers.

Ellen quickly glanced up at the lady, who was young and had fair hair. This much she remembered always.

The bouquet rolled to the young girl's feet, then stopped. She stooped and picked up the flowers. They were only a little faded. Some of the roses were quite fresh and fragrant. It must have been a beautiful bouquet once. Why did the young lady throw it away so soon?

It was nearly seven o'clock. Ellen and her father had paused before a large hotel, the space in front was crowded with men. Some of them gazed at the girl who stood so patiently beside the old organ. Her hat had slipped back, and her black hair lay in rings on her smooth, white forehead.

She did not know how pretty she was, and wondered why the men stared at her so. She knew she was tired and hungry. She wished some one would toss them some money.

A young man came down the steps. He wore a blue flannel shirt and his coat was quite as shabby as the one her father wore. He stood in front of the organ with his hands in his pocket.

For a few moments he did not speak, but seemed to be listening to the music. And then his eyes fell on the flowers.

"Where'd you git 'em?" he asked, suddenly.

"Found 'em," answered the girl, quite as shortly.

He came a step nearer and held out his hand.

"Let me see 'em." She drew back hastily.

"Pay for 'em first. I'll sell 'em cheap," she said.

He thrust his hand still deeper in pocket, then tossed some silver on the top of the old organ. Then he took the flowers and studied them intently as he turned the bouquet round.

"Tell me where you got 'em," he asked, pleadingly.

"Found 'em," she said again. "A lady threw 'em out the window."

The young man said something under his breath then turned and walked away.

Ellen had seen the color come to his face and a hurt look in his eyes. As she looked after him he gave the bouquet a toss and it fell in the muddy street, only to be crushed the next instant by the wheels of a passing vehicle.

"Hain't there enough money yet?" asked her father, touching her arm.

"Yes, dad," she answered. "We'll go and get some supper, and then we'll find a place to sleep."

The little parlor of Mrs. Murphy's lodging-house was crowded with miners that evening. Ellen left her father seated contentedly in a corner, and stole quietly out of the front door. She was so used to an outdoor life that she felt suffocated in a small and close room.

Some one sat on the lower step, with his head resting on his hands. He looked up and saw her as she stood hesitatingly in the doorway.

"Don't be afraid," he said kindly.

It was the young man who had bought the flowers.

She sank down on the steps and drew her old shawl still closer about her.

"It's cold out here," said the young man. "Perhaps you'd better go in."

"I ain't cold," answered Ellen; "I'm most always outdoors."

"Where'd you say you found the posies?" he asked, suddenly raising his head.

"A young lady threw 'em out, she had yaller hair. It was a house with white curtains at the windows. I didn't set no price on the flowers," she added hastily, "you needn't have paid so much for 'em."

"I ain't complainin' of the price," said the young fellow. "They cost me a pile to begin with."

"Did you give 'em to her?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes," he answered shortly; "more fool, too!"

"They were faded," remarked the girl, consolingly.

"Yes," he said, bitterly. "She had 'em twelve hours."

His head dropped on his hands again.

"I wouldn't care," said Ellen, softly.

The young man glanced at her. Her eyes were soft with sympathy; she looked so fair in the moonlight.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Seventeen," she replied, wonderingly.

"And you travel about with your father?"

"Yes," said the girl. "Dad likes to travel. He won't let me do nothin'," she replied, proudly. "He says he can support me."

"Can you write?" looking eagerly into her pretty face.

"Yes. I was at school once."

"I hain't got no education," said the young man sadly, "and I want to get a letter writ'."

"I'll do it," she offered, eagerly.

"Will you, now?" and the young fellow sprang up. "Come on into the kitchen. There's never nobody there."

In a few moments he had brought her a sheet of paper and pen and ink.

They were alone in the little kitchen that was scarcely more than a shed, and the girl seared herself at the pine table.

"Begin 'Darlin' Lizzie,'" said the young man, leaning anxiously over her shoulder.

In a cramped hand and very slowly she wrote: "Darling Lizzie."

"Tell her I love her!" he burst out.

"Tell her I'm going over to Red Mountain to-morrow, but she can write to me. Jim Conroy'll read me her letter. She needn't say nothin' but yes or no. Got it all down?"

"Pretty near," said the girl. "You told me such an awful lot."

She was handling the pen awkwardly.

A bright color had come to the young man's cheeks. His hair was light, almost golden, just the color of the young lady's, Ellen thought. She glanced down at the letter. Would "Darling Lizzie" say yes or no?

"Done?" said her new friend. "I'll take it over to the post-office."

He sealed the envelope carefully and put it tenderly in his pocket. Then he held out his bronzed hand.

"Good-by; I'm much obliged to you. If I don't never see you again. I wish you good luck."

As he passed her chair a five-dollar gold piece dropped into her lap.

The next September Ellen and her father found themselves once more crossing Red Mountain on their way to Walong. She had grown a little taller, but she looked much the same. Her dress was still shabby, and a forlorn felt hat replaced the old black straw. But her lips and cheeks were crimson with exercise and health. As they came into view of the town they were out a group of miners who were out prospecting. One of them shaded his eyes with his hands and looked long at Ellen.

"Give us a tune!" he called out to the organ-grinder, and the old man obediently set down his organ and began to turn the crank.

Then the young miner came slowly toward the girl and held out his hand. The girl knew him at a glance, and

her black eyes grew bright with pleasure.

"I didn't get no answer," he whispered.

Ellen looked sorry; then a curious gladness came to her eyes.

"Haven't you seen her?" she asked.

"No," answered the young man; "she don't live here no more."

"I'm sorry," said the girl; "I writ it plain."

Then he looked at her admiringly.

"S'pose I come to see you to-night?"

The organ-grinder took up his burden again and as they moved away she smiled over her shoulder at the young man with fair hair who looked after her as he leaned lightly on his pick.

A month later a clergyman at Walong married them.

Ellen was very happy in her new home. There were no lace curtains at the cabin windows, for her husband was but a poor prospector, with only his youth and hope. Her father still played the old organ, but he kept near home that Ellen might see him as she glanced up from her work.

One evening during the winter her husband came home and as he seated himself by the stove drew a yellow envelope from his pocket. It was old and worn by much handling and bore numerous postmarks.

"What is it?" asked Ellen, quickly.

"An old letter for me," answered her husband. "They said it had bin followin' me 'round everywhere. I hain't been in one place long the past year. It ain't much good now. S'pose you read it."

She took the letter and tore open the envelope. There were only a few lines.

It began "Darlin' Jim," and was signed "Your own Lizzie." It stated that the writer would marry him at any time.

"Don't look so!" cried her husband, as Ellen grew deadly white. She did not speak, but stood perfectly still with the letter clutched in her hand.

But her husband threw his strong arms around her.

"I'm glad I didn't get it!" he cried. "Don't you know I love you best? Nobody can't take your place now."

A WALK TO THE SUN.

The Aggregate Man Takes a Stroll of 70,000 Every Second.

If the average old man of comparatively sedentary habits were told that during his life he had walked as many miles as would compass the earth at the equator six times, he would probably be very much surprised, says the London Daily Mail. And yet such a pedestrian effort only represents an average walk of six miles a day for a period of sixty-eight years.

Similarly, the man who is content with the daily average walk of four miles will consider himself an athlete on learning that every year he walks a distance equal to a trip from London to Athens.

When one considers the aggregate walking records of the world the figures are even more surprising. Assuming that each individual averages a four-mile walk a day—and this cannot be considered an extravagant estimate when one remembers that Mr. Thomas Phipps, of Kingham, has walked 440,000 miles on postal duty alone—the startling conclusion is arrived at that the world covers a journey of 69,444 miles every time the clock ticks, night and day.

This means that the world's walking record for a second of time is equal to two trips round the Equator and more than thirteen jaunts between London and Naples. Every minute the aggregate man walks a distance equal to eight return-trips to the moon, supplemented by over fifteen walks round the earth's waist.

In an hour he would walk as far as the sun and back again, take a trip to the moon, from the earth, 140 times, while still leaving himself a stroll of 190,000 miles to finish the cigar he lit at the commencement of his journey of sixty minutes. But it is probable that even a slow smoker might require a second cigar in a single year.

In a single year the aggregate man walks a distance of 2,190,000 million miles, which, after all, inconceivably great as it is, would take him less than one-eleventh part of the way to the nearest fixed star.

It is well for the aggregate man's exchequer that he walks these distances instead of covering them by rail. At the rate of a penny a mile, the world's annual walk would cost \$1,125,000,000, or ten times as much gold as is current throughout the entire world. To purchase a ticket for this distance it would be necessary to mortgage the entire United Kingdom to three-fourths of its full value.

RETURNED THE COMPLIMENT.

The obsequious person who seeks fees from travellers by pretending to mistake them for noblemen occasionally meets one who does not fall into the trap. The following example is taken from an English paper:

An English gentleman of somewhat imposing personal appearance had a door opened for him at the Paris opera house, by an usher, who bowed low and said, "The door is open, prince."

The Englishman glanced at him, and without extending the expected fee, simply said, "Thank you very much, viscount."

ORIGIN OF MILLINER.

Milliner is a corruption of "Milaner," from Milan, which city at one time gave the fashion to the world in all matters of taste in woman's head-gear.

The Home

FOR SUNDAY DINNER.

Dutch Soup.—Chop an ox tail in pieces an inch long, place in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter, stir until it browns, then turn the fat off; add three pints of water, one carrot, one small turnip, one onion and a few whole cloves. Boil slowly until the meat is well done, then add three tomatoes, peeled and sliced, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil 15 minutes longer.

Chicken and Beans.—Prepare a chicken as for fricassee, put it into a kettle, with just water enough to cover it; salt and add one small onion. Put into a saucepan one pint of shelled beans with a few pieces of salt pork, cut very small, and cook until tender. When the chicken is nearly cooked pour in the beans and cook for 2 minutes. Remove the meat to a large platter and to the beans and gravy add a teaspoonful of flour, mixed in milk. When mixed pour over the chicken and serve.

Parsnip Balls.—Boil in salted water till very tender; mash and season with butter, pepper and salt; add a little flour and two well-beaten eggs. Form into small balls, and fry in hot lard.

Scalloped Onions.—Boil either vegetable until tender, then put in baking dish and pour over sauce made of one tablespoonful butter rubbed into one and one half tablespoonfuls flour, pour over it one pint hot milk and cook until like custard. Bake one half hour. Cut cauliflower or asparagus into small pieces before pouring over the sauce.

Frozen Peaches.—Take two quarts peaches, peeled and sliced, sprinkle with one pound of sugar and let stand two hours. Mash fine, add one quart cold water, and freeze same as ice cream.

Tapoca Ice.—One cup of tapoca soaked over night, in the morning put it on the stove, and when boiling hot add one cup of sugar, and boil till clear; chop one pine apple, pour the tapoca over it, stir together, and put into molds. When cold serve with sugar and cream.

A SHEEPSKIN RUG.

A writer explains how to treat a sheepskin to be used as a rug. First, scrape off all the flesh remaining on a fresh hide. Mix salt and pulverized alum in equal parts. Lay the skin on boards, wool-side down. Rub into every part of the raw-side all the salt and alum mixture it will take up, then fold the skin lengthwise, raw-side in, roll it up tight from tail to head and lay it away two or three weeks, then open it and hang across a pole or board fence to dry. When dry it will be stiff. Let two persons draw it across the edge of the top board of a fence, or something similar, exerting considerable strength, until the skin is pliable in all its parts. Lay it on boards, the wool-side down, and rub into the flesh-side all the neatfoot oil it will readily take up. To cleanse the wool have a washtub nearly full of warm soapsuds of soft water. Let two persons, one holding either end of the hide, draw it back and forth through the water, wool-side down, being careful to wet the skin as little as possible; hang on a line and squeeze the suds out with the hands. Repeat until cleansed, then rinse in clear water, squeeze all the water out possible and hang in the shade to dry. To color the wool, select a package of any desired shade of dyes and prepare the dye as directed. Lay the skin on boards or on smooth turf, flesh-side down and with a soft, wide brush, open the wool along with the hand and apply the dye with the other. The dye should not be hot, but just warm. Hot dye would injure the wool. By opening the wool with a stick in every part, one can see when all is colored, properly. Hang in the shade to dry. When dry, rinse twice in clear water as before, to remove any sediment of the dye. Beat the wool with a stick until it presents a soft, fluffy appearance. Thus beautiful rugs can be made which will last many years.

PICKLES.

Chili Sauce.—One dozen large, ripe tomatoes, four large onions, three green peppers, one red pepper, two tablespoonfuls of whole allspice, one teaspoonful finely broken stick cinnamon, one teaspoonful whole cloves, one small root of green ginger, one cupful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one saltspoonful of cayenne. Chop the onions, fine, tie the whole spices in a thin muslin bag and boil altogether for one hour. Bottle and seal at once.

Piccailly.—One peck green tomatoes, sliced; one half peck onions, sliced; one cauliflower, one peck small cucumbers. Leave in salt and water 24 hours; then put in kettle with handful scraped horse radish, one ounce turmeric, one ounce cloves, whole, one ounce cassia buds, one ounce cassia buds, one ounce mustard seed, one pound English mustard. Place in kettle in layers, and cover with cold vinegar. Boil 15 minutes, constantly stirring.

To Pickle Tomatoes.—Always use those that are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly the best. Do not prick them, as most books direct.

Let them lay in strong brine three or four days, then put down in layers in jars, mixing with small onions and pieces of horse radish. Then pour on vinegar cold, which should be first spiced; let there be a spice-bag to throw into every pot. Cover carefully, and set by in cellar full month before using.

Chow Chow.—One quart large cucumbers, one quart small cucumbers, two quarts onions, four heads cauliflower, six green peppers, one quart green tomatoes, one gallon vinegar, one pound mustard, two cups sugar, two cups flour, one ounce turmeric. Put all in salt and water one night; cook all the vegetables in brine until tender, except large cucumbers. Pour over vinegar and spices.

Mangoes.—Take small musk melons and cut an oval piece out of one side; take out the seeds with teaspoon, and fill this space with stuffing of chopped onion, scraped horseradish, mustard seed, cloves and whole peppers; sew in the piece. Put in jar, pour boiling vinegar, with little salt in it, over them. Do this three times; then put in fresh vinegar; cover close.

Pickled Cucumbers.—Take 200 or 300 lay them on a dish, salt, and let them remain eight or nine hours; then drain, laying them in a jar, pour boiling vinegar upon them. Place near the fire, covered with vine leaves. If they do not become sufficiently green strain off the vinegar, boil it, and again pour it over them, covering with fresh leaves. Continue till they become green as you wish.

Pickled Peaches.—Take ripe, but not soft peaches, put a clove into one end of each peach. Take two pounds brown sugar to gallon of vinegar, skim and boil up twice; pour it hot over peaches and cover close. In a week or two pour off and scald vinegar, again. After this they will keep any length of time.

EXPENSIVE YACHTS.

Queen Victoria's Magnificent New Vessel Will be the Handsomest and Fastest Known.

The new steam yacht Victoria and Albert, which has been built for the Queen at Tenby, will be on completion the handsomest and fastest yacht any British sovereign has possessed. It will rank only second to the Emperor of Russia's wonderful yacht, the Polar Star, which is said to have cost close upon a million of money.

Nothing more lavishly elaborated than the fitting and decoration of the Polar Star could be easily imagined. Money has been drilled into her frame in hundredweights. The decorations of the dining saloon, alone, which will seat a hundred and fifty guests, cost approximately \$100,000. Exquisite paintings by some of the most celebrated artists adorn the saloons and cabins, and all the woodwork is elaborately carved. There is a fine library and music-room aboard, and a beautiful white marble fountain, while some of the ornaments are of the rarest.

The Standart, the Czar's smaller steamyacht, of 4,300 tons, is much more frequently used than the Polar Star. She cost slightly over \$2,000,000. This is only about half the price of the Polar Star; but the Standart is one of the most sumptuous yachts afloat.

There is accommodation aboard for a crew of three hundred, twenty officers, and eighty passengers. There are three magnificent suites of apartments devoted to the use of the Emperor and Empress, and Dowager Empress, a fine library, a billiard room, and a music saloon.

The dining saloon is panelled in fruit-wood; the door-handles, finger plates, and the lamp fixtures are of heavily carved solid silver. There is a fine marble bath room, with silver fittings; and the walls and doors of the principal cabin are elaborately inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. So many improvements and additions are made to her appointments since she was first completed that she is now worth probably half as much as she originally cost.

The German Emperor's famous steam yacht, the Hohenzollern, of nearly 4,000 tons, was, considering her beauty and purpose, a comparatively inexpensive vessel, costing considerably less than \$1,000,000. She has a very beautiful interior, and splendid accommodation for crew and passengers alike; and is considered one of the fastest, smoothest going vessels afloat.

FEET DIAGNOSIS.

A doctor has announced his belief that in diagnosing a patient's case, it is as essential to observe his walk as to feel his pulse. It appears that a person in vigorous and robust health walks with his toes pointed to the front, and that as health begins to go the toes turn gradually out, and a perceptible bend appears in the knees. It will certainly come as a surprise to a good many people, drill instructors especially, to learn that it is correct, in the best sense of that loosely used word, to walk with the toes pointed straight to the front.

GOT NO INVITATION.

Tramp—Please, mum, me feet's on th' ground; an' if ye could spare me an ole pair o' shoes, I'd -

Mrs. Spinks—There's a wedding going on in the big house across the street. Just you go over there and wait. When the couple comes out the family will throw a lot of the bride's old shoes after her.

But, mum, they'd be too small.

Huh! Wait till you see her feet.