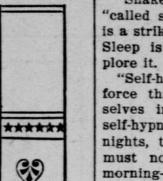
We cannot anchor in thy bay, There is no holding ground; We cannot linger by the way.

Our barque is outward bound: Yet, as we skirt thy blissful shore, We fain would with thee stay, For we shall never see thee more, Sweet Island of To-day.

We know not whither we are bound, We sail the unknown sea; We seek a port where may be found Our heart's desire, yet we Know not our course, with wind and tide We simply sail away; Yet we would fain with thee abide.

Sweet Island of To-day. -W. Harry Stone.



BY ADDIENNE POUCOLLE

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violet-scented envelope unopened in resolution came to naught. I must able and deadly pain. my hand. What train of memories know the author of that letter. years of my youth during which I had | my overcoat, I made my escape. crave. But to-day, why should I re- edly at my eigar. ceive one-I, a married man?

I turned the letter over three or four times, then tore it open and read the following words written in a crumpted handwriting I had never seen before:

"Dear Old Tony-Though it may be folly to make such invitation to a married man, I risk it any way. I will be this evening at 10:30 in room No. 16 of the Bon Ton Cafe and will wait "One who loves you, for you.

I was astounded. What could this mean? Who was this mysterious "Z" who could be so bold as to make such rendezvous at the Bon Ton, one of the gayest restaurants of the city! In my younger days I wouldn't have hesitated a second-but now I had a wife, a weak, babyish, clinging creature, whose childish ways were somewhat tiresome, that's true, but whom I deeply loved. I crushed the note with an impatient gesture, then lit a match and watched it burn, a righteous frown upon my brow. Such follies were not for me. I would not go.

By six o'clock I 'had changed my mind and had persuaded myself that my very life depended upon my going to that rendezvous. For the first time since my marriage I was embarrassed before my wife during the dinner. which I barely tasted. I could only reply in monosyllables to her gay, childish prattle.

When dinner was over, and as the maid removed the dishes, she came and sat on the arm of my chair and with her fingers tried to erase the frown which my conflicting thoughts had caused to gather on my brow.

"Is my darling worried about something?" she asked, as her blonde head nestled on my shoulder.

"Yes, sweetheart," I replied, thankful that her eyes were lower and she could not see my face. "I am more than worried, for I am deeply disappointed. I had planned to spend the evening with you, as usual, but a business appointment with a man from out of town will call me back to the office this evening, and it may be midnight-maybe later-before I can get home.

With her eyes still averted from mine, but with a little quiver of the body, like a child about to sob, she said in disappointed tones:

"You surely are not going out again to-night. Can't that horrid business wait until to-morrow. A married man should stay home with his wife."

That last sentence sounded as a reproach to my already alarmed conscience, but I again forced it to silence by assuring myself that my sole reason for going was to protect this tender, clinging girl from some brutal revelation of my past wayward

"Yes, yes, I know," I hurried to reply, "but it is for your sake, little one, that I must go." "For my sake?" she questioned

with pouting lips, but still without looking up.

"Yes, for your sake, dearest. Is it not for you I work, to give you all these fine clothes in which your soul



She threw her arms around my neck, and sealing my lips with a kiss, own wife. So I let you come." cried in a nervous, half-sobbing, half-

set envy me, I have everything I since thanks to it, she credited my want but, oh Tony what I care for words and saved me from a very the most, what would kill me to lose or share with another, is your love I could not live if I thought that you

That old nuisance of a conscience again raised a reproaching voice and I was about to say that business could wait and that I would not rethat pink, violet-scented note passed staff.

For a long time I held the dainty, | before my mind's eye and my good

this pink envelope and that subtle I bowed to my wife passionate profragrancy of violet brought to my testations of love, I soothed her halfblase heart! How it recalled the hot hysterical emotion, then getting into

sown a rather profuse crop of wild | Instead of taking the car, I decided oats. At that time those scented to walk down town. It was yet two notes, some pink, some blue, some hours to the appointed time and I lavender, had formed the bulk of my wanted to collect my thoughts. I did correspondence and had carried with not feel at my ease, I knew I was dothem the delightful touch of intrigue ing wrong, yet I felt powerless to rewhich a wild youth would naturally sist, and I walked and bit discontent-



I pulled back the hood, and then started back with a cry.

When I reached the business part of the city it was still too early so I amused myself by walking past the lighted stores and watching the crowd which passed and repassed in never ceasing flow.

So keen was my preoccupation that forgot myself in the maze of my thoughts and only returned to reality when my eyes encountered the white dial of a street clock, and I saw that this indicated twenty-eight minutes past ten. I reached the Bon Ton cafe just as the clock struck the half hour. As the flunkey showed me up to room 16 he winked in a knowing way

"Deuced pretty woman, but so nervous and timid. Hasn't been a round-

More anxious than ever I followed my guide. Before No. 16 he paused. saying:

"She's in there, waiting for you." "Has supper been ordered?" I asked. "No, sir. Shall we send up something, 'sauterne' and oysters, for in-

stance, followed by--" "Yes, perhaps," I interrupted, hastily. "But wait until I order. I will

ring if we want anything." He bowed and left me. All this was so familiar and yet so strange, that my head was in a whirl. "Time to retreat," kept saying the still, small voice of duty, but I had gone too far,

I must know all. I knocked.

A sweet voice called to enter. opened the door and stepped in. At the farther end of the room, a woman sat, huddled in a chair, a dainty white and pink opera wrap covered her shoulders, the hood of which concealed both her hair and face. I hesitated, my heart thumped disorderly against my bosom. At last, oppressed by the mysterious silence, I walked resolutely toward the woman who had as yet." not stirred since I had entered.

"Well. I'm here," I said in tones I tried to make stern. "Will you kindly tell me the meaning of your | but--" note. Who are you, anyway?"

With a quick movement I pulled long has he been calling?" back the hood, then started back with a cry, the mysterious woman wasmy wife!

A peal of hysterical laughter greeted my discomfiture, then Metta's but mamma says she thinks some voice said:

"So this is the business, this is the way you love your wife, this-oh, my

heart is broken!" And before I had time to recover from my astonishment, she had dropped back on her chair, her bosom con-

vulsed with wild, passionate sobbing. In an instant my resolution was taken. My future happiness depended on my regaining Metta's confidence, Late, late, so late half of her love depended on the blind trust she had placed in me. I was on my knees before her in a minute and was saying in tones I tried to make stern and commanding:

"See here, Metta, don't be a fool Do you think I would have come if I had not recognized your handwriting. Late, late, so late Poor little girl, you did try to disguise it, but such things don't work with eyes sharpened by love. I knew that you had written the note but the idea struck me as novel, this mysterious meeting in a down town cafe with my

Well, if sometimes Metta's childish, trusting mediocrity of intellect has "Oh, I know that all women of our fatigued me, I blessed it that night. awkward position.

Only I can assure you that I have sworn off answering pink notes or vio- know." let scented ones.

Subway Parlor Car. The first parlor car has made its appearance on the New York subway.

STRIKING FACTS ABOUT SLEEP.

Ways of Nature.

plore it.

"Self-hypnotism is a mysterious force that we can exercise on ourselves in sleep alone. We are all self-hypnotists. We all, on certain nights, tell ourselves firmly that we must not oversleep, that the next morning-at 4, at 5 or 6 precisely we must wake up. Our sleeping selves respond to the hypnotic suggestion made the night before by our waking selves. That is mysterious and striking, isn't it? Still more mysterious and striking, though, is the fact of our keeping track of the time somehow in our slumber. How on earth do we do that?

"It is impossible to do without sleep. Men have slept standing, even running. They have slept in battle, under fire, with guns roaring on all sides. They have slept in unendur-

"There is no torture equal to that which the deprivation of sleep entails. The Chinese are the cruelest folks on earth, and the most ingenious of torturers. Well, the Chinese place the deprivation of sleep at the head of their torture list.

rests in sleep. The heart is a rhythmic muscle, not one that never reposes, but one that works at short shifts, like a puddler, a moment on, a moment off. Well, when we sleep, the heart's shifts of rest are redoubled. It works then, one on, two off, getting, as we do.

and sinks below the level of the skull. When we are awake the brain is high and full and ruddy.

"Not only the brain and heart, but even the ear glands rest in sleep. That is why when we awake we always rub our eyes. The rubbing is an instinctive action that stimulates the stagnant tear glands and causes them to moisten properly our eyes all dried from their inaction."

FISH HAD BEEN LIVING HIGH. Milked Cows Which Cooled Off in In

rigation Ditches. says the San Francisco Call.

"To change the subject," interrupted Charles D. Pierce, "I've been havin the San Joaquin river system, ing. But during the warm weather of the last several weeks everything has been going wrong with the cows. I have some imported shorthorns that hold world records as producers of cream and butter, but, strange to re late, all of their records have been go

and a lot of the other stock fell off amazingly. There was nothing wrong with their feed, for the grass is a foot high in the pasture. We've been opening the floodgates and letting the river water run into the ditches and during the hot weather the cows have been lying around in the water half the time. I thought this might have something to do with the trouble, but we didn't solve the mystery until one of the dairy hands went fishing the other day and brought in some carp that he caught in one of the ditches. The river is full of immense carp and large numbers of them had passed through the floodgates into the pasture. Say, you won't believe it, but the carp that fellow caught were full of milk up to their eyebrows. Those ravenous fish have been milking those

hold goods," said the tall brunette as she entered the big furniture store. soon."

ples just starting in housekeeping. When is the glad event to come off?"

has just proposed and---"

"No, he hasn't proposed yet

"What is the young man's name?" "Really, I don't know at present,

nice young man will start calling soon, so I wanted to be in time."

Late, late, so late We find what life may give: We spend our years with lavish hand Their worth we do not understand Till, late, late, so late.

We learn what living means; We prize the dew-hung scenes; We fling away the coin of youth And do not learn to prize the truth. Till, late, late, so late.

Late, late, so late

We learn how sweet is love; We find 'tis from above: We loiter in forbidden ways Till, late, late, so late. Late, late, so late

We prize our youth when it takes flight, We do not read life's book aright, Till, late, late, so late. -Chicago Chronicle. Appropriately Named.

"It's rank," and he might have added that it made him sea-sick .- New Yorker.



Soil Depletion Unnecessary. A noted writer in a contemporary recently stated that "all soils will be depleted in time," a view of the matter which is so erroneous that already the author is being taken to task by other experienced agriculturists. The trend of what appears in the agricultural papers from month to month upon the subject of plant food in soils is perhaps the conclusion arrived at by the writer referred to, and it may be well for farmers to fear that soil will inevitably "play out" in time, but when all is considered it becomes apparent at least that there is no real need of such depleting taking place. It is a fact that soil cropped year after year for a long time with the same crop will gradually lose one or more of the foods or soil ingredients needed to the welfare of that particular crop, and for this reason that special crop will there fail to thrive, while other crops not dependent upon the presence of the special ingredient lacking may thrive fairly well for a time. A soil then becomes depleted for one crop, but may do well enough for some other crop, as has been seen in the history of the wheat fields of the country. Change of crop tends to renovate land, in that it gives the soil a chance to recuperate from its past trial and store up fresh hoards of that ingredient which was sapped in its assimilable form but not exhausted in its dormant form. By proper rotation of crops, by raising and feeding of live stock, by growing clover and legumes such as peas, beans, etc., no soil need become too depleted to raise profitable crops, and by additional use of artificial fertilizers any soil may become richer than it was originally although long used for the production of farm crops. Such is the history of wide areas of poor land in Europe and even in some of our eastern states. They ran down for a time by successive cropping without proper rotation, but after intelligent methods of cropping, stock feeding and soil fertilization were introduced they were renovated and now bear crops abundantly. Under the circumstances it is well to understand that soils may become depleted, but no one should conclude that depletion is inevitable in the future.-A. S. Alexander in Farmers' Review.

Growing Alfalfa.

I first commenced to grow alfalfa it was a hard matter for me to get a good stand. I tried to grow it on land underlaid by an impermeable subsoil, and soon found that this would not pay. Alfalfa does better in fields not to be passed through, and to have good success in cultivating it, the subsoil must be in a first-class condition. I also find that the fields should be well drained, as it will not stand flooding of stagnant water. It is better, I think, not to pasture alfalfa, as the yield of hay or green fodder will be larger than that

which has been pastured. When an alfalfa field is pastured the stock tramps down the soil, which hinders its growth. And I find that when the stems are grazed the stalks die down, and of course the shoots come from the upper part of the root, and this is one reason that I do not believe alfalfa fields should be pastured. The stems of many other forage plants when cut branch out above the ground, forming shoots that grow up and take the place of the old stems, but with alfalfa the vitality of the rocts may be much impaired if the young stems are grazed as fast as they appear, because the

new growth comes from the roots. Alfalfa requires clean ground, and should not be sown on weedy fields. as weeds can easily crowd it out. Alfalfa should be cut for hay when the flowers appear, for if we wait many days after, the stems become tough. The yield of hay is not so large, but the quality is a great deal better than that not cut so early. On an average I make from three to three and a half tons of hay per acre on some of the land which is adapted to its cultivation. I break the ground and fertilize it with lime, which holds the land. In curing alfalfa I make it up in piles five or six feet high and watch it carefully to keep it from heating and molding. I always cut the second crop for seed. If alfalfa hay is stacked in the field it should be covered with a hay cap as it will not turn water. My average yield of seed per acre is from five to eight bushels, and as there is always a good demand for alfalfa seed all farmers should grow it.-J. S. Underwood, Johnson Co., Ill., in Farmers' Review.

Fostering the Wood Lot. Many of our farms have wood lots on them that are being rapidly cut over, but which would, if rightly handled, give firewood for the farm for generations to come. There is one mistake being made in the handling of these wood lots to which attention should be called. That is permitting but yet there are many farmers that the trees to grow too far apart. The do not raise any kind of small fruit. result is that the trees branch largely | Their stock argument is that it is and branches are very difficult to cheaper to buy the fruit than to raise work into stove wood. If they are to it. That may be so in some cases, but be sold they must generally be sold at even if it were so in all cases, the fact Radium Exhibition Spoiled by a discount because they do not pack remains that most farmers do not buy closely into the wagons. The amount fruit for their families; and if they of labor to work up such trees is so do not raise it, their families do not very great that there is little profit | get it. Every man can afford to raise in the operation. What the farmer all the fruit his family can use in a wants in his wood lot is a straight year, and if his fruit raising operatree with numerous small branches. Such a tree works up easily into require but little time throughout the stove wood of any length. It packs | year.-Farmers' Review. closely on the wagon and the large trunks may be easily split by beetle and wedges. The farmer that has a gave you? It was an Admiral, you ready started. The small trees should be encouraged to grow three or four "Well, well, how appropriate! feet apart rather than a rod apart.-There's something about that cigar Albert Bates, Du Page Co., Ill., in Farmers' Review.

ator.



The Round-Headed Apple Tree Borer. The scientific name of this insect is Saperda Canida. The first mention we have of it was by Thomas Say in 1824. It is altogether probable, however, that it was common in the apple orchards in America from the first advent of Europeans that planted fruit trees. So far as is known, it is a native of America. Without doubt its chief stronghold was the wild crabapple trees, which are everywhere abundant in this country, and it is possible, also, that it attacked and lived on other members of the Rosaceae family. The borer itself, that is, the slug, is about one inch in length and is a yellowish white. It has no feet. The head is small and brown in color and the jaws are black. The round-headed borer is one of the most destructive of the borers. Trees are very seriously injured by it, and frequently many are killed outright. some trees attacked by the roundheaded borer will blossom in the spring, but fail to put forth leaves, their supply of sap having been exhausted through the holes made by the borers. Here and there trees are found entirely girdled by the borers. In such a case the tree is doomed. There is no question that any tree where even one borer resides is greatly injured by this unwelcome guest. But when a dozen are found in a single tree, it may well be concluded that its usefulness is past. The chief thing is to exclude the borer from the trees. Wherever there has been trouble from them the trees should be wrapped with some kind of material that will entirely exclude the borers. Some orchardists use wrapping paper, some manila paper, some tar paper or fine wire screen. This, if properly applied, will prevent the borers from attacking the tree. The efficacy of these wrapping materials depends entirely upon the skill and care with which they are put on. It is of no use to try to do a poor job in applying these protectors, for in that case labor and expense are thrown away. The eggs are not deposited above two feet and a half from the ground. of the trunk it will be effective, provided it passes slightly under the soil at the bottom. Perhaps tarred paper or fine wire netting is the best, as this will not only exclude the borers, but will also prevent the ravages of mice, rabbits, and other small gnawing animals. The material used in fastening these wrappers should be such as will break upon the growing of the tree. The use of strong wire, therefore, is excluded, as this would cut into the tree and have the effect of girdling it. It is well to examine the trees during the late summer and early fall months for eggs and young grubs, which can be readily detected and destroyed with a knife.

Color of Clover Seed.

Those who have examined cloves seed must have noticed that there are three general kinds into which the colors may be divided. There is the yellow seed, the variegated seed and the brown seed. The brown seeds are now known to be of low germinative capacity, and their peculiar color is given by the prolonged action of rain on the seeds. This has been established by taking yellow seeds and variegated seeds and wetting and drying them for a considerable time. Some agriculturists tested the germ inative power of average lots of clover seed imported from Russia and also some purchased in the United States In the Russian seed the germinations were: variegated seed, 87 per cent; yellow seed, 85.6 per cent; brown seed, 13.6 per cent. In the American seed, the germinations were: varie gated, 94.7 per cent; yellow, 94.2 per cent; brown, 13 per cent. It will thus be seen that the value of the brown seed was very slight. Experiments in the actual use of this seed seemed to show that the yellow seed produces a slightly larger yield of hay. The seeds in the Russian clover were carefully separated and the propor tions of each color were found to be as follows: variegated, 35.89 per cent; yellow, 18.77 per cent; brown, 15.91 per cent; intermediate, 26.84 per cent; weed seed, 1.35 per cent; dirt, 1.25 per cent. In the American seed the corresponding figures were: varie gated, 32.9 per cent; yellow, 20.3 per cent; brown, 19.07 per cent; intermediate, 20.47 per cent; weed seed.

Raising or Buying Small Fruit. raise enough small fruit for their family use. The proportion of farmersthat raise enough fruit for their families is increasing from year to year,

tions are properly conducted, they will

Pruning to Secure Light.

Some owners of orchards have diswood lot that is growing too sparsely covered that bitter-rot is less prevawill do well to either plant seeds of lent on trees open to the light of the the best kinds of fuel wood, or en- sun. Experimenters have taken the hint courage the seedlings that have al- and will henceforth prune to secure sunlight, as one means of controlling the disease known as bitter-rot.

Early maturity is the most import ant point in breeding animals for market and the chief thing to consider is Every farm should have a good to have stock that will make the most herd of dairy cows and a nand separ- weight in the shortest time and on the light is too strong. In order that show his radium in a lighted room.the least feed.

All Were Safe Behind This Engineer

Incident Shows Constant Watch. | ping torch in hand, peeping under the

Day Locomotive. farmhouse in sight.

ful Care Demanded of the coaches as he moved slowly on. He Man Who Drives a Present was intent upon finding something, and from the earnestness of his "The quick perception of a locomo- search one would have been led to tive engineer and his watchful regard | believe that he had lost his watch or for the safety of his train were his pocket book. 'What's the troubrought forcibly to my attention re- ble?' called out a curious passenger. cently," said a traveler to the Bir- himself on the ground and, like the mingham (Ala.) News. "We were engineer, looking under the cars. 'A speeding along at the rate of about little bolt dropped out of the eccenthirty-five miles an hour on a wide | tric of my locomotive, and if I had not tract of level country. It was a heavy stopped when I did the machine would trans-continental train carrying have torn itself to pieces and perhaps twelve cars. Suddenly the air brakes | wrecked the train,' was the reply of were applied with all their force and the railroad man. 'I must have that the cars came to such a violent halt | bolt, as I am without another to take as to almost hurl the passengers its place,' he continued, and going on from their seats. The sleeping-car with his search, he was rewarded by porter, who was mounted upon a step- finding the coveted piece of steel. It ladder engaged in turning on the was picked up under the trucks of the lights, was forced to an acrobatic last sleeper, thus illustrating what a stunt in the middle of the aisle. The quick stop had been made. Gathering passengers hurried from the cars to up the bolt the engineer returned to learn the cause of the sudden stop. his locomotive, and, crawling under Those of them who had expected a the iron monster, hammered for a few collision when the first shock came | minutes and then scrambling cut, anpeered out for the other train, but nounced that he was ready to proceed did not see one. It was just twilight on the journey. The passengers who and we were out on the prairie some had watched the operation climbed miles from a station with not even a aboard again and we were off. The incident seemed simple, but, as I have "At second glance the engineer, a said, it served to illustrate the quick big, red-faced fellow clad in blue over- perception and the keen caution of alls, was seen making his way down the man who had the safety of severby the side of his train with a drip- al hundred human lives in his hands."

Romantic Girl That Knew Her Business

Bad Habits at Present but She you-your personal habits." Recognized Possibilities of the Future.

The old multimillionaire crooked sublime works, and the haunting mel- habits." ody filtered through the tropical vegetation that screened them from the that is just why I must refuse you," dancers.

"Miss Youngbudde-Ethel, 1 love ness.

"But, O. Mr. Stocksandbonds, I-I." stammered the sweet young thing, noting, however, that her official stenographer and recording phonograph were in good acoustic positions.

"Ah, Miss Ethel," the old multimil-Therefore, if the wrapping material lionaire was saying, "it is in the mericovers the tree for the lower two feet dian of life that we can appreciate vine presence. All else have Ipalaces, automobiles, yachts-but without you they are as nothing."

"Ah! Mr. Stocksandbonds," blushed riage, the romantic girl accepted the the debutante, "I would marry you, in- suitor.-New York Herald.

Millionaire Aged Suitor Had No | deed I would, but for one thing against

"But," protested the old millionaire, with dignity, "I have always considered myself-and so have my friends -as a very criterion of morality and one rheumatic knee at the feet of the clean living. Unlike the worthless and eautiful debutante, while in the dis- poverty stricken young rakes of these tance the orchestra was playing some days, Ethel, I am not only fabulously leit motif from Rausmitthimsky's rich, but have absolutely no bad

"That's just it, Mr. Stocksandbonds; said the girl, in a tone of infinite sad-

"Impossible!" gasped the aged millionaire. "Do you mean to say that you would admire bad habits in a hus-

Dreamily, sadly, the romantic young debutante pulled to pieces a red, red "Tell me," persisted the suitor, "why

you would wish to see me dissipated." "Why, er-er, bad habits shorten woman's worth and her cheering, di- life, you know," murmured the maid-But then, reflecting that she could

easily drive him to drink after mar-

To Use "Wireless" Through the Jungle

to Be Equipped with the New Method of Communication-Advantages to Commerce.

Among the many important installations of wireless telegraphy already in operation, or soon to be constructed, one of the most interesting is the proposed line in Peru which is to be established between Puerto Bermudez and Iquitos, a distance of 1,000 kiloraphy for this purpose apply with

Vast Stretches of South America | ing point of the wireless system. A contract has been awarded to a German company to provide the apparatus, and this will give it a virtual monopoly of wireless telegraphy in

Between Puerto Bermudez and Iquitos the plan is to have three intermediate stations and ultimately to extend the line to Manaos on the Amazon and then down the river to Para, thus affording direct communication between the Atlantic and Pacific meters (621.37 miles). The reasons in- | coasts. There already is a cable up fluencing the choice of wireless teleg- the Amazon, but the service is frequently interrupted, and in the upper equal force in other places in South | water the swift currents would have America and Africa, and are chiefly rendered the laying of such a means the superstition of the natives as re- of communication impossible. As

gards the wires and insulators and wireless telegraphy has proved sucthe difficulty of penetrating the for- cessful at sea, between islands, and ests and jungles to construct an ordi- over large tracts of land in Alaska. nary line. In Peru it has been con- it is interesting to have a practical sidered for some time of the greatest | demonstration as to whether equally importance to establish communica- good results will be achieved in actual tion between Lima and Iquitos, the practice in the impenetrable forests main port on the Amazon, and while of South America. If such is the case, there was telegraphic communication there will be, without question, a across the Cordilleras, the wires did | wide application of the idea, as it will not extend beyond Puerto Bermudez, put within reach at small expense diswhich was accordingly made the start- | tricts otherwise quite isolated.

Brought to Light 18th Century Sign

Discovery Interesting to Archeol- ners of the great Duke of Alva when of Exquisite Carving.

Spain, which was borne on the ban- choose the wool pack.

ogists Made by Accident at invading the Netherlands. Both signs Glasgow, Scotland-Specimen are remembered, but if the lamb has been made into kindling wood, the A curious discovery was made the wool pack is now in safe keeping, alother day at the foot of the High though it is considerably the worse for street, Glasgow. The second house having rested on the flagged floor of from the Tolbooth Steeple is "Hop- a cellar for sixty years, and the gilt kirk's Land," which contains the shop is now only discernable in parts. The where David Dale, the great eight- carving of the wool pack has been teenth century philanthropist, estab- done by a master hand, and it would lished himself in business in the yarn | be a good object lesson for wood carvand hosiery line. The building, of ing students who are endeavoring to seventeenth century erection, remains revive an almost lost art. The lamb 3.98 per cent; dirt, 3.98 per cent. It much as it was in Dale's time. For sign for the hosier's business is very will thus be seen that in both kinds many years a cellar beneath the house old, and has reference to St. Agnes, the per cent of fairly good germinable has been little used, but a few days who suffered martyrdom in the year seed was only a little above 52 per ago a shelf which had served its day 306 when only 14 years of age. The was cleared away, the support of saint has been usually depicted by arwhich turned out to be Dale's long tists with a lamb by her side. In days lost sign—a wool pack carved in wood | when the common people of England We have always urged farmers to and gilt. There was another eight- could not read printed signs, the first teenth century hosiery business in man in a town or village to set up Glasgow which displayed the swing- | business in yarns and hosiery adopted ing lamb-the Golden Fleece of old the lamb sign. A competitor would

Shah and Suite Dreaded the Darkness

Childish Fright of Persians-Absence of Light Probably Held Suggestion of Assassination.

M. Curie, the French scientist. His majesty had expressed his desire to see the wonders of radium, so a telegram was sent to M. Curie asking him to present himself at the Elysee palace hotel.

"Your name and your great discov-

having the most marvelous powers."

of radium I must show it in a room which is dark-entirely dark." The shah, whose nervousness is

very well known, did not take kindly to the idea of a dark room, and There was an element of humor in called his grand vizier, who suggestthe interview which took place in ed drawing the curtains of the room, Paris between the shah of Persia and but M. Curie persisted that blackness was necessary. Thereupon the shan called M. Paoli, the French detective protector of royalties, who assured his majesty that there was no danger. So the party descended to the underground apartment in the hotel known

as the safe room. M. Curie began expounding the ery are known to us in Persia," said properties of radium, and then gave the shah, after the manner of an a signal for the electric light to be "Arabian Night" potentate address- switched off. Immediately a panic, ing a magician. "I wish to see this seized the shah's suite, and all cried famous radium, which is described as out in Persian and in French, "Light! Light! Turn on the light!" The elec-"Sire," replied M. Curie, "I can sat- tricity was switched on again, and isfy your curiosity, but not here, for the disappointed savant was forced to

yeu may properly see the brilliance London Chronicle.



laughing voice:

could even think of another."

turn to the office, when a vision of being intended for the directorate and

One of the Most Mysterious of the

"Shakespeare," said a scientist, "called sleep the ape of death. That

is a striking name for a striking thing. Sleep is a wonderland. Let us ex-

"Sleep is a state of rest. The heart indeed, pretty nearly as much repose

"The brain in sleep becomes pale

They were exchanging fish stories,

ing a deuce of a time with some of my dairy stock up on the ranch. The ranch covers a lot of reclaimed land where the soil is the richest in the world and beautifully adapted to dairy

"We got a pint and a half from one of our biggest milk producers one day

shorthorns all summer."

Wanted to Be in Time. "I would like to look at some house-

"You see, I expect to be married "Ah, indeed," smiled the polite clerk, "just step this way. We have special inducements for young cou-

"Well-er-the day hasn't been set "Oh, I see; the lucky young man

"Ah, he is going to propose. How "Well, he hasn't started calling yet,

Musings at Night. Late, late, so late

And do not learn to hoard our days, We learn the gold from dross; Late, late, so late We learn to kiss the cross:

"What did you think of that cigar

that's suggestive of an admiral." "What's that?"