HONEY.

Honey—in de meadows Ah kin see de fish bugs blink,
Ah kin heah de crickets chirpin'—dey is tellin' what dey think;
Ah kin heah de whip' bird calling', as Ah sit heah at de do',
An' Ah fin's mahself a-askin', ain't yo' comin', hon, no mo'?

Honey—ovar yerhah in de cane patch by de lake,
Ah kin heah a night-bird previn' lak his li'l' hea't 'ud break;
An' Ah sit heah listenin', fo' de garden gate ti click,
Till de stahs grows pale an' lonesome an' mah h'a't grows mighty sick.

Honey—Ah's a-waitin'—when de sun am shinin' bright,
Or when shadders steal like spooks erbout de cabin do' at night;
Ah jest wait an' listen, honey sittin' heah beside de do',
An' Ah finds mahself a-askin', ain't yo' comin', hon, no mo'?

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SACRIFICE OF Unloved Libby.

Libby Anderson hung the dishcloth on its accustomed nail, and stood there surveying it. It was plain, from the way she looked that she had determined to speak.

"Ma," she asked of the woman who was sitting before the little round stove, "what was those papers Dave put in his pocket as I came in?"

"Some things he was showin' me."

"Ma," she asked quiveringly, "you didn't sign anything, did you?"

"I didn't sign your name to anything.' And the needles clashed again.

She knew her mother too well to press further.

"I just couldnt understand Dave coming here this time of year," she ventured; "and I thought he acted queer."

The old woman was folding her knitting.

"I'm going to bed and you'd better come along too," was her reply.

A week went by, and although Libby had twice forgotten to feed the chickens and had several times let the kettle burn dry, she was beginning to feel more settled in her mind.

She did up the work one morning and went to town.

Her first call was at the solicitor's, and there she heard the worst. Ma had assigned her home to Dave. She did not make any fuss; she was too old-fashioned for hysterics.

It was not until the old place came in sight that she broke down.

"It's not fair," she cried out, "when I've stayed here and worked—it's not fair!" And, for the first time in many years she was crying, passionately crying.

It was a feeling of outraged justice that made her speak, for she was just a woman—the daughter of pa.

"Ma," she said, "do you think pa would like to think of your assigning the place to Dave, when I've stayed here and kept it up the best I could for twenty years?"

The old woman put down her knitting.

"La, now, Libby," she said, not unkindly, "don't take on. You'll never want for nothin'!"

Libby stood there looking at her.

"I think you don't realize what you've done," she said; and turned to the bedroom to take off her things.

It was not until the next month, the blustering month of March, that all was made clear. It was early in the afternoon when Libby looked from the window and saw a man coming in at the big gate.

"That friend of Dave's from the city is coming, ma," she said.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, 'and such a day as 'tis!"

The stranger warmed his hands, and disbursed a number of pleasantries.

"Well, Mrs. Anderson," he said, finally, "your son wants me to make a little proposition to you.

Mrs. Anderson looked pleasantly expectant.

"Dave's always makin' propositions," she chuckled.

"He's been a good deal worried about you this winter—afraid you were not just comfortable out here—you two all alone."

"Dave's always thinkin' of his mother's comfort," she assented, and looked triumphantly over to Libby.

"Well," he resumed, turning his back to the older woman, "it worries Dave to think of your being out here alone now that you're getting along in years, so he's rented a nice little place in town, and he feels sure it would be better all around if you'd just go in and take it."

"If that ain't for all the world like Dave!—always some new idea in his head. But you tell him, Mr. Murray, not to be bothering. We don't want to move in town—do we Libby?"

"Not if we can help it," she replied.

"Dave's been away from the place so long that he don't see how 'tis," Ma explained. "Libby and me wouldn't feel at home no place else."

"It's too bad you feel that way," he went on persuasively, "for Dave was so sure you'd like the idea that he's gone ahead and made all arrangements, and I'm afraid there might be a little trouble about unmaking them."

He turned to Libby.

"How soon do you think you could move? By the first of May?"

"I suppose so," she answered in a dull voice.

April came, and for the fiftieth time the old woman watched the white give way to the green on the hills that curved in and out around her old home.

As long as she could, Libby let her have her dream. Her heart was not hard toward Ma now. Ma had not understood. And Libby was glad she could have those few springs days before she was torn from the old home.

"Ma,' she began one morning, "I think I will have to be packing up this week."

"Packing up what?"

"Why, don't you remember, Ma. we are going to town the first of May?"

"Oh, la, Libby! I've give that up long ago! I'm going to die on the old place."

"But you know, Ma, the arrangements have all been made. I'm afraid we'll have to go."

She turned to her crossly.

"There's no use to argue wi' me, Libby Anderson. I ain't goin'!"

"But what about Dave?"

"You can jest write Dave and say his mother don't want to leave the place. Dave won't have nothin' further to say."

She looked off at the meadowland as if it were all settled. Libby would have to tell her.

"Ma," she said, "it's no use to write to Dave."

"Why not?" she demanded in a half frightened, half aggressive voice.

"He's sold the place, Ma."

"What's that you say? Something about Dave selling my place? Are you gone crazy, Libby?"

"You know you deeded it to him, Ma. It was his after you did that. And he's sold it, and we'll have to move out."

Hearing no answer she turned around, and it was then she coveted Dave's gift of saying things smoothly. The old woman was crouched low in her chair, and her face was quivering, and looked sunken and gray.

"I didn't think he'd do that," she faltered.

"Never mind,' Ma," Libby said awkwardly. "Poor Ma!"

It was the nearest to a caress that had passed between them since Libby was a little girl.

Nothing more was said until after Ma had gone to bed. Libby supposed she was asleep, when she called quaveringly to her.

"Libby," she said, "you mustn't be thinkin' hard of Dave. He must have thought it for the best."

Libby was used to caring for Ma, and she needed care now.

"Yes, Ma," she answered, "I'm sure he must."

It was not until the morning of the fourth day that the silence between them was broken. Libby got up to take down the clock, when she heard a strange noise behind her, and turning she saw that Ma's head was down low in her hands, and she was rocking passionately back and forward and crying as though her old heart had broken.

She put down the clock, and again she wished for a little of Dave's silkiness of speech. But she did not have it, and the best she could do was to pull Ma's chair out from the barren room into the sunshine of the porch. The hills, she thought, would still look like home.

Ma did not get up at all the next day. Perhaps she was ill, or perhaps it was only that she did not want to go out in the sitting room and see how unlike home it looked. But the next day she did not get up either, and then Libby went to town for the doctor. He said the excitement had weakened her, and did not seem very certain she would ever get up again. That night Libby wrote a letter to Dave, asking him again to let his mother die on the old place. A week passed and an answer had not come, and still Ma had not left her bed. The packing was all done, it was just the first of May and she was just waiting—she did not know for what.

Her whole soul rose up against moving Ma from the old place now, when her days were so surely numbered, and so she sent a telegram to Dave, telling him his mother was ill and asking leave to stay a little longer. There came a reply from his partner, saying that Dave was away and would not be home for two weeks.

That night the old woman raised herself and sobbed out the truth.

"It's Dave that's killin' me! It's to think Dave sold the place and turned me out to die!"

The disinherited child wrote a letter that night and to it she signed her brother's name. Out in the world they might have applied to it an ugly word, but Libby was only caring for Ma. She was a long time about it, for it was hard to put things in Dave's round, bold hand, and it was hard to say them in his silky way.

The doctor said next morning that it was a matter of but a few days at most, for Ma was much worse.

"It ain't that I'm goin' to die," she said, when Libby came in and found her crying, "but I was thinkin' of Dave. I keep thinkin' and thinkin' of him when he was a little boy and how he used to run about the place and how pretty he used to look; and then, just as I begin to take a little comfort in rememberin' some of the smart things he said, I have to think what he has done, and it does seem that he might have waited till—" But the words were too bitter to be spoken, and with a hard, scraping sound in her throat she turned her face to the wall.

Libby put her hand to something in her pocket and thought of last night's work with thankfulness.

About 11 o'clock she entered the room with the sheets of a letter in her hand.

"Ma," she said, tremulously, "here's a letter just come from Dave."

"I knew it'd come—I knew it!" And the old voice filled the room with its triumphant ring. Then there crept into her face an anxious look. "What does he say?"

"He's sorry about selling the place, Ma. He really thought you'd like it better in town. But he's fixed it up for us to stay. He says you'll never have to leave the place."

"I knowed it—I knowed it well enough! You don't know Dave like I do. But read me the letter."

She did read it, and the old woman listened with tears—glad tears now—falling over her withered cheeks.

"You can just unpack our things," she cried, when it was finished, "and get this place straightened out. The idea of your packin' up, and thinkin' we was goin' to move to town! Nice mess you've made of it! Jest as if Dave would hear of us leavin' the place. I always knowed you never 'preciated Dave."

Before morning broke Ma was dead. Happy, because she had back her old faith in Dave—the blind, beautiful faith of the mother in her son. And Libby—the homeless and unloved Libby—was happy, too, for she had finished well her work of caring for Ma.—Indianadopis Sentinel.

FARM LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

Western States Making Agriculture a Primary School Study.

Under a law in this State, writes the Lincoln (Neb). correspondent of the New York Sun, all teachers in the primary and secondary grades must be able to impart the rudiments of agriculture to their pupils, to tell them something of the soil, its constitutents, its culture, how it is seeded and how the crops are harvested. It is not supposed that every teacher will be able to farm, neither is it proposed to make of every pupil a practical agriculturist. The aim is to instill into the minds of the children a love and respect fo agriculture, to make plain its possibilities, and in the end to make more farmers.

This new departure has come rather from the farmers than from the educators, although the latter have been quick to see the advantages of the new system. Scattered through the West are thousands of men who have made comfortable fortunes at farming. They like their vocation and they believe more men ought to be pursuing it. They believe also that there will never be much else in the West than farming, and that the thing to do is to shape the educational policy of this section so as to produce more farmers and fewer professional men.

Some Western States have established experimental high schools where agriculture is taught to advanced pupils. These have not been very successful. The error lay in not beginning the instruction in the lower grades. That mistake is now to be remedied. The advocates of the new plan insist that the present educational system has turned out too many trained dreamers and trained thinkers, and that it is high time that its product be trained doers.

Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska universities have been offering for several years normal courses in agriculture for teachers who desire to or must give such instruction. This step has received the recognition of State superintendents, who award certificates on the agreement to accept satisfactory work in agriculture in lieu of any science. The result has been to interest many teachers and to give risers to chairs of agriculture in the State normal schools. Other nearby States are following suit.

In Colorado Senator Patterson has offered $2,500 in gold as prizes to be distributed among the children of the State for the best cereal seed raised within the next three years. The competition is open to every boy or girl under eighteen.

In Nebraska and Kansas, two great corn States, corn improvement is the end sought. Back of the movement is the influence of the State College of Argiculture, the farmers' institutes, the Corn Improver's Association and the agricultural shows. In forty-two counties this year competitions have been held, the object of which is to induce the boys and girls to study the principles and conditions of plant growth. The public schools have in many instances taken up the work of corn growing under the direction of the county superintendent. In some the Farmers' Institute Association of the neighborhood or of the county has organized corn growing contests and arranged for a list of prizes. In others the teachers have urged the boys to grow a patch to exhibit it at the school when harvested the next fall. The merchants and business men generally of the small towns have caught the spirit and offered prizes.

The Judge's First Client.

Judge James J. Banks, the well-known Denver lawyer, is a native of the South. It was in Birmingham, Ala., that he hung out his first shingle. For a long while Judge Banks sat in his office and wondered what a law client looked like. He would read and study to pass the long hours away. Every time he heard footsteps in the hall he would straighten up, assume an air of knowledge and wait, only to be disappointed. One day an old negro woman entered his office.

"Is yo' de lawyah man?" she asked. Judge Banks immediately was all attention. This surely was a client. He answered in the affirmative.

"Well, sah," said the old woman, "Ah wants ter ax yo' advice. Now, yo' see, Ah owes rent on ma house. Ah kain't pay hit en de lan'lord say he gwine ter put me out nex' week ef Ah doan' fotch round de cash. What's Ah gwine ter do' Mistah lawyah man."

Judge Banks gave himself to deep study for a moment. Then he told the old woman that, with due process of law, the landlord could be compelled to give her a month's notice. The first client was delighted.

"Well, now, young man," she said, "Ah's mighty much erbliged ter you. Yo' suhtinly es smaht. Good mohnin'!"

"Hold on" came from the young lawyer. "Haven't you forgotten something?"

"How's dat?" asked the old negress. "Did Ah done dropped somethin'?"

"No," said Judge Banks, "but my fee is $5. You must pay me for that advice."

The old negress hesitated. Then she took hold of the doorknob.

"Mistah," she said, "Ah doan' want yo' ole device. Keep hit. Dat rent ain't but foah dollahs." And out she went.—Denver Post.

Her Search.

The scene is a drug store in a busy part of Broadway. When the action opens a pretty woman is demurely turning over the leaves of the city directory.

Enter an irascible old man, who wants to find the address of a fellow who owes him money. He stands and waits impatiently, filling in the time coughing suggestively.

A business man in a hurry follows. He wants to know where John Brown lives. It is in the next street, but he has forgotten the number. He falls in line.

Then a man who seeks some city official, but knows nothing of his office except that it closes within a few minutes, joins the ranks of the waiters.

Half a dozen others who wish to consult the directory gather around. Still the woman placidly turns leaf after leaf over, without evident intention to decide whether the name she seeks is Brown, Jones or Walker.

When there are fully half a score fuming impatient people in line, enters a newspaper reporter. His mission will positively admit no delay, so he politely offers to assist the woman, suggesting that his experience may tend to save time and lessen her labor. When he asks her what she seeks, with a sweet smile of thankful appreciation, she says:

"Oh! Thank you. You are very kind. I am trying to find a sweetly pretty name for my new boy baby!"—K. C. Independent.

Animals That Never Sleep.

There are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep in the whole of their existence. Among fish it is positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all, also that there are several others in the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber, and from three to five species of serpents which also never sleep.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IMPARTIAL RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION.

By Bishop Henry C. Potter.

BISHOP POTTER.

The questions which now confront the American people are two-fold: Whether there should be any restriction to immigration, and if so upon what that restriction shall be based. Self preservation, we are wont to say, is the first law of nature. The American republic exists for the illustration and propagation and the maintenance of certain ideals of civic government and of personal freedom. The invasion of a race which would destroy these would be a sufficient ground for resisting such invasion. The nation rests upon the cornerstone of the eternal righteousness, and a race which by its moral or religious standards would assault these would strike at the foundations of the republic; therefore some restriction of immigration has in it the essential equality of equity.

I believe that a common law which would bear equally upon all those various races and peoples that are knocking at our doors would command the sympathy of the republic and the votes of the upright men, but any proposed legislation must have in it the essential notes of equity and absolute freedom from racial preudice.

THE CURSE OF ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

By Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters.

Business success does not bring happiness. "Man cannot live by bread alone," by estates and dollars, if he could he would only be an animal. What the world wants to-day is men who will amass golden thoughts and golden deeds, and not mere golden dollars. Good men don't work for money, they work for character. Character is perpetual wealth, and by the side of him who has it the millionaire who has it not is a pauper. Plain living, high thinking and useful effort are real riches.

Never adopt the base motto, "all is fair in trade." I have seen men, inflexible in principle, upright and downsquare, who have gone under, but came up again from all their losses and failures with a conscious integrity. I do not believe that "every man has his price." When anyone complains that he has to hunt the streets with candles at noonday to find an honest man, we are apt to think that his nearest neighbor would have quite as much difficulty as himself in making the discovery. If you think there is not an honest man living you had better, for appearance sake, put off saying it until you are dead wourself.

PROFIT SHARING SCHEMES FAILURES.

By John A. Howland.

I know a man who has a farm worth $20,000 which for ten years he has been letting out to tenants. He has had the place stocked with the best dairy equipment possible, and in letting out the place has exacted of the tenant that he purchase one-half the stock and the equipment, the tenant and owner dividing equally on the profits. Here is one of the best possible examples of a profit sharing scheme, but from the point of view of a man who might reasonably expect a 5 per cent income on the value of his farm, the whole scheme has been a failure. He finds that in the eyes of most of his tenants the mere idea that the tenant is compelled to share profit, is at once the stumbling block to the tenant's efforts. The tenant overlooks that he has the use of land worth $20,000, and that without the land he could do nothing; also he forgets that he has invested in only half the equipment necessary to running the farm in the best manner possible. It is the idea that profits must be divided at all that discourages this labor where in all logic the scheme was for its encouragement.

There is a New York house where the scheme is failing every day, whether the chief owner knows it or not. The house is interested in a peculiar specialty, and in the founding of the concern the present business manager was one of the chief promoters. Not until it was well on its feet as a success did this manager think of some stock for himself. Then he made overtures to the one man who held the majority of the stock, and was allowed to purchase $5,000 in shares. Soon after he discovered that the principal salesman of the establishment, covering a considerable and difficult territory, was drawing exactly his own salary, and had been allowed to purchase $5,000 worth of stock on exactly the same terms as he.

Thus the whole scheme is a failure unless it may be that the greater encouragement that might come to the salesman is sufficient to overweigh the sulks and discomfiture of the business manager. At least the manager's heart is out of his work, far more than if he were dependent upon an insufficient salary only. Yet this business manager would be absolutely content were it not that he feels a less deserving man in the establishment is doing as well as he.

THE HUMANITY OF WOMAN'S DRESS.

By George Bernard Shaw.

On Saturday night I went to the opera. A lady came in and sat down very conspicuously in my line of sight. She had very black hair and stuck over her right ear the pitiable corpse of a large white bird, which looked exactly as if some one had killed it by stamping on its breast and then nailed it to the lady's temple. The spectacle sickened me. I presume that if I had presented myself at the doors with a dead snake around my neck, a collection of black beetles pinned to my shirt front and a grouse in my hair I should have been refused admission. Why, then, is a woman to be allowed to commit such a public outrage? I once sat behind a matinee hat decorated with the two wings of a sea gull, artificially reddened at the points so as to produce an illusion of being freshly plucked from a live bird. Both ladies were evidently regarded by their neighbors as ridiculous and vulgar, but that is hardly enough when the offense is one which produces a sensation of physical sickness in persons of normal humane sensibility.

THE CHURCHES NEED UNITED ACTION.

By Rev. W. F. Wilkinson.

No man can look at the divided state of God's heritage and be satisfied. He must see, if he can see anything, that division is weakness and that the time taken to defend indefensible positions is worse than wasted, because it takes the strength, force and attention needed for important Christian work. We hear of consolidations, trusts, mergers on every hand in the business world, but there is no place where a merger or a consolidation is as dire a necessity as in the church of God.

That the division of religious effort has enormously emphasized the narrow, the sectional in church life is true past successful contradiction. Too often victory has been sought for a form of faith, a name, a church organization, rather than for the truth. What the churches need is united action.

"THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE."

How the Famous Song, Now Sung in 27 Languages, Was Written.

Perhaps one of the most popular songs or hymns which Ira D. Sankey made famous during his great evangelistic tours was that called "Throw Out the Lifeline." Although the great singer - evangelist has been ofttimes credited as the author, the man who wrote the words and music was Rev. E. S. Ufford, who now lives in Springfield, Mass. and who at the time was the pastor of a church in a little village near Boston. He sold the words and music for $25, and often said that it was the easiest money that he ever earned.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

While strolling along the beach in his little village, during the summer days, Rev. Mr. Ufford ofttimes noticed an old wreck on the sands and often wondered in his imagination how the old boat happened to become wrecked and stranded, and it called to his mind the fact that many human beings were going the same way as did the old boat.

He held an open-air meeting on the village green some time after this and preached to men about their souls and called attention to the wreck and offered to throw out a helping hand to any who would listen to his appeal.

Going home that night, he sat down and in fifteen minutes penned the hymn which now has been sung in 27 languages and printed over 5,000,000 times.

Rev. Mr. Ufford penned the lines in 1886, yet to-day the song is as popular as when it was first sung in the little Massachusetts village nearly 20 years ago.

The author took a trip around the globe a short time ago, and in Japan, China, Ceylon, Italy and England found incidents connected with his song. In Honolulu he found the words and music in the Hawaiian tongue, and sang it in English to the natives in the little church and the congregation then sang back to him in their language.

Dwight L. Moody called "Throw Out the Lifeline" his favorite and Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler had the song sung in his church, for he declared it had in it more electricity than any other hymn he ever knew.

Kaiser Wilhelm.

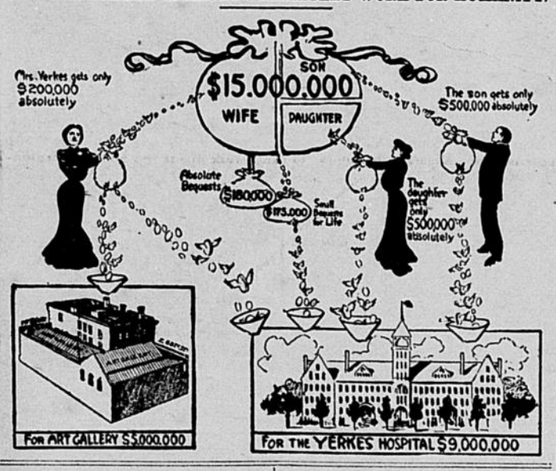
The dislike of the German emperor shown by English people of all classes to-day is odd. To the unimaginative person the German emperor could never appeal, because with all his practical energy, his desire to do good business, he is romantic. There is something of Richard Plantagenet or Charles XII. about him. But why he should act as a blister on English people, who care for heroes and romance and are moved by a great gift of oratory, we cannot understand. They might forgive him a good deal because his speeches translate into such grand English. Besides, he remains far and away the most interesting and potential figure in world politics.—Saturday Review.

Divided on Religion.

A curious diversity of religious belief is observable in the family of Lord Stanley of Alderley. The last previous holder of the title, a brother of the present peer, died in the Mussulman faith and was buried according to the rites of Islam. Another brother became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith and is now a domestic prelate to the Pope. One of Lord Stanley's nephews is a Buddhist, and a brother-in-law, now dead, was an atheist.

As a town grows older, it becomes more and more expensive for a man to be a satisfactory father.

HOW THE YERKES MILLIONS ULTIMATELY WORK FOR HUMANITY.



ART OF TRUNK PACKING.

With Some Examples of the Same Set Forth by Mr. Gumtree.

"Every now and then," said Mr. Gumtree, "I read a piece in the papers about the art of trunk packing; old, experienced men who have traveled much telling how to avoid carrying unnecessary stuff and how to stow the things that they do carry to the best advantage; all sound advice and useful, no doubt, to the immature, but I improve on all these professors and have no trouble about packing at all—I suppose because I've got a wife.

"My business takes me away occasionally on trips that last three, four or five weeks at a time, and when I am about to start on one of these trips Mrs. Gumtree packs my trunk.

"Mrs. Gumtree, without question, is the greatest trunk packer that ever lived, bar none, and I don't doubt that she holds the same belief, for when she has got all through packing she always tells me that she doesn't believe I will ever be able to get the stuff back into the trunk again when I come home.

"But she is the star packer, sure enough. She puts in not only everything I want, but everything I ought to have, adding to both, in quantity, a certain percentage for emergency, so that nothing ever goes wrong or falls short. And when it's all packed she goes over it all to me in detail and tells me where I'll find everything.

"And I do find everything all right. It has never failed, and in due time when I have got through with my business and get ready to come home, I do my own little stunt of packing for the homeward trip, getting into that trunk the stuff that Mrs. Gumtree thought I never could, but which I never fail to do.

"Can't ever get that stuff back into the trunk? Why, it's easy, it's a cinch, and as I pounce on the lid for the last time and finally get the lock to connect and buckle the strap around it, I smile at Mrs. Gumtree, at the other end of the line, and say to myself as I survey the trunk, 'Yes, yes, I guess we know a little something about trunk packing ourselves.' But:

"When I come to get home and Mrs. Gumtree lifts the lid of that trunk and looks at the solidified chaos within:

"'Roderick Gumtree,' she always says to me, 'if you ever come back with a trunk packed like this again I'll get a divorce.'

"But she never has yet, she still packs my trunk, outward bound, with just the same comprehensiveness, order and trimness, and as long as I can remember how to do the grand consolidated compress act for the return trip I shall feel that I have small need indeed to take any lessons whatever from any of those would-be professors of the noble art of trunk packing."

DIET OF VEGETABLES.

Knowledge of Food Values Necessary When Preparing Menu.

For the cook who wishes to substitute vegetables for meat, a knowledge of food values is imperative, says Harper's Bazar. Some vegetables are perfect substitutes for meat. You might grow strong and vigorous on them, while if you made a wrong choice your family would slowly starve to death. All the grains, such as whole wheat, rice, barley, oats, corn, are perfect substitutes for meat. They have the same nutritive value without the wastes of animal flesh. Nuts, cheese, peas, beans, lentils, raisins, figs, bananas, are meat foods. Tomatoes, onions, celery, asparagus, carrots, beets, spinach, apples, are valuable and important articles of diet, but if you attempted to make them the basis of your dietary your family would either starve or strike. Many vegetables have medicinal value which, if more widely understood, would diminish the need for drugs and the doctor. Raisins, grapes, asparagus, spinach, lentils, carrots, contain considerable iron. They are valuable for anemic people. Celery, onions, carrots and lettuce are nervines and should occur frequently in the diet of the high-strung, nervous people. They may be served in a variety of ways, together or separately in a combination with other foods. With the addition of milk and butter they become nutritious. Carrots are delicious in combination with celery or onions and beets. Eggs take the place of meat always. Two eggs equal in food value the quantity of beefsteak usually served to one person.

When the Tempest Comes.

When the tempest comes
With his thunder-drums,
An' you're in the tempest's way,
No use to sigh
For the wings to fly—
You must march to his drums that day!

You must rush along
As he screams his song—
For you won't have time to stay;
But—heed this word
Ere his drums are heard:
"You keep out the tempest's way!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Concession.

"Aren't you afraid of the influence of the railroads?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. "But I must say that I would not like to discourage 'em entirely. They do beat walkin'."—Washington Star.

Contentment abides with those who have but few wants.

THE JUMEL MANSION.

ONCE THE SCENE OF REVELRY AND MERRYMAKING.

Where Scores of Celebrities Were Entertained, Dined and Wined by One of the Most Fascinating Beauties of Her Time.

To the people who believe with Shakspeare that "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players" there is nothing of greater fascination than an old house. Here have been enacted the most charming comedies and the most pitiful tragedies, and ofttimes, as in the case of real actors, breaking hearts have been covered by smiles and mirth while bright, laughing eyes have ached with unshed tears.

One of the most interesting of the many historical mansions in this country is the brave old Jumel house which stands on Washington Heights, in New York, and is known as one of the few remaining vestiges of the old-time architectural splendor of that city. It stands well back from the street and commands a lofty and extensive view, its sole barricade now from an inquisitive public being a high, luxuriant box-hedge. The mansion was built in 1758, as a wedding present for Mary Phillips, of Phillipsburg Manor, Yonkers, who became the wife of Colonel Roger Morris. This lady was Washington's first sweetheart and when the Continental forces confiscated the mansion from Mary Phillips' Tory husband a feeling of sentiment stirred the mighty American's heart and he took the house as his headquarters, to prevent its destruction.

When M. Stephen Jumel, a dashing Frenchman, who kept a sailors' findings store on South street and fitted

FAMOUS JUMEL MANSION.

out privateers for the war in Jamaica and San Domingo, married the adventurous Betty Bowen, he bought and fitted up the mansion with a magnificent expenditure, calculated to make the eyes of the plain old Dutch burghers start from their heads. Mistress Betty had lived, to put it mildly, before she met and married the young merchant prince. As Betty Bowen, the rustic beauty had broken the heart and stamped on the pride of many an impressionable Massachusetts beau. To her was born a child which so closely resembled George Washington that for many years was supposed to be his son. In reality, Major Reuben Ballou was the father of Betty Bowen's child. When the baby was 5 weeks old the future haughy Mme. Jumel ran away and left him. She came back several times afterward to claim her little one, but Freelove Ballou, wife of the major, although well aware of the paternity of the child, kept it and would not let the mother so much as see it.

Betty was gloriously lovely, with all the capricious, puzzling waywardness of a little child—a fascinating riddle who charmed Stephen Jumel and for years after they were wed kept him wondering what she would do next. To make his wife happy the wealthy Frenchman imported hangings, furniture and wonderful plate from France. The Jumels entertained lavishly and the household affairs were conducted on a great scale. Once, upon returning from a European trip, the madam brought with her quantities of Napoleonic relics—the dispatch box of the little corporal, the trunk he carried on his campaigns, Josephine's jewels and embroideries and bric-a-brac which had been the property of Marie Antoinette.

Many of these valuable souvenirs are to-day in the drawing room of Mrs. Julius Caryl, of Washington Heights, the grand-niece of Mme. Jumel. There is in this same room a full-length life-size portrait of Mme. Betty, which was painted in France in the hey-day of her charms. She sits in a great carved chair, dressed in a robe of embossed blue velvet. There are showers of costly lace about the shoulders, and lappets of lace fall from the chestnut hair, carefully banded and curled in the fashion of those days. The face of Mme. Betty is full of fire and fascination. The eyes are lustrous and of sapphire hue, the expression one of winsome pride and complacent disdain.

The Jumel mansion is packed with history, romance and thrilling mystery. There are dark and blood-curdling secret passages and cupboards and of course there is a ghost chamber and a ghost who walks and wails in the most approved fashion.

At the age of 60, widowed, but still remarkably lovely, Mme. Jumel married Aaron Burr, then a ruined old man of 78. In the great hall in the mansion is pointed out the exact spot where the fiery Betty caught her aged spouse kissing a pretty maid and, boxing his ears soundly, turned him out of doors.

The Jumel house is now the property of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is conducted as a free historical museum.

Wandering through the old rooms the visitor sees in imagination the forms of departed heroes and beautiful women, smells the faint odor of June roses and, listening, hears sweet, low laughter, the clank of sword and the whisper of silk.

Hot Shot.

"Hello!" said the country editor, by way of greeting, "what are you filing that saw for?"

"'Cause it's dull," retorted the grouchy old farmer; "what'd ye s'pose?"

"Ah! do you always file things that are dull?"

"Wal, no; I never file that ding-batted paper o' yourn." — Catholic Standard and Times.

The good things of life grow slow, but it is different with bills and scandal.

A man never lowers himself by attempting to lift others up.

Not all who think they think have thoughts.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

Francis Lewis, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Llandaff, Wales, and educated in the city of London. On coming of age he at once embarked to the American colonies, establishing himself in a commercial business in New York.

FRANCIS LEWIS.

At the time when the colonies were in a state of unrest and war seemed the inevitable solution of the difficulties and wrongs of the colonists, Lewis, although aware of the fact that war was certain to wreck his business and to endanger his personal interests, at once threw his lot with that of the revolutionists. He aided their deliberations with his good business judgment. He freely distributed his money to aid their cause. His own house at Whitestone, Long Island, was burned by the British and his wife imprisoned in the city.

Lewis was one of the first to join the Sons of Liberty. He was a member of the New York committee in the first Continental Congress and served on several advisory bodies. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

He was commissioner of the board of admiralty and held several important and honorary offices under the new government. He was a man whose opinion was held in such value by his townsmen that to his influence and example was due the loyalty of many a citizen of New York.

IDAHO'S DYNAMITE OUTRAGE.

Diabolical Assassination of Ex-Gov. Steunenberg.

Frank Steunenberg, ex-Governor of Idaho, was killed in a most diabolical manner at his home in Boise. As he was entering the gate at his home, which is in a section not thickly settled, there was a terrific explosion and a flash of light, and the ex-Governor was hurled thirty feet through the air. He died when picked up. The perpetrators, who had attached the deadly dynamite bomb to the gate in such a manner that there would be an explosion when the gate was opened, must have watched the house closely and followed the movements of the ex-Governor carefully, to avoid a mistake in the identity of the victim. It is suspected that persons connected with the Cour de'Alene riots, which Steunenberg suppressed, are responsible for the outrage.

Ex-Governor Steunenberg was one of the most picturesque figures of his State. A native of Iowa, he was nevertheless typical of the far West, a rough, hearty man of the plains and the hills. He was never east of the Mississippi River until after he became chief executive of the State of Idaho in 1897. He stood seven feet in his stockings, straight as an Indian and broad as a heavy-weight pugilist. When he visited New York City after

EX-GOV. STEUNENBERG.

his election he caused a slight sensation by bravely parading Broadway without a necktie, wearing the wide-brimmed hat and long ulster of a cattleman, contemptuous of the amenities. But he overflowed with refreshing ideas, and was enthusiastic over the future of his own State and of all the West.

He was an outspoken advocate of women's suffrage, which had been accepted by Idaho. He was also a staunch supporter of Mormonism, although not a member of that faith. "The East misunderstood Mormonism," he once asserted. "That religion deserves to live as much as Presbyterianism or any other 'ism.' Mormons make an excellent class of citizens, and if the East knew them as we do there would be a decided change of attitude. I do not, of course, approve of polygamy, but the faith will live and do a good work after this evil is rooted out."

Mr. Steunenberg served two terms as Governor, from 189[illegible] to 1901, being the candidate of the Democrats and silver Republicans of his State. He proved a good executive, and put down strike riots among the miners with an iron hand. He was 44 years old, and leaves a widow and three children.

Not a Born Forger.

The indorsement of checks is a very simple thing, but, as the following story will show, it, too, has its difficulties:

A woman went into a bank where she had several times presented checks drawn to Mrs. Lucy B. Smith. This time the check was made to the order of Mrs. M. J. Smith—M. J. were her husband's initials. She explained this to the paying teller, and asked what she should do.

"Oh, that is all right," he said. "Just indorse it as it is written there." She took the check, and after much hesitation, said, "I don't think I can make an M like that."

His Inspiration.

"Your sermon this morning on 'The Poor We Have Always With Us' seemed positively inspired," remarked the parishioner, "and I didn't notice that you used any notes. Was it really extemporaneous?"

"Yes, the idea came to me after I saw how small the collection was," replied the pastor.—Philadelphia Press.

The meanest father that ever lived isn't half as mean as the meanest husband.