

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

THE TINKLING OF THE BELL.

The summer sun was setting,
And the hills were all aglow,
And a glory and a beauty
Rested in the vale below.
Suddenly, from the wilderness,
Over hills and through the dell,
Came the sweetest notes of music
In the tinkling of a bell.
And I stopped me there to listen,
Mid that evening calm and glow,
For the sound that thrilled me,
Filled me with a glad surprise.
And I looked across the meadows
And the valleys rich and green,
With the lengthening evening shadows,
To my boyhood days again.
Just the tinkling of a cow-bell
Over the hills and far away,
And a barefoot boy I wandered
In the golden summer days,
And the world looked like an Eden
With its round of mirth and joy,
For it seemed that God's own blessing
Rested on the farmer's boy.
Once again I saw them coming,
Through the timber—coming home,
Now "Indian boys" were "clearing"
Whitefoot, Cherry, Lineback, Roan;
So I make this glad confession,
Naught can stir my heart so well
As that plain old iron bell,
And the tinkling of the bell.
While the curfew's tones are falling,
On the quiet evening air,
And the angels are calling
Worshippers to prayer,
Let me listen for the music
Which I heard at close of day—
Sweet be the blessing of heaven,
Of the good old times for aye.
—W. L. Ferris, in Inter Ocean.

DRIVEN TO MARRIAGE.

But the Bride Selected Proved Very Acceptable.

EVERYBODY declared that Hugh Colewood ought to be the happiest man in Greenville. He was young, handsome and well educated; and, just as he was preparing to fight his way to fame with poverty's array against him, he had suddenly been made the sole heir to the fine old estate of his eccentric aunt, Miss Betsy Colewood, recently deceased.

What more was necessary to the happiness of a young fellow like Hugh Colewood? Nothing, it seemed to the cautious bachelors.

However, there were conditions, or one at least, in his aunt's will which caused him no little uneasiness. He must love and marry the girl of her choice, one whom he had never even seen.

Hugh Colewood caught up his aunt's last letter to him and read it again and again, hoping to find some little loophole of escape from the galling condition.

But it was there in merciless black and white. This is the part that worried him:

"If you cannot comply with my wishes for you to meet Ethel Wayne and love and marry her you forfeit your heirship to my estate. Ethel's mother was my dearest friend, and if you marry her daughter it will be fulfilling my fondest desire. You cannot help loving her."

"I could not rest in my tomb peacefully and know that Ethel was not mistress of my estate, and you, dear boy, the master. My lawyer, Mr. Cranston, will arrange for you to meet Ethel, as he is one of her guardians. You know how thoroughly I despise old bachelors, therefore I give you warning that I will not allow you to inhabit my houses and lands as one of that disagreeable, crusty order."

So had written the eccentric spinster, Hugh nibbled the ends of his mustache impatiently as he pondered on the conditions which the will imposed.

Hugh loved the Colewood estates, and could not bear to think of giving them up. Now, if the will had not specified whom he must marry, but Ethel, the selection of a wife entirely to himself, Hugh believed that he would have chosen.

"So you are Miss Wayne's cousin? I do not remember hearing Mr. Cranston mention you. I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting any ladies but Miss Thurston and Miss Wayne."

"How unkind in Mr. Cranston not to prepare you for this meeting," and there was a roguish gleam in her eyes which Hugh did not see. "I had up to date regarded Mr. Cranston as one of my very best friends, but to ignore me so entirely, when he knew I would accompany Cousin Ethel here, looks like downright intentional neglect."

"You have not given me the pleasure of knowing your name," said Hugh, both amused and pleased with his pretty driver.

"I'm a Wayne, too," she answered, laughingly. "Ethel, Estella, Wayne, variously nicknamed, as you will observe later on."

Two Ethel Waynes? Here was a real surprise for Colewood. Why had Cranston not mentioned that strange fact to him?

If the Ethel Wayne referred to in the will was only half as animated and generally captivating as the one by his side Hugh thought it might be an easy matter after all to obey that condition which had so vexed him.

Colewood received a cordial welcome at Mrs. Thurston's pleasant home. He found Miss Wayne to be a tall, dignified girl of about twenty-three, with coal black hair and deep gray eyes. She was as unlike her little merry-hearted cousin as it was possible to be. Yes, Hugh decided she was just such a woman as his eccentric aunt would be likely to select as the wife of her heir.

In the weeks which followed Hugh's arrival he saw a great deal of Miss Wayne, although much of her time was divided between her taste for literature and in remonstrating against the innocent pranks of her cousin.

It did not require a long time for the young man to realize that he could never love Miss Wayne as the aunt should love the girl whom he intends to marry.

He made another important discovery—that his love would be a failure without the little cousin to furnish daily sunshine and wisely cheer for his own home.

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Hugh Colewood flushed warmly at the lawyer's cool observation and he spoke hotly:

"I'm sure she won't suit me, sir. The estate can go to charity for all I care. I don't love any woman, and I love my freedom too well to marry yet awhile. I don't want to be thrust upon any woman for the sake of a fortune and I don't suppose Miss Wayne cares two straws about the absurd condition in my aunt's will."

"It is very likely, although Ethel had the greatest respect for the late Miss Colewood and was very careful to honor all her vagaries," returned Cranston, much amused over young Colewood's excitement. "However, I hardly feel able to state whether the girl would accept Miss Colewood's last great vagary in the shape of her impatient nephew or not."

"I shall not give her the opportunity," said Hugh, nettled at the lawyer's words.

"Hold on, Colewood. Let's drop nonsense and come to business. You like your aunt's estates, but you cannot retain them without complying with her wishes. You have never met the girl whom your aunt has chosen. Perhaps it will be proved that neither of you are opposed to fulfilling the condition."

"At least, you must meet. I will arrange that. Ethel will pass the summer with my sister in the country and I'll manage it for you to spend a few weeks with them. You can very soon tell whether the condition is wholly obnoxious or not. What do you say?"

"I will do as you advise; thank you, sir," replied Hugh, who had now cooled off and was trying to take a business view of the strange situation.

Four weeks later Hugh Colewood was speeding away from Greenville on the morning express, bound for a little town among the blue hills of Virginia. When he stepped from the train he was disappointed to find no one waiting to convey him to the country home of Mr. Cranston's sister, a distance of eight miles.

He was the act of asking the way to the best hotel when a buggy came rapidly up to the station and halted. The station agent hurried forward to meet the driver, who was a slender young girl, with bright, dark eyes and hair as golden as the June sunbeams touching these hills.

"Is Mr. Colewood, of Greenville, waiting here to ride out to Mrs. Thurston's?" inquired the fair driver in a sweet voice which won Hugh's interest at once.

"I am here and waiting, thank you," returned Hugh for himself, smiling pleasantly as he came forward on the station platform.

"I came to drive you to Mrs. Thurston's," she answered, simply.

"Shall I take the reins?" he asked as they started away.

"No, thank you; I like to drive," she answered.

"It is too bad for you to take so long a drive for a stranger," he remarked as she stole a side glance of admiration at the girlish form in dainty blue.

"Oh, I didn't mind the distance at all; besides, I rather had to come," she replied. "I did wish to go with the young folks, who are having a picnic this morning over on Laurel Hill, but Uncle Jerry was sick, and of course he couldn't come for you."

"Then Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne never drive, so they made a virtue of necessity and sent the last resort of the place," and she laughed merrily.

"You too bad my coming prevented you joining the picnicers," he said. "I shall not be able to forgive myself."

"That's nothing. I am enjoying myself now too well to think of Laurel Hill," she returned, brightly.

"Thank you, and at the same time let me assure you that I, too, am enjoying myself exceedingly well," and Hugh bowed to the young girl, whose eyes drooped beneath the warm light of admiration in his blue eyes.

"I hope you will enjoy your visit, Mr. Colewood," she said, to change the subject. "I know Mrs. Thurston and Ethel will do all they can to make your stay pleasant."

"Thank you; I've no doubt I shall find it pleasant," returned Hugh. "You, too, are one of Mrs. Thurston's summer household, I suppose?"

"Yes," with a smile. "You see I am a distant relative to Mrs. Thurston; and Miss Wayne is my cousin, and we are a kind of cousinly guardianship over me, which no doubt is very necessary."

"So you are Miss Wayne's cousin? I do not remember hearing Mr. Cranston mention you. I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting any ladies but Miss Thurston and Miss Wayne."

"How unkind in Mr. Cranston not to prepare you for this meeting," and there was a roguish gleam in her eyes which Hugh did not see. "I had up to date regarded Mr. Cranston as one of my very best friends, but to ignore me so entirely, when he knew I would accompany Cousin Ethel here, looks like downright intentional neglect."

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In the weeks which followed Hugh's arrival he saw a great deal of Miss Wayne, although much of her time was divided between her taste for literature and in remonstrating against the innocent pranks of her cousin.

It did not require a long time for the young man to realize that he could never love Miss Wayne as the aunt should love the girl whom he intends to marry.

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one-half of his aunt's estates and the orphan asylum the other. He would marry the girl of his own choice, provided he could win her, and boldly fight his own way through life.

Having so decided Hugh set out for a stroll along the river, feeling more manly for his resolve.

He came suddenly upon a little figure in white, ruddy in a little viney nook by the river's side.

"Wait, Estelle," he called, for she had started to run away. "I shall leave to-morrow, and I have something to say to you which you must hear."

The tall, slender figure which swept over face and neck at his words might have given some hint of an easy surrender. However, in a moment she had regained that customary piquancy which had more than once exasperated Hugh.

"I'd be sorry to have you leave us with a burden on your mind," she said, reproachfully.

"It is needless for me to tell you why it was arranged for me to meet Miss Wayne here," he said, unheeding her light words. "You know, I suppose."

"Some slight idea, I believe," she returned, fingering her book.

"Well, I may as well tell you that that condition in my late aunt's will can never be fulfilled."

"And why not?"

"Because I love another," he cried, passionately. "O, Estelle, can you not see how tenderly, how ardently I love you? Without you I shall make a failure of life. Won't you show mercy, Estelle?"

"Oh, Hugh! would you marry a poor girl when you have a chance to win a dignified bride and retain those princely estates?" she asked.

"Yes, darling. I prefer you with love in a cottage to the wealthiest woman with all the estates in the world."

"Rash statement, young man."

"It is true. Do not torture me longer, Estelle. Can you not love me a little?"

"No, thank you, I like to drive," she answered.

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DOCKING VERSUS COAL.

One Lesson Learned in English Naval Maneuvers.

One thing already made clear by these evolutions at sea is the importance of docking ships periodically for the purpose of having accumulations of green seaweed scraped from every curve below the water line. This is of paramount importance as affecting the speed of battle-ships, and, therefore, the cost of consumption. After cruising all night at seven knots speed, which took us at first far toward the coast of France, and then by change of course, back to within sight of the Lizard, every ship hits its place in the same formation they had fallen into when leaving Torbay, and one could not perceive the slightest irregularity of interval in either line. To keep station thus when winds are light, the sky unclouded, as it was last night, and each ship leaves a wake of phosphorescent foam on a calm sea behind her, is not so very difficult, perhaps.

The conditions changed somewhat this morning when a strong wind from the east sprang up, and was so high enough to make green curtains for cabin shuttles. Under these changed conditions, however, the vessels kept accurately in position, thereby showing that the commanding officers had them completely under control. All this, simple though it may seem to land-larks, can only be achieved by ceaseless watchfulness and considerable skill in seamanship, when vessels of so many different classes are together, and when even ships of the same class must burn very various quantities of coal in order to keep station. When signals were exchanged this morning we found that the Anson, perhaps the fastest of all the admiral class, when in proper order, had been compelled to keep her engines going at a rate of five and a half revolutions a minute faster than those of her sister ship, the Camperdown, and that naturally meant a much larger coal consumption.

It is estimated that docking and cleaning her before she came to sea would have cost about two hundred pounds, and for that small outlay she would have been able to hold her own with any ship in this or the hostile fleet, except the Royal Sovereign. In her present state, however, the additional cost of coal necessary for her to perform similar work efficiently will amount to thousands, and there is the increased strain on engines to be thought of. Our friend the enemy need not expect to catch this ship napping, nevertheless. She can still go fast enough for any emergency that is likely to happen, but her expenditure for coal will be much greater than it need have been. Coals, however, come under one vote, and docking a ship under another, and members of parliament who are curious in such problems may work out for the reason why economy of a few hundred pounds in one direction is secured by an expenditure of thousands in another. London Daily News.

GREAT PROBLEMS OF SCIENCE.
Vast Fields of the Forces of Nature Awaiting Exploration.

The greatest of all our problems today is the making of the utilization of forces of nature more general, more efficient and more fruitful. Could the engineer find a way of producing steam power at a fraction of its present cost; could he transform heat energy directly and without waste into dynamic; could he find a method of evolution of light without that enormous loss now inevitable in the form of accompanying heat, which is a waste of energy, and which, without other and lost energy, from the combustion of fuel—could he do these things to-day, the growth of all that is desirable to mankind and the advancement of all the interests and powers of the race would be inconceivably accelerated.

Every animate creature is a machine of enormous efficiency as a dynamo engine than his most elaborate construction, as illustrated in the twenty-thousand horse-power engines of the Teutonic or the City of Paris, or in the most powerful locomotive. Every gymnast living in the mud of a tropical swamp puts out more energy than the electric production of electricity, and the minute insect that flashes across his lawn on a summer evening, or the worm that lights his path in the garden, exhibits a system of illumination incomparably superior to his most perfect electric lights. Here is nature's challenge to man. He wastes energy in the heat of his steam boiler, and often ninety per cent. as used in his open fireplaces; nature, in the animal system utilizes substantially all. He produces light by candle, oil lamp, or electricity, but submits to a loss of from one-fifth to more than nine-tenths of all his stock of available energy as heat, she, in the glowworm and firefly, produces a lovely light without waste measurable by our most delicate instruments. He throws aside as loss nine-tenths of his potential energy when attempting to develop mechanical power; she is vastly more economical. But in all cases her methods are radically different from his, though they are as yet obscure. Nature converts available forms of energy into precisely those other forms which are needed for her purposes in exactly the right quantity, and never wastes, as does invariably the engineer, a large part of the initial stock by the production of energies that she does not want and can not utilize. She goes directly to her goal. Why should not man? He has but to imitate her processes.—Prof. R. H. Thurston, in Forum.

Why Henpeck Smiled.
Henpeck—What is the subject of your lecture?
Van Tawk—Matrimony.
Henpeck—And you say it's a humorous lecture?
Van Tawk—Yes.
Henpeck—H'm! Have you ever been married?
Van Tawk—No.—Brooklyn Life.

One Needed.
Tourist (at railroad station in Alabama)—Any cemetery here?
Native—None that I know of nearer'n five miles.
Tourist—What do you do with the folks that die here waiting for trains?
Chicago Tribune.

The Great Point.
"Are snails awful slow, papa?" asked Marjorie.
"Very, very slow," was the reply.
"Well, would we be any faster if we had to carry our house about with us wherever we went?"—Harper's Young People.

PITH AND POINT.

—It takes a great deal of humility to be as humble as an angel.—Ram's Horn.
—A man who is running for office takes great risk of a collision with his own principles.—Washington Star.
—"You have never met Miss Grotz's father, have you?" "Never. He overtook me once, I remember."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Don't walk around the owl and stare it out," said the keeper in the menagerie. "It turns her head."—Washington Star.
—The great value in astronomy as a science, morally speaking also, is that it tends to make people look higher.—Philadelphia Times.

—"Fred, do look at that man; how uncertain he seems. He must need glasses, don't you think?" "Fred: No; it isn't that. He has had about three to many now."
—What Did She Mean?—"Did you see me on the street yesterday?" "She—" "Yes." "He—" "Have you quit speaking to your friends?" "She—" "Oh, no."—Detroit Free Press.

—There is little more tantalizing to a man than to go home with something in his mind he wants to scold about and find company there and be obliged to act agreeably.—Aitchison Globe.
—First Sportsman (as the partridge flies off)—"Just my luck; miss free every time." Second Ditto—"Don't despair. You may have better luck in another world."—Boston Transcript.

—Why should any man in the bosom of his household, reading aloud of the capture of a female pickpocket, look with a hard, hidden-meaning expression at his wife?—Philadelphia Times.
—Museum Manager—"What's all that row about?" Assistant—"The show is over and the freaks are getting ready to go home. The mermaid is raising a row because she can't find her shoes."—N. Y. Herald.

—Let Me Off This Time.—Teacher—"What are you doing there, Johnny, acting like a monkey?" Johnny Belows—"Please let me off this time, teacher, and I won't never mock you no more."—Yankee Blade.

—Referred to an Expert.—"Here is the ring," he cried. "Now will you be from this time forth engaged to marry me?" "Wait till papa can see it," said the elf; "I'm not a judge of diamonds myself."—Washington Star.

—"Yoh kain't said uncle a man's achievements," said Judge Eben, "by de 'mount ob noise he makes erbout 'em. De cannon ain't makin' er sound, but he busts drum an' j'es' ez talkin' at a sober."—Washington Star.
—Charlie Youngblood—"You wear quite a number of rings, Miss Knott-Young." Miss Knott-Young—"Popper has given me a ring on every birthday." Charlie Youngblood—"You must have quite a small jewelry store."—Jewelers' Circular.

—Mamma (enthusiastically)—"How I wish we could afford to send Nellie abroad for a few finishing touches to her musical education!" Papa (no ear for music)—"If I could buy the finish without the touches, I'd pawn the furniture."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THOSE OUTSIDE CORSETS.

The Latest Fad Shows Passengers on a Chicago Train.
The summer girl if out with a new wrinkle. It discounts the suspenders by about one hundred per cent., although the shoulder straps are pressed into service in conjunction with it.

The new idea is nothing more or less than a pair of corsets worn outside the blouse.

A reporter encountered the new wrinkle the other day on a bridge that was crowded with a severe shock. A pretty little girl entered the car carrying a violin case. She was dressed in cool summer attire, consisting of a plain skirt and a blazer of the same material.

Between the open edges of the blazer front a pair of blue silk suspenders could be seen, which looked very much like a wide belt. The observer would never have known whether it was belt or what it was had not the fair wearer been heated and removed her blazer, throwing it over her arm in true man fashion.

Then it was seen that the girl had on a pair of corsets outside her blouse. They were made of the same material as the rest of the costume, of regulation height, and were separated in front, being laced together with a silk cord.

The removal of the blazer created a sensation in the car. A couple of young men snickered; an elderly man who wore flowing whiskers and looked like a Jerseyman glanced at the girl over his spectacles, and then, turning very red, fixed his eyes on the floor.

A matronly old lady started to speak to the summer girl, but was refrained by her daughter, who said:

"Oh, no, ma; there's no mistake. She wears that way purposely."
"Law sakes!" commented the old lady, and looked both puzzled and disgusted.

The strangeness of the costume was increased by having a pair of blue silk suspenders, buckles and all, fastened to the top of the corsets, both front and back. It was a question whether the suspenders sustained the corsets or vice versa.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A THOUGHTFUL MAN.
The Skipper's Kindly Intentions Towards His Newly-Made Bride.
The skipper of a canal boat on the Illinois & Michigan canal recently decided, after mature deliberation and careful consideration, to marry his cook, a smart energetic, and not wholly bad-looking Celt, who had been a tried and faithful servant to him for quite a number of his perilous trips on the storm-lashed canal.

So he spoke to her about the matter one day, and after securing her coy consent, he ordered the boat to be tied up at the wharf of Joliet, and, being a practical skipper, skipped up the street after a paragon of matrimony.

The nuptial knot was soon tied, and then the canal boatman said:

"Well, Melindy, we are married for keeps now. We are hitched for life and must pull together. I'm a little short-handed to-day, and as that lead-mule has got saddle-galls on his back, you just take the tow-path and lead him down to Lockport, and I'll steer and kindly ruminate on some plan to give you work on the boat without going ashore in the mud. I've got a powerful sight more respect for you now you're my wife, Melindy."—Yankee Blade.

—Art Is Long.
Miss Sears—I have given up my entire life thus far to art.
Ethel—How you must appreciate the truth of what is said of art.—Truth.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

Some Object Lessons.

The following experiences are plain illustrations of the rewards of land speculation, and of the prevailing ideas of assessment, and I therefore offer them to the readers of the Standard. It will be seen that the evils here typified might have been considerably ameliorated by a just and strict application of present laws, and I am quite sure that workers in the single tax cause can hardly put forth their efforts to better effect than by trying to get the present laws rigidly executed. Ninety-nine per cent. of the assessors of town property, some in ignorance and some in lack of conscience, speak with the laws of taxation, and are changing them from lot to lot, from street to street. There is no law for assessing unimproved lots, and yet this practice is well nigh universal. I should be happy to join a club which should make an object of trying to beat into the heads of assessors the fact that vacant lots are "used" just as much as lots that are occupied, and that speculation is a use that does not deserve special favoring.

In 1881, in Norfolk, Va., where I was at that time working as principal of a private school, I attempted to buy lots in Brambleton, a suburb not then made a part of the city. I bought for \$55 one of the last two lots that were sold. Thirty-six lots had been knocked down to a wealthy gentleman at an average price of about \$55. The rest were being held, intending to wait for a man who would be looking for lots whereon to make homes for themselves.

In the course of a few years, houses sprang up as by magic. The streets were graded, sidewalks laid, and Brambleton became the growing quarter. My lot being the first one sold, I concluded that I wanted more land. I therefore bought 125 feet, farther out, at \$3 a foot, and sold the former lot. This thirty feet, for which I had paid \$55, brought readily \$725 cash.

Meantime, the thirty-six lots bought by the rich man, were growing in weeds and value, and daily becoming more and more an eyesore to the community. I knew of his refusing \$800 for a lot that had cost him about forty; and yet he was making no contribution to such improvements as grading and sidewalks, which were carried largely by the voluntary contributions of those who were building houses around his vacant lot. When approached by a would-be purchaser, his reply was that he was saving his property for his son—a boy in knee pants. He could well afford to hold the land, as he was getting a good productive, it was assessed at an insignificant amount.

That struck me as queer. Here was a man who was a positive drawback to the progress of the place, and yet making out of it some thousands per cent. As to myself, while I had contributed my due share to the grading of the street on which my lot was located, I thought it remarkable that I should somehow get more for nothing than I could make by three months work in the school-room.

On the new lot which I had bought I commenced to make some improvements. Having put around it a fence at a cost of \$80, I leveled the land, sowed it with grass, planted some trees of rare variety, and thus at a cost of about \$200 I made it look like an attractive building lot, instead of a ridged field. How unwise this was was soon shown by the arrival of the assessor. Because of these improvements the lot was assessed at \$1,000, whereas it had given a second thought to this valuation but for a contrast. Opposite my lot a speculator had bought five acres. The land was still in cultivation, so that it looked like farm land. Although it lay between my lot and the city, and, therefore, nearer to population, and more desirable, its assessment was at a rate just one-tenth as high as mine. This again struck me as queer. I felt that I had been punished for building a fence and planting trees.

Subsequently I built a house, which was welcomed as a great improvement to that locality. The assessor, however, has given a second thought to this valuation but for a contrast. Opposite my lot a speculator had bought five acres. The land was still in cultivation, so that it looked like farm land. Although it lay between my lot and the city, and, therefore, nearer to population, and more desirable, its assessment was at a rate just one-tenth as high as mine. This again struck me as queer. I felt that I had been punished for building a fence and planting trees.

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