

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

The wind that sings in the chimney flue,
What does it say to me and you?
Rich is its haunting minor key—
Moaning for things that can never be,
Or things that are lost to the day and sun,
Back in some black oblivion.
It moves on wings from the misty past,
Over its gloom are shadows cast.
It whistles a dirge for ancient days—
Solemnly sad are the tunes it plays.
Its volume rises and falls. It fills
The heart with tremors and doubts and thrills.
It roams the breadth of the sea and earth,
But it never harbors a note of mirth.
O, gray old harper, in wondrous ways,
Your requiem tells of the yesterdays—
But who that lives can the tale translate,
Or quote the message of Life and Fate?
But sing away, in the chimney flue,
Of things that are old and things that are new—
Till sorrow and suffering seem sublime—
To the very ends of the sands of Time!

—Joel Benton, in Success Magazine.

JUST IN TIME

"And when am I going to see my steps?"

"My dear Sarah," answered Mr. Brown, "it has always been my pride and boast that I am imbued with a considerable amount of personal courage, having once chased a burglar over three garden fences in my night attire on a frosty night; but I must confess that when I think about informing Jim of the fact that I have married for a second time I quake, I positively quake."

"Well, James Brown, we've been married a week, and I haven't seen your son yet, but if you don't bring him home to dinner to-night you'll discover another kind of quake, and you'll think it's an earthquake."

"Very well, my dear; I'll call at his rooms on my way to business. By the way, my brother Tom is in town, he's staying at the Pandora; I would like you to look him up this morning. He leaves New York to-day at twelve o'clock on his way to South America. I will try to meet you there at eleven, but if I am late you can send your card up and say I'm coming."

"I will go, James; your brother is very rich, isn't he?"

"Getting on for a millionaire, I believe, and goodness knows what might happen if you make an impression on him. Tom is a good sort."

Mrs. James Brown was a large, fair woman, fifty years of age and of considerable avoirdupois, and as she stood beside the short rotundity of her newly acquired husband she illustrated the contrast of the mountain and the mole-hill.

When Mr. Brown walked towards his son's rooms he was very much perturbed in spirit. He felt that he had done a mean action in giving Jim a step-mother without informing him of his intention, and even when he knocked at his son's door he had not made up his mind how to break the news.

"Halloo, dad! I haven't seen you for an age."

"How are you, Jim, my boy; hard at work, eh?"

"Yes, dad; I've got a watching brief in a case coming on at eleven o'clock. That's good; we—er—that is, I want you to come round to dinner to-night, Jim, I've—er—got a little surprise for you; you'll come, eh?"

"Yes, dad, of course I will."

"All right, seven o'clock; I must be off now."

And, much to Jim's astonishment, his father backed out and made a hurried exit.

"Poor old dad! Got a surprise for me, eh? Well, he doesn't know what a surprise I've got for him. Halloo! who's this, another visitor?"

He went to the door in response to another summons, and found a messenger on the mat.

"Letter from Mr. Thomas Brown, Pandora hotel. No answer."

"By George! Uncle Tom answered at last. I wonder what he says?"

He tore the mislaid open and perused it.

"You Young Dog—How dare you get married without your father's knowledge? Be a man and tell him yourself; I'm not going to interfere. I am leaving here to-day at twelve o'clock for South Africa. If you can bring your wife along at about eleven, and provided I like the looks of her, I'll give her a check for \$5,000 as a wedding present—Your loving uncle, Tom Brown."

"Confound it! what am I to do? Here's Kate down at Irvona with her mother, and I'm due in court at eleven o'clock. If I tried to take her tonight, get here in time; it's 10:30 now. Oh, what a mess! A cool five thousand thrown clean away! Uncle Tom is such a touchy old fossil he'll accept no excuse, and never forgive me if I don't go. Oh, it's maddening!"

He strode up and down the room for a few minutes thinking hard; then he made a dash for his hat and coat.

"Sharp by name and sharp by nature."

"Ha, ha! that's good—yes, I see the point; but what I meant was, you're a good actress."

"I wish my manager thought so."

"Oh, don't fool. The fact is, Nelly, I got married last week."

"Oh! Then that's the reason I haven't seen you at my afternoon teas. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't tell anybody, not even my father; it sounds silly, but I hadn't got the pluck. However, I wrote to my Uncle Tom a couple of days ago, and this is his answer."

"Good old uncle! I wish I had one like that. Five thousand! You are in luck!"

"No, I'm not; my wife is down at Irvona, and I can't get her up in time, and it all depends on you whether I get the money or not."

"On me! What have I to do with it?"

"Take my wife's place for an hour, and go and see Uncle Tom."

"My word, Jim Brown; but you aren't half a caution."

"Go on, Nelly, just to oblige me; it's a quarter to eleven now—you'll be just in time."

"But—"

"And a diamond ring for your trouble if it comes off. I must be in court in a few minutes; here's one of my wife's cards, and tell him that I will come on later; that's all right. Good-bye, and many thanks."

"But, look here, when was I married?"

"Last Saturday, the 15th."

"Well, if there's any bother, I'll—"

But Jim Brown was already down the stairs, and Nelly was left to ruminate upon the new part she was called upon to play.

"I suppose I must oblige the poor boy, but it's like being called upon to play principal lead without any rehearsal. I only hope I shan't bluff the part."

Nelly Sharp was known in the profession for a kind-hearted soul, and many were the difficulties she was called upon to assist in unravelling, but as she made her way towards the Pandora hotel she reflected that this was the quaintest errand she had ever traveled upon.

Mr. Thomas Brown was reclining in an easy chair in his luxurious suite of rooms, when his man Barker brought in a card inscribed: "Mrs. James Brown."

"Bless me, most extraordinary. My dear, would you mind stepping into this room for a minute? I won't keep you long. That's right; thank you. This is very curious, Barker, another Mrs. James Brown. What is she like?"

"Large, stout party, sir; fair hair, red face."

"Show her in, Barker."

Barker immediately acquiesced, and returned with Jim's unknown step-mother.

"Ah, Mr. Brown, I must introduce myself. I was so afraid I would miss you, but it seems I am just in time."

"Just in time, madam; and—and am I to understand that you are the—the party Jim has married?"

"Of course I am, only he had a silly idea in his head to keep our marriage a secret."

"Um—ah—yes; I can quite understand that. And—and when were you married?"

"Last Saturday, the 15th."

"Bless me, how extraordinary—same day, same day! And may I inquire your Christian name, madam?"

"My name is Sarah."

"And where is Jim now?"

"He had an appointment at eleven o'clock, but he is coming on later to see you before you go; he hopes to arrive just in time."

"Just in time—um; seems to be a catch-word in this family. What's the matter now, Barker? What's this, what's this? Oh, this is preposterous. Excuse me for a minute, madam, but would you mind stepping into this room. This way; thank you."

Thomas Brown conducted his visitor to the room where Nelly Sharp was already waiting, and then turned to Barker.

"Barker, am I in my right senses or not?"

"Oh, sir, yes sir, certainly."

"And yet you tell me that there is a third lady calling herself Mrs. James Brown asking to see me. What on earth has the boy been doing? Two wives is bad enough; but three—be's a regular Mormon! But show her in, show her in; she's just in time."

The bewildered Barker ushered in a dainty young girl, with a bewitching face and a charming manner.

"Oh, and you are Jim's uncle. I have had such a race to get here before you left. I am so glad I am just in time."

"Just in time—um; she's evidently one of the family. And so you are Jim's wife, eh?"

"Yes, uncle; I hope you didn't think it very wrong of us to keep our marriage a secret?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all. I can quite understand Jim's motive. And when were you married?"

"Last Saturday, the 15th."

"Bless me, what a busy day! I wonder how the young dog managed it? And what is your Christian name?"

"Kate."

"Pardon me one moment. You have acknowledged one wife; I will bring in another. Kate!"

Kate came into the room at his call.

"Yes, sir, is this your wife?"

"Yes, sir, it is; but—"

"Then how dare you have two wives, and how dare you stand there and brazen it out before them both?"

"What is the matter, Jim? I don't understand all this," said Kate.

"The matter, my dear, is that this young scoundrel has married three wives."

"Oh, Jim, Jim! say that it isn't true. Can this be the reason why you wished to keep our marriage a secret?"

"Excuse me; I will now bring in wife number three. Sarah!"

Mrs. Brown, senior, came into the room in a very indignant manner.

"Do you acknowledge this lady as your wife?"

"No; I do not."

"I should think not, indeed," snorted Sarah Brown. "A woman at my time of life to get married to a boy! This gentleman is my husband."

"What! My brother James?"

"Yes, Tom; we were married secretly a week ago, because I didn't like to tell Jim that I contemplated giving him a stepmother."

"Well, that subtracts one from the number; but you've still got two, Jim."

"Uncle, allow me to confess, and I will explain all. When I got your note this morning saying that you would like to see my wife, and if you liked her you would give her \$5,000, Kate was away at Irvona. I had no time to telegraph to her, and I did not wish to lose your good friend, so I persuaded my good friend, Nelly Sharp, to pretend that she was my wife."

"Oh, Jim, then she's not your wife?"

"No, dear; and I must ask her pardon for placing her in such an unpleasant position. I am sorry, Nelly; I did not know my wife was in town."

"I missed you so dreadfully, I couldn't stay away, Jim."

"Well, it appears to me that we are clearing things up all round," said Tom Brown, "and it's only been a misunderstanding after all. I forgive you your little deception, Jim, and will let you have that check, but it seems a stupid epidemic to strike a family, this secret marriage business. Give it up, give it up, and don't do it again. By George, it's late; I must go. Ten minutes to get to the wharf. All of you jump in cabs, and come and see me off."

"Can we do it?"

"Yes; we'll be just in time."—Detroit News Tribune.

OUR TRADE WITH THE ORIENT.

Market There for American Goods—Japan as a Buyer.

The total Oriental market for merchandise of a class which may be readily produced in the United States is more than \$1,000,000,000 annually, and of this we now supply about \$125,000,000. Of this annual market of \$1,000,000,000 about \$250,000,000 is cotton goods, for which the United States supplies most of the raw material; another \$100,000,000, iron and steel, of which the United States is the world's largest producer; \$40,000,000, provisions in various forms, in the production of which the United States also exceeds any other country; about \$10,000,000 mineral oil; \$25,000,000, medicines, drugs and dyes; \$20,000,000, flour, and \$20,000,000, coal, in addition to a large number of other articles of miscellaneous character, almost exclusively, however, manufactures.

While the United States supplies about 20 per cent of the imports of China, Japan and the Philippines, and is steadily increasing its total, it supplies but practically 1 per cent of the imports of the tropical and subtropical Orient and is making little, if any, increase.

Japan occupies first place among the Oriental countries in the percentage of its trade conducted with this country, and our exports to Japan are greater than to any other Oriental country except China.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

TO WHIP OR NOT TO WHIP?

THE school authorities of New York City have had under consideration for many months the question of the advisability of restoring corporal punishment as a means of correction and discipline in the elementary schools. The superintendents and principals have been consulted, and a committee, after tabulating the returns, finds that a majority recommend whipping in certain cases. The committee itself endorses this recommendation, and now the matter is "up" to the board of education.

Sounding of a sensation has been caused by the report that New York contemplates the restoration of the rod—or the strap—in her schools at this late day, a day of humanity and progress and education by "selection" and play. But it should be borne in mind that the proposition is carefully limited. Teachers are to have no right to resort to physical correction under any circumstances. Where obstinate insubordination and truancy render whipping necessary in the opinion of the principal, either he (or she), in the presence of the parent, or the parent himself (or herself) is to perform the salutary operation.

With so many safeguards and restrictions to prevent cruelty and abuse by impulsive or incompetent educators, it cannot be said that the New York recommendation is drastic or terribly reactionary. Still, the opponents of whipping will object to it as "the thin end of the wedge" and urge the establishment of special trust schools instead.—Chicago Record-Herald.

DEATH RATE AMONG THE STATES.

THE Federal Census Bureau is now making yearly reports on mortality statistics from such States and cities as maintain a carefully conducted registration of deaths and the causes thereof. This so-called registration area was very small when the bureau began its work several years ago, but it is being constantly enlarged, and for the report for 1906, issued recently, it embraces fifteen States, the District of Columbia, and seventy-seven registration cities in non-registration States. These States and cities had in 1906 an estimated population of about 41,000,000, or nearly one-half the population of the continental United States. The registration area is being steadily extended. The average death rate for all the States in the registration district was 16.1 in 1906, compared with 16.2 in 1905, and 16.3 for the average annual rate from 1901 to 1905.

These are very low figures. They compare favorably with present death rates in foreign countries. But it is when this present death rate of 16.1, over an area peopled by about 40,000,000 persons, is placed in comparison with rates which used to prevail in the earlier half of the last century, that the progress of mankind in mastering the forces which produce premature death is made impressively manifest. As this Census Bureau report says, "the tendency in the larger countries with a

population of similar character to that of the United States now seems toward an annual death rate of about 15 per 1,000 or less."

Next to pulmonary tuberculosis as a chief cause of death comes pneumonia, with a rate of 140 per 100,000 of population, followed by heart disease, 130.7; diarrhea and enteritis, 122.9; Bright's disease and nephritis, 90.8; apoplexy, 71.8; and cancer, 70.8. A generally increasing mortality rate from cancer is indicated for areas where statistics for a series of years are available, and the report says that this is true of foreign countries as well. It is a disease against which medical science seems to be making no headway, and we are left as much in the dark respecting the reasons for its increase as respecting its nature and the means of combating it.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE STEAMSHIP TO BE BUILT.

NO man can at this moment say when the limit of size will be reached in the building of ocean liners. Extremely big and swift ships cannot be developed much beyond the present dimensions and speed, unless their owners are willing to run them at a loss for the sake of advertising their lines or unless they are made commercially profitable through government subsidies. But ships of extreme size and moderate speed are possible of construction, and even of profitable operation, to an extent which would dwarf anything now upon the seas. The ocean greyhound 800 feet long is a terrific consumer of fuel; the mammoth of 1,000 feet sauntering across the Atlantic in eight days uses only a moderate amount by comparison. As the coal question is the chief restriction upon size, we may as well sit back and watch the builders juggle with it until the day arrives when it shall be absolutely prohibitive upon further rivalry. And by that time, may be, we shall have found some cheaper fuel that will help us to build a ship whose bow will be able to touch Sandy Hook before the stern has quite passed the signal station at Nantucket.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WHIPPING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THERE is little whipping in the English schools to-day, and it is almost confined to historic institutions, such as Eton, Harrow and Rugby, where the rich and aristocratic send their sons, and where a peculiar pride is taken in maintaining ancient customs. It may be true that "to spare the rod is to spoil the child." It may be a fact that American boys and girls are allowed too much indulgence, and that they would have better manners and perhaps better morals were the old system re-established. The great majority of parents and teachers refuse to be thus persuaded. They persist in regarding corporal punishment as a relic of barbarism, and in believing that youth can be effectually trained and disciplined in other and better ways.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

IN MEMORY OF OLD VIRGINIA.

Plantation Ways Recreated by an Incident in Street Car.

All the seats were taken in the car which I entered one morning in early April, says a writer in Lippincott's. An old colored man sat next the door. It is not often in these days that I see that type of black man. I used to see that kind on the old Virginia plantation, where he was "Eng, Lige" or "Eng Sambo" to all the household. His days were devoted to useful toil and his evenings to his family and the old plantation melodies as they were sung then and never in his wildest visions did he dream of logarithms and Greek roots for his race.

"Take this seat, Mistsis," he said, rising promptly. "Mistsis" sounded very "homey" and pleasant to me. It had been so long since I was "Mistsis" to anybody.

"Thank you, uncle," said I. "Keep your seat. I would just as lief stand."

"Seuse me, please, Mistsis, but tain't fit for you to stand; you must sit," he admonished, respectfully.

I took the seat, thanking him for his courtesy. Soon a departing passenger left a vacancy.

"There is a seat for you," I said to the old man.

"Between the ladies, ma'am?" He hesitated.

"Yes," I said.

He bowed apologetically to right and left and took the vacant place.

Just before leaving the car I slipped a silver piece into his hand, saying: "Uncle, got you a nice luncheon with this—in memory of old Virginia."

"Thank you, my Mistsis," he said, opening his hand to look at the little gift and then closing it. Then he touched his hat and thanked me again. I left the car with a sadder feeling in my heart because of the chance meeting, but with no thought that I should ever again hear of my old Virginia.

That afternoon I received a bunch of autographs which had been left for me by an old colored man—"for the white lady with a long blue coat and white hair—in memory of old Virginia and dear old-time days."

REMARKABLE TRAP FOR BIRDS.



CATCHING CROWS BY MEANS OF BIRD-LIMED PAPER BAGS IN SNOW.

The bags are placed in the snow with their mouths level with the surface. For a few days each bag is filled with snow, upon which rests a piece of raw meat or fish. At first the birds are shy, and will not go near the contrivance; but hunger overcomes timidity, and they eat. For a time all goes well with them; day after day they secure the tempting morsels. Then is the trapper's chance. In each bag, instead of snow, he places bird lime; and on the bird lime meat. When next the birds come to feed, they find their heads held fast in the bags, and when they seek to fly they flounder to the earth. So many jacksnaws and crows are caught, some for pets, some for the pot. Bird lime, it may not be commonly known, is a viscous substance prepared from the inner bark of the holly.—Illustrated London News.

A ROSE FOR TRIBUTE

When in a comfortable state of solvency, the household may suffer no nervous dread at thought of the landlady appearing at the door; still, rent-day is not generally observed as a festival and time of rejoicing, as is the case once a year in Mannheim, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

There, during June last year, a young lady of Harrisburg, a lineal descendant of Baron William Henry Stiegel, demanded and received, from the authorities of the Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church, one red rose, in payment for rent of the ground on which the church stands.

This quaint and charming ceremony, part of the annual feast of roses, has been observed yearly since 1830, and is due to an ancient transaction. In 1770 Baron Stiegel, founder of the town, deeded the land to the congrega-

tion, stipulating that, whenever demand should be made in due and lawful form, rental to the amount of one red rose should be paid over.

The baron, it is recorded, claimed his right but twice, his "tenants" on these two occasions responding cheerfully and promptly. The ceremony was then neglected for more than a century—for the descendants of the founder for some reason waived their inherited rights—and was revived only recently.

The rent-paying is now made the occasion for memorial addresses and general reviving of historic associations, as well as for a delightful festival, which has a most pleasing flavor in this day and age.

That She Asked Him.

The maid may be a "bucchu one,"
Be pink-cheeked and delicious;
But still, if she gets wed with you,
We're bound to be suspicious.
—Houston Post.

Even the sarcastic woman declines to make any cutting remarks when she has an ax to grind.



"DO YOU ACKNOWLEDGE THIS LADY AS YOUR WIFE?"

"My word, Jim Brown; but you aren't half a caution."

"Go on, Nelly, just to oblige me; it's a quarter to eleven now—you'll be just in time."

"But—"

"And a diamond ring for your trouble if it comes off. I must be in court in a few minutes; here's one of my wife's cards, and tell him that I will come on later; that's all right. Good-bye, and many thanks."

"But, look here, when was I married?"

"Last Saturday, the 15th."

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"Ah! so Jim's wife has turned up, eh? Show her in, Barker."

The officious Barker immediately retired, and ushered Nelly Sharp into the room.

"Oh, Uncle Tom! So you haven't gone? I am just in time."

"Yes, Nelly, my very own self; but look here, old girl, I can't waste time. I want you to do me a favor."

"Fire away, my boy."

"Well, it's this way, Nelly; you're a sharp girl."

"I am afraid to guess. At present I have only met three."

"Three? What are you talking about?"

"I don't know what they call it—trigonometry or something—but it's against the law."