By Charles Edwardes.

Siegfried Nansen was known as 'the B auty of Voss' far and wide. Even in Bergen, they would have known whom you meant, if you had so referred to her. She was twenty-one, and just orphaned. Her eyes were of the common Norwegian blue, a clear honest colour. She was, besides, tall and well shaped, almost stately in her demeanour, and with a complexion that many a fashionable lady would have given thousands of crowns to be able to rival for even but a year.

She was as good a girl as most Norwegian dale-bred damsels. Her career had been uneventful and happy. She was duly confirmed, like other girls, and on that most solemn occasion her eyes had overflowed with simple tears of happiness. Her gratitude for the privilege of living was very sincere. In her heart, while the Prost gave her his blessing, she solemnly made a vow that she would thwart her parents in nothing. They had done much for her. She was ready and eager to do all for them that she could. This was when she was sixteen, and already notorious for her beauty. What cared she for such fame at that time? She meant to be good and dutiful. The manner in which the young men of the valley looked at her on Sundays when she approached the church with the other girls of the village, rather confused than delighted her.

And so for the next three years she milked her father's kine, worked among the hay of the Voss meadows fine and deep with grass, some of them-and enjoyed winter and sum-

Once her father mentioned marriage in her presence. But Siegfried's mother, a masterful woman, cut him short. 'Don't put notions into the lass's head,' she exclaimed somewhat angrily. T've plans for her-by-and-

Fru Nansen was not a very tender mother. She had come from Bergen, where she had been maid-servant in an hotel. With other things, she had learned in the town that a pretty face can be turned to excellent account. She had not the least idea of allowing her husband to marry Siegfried out of hand to Olaus Christisen, just because the lad declared he loved her better than his own mother, and would live and die for her if she would let him Olaus was a worthy young fellow three years Siegfried's senior. But he was only the third son of his father, who had a small farm; and his position in the word was yet to make.

Mrs. Nansen reckoned she had better match in store for Siegfried in Henrik Pegner, the rich bonder under Swartefield; and she meant it to come to pass. Pegner was forty, and already twice a widower. But what of that? He had seen Siegfried at village festivals, and greatly enamoured of her, like the shrewd, sensible fellow he was, had straightway won the suffrages of her mother. Fru Nansen was a vain, headstrong, and rather ill tempered woman; and she could not resist the sly blandishments of Bonder Pegner, or the gold broach with a pearl in the middle which he had ventured to offer her at Yuletide.

As for Siegfried, do what she could to keep her heart absolutely impartial and indifferent to mankind, she could not help being terrified when her mother left her alone with Herr Pegner, and being strangely glad when Olaus and she were alone.

Pegner was not an elegant wooer He was too old, he said, for that sort of thing. He had spent all his nice phrases and pretty smiles upon his two deceased wives. Would Siegfried take them for granted? he asked. Nothing contented the girl better than to do this, and she hoped he would take himself off afterwards. But no: the man must needs tell off on finger and thumb the worth of his farm, the number of his cows (with their names). and the quantity of milk and wool which he thought a fair average income of produce from his various quadrupeds.

'No doubt about it,' he would then exclaim, with a chuckle and a satisfied stroking of his long red cheeks, 'but there's a good living for a woman in

my place.' The odd thing was that, though he beat about the bush in this coarse way, he did not ask Siegfried outright to marry him. Most men, with his opportunities, would have done it, despite Fru Nansen's wish that he should bid his time till the girl was

two-and-twenty. On the other hand, one June night, when all Voss was en fete, and the meadows were full of pleasure-seekers. at eleven o'clock in the mild light of a midsummer gloaming, young Olaus could not control himself. 'Siegfried,' he said to the tired girl, 'I will ac- how to drive. The people attended company you home, and you shall go to bed and sleep; but first- Oh. how I wish I were as rich as-as-Bonder Pegner, whom I detest.'

Olaus?" asked the girl, with some

stammered the lad; 'and because I do stark in their coffins in the little too, though I am so much poorer than he is, and therefore not at all likely to there to stay until the frost went out gain your mother's consent.'

The girl hung her head and felt warm all over. Then she looked up sideways. 'You love me, Olaus?' she whispered, with a crimson face, to which the midsummer twilight gave a saintly beauty.

on until thy had distanced all the she had won her mother to her and his eaten raw.

mastered him, Siegfried again peeped confident. at him sideways. 'Olaus,' she said quietly, 'you need not go to America

He hesitated a moment, and then, Siegfried, she felt that her cup of hapconvinced when the next day she told his drugs together. her father what had happened, and Nansen said that Olaus was a good lad, and he had no objection to him. Siegfried's father was not a very strongminded man. He did not, in the face of the girl's sweet illusion (as he fear-

bit of a domestic coward. 'I tell you, Siegfried, I think very ent, I should have cleft his skull.' well of Olaus-a fine strong fellow as ever was. I'd say "Yes" with all my they would have imprisoned you for

mother and the scheme that was con

heart, by-and-by. That was enough for the girl; she whispered not a word of it to her mother, and lived in a maiden vision of felicity for just four-and-twenty hours. Then they brought Nansen home on a couple of turf creels bound together. He had had a fit in the fields. That night he died, without having spoke an intelligible word. The people of Voss were always of opinion, they said, that Nansen was not sound in health. His sudden death was not, therefore, surprising. It was a sad affair, of course-very. But it would have been a deal sadder for the 'Beauty of Voss'-of whom they were so proud-if it had been the Nansen was as rare a woman as Herr Nansen had been unobtrusive and un-

grand spectacle, and the pastor, good find her way home by herself. man, spoke many comforting words at the grave-side, where Fru Nansen shed more tears than she had ever shed in her life. There was not much genuine sorrow at the source of these tears. Still, she could not help missing the man over whom, for more

a rule of iron. how become partner in a herring-boat, paid the dame a solemn visit.

to say so very special?"

young man. He meant to be diploman with a fleet of five 'hearty boats.' Upon the strength of this, he already saw himself a rich Bergen merchant, with a comfortable banker's balance due to stock-fish and cod-liver oil.

As it was, however, Bonder Pegner's disagreeable, prosperous form came to his mind, and the sense of humility by contrast made him look and feel foolish. 'I want,' he said, 'that is, I should like, dear, honoured Fru

'Come, come!' interrupted the dame. I can see through you like glass. You may as well say you want Siegfried, and get it over.

'That is it,' cried the young man

elatedly. 'The more fool you, Olaus Christisen, and so there's an end of it. I don't bring only children into the world to give them in marriage to young men with nothing to speak of .- Good-afternoon to you-I have my bread to see

'But'-began the youth. 'There's no "but" in it; and that's have to say to you on the subject.'

As Fru Nansen went out of the room. leaving Olaus alone with a tobacco plant, a tame magpie, and a cat, which seemed considerably afraid of the magpie's bill, there was no rejoinder possible. Olaus therefore snatched up his cap, and went into the open air at one thing I am a little distressed enmity with the world.

to Siegfried, who was writing for him under a cherry tree.

The girl looked sad for Then, seeing tears in Olaus's eyes, she quietly offered him her handkerchief. 'We must hope for the best.' she whispered; and somehow, when the young man heard her, he felt that all was not lost. There was a decision about the girl's voice that declared her her mother's daughter.

Six months passed-for Olaus, six cruel months of doubt and despair in alternation. Voss was white, instead of green. The mountains and the lake. and the valley which ran from the lake toward Stalheim, were all deep in snow. One day the weather was bright and nipping, and the mild sun just peeping over the mountain tops to look at the snug little village by the lake-side. The next, the snow was driving as in Norway it well knows church in sledges, and great was the concourse of goloshes, of Scotch manu facture, usually to be beheld in the church porch on Sunday mornings. 'Why do you detest Henrik Pegner, In short, winter was in full swing, and the villagers who were so unfortunate as to die were not even able to be 'Because he-he loves you, Siegfried', buried; they were stacked stiff and mortuary house adjacent to the church, of the ground, and the snow lifted its

deep mantle therefrom. To Olaus is seemed that his hopes were no nearer fruition than ever they Beauty of Voss' was led beamingly to had been. The widow Nansen was ice-cold and contemptuous whenever she was obliged to say a word to him. 'I shall die if I cannot marry you- Nor had Siegfried much positive enor at least I shall go to America, couragement to offer him. Again and which is the same thing,' exclaimed again he had said, 'I shall go to Tromso in the spring.' But though his

others, and were in the pine forest just | side, the smile with which she was to the north of the Voss. Then, when wont to urge him to be patient yet a Olaus's feelings had nearly over- little longer, gradually became more

one day in a pet, how you can take it

They had met by sweet chance at well, he took Siegfried in his arms and | the apothecary's shop, and the apothekissed her again and again. As for cary, who was a sympathetic young man, and quite understood Olaus's piness was full. And of this she was | wirk of entreaty, had left them and

> 'No!' rejoined Siegfried with the faraway look in her blue eyes which at times vastly annoyed her lover.

'No. I cannot. And that beast Pegner always in the house! I heard his sledgebells this morning when I ed it might be), like to mention her was chopping wood, and the wickedness of Cain swelled in my bosom at cerned with Herr Pegner. He was a the sound. I believe, Siegfried dearest if he had come my way at that mom-

'That would have been murder, and

'I do not care.' 'But I do, you mad-minded fellow. Pegner is still in the house.'

Olaus raised his hard-palmed hands to his forehead, as if to keep his brain from bursting out of its bone mansion. 'With my mother,' added Siegfried.

'May the devil'---began Olaus.

But the girl put her mittened hand to his mouth: 'Hush?' she whispered. You are certainly not so clever at understanding things as some young men would be. How is it, Olaus!' 'How is it? How the plague can I tell! Let me go and slay him out of

'And break my mother's heart?' said mother instead of the father. Fru Siegfried, with a sweet coquettish mining companies have become alive smile on her pretty red lips.

'And yours too, I begin to think!' successful (speaking comparatively) sighed the thick-headed young man. After which he plodded into the snow The funeral was, for Voss, almost a again, and left the girl ungallantly to industry may be inferred from the

> she would not really have exchanged his stupidity for all the learning of a University Professor of Christiana.

She re-entered the house, and stole away to the back, where the cat was seen washing its paws on the doorstep than twenty years, she had exercised and looking discontentedly at the snow; while the magpie jerked its tail up and A week later, young Olaus, who had as it fluttered from chimney-pot to been in Bergen to see if he could any- roof-line and exchanged remarks with another magpie not vet domesticated. 'Well, Olaus Christisen,' said Fru singing gently to herself all the time. Nansen, as she whisked a fly from her Now and then, her mother's laughter nice widow's cap-'what have you got | could be heard; and occasionally such explicit words as 'Oh, dear Herr Pegn-The lady's manner oppressed the er, how entertaining you are! I never met so agreeable a man as you.' She matic, and set his hopes before her in also said, more than once. 'My late convincing array. He had almost man, Nansen, was a fool to you, Herr succeeded in getting hired by a Tromso | Pegner!' But Siegfried did not hear this remark, which would not have

> Pegner stayed till supper, and Siegfried waited on them both. At times, the honest bonder might have been seen looking from Fru Nansen to Siegfried, and from Siegfried to Fru Nansen, in a curious manner.

The dame noticed it, and asked what he was thinking of.

'I was confused-like,' he said. 'It is so difficult for a plain man like me to know which is the mother and which the daughter.'

'That's capital, Herr Pegnes,' laughed Siegfried As for Fru Nansen, she looked as pleased as a baby with a new rattle. At parting, the bonder kissed Fru Nansen on the cheek, and would have saluted Siegfried in the same manner,

girl was very happy. 'You guess,' said Fru Nansen afterwards, not without embarrassment; 'what has occurred, do you not, Sieg-

fried?" 'I think so, mother. A thousand felicitations.'

'Thank you, child. He is a worthy fellow, and in such excellent circumstances. His other wives did not manage him properly, I fancy. We shall see what we shall see. But there's about. It would hardly do my dear 'She won't hear of it,' he blurted out | child, to have you in the house. I think you will be very happy with your nucle Jens at Eide.'

> 'No; I should not, mother.' Bless the child, what a positive

'I think I am in the right of it, then. You have deprived me of Pegner'-'I deprived you! Why, my dear Siegfried, he was never seriously taken with you.'

'O-h! I tell you what, mother; I am going round to the Christisens. I know it is late; but poor Olaus has had so much disappointment lately, that I can't help giving him this good news as soon as possible.'

Fru Nansen sat and pursed her lips meditatively. It was wonderful what strong spirit this pretty daughter of hers had developed of late. Such a spirit was not to be tolerated in Pegner's household—that was positive. Then her thoughts centered upon the Eide uncle. The man was foud of corn-brandy-too fond of it, by far. After all, Olaus was a broad-shouldered, steady-going lad. Besider, Pegner was wanting a stewart for his little milk-farm by Tvinde. There was a snug cottage to it and some good mark land into the bargain. Why should they not have it? How charming it would be to have both weddings on the same day!

'Very well, Siegfried-if the snow isn't too bad, run and fetch him in. said Fru Nansen.

That day month the name of Nanser became extinct in Voss, and Tvinde amid the usual gala cere-Cellar moulds on apples-often unnoticeable—consists of more or less

they have traced these cases of diphtheria to the eating of it. All fruits and vegetables should be carefully

Utilisation of Waste Products.

A marked, and, in some of its results, a very astonishing feature of 'I cannot think, Siegfried,' said Olaus | modern industrial enterprise is the successful introduction of economical methods of working undreamt of few years ago. Many industrial processes necessarily throw off considerable quantities of refuse, the only thought with regard to which is frequently, how best to get rid of it. If it is solid matter, the increasing accumulations encumber the grounds. If it is fluid, it most likely flowed-at least, until it was made illegal to discharge such matters into streams-into the nearest river or canal, polluting the water and destroying the fish while waste gasses and smoke vitiate and poison the atmosphere. It is in dealing with these unpromising mater ials that chemical and scientific skill has in some cases been remarked successful, encouraging the hope that. in the future, much more may be accomplished in the same direction.

Of the successful treatment of solid Waste Products, gold-mining probably furnishes the most notable example The waste heaps, or 'tailings,' were known to contain a fraction of the precious metal, even after the most searching process of extraction by the best machinery. But as there was no known method by which the residual fraction of gold could be profitably extracted, the tailings were thrown aside, and regarded as practically worthless. With the discovery of the M'Arthur Forrest or cyanide process, it has, however, become possible to recover large quantities of gold from these discarded tailings, and goldto the actual commercial value of an upon as an inconvenient encumbrance on the mines. The success of the fact that during last year more than But Siegfried understood Olaus, and £1,250,000 in gold bullion was recovered by this process from tailings in the gold mines of South Africa alone. Such results have naturally led to its day morning. introduction into other parts of the world, and it has been found possible to apply it profitably to the silver

mines of Mexico. The problem of utilising the waste him up? heat and gases in connection with blast furnaces has not long engaged attention and pressed for solution. Here she did much household work, In the Middlesborough iron district, the heat from the furnaces has been turned to good account in the salt industry which is springing up there. by means of the enormous heat the brine is evaporated as a 'by' process, and the economic advantages thus secured have given the east-coast salt industry benefits in this respect denied to the Cheshire trade, where no such blast furnaces are available. With a low-priced mineral like salt, it is obvious that much depends upon economy in production.

The Caledonian Packet Company's Tribune steamers are now being fitted for the permanent consumption of liquid fue -a kind of tar-which is recovered along with ammonia from blast furnace gases in the Clyde district. Here, of course, the object again is economy, for tar at three-halfpence per gallonthe average price-is considerably cheaper than coal. A considerable number of locomotives on the Great Eastern Railway are similarly fitted with a patent-the result of many experiment by the chief engineer of the company-for the consumption of liquid fuel. Vessels on the Caspian and Volga used the refuse from the only she avoided the courtesy. The petroleum industry in the Caucasus. It has a high caloric power-t times that of good coal. The fires are automatically fed, and under perfect control, and the fuel requires little space for storage, leaves no ashes.

clinkers, or dust, and is economical. The refuse of the pudding furnaces in the South Staffordshine iron district-locally known as 'tap-cinder'is a prominent if not very picturesque feature of the landscape of the Millands. Hundreds of acres of land have from time to time been acquired in the vicinity of large iron-works upon which to deposit this, as it was any one who would cart it away. Ar eminent German chemical analyst, experimenting on tap-cinder, discover

regarded, worse than worthless materiregarded, worse than worthless materilarge of trouble and Intercolonial Railway Watson H Steeves cost to the owner, who was glad to ed that it contained a percentage of phosphorous, which rendered it valuable as an ingredient for the production of basic steel. The result was that it was brought in large quantities for the German market; and now, among steel-makers, tap-cinder has a recognized use, and has acquired: commercial value of from four to five shillings a ton.

Many schemes have been proposed to deal with the smoke nuisance of London and other large towns. At the Birmingham Mint a smoke and fumes annihilator is in successful operation, and serves the double purpose of destroying the smoke, while it Salisbury and Harvey at the same time recovers the valuable constituents in smoke which are usually wasted. The smoke is thoroughly washed, and its noxious ingredients are thus prevented from escaping into the air. The residual products accruing from the process are carbon -used for the arc light- and a liquid that has valuable properties as a disinfectant. Statistics have been compiled to show that London smoke would yield £2,125,000 anually under such treatment; and Sir F. Knowles has stated that the ammoniacal products alone would yield sufficient manure for the growth of six million quarters of wheat a year.

The fluid in refuse in connection with the waste liquors from manufactories is of variable constitution. That of the flannel industry of Newpoisenous fungi. Physicians says ton, in Wales, has been found to be of considerable value to the agriculturist. It formes excellent manure, one The girl said nothing. They wark d sweetheart could not announce that cleansed, or peeled, at least, if to be hundredweight of it being worth, for this purpose, more than a ton of

London swervage. Yet it was formerly drained off into the nearest streams, where its fertilising properties were wasted, and became a source of pollu-

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