

TO MY OWN.
BY EDWIN L. HARRIS.

The squirrel lies hid in his hollow tree,
All wrapped in his long, soft tail;
The rabbit is snugged as snug can be
In his home 'neath the old fence rail;
The partridge is only a bunch of down
Where thickest the arching brush—
They in the forest and we in the town,
Hush, my honey-boy, hush.

The field-mouse curls in a velvet ball
Far under the dead swamp grass;
In his hole by the frozen waterfall
The mink dreams off of the bass;
And every chick of the ground and air
Is coddled in heaven deep—
So here, in the glow of the firelight fair,
Sleep, my honey-boy, sleep.

The north wind romps with the whirling snow,
Sly Jack Frost noses about;
But wood and field are abed—for no
Not even the owl is out.
And here, where the motherkin's breast is warm,
And motherkin's arms are tight,
Safe from the snow and the frost and storm,
Good-night, honey-boy, good-night.
—Saturday Evening Post.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

YOUTH is impatient and the twelve weary months that had crept by since I had passed my trying examination and been admitted to the bar seemed an eon of time. I hired a cozy little office in a building filled with scores of prominent law firms. After arranging my well-stocked library, I nailed up a new sign among the rest and waited for my clients to appear. It soon became a sad trial of patience.

Among the many brilliant lights of the day my own name passed unnoticed.

Day after day, and month after month, I attended the courts or passed the time in perusing celebrated trial cases. Like Micawber, I was waiting for something to turn up. The small capital with which I had started was dwindling away at an alarming pace and, as yet, I saw no prospective fee.

One pleasant afternoon Stanley Ferris, a young lawyer, who, like myself, was unwillingly idle, dropped in to see me.

"What news, Jack?" he asked, carelessly.

"Same as usual," I replied, deponently. "I've a notion to pack off in the wilderness for a few weeks. Everybody is out of town, and there is little prospect of picking up a fee until they return."

My friend was about to reply, when there came a low tap at the door.

"Come in," I said, carelessly, thinking it some chance acquaintance.

As the door opened my heart gave a great bound. I felt that my long-looked-for client had arrived at last. At a single glance I took in all the details of my visitor's appearance. He was a middle-aged man, dressed in plain costume, and with a seemingly good-natured face. Most men would have set him down at once as a jolly, open-hearted individual; but I did not. My constant attendance at the courts had taught me much. There was something underlying his oily smile and obsequious manner that made me distrust him.

"Is this Mr. Barnes?" he asked, blandly.

I bowed in the affirmative and requested him to be seated. Stanley left the room at that moment, and the stranger continued:

"My name is Brown, sir—Martin Brown. I have called upon you in a case of emergency."

"In what way can I be of service?" I asked.

"My friend, who is in a dying condition, wishes you to draw up a will at once."

I seized my hat and hurriedly followed my visitor. In the elegantly furnished room of a hotel we found the man.

Owing to the heavily darkened room, I could distinguish nothing of his features. He lay with his face turned toward the wall, and in feeble tones dictated the terms of his will, as I drew it up.

I accomplished my task to his satisfaction, and placed the document before him to sign. As he did so I noticed a deep red scar running across the back of his hand. The whole of the dying man's property—an immense one, by the way—was left to his dear friend, Martin Brown.

Two of the servants had been called in to witness the signature, and everything was performed according to law.

As I left the house the smiling Mr. Brown handed me my fee. It was a beggarly amount—the more so from the fact that Mr. Brown was soon to become wealthy. The man's wily smile, too, while his friend lay at the point of death sickened me, and I was glad to hurry away. On my return I met Stanley, and in answer to his inquiries I related the circumstances.

"A beggarly miser," he exclaimed, indignantly. "I'd never believe it from his appearance."

It was nearly a week afterward that a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, called upon me. This time I had a case in reality. She was not more than twenty, but her beautiful face bore the impress of deep grief. In a few words she stated her business, retaining the names until she had heard my opinion.

Her story was as follows: Three weeks before her uncle had left home in company with a man he called his friend. While in the city he had been taken suddenly ill and died. She had received no information of the fact until after her relative was buried.

Then came the strangest part of the story.

England is probably fully aware of the fact that there is nothing in the ethics of war to prevent Russia from hitting a Government when its back is turned.

One-sided development of the mind, if carried to excess by the impelling force of a powerful current of nerve force, often leads to insanity. If, however, the impelling force is that which supplies the mediocre mind, the result is a bore or a mildly amusing eccentric.

The more murderous that weapons of warfare become the greater the chances for peace. Make warfare one hundred per cent. more horrible than it now is, make it sure death to take the field, and nations will settle their difficulties by arbitration. Every inventor of a rapid firing gun is a peacemaker without intending to be.

A report from Trebizond declares there is much talk among the Turks that the Armenians are conspiring against them. This is just what happened in the season preceding the bloody massacres of 1895. It is the wolf's contention that the lamb was muddying his water. The fact that the lamb was further down stream made no difference; the wolf had not dined.

Professor W. E. B. Du Bois, of Atlanta University, has begun an investigation into the career of college bred negroes. He finds that there are between 1200 and 1500 negroes who have been graduated from college, and to each of them he intends to send a set of questions covering family life, scholastic life, occupation since graduation, literary efforts, official positions and financial success.

The President of the English Board of Agriculture, which, of course, is a department of the Government, has appointed a committee of experts to decide what is milk, and to frame regulations to determine what deficiency in any of the normal constituents of genuine milk or cream, or what addition of extraneous matter or proportion of water in any sample of milk, including condensed milk or cream, shall raise the presumption that the milk or cream is not genuine.

The South is again endeavoring to break the record for cotton mill construction, and if our energetic neighbors only keep at it there will be little difficulty in filling the gap which now exists between the consumption and the production of cotton fabrics, remarks the Dry Goods Economist. Since the first of the year twelve new mills have been projected in South Carolina alone, one mill in that State has doubled its capital and three mills are to be erected at any early date. Meanwhile New England textile machinery plants are working night and day to keep up with the orders they have received. It looks as if this sort of a good thing were in a fair way to be overdone.

A suit in chancery relating to an Irish estate has just been ended after lasting with varying degrees of excitement for over a century. In 1797 a Dublin brewer named Robert Smyth failed. The assets of the bankrupt were insufficient to pay the debts. But four generations of the creditors have since been litigating in the Court of Chancery, and it was recently discovered that a small sum invested for ultimate distribution by order of the Court at the beginning of the proceedings had compounded until it was not only big enough to pay all the original debts, but most of the law costs also. There were living claimants for every cent the insolvent brewer owed when the final settlement was recently made.

The Nebraska law, patterned after statutes in some of the Eastern States, permitting the closing of small outlying schools and the transportation of the pupils at the public expense to a large and graded central school, is working well, from both an economic and an educational standpoint. Omaha furnishes two good illustrations of the money saving. One school which has been closed had been conducted at an expense of \$85 a month. Transportation of the pupils in this school costs \$6.67 a month, the street railway companies furnishing tickets at two-thirds of the regular rates. Another school, now closed, has cost \$100 a month for the education of the seven-teen pupils sent there, nearly \$60 a year for each pupil, while the annual expense per child in the large schools in the city is from \$16 to \$19. In the opinion of the superintendent the change is not only desirable from the standpoint of economy, but he says it is also for the good of the pupils, as they receive more attention than is possible where there is necessarily too much bunching of classes.

MOY KEE AS A BOY.
A Chinese Talks of His Childhood in the Old Country.

"When I was a boy," said Moy Kee, tea merchant, laundryman and interpreter, at 216 North Delaware street, "I went to school in my native village of Shin-King, eighty-seven miles from Peking. I was seven years old when I started to school and, of course, the teacher was a man. Now there are women teaching in China, Chinese women, but that is a new thing. We sat on stools with desks before us and studied aloud. At ten years old I could write very well, and had to learn every word of a long lesson by heart. The teacher had a stick, and sometimes, but not often, he would punish a boy, either by striking him on the hand or on the seat of his trousers.

"There are no bad boys in China as there are here in this country. The boys are respectful and polite to all who are older than themselves, and while they have their plays and their fun they do not think it fun to hurt any one.

"You have seen boys place a package on the sidewalk and when a person stoops to pick it up you have seen that package (for there is a string tied to it, and a boy at the other end of the string) move away under a crack in the fence. That is an old trick in China.

"The boys here in America do not know what long school hours are. I went to school early in the morning, before the birds began to sing. After that we went to breakfast and then to dinner and in the evening to supper. Those were long, long days, the boys here would say, but we Chinese boys did not say anything about it. We just sat on our stools and sung out our lessons all at the same time as loud as we could.

"Vacation came along in the harvest time when the rice was gathered. Then we played at flying kites. We did not, as boys do here, fly kites any time. No, there was a season for it, and we flew them at no other times. The boys in China walk on stilts just as boys do here, and play at blind-fold, hide and seek and leap frog, but all in a different way from here.

"We had great sport fighting beetles. We would find these in the fields and train them to fight and we would lay wagers on which would win just as you do here on prizefighters.

"No neighborhood in China can afford to have a bad boy in it. Suppose a Chinese New Year, when we are all shooting fire crackers, some one would shoot a revolver. There would be great trouble. Not only would the one who shot the revolver be punished, but his relatives and neighbors and the magistrate of the district would be punished or reprimanded, because in China such things must not happen. A stranger could walk through my village day or night with no one to hurt him. He would be safe all the time. It is not so in this country.

"We had great sport in shooting at sparrows with bow and arrow, and nobody ever shot at persons, as some boys do here with airguns. The boys in China laugh a great deal, and laugh very loud sometimes, but they have plenty of sport without hurting any one.

"When I was nine years old my mother died and my father gave me a stepmother. When I was twelve years old my uncle, a tea merchant in San Francisco, brought me to this country. Twenty-eight years ago (I am now fifty-three years old) I went back to China and got a wife. My father and my stepmother found a wife for me. I did not know her. I did not see her until we were married, but she is a good wife and came to America with me. She is the only Chinawoman in Indianapolis, and I think the only one in Indiana. I have been back to China eighteen times, but I am a naturalized American citizen, and vote at elections."—Indianapolis News.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.
Co-Operation in Road Improvement.

ONE of the disadvantages under which our farmers are laboring is poor roads, says George C. Borek, of Michigan. This being a sandy country, there is scarcely a time during any part of the year that our roads are good. Something like five years ago, about twenty-five farmers came together and offered to haul marl one day free if the township would allow them to take the marl from its bed. The township was willing, and about twenty men volunteered to shovel and level the marl, and so the first half mile was laid. That road proved such a success that the next year another half mile was put down. This marl packed so hard and made such excellent bed for gravel that the farmers donated \$225 and labor for about one-quarter mile of gravel. This being put on in what was always a wet place it was spread about eight inches thick. Next year \$250 was collected and about one-half mile was put down, spreading this only about four inches. This year only \$100 was collected, but a quarter-mile-strip was put down, finishing the mile started five years before. Besides this about half a mile of marl was put down ready for gravel next fall.

This method of making a road is a good one, for if the marl is once packed down and if gravel is then added the resulting roadbed is as hard as macadam. Next year the township will try to raise \$600 for gravel if the farmers will pledge their labor toward getting it down, and now about a year before it is needed three-fourths of the labor is promised. This shows what farmers can do if their town is too poor to make good roads. This is the sort of co-operation that pays.

Automobilists Interested.

The first good roads meeting of the Automobile Club at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City was a success. The late speakers were Assemblyman J. A. Alda, Charles E. Simms, Jr., and I. B. Potter. Old-time workers for good roads declared the meeting one of the most notable they ever had attended, not only because of the union of the cyclists and motorists, but on account of the speakers being the most prominent authorities on the subject and their addresses being filled with valuable statistics. As an example of how the tax would be felt by the counties, State Engineer Bond said that if the State appropriated \$500,000, with the counties to make up the other \$500,000, as the law provides, this would mean for Westchester County ten cents on every \$1000 worth of property, according to the valuation of 1899. Albany County would have to pay \$9085 on this basis, which is less than Westchester. A mile of macadam road costs about \$8000, and with \$1,000,000 one hundred and twenty-five miles could be built. This would be a little more than two miles for each county if it was distributed that way. Thus, for instance, Albany County for its \$9065 would get somewhat more than \$16,000 worth of good roads. More than thirty new State roads have been laid out by engineers and are now waiting for the funds to be appropriated.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hard oils the wheels as they run.—Ouida.

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.—Phillips Brooks.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that.—Franklin.

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?—Huxley.

Character consists in a man steadily pursuing the things of which he feels himself capable.—Goethe.

Man's work in life is to turn himself from the raw product into a piece of fine art.—Richard Whiting.

It is the peculiar faculty of fools to discern the faults of others at the same time they forget their own.—Cicero.

The affection of old age is one of the greatest consolations of humanity. I have often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children, and what an inhuman world without the aged.—Coleridge.

The sea, as well as air, is a free and common thing to all; and a particular nation cannot pretend to have the right to the exclusion of all others, without violating the rights of Nature and public usage.—Queen Elizabeth.

Silence is one great art of conversation. He is not a fool who knows when to hold his tongue; and a person may gain credit for sense, eloquence, wit, who merely says nothing to lessen the opinion which others have of these qualities in themselves.—William Hazlitt.

AMAZING WAR INVENTIONS.
How Ingenious Americans Would Come to the Rescue of the British.

An ambitious inventor has offered the British Government, through Colonel Lee, the military attaché of the embassy here, writes the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, an apparatus by which the Boers may be entirely destroyed without endangering the lives and the limbs of the British soldiers. The plan he has devised resembles quite closely that of the "Yankee at King Arthur's Court" as described by Mark Twain in his story of that title. A Connecticut Yankee, having been thrown back into the middle ages, visited the court of King Arthur and gave to him the benefit of many nineteenth century inventions, which produced both amazement and consternation among the valorous but superstitious knights of the "Round Table." Among other things, the Yankee introduced electricity into warfare, and arranged wires so that when the enemy attacked the castle the mysterious current was turned on and they all received a shock that paralyzed them and enabled them to be made prisoners without spilling blood. The process now offered to the British Government is similar in its arrangement and effect. Both the process and the apparatus are kept secret, for fear the Boers will discover and counteract them, but the general principle is to give the entire Boer army an electric shock and then run in and capture them before they recover from it.

Another suggestion offered to the British embassy by a Western inventor is even more novel. It consists of a contrivance similar to the little castles of brandy and wine which are strapped upon the backs of the dogs that are sent out by the monks of St. Bernard for the rescue of travelers in the passes of the Alps. This profound genius proposes that the British commander secure several thousand dogs, saddle them with these little contrivances, filled with dynamite instead of wine, and send them across into the trenches of the Boers. The latter are known to be fond of animals, particularly dogs and horses, and can naturally be expected to receive them cordially. Attached to each keg of dynamite will be a time fuse, long enough to enable the dog to become fairly domesticated in the Boer quarters before it explodes. There is also an arrangement by which the charge will be exploded if any attempt is made to remove it from the dog's back, so that if it does not work one way it can have a second chance. The inventor thinks that by the sacrifice of a thousand dogs and a few hundred pounds of dynamite the Boers may be overcome.

OVERSHOE ATTACHMENT.

To hold shallow-ribbed overshoes in place a Missonneau has patented a strap attachment, which is light enough not to bind the foot, being made of rubber and secured to either side of the heel, the central part of the strap being fastened to a hook inserted in the toe of the overshoe.