

### OUR AULD SCOTS SANGS.

Oh, woe! I lo'e the auld Scots sangs,  
The mournful and the gay;  
They charm'd me by the mither's knee,  
In bairnhood's happy day;  
And even yet, tho' o'er my pow  
The snaws of age are flung,  
The bluid loup joy's in my veins  
Whene'er I hear them sung.  
They bring the fond smile to the cheek,  
Or tear-drop to the e'e;  
They bring to mind auld cronies kind  
Wha sung them aft' wi' glee.  
We seem again to hear the voice  
Of mouny a lang lost frien';  
We seem again to grip the hand  
That lang in dust has been.

And, oh how true our auld Scots sangs  
When nature they portray;  
We know we hear the wee bit burk  
Gauw bickering down the brae,  
We see the spot, tho' far awa,  
Where first life's breath we drew,  
And at the gowden scenes of youth  
Seem rising to the view.

And dear I lo'e the wild war strains  
Our langsyne minstrels sung—  
They rouse wi' patriotic fire,  
The hearts o' auld and young;  
And even the dowie dirge that wails  
Some brave but wain'd band,  
Inspires us wi' a warmer love  
For fame and fatherland.

Yes, lease me on our auld Scots sangs—  
The songs of love and glee;  
The songs that tell of glorious deeds  
That made our Scotland free.  
What though they sprang frae simple  
bairns  
Wha ken nee rules of art,  
They ever, ever yield a charm  
That lingers round the heart.  
—Archibald Mackay.

### Learning His Value

M. R. MARCUS WILKINSON sat alone in his office, with a faint little perfume note between his fingers, and a puzzled frown upon his brow. The note, directed to a graceful and feminine hand, was brief:

"Dear Guardian: I will be at the office at 10 in the morning, to consult you upon a matter of importance."  
"MILLIE,"

"A matter of importance," muttered Mr. Wilkinson, twisting the note nervously. "Can my fears be true? Has Cyril Ormsby proposed to me? I am afraid he has! And what can I say? What can I urge against the man, if Millie's own instincts have played her false? Ten o'clock!"

The last silver stroke of the mantel clock had not died away when the door of the office opened by a clerk and the Millie Bently entered the room.

Just a few words to describe the ward of whom Marcus Wilkinson always thought as a pearl, a lily, everything pure and fair. She was of medium height, slender and graceful, with a thoughtful face of exquisite beauty.

Very young, only 18, Millie Bently had borne early the sorrows of life. Her father, having been wealthy, had fallen in business, and committed suicide. Her mother, delicate and helpless, had fought poverty feebly for two years, and sinking under privation and toil, had contracted a fatal disease. When all hope of life was over, the news came that Millie's uncle, dying abroad, had left a large fortune to his only sister. A will was made by the dying woman, leaving her own too lately won independence to Millie, and appointing Marcus Wilkinson guardian to the heiress.

Sorrowing and womanly, beyond her years, Millie had turned her own grief to a noble endeavor to solace some of the trials of those with whom her own poverty had made her familiar. A cousin had come at Mr. Wilkinson's request to make a home for his ward, and she resumed many long-interrupted studies. But a large portion of her time was spent in the humble homes of those who had been her mother's friends in the dark days of her widowhood; and her gentle charities soon extended far beyond this small circle.

She had been an orphan two years on the day when she came to seek Mr. Wilkinson, as already described, and the sorrows of her life had lost some of their bitter sting, leaving only a gentle sadness behind.

"Well, Millie," the old gentleman said, "what brings to me the pleasure of seeing you to-day?"

"It is about myself," Millie said, the softest rose-tints flushing her cheeks.

"Dear me! I didn't think you ever took such an insignificant person into consideration at all."

"Now, Uncle Marc, please don't tease."

"She wants something enormous," said the old gentleman, addressing the walls. "Whenever I am Uncle Marc, I know what to expect next."

But just then the kindly man detected signs of trouble in Millie's face; and the jesting voice was turned at once to one of tender gravity.

"What is it, my child?"

"Cyril Ormsby came to me last evening, and he will come here to-day; but I wanted to see you first. He wants me to be his wife, Uncle Marc, and—"

she hesitated here—"you do not like him?"

"Who told you that?"

"No one; but I see it for myself."

"Well, you are right. I do not like him. But my like or dislike has no control over you."

"Hem—yes! Enthusiastic, but heart-whole!" Mr. Wilkinson's mental comment. "Suppose you and I go for a walk," he added aloud.

"A walk?" Millie said, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, I have a friend or two I should like to have you see. When we come back I will tell you why I dislike Cyril Ormsby," he added mentally, "you have not already found out."

It was not exactly such a walk as one would have mapped out for a gentleman's invitation to a young, beautiful girl; but Millie followed its course, leaning upon her guardian's arm, wondering a little but never hesitating, past the respectable portion of the city, to a quarter known as the "Factory Row," a place where Mr. Wilkinson had never before allowed his ward to go. For there were apt to be fevers and contagious diseases lurking there. It lay low and was unhealthy, and the houses were of the meanest description.

"For a noble philanthropist, partly owning these factories and this quarter, Mr. Ormsby seems neglectful," said Mr. Wilkinson, dryly. "I have an interest in the factories, as you are aware, but do not own one of these wretched houses. They are all Cyril Ormsby's."

"But," Millie said eagerly, "these people will not let him benefit them. They use his charity for drink; they abuse any privilege he gives them, till he is discouraged in his efforts to do them any good."

"Oh! step in here!"

It was a poor place, scantily furnished, and cheerless. Upon a cot bed a woman lay, in the last stages of consumption. She looked up eagerly to Mr. Wilkinson.

"I hope you are better," he said, kindly.

"No; I shall never be better. If I may only die in peace, it is all I ask."

"Mr. Ormsby will not disturb you now?"

"Jennie has gone to him. Yesterday, he sent word that if the rent was not ready to-day at 12, out we must go. I've paid it regularly for five years, but he don't think of that. All Jennie's made the last month she has had to pay for fire and food. She's but 15, and her pay is small."

"What do you owe Cyril Ormsby?"

"Thirty shillings."

"And if he is not paid to-day, he will put you out in the street to die?"

"He says the workhouse is the place for paupers."

At this moment, a slim, pale girl of 15 came in, crying bitterly.

"Mr. Wilkinson was out," she began; and then seeing her visitors, she cried

"Do you love Mr. Ormsby?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilkinson, you will not let mother be put in the street? I'll pay every penny, sir, if only you will wait till she is better, and I can get my full time for work!"

"Have you seen Mr. Ormsby to-day, Jennie?" the old gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir. He said he had no time to hear my whining. The agent will be here at 12, and if the money is not paid, he will put us out."

"May I?" whispered Millie.

"Just as you please, my dear. Perhaps this dying woman or her child may drink up your charity."

"Hush, hush!"

So tenderly, so delicately, Millie gave her charity, that there was only deepest gratitude awakened, without the galling sense of obligation. She left more than sufficient comfort for some weeks and promised to send delicacies for the invalid.

No word of herself passed her lips until they were once more in the narrow street.

"Oh, Uncle Marc," she said, "can it be true that he is so hard, so false to me?"

"Wait," was the brief reply.

They went into the wide courtyard in whose space stood the four great factories, the joint property of Marcus Wilkinson and Cyril Ormsby, long before divided by the entirely opposite management of these two distinct departments—one entirely under the control of the elder, the other of the younger man.

"Wilkinson's absurd soft-heartedness," as Cyril mentally characterized it, had made this division absolutely necessary.

But it was not into his own kindly governed, well-ordered departments that Marcus Wilkinson led his ward. He turned into a small room, where a pale man was busily writing, and at the same time overlooking a long room where about seventy girls were at work before busily whirling machinery.

"Good-morning, Watkins," the old gentleman said. "I was in hopes you were taking a holiday."

"Thank you, sir," was the reply, in a dejected tone. "I can't well quit work, sir. There's the wife and six little ones, you see."

"Have you told Mr. Ormsby the doctor says you need rest and pure air?"

"Yes, sir. He's not keeping me; but he says if I go he must fill my place—and that means starvation for my family. I could never get another situation, as feeble as I am now."

"How long have you been here, Mr. Watkins?"

"Seventeen years, sir. I was with old Mr. Ormsby before you came, sir."

"A faithful servant seventeen years," said Mr. Wilkinson, in a low tone; "and a few weeks' rest may save his life."

At this moment Millie shrank a little

nearer her guardian. Through the window from which Mr. Watkins overlooked the loom room, she could see Cyril Ormsby walking briskly about, his voice harsh and imperative, finding fault here and there, and keenly scrutinizing every item of the work. Not a face in the long room was brightened by the presence of the master. Fingers worked more rapidly, eyes were fastened more persistently upon the looms, and every one seemed aware of the stern task master's gaze. But Mr. Wilkinson obeyed the petition expressed in the looks of his ward, and led Millie out into the wide passages again, to another work room.

It were too tedious a task to follow every step of these two as they passed from room to room, everywhere meeting some assurance of Mr. Wilkinson's own hold upon the hearts of the "hands," and their terror of Cyril Ormsby's harshness.

Out again amongst the homes, where her guardian had no control, but bestowed his kindly charity without ostentation; and here more eloquently than ever, Millie heard how cruel a mockery were all the schemes of charity and philanthropy that had been poured into her ears. It needed no spoken words from her guardian to tell her that the noble words uttered to win her were those of hypocrisy, which knew how it could best plead its cause with her.

One and another, turning to Mr. Wilkinson as to a friend, unaware of the torture of their words to the kindly lady beside him, told of cruel exactions of work in sickness and trouble, of closest calculation of time, of small wages and heavy rents.

"If we don't live here and pay, we get no place in the factories!" one said, when asked why he did not seek a more healthy quarter.

"I am doing overtime to pay for my child's funeral," one said. "For I lost the wages for three days. I stayed by to see her die and to bury her."

"I am uneasy about the rent," another said, "for I lost a week by a fall on the ice, and it's hard making it up again."

Not a word of kindly sympathy or help, in trouble or sickness. The "hands" under Cyril Ormsby were simply human machines to do so much work, sick or well, or pay the price of an hour or day of idleness, no matter how necessary.

There was no word spoken as Mr. Wilkinson and Millie walked to the office again. Once there, the old gentleman spoke very gravely.

"As you guardian, Millie, I can speak to you no word against Cyril Ormsby. He is a rich man, of good social position, of irreproachable moral reputation, and a man whose standing in business circles is of the highest. A man who is a good match in every worldly sense. So much as your guardian. As your friend, my dear, who loves you as your own dear father might have loved you, who knows every noble impulse of your pure soul—as that friend, I tell you I would rather see you lying beside your mother than the broken-hearted wife of such a man as Cyril Ormsby."

"I came to you as a friend, as almost a father," said Millie, "and I thank you for keeping me from life-long misery. To know my husband such a man as I know Cyril Ormsby to be, would, as you ask, break my heart."

"I would not tell you," said her guardian, "for you knew I disliked him, and might have thought that dislike prejudiced me. But, Millie, tell me you will not let this day's work shadow your life. You did not love Cyril, Millie?"

"No, I revered what I believed a noble, generous nature. That reverence a mockery, I shall never break my heart for a man I thoroughly despise, Uncle Marc."

And so it happened that Cyril Ormsby, coming to claim the fortune he believed within his grasp, met only Mr. Wilkinson with Millie's polite but distinct refusal to resign herself or her fortune to his keeping.

But he never knew how it was that Millie learned the true value of his hollow words of charity and philanthropy.—Waverley Magazine.

**The Lady's Slipper.**

The lady's slipper, known also as the whippoorwill's shoe and the moccasin flower, grows in deep, shady woods, often in company with mosses, ferns and trilliums. It is such a pretty flower that few people who see it can resist the temptation to pick it, and it is therefore becoming every day more difficult to find. It has many attractions for the bee, for it not only provides him with plenty of food, but also furnishes him with a splendid banquet hall.

Just over the front entrance you will see two rows of dark spots. They are a sign that the hungry bee can read, and they mean, "This way to the dining room." He pushes open the elastic sides of the doorway, to which the dots lead, and enters the beautiful golden chamber, and when he has feasted he pays for his dinner on his way out by carrying on his back some of the lady's slipper's golden pollen dust that she wants taken to one of her neighbors. The yellow lady's slipper blooms about the beginning of June, a little later than her elder sister, the pink moccasin flower.

**Breathing Spaces in Cities.**

American cities have grown rapidly. They have also grown irregularly and according to no system. By the time the residents in them have come to recognize the importance of spacious parks, wide streets, uniform buildings, the benefits of boulevards along rivers and lake fronts, the opportunities to acquire the necessary land are either gone or the expense involved is a powerful deterrent. At the same time there is an increasing belief that such benefits will become more impracticable in the future.—Detroit Free Press

**Just the Thing.**

Furniture Dealer—This is a beautiful chair, sir, but it squeaks fearfully; let me get you another.

Buyer—Not much! Give me that one; I've been looking for years for something that would counteract the noise my wife makes when she sings!—Detroit Free Press.

### MAKING MAPLE SUGAR

INDUSTRY WHICH FLOURISHES IN THE EARLY SPRING.

Much of the Genuine Product Is Made in the Green Mountain State—Teams Sometimes Employed in Gathering the Sap—Picture-que Sugar Camp.

The little brown leaves of maple sugar which find their way into market are made up in largest quantity in the woods of Vermont. The making of the sugar is not confined to that region alone, for wherever maple trees are found in sufficient numbers to make the tapping of them profitable, the sap is drawn therefrom and boiled into sugar. Then, there is the "maple" sugar manufactured from corncocks and



THE SUGAR CABIN.

ordinary broom sugar, but that is another story.

However, much of the genuine maple sugar used in this country is made in the Green Mountain State.

The industry is no longer as picturesque as it once was, because many of the least practical features have been eliminated, and there is not so much of sport connected therewith as formerly, but from a description given



GATHERING THE MAPLE SIRUP IN THE FOREST.

by a writer in the Cosmopolitan, one may safely say that if there is a reasonable amount of help to do the work, life in a maple sugar camp is something of a picnic.

In Northern Vermont the season begins about March 1 and lasts from four to six weeks. The most favorable weather for the flow of sap is a succession of cold, frosty nights followed by warm, sunny days. After several days of good running weather, during which the sap has flowed freely, the yield grows less and less until a storm, either of snow or rain, seems to give the trees renewed life. With the swelling of the first buds the flow ceases entirely. A good tree, under favorable circumstances, will yield from four to five gallons of sap in twenty-four hours, delivered drop by drop into the buckets hung against the rough bark.

The "sugar place" selected, the work begins early in March, the sugar house having been located upon a little rise of land, so that the water from the melting snow will drain away. If the snow is not deep, a well-trained horse, or a yoke of oxen, has been brought into the woods, with a stock of hay and grain to feed it, and is comfortably quartered in a shed, built against the side of the sugar house. If its help can be employed, the work is made much easier, for, hitched to a stout sled, it draws the buckets about the forests to be scattered to the trees, and, later, draws back to the camp the sap as it is gathered. Very often

nothing. The air is crisp, and clear, and cold. All about stand huge trees of the original forest, no one knows how many years old, their gray-white trunks rising in the dim light pillars in some vast cathedral. Far above, the stars shine through the interlacing branches. Or perhaps the moon is clear out, flooding all the place with a clear light which dissipates the lurking illusions of the starlight, but replaces them with a bewildering tangle of light and shadow which is no less beautiful. Unless there is a murmuring brook near by, the silence is intense, until, far back on the mountain side, an owl sounds forth his deep, reverberating call.

**FABLES FOR THE FLIP.**

**Why the Job Seeker Was Not Able to Catch On.**

Once upon a time there was a Nice boy who had a Sister. The Holiday season was fast approaching, and it was the Custom in this family for everyone to give the Others Presents.

Now the Girl forgot all about her brother until late Christmas Eve night. Then she Discovered that she had no Money left. Whereupon she was greatly Distressed. There was but one thing to do. She must make him Something. By judicious Rubbing it in she could Convince him that she had spent much Time and loving Thought on the Gift.

Her Work-basket contained enough Silk scraps in it still to make a Mouch-coir-case. And along with the Scraps she found a General Quantity of Sweet Heliotrope satchet powder.

On his plate Christmas Morning the boy found the Fragrant Offering. He appreciated the Beautiful remembrance, but he hadn't the faintest idea what it was For. The sister attended to That, however. It was Filled with his neckties and his four new Silk handkerchiefs. As yet the Boy hadn't discovered that it Smelled.

The Next week he Finished at a well-known Business college, and armed with his costly Diploma, he started out to hunt a Job. His References were all that any Firm could desire, but after a Short conversation with the Head Man at each Concern, he was told that they would let him Know in a day or Two whether they needed him. Each office that he visited was Aired after he left. Behind him trailed a lovely Scent of Sweet Heliotrope. Yet he did not Perceive the Aroma that enveloped him.

At last, in Desperation, he went to an old friend of the Family's and asked him why it was that he was Treated so in the Business world. The Honest friend sized up the Situation at once, and Explained it to him. In conclusion he remarked that, Enveloped in that Aromatic Araby Atmosphere the place for which he seemed Best adapted was a Drug store or a Barber shop.

"That Night the Boy secretly gave the Satchet Receipts to the Cook. And in return she promised to Stun all his clothes for him. A week later he got a Position that paid him Sixty Dollars a month.

Moral: This fable teaches that in the sordid business world they spell it S-E-N-S-E; or it teaches that all sorts of Sisters are Dangerous things.—New Orleans Picayune.

When girls of 18 are great friends, the rock ahead of their friendship is some young man who causes the first feeling of jealousy between them.

bottom, so as to sit firmly upon the sled, and chained down. When the gathering team reaches the sugar house the contents of the draw-tub are pumped or dipped-out and carefully strained into huge tubs called holders. Then the sap is put into the boiling pans and after several hours boiling the contents become a syrup—a thick brown liquid half way between sap and molasses. The syrup is then taken out, carefully strained and put away in clean wooden tubs to cool and settle. If the product is to be marketed as maple syrup, it is simply boiled until of the required thickness, and then put into the gallon tin cans in which it is to be shipped. If sugar is to be made, the boiling is continued for a length of time which varies according to the form into which it is to be finished.

There are various ways of telling when the sugar is boiled enough. An experienced maker can tell by the thickness as it drips from the edge of a wooden paddle which he has dipped into it. When it has reached a certain consistency a snowball held firmly and dipped into it comes out capped with a thin brown coating, delicious to be eaten. This is called "waxing it," and is the favorite form for eating. When the cry goes up from some watcher who has been experimenting, "It's ready to wax," the visitors leave their various occupations of whittling, story telling, etcetera, and crowd into the sugar house, bringing with them buckets which they have filled with clean snow from some belated drift. The hot brown syrup soon cools upon the snow where it is poured, and it is then eaten with a small wooden paddle. He who has once eaten it under such conditions and surroundings will ever taste anything quite so delicious elsewhere.

Going from the fire-lighted interior of the sugar house to the outside is like going into another world, a fresh, pure world, of which most of us know

### Topic Times

More than 25,000 Chinese have been imported for work in the Rand mines, South Africa.

A German statistician notes that the increased longevity in Europe within the last fifty years is more conspicuous among women, than men.

Of the 720,000,000 acres of land making up the total area of Argentina, 24,000,000 are arable. The principal crops are corn, wheat and flax.

The porters who carry the baggage of tourists on the island of Capri are mostly women. The men are busy as fishers, coachmen, cobblers and coral sellers.

In an address to the Society of Arts in London, Jan. 25, the Hon. Robert P. Porter said there would be six hundred railway stations in London, and that from \$125,000,000 to \$150,000,000 was now being spent there in electrifying roads and in the extension of tubes.

The Glasgow corporation is considering a scheme under which the city's chronic inebriates shall be banished to the island of Shuna, one of the Hebrides group. This island is leased to a farmer and has been practically forgotten by the corporation of Glasgow, who have owned it for a century.—St. James' Gazette.

The principal exports of Italy are raw silk and silk goods, wines, olive oil, fruit and vegetables, butter and cheese, poultry and eggs, and other agricultural products. It has a large export trade in marble, about 30 per cent thereof going to the United States, to which it also sends about 4,500 tons of sumac annually.

Canon McAlpine recently delivered an address to Irish unemployed at Clifton, County Galway, declaring that people would be foolish to starve, "so long as fat sheep were grazing on the hillside or sleek kine were browsing on the plain." A few nights afterward a humorist stole all his reverence's turkeys and left a note thanking him for the hint.

French dancing masters have formed a Societe Academique des Professeurs de Danse de France. The director of the association is Prof. Desart, who proposes, with his colleagues, to run the minuet, in opposition to the "exotic and inartistic terpsichorean movements borrowed from the black people of Santo Domingo and elsewhere," alias the cakewalk.

According to Dr. Fischer of Berlin the most effective position of sleep for obtaining intellectual rest is to keep the head low and the feet slightly elevated. Falling this the body should at any rate, be horizontal, so as to irrigate the brain well. The habit of sleeping with head low and feet high, according to the doctor, a remedy for brain troubles and some internal maladies. It can be adopted gradually.

President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve university, writing in Harper's Weekly, believes that the tuition fees charged by colleges are too small and that they should be increased. At Yale, for example, the annual tuition fee is \$155; at Harvard it is \$150; at Princeton \$150. President Thwing thinks this is wrong. "Those who receive the advantage of a utility," he says, "should pay for it. If it cost a college \$500 to educate each of a thousand boys, each of the thousand boys should pay \$500."

The total coal production of the United States is now at the rate of 1,000,000 tons a day, and the consumption of coal by railroads is equal to 40 per cent of this, or 400,000 tons a day. The fuel bill of a railroad contributes about 10 per cent of the total expense of operation and 80 to 40 per cent of the total cost of running the locomotives. A locomotive will consume on an average \$5,000 worth of coal per annum, and for a road having an equipment of 5,000 locomotives the coal bill is approximately \$5,000,000.—Railway Age.

A Hindu woman in Amritsar has just seen her fifth generation—the son of her great-grandson. She has undergone a ceremony called Svarga Sopanarshanam (rising to heaven by means of a ladder). After a two-hour service of thanksgiving a heap of rice was put before her on which was placed a small ladder of gold. The newborn child was then brought in and placed in the lap of the woman, who then put her right foot on the first rung of the ladder, and there were cheers all around, and flowers were showered on her.—Lahore Civil and Military Gazette.

**GOES IN FOR LUXURY.**

**One American Bachelor Who Enjoys His State of Celibacy.**

The American bachelor par excellence, a man of international reputation as a bachelor, keeps up in excellent style a big country place in New Jersey, and, when he needs it, a house of his own on Fifth avenue. He is a professional bachelor, though still a comparatively young man. There are, of course, rumors of an unfortunate love affair to account for his being unmarried. Those who know him best say that he is a social philanthropist, who would sacrifice himself rather than rob society by marrying. The late Ward McAllister, who, among many foolish things, said some surprisingly wise ones, asserted that this man was "the most luxurious unmarried man in America." He is also one of the wealthiest. His fortune of \$20,000,000 was left to him by a rich manufacturer who had the honor to be his father. Probably it is more than \$20,000,000. There have been shrewd guesses that he spends nearly a million a year, and so well does he do it that no one has arisen to call him a spendthrift.

It is due to this gentleman to say that his reputation here and abroad has not been of his seeking, and that it was thrust upon him with no carpentering criticism. All the world desires to know what an exceptionally wealthy bachelor does with his money, and this one has been at no loss to find a legitimate outlet for his income. He may make a pretense of business, but he is

really a man of leisure, that being the misnomer for a man of his class whose time is very fully occupied with the sports in which he is interested and with the obligations which society imposes. He excels as a horseman. There are frequently from forty to sixty well-selected horses in his perfectly-appointed stables in New Jersey. Perhaps he is best known here and in England and France as a "tooler" or driver of coaches. His feat of tooling a coach from Paris to Trouville, a distance of 140 miles, in ten hours and two minutes, several years ago, is still a pleasant topic of conversation in the French capital. He was also at one time the champion fencer of this country.

He owns and has in commission regularly a 4,500-ton steam yacht that is one of the handsomest private boats afloat. On this yacht, to run which costs as much as many an ocean passenger steamer, he takes a dozen or more friends for long cruises, entertaining them ashore, as well as afloat. If he were not pre-eminant as a thorough sportsman, he would be a princely entertainer. There have been occasions when he has entertained breakfast at his country place all the members of a neighboring yacht club, and the scene on his lawn later, with the huntresses in their red coats, the eager horses, and the great variety of traps of those who did not choose to ride, must have been recompense enough to him. In the months which he spends on his New Jersey estate his house is always well filled with guests.

For their amusement he plans old-fashioned tournaments (in which the queen of beauty crowns the victor), polo games on his back field, and golf on his own course. Back of the house is an oval half-mile track for racing, and overlooking it is an ornamental grandstand large enough to accommodate a hundred or more of his guests. There are racquet courts and tennis courts, and if any of his guests profess a desire for other amusements, they are provided. It is more as a country gentleman than as a city man that this notable bachelor spends his income.—Ainslie's.

**HER JOURNEY TO MANILA.**

**Army Officer's Wife Writes Interesting Letter from Philippines.**

The wife of an army officer who recently went to the Philippines writes a glowing account of the journey, and, instead of discomforts, which one is supposed to encounter, seems to have found the experience altogether novel and interesting. Honolulu she describes as a wonderfully picturesque place, with its cocoanut palms, flowering trees and shrubs, and hedges of night-blooming cereus. The sea bathing is excellent and the hotel as good as any in Washington. In Guam, she writes, the tropical growth is marvelous, but there are few flowers. They ride from the landing to the town, a station of the marines, in a carabao cart, which she declares to be "not a swift means of locomotion, but safe and good for the liver," and adds, "The drive from the dock is the most beautiful I have ever seen; following the shore line in an avenue covered and shaded by immense cocoanut palms, and beyond a tangle of tropical growth. The natives wear without garments, save from their hips down, the women wearing trailing skirts in an effort to equalize their clothing." She describes the passage through the San Bernardino straits, though reputed to be a dangerous one, as very delightful—mountains as large as the water's edge, and green to their very tops. They wound in and out among the islands a day and a half, and so close to land that they could distinguish natives on shore.

Like most others, she finds life in Manila very fascinating, but admits that her first introduction to a native bed was not calculated to make them lifelong friends. It has a cane-seat bottom, where springs usually set; on that is spread a thin pad and then a straw mat, or one made of palm leaves, upon which is laid the usual sheets, etc. She says the city government people would like to have the entire army evacuate the island, but that, in their opinion, the army will be needed for some time, and cites in that connection the fact that the priests take the schoolboys from the Luneta before "The Star Spangled Banner" is played, which is done at the close of every concert, and that the Spanish-native element also leaves.

**BUTTER FROM COCOANUT MILK.**

**A Table Compound Being Made of This Vegetable Oil.**

A new butter is now being made from the milk of the cocoanut. This milk, when subjected to a temperature of over 28 Centades, runs into a yellow oil, which is imported in great quantities from India and Africa. The best qualities of it are obtained from Ceylon, Cochinchina and Australia, says the English World's Work. The nut produces 60 per cent of oil and one acre of land planted with cocoanut trees would produce over 400 pounds of oil. This has hitherto been used for fats for soap or for machinery oil and the better qualities employed in the manufacture of textile goods. In French this oil is now subjected to a special treatment and converted into butter.