

THE CUB REPORTER

By ALEX. McD. STODDART

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The chief was saying, "It means that you will have no home life, no social life, no time to get acquainted with your family, no regular hours. It means one daily grind. Go home," he added, showing his visitor toward the door. "Think it over, come back in a week, and if you're sure, I'll see what I can do."

The chief rarely gave his time to young men looking for "a chance on the city staff." He had no time for that. He left such details to the city editor. Tucker came straight from Harvard, with a note from a man who helped the chief in the early days when he was a "cub." The chief received him in his bare, blank room and gave him ten minutes—something unusual for the chief on such a matter.

Tucker came back in a week. "Are you sure?" said the chief.

"Yes."
"Come with me," he said.
"Mr. Bowker, this is Mr. Tucker," said the chief to the city editor. "Mr. Tucker wants a job on the staff. I have told him that he'd do better in some other line of work. If there's a chance, I wish you'd give him a show."

Tucker began to thank the chief, but he had started for his room.

"Have a chair," said Bowker.
Bowker asked him what he had done, and Tucker told him of his work on the college paper. Bowker listened, and said in conclusion: "This is the dull season; one or two men are on vacation; but I'll put you on to see what sort of stuff is in you. Come around to-morrow and I'll give you something to do. I am very busy now. Good morning," but the local man's attention was directed to his newspaper.

Tucker turned up early the next day. Bill, one of the Continent's boys, was opening the mail containing the exchanges.

"Well," said Bill.
"I'm the new man," said Tucker.
"Oh!" said Bill, and continued his work of arranging the exchanges.

"Where can I sit?" Tucker contin-



ued, a bit annoyed. Bill showed him the chief came in and nodded to him. That was all.

Richardson, the assistant city editor, came in and began his work of reading and clipping the morning papers. Richardson was one of those men who never wrote a story without considering the feelings of others. It didn't make any difference what a man had done, Richardson always remembered that the man had a wife, or a sister, or somebody, who loved him. Richardson was courteousness itself. He came over, saying in a conversational way: "You're Mr. Tucker, the new man? I am glad to meet you. I'm Mr. Richardson, and anything I can do to help you I shall be glad to do."

Tucker was taken by surprise and stammered his thanks.

The city editor turned over to the day's page on the assignment book, and commenced to write from the block of paper Richardson, the assistant city editor, handed over.

Was Tucker forgotten? An hour had passed since Bowker sat in front of the untidy desk. Could he go to lunch? Tucker asked. He would be only 20 minutes. Bowker nodded without looking up from over the proofs he was glancing through. Tucker came back in 15 minutes. When he returned Bowker called him to his desk. It was 2:15 p. m. He noted the time because he was watching the clock.

"I wish you would go down to our Wall street office, No. — Broad street, and report to Mr. Blanchard, the financial editor. He will tell you what to do."

Tucker went out with the address written on a sheet of copy paper. He reached the office of Blanchard, who had rushed in for a moment to give additional directions to his assistants. It was a "big day" in the "street," Tucker reported to Blanchard.

"New man?" questioned Blanchard. "I wish you'd go over to the stock exchange and watch the developments."

"Where is the stock exchange?" asked Tucker.

Blanchard looked at him in a now-what-do-you-think-of-that sort of way. But he told him. Tucker reached the floor of the exchange at 2:35, 25 minutes before the exchange closed. When Tucker reached the stock exchange he thought he was "too late" because men and women were coming out of the building in hundreds. As a matter of fact, so evident was the despair of that day, when "frenzied finance" went wild, that the governors decided to clear the galleries, secretly fearing that some might throw themselves down.

The foot of the stairs was seized as a vantage point by the gray uniforms, who held it as a pass. Men charged up to this line and were driven back.

Tucker got on the floor of the exchange. How he did it has never been explained and never will be. Pandemonium reigned supreme. No one stopped him. He tried to ask questions, but not a man paid the slightest attention to him. It was the culmination of one of the worst panics in the

history of Wall street and the greatest slaughter of the "lambs" the street had ever known. He asked excited men what it was all about. He was pushed and trampled on, but withal was the only calm man on the floor of the exchange. At three o'clock the floor was cleared and Tucker went back to the Wall street office of the Continent.

An hour later Blanchard, the Wall street man, came in. His clothes were torn, his cravat was gone, his derby hat was covered with dirt, his eyes were bloodshot. Clearly it was whisky and cigars holding him up. Tucker tried to speak to him.

"Sit down there and wait," he said. And Blanchard went into the inner office. For three hours Tucker heard the keys of the typewriter click, interrupted every few minutes by the telephone bell ringing and men going in and out, telling him what they knew. Every half hour a boy from the Continent office came and carried eight or ten sheets of copy to the office, and brought back whisky and cigars at intervals. At eight o'clock Tucker was still sitting there. Blanchard had written five columns telling of the panic.

He came out of the inner office at last. His work in the street was over. He put on his hat and coat. "I suppose I'll have to take a look at the Waldorf crowd," he said in parting to his stenographer, "you needn't wait." Then noticing Tucker, he continued: "I had forgotten you, but I will explain to Bowker. What did you find out? Have you written anything?"

"No, I haven't written anything. There was nothing to write about. I saw a lot of people shouting, but nobody would tell me what it was all about. I went on the floor and—"

"You went on what floor?" interrupted Blanchard.

"The floor of the stock exchange," said Tucker.

"You went on the floor of the stock exchange?" repeated Blanchard over again.

"Yes, there were a lot of men shouting and yelling and making signs, and I went up to where the biggest crowd was, but nobody would tell me anything, and at three o'clock everybody went out. There was nothing for me to write about so far as I could see."

Blanchard looked in amazement. Here was a man who had never seen the stock exchange before, not even the visitors' gallery, who, in one of the worst panics of Wall street, had got inside the gates that are harder for a non-member to get through than the proverbial camel through the needle's eye.

"You'd better get your dinner and go back to the office. Tell Mr. Bowker, or the night city editor, that I will have another spread. Tell him it's a beat and to save a column on the first page for it. I will send it up by the boy for 10:30."

Tucker gave the night city editor the message.

"All right," he said, "if I need you I'll call."

Tucker went back to the place the office boy had given him in the morning. Bill and the other boy had gone. More boys took their places and attended to the telephone calls, the shouts of "copy," and visitors.

Tucker sat there until the night editor said: "You'd better go home now; there is nothing doing." He went to his boarding house and wrote home, telling the family of his first day.

In the morning Tucker got the Continent at the corner news stand. Across the last three columns of the first page he read:

WORST PANIC IN THE HISTORY OF WALL STREET; MILLIONAIRES TRUCE AFTER THE SLAUGHTER OF LAMBS

BIG INTEREST CALLED A HALL AFTER MANY HAD BEEN RUINED. BANKS HAVE COME TO THE RESCUE, AND WILL ASSIST THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN HIT HARD BY THE SLUMP IN STOCKS.

He bought his subway ticket, and got on an express at the Grand Central. Then he read the story. Below the big headlines in the fifth column on the first page he was startled to read:

STRANGER INVADERS STOCK EXCHANGE.

Samuel J. Tucker, a Calm Witness of the Exciting Corner Yesterday. Before he reached the Brooklyn bridge he had read it three times. It told of his doings—something unheard of before. Here was a college boy, a "cub" reporter, who had paid nothing for the privilege, and who saw the scene from the inside—a calm spectator of the wildest half-hour ever experienced in the street.

He was humiliated. He looked around him in the car like a criminal. He thought every eye said: "So you're Samuel J. Tucker, of Harvard, eh?"

In the same car with him, watching his face intently, was Richardson, the assistant city editor of the Continent. Richardson couldn't speak. Richardson took in the situation at a glance and put his hand on his shoulder in a friendly way. "Well, old man," he said, cordially, "you've done something that nobody else on the paper has ever done."

But Richardson always was courteous.

CIRCUS WAGONS IN SHOWS

High Railway Rates Force Manager to Use Vehicles During Long Tours.

Eldora, Iowa.—According to the theory of those who are in a position to speak and know, the spring season of 1906 will see more of the old-fashioned circus wagon shows throughout Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas, in fact the entire middle west, than ever before. This will be due to the increased transportation rates.

One manager in this state who is now fitting up a wagon show to start with the coming of spring and summer states that last year the transportation on his show cost about \$150 daily, and this year the rate charged by the railroads will be \$250 a day. All shows, large and small, will be affected by the rise, and as the result many a company will buy equipment, take to the road, make smaller jumps, and save the immense cost in railroad transportation, bringing many of the children of the present day face to face with the old-fashioned wagon shows of their fathers.

THE PROBABLE SUCCESSOR OF VON BUELOW.



Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, who, it is said, will be made chancellor of the German empire when the present aged incumbent retires.

MOVEMENT OF A GLACIER.

One a Mile Long in Southern Rockies Shifted Twenty-Seven Feet in a Year.

It had long been supposed that no true glaciers remain in the Rockies south of Wyoming, a supposition now known to be incorrect, says Junius Henderson, in Harper's Magazine. North of Long's Peak two ice fields have been described and referred to as glaciers by men whose determinations are entitled to considerable weight, though on the whole they partake more of the nature of neve and are so considered by some geologists. This difference of opinion is entirely excusable on the ground that the dividing line between neve and glacier is indistinct, "the one passing into the other by insensible gradation." However, explorations carried on in the last five years have brought to light an ice stream which is so distinctly a glacier as to leave no chance for a dispute as to its character. It has been visited by experienced geologists, mapped, photographed and thoroughly studied.

Arapahoe glacier is about a mile long and is situated amid scenery as inspiring as any in the southern Rockies. It occupies an amphitheater or glacial cirque upon the east side of the Arapahoe Peaks, the peaks and their thin, sharp, serrated connecting ridge forming the semi-circular rim of the cirque, the ridges running eastward from the north and south peaks forming the walls of the ancient glacial valley. The highest point on the rim of the cirque is 13,700 feet above sea level.

No measurements were necessary to convince our first exploring party that

MINNESOTAN'S ODD TEAM.

Pair of Young Moose Which He Harnesses and Drives Around the Country.

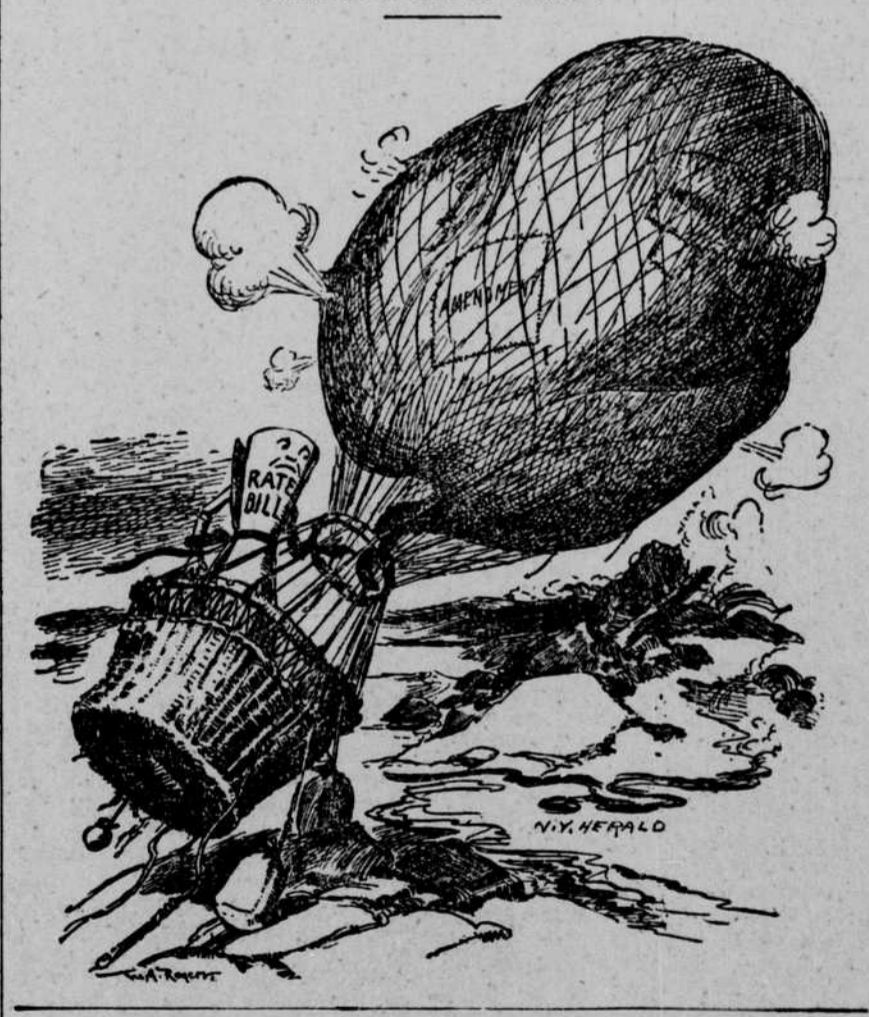
Edward Crossman, of Ely, Minn., owns one of the oddest teams in America. He has succeeded in the unusual task of breaking a pair of moose to drive in harness. In his sleigh Mr. Crossman spins about as rapidly behind these animals as if drawn by a prancing span of horses.

The moose, says a local informant, were captured at Bear Island lake, a few miles to the southwest of Ely, three years ago. The mother had been killed by an Indian, and a trapper in the neighborhood, hearing his dog barking furiously, hurried to the spot where he found two moose calves. Mr. Crossman bought these calves from the trapper and secured a permit from the governor to keep them in his possession.

At first the moose didn't relish being hitched up, but as they are young in years they became accustomed to it much sooner than if they had been full grown. Their antlers are now growing, and by the time these animals are five years of age will be of large size. At first the problem of feeding them was no small one. When running wild they live on pond lily roots, leaves of trees or tender shoots of willow.

At first Mr. Crossman fed them willow twigs and young birch, but this became a difficult task, for they required about three wagon loads a week. Today they eat hay, turnips and cabbage and seem to enjoy the diet as much as the one to which they had before been accustomed. One of these moose will eat as much as two horses. They nib-

WHERE WILL IT LAND?



ble as something most of the time except when lying down in the middle of the day. Each weighs about 700 pounds.

Something Worth While.

Do you know that these small amounts, such as millions and billions, are growing tiresome? I am going in for astronomy, where numbers are really worth while considering, says a New York Press writer. There is our nearest neighbor among the fixed stars, dear old Alpha Centauri, who is just 25,000,000,000 miles away. She gets about her orbit at the rate of 186,400 miles a second, and when she throws out her flashlight it takes us four years and 128 days to see it. If she should cry aloud we should be 3,000,000 years in hearing the sound of her voice. The Chicago Limited, starting from Alpha Centauri for New York would arrive here in about 75,000,000 years.

Specific Information Needed.

Wigg—Some parts of New York are pretty tough?
Wagg—Yes; the last time I was here there was a man about on the east side.
"On the east side? Which way was he going?"—Philadelphia Record.

NEXT WORLD'S FAIR.

NEW ZEALAND WILL HAVE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

Arrangements Under Way for Opening in November—Will Continue Until April of Next Year.

The next great world's fair is to be given by the colony of New Zealand, in the South Pacific islands of that name, the romantic home of the ancient Maoris, which numbers among its attractions for the tourist many relics of that ancient people, with their descendants still living according to their old-time customs. The wonderful scenery of the picturesque island, with its bursting geysers, its forests and mountains filled with game for the sportsman, add an attraction to the site of the fair which will tempt many a visitor from far-off lands to make the trip to New Zealand during the progress of the exposition.

The fair is to be held in Hagley park, Christchurch, Canterbury, beginning in November next and continuing to some date in April, 1907. This is the summer season in New Zealand, the time of year when her natural attractions are at their best. All nations of the world have been invited to exhibit at the fair. The object of the exhibition is educational, the colonists desiring to show to the world the resources and possibilities of the colony as one of the world's food-producing factors; to demonstrate its vast mineral resources and to draw attention to picturesque and unrivaled scenery, its thermal wonders and the exceptional opportunities offered to sportsmen. A further object is to bring to the notice of the more industrial nations of the world the great field offered by New Zealand as an outlet for enterprise and for the use and consumption of all manner of up-to-date appliances and manufactures.

The imports of New Zealand in 1905, at least three-fourths of which are manufactured goods, amounted in value to \$66,000,000. Of course, Great Britain, the home country, furnished the great bulk of this trade. The commonwealth of Australasia was next in the list and following her came the United States, which furnished goods to the value of \$8,000,000. When it is considered that this great expenditure for foreign supplies is made for the use of a colony with a population of but 550,000 persons it can be readily seen what a rare opportunity is offered for exploiting New Zealand with up-to-date manufactures. Exporters of every land on the face of the globe will be deeply interested in investigating the trade possibilities of the country and it is confidently anticipated that the fair will be a success financially as well as in bringing to the attention of the world the advantages possessed by the island as a trade center for the industrial world.

Special arrangements are being made with the steamship companies trading to New Zealand under which exhibitors will obtain special rates of freight on exhibits. The exhibition buildings will be constituted a bonded warehouse, and while all goods sold will be charged the regular rate of duty, those to be returned to other lands will be reshipped free of duty. The ordinary charge for space will be from two shillings (50 cents) a square foot, the minimum charge being \$5.25, 25 per cent. payable on application, 25 per cent. on allotment and the balance one month before the opening of the fair.

HEART AFFECTS WATCH.

Timepiece Is Uncertain If That Organ Is Irregular, Says a Watchmaker.

Nobody would ever think that something the matter with him would cause something to be the matter with his watch, but a watch maker is the cause of much uneasiness in an East End family, says the Pittsburg Gazette, and all because he insists that he does his best with a certain watch and that the reason it does not keep good time is because the man who carries it must have an irregular heart beat.

It came about in this wise: The head of the family has a gold watch that cost him \$200 ten years ago. He has carried it ever since, but a year ago it began to act queerly. For some days it lost time, and then it began to gain time; again it would gain time mysteriously and then strangely lose a minute or two a day. It had been to the watch repairer three times in 12 months, and was still acting irregularly a week ago when the man's wife took it to the watch maker.

"I think I know what is the matter with this," said the craftsman. "I don't believe that your husband's heart beats regularly. Now, don't get alarmed. It is not necessarily disease. He may be just one of those men who can't have a watch that keeps good time, simply because of their irregular heart beats."

"You see, a watch has a regular rhythmic movement," said the watch maker. "It is carried close to the human heart, which ought to have a regular rhythmic movement, too. Now, while the watch is beating away the heart is beating also. If its pulsations occur regularly, punctuating the rhythm of the watch at specific intervals, the rhythm of the watch movement is undisturbed; but let the heart pulsations occur irregularly, now pulsating with the tick of the watch, and now stopping irregularly. In between the ticks, the watch is bound to be affected. Leave this watch here, and let your husband carry your watch, which we know keeps regular time. Let him wear it a month, and see if I am not right."

So the woman handed her husband her watch to note the result. She wanted him to consult a specialist immediately upon her return from the watch maker, but he compromised by agreeing to try the test suggested by the watch maker.

An Expensive Bump.

Bill—I see the khedive of Egypt owns the most costly saddle in the world. It is made of black leather, though more gold than leather is visible, and it cost \$70,000.
Jill—Wouldn't that bump ye?—Yonkers Statesman.

POLYGAMY RARE IN TURKEY.

The Law Allows Four Wives, But More Than One Is Considered Bad Form.

The ordinary idea of a harem probably accords little with the picture of life behind the cafés or screens covering the windows of the seraglio presented by Mrs. L. Parks-Richards in a lecture at the Waldorf-Astoria Wednesday morning. In the first place, Mrs. Richards stated that there was as a rule only one wife in the harem.

"Polygamy is practically nonexistent among the Turks," said Mrs. Richards. "The law allows a man four wives, but makes it so difficult for him to take a second one by requiring him to provide for her exactly as he did for the first that it is seldom done. Besides, among the upper classes polygamy is not considered good form. I heard of half a dozen Turks who had two wives while I was in Constantinople, and of one who had four, but these are rare exceptions."

"The crowd of women found in a Turkish harem is made up of servants, slaves and female dependents. No Turk ever lets a relative suffer while he has a roof over his head and every great house has numbers of such dependents, both male and female."

Neither is the life of the harem dull, according to Mrs. Richards. No man ever enters it except the husband, son, father or brother of the mistress, but she may receive women friends and go to see them.

The relation of the inmates of the harem to one another Mrs. Richards found very beautiful. Children were great pets, she said, and servants and slaves were treated with great consideration. Slaves are often treated like members of the family, may marry a son of the house and are much sought in marriage by men for the purpose of avoiding complications with mothers-in-law.

"The sultan's harem," said Mrs. Richards, "is composed entirely of slaves, as the law forbids members of the imperial family from marrying into the great houses of the realm, lest the latter be made too powerful."

The Turkish woman, Mrs. Richards found, is quite satisfied with her lot, while that of the European woman is regarded with horror by the most enlightened Turks.

"It is true," said a Turkish official of high rank and much culture, "that we marry our daughters to men whom they never see until their wedding day, but we do not have the awful European spectacle of angling for men. We do not bring them into the open market and sell them to the highest bidder."

HOW HIS WIFE KEPT TAB.

Made the Old Man Bring Home at Least One Street Car Transfer Each Day.

When the old man got on the car with two heavy market baskets, under the weight of which he fairly staggered, he asked for a transfer even before he paid his nickel fare. The conductor smiled as he handed over the slip and the old man put it away with extreme care, relates the Chicago Record-Herald.

Near one of the streets midway between those on which were cross-town street car lines the old man asked the conductor to stop. This was done, and the car man smiled as he lifted off the basket. A fellow passenger who had witnessed the incidents asked the conductor why the old fellow had insisted on a transfer when he did not intend to use it.

"Didn't intend to use it?" echoed the conductor. "Oh, but he does use it, and he uses one each weekday of the year. No, he does not change cars, for he lives in the second house from the corner where he gets off. To him the transfer is most valuable evidence that he has paid his fare, and not spent the nickel for barrel-house liquor and walked home."

"You see, it is this way: The old man was once a prosperous business man, but booze got the better of him and he lost all he owned. His wife had managed to save a few hundred dollars, and when he went all to pieces she started a boarding house and made him her buyer. She found that he was in the habit of walking to and from the market and spending the fare money for drink. Then she conceived the idea of making him bring home a transfer each day so as to make sure that he rode at least one way. How do I know this? Because I made him confess. Does it keep him sober? Well, not entirely, for he has established a sort of nickel graft with some of the market men. But he doesn't spend the old lady's money, anyway."

History in the Hair.

By their hair ye shall know them. It seems that our histories are written in our hair. The Japanese scientist, Matsura, has been studying the variations in the thickness of the hair. It is known that in certain diseases, among other differences in growth, are found marked variations in the length and thickness of the finger nails. Now it appears that the hair also is influenced, and all the affections which act upon the general health bring about a diminution in the thickness of the hair. The medullary layer may even be interrupted, and the hard layer which it contains may disappear. Observations made upon a hair will therefore show its variations in thickness according to certain maladies, and the length of the affected part of the thinner portion of the hair gives an idea of the duration of the malady, and even of slighter affections. The variations are naturally more strongly marked in the case of coarse-haired races than others. Provided the hair had never been cut, the man would have his pathological history written in capillary terms.

Plenty of Language.

"Did you have much trouble speaking English when you were in England?"

"No. The trouble I had was in making people understand me."—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Father!

Bobbie—Mamma, Mamma—Well?
"Were men awful scarce when you married papa, or did you just feel sorry for him?"—Judge.

RUSH OF IMMIGRANTS

RECORDS BROKEN BY RECENT RATE OF ARRIVALS.

Estimated Number of Aliens for Current Fiscal Year Is 1,250,000—Nationalities and Distribution.

Washington.—Immigration to the United States during the present fiscal year will break all records and reach the million and a quarter mark, if the enormous influx continues at its present rate. While the figures for March are not available, the immigration officials know that all records for that month have been smashed. The heaviest immigration occurs during the months of March, April, May and June.

For the eight months since the close of the last fiscal year, the number of immigrants who reached the United States is 548,511, as against 523,018 for the same period during the previous year. These figures are for the eight months when there is comparatively little immigration, and during the next four months of this fiscal year the number to arrive will more than double that of the last eight months, and the total will probably be 1,250,000.

During the last three months the number of immigrants was 191,939, as compared with 186,039 for the same period last year. One-fourth of the immigrants over 14 years old can neither read nor write. An idea of the increase in immigration can be gained when the figures for the last fiscal year are compared with those of ten years ago. A decade ago the total annual immigration was 235,655, as against 1,026,459, an increase of 796,884.

Of the total immigration for last year 31 per cent. settled in New York, 20 per cent. in Pennsylvania, seven per cent. each in Illinois and Massachusetts, and five and one-half per cent. each in New Jersey and Ohio. Seventy-six per cent. of the entire population settled in these six states, the actual number of settlers being as follows:

New York, 315,511; Pennsylvania, 210,708; Massachusetts, 72,150; Illinois, 52,770; New Jersey, 57,258; Ohio, 49,381. The remaining 24 per cent. settled in the other 39 states.

The countries from which the immigrants came and the number are as follows: Austria-Hungary, 275,693; Italy, 221,479; Russia, 184,897; Germany, 40,574; Norway, Sweden and Denmark, 60,625; England, 64,709; Ireland, 52,845.

The distribution of the immigrants by nationalities in Illinois was as follows: Polish, 13,862; Italians, 10,358; Scandinavians, 7,770; Germans, 7,614; Hebrews, 5,800; Croatians, 4,109; Slovak, 3,777; Lithuanian, 3,440.

According to Commissioner General of Immigration Sargent, the reasons for the great influx of newcomers are the prosperous conditions in the United States and social depression in some parts of Russia, the low wages paid there and the higher wages paid in the United States.

For the first time the south is absorbing some of the immigrants. This is due to the fact that the labor bureaus in the southern states are offering inducements to immigrants. These inducements are in the shape of cheap lands and steady employment at good wages.

The largest proportion of the Hebrews settle in the large cities of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Baltimore, while the Hungarians, Poles, Scandinavians, Slovaks, and Croatians go to Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Illinois to work in the coal mines. The Swedes generally go to the Dakotas and engage in farming. The Italians go where the railroads are being built and where large numbers of low class laborers are needed.

GOLD IN MASTODON SKULL

Pocket of Rish Mineral Found in Eye Socket of Unearthed Skeleton.

Tacoma.—In the eye socket of a skull of a huge mastodon unearthed in the Forty-Three Gold Run claim, near Dawson, a few days ago, was found gravel that washed \$1,600 in gold.

Malcolm McConnell, owner of the claim, received word Saturday in a letter. He had just arrived from San Francisco, where he and Miss Carrie McGuire were married a few days ago. They left Monday on the City of Seattle for Skagway and Dawson.

McConnell has spent most of the past nine years in Alaska, where he has been successful. He came out last fall, bringing a tusk and a few of the bones of the mastodon, which have been on exhibition.

The letter received from his men said the remainder of the bones of the mammoth animal had been found, and telling him of the pocket of gold found in the eye socket in the skull. The bones will be shipped to Tacoma.

BLIND WOMAN'S GOOD WORK

Performs Most Difficult Household Duties with Skill and Accuracy.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Mrs. S. M. Kirk, of Forest Valley, who has been blind for many years, has acquired a sense of feeling that is remarkable. She prepares the meals for the family, with little assistance, and in paring potatoes can pick out the imperfections with as much skill as if she could see.

She makes all the dresses for her two little girls and can put all the different pieces together without getting one of them wrong. One of the most remarkable things is in sewing carpet rags. She can pick out all those of the same color and tack them together without a miss, and in threading a needle she does it as well and quickly as if her eyesight were perfect.

Mrs. Kirk has never spent a day in a school for the blind, but has learned to do these things in her own home, and altogether by application. She lost one of her eyes when quite a small child, but has been totally blind for the last 12 years.