

FIELD-LORE.

In furrows dark beneath the plow. With thoughtful men and happy face, Slow o'er the rolling prairies now...

Hopkins' Youngster

She was a very pretty child, with the customary bright yellow hair—which would turn to brown in a few years—and blue eyes that were even on their way to becoming gray...

Mrs. Higgins," said he, as they went out the door.

They found Miss Katherine alone, and as she came into the room and Hopkins rose to greet her, she ran quickly by him with a little nod, and falling upon her knees in a very girlish but pretty fashion before the smiling youngster, she cried:

"Oh! this lovely child! And she is really yours, Mr. Hopkins?" Hopkins smiled. "All mine," said he, "by virtue of adoption."

Then Miss Katherine took the youngster upon her lap—the prettiest picture he had seen for months was that—and they fell to talking of other things, while the child, with her big blue eyes upon Miss Katherine's face, listened thoughtfully to it all, and wondered why her "papa" looked so happy. And Hopkins's idea of a home life with Katherine at its head, meanwhile, grew strong and waxed exceedingly great.

Ten minutes passed, and then, as Miss Katherine was asking the little girl about herself, the youngster suddenly straightened up, and looking at her thoughtfully, said:

"Yes, I love my papa and my dolls and everything, but I love you too. Won't you be my muvver?" For a moment Miss Katherine's pretty face turned from rose to white and back again, but before she could make answer to the youngster's remark Hopkins had swallowed his fear and the crisis was passed.

"You hear what the youngster says, Katherine," said he, taking one of her soft hands in his and leaning forward. "I love you, too, dearest, and I want you for my wife. Do you think you could love me—and be a 'muvver' to this little one?"

What her answer was is no matter now, but some time later, as Hopkins and his youngster were walking gravely, though how happily only she and Katherine knew, home again, the child looked to him for a moment, and then whispered up to him:

"And I said it right, didn't I, papa? Jes' like you told me to?"—Waverley Magazine.

HOW BIRDS HELP FARMERS.

They Prey on Mice, Insects and Other Vermin. The bulletins on birds and mammals published by the Biological Survey at Washington correct widely prevalent errors as to the economic status of species that affect agricultural interests, and demonstrate the inefficiency and wastefulness of bounty laws, under which millions of dollars have been expended by the various States and Territories without accomplishing the object for which they were intended.

"Birds are the farmer's most valuable aids in his life-long battle with the insects that play on his crops. How important, therefore, that he should not destroy them that do him greatest service. In the case of hawks and owls the division has shown, by the examination of the stomach contents of about three thousand of these universally hated and persecuted birds, that only six out of the seventy-three kinds inhabiting the United States are injurious, and three of these are so rare they need hardly be considered, leaving only three to be taken into account as enemies of agriculture. The others prey upon mice, insects and other vermin, and rank among the farmer's best friends.

British Postal Reforms.

Among the new century reforms which the postal authorities are credited with having under consideration is the adoption of the system known for many years in India as the "value-payable" parcel post. Under this scheme, for a very small commission, the postoffice delivers parcels, collects the value of the article, and transmits it to the sender of the parcel. During last year 2,500,000 parcels were thus carried by the Indian postoffice, the commission realized amounting to \$170,000.

The Indian postoffice has a similar system of paying money orders, the whole operation occupying no more time than it at present takes in delivering a registered letter and obtaining the addressee's receipt for it. This system is also under discussion at the general postoffice. The number of letters, parcels, money orders, etc., carried by the Indian postoffice last year was 520,000,000. The number of complaints was infinitesimal, and practically the whole of the work is done by natives. There should be little difficulty, therefore, in introducing these eminently desirable reforms in the English system.—London Express.

He Must Have a Garden.

House Agent—"Let me see. I have a very nice vacant flat, sir, on—" Applicant—"Won't do. I don't want a flat. I must have a house." "House?" "Yes, with a garden." "Garden?" "Certainly." "Um—well, now I think of it, I have one place a little out of town that might suit. There is a space of ten or fifteen square feet at the back. It is now paved with stone, but the pavement can be taken up easily enough." "That will do." "All right. Fond of flowers, eh?" "No, but I've got to have some sort of a garden, you know, because I'm the editor of an agricultural paper."—Tit-Bits.

EDWARD'S CORONATION

CURIOUS PRIVILEGES OF CERTAIN OFFICIALS ON THAT DAY.

Great Chamberlain's Right to Enter the King's Bedchamber and Dress Him in All His Apparel, Keeping the Royal Bed as a Recompense—Others as Odd.

The coronation is already a general topic of conversation, writes the London correspondent of the New York Sun, and much ancient lore is being repeated. The Lord Mayor and citizens of London have an importance of their own on the occasion of a coronation. By the mouth of the Recorder they have claimed, and successfully in the past, "to officiate in the office of the Buttery on the Coronation Day, and to assist the Chief Butler at table in the Hall, and after dinner in the chambers, and there to serve the nobility." Accordingly it was ordered, so far back as in the reign of Richard II., that "when the King should enter into his chamber and call for wine the Mayor of London should serve him therewith in a gold cup, and then have the same, together with its cover, as of the King's gift." Though a year or more is to elapse before these gay deeds be done the goldsmiths and the silversmiths will meanwhile have plenty of occupation.

The family of Dymoke, the hereditary champion of England, is still extant, and, moreover, in possession of a highly interesting collection of goblets bestowed upon their ancestors in the past. Sir Walter Scott, who was present at the coronation of George IV., has left us an interesting account of that ceremony, in which he informs us that the Dymoke, who was champion on that occasion, "was a fine-looking youth, who, however, bore too much the appearance of a maiden knight to be the challenger of the world. His armor was in good taste, but his shield, a round target or rondache, was out of all propriety, and impossible to use on horseback; so that it was as well no one responded to his challenge."

Another privilege was granted at this same pageant to Miss Fellowes as "herb strewer," and the quaintest of all the many privileges brought into play was that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has the right to present the King with a mess of porridge, which was accordingly served up at the banquet, the sovereign tasting a spoonful. King Edward VII. will probably abolish many of these medieval formalities.

The present holder of the quaint title of "The Honorable, the King's Champion," is Mr. Francis Scaman Dymoke, of Scryvelshy Manor, Lincolnshire, who, according to tradition, should at once lodge his title before the Court of Claims in order that he may officiate as "Champion of England" at the coronation of King Edward VII., and, it is said, intends to do so. In bygone days the appearance of the champion riding into Westminster Hall, throwing down his gauntlet and challenging to mortal combat any one who should gamsay the sovereign's title to the throne, was the most striking ceremonial of the coronation banquet. From time immemorial a Dymoke has been the King's or Queen's champion, as the case may be, but it is wrong to suppose in consequence that the office is a hereditary one vested in this ancient family, for, apart from Scryvelshy, no one is entitled to be called champion to the reigning sovereign. The office is of Norman origin.

The office of Almoner at the coronation was successfully claimed, on several past occasions, by the Earls and Marquises of Exeter of the day, who were also Lords of Burghley. This claim they made as holders of the barony of Bedford, and the fees and advantages of the office were set forth as follows:

"The basin or silver dish of the almoner accustomed to be set on the table before the King; the distribution of all the money put into that dish; a cloth of fine linen, a towel to hold therein the money that shall be given in alms; likewise to have the cloth lying on the ground in all places where the King shall walk that day; also a tun of good wine and all other profits to the said office attendant."

But the most personal of perquisites are those that appertain to the Great Chamberlain. To "enter the King's bedchamber on coronation day before he rises, and to give him his stockings, shirt and drawers, and to dress the King in all his apparel," was a claim allowed by Charles II. and James II. to the Earls of Lindsey, who had their reward in forty yards of velvet for their robes, and also "the bed whereon the King lies on the night preceding his coronation, together with the nightgown the King wears, and all the cushions and cloths hung round the same chamber." When William and Mary succeeded the case became a little delicate, so that the claim was allowed only conditionally on the service to the Queen being discharged by a deputy, who, in that instance, was the Countess of Derby.

Peculiar Ads.

In Texas a man once advertised for "a boss over 5000 sheep that can speak Spanish fluently." Then there was the horse dealer who boldly advertised: "A splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail." W. S. Gilbert, of Gilbert & Sullivan opera fame, was standing on the steps of his clubhouse, when a stranger approached and asked: "Does a man belong to your club with one eye named Walker?" "I don't know," was the answer; "what's the name of his other eye?" An ad. contains the request for "a coachman to look after a pair of a religious turn of mind."—Confectioners' and Bakers' Gazette.

THE PHILIPPINE FORESTS.

Of Enormous Extent and Value—400 Varieties of Trees.

It has been estimated that the forests of the Philippine Islands cover an area of 40,000,000 acres. The island of Mindanao with an area of some 20,000,000 acres has immense tracts of almost unbroken forest. The same is true with regard to the islands of Mindoro and Palawan, and even in Luzon, the most densely populated island of the group, and where most timber has been cut, there still exist millions of acres of virgin forest. The forests will prove to be among the greatest resources of these beautiful and fertile islands, and, if the disposition of the timber is judiciously managed by the Government, sufficient can be cut, without destroying the forests, to provide funds for many much-needed public improvements, and to recompense the United States for the great military and other expenditures. Much of this can be done with absolute advantage to the forests, as millions of cubic feet of timber should be cut in order to thin the dense growth so that the maximum annual growth of the trees can be obtained.

One peculiarity about these forests is that there are no great areas covered by any one species of tree, so that to accumulate a cargo of one kind of timber it must be assembled from different localities. There are many reasons why large capital will be required to carry on a successful timber trade in these islands, but with sufficient means there is no commercial venture that will yield more remunerative profit. It is not definitely known how many different species of trees exist in the archipelago, but the number is probably from 400 to 500, of which a large proportion are hard woods.—The Forester.

Universal Penny Postage.

Little New Zealand, those three islands in the South Pacific Ocean, proposes to lead the world in postal rates, and will on the first day of the new century inaugurate a system of universal penny postage. This is to be done as an example to the rest of the civilized world, in the hope that it will be followed. No matter what other countries may do, New Zealand proposes to carry a letter to the remotest regions of the globe to which postal arrangements penetrate for one penny—that is, two cents. The local colonial authorities say that the reform is needed, that the way to reform is to reform, and they propose to go ahead with it, though they know it will entail a loss of \$400,000 the first year. It is expected that this deficiency will disappear with the stimulus given to correspondence by the diminished rate. It is further expected that the British empire will fall in line with the reform, and that before long the entire civilized world will adopt the penny standard and all reap the benefits of the cheap universal postage.

Renovating Royal Palaces.

Whenever there is a new reign in Russia all the churches in Moscow are painted and regilded. A new reign in England is the signal for the renovation of palaces. All town and country palaces belonging to the Crown will be repaired, decorated and improved during the period of mourning at the expense of the State. Many changes will be made at Windsor, and Buckingham Palace will be transformed internally. Many alterations will be required before these cold, inartistic apartments can be adapted to the requirements of a permanent home for the King and Queen. Many of these rooms are lighted by candles, but a circuit of electric light will be extended from the ballroom, drawing room and throne room to every section of the palace. The gardens will need little attention, as the turf is perfect, the lake picturesquely bordered with lawns, and every tree in the forty acres shapely and well ordered.—London correspondence New York Tribune.

She and the Parrot Are Quiet.

A Louisville couple living in a flat recently had a parrot given them. They accepted the bird, which was a young one, unable to say a word. It was duly installed in the flat and the following conversation took place between the husband, the wife and the cook: Husband (who has approached the kitchen mistress guardedly while his wife is out)—"I say, Jane, you know we have that parrot here. Now, I'll pay you a reasonable amount if you will never say a word before it, so it cannot learn to talk."

The following day the wife tackled the cook. "I say, Jane, you know we have this dear little parrot to raise. Now, I'll give you a hat and a dress, nearly new, if you will talk all the time before it, and teach it to talk."

Jane is hedging and drawing a revenue from both sides of the house. Smart Jane.—Louisville Times.

Diamond Drilling in British Columbia.

A good illustration of the close commercial relations which modern methods of transportation have brought about between the "ends of the earth" is shown in the present condition of the rock-drilling industry for prospecting purposes in British Columbia. This industry has been very largely stopped on account of the South African war, through the great increase in the price of "borts," the black diamonds which are used for tipping the drills. These diamonds ordinarily sell for \$16 a carat, but now cost \$70 per carat. The result has been that diamond core drilling, as it is technically called, has risen in cost from \$1.50 to \$4 a foot.

Proprietary Medicine Purchasers.

There is no question that the great middle classes, the people in the country towns, are the ones who buy proprietary medicines.—Boyce's Hustler.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It is proposed to illuminate the Yosemite Falls, 2000 feet in height, by the use of twenty arc lights in connection with means for producing color effects. Some of the roads are also to be lighted with electricity.

Henry B. Miller, United States Consul at Shanghai, declares that the consumption of flour is rapidly increasing in China, and he argues from this fact that there will soon be a great demand in that country not only for American flour, but also for mill machinery.

Although an order for machinery to cut a tunnel a mile and a half long on the Manchurian Railway has only just been placed (in America), it is hoped that the tunnel may be completed in a year's time. The road will then be opened and afford a through route from Europe to the Pacific coast.

The Ontario government has reserved 1,400,000 acres of wild land near Lake Temagami, a great lake lying west of Lake Temiscaming, on the Upper Ottawa. This will be used as a national park where the timber will be preserved, and the game will be allowed to increase. The number of beavers and deer is increasing.

A United States Treasury report estimates the present yearly consumption of corn by hogs, at least eight thousand million bushels, or thirty-eight per cent. of the present crop, and the average consumption by each hog at not far from twenty bushels, and total number slaughtered the past year over rather than under forty millions.

An attempt is being made to free the streams of Louisiana and Florida from the water hyacinth. Hundreds of skiffs and small vessels have been caught by the water hyacinths, and are unable to get out of the streams in which they were used. The drainage canals in New Orleans are in peril, and the logging industry of Southern Louisiana is in danger of destruction. There is room for a new and successful process.

In experimenting with the Gray and Mundy submarine telegraph recently, an 800-pound bell was let down into the ocean twenty feet below the surface. It was found that when the bell was tolled by means of mechanism the sound could be easily heard on a ship a mile away, without any sort of connecting apparatus, the sound waves being transmitted through the water, which is, of course, a much better conductor than air. By the aid of microphone attachments the bell was heard at a distance of twelve miles.

Origin of Writing.

Arthur J. Evans, discoverer of the remains of a great prehistoric palace at Knossos, in Crete, which is believed to be the original of the fabled "Labyrinth," says that the revelations made there carry back the existence of written documents on Greek soil some eight centuries beyond the earliest known monuments of Greek writing, and five centuries beyond the earliest dated Phoenician record as seen on the Moabite stone. These discoveries, therefore, "place the whole question of the origin of writing on a new basis." Mr. Evans thinks that the Cretan hieroglyphs exactly correspond with what, in virtue of their names, we must suppose to have been the pictorial originals of the Phoenician letters on which the alphabet is based. Among these are aleph, the ox's head; beth, the house; daleth, the door, and so forth. This contravenes the old theory of De Rouge that the Phoenician letters were derived from early Egyptian forms signifying quite different objects.—Youth's Companion.

A Little Tale From the Persian.

There was a young man who loved a beautiful maiden, but he was poor. One day he asked her to be his wife, and she answered. "I love you. Still, I do not wish to be a poor man's wife. Go and get money and then return and we will live happily ever after." The young man went away and ere long began to sway the markets. He made millions and still more millions, and the maiden waited. When the man had ten millions he wanted to outshine one who had fifty millions, and when that wish was gratified he longed for a hundred millions; then he yearned for two hundred millions, and at last he set a billion up as the amount he wished to accumulate. When, one day in those parts a certain old maid lay dying, she said: "There's no use expecting a hog to keep his mind on anything else after he gets his feet in the trough."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Toys For English Children.

The ingenuity displayed in the production of penny toys is marvelous, novelties coming out nearly every week. The foreign producers are quite alive to the fact that a child soon tires of a plaything and wants another, so they keep up a supply of things bright, novel and ingenious. Moreover, each toy has its season. As the summer approaches, when children delight to be out of doors, the Germans send us musical rollers and jingling cars, and for the long winter evenings they supply novel indoor games and intricate puzzles—amusement for many evenings—at the cost of one penny. Then the United States send lead pencils, wood blocks and colored toy books; the French, dolls and tin toys, as well as all the more expensive articles of this class.—Chambers's Journal.

Left in London Cabs.

Twenty-one thousand pounds' worth of articles are left in London cabs in a year.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Retrospection—News That Travels Slowly.—They Went Halves—Sponge Cake.—The Story Tellers.—Force of Habit.—A Doubtful Compliment, Etc., Etc. Back in the dim perspective of the past. We see our eager, hopeful youth again; it certainly is not what we are now, and, somehow, not what we thought we were then. —Puck.

News That Travels Slowly. "I see that the egg famine is at an end." "It will take 'em a month to find that out at our boarding house."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

They Went Halves. "I got an apple," said the generous little boy; "d'yer want some of it?" "Assuredly," replied little Emerson Hubb. "I shall be delighted to go you—er—hemispheres."—Philadelphia Press.

Sponge Cake. Mistress—"Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as can be!" New Cook—"Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum."—New York Weekly.

The Story Tellers. "Doesn't it jar you when a woman tries to tell a funny story?" "Not so much as when some try. A woman never attempts to use the Irish dialect when she doesn't know."—Philadelphia Press.

Force of Habit. Mr. Haist—"I want a couple of eggs, boiled three and a half minutes, and hurry up about it, for I've got to catch—"

Waiter—"All right, sir. They'll be ready in a minute."—Philadelphia Press.

A Doubtful Compliment. Tom—"I'da told me she had put my lock of hair in a conspicuous place." Jack—"Did you find it so?" Tom—"Yes, she dropped it in the cage and the canary made a nest of it."—Chicago News.

Not Serious. First Boy—"I've got to take a hickin' when I get home to-night." Second Boy—"Father or mother?" First Boy—"Mother." Second Boy—"Oh, well, that won't amount to much!"—Saverville Journal.

The Usual Way. "Mamma, can I have that piece of mince pie that was left from dinner?" "No, dear, it's cold." "No, it isn't, mamma; I warmed it." "Warmed it? When?" "After I ate it, mamma."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Not Completed. Mrs. Darling—"You told me before we were married that you had an income of \$3000 a year. What has become of it?" Mr. Darling—"Can't tell you until I get an itemized bill from my dressmaker."—Denver News.

A Fatal Beau. Mabel—"Why so despondent, Athena?" Athena—"Algernon told me to-night that his love for me is dead." Mabel—"Oh, that's nothing new. He has killed everything he has gone into for a dozen years."—Denver News.

Changed His Mind. Friend—"But I thought you were going to commit suicide in case she rejected you?"

Rejected Suitor—"So I was, but after I made the threat to her and left, I came back and pecked in the window and saw her reading a novel."—Ohio State Journal.

A Pathetic Bereavement. Miss Singer—"I saw in the paper that there is to be an entertainment for a 'Musical Orphanage.' Pray, what may a musical orphanage be?" Mr. Kenital—"I can't say positively, you know. But I imagine it must be a child deprived of its native air."—Harper's Bazar.

Homeless. "They say there is danger," said the poet, "that contagious diseases may be spread by the circulation of library books." "Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about it," his friend replied. "You will never be to blame for diseases that happen to get spread that way."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Heart to Heart Talks. I did not decry her judgment, or become angry with Bridget when she informed me that she thought the new milk man was perfectly heavenly.

Simply told her that it was but natural that he should remind one of the milky way, at which we both laughed heartily. And was not this far better, girls, than if I had become angry, thus darkening the day for both of us?—Indianapolis Sun.

Side Lights on History.

From beneath the pile of shields the Sabines had thrown upon Tarpeia as they passed through the gate of the Roman citadel was heard a faint sound. It was the voice of the treacherous maiden. "You think you have killed me," she said, in hoarse, muffled accents, "Vilains and murderers, I shall live in the Latin school histories ages after your names have been forgotten." Then all was still.—Chicago Tribune.