

A Mother's Story

By ITTA ELLEN FELLNER

The afternoon sun sinking to rest in the west cast for a moment its brilliant and departing rays upon a solitary farmhouse in the Berkshire hills, then the bright glows faded away; the sun disappeared behind the mountain, and it was a soft, beautiful twilight.

Two women came out of the farmhouse and sat down on the porch in the twilight—mother and daughter. The mother has an earnest, thoughtful look in her face, which is fair still, although her hair is snowy white. The girl is beautiful truly, and her mother is very fond and proud of her. The mother sits in a large armchair and her daughter on the steps at her feet. As the mother tenderly strokes the abundant tresses upon her fair young daughter's head she questions her very earnestly.

"So my little lassie has had an offer of marriage, and cannot decide what her answer shall be? Ah! Do not blush, my dear, for I have known all along how John loved you, though I have not appreciated his good heart and honest nature. I was afraid you would hesitate, dear, before you gave him your answer, because he is only a farmer's lad; but John would be loyal and true to his wife; besides, he is a thrifty, industrious young man.

"I will admit John's not stylish, or what some would call refined, but it is character, dear, one must look at, and all the neighborhood knows John's good principles. We know all about that young man from the city, and I am not denying but what he has been kind and polite to you; but John loves you, and a true, honest heart has John.

"You don't like the idea of farming? Why, your father's a farmer, child! Was it not only this morning that you were telling me how dearly you loved your father, and what a good man he was? You think that a father's occupation is different from a husband's? My dear little girl, one must be wise in making a choice for life. Fine feathers do not make fine birds, and though John is rather plain in his looks, he would always be proud of his wife. You say you are not sure that you love him, and that you may love that city young man?

"Well, dear, I will have to tell you the story of my own love affair, a story you have never known. I should not tell it to you now, but it may help you to decide about John.

"As you know, I was born down in the village, and was considered the village belle. My father was a graduate from Williams college, although he was poor and a farmer, so I had better advantages in a way of education than most country girls, and was deemed quite accomplished. When I was about your age, too, had a lover—he was something like your John. He was rough in his ways, a farmer, and often his hands were soiled with honest work, which did not please my girlish fancy; but I lived to learn that it was better to have soiled hands than a soiled soul.

"But at 18 I felt as you do now, and knew that my lover was rather plain and old-fashioned in his ways. One winter, just before we were to have been married, some city young men visited our village and gave concerts and shows in the schoolhouse. Much to our astonishment, they remained in the village all winter, and one of them boarded at our house. My mother was dead then and father and I lived together. The city young man seemed to admire me very much, and soon I was listening to his flattering speeches to forget my betrothed lover. My new admirer was making love to me, and vowing that he adored me; he asked me to be his wife. He told me I was too beautiful to pass my days in a dreary farmhouse, and that the man that I had promised to marry was only an ignorant country farmer—and I, foolish girl that I was, listened to him and believed him.

"I began to be ashamed of my lover and of my engagement and to look with great pride and admiration upon my new lover's soft, white hands and his stylish and expensive clothes. He was very handsome and apparently refined, and believing him wise and good, I loved him and promised to be his wife. He paid me marked attention before everyone. When my old lover heard of it he came at once to my father's house. Taking me by the hand, he said: 'My girl, they are saying in the village that you have grown tired of me, and that a man has come between us. I have come to give you your freedom. I am glad you have a chance to marry a fine gentleman, for I was a fool to think I was worthy of you. I have you will be happy, but I shall not forget you, lassie; and wherever you may go to live,

OUR HERITAGE

"And I have given you a land for which ye did not labor; and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them."—Joshua 24:11.

We quarrel of work and wage;
We trouble our souls with a doubtful gain,
We forget our heritage,
Forgetting the tireless hands,
That fared undaunted through unknown lands,
Till the path was made complete.

The fathers—the men who dreamed,
And dreaming, were strong to dare,
To struggle ahead to the goal that glistened,
A prize that was rich and fair.

The fathers—the men who thought
Of all that the future held,
And, hearts uplifted, essayed and wrought
All the work their dreams compelled.

We pluck from the vines they set;
We walk in the ways they planned for us;
We build a place for us,
A country grand and brave and bold
In their faith all glorious.

We quarrel and dread and doubt,
Forgetting we only hold
The comfort within the peace without
By grace of the men of old,
Forgetting the toll and stress,
Forgetting the bygone age,
When cities were planned in their cumbersome.

For a future heritage,
—Chicago Daily News.

STRUCK WEALTH AT LAST.

Old California Miner's Final Blow with a Pick Reveals a Nagel Worth \$5,000.

After digging and scraping around in the gulches and hills of the Happy Camp district in Siskiyou county, California, for many years and with little success, an old miner named Howard has discovered a claim that he believes will bring him a fortune. He has already taken out a substantial nest egg.

Howard was digging one day in his accustomed manner. He had about given up hopes of finding a color and was preparing to go to his cabin for the night. He decided to try once more, and in less than two minutes he had picked out an almost solid nugget, valued at \$3,000. Howard did not sleep that night for excitement, and is now laying off and celebrating the event.

The Happy Camp district has several rich placer mines and is one of Siskiyou county's best producing sections. The finding of the large nugget has caused much excitement in the district, and it is expected that another rich strike will soon be made.

Nothing Personal.

Lou Dillon, Crescens, Major Delmar and Dan Patch are leading the most strenuous lives of the day, says the Deseret (Salt Lake City) News. And they aren't saying a word about it, either.

remember I shall always be your friend, for I love you with all my heart.

"I blushed before his honest eyes, but I could not deny the truth. I was in love with the city young man and wanted to marry him, so I thanked my old lover for his kindness and bade him good-by. I shall never forget his look of pain and sorrow as he took my hand and said: 'Good-by,' and the real tears in his honest eyes troubled me for many a day.

"Well, I married my New York lover and went to the city to live. At first I was happy, but as the weeks went by I found out that my husband had many vices. I learned with horror that he was a gambler, and was also dishonest. The stylish clothes which he always wore were not obtained honestly. He drank and gambled a good deal. He was always in debt and trouble. I discovered with keen sorrow that the winter he had spent in the country was while he was avoiding the law. He had many disreputable companions, and often I was obliged to listen to fiendish plots. I was heart sick and discouraged and knew not what to do. Twice during the first year of my marriage he struck me while under the influence of drink. In each of two years he deserted me. He deserted me for another fair young girl whom he had won over. He left me without a penny, and with a baby girl only a few weeks old.

"God alone knows what I went through then. I was a sad, broken-hearted woman, grown old in two short years. I was weak and ill, utterly poor and so terribly wretched that I prayed earnestly for God to let me and my poor baby die. But we did not die. A poor woman who lived in the home with me was kind to me and nursed my wee baby for me. I could pay her nothing, she knew that, but she helped me because she was a woman and knew what a woman could suffer.

"Two months after my husband deserted me I read of his death. He was killed in a gambling saloon by a man whom he had robbed, and all the New York papers published scandalous accounts of it. How I suffered then! But had he lived I should never have seen him, for he had cast me aside as easily as he would have cast aside a suit of worn clothing.

"With no money or friends in New York, I knew I could only starve or beg in the streets, so for my baby's sake I wrote and told my father everything, and he came to New York and brought me home back to the Berkshire hills. How sorry I was that I had ever left the dear, peaceful old place!

"The news of my husband's disgraceful death had preceded me, and everyone in the village knew that he had been a gambler and had shamefully deserted his wife. It was an awful blow to my high spirits and pride, and to my old father, too, for all the townspeople had thought I had married so well. The neighbors were all kind and good to me, and I learned then that country-bred people are not the kind to love you in prosperity and hate you in adversity. I found I had many good friends at home, and no one was more true and loyal than my old rejected lover.

"A year after I returned home my father died and his old place was sold for the mortgage. Again my baby and I were without a home. Then my old lover came to me and, taking my hand, he said: 'I love you, my lassie, the same as ever. Be my wife and forget all the trouble you have had. The baby needs a father, and my home is all ready and waiting for you both. Will you come?'

"We were married soon after that and came to live in this farmhouse. I fully appreciated then all my old lover's manliness and goodness of heart. I loved him dearly then and I love him dearly now. He has been kinder to me than I have been to him, and he has made me very happy here and done for us all he could. He has been so affectionate to my own little baby girl that she has never known that he was not her own dear father, and now she is a grown woman and has lovers of her own.

"There, dear, do not cry; it was best that you should know the story. Father and I have known all along how you have felt about your lovers, and we want you to marry John.

"What is that you are whispering, lassie? You have loved John the best all the time, and that is why I am coming tonight for his answer, and you are sure now what it will be? Ah, I know you will never be sorry, for John is a good lad and true, and father is as fond of him as he would have been of his own son."

For a moment there was silence, then as a distant step was heard as if some one were approaching, the mother arose from her arm-chair and said: "It has grown quite dark already, and there is some one coming through the orchard. Yes, dear, I know it is John coming for his answer, and you may run into the orchard and meet him and ask him to come into the house to tea. Listen—he is whistling 'Annie Laurie.' How happy the dear boy is!—Troy Times.

HON. CHARLES H. DIETRICH.



Constitution was created in official circles recently when the federal grand jury at Omaha, Neb., returned true bills against United States Senator Dietrich and Postmaster Jacob Fisher, of Hastings, Neb., charging them with conspiracy and bribery in connection with the appointment of Fisher to the position of postmaster. The senator is charged with accepting the sum of \$1,200 for securing the appointment of Fisher. Senator Dietrich characterized the whole affair as a blackmailing scheme. As soon as the indictment was returned he went to Omaha for the purpose of securing an immediate hearing of the case.

BACTERIA EVERYWHERE.

Each Time and Money Wasted in Futile Efforts to Escape the Germs.

Radium destroys germs, but radium costs 2,000 times as much as gold. If a barber puts a fresh towel under the head of each customer he raises the price of a shave, says Collier's Weekly. If he were compelled to sterilize his instruments, to the degree undertaken by one medical barber shop in Paris his fee would approach the dollar mark.

Every man who smokes puts a generous allowance of germs between his teeth. Uncooked food, like salads, has the bacteria of the water with which it is prepared. Not only are we unable wholly to avoid the deadly germ, but many unthought methods of outwitting him cost too much in time, money or abstinence. Some there be who avoid cars, and others the public carriage, from dread of exchanging germs with occupants. There are even those who, at the theater, prefer a box because it promises a species of bacteria superior to what is offered in the stalls. At the opposite extreme are thousands who eagerly drink from any vessel, and many who by the use of public towels and soap exchange honest soul for insidious beasts. The number of deaths caused by carelessness probably surpasses the number encouraged by worry, but both are great. The best chance belongs to the man who calmly takes what precautions are easy and within his means, and omits the rest without wasting thought. Secure in the knowledge that "death lurks in every flower" and hurts us most in apprehension, he is observant without timidity, and careful without anxiety.

WHEN LEO XIII WAS YOUNG.

Incident That Showed the Late Pope's Human Nature—Climbed Tree for Oranges.

Seventy-two years ago, when Gregory XIV was pope, a young priest was amusing himself by chatting with a lit-

HOTTEST PLACE ON EARTH.

Islands in Which a Breath of Cool Air Is a Rare Luxury—No Relief at Night.

Undoubtedly the hottest place on all the earth, if the testimony of travelers is to be credited, may be found on the Ayal islands, which cover a fairly extensive area of the Persian gulf, lying off the southwest coast of Persia. It is the largest of them which enjoys the doubtful distinction of leading all perspiring competitors in the matter of heat. The mean temperature of Bahrain for the entire year is 90 degrees. July, August and September are unendurable save for the natives. Night after night as midnight comes the thermometer shows 100 degrees. By seven in the morning it is 107 or 108 degrees, and by three in the afternoon 140 degrees.

It is stated by voracious travelers that 75,000 Arabs inhabit the Ayal group, fully 25,000 living on Bahrain, in which connection Sir Henry Layard adds: "It would seem that a man can accustom himself to anything." The following are the temperatures at some of the hottest places in different countries: Hyderabad, 105 degrees; Lahore, 107 degrees; El Paso, 113 degrees; Mosul, 117 degrees; Agra, 117 degrees; Death Valley, 122 degrees; Algeria, 127 degrees; Fort Yuma, 128 degrees; Jacobabad, 122 degrees; Bahrain, 140 degrees.

DEER AND SLEEP.

Foresters Say Animals Sleep About Five Hours in Daytime—Not at All at Night.

Deer reverse the apparent order of nature, for they sleep in the daytime and feed at night, says the Scottish Field. How much sleep they do take is a matter of contention, even among experienced stalkers—some say little, others much. On the whole, we are inclined to agree with the former, for it has been remembered that they chew the

A NEW USE FOR CHICKENS.



Master George Rogers, a bright youngster of Washington, N. J., has trained a big Plymouth Rock rooster, weighing 16 pounds, and standing 16 inches high, to pull a cart at a rapid gait. Master George found some difficulty in getting the rooster tame enough to drive, but with infinite patience and with the assistance of his father he at last succeeded, and for some months has been driving Edward K. hitched to the light road wagon shown in the above picture. The rooster is very obedient and stops at the word of command as would a horse or dog. George is, of course, envied by all his companions.

the girl ten years old. They stood on the balcony of a villa in Rome, says the Golden Penny, and near them, overhanging the wall which separated the villa from the adjoining one, were large clusters of ripe oranges. "What a pity," said the little girl, "that those oranges belong to our neighbor, for I would be very glad to eat one." As she spoke the young priest ran down from the balcony, quickly climbed the wall and plucked half a dozen of the largest oranges, which he hastened to place in the little girl's lap. At first she was so dismayed at his temerity that she could not touch them, but, with a laugh, he assured her that he had not committed any crime and that she might safely eat them. A few years ago the duchess of Brecci, an old lady with snow-white hair, went to the Vatican to pay her respects to his holiness, and Leo XIII. received her with extreme kindness. "Do you remember, your holiness," suddenly asked the duchess, "that day, long ago, when you plucked the oranges for me?" "Hush, hush! Don't say a word about that," whispered Leo XIII., with a humorous smile, as he gently placed a finger on her lips.

Raises Onion Seeds. In the Santa Clara valley, California, five square miles are devoted to the raising of onion seeds.

Big Timber Cuts. The cut of lumber in the Sault Ste Marie district for the season of 1902 was about 160,000,000 feet, and the cut for the season of 1903 is expected to total over 200,000,000 feet. At least 75 per cent. of this is cut in mills owned and operated by Americans. Two large saw-mills have been built during the year and a new veneering mill has been operating very profitably during the season.

MYSTERIOUS TERMS.

The Meaning of "Billets," "Ingots" and "Slabs," Etc., in the Steel Trade.

Recent discussion of steel trade prices, following a cut in "billets," introduced into the controversy a half-dozen or so of mysterious words, descriptive of the various forms of wholly or partly manufactured steel. At brokers' offices, references to "ingots," "slabs," "blooms," "skelps," and "structural shapes" have bewildered the uninitiated, who, however, have usually looked wise and pretended they knew what it was all about, says the New York Post.

"What do the terms mean?" a steel manufacturer was asked, this week, by an inquirer, who did not know and was not ashamed to say so. He replied: "If you watched the process of manufacture, you would see the liquid first turned out into 'ingots,' which run about a foot square and six feet long. For more convenient handling, the 'ingots' are shaped into 'billets' and 'blooms.' 'Billets' run anywhere from six to four inches in thickness, and measure, according to the use intended, from six to thirty feet in length. The 'blooms' are somewhat larger. A 'slab' is merely another second stage of 'ingot,' remolded into blocks that look to the eye like gingerbread. From these 'steel sheets' are rolled. The pieces, while they are red hot, are fed into machines that act like a corrugated clothes-wringer.

"Structural shapes" a more highly finished product, vary from standard sizes in "beams," "girders" and "angles" (the ones you see every day in new steel buildings) to those suitable for patterns intended for special designs. What the trade calls "skelp" is a flat piece of "puddled" iron intended for wrought-iron pipes, the "puddling" meaning merely a boiling-over of the molten material until all the impurity has risen in a sort of scum to the surface. The 'steel scrap' you see quoted means simply old rails or any used-up or rejected steel that has been accumulated for the purpose of melting over again.

THE AMERICAN STOMACH.

It Has Won a High Place in Literature and the English Drama.

J. M. Barrie, who seems able to do anything, has just produced in London a successful comedy, of which the hero is the stomach. Probably no other dramatist alive could handle such a topic, full as it is of widespread interest, avers a writer in Collier's Weekly. The American world especially now reeks with dyspepsia cures. No breakfast, no lunch; meat diet, vegetable diet; few meals, many meals; regularity, variety; small quantities and large. A man may cut his allowance down to steak and toast, and still have indigestion. He may feed on lobster salads and ale at midnight and prosper gloriously.

A German alderman advised us, many years ago, to cure all interior problems by two matutinal mugs of beer. We were turning over the "Autocrat" a day or two ago, brooding upon how human standards change. The poem therein called "Contentment" has for its comic idea luxuriance especially now reeks with dyspepsia cures. No breakfast, no lunch; meat diet, vegetable diet; few meals, many meals; regularity, variety; small quantities and large. A man may cut his allowance down to steak and toast, and still have indigestion. He may feed on lobster salads and ale at midnight and prosper gloriously.

The allegation that "man wants but little here below" has to be interpreted in the light of change. It may at least be assumed that, whatever he gets, it is less than he wants. As Holmes puts it: "I only ask that Fortune send a little more than I can spend," which is a large order for Fortune. Luxury, now so dominant with us, has among its other consequences, led to gross overfeeding, in the attempt to get amusement out of meals, but just how much and what to eat, in individual cases, remains one of the questions which often baffle the most successful doctors.

BERLIN'S CITY OFFICIALS.

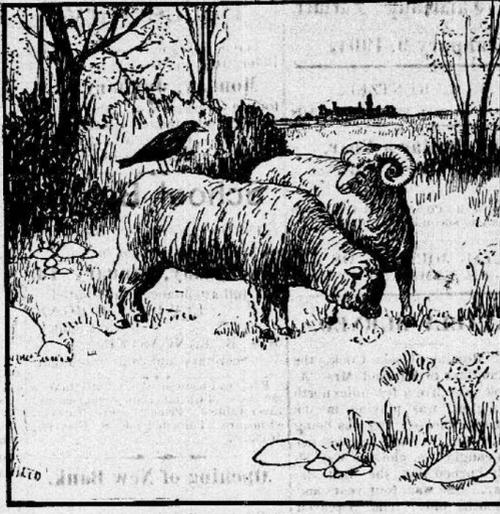
Said by This Writer to Be Far Ahead of Those of American Towns.

Prof. R. T. Ely, in the World To-day, presents a striking contrast between the type of municipal employes in Germany and in the United States. He writes: "What are the prospects for that improvement in the civil service which is demanded by existing conditions? When I speak about the civil service I have two very different pictures in my mind. I think of the employes of the city hall in Berlin and of the employes in New York city. When I was a student in Berlin, I was asked by Andrew D. White, then our minister to Germany for the first time, to make a study of the government of the city of Berlin. In order to make my investigations I had occasion to go to the city hall and consult the officials. I found them scholars and gentlemen, thoroughly familiar with all the details of their business and evidently interested in it. I was given a budget of the city of Berlin which was a model. At that time the city council of Berlin was a body of high-minded men, its members among whom one of the most celebrated scientists of the world occupied a dominant position; I mean Dr. Rudolph Virchow. It was largely through his influence that improved sanitary conditions had been introduced into Berlin, saving the lives of many thousands annually. Soon after my return to this country, I had occasion to go to the city hall of New York and was almost overcome by a sense of humiliation at the contrast, seeing corrupt-looking men sitting on desks and chewing tobacco, men evidently not at all versed in the science of municipal government, and caring nothing about it.

The way of it. Miss Topple—My dear, I congratulate you on getting the duke. Where do you spend your honeymoon? Miss Millions—With my husband's creditors.—Philadelphia Press.

Sun-Ray Messages. The United States signal service made the world's record by flashing sun-ray messages between mountain peaks 159 miles apart.

THE JACKDAW AND THE SHEEP.



Find Owner of Sheep.

A Jackdaw sat chattering upon the back of a Sheep. "Peace, you noisy thing," said the Sheep. "If I were a Dog you would not serve me so." "True," replied the Jackdaw, "I know that. I never meddle with the surly and revengeful, but I love to plague helpless creatures like you, that cannot do me any harm in return."

Moral—Many people in this world are of the temper of the Jackdaw, who do mischief for mischief's sake, and at the same time are never so well pleased as when they do it to the innocent and undeserving.

BIG GAME IN A HOTEL.

Guests in Singapore Hostelry Are Startled by Strange Additions to Their Number.

Singapore is possibly the most humid place on earth. The atmosphere is almost always "sticky" from the combination of heat and rain. Animals and reptiles of all kinds abound in the Malay peninsula, as they do in India and other tropical countries. At Singapore Raffles' hotel is the gathering place at night of all the foreign residents looking for a chance friend from home on one of the many incoming steamers, says a London exchange. Wide piazzas run the entire length of the house on each floor and overlook pretty flower gardens and well kept grounds. One day in the early part of last winter one can imagine the amazement of the assembled patrons on beholding a huge python serenely crawling about the lower piazza of the hotel.

This reptile, which measures about 12 feet in length and was as large in body as a man's arm, is now on exhibition in the small "zoo" connected with the botanical gardens in Singapore. It quite gives one the "shivers" to think that one might have been waked up some morning and found this formidable foe in one's bedroom.

Shortly after the advent of the python players in the billiard room one evening were startled to see a young tiger moving quietly about the room. There was a shriek and a sudden disappearance of billiard players, but eventually the beast was captured. Whether it came from its native jungle or escaped from some native who had it in captivity—they frequently do have them as pets—was never known, but his tigership was also sent to swell the collection at the "zoo."

The permanent residents of Raffles' hotel after these two experiences had grown rather accustomed to strange things prowling about, but were still unprepared for the next encounter, which took place in February. The huge native servant who stands guard at the door was startled, not to say alarmed, one day by a sudden and violent contact with some animal rubbing between his legs. It turned out to be a wild boar, strayed in from no one knows where.

NO FREE COPIES.

"The Hustler" Was Ready to Do Hustling on the Spot, But for Spot Cash Only.

"I never read of a case on newspaper enterprise without it bringing up a recollection of 20 years ago," said a city hall official, as he laid aside his newspaper to stroke his gray locks, relates the Brooklyn Citizen. "It was then a miner and prospector, and we had camped at the mouth of a pass in the Bitter Root mountains, on the dividing line between Idaho and Montana, and for 40 days we had not seen a human being outside of our own crowd. At five o'clock in the afternoon two men in charge of three pack mules reached our camp, and as they halted one of the men said: "Good afternoon, gentlemen. Will you be kind enough to inform me if there is any town around here?" "Town? Town?" repeated the captain. "Why, man, do you know where you are?" "In the Bitter Root, I take it."

"Yes, and you are looking for a town? Well, the nearest town I know of, if you keep to the west, is about 400 miles from here."

"Only 400? Well, that's not so bad. Can we camp here to-night?" "Of course. What are you loaded with?" "Well, it was the Montana Weekly Herald ten days ago. In another ten it may be the Idaho Hustler. We've got press and type and everything necessary to get out a lively sheet. Jim, better get the pack off. I've got to write a salutatory and leading editorial to-night. Westward the Star of the Empire, and so forth. The office of the Hustler is now open for business. Subscriptions, four dollars per year; always payable in advance. Two dollars for six months. Job work done on reasonable terms. All advertising considered cash, unless otherwise agreed, and no specimen copies forwarded unless paid for."

Typographical Error.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed the reporter, looking over his report of the wedding in the paper, "I'll bet that bridegroom will be sore."

"What's the matter?" asked the snake editor.

"He owns an old family homestead out in the suburbs somewhere, I believe, and he told me to say 'the young couple will reside at the old manne.' The papers got it 'old man's.'—Philadelphia Record.

SILK ON THE FARM.

Agricultural Authorities Convinced That It Can Be Raised with Profit.

Although the United States agricultural department has made several well advertised attempts to start silk growing on an extended scale in this country, none of the experiments has proven successful. Now the government experts have started on a new tack that may meet with better results. Dr. L. O. Howard, the entomologist of the agricultural department, always has believed it possible to produce here all the raw silk needed by American manufacturers. In order to stimulate the industry he has advertised that the department would purchase at the current European price all the cocoons offered for sale, states the New York Herald.

Dr. Howard is convinced that silk raising to be profitable in this country, must be pursued by many families and on a small scale—as a sort of "sideline," as it were, to other agricultural undertakings. He estimates that from 20 to 30 pounds of cocoons could be raised on a small farm, and the work could be done entirely by the women and children. As the profit on even this small output would range from \$30 to \$35 the addition to the household income is not to be despised by the small farmer.

While on a trip to Europe last summer Dr. Howard visited the silk-raising countries and found the industry highly profitable, even on the large estates. The work was performed largely by the women and children, while the men toiled at harder tasks. A child is said to become useful at the age of five years, and large families therefore do not necessarily mean poverty. Upon his return Dr. Howard recommended the purchase of a four-basin silk reel with which to reel the silk from the cocoons purchased by the department. The raw silk sold in the open market, he contended, would help defray the expenses. Two reels of this size were imported from France. One was set up in a building in the department grounds in Washington, where it is in full operation, while the other was sent to Tullulah Falls, Ga., where a northern capitalist has established a silk farm of 3,000 acres, with the purpose of establishing a colony for the raising of silk.

Two women were brought from France to operate the machine in the department building, and their work is one of the most interesting sights in the capital at present. It was only after the utmost persuasion that they were induced to leave their native land. It is hoped, however, that American girls may be able to learn much from them. The good offices of the immigration bureau will be enlisted to induce a colony of Italian silk growers and reeler to come to this country and settle in California.

NATION'S BIGGEST BUSINESS.

More Than 745,000,000 Pounds of Mail Delivered by Uncle Sam Last Year.

I asked Postmaster General Payne how in his opinion the United States post office compares in efficiency with private business organizations and foreign post offices, writes M. G. Cunniff, in the November World's Work. "How do I know?" said he; "I've been postmaster general only a year." An assistant postmaster general was once invited to address a convention of postmasters, runs an old story. He jokingly replied: "I cannot go. I couldn't tell you anything anyway. What do I know about the postal business?" Said another assistant postmaster general:

"If a man attends closely to his work he can learn to manage one of these departments in about 40 years. Then he goes out and another pupil comes in—the chances are a politician. A business? Why it is simply a training school!"

Through 75,924 post offices, and in such mass as to require for railroad transportation 31 trains each a mile long traveling 203 times around the equator, more than 745,000,000 pounds of mail matter was delivered last year. If an average were made, every man, woman and child in the United States received 61 letters, 31 newspapers or periodicals, and 14 packages; and every sixth person registered a letter.

The people of the United States paid \$130,000,000 in postage for its postal service last year. Over \$4,000,000 was paid to support the post office.

Didn't Hit Him. "You know, they say money talks," suggested the woman with the subscription paper, cheerfully. "Well, I never was any hand for extravagant speeches," replied the close-mouthed millionaire.—Syracuse Herald.