

THE SONGS.

I wonder in what distant place Sweet "Annie Rooney" still is heard...

If, in some dusky, moonlit space, "O Promissed Me" is gently purred...

And where lives in its ancient grace, "Love's Old Sweet Song," by Time unblurred?

ENVOY.

Princes, whose loyalty has erred To those, who were in turn the bar-

"KIDDY."

YOU had better let me ride to Marville and take that money to the bank...

The speaker, Jack Hartley, was a tall, sunburnt young man, brother to the owner of "The Bungalow," a newly erected, low-roofed house...

After months of hard work and many a disappointment, the grounds surrounding the house had been reclaimed from the bush by the young fellow...

For once fickle fortune, less blind than usual, was in a generous mood, and, after a few years of hard work and ceaseless efforts...

Jack Hartley, Ned's younger brother and Kiddy's most devoted friend, was sitting on the verandah, his wife was sitting on the verandah, he smoking a short pipe...

Jack did not seem much convinced by his brother's arguments and bantering manner...

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LIFE OF A TEACHER IN PHILIPPINES

A YOUNG lady who is teaching school in the Philippines, writes brightly and entertainingly of some conditions there...

We have just moved the girl's school in Dagupan into a new building, a private native house, hired for the purpose...

The islands swarm with insects of all kinds. Ants are most plentiful and most troublesome. As I am writing, the "tickers," as the children call them...



A GIRLS SCHOOL.

some baby. They do not live long after they are captured and sometimes a baby will still be dragging a poor little feathered thing about even after it is dead...

Sometimes we take trips on horseback. There are no side saddles and we ride astride. The horses are very small and easy to mount...

There was no help for it. Ned, his face contracted with rage and hopeless misery, led the ruffian into his room...

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GOING TO SCHOOL.

and blue worsteds and make tassels of the yarn. These they fill on the outside with paper flowers and the inside with real ones...

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Could he keep up? The perspiration was pouring down his face. Another minute would see the end of the conflict!

There, his white nightshirt gathered up in his chubby hands, his curls still moist, his cheeks flushed from his first sleep...

The noise had disturbed him, and the sight of his father and the 'genpelman' playing at wrestling, like he and Uncle Jack so often did, caused him the liveliest satisfaction...

"Daddy big lion, genpelman tiger," he shouted. "Kiddy shoot big lion!" and he grabbed the revolver eagerly.

Ned saw that the child held the means of deliverance or death in his hands, and he rallied his waning strength.

"Shoot the tiger first, Kiddy!" he cried. "No, lion first!" shouted the child, the spirit of contradiction awakening within him.

"No, no, the tiger first, darling," Ned repeated. "and daddy will buy you a gun—all to yourself!"

Something in his father's manner appealed to the child. Fearlessly he crept near the men, and deliberately putting the muzzle of the shooter to the head of "Lord Jim," whom Ned in a supreme effort was holding down, the child said:

"Shoot! Bang! Fire!" A sharp report, a scream from the surprised child, and "Lord Jim" had gone to his account.

Ned and his wife and Kiddy had their holiday at Melbourne after all—Family Herald.

They Brought to America the Gifted Artist, John G. Brown. It was a peculiar circumstance which brought to America the popular painter of street life, John G. Brown.

He had gone from his home in Durham, England, where he was born 71 years ago, and there supported himself as a young man by drawing for painting on glass.

While there some music hall songs about America turned his thoughts toward the new world and he at once took his departure for New York.

George Hoadley, whose death has taken place, was at one time believed to be a man of destiny. His election as Governor of Ohio in 1883, when he defeated the present Senator Foraker...

He was born in New Haven, Conn., July 31, 1826, but the family went west when he was a child and he was educated at Western Reserve College.

In a recently published life of General Grant the author gives several anecdotes connected with his "subject," these two being refreshingly smart:

The General was not an admirer of Mr. Sumner, and when some one said, "Mr. Sumner does not believe in the Bible," Grant said, "No, I suppose not; he didn't write it."

Tempeted by the Desert. Little Nabel (who has been allowed to join the diggers at desert, providing she keeps very quiet)—Mamma, will that desert hurt me, or is there enough to go round?—New York Times.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

Referring to her youth, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe once said: "When I was young I would rather hear Theodore Parker than go to the theater; I would rather go to theater than to a ball, and I would rather go to a ball than stay at home."

The thing that the average popular novelist lacks is not so much inspiration as literary conscience. It may also be said without fear of contradiction that literary conscience does not make cowards of many of the so-called romancers of to-day.—Judge.

The book which first brought the late Paul Leicester Ford into prominence as a novelist of sentiment and romance is "The Story of an Untold Love," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. As a story, as a tactful suggestion of finer and wiser life, and as literature, it is a notable book.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle tells with delight that when he left school his master called him into the educational sanctum and solemnly said: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something that you will remember in after life: Doyle, you will never come to any good."

By no stretch of the imagination can any of Anna Katharine Green's novels be ranked as literature, says the Bookman, and with the makers of great detective stories—Loe, Gaboriau and Doyle—she has little in common; nevertheless, for work of a certain kind she enjoys a wide and well-deserved popularity.

Under the severe guardianship of a cruel stepmother, who sought to crush out all the poetry from the lives of Alice and Phoebe Cary, these two frail, feeble writers would steal upstairs to their rooms before bedtime and write poetry, their only companions a few books, and their muse being well nigh their only consolation.

When but 14 years old Phoebe secretly mailed a poem she had composed to a Boston paper, and one evening, on the arrival of their Cincinnati weekly, she beheld the very poem taken from the Boston paper and duly accredited to the little Ohioan.

In after years, when speaking of the sensations of that hour, Phoebe said: "I no longer cared if I was poor and my clothes were plain; some one cared enough for my verses to print them, and I was happy."

Three years ago the attention of the Czar was called to the very backward condition of agriculture. He appointed a commission to investigate the question. A part of its work was delegated to the well-known agricultural expert, Prof. Lenz, who has just presented to the commission a report of a pessimistic character.

Prof. Lenz says that the irrational system of farming practiced by the majority of small Russian farmers may easily lead to complete exhaustion of the soil. This exhaustion, he says, cannot be made up to the soil even by the use of the best fertilizers for a long series of years.

Vast as Russia's agricultural interests are, the peasantry are among the poorest farmers in the world. One reason is because, except in Poland and some other districts, the land they till is not owned by them. They live in villages and the land belongs to these communities, or mirs, each tax-paying individual having the use of a part of the land held in common, and being responsible for the taxes on the patch of ground he cultivates.

The result is that the moujik, or peasant, knowing that at the end of a short period his allotment of the land will be subject to a redistribution, does not care to improve the soil by careful cultivation. He has no ambition to expend upon it time and money with an eye to the future. Should he do this he would expect to lose all he expended upon improvements. Hence he barely skims over the surface with his rude plow, not only to save labor, but also that the manure he plows in may benefit only his own crop and not the future harvest which some other may reap.

The result is that English farmers raise from three to four times as much grain to the acre as Russian farmers. If land were tilled in Russia as it is in England, that country would to-day be the greatest wheat raiser in the world. As it is, with only eight or nine bushels of wheat to the acre, the Russian crop varies from 375,000,000 bushels to 450,000,000 bushels a year.

It will probably take a long time to make very noticeable improvements in Russian agriculture, but some of the ablest men in the country are now studying this problem. Agricultural schools and experiment stations are beginning to be maintained in widely separated parts of the farming area, so that better ideas as to practical agricul-

ture may be diffused among the whole people. The tariff on most kinds of agricultural machinery has been removed to encourage the introduction of improved farming implements. Thus, an educational work is going on which will some day doubtless have a profound influence for the betterment of agricultural conditions in Russia.

Funerals in Old Mexico. Street Cars for Hearses, and Coffins Peddled from Door to Door. "Did you ever see a street car funeral?" The questioner was a drummer for a large Eastern house, and had just returned from an extensive trip throughout Mexico.

"A street car funeral?" the reporter repeated. "Yes, sir! One meets with odd sights the moment he crosses the Mexican border, but he reaches the climax in the City of Mexico itself, and from what I can learn it is the only town in the world where 'street car funerals' are an everyday occurrence. Funerals, like all other things Mexican, are divided into two classes. Those who can afford luxuries procure the hearse drawn by four black horses, with a coachman and a footman, and ornamented with gold and silver trappings of every description. But the poorer element must be content with just a plain, ordinary street car, with the seats removed, a few pieces of cheap black cloth tacked here and there to lend a somber effect, and drawn by a pair of sunburnt but energetic mules.

"When a Mexican dies the street car company is immediately notified to have a hearse and the required number of coaches at a certain point on their track as near as possible to the late residence of the deceased. The coffin is then placed upon the shoulders of friends and carried from the house to the street car waiting in waiting. The remains are carefully deposited on the platform of the first car, the gaudily attired mourners climb in the remaining coaches, and the funeral proceeds. In more or less state, to the cemetery. Cigarettes are very much in evidence, and a casual observer might well suppose from the ascending smoke that the remains were being cremated en route.

"If the mourners are extremely sorrowful they may pull down the blinds and close the doors, thus enjoying complete privacy. The great objection, however, to the street car funeral is the degree of speed that must be maintained in order to keep the tracks cleared for regular traffic. In fact, on one occasion just before I left the capital I saw the little mules attached to the second-class hearse coming down the street at a full gallop, affording us an astonishing combination of 'the quick and the dead.'"

"And speaking of funerals reminds me of a little incident which occurred up in Queretaro, a town some miles north of the city. I was sitting out in front of the adobe hotel one evening when I noticed an old man going from door to door with a plain pine coffin on his back. He was what is termed a 'coffin peddler,' and was trying to induce the residents to lay in a supply of coffins for the approaching winter. The principal argument used in disposing of his grewsome wares was that all are bound to die sooner or later, and one might as well be supplied with all the necessary requisites to a funeral."—Washington Post.

The Old-Time Printer. Like Othello, He Has Found His Occupation Gone. When old enough to make the initial move toward seeking a channel of future livelihood, the newspaper office was the magnet of attraction. In the day of my entrance upon the "fourth estate," the chief road to the editorial sanctum lay through the composing room, a knowledge of the mechanical departments of a newspaper being held requisite before one could hope to aspire to even the repertorial dignity, says a writer in Donahue's Magazine. There were no schools of journalism in those days where ready-made editors were turned loose upon an unoffending public. Neither were the professions of law and medicine so crowded as to cause the diversion of a stream of college graduates to the newspaper editorial rooms. I am not one who laments any change that time in accordance with the law of necessary progression brings about. Conditions will continue to change and the new take the place of the old; when the latter shows a faltering step in keeping up with the procession. I regret, it is true, the gradual extinguishment of the old-time printer with his encyclopaedic mentality. The operator of a typesetting machine, however necessary he may be, according to the present day demands, can never hope to attain the informative position of the type who has been displaced. I am speaking of the old-time printer as I knew him after having summered and wintered with him, and I cannot but regret that, like Othello, he should find his occupation gone.

St. Bernard Dogs Superseded. The dogs of St. Bernard, so long renowned for their life-saving service, are at last to take a second place to modern invention. All the refugees on the mountain side, says a message from Turpin, are shortly to be connected by telephone with the principal hospital. The number of travelers, tourists, workmen seeking employment, pilgrims who cross the Alps at all times of the year, make this measure highly necessary. But it seems hard on the dogs' pride.—London Leader.

Cuba an Ancient Name. The island of Cuba was known by that name to the Lucayan Indians, who were with Columbus when he discovered it.

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