

OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE ON WITH THE NEW

The Simple Story of a Little Curl Paper.

From the German.

Max Von Krechnan was hygienically engaged in swinging dumb-bells when the bell of his apartment rang.

At this early hour it could be only an intimate friend or the grocer, so Max continued his exercise in peace.

Presently, however, his housekeeper rapped loudly at his door.

"Herr Max, Herr Max! There is a young lady to see you—"

"A young lady at 9 o'clock in the morning. She has struck the wrong apartment, Frau Emma."

"But she said Herr Max von Krechnan, and she has a valise with her."

"Very well. Tell her I'll be down in a moment. There must be some mistake somewhere."

Max hurried into his coat and made his way to the front room, which served as parlor and bachelor den alike.

The young lady was standing in the middle of the room, and as Max entered she hastened toward him and promptly kissed him on both cheeks.

Quick as her action was, Max had time to see that his visitor was very pretty. Accordingly, he returned her caresses with interest, a fact that made the young lady stand back a little as she cried:

"I was sure you would recognize me!"

As she spoke, Max divined who she was.

"Gretchen! You here?"

"You are all I have left in the world," cried the young girl, beginning to weep; "my father is dead, and I do not know where to go or what to do."

"Don't cry so, Gretchen. But how can it be possible that you are 18 years old? Why, it seems only yesterday that I was dancing you up and down on my shoulder."

"That was 12 years ago," replied Gretchen, drying her eyes. "They said you would not recognize me!"

"What—what—?" protested Max, anxiously. "You used to be a pretty little girl, but you are bewitching now!"

"Truly?" asked Gretchen, smiling thru her tears. "Tell me, Max, may I come and live with you now? I promise I won't be a nuisance. They told me at home I'd better be a companion or something to somebody, but I don't want to one bit. Do let me stay with you, won't you, please?"

"Stay with me?" Max repeated. He was about to say: "But you can't do that; it would not be proper." The sight of Gretchen's imploring blue eyes and her trusting smile stopped him, however. Instead, he said brightly:

"Keep you? Of course I will! We can arrange it somehow."

"But you must let me be useful," cried the young girl, happily. "I can keep house for you. And you write all the time, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Then I will copy your manuscripts. I used to do it for father, and I really write quite well. Poor papa!"

The tears began to flow again, and Max hastened to exclaim briskly:

"Then you will be my secretary! Just what I was wanting!"

The smile returned, this time to stay. It was true that Max von Krechnan was beginning to acquire a certain celebrity, and he was doubly thankful for this after Gretchen's advent. He accepted an offer to write a serial story for one of the newspapers, an offer he had been too capricious to consider before. This allowed him to change his bachelor quarters for a larger apartment, where there was room for Gretchen, and, with an elderly housekeeper installed, Max felt that he had satisfied his orphaned cousin and Mrs. Grundy alike.

Once settled, the young man almost forgot Gretchen's existence, save during the mornings when she wrote at his dictation. He was vaguely aware that it was pleasant to have her around, but her girlish charms soon faded from his mind. When his work was done he hastened to call on the charming widow, Frau Bettina Kumpel, whose abject slave he was. There is no passion so absorbing as that provoked by a pretty and coquettish widow, and Frau Bettina was past mistress in the art! Accordingly, Max knew that he was safe from any danger of falling in love with Gretchen, but the young girl, alas! had no such preservative, and to his consternation the author's critical soul soon noticed that Gretchen was betraying the most dangerous symptoms.

There was but one thing to do, and Max promptly made up his mind that, cruel as it was, he would tell his cousin of his love for the all-captivating widow.

"I am very glad for you, Cousin Max," said Gretchen, calmly, as he ended his confession. "Do you think you will be married soon?" Her voice sounded perfectly calm and unmoved, and somehow Max felt distinctly vexed that she took his news so quietly.

"I am very glad," Gretchen repeated, as she took a paper from the desk and twisted it into curl-papers about her pretty curls. She treated Max as she would have an elder brother, and the familiar action served to reassure him completely.

"I must have made a mistake," the young man thought to himself as Gretchen, with a soft good-night, left the room.

The next day Max awoke with a light heart. He was no longer troubled about his cousin, and today Frau Bettina had promised to give him a definite answer. Their last interview had been of a nature

to leave the anxious lover with high hopes of success. In fact, his triumphant love had demanded expression in a sonnet which Max determined should accompany the most beautiful flowers that money could buy; and when he was sure that the object of his devotion had received his offering, he would go himself and demand the confirmation of his ardent hopes!

"Gretchen!"

At the sound of Max's impatient voice the young girl came quickly from her room, still dressed in a wrapper and her forehead surrounded by a row of bristling curl-papers.

"Good-morning, Max; did you call me?"

"Yes. Has any one been meddling with my papers?"

"Mercy, oh! You may be sure that no one except yourself ever sits at your desk, and I never allow any one to go in the library. But is anything missing?"

"Yes—a—something I had written."

"A page of manuscript?"

Max turned sharply toward his cousin. Did that new note in her voice mean that she was laughing at him? Forgetting himself in his irritation, he cried angrily:

"So it was you, then, who took my poetry! You saw to whom it was addressed and—"

Max stopped, ashamed at the sight of Gretchen's haughty face.

"Forgive me, child; I was vexed, extremely vexed. This poetry, a sonnet, had a special importance for me, and it is a ridiculous thing to confess—I am absolutely unable to write it over! I cannot even remember a single line. My mind is a perfect blank! Ach Himmel, was ever a man so unlucky before?"

Away he went, slamming the door behind him.

Max did not return until evening, and even as he had done in the morning, he slammed the door upon his return.

Entering his library, he was disagreeably surprised to find an empty room instead of a warm fire, with Gretchen's slippers on the hearth.

"Gretchen!"

In answer to his call the young girl hastily appeared, still dressed in her flowing wrapper and curl-papers.

"What—what—?" Max exclaimed, "not dressed yet, at 6 o'clock in the evening?"

For an answer Gretchen began to cry.

"I—I was so—so sorry about that poem," she sobbed. "I have been hunting—for it all day long, and I can't find it anywhere, and I'm so tired, and so discouraged, for now you'll never trust me again."

"Hunting for my old sonnet!" cried Max. "Why, Gretchen, child, I can never be thankful enough that I did not send it. If you only knew—but listen:—"

"When I went this morning to see the lady I told you about yesterday can you guess what welcome awaited me? The announcement of her marriage to a horrible old man, a man as rich as he is wicked, which is saying a great deal!"

"Then—then—you do not love her any longer?"

"I detest her! Oh, Gretchen, dear little girl, do not cry so hard; come, forgive me all the pain I have caused you."

Max put his arm wheeling around her and drew her head down upon his shoulder.

"Stop crying, little cousin, and I'll tell you what we'll do. You hurry and get dressed and then we'll go off and have a nice little supper somewhere, and then go to the theatre. Will that please you?"

As he spoke, Max patted the soft hair beneath his hand, and, pricking his finger on one of the stubby curl-papers, drew it carefully off.

Suddenly a deep and hearty burst of laughter filled the room.

"Look, Gretchen," cried the young man.

And, spreading out the paper before the eyes of the astonished Gretchen, Max showed her the missing sonnet!

"Oh! Max! indeed I did not mean—"

"Hush, child, this poem was written to a coquet. I was a blind fool then, but now my eyes are opened—oh! Gretchen, dearest Gretchen, can you believe me when I tell you how grateful I am to a merciful Providence which has preserved me from saying 'I love you' to one who will never know what love is, and who has brought you, little one, back to your true place in my heart?"

"My true place—?" Gretchen repeated slowly.

"Keep the poetry, sweetheart," Max continued, as, meeting with no repulse, he drew the young girl closely to his heart. "Keep the poetry if you will, but let me tell you in prose what has long been true, altho I realize it best to-day, that I love you and only you!"

FAMOUS PREACHERS' METHODS OF PREPARATION.

So fully occupied in public work are the majority of the famous preachers of the day that many people wonder how it is that they find time to so carefully prepare their sermons. But, unlike most people, ecclesiastics are able to do two things at once, inasmuch as they can prepare their sermons while actively engaged in other duties.

At least, this is the method followed by two celebrated preachers, the Bishop of London and the Rev. J. R. Campbell. The former rises at 7 in the morning and immediately after breakfast begins his work, leaving Fulham at 11 and often not retiring till the same hour at night. In the brougham which carries him thru his diocese he has a small electric lamp, and when driving home at night he balances his lamp on his knees and jots down in his notebook any incidents he has witnessed during the day upon which he can base a sermon. He often does not refer to the book again till he is driving to the place where he is going to preach, when a few notes written on odd slips of paper, the backs of envelopes, and so forth, will suffice him for a 20 minutes' address.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell has no hard and fast method of preparing his sermons. They just grow in my head while I am either reading, in the garden, in a crowded street, or when motoring to and from the City Temple," he says. Like the Bishop of London, Mr. Campbell always carries his little incident book, in which every interesting episode of his public and private life is carefully set down, to be duly referred to, the incidents mentally strung together and set out on a separate slip of paper, so that in a very few minutes Mr. Campbell has an address ready for his congregation. But the most curious part of it is that when Mr. Campbell gets in the pulpit he may preach an entirely different sermon from that he has prepared.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is more methodical. Having chosen the subject of his discourse, he works up his sermon, mentally going thru it from beginning to end several times, strengthening it here and there where he may have overlooked a point of argument. This done, he calls one of his secretaries and recites the sermon, in part or whole, which is taken down in shorthand and a typewritten copy prepared for his revision before he goes into the pulpit.

Dr. MacLagan, Archbishop of York, is equally methodical. He rarely, if ever, attempts to prepare an address unless he is comfortably settled in his study with every work of reference at hand. This study is lined from end to end with book shelves, holding some 3000 volumes, which his grace has arranged himself, so that he can put his hand on any particular one without a moment's hesitation. The preparation of a sermon takes him on an average two hours, and is usually undertaken between breakfast and lunch.

The late Charles Spurgeon's methods varied according to his mood. On some occasions he would write out his sermon from beginning to end, while at other times he would go into the pulpit without the faintest notion of what he was going to preach about or what his text would be. Sometimes he found the preparation of a sermon a matter of great difficulty; and to this there is a story attached.

One morning he had been sitting in his study, pen in hand, for over two hours, endeavoring to think of a suitable subject for a sermon to be delivered that evening, when a stone, thrown by some boys playing in the street, crashed thru the window, missed the preacher's head by a few inches, and rebounded from the wall on to his writing desk. "Thanks," he remarked; "that is just what I wanted," and forthwith his pen began to skim over the paper. The incident had given him the inspiration for one of his most brilliant sermons. On another occasion a glaring blue bonnet, worn by a woman in the congregation just beneath the pulpit, inspired a sermon when he had got up to preach without an idea.

Mr. Jowett, the popular Birmingham preacher, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, first thinks his sermon out carefully in his study; then, sitting down at his desk, writes it out at length on quarto-sized paper, while Fr. Stanton goes no further than a mental preparation of a sermon, a matter of scrap paper. "I never could trust myself to learn a sermon by heart," he says, "for the least contrempe, such as the slamming of a door, would break the thread of the subject irrevocably, and the argument would be lost."

BRITAIN'S WEALTH IN COAL.

Sufficient to Last for Four or Five Hundred Years.

The royal commission on coal supplies, which was appointed in December, 1901, issued its final report to-day. The commission estimated the available quantity of coal in the proved coal-fields of the United Kingdom to be 100,914,668,167 tons, which estimate is 10,706,000,000 tons in excess of that of the coal commission of 1871, the excess being accounted for partly by the difference in the areas regarded as productive by the two commissions, and partly by discoveries due to recent borings, sinkings and workings, and more accurate knowledge of coal seams. In arriving at the above estimate the commission adopted 4000 feet as the limit of practical depth in working, but in addition it estimates that 5,200,000,000 tons are lying at greater depths, where they are recoverable or not depends upon the maximum depth at which it may be found possible to carry on mining operations. The geological committee reported that the amount of coal which may be expected to be available in concealed and improved coalfields at depths less than 4000 feet, is 39,000,000,000 tons.

Dealing with the second subject of the inquiry—the probable duration of our coal resources—the commission states that the question turns chiefly upon the maintenance or variation of the annual output, which is at present about 230,000,000 tons. For the last thirty years the average increase in the output has been 2½ per cent. per annum, and that of the exports (including bunkers) 4½ per cent. It is the general opinion of the district commissioners that, owing to physical considerations, it is highly improbable that the present rate of increase of the output of coal can long continue, and in view of this opinion and of the exhaustion of shallower collieries, the members of the commission look forward to a time, not far distant, when the rate of increase of output will be slower, to be followed by a period of stationary output and then by a gradual decline.

A PROTEST WAS AT ONCE RAISED BY THE poorer shots, and, as these included every man interested, it was decided, in fairness to the others, to bar out McHone. His protests were unheeded and the shoot continued.

After it was over McHone attempted to win enough to pay him for his tramp to the place by placing bets on his own prowess with the rifle. He suggested betting on various difficult feats of marksmanship, but so great is his reputation that it was not till he offered to place an empty whiskey flask flat on his own head and shoot out the bottom with a bullet that should pass thru the neck, without breaking the sides, the rifle to be fired straight ahead from his shoulder, that he aroused interest. This proposed feat seemed to everyone too great for even his skill, and in ten minutes he had wagered everything of value he had about him at good odds.

Preparations were at once made for his attempt. A whiskey bottle was produced, emptied, and placed on McHone's head. He made all the wagers sit down, so that they would be safe, and glanced around the yard of the housestead. Then he raised his rifle, took careful aim, and fired at the side of the house. An instant later the bottom fell from the bottle, and McHone held up the unbroken sides and neck.

At once incredulous protests arose, and it became evident that McHone could not collect the wagers unless he showed how he had accomplished the feat. He smiled, and led the crowd to the side of the house, where the mark of the bullet was plain. It had been deflected toward a hickory tree 50 feet distant. There, too, McHone had again been deflected. McHone pointed out the bullet's course—from the tree to the side of the barn, from the barn to a fence post, from the fence post to the oaken bucket, dangling from the well sweep, and from the well sweep, in a line with the spot where he stood, to the corn crib, where the bullet, still warm, was found embedded in a door.

The bets had been paid.

HIP POCKET NO PLACE FOR GUN.

San Antonio Express.

"I have just been reading one of these books of Texas life, so-called," said a gentleman of this city, who is an ex-ranger and has had many dangerous experiences with "bad men." "The hero was a Texas cowboy, who wore a pistol in his hip pocket. Now anybody with a grain of sense would know that cowboys don't go into hip pockets for their shooting irons. It's clumsy and unsafe."

"When a man needs his gun, he needs it bad, and so he will keep it in handy reach. He isn't going to take any chances of throwing his coat back or having his pistol stick when he tries to pull it out. Besides, a pistol big enough to do the work, with a barrel long enough to insure accuracy of aim, wouldn't go into the hip pocket anyway."

"Some fellows carry theirs in their belt, and they let the belt swing loose, so that the pistol hangs well down on the hip. That's well enough; but I always preferred to carry mine in a holster under my left arm, suspended from the shoulder and a little to the front."

"In this way there is no vulgar display of the weapon, yet when you need it, all you have to do is to let your right hand fall carelessly, as if you were going to take a lead pencil out of your vest pocket, and you are ready for any kind of argument."



Richard Carroll as Washington Stubbs, in the 'The Maid and The Mummy' at the Princess the First Half of the Week.

The Old Timer.

When any chap says, "Ain't it cold?" To Uncle Almer West, He'll give his coat a backward fold An' loosen up his vest. An' then he'll answer, Why, my lad, This weather makes me thrive; Ye oughter see the kind we had In 1855.

"Talk about cold!" Etc., etc., etc.

Complaints about "our sharpest day With him don't make no bit; He'll listen to the things they say Then fan himself a bit An' say, 'My son, it's jest too bad That you were not alive To see the winter that we had In 1833."

"Talk about cold!" Etc., etc., etc.

Passing of the Silk Hat.

New York Sun.

"The silk hat," said the manager of a fashionable hat store, "has about run its course for day wear. Only elderly men, and comparatively few of them, wear it in the day time."

"Fifteen years ago we often sold more silk hats in a day than we now sell in two weeks. Young men wore them then both day and evening. You could see processions of silk hats on Broadway and all the downtown streets."

"But the silk hat will return. Its passing is merely a whim of fashion. Its passing is merely a whim of fashion. It is the most economical. A good silk hat will stand more wear and tear than three derbys or fedoras. It can be ironed to look like new, no matter what has happened to it."

"Most of our customers are well-to-do, but lots of them in the old days wore silk hats for economy's sake. A few do yet, for that matter, but they are men past middle life."