THEY REIGN.

Who are the kings and princes
That hold undoubted sway?
The saved, the meek, the pure in heart,
The men of Christ are they:
Called to be kings and priests by God,
Theirs is unstained renown;
They rule, and lead the hearts of men,
And none may take their crown.

The son of God, joint heirs with Christ,
They are of royal birth.
Their might is in their gentleness,
Their heritage the earth;
They need no herals to proclaim
Their titles or their right;
Their names are in the book of God,
Their deeds inscribed in light.

They have no armies for defence,
No panoply of state,
No regal splendor decks their brows,
No pomp proclaims them great;
Their triumphs come so silently,
The world can never know
How large their empire has become,
How their possessions grow.

But in the crisis of the world,
Its most august affairs,
It is these autocrats of good
Who rule men unawares;
And for their sakes, and in Christ's name,
Are bloodless victories won;
The crowd thinks otherwise: but this
The will of God is done.

—Christian Endeavor World.

A LOST LADY OF OLD YEARS

"A Lost Lady of Old Years" is the somewhat mystifying title of a clever romance of the days of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and the wars begun for his reinstatement. It is written by John Buchanan, a young Scotch writer, who have given much promise. In this, his latest story, many of his friends have found something of the flavor of Robert Louis Stevenson and his charm of style. The author quotes some lines from Browning upon the page opposite his first chapter:

E'en so, swimming appears,
Through one's after-supper musings,
Some lost lady of old years.
With her beauteous vain endeavor
And goodness unrepaid as ever.

Of this story one Francis Birkenshaw is the hero, and a certain lovely lady, Margaret Murray, is the heroine. Lady Murray was the wife of William Murray of Broughton. She was a leader in the cause of Charles Stuart, "The Pretender," who sought to oust the house of Hanover from its place at the head of the English government. Here is the account of the first meeting of the hero and heroine. Francis Birkenshaw, descended from a noble house, had fallen upon evil times. He was wild and dissipated, and now, in his early twenties, found himself a homeless adventurer. In desperation, he had consented to aid a robber and housebreaker, and was even now yithin the walls of a stately house in the country, many miles from Edinburgh. He had entered the house, but, being unfamiliar with its rooms, he was at a loss as to how to proceed. Suddenly he heard footsteps approaching, and he sank into a chair.

"The light of a lamp flooded the room, showing its noble size and costly furnishing. Francis sat silent in his chair, curious of the result, and busily searching his brains for some plausible tale. The lightbearer saw at the table a long man, his face dark with the sun, dwressed decently yet with marks of travel, and bearing somewhat in his dress and demeanor the stamp of a townsman, who sat waiting on the newcomer's question with eyes half apologetic and half bold.

"As for Francis himself, he saw a vision which left him dumb. He had expected the sight of a servant, or, at most, some gentleman of the cause, using the house as a lodging. But, to his wonder, at the doorway stood a woman, holding a lamp above her and looking full from its canopy of light into the half darkness. In the dimness she seemed tall and full of grace, standing alert and stately, with a great air of queenship. Her gown was of soft white satin, falling in shining folds to her feet, and showing the tender curves of arm and bosom. Above, at the throat and wrists, her skin was white as milk, and the hair rose in dark masses on her head, framing her wonderful face—pale, with the delicate paleness so far above roses. Something in her eyes, in the haughty carriage of the little head, in the life and grace which lay in every curve and motion, took suddenly from Francis the power of thought. He looked in silent amazement at this goddess from the void.

"He had waited for surprise, anger, even fear; but, to his wonder, he found only recognition. She looked on him as if she had come there for no other purpose than to seek him. A kindly condescension of one born to rule and be obeyed, was in her demeanor.

"'Ah, you are here,' she said. 'I thought you had not come. You are my Lord Manerwater's servant?'

"For an instant Francis' wits wandered at the suddenness of the question. Then his readiness returned, and, with some shrewdness he grasped the state of matters. He rose hurriedly to his feet and bowed with skill. 'I have that honor, my lady,' said he; and he reflected that his sober dress would suit the character.

"As he stood, a tumult of thoughts rushed through his brain. This was the famous lady whom he had so often heard of, she who was the Cause, the Prince and the King to so many loyal gentlemen. His eyes gloried in her beauty, for somewhere in his hard nature there was an ecstatic joy in mere loveliness. But the bodily perfection was but a drop in the cup of his astonishment. She had clearly been receiving guests in this old house, and guests of quality, for the rich white gown was like a state dress, and jewels flashed at her neck and fingers. A swift and violent longing seized him to be one of her company, to see her before him, to be called her friend. In her delicate grace she seemed the type of all he had renounced forever—not renounced, for in his turbid boyhood he had had no glimpse of it. To this wandering and lawless man for one second the elegancies of life were filled with charm, and he sighed after the unattainable. Then his mood changed to one of fierce revulsion. This was a lady of rank and wealth, doubtless with a crazy pride of place and honor, condescending gravely to him as one far beneath; and he, he was the careless, the indomitable who would laugh in the face of the whole orderly world."

He took the letter which she put into his hands, addressed to Mr. Murray of Broughton, her husband, and went away in a maze of thoughts. He quite forgot his errand of robbery, and did not think of his fellow, the would-be robber, who waited outside for him. Adventures came to him, and, in an inn, against which she had warned him, he was most indiscreet while in his cups. She came upon him there, having discovered that he was unreliable, and they had some words. In anger the lady struck him across the face with her riding whip. She thought he was a renegade servant, and "he felt with acid bitterness the full ignominy, the childish servile shame of his position." . . . "In that instant he knew the feebleness of his renunciation of virtue. Some power not himself forbade the extremes of disgrace—some bequest from more gallant forbears, some lingering wisp of honor." He bowed his head and received her blow.

She went her way to Edinburgh, and he followed, miserable, yet determined. He would redeem himself in her eyes. He would serve her. He would serve the cause. Asking for Secretary Murray, he was told that Lady Murray often attended to his business. He was allowed to enter.

"He found himself in a long dining room waiscoted in brown oak, and lit by a blazing fire on the hearth. Two candles burned faintly on a table, where sat a lady poring over a great map. She started at his entrance, and then, lifting a candle, came forward to scan his face. Meantime he was in a pitiable state of fear."

She spoke to him as if he were the unfaithful servant she thought. "The words with the sting of a lackey's reproach were the needed stimulant to Francis' brain."

"I am no servant," he said, and then hurriedly and brokenly he stammered a confession. . . .

"If I had known you as I know you now no lash of mine would have touch- you. A whipping is for a servant's fault, which may yet be forgiven. But for such as yours . . . And you are made in the likeness of a proper man," and a note of wonder joined with her contempt.

She asked his name, and he told her "Birkenshaw," she cried. "Of the Yarrow Birkenshaws? I have heard the name. Maybe even it is kin of my own. I have heard the name of that as a great and honorable house. And you hae lived to defile it!"

"The man said nothing. Deep hidden in his nature was a pride of race and name, the stronger for its secrecy. Now he saw it dragged forth and used as the touchstone for his misdeeds. It was the sharpest weapon in the whole armory of reproach."

He asked that she trust him, that she give him a trial.

"The lady frowned and tapped her fingers on the table, looking over his head to the wall beyond. 'You have much to learn,' she said gently. 'Do you think it is any merit in your services which would make me take you for the prince?' Then as if to herself, 'It is raw stuff, but it would be a Christian act to help in the shaping of it to honesty.'

"Then with a sudden impulse she walked straight up to him and looked in his eyes. 'Lay your hand on mine,' she said, 'and swear. It is the old oath of my house, maybe, too, of your own. Swear to be true to your word, your God, and your king, to flee from no foe and hurt no friend. Swear by the eagle's path, the dew, and the king's soul.'

"'I swear,' he said, his hand shaking like a leaf as it touched her slender wrist."

Margaret Murray had work for the willing ones. She sent Francis into the highlands to Simon Fraser, the great Earl of Lovat, to enlist the service of his clan in the cause. He arrived at the castle of the Frasers in the progress of a banquet. His name was taken to the earl and a place was made for him at the table.

"From the great man himself Francis could not keep his eyes, and in the pauses of the meal he found himself narrowly watching the mighty figure lolling in his carven armchair. Already beyond the confines of old age, an ungainly form with legs swollen with the gout and a huge rolling paunch, he lay in his seat like a mere drunken glutton. But when the eye passed from his body to the ponderous face and head, the mind drew his nature in different colors. The brow was broad and wrinkled with a thousand lines, hanging heavy over his eyes and fringed with great gray eyebrows. The thick, fleshy nose, the coarse lips, the flaccid gray cheeks, were all cast in lines of massive strength, and the jaw below the cunnig mouth was hard as if cut in stone.

But the most notable point in the man was the pair of little eyes, still keen as a ferret's, and cruel in their resolute blue. He ate ravenously and drank scandalously of every wine, keeping up all the while a fire of compliments and jocularities, coarse as the gutter, at which the obedient assembly roared.

After the feast Francis had an interview with the Lord Lovat in a turret chamber. "The place was little and bright, with a cheerful fire and a long couch of skins. So thick were the walls, so narrow the space, that Francis felt himself secluded from the world. The chief lay stretched out with his feet to the blaze, a little black table with wine at his elbow. 'Young man,' he said, 'I pray you sit down. See to your main comfort. Ye are admitted to a private and secret audience with a man who is not accessible to all. I trust ye have the sense to value your preevilege.'

"Francis bowed in some confusion. The look of arrogant strength in this strange old man crushed his spirits. He sorely distrusted his own wits in contest with this rock of iron.

"'Ye will have a letter from the secretary?'

"'Indeed no,' said Francis, 'for the matter is somewhat too long for a letter. It is a thing for discussion, my lord, and not for a scrawl on paper.'

"The old man looked grimly at the speaker. 'And who are you in God's name,' he rasped out, 'that is thought worthy to come and treat wi' me?—me, the first lord in the Hielands, the friend o' princes.'

"'My name is Francis Birkenshaw' at your service,' said the other, conscious that those shrewd eyes were scanning every line in his face, every thread in his garments.

"Once more his catechist plied him. 'Are ye gentrice?' he asked.

"At this some heat came into Francis' blood, and he answered warmly: 'I am even as yourself, my lord. My descent is none so regular, but I have the name and blood of a gentleman.'

"Lovat frowned crossly, for the scandals of his family were common talk. 'Ye have a ready tongue in your head, sir, but ye are somewhat lacking in respect. So ye are one of Murray's packmen?'

"He waited for an answer, but Francis held his peace. 'Ay,' he went on, 'a deeficult, dangerous job. Murray's a shilpit body, a keen man for his sin guid, but without muckle penetration. But his wife—weel, d'ye ken his wife?'

"'I have the honor of her acquaintance,' said Francis, stiffly.

"'Have ye, indeed?' said Lovat, smiling. 'A fine woman, then, I can tell ye, sir. A tonny bitch! A speerity licht sort o' body!' and he looked from below his eyebrows to see the effect of his words.

"'If you will pardon me, sir,' said Francis, 'I fail to see your point. You are talking of the character of those with whom I have nothing to do. Be assured I did not ride over your wet hills to indulge in moral disquisitions.'

"The man laughed long to himself. 'So that's your talk?' he said, 'and you're no one o' Murray's fighting cocks? Weel, the better for my business. Help yourself to some wine, Mr. Birkenshaw, for it's drouthy work talking.'"

Then follows the account of a remarkable interview, in which Francis was more than impressed with the ability of the Lord Lovat.

The story goes on with Francis' adventures until he comes to the Lady Murray again, after defeat had come to the Jacobites, and there was a price upon the heads of all the leaders. To the lady's deep humiliation and disgrace, her husband became a traitor to his former associates, and went to London in the role of an informer. Francis accompanied the dispirited lady to London, where she would find refuge in Lord Manorwater's house. The two who had made each other's acquaintance in such strange circumstance soon found that they loved. Separation was their fate, however, and they knew it. Murray yet lived, a traitor, and despised of all. Lady Murray decided to go to a convent in France, there to spend the rest of her days, and Francis would return to Scotland, there to live his life. This is the author's story of that last evening before their journeys upon separate ways:

"That evening the house was unwontedly gay, for some few Jacobite gentlemen had been bidden to supper, and the friends of the Manorwaters had come to bid godobye before the journey into France. After the fashion of the broken party they allowed no sign of melancholy to appear, and the scene was as gay as if the time had been happy alike for all. Francis was in no mood for ny meeting with others, but he could not, in grace, refuse to appear. In a little he was glad, for it comforted him to see how the end of the drama was played with spirit. As he watched the brave sight he felt how little a thing is failure in act if the heart is unbroken.

"But the vision of Margaret fairly surprised him. She had dressed herself in her gayest gown, putting on her old jewels which had lain untouched for months. Like a girl at the dawning of life she moved among the guests, cheerful, witty, incomparably fresh and lovely. Once again she was the grande dame who had guyed the prince's councils and the honest gentlemen who had stood for his cause. For a second he felt an overpowering, jealous craving for this woman, a repubnance to the graynes of his lot. And then it passed, and he could look on her and be thankful for this final spirit. It was the last brave flickering of life before the ageless quiet of her destiny."

"Women often send messages to their dressmakers or to dry goods shops on postal cards," says the September Ladies' Home Journal, "attaching a bit of cloth, ribbon or samples. This makes the card 'unmailable,' so that it is always sent to the dead letter office and invariably destroyed. Men—presumably men—not infrequently paste a clever joke or a telling political fragment upon a postal card and send it to a friend—at least, start it; but it never arrives. Nothing can be attached to a postal card, nor may one word be written on the address side except the address itself."

A PREACHE BECOMES A TRAMP

"Am I an advocate of the eight hours a day? I am an anarchist on the subject."

The exclamation of earnestness, the forceful tones of a cultured voice, the masterful manner of speech, coming from the roughly dressed, unshaven Irish laborer, were evidence that there was a story behind it.

And the story—a man of culture, accustomed to broadcloth and fine linen, welcome at the table of luxury, used to all the refinement of a pleasant home, surrounded with his books, respected among men—three months later in the garb of a workman, taking his dinner from a tin pail, in the company of the unlettered, one of the masses, reviled by the profanity of a "boss"—and why?

The Rev. George C. McNutt is looked upon as one of the brightest Presbyterian ministers Indiana has produced. He has been pastor of one of the largest congregations in Indianapolis. He established the Young Men's Christian association there. He has also been a successful pastor in New York, California and Illinois.

BECAME A TRAMP.

He left his cogregation at Urbana, Ill. He cast aside his clerical garb. He donned the clothes of a laborer. Penniless, he set out on the highways, a respected minister of the gospel transformed into a workman out of a job.

Why does not the church of today reach the masses? That was the problem he set out to solve. That was why the clergyman became a tramp.

"You can't reach the children through the Sunday schools," the principal of the schools in an Indiana city said to him, and that started him into making an investigation.

"I know," said Mr. McNutt, "that this is a time of theological unrest. I knew that preachers and others were uneasy over the present condition of the churches, especially in the larger cities. I knew that the decline of the Christian religion in the New England states was or appeared to be so great as to call for a fast day proclamation by the governor of New Hampshire, but I did not realize that right here in Indiana we Hoosiers had drifted so far that the churches no longer represented even the child life of the community.

"Refusing to take an invoice for fear of the facts, would be criminal business policy. What would an invoice of the Indiana churches show?

"Realizing that we preachers are likely to be long on wind and short on facts, and remembering the maxim of Emerson, 'Hug your facts,' I am on a still hunt for facts, especially in the exact attitude of the churches toward the laboring classes, and of the laboring classe toward the churches.

SWORN AT BY THE BOSS.

"To go after such facts in a clerical garb would be like trying to surprise an Indian camp with a torchlight procession and a brass band.

"Attired as an Irishman out of a job, I applied for work at the tinplate mills in Atlanta, Ind. I sat down outside the gate and awaited my turn, and, having no particular trade, was assigned to the labor gang. A fortunate assignment in helping the machinist and master mechanic set up a 'pickler' and big hoisting crane gave chance for occasional breathing spells, but after that was done I took my place with the rest unloading steel billets for ten hours, day after day.

"If there was anything monotonous, meaningless, stupefying, it is the steady lift, lift, lift of fifty pounds of steel to a man, averaging about seven or eight tons a day. Just when one's back begins to crack along comes the boss. Bosses, like other people, seem to have 'spells,' and it often happens that when the men are working the hardest the boss has a spell, and the floodgates of profanity are opened.

"I remember it ocurred to me—and a man is not etymologically responsible for what occurs to him—that if by any chance I should be sidetracked and land in hades, I should like to get the job of chief stoker and have charge of the bosses. Once, when a mason came to me to haul bricks and sand, I went for them with the alacrity with which a hungry dog goes for a bone. The bricks seemed like feathers, and the sand like snowflakes.

"Am I an advocate of eight hours a day? An advocate! I am an anarchist on the subject.

"The blast from that great whistle after ten hours' handling of cold steel was as sweet music as will break on the ears of the redeemed. Curiously, that same whistle in the morning sounded like a mail from the depths.

HAS LEARNED MUCH.

"I listened and learned the meaning of many things never before understood. I can see more clearly, when I look at the dome of some great factory, the man behind the machine, and the little home, however humble, behind the man. Between the lines of the daily telegraphic dispatch, 'Workman killed, leaving wife and children,' I can see the tragedy of human life and comprehend more clearly, I believe, the meaning of him in whose sight the laboring man stands as high as the organizer of a trust, who says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I wil igive you rest.'

"It is written of him: 'The common people heard him gladly.' The serious question in all this is, Are the churches genuinely Christianlike in their welcome to the weary and the heavy laden? And the common people, where are they? Are they today any more alienated from God than they were when the Nazarene lived among them, loved them and won them?

"After fourteen and a half days I found it necessary to lay off from my first job for repairs and reflection.

"'Is it possible,' was one of my reflections, 'that our schools are turning out ecclesiastical debutantes, theological rosebuds, who, having passed sixteen to twenty years through the hands of the polishers, are fitted only to shine in the drawing rooms of polite society rather than to be ministers also to and of the common people?'

"'Would it not be well to withhold the diploma for a year, and give the senior a jumper, a pair of overalls, $5 and a ticket 1,000 miles away from home? After a year spent in earning a living with toilers, making a dollar a day, would he not be better fitted to present himself for holy orders? What post-graduate course could be better? This, of course, is on the assumption that a minister is not above his Master, who was a son of toil and was tempted in all points like as we are.

"Are churches often affected by similar microbes of monumental meanness? Is there as much joy over one sinner that repenteth—a far mhand—as there is oevr one lawyer, one banker, or one professor who 'comes to our church?'

"Are these things true in Indiana? Investigation will disclose."

Has Mr. McNutt's experiment paid him? He perhaps has learned and is learning much that will enable him to better reach the masses, to gather intc his congregation men such as those with whom he labored. But will his suggestion that such a course as he has laid out for himself be made a post-graduate course for theological students be adopted?

Don't Drift.

If a man is on a journey, where he goes depends very largely upon where he sets out to go. If he is out for pleasure almost any road will do, provided it is through a pleasant country. But if he is on business he takes the straight road. For an expeditious, successful journey there is nothing like having a definite objective point in view and keeping on the direct path.

If a man would succeed in business he must know what he is after, and bend all his energies to the accomplishment of that one thing. And in matters pertaining to one's spiritual culture, the acquisition of life and manhood, there is nothing like having an aim—single, steady and well defined. "This one thing I do." Character is not an accident, but an achievement. No one ever inherits it or happens upon it. He climbs after it and fights for it.

If it were possible to analyze the causes of the many moral wrecks forever being cast upon the social strand, or if the deeper reasons for so much spiritual stuntedness and deformity were discoverable to human eyes, there is no doubt they would be found to lie most of all in utter absence of such an aim. In multitudes of lives there is a vast amount of spiritual drifting and uncertainty, aiming at nothing and always hitting what they aim at. In a measure this indecision is the bane of all lives, and the one secret of spiritual life and health is being rid of it. Strong and beautiful characters do not have it. They know what they are here in the world for, and never get lost on the way.

We are accustomed to measure the worth of a man spiritually by the objects he considers most worthy of his pursuit, the things he is most ambitious to possess, and no matter what his profession or possessions, if he is seeking what is mean and low we do not rank him high in the scale of manhood. What am I living for? is a question which every earnest soul will be asking itself continually as long as life lasts. The answer to that question will become clearer and more distinct with the years. Am I the master of things and circumstances, or am I their slave? Nothing in the world is quite so bracing to one's higher courage, so inspiring to one's hope, so tonic and stimulating to the will, so invigorating to the spiritual life, as to believe and feel that one is here for a great purpose, for a work which no other soul can do, and to go about one's tasks, whatever those tasks may be, assured that all of them are God-given, sacred, imperative and related to a distant and noble end. It matters little what I do compared with the spirit in which I take up my work. I must know how to find good in what seems to be evil, to etract the sweet from the bitter, or I have not learned the meaning of Christ and his cross. If I can make the common events of life serve my highest purpose, if I can find the poetry of the world in its homely prose, as every true singer does, then the world itself is a poem to me, and I have discovered the secret of the wise. If out of the quarry of every day life I can take the ordinary stones and build a temple of the living God, then I am independent of all monopolies and have no need of favor from anyone.—The Congregationalist.

It is not the sugar that keeps fruits, but the absolute exclusion of air with perfect rubers and tops. In making fruit jelly always use large pans so evaporation can go on rapidly. The secret of good jelly makins is highly flavored fruits. Lemon, ginger, and spice should be used only for citron, watermelon and other flavorless preserves. The preserve should always be kept in dark rooms that are cool and well ventilated. This is the only way to prevent the disagreeable sweating. All fruit pits, stones, seeds, and so forth should be left in the fruit as much as possible, for they give more flavoring to the preserves than any other part of the fruit. This is why peaches, plums and cherries are canned with the pits in them. They flavor the whole can or jar.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

Chicago has contributed nearly $7,800,000 so far in war taxes.

The Kansas corn record may be broken this year by a crop of 300,000,000 bushels.

A Paris journal declares that "petroleum drinkers" are becoming plentiful in the Bastile quarters.

In Chicago 33,000 dog licenses have been issued for this year, and 7,000 or 8,000 more are expected to be taken out.

A movement has been started in Texas to bring about the incorporation of manual training in the curriculum of the public schools of that state.

Russia's Asiatic possessions are three times the size of England's, but hold only 23,000,000 inhabitants, against England's 297,000,000 subjects.

Hanover, Pa., has distinguished itself by running out of town the just-elected superintendent of schools because it was found that he was a Roman Catholic.

Successful experiments have been made in Paris with an automobile watering cart, and 300 of these will be put in service, replacing 800 horsepower carts now in use.

In Kansas, since 1850, every year ending with the figure 9 has been a great corn year, while every year ending with a cipher has shown a failure of the corn crop.

The Spanish are among the most charitable people on earth. Without a poor tax Spanish communities of 50,000 self-supporters feed a pauper population of 5,000 or more.

A democratic club, recently organized in New Haven, is to be run, partly at least, on public funds. It has voted to assess public officeholders who are members of the club 2 per cent of their salaries.

According to George F. Kunz, special agent of the United States geological survey, the value of all the precious stones found in the United States in 1898 was $160,920, as compared with $136,675 in 1897.

At a recent wedding in Atchison, Kan., the Congregational minister of that city refused to perform the ceremony, though the bride was a member of his church, for the reason that she was a divorced woman.

The kissing bug was invented by a band of Washington correspondents, to give them a sensation for the dull season. They even invented its alleged scientific name. Entomologists say such an insect does not exist.

From Denver comes a complaint against a toowise public impounder. The dog catcher stands on a corner and loudly calls: "Here, Dewey! Here, Dewey!" and then gathers in the luckless and tagless that answer to their name.

Maine's adjutant general is about to organize her naval reserve. Its nucleus will be taken from the men from Portland who served on the Montauk during the war with Spain. It is hoped to get the organization in working condition by January.

The Kansas City Journal says: "A careful summing up of the accounts of Fourth of July celebrants, as given in the Kansas press, shows that more people were dangerously hurt than the entire number of wounded in the Twentieth Kansas."

Miss Nora Abbey, a nurse at Bellevue hospital, New York, who badly burned her hands in rescuing babies from the fire in the infants' pavilion, has been dismissed from her place, it is said, because she gave information of the fire to reporters.

According to a New York physician, women who enter hospitals there to learn the profession of nurses, look upon the hospital as a matrimonial hunting ground, where young physicians are the quarry; that flirting with the doctors comes first, and taking care of the patients second.

At a meeting of the Prussian academy of sciences on July 30 Prof. Dills delivered an address on the need of a universal language for men of science, in order that articles and books may be intelligible to all. He considered volapuk an artificial product of little use, and advocated the adoption of English as the world language.

Few of the million passengers or more who make their daily journey in a London 'bus or street car know that the horses which draw them are nearly always American or Canadian. Great Britain, the "horsiest" country in the world, buys more than 20,000 horses from the United States nearly every year. Nearly all of these are heavy draught horses.

Belgium is the most confused little nationality on earth. In the great cities the population is made up of inextricable mixtures of Flemish races and the Walloons, pure French, and Germans. Add to this broad splashes of the Spanish blood that came in with the princes of the last century, and you have a curious conglomerate mar—the brave little Belgian.

The largest item of increase in Great Britain's exports during June, as compared with 1898, was raw materials where the gain was $3,155,000. Most of this increase, however, was in coal which England has been exporting in enormous quantity. Its coal exports for June rose in volume 33¾ per cent over 1898; shipments for the six months increased 36⅝ per cent.

Some plants go to sleep every night. The mimosa, or sensitive plant, in daylight opens its fragile leaves, which are hard at work eating, absorbing the carbonic acid of the air into plant food. At night the mimosa sleeps and digests what it has eaten, and the leaves fold up double against each other, the stem droops, and the leaf is limp and apparently dead.