

DESERTED FOR LOVE

Policeman Tells of Romance When He Fled From Germany.

Soldier Unable to Wed, but With Aid of Friends and Kin He Eluded Authorities and Came to America With Finance.

"Chicago.—When a man will risk his honor and his life for love he can be pretty sure it's the real article," said Lieut. Max Heideheimer, commanding officer of the Hudson avenue police station, and for 38 years a member of the department, to a group of friends in his office the other day.

"What did you ever risk for love, lieutenant?" asked an amused listener. "I left the German army on April 27, 1867, so that I could marry the girl I loved," was the policeman's reply.

"What!" cried one man who had known the lieutenant for 25 years. "You a deserter? Never!" "I quit all right, but you would better wait and hear the circumstances before you judge me," answered Heideheimer.

"I am a native of Bruckena, Bavaria, where my father owned a large hardware store," began the police official. "I fought in the war of 1866, between the north and south German states, and was home on a furlough when I fell in love with Sabina. Sabina was my first wife.

"I told Sabina that I loved her and begged her to marry me. There was only one way in which we could become man and wife at that time, and that was to come to America. She agreed and then I told my father. He remonstrated with me at first, but finally gave in, and made arrangements for Sabina and me to flee to the United States. Ferdinand Wort, the steamship agent at our town, was father's friend, and through him it was arranged to have me and my sweetheart meet at the city of Koeln, and then sail to this country by the way of Antwerp, Belgium.

"The night that Sabina arrived and emigrant train left for Antwerp, and I became peevish and asked why we hadn't been sent on."

"The emigrant trains are being watched closely, and you would surely be captured were I to let you go to-night," answered the agent. "You needn't fear, however, for you will be across the border before those who leave tonight."

"This is the most dangerous part of your journey," warned the agent as he bid us goodby at the train. "You must keep a stiff upper lip and fear no one. Should you be approached by any one, speak up, and then you will be carried safely across the line."

"There is a big arch on the dividing line of Germany and Belgium, and just as we reached it the train stopped. We saw a number of German army officers standing alongside of the coach. One of them boarded the train and he and the conductor talked in low tones at the opposite end of the coach. I lowered the window and stuck my head out. In Prussian dialect I asked the soldiers what the arch signified. One of the officers told me, after which I asked him for a match. After receiving it, I gave him a couple of cigars.

"All suspicion left the minds of the conductor and the official talking to him, and as they went out of the door the soldier said to the conductor: 'That's not the man. If he was a deserter he wouldn't deliberately open the window and ask an officer for a match.'

"A few minutes later the whistle tooted and the train rolled over into Belgian territory, and we were safe. The next day the train arrived at Antwerp and we took passage for New York."

NOT A SILVER FOX AT ALL

Prize Catch of the Season at Millburn Was a Pomeranian Pup—Woman Claims Dog.

Millburn, N. J.—The silver fox which Ansel Snow captured a few days ago in the woods back of the plumber's shop where he works was not a silver fox at all, but a pet Pomeranian of Miss Louise Bannister of Springfield.

Miss Bannister saw the story in the papers about Snow's capture of the fox and in the description she recognized her dog. A member of her family visited Snow and claimed the pet.

Snow was much concerned about what he was going to do with his captive. As it was out of the hunting season, he did not want to kill the fox without the consent of the state game commission. Had he received that consent, he might have killed the prize and prepared a meal of fox tripe out of the Pomeranian pup. He is glad Miss Bannister sent for the dog.

Dog Prefers a Pet Cat.

Pottstown, Pa.—Former Clerk of Counsel John G. Kugler has a pretty Boston bulldog that "for unusual stunts has it on all other canines in this town."

"Buddy" grew lonesome a few months ago for want of companionship and surprised his master by bringing home a puny, half-starved kitten.

Ever since then the cat, which has grown to be a beauty, has been "Buddy's" fond companion, sleeping on his back and taking walks around the neighborhood with him.

LARK OF BRITISH DUCHESS

Her Grace of Sutherland Danced at London Masked Ball in Male Attire.

A carefully concealed sensation of the brilliant "Arabian Nights" Ball, given at Covent Garden, came to light in London when it was learned that among the glittering throng of oriental dancers was her grace the duchess of Sutherland in male attire—that of a maharajah. The incident was deemed so serious that a family conclave was called at Stafford house, the magnificent Sutherland residence, in St. James street.

But it was not the duke who caused the trouble, but the earl of Rosslyn, the countess's brother, who ordered his sister to "give an account of herself." The duchess took umbrage at this style of censor and citing his somewhat lurid career bade him defiance. "I would like to know," she is reported to have said, "who appointed you as censor of this family's morals; so don't talk rot."

A cross-examination elicited from the duchess the fact that while she did wear a man's clothes at the ball and also painted her face to a swarthy hue to resemble the eastern potentate, her trousers were very baggy and a cloak enveloped her figure.

So at the conclusion of the inquisition the duchess figured that the earl of Rosslyn owed her an apology.

"You see it was all perfectly innocent," she said, "and done just for a lark. You really should get down on your knees to me for stirring up such a fuss."

YEARLY PAPER OF ALASKA

Publication of the Eskimo Bulletin is Evidence of Progress of Twenty Years.

In the bad old days the masters of the whaling vessels sailing from San Francisco to the far north used to give the Alaskan Eskimos raw "fire water" in order to secure the valuable furs they had obtained during the long arctic winter. Little they dreamed that these fierce children of the north would one day be so advanced as to print their own newspaper, a writer in the Wide World exclaims. After the terrible slaughter by the whalers of the alcohol-frenzied natives of Cape Prince of Wales, in Bering strait, it was a rather ticklish job for a white man to start a Bible class. Still, H. A. Thornton attempted it, but he was shot dead by a boy of fourteen, who was killed in his turn by his own kinsman. This affair happened in 1890. Two years after W. T. Lopp appeared on the scene with his wife. They settled at Cape Prince of Wales, and year after year, until 1903, they taught humanity to the Eskimos. The reindeer was introduced from Siberia, and Mr. Lopp got his pupils to learn to rear the herds. He also taught them boat building, carpentering, etc., and, to put a final touch to his valuable work, he had a small press brought from the states, and it was not long after that his pupils were able to compose and print their own paper. This is probably the only yearly newspaper in the world—the Eskimo Bulletin.

Old Volume Sold.

Bunyan's copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" was offered at auction at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms in London recently. There were only two bids and the book was finally bought in at \$3,000. The vendors were the trustees of the Bedford Literary Institute. The book was to have been sold in London last May, the institute being in financial difficulties. It was expected to realize from \$40,000 to \$50,000. At the last moment, however, the attorney general intervened in order to ascertain whether the trustees were empowered with the right to sell the book, and it was withdrawn from the sale. After investigation the attorney general came to the conclusion that the sale could not be withdrawn, and consequently the book came under the hammer. A first edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," published in 1653, at 35 cents, fetched \$3,750.

Drainage of the Zuyder Zee.

A great project is again before the people of Holland—the draining of the Zuyder Zee. The sea, which, as every one knows, is at the north of Holland and covers an area of 50,000 hectares, a hectare being practically two acres and a half.

Just half a century ago a scheme to drain the southern portion of the sea was first mooted and although it received considerable support, the opposition was greater, but now an association has been formed and a bill will be introduced into the chamber. The promoters see that with an increased population means must be taken to enlarge the country and this reclamation of the sea is suggested as capable of accomplishment. If the sea is conquered there are several lakes which can be dealt with later.

Rate Schedule Lacking.

It was the day before Christmas in one of the big railroad offices, says the San Francisco Call. They were talking about the good old days when there were all children and there was no Interstate Commerce Commission.

"Well," observed the optimist, "I guess old Santa will come around as usual."

"Nope," replied the grouch. "Don't look for him this year."

"Why not?" asked the optimist. "Well," came the answer, "under the new law he's a common carrier, and the old man hasn't filed his rate schedule."

Justifiable Suspicion.

"I guess I must be getting old." "Why do you think so?" "A pretty girl dropped one of her gloves on the sidewalk this morning and I permitted another man to beat me to it."

Change of Fortune.

Knicker—They used to have trouble keeping the wolf from the door. Rucker—Now they have trouble keeping the Welsh rabbit from it.

JAPANESE SILK IS REVIVED

Chemical Process Has Been Discovered That Strengthens the Fabric and Facilitates Spinning.

According to the North China Daily News the ladies of America and Europe are to have the restoration of the popular Japanese silk fabrics in large supply and greater beauty than ever before. It is claimed that an expert connected with the Fuji Spinning company has discovered a chemical process which will be a great boon to the spinners and also to the admirers of Japanese silk.

While Japanese sericulture was yet in a primitive condition no chemical was used to soften the cocoon before it was spun into thread. Later the spinner succeeded in getting out a thin, soppylike substance, which fulfilled the long-felt want with some success; but the difficulty was that it weakened the fabric and took away the natural luster. Thus Japanese silk has been steadily losing the popularity it once enjoyed and its market has from time to time been encroached upon by the Italian product.

Mr. Inouye has now hit upon a method of strengthening the elasticity and strength of the fabric, and at the same time greatly facilitating the spinning into thread. One more benefit from this process will be that manufacturers will be able to obtain 15 per cent. more produce than by the old-fashioned way.

Furthermore, the new substance has an antirust and anticorrosive effect, and will not injure the hands of operatives. Some time ago an American is reported to have discovered a chemical compound which would preserve silk; and this is said to be something similar in composition to the Japanese invention.

OYSTERS RODE IN TAXICABS

They Were From France and New York Frenchmen Craved Them for Dinner.

B. L. Bowles is an express agent of unusual patience. He spent the last day of the year cold, but hopeful, on the French line, answering telephone calls from three French restaurants, and merely smiled when, for the thirty-fifth time, a chef asked about "the oyster."

"Please, Mr. Lorraine, where is he with the oyster?" said the impatient chef.

"She is still down the bay," said Bowles. "I think she will be here before six."

"What is it the diners will do if the oysters do not come?"

When the chefs called up again Mr. Bowles had not time to answer. He was busy with the customs officials arranging for the release of the oysters, which were in sacks.

"Are these things brought here for breeding purposes?" asked the inspector.

"No," said Bowles. "They are French oysters, called 'mareennes vertes' for eating purposes. There are about two hundred Frenchmen in this town who want to eat these oysters tonight with their New Year's dinner. I've got 200 dozen of them and three taxicabs are ready to take them to the restaurants."

At 7:25 p. m., when the taxicabs had gone north with the oysters, Mr. Bowles went into a booth and talked to the three chefs at once. The thanks that came simultaneously over the wire were too profuse and muddled to permit of translation.—New York Tribune.

Novel Way to Rest.

It seems imperative for a certain member of the family to rest an hour after the noon meal each day. The weather had grown mild, and to draw the shades so as to exclude the light kept out the air also, so the siesta lost much of its refreshing quality.

A thick pad of absorbent gauze some eight inches long and four inches wide was finished with an elastic band just tight enough to hold the pad securely. This was slipped into place over the eyes.

Days when the eyes burned or ached a compress wet with cool salt and water was placed under the pad, and eyes and nerves were soothed at the same time. By the last named means the eyes were strengthened and the crow's feet indicative of eye strain were ironed out.—Harper's Bazar.

Dead Slang.

Is there anything so dead as dead slang? It must be quite fresh, or it offends the nostril. And no one should talk slang without the assurance that it is both infantile and immortal. John Galsworthy is modern. And in "The Man of Property" he produces the slang expression of the eighties. "A daverdy woman." It is a term of contempt for a woman. But is there any one born in the eighties who could explain that slang term, or remember it? You must get your slang fresh—there is little of it that stands the tinned preservation.

Overheard.

"Hello!" said Billed, as Jimsonberry flashed by in his motor car. "I wish I had a motor car."

"Oh, nonsense, Bill," said Slathers. "What's the use? You couldn't afford to keep it."

"No," said Billed, "but I could afford to sell it."—Harper's Weekly.

Too Frivolous.

"I didn't mind my daughter getting engaged now and then."

"Well?" "But she went and got married to some jobless dub she met at a summer resort. I call that carrying frivolity too far."

NATURALIST ON THE SLUMS

Dr. Hornaday Gives Some Sound Advice to Young Women Tourists From the West.

A short time ago a party of young women tourists from the west visited the New York zoological park and called on Dr. Hornaday, to whom they had a letter of introduction. The director personally conducted their inspection of the park, answered their rattling fire of questions and placed at their disposal so far as possible his vast fund of information on topics in his line. As they were about to leave he surprised them by giving them some advice in a different direction and of a nature that visitors to New York do not usually receive.

"Now, girls," he said, "of course you wish to see everything in New York, but do not visit the slums. It will not add one thing to your education. I have lived in New York eleven years, and if there are any slums here I do not know where they are nor do I wish to know unless I could do some good there. The casual visitor cannot. Only a morbid and unwholesome curiosity would prompt anyone to seek such places for the purpose of looking at degradation, and you can use your time to better advantage. There are so many important and attractive things to be seen in New York that you cannot afford to waste your time on unworthy sights. Try to see the pleasant and valuable things and leave New York clean its own slums—hoping that may be soon."

It has been reported since that several mothers and fathers are grateful to the director for his unexpected advice.

GLASS PAVING A FAILURE

Experiments in France Show the Material Will Not Stand the Traffic in Streets.

Seven or eight years ago a plant was established at La Demi Lune, a suburb about four miles from Lyon, France, for making glass paving material under the name of "pierre de verre Garchey." After many experiments carried out at the factory the manufacturer applied to the Lyon municipality for the right to make a trial on one of the chief thoroughfares. The necessary authorization was granted, provided that the inventor would bear the entire expense of the undertaking.

The place chosen for laying the glass pavement was a section of the Place de la Republique, where traffic of cabs, automobiles and wagons of all kinds is very heavy. The glass bricks remained in place for less than two years and were then taken out as they were in very poor condition, the edges were all broken, and in many cases the blocks were split through and through. The opinion of officials here at that time was to the effect that this glass pavement could be used under favorable circumstances for sidewalks, but not for the middle of streets.—Consular and Trade Reports.

Bibles in Persia.

The American Bible society has been at work in northern Persia for 70 years. For 17 years prior to 1896 it had its own agent, but since that time has worked through the missionaries of the Presbyterian church in Uramia, Tabriz, Teheran, Hamadan and Resht. The political disturbances there have of course interfered with the progress of the work, and, still further, the importation of Persian and Turkish Scriptures has at times been prohibited. Yet the circulation of the Scriptures has been continued, and the last annual report shows 773 copies distributed at Resht and Teheran. This report contained a letter from the Rev. Mr. Doomborajan, reporting that during the last ten years he has been able to sell 5,400 copies of the Scriptures in 17 different languages, the greater part in Persian, traveling more than 2,500 miles, and meeting in each year one thousand different persons with whom he has had religious conversations.

No Time to Ride.

Twilight had let her curtain fall and pinned it with a star, as the man in the motor car, wrapped and furred against the sharp cold, spun along the country road. At a turn he came upon a tramp sitting on a sheltered log, asleep or frozen. It was up to him not to let the homeless one freeze to death and he went to his rescue. "Here!" he said, shaking him; "here! Wake up! You'll freeze! Come along with me!"

The tramp straightened up, rubbed his eyes, looked at the man and the car waiting in the road and shook his head.

"Aw," he growled, "go on and lemme alone! This is no kind of a night to be riding around in an open car."—William J. Lampton in Judge.

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MINCE PIE FOR BREAKFAST

It Might Pay Those Who Declare It Is Wrong to Try It for Awhile.

When our Puritan ancestors wished to throw the last touch of cerulean gloom into the blue laws they enacted to wit: "That no one shall make mince pies, or any instrument, except the trained drum, and Jew's-harp." As a means of justifying the flesh and throwing a damper on the joys of the world the prohibition of mince pies was ever regarded as more effective than placing the aforementioned musical instruments in unskilled hands, it afforded almost as much quiet pleasure to the early New England conscience as refusing food and lodging "to Quakers and other heretics."

When the reaction set in it followed the pendulous law of reforms and swung just as far the other way. The skill in the making of mince pies became the very touchstone of good citizenship. The recipes always enumerated the brandy and the currants and the nutmeg first, and then, as a sort of afterthought, made casual mention that a little "finely cut meat" might improve the mince.

But the angelical environment under which the mince pie was born left upon it a superstitious tradition that it was not altogether wholesome. In spite of the increasing number of people who survive a second helping this prejudice obtains here and there unto the present time.

CURIOUS WORK OF PENANCE

Ancient Buddhist of Japan Writes 126,000 Words on Piece of Paper 13 by 7 1/2 Inches.

For some time there has been shown in San Francisco a piece of paper 13 inches by 7 1/2 inches, on which there are written 126,000 words. This writing is the work of Kobo Taishi, a Buddhist of Japan, who lived 1,100 years ago. Before his time his countrymen used only Chinese characters in writing and he evolved the idea of the Japanese alphabet.

The writing on the paper is so fine that a microscope has to be used to decipher the intricate Japanese characters. It is an exact copy of eight books of the Buddhist Bible, and was written by the author as a sort of penance to purify his spirit. It is the property of a descendant of the writer, and has passed as a sacred heirloom from father to son for a thousand years. Every precaution has been taken to insure the safety of the document. In a case of white wood is a beautiful lacquered box wrapped in green silk. Within the lacquered box is another made of a very light porous wood that is extensively used in the manufacture of cabinets in which to store treasures. In this box is the precious writing.

Pepsin.

The introduction of pepsin as a remedial agent effected a complete revolution in the method of restoring to normal the ailments which in the old days were classed in a group as dyspepsia.

If physicians were to observe anniversaries of the discovery of remedies which had proved a blessing to mankind the entire profession would unite in remembering the fiftieth anniversary of the first manufacture of pepsin in this country.

Just half a century ago the late John Carrick, the eminent physiological chemist and the father of physiological products in the United States, made possible a new epoch in American medicine by producing the first pepsin. Pepsin had been made in a small way in Europe before Mr. Carrick's enterprise caused it to be introduced here, as it was originally suggested by Dr. Corvisant of Paris. The quality was so poor, however, that its use was distinctly limited.

Queer Monument.

A monument erected in the Straglieno cemetery has a very curious history. It is that of an old woman of Genoa, who made a living by selling strings of nuts in the streets. By frugality and industry she succeeded in amassing a small fortune in this way, and then commissioned a well known sculptor of Genoa, Luigi Orango, to make a life size portrait of her, in marble just as she appeared at her pitch in the street. This statue she ordered to be placed in the famous Straglieno cemetery, probably the largest in the world.—World Wide Magazine.

Ready to Meet Emergencies.

"Be systematically heroic in little unnecessary points. Every day do something for no other reason than its difficulty, so that if an hour of need should come, it may find you trained to stand the test. The man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic will, and self-denial in unnecessary things, will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him."—William James.

A Good Pole Horse.

Prospective Purchaser—I want a horse to use in my work.

Dealer—Well, what kind of work do you do?

Prospective Purchaser—Wire repairing.

Dealer—Here she is. Just the horse you want, young man. All you have to do is to show Maude a picture of an automobile and she'll climb a telegraph pole.—Judge.

HER DINING ROOM FURNITURE

How the Kind-Hearted and Gifted Rosa Bonheur Helped a Young Wife.

"We are not brothers for nothing," Rosa Bonheur once wrote in jesting affection to her brother Isidore; and in truth the wonderful, quaint, boyish little woman, with her bright eyes, cropped curls and breezy ways, was almost more a brotherly chum than a sister to the "Dodora" whom she so dearly loved. Much of the time on her country estate, in her studio and among her animals, wild and tame, she wore the masculine costume which her manner of life required, to wear which she had—with one other woman, a famous explorer and archaeologist—received government permission from the French government. Yet this very manly little person was far from unwomanly in her sympathies; and her latest biography records a pretty incident related by her friend, Joseph Verdier, the landscape painter.

"One evening she was dining with me and some friends. Among the friends was a young lady recently married, who gave us an account of the furnishing of her house. All the rooms were furnished except the dining room; for this last her husband could not yet give her the money, and she was compelled to hold her little receipts in her sleeping room.

"After dinner Rosa asked me for a large sheet of drawing paper, and while we were talking she sketched a delightful hunting scene, which she signed with her full name. Then, under cover of a general conversation on music, while tea was being served, she approached the young wife, and said to her:

"Take this picture to Tedesco on your return to Paris and he will give you at least 1500 francs for it. Then you will be able to furnish your dining room."—Youth's Companion.

WAS VERY HARD TO PLEASE

Broker's Wife Would Appear to Be One of Most Unreasonable of Women.

A prominent broker remarked the other day that he thought his wife was the hardest woman to please in the world. She was always asking him for money when he had none. "John," she would say, "give me 47 cents. The grocery boy is here with a bill." "I can't give you 47 cents," he would say, "but here's half a dollar." "Oh, you're the funniest man. You never have the right change." A dozen times a day she would ask for a few odd pennies.

Finally the broker went into the sub-treasury and obtained \$100 worth of bright new pennies. There were 10,000 pennies and he packed them in a suit case and lodged them home. Then he went to a blacksmith shop and had an iron tripod made, and upon this he hung the suit case filled with pennies.

The next day the butcher came with his bill. It amounted to \$5.67. "John," said the wife, "give me \$5.67." "You will find it on the tripod," he explained. The wife returned in a moment in a great rage. "Why, John," she cried, "I'm not going to count out 567 pennies for this man; I'd be ashamed. It's a wonder you can never have the right change."

A Modern Type.

They are usually of a willful fairness, with flesh kept firm by the massage; their brows are lowering, and there is the perpetual hint of hardness in their faces; their apparel is exceedingly good, but their manners are ungentle, their voices harsh and discontented; there is no light in their eyes, no charm or softness in their presence. They are fitting mates, perhaps, for the able-bodied pagans who are overrunning the earth, but hardly suitable nurses for a generation which must redeem us from materialism, if indeed we are to be redeemed. Facing them, one wonders if race suicide is not one of nature's merciful devices. How should they or their offspring ever replace our old-fashioned lady? Yet they are the natural product of much of our modern wealth, as she was the natural product of the comfortable life of a generation of two ago.—The Atlantic.

Motherly Admonition.

A New York woman of great beauty called one day upon a friend, bringing with her her 11-year-old daughter, who gives promise of becoming as great a beauty as her mother.

It chanced that the callers were shown into a room where the friends had been receiving a milliner, and there were several beautiful hats lying about. During the conversation the little girl amused herself by examining the milliner's creations. Of the number that she tried on she seemed particularly pleased with a large black affair which set off her light hair charmingly. Turning to her mother, the little girl said:

"I look just like you now, mother, don't I?"

"Sh!" cautioned the mother, with uplifted finger. "Don't be vain, dear."—Lippincott's.

Outlook for Peace.

Scientists tell us that the sea is gradually cutting the continents away.

"That being the case, I suppose the time will come when there won't be any land left above the water."

"It would seem so."

"Peace may some day be established after all."