THE OLD FARM.

old farmhouse I see it again;
its low dark eaves the twittering wren
Is nested as long ago;
d I breathe once more the south wind's balm,
nd sit and watch, in the twilight's calm,
The bat flit to and fro.

he white cows lie at the pasture bars
nd the dairy cool, with its tins and jars,
Is stored with curds and cream;
ere's somebody putting the things to right,
d through the window I see the light
From the tallow candle gleam.

garden is rich with its old-time bloom,
I catch, in fancy, the faint perfume
blossoms dank with dew;
er it all is the starlit dome,
nd about it the peace of home—
it all comes back to view!

t wind stirs in elm and oak,
rom the millpond comes the croak
e bullfrog's rich bassoon;
ch the gleam, as over the brink
eps with a tremulous, shivering
k,
im of a crescent moon.

es back from the dusk of time,
nournful cadence and swell of
e
half remembered, still—
sure from some forgotten strain,
untingly comes and flees again,
nder a dusky twilight sky
ingling, floats with the plaintive cry
Of the desolate whip-poor-will.
—Hollis W. Field.

A Romance of the Schools.

THADDEUS BENT, principal of the Diogenes High School, in the far South Side of Chicago, left the train at Gower Hill Station, Wis., where a teachers' summer school was in progress.

Professor Bent—he had sat in a college chair in his day—was forty years old. His hair was a trifle gray, his eyes were kindly and his shoulders a bit stooped. He was going to the summer school to hear the natural history lectures of Audubon Burroughs Wood, and to get a bit of nature first hand from the fields.

At the big boarding house by the brook with the great trees at its back, Thaddeus Bent met half a dozen teachers whom he knew and half a hundred whom he didn't know. The assistant principal of the Diogenes was there, and had been there for a month. She felt bound to do her duty by her chief. She introduced him right and left. Then she put on her thinking cap.

"He won't care much for those frivolous creatures just out of the normal," she said to herself. "He'll want some one to pair off with. Now there's Theodosia Desmond, principal of the Plato School, way up on Chicago's North Side. She's just his opposite, but opposites get on well, so here goes." And the assistant principal introduced Principal Thaddeus Bent to Principal Desmond.

Professor Bent found himself in the company of Miss Desmond, on the veranda, the second morning after his arrival. Theodosia was a little creature, with a trim figure, a rather positive manner and a piquant nose on which rested a pair of glasses. Theodosia was thirty-five and admitted it when it was necessary.

"What's your hobby, Professor Bent?" she asked. "Every one of us has a hobby, or we wouldn't be here."

"Well, I confess, Miss Desmond, to weakness for natural history. I frogs, snakes, snails, turtles, water and the rest."

rrors, all of them. Excuse me, I thought you were above creepg things. I haven't a bit of symathy with you or with them. 'The roper study of mankind is man'—nd man's attributes, let me add. I study mental philosophy. It's the only thing worth studying. We won't get along at all well. Thank goodness, I m above the earth a bit, as high as man's head, at any rate. The brain and the understanding—these be noble themes. Snakes and toads, or, how can you?"

"Well, I trust I am a little above the creepers and the hoppers at times. There are the birds and the trees; they appeal to me."

"All of a kind; man's and woman's mentality is the thing for me. I've heard forty of Professor Searcher's lectures on 'Mind' already, and I'm going to hear the other forty. Some of the other teachers have fallen away. They are not true blue, though they made much pretense at the start. Can't I induce you to hear Professor Seacher? He'll convert you."

"Pray forgive me, but I've heard Searcher and I found him a bore, but I'll go if you'll take me."

Theodosia blushed a bit. She was past even such a remote hint of gallantry as this, she had thought.

"No, I won't take you," she said, "but you may come if you will. Go well up to the front. Professor Searcher does not speak any too clearly and I sit up there—I mean you can hear better there."

There were excursions into the woods and fields arranged by the teachers assembled at Gower Hill. Professor Bent took the tramps, and through the urging assistant principal, Theodosia Desmond occasionally went along. This student of man amused Professor Bent, and despite her antagonism she attracted him a little.

On one of the excursions he found himself alone with her in a woodland path. Each had books. "What have you there, Professor Bent?" asked Miss Desmond.

"I have P. H. Gosse, a man too little read now, and Burroughs, and White of Selborne. They are full of frogs and snakes and foxes and birds."

Theodosia Desmond tossed her head, and her piquant nose became as near pert as her thirty-five years would admit. "Trash, every bit of it," she said. "There's nothing human about it."

"Surely there's human interest in the lives of the frogs and the loves of the birds."

"Loves of the birds! I thought you were beyond sentiment, Professor Bent. Well, there, I did not mean to be rude. Here I have John Locke's 'Human Understanding.' Now that's the proper study for a student. He isn't read much now, but he ought to be. He would not touch sentiment with a pole."

"Seems to me I've heard that Locke once wrote a book on how to bring up children properly."

Theodosia Desmond blushed furiously. "So he did, but I've not read it. I see how it is; we can't agree, and I would not read one of your authors if the reading would make me superintendent of schools. I'll stick to Locke and Kant, and you can keep on reading about the earthworms."

Nevertheless, they went walking together again, and when they separated for the summer there was just a suspicion of lingering over the farewell. "Better read White and Burroughs, Miss Desmond," said Professor Bent.

"You couldn't hire me to. Suppose you try Locke."

The professor shook his head and they parted.

Two weeks later Thaddeus Bent walked into the Crerar Library and wrote an order for a book. He took the volume and started for a table. He turned out to avoid a pillar and ran plump into a little woman coming from the other side. She uttered a smothered exclamation and dropped a book.

Thaddeus Bent stooped, picked the book up, looked deliberately at the title, and, with a bow, handed it to Theodosia Desmond, who was standing with heightened color and flashing eyes looking at him.

"How dare you look to see what I am reading?" she said.

"I thought I recognized the cover as that of an old friend," said the professor, coolly. "They always bind Burroughs' works nicely. The book I'm about to read is snuff color. Do you know the author, Theodosia?"

He turned the book back to her, and she read, "Human Understanding, Locke."

"Don't you think, Theodosia, that we would better do the rest of our life's reading together?"

They put the books on the table and went out side by side, and the attendant at the desk noticed that the glasses which the little woman wore were dimmed, though the face below was smiling.—Edward B. Clarke, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Grim Humor of the Boer War.

Gilbert and Sullivan in their wildest flights of fancy never ventured to invent such things about the British Army as have been disclosed by the astonishing testimony before the Military Commission. Consider the artistic perfection of this incident, for example: Lord Roberts wrote to President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, on March 11, 1900, complaining that explosive bullets had been found in Cronje's laager. "Such breaches of the recognized usages of war," he solemnly proceeded, "and of the Geneva Convention are a disgrace to any civilized power. A copy of this telegram has been sent to my Government with a request that it be communicated to the neutral powers."

Mr. Steyn explained that the bullets in question had been taken from British troops. Now it turns out that this ammunition with expanding bullets had been manufactured in England before the war to the extent of 66,000,000 rounds; that there was every intention of making it the standard outfit of the British Army all over the world, but that its production was stopped because it was found to be dangerous to the user in hot climates. It was condemned by The Hague Convention on grounds of humanity, but it had to be supplied to the British troops in South Africa because at one time there were only two or three boxes of any other kind on hand.

All that is needed now to make the story complete is an apology from Lord Roberts to Mr. Steyn, but the wire seems to be busy in that direction.—New York World.

Difference in Bird Songs.

Much of the attractiveness of the voice of the wood-thrush is due to the excellent sounding-board furnished by the foliage by which his songs are backed. In an open field the tones would be deadened and their ringing quality lost. It would perhaps be going too far to credit him with knowledge of the value of his chosen environment, but he certainly shows no disposition to abandon the advantages he thus secures, in this respect differing from several of his usual associates. The cardinal, wood pewee, Carolina wren, and many other woodland birds frequently pour their songs into the larger spaces of the open meadow, and the wood-thrush, through chance or choice, thus gains a distinct advantage over these less consistent performers. There is a marked difference in the light notes of the Carolina wren that come from fence post or isolated tree and those that ring out in the echoing forest. The cardinal's rich portamentos, too, are far less striking in the pasture than in the deep wood. And much of the sad sentiment of the melancholy plant of the wood pewee is lost when it rises from a bush in the open instead of stealing out of the heart of the wood.—Henry Oldys, in Lippincott's.

Danger in Green Paper.

The general public, we fear, is not acquainted with the dangers arising from arsenic coloring matter in wall paper. A recent death in Palmer, Mass., is directly attributed by the medical authorities to this cause. The trouble which resulted so disastrously made its appearance a year and a half ago in what seemed to be nervous dyspepsia. Two months of travel abroad seemed to greatly improve the patient, but on returning home he soon grew worse again. On account of certain conflicting symptoms which could not be readily accounted for a specialist was called in and gave it as his opinion that there was arsenic poisoning in the system. An investigation was then made which resulted in the discovery of arsenic colors in the wall paper of the sitting room. This room had been papered shortly previous to the appearance of the first symptoms. The wall paper was at once removed, but the disease had by this time progressed so far that it was impossible to save the life of the unfortunate victim.—Scientific American.

Wealthy New York Churches.

A New York church that keeps silence respecting its wealth is the Dutch Collegiate, which is reputed to have an income from investments of $400,000 a year. Trinity Church has an income from its investments of over $1,000,000 per annum.

New York City.—Long box pleated coats are among the features of the season that may be relied upon to extend their favor well into the future,

MISSES' BOX PLEATED COAT.

and are much worn by young girls. This one, designed by May Manton, is adapted to both the entire suit and the general wrap and to all the lighter weight materials in vogue, but, as illustrated, is made of pongee stitched with corticelli silk and trimmed with handsome buttons which are held by silk cords above the waist. The pleats give long lines which mean an effect of slenderness even while the coat is loose. The sleeves are the large and ample ones that slip on over the bodice with ease.

The coat is made with full length fronts and backs, and a skirt portion that is joined to them beneath the belt and pleats. The box pleats at the centre are laid in, but those from the shoulder and at the back are applied. At the neck is a flat collar and a pointed belt is worn at the waist. The sleeves are pleated above the elbows, but form full puffs below that point and are finished with roll-over flare cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or three and one-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide.

A Feature of the Season.

Yoke waists of all sorts are among the features of the season and are made exceedingly attractive with trimming and contrasting material of various kinds. The stylish one designed by May Manton and depicted in the large drawing, is shown in pale pink crepe de Chine with yoke and trimming made of bands of pink silk held by fancy stitches, but the design is suited to a variety of materials, silk and light weight wools and to the many cotton and linen fabrics. Lace insertion can be substituted for the silk of the yoke, or bands of material feather stitched, or any yoking material can be used.

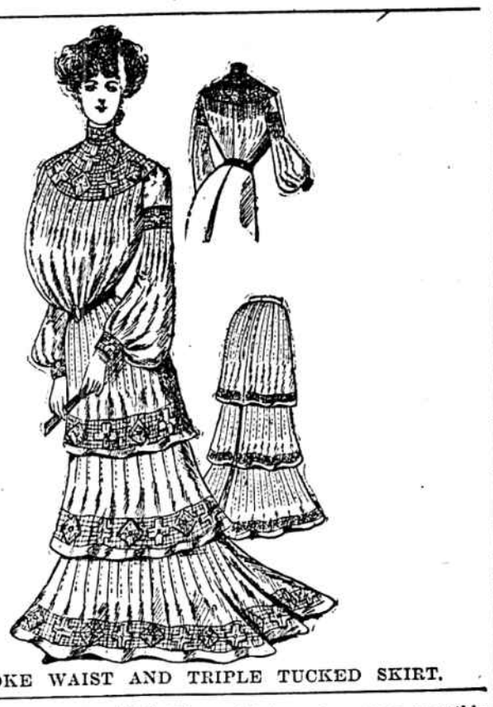
The waist consists of a fitted lining on which the front and backs are arranged. The yoke is separate and joined to the waist at its lower edge. Both front and backs are tucked at their upper portions, but the backs are drawn down smoothly, while the front blouses slightly over the belt. The sleeves suggest the Hungarian style, and are made with snug fitting upper portions to which the full sleeves are attached.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and seven-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with seven yards of banding to make as illustrated or five-eighth yards of material eighteen inches wide for yoke and collar.

Triple skirts are much in vogue and are exceedingly graceful and attractive when worn by the women to whom they are becoming. The very charming model shown in the large drawing is adapted to all the season's materials and to variations of trimming that are very nearly without number, but in the case of the original is made of chiffon veiling in cream white with bands of antique lace as trimming.

The skirt consists of a foundation which is cut in five gores, the upper portion of the skirt and the two flounces.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight yards twenty-seven inches wide, seven and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or five and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with eight and one-half yards twenty-one or five yards thirty-six inches wide for foundation.



WOMAN'S YOKE WAIST AND TRIPLE TUCKED SKIRT.

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted lining that closes at the centre front. The back is plain, drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the fronts are tucked for a few inches below their upper edges and form soft folds over the bust. The neck is finished with the big collar which laps over with the waist to close invisibly at the left of centre. The shield is separate and is arranged over the lining, beneath the waist. The tucked sleeves are eminently graceful and form frills below the elbows, but the bishop sleeves are plain, gathered into straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-fourth yards twenty-one inches wide, four and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide,

WOMAN'S TUCKED WAIST.

with three-eighth yards of all-over lace for collar and shield and two and three-fourth yards of applique to trim as illustrated.

Costliness of Linen Costumes.

Linen launders well, but it musses very easily and is therefore by no means economical wear. A smart white linen toilet is in two pieces. The slightly full skirt is of the five gored model, with an inlet above the hem of a three-inch band of embroidery done on linen. The three-quarter length coat has a similar band around its skirt, set perhaps two inches above the hem. A deep-jointed cape collar of the linen falls over the shoulders, with a second collar of embroidery a size smaller falling over the first. The sleeves drop from the elbow with an inlet of embroidery, and are gathered into a long-pointed cuff of embroidery at the wrist.—New York Post.

Packing the Trunk.

Trimmed hats and starched blouses suffer greatly from packing. It is much better to pack the blouses rough-dry and have them got up when one arrives at one's destination. Hats can easily be packed before they are trimmed, with the ribbons which are to adorn them stowed away inside the crown. Linen collars can be packed very safely in the crown of a sailor hat, and this is one way of economizing space.

Use of Lace in Winter Hats.

Heavy guipure lace in the form of circular appliques, with deeply Vandyked edges, and of broad bands inserted clear in the brim, must be reckoned among the fashionable decorations for this style of hat when made of velvet. The Vandyked guipure is also used to trim the underside of hat brims. Such lace is generally chosen either pure white or of a light creamy tone.—The Millinery Trade Review.

The Ever Popular Gainsborough.

The Gainsborough hat is, so report says, to have another season of popularity.

Tucked Blouse Waist.

Big round collars are much worn and are very generally becoming. The smart May Manton waist illustrated combines one of the sort with tucked fronts, that are exceedingly graceful, and can be made with tucked elbow or plain bishop sleeves. The model is made of mauve peau de cynge stitched with corticelli silk, the trimming, shield and collar being of heavy applique in twine color, and is worn with a skirt of the same, but the design also suits the odd waist and all pretty, soft materials that can be tucked successfully are appropriate. When desired the shield and collar can be omitted and the neck worn slightly open.

Teaching Poll Parrots to Speak.

The strangest school in the world has been established in Philadelphia by a woman. It is a school where parrots are taught to speak by means of the phonograph, which is a new method only recently adopted by the founder of the school, Mrs. Jacob Hope. The old way of teaching parrots is tedious and unsatisfactory. The tutor, crouched in a corner out of sight of the bird, repeats to it, over and over, thousands of times, the same word, the same phrase, till his back aches from his cramped and still position and till his voice cracks and gives out. The new way of teaching these birds to talk is pleasant and wonderfully successful. The tutor sets his phonograph going at the parrot's ear, and then retires to read or to look after other business. His phonograph, while he rests, works for him. With a precision and perseverance that he could never equal it drums into the brain of the bird the sentence that is to be learned. This sentence the parrot acquires much more quickly and much more thoroughly by the new way than by the old.

The term at the Philadelphia phonograph school of languages for parrots lasts six months. The tuition fee is $40 a term, and the school has at present twenty pupils.—W. B. Trites, in Leslie's Weekly.

Costly Impoliteness.

It pays to be polite, and sometimes impoliteness is rather expensive. The smoke from a gas and electric plant in San Francisco annoyed Claus Spreckels, the sugar king. He complained to the President of the company, politely requesting an abatement of the nuisance. The President responded curtly and hinted that Mr. Spreckels should "chase himself." The sugar king, at an expense of $4,000,000, started a rival gas and electric company, and brought down the price of these illuminants to one-quarter what they had been. Then the President begged for quarter, and Spreckels sold his plant to the penitent company for $6,000,000. The sugar king cleared $2,000,000 by the transaction, and the company had to pay $6,000,000 for the impoliteness of its officer.

A Curious London Custom.

A curious survival in London is the continuance of taxes and tithes on the houses which used, as every one knows, to stand on London Bridge. The houses, grown decrepit, were torn down in 1756, and the bridge followed them, but the tithes survived, and are still paid by the Bridge house estates to the rectors of St. Magnus and St. Olave churches, the total amounting to $300,000 since the houses disappeared. These ghostly taxes on things that have no corporeal existence might have given Dickens a theme.

Speed of Motor Cars in France.

In consequence of the reckless driving of motor cars through villages many of the local mayors issued orders prescribing speeds of only six or eight kilometres an hour within certain bounds. These restrictions have been brought to the notice of the Prime Minister, who has just issued a circular to the Prefects, in which he says that, while he quite agrees that the speed of motor cars should be limited in places where there is considerable traffic, he does not think it equitable that the cars, which are so easily handled and pulled up, should be required to travel at a less speed than horse-drawn vehicles. He consequently invites the Prefects to see that the action of the local mayors is not vexatious and beyond the real requirements of public security, as it is necessary that hostility should not be shown toward the new means of locomotion, which is destined toi render great services, and with which the public will gradually become familiarized.—Paris Correspondence in London Standard.

200,000 Kisses.

"Kissing the Book" is a practice which shows no sign of losing its popularity. Witnesses have enjoyed for several years the statutory right of being sworn in the Scottish fashion, but extremely few exercise it, despite the frequent objection urged against kissing the book on sanitary grounds. A witness in the Newcastle County Court has contrived to adhere to the practice, while showing his appreciation of the grounds on which doctors have condemned it. Immediately he stepped into the witness box he produced a Testament from his pocket to be sworn on. This precaution was at once commended by Judge Greenwell, who remarked that he himself would not kiss one of the court Testaments for £1000. In a court in another part of the country a Testament has been so long in use that it is calculated that over 200,000 persons have kissed it. The officers are said to have made this interesting calculation known to the world with feelings of peculiar pride.—London Globe.

Good Navy Marksmanship.

An interesting illustration of the excellent marksmanship of Uncle Sam's men behind the guns, as developed during the recent inspection trip of the naval committeemen on the U. S. S. Dolphin, has just come to light. Representative Roberts of Massachusetts was of the party. Approaching Gunner's Mate Spoer of the ship, Mr. Roberts offered him a dollar to hit a sea gull. Spoer took a forty-pound six-millimetre Colt's automatic gun, and after a trial shot he popped a sea gull on the fly at 400 yards. One of the Representatives was firm in his declaration that the shot was an accidental one, whereupon Spoer shot another sea gull at 350 yards. The crowd of astonished witnesses to the feat finally came to the conclusion that Spoer was the crack shot of the ship. This Spoer modestly disclaimed, saying, "We've a shipload of 'em, sir." Spoer got his dollar.—Washington Evening Star.

Even the sculptor may not cut much of a figure in society. N.Y.—40

The Handbill Nuisance.

A city which attempts to have clean streets might very properly pass an ordinance regulating the distribution of handbills, and if it went so far as to abolish them altogether no harm would be done.

They are thrown into door-yards and on door-steps, where somebody must pick them up and put them in the fire, or else suffer them to litter up the yard and street. Their practical value as advertising is by no means commensurate with the annoyance they occasion.

Canaries as Featherless Bipeds.

A canary breeder has two young birds, now about six weeks old, whose bodies are entirely destitute of feathers or down of any kind, with the exception of the quills on wings and tails. The skin is perfectly smooth, with no sign whatever of feathers to come.—Nature Notes.

Typhoid Fever.

The average mortality from typhoid fever is three times as great in American as in European cities. The cities in the United States which suffer most from the disease are Washington, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and Providence, in that order.

A Bargain.

It was in the raspberry season, and a freckled, barefooted little girl in a torn blue calico gown came to the door of a country boarding house to sell some berries she had gathered.

"How much are your berries?" asked the mistress of the house.

"They are fifteen cents a quart, ma'am. But," she added, in the same breath, "if you don't want them, you can have them for ten."

"I don't want them, so you may give me three quarts," replied the lady, merrily.—Woman's Home Companion.

Older Than Solomon's Temple.

It is not generally realized that when Solomon erected his temple a thousand years before Christ, Americans in Peru were building their tremendous "structures to the glory of a creator god." Yet this is the conclusion toward which our archaeological researches in South America now point. Professor Max Uhle, of the University of California, writes in Harper's Magazine of the slow but effective processes by which these records have been unearthed, revealing city buried beneath city, as each new period of culture succeeded its predecessor. The article is illustrated by curious pictures of early pottery and of significant ruins.