

WHEN BETTY MILKS THE COWS.

When twilight glids the summer sea
And daisies close their eyes to sleep,
When hivesward drows the laden bee,
And from the hedge the shadows creep;
The hour when all things sweet combine
To set their seal on Nature's brow
With tenderest touch—the hour, divine,
When Betty milks the brindled cow.

The peach's blush upon her cheek,
The pipkin's dimple in her chin;
Her eyes, clear, fountain-like, bespeak
A depth of purity within;
Softer of voice than yonder dove
That to its mate is cooling now—
For all things yield themselves to love
When Betty milks the brindled cow.

Adown her shoulders, plump and fair
An ever minstrel rhymed or sung,
A wavy mass of golden hair
In Nature's artless beauty flung;
Her arms, as those of graceful maid—
No artist's masterpiece, I trow,
Can match the vision I behold
When Betty milks the brindled cow.

But whether in her form or face
Or twinkle in those eyes of blue,
There's some bewitchment in her grace
That thrills my being through and through;
And what I would I cannot say,
For silence seals my lips somehow,
And something in my breast gives way
When Betty milks the brindled cow.

Oh, had I all the miser's store,
Or wide domain of farm and field,
The fame that falls to men of lore,
With all the honors earth can yield,
I'd freely barter them for this—
Would such a boon the Fates allow—
Just one sweet promise, one sweet kiss,
When Betty milks the brindled cow.
—John Troland.

"BETTY."

BETTY sat on her little high-backed chair in the nursery hugging Angelina in her arms. The scorching July sun shone through the open window on to the child's curly, dark head, and upon the doll's waxen face, slowly melting in the rays of her cheeks, and making the brilliant carmine of her lips trickle down on either side of her chin.

Betty's small head ached. Oh! how she hated this hot, noisy London, where carriages were always tearing through the streets and the only time you ever saw a bit of green grass or a tree was when you went out in the Park with nurse for your daily airing. How different it was to the country, the beautiful, cool country, where they had gone to spend Easter, and which, to Betty's town-wearied eyes, had seemed like fairyland.

The door opened suddenly and Daddy came into the room. He was in the ugly, black suit which he always wore when he went down into the city, where he made "bread and butter," and his face looked tired; but however tired he was when he came home, Betty knew that he would always come up into the nursery before he went to dress for dinner, and have a little chat with her and Angelina.

That was very different to Mummy—Mummy, who did not have to make bread and butter, but who, nevertheless, never seemed to have time to visit the nursery.

Betty stretched out her arms toward her father, with a little cry of delight, and the man came and sat down on the old chintz-covered sofa, and took her in his arms.

"My precious!" he gazed at the baby "see anxiously; you don't look well! Is anything the matter?"

Betty leaned her head against his shoulder with a little sigh.

"I think," she answered slowly, "it's because I'm so hot, and the carriages in the street make such a noise—my head aches. . . . Oh, daddy!"—she looked up at him appealingly—"I wish I could go into the country again!"

Daddy sighed.

"I wish I could take you, my precious, but I can't. I must stay here and do my work, or there will be no bread and butter for you and Mummy. But perhaps Mummy will take you."

The door swung open again, and this time Mummy came in—Mummy, resplendent in a white satin gown sewn with diamonds, and with diamonds gleaming in her golden hair.

She looked at Betty, then at her husband, and frowned.

"I thought should find you here, Gerald," she said. "I suppose you know that I am giving a dance to-night? Perhaps it would be as well"—she swept a glance of scorn over her dusty coat—"if you went to dress."

"I came up to see Betty," the man returned, simply. "The child is not well, Eveline; she seems to me to have a kind of low fever. Don't you think we ought to put off this dance? There is time now to send off wires."

Betty's mother frowned again. "Really, Gerald, you must be mad! Betty is only a little run down by the heat."

"She's more than that, Eveline, she is really ill. I can't get away just now, with this big case on at the courts, but couldn't you manage to run down to the country with her for a week or two?"

"What! In the middle of the season? Certainly not!"

Betty heard the wish of a satin skirt across the floor, and the door bang. Mummy had gone; she never looked long.

The tired look on the man's face deepened, and a hardness came into his eyes. Betty's mouth quivered, and two tears rolled down her cheeks. It always made her cry when Mummy was unkind to Daddy, and Mummy was often unkind lately—she could not think why, as Daddy was so very nice; much nicer than Sir Charles Pengell, that ugly, black-bearded gentleman who always came to dine with Mummy when Daddy was out, and whom Mummy always seemed to like so much.

Betty looked up into her father's face. "Why is Mummy so unkind to you?" she said, softly; "doesn't she love you?"

"And do you love her?"
"Love her! My God! I love her more than my life!"
Two more tears rolled down Betty's cheeks. She felt very strange, her head ached more than ever, the room was getting dark, and the floor seemed to be rising up to meet the ceiling. And through it all was this ache at her heart for Daddy, poor Daddy!

"Daddy!"
"Yes, my darling!"
"I wish—I wish I could make Mummy kinder—to you—"

And then Betty slipped, unconscious, on to the floor.

Downstairs there was the sound of gay talking and laughter, the lilt of waltz music, the tread of dancing feet. Liveliness among all the women present was the hostess, Betty's beautiful mother. She had been dancing indefatigably nearly all the evening, but she was resting now on a couch at one end of the room, well-screened from onlookers by a picturesque arrangement of flowers and palms. Sitting beside her was the man who had been her partner in nearly every dance—Sir Charles Pengell.

"You are looking lovelier than ever to-night, Eveline," Sir Charles was saying, tenderly.

He came closer, leaning his arm over the back of the couch.

"Your husband does not appreciate you," he went on in a low, passionate voice; "he is a dot, a dull bookworm, not worthy to be the husband of a brilliant woman like you. It is a duty which you owe to yourself to leave him."

The woman's eyes dilated, her breath came in quick hard pants.

"Was Sir Charles right, was she indeed unappreciated, was it her duty to leave the husband from whom, she knew, she had of late been drifting apart?"

"Listen!" he put out his hand, and it closed round her delicate wrist like a vise, "you must come to-night—it will be your best opportunity. Muffle yourself in a cloak, and veil—no one will recognize you as you pass through the hall. My carriage will be waiting."

"You understand?"

"Ah!—stop!"

She wrenched away her hand, and sprang to her feet. Sir Charles followed the direction of her eyes. Pushing his way through the crowd, coming toward them, was her husband.

The woman's face hardened. "This is his first appearance this evening."

"FORGIVE ME! FORGIVE ME!"

he said, coldly, "and he has not even got on a dress coat! Does he wish to make me look ridiculous before my guests?"

A moment later the husband had gained the wife's side. He laid his hand on her arm.

"Eveline!" his voice was hoarse, "Betty is very ill, I have sent for a doctor, you must come up to her at once!"

"What! and leave my guests?" She shook his hand away with a cold little laugh. "Go back to the nursery yourself, if you like, I shall remain here," she said.

He looked at her, silently, then "Very well," he said, quietly. "I will not trouble you again."

The woman turned to Sir Charles. There was a curious smile on her face.

"You were right," she said, in a low voice. "My husband does not appreciate me. It is a duty I owe to myself to—"

The sentence was left unfinished, but Sir Charles understood.

What impulse was it that prompted her on her way up stairs to fetch a cloak, to pause for a moment outside the nursery door? Not love—not duty—then, what?

Betty's mother did not know, nervous she did pause, and then, hearing no sound from within the room, pushed the door open, and went in.

It was a foolish, sentimental fancy, but she would like to have one more look at Betty—to press one more kiss upon those baby lips before she left her forever.

The room was strangely still. Gently, on tiptoe, she approached the little white bed—she did not want the child to wake. No, she did not wake, she lay very still. Suddenly a fear, like an icy hand, gripped the mother's heart. She bent over the pillow, and pushed a dark curl away from the baby's brow. It was quite cold. Betty was dead!

Someone sitting behind the curtains of the bed, who, in the dim light, she had not noticed—rose, and caught her, or she would have fallen—someone with strong, kind arms, and a deep, tender voice, who whispered words of comfort into her ear.

"Dear love, let us bear this great sorrow together!" She clung to him, sobbing; all the love which, in her girlhood, she had felt for this loyal, noble-hearted man swept again through her heart. And she had been going to leave him!

"Forgive me! Forgive me! I have been a bad mother—a bad wife. Oh, my husband, I must tell you! I was going to leave you—to-night. But now I cannot! Betty! my baby Betty!"

The sobs were checked by her husband's forgiving kiss upon her lips. "Betty's last words were that she wished she could make Mummy kinder

to Daddy, and God has granted her wish," he said.

There was a rattle of wheels in the street below. It was Sir Charles' carriage as it drove away.—Home Monthly.

HAD A PRIVATE MINT.
Prior to the Civil War the Coins Passed Current.

Prof. W. E. Hidden of Newark, N. J., spent last week in Rutherfordton as the guest of M. O. Dickerson, clerk of the Superior court of Rutherford county. Prof. Hidden is an eminent geologist and mining engineer and his name will be recognized as the origin of the beautiful stone called hiddenite, a valuable emerald-green gem found in western North Carolina, according to the Syracuse (N. Y.) Telegram. It was so named because of its discovery by Prof. Hidden about 1881 while exploring Alexander county, North Carolina.

The interesting announcement is made concerning the visit of the eminent gentleman to North Carolina that he is here seeking data concerning the late Christopher Bechtler, who was a resident of Rutherfordton many years prior to the civil war, and there coined the gold mined in the mountain region round about. The Bechtler one-dollar and five-dollar pieces were once extensively circulated in North and South Carolina and passed at their face value everywhere.

The fact is that they contained a greater ratio of gold than those of the United States mintage, but under the change laws of the government the Bechtler mint had to close shop. Thousands of dollars meanwhile had gone into circulation, but many of the coins drifted to the United States mint at Charlotte, where they were reminted, while others fell into the hands of parties who preserved them as curios. We have seen quite a number of them in upper South Carolina, but these who possess them cannot be induced to part with them. These North Carolina coins bring all kinds of prices, and he is a lucky man who has one or more of them.

Prof. Hidden during his visits to North Carolina learned of Mr. Bechtler and his mint and became greatly interested. He is gathering data to write a biography of Bechtler and a history of his coinage operations. It is stated, however, that he will get out an edition of only 250 copies of his book. Prof. Hidden has a fine collection of Bechtler coins and wants more of them, offering handsome prices for this historic North Carolina gold money.

LACK OF MEN, NOT WORK.
Revelation of the Real Problem of the Unemployed.

Leroy Scott contributes to World's Work the result of a first-hand investigation of the unemployed in the United States. He makes some startling revelations and incidentally scatters the tissue of sentimentality that has hung about the "poor man looking for a job." He declares that the real problem is not to find work for men, but men for work. Ninety per cent of the men out of work don't want work. Mr. Scott says:

"In large cities the men who stand in bread lines, who patronize free-soup kitchens and missions; who sleep in municipal lodging houses and in police stations, are properly regarded as unfortunates who have failed to find work. The Charity Organization Society and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, both of New York, recently had cards printed addressed to unemployed men, offering work and financial and medical aid. During March and April 28,000 of these cards were distributed to men in bread lines, missions and lodging houses. Three hundred and five responded—a little more than 1 per cent. It would seem that self-respecting men, eager to work, would seize at such chance. At the two lodging houses of the Philadelphia Society for Organized Charity, the officers clip from the morning papers and post on a bulletin board the advertisements asking for male help, so that the men can read them when discharged at 6 a. m. As a rule no more than two or three men from a crowd of 100 or 150 glance at the advertisements.

"Among unorganized workers men are frequently unemployed through a desire to choose their job. I sat a large part of one day listening to the talk between clerk and applicants. Job after job was refused because the applicants were not pleased with the work or the wages. A typical case was that of a young fellow who was offered a good opening in an office at \$12 a week; he refused because he wanted to start at \$15. On the previous day this agency had found a job for a man whose family was being supported by a charity society. The man in the afternoon he was back at the agency. 'They only wanted to pay me \$17.50,' he complained. 'I won't work for less than \$2 for anybody.'"

What Fishermen Believe.
Fishermen are, many of them, remarkably superstitious. For instance, in some fishing boats whistling is forbidden and neither milk nor burnt bread is allowed on board. Even the name of that unlucky animal the hare may not be mentioned and a common method of punishing an enemy is to throw a dead hare into his boat. Some fishermen believe in luck attending an odd-numbered crew, but the good fortune will be neutralized should one of the number have red hair.

Swans in Deadly Fight.
A fight to death between two full-grown swans was witnessed in the Wyck, a tributary of the English Thames. They could not be separated, and continued until one died of exhaustion. The other was severely injured about the neck.

A Subtle Distinction.
Mother of Parvenue Financier (to visitor)—All these are photographs of my son. Here you see him as a child, there as a man and there as a baron. —Journal Amusant.

An average girl is never satisfied until she acquires a son-in-law for her mother.



The Story of In-Door Sun.

Once on a time, in far Japan, There lived a busy little man, So merry and so full of fun, That people called him In-door Sun.

Now In-door Sun made mirrors fine, Like those in your house and in mine, And in these looking-glasses bright His own face saw from morn till night.

It made him feel so very sad To see his face look cross and bad, That he began to take great care To keep a sweet smile always there.

And soon he found that better, too; He seemed to like him better, so; For, like the mirrors, every one began to smile on In-door Sun!

Now try this just one day and see How bright and smiling you can be; You'll find both happiness and fun In playing you're an "in-door sun!" —Little Folks.

A Costly Skate.

Roller skating is older than most folk imagine. Joseph Merlin, a Belgian, born in 1738, a clever, inventive fellow, went to London in 1790 and exhibited his novelties at a museum in Spring Gardens, and afterward in Prince's street, Hanover Square. Having made a pair of skates to run on

by etiquette and forms and adorned with a few frills. Get behind the lingerie and the lingo and go to the heart of the thing and you will find it very much like the practice of law. The man with the best case ought to win, and when he doesn't and the man with the poorer case does win it is because he is the better man and knows better how to present his case and how to handle it. There is another popular notion that the American diplomatic establishment is weak because our representatives abroad contend with men trained all their lives in the diplomatic school. We have no permanent diplomatic establishment. Our ambassadors and ministers abroad are picked from law offices, editorial rooms and even counting rooms. Usually they have had no previous acquaintance with diplomatic work. Yet nine times out of ten they are more than a match for the men they have to deal with abroad. Breadth and strength of character, knowledge of human nature and experience gained in the rough and tumble of life count for quite as much as the other fellows' dilettante culture. It is the judgment of the best observers throughout the world that our successful American lawyers and editors east-

wheels, he appeared with them at a masked ball given by Mrs. Cornelius, in Carlisle House, Soho. He was duly invited to display his skill. Having put on the skates he took a violin and began whirling about to his own music. One thing he had not studied, however, and that was how to guide himself and to stop quickly, and the result was that before the performance had lasted very long he dashed into an immense mirror valued at \$2,500, smashed his fiddle to bits, and seriously injured himself. That appears to have dampened the spirit of inventors, for we hear nothing of other wheel skates for nearly half a century.

A True Incident.
A French family has recently had its fortunes restored in a way to suggest story telling. They were wretchedly poor, selling one possession after another in order to live. One day the mother, in moving an old desk of her great-grandfather, came upon an old book, between the pages of which was a stamp of the Island of Maurice of 1847.

A traveler stopping to rest in the cottage one day saw this stamp, which a boy was sticking to a home-made envelope, playing "traveller" (a man of wealth and a collector of curios) saw it and was very rare. In truth, there were but two others in existence, one belonging to the King of England and one to the Czar of Russia. He told the family of their treasure, and it was through his interest and exertions that the stamp was subsequently sold for \$7,500.

An Eskimo's Dress.
When an Eskimo young lady goes to a ball she is a gorgeous sight to gaze upon. You did not know that they had dances in her country? Well, they do, and a traveler reports just how a belle was dressed on such an occasion.

Her dress was made of the intestines of a seal, spilt and sewed together. This makes a transparent garment, and the girl trimmed it with elaborate embroidery of colored worsteds and fringed it with strings of beads. Her trousers were white and made of Siberian reindeer skin, embroidered with strips of wolf skin. Her hair was braided on each side with strips of wolf skin and strings of beads. Heavy necklaces and pendants of beads and teeth of animals hung around her neck and over her shoulders. Snow-white gloves, made of fawn skin, were on her hands. These fitted perfectly and were ornamented with strips of skin from some animal—perhaps the seal. To complete this elaborate outfit this Eskimo belle carried in her hand—not a bouquet—but a long eagle feather. In fact she carried two, one in each hand, which she waved as she danced. No doubt this young lady made a charming picture. At least the young gallants of her set thought she did.

Diplomacy.
Diplomacy is a matter of business, though a polite business, hedged about

by a few frills. Get behind the lingerie and the lingo and go to the heart of the thing and you will find it very much like the practice of law. The man with the best case ought to win, and when he doesn't and the man with the poorer case does win it is because he is the better man and knows better how to present his case and how to handle it. There is another popular notion that the American diplomatic establishment is weak because our representatives abroad contend with men trained all their lives in the diplomatic school. We have no permanent diplomatic establishment. Our ambassadors and ministers abroad are picked from law offices, editorial rooms and even counting rooms. Usually they have had no previous acquaintance with diplomatic work. Yet nine times out of ten they are more than a match for the men they have to deal with abroad. Breadth and strength of character, knowledge of human nature and experience gained in the rough and tumble of life count for quite as much as the other fellows' dilettante culture. It is the judgment of the best observers throughout the world that our successful American lawyers and editors east-

ly hold their own against their competitors.—Walter Wellman in Success

BEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD.
In Japan, Briton Says, with a Lucerne Hostelry a Close Second.

If one excepts the Schweizer Hof at Lucerne, which cannot be approached by any rival in any country, the average English hotel is more luxuriously furnished than the average foreign hotel. But unfortunately one cannot lunch off saddle bag lounges or dine on alabaster pillars. The food supplied by the palaces which line the coasts of the island is abominably bad, according to the London Saturday Review.

Abroad it is a very different story. Everybody in and about a foreign hotel, from the head waiter down to the under cooks, takes an interest and a pride in his business. In the English hotel the servants seem ashamed of being caught ministering to the creature comforts of others, and even the Germans and Italians catch over here the surly, listless air of English cooks and waiters.

French is the country of culinary extremes; there the cooking is either very good or very bad. The idea that the humblest French inn will produce an appetizing dish is a myth. We have had some of the most nauseous as well as some of the most exquisite meals in France; and outside the larger towns a French hotel, unless it is in the way of receiving English and American visitors, will have sanitary arrangements such as those described by Arthur Young in the eighteenth century.

Of the hotels in the United States it only remains to be said that they are four times as expensive as British hotels and in every point except that of service four times as good.

Attendance in the shape of getting your bell answered, hot water brought or boots cleaned, is simply non-existent in an American hotel. But in cities like New York, Chicago, Boston, and even remote towns like Denver, the cooking of the restaurants and the quality of the food are as good as you would get in Paris. The linen and the sanitary arrangements of American hotels leave nothing to be desired.

Unquestionably the worst hotels in the world are those in the east, in India, at Singapore, Hongkong and Shanghai.

Having run over nearly the whole world, we are of opinion that the best hotel in which the fastidious traveler can hang up his hat is the Oriental Palace at Yokohama.

How the Trouble Arose.
"I suppose he clasped you in his arms when the canoe upset?"

"No; quite the opposite."

"Quite the opposite?"

"Yes; the canoe upset when he clasped me in his arms."—Houston (Texas) Post.

Trusts must go. A Cincinnati man has been forced to beg because they closed a factory in which his wife had a job.

GOOD Short Stories

A visiting nurse, the other day, took a dozen big oranges to a little sick patient on New York's East Side. Three days later, in making her regular visit, she noticed that the oranges were still on the table, untouched. "Doesn't Jacob like oranges?" she asked the child's mother. "Yes, yes," was the reply. "Why doesn't he eat some of these, then?" "We don't like to get away with dem, cause they look so wealthy on the table," was the explanation.

The following story is told of one of the former governors of Georgia: He was out walking one morning, a few days prior to his election, when he met an old negro. The following conversation took place: "Morning, Marse John." "Good-morning, uncle." "Yo' feelin' lookin' mighty fine." "Yes, I feel pretty good." "Do yo' know what yo' look like, Marse John?" "No. What do I look like?" "Yo' looks as if yo' had a dollar in yo' pocket and was runnin' fo' gub'nor."

A woman who was called upon to write a paper at a suburban current topics club on Victor Hugo, went to the Carnegie Library erected there, and collated her facts from a number of encyclopedias. When she had finished, having a quarter inch of space at the end of her paper, she thought she would add something original, and wrote: "Whatever we and succeeding generations may think of Victor Hugo, we must agree on one thing, that he wrote good English."

Andrew Carnegie greatly admires Ernst Haeckel, and not long ago he commissioned a young man who was about to become a student at Jena to get for him a Haeckel autograph. The autograph, in English, in due course arrived. It read: "Ernst Haeckel gratefully acknowledges the receipt from Andrew Carnegie of a Zeiss microscope for the biological laboratory of the Jena University." A microscope, needless to say, arrived with Mr. Carnegie's compliments at Jena within a few weeks.

When the Prince of Wales was a little fellow at school he ran out of money and knew his parents too well to ask for an advance in his allowance. He thought the matter over, and then sat down and laboriously prepared a letter to Queen Victoria, his grandmother, pathetically begging her to send him half a sovereign. The Queen thought it a good occasion for improvement of his mind, and instead of forwarding the money wrote an autograph letter, full of wholesome advice. A few days later she received a brief response, which said: "Dear Granny—Never mind about that money now. I don't need it. I have sold your letter for 22."

An old lady once asked in a draper's shop to be shown some silk. A young clerk showed her some, saying: "We can do this for you at 6s. 6d. a yard." The old lady asked for something better, but the clerk replied that they had nothing better. Whereupon the mistress came forward, and said: "You must excuse my assistant, madam, he is new to the business. Here, madam, is a very superior article, 10s. 6d. a yard. If it were not for the fact that I bought it some time ago we should have to charge you 15s., for, as you are doubtless aware, owing to the recent epidemic among the silkworms the price of silk has increased enormously of late." The customer took the silk. A few days later the same old lady came in and asked for some tape. The clerk said glibly: "Here is some we can let you have at 8d. the dozen yards. If it wasn't for the fact that we've had it in stock some time we should have to charge 1s., for, as you are doubtless aware, owing to the recent epidemic among the tapeworms, the price of tape has gone up enormously." It was then she hit him with her umbrella.

HAT REFUSES TO COME OFF.
Woman at the Play Had a Hard Time Trying to Accomplish It.

She was pretty, but rather unduly plump, yet no one would have dared to tell her so, or even to study her generous figure too critically, for she was also middle-aged and dignified and sufficiently self-possessed to come to the theater alone at night, relates the Philadelphia Record. Her seat, in the middle of the row, was the only one left vacant when she came down the aisle, and people sitting there viewed her with some anxiety when they observed her ample size.

She managed, however, to squeeze through without doing too much walking on other people's feet, and despite the impediments of a fan, an umbrella, an opera glass bag, a program and a pair of gloves. When she sunk into her seat her sigh of relief was echoed by all the people whom she had passed, and the men in the seat on each side of her promptly took her elbows off the chair arms to give her all the room possible for the widdling of her fan.

When the curtain had gone up without her having removed her hat a man immediately behind her leaned over and asked her if she minded taking it off. Without turning or replying she put both arms up and began to tug at a hat pin. Slowly some of the things on her lap began to slide off and the opera glass bag, with its contents, reached the floor before she made a grab for them. It was clearly impossible for her to stoop over straight in front of her. The men at each side, each desiring to get the bag, went through a little pantomime of the Gaston and Alphonse variety with each other, and then at the same instant came together in a resounding thump just above the large lady's knees, but one of them arose with the glasses in his hand and gave them to her.

Then she bunched all her things in a wad on her lap and started to work on the refractory hatpin again. It balked at first, but finally came with

such a rush that her elbow went fairly and squarely into the eye of the man on her right. She put the pin in her mouth with the point toward the man on her left side and then her neighbors at sides and rear saw, with rising perturbation, that there were at least two hatpins still to come.

The man behind leaned over and said: "Pray don't trouble yourself further, madam. It's of no consequence. I can see very well as it is."

The man on her left doled wildly for fear she should turn her head in his direction with the long pin in her mouth pointed toward him. But she did not turn. She went at the pin again. Things slid off her lap, but neither of the men at her side dared to reach for them. She tugged and tugged and the man behind her begged her again to leave the hat where it was. She paid no attention, however, and at last the head covering came off. She was flushed and hot and her hair was bloused and tousled and her queenlike dignity was no longer in evidence. The stage villain meanwhile had laid bare his prospective criminality and the curtain went down on the first act without anyone in the vicinity having known what the play was all about.

THE BEST CONTRIBUTION.
Among the many lovely and inspiring reminiscences to be found in "Old Greek," a memoir of the late Edward North, for fifty-eight years professor of Greek in Hamilton College, is one of an alumnus of that small and frequently straitened institution which shows that a man's service to his alma mater need not wait upon his achievement of a million.

This graduate preached the gospel in a small rural parish, where they paid him five hundred dollars with a donation party thrown in. He met Prof. North one day, and said that he owed the college a large debt, and wanted to pay the interest on it if the college would take what he could offer.

His salary all went for his living, and his children were all girls. But he prayed for the college every Sunday in the pulpit. He believed in special providences, and that the Lord might be sure to understand his prayer, he prayed for Hamilton College in particular, and by name, as well for higher education in particular.

His prayer for Hamilton College had been answered already, he said. Coming down from his pulpit one Sunday, he met a sturdy cheesemaker with his little wife beside him, who wanted to know about the college that had been prayed for.

"Wife and I," said the cheesemaker, "have a boy at home who is all for books, and wife thinks he ought to go to college. But we can't spare him yet, for he's mighty handy at milking cows."

The minister saw his chance there, and went on to tell Prof. North that he was drilling that boy twice a week in his Greek and Latin.

"I'll have him ready for college in two years," said he, "and I mean he shall capture a Phi Beta Kappa key, if not the valedictory."

A GIRL PRODIGY.
Has Committed to Memory 12,236 Verses from the Bible.

Most likely not another brain in the State, possibly in the world, has verily acquired so much Scripture in so short a time as has been done recently by a young woman in Buncombe County, says the Biblical Record.

About the 1st of March, 1905, Pastor J. A. Brendell, hoping to stimulate memory work in the Bib. Riv. Baptist Sunday School at Barnardsville Post Office, offered two prizes (Bibles), the first to the pupil over 12 and the other to the one under 12, who should during this interval commit to memory and recite the largest number of verses of Scripture. A committee was appointed to hear the contestants for the prizes and register the number of verses memorized.

On the day of the award it was found that among the older competitors the winner was Miss Leste May Williams, a young woman 10 years of age. With these ninety days, during which she had an attack of measles, she committed to memory and recited to the committee 12,236 verses of Scripture, covering the entire New Testament (excepting two genealogies of Jesus in the first chapter of Matthew and the third chapter of Luke), and including liberal selections from Genesis, Psalms, Ecclesiastes and other parts of the Old Testament.

The winner of the second prize was the youngest sister of the winner of the first prize. Little Miss Ella Jay Williams is only 12 years of age, yet in this competition there were to her credit 715 verses of Scripture.

The pastor reports that during the entire contest there were more than 100,000 verses memorized.

Red Sea Pearls.
Pearl fisheries, of which the world hears little, but which constitute a considerable industry, are carried on at the Lohia Islands, in the lower end of the Red Sea. Very few of these pearls find their way to European or American markets, because the local demand almost absorbs the output. Pearls are the most popular of all gems among the inhabitants of India and Arabia and it is seldom that a native woman of any social position is seen without pearl ornaments of some kind, either finger rings, earrings or rings for the nose, and even the feet.

His Practical View.
A certain sweet faced grandmother is sometimes startled by the up-to-dateness of her grandchildren. The other day she was telling the youngest of them, a boy 5 years old, the story of Lot. She showed him the pictures of the wicked cities of the plains enveloped in the fire from heaven. The little chap gazed at the pictured conflagration and then asked: "Were they insured?"—New York Press.

The Philosopher of Folly.
They tell me that young Nouncut has gone to the dogs. Very sad—but my sympathy is all with the dogs.—Cleveland Leader.