

Stacy's Chimney-Top Party

By Edward William Thomson.

WHEN the first great woolen factory was put up at Cornwall, Ont., by the Scotch-Canadian capitalists who are now Lord Mount-Stephen and Lord Strathcona-and-Mount-Royal, their contractor for the building was John Stacy. He was of great physical strength, notoriously "a tall man of his hands," and anything in the nature of a practical joke was dear to him, although he must have been 55 or 60 years old. So nobody who knew him was surprised when he proposed a luncheon on top of the factory chimney just after its completion.

It cannot be truthfully said that men came flocking to his invitations. The chimney, which stood about 25 or 30 feet clear of the factory building, was a plain shaft of brick with an unrailed iron coping, and to reach this top we had to go out on a ladder, about 35 or 40 feet long, which slanted from the roof of the ten-story stair tower to the coping. In high winds the tall stack of brick swayed distinctly, as all high brick chimneys do at such times.

"It's a wonder entirely what absorbing business the gentlemen of Cornwall do to have on the day of me luncheon-party," old Mr. Stacy told me, with apparent solemnity and a few touches of brogue. "I was expecting the judge would come and reply to the toast of the learned professions, but himself is for holding court steady all that day. Darby Bergin darsn't be leaving his patients for two hours, poor creatures!"

"When I axed old Aleck Sandfield to at wid us up there, he fled as one man. Donald Ban McLennan says 'will be the height of impossibility for him to get away from his office that day at one o'clock."

"And even me bowld John Ban could promise no better than that he'd be proud to partake of what would be going if it was the luck of him to be able to join me chimney-party. Sure, it's cloudy in his talk John Ban can be at times! And ten or a dozen more—with one accord they made excuse. I dunno what's gone wrong. There's seldom unwillingness among them to partake of what's going at me expense."

"They're afraid of the height," I suggested, being young and innocent enough to imagine that the contractor might really be puzzled.

"Look at that now!" he exclaimed, eying me with mock admiration. "He seen it at want! The foolish old man I am! 'Tis the fut of the chimney I should have invited them to! And me at the greatest of pains to instruct them on the picturesque prospect from the top, and about the enjoyment of sitting foreinst yer provisions wid 130 feet of hole under your toes and the same of clear air beneath your backbone!"

"And then," Stacy continued, "the pleasure of climbing out on the ladder with nothing, bar the rungs, betwixt your boot-soles and the ground! Faith, I disoorsed of the height as an attraction! And you think it scared them! See the penetration of the young!"

"And so the party won't come off?" I said, ignoring his irony.

"Troth, it will! There's yourself and your chief, Mr. Bell. Ye will represent the noble art of factory architecture; and the superintendent, he'd climb anything with a good lunch at the top of it. It's manufacturing industries he'll speak for, and me son George can stand with yourself for young Canada; and there's meself for old Ireland; and then there's the reporters, maybe, and MacDew—that is the mayor—and wee Macklem that wants to be. Sure, they'll represent the pr-rroud municipality of Cornwall."

"Macklem! Surely he won't try it!" "And why not?"

"That little, nervous, shivering storekeeper!"

"Agh, but you forget the ambition he has to be mayor! It inflates him to that extent he might float up like a balloon. How did I get him to accept? Ah, that was aisy! I just took it for granted he wouldn't want to be climbing high places, and I went on telling him how Mayor MacDew had accepted, and how I'd arrange for the Montreal Daily Gazette reporter, and that the Cornwall Sentinel would give two columns to my chimney-party, and how the owners of the factory wished me success in it—they that will be able to influence so many Cornwall votes hereafter, and what popularity the present mayor do be always gaining by being to the fore on public occasions."

"And finally," says I, "I'm sorry you won't take a bite with us on the chimney-top, Mr. Macklem."

"But I will," says he, "and thank you."

"'Tis a brave little sowl he has in his little onaisy body! So you see 'tis all settled, and I've bespoke the materials, and a high time we'll have that day, anyhow."

A week later we were on top of the chimney at about one o'clock, a party of six, awaiting the upcoming of Mr. Macklem and young George Stacy, whom he had last seen at the foot of the stairs on the ground floor—the elevator was not yet running. We sat with our feet dangling inside the great flue, and the void gulf at our backs.

A thick plank laid across the coping supported the viands. The wind was light, the day sunny. Our eyes ranged on an immense prospect from far south of the broad, green St. Lawrence northward to the dim blue Laurentian hills beyond the Ottawa. We were all at ease, for all had

grown used to being on high during the upward progress of the building, except Mayor MacDew, who seemed devoid of nerves and perfectly contented.

Stacy had just remarked: "I'm 'fear'd the stairs has played puck with Mr. Macklem's polite acceptance," when that aspirant's head came through the hatchway on top of the stair tower. He was ghastly pale. We could see him trembling as he tottered to the ladder and laid hands on a rung.

Behind him came young George Stacy, looking very serious, and then frowning fiercely up at two or three who were grinning at Macklem's plight and chaffing him.

George told me afterward that he had tried to dissuade Macklem from coming up out of the stair tower, for the higher he mounted the plainer was his fright. "But of course he was my father's guest," George explained, "and I could not stop him by force. He would come on—he said he had promised, and MacDew would laugh if he backed out. I was sorry for the little man, and when I heard those two jeering at him, I felt like going up and kicking them off the chimney."

Macklem's grasp on the rung seemed to steady him for a few moments, and he came slowly up, hand over hand and foot past foot, well out over the abyss. But he was in a shocking state of fear.

His face was clammy with a cold sweat, he seemed not to respire, his white lips were fixed wide in a death-like grin that showed the gold fillings of his teeth, and his eyes were tight shut and wrinkled, as if he were striving to close them more completely lest he should by chance glance down. Clearly he might collapse at any moment, and yet he came slowly quivering up the slanting ladder.

"By the powers, he's a brave man!" whispered old Stacy, sincerely.

Then he called down encouragingly: "You're doing fine, Mr. Macklem, and there's what'll do you good up here waiting!"

"George," old Stacy called to his son, who had begun to ascend, "you had better be coming up right close after Mr. Macklem, close, so as to give him a boost at the top!" But the old man's real purpose was that his strong son should catch Macklem instantly if the man collapsed. If he should fall backward from the height of six feet above George's broad shoulders, the young man might be hurled down with his father's guest.

As Macklem felt the ladder tremble under young Stacy's quickened movement he stopped with an inarticulate cry, as if believing that the ladder had given way; but when George called out: "I'm coming up closer after you, Mr. Macklem!" he seemed to understand, and clutched for a new rung above him.

Old Stacy and all of us were as pale as Macklem when at last he put his hand on the coping in reaching for one rung more.

"Well done, son!" said old John.

"Just put up both your hands and I'll help you up by the shoulders." He was afraid to take hold of Macklem without such a warning, for the strained nerves might break down at an unexpected touch.

But Macklem kept his lower hand on the rung, and spoke, if speaking that could be called which was little more than a motion of ashen lips.

"Put an oyster in my mouth!" his lips whispered.

He gulped it down with difficulty.

"Now I've lunched with you as I said I would," and suddenly he put one foot down as if to retreat.

The sole of his boot came hard on George Stacy's left hand. At this contact with something unexpected Macklem's strength gave way, and he fell in a dead faint.

His face fell forward and his legs sprawled down in George Stacy's front; he slipped down over the rungs until the youth jammed the limp figure against the ladder by pushing his own body forward.

Old Stacy gave a loud cry, fearing his son must go down, too, and he made a movement as if to help him by getting on the ladder, which might not have borne the addition of his heavy frame. But we held the contractor back for an instant, and then it was all over. George seized Macklem about the waist with his mighty left arm, and easily backed down the ladder with him.

He laid Macklem on the roof of the stair tower and hurried away for some stimulant.

When he returned with the remedy, the party had all descended from the chimney-top.

It was fully 15 minutes before the stimulant and the fanning of his face and chaffing of his hands revived the merchant. Then, like the famous "consular of Rome," the first words he spoke were of the fight:

"Didn't I keep my word with you, Stacy?"

"Faith, you did, then!" cried old John. "And a bolder deed I never saw. Only it wasn't necessary. Bedad, I'm ashamed of me foolish prank in tempting you up, Mr. Macklem. If it wasn't for my boy being a better man than his father, 'tis a murderer I'd feel meself this minute. Faith, it's a strong sowl we've got in that little wake body! If it wasn't so senseless of ye to insist on ascending for the sake of wan oyster, I dunno but I'd call ye a hero."

The affair illustrates one thing worth remembering in days when newspapers make a fresh set of heroes every time armed men do anything indicating normal human courage: At Stacy's chimney-party a nervous, sedentary, small man encountered what was to him an immense danger, and fought his own fear till he fainted, all from a not despicable desire to keep an engagement even though the engagement was entered into from petty vanity, jealousy and ambition.—Youth's Companion.

IF THE KAISER'S COUNTRY.

Things Which You Must Not Do If You Are a Resident of His Domain.

There are many things you must not do if you live under Emperor William. Following are some of the restrictions in Berlin, enumerated in the late G. W. Steeven's book just published, entitled "Glimpses of Three Nations."

"You must not hang beds or clothes out of windows so that they can be seen from the street. You must not feed horses in streets where there is not room for two vehicles to pass, and in others only with the consent of the occupier opposite whose piece of pavement you are; you must watch the horse, and undo the traces while he is eating, and when he is done the occupier must clear up the spilt chaff. If you accidentally break a bottle or jug in the street you must carefully gather up the pieces and take them

NEWSPAPER MAN'S MISTAKE.

He Sent Vice President Hobart's Card to a Senator Instead of His Own.

A Baltimore newspaper man once came over to Washington to do some interviewing of public men, says a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American. It was when Garret A. Hobart was vice president, and he called upon that distinguished New Jerseyan first. Then, with fear and trembling, he went to the residence of a senator who was noted for frigidity toward representatives of the press. He sent up his card and expected to be sent a curt refusal to be seen. What was his astonishment when the lackey came downstairs, bowed profoundly and said that Senator So-and-So would be down in just a minute, and would he be so good as to make himself at home meanwhile. In less than that time the

FARMER AND PLANTER.

LAYING A FOUNDATION.

The Value of Agricultural Teaching in the Public Schools Can Not Be Overestimated.

Agricultural teaching in the public schools is not a new thing. It has been in operation for many years in Germany, France and elsewhere in Europe. It is an innovation that can not be completely accomplished in this country at once. The necessary preliminary steps have not been taken. First, there are needed text books, competent teachers and experimental grounds. All these will come in time. But shall we lose precious years waiting for what we need, and refuse to take what we can get? Any competent teacher can, in a week's time, qualify himself to teach the principles of plant growth, plant breeding, crop growing and harvesting, and the economical uses to which agricultural and horticultural products are devoted. Any system of education, preparatory or collegiate, that omits these branches is defective. It is impossible to conceive such an anomaly as an educated person ignorant of these things. Such knowledge is not only necessary that a person may avoid the stigma of gross ignorance, but necessary for the very purpose of all school education to broaden the intellect, enabling it to think intelligently on subjects in relation to which action may be required. Such knowledge should be general, not confined to farmers. To withhold such knowledge from the prospective lawyer, physician or merchant, would be as wise as to restrict the study of history to those who are to become historians, or mathematics to those who are to become lexicographers. As agriculture is the most important industry of our country, (or any other country, for that matter,) and one that directly concerns every man, woman and child, certainly a knowledge of its principles should be a part of the life equipment of every child in the country. Farmers and fruit growers are not the only ones requiring such knowledge. Every home owner, in town or country, must plant and grow for sustenance, profit or pleasure, and if he knows how, so much the better. To begin with, the fundamental principles should be taught now, and measures should be taken to prepare text books and teachers competent to teach this branch more thoroughly. It should be taught in every public school, and once introduced, the growth of agricultural education in the public schools is assured. It is not intended, of course, to make farmers or fruit growers of every pupil, for we will have lawyers, physicians, teachers, bankers, merchants and many callings we could very well dispense with, and they will all be the better qualified by having a well-grounded knowledge of nature's plans and requirements, as set forth in vegetable life. In the course of time we hope to see every public school in possession of an experimental plot, where the lessons of the class-room may be illustrated in actual practice. The durability and usefulness of every structure depends on its foundation. The business of all public schools is to lay a foundation for the superstructure of life and character. The soil and the subsoil, its physical features and productive powers form the best foundation on which to build a superstructure of future knowledge and usefulness.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

Aggressive drain upon the supply of horses for military purposes in the last few years has practically depleted this country's number of good horses, and there exists to-day an actual shortage which can not be made good for several years. The demand has been chiefly for heavy horses—those suitable for cavalry and for dragging heavy provision trains. Horses that would answer the requirements for these purposes have been shipped to South Africa, Manila and Europe in great quantities. It has been impossible to meet all requirements because of the lack of suitable animals. The demand now is for heavy draft horses, good animals for horseback riding, and even for roadsters. Breeding and rearing of any of these must return good profits to the farmer or owner. Horseflesh in the last few years seems to have recovered from the low depression it reached a few years ago. Then the animals reached the lowest stage of demoralization possible, but the losses sustained by owners of horses then were not wholly an evil. There was some good that came out of it. Not the least of these was the cleaning out of all the poor and inferior animals that had been accumulating in the country. Years before the depression prices for horses had been so good that people paid exorbitant sums for pretty inferior horse flesh. Breeders found that they could sell almost anything they raised, and in a few years the country was flooded with poor horses. The depression in prices cleaned out these inferior animals. Some were shot, others froze to death on the western prairies, and some were shipped away. Only the man with good horses decided that he would not sacrifice his stock, and he clung to his favorite animals.

Now the country is actually depleted of good horses, and there never was a better time to breed. The type of animals that is needed should be an incentive to every owner of good horse flesh to raise some for market.

LEGUMINOUS PRODUCTS.

Their Value as Food for Man is Set Forth in a Department of Agriculture Bulletin.

The department of agriculture published last year a bulletin on leguminous food products which will bear another reference. People often read and forget; therefore a good thing will bear repeating: Peas, beans, lentils, and many other legumes have been popular food crops ever since history has recorded popular customs. These plants, or some of them, grow in all climates and every country yet explored. The bulletin mentioned is intended to inform the people as to the true value of legumes as food for man. Meats, it is well known, are our most expensive foods, and if a cheaper substitute can be found it will be a blessing to the poor and those who are economically inclined. The chief value of meats as a food is for the protein they contain—the fat can be easily replaced by butter, oil, nuts and many grain foods. Legumes are especially rich in protein. A large portion of the human family must of necessity eat less for the gratification of the palate than to sustain health and strength. Therefore legumes may be made to take the place of meat, wholly or in part, without detriment and with many actual benefits. The following is an extract from this bulletin:

"The green or immature pea and bean are among our most valuable green vegetables, and fully deserve the place they now hold on our bill of fare. The value of the dried pea, bean and lentil is such that one or more representatives are found in every country as a staple food, and they have been thus used from the earliest times. They are especially rich in protein, the nitrogenous constituent which forms the chief nutrient of meat, and are thus fitted to take the place of the meat in any dietary. Since in comparison with their value, their price is low, they must be considered among vegetable foods as next in importance to bread. As compared with cereals, the legumes are (1) less completely digested if eaten in considerable quantities; (2) it is improbable that they can be made into any form of palatable bread, and (3) their flavor is less generally liked, and on that account will not be made a regular daily food, except by people who are forced to it by necessity. In view of their low cost and high nutritive value, however, they may profitably be used to a greater extent than at present.

"Care in the preparation of legumes is very important, both as regards their digestibility and their flavor."

The Successful Lazy Man.

A lazy man who uses his mind to good advantage, makes a better farmer than one who works both late and early in wind and rain and snow, and neither knows nor cares how or why he does it. We know a good farmer who declares he is the laziest man in the neighborhood, and he makes the best crop to be seen for miles around. He lays awake at night studying how to make one lick do as much good as two usually do. He don't cultivate as many acres as some people do, but he makes more per acre.—Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—Pigs cease to be profitable as soon as they cease to grow. Not only that, but they require outlay without compensation.

—A horse man of note has expressed the opinion that the short hay crop merely corresponds with a short horse crop. Wars are harder on horses than men.

—Sheep are timid animals and should be carefully and kindly handled. To an average sheep a fright is as injurious as a blow, and protracted mal-treatment as injurious as scab or grubs.

—An investigation of the Texas rice crop by an agent of the department of agriculture, has determined that the crop will be about one-fourth the usual yield per acre.

—Mules are preferred for farm work because they require less feed are less liable to disease, harder every way, and will do more work than horses twenty per cent. heavier. They are more reliable and have fewer vices.

—A country is prosperous only when its people are employed. Millions of dollars may be stored in bank vaults, but the wheels of industry demand money in circulation. It is due to the abundance of money that business is brisk.

—The best thing that is going on in this country to-day is the agricultural and mechanical regenerations of the south. Out of the wreck and waste of war, the old-time animosities well nigh extinct, the beautiful southland is coming to its own.

—In the southwest, destructive droughts are sheared of half their strength by the long season, which enables farmers to grow feed crops after the drought and vegetables in abundance. Abundant hay and soiling crops may be grown after July ends, and winter pastures are an easy proposition.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



Although but little over 30 years old, the duchess of Sutherland has secured a position of influence in England equalled by few of her countrywomen. She holds a high place as an author and philanthropist, and is a recognized leader in movements of a charitable nature. A recent fete at Stafford house, her home, illustrates her methods where charity is concerned. By charging \$5 admission fee and \$25 for the use of a table at supper she raised a small fortune for the English lifeboat fund. She is highly esteemed and honored by all classes of English society.

PRETTY MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

It Was Inaugurated by Queen Victoria and Has Been Copied by All Her Children.

A pretty custom dating from the wedding of the late Queen Victoria, is that a sprig of myrtle which formed part of the bride's wreath was carefully

statesman came down the staircase at a pace that made the reporter fear for the safety of his limbs.

"Ah! Mr. Hobart, delighted to see you," he said, as he entered, with his hand outstretched, and before his eyes had become accustomed to the darkened parlor. Then, of a sudden, he drew himself up stiffly, fumbled in his waistcoat, pulled out the card that had been sent to him, and demanded: "What do you mean by this imposition, sir?" Like lightning it flashed on the newspaper man what had happened. He had, while in the vice president's room, inadvertently picked up one of Mr. Hobart's cards and had used it by mistake for one of his own. His apologies were ample, but the senator could not be induced to forgive that thrilling dash down the slippery staircase simply to accommodate a mere scribbler.

Silk Culture a Home Industry.
A writer in the Philadelphia Times says that silk culture is not, and never

NEW UNITED STATES MINT AT PHILADELPHIA.

Uncle Sam's mint in Philadelphia has hitherto been housed in an antiquated stone structure of small proportions, but the new building, at Sixteenth and Spring Garden streets, is soon to be completed. It will be, both as regards exterior appearance and interior conveniences, the most perfect establishment of its kind in the world. It will be protected by an entirely new system of electrical alarms, and be absolutely fireproof from cellar to roof. It is intended by the treasury officials to make the coining of gold a specialty at the Philadelphia establishment.

cultured, and in due time planted out. When the princess royal was married sprigs were cut for her bridal wreath from this myrtle tree. The princess, following her mother's example, had one of the sprigs cared for till it became a full-sized tree, which served for her daughter-in-law's wreath at the wedding of the present emperor of Germany.

The custom was observed in the marriage of the prince of Wales and all other of Queen Victoria's children and grandchildren. There is already, as the result of this charming custom, the making of a grove of myrtle trees. Other customs attached to the marriages of the royal family relate to the bouquet and the wedding cake. Ever since the marriage of Queen Victoria a firm of Windsor florists have had the honor of presenting the one, a Chester confectioner finding the other, neither accepting payment.

has been, an exceedingly remunerative business, but it adds vast wealth to the nations engaged in it for the simple reason that it can be pursued by the humblest and poorest, requiring only a small outlay. The raising of a few pounds of cocoons every year does not materially interfere with the household and other duties that now engage the time of the farm girls, and it is by each household raising a few pounds of cocoon that silk culture must be carried on in this country, as it always has been in other countries. In France cocoons are regularly produced by more than 150,000 families.

A Bad Mussel.

One Yarmouth mussel of deteriorated character contained no fewer than 3,000,000 of harmful bacteria, while the water in the shell was certified to contain 803,200 bacteria of the colon bacilli type, the forerunner of typhoid.

Demand for Good Horses.

Present Conditions are Propitious for Breeders of Draught and Saddle Horses.

The excessive drain upon the supply of horses for military purposes in the last few years has practically depleted this country's number of good horses, and there exists to-day an actual shortage which can not be made good for several years. The demand has been chiefly for heavy horses—those suitable for cavalry and for dragging heavy provision trains. Horses that would answer the requirements for these purposes have been shipped to South Africa, Manila and Europe in great quantities. It has been impossible to meet all requirements because of the lack of suitable animals. The demand now is for heavy draft horses, good animals for horseback riding, and even for roadsters. Breeding and rearing of any of these must return good profits to the farmer or owner. Horseflesh in the last few years seems to have recovered from the low depression it reached a few years ago. Then the animals reached the lowest stage of demoralization possible, but the losses sustained by owners of horses then were not wholly an evil. There was some good that came out of it. Not the least of these was the cleaning out of all the poor and inferior animals that had been accumulating in the country. Years before the depression prices for horses had been so good that people paid exorbitant sums for pretty inferior horse flesh. Breeders found that they could sell almost anything they raised, and in a few years the country was flooded with poor horses. The depression in prices cleaned out these inferior animals. Some were shot, others froze to death on the western prairies, and some were shipped away. Only the man with good horses decided that he would not sacrifice his stock, and he clung to his favorite animals.

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