Again, I remark that there are many who estimate their life on earth by their

PPROPRIATE to the exit of one year and the entrance of another year are the practical suggestions which propose a different mode of measuring time from that ordinarily employed; text, Genesis xivii., 8, "How old art

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense and cinnamon and ivory and diamonds; from the north, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world and some of the most brilliant charlots, and from all the earth that which could best please the eye and charm the ear and gratify the taste. There were temples allame with red sandstone, entered by the gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics and wound with brazen serpents and adorned with winged creatures-their eyes and beaks and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flower beds. There were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom,

Along the avenues, lined with sphinx and fane and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquins, carried by servants in scarlet or elsewhere drawn by vehicles, the snow white horses, golden bitted and six breast, dashing at full run. On the floors of mosaic the glories of Pharaoh were apelled out in letters of porphyry and beryl and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of tamarisk, embossed with silver breaking into foam, There were footstools made out of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hides There were sofas footed of leopards. with the claws of wild beasts and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day and look either way, and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward, so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mausoleum and obe-

It was to this capital and the palace of Pharoah that Jacob the plain shepherd, came to meet his son Joseph, who had become prime minister, in the royal apart-Pharaoh and Jacob met, dignity and rusticity, the gracefulness of the field. The king, wanting to make the old country and the plain manners of the field. The king, wanting to make the old country and education and 10,000 blessed surtryman at ease and seeing how white his beard is and how feeble his step, looks fatable that feeds the children's hunger. It how feeble his step, looks fa-

man, "How old art thou?" Ways of Measuring Time.

Last night the gate of eternity opened to let in, amid the great throng of departed centuries, the soul of the dying year. Christian hope. It is simply hypocrisy. Under the twelfth stroke of the brazen this tirade in pulpit and lecture hall hammer of the city clock the patriarch fell dead, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. It is most fortunate that on this road of life there are so many milestones, on which we can read just how we are going toward the journey's end. I feel that it is not an inappropriate question that I ask to-day when I look into your faces and say, as Pharaoh did to Jacob, the patriarch, "How old art thou?"

People who are truthful on every other subject lie about their ages, so that I do not solicit from you any literal response to the question I have asked. I would put under temptation; but I simply want this morning to see by what rod it is we are measuring our earthly existence. There is a right way and a wrong way of measuring our earthly existence. There is a right way and a wrong way of measuring a door, or a wall, or an arch, or a tow er, and so there is a right way and a wrong way of measuring our earthly ex-Istence. It is with reference to this higher meaning that I confront you this morn ing with the stupendous question of the text, and ask, "How old art thou?"

There are many who estimate their life by mere worldly gratification. When Lord Dundas was wished a happy new year, he said. "It will have to be a happler year than the past, for I badn't one happy moment in all the twelve months that have But that has not been the experince of most of us. igh the world is blasted with sin it is bright and beautiful place to reside in. We have had joys innumerable. There is no hostility between the gospel and the merriments and the festivities of life. I do not think that we fully enough appreworldly pleasures God gives us. When you recount your enjoyments, you so not go far enough back. Why do son not go back to the time when you were an intent in your mother's arms, looking up into the heaven of her smile; to those days when you filled the house with the uproar of bolsterons merriment; when you shouted as you pitched the ball on the play-ground; when, on the cold, sharp winter sight, musted up, on skates you shot over ounding ice of the pond? Have rotten all those good days that the ve you? Were you never a boy? on never a girl? Between those and this how many mercies the

game of chess. It is not a dance in lighted hall, to quick music. It is not the froth of an ale pitcher. It is not the settlings of a wine cup. It is not a banquet, with intoxication and roistering. It is the first step on a ladder that mounts into the skies, or the first step on a road that plunges into a horrible abyss. "How old art thou?" Toward what destiny are you tending, and how fast are you getting on

The Measure of Life.

sorrows and misfortunes. Through a great many of your lives the plowshare hath gone very deep, turning up a terrific furrow. You have been betrayed and misrepresented and set upon and slapped of impertinence and pounded of misfor tune. The brightest life must have its shadows and the smoothest path its which Dr. Talmage puts in this discourse, thorns. On the happiest brood the hawk pounces. No escape from trouble of some kind. While glorious John Milton was losing his eyesight he heard that Salmasius was glad of it. While Sheridan's comedy was being enacted in Drury Lane eater, London, his enemy sat growling at it in the stage box. While Bishop Cooper was surrounded by the favor of earned men, his wife took his lexicon manuscript, the result of a long life of anxiety and toil, and threw it into the fire. Misfortune, trial, vexation for almost every one. Pope, applauded of all rid, has a stoop in the shoulder that annovs him so much that he has a tunnel dug so that he may go upobserved from garden to grotto and from grotto to garden. Cano, the famous Spanish artist, is disgasted with the crucifix that the priest lds before him because it is such a poor specimen of sculpture. And so, sometimes through taste and sometimes through learned menace and sometimes through physical distresses -aye, in 10,000 waystroubles come to harass and annoy,

And yet it is unfair to measure a man's life by his misfortunes, because where there is one stalk of nightshade there are fifty marigolds and harebells; where there is one cloud thunder charged there are hundreds that stray across the heavens, the glory of land and sky keep in their om. Because death came and took your child away, did you immediately forget all the five years, or the ten years, or the fifteen years, in which she came every night for a kiss, all the tones of your heart pealing forth at the sound of her voice or the soft touch of her hand? Because in some financial Euroclydon your fortune went into the breakers, did you forget all those years in which the luxuries and extravagances of life showered on your pathway? Alas, that is an unwise man, an ungrateful mas, an unfair man, an un philosophic man, and, most of all, an un-Christian man, who measures his life on earth by groans and tears and dyspeptic fit and abuse and scorn and terror and neuralgic thrust.

Wasted Years. Again, I remark that there are many people who estimate their life on earth by the amount of money they have accumu lated. They say, "The year 1866, or 1870, or 1898, was wasted.". Why? "Made no Now, it is all cant and insincermoney. and rustleity, the gracefulness of the ity to talk against money, as though it miliarly into his face and says to the aged is the lighting of the furnace that keeps you warm. It is the making of the bed on which you rest from care and anxiety. It is the carrying of you out at last to decent sepulcher and the putting up of the slab on which is chiseled the story of your

> against money. But while all this is so, he who use money or thinks of money as anything but a means to an end will find out his mistake when the glittering treasures slip out of his nerveless grasp and he goes out of this world without a shilling of money or a certificate of stock. He might better have been the Christian porter that opened his gate, or the begrimed workman who last night heaved the coal into his cellar. Bonds and mortgages and leases have their use, but they make a poor yardstick with which to measure life. bonst themselves in their wealth and trust in the multitude of their riches, none of them can, by any means, redeem his brother or give to God a ransom for him

this tirade in pulpit and lecture hall

that he should not see corruption. But I remark, there are many-I wish there were more—who estimate their life by their moral and spiritual development. It is not sinful egotism for a Christian man to say, "I am purer than I used to be. I am more consecrated to Christ than I used to be. I have got over a great many of the bad babits in which I used to indulge. I am a great deal better man than I used to be." There is no sinful egotism in that. It is not base egotism for a soldier to say, "I know more about military tacties than I used to be fore I took a musket in my hand and learned to 'present arms,' and when I was a pest to the drill officer." It is not base tism for a sailor to say, "I know better how to clew down the mizzen topsail than I used to before I had ever seen a ship." And there is no sinful egotism of the Lord, or, if you will have it, voy-aging toward a haven of eternal rest, says, I know more about spiritual tactics and about voyaging toward heaven than I

Why, there are those in this presence who have measured lances with many a foe and unhorsed it! There are Christian men here who have become swarthy by hammering at the forge of calamity. They stand on an entirely different plane of character from that which they once occucharacter from that which they once occupied. They are measuring their life on earth by golden gated Babbaths, by pentecostal prayer meeting, by communion tables, by baptismal fonts, by hallelulahs in the temple. They have stood on Sinal and heard it thunder. They have stood on Pingah and looked over into the promised land. They have stood on Calvary and seen the cross bleed. They can, like Paul the apostle, write on their heaviest troples "light" and "but for a moment." The

ing life by the good they can do

John Bradford said he counted that day nothing at all in which he had not, by pen or tongue, done some good. If a man be-gin right, I cannot tell how man; tears he may wipe away, how many hurdens be may lift, how many orphans he may comfort, how many outcasts he may reclaim. There have been men who have given their whole life in the right direction, concentrating all their wit and ingenuity an mental acumen and physical force and enthusiasm for Christ. They climbed the mountain and delved into the mine and crossed the sea and trudged the desert and dropped at last into martyrs' graves walting for the resurrection of the just. They measured their lives by the chains they broke off, by the garments they put upon nakedness, by the miles they traveled to alleviate every kind of suffering. They feit in the thrill of every nerve, in the mo tion of every muscle, in every throb of their heart, in every respiration of their lungs the magnificent truth, "No man liveth unto himself." They went through cold and through heat, foot blistered, cheek smitten, back scourged, tempest lashed, to do their whole duty. That is the way they measured life-by the amount of good they could do.

Do you want to know how old Luther was; how old Richard Baxter was; how old Philip Doddridge was? cannot calculate the length of their lives by any human arithmetic! Add to their lives 10,000 times 10,000 years and you have not expressed it-what they hav lived or will live. Oh, what a standard that is to measure a man's life by! There are those in this house who think they have only lived thirty years. They will have lived 1,000-they have lived 1,000, There are those who think they are 80 years of age. They have not even entered upon their infancy, for one must become a babe in Christ to begin at all.

A Bright View of Life.

Now, .I do not know what your advantages or disadvantages are; I do not know what your tast or talent is; I do not know what may be the fascination of your man- Mississippi 30,346,000 ners or the repulsiveness of them; but I Alabama 30,524.000 know this-there is for you, my hearer, a Florida 3.811.000 field to culture, a barvest to reap, a tear Georgia 32,173,000 to wipe-nway, a soul to save. If you have South Carolina ... 15,308,000 worldly means, consecrate them to Christ. North Carolina. 31 324,000 If you have eloquence, use it on the side that Paul and Wilberforce used theirs, If | Maryland 20,354,000 you have learning, put it all into the poor box of the world's suffering. But if you have none of these-neither wealth, por loquence, nor learning-you, at any rate, have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened; a frown with which you may blast injustice; a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh," you say, "that is a very some timonious view of life!" It is not. the only bright view of fite, and it is the only bright view of death. Contrast the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with th death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quin, the netor, in his last moments, said, "I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the lost." Malesherhes said in his last moments to the confessor: "Hold your tongue! Your miserable style puts me out of conceit with heaven." Lord Chesterfield in his last moments, when he ought to have been praying for his soul, bothered himself about the proprieties of the sick room as Kneller spent his last hours on earth in drawing a diagram of his own monument.

Compare the sills and horrible departure of such men with the seraphic glow on the face of Edward Payson, as he said in his and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteons Judge, will give me." Or compare it with the Christian deathbed that you witnessed in your own bouse Oh, my friends, this world is a false god! It will consume you with the blaze in which it accepts your sperifice, while the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance, and when the thrones have fallen and the monuments have crombled and the world has perished they shall banjust with the conquerors of earth and the hierarchs of heaven.

Begin To-day. This is a good day in which to begin a new style of measurement. How old art thou? You see the Christian way of measuring life and the worldly way of measuring it. I leave it to you to say which is the wisest and best way. The wheel of time has turned very swiftly, and it has hurled us on. The old year has gone. The new year has come. For what you and I have been launched upon it God only knows. Now let me ask you all have you made any preparation for the future? You have made preparation for time, my dear brother; have you made any preparation for eternity? Do you wonder that when that man on the Hudson river, in indignation, tore up the tract which was handed to him and just one word landed on his coat sleeve the rest of the tract being pitched into the riverthat one word aroused his soul? It was that one word, so long, so broad, so high, so deep—"eternity." A dying woman in her last moments said, "Call it back." They said, "What do you want?" "Time," she said, "call it back!" Oh, it cannot be called back! We might lose our fortunes and call them back, we might lose on health and, perhaps, recover it, we might lose our good name and get that back, but time gone is gone forever.

Some of you during the past year made reparation for eternity, and it makes no difference to you really, as to the matter other year-whether this year or the next year. Both your feet on the rock, the waves may dash around you. You can say, "God is our refuge and strength—a very present belp." You are on the rook and you may defy all earth and hell overthrow you. I congratulate you, I give you great joy. It is a happy new

I can see no sorrow at all in the fact that our years are going. You bear some people say, "I wish I could go back again to boyhood." I would not want to go back again to boyhood. I am afraid I might make a worse life out of it than I have made. You could not afford to go back to boyhood if it were possible. You might do a great deal worse than you have done. The past is gone! Look out for the future! To all Christians it is a time of

wish there were more who are estimat- THE FARM AND HOME for waiting. I proposed the above plan

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARM. ER AND HOUSEWIFE

Favorable Showing of the Southern Corn Crop-Value of Artificial Lakes on the Farm-Plan for Digging a Good Well-Notes.

The Southern Farm Magazine, of Baltimore, has compiled from official reports the total production of corn by States in the South in 1898, showing a gain, as compared with 1897, of over 114,000,000 bushels. In the South the average price for corn runs from 40 cents to 50 cents or more, as estimated by the United States Agricultural Department. On the basis of 40 cents this means an increase of nearly \$50, 000,000 in the corn crop of the South, as compared with last year.

Compared with 1897, most of the Southern States show a small gain in acreage, running from 1 per cent, in Georgia to 8 per cent, in Texas, though Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky show a decr-ased acreage of from 2 to 5 per cent. The gain in the average yield per acre was very marked in nearly, all Southern States except in Georgia, in which there was a decline in the average of two bushels per acre. The total crop by States, as comolled by the Southern Farm Magazine from advance government reports, and as compared with 1897, was as follows;

1808

1897 (Bushels.) (Bushels.) States. Kentucky 64,486,000 85,177,000 20,328,000 West Virginia ... 17,004,000 Tennessee 63.673,000 73 526,000 53,709,000 Arkansas 35,581,000 72,175,000 Texas 72,175,000 Louisiana 21,576,000 4.377,000 26.580 000 17,500,000 34,170,000 Virginia 31,552 000 16,406,000

The total corn crop of the United States for 1808 was 1,926,000,000 bushels, against 1,902,000,000 bushels in 1897, a gain of only 24,000,000 bushels, whereas the gain in the South alone was 114,000,000 bushels. Omitting the South, the figures would show a large decrease for the rest of the country. This is a very gratifying exhibit as a partial offset to the low price of cotton this year, but before the South congratulates itself too heartily upon these Idea of the diversification of crops it should remember that the Central Southern States have in this big corn eron fust a little more than caught up with the corn crop of 1860, allowing nothing for the fact that in the meantime the population has doubled.

Artifici 1 Lakes on Farms. We have noticed in some parts of IIIInois a number of small artificial lakes constructed in the pastures where the soil is suitable. Recently we saw not less than half a dezen of these on a sinlast moment: "The breezes of heaven fan gle large farm. So far as we could see, me. I float in a sea of glory." Or with they supplied the only water available Paul the apostle, who said in his last for the stock, and the latter not only hour, "I am now ready to be offered up. drank the water, but bathed in it. There was no outlet, and the supply was gath ered mostly from the rains. The result of such conditions is that the water be comes stagnant and foul. Water weeds and water life multiply rapidly, and the possibilities of disease are greatly increased. It would be better to build fewer artificial ponds, and have them more sanltary in construction.

The desideratum is to produce a pond in which there will be a current of water. In such farms as we refer to it will be found impossible to produce such ponds without going outside of the natural resources of the pasture. In many townships there are no brooks that run throughout the year. The dependence in such cases must be placed in a windmill, and this is the reason why fewer and better ponds should be constructed. A windmill will not give much of a stream, it is true, but it will be enough to prevent the water from

becoming entirely stagnant. It will take some study to make the water run through the whole pond, but this can be accomplished by placing obstructions in the way or the current, continually deflecting it. Where there are low swales it will not require much of a lift to get the water to the top of the ground. This will increase the amount of water that can be pumped. If gravel and sand be near and plentiful. It might be advisable to use some of it for the bottom and sides, as that would probably have some influence on keeping down the growth of slime in the ponds. It would be also well to suggest that the hogs be not allowed to divide the possession of this pond with the other stock. The hogs seem to do more than any other animals to keep such places in an unwholesome state .-Haymaker.

I submit the following plan for digging a good well. Dip six feet deep in the usual manner and wall with stone, laying them in mortar made of hydraulic cement and sand. Continue the exeavation six feet further, making this one thirty-two inches in diameter. Put on a coat of this cement about one inch

Digging a Well.

thick and connect it with the stone wall. Leave the lower three feet uncemented. Excavate three feet more and then cement to within three feet of the bottom as before, and continue until the water is reached. If this work is properly done, a first-class well will be the result. The water will be as free from drainage as the driven well, angle worm tight, if you please. Objection may be raised that a well of this kind mot be put down through quick-nd or other loose digging. Some four-ry years ago a pioneer friend had no all on account of the absonce of stone except the upper six feet of wall was made of grout. At fifteen feet fine sand One Old Boy Who Was Cured by was struck, and the excavator, whe was a miner, said that it was unsafe to go further. I suggested a whitewash silver locks, and they had many other feet deep to water. Here was genuine they met. quicksand. A tube was made of 2x4 been put down since, one over fifty feet of the world and human nature. and have been perfectly successful. 1 made.-American Agriculturist.

How to Clean a New Churn. Never should a churn be employed for making butter until it has beer soaked several days. Furthermore, b it is perfectly tight when the soaking occurs, the bolts ought to be loosened more or less, so as to prevent it from warping and getting out of shape, says Ohio Farmer. Some manufacturers steneil this instruction right on the churn. Despite this, however, many are the butter-makers who neglect the precaution. What are the results? Gener ally the butter is not good, it baving for the first few churnings a decidedly woody taste.

Many are the ways recommended for sonking a new churn, but far will one go to find anything that equals water for absorbing most flavors, and espe cially if it is used in the following man ner: Have it clear and cold for the first 1 do." twenty-four hours, but change it two 105,461,000 or three times; next, churn for an hom 27.718,000 with a solution of some weak alkal 29.931.000 (powdered lye or lime), then rinse with 39 681,000 holling hot water, and if convenient soak for twenty-four hours longer with clean flavored buttermilk or sour skim med milk, repeating this should it seem necessary. This process over, wash the churn as usual-that is, by first clusing it with cold water, then churning for ten minutes with that which is boiling hot, and if steam is available steaming the implement sufficiently to make b warm enough to dry itself. Thus it is that almost any new churn may be ren | Herald. dered absolutely clean and sweet.

In a letter from our veteran friend James J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead he avows his belief that insufficient feeding is the reason why poultry be come troubled with lice. In his many figures as evidence of the growth of the years' experience with fowls he has never but once had occasion to use any of the popular vermin destroyers This is good testimony to the doctrine has settled at Southsen. England, that lice never breed except where there have recently been lice to breed fiction. from. In other words, the notion of spontaneous generation is a humbing It is undoubtedly true, also, that lies will not live on fat poultry. But there are times, as when hens of the brood ing varieties are determined to sit, and then the steadiness with which the ber will keep to her nest will make her thir in flesh, no matter how well fed she may be. Mr. Gregory probably remem tion. bers the story of the anxious mother come home. You know that a rolling stone gathers no mess." The son wrote back: "Dear mother, I don't want any moss. You must remember that a sit ting hen never gets fat." So there is use sometimes for remedles for hen lice as they cannot always be prevented by good feeding.-American Cultivator

Root Prowning.

"It is difficult to get people to under stand," says Meehan's Monthly, "that trees can die from root drowning. A Boston correspondent refers to two large horsechestnuts which were moved last spring with the greatest skill, but they died. In the fall an examination more serious book than any which she was made, and the holes found to be full of water within one foot of the questions connected with the inner surface of the ground. The holes were really flower pots, without the neces sary holes in the bottom to allow the tracts for its simultaneous publication water to escape. There can be no bet in England and America. ter lesson in gardening than to be con tinually remembering why it is neces sary to have a hole in a flower pot."

Poultry Pointers. Never give fowls medicines in metal-

lic vessels. Chemical combinations might be injurious.

Ducks and geese should never b breed disease in the flock.

The earlier bens shed their old coats the sooner they will begin to make a 17 months old. winter egg record. The Poultry Messenger advises put-

ting away some second growth clover for feding bens in winter. Freedom from lice and plenty of

'hump" themselves these days. The sooner you are rid of the old stock, except those intended for next

sesson's breeders, the better.

A writer declares that while old fowle can stand corn meal and bran, they all their hermitage, however, the two never should be fed to chicks. Be careful how the new grain is fed.

will probably call cholera. Pure-bred fowls first, last and all the time. The breed does not matter so much, provided you are satisfied with

It is liable to produce cases of what you

Give as much of a variety as possible Young chicks soon tire of the best of feed if confined to it for any length of

Hens that are permitted to range al summer will pot lay as many eggs as those in reasonable confinement and

properly fed. That soft feed that stands ever from morning till night is not just the thing for the next feed. It won't hurt the AN OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY

They were two old boys with sea made of cement, which was applied things in common, memories and a and held the sand securely until each host of chestnutty old stories, from three feet was finished, and so on forty which they brushed the mold whenever

Their jokes also had an ancient flasharpened on the inside lower end, and vor, but they never wearled of telling lowered four feet into the water, and them. While there were a few things the well has been apparently inex they acknowledged as superior to the haustible ever since. It was made inventions of the olden time, for the twelve years ago, and several have most part they bewalled the decadence

Then one of them became IIL examined the first well about a year nothing pleased him-not even the best ago, and as far as I could discern b doctor in the country when he came to was in as good condition as when firs | see him. He wanted old fashioned remedles that had not been heard of in two generations, and lamented the good old practice of phlebotomy and other passed-away specifics of materia med-

When he was at his lowest his old chum called, bringing a small, mysterious looking package, which the sick man put under his pillow.

"Where did you find it?" he asked feebly.

"In a little old-fashlened place on a back street, where some nice people have a little shop. It's the very same we used to buy when we were boys. I felt that it would cure you as soon's as ever I saw it."

"I've got stacks of things I don't want," said the sick man, "but nothing that'll set me up like this," and be greedly numbled something between his lips, not forgetting to say: "Have & bite, too. Maybe you need it as much,as

"I got some for myself." 'said the old chum, "and it took me right back to when I was a boy and-Here the nurse sent him away, but

from that hour the sick man revived. and in a few days was up and about, "I'd like to know what that other old chap brought him." the doctor said to the nurse.

"Nothing but some pink and white sticks of old-fashioned peppermint candy they couldn't have helped him any," responded the nurse, looking affably over her glasses. Ah, she was too young to know .- Chicago Times-



Mrs. Mannington Caffyn ("lota") where she is busy on a fresh work of

The widow of Captain Mayne Reld has in the press a novel entitled "George Markham," which will be published at once in London.

The Macmillans will soon issue "The Philippine Islands and Their People." a book by Professor Dean C. Worcester of the University of Michigan. It has been written from personal observa-George Meredith has written a ne

novel of modern journalism, but withholds it from publication because of its use of the personality of men now living, whom it will not do to set forth in print just as they are. Some further adventures of the he

roes of "Slaves of the Lamp" are being prepared by Rudyard Kipling. This story originally appeared in Cosmopolis, and in the continuation Mr. Kipling deals with life at an English public school.

The new novel upon which Marie Corelli was engaged when the death of her step-brother interrupted her work a short time ago, is to be a longer and has yet written. In it she has taken up workings of the Catholic Church at Rome. She has just completed con-

Jean Ingelow, when a child, used to write poems on the inside of her bedroom shutters. Her mother discovered these accidentally, and some of the efforts were printed. The poet and her brothers and sisters conducted a little magazine, the type being set by their schoolmates on a private printing machine. A peculiarity of Miss Ingelow's kept with chickens. They are sure to life was that she never entered a theater. It is claimed that she could remember events from the time she was

According to the New York Tribune. Bret Harte's story, "Tennessee's Partner," is said to have been suggested to the author by the touching and beautiful friendship which binds torange will make the growing chicks gether two old men who have lived more than forty years in the mountains on the route into the Yosemite. They have a little gold mine, which yields an ocasional fifty dollars, an orchard and a garden. One of the two has not seen San Francisco since 1855. With old men read a great deal, and know what is going on in the outside world.

Undue Consideration A physician was aroused about mid-night by repeated gentle tappings at his door, and, on getting up, found an Irishman living 'n the neighbor who solicited his immediate at ance for his sick wife,

"Have you been here long?" a

the doctor. "Indade, an' it's a half-hour Ofve been tryin' to arouse you," was the re-

"But why in the world didn't you ring the night bell?"
"Fath, an' Of did think av St, best Of was afraid it moight disthurb you."

A charitable girl never gives her rivel's ago away.