

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. Said the actor: "Say no more. It is not often that I'm mislead. I have seen your face before."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. Said the actor: "So was I. So sit you down to my humble spread, and a foaming mug I'll buy."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. Said the actor: "What a shame. That the master lies in the graveyard dead, and we are unknown to fame."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. Said the actor: "Would that we could again the stage so proudly tread With artists such as he."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. Said the actor: "We'll shall I forget those days through the years long fled. Drink up, for my throat is dry."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said. "Do not interrupt me more. 'Twas Ballington I was with, not Ned, The Salvation Army Corps."

—Sam S. Stinson, in Punch.

Olive's Opportunity

BY FRANCESCA LEONARD

"I'd like to see the people who write about 'How to Get Ten Dollars a Week' to do it themselves," said Olive, hopefully. "It's all very well, Etta, to put down the items in a nice neat list, beginning with 'Board and lodging, six dollars,' that read beautifully in Vermont, where half the price would do if you helped round the house. But down here in New York the littiest hall bedroom with your board is eight dollars, and prices going up all the time. Just look at how we were crowded in here, two of us, in a room only meant for one and a half, and paying seven dollars and a half apiece for it."

"And glad enough to get it at that," said her roommate from Indiana. "My, but 'dint' I wear out a pair of shoes looking for that fifty cents off about this year hadn't told you about it?"

"I don't know what you mean, but I'd be climbing stairs still at a meeting, new sorts of disagreeable landladies in each street—but all alike on the prices. Father sends me fifty dollars a month. He's an angel, and it's more than he really can spare, and so I try to cut and save. But forty-five is my lowest record so far. It is a shame that an art student is expected to look shabby. I'd be lost, and as it is, I really am shabbier than the rajas."

"Nonsense! Lucky you!" said Olive. "Fifty dollars a month is riches. Forty is destitution. Janet helped me out because she knew, like me, a lone orphan—only she had an uncle who once sent her ten dollars, and I haven't anybody nearer than Cousin Eliza, who wouldn't send ten dollars to send, and wouldn't send it if she had. I've rented the old house at home, and I can't go back to it. I've come here to study, and I'm going to do it. I have enough to pay for the art course and my board. But unless you can inform me, Etta, how to do without shoes and winter hat, you mention our fare, I shall soon be sitting on the corner with a box of pencils in one hand, and the other held out for nickels. The higher life is being forced upon me—a dollar a week higher than my present possibilities. That is what I mean to do in my mind."

"Janet Sanders painted things to sell, didn't she?" said Etta. "I heard she made quite a good deal on orders for menu cards and favors."

"Janet can do anything," returned Olive, uncheered. "She's won the scholarship, and goes to Europe this autumn. She is a force to be reckoned with. Five hundred girls are trying to make both ends meet by painting menu cards and favors, only a Janet can get orders. I've been to every store and every exchange in New York, and my first orders amount to nothing. I have to have my painting dainty trifles—I can see that myself."

"No, you get broad effects, and have to work that way," said Etta. "But there must be an opening somewhere, Olive."

"Etta Laurence," replied her roommate, "I used to think the world was like a sieve—all openings. But for the last six weeks it has been a high board fence. I even tried the 'want' advertisements yesterday. I went to a place where they advertised for girls to address wrappers, and to another where they wanted a girl to amuse children. At the wrapper place they wanted no one who could not work from seven in the morning to six in the evening. At the other place the woman wanted to call me by my first name, and put a cap and apron on me, and have me eat with the colored housemaid and butler, and my hours were from six in the morning to five in the afternoon. Besides, you ought to have heard the children scream when we went into the room. Etta, I'll take it. I must go hatless and shoeless. I must. But don't ask me to answer any more want advertisements."

"There must be some kind of an opportunity waiting for us somewhere," persisted Etta. "There always is one, you know, if we search hard enough."

"In Indiana and Vermont, yes," said Olive. "Last summer I made cake and ice-cream for the women in the village who took in summer boarders. I had all I could do. But imagine making cake in this room? Looking round the city, dinky little 'third floor back,' and especially imagine, my dear Etta, selling ice-cream! I'd have to have hokee-pokee glasses, a handcart and a license. New York seems to me a solid wall of difficulty. If you'll only show me an opening big enough to stick my finger in, Etta, I'll take it before you can say Jack Robinson."

"I passed a store to-day," said Etta, reflectively—"now where was it? Somewhere on the avenue, between Forty-second Street and here, for I walked up that way. It had a sign out, 'Girl wanted in the evenings.' It was a sort of candy and ice-cream place—your talking about ice-cream made me think of it. Wait—it was next to that big fruit-store, Cellini's. If you really want—"

"I do," said Olive. "I'll go there this minute. Don't you want a walk,

Etta? We'll make for the opening, and see whether I can get through. The wind blew chill in their faces as they walked down the avenue. The time for a winter hat was indeed coming, and the thought nerved Olive to desperation. The candy and ice-cream store, when they reached it, still had a sign come triumphantly. Inside, half a dozen girls were waiting to interview the sharp-faced proprietor. Two of them was so pretty and neat that Olive's heart sank, and when her turn came, it was with rather a discouraged voice that she answered the first question or two. But to her joy, the third thing asked was: "Do you know anything about making ice-cream?"

"Yes," said Olive. "I made thirty gallons of it last summer for the boarders."

"Do you know anything about packing it and serving it out?" said the proprietor, with evident interest.

"Yes, I can do anything there is to do about ice-cream," said Olive, sure of her ground.

"Where are you from?"

"Humph! I'm from Maine. Guess you're the girl I'm looking for. These city girls look well, and that's all there is to them. Can you come from seven to ten every night for a while, to see how it works? Two and a half a week is all I can give you, and you'll have to wash dishes sometimes."

"Very well," said Olive. "When shall I begin?"

"To-morrow night," said the proprietor. "Come at six, and I'll show you the ropes and give you your supper."

The girls went home triumphantly. "Etta, you're a jewel. On my first pay-day, I hereby invite you to all the ice-cream and cake you can eat!" cried Olive, as they mounted the stairs to their room.

"You won't have much pay left, then," said Etta. "It's going to be hard work, too, Olive. Maine is going to get all it can out of Vermont, even dish-washing."

"Which proved to be true. The man from Maine knew his compatriots of New England. All that could be got out of a New England girl, which is an almost infinite quality—he got out of Olive in those three hours. He questioned her carefully about making ice-cream, found her expert in special flavors, and set her to work after a week or two to build up a reputation for his establishment for home-made ice-cream. There was no doubt in the minds of those who tasted it as to its merits. They came again. They ordered it for home consumption."

"One good thing," Olive informed Etta, "is that I've no more time for dish-washing." But two evenings afterward she came in and sat down on Etta's bed and began to cry.

"What is the matter?" said Etta, reaching out and hugging her up. "You poor dear, you've caught cold. I can feel how feverish you are."

"Oh, it's not a cold," sobbed Olive. "It's—it's dreadful! Etta, the man from Maine wants me to—marry him! He says I'm just the wife he wants for the business. He's set his heart on it. He's been following me round all evening. He came home with me, and kept proposing all day. Did you ever hear anything so absurd? And he'll never give it up; he's that kind. I'm just like a good investment he's determined to have—don't you see? He's made up his mind, and he's not leaving me to do but to leave. So I gave him notice. He wouldn't take it, but I shall stop, just the same, at the end of the week."

The girl from Indiana had forfathers from Maine. She recognized the situation, she said, disconsolately. "That's the end of your opportunity."

"It has become impertunity instead," said Olive, and then began to laugh. "O, bother! Why wasn't he a woman from Maine, instead? Never mind, Etta, I've made fifteen dollars, and got my shoes. So I gave him notice. He wouldn't take it, but I shall stop, just the same, at the end of the week."

"Some day you will," said Etta, with conviction, for Olive's unusual talent was one of the commonest things in the world. "You're smart enough and plucky enough for anything, and your chance will come, see if it doesn't!"

It looked rather far away the next day to Olive, but she diverted her mind from her troubles by hunting up a splint basket for the occasion, and she could find in the stores, and painting it in a richly decorative design of oranges and green leaves. Her talent lay, as Etta had said, in broad effects, and in wure eye for color; and the splint basket, for Olive's unusual talent was one of the commonest things in the world. "Where do you get this basket, meet?" he asked. "Eet is very good, and ver—what you call, novelty."

"I did it myself," said Olive. "I'm glad you think it is pretty."

The Italian considered her shrewdly. He had seen her working in the ice-cream store next door. She must be in need of money. He was in need of a novelty for his rich customers.

"Eet you would be willing, mees, to do another one for me, I will gift a dollar for eet. Eet I sell eet, I will take another than. People buy often the basket—they ask a new sort of basket all the time. I try this sort. Eet they like eet, eet is good for me—and for you, perhaps."

Olive looked at him gratefully—and caught a business gleam in his eye. She had not worked under the man from Maine for nothing.

"I'll do one or two for you," she said, slowly, "but if they sell well I'll have to have more than a dollar, because the cost of the basket and the paint is out of the pocket of the customer. The Italian smiled maliciously. "Eet they like eet, they will pay. Feety, seventy-five cents more—they will not care. Bring eet to-morrow, the first one, and we will see."

Olive bought the basket before breakfast the next day, and took it round with her in the evening, confident that it was even prettier than the other. Sure enough, when she and Etta went down on Saturday to see Janet off, she saw her second basket brought over the side of the boat, with a card of a fashionable and fussy woman, one of Cellini's best customers, upon it. Etta and she and Janet rejoiced together over its artistic appearance and financial possibilities.

"Olive has no eye for the Maine chance," remarked Etta, flippantly, "but I still have hopes for her success," while Janet, with a farewell kiss, declared:

"I foresee you will join me in Paris, Olive, on the first-fruits of your genius."

Next week the sign, "Girl wanted in the evenings," was sadly hung up again by the man from Maine.

But Olive, with joyful fingers, was painting a round dozen of baskets, with a pleasing perspective of dozens of dozens ahead.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

TANGLE OF ITALIAN LAW.
Innocent Man in Prison for Burglary Without Hope—Who Confesses Free.

A striking example of the arbitrary and insufficient methods of Italian legal procedure has been lately afforded in a case which has been dragging before the courts since 1899, writes the Rome correspondent of the New York Sun. About ten years ago a burglary was committed near Bordighera and the suspicions of the police fell on a certain Giovanni Semaria, native of the neighboring village of Coldiroli. The Mayor of Coldiroli informed the police that nobody answering to the name belonged to the place, but that there was one Antonio Semaria who had emigrated to France. Antonio Semaria was accordingly indicted for the crime. A trial was held in the absence of the accused and he was sentenced to four years hard labor. In 1905 Antonio Semaria returned to Italy. He was immediately arrested and sent to prison to serve the sentence passed in his absence.

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It is not the things we can get along without, but the things we have and can enjoy that make life worth living to us.

While liberal fertilization will increase the yield, thorough cultivation is also necessary to keep up and improve the quality.

It is said that the doctor writes his mistakes to the printer, while the editor lays them onto the printer.

Cattle have four stomachs, while the pig has but one; when you stop to think about it you will readily observe that both cannot be fed alike.

In just about nine cases out of ten it is the man who grumbles over the hard work that makes the most fun when a rainy day brings a chance to rest and recuperate.

The pens should be cleaned each day to avoid a filthy condition and to keep the hogs comfortable. Bright oat straw should be used for the beds; and the straw needs to be kept fresh by being changed every day.

A good ideal for some of the young farmers just starting out is this one recently heard: A small farm thoroughly cultivated and prosperous; a clean kitchen and a "homey" parlor with a neat wife in charge.

If you want to teach a horse to walk fast, put him by the side of a horse that has a good gait. If the slow walker has any spunk, he will spring in to keep up, and gradually strike a faster pace. Some horses are like some men; they cannot be educated.

One of the advantages of having the cows come fresh in the fall is because that is the time that you can take the best care of them; in addition, that is the time you can keep the flow of milk better than at any other time of the year, and that is the time of the year that milk brings the highest price.

When hens have been laying for quite a while, the eggs at the close of the prolific period will not produce as strong chickens as those that were laid at the beginning of this period. It is claimed the layer begins to diminish its continued effort and the eggs are not sufficiently endowed with vitality near the last of the litter.

Dairying requires close attention and the constant presence of the dairyman at his post of duty. Any neglect of the cows or of the milk and butter must necessarily lead to losses—loss in the quality of the milk and butter and loss in the amount and quality of the flow of milk, which each cow may be expected to give if treated properly.

All the stables should be on the south and east side of the barn buildings, so the warm sun can penetrate to every corner. In parts of the country where the winters are not severe, open sheds facing the south are considered sufficient shelter for young stock. However, doors should be provided to close during storms and in especially severe weather.

Sometimes it takes quite a while over the head to get one's attention. It is so with the man who scribbles on cows on feed, thinking that by doing so he is saving money. First he knows, down goes the quantity of milk, and worse than that, the test slips himself. Then he finds that he has fooled himself, instead of fooling the cow. Nobody ever fooled a cow that way very long.

Almost any number of fowls may be kept upon the farm if it is large enough to accommodate them. But they must invariably be colonized in small groups of not over forty or fifty to one house or lot. Each colony is then kept separate from the other to be tended and cared for as if they were on separate farms. Any attempt to keep a large number in one flock is certain to result in failure.

When a fence is down, put it up, and then it will not get any worse. When a harness is broken, mend it before you have a runaway or before it becomes worthless. When weeds, hogs or fungi threaten, get after them before the damage is done.—Farm Journal.

White Huckleberries.
White huckleberries, in sharp contrast to the usual deep blue color of the berries, are being found on the mountains in the vicinity of Schuylkill, Pa. It is believed that the change in color was caused by the cool weather of the spring. The white berries are declared to be as sweet as sugar and more luscious than the ordinary kind.

Hauling Hay with Engine.
Charles Field, a farmer living four miles west of Richards, has his father's hay to town with a traction engine hitched to five wagons, which are loaded with over two tons of baled hay each. The elder Field is a good road enthusiast, and it is over one of the roads of which he has supervised the construction that these loads are hauled. The road is known as the Drury lane, and is considered the best dirt road in Missouri. The field farm comprises 724 acres, 800 of which is in meadow. Over 1,000 acre loads of hay

are shipped from his farm each year, which goes to all parts of the world.—Kingston Mercury.

Rich and Poor Soil.
It is a well known fact that plants grow largest in rich soil, but it is not so well understood that the largest roots may be found in very poor soil. This has been made a subject of late experiment by a French botanist. Lots of colza seeds were planted, respectively, in washed sand, in soil exhausted by many crops and in good soil; and they showed that, with like watering, the roots in the sand had grown fourteen to sixteen inches; those in the poor soil ten to twelve inches, and those in the good soil had grown only six inches.

Carrots for Horses.
Carrots are often looked on as a kind of delicate food for sick horses. If a horse is out of sorts and off his feed, refusing almost everything and eating with the greatest indifference, and carrots are offered they are eaten at once with much appreciation. They help to restore the appetite and give condition to the horse. In these respects carrots are invaluable and may be looked on as safe correctives.

But their usefulness extends beyond the period of sickness and depression, and horses in health may receive them frequently as a good food to maintain condition and activity. When first given their effect is a little laxative, but that is desired in many cases, and once given regularly they act as a quelling food. They are an excellent food for itchy horses and all in bad coat, as they are cooling to the blood and give a glow to the hair.

Horses of all ages may receive them, including even the youngest backward foals. Carrots should not be looked on as mere additions to other foods, but substitutes for them, as they are quite capable of acting as a real food, and not enough to be pulled as a grain or chaff. Half a bushel a day is a good allowance.—Farm Progress.

OLD GLOUCESTER BY THE SEA.
Quaint Town in Massachusetts Where Artists Find Open Sesame.
Nowhere on the New England coast is the white umbrella more in evidence than in the quaint old town of Gloucester, says Town and Country. From under its grateful shelter one looks out upon the varied scenes which have inspired such masters of the brush as Dureyneck, Twaichman, Childs Hassam and a score of others, who in years past have set up their easels and found a painter's joy in the wealth of color, variety and picturesqueness of this old town by the sea. More than 200 years have passed over its spires, roofs and wharves, dulling into perfection those tints which only time can perfect. Not only wharves and ships are transferred to the canvas, but quaint streets, with their houses perched upon rocks, which crop out in a manner almost perilous to the passer-by. Old-fashioned gardens glowing with color from early

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MULAI HAFID SELF DECLARED SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN PLACE OF HIS BROTHER—MULAI AZIZ.

THE ART OF LOBBYING.
How National Legislators Can Be Coaxed or Driven as Desired.
Lobbying is like driving cows. There are times when it is best to say: "Sub, boss! Come, boss! Nice boss!" and to shake the neck measure invitingly, says our Gardner in Success. And then there are other times when the only thing to do is to get behind and holler and throw sticks into the air. At heart Congressmen are timid creatures, and a big noise is often mistaken by them for big danger.

It was the "big noise" method that was adopted by the railway brotherhoods to "shoot" the Senate back from passing an anti-pass bill which would cover railway employees and their families. A representative of the organization who sat daily in the reserved gallery sent out a telegram of warning. The response was spectacular and historic. It was the "rain of telegrams." They began to come early in the day. They continued until dark, and the desk of every Senator was piled with scores of personal entreaties. All that night they kept on coming. The Western Union telegraph was swamped, and Superintendent Collins called on Philadelphia and Baltimore for operators. All that night and the following day the telegrams poured in. It is estimated that there were no less than 10,000, and the tolls on them amounted to \$30,000. And in the Senate Democrats got the floor and to offer an amendment exempting the noisy class. It was never intended, they explained, that railway employees should be made to pay their fares, nor yet their families, nor railway lawyers, nor railway doctors, nor their families; nor the sick, nor the indigent, nor the homeless, nor any man looking for a job in the grain fields. And so the Senate framed up that momentarily foolish list of exceptions to an otherwise good law.

HISTORY OF LEAD PENCILS.
Used in a Primitive Form Back in the Middle Ages.
It is difficult to determine the exact period in which "black lead" was first utilized as an instrument for writing or drawing, as it has been confused with other mineral bodies to which it bears no relation. The ancients used lead, but the metal was formed into flat plates and the edges of these plates used to make the mark. If an ornamental design was desired the tracer drew parallel lines, and traced their illuminating designs, usually with a hard point, but also with soft lead. That lead was known to the ancients is also proved by the fact that it is mentioned in the book of Job.

During the year 1616 there was a description of the black lead pencil itself, written by Comenius, who says that pieces of plumbago were fastened in a wooden handle and a mixture of fossil substance, sometimes covered with wood, was used for writing and drawing. About half a century later a good account of this mineral was given, and it was then used in Italy for drawing and mixed with clay for manufacturing crucibles. We are informed in Beckmann's "History of Inventions" that the pencils first used in Italy for drawing were composed

of a mixture of lead and tin, nothing more than pewter. This pencil was called a stilo. Michael Angelo mentions this stilo, and, in fact, it seems that such pencils were long used in common over the whole continent of Europe. At this period the name plumbago or graphite was not in use, but instead the name molybdena or molybdos, which is now applied to an entirely different material.

Graphite or black lead is formed in the primary rocks. In the United States it occurs in felspar and quartz, in Great Britain in greenstone rock and gneiss, and in Norway and quartz. The mine at Borrowdale, England, has supplied some of the finest black lead in the world, but the quality varies, owing to the irregularity with which the mineral occurs.

The Jews were for a while the only manufacturers of pencils. It requires great skill to perfect the manufacture, according to the degree of hardness or softness required. Of recent years the manufacture of pencils has increased to such an extent that the price of these articles has decreased proportionately. Graphite and pure clay are combined and used in the manufacture of artificial black lead pencils, and, on the other hand, the greatest perfection is attained in the making of the higher class pencils. Graphite is exposed to heat to acquire firmness and brilliancy of color. Sulphur is also used to secure a more perfect color.—Scientific American.

Bees at Every Man's Door.
Bee hives on every front porch, giving each family a supply of delicious honey close at hand, while at the same time the bees will inculcate their lesson of industry, and a possibility for the Department of Agriculture has succeeded in importing from abroad what may be termed a peaceful bee, which finds our climate to its liking.

The newcomer is known as the Caucasian bee. The name is derived from its native locality, and is emphasized by habits of life which rank it distinctly as the white man's bee. It is civilized, dignified, and high toned. It rushes with reluctance into anything that smacks of warfare, having, in

place of the belligerent instincts of others of its class, a predisposition to arbitration.

It must not be inferred, however, that the Caucasian has no sting at all. Physically it is constituted much as are other bees and has an equal capacity for inflicting a wound, but its weapon is sheathed in peace and used only in cases of extreme emergency.

There is a truly stingless bee, which is a Latin-American, but which has a strong disposition to work, and when temporary fits of industry seize its labors are done in a half-hearted sort of way, and without plan or system. It will follow no architectural plan in storing honey, and all efforts to cross it with its Caucasian relative have been unsuccessful.

Why Safety Matches Strike on Glass.
There are two reasons why ordinary safety matches can be struck on smooth glass. The head of the safety match is composed of a mixture of sulphide of antimony, chlorate of potassium and powdered glass. A comparatively small increase of temperature will cause this to ignite. Now, glass is a bad conductor of heat, and the rapid passage of the substance over it raises the temperature of that substance sufficiently for that purpose.

When the glass is rough the friction crumbles away the loosely combined mixture before the temperature rises to the point of ignition; hence, given the composition of the match head, the question is the comparative smoothness of the glass and its imperfect conductivity of heat.

The Forest Spirit.
The editor was criticizing the poem just brought in by the literary contributor.

"You speak of the 'spirit of the forest,'" he said. "Do you think there is such a thing as a forest spirit, as distinguished from any other kind?"

"Yes, sir," fervently responded the literary contributor. "Didn't you ever hear of such a thing as wood alcohol?"—Chicago Tribune.

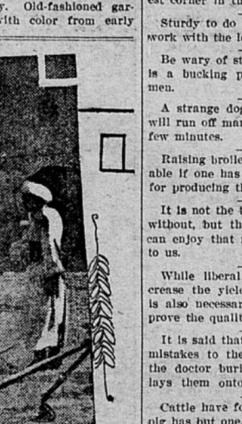
Some men would rather take a whipping than take a dare.

ENGLAND UP ON MILITARY SKY NAVIGATION.

England's new dirigible war balloon on its first flight recently proved a success. As a result England considers herself the equal of Germany and France so far as military sky navigation is concerned.

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It was the "big noise" method that was adopted by the railway brotherhoods to "shoot" the Senate back from passing an anti-pass bill which would cover railway employees and their families. A representative of the organization who sat daily in the reserved gallery sent out a telegram of warning. The response was spectacular and historic. It was the "rain of telegrams." They began to come early in the day. They continued until dark, and the desk of every Senator was piled with scores of personal entreaties. All that night they kept on coming. The Western Union telegraph was swamped, and Superintendent Collins called on Philadelphia and Baltimore for operators. All that night and the following day the telegrams poured in. It is estimated that there were no less than 10,000, and the tolls on them amounted to \$30,000. And in the Senate Democrats got the floor and to offer an amendment exempting the noisy class. It was never intended, they explained, that railway employees should be made to pay their fares, nor yet their families, nor railway lawyers, nor railway doctors, nor their families; nor the sick, nor the indigent, nor the homeless, nor any man looking for a job in the grain fields. And so the Senate framed up that momentarily foolish list of exceptions to an otherwise good law.

HISTORY OF LEAD PENCILS.
Used in a Primitive Form Back in the Middle Ages.
It is difficult to determine the exact period in which "black lead" was first utilized as an instrument for writing or drawing, as it has been confused with other mineral bodies to which it bears no relation. The ancients used lead, but the metal was formed into flat plates and the edges of these plates used to make the mark. If an ornamental design was desired the tracer drew parallel lines, and traced their illuminating designs, usually with a hard point, but also with soft lead. That lead was known to the ancients is also proved by the fact that it is mentioned in the book of Job.

During the year 1616 there was a description of the black lead pencil itself, written by Comenius, who says that pieces of plumbago were fastened in a wooden handle and a mixture of fossil substance, sometimes covered with wood, was used for writing and drawing. About half a century later a good account of this mineral was given, and it was then used in Italy for drawing and mixed with clay for manufacturing crucibles. We are informed in Beckmann's "History of Inventions" that the pencils first used in Italy for drawing were composed

of a mixture of lead and tin, nothing more than pewter. This pencil was called a stilo. Michael Angelo mentions this stilo, and, in fact, it seems that such pencils were long used in common over the whole continent of Europe. At this period the name plumbago or graphite was not in use, but instead the name molybdena or molybdos, which is now applied to an entirely different material.

Graphite or black lead is formed in the primary rocks. In the United States it occurs in felspar and quartz, in Great Britain in greenstone rock and gneiss, and in Norway and quartz. The mine at Borrowdale, England, has supplied some of the finest black lead in the world, but the quality varies, owing to the irregularity with which the mineral occurs.

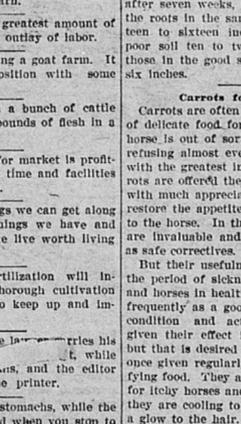
The Jews were for a while the only manufacturers of pencils. It requires great skill to perfect the manufacture, according to the degree of hardness or softness required. Of recent years the manufacture of pencils has increased to such an extent that the price of these articles has decreased proportionately. Graphite and pure clay are combined and used in the manufacture of artificial black lead pencils, and, on the other hand, the greatest perfection is attained in the making of the higher class pencils. Graphite is exposed to heat to acquire firmness and brilliancy of color. Sulphur is also used to secure a more perfect color.—Scientific American.

Bees at Every Man's Door.
Bee hives on every front porch, giving each family a supply of delicious honey close at hand, while at the same time the bees will inculcate their lesson of industry, and a possibility for the Department of Agriculture has succeeded in importing from abroad what may be termed a peaceful bee, which finds our climate to its liking.

The newcomer is known as the Caucasian bee. The name is derived from its native locality, and is emphasized by habits of life which rank it distinctly as the white man's bee. It is civilized, dignified, and high toned. It rushes with reluctance into anything that smacks of warfare, having, in

OLD GLOUCESTER BY THE SEA.
Quaint Town in Massachusetts Where Artists Find Open Sesame.
Nowhere on the New England coast is the white umbrella more in evidence than in the quaint old town of Gloucester, says Town and Country. From under its grateful shelter one looks out upon the varied scenes which have inspired such masters of the brush as Dureyneck, Twaichman, Childs Hassam and a score of others, who in years past have set up their easels and found a painter's joy in the wealth of color, variety and picturesqueness of this old town by the sea. More than 200 years have passed over its spires, roofs and wharves, dulling into perfection those tints which only time can perfect. Not only wharves and ships are transferred to the canvas, but quaint streets, with their houses perched upon rocks, which crop out in a manner almost perilous to the passer-by. Old-fashioned gardens glowing with color from early

SCENES IN MOORISH BATTLES.
FRENCH AND ALGERIAN TROOPS WITH RAPID-FIRE BATTERY REPULSING A CHARGE BY ARAB HORSEMEN.



FRENCH AND ALGERIAN TROOPS WITH RAPID-FIRE BATTERY.
June, when the heavy-headed, white, red and pink peonies open to the sunshine, until late September, when the tall and stately dahlias stand guard and gorgeous masses of golden glow fasciate the artist to pause and empty his tubes of precious cadmium upon the canvas.

All this for the asking. "May I paint in the beautiful garden?" "Shall I be in the way upon the wharf?" Just a hint of courtesy is the open sesame, for the dividers of Gloucester are courteous and kindly disposed toward the painter, unless he be a careless one and leaves behind him his paint rags, which the family cow takes as a perquisite and which promptly causes her death; or, should smudge of paint be found on linen bleaching in the sun, the smiles of the welcome are no more and the innocent must suffer with the guilty. A few modern studios there are, but for the most part the artist must hand up his canvases in the old fish houses on the village street; or, if he is very fortunate, he may secure for an atelier an old barn at the foot of a grassy slope, bordering on the very edge of the water, and long known as "The Steerage," a studio shop for a number of years, and frequented by all visitors who wished quiet and artistic surroundings of Gloucester.

MULAI HAFID SELF DECLARED SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN PLACE OF HIS BROTHER—MULAI AZIZ.

THE ART OF LOBBYING.
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