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FOR "THE UNION."

MY BOAT.

BY EDWIN HIGGINS.

I launch my boat on a mountain stream
The sunbeams through the shadows gleam;
No need for an oar, I simply glide
Down through the alders on either side,
Mid ferns and osiers I kneel to drink
The crystal from its mossy brink.
Gladly would I my all forego
To live again where fountains flow.

My boat descends Time's restless river;
Ne'er to return? no, never, never.
Farewell, dear haunts of bird and song,
For me the sweetest memories throng.
Lo, wharves and towns and clustered spires,
The marts of men and household fires.
Gladly would I them, all forego
To live again where fountains flow.

My boat sails o'er a silver bay
Mid splendors of a summer's day;
My little boat dips with the tide
Where ships and navies proudly ride
The fragrant shores their hands extend,—
The blue of sky and waters blend.
Gladly would I them, all forego
To live again where fountains flow.

My boat is far away at sea
Riding the waves, rejoicing, free;
Now noon-tide sun; now shine the stars;
There's glint and dent and honor's scars;
Its course is true and brave and strong;—
To music of the fountain's song;—
Gladly would I all things forego
To live again where fountains flow.

My boat is nearing another shore
To plashing of my Pilot's oar;
It bears me up a tranquil stream;
The real and pure, of which I dream;—
Till sails are reafed, forever furled
In the haven of the better world.
Gladly will I my all forego
To live where living waters flow.

A STRANGE STORY.

Many years ago I knew of a woman whose life was as improbable as the plot of a dime romance. Her story was whispered about until it came to the ears of Mrs. Oliphant who promptly made a novel—one of her best—out of it.

The village where she lived was a community of scholarly folk who had gathered around a small sectarian college. There was little wealth and no display among these kindly lazy folk. Their dingy old houses had stood apart for nearly a century, each meditating among its trees and gardens of vegetables and roses. The work of the town was done by a few slow going negroes. When, therefore, an old Scotchman rented one of Colonel Weems's houses and hung outside of the kitchen a sign stating that "Alexander McGinn, Hauler and Jobber, Would Repair Houses, Set Out Gardens, Dig Wells and Train Dogs at the Lowest Rates," and that "Hannah McGinn Would Go Out to Sew by the Day, Dye Old Clothes and Weave Rag Carpets on Reasonable Terms," the village stared, laughed and promptly gave the new-comers work enough to fill their days and their pockets.

It was soon discovered that the McGinns had a mystery in their house. The two old people lived in the kitchen and the room above it. The rest of the dwelling was occupied by a young girl, a quiet, delicate little body, who, the village decided, gave in looks, manner and voice incontestable proof of high breeding. She was treated by the McGinns as a much loved mistress would be by faithful servants. She lived wholly apart from them. Her chamber and little drawing room were simply furnished but kept in dainty order by the old woman, who waited on her, and no matter how tired she might be never sat down in the girl's presence.

McGinn treated her with profound respect; but he never spoke of her, and was angry and swore hotly when the trades people showed their curiosity. His wife, on the contrary, was anxious to talk of her, and told her story whenever she could find a listener. She said that she and McGinn, before emigrating to the United States, had lived in a lonely coast village in the north of Scotland. There a young Englishman named Saltere and his wife had appeared, twenty years before, and had taken boarding with them, intending to stay for a few days stretched into weeks, and weeks into months. Captain Saltere, who stated that he was an officer in the English navy on leave, came and went.

After some months their child was born. The mother lingered for a few weeks and then died. Captain Saltere was broken down by grief. He buried her in the little graveyard by the kirk and erected a costly monument over her; but, to the wonder of the village, had only a single word carved on it—"Ellen."

The child Jane was given into the care of the McGinns, and a large sum reached them quarterly direct from a London bank. The Captain came once or twice each year to see her, always saying that he was just at home from a voyage. As the child grew she was sent to a private school in Edinburgh and later to a convent in France.

When Jane, then aged sixteen, came back from France having finished the school course, the payments suddenly stopped. Captain Saltere did not return that fall. He wrote to Jane once or twice during the next year. But he never came back, and for three years no word had come from him.

After a time the McGinns made inquiry, and found that there was not now and never had been a Captain in the English navy named Reginald Saltere. But it came to light that Hannah McGinn's sharp eyes had seen a crest stamped on some of the Saltere books. They at once decided that the Captain was the heir of a noble house and had been under a cloud while living. He was dead now without doubt and his rank and fortune were waiting for his daughter.

The McGinns then advertised, they consulted lawyers, they poured out their little hoard like water. Four years crept by in this doubt. The poor couple tried to support Jane in the old luxury, but they steadily grew poorer. At last they were convinced that there was no chance for them but in emigration.

So here they were with their mystery, working steadily for her, jealously keeping her idle, paying her the homage that a Chinaman does to his joss. The village received them and their idol with enthusiasm. They saw in Jane the high bred, wronged heroine of the old romances long so dear to them, and the fidelity of her guardian was only a reproduction of the story of Scott's ideal clansmen.

Once, it is true, Doctor Weems did venture to hint to Mrs. McGinn that Jane could get a fair price for her pretty little sketches of the old mill and the river, if she would sell them. But she flamed into a sudden fury.

"Do you know who Miss Saltere is? We expect to hear from her kin any day. They'll come claiming her. We left the case in the hands of an agent in Edinburgh. And there's a standing advertisement in the London *Times*. Her kin might be here to-morrow or today. Every time the stage comes down that street I'm lookin' for them. They may be barrow-knights or dukes. And are they to find her working to earn her living?"

So Jane's white palms never were stained by money which she had earned.

She was welcomed with enthusiasm into the little social world of the country. It never had known such a heroine. She was a grave, slow moving girl, with no sense of humor whatever. She had absolute faith in her own high birth; but having also warm kindly blood, she met the rest of us, black and white—less lucky folk than herself—with friendly tolerence.

Two or three of the students in the academy, sons of good families promptly fell madly in love with her but were dismissed with pitying surprise. "What would my family think if I should make such a mesalliance?" she said gravely.

After a year or two, however, Walter Gardette (one of the Louisianian Gardettes, not the Canadian) was taken into partnership by Dr. Weems. There was little sickness in the country that year; so the young man had plenty of time to assist Miss Saltere in her search for orchids. She was really almost a fanatic in her devotion to botany that summer. Jane was not a zealous scholar. Hitherto her studies had been limited to two or three volumes of poems and some large books which lay on her parlor table and which had been bought by the McGinns years ago. They were "The Baronetage of England," "Burke's Peerage," and "The Country Families of Great Britain." She never opened these books now, so absorbing was her botanic zeal.

Young Gardette was frankly madly in love. The whole village took a keen interest in the affair, and rejoiced when, late in the fall, the engagement was announced. Curiously enough, from that day the interest of the doctor and Jane in botany was absolutely dead.

A little incident which happened on the day of her betrothal made the people of the village feel that they never had known Jane before. Many of her friends, old people as well as young, gathered in her parlor in the evening, "that the child might not feel lonely, as if she stood alone in the world."

Doctor Gardette, flushed with his triumph and joy, said, "I have telegraphed for my father and mother. They will soon be here to welcome Jane, with her noble kinsfolk.

She laughed with the others, and then looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. Then she opened the door into the kitchen where old Sandy McGinn was sitting by the fire, and Hannah was busy with her knitting. "Walter," she said, "It is very well for me to look for my family among the peerage. It's like a pretty fairy story. But there are my real father and mother. They have given their lives to me. And I never will go into a family which does not receive and honor them. I—I never will marry a man," here she began to sob, "who will not love them as I do!"

On which there was much crying among the women and many promises and protestations from Walter. Old Sandy McGinn was annoyed by "the fuss." But it seems to me through the years to come the old woman's face must have been happier because of those words of Jane's.

I am sorry—but that is the end of my story. There was no dramatic denouement. No peer nor prince ever appeared to place a coronet on Jane's brow. She became the mother and grandmother of a large family of capable, energetic men and women, who now are scattered through many states. In each family there is a legend, more or less definite, of noble ancestry. Some of the younger people have a crest and coat of arms, and are ready to claim their progenitors among the great heroes in English or French history. But Jane died with her riddle unsolved.

TROUBLE FOR THE EDITOR.

"I can't keep the visitors from coming up," said the office boy, dejectedly. "When I say you're out they don't believe me. They say they must see you."

"Well," said the editor, "just tell them that's what they all say. I don't care if you check them, but I must have quietness."

That afternoon there called at the office a lady with hard features and an acrid expression. She wanted to see the editor, and the boy assured her it was impossible.

"But I must see him!" she protested. "I'm his wife!"

"That's what they all say," replied the boy.

That is why he found himself on the floor, with the lady sitting on his neck and smacking his head with a ruler, and that is why there is a new office boy wanted there.—*Answers.*

PRISONER—Mandy, Ah doan understan' how you got de nerve ter stan' thar an' tell de jedge that I didn't suppo't yo.'

Mandy—G'oge, in what pertickular did yo' ever suppo't me? Tell me dat.

Prisoner—Well, Mandy, didn't I allus go an' get de washing fo' yo' ter do, an' didn't I allus deliver it ter de white folks after yo' got it done?—*Detroit Free Press.*

A WOMAN never pretends to be young until she begins to feel old.

RECEIVE BIG SALARIES.

Whatever may be the final form of the readjustment of the social organizations, for which the Twentieth century is getting ready, the present time will go down in history as the age of the world's greatest salaries, says the *New York Tribune.*

The men of intellect and education, those who are superior in developed capacity, in industry and morality, those who are most important to society, work for pay which the masters of modern finance would consider insufficient for the expenses of running their automobiles. The pay of college professors average about $2,000 a year. Civil service commissioners of the United States, doing work of great responsibility, draw $3,500 a year. The biologist of the government, with an international reputation, receives $2,700. The experts who codify the federal penal laws are paid only $5,000.

The pay of United States cabinet officers is only $8,000 a year, and it is interesting to note that to accept such a position the present secretary of state, Mr. Root, gave up a law practice estimated as worth $100,000 yearly. On the other hand, Paul Morton resigned as secretary of the navy in order to accept a $60,000 salary in New York.

It probably is a safe statement that the average yearly income of lawyers in New York city does not exceed $2,000 a year. Yet the income of not a few runs as high as $100,000, nd in some cases more. One of the largest single fees ever paid to a lawyer was $1,000,000 which James B. Dill of New York, received for settling the dispute which arose between Andrew Carnegie and Henry C. Frick over the transfer of the properties merged in the United States Steel corporation.

A fee only $20,000 less than Mr. Dill's was paid to another New York lawyer, William D. Guthrie, who received $800,000 for breaking the will of Henry B. Plant, owner of the Plant system of steamships, railways and hotels.

Joseph H. Choate, before his appointment as Ambassador to Great Britain, received $200,000 for a single argument before the United States supreme court, the effect of which was that the income tax law was declared unconstitutional. As Ambassador at London Mr. Choate's salary was $17,500.

The fee of $30,000 and traveling expenses which were paid to Dr. Adolph Lorenz of Vienna, to treat Lolita Armour for congenital hip dis location, were much less than have frequently been paid abroad by royalty for various ailments. King Edward, when Prince of Wales, once paid a physician $50,000 for four weeks' services.

The fee of $1,000 which a New York dentist charged Prince Louis of Battenberg when the latter visited this country with his fleet a year ago was much commented upon. For a dentist's fee the sum was undoubtedly large, but as compared with some physicians' fees it looks insignificant.

In New York city there probably are four or five physicians whose practice, mostly with the wealthy, represents an annual income of $100,000 or more. Five or six others earn from $50,000 to $60,000, and about 200 make from $10,000 to $40,000. The average doctor gets from $2 to $4 for a visit out of his office, and charges from $1 to $2 for writing a prescription in his office.

THE PORTER HOUSE STEAK.

On almost every bill of fare are seen the words "porter-house steak." Now, most people know what a porter-house steak is, having on some occasion eaten one, or at least a piece of beef that went by that name, but few people know how the name itself originated. Years ago there was a hostelry near Harvard University kept by a man named Porter. Soon this tavern became famous for its viands, especially for its cuts of meats. The stranger stopping there for a meal and not knowing exactly what to order would be advised by his genial host, Mr. Porter, to order a steak. So good were his steaks that travellers spoke of them, and gradually began referring to them as the "steak you get at Porter's house." From that it was but a short time before they were referred to as the "Porter-house steak." Since then butchers all over the country have found out the way in which Mr. Porter cut his famous steak, and have been making the same cuts themselves, hence the porter-house steak has been served the country over. Only a month or so ago the old Porter House was moved back to make room for aro w of tenement houses that are now being built in front of it.

HIS SYMPATHY.

In the criminal court in Baltimore a darky was on trial for stealing a watch, which he had pawned. He was identified by the owner as the person who grabbed the watch out of his pocket, yet the darkey claimed to be innocent. When asked how he came in possession of the watch he said:

"I was standing on the corner when a man comes up to me and says he is hard up and hasn't a cent to buy food with, and he wants to sell me this watch for $3. I knew I could get $4 on it in pawn, and I felt sorry for him and bought the watch for $3 and pawned it for $4. That's how I got the watch."

The prosecutor then asked, if he had bought the watch for $3, knowing he could pawn it for $4, simply to help the man along because he felt sorry for him, why he did not advise him to pawn it himself, and then he would have had $4 instead of $3.

"Well, you see," said the prisoner, "I didn't have the presence of mind to do dat."—*Judges' Library.*

OLD bachelors are as hard to be understood as widows are easy.

WHAT THEY DO WITH THE GOLD FROM EUROPE.

BY GEORGE W. MARLOR, CASHIER OF THE U. S. SUB-TREASURY.

Buying $10,000,000 worth of gold from the Bank of England is no more complex a transaction than buying a piece of real estate. Whatever difference there is in the two is in favor of the gold purchase. In it you are pretty sure to get the value of your money.

Much of the gold bought by the large banking houses of New York and other American cities is purchased from the Bank of England or the Bank of France. Its purchase is arranged for by the English or French agents of the bank that wishes to secure the gold. The price that will have to be paid depends largely upon the demand. At the present time, when every dollar of gold that can be secured is being eagerly sought by bankers here, the price is as high as 5 and 6 per cent.

The shipment of the gold is accompanied by comparatively few extra precautions. An extra detective or two from Scotland Yard, perhaps, and as many other private detectives employed by the Bank of England furnish all the protection needed.

All gold imported into this country comes in one of two forms. It is either in gold bars or in coin. If in coin it is usually American money that has been sent abroad in some previous year, for a comparatively small amount of foreign gold coin is brought here. Whether in bar or coin, however, it is all shipped in small steel cases. The bars are of an exact length, so as to permit them being packed tightly in the cases, while the coins are in bags, irrespective of denominations, that hold just 500 ounces.

The arrival of a gold-laden ship at her pier in the North River is not different, so far as precautions for the gold itself is concerned, from that of any other vessel. There are always government officials, city officials and private detectives to meet each ship and the arrival of a boat with $10,000,000 of gold aboard will result in no more than one of two extra men being present to ride on the wagons carrying the gold away from the pier.

The steel boxes, with their precious contents, as they are carted down from the ship to the wharfs, might from their appearance contain only ordinary merchandise. If unusual precautions be taken, however, it is during the brief moments that the boxes with their millions are lying on the pier waiting to be lifted into the wagons and carted away. Then they are watched by a good many pairs of eyes, and not a stranger is allowed to approach anywhere near them.

The final act of the purchase of gold differs in times of panic and at ordinary times. At the present time, when the necessity for gold is so great that every moment is precious, its real value in relieving a situation, such as we have been going through recently comes only when it is piled high on the counters of the banks and trust companies awaiting the demands of the creditors of those institutions.

The gold that arrives in bars goes direct to the Assay office. Before any attempt is made to analyze it and ascertain its real value the purchaser receives a certified check from the Assayer for 98 per cent. of the value supposed to be contained in the bars. The check can be converted into cash immediately and the delay of two or three days necessary to make a complete assay of the shipment is avoided. Whatever additional sum is due the purchaser after the Assayer's report is made, he receives in a day or two.

Much the same process, so far as expediency is concerned, is gone through with the gold coins. They, instead of going to the Assay office, go direct to the Sub-Treasury. Each bag is weighed unopened, and if found to tip the scales of 500 ounces $9,300 in cash is immediately advanced. That process saves many hours, for each bag has to be opened, the coins assorted into their several denominations, counted and weighed for loss from abrasions. After that is done the money is returned to bags containing $5,000 each and the balance due the purchaser, whatever it may be, is forwarded to him.

The only other class of gold shipment that has to be handled is that of foreign gold coins. They are not even counted but are placed immediately in a crucible, melted and then sent to the Assay office, where they are treated as were the gold bars. The extra time necessary to secure actual American money for the gold of foreign nations is the chief reason for the small amount of gold imported in that form.

As between shipping gold in coin or bars there is little preference. It is said that the motion of the ships causes a loss of about $200 in every shipment of $1,000,000. It is a fact, however, that the coins do lose considerably more in weight than the bars.—*New York Sunday World.*

HOW TO DO IT.

An Irishman out of work applied to the "boss" of a large repair shop in Detroit. When the Celt had stated his sundry and divers qualifications for a "job," the superintendant began quizzing him a bit. Starting quite at random, he asked:

"Do you know anything about carpentry?"

"Shure!"

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Shure!"

"How would you do it?"

"Shure, I'd poke me finger in his eye!"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

GILMORE—How did you begin your downward course?

DeWitte—I began at the top, of course. Did you think I began at the bottom?

NO MAN is totally bad and no woman is totally good.

PRESIDENTS WHO MADE PRESIDENTS.

In our brief history, two Presidents, and only two, stand out as makers of Presidents. There was no one in all the land whom Thomas Jefferson trusted as he trusted James Madison. Back in the days of the Revolution Madison had been his lieutenant, and had aided him in breaking down the aristocratic features of the Virginia code. During his sojourn in France, Madison had been his hope whenever he thought of political conflicts in the new republic. Madison, so Jefferson thought, was able to refute the papers of Hamilton, and, though Madison was quite willing to desist from so arduous a task, he was grateful to Jefferson for the compliment. During his two terms as President, Jefferson found comfort and support in the true friend, the learned lawyer, the loyal follower who stood by him through the strife with Barbary, the Burr incident, the impressment controversy, and the Embargo. It was Jefferson's will that his secretary of state should become President, and when Jefferson spoke his party obeyed.

The eight years of Madison passed away, but Jefferson was still powerful, powerful enough to secure eight years more of Virginia administration. James Monroe, a man trained in the Jefferson school, Jefferson's agent in the Louisiana purchase, Jefferson's minister to Great Britain, was the next President, and this was not effected without resentment in other states. So long a period of state ascendancy would now be impossible. No President since Jefferson has attempted it. But Jefferson was unique. He was a party manager and organizer whose like the country has never seen.

Andrew Jackson set his heart on the choice of Martin Van Buren as his successor, and he gained his point. The attraction of the opposite bound the stern Indian fighter and the adroit civilian in a close friendship. Van Buren admired Jackson's force; Jackson admired Van Buren's tact. Van Buren was polite to Mrs. Eaton, and this won Jackson's chivalrous heart. Van Buren had been antagonized by the leading Whigs, and Jackson considered him a martyr. Without underrating Van Buren's talents, it is clear that he owed the Presidency in no slight degree to Jackson's desire that he should win it.

Presidents have come and gone, but, as a rule, the out-going chief magistrate exercised comparatively little influence on the course of public affairs. Of Jackson's sucessors, Van Buren failed of re-election; Harrison died in office; Tyler saw his party defeated; Polk met a similar fate; Taylor died in office; Fillmore saw that dead of his party; Pierce was followed by Buchanan and Buchanan by Lincoln. Three presidents have been assassinated. Not one stands forth as a president-maker. But the quiet student of Monticello made two Presidents, and the grim warrior of the Hermitage elected a friend and forced the election of two Presidents of the opposition.—*Living Church.*

WE MAKE MUSIC FOR MEXICO.

According to the American Consul at Monterey, Mexico, everybody in that sunny land has a love of music. The common laborer who works all day paving the streets may be found in the evening taking a leading part in an orchestra playing classic music. It is a poor house indeed that has not some sort of musical instrument.

But with all their love of music they almost never make a musical instrument. Cotton goods, nails, steel rails and various other articles of commerce are manufactured in Monterey, but as yet the Consul is quoted by Musical America as saying that nobody has ever made a guitar here except perhaps, some lone genius who manufactured one for his own use.

Guitars and mandolins are almost exclusively imported from the United States, though some come from France and Spain. Germany is supposed to be the home of the violin, and nearly all of these instruments used in this part of Mexico come from that country, though an insignificant number come from the United States.

In pianos, of which quite a number are sold there, the United States has the best of the trade, the balance going to Germany. In organs the United States is practically unrivalled in this country, very few of these instruments in any grade coming from Europe.

But there is one general class of instruments in which the United States might do a good business, but as yet does practically none, and that is the instruments which go to the furnishings of a brass band.

As yet not much has been done in this country in the way of printing sheet music. Most of the danzas, songs, etc., composed by Mexican authors are sent abroad to be printed, and the German music publishers get the most of this.

Music houses in Monterey have sent some manuscript to American publishers, hoping to get their work returned more speedily, but they complain that it takes about as long to get it from the United States as it does to get it from Germany.

LITTLE Tommy wrote an essay on bees as follows: "The bees is a queer sort of an insect; and gives people a few points they do not appreciate. The queen be bosses the hive, just like ma bosses our hosue. The drone bee is like pa, he don't care much about work. There are other kinds of bees including political bees and husking bees and quilting bees. The best of all are the kissing bees. There is a kissing bee in our parlor every Sunday night and I get a nickel not to tell about it. When it comes to a choice of bees, give me kissing bee every time."

BOARDER—You can divide a chicken with mathematical accuracy, Mrs. Hashington. Mrs. Hashington—Dividing it is easy enough. I wish I could multiply it.

THE TOSS OF A COIN.

A famous mathematician, Professor Karl Pearson, once spent the greater part of his vacation deliberately tossing a shilling and making careful notes of how it fell. He spun the shilling 25,000 times, and a pupil of his, working separately, spun a penny 8,200 times and also tested the drawing of 9,000 tickets from a bag.

It may seem strange that a learned professor should put himself to such an amount of trouble to demonstrate what every schoolboy who had ever tossed a coin already knew. Yet, as a matter of fact, few really do grasp the laws which govern such an apparently straightforward matter as the tossing of a coin. In the words of the arithmetician, the theory of "runs"—that is, heads turning up repeatedly or tails turning up repeatedly—is precisely as follows:

The chance of a head is one-half; of two heads following, is one-half multiplied by one-half—that is, one-quarter; of three heads in succession, one-half multiplied by one-half multiplied by one-half—that is, one-eighth. Now, what do you suppose is the chance of a run of eleven heads? It is safe to say that not many persons, however accustomed to tossing coins, have reasoned this out. The fact is that one "run" of eleven heads is on the average only to be expected in 2,048 sets of coin tossing.

Although the man in the street may not have reckoned this, he is always quite positive that if, say, a coin has fallen ten times head upward he is safe to start backing tails. He puts his money on tails turning up because, he says, it stands to sense that the run of heads can't continue. But does it? At the eleventh toss the head of the coin is just as big as it ever was. What mysterious influence can a past event, the tossing of ten heads, have on a future one which has no link with them—namely, the tossing of the coin the eleventh time? Surely each toss is an event by itself, as Sir Hiram Maxim said of a game at roulette at Monte Carlo:

"It is a pure, unadulterated question of chance, and it is not influenced in the least by anything which has ever taken place before or that ever will take place in the future."

A nasty piece of plain speaking this for the cranks who had published schemes for "breaking the bank" and whose plans depended entirely on the theory that if one game ended in a win for "red" the chances against it ending "red" a second time were less, a third time less still, and so on.

This of course would be a sound enough argument provided that you regard some dozens of games of roulette or tosses of a coin all as one continuous event. It is quite safe, for instance, to offer beforehand big odds against a coin turning up heads ten times running. But in practice the public house loafer does not do this. What he does is to bet on each separate toss by itself, thus defeating his own aims. The odds against a coin turning up heads eleven times are as has been shown, something like 2,000 to 1. But suppose you only start betting at the tenth toss. What are the odds against the eleventh toss again being a head?

The odds, so far from being 2,000 to 1, are actually 1 to 1! To use an Irishism, the odds are even—that is to say, if you split up the eleven tosses into eleven separate events to be bet on separately your bets should be "even money" all the time, however often heads turn up running. But if you view the eleven tosses as one combined event and you offer a preliminary bet against the whole eleven results being heads you will have to give gigantic odds.

All this goes to prove the absolute uncertainty of gambling. The greatest mathematicians of the day cannot be certain how a coin will fall, so that the man of merely average abilities who stakes anything important on the toss of a coin is allowing that part of his fortune to pass entirely outside his control.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

NOT GOING HUNTING.

A motor car dashed along the country road. Turning a curve it came suddenly upon a man with a gun on his shoulder and a weak looking dog beside him. The dog was directly in the path of the motor car. The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move—until he was struck. After that he did not move.

The motor stopped and one of the men got out and came foward. He had once paid a farmer for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will a sovereign satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are." He handed a sovereign to the man with the gun, and added, pleasantly: "I'm sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other as he pocketed the money.

"Not going hunting? Then what were you doing with the dog and the gun?"

"Going down to the woods to shoot the dog."

FENCE 2,000 MILES LONG.

In West Australia, after five years' work, the great transcontinental rabbit-proof fence has been completed. Its length is 2,036 miles and the cost of its erection has been nearly $1,215,000.

It is furnished at intervals of five miles with systems of traps, in which hundreds of rabbits are captured and destroyed daily.

On the eastern side of the fence the animals are teeming and vegetation is almost completely absent. Inside the barrier there appears as yet no trace of their presence.

HOSPITALITY IN THE FARMHOUSE.

True hospitality seems to be neglected in these days. The desire to keep up appearance has much to do with banishing the simpler and more kindly way of entertaining. Let us see that it does not go further, for it is woman's high privilege to give hearty welcome to the guest and dispense kindly hospitality to those who are beneath her roof.

Every housekeeper, whether living in a cottage or a mansion, should try to have the home as bright and orderly as possible, so that a friend may be welcomed at any time or meal without putting the entire household in an uproar. Of course, this means a bit more system, but no extra expense. If there are young folks in the home it is the parents' duty to give their friends and companions a friendly welcome.

Do not be extravagant in your food expenditure, but spend what you can afford on the table service; that is, the dishes, silver, etc. Don't forget that a slice of bread and butter or a simple, plain sandwich, spread neatly and daintily cut, placed on a pretty plate, set on a clean linen tablecloth, will afford more enjoyment than more elaborate dishes served in careless fashion. A fresh appearance to the table means a little extra care but no extra cost. Have in everyday use dishes upon which you would serve a friend; for if they are not fit for friends they are not fit for those nearest and dearest to us, the home folks. And how much more refined our children will appear at a nicely set table than where everything is in disorder! If we have pretty things let us use them while our children are with us, that they may not be mortified if a chance guest drops in at any time. It is not unusual to hear the housekeeper admit that her social life is a burden to her. What a wretched state of affairs! Let us start a reform.—*Mrs. M. E. Dunton, in the New York Tribune.*

THE PRICE OF EGGS.

"When eggs get in the neighborhood of forty cents a dozen and butter climbs to thirty-five and forty cents people always want to know what the cause is," said a New Jersey farmer to a Dock street merchant the other day. "They think we are trying to bleed them, but if they really knew the truth, they wouldn't have much to say, I don't believe. Of course you fellows here on Dock street know the causes, but the ordinary person doesn't. Do you know why eggs are scarce? It's not because the hens are not working as hard as usual. Some may be taking a vacation, it's true, but it's because the farmers are saving their eggs for incubators. About this time of the year the poultry raisers collect all the fresh eggs they can and pile them into the patent setting hens. You ask why they do this? Well, it's a simple proposition. It takes three weeks to the day for eggs to hatch out. As soon as you get chickens you begin to feed them to beat everything. The brooders, in which they are kept in winter to keep them warm, are fairly alive with the little fellows, and by stuffing them with corn and wheat we soon have chickens as big as squabs and kill them for broilers. You know what they are—the highest kind of chicken meat. You can't blame the farmers for hoarding their eggs when you know the profit there is in broilers. Then you get as much per pound as you get for a dozen eggs at forty cents a dozen. It's only the law of supply and demand which makes eggs high, as everything else. Let all the farmers turn all their eggs into market, and you will see the price come down; let them hoard their eggs for hatching and up goes the price. It's simple when you know the truth."—*Philadelphia Record.*

EVIDENCES OF VULGARITY.

Asking questions, private and personal, is one vulgar habit, and telling your own business, which no one wants to hear, is another. Asking the cost of a present that has been made to you, loud talking in public, insolent disrespect to husband, wife, sister or brother; showing temper in trifles and making scenes in public, showing an embarrassing amount of fondness and making love in public; covert sneer, of which people can see the animus if tney do not always understand the drift; persistent egotism, which talks forever of itself, itself, itself, only itself, and cannot even feign the most passing interest in another; detraction of friends, and it may be of relations—a husband telling of his wife's unpleasantness; a wife complaining of her husband's faults; the old assumption of superiority, and the servile confession of infinite unworthiness. All these are signs and evidences of vulgarity—vulgarity of a far worse type than that which eats its fish with a steel knife, and says "you was," "each of the men were." In fact, true vulgarity resolves itself into that central point of evil—selfishness. The unselfish can never be really vulgar. They may be uncouth, but they cannot be more, while the best top-dresssing of manner to be found in the whole world cannot make the substance refined where that one foul canker of egotism and indifference to others lies at the heart of things.

IF A good piano receives proper care its value increases with use. It becomes more mellow, more responsive and richer even in appearance. Avoid placing a piano near the window, as the varying temperatures which necessarily exist in such a position are injurious to the strings. Be careful too, that you do not have one end of the instrument near a fire and the other end near a window or door. When a room has become very cold do not heat it too quickly, but increase the heat gradually.

A NEWLY married man protects his wife by putting his armor round her.

IT IS when duty calls that we are apt to send word that we are out.