

The Dublin International Exposition, which was opened by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, contains a notable display of industries and manufactures. The art exhibit includes paintings loaned by King Edward and by the Russian Emperor, and the entire collection on view is valued at \$3,000,000. Japan has a special building on the grounds; so have Canada and New Zealand, and the Irish industries are housed in a magnificent structure. The historical section is of unusual interest, and the

palace of industrial arts is an object lesson of Irish progress in recent years. A stringent rule is enforced that no goods shall be sold on the grounds. No exhibitor may do more than book orders. By this means the management is endeavoring to make it comfortable for visitors, saving them the annoyance of the persistent attentions of peripatetic salesmen. Fine trees and lawns beautify the grounds.

THE PICTURES.

My little son, with puzzled, questioning eyes,
Brought pictures for my wisdom to make plain,
And slowly voiced his need in childish wise,
Asking the meaning he had sought in vain.
And some, by symbol, and by holy sign,
I could translate, and set his face aglow;
But there were others I could not define—
I knew the meanings, but he could not know.
My little son fares forth to realms of sleep,
While I sometimes unto the depths of night
See pictures of God's children sinking deep
Beyond men's love—beyond their Father's sight.
But still I hope that where my faltering mind
Is filled with pity and with dull despair,
God reads the meaning with a purpose kind,
And does not cease to know, and love, and care.

THE NEW OWNER

"Well," whispered Marlon to me, "I guess it doesn't make any difference if we did have to wear silk gowns that you washed, turned, mended and made over. Guess what I just heard."
"What did you just hear?" I asked.
"Why," proceeded Marlon, delightedly, "I was standing over at those ferns a minute ago and just round the corner I heard Mrs. Lewis say to



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

Claudia Brooks: "I don't see how the Harcourt girls manage to dress so well," and Claudia—spiteful old thing—said: "I think they ought to be ashamed; everybody knows they can't afford it." But just then that grand looking Mr. Maxwell came over to them and it wasn't two minutes before I heard him ask who that striking girl with the red roses in her hair was. That was you, Eleanor. Now, aren't you flattered?"
"Dreadfully," I answered. "Anything more?"
"Yes, indeed," whispered Marlon. "The best of it all was that he asked right away if you were one of the Harcourts who had owned the old place up town, and he asked her—Oh, look!"
Marlon's volubility was checked at this point by the appearance of the already mentioned Mr. Maxwell with our hostess on his arm. He was a grave, handsome man, about 30, I thought, and after Mrs. Lewis had presented him he sat down beside me. He had talked about a good many things and had almost wearied of my monosyllabic replies, I fancy, when he finally brought up Harcourt, and I proceeded to astonish him by forgetting that we were strangers, and telling him the most ridiculous things with characteristic recklessness. I told him how we, Marlon and I, went a round about way to avoid passing the dear old place, and how, when there was no way out of it, we went by with our heads turned away, because we loved it so. I told him we had been born there, and that every big room and every dingy panel brought up a memory that we loved. And it was not until Marlon came for me to go home that I realized that he had listened to me silently for about an hour, and that Mrs. Lewis was angry with me for monopolizing the lion of the evening. I went home terribly ashamed, and convinced that, notwith-

standing that he looked very sympathetic, he was probably shocked. But some days later, after Mr. Maxwell called with Mrs. Lewis and was so nice, I guess he didn't mind after all. And in the weeks following he came frequently and we met at several places. Somehow I told that man everything—I couldn't seem to help it. He always knew just when to smile, and I never said a silly thing to cover up a deeper feeling in all those weeks that I did not see sympathy and understanding in his face. Well, it was a pleasant time as I remember it, and I got to thinking a good deal about him and to liking him very much. There was only one thing that dampen our pleasure; one day the news came to us that Mr. Griffin, who held a mortgage upon Harcourt, had sold it to strangers, and Marlon and I told ourselves that from that time our claim upon it would be only that of any other outsiders, who might look at its dear old walls and pass it by. As I say, this darkened our lives a little, but there were still Mr. Maxwell's visits to look forward to, so it was worth while existing. But one evening, when he called, he said: "Miss Eleanor, I am going away to-morrow and I want you to do something for me. Will you?"
"I don't know," I answered in a low voice. Somehow I couldn't for the life of me manage anything else. But he didn't seem to notice that I said nothing about regretting his going away. He simply asked me if I would go down to Harcourt with him. I was too miserable to resist, and we went.
My heart beat heavily as we walked up the dear old oak avenue, and when we had mounted the broad steps and opened the door I could not see the familiar dim old hall because my eyes were blinded with tears. "Oh, well," thought I, as I stealthily dried them away, "you're a dear old place, but you're nothing to me now, and I've got no right to cry about you." But later, when we went up to the long hall above and found that some impudent person had removed our few remaining pieces of old furniture and had hung new paintings there over crimson hangings, I felt I couldn't stand any more. "What does this mean?" I cried.
"The purchaser hopes to live here," explained Mr. Maxwell, "and he is getting it ready for occupancy."
Here, I suppose, the poor man was bewildered enough, for I had restrained myself as long as I could and I rushed to the one place where the hateful crimson did not cover the panels, laid my head against their friendly support and burst out crying.
"Oh, why did you bring me here?" I said. "I can't stand everything. I would rather have this old 'lace burned to the ground with only its poor old chimney left to show where it stood than to see it fitted with the most beautiful things in the world by strangers. Everything I care about turns out wrong." I concluded with a sob. "I am losing my home, and now you—"
I stopped, frozen with horror. What had I said! But Norman Maxwell—

denly put me into the window seat and sat down beside me. "Eleanor, look at me," he said. But I absolutely couldn't lift my head, so he put his hand under my reluctant chin and turned my face toward him. "Eleanor, he went on, "don't you know I've loved you all my time and that I was going away with the heartache, confident that you did not care for me? Don't you care just a little more about me than for an ordinary friend?"
"Oh!" I exclaimed, very much afraid that my stupidity had forced him into it. "I shouldn't have said—I didn't mean to—"
"But he put his arms around me and then I knew it wasn't because of what I had said."
Well, I was so happy that I cried and laughed in my own ridiculous fashion, and when we went home Marlon says it was difficult to tell which beam of brightest, my eyes or my nose. But I think I have wept the last sorry tears I shall ever shed, for the best man in the world has bought Harcourt for me and it is to be our home when we are married.—Boston Post.

THE AMBER OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Found in Considerable Quantities—Conditions Under Which It Occurs. It is an interesting fact that Santo Domingo is one of the few places in the world where amber occurs in any considerable quantities. As is well known, the bulk of the supply used in the arts comes from the neighborhood of Konigsberg, on the Baltic seacoast. There it occurs in the lower oligocene, and appears to have been deposited originally in glauconitic beds of clayey nature, which was afterward eroded by wave action and the amber distributed, though much of it is taken from beds in which it was originally entombed.
Amber is simply fossilized resin, derived apparently from certain coniferous trees. The conditions under which it occurs in Santo Domingo do not appear to differ substantially from those on the Baltic seacoast.
It is found near Santiago City, associated with lignite, sandstones and conglomerates. These beds probably belong to the oligocene formation and are found containing amber at a number of places on the north coast, as well as on both banks of the Monte Crist range. It also frequently occurs in the streams flowing through these beds.
The amber is usually in ovoid lumps, ranging from the size of a pea to a man's fist, often flattened, dull on the exterior, being covered with a kind of brownish crust. None of these deposits has been studied scientifically, although several abortive attempts have been made to operate them for commercial purposes.—Cassier's Magazine.

How They Were Constructed. "What kind of a man is he?" "Self-made." "And she?" "Fairer made."—Milwaukee Sentinel.
It's tough even on the six-footer when he has one foot in the grave.

GRAND SPRING OPENING.



—Chicago Examiner.

AMAZING CASE OF APHASIA.

Shrewd Business Man Deprived of Speech for Seven Years. Discussing aphasia at the Academy of Medicine, New York, Dr. William H. Thompson told a story of mental acumen following loss of speech which greatly interested his hearers and which was acknowledged to be one of the most remarkable cases of its kind on record.
"A man well known in business," said Dr. Thompson, "came to my office one day accompanied by his son and lawyer and asked that I examine him mentally to determine whether he was competent to make a will. I was informed that seven years before he lost his speech and since then had been unable to utter a word. He was literally word blind. He could not tell whether printing was upside down. He explained that he had considerable property he wished to dispose of, and that as he expected his will would be contested he wanted a statement from me."
"I examined him thoroughly, found he was mentally acute and in every way responsible. In fact, my inquiry developed the remarkable fact that while he was word blind he had developed a remarkable arithmetical knowledge. He was an adept in every sense. Figures fairly spoke to him. Since the time he was stricken he had conducted a big business and had done it in such an astute way that he had accumulated a fortune. He had complete mute aphasia, but was indeed a sharp business man. I was convinced that his mental center for arithmetic was separate and distinct."
"To test his acuteness of intellect I misread two or three words in his will and he instantly caught me up and upbraided his lawyer. I made out a certificate to the effect that in my opinion he was perfectly competent to make a will. Two months later this remarkable man was found dead in bed, and I learned later that the certificate which I gave him was the means of preventing a will contest."

One of the most difficult of the problems which confront modern engineers are the menacing oceans of sand which in different parts of the world are converting fields into deserts. What terrific ravages can be caused by a vast sea of sand is perhaps best seen in Africa, but in England to a small extent and in the United States to a serious degree, there may be found demonstrations of the sand plague which are, to say the least, disquieting.
A grain of sand, torn away from the granite rocks countless years ago by the great glacial drift, seems such an infinitesimal object that proverbially it is the least visible thing in the world, yet when it is united with innumerable other grains, and the whole propelled by the winds, it becomes almost impossible to stop the progress of the shifting mass. It pours down over a country, slowly, relentlessly, laying waste everything. Buildings are undermined, roads are obliterated and its gruesome work once begun never ceases.

QUEER STORIES

The Chinese ladybird is the greatest of the boll weevil's foes.
New York City consumes 118,150,000 pounds of cotton each year.
The King of Benin wears a cap made of coral beads, with a tassel of large beads at one side.
Surface cars on Manhattan Island do daily damage to persons and property in the average sum of \$2,750.
Electric furnaces at Notodden, Norway, are capable of producing about 1,100 tons of Chile saltpeter annually.
There is a daily gavage of thirty-five immigrants who apply for admission to the port of New York and are rejected.
Victor Emmanuel's collection of the coins of his own country amounts to more than 5,000 specimens, with a catalogue of nearly 35,000 slips.
The air pressure produced by explosions often renders a miner unconscious so that the afterdamp catches and kills even when the victim was neither burned nor near the initial explosion.
The knighthood of Lieutenant Colonel Frederik Louis Nathan establishes a remarkable record, for this is the third brother of one Jewish household who has earned knighthood in the service of England.
India's peanut crop for 1906-1907 is 200,000 tons of fair to good quality. The crop area is 601,600 acres, an increase for the year of 115,500 acres, or 23.8 per cent. Exports in 1906-1907 (nine months) were 968,633 hundredweight, about the average.
Colonel Hugh L. Scott, superintendent of West Point, has been most successful in capturing sarrage chiefs, both in this country and in the Philippines. He owes part of his prowess to his remarkable understanding of the sign language as used by the North American Indians.
The Euhe Indians, 500 in number, who live in a remote part of the Creek nation, cling to their own language and marry principally among their own tribe, after being conquered and absorbed by the Creek Indians more than 200 years ago. In some cases a Euhe may marry a Creek and the children will speak to the father in the Euhe language and to the mother in Creek.
NO SUCH RECORD OF TALK.
Fifty-ninth Congress the Most Talkative in the Country's History.
Completed records made by clerks of the Senate and House show that the last Congress—the Fifty-ninth—did more talking than any other in the history of the country. Their researches go back fourteen years, or to the Fifty-second Congress. The latter Congress filed 2,620 pages of the Congressional Record with its talk, as against 4,810 for the Fifty-ninth.
In the Fifty-second Congress 10,323 bills were introduced, but the Fifty-ninth set a new figure with 25,897. The Fifty-second Congress was in session 240 legislative days and passed 398 public and 324 private bills. The Fifty-ninth was in session 227 legislative days and passed 692 public and 6,248 private acts. Most of the measures known as private acts are for the correction of military records or the grant of pensions.
No Congress ever passed the number of bills that were made into law as the Fifty-ninth. It appears that such a thing as a dishonorable discharge from the army or navy, uncorrected by legislative act, will soon be a positive curiosity. Congress is not only generous to the nation's fighting men in the matter of pensions, but it is also charitable in the matter of expunging from the records anything set down against their conduct.
Queer.
Ascum—He doesn't seem to be very popular in political circles just now.
Wise—No. He has just launched a boom for himself as the "popular candidate."—Philadelphia Press.
A widower with seven children stands a better show of getting married again than a widow with one.

Oceans Of Sand

Three Continents—America Europe and Africa—have Peculiar and Baffling Problems



One of the most difficult of the problems which confront modern engineers are the menacing oceans of sand which in different parts of the world are converting fields into deserts. What terrific ravages can be caused by a vast sea of sand is perhaps best seen in Africa, but in England to a small extent and in the United States to a serious degree, there may be found demonstrations of the sand plague which are, to say the least, disquieting.
A grain of sand, torn away from the granite rocks countless years ago by the great glacial drift, seems such an infinitesimal object that proverbially it is the least visible thing in the world, yet when it is united with innumerable other grains, and the whole propelled by the winds, it becomes almost impossible to stop the progress of the shifting mass. It pours down over a country, slowly, relentlessly, laying waste everything. Buildings are undermined, roads are obliterated and its gruesome work once begun never ceases.

Egypt Not Always Waste.

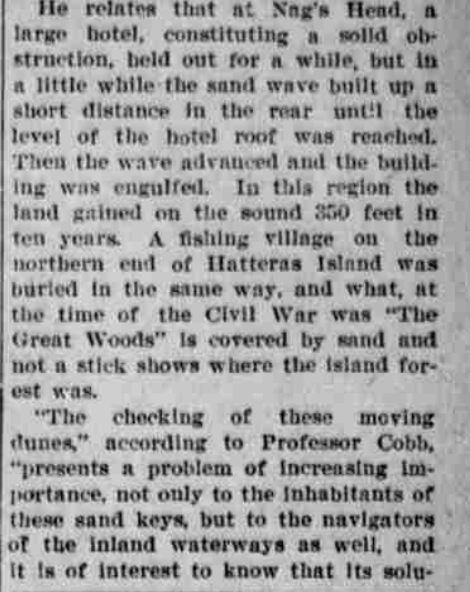
Egypt was not always the sandy waste the modern tourist finds it. Yet if the visitor to the Nile country makes a journey to the Sphinx he will find that remarkable piece of sculpture has been partly obscured by the sand waves which now cover upper Egypt.
The Sahara, the greatest desert in the world, was, according to the best scientific opinion, once an immense inland sea. In the time of that sea the climate in upper Africa, indeed the whole surface of the northern part of the continent, was very different to what it now is. At present the Sahara makes the climate for the Mediterranean and Central Europe, and while this is agreeable enough, the gradual expansion of the great ocean of sand, which is by degrees lapping the valleys of Algeria, threatens to lay waste finally to the coast. The Atlas Mountains alone appear to have held the monster in check.
Various propositions have been made concerning the African desert, and one of them, a scheme of inundation, is almost too chimerical, if in effect it would not be mischievous, to deserve serious attention. To stem the tide of sand in this vast ocean by ordinary means is impossible, and probably nature will be left to repair her damage in her own way.
It is the struggling vegetation on the



the sea, effectively shutting out the view.

Some imaginative geographers have affected to believe in a girdle of deserts around the world. By means of a specially drawn map this phenomena is apparent. Following a curved line it is seen that the great deserts of Asia, Africa and the lesser sandy wastes of North America seem to bear geographical relation to each other. Like Lavater's great circle of fire around the Pacific Ocean, this semi-circle of deserts at first sight is very convincing, but that it is more than a remarkable coincidence remains to be established.
Desert Lands of the West.
The Colorado Desert, at the base of the Sierra Nevada, like the Sahara, bears signs of being the bottom of an ancient sea or lake. These arid lands of the United States are found in Utah, Oregon, California, Nevada and Arizona. The Coast Mountains effectually shut out from them the moisture which otherwise might be precipitated over these wastes. The lightest annual rainfall in the United States is to be found in this region, particularly in Southern Arizona.
While these desert lands are not so great in area as the Sahara, they are of sufficient size and importance to make their reclamation desirable. With this end in view, the Federal Government is spending millions in inaugurating one of the most extensive irrigation systems ever proposed. That part of the Arizona desert upon which the experiment has been tried has given most encouraging results. Contemplating the immense fields now under cultivation in some of the desert valleys the visitor finds it difficult to believe that once this was a region of waste sands, superheated air and practically rainless.
Some experiments made by Collier Cobb, professor of geology in the Uni-

wind ripples, started in sands exposed by the removal of a strip of forest next the shore, have grown in size to great sand waves, which are advancing on forests, fields and homes. As the sand wave has advanced it has taken up several feet of the loose soil over which it has passed, undermining houses, laying bare the roots of trees and exposing the bones of the dead in the cemeteries.
He relates that at Nag's Head, a large hotel, constituting a solid obstruction, held out for a while, but in a little while the sand wave built up a short distance in the rear until the level of the hotel roof was reached. Then the wave advanced and the building was engulfed. In this region the land gained on the sound 350 feet in ten years. A fishing village on the northern end of Hatteras Island was buried in the same way, and what, at the time of the Civil War was "The Great Woods" is covered by sand and not a stick shows where the island forest was.
"The checking of these moving dunes," according to Professor Cobb, "presents a problem of increasing importance, not only to the inhabitants of these sand keys, but to the navigators of the inland waterways as well, and it is of interest to know that its solu-



CAMELS IN THE DESERT.

tion is at hand, and that the encroachment of the sand upon the land and upon the sounds may be effectually stopped.
Owing to the fortunate chance that the north winds which pile up the sand here blow only in the winter, and that the spring rains are usually of light intensity, especially on Hatteras Island, the solution of the problem is rendered comparatively easy. In 1886, Professor Cobb began his experiment. He found it a simple matter to plant grasses and shrubbery in the late winter and early spring and have them gain a firm footing before the strong winds came.
Trees as Wind Breaks.
He planted the seed of the loblolly pine on the back of a dune and covered the area with brush cut from a near-by road in process of making. The brush served not only to break the wind, but to conserve the moisture in the sands. To-day, he says, from that modest beginning of 21 years ago, there is a forest of several acres. The European plan of building a barrier dune by means of wind breaks, he says, has been tried along the coast, but always without success.
It having been proved that the sand seas may be conquered, it may be regarded as certain that in time human ingenuity will reclaim every large arid waste in the world. In another generation, perhaps, there will not be a desert within the boundaries of the United States. When once the way to solve the problem has been shown, enterprise will probably attempt to conquer the Sahara and perchance even the great Gobi.
Proof.
"Does your husband love you?" we asked.
"Madly, devotedly!" she answered.
"Are you quite sure?"
"Quite. How can I doubt it? He has shut me up here in this little cage of a place, where he expects me to spend all my time, with nobody's company but his own. If he does not love me, why does he take so much trouble to make me miserable?"
And there shone in her fine eyes the beautiful, strong light of unshaken confidence.—Puck.
With the amateur piano thumper it seems to be all work and no play.
Courtship is the juicy grape and marriage the appendicitis.



STRUGGLING VEGETATION ON THE EDGE OF SAHARAN SAND SEA.

edge of the desert which is responsible for the tardy strides of the sand. And it is from so casual a hint that successful experiments have been made with brush and grass on the North Carolina coast, where the sand enemy has grown to be as terrible as a night-mare, only far more potent of destruction.
Inundation at Southport.
While parts of the English coast are being washed away and eaten up by the sea, other parts are being added to with rapidity. Although the inroads of sand may be nature's way of making compensation for what she has elsewhere deprived the country, the inhabitants of Southport, for instance, do not view the situation with any satisfaction.
Within the last few years some millions of tons of sand have accumulated on the shores at Southport. The wind is mainly responsible for the overwhelming character of the sand. At a recent meeting of the Southport Chamber of Commerce it was stated that unless a new channel was cut almost immediately the town would in a very few years be four miles from deep water. So far as the filling up of the channel is concerned, the blame must be put upon the sea. However, it will cost \$100,000 to dredge this new channel, and the necessity for the work is apparent. The pier at Southport is nearly a mile in length, but with deep water receding at the present rate the pier soon will become useless.

Esplanade Overwhelmed.

But this is a matter of commerce. With the overwhelming of the esplanade, or seawalk, at the same place, which has been accomplished by the sand and wind in a very thorough manner, an equally serious problem is encountered. This cannot be gotten rid of by such simple means as dredging a channel. The sand must be removed, and a very pretty problem it presents. In some places the magnificent railed esplanade lies under five or six feet of sand. Not only has the wayward sand covered the walk, but has accumulated in dunes between the esplanade and

versity of North Carolina, show what can be done to prevent damage by sand and wind. Professor Cobb selected for his experiments some of the sand reefs on the North Carolina coast, and the result of his investigation was hopeful. The investigations, however, were only experiments, naturally on a diminutive scale, but sufficiently illuminating to lead to a belief that with governmental aid much of the wastes on the North Carolina coast could be made to flower with the prodigality of the semi-tropics.
Along the Atlantic Coast.
During the winter the strong north winds pile the sands up into great dunes, which are moving steadily southward. "These," says Professor Cobb, "are best developed along the Currituck Banks, from Virginia as far south as the Kill Devil Hills. These



EDGE OF A SAND SEA LAPPING AN ALGERIAN VALLEY.