

A HINT.

Our Daisy lay down
In her white nightgown,
And bled me again and again
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that could speak,
But found themselves shut to their gait.

Then foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover,
Asked over and over,
As if they were surer when told.

There close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried,
She lifted her golden-crowned head,
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you," she said
—Globe Democrat.

The Actor's Story.

BY JOHN COLEMAN.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.
Flora found Jeannie McPherson hovering 'twixt life and death. The name of the perpetrator of the outrage was hardly hinted among the servants, but no one dared to speak out. Of course, Flora had her own suspicions.
"It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good," and it was well for the girl that her young mistress had refused, or McAllister would have found that his brutality had betrayed him to murder. Poor Jeannie's sufferings somewhat diverted Flora's mind from her own trouble. Her first duty now was to her faithful hand-maiden whom she nursed with assiduous tenderness.

Next morning at daybreak, when the fishermen went out to cast their nets they found Curly lying, bathed in blood, where he had fallen the night before. Save for some faint pulsation of the heart, he had to all appearance quite dead. McDiarmid and three or four of the men carried him to Sandy's cottage where the midwife applied ointment, and for hours and hours chafed the rigid limbs till they slowly revived to life, but consciousness and speech had wholly left him. At last they succeeded in forcing a spoonful or two of whiskey and milk down his throat, and thus they kept body and soul together for some days. At length David Donaldson had got the better of a fall, and was returning to the ferry. He had a kind heart, had honest David, and when he saw poor Curly in this woful plight he forgave him his own crack on the head, which was a stinger, and remembered only that Curly had given him nine golden sovereigns. Then he volunteered to go to Dundee and "spring" a guinea for a surgeon.

Next day he returned with Dr. Dixon, the famous theatrical physician, who recognized Curly instantly, despite his battered condition.

"Good God!" exclaimed the doctor, "this is an awful business. Concussion of the brain—compound fracture! Who did it? It's murder or manslaughter at the least! No accident here but a foul blow. Who did it? Do you hear?"

McDiarmid replied, "De'il o' me kens or ony o' thae chaps. We found the pair laddie lying at the foot o' the great muckle hill, yestreen was a week past."

"That was all the information Dixon could obtain. Doubtless McDiarmid and David had their suspicions as to how the outrage occurred, but they kept their own counsel for the present."

Dr. Dixon wasted no time in words. He decided that his patient must be taken to Dundee at once. Without delay the poor fellow was carried down to the coast and McDiarmid and Elsie accompanied David and the doctor, the midwife tenderly nursing Curly's head upon her lap all the way, and never quitting him till he was safely ensconced in the infirmary. The poor soul had a son of his age fighting the queen's battles far away in India—so she kissed his favored brow and muttered:

"Puir bairn! It's my heart that's sad for ye. Puir laddie! Puir laddie! It's wae for the mither that bairn ye." When McDiarmid led her from the room she bled in his ear: "Sandy, 'twas your muckle lang loon with the corbie's beak and the evil eye that did it. But he'll never proe per with the lae sae nor with aught else."

Curly's case was one that almost baffled the faculty, but Dr. Dixon was not to be beaten; he had made up his mind to save his patient, and save him he did at last. Perchance it had been better for the poor fellow had he died then and there. The good Samaritans at the infirmary nursed him by day, watched over him by night, with unceasing tenderness and care, anticipating his every wish, his every look.

When at length, after months of darkness and delirium the light of reason began to dawn; there was general rejoicing throughout the place, for they had grown to love the poor creature, even as though he were their own kith and kin. Every morning when Dr. Dixon came in, his patient's face would light up into the shadow of a smile, and his eye would follow his nurse with a kind of dumb dog-like gratitude. Though speech was denied him he could distinguish all that was said to him, and it was quite touching to see him gently take the hand of nurse or doctor, and kiss it with some of the old grace.

When at length Jeannie McPherson recovered she could scarcely recognize her beautiful young mistress in the stern, gray woman to whom she owed her life. As soon as she was able to speak coherently Flora insisted on the truth. When the girl told her all Flora's anger against McAllister ripened into open enmity, indignation, and the estrangement between father and child was complete. As for Deempster, she had always disliked him, now she positively loathed the sight of the man. He was a constant visitor, but whenever he entered the room she left it—whenever he sat down to table she rose and quitted it without a word.

One day the two men had been talking together, and McAllister

"brought the other in to dinner. As soon as Flora saw him she rose and turned toward the door.
"Hide a wee, Flora," said McAllister. "It's time to put a stop to this nonsense. You may as well accustom yourself to Strathmines' company, because I've given my word that you are to be his wife."
"And Mr. Deempster?" she inquired, coldly.
"Why, look here, Flora," replied Dan'l.
At the sound of his voice she drew herself up disdainfully.

"Sir," she said, "I have already given my father an answer, but evidently he has not been frank with you. I shall never marry. If my marriage could save the world and all that is in it from destruction, you are the last man on earth that I could ever call husband. Gracious God!" she cried, bursting out, "can this creature not see how I hate him? I loathe the very sound of his voice. His sight is poison to me. For you, sir," she said, turning to her father, "if ever you suffer this man to obstruct himself on me again I quit your roof the next moment."
She then left the room. From that time forth she confined herself to her own apartments; except for her faithful Jeannie, she was always alone.

"So after all their scheming after all their violence it had come to this: Three lives blighted, two hearts broken, and the Laird of Strathmines further off than ever from the one object on which he had centred his hopes, in this world and the next."

CHAPTER VII.

Good Samaritans.

Six months and more had elapsed since Willie and Curly had parted. Jamieson thought it strange, after all Donald's protestations that he had never once written, and the soft place in his heart grew sore.

At length the time arrived for the return of the company to Aberdeen.

One day, taking a solitary ramble in the neighborhood of the Gairloch Head, the young tragedian encountered a lady and her maid driving in an open pony carriage. She looked at him, and bowed; he bowed again as she passed out of sight. The face evoked an impression—not a recollection. Yes, he had seen a face somewhere like that before. Could it be? Pshaw! No. This woman was sterner and older—she was twenty years older—and yet, how the face haunted him!

Next morning he found a letter on the breakfast table. It was an official looking document, written on blue paper. On the outside page was printed in bold characters, "Royal Infirmary, Dundee." The superscription was in a strange hand. Eagerly tearing open the envelope he read these six words:

"Dear Willie—Come to me, Curly."

Feeble and indistinct as were the characters there was no mistake about the writer. Without waiting for food or anything else Willie ran down to Johnston's lodgings showed him the letter, and asked leave of absence. The manager, who was not without just cause for complaint against Curly for "bolting" at a moment's notice, and leaving him in the lurch, said:

"Go my lad—go at once. There's something wrong depend on't. Do you want any tin?"

"Well, I'm not all over money, sir, and I may want something when I get to Dundee."

"Well—take ten pounds. Will that be enough?"

"Quite enough."
"Stop. Should you need any more, send for it, and tell the young beggar that the old berth is open to him if he likes to come back. Good-by, and good luck to you. Drop me a line as soon as you see how the land lies, and take a week's leave of absence. I'll play Macbeth to-night, and arrange the business for the rest of the week without you."

Next morning, by 11 o'clock, Jamieson was at the infirmary in Dundee. Dr. Dixon told him as far as he knew, all that had happened, then they went to the invalid's room together. They found him sleeping tranquilly—but oh, so changed—so worn and wasted—the sight went to Willie's heart. When poor Curly awoke he looked up, their eyes met, there was a convulsive movement about the mouth and the muscles of the throat, then he gasped out the first articulate words he had uttered for months. "Willie, dear old chap, I knew you'd come." With that he put his wasted arms around the other's neck, and burst out crying like a child. The doctor blew his nose till it resounded like a speaking trumpet, and withdrew, leaving orders for the two young men to be left alone. Thanks to his influence, they slept in the same room, so that they were not separated night nor day during his short visit. After that Curly's recovery, though still slow, was certain. Jamieson was, of course, anxious to know what had really occurred since their parting, and how it was that the accident—or outrage had happened. One day he broached the subject, but at the mere mention of Flora's name the other fell into a paroxysm of grief, which was not only terrible to behold, but caused a relapse of so serious a character as to be attended with great danger. That morning when Dr. Dixon came he found his patient trembling, convulsed and speechless. The work of months had been undone in an instant.

"What's up?" he inquired.
When Jamieson explained, he grunted. "Oh a woman of course. I might have known that; there always is a woman! That explains the rest. There is a man, then, doubtless—another man—and he it is who has smashed this poor lad's skull. D'ye ken the murdering thief?"

"I think I do," replied Willie. "If I were sure of it!"

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"Anyhow, you may be quite sure of one thing," said Dixon. "The blow that nearly bludgeoned your friend out of life came from a loaded weapon of some sort."

"If I live," said the other, "I'll find it out. I know the man—he may escape the law, but he shall not escape me. It may not be to-day, nor to-morrow, nor next week—but sooner or later, I'll have it out with him as sure as my name's Willie Jamieson." And so the matter dropped for the present.

The doctor gave Curly a composing draught and next day he began to mend again, though slowly.

At the end of a week Willie had to return to Aberdeen to wind up the season and to take his benefit. When he told Curly that he must go, he moaned piteously.
"You're not going to leave me so soon?" But he was reassured when Willie told him that he would return in a fortnight.

When Jamieson got back to Aberdeen, he recalled the mysterious lady. He understood well enough now who she was. So he went straight to McAllister house, and asked to see Flora. He encountered the old man, who was characteristically insolent, and demanded to know "what the blazes he wanted with his daughter." A little insolence went a long way with Jamieson, who could be dangerous when he was angered, and Mr. McAllister concluded it was best to be civil, and even vouchsafed the information that his daughter had gone to Edinburgh on a visit to her aunt. Upon the subject uppermost in both men's hearts they did not even touch. Jamieson departed in an evil mood to seek Deempster's house. Fortunately for the Laird of Strathmines, he had gone to Edinburgh.

At length it was time to return to Dundee for the commencement of the season. Thanks to the consideration of the doctor and the house surgeon, the rules and regulations of the infirmary were relaxed in favor of their patient, and all the members of the company—men, women and children—were permitted to come and see him bringing presents of flowers and the like. These visits, instead of fatiguing, brought him daily fresh breaths of life from the outer world, and he began to rally rapidly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ART OF FASCINATION.

It Must Be Cultivated Early and in the Home Circle.

The secret of fascination is one which many women would sacrifice a great deal to learn. To cultivate a charming and attractive manner one must begin at home, and surely a better school could not be devised, for the training is, in its way, perfection. Here you are sure to find each day little rubs which must be smoothed with skillful touch: there is a constant mind friction going on even among the most devoted members of the household.

It is a painful fact, though none the less true, that one's family acts as a constant counter-irritant. Now a steady effort to smooth over the rough places, minister to wounded hearts and with deft touches erase unpleasant memories is called for, and she who obeys these summons is pretty sure to find herself full able to cope in the most agreeable fashion with the outside world.

Few women, however, realize that a fascination of manner is not born, but cultivated. It begins to bud in the nursery, develops under the skillful training of painstaking instructors, and blossoms forth into complete beauty in the society of well-bred women.—Philadelphia Record.

Doubtful Success.

Imagination sometimes creates difficulties and sometimes but not often, it helps to overcome them. A maiden-lady, living at a fashionable watering-place on the Western coast of England, is said to have had a great curiosity to see Napoleon.

When he was a prisoner on board the Ballerophon toasting in Tor Bay, she braved the dangers and discomforts incidental to a trip in a small fishing boat on a windy day in order to get a look at the captive, who had "whipped the world."

On returning to shore late in the evening, exhausted but rejoicing, she was asked by a less enterprising friend if she had really seen "the monster."

"To this question the enthusiastic spinster replied by lifting up eyes and hands in fervent gratitude to heaven, and exclaiming:
"Yes, thanks for the sight! At least," she continued dropping her voice to a doubtful mutter, "I believe I almost saw his countenance."—Youth's Companion.

A Basket at the Masthead.

When a sailing master wishes to buy oysters in the ports of the Chesapeake he runs up to the masthead an oyster basket, and presently has plenty offered at the vessel's side. Down at Chincoteague Island the basket at the masthead is sometimes accompanied by a flag of concentric squares in different colors. During the closed season for oysters the basket and the flag indicate that the master wishes to buy clams. The Chincoteague clam digger works during the greater part of the year, and a very spry man in a spot where clams are thick can tread out a great many hundred in a day. Clams fetch from \$1 to \$1.50 per 1,000 at Chincoteague, which seems a great deal for the money when one thinks of clam chowder at a fashionable restaurant.

A Feminine Trait.

"You ought to put them pieces o' money in yer mouth, Swipesy," said the newsboy.
"Why not?" demanded the boot-black.
"Coz it ain't manly. It makes yer look like a woman ridin' on a street car."—Chicago Daily Tribune.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

CONSIDER WELL BEFORE MAKING CHANGES.

Be Sure You Can Do Better Before You Go Ahead.—By-Products of the Dairy.—Grease on Fruit Trees.—Horticultural Hints and Household Hints.

Shall He Change?

T. B. Terry in Practical Farmer replies to some inquiries of an Ohio man as follows:

Twelve years ago you went into debt mostly for a fifty-acre farm, which cost you \$2,800. You have paid out and built a large barn and an \$1,500 house, and paid for them cash down, and this by what you call mixed farming. You have done well, very well. But you say you are thinking of changing and keeping cows, making butter, building a silo, etc., and asking whether you would better and how many cows you can keep, and also whether I think the berry business would pay better.

First, my friend, be slow to change at all. You are doing very well. Be quite sure you can do decidedly better before making any change. If you can get say 25 cents a pound the year round, or more, for your butter, dairying could be made to pay well. But it will be very confining business, seven days in a week. It will cost you a good deal to get well fixed. You will want at least good selected common cows and a first-class Jersey male, then you can work up. You should have a separator, a good dairy house, ice house, a power of some kind to run your churn and separator, pump, water, etc., a milk test, and a silo will be nice to save your corn in. You can get along without this, however, for a time, by taking good care of your fodder and cutting it by horse power in the winter. Then you want entirely comfortable quarters for your cows, where you can save all the manure, and, may I say it? You want to be just the man for the business. To make the most in this line you need to be quiet and gentle with the cows, always; you want to love them, so when you are around the stable they will give more milk just from looking at you. And you want to be around the stable daily and constantly. Then if you do your part all around you may work up to \$80 or \$100 per cow. You have good land evidently and you "can" keep twenty or thirty or even forty cows in time, buying only bran and oil meal or cotton seed meal. The way corn grows on the bottom land in your country, you ought to raise enough corn on an acre to keep a cow nearly two years, winter and summer, except that she would need a little clover hay or nitrogenous food. I would raise the best calves and thus improve my stock. And you can raise your farm, too, or keep it up. Butter takes little value from the soil. A ton has but forty-eight cents of fertility in it, and not that, probably, if you are very clean about milking. A ton of butter should bring you \$500. A ton of timothy hay may sell for \$10 and it takes from the soil on the same basis \$5.38 worth of fertility.

The berry business is a good one, if you work to the top and get extra choice fine fruit to customers in nice shape. I don't mean that you work the nice berries to the top of the package, but that you have unusually fine on top and just the same all through. Great care and skill will pay just as well, perhaps in this line as in butter making, if you are situated so that you can readily hire pickers enough that live near by, and have the market within reach. Lots of money can be made from fine strawberries, but you have got to love them, the care of them as well as to eat them, and never tire for one day of waiting on them any more than you would waiting on the cows.

Clipping Queen's Wings.

Dr. C. C. Miller says: I think I shall always keep my queen's clipped, at least as long as there is danger of queens flying away with swarms. Some object to clipped wings, and it is only fair to give the objections. One is that a clipped queen may crawl off on the ground and be lost. So she may, but that is not so bad as to have a queen fly off and be lost for in the latter case the whole swarm may be lost with her. Another objection is that where queens are clipped, if several swarms come out at the same time, or in close succession, it may happen that instead of returning to their own hives some of them may unite. True again, but again equally true that it is better to have the bees in the wrong hive than not to have them at all. For although it is better in most cases to have no swarms unite, still the refractory bees may do nearly the same work wherever they are. Even if I followed the plan of clipping as soon as convenient after they commenced to lay. Then when a swarm issued I would find and cage the queen, remove the hive from which the swarm issued to a new location, set the new hive in its place, put the caged queen at it, and when one swarm had fairly returned liberate the queen. For me this would be much easier than to climb trees or saw off limbs, or even to try to get bees to settle on something made to imitate a cluster of bees. But there are good bee-keepers who don't agree with me in this, and you must decide for yourself.—Journal of Agriculture.

Grease on Fruit Trees.

I have at various times heard and read that it will kill apple trees to put much grease on them. Now I want to say that I have put grease

on trees several times and my trees seem to grow as well as any trees I have ever seen. Last fall a year, I hauled in 900 trees. I greased them heavily with hog's lard and sulphur which kept the rabbits and mice from them all winter. Only seven out of the 900 died last season. About the first of September the rabbits set in on the trees, and I greased them again. The rabbits were so hungry for the bark that in two months I had to grease again. I greased some of the trees twice with hog fat and twice with axle grease. My trees are alive and flourishing. I have great respect for the experience of others, but a long ways more for my own. I feel like saying to all those who would put grease on their trees, if they were not afraid, just try a few and try them thoroughly, then report.

By-Products of the Butter Dairy.
Mirror and Farmer says there should be an income from the butter, and butter should be the main object. It can be easily made at home; it can be sold at high prices without the intervention of middlemen or danger from storing.

The standard butter of production should not be less than 3.00 pounds per cow per year, and the price not less than 25 cents per pound.

An income from the calves of twenty cows of a well bred variety of cattle should not be less than \$50; at least, I have no difficulty in selling high grade Jersey and Holstein calves for \$5 apiece.

Each year in the dairy of twenty cows it will be found necessary and profitable until we acquire more skill, to dispense with at least one-fifth of the dairy annually. These discarded animals should not bring less than \$30 apiece, or \$720.

The cow that produces 300 pounds of butter will produce 6,000 pounds of milk, and this, when skimmed, at one-fifth of a cent a pound, brings in an income from this by-product of \$12 per cow.

Summing these all up, we have \$75 for butter, \$5 for calves, \$12 for beef and \$12 from the skim milk of each cow, making a total income from a dairy of twenty cattle, \$1,900.

It is not too much to say that the manure from these animals is worth \$100, making a total in round numbers of \$2,000, or \$100 per cow, per year.

We sometimes think that the dairy does not pay, and it does not if little or nothing is secured from the by-products, which are often worth, when well utilized, quite as much as the butter upon which we lay so much store.

Horticultural Notes.

The soil cannot be made too rich for tomatoes.

Deep cultivation of the orchard frequently injures the roots of the trees.

An exchange recommends the following as a good wash for cherry trees: A pailful of common white-wash, a pint of soft soap and a pound of sulphur.

Lots of orchards are failing to yield fruit because of neglect. Trees full of sprouts and dead limbs need not be expected to yield bountifully. They need judicious pruning.

If you plant seed of an old variety that will not produce as much by fifty per cent as a new variety would produce, it is pretty plain that it would pay to buy new seed, is it not?

Before an inexperienced man goes into horticulture too far, he had better profit as far as possible by the experience of successful fruit-growers. Such wisdom and precaution will save many a fatal blunder.

The big red apple and the big red strawberry are the fruits that sell. Better apples and better berries may stand along side of such fruit, but they are not as handsome, but they will rot while the others are selling.

Household Hints.

It is said that a spoonful of grated horse radish in a pailful of milk will keep it sweet for several days.

Grape fruit is almost as good as quinine for malarial troubles, and pineapple is a sure cure for sore throat. Tomatoes are perfect liver regulators—they contain a very small portion of mercury. Oranges act on the kidneys very beneficially, while lemons and grapes are efficacious in curing and preventing cancerous troubles.

A delightful mixture for perfuming clothes that are packed away, and which is said to keep moths out also, is made as follows: Beat to a powder one ounce each of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, and as much orris root as will equal the weight of the foregoing ingredients put together. Little bags of muslin should be filled with this mixture and placed among the garments.

Watercresses act on the lungs, and are said to be a cure for incipient consumption. They certainly have marvellous tonic power, and refresh one after great fatigue. A diet of grapes as a cure-all has been proved valuable in hundreds of cases, and, if taken in time, a case of jaundice can be cured by eating nothing but lettuce and lemon juice. In the face of this, can one not almost dispense with doctors?

A dermatologist of high standing says that the proper way to shampoo the head is to use some pure soap, such as castile, of the best quality, or glycerine soap, made into a "good lather on the head," with plenty of warm water, and rubbed into the scalp with the fingers or with a rather stiff brush that has long bristles. When the scalp is very sensitive, borax and water, or the yolks of three eggs beaten in a pint of lime water, are recommended instead of soap and water.

ALONE AND HOMELESS.

The Poor Old Woman Who Sold Papers on the Streets.

She stood on the corner of State and Madison streets. Her white hair straggled from beneath an old knitted hood. Her worn, wrinkled face looked out pathetically at the gay throng surging about her. A ragged gray shawl covered her shoulders, bent with the heavy burdens of seventy years.

"Ev'nin' papers!" she cried, in the thin, piping voice of decrepit old age. By her swept the horde of business people hurrying to their far-away homes. By went the gay creatures of the half-world, lifting the robes of gilded sin disdainfully from her touch. About her skirts small newsboys struggled and fought with the unreasoning cruelty of youth.

Alone, forgotten, homeless, the old woman stood, like a dead gray ember in a fiery furnace of fierce emotion, says the Chicago Times. Gray twilight came down over the streets. Cold winds swept in from the lakes. The old woman drew the ragged shawl closer about her shoulders, her feeble cries swallowed up in the deep uproar of the city.

Now the people are hurrying to the theatre. They jostle against the tired figure of the old news-woman. The bundle of papers under her arm grows heavy. With a sigh she draws a handkerchief from her pocket. In it are carefully wrapped ten-copper cents.

"I must walk home," she seems to sigh.

Bent and weary she totters along past great marts of trade, over the black river, down narrow side streets, to the rotting tenement which gives her shelter.

For whom does she toil? Do the hungry lips of gaunt children wait for the bread she brings?

Up the narrow stairs she climbs wearily. Pushing open the black, worm-eaten door she looks about her expectantly. Her first thought is of—food?

Concealing something under her shawl she turns and goes down into the night.

Across the street shines the brilliant window of a saloon. She pushes open the screen door and enters. Is it a wayward son she seeks?

A tin pail clatters on the bar. Beside it jingle ten copper cents.

"Fill de growler, Mike," she hisses, "or I'll smash you. You cheated me out of half de beer last night."

TO LAND A TROUT.

Some Rules Which Intending Fishers Should Study Carefully.

The oncoming of the trout fishing season will land additional interest to the following, quoted from the Brooklyn Eagle.

In throwing a fly raise the arm well up without laboring the body. Send the fly backward by a sudden spring of the wrist. Do not draw the fly too near or you lose your purchase for sending it back, and, therefore, require an extra sweep in the air before you can get it into play again. If on sending it back you make the counterspring a moment too soon you will whip off your tail fly, and if a moment too late your line will fall in a slovenly manner.

The knack of catching this time is, therefore, the whole art of throwing well. Allow the line no more than just time to unfold before repeating the spring of the wrist.

When a fish is hooked the line should be wound up immediately. The rod must be held on the bend, with just purchase enough to prevent the trout from going under a weed or boring into the gravel. Now let him run and walk by the side of the stream. When he strikes ease him quickly. When he becomes weak pull him gently down stream, aiming to get his nose above water. This must be done with patience. Gradually get the fish on some sloping place, and never attempt to pull him out of the water, as boys do bull-heads. Capture him as best you can, always remembering that it is never safe to think a trout is drowned until you have him safely in your hand. The sight of a man with a landing net sometimes revives an apparently exhausted fish in a miraculous manner.

Trout seldom rise well to a fly just before rain or at midday.

Trotting or spinning a minnow and bait fishing in all its phases require no description. Every school boy knows how to catch trout by these methods.

Most of the choice trout waters on Long Island are now owned or leased by sporting clubs or by private individuals, and efforts have been made to induce legislators to confer upon the former privileges as to time that are not enjoyed by residents of other parts of the Empire state.

Easter to Cut.

The five pointed star on the national flag is a woman's idea. Washington wished to adopt the six pointed or ecclesiastical star, but Mrs. Betsy Ross, who made the first American flag, showed him how a five-pointed star could be more conveniently cut.

The Wall of Severus.

The wall of Severus, separating England from Scotland, was thirty-six miles long and guarded by twenty-one forts. It was twenty feet high and twenty-four feet thick, and to the north was protected by a moat forty feet wide and twenty feet deep.

England Has Unwelcome Immigrants.

Lord Lyon Playfair recently stated in the house of lords that since 1891 200,000 pauper aliens, 17,000 of whom were Russians and Poles had landed in Great Britain, against an immigration to America of 179,992.