"O sailors singing in the spars A merry challenge to the stars! O captain, at whose glad command Our brave ship leans toward the land! Within far vine-clad cots of white Love hears the sea-bells in the night; Swift as a seagull's be our flight Toward the light—the harbor light!"

And swift we sped from storm and gloom To smiling shores of light and bloom; The sorrow of the voyage past Sang in the joy of Home at last! Home! where the ships in shelter rest; Home! where the light—the love is best; Over the plunging seas of night Love's blessing in the harbor light!

O ships that in the darkness roam. Sweet sing the harbor bells of Home; Though far the shore—the voyage long. The dark will drift to morning song: The bells sing o'er the tossing bars-The sails bend sure beneath the stars Still-still the distant shore we sight And gain the light—the harbor light!



Margaret's Adventure.

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Margaret was bored to death. After three happy years at Girton, and a fourth, almost as pleasant, spent in earning her own living, it seemed a little hard that she should have to spend a month's holiday with an aunt uncongenial to the point of antagonism. An aunt, too, who had outlived the few friends and interests she had ever had. who lived in the middle of the most bleak, flat and uninteresting country. Margaret had ever seen. After the first two days she grew very tired of It. There was not a soul to speak to In the place, and her aunt gave her to understand, on the very night of her arrival, that nothing was allowed to interfere with the strict outline of her life at Willow cottage, and that she should not see her niece more than

All human companionship was evidently denied her, but she was not quite alone in the world. There was still her bicycle, and although she ha-



"I AM SORRY THIS IS THE LAST."

ted riding alone, and felt perfectly certain that the roads were as had as the scenery was hideous, she dragged it out of the coal cellar in which her aunt had ordered it to be buried. But on the third ride, the monotony

was unpleasantly broken by a large puncture in the back tire; ten miles from home, in a perfectly unknown road, not a soul in sight, and with the certain knowledge that she had left the repairing outfit at home!

There was nothing to do but to plod wearily on till she came to somebody or something, and she had tramped at least two miles of the dusty road before help came in sight.

It was not a very promising looking place. A small one-storied wooden building, with a wheel hung over the door and a placard over the gate: "Bicycle repairs promptly executed."

The man went on with his task, without raising his head. Margaret was piqued to notice that he was much less anxious to talk to her than she to talk to him. "Could you tell me any pretty rides about here?" she said desperatety: "I've nothing to do but ride-and I am so tired of all these horrid bleak roads. I should like & pretty ride, just for once."

He stopped for a minute and thought.

"There is a little out village about ten miles from the crossmads," he said. "which might be called loseresting and, with a stretch of imagination, even pretty. Some blg man, who was a friend of Hampden's, was buried there. I believe, and there is an old church with a square tower."

"Which is the best way to get to it?" she asked; "and what is the name of

"It is called Merfleet, but I hardly know how to explain the way. Perhaps I could show you on the map."

He went across the room, took his tourists' map from a shelf of books in the corner, and gave it to her. She spread it open on her knee, fore-

seeing that he would be obliged to kneel beside her to explain. Then the young man saw that she intended to condescend to friendliness, and he told himself that there was no reason for him to remember that he was a young man in a shop and that the situation was certainly a pleasant one for him. In vain he pointed out the right way, over and over again-she only shook her head sadly.

"It's no use," she sighed. "I am afraid you will think me terribly stunid, but I never could understand elther maps or railway guides. I am afraid I shall have to give it up." Then the bleycle mender looked up. Maragaret smiled. "I don't care if I am forward," she said to herself. "Somebody must improve our acquaint-

ance—and he certainly won't." But at her smile he grew suddenly bolder.

"Do you always ride alone?" he Margaret sighed. "I have no one else I have come to the conclusion, not a

THING THAT COUNTS IS COMMON SENSE.



very original one, perhaps, that the keynote of our existence is common sense, and that the reason why so many likes are "like sweet bells jangled out of tune" is that there is never enough of this invaluable commodity to go around.

Common sense consists chiefly in going ahead and minding one's business, not to the entire exclusion of the neighbors or the disregard of society. but keeping in view the fact that one's own family and household is the important thing to him. There are very few of us who can do more for the world than behave ourselves and bring up a respectable family. Come to think of it, this is a good deal, and more than many people accomplish.

Of all things utterly devoid of common sense, that which we call society is most so. There is no telling just how far contrary to common sense this element will go if allowed to take its own road, and all for the reason that common sense people, being gifted with that most lovable quality, reti-

JULIET V. STRAUSS. cence, will sit back and let it go on with its fads and its foolishness, to the serious detriment of moral conditions and the complete demolition of that sociability and hospitality that characterizes new countries before the thing called society gets a footing.

Sometimes, in a country neighborhood or quiet street in town, one come across a home in which there is absolutely no social ambition; a placid sort of stability seems to govern the establishment, there is an abundance of good things to cat and comfortable things to wear. The inmates of the home are deeply affectionate to one another and filled with kindly interest in the welfare of the neighbors. They are not ardent church people or club people, but somehow their fire burns clearer, their coffee smells better, there is a sort of radiant cheer about their kitchen. The men sit in the kitchen while the women get breakfast, and they pop corn and crack hickory nots around the fire in winter evenings. There is a tone in their voices as they address each other that would wring the heart of a homeless man to hear.

When I have visited a home like this I have come away humbled at the realization of the superiority of common-sense people over those whose lives are warped by petty ambitions and silly striving, how simply they have adjusted themselves to the secret of existence! Kindness, bodlly comfort, simple acceptance of life's mysteries, love of daily labor, satisfaction in the quiet accomplishment of manifest duties, without aspirations to seemingly "higher" things. When will the blinded world see things aright, and why has God given some people the knowledge that He has denied to so many?-Juliet V. Strauss, in Chicago Journal.

saying it, and waited for his response. knowing that if it was what she feared she had only herself to blame, and yet half hoping that her fears would be justified.

There was only one thing for him to say, and he said it, almost certain of a rebuff, yet feeling that if she gave it, she had certainly not played fair. "I wish you would let me show you

ed. She turned over the leaves of Omar's Khayyam nervously, and for a minute she did not answer. The book opened at the flyleaf, and half unconsciously she read the name of the owner, Miles Leighton, E. Coll, Magd. Ah, she had known all the time that he was a gentleman. Why, her brother Dick was at Magdalen; most likely he had known him-it was as good as an introduction. She would go. What did it matter about the blcycle business? No doubt he had the very best reasons for keeping a shop. The young man was watching her anxiously-waiting for the indignant refusal which must

"It is very kind of you," she said sweetly. "I shall like to very much. It will be a pleasant change to have a ompanion.

The bicycle man's face was burning by this time, and when she spoke he could hardly believe his hot ears. Then, somehow, the face of the situation changed. They forgot the bleycles, and everything else they did not wish to remember, and talked of the many things they had in common-he as an Oxford man, she as a Girton girl.

He knew her brother quite well, he said, and after they had arranged the details of their ride to Merfleet Margaret went home, her mind in a whiri. "I ought to be much more ashamed of myself than I am," she said wonderingly. "I must really be a much less proper person than I thought. At any

rate, whatever else I may be, I shan't be bored any more." The ride to Merfleet seemed very short. On the return journey the bicycles, as if of their own accord, went more and more slowly. Yet the way

seemed shorter than before. The blevele man had remembered an other pretty village. Why should they not ride over to see it some day-say to-morrow? Why not, indeed,

They did. A deeply incompetent young man was left in charge of the shop, whose owner thus lost many customers and some sixpences. But, as ha sald, one can earn money all the year around-and if one can't earn it, one can always do without it. But there are some things one cannot possibly do

without. When you have ridden for two whole afternoons with a young man, why should you not ride for a third? And a fourth and a fifth?

During the rest of Margaret's stay the two rode together every day. And now the last day had come, and they were resting by the roadside, looking out through the gap in the hedge at the

hideous country. "It doesn't seem so hideous now," she said. "I suppose one has got used

to It." He was silent. Margaret felt, in a sudden flash of illumination, that he was silent because for him, as for her, the world had changed so much in

these two weeks. And now she was going away. And this, the pleasantest companionship her life had ever known, was to end here. He sat beside her, silent, pulling dusty leaves from the hedge and twisting them in his hands. Margaret knew that he would not speak. How could he? A man who-Magdalen notwith-

standing-kept a bicycle shop, And if she lost him now, he might see someone else—she might lese him forever.

"I'm going away to-morrow," she said abruptly, and her voice was hard and cold. "We've had some nice rides, haven't we? But it's all over-and. anyway, I think the weather's going. Those clouds look like rain."

"Going away?" he said-still not looking at her. He realized now, as he had not done before, what these two weeks had been to him, and he looked

to ride with." She hated herself for at a blank future. What would be left when Margaret went away?"

> "Yes," she went on, "I go to-morrow; and my aunt says I've neglected her so dreadfully that she'll never ask me to stay again. We've had some nice times -I am sorry this is the last."

Still he did not answer. Oh, how stupid he was! If only she had been in his place; how well she would have known what to say! She let her hand the way," he said, and Margaret gasp- fall on the grassy bank beside her. He looked at the hand, but he did not touch it.

"It's getting late," he said, awkwardly. "We ought to be going home."

She did not move, however. He drew deep breath. Her heart was beating heavily and her hands trembled. She felt that she held in them her life's happiness.

"Ride on," she said, "it's not far now. I'll come on alone. I shall have to get used to being alone now. So will you."

She looked up at him. "Don't," he said, "it's not fair, What shall I do when you are gone?"

"You'll work at your business." "Hang my business," he said. And then he looked at her, and the last cobweb of doubt floated away from Margaret. He did love her-it was only the horrid business that stood in the way. She would risk everything. She

"You think I'm a person of independent means," she said, looking down and speaking very fast. "But I'm not. There wasn't any nice, easy profession open to me when I came down from college so I took to trade like you. I'm a dressmaker."

"Why do you tell me this?" "Because it's true, of course," she

said impatiently. "Oh, don't be so stupid."

And then she did what she had better have done at the beginning of the conversation. She began to cry in real earnest, with her face hidden in her hands. And then even Miles Leighton was at last enlightened.

"You don't mean to say that you care!" he said, catching at her hands and trying to see her face.

"I don't mean to say anthing," she said, "and neither, it appears, do you!" -- Manchester Chronicle.



No old maid ever lived long enough to admit she was. Noise is very useful for grand opera

and political debates. Calomel and spanking are both good

for early love affairs. A girl can think she is in love when it is nothing but the stomach ache from cucumbers.

The man that puts a 40 h. p. emphasis into his voice has a vacuum where his ideas ought to come from.

A very good way not to be proud of your dressing is to have a son who keeps showing you that you are out of style.

When a man steps into the bathtut full of scalding water and doesn't swear, it's not because he is a Christian, but because he is speechless. Table Fork Aged 600 Years.

The six hundredth anniversary of the invention of the table fork, which was used by King John IV., Duke of Bretagne, to eat fruit with in 1307, will be celebrated in sundry parts of the world. In Paris several banquets will be given in commemoration of the event.

Some people have a way of saying "You're welcome," that makes one wish he had not started anything by eaying, "Thank you."

Every man is a great baby if he can find the right one to cry to.

DEVICE FOR FIRE RESCUE.

Ingenious Apparatus Invented by

Resident of Baden-Baden. The Department of State has been furnished with a description of an ingenious device for the removal of person and property from burning buildings. It was sent by United States Consul Brittain of Kehl. It is said a model of this profitable fire escape invented by Wilhelm Lampe of Baden-Baden will soon be brought to this country and may be exhibited in Washington.

The apparatus is built on a wagon or trucks. It is provided with a number of extendable platforms which can be set according to the heights of the floors of the building from which the people are to be rescued. It is also supplied with a double arrangement of ladders and with the necessary number of railed safety bridges which can be let down and put together. These are to assist in the rescue work and in removing furniture from burning buildings. The entire fire escape with appliances may be placed in service in a few minutes. It can also be used in making military observations and for searchlights.

A framework of lazy-tongs is constructed in such a manner that the external places of injunction of every second pair of legs are adjusted to serve as supporters for the platform. These platforms can be put up at the various heights of the floors of a burning building and a gangway is hinged to each platform. By the aid of these gangways persons are enabled to pass from the windows of a burning building to the main platform and then descend by the aid of a rope ladder.

When in operation the gangways may be let down collectively by a single movement so as to stand out horizontally, with their outer edges or ends laid upon the window ledges of the different floors of a building. The entire framework of the portable tower or fire escape may be folded up and placed in a comparatively small space. When the tower has been adjusted ready for use it is kept in position by a system of rods made of tubing and attached to the framework in a manner which makes the tower very substantial.-Washington Star.

### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* HE WAS NOT AT HOME. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The etxtreme distaste of the modest Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, for foolish hero worship, and the skill which he attained in politely eluding too enthusiastic admirers, have been exemplified in many anecdotes. Even now, however, new ones occasionally come to light. One such recently related tells how two women, of the type at once sentimentally gushing and overconfident of their own importance, visited Amesbury to seek the poet in his

They went astray in their search for his house, and bustled into a small general store to be redirected. The clerk, smiling a little queerly, informed them that the Whittier house was near by-but a few steps round the corner.

One of the women, a big, florid, overdressed being with languishing eyes, caught the smile, and clasped her hands with a rapt air.

"Oh, don't you think he'll see us?" she demanded. "He simply must! We've heard he doesn't like to, but he must; we won't go away till he does. We've thought up ever so many things we want to ask him."

The clerk, still smiling, glanced casually toward a quiet man in a shadowy corner, sitting on a barrel, surrounded by a group of other leisurely customers. They had all been talking politics together, village-fashion, when the strangers came in. "Think he will?" said the clerk.

"Well," replied the man on the barrel, hesitatingly, "thee knows Greenleaf does not find it easy to refuse a lady. I think perhaps he will-if he is at home."

The women bustled away again, excited and expectant, and a chuckle went round among the laughing men. The man on the barrel, with a trace of apology in bis tones, rose from his perch to go.

"They will not waste five minutes." he murmured, "it is such a little way. Besides, thee knows very well that exercise is a good thing for stout ladies." "That's so, Mr. Whittier," assented the clerk.-Youth's Companion.

A Highwayman's Contempt. Lancia, the Italian automobilist, was asked by a reporter if he did not think motor racing too dangerous.

"Dangerous-yes," M. Lucia replied. "Too dangerous—no. For nothing that benefits mankind—and automobiles benfit mankind inexpressibly--is too dangerous for a man to undertake. I am like a highwayman who held up a gasoline runabout on the outskirts of

"This highwayman stopped the runabout with a shot in the air. Then he ran forth from the tomb that had concealed him—the hold-up happened on the Appian way-and found, to his surprise, only a woman in the little car.

"'Where, madam, is your husband?" he demanded, sternly and suspiciously. "'He's under the seat,' she answered, flushing.

"Then,' said the highwayman, 'I won't take anything. It's bad enough to have a husband like that without being robbed in the bargain."

A Blow to Sentiment.

"I cannot sing the old songs

more," said the man who had been chided for his silence. The sympathetic hostess turned to him with her gentle "They are too full of memories and

associations, I suppose," she said, soft-"No," said the man, decidedly. "They are not full enough, that's the trouble. I can't remember the words, madam."

The only thng we can recommend to women for the management of a husband, is to feed him well and trust to luck.

A girl can please her father by pronising not to marry until she is thirty; but her mother won't like it.



# EDITORIALS

# OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

DEFECTIVE LEGISLATION.

LITTLE more than three years ago there was a terrible disaster in Chicago. The Iroquois Theater burned and hundreds of men, women and children lost their lives. It was one of the greatest disasters of the age, and the world was horrifled at the number of

fatalities and the awful death suffered by helpless women and children. The demand was emphatic for an investigation and the prompt punishment of the person or persons responsible for the wholesale slaughter.

The inquiry was made, and it was found the loss of life was due to neglect of known precautions, which, if kept in working order, would have protected the audience. Then came delay in the trial of the manager of the theater on one pretext or another, until the whole affair was little more than a memory. A change of venue was also secured, and now the world is informed, after walting more than three years, that the manager is discharged because the city ordinances of Chicago governing theater buildings were defective and invalid.

There is no disposition to criticise the findings of the court, but it does bring once more to public attention the loseness with which city ordinances and State laws are constructed. In this instance, because Council was negligent, hundreds of people were killed and no example can be made of the person criminally responsible. The result of the trial should prompt city legislators to be extremely careful in drafting laws providing for the protection of the public.-Toledo Blade,

#### NO HANGINGS IN MISSOURI.



APITAL punishment has been virtually abolished in Missouri. The bill which has passed both houses of the Legislature leaves the option to juries to assess the death penalty at their discretion, but it is reasonably certain that this authority will be rarely exer-

cised-only in extreme cases and probably not at all. The other option, life imprisonment, is in harmony with the growing tendency of modern society to merciful and reformatory methods in dealing with criminals, while capital punishment is growing more and more to be regarded as a relic of barbarism, cruel and murderous, stupid and ineffectual.

However, although the bill passed the House by a vote of 99 to 23, more than four to one, the debate disclosed the fact that many educated persons still cling to the Mosale standard of justice, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Regardless of the fact that this makes the law an instrument of revenge, many of those who advocate this stern measure of justice doubtless sincerely believe that in its practical operation it constitutes the best deterrent to crime. Whether or not this be true cannot be proved by statistics in this country. In some States that have abolished the death penalty capital crimes have decreased, while in just as many others there has been an increase. Thoughtful opponents of capital punishment ascribe the increase in such cases to fortultous circumstances and point to the fact that waves of crime periodically sweep over certain localities and communities, either as phenomena or superinduced by causes which have no relation to the operations of criminal justice. Such concurrent manifestations of human nature

are also manifested in another swing of the pendulum in the shape of religious revivals, which come and go regardless of the immutability of eternal pualshment and

rewards. It will be interesting to note the effects, if any, of this new act in Missouri. Whatever the outcome, the law represents the sentiment of a large majority of the people, and it speaks well for society in this State that this sentiment is on the side of Christian mercy and charity, based as well, it is hoped, on a more intelligent concep-tion of the duty of society to its criminals. Certainly, as the antis say, "The poorest use to make of a man is to hang him."-Kansas City Journal.

#### INDIVIDUAL FORESTRY.



ECAUSE of the rapid exhaustion of native lumber, large territories are being set aside as forest reserves, while lumber companies already have created a demand for trained forestry experts that is greater than the supply of graduates from the few forestry schools. This is a matter of forestry on a

...rge scale. There is a smaller department of the same field that is almost entirely neglected. Along the roadsides and on the hillsides of New England are numberless trees, which have sprung up by chance, and are of whatever variety chance determines. A tree of value, such as black walnut or blekory, to name only two varieties. makes no more demand upon the soil and requires no more care than one of red oak or scrub pine. In spite of the increasing use of concrete and steel for big buildings, there is no falling off in the demand for "cabinet woods" by the makers of furniture, carriages and house furnishings.

If the farmers of New England would plant trees of the proper kind on land now waste, fence corners and along the roadsides, in a few years they would have become a source of income that now they do not appreclate. By planting nut-bearing trees in large numbers there is opportunity for income before the trees reach maturity.-Boston Globe.

#### THE PRACTICE OF HAZING.



HE spirit which abolished hazing at West Point and Annapolis is very happily subscribed to in the Middle West. The expulsion of twenty-three cadets from a Missouri military academy is just punishment to the band of upper classmen who, without warning, seized upon a 16-year-old youth and almost drowned him in the campus lake.

President Roosevelt's recent address at Harvard-now known as the "mollycoddle speech"-in which he inveighs against femininity in college students, rings true, Every full-blooded American boy should, and will, find an outlet for his surplus energy. Hazing, however, is not to be countenanced as a healthful exercise. Superiority in the number of the assailants takes from the attacked any chance of defending himself. The practice is dangerous. More than that, it is cowardly throughout.

No schoolboy escapes being a "mollycoddle" by taking part in a hazing bee. Rather does he stamp himself as weak and cowardly when he helps to torment a fellowstudent who cannot fight back.-St. Louis Republic.

# OUR ARMY ENGINEERS.

Placed in Fit Hands.

prove far and away their greatest this gigantic task in many difficult en-

ontrol of th work, the army engineers have justi- this corps which practically made posfled the faith which the country has sible through communication between manifested in their qualifications for Buffalo and Duluth by means of a uniform twenty-foot channel. The work

sented engineering problems of great on the local church. His parishioners difficulty. Each section of the country embellished the church with a number knows the class of work that the en- of statues and presented their pastor gineer corps has done upon the rivers with a safe and buggy and team. Once Although the supervision of the construction of the Panama canal will work has been almost entirely under in the township and celebrates mass in Living is cheap; flour, meat, sugar,

coffee and oll are at low price. Meat sells at 5 cents a pound. State and county taxes are very light and the climate is like that of Sicily. Land is so abundant that its use is given free for two years to those who will clear it of timber. The Italians cut the timber and sell it at \$2 for eight cubic feet. raise grain the first year and get a crop of cotton the second. "It was encouraging to see along the

road the vast cotton and grain plantstions," says a visitor. "Those kept by Italians could be distinguished because of their freedom from weeds. As we drove past the priest would call out to some of the farmers by name and they would leave their spade or plow and come running to us, hat in hand. Behind the farmers came the farmers' wives and the children; and how many children! I found one mother with eleven of them!"

Cricket Fights in China. A. E. Parker has just returned from. a trip to San-hul, a large walled city in Kwang-tung province, and while there visited the guardhouse, where he saw six or seven earthenware bowls of fight-

ing crickets. He was much amused as to the description of the methods of stabling and dieting these insects. During the day the female and male crickets are separated, but as soon as night falls they are mated. Their diet consists of water, boiled rice and a little ginseng, the latter to give them stamins,

In matching the insects to fight they are weighed and a light weight would not be pitted against a welter weight. The insects are spurred on to combat with a fine piece of glass, which treat-

ment naturally rouses their anger. The belief that crickets are distinguished by pieces of colored wool is a fallacy. They are recognized by their owners as we recognize our canine pets. In a contest the first cricket to run

The officer in charge of the guardhouse mentioned that a dispute which had arisen over a cricket contest three years ago had yet to be settled, each party holding that the other man's

cricket ran away first. Some of these crickets are indeed worth many times their weight in gold, several hundred dollars being sometimes paid for a real champion.—South

China Post. Lake Borgne.

Borgne, the name of a Louisiana lake, is a French word meaning "blind of one eye." The name was applied to the lake because of a wonderful monster said to have been seen in its waters.

The man who lays his hand affect tionately on your shoulder when he talks to you, has to have a very interesting message if he gives satisfaction.

A widow has many surprises, and chief among them is the number of times she has to sign her name in set-



MAJ. GEORGE WASHINGTON GOETHALS.

gineering projects which already stand at Sault Ste. Marie is one of the most to their credit.

High up on the roll of notable en- engineer corps. gineering projects with which the army engineers have been successfully the army engineers indicates that the identified is the work at Hell Gate. once the worst obstruction in the east- safe hands. Maj. George Washington ern approach to New York harbor. It Goethals, who will direct the work, is was under the supervision of Gen. a graduate of West Point, and was on away is adjudged the loser. John Newton, a West Point graduate the staff of Gen. Nelson A. Miles as and an officer of the engineer corps of engineer officer of the Department of the army, that this obstruction was Columbia. He served under Col. Merundermined and burled from its rill at Cincinnati in the construction of foundation. At the time that the work dams, dykes and locks, had charge of was begun the predictions were gen- the Mussel Shoals canal, Tennessee At that time, as now, criticisms were military engineering at West Point. heard about the slowness of the work of the army engineers, but Gen. Newton blew up Hell Gate, and few people are aware to-day of the sensation caused in the engineering world at the time by the complete success of this difficult project.

Illustrative of the professional versatility of the army engineers is the fact that, in addition to their socalled civil duties-the entire supervision of the improvements of the rivers and harbors of the countryare such monuments to their engineering ability as the Washington aqueduct, Cabin John bridge, the Washington monument and the wings and dome of

the Capitol. Nearly all the lighthouses of the country have been erected by army en-

eral that it would prove unsuccessful, river, and was instructor of practical During the war with Spain he was

notable of the accomplishments of the

The work already accomplished by

building of the Panama canal is in

Flourishing Colony Where All Are Happy and Growing Rich. Bryan, Tex., is an example of what s being done in the South by colonies of Italian immigrants. There are in

ITALIANS THRIVE IN TEXAS

chief of the First Army Corps.

spirited guidance of a young Sicilian priest, Father Giovanni Militello. They raise mostly grain and cotton either on their own lands or on rented farms, which they get at \$5 an acre a year. They save from \$100 to \$1,000

that township 2,500 contadini under the

rest.

a year and live comfortably on the

Father Militello was able to collect gineers, and some of these have pre in a few days \$1,100 to cancel the debt tling up an estate.