The weekly cost of living in 1900 was $9.89. In 1902 it had risen to $10.72. In 1903 it is $10.96, or practically $11 per week.

INCREASES NOT UNIFORM.

The increases in the various items of family expenses have not been uniform, as shown by the foregoing figures. For example, during the first two years the cost of food increased 7.8 per cent. This made an increase in the total cost of living of 3.2 per cent. Rent, which has undergone an advance of about 15 per cent. on the average during the past three years, furnishes 3 per cent. of the total increase in the cost of living. The higher price of fuel has added about 2 per cent. to the total living expenses. The increase in the miscellaneous expenses of a family has added less than 1 per cent. to the total cost.

"Miscellaneous expenses" is a rather broad term. In this item is figured car fare, extra food, fuel, lighting expenses and various other items which are not specified in any of these tables. No provision is made in these tables for sickness, for entertainment of any kind, for books, for magazines or newspapers. Neither does the miscellaneous expense item include any allowance for charity or for the church, or for any one of the hundred and one other little things that constantly drain the family pocketbook.

GOULD AND MORGAN.

Former Secured Rockefeller's Friendship to Offset Morgan's Hostility.

Brooklyn Eagle.

As the head of a mighty transcontinental railway system that has inch by inch fought its way into the front ranks with its bitterest foes, and which gives promise of soon outstripping them all, George J. Gould is today one of the most remarkable and one of the least understood of those picturesque characters in that most thrilling of melodramas—Money.

But Gould is more than picturesque; he is more than dramatic. He is tragic, for he has arrayed against each other two great armies of multi-millionaires. A move for supremacy—one way or the other—may lead to such a battle as the world has never known.

Soon after George Gould had obtained full charge and was practically dictator of the interests left by his father, he called at the office of J. Pierpont Morgan in regard to the purchase of the New York & Northern Railway by the Manhattan Elevated road. There were some things on which the two did not agree; some remark was made by Morgan; words passed and Gould left the office in anger. In telling the circumstances to a friend, he afterward said that he would never again enter Morgan's office, and he never has. The friend, however, who had known his father for many years, took the young man to one side and said:

"George, you are just beginning your career where your father left it for you to resume. Now, let me give you a bit of advice. If you desire to be successful, as your father was, you should not begin by making powerful business enemies."

Gould said nothing, but he thought of the matter carefully. He had made an enemy of Morgan and he was too proud to make any concessions to him. The next best thing, therefore, was to gain a powerful friend to offset the powerful enemy and he determined to seek the strongest man financially in the world. At that time John D. Rockefeller was one of the heaviest stockholders in Union Pacific, of which the Gould Southwestern railway system was a direct rival. Gould, accordingly, called on Rockefeller. He said frankly that he did not want to run the Missouri Pacific in competition with the Rockefeller interests and he asked the great financier, much after the manner in which a son seeks advice from a father, just how he could conduct his road and its branches in harmony with its former rival. There was something about Gould, something in the confidence that he reposed in Rockefeller that won his friendship. A harmony plan was at once arranged and from that time forward the friendship between these two men grew stronger. The more Rockefeller saw of Gould the more he liked him and believed in him. When the split between William and John D. Rockefeller came the business interests of the latter and Gould were strengthened. Rockefeller millions began to pour into Gould propositions. An extensive system of expansion was planned and the Gould roads reached out toward the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Gould, realizing the importance of making strong allies and planning for the future, was quick to seize upon a circumstance that brought him and Andrew Carnegie together. Carnegie, who may be said to have changed the railway map of the United States, was engaged in a fight with the Pennsylvania Company, which he thought was charging too much for freight. He had heard of George Gould's ambition to bring the Wabash to an Atlantic port and he determined to use him as a wedge against the Pennsylvania people. Gould and Carnegie had several conferences, the result of which was that a contract was entered into by which the Wabash was to receive 25 per cent. annually of the output of the Carnegie Steel Company in consideration of a railroad being built to Pittsburg. The United States Steel Corporation, of which J. Pierpont Morgan is the head and front, and one of Gould's bitterest enemies, has now that contract to fulfill. This one tonnage contract is enough to guarantee the financial success of the new line from the start, and the most peculiar feature of the whole matter is that the money comes from the very men who most strenuously opposed the entrance of the road into Pittsburg.

CANNED CORN SCARCE.

Crop Was Almost a Total Failure—Prices Soaring Skyward.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

People who have been depending upon their grocers to provide them with canned goods during the coming winter may find themselves disappointed in some particulars. For example, the housewife who delights to place before her liege a steaming dish of sweet corn when the meadows are covered with snow and the air is resonant with the merry music of the sleighbells, may not be able to do so, or if she does she will make a tremendous inroad on the expense account.

Not only has the crop of coarse corn been sadly curtailed, but the sugar corn which is put up in cans for the table has proved almost a total failure, and prices have already advanced from 40 to 50 per cent. with no stock in sight from which dealers are to replenish their supplies. The choicest brands of canned corn have heretofore come from Maine, but between the unfavorable season and the early frosts, the crop of sweet corn in the Pine Tree State has proven a total failure, and the packing companies have closed down.

The crop of sugar corn in Wisconsin was also a failure, and there has been a shortage in the crops in other sections of the country. And these conditions come upon a market that was practically sold out, there being little if any of last year's supply carried over.

Canned peaches is another article that is soaring skyward so far as prices are concerned. Of course, the California peaches, which always command the highest prices, will probably remain at about the same or it may be a little higher price. The cheaper grades, however, have already gone up 40 and 50 per cent. on last year's prices. The conditions affecting the market are peculiar. For the first time in the knowledge of the oldest dealers, Eastern agents have invaded the fruit region in Michigan, where there was an abundant crop of peaches, and have purchased all they could get hold of and shipped them to New York, and even Maryland and Delaware, the peach crop having proven a failure in those States.

There is an abundant supply of apples in first hands, but the greatest difficulty is being experienced in getting barrels in which to send them to market. Milwaukee coopers are overstocked with orders for apple barrels, which are being sent to New York fruit growers and buyers. The ruling price for barrels is 40 cents each, although as high as 60 cents has been paid in cases of emergency. The freight is 8 cents a barrel to points in New York State, which makes the barrel an important item in the transaction. The foreign demand for apples is something unprecedented.

The supply of canned peas is abundant, and in this particular line Wisconsin leads the world. Formerly, the Milwaukee jobbers placed orders with the Maine canners, but of late years not a can has been shipped into the State from that quarter. Canned tomatoes will also be abundant, contrary to expectations early in the season. The cold summer retarded the growth, but the holding off of the frost allowed them to ripen, with the result that there will be an abundant supply.

IN THE LITERARY FIELD

AMERICAN BOOKS ARE WRITTEN WITH TOO MUCH HASTE.

The Modern Form of Literary Fame—A Glimpse of Swinburne—Day of the Amateur.

America aspires to create a great literature, but she will never do so until her literary men have higher ideals than most of them seem thus far to have set up for themselves, says a writer in the Kansas City Journal. Thousands upon thousands of books are produced in the country every year, but few of them are literature. Some of them are storehouses of facts. No people, except the Germans, are more industrious, persistent and successful investigators than we are. For example, no history ever printed contains more information, page for page, regarding its subject than does Professor McMaster's "History of the People of the United States." But, as Buffon said in his address on his admission to the French Academy, and as he exemplified in his great works: "Well-written books are the only ones that will go down to posterity. Quantity of knowledge, singularity of facts, even novelties in discoveries, are not certain guarantees of immortality; knowledge, facts, discoveries are easily abstracted and transferred. These things are outside the man; the style is the man; the style, then, cannot be abstracted, transferred, tampered with; if it be elevated, noble, sublime, the author will be equally admired at all times, for it is only truth that is durable and even eternal."

The main cause of the inferiority of most American books evidently is the haste with which they are written. The facility with which we work has made us the first nation in the world financially and industrially. But facility in writing is almost invariably fatal to good style. Dr. Johnson's "Rambler," Addison's contributions to the Tatler, Spectator and Guardian, and Hamilton's "Federalist" were written with considerable rapidity; but they are among the very few works that were so written which rank as literature. When Racine was a young man he remarked to Boileau that he was sometimes astonished at himself because of the ease with which he wrote. "I want to teach you to write hard," answered the great critic. "The result," says Guizot, "of this singular instruction was 'Andromaque' "—the first of Racine's writings in which his great genius fully manifested itself, and one of the immoral works of French literature. The lesson that Boileau taught Racine is the lesson that many American writers need to learn. They write too easily. Good writing is not done easily. They need to learn to "write hard." They need to learn that, as Mr. Mabie has so well said, "the crude material of thought, emotion and experience is no more literature than the uncut marble is sculpture." We have, and always have had, enough literary laboring men to dig and haul our intellectual and scientific marble from its native quarries. We have also had a few artists, like Hawthorne and Poe and Washington Irving, who knew how to chisel it into "that final stage which we call beauty." We shall not have another generation of great literary artists until we have another generation of writers who are willing to toil until they have transmuted their thoughts and ideas into art instead of sending them into the world fragmentary, unpolished or misshapen—children of the brain born before their time.

A Glimpse of Mr. Swinburne.

Shan F. Bullock's London Letter.

Lately I have seen something of Swinburne—from a distance and as a mere observer. Happening to be in the neighborhood of Wimbledon (which is a well-known suburb of South London, lying near Putney along the Thames), I came into the High street and—with malice aforethought—went on toward Putney. The day was fine. Few people were stirring. It was about noontide. Presently uphill I saw a figure approaching, and at sight of it my pulse quickened. Not that there was anything striking about the figure, not that I expected from it either word or glance: that blood-quickening was merely sign of my homage to genius.

I saw a man of medium size and well advanced in years. He wore a lounge suit, somewhat tarnished and untidy. About his throat was a red tie. On his head was a felt hat with a high crown, and about it a folded gauze veil that fluttered in the breeze. He walked steadily, straight on without glancing right or left, and his gait was that of a portly man pressing uphill—head back, elbow squared and stomach pushed out. Coming nearer I saw that the man's face was sallow, was lined and seamed; that his hair hung somewhat long and grizzled; that his eyes were pensive beneath a wide brow; that his mouth was large and mobile; that his nose was big and high, and that the expression of his face was one in which, methought, the qualities of the poet and the fighter were clearly mirrored. And at sight of the man I stood doing homage. He was Swinburne. Straight on he went uphill, and after him went I. Soon he came to a wayside inn called, I think, "The Rose and Crown;" there entered, and, in a little room facing the bar, was served with a glass of ale. He sat some minutes, resting by the table and sipping his ale; and while he sat I gathered from an attendant that, for many years, the poet has been a regular customer of the house. "Comes from Putney way," said the man, "lives down there with another chap as calls himself Watts Dunton. Writes poetry or sutthink; don't know much about that kind o' thing myself. Oh, yes—he's all right. No trouble here, sir. Just walk in reg'lar every day, nods, an' has his driuk in the room. Yes. Allus the same drink, an' never no more an' no less, an' as reg'lar in his habits as the clock. But, my word, can't he just talk if so be he's not served quick or the ale is a bit off. An' swear—!" The man held up his hands in mute admiration; and before I could ask further Swinburne came from the parlor, nodded, and went out.

A little farther up the High street stands a little stationer's shop, and here the poet bought a newspaper, folded it carefully, put it in his pocket and turned back homeward. I watched him go. He marched steadily, with the determined tread of a man who, in spite of wind or weather, will have his constitutional. He regarded no one. Few did more than glance at him. He seemed unknown. So for many years, every day, almost without fail, England's greatest living poet has walked his two miles uphill from Putney, drunk his glass of ale, bought his newspaper and walked his two miles back. He does it, not because he likes it, but because he must. For even poets must exercise their fleshly bodies.

The Day of the Amateur.

London Mail.

Are we in a worse case than our neighbors? That is to say, have our literary ideals become vulgarized, while France maintains the glorious traditions of Racine and Voltaire and Balzac? It is customary, particularly among "superior" people, to reflect upon our insular ideas of literature and to exalt French thought and style and fiction at the expense of our own. Is there any justification for this?

Certain authoritative philosophers have lamented our literary decadence and attributed it to cheap books. It is, therefore, interesting, if not consoling, to find that so distinguished a critic as M. Octave Uzanne, in the "Fortnightly," makes a similar complaint about French literature to-day. He declares that contemporary literature is commercialized; that "public taste has no definite trend;" that "the literary event is a thing of the past." "Indifference in literary matters," he asserts, "is daily increasing and affecting every class. The bookshops are on the eve of being deserted."

Our grievance on this side of the channel is that literary criticism has decayed. We have pointed that out in this column. It has been flooded out by the tide of books and writers. In France apparently the development has been parallel. "Mere advertisement takes precedence in the press of criticism." Why, it might have been written of us poor islanders. Nobody reads. Who takes a few successful books on his holiday? "The conceit of writing has spread to every class; men of letters having become men of the world, people in society, men and women alike, took it into their heads one fine day to compete with those whom they invited to their houses."

Is not every word applicable here? The duchess of So-and-So writes verses; the countess of Blank novels; and every young gentleman of ease and idleness who is debarred from the stage takes to scribbling. Thus culture and the peerage are supposed to join hands. How Horace Walpole would have derided the fashion! But we would also have liked Swift's views on the subject. To-day is the day of the amateur. It is no longer a "republic" of letters, since recognition is obtained by spurious means and to be hailed as a great literary figure—when (or if) you publish a volume. Publicity here, as in France (and we may mingle our tears in mid-channel), is disastrous to competence and merit, much more to genius. At least, then, we have the comfort of companionship in misfortune, for this is one of the things they do not do better in France, if M. Uzanne is correct.

Literary Man as an Advertisement.

Scribner's Magazine.

A certain American man of letters likes to believe that he is modest, even if he is forced to admit to himself that his modesty may be due to the unfortunate fact that no one of his works of fiction has attained a sale of a quarter of a million copies. Whatever the cause of his modesty, he cherishes it carefully; but it had a rude shock last summer, which it survived only with great difficulty. He received a letter from a firm in Milwaukee stating that his "name and books are now so widely known that we desire to use your name and portrait on a cigar-box label." Here was fame suddenly thrust upon him in its most obvious form—or if not fame, its illegitimate brother, notoriety. The joy which a prima donna feels when the horses are taken from her carriage and her admirers insist on dragging her themselves from the opera house to the hotel cannot be as acute as that which fills the soul of a modest man of letters when he is besought to lend his name and his portrait to a box of cigars. For a brief moment he perceived that he had a chance for once to be "in everybody's mouth," as the phrase is. He beheld his name attached to the Cigar That Made Milwaukee Famous. He looked forward and foresaw that bold letters in primary colors might soon declare him to be either An After-Dinner favorite or Generously Good. * * * Supposing that they had not been courteous gentlemen; supposing that they had been unscrpulous hustlers; supposing that they had gone ahead without his advice and consent; supposing that they had thrust his name and portrait on their cigar boxes; supposing that they had insisted on pointing out his Generous Goodness in letters ten feet tall; supposing they had chosen to disregard his wishes and to outrage his cherished modesty—what redress had he? Had he any exclusive right to his own "name and portrait?" His name was his trade-mark serving to identify his books; could they attach this trade-mark to their cigar boxes without his consent? His portrait was a part of himself; could they violate this privacy and paint the portrait on the house-top and at the edge of the gutter, in spite of his protest? In other words, did he own himself, or could anybody "jump the claim?"

Mr. Kipling's Power.

Harry Thurston Peck, in the Bookman.

And most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the range and infinite variety of his language. Whether it be the crude speech of the untaught soldier in his barrack, or the rapid, crackling, resonant rush of modern phrase and sharp colloquialism, or whether it be lofty and majestic diction colored with something of the Oriental imagery of the Hebrew prophets, it is all the same in being absolutely perfect and inevitable, reaching its mark without an effort and with never a mistake. Pathos, humor, exultation and indignant wrath, or reverence, tenderness, haughtiness and contempt—the whole gamut of the emotions, in fact, is made to sound under the touch of this extraordinary man who uses with swift mastery whatever medium he prefers; so that some of his most wonderful effects are produced in material which the conventional poet would regard as hopeless. Long ago I roughly divided the whole human race into two classes. To the first belong those who feel in "Mandalay," running through all the common soldier's unlettered speech, expressive and yet at times grotesque, the wonder of the East, its fascination, its perfume and melody and color, and the mystery of its love which can move even the coarse-grained unromantic British infantryman to a pathos that is infinitely real. To the other class belong those men and women of whatever rank or station who read those lines and grin and snigger over them in the belief that "Mandalay" is a comic poem. The former class comprises the enlightened. The other class is made up of those who (perhaps for their ancestral sins) are fated to mumble and gibber and squeak in the fogs of philistinism forever and ever.

Writers Who Cling to Facts.

Richard Le Gallienne, in Success.

The number of capable writers who are telling the various truths of life in the form of fiction is much greater than contemporary pessimists realize. There is, indeed, no corner of human experience which cannot produce its able, entertaining representative. Let us take some traditional forms of the novel—the sea story, say, Captain Marryat was indeed a master, and yet W. Clarke Russell and Conrad and Jacobs! In the work of all these men one has to acknowledge that romantic fidelity to the facts rather than the fancies of the sea which I have spoken of as the note of the modern romantic realism. In the case of Conrad we have also a writer of the first literary importance—a novelist of action and serious vivid detail, who does not scorn to write good English, but who, more than that, Pole as he is—and there is an additional marvel—writes English of a quality so English that, incredible as it may sound, his words are no less exciting than his adventures. It may almost be said that the fact of his being a "foreigner" using our English tongue has possessed him with a regard for classical English which fostered in him the journalistic impression of such a vociferous English writer as, say, Mr. Kipling—Mr. Kipling, who is patriotic in everything but his language.

Brevity Desired.

Philadelphia Record.

"Padding doesn't pay," remarked a writer. "I mean from the literary standpoint, of course. The best newspapers insist upon a short, straightforward narrative, as much abbreviated as is consistent with a correct explanation of the facts. Those of us who like to embroider with our pens are indeed cut short on every side. Only the other day I was speaking with a writer on scientific subjects and he declared he was through with every sort of writing for periodicals. 'The magazines are as bad as the newspapers,' said he, 'and here's an article I have just demanded sent home. In order to make it acceptable to all I inserted a few more or less amusing little anecdotes. I received a letter from the editor of the magazine saying he was delighted with my contribution, but that it would have to be cut to a certain number of words, but that I was on no account to cut the anecdotes. This, I found, meant writing a few words of introduction and adding enough to carry the illustrations. Naturally I couldn't stand for such nonsense, so I threw the manuscript into a drawer, and there it will stay.' "

Le Gallienne's "Hafiz."

New York Times.

Richard Le Gallienne, the English poet, returned to this country to-day on the steamship Arabic, of the White Star line, after a three months' visit to England. Mr. Le Gallienne finds the climate of this country better suited to him than that of England, and practically makes his home here. "While I was away," he said today, "I prepared an English version of "Hafiz," which will be published next year—a first edition for collectors and a second edition for popular sale.

"My version is made from a literal translation prepared for me by the Indian servant of Colonel Clark, who was in the English civil service in India ten years ago. I had another made by John Payne. Both translations were word for word, but the Persian meter has so many peculiarities that to transpose it in English would make only jingle and nonsense. I threw the translations overboard. I have adopted a suitable meter, according to the mood of the poem, for my version. The subjects are principally love and wine."

Literary Notes.

Mr. George Meredith's health is said to be much improved, but he is not doing any literary work.

Mr. Conrad has just written in collaboration with Mr. F. M. Hueffer a new volume entitled "Romance; A Novel."

Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," is living at present in Lajolla, Cal. She was born in Indiana in 1850. The poem was first published in the Detroit Commercial Advertiser in 1870.

John Lane will bring out before the end of the autumn a posthumous volume by Aubrey Beardsley. It will contain essays in prose and verse, including the unfinished story, "Under the Hill," from which the book will take its title. There will be a number of illustrations.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Walpole Warren, late rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, New York, who recently died in that city, left the original manuscript of Samuel Warren's novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," which he owned, to his son, A. Kennedy Warren, as an heirloom.

Has any one any knowledge of the earliest use made of that beautiful word, "Panjandrum?" Dr. Murray, the editor of the New English Dictionary, will be infinitely obliged if some one will tell him in just what work one "Fitzgerald" wrote the phrase, "He was the great Panjandrum of the place."

Henry W. Lucy, "Uncle Toby, M. P.," of Punch, and for many years the parliamentary writer for the London Daily News, who is now on a visit to New York, is so diminutive physically that he appears to one as nothing more than a little pair of legs. So he was described once by his friend, David Christie Murray, the Scottish writer.

The untimely death of Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Waltz will bring regret to many readers of the Century. She first attracted the attention of the editors of that magazine by a story called "The Praying Match," which was accepted and published in the Century for July, 1900. After this followed others in the remarkably original "Pa Gladden" series, just appearing in book form, her first book. Mrs. Waltz has had three Christmas stories accepted for three succeeding years of the Century, beginning in 1901. Mrs. Waltz was connected with the Louisville Dispatch and later with the Louisville Courier-Journal. She was a woman of indomitable courage and energy, and there were elements of the heroic in the story of her devoted life.

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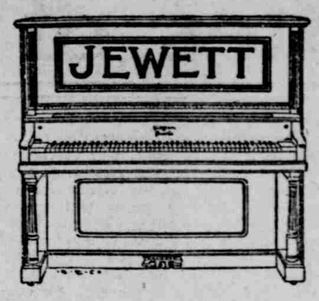

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OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The tenement inspectors in New York city have found over 325,000 occupied rooms which have neither light nor ventilation.

The new British Blue Book gives the average weekly wages of fifteen skilled trades at $10.50 in London and $18.75 in New York.

G. B. Hall, of Parry, Ill., owns the smallest Shetland pony in the world. It was born June 6 and weighed but twelve pounds.

Pennsylvania farmers refuse to pay more than $20 a month for school teachers, but are offering $2 per day for men to dig potatoes.

Farm laborers in Mexico may be employed at from eighteen to twenty cents a day, though in many parts of the country they are scarce and unreliable.

The number of murders per million inhabitants is: In England, 5.13; in Germany, 5.45; in France, 11.15; in Austria, 15.42; in Italy, 76.11; and in Spain, 44.70.

Farm laborers in Mexico may be employed at from 18 to 20 cents per day, though in many parts of the country they are very scarce and unreliable.

Manila has a total population of something like 300,000, about 10,000 being American and European born. The American population is estimated at about 6,000.

A small fraction of an ounce of radium, properly employed, would provide a good light sufficient for several rooms and would not require renewal during the present century.

Though there are only 18,000,000 people in Spain, there are nevertheless 35,000,000 in America speaking her tongue. There are 110 Spanish-American writers and poets, all born outside Spain.

With 385 pounds of smokeless powder the new 40-caliber 12-inch gun will send an 850-pound armor-piercing shell through 19 5-10 inches of Harveyized nickel-steel armor at a distance of a mile and a half.

The coal-handling machinery at a Boston wharf recently lowered the world's record by raising coal from a steamer ninety feet to storage pockets at the rate of 320 tons an hour. The capacity of the shovel was two tons.

In the interest of making Australia "a white man's country" a government bounty is paid for sugar grown by white labor. Of the last year's sugar crop of 100,000 tons seven-tenths was produced by Kanaka black labor.

There is conclusive evidence to show that in one unbroken nocturnal flight the European bird known as the northern bluethroat passes from Central Africa to the German sea, a distance of 1,600 miles, making the journey in nine hours.

Immigration statistics continue to surpass all records, and a total of more than a million immigrants during the present fiscal year seems now assured. The total last year was 857,046, which was 68,054 in excess of the number of arrivals in any previous year.

The authorized capitalization of street-car lines in the United States in 1902 amounted to $2,870,629,316, while the gross earnings from operations were $247,553,999, and the net income, after deducting all expenses, both operating and fixed charges, was $30,695,977.

It is estimated that during the last five years telephones have been put into nearly half a million rural homes. The farmer finds that with the telephone he can keep in touch with the market, selling his produce or live stock when quotations are the most favorable.

There are 7,333 names on the State pension rolls of Mississippi of persons who served the Confederacy during the war, and the widows of soldiers. The State appropriates $200,000 for the payments. Of the beneficiaries 361 are negroes, who will receive in the aggregate $9,079.

The Lutheran Church ranks first among Protestant denominations in the United States, having 1,200 congregations and a membership of 1,900,000; 48 theological seminaries, 43 colleges, 50 academies, 10 young ladies' seminaries, 22 hospitals, 52 orphan asylums, 20 homes for the aged and eight deaconess houses.

The total area used for farming purposes in the United States is 841,000,000 acres—an area larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Japan and the Transvaal. There are 10,438,000 persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, while all other industries employ but 18,845,000. One-third of the people is therefore devoted to farming.

It is calculated that in the Bay of Bengal the water lies at a level exceeding that of the Indian ocean by fully 300 feet, and that of the Pacific ocean along the coast of South America may be heaped up as much as 2,000 feet higher than the waters in the opposite Atlantic. These water mountains depend upon the attraction of great mountain masses, the Bay of Bengal upon the Himalayas, and the South Pacific upon the American Andes.

The Alarm.

Clang!
A rush in the street,
A swift tumult and noise
Of hurrying feet.
The engines!
Good men, stout and brave
To fight a good fight 'gainst Destruction,
To rescue, to save!
Fire!
Shouting and cries!—
The horses, with broad, mighty chests straining forward,
With broad, calm, intelligent eyes—
A hurling and thunderous vision!—
The roar and the beat
Of galloping hoofs dying down in the distance—
A hush in the street.

—S. H. Kemper, in November Everybody's.

Has Turned the Tables.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The Chilicothe Country Politician printed a story last week that showed that the time has come when the countryman has become the seller instead of the buyer of the gold brick. It tells of a farmer who was asked, "You're one of the chaps to whom the city sharpers sell gold bricks, aren't you?" "Well, I guess not," emphatically returned the farmer, "Instead of me buyin' gold bricks, I guess I am sellin' 'em now. I am sellin' the city fellers watered milk, process butter, incubator eggs and feedin' city boarders on canned fresh vegetables."

TREASURE SHIP FOUND.

That It Is to Say, a Report to that Effect Has Spread.

Florida Times-Union.

The late developments in the locating of the treasure ship by Capt. Joseph Jennings and his associates is a nine days' wonder. Yesterday the whole theme of conversation here was the finding of the silver-laden hulk. For more than sixty years there has been a constant search for this wreck. There has never been any doubt in the minds of the old settlers here in regard to the authenticity of the report that there was such a wreck. Many of the older residents of the Biscayne Bay country claim that the ship was wrecked in 1783, while more recent settlers place the date in 1825.

Twelve years ago Capt. Joseph Jennings came to the Biscayne Bay country. Soon after reaching Cocoanut Grove he heard the story of the wreck, and it is said procured a chart, made by one of the sailors of the ship. Capt. Jennings had great faith in the story and began searching for the wreck. About nine years ago J. S. Frederick, the engineer, came to Cocoanut Grove. Mr. Frederick had had years of experience in mining. Captain Jennings and Capt. Alfred Peacock interviewed him, telling him the story of the wrecked treasure ship, and tried to interest him in the search. For some reason Mr. Peacock dropped out, but Capt. Jennings continued. Two or three months ago he succeeded in interesting three other parties, and the search was renewed with vigor. Capt. Key, of Miami, was employed to manufacture a miners' pump, to be used in the search. He was offered a chance to enter the combination, but his faith in hunting for the treasure ship was so small that he declined. The search has been carried on with the strictest secrecy, and it is to be hoped that the party will be richly rewarded for its persistent efforts.

A few days after the first article appeared in regard to the find, the correspondent met Capt. Jennings and had a long conversation with him in regard to the matter. The captain positively asserted that he had not, up to that time, found anything of value; that no silver or other valuable had been taken from the wreck. He admitted that he had located a wreck, but said: "I do not believe there is anything of value in it. If there is, I do not know it."

Saturday morning the public was startled at the information that Captain Jennings had employed C. C. Chillingsworth, the lawyer, to go to Jacksonville and libel the hulk of the old ship. Heretofore the report that Captain Jennings and his associates had actually found the treasure ship was thought by many to be a mere rumor. But now that he actually libeled the old hulk, many think that surely the treasure has been found.

There are some peculiar circumstances in connection with it. Hon. John B. Reilly spent Friday at Palm Beach, returning home on the night train. Coming down he read the Times-Union account of the libeling of the hulk by Captain Jennings. As he stepped from the train he met Captain Jennings and laughingly said: "Hello, wrecker, you have found the ship, have you?" The captain replied that he had not. Mr. Reilly then showed him the article in the Times-Union, in regard to Mr. Chillingsworth having libeled the find in his name, but the captain denied all knowledge of the proceedings. Whatever may be the outcome, the people of this section all hope that Captain Jennings has really found the treasure, and that he will be amply rewarded for his long search.

By the way, there are reports of other vessels said to have either foundered in some of the heavy gales that sweep this dangerous coast that were loaded with silver and gold, or were run ashore to save the cargoes from the pirates, who were once the terror of the Southern seas. Men for years have been searching for these treasures; some have grown gray in their efforts, while others have passed away without securing the object of their life. Not far from Miami are several old wrecks, but what they are or where they came from is all a mystery. It is said that there is one such wreck, which contains tons and tons of lead. If it should prove true that Captain Jennings has at last located the old hulk, with its 300 tons of silver bullion, all the old wrecks along the coast will be raised. There will be a renewal of wreck hunting and perhaps the sea will be forced to give up the vast amount of treasure popularly supposed to be hidden there.

LIFE'S LABOR OVER.

Cambridge Scholar Found Dead on His Wife's Grave.

Boston Herald.

"My life's effort, my book, finished. I feel that my life's labors are over," was one of the closing sentences of a note found on the body of Francis Ellingwood Abbot, who was discovered dead in the Central Cemetery on Hale street, Beverly, Friday afternoon.

Just ten years ago Friday his wife, who was Katherine Fearing Loring, of Concord, passed away, and was taken to Beverly and buried in the Central Cemetery, on the shady side of a knoll in one of the most beautiful places in the old burying ground.

With a bunch of carnations placed on the grave was found the body of the Cambridge man, lying face downward, with his hat pressed close to his forehead, and dead, supposedly by some swift poison.

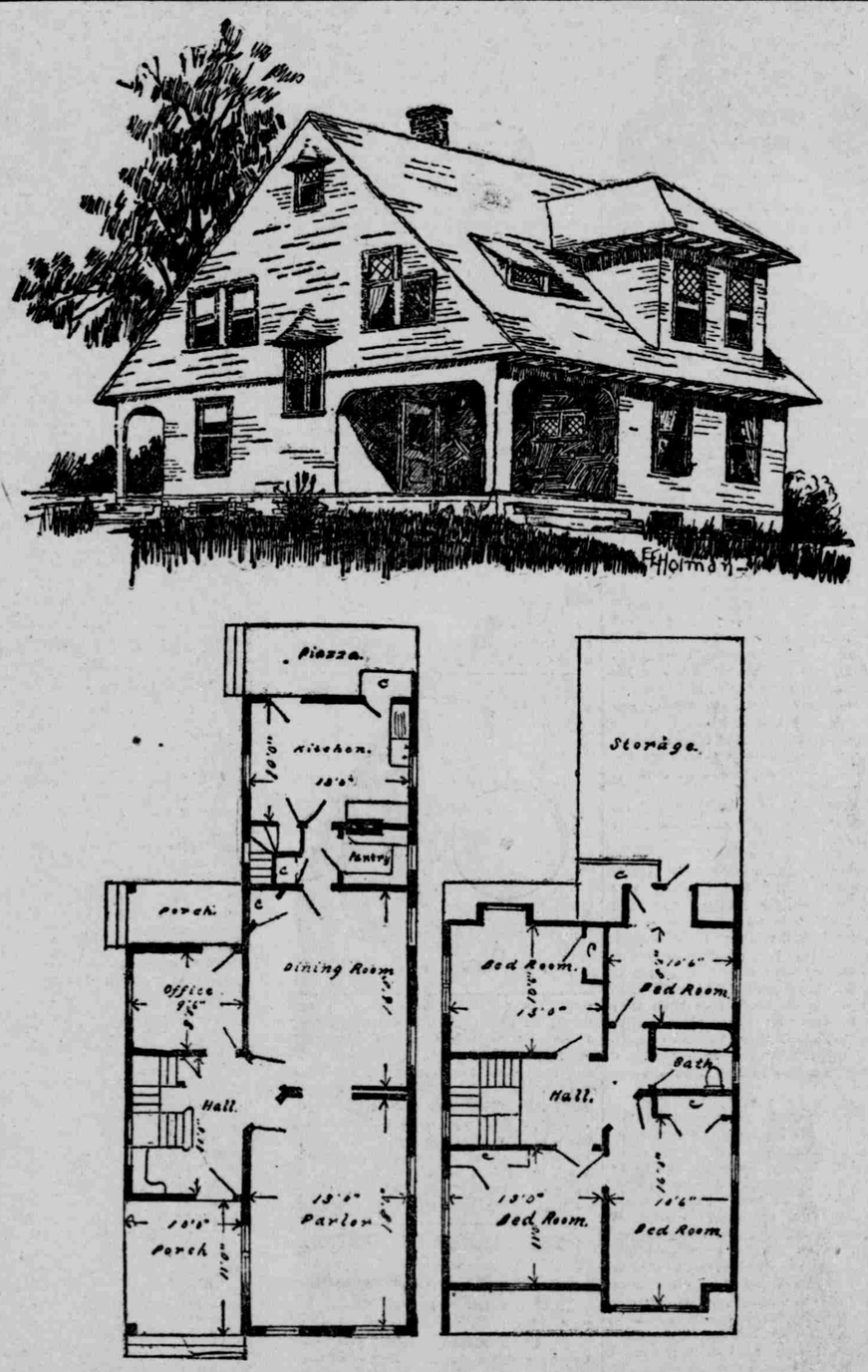
Some time Thursday afternoon Mr. Abbot left his Cambridge home at 43 Larch road, and probably went to Beverly. When, Friday morning, his bed was found unoccupied, his son, Dr. Edward Stanley Abbot, of the Boston City Hospital, became alarmed and sent a friend, a Harvard law student, to Beverly, hoping to find his father.

When the messenger arrived in Beverly he went to S. A. Gentlee, who had previously done work for the Abbots, and he had no difficulty in finding the grave and the missing man's body.

Mr. Abbot was deeply affected by the death of his wife, and for years had gone to Beverly with floral tributes. His favorite place was on the top of a pine-dotted knoll where, on a spot overlooking his wife's grave, he would sit and read for hours. He had been at work on his book on philosophy for forty-four years.

Inscribed on his wife's gravestone was this tender sentiment: "She made her home happy and was all the world to her over."

A PICTURESQUE COTTAGE FOR $2,800



This design is in a style which is popular because of its convenience and simplicity. It is beautiful in its appearance, and is most conveniently and artistically arranged inside. It is a house well suited to a narrow lot.

It is intended to be shingled, and stained green, roof and walls, with white trim, though brown and yellow also make a good combination for it. Its pretty bay-dormer has a charming effect.

There is a good square porch, from which you enter a pretty hall with an artistic staircase. This is a wide hall, and has a corner seat and space for tables and other furniture. At the right are the parlor and dining room, separated by sliding doors. These are well-lighted rooms, and the dining room has a glass corner cupboard.

To the left is an office or den, or sewing room, as you may please. The house could be adapted for a physician by making the porch back of the office into a private consulting room, thus forming a suite. There is an excellent pantry and a good kitchen, with closets, sink, etc.

On the second floor are four good bedrooms and a bath. Also storage space over the kitchen, which could be made into a room by raising the roof. In a great many places this would come within the estimated cost. The closets are convenient and of good size, and boxed stairs lead to the attic, where there are two rooms.

Cellar under the whole house; hot-air heating. Finish of whitewood, stained, and N. C. pine flooring. First story, 9 feet high; second, 8 feet 6 inches; width, 24 feet; depth over all, 58 feet.