

VOICES OF THE WIND.

The wind, when first he rose and went abroad... Through the waste region, felt himself at fault...

CINDERELLA

"I can't afford to send you to college, Muriel," said Mr. Ponsonby, addressing his youngest daughter...

"I hope you don't think me presumptuous," Vivyan said, adding, "you got my note, I suppose, Mr. Ponsonby?"

"Well, well," he muttered. "Will Miss Muriel be so kind?" Vivyan asked.

"Certainly, my boy. Won't you, Muriel?" exclaimed Mr. Ponsonby. "If I'll do," said Muriel shyly.

"Of course, just like a man to forget that, isn't it?" Vivyan remarked. To himself he said, "Cinderella."

"Pardon me interrupting you, won't you?" Gwendoline said to Muriel, smiling graciously. "But my little sister is required upstairs. Aren't you, Muriel dear?"

"Good-night, Mr. Vivyan!" Muriel said tremulously, timidly holding out a slender hand.

"I should like to start to-day," went on Vivyan eagerly. "Three o'clock saw Muriel seated in an easy chair in Vivyan's studio."

"It seemed to him that he had never painted a picture at such terrific speed, and the fact that he could soon do without his model was looming up large."

"No. Are you sorry? Do you like going?" Vivyan asked eagerly. "I have enjoyed it very much," replied Muriel simply.

"I am glad you have found me useful," Muriel said. "You care for me, Muriel?" he whispered eagerly.

"No, thank you, I'll spoil my lunch," said Vivyan dryly. "How are you this morning, Miss Ponsonby?"

WELL, ANYWAY, IT'S MINE.



NO MATTER WHO DISCOVERED IT, THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT WHO OWNS IT. —Chicago Examiner.

TAXATION IN MEXICO.

Stamp Taxes on Nearly Everything —Railroads and Lotteries. The commonest form of interior taxation (in Mexico) is that of the stamp tax.

Without presenting an ascetic ideal, it is true that a life which finds no more than that which appeals to the creature element in all the range from lust to ambition, is not more than beasthood.

Merely living is not the aim of human life, but living so as to contribute to the highest well being of humanity. We are not brought into this world to exhaust our energies on getting enough to eat, but for a higher and nobler end.

Mexico makes her postoffice and her telegraph lines pay. The yield of revenue from so-called "public services" and from investments in railroad and other corporations is nearly 10 per cent of the total national income of \$48,630,500.

Financial Giants Who Did Not Play the Game Till It Killed Them. A comment not infrequently heard in Wall street runs along these lines: "The fact that he could soon do without his model was looming up large."

It seemed to him that he had never painted a picture at such terrific speed, and the fact that he could soon do without his model was looming up large. He invented all sorts of excuses to delay the picture, though never once during those precious hours did he have except as the artist. The lover's part he sternly repressed, though he hungered to give play to it.

"You've finished now, Miss Muriel," he said, one day, laying down his palette with a sigh. "Then you don't want me to pose for you again?" the girl asked, gazing up at him quickly and then drooping her eyes.

"No. Are you sorry? Do you like going?" Vivyan asked eagerly. "I have enjoyed it very much," replied Muriel simply. "It has been such a change to —" She paused uncertainly.

"I shall be sorry to lose my model," said Vivyan, watching the girl's face and wishing she would look up so that he could see her eyes and read the expression in them.

"Oh, I've found so much more than that!" cried Vivyan, unable to check his desires any longer. "I've found new life, new hope, new everything in you, Muriel. I love you, dear."

"You look so hand unceremoniously, she did not withdraw it from his grasp. "Do you care for me, Muriel?" he whispered eagerly.

"No, thank you, I'll spoil my lunch," said Vivyan dryly. "How are you this morning, Miss Ponsonby?"

LAW SCHOOL BARE WOMEN.

Memphis Institution Refuses Admission to a Possible Female. Following the announcement in Friday afternoon's News-Scimitar that Mrs. Martha Conser has the honor of being the first one to matriculate in the law department of the University of Memphis, it develops that Mrs. Conser must surrender this honor on account of the horrid rules of the institution, which provide that no women shall be permitted to enroll in this department, say university officials, according to the Memphis News-Scimitar.

Through a misunderstanding, caused by the fact that there are a number of departments in the university open to both sexes, Mrs. Conser was permitted to enroll and her matriculation fee was collected. Now all this must be undone and the amount paid is to be returned to the applicant, the officials say.

"It is not the policy of the university to encourage the study or practice of law by women," said an official of the institution to the News-Scimitar. "That chance would merely mean have with pretty woman making an argument to a susceptible jury. Why, there is not one man in ten who would have the nerve to decide a case against her."

John D. Martin, dean of the law department, said: "The presence of a woman in a law class, the any opinion, necessarily restricts the progress of the work. For instance, there are many times when some of the points of jurisprudence must be illustrated by a story and with the fair sex present extreme care would have to be exercised in the selection of the story. I recall an instance where a woman making a law class was getting along fine until a pretty girl student looked up and smiled at him, and then the bump was all off."

SHORT METER SERMONS.

The Good Seed. The good seed serves the physical stamina, develops the mental power, quickens the conscience and awakens and feeds the sense of spiritual things in men.

Home and Family. A baby carriage is more honorable at the door than an automobile. Life means more to the young man who has a home and a family to work for and to live for.

Stumbling Into Heaven. Some people stumble and fall and get up again and stumble and fall and get up again. It is better for them to get stumbling on and finally stumble into heaven than not to get there at all.

Beasthood. Without presenting an ascetic ideal, it is true that a life which finds no more than that which appeals to the creature element in all the range from lust to ambition, is not more than beasthood.

Fashion. To-day fashion reigns and in her train she drags a motley crowd. Fashion is no mere empty name. It is a living force, far-reaching in its consequences, spreading from the highest to the lowest in the social scale.

Night Living. Merely living is not the aim of human life, but living so as to contribute to the highest well being of humanity. We are not brought into this world to exhaust our energies on getting enough to eat, but for a higher and nobler end.

MURDER MOTHER TONGUE. University President Says Our College Graduates Are Illiterate. That the American people are murdering their mother tongue and one of the great opportunities for reform at the present time is to teach them to reverence and prize the English language, and also to speak and write it decently, was the opinion expressed by President Faunce, of Brown University, at Chautauqua, N. Y.

Men Who Knew When to Quit. Financial Giants Who Did Not Play the Game Till It Killed Them. A comment not infrequently heard in Wall street runs along these lines: "The fact that he could soon do without his model was looming up large."

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THE CURTSIEBIRD.

Of the queer and funny animals Within the Nursery Zoo, The "curtsiebird" 's the one I like The best of all—Jon't you?

The curtsiebird is such a dear! A dainty little charmer! Why, everybody loves her so That no one wants to harm her!

She flits about from tree to tree (What would we do without her?) And yet, she looks wonderful Or very strange about her.

She is not very big or smart, And never grand nor haughty; She is not always very wise, And sometimes she is naughty.

It's just her pleasant little way, And what she's always saying, As, in and out, she flies about At work or gaily playing.

Sometimes she whispers, "If you please," In case she asks a favor; A "Bitte" or a "S'il vous plait" (Which has a foreign flavor).

Or else, perhaps, a "Thank you, Sir," Whom some one has been clever; A "Merci" or a "Danke sehr!" (They're just as nice as ever!)

And when she's careless in the house Or naughty in the garden, She finds the very thing to say—"Excuse me, please," or "Pardon."

Oh, such a lot of pleasant words! The very skies above her, And all the creatures in the Zoo, Why, every one must love her!

And just because her heart is warm And all her thoughts are kindly, And as she chirps upon her way She does not flutter blindly.

Her eyes are open, big and wide, Not gazing at a steeple, Or looking at her little self, But right at other people! Charles I. Junkin, in St. Nicholas.

JIM'S TELEPHONE MESSAGE. "Why, you're a smart little fellow to bring up a big basket. It's bigger than you."

Jim looked up with a smile as Mrs. Price's kitchen maid helped him to take the basket of clean clothes off his cart.

"Bring me a bit too big for me," he said proudly. "There wasn't any one else to bring it, 'cause my brother's hurt and couldn't."

"They carried the basket into the back hall, and while Jim waited for Mrs. Price to be ready to pay him, he saw a wonderful thing.

It hung on the wall in a rather dark corner. Mrs. Price stood before it, talking. Without trying to listen, Jim could hear what she said. This was it:—

"Hello. Is this number 204? This is Mrs. Price—I want a bushel of potatoes and ten pounds of sugar—and a pound of tea—and two bunches of celery—and three packages of oatmeal—and a bottle of vanilla. She made a little pause between each item.

Jim was amazed. The town they lived in was small, there were only a few telephones in it, lately put in. He had never heard of them before.

"Mrs. Price," he asked, "do all them things come when you telephone?"

"Yes, Jimmy," she said, laughing. "Sometimes they keep me waiting a little, but they come sooner or later."

Jim asked his mother about it. "She talks to a thing that sticks out of the wall," he said. "She says a few good things, and she says they come."

"You must 'a' been mistaken, Jimmy," she said, for she had lived in the country until lately, and, like Jim, had never heard of a telephone.

"Likely Mrs. Price was writing out a list of something, and you didn't see straight."

But Jim couldn't get it out of his mind. Surely Mrs. Price said she got things by talking into that odd thing on the wall.

One morning as he and Jane carried the basket of clothes into the hall, no one was there. And all of a sudden a bright idea popped into Jim's mind. If Mrs. Price could get things that way, why could not he?

He drew a chair to it, climbed up, and put his mouth to the queer little thing, just as Mrs. Price always did. In the half light he had not noticed the thing she held to her ear.

"Hello—this is Jimmy Ray. We want a lot of things to our house, real bad—we ain't got anything to eat, but meal and some potatoes. We'd like some bread—and some butter on it—and—Tom's real sick and I have to bring the clothes and—if you have any shoes, 'cause mine leak real bad—and some milk for Tom—and some kind of stuff to make him well—please, please—and don't wait very long."

The pleading voice stopped and Jim climbed down, his heart beating with hope. Of course he could not know that his voice had not reached any one inside the telephone.

But some one outside had heard. At sound of the wretched voice Mrs. Price had come quietly to a door opening into the hall and heard the telephone message.

She made a visit to Jimmy's home, and saw to it that many comforts found their way there before the brother was able to work and the mother could find plenty of washing to do.

Later she explained the working of the telephone to Jim. After she left him, he stood for a moment gazing at it.

"Well," he said at length, "you're a mighty nice, handy thing, but I don't know but Mrs. Price is about as good as I want—Sidney Dayne, in the Christian Register.

THE PAINTED BOTTLE. Patty and Betty had been painting pictures all the morning. The little oblongs of soft water-colors in their paint-box began to show the white and they had been through. So did the tempers of the twins. Perhaps the children had sat over this work too long, perhaps it was the heat of the day coming on. Whatever the cause, they were both getting unendurable cross.

"Big, broad-shouldered Uncle Jim, with sunny glints in his blue eyes and with his long, curly beard, and with cheeks bearing the marks of

travel in foreign countries, came in just in time. Patty and Betty looked at him and the little frowns in their pretty foreheads smoothed themselves out as fast as they could. Uncle Jim's quick eyes had seen the scowls, though, before they had had time to go away.

"Painting, are you?" he asked with interest. "Well, well!" he studied Patty's rose and Betty's morning-glory with the eye of an art student. "Very good, indeed. How would you like to lie on your backs on a bed of green boughs, and do your painting holding the bottle and brush up above you, with the light coming through a window set in the roof?"

"What, Uncle Jim?" asked Patty, interestedly. And "The bottle!" exclaimed Betty. For it sounded as if a story were coming.

"Well, all I go up to my trunk," said Uncle Jim. And they did work, exchanging happy looks, for so many pretty and interesting things had come out of Uncle Jim's trunk in that week since he had been visiting them!

"Why, he came down again, he was holding a little bottle not more than three inches long, and its neck was so small you could not possibly have thrust even a very slender lead-pencil into it. It was painted beautifully, too, the twins thought—on one side, the lady with flowing robes of pink and blue and green, carrying gorgeous flowers, and with a long-legged bird nestling against her; and on the other side a vase of cherry-blossoms and a whole group of curious pieces of Chinese pottery. Then there were decorations in black paint all around the edges and the sides of the bottle,—a Chinese lettering that the twins looked at with wonder.

"And what a lot of painting to go on such a little bottle!" Patty exclaimed, after they had with flowing robes of pink and blue and green, carrying gorgeous flowers, and with a long-legged bird nestling against her; and on the other side a vase of cherry-blossoms and a whole group of curious pieces of Chinese pottery. Then there were decorations in black paint all around the edges and the sides of the bottle,—a Chinese lettering that the twins looked at with wonder.

"Oh, oh!" said the twins together. "There is just one place in the world where they do this," Uncle Jim went on,—"a town in China that I visited for the express purpose of seeing them work. The artists are in a room that has no side windows at all, but is lighted by glass overhead. They lie on a mass of green branches on their backs, holding these little bottles up against the light. The glass has been carefully ground inside, and they use very slender, pointed brushes. You can see what a tiny opening the bottle has. Think of turning your brush through that and then managing to paint from the inside. Yes, the brushes are curved a little, or they could not possibly do it. Pretty neat piece of work, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes!" Betty drew a long breath, and Patty drew another. It was all so true and exact,—not a slip had the brush made. Patty and Betty sighed a bit as they turned to their own attempts at painting, when they both smiled rapturously, for Uncle Jim was telling them that the bottle was for them to keep. They flew to hug him, and the two little faces were wreathed in smiles for the rest of that day.—Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in Zion's Herald.

CROW CAUGHT RED-HANDED.

A mystery that for years baffled the family of Alexander Vanderson and the officials of Rockport, Ky., has been cleared up. As a result several servants against whom the finger of suspicion had pointed have been completely exonerated of theft and a pet crow is known to be the guilty party.

For several years the Vanderson family had been missing articles of jewelry and other valuables, but no tangible clue could be obtained to warrant an arrest, and only the discharge of a servant was the outcome.

One day, however, Miss Margaret Vanderson, while sitting in her room, saw the crow fly in the open window and light on the dresser. Within a few minutes she saw him fly out again with something shining in his bill. This aroused her suspicions and she notified her father, who obtained a ladder and climbed to the nest of the crow in a nearby tree.

The nest was found to be a depository for all of the missing articles of value, there being altogether thirty-eight different articles which had been taken from the Vanderson home and also the homes of some of the neighbors. Among them was a brooch, a \$20 gold piece, a \$10 gold watch and two watches.—Inter-Ocean.

USE LITTLE ON SELF.

There is so much to be remedied in New York city that if \$1,000,000 were mine to spend I would use but little of it for myself.

There is a great need for missionary work in New York city, therefore I would devote certain sums to the conversion of the heathen of New York city.

I would spend part of my \$1,000,000 in furthering the endeavor to stamp out tuberculosis and in helping to combat other diseases by contributing to hospitals and to the fresh air work for children.

Much has been done for education but I would spend considerable amounts for the education of immigrants only.

If the remainder of my \$1,000,000 could be increased by others' contributions, commissions for effecting economic revisions of such issues as the tariff and immigration questions might be formed.

There are many other evils to be overcome, but I believe that my \$1,000,000 would be well expended in this way.—Marion A. Smith, in the New York Times.

MODEL FARM IN MISSOURI.

If I had \$1,000,000 to spend for my own personal benefit I would be no spendthrift.

I would spend about ten thousand dollars for an education. For the benefit of the poor, I would give one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Next I would invest seventy-five thousand in a model Missouri farm of about two hundred and forty acres. I would invest about one hundred thousand dollars in Western lands.

The remainder I would invest in United States Government bonds.—Cecil Baker, in the New York Times.

CAN'T SEE IT.

Dolly—What's the matter? Teddy—Got somethin' in my eye. Dolly—What is it? Teddy—Don't know; can't see it.—Philadelphia Record.

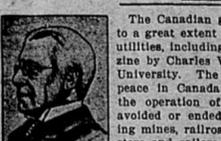
Well Named.

"What's that you call your mule?" "I call him Corporation," answered the old colored man.

"How did you come to give him such a name?" "Fum studyin' de animal an' readin' de papers. Dat mule gits mo' blame an' abuse dan anything else in de township, an' goes ahead havin' his own way jest de same."—Washington Star.

The photographer never takes people for what they are worth, but for what he can get out of them.

PRESIDENT ELLIOT ADVOCATES PUBLICITY BEFORE STRIKES



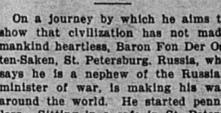
The Canadian government, by legislation, has obligated to a great extent strikes that would interfere with public utilities, including mines, is described in McClure's Magazine by Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University. The act for the maintenance of industrial peace in Canada went into effect March 22, 1907. By the operation of the act 96 per cent of strikes were avoided or ended. These pertained to disputes concerning mines, railroads, street railways, longshoremen, teamsters and sailors.

Fifty-five applications have arisen under the act and have resulted in the creation of forty-nine boards. Dr. Eliot shows that, on the fifty-five applications, strikes were avoided or ended in twenty-five coal mines, four metalliferous mines, fifteen railroads, three street railways, two bodies of longshoremen, one body of teamsters, one body of sailors and in two industries that were not public utilities. In only two cases were strikes not averted or ended. The cases in which boards were not created were settled promptly through the influence of the act.

Some of these disputes involved large numbers of workmen, notably two cases of the Dominion Coal Company, with 3,000 men affected in one case and 7,000 men in another; and several railroad cases in some of which 7,000 to 8,000 men were directly affected. That Canadian workmen have acquired confidence in the operation of the act Dr. Eliot concludes from the fact that they have been the applicants for the creation of boards in forty-six cases.

Not the least beneficial result of the act, Dr. Eliot considers, is that "although perfect liberty to strike or lock out ultimately is reserved under the Canadian act, several weeks must elapse from the time the dispute began before work can be stopped." Thus, "there is time for passion to cool, and for the costs of war to be counted by both parties. The interests of the public may also get some sort of effective expression during this interval; and when the report of the board is thoroughly published in accordance with the provisions of the act, public opinion, being well informed, usually expresses itself with clearness and force."

BARON MAKING HIS WAY AROUND WORLD TO TEST HEARTS OF MEN.



On a journey which he aims to show that civilization has not made mankind heartless, Baron Von Der Osten-Sacken, St. Petersburg, Russia, who says he is a nephew of the Russian minister of war, is making his way around the world. He started penniless. Sitting in a cafe in St. Petersburg he argued with another Russian named Poltovsev, a merchant, regarding the effects of civilization on hospitable instincts. The result of the debate was that the baron started from St. Petersburg without a cent to make his way around the world, testing the kindness of persons he met by applying for employment. The time limit given him is seven years.

Into eight ounces of alcohol put two of ammonia and two of camphor. Shake thoroughly, and when well mixed add four ounces of sea salt and enough hot water to fill a quart bottle. To apply it pour a little of the liquid in a shallow dish and moisten the whole body a little at a time by dipping a small sponge in it. Rub it only a very little, then finish with a vigorous rubbing with a coarse crash towel.

Insomnia.—If a person cannot fall asleep, try a sponge bath made thus: Into eight ounces of alcohol put two of ammonia and two of camphor. Shake thoroughly, and when well mixed add four ounces of sea salt and enough hot water to fill a quart bottle. To apply it pour a little of the liquid in a shallow dish and moisten the whole body a little at a time by dipping a small sponge in it. Rub it only a very little, then finish with a vigorous rubbing with a coarse crash towel.

Pellagra.—This new disease promises more surprises in the medical world and more reasons for investigation than anything that has broken loose in a half century. The asylums have long been filled with patients suffering from this disease and supposed insane. In some cases the disease has been caused by cheap food. Pellagra has probably existed in the United States for many years, although the fact has not been definitely established. Our physicians as yet know little of it, but they are finding it plenty in many of the states. It is supposed to arise from eating moldy corn, which affects the brain.

USEFUL TREES OF FLORIDA.

Great Variety Growing in the State.—Durable Wood. Florida has perhaps more useful trees growing within her borders than any other State in the Union—a greater variety. But there is a general desire to introduce more, as the soap berry, the tall tree and the eucalyptus.

An addition to the discussion of the latter, a tree which is very valuable because it has the unusual quality of growing with great rapidity, yet furnishing a hard and durable wood, is furnished by a letter to the editor of the Florida Fruit and Produce News by E. E. Thompson, of Avon Park. Mr. Thompson says in part: "Eucalyptus trees were first planted here about 1894, and were injured by the great freeze, but sprouted and grew like orange trees. A few eucalyptus trees planted later have made such wonderful growth as to cause people to look up, take notice and rubberneck to see the lofty tops. The growth in ten years is six feet around the body.

"The seasoned wood is hard as hickory and posts show no decay in the ground. The limbs, twigs, leaves and seed cases make the Avon Park stands. Our people are convinced of the great value of eucalyptus and are planting them up and down the avenues and in the cemetery and will soon plant them in forest form."

In California some species of eucalyptus show greatest development in wet cases near the Avon Park stands, and in swamps, river bottoms, etc., though they will endure drought, according to a bulletin of the University of California. The durability of the wood, according to other authorities, is due to an oil with which it is impregnated, and which is extracted for commercial purposes.—Florida Times-Union.

A Pathetic Comment.

Unemployment is the ghost that haunts England just now, and it brings hunger as the chief in its train of miseries.

On the occasion of the opening of Parliament, as the procession—headed by the King in his royal robes, and the Queen in a black gown embroidered with gold and silver, a robe of ruby velvet bordered with gold and lined with ermine, a royal warrant to her hair by a diamond ornament, and the famous Cullinan diamond blazing on her breast—as the procession filed out into the street, a certain workman, mounted on the shoulders of another, caught a glimpse of the King's round, smiling face.

"E do look well fed, 'e do," said the man. He spoke without rancor. He was not trying to be humorous. But he spoke from the depths of a complete understanding, and those who overheard him were suddenly alive to the exigency of the problem of the unemployed.

Here is an expression that should be called in: "He has made mistakes, but who has not?"

THE FAMILY DOCTOR



Eye Salve.—A very good salve for granulated eyelids is made as follows: Yellow oxide of mercury, one grain; rose salve or unsalted butter, one-half ounce. Apply to the eyelids night and morning.

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