

The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY HOWARD FORRESTER.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"And to think! The thing you were bringing me was a lot of lies—printed lies to mislead honest men. It was to carry this stuff to me you went to the mill. Well, the story will keep—it will keep. An open circular would not have misled you, but those people are so rich now they can waste hundreds and thousands of dollars on stamps. How long will it be until dinner is ready?"

"I can have it ready in fifteen minutes at most—maybe sooner."

"There's no hurry, Jack. I'll be back soon—I'm going over to child's."

The ironworker put his hat on and left the house. He must talk to some kindred spirit—Jack Jones was the man. The ironworker's daughter was in the act of frying potatoes when a gentle rap on the door startled her. She deftly slipped the stove lid under the pan to prevent the potatoes from burning in her absence, and opened the door.

As she opened it a deep blush mantled her face. The visitor was Arthur Mayberry. He lifted his hat, bowed, begged her pardon, looked disconnected, then said:

"Possibly I have made some mistake, Miss Atherton."

He glanced up at the number, blushing furiously. Miss Atherton was quick-witted. She was noted among her friends for always doing the right thing.

"If you will tell me what number you are looking for, sir, maybe I can be of some service to you."

Arthur Mayberry thought he had never heard a voice as musical as the ironworker's daughter possessed.

"Why, there is some absurd mistake, I dare say. I was looking for Number 22."

"This is 22. Pray come in."

He entered, and she closed the door, while Mayberry produced a pocketbook, took from it a small clipping from a newspaper, and said:

"I dare say the printer made a mistake. But it says 22."

"I have no doubt it is right. What is it?"

He handed the clipping to her.

"Please be seated. I've no doubt this is my father's advertisement. He has been working on inventions many years."

Then she handed him back the clipping, which he carefully replaced in his pocket-book.

The clipping read:

To Capitalists—A practical ironworker, one who possesses a fair knowledge of mechanics, having perfected an invention which will accomplish in four hours the work which now consumes from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, desires to deal with some one whose resources, or experience, or both, will prove worth a half-interest in introducing the idea. Address, or call at Number 22 street.

"My father will be in in fifteen or twenty minutes at most," said Irene.

Mayberry suspected the truth. He had called at their dinner hour. He rose, replaced his hat, and placed his hand on the knob of the door, saying:

"I had no idea it was your father, Miss Atherton. Please tell him I may call later in the day, or—I can see him in the mill."

There was a sound of voices on the street. As Arthur Mayberry opened the door, still looking at the ironworker's daughter admiringly—he could not remove his eyes from her—Irene started.

The loudest voice was her father's. He was very angry. The other voice was that of a stranger.

It was evident Mr. Mayberry recognized her father's voice. He thought he recognized the voice that puzzled Irene.

He could not step out, nor could he act upon his first impulse and close the door again, for that would simply be an admission that he had heard all that was said on the street.

He began to speak of the sudden death of the manager of Star Mill, when the voices on the street rose louder and sharper. Atherton's voice was loudest.

"If you ever insinuate—if you ever hint at that again—as sure as there is a heaven above us—"

"Hah! You threaten me!"

"You infernal scoundrel! You—you—villain! Go away, before I am tempted to do something!"

The listeners heard a sneering laugh. The strange voice answered in a low tone, then, suddenly and without warning, the ironworker pushed his door wide open and confronted his daughter and Mayberry with a pale face, and hands trembling like one afflicted with a palsy.

CHAPTER V.

The ironworker stared from one to the other, then with a mighty effort regained self-control.

"You find me in a temper, Mr. Mayberry—if you knew; but I won't talk about it. Is it anything particular you want to see me about?"

Mayberry, recalling the circumstance afterward, remembered Atherton did not ask him to sit down.

"I called in relation to an advertisement, but I did not dream it was yours."

"Yes, yes," said Atherton. He was hurried. "But really, Mr. Mayberry, I can't talk business just now—I must cool off. I—we can talk it over at the mill. Sorry things have happened this way—but it's not my doing, it's all that—"

Here the puddler checked himself and bit his lip.

"Mr. Mayberry might stop and take dinner with us, father. It is almost ready."

"You are welcome—none more welcome, to such as we have," said Atherton. "I'm not at all mindful of these things as my daughter, Mr. Mayberry. We would be pleased to have your company."

"Not now," said Mayberry. "You will excuse me to-day, Mr. Atherton."

Mayberry bowed and withdrew. When the door closed upon him, Atherton sat down suddenly.

"You are not well," said his daughter, with concern.

"It is nothing," said her father; but she wondered none the less. His tone, his manner was strange. Instead of hanging his hat so heavily, and speaking lightly of the affairs of the house, Atherton sat moodily, tossing his hat on a chair near him.

"Dinner is ready, father," said his daughter, a minute later.

Atherton rose, passed a hand over his eyes, and sat heavily—Irene had never

heard him sigh before—and sat down. He helped his daughter, then helped himself. But he did not eat much. And presently he began to talk in a tone his daughter had heard him indulge in but rarely, except when some of his fellow-workers came in for an hour or two.

"I suppose Sam Gummitt will be manager, and then there'll be trouble. The way things are running now, a workman hasn't much chance. If he dares to say his soul is his own, he hears of it. And if he stands up for his rights they manage to get rid of him some way. It's not hard finding an excuse. Capital rules the day."

"Maybe things will take a turn for the better, papa," said Irene, smiling.

"I hope things may—I hope they may, but it don't look like it. I'm too poor to try my own ideas, and because I don't know to some fellow who would rob me of my brain work, I'm out in the cold—and likely to be."

As a large, heavy-built man entered, Atherton looked at her sharply. She was apparently unconscious of his scrutiny. He was going to speak, when a light rap on the door attracted his attention.

"Come in."

As a large, heavy-built man entered, Atherton exclaimed:

"Ah, Jack! Just the man I want to see."

"I was out when you came over," said the visitor.

"Sit down, Jack."

The visitor settled himself comfortably by the fireplace. It was merely a matter of habit. He might have sat out of doors, the weather was so fine.

"Anything new, Jack?"

"They do say as how Gummitt will be over us."

"Ah!"

"However, it ain't just settled."

"No? What seems to be in the way, now?"

"Oh! I'm not sure. They do say as how Gummitt has some prime new idea."

Atherton, who was standing, wheeled around suddenly upon hearing this.

"Gummitt got an idea—a prime idea!"

Jack Jones' eyes twinkled. He could scarcely preserve his gravity. Something was welling up in him—something he was trying to keep down, but it would not be repressed.

"Yes—Sam's got an idea—a brand new one. I do not say 'twas his own, what's to hinder any man having a new idea—but it's as easy to carry borrowed ideas, as 'tis to carry your own."

The puddler drew a deep breath, picked up a chair, planted it in front of his neighbor, and sat down. Then he said in a sharp tone:

"Jack, what's in this? You've heard something. Tell me all about it."

"Give a fellow time, Dan. Don't come at me like a house afire."

"Come—out with it, Jack."

"Why, then, they do say Gummitt has found a new process."

"What is this idea? Is it anything like mine, Jack?"

"Well, now, if you come at me that way," Jack began, but his friend interrupted him.

"Come, Jack; you know—everybody knows—Sam Gummitt is a man who has only his doggedness and his close mouth to recommend him. I don't deny he is a good workman—but he is not as good as half a dozen you know. And he never originated an idea in his life. So, if it is anything like my idea—"

"It is."

Atherton leaned back and looked at his visitor steadily.

"Who told you this?"

"Well—it's come to me two or three ways, Dan. But there's no doubt of it. If it isn't your idea, it's mighty nigh it."

Atherton rose and paced the floor. Then he stopped in front of his guest.

"Jack, do you know what I'll do if Sam steals my invention?"

"Give him a licking—a right down good one. He'd deserve it."

"I'll do worse than that. I'll show him up—and whoever backs him. If there's any law in the land."

"Ay, there's plenty of law, but where's your justice? If he has some one at his back with a long purse—oh? What will you do then?"

Atherton's answer was sharp and quick.

"If I can't get justice, and Sam Gummitt steals my plans, I'll deal with him myself. I don't think he'll like to force me to that—but let any of them try to rob me, and they will find it'll cost them more than they'll like to pay."

"I'll not forget it, Jack."

"I hear so many stories about people stealing patents—and we're always reading about infringements. But it's time enough to worry when you're sure he's got your invention."

"No," said Atherton with energy. "Now is the time."

They sat looking at each other quietly a few minutes, when Jack suddenly said:

"Tell you what, Dan. There's a man could maybe help you. Why didn't you think of him long ago? He knows all the owners—and they say he has a pile of money, too."

"Ah! that's my man—somebody who has, or can control, a good deal of money."

"Yes, it will take a goodish bit, I reckon. This man can help you in every way with owners, seeing as he is dealing with them every day, and knows the inside and outside of the whole business."

"Who is your man?"

"Jackson Gripp."

"Jackson Gripp?" The puddler half rose; his face grew pale; his eyes were fixed on his visitor's in a stare that alarmed his neighbor, who in his turn stared at Atherton. Then he called out loudly:

"Hol there, come here quick."

Irene Atherton sprang to the door in answer to the call. As she entered the room, big Jack put out his hands; he was just in time to prevent the puddler from falling forward.

"What has happened? What is it?" Irene asked quickly as she knelt beside her father.

"I don't know, miss, more than you do. We were talking, when all at once he closed, and that's all I know about it."

It's mighty strange. Your father never had no fainting spells, had he?"

Irene shook her head.

"Best let me help you put him to bed."

"It's something terrible—it is like death—oh! can it be he is dying?" Irene was beside herself with terror and grief. She felt his pulse; she lifted his head; she put a hand over her father's heart.

"Run, run for a doctor, for heaven's sake!"

Jack Jones gave her a single backward glance, then ran for the doctor.

CHAPTER VI.

When the doctor arrived, Dan Atherton was walking up and down his house in a fine temper.

"I am very much obliged to you, Jack," he said to his fellow-worker and neighbor as that individual looked open-mouthed at him, "but really I am as well as ever I was."

The doctor, a young practitioner, looked at Atherton narrowly, then at his daughter, who speedily beat a retreat to another room, then at Jones.

"It does not look as if my services were needed."

"No, they are not. But your time is worth something. Oh yes, but you must," said Atherton, as he forced a bill into the young man's hand. "I'd rather pay to be well than sick any time."

He spoke so cheerily that Jack Jones looked more and more amazed at him.

"If I need a doctor, be sure I shan't forget you, either. I guess it was a fit of indigestion, or something. I have been a little out of sorts."

"No doubt that's it," said the doctor, finding he must say something. "At all events, there does not seem to be anything wrong with you now."

The doctor retired speedily, two dollars richer than when he came. Then Jones, who was puzzled exceedingly, went home, wondering at the strange thing he had witnessed.

Dan Atherton, despite his daughter's wishes, went out, saying he might not return until evening. His daughter pondered over his strange illness; the sudden seizure and swift recovery were unaccountable.

Meantime Dan Atherton made his way to the office of a mill owner who had the reputation of a public-spirited, enterprising, liberal man. The puddler had worked in his mill, but had never addressed a word to the mill owner in his life.

He found some difficulty in getting access to the owner. It was only when three or four visitors were bowed out of the mill owner's office that Atherton was admitted. Mr. Chubb looked at him sharply as he awaited his communication.

"My name is Atherton, sir. I worked in your mill four years ago."

"Well, Mr. Atherton?"

"I called to see you on a matter of business. About a new process."

"Humph! A new process, eh? Sit down. I find I've got—yes, just ten minutes to spare. If you can give me an idea of your process, or what you propose to do, in that time—"

"No, I will not take up your time, Mr. Chubb. I can't give you an idea of a thing it's taken me eight or ten years to study out, in ten minutes. I thought you might be interested in it—that you would at least listen to a plan that will double your present capacity without costing you much, if it works at all; but I'll not bother you, sir. Good day, sir."

And the puddler found himself standing on the sidewalk, cursing the pride of the mill owner, classing him with all the spoiled capitalists, while Mr. Chubb was wondering, as he said to himself: "What the world was coming to, when a workman—a common workman—dared talk to a man like him in that style!"

Atherton was standing irresolutely before Mr. Chubb's office, when he espied Arthur Mayberry approaching.

His first impulse was to turn his head aside. Then he chided himself for an ungrateful, narrow-minded fellow. He owed his daughter's life to this young man. Why should he avoid him? More especially since Mayberry had called to see him in answer to his advertisement. He turned, and when young Mayberry came abreast of him said:

"We meet again."

"Yes, and at a time that just suits me, if it suits you, Mr. Atherton."

"Oh, any time suits me."

"I know a place, a quiet place, where we can talk business without interruption. Or, if you prefer it—as I do—there is a very quiet restaurant near here, where we can get some oysters."

"I'll take the oysters," said Atherton.

"Come," said the puddler's new-found friend, as he led the way.

"That Chubb has given me such a back-set," said Atherton, angrily, "that a man can get a bargain of me now."

"I don't ask any more than I would be willing to give," said Mayberry. "If your idea is worth money, I will try to get it out of it for you and me and my baker."

Arthur Mayberry guided the puddler to a restaurant near at hand, ordered oysters for two, and, passing into a box, seated himself, saying: "Now I am prepared to listen to you, Mr. Atherton."

The puddler began in a low tone, and very soon the eyes of his listener sparkled. As Atherton described his plans, Mayberry struck the table with his hand.

"You have struck it, Mr. Atherton!"

"Eh? You see it?"

"See it! Why, I see it as plain as I see you."

"I'm not a visionary, am I?"

"A visionary! You are eminently practical."

The young man's estimate of the puddler underwent a sudden change. Here was a man of extraordinary ability—a rough diamond utterly overlooked.

"But tell me," he said to the puddler, "where did you acquire such information?"

"Well, by using my eyes, and reading—mostly thinking out things that's puzzled most of us."

Atherton's tone and manner was that of a modest man. But he was confident of his powers—confident and self-reliant. Mayberry thought, "all that this man requires is education to shine."

"You think my idea is all right, eh?"

"Mr. Atherton, I won't say just all I think of it now. I know it will work, and it will make us or whoever goes in with us, rich."

Atherton's eyes sparkled. This was the first positive encouragement he had received.

"It is plain as day to me," said Mayberry. He was talking rapidly, and in a tone that could be overheard, when the puddler said:

"Not so loud—there is somebody in the next box."

Mayberry was surprised. He inclined his ear. Then he said, in a low tone:

"Do you think they heard?"

"I'm sure of it."

"They did not hear sufficient to interfere with your plans, have they?"

"It depends on who is next us. If they are in the iron or steel business—"

"I see," said Mayberry. "I would like to know—I am very curious to learn who is next us."

"And I am determined I will know, since it has gone so far. Let us sit silent, and wait until they go out."

They sat looking at each other, and listening for the occupant of the box next them to depart. Presently they heard the occupant moving a chair. But he did not leave his box. Atherton, weary of waiting, made a movement to Mayberry, rose and stepped to the door of the box. Mayberry rose also; he was passing out after Atherton, when the door of the stall next them was opened suddenly, and Mr. Gripp confronted them.

Atherton advanced to him as if he intended speaking, but he changed his mind suddenly, and turned aside.

"Good day, Mr. Gripp," said Mayberry, in his cheery, off-hand way.

"Good day, Mr. Mayberry."

(To be continued.)

JUDGE STORY'S MONEY.

Not Good a Few Miles from Home. Though He Made it Himself.

In 1826 Josiah Quincy, then a young man but recently graduated from Harvard, was invited by Judge Story, a member of the Supreme bench, to accompany him to Washington. Judge Story was one of the great talkers at a period when conversation was considered a sort of second profession. In "Figures of the Past" Mr. Quincy gives an incident of the journey from Boston to Washington, which was made by stage coach.

The first night of our journey was spent at Ashford, in Connecticut, where we arrived late in the evening; and here the bother of wildest currency, as it was afterward called, was forced upon our attention.

The bills of local banks would not circulate beyond the town in which they were issued, and when Judge Story, who had neglected to provide himself with United States notes, offered the landlord a Salem bill in payment for his supper, the man stared at it as if it had been the wampum of the Indians or the shell money of the South Sea Islanders.

"This is not good," said the host, "and I think you must know it."

"I know it is good," retorted the judge, testily. "And I'll tell you how I know it. I made it myself!"

This reply, of which the landlord could make nothing, unless it were the confession of a forger, did not mend matters; and it was fortunate that I had provided myself with some national notes, which ended the difficulty. The explanation was that Judge Story, as president of a Salem bank, had signed the bill.

The Salt of the Sea.

Roughly speaking, if you take the salt out of the sea water you deprive it of a thirtieth of its weight. On that basis one-thirtieth of the entire weight of all the sea water in the world is salt, and as salt and water are about the same in bulk, we may estimate also that, by bulk, one-thirtieth of the huge mass of the ocean is pure salt. What does this bring us to?

Taking the 120,000,000 odd square miles of the five oceans to average a mile and a half deep, we have in them alone 200,000,000 cubic miles of salt water. A thirtieth of this should give us the bulk of the salt contained in the great waters of the globe.

Rounding the figures, we get something like 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt. If it were taken out and spread over the surface of the six continents they would be covered with its snowy powder to a depth of over two hundred feet.

To put it another way, if all the earth were salt water, there would be enough salt in it to make two globes of solid salt very little smaller than our moon.

A Gigantic Meteorite.

Prof. Henry A. Ward has announced the discovery of a great meteorite in Western Mexico. The stone weighs fifty tons; it is thirteen feet one inch in length and lay buried by the terrific force of its own momentum nearly twenty feet in the earth. Small portions of the meteorite were broken off; the remainder was left intact for the time being. The cost of transporting the stone to the sea coast, seventy-one miles, would have been more than \$50,000.

A Horizontal Tree.

At Shillfried, near Matzen, an Austrian holiday resort much patronized by the Viennese, there is a tree which has the most singular characteristic of growing horizontally over the ledge of a deep hollow. The tree is about ten years old, and two years since, as the result of a landslide, it fell into its present position, with its branches upwards and downwards, and so has grown ever since, flowering and leafing just as if the position were natural.

World's Draft Animals.

A French authority estimates the number of horses in the world at 74,000,000, and the number of mules and asses at 12,100,000. Despite the inroads of the automobile, there is an unusual demand for draft animals and the prices are high.

Greenland's Population.

Greenland's population, by the recent census, is 10,974; 5,174 are men, 5,800 women. The population increases about one hundred yearly. There are usually twenty to twenty-five fatal drowning accidents each year.

The average man pays his fiddler very philosophically, if he sees that his neighbor is assessed in the same proportion.

After a lively race for a husband many an heiress marries a run-down nobleman.

Women's Doings.

Insanity Among Women.

Professor Zimmer, of Berlin, who is a very wise man, has been investigating the causes of insanity among women, and has reached the conclusion that with the coming of women in competition with men must follow a tremendous increase of insanity among women. It sounds reasonable. And it hurts.

The man who is a real man feels sorry every time he sees a frail woman patiently doing labor that would tax the strength and endurance of a man. Nature didn't plan it that way. Nature failed to make for her the big bones and strong muscles that are needed. And there is the food question. You see the girl who works hard quietly take a seat in the restaurant and order tea and rolls. She fits her lunch to her purse, not to her needs. She doesn't provide enough fuel for her body, because she cannot; and at 6 o'clock, when the big store closes or the factory wheels are still, she goes home with a raging headache and tortured brain, and worries when she should be sleeping.

Yes, it is easy to see that more women are going into mad-houses, and it is not easy to find a remedy. Business is heartless. It doesn't take much account of sex. It demands more, and always more. It cries for increased efficiency and greater energy—in the school room, office, factory. It is never satisfied.

The world respects the business woman, and recognizes her efficiency. It knows she can do most things as well as a man, and many things better. But the thinking part of it remembers the tired faces of the army that is going home from work; searches almost in vain for smiles, and hopes and prays that the day will come when the need for and the needs of the woman in business will be less keen, and the lot of the mothers of a coming generation be less hard.



Dress skirts of white fabrics are cut with seven gores, are well flared and trimmed with round or diagonal rows of insertion inserted. These skirts are cut with a dip at the back and an inlaid boxplait at the back of the belt. If a partly worn white skirt needs remodeling it can be enlarged and lengthened with a deep yoke of open embroidery; where a flounce is used it may then be fitted plainly and need not flare any more than a gores skirt does. Linen skirts, alone, and also with waists to correspond, will be trimmed with bands of hand embroidery done with heavy silk, or mercerized cotton in white or colors.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Woman Shines as Solon.

Alice M. Rubie, member of the lower house of the Colorado Legislature, who distinguished herself by nominating Henry M. Teller for United States Senator, is having her first experience with official life. Mrs. Rubie was born in Vermont. Her father was a Kansas pioneer. She has always been an earnest worker in the State Suffrage Association and has taken a keen interest in politics, although it was not until the last campaign that she consented to stand for an office. She is a devoted mother, and her home is a model of coziness and comfort. She is idolized by her children.

Economics Are Wearing.

Truly this world should soon be able to produce an immense crop of beautiful women, fine cooks and adepts in selecting artistic house furnishings if the "Beauty Hints," "Cooking Lessons" and "Color Schemes" that are continually appearing on the pages of almost every publication are to count for anything—and that they are being read and the various directions religiously followed is evidenced by the numerous letters of inquiry that are published in columns devoted to such matters. Something to change the color of the hair and remove wrinkles seems to be the most desired object of the beauty seekers, and so frequently do these requests occur that one is almost convinced that more than half the women are growing prematurely old and gray trying to concoct appetizing dishes out of the articles that have been judiciously selected by authorities on household economy, who have announced (to the infinite regret of hundreds of housewives) that large families can actually

live on ridiculously small sums per week.

As a consequence the one who provides the money for household expenses is readily convinced that his hard-earned cash is being wasted, and the new marketing methods are adopted forthwith. But this is by no means the end of this important matter, for every member of the family is sure to register a complaint when their favorite dishes fail to appear, so it is small wonder that, in her efforts to please and still be economical, the weary wife and mother should develop looks of silver.

Women in Odd Callings.

Women workers are invading every line of employment. The census of 1900 makes returns for 303 separate occupations, and in only eight of these do women workers fail to appear.

None will be surprised that there are no women among the soldiers, sailors and marines of the United States Government, yet there are 153 women employed as "boatmen" and sailors.

Women have not as yet invaded the ranks of the city fire department, still not less than 879 women are returned in the same general class of "watchmen, policemen and detectives."

There are no women street car drivers, though there are two women "motormen" and 13 women conductors.

They have not as yet taken up the employment of telegraph and telephone "linemen," yet 22,556 of them are operators for these companies.

There are no women apprentices and helpers among the roofers and slaters, yet two women are returned as engaged in these employments.

There are 126 women plumbers, 43 plasterers, 167 bricklayers and stone masons, 241 paper hangers, 1,759 painters and glaziers and 545 women carpenters and joiners.

No women are returned as helpers to steam boiler-makers, but eight women work at this industry as full mechanics. There are 193 women blacksmiths, 571 machinists, 3,370 women workers in iron and steel, 890 in brass and 1,775 women workers in tin.

Among other unusual employment for women are 100 workers as "lumbermen and raftsmen," 113 woodchoppers, 373 sawmill employes, 440 bartenders, 2,086 saloonkeepers, 904 "draymen" and teamsters, 323 undertakers, 143 stovecutters, 63 "quarrymen," 65 white-washers, 11 well-borers and 177 stationary engineers and firemen.

Health and Beauty Hints.

It is said that the hands may be quickly whitened by the following process: Rub them well at night, for three nights in succession, with almond oil, and then cover with as much fine chalk as they will take.

Camphor is most useful as a deodorizer for the sick room. Place a lump of it in an old saucer and when required apply to the tip of a red-hot poker. The fumes which arise will help to the room a pleasing freshness.

Many women have had their finger nails ruined by bad manicuring. The first advice to be given to these sufferers is, if they cannot find a manicure who thoroughly understands her business, to leave manicuring severely alone.

In regard to the time required for sleep, eight hours may generally be considered sufficient for the average person. Some, of course, can do with less. In keeping the body in good physical condition sleep is next in importance to food.

If you have not a night light take an ordinary candle and put finely powdered salt round the wick up to the black part. A candle thus treated will burn very slowly and give the dull light which is so often desirable in a sick room at night.

To keep the joints of the hands from getting stiff, after holding hands in water as hot as can be borne, massage them, both the backs and palms, with sweet oil, rubbing it in thoroughly. Then dip the hands in hot water again, using soap, rinse with clear water and rub on a lotion of glycerine one ounce, acetic acid one dram, rose water three ounces. Do this at night and wear gloves.

Women as Agriculturists.

American women pride themselves on the advantages they possess in the multiplicity of business opportunities open to them; but, despite America's broad-mindedness in this respect, Russia has had the courage to go a step farther and establish an agricultural high school for women. Here opportunity will be given for general courses in agriculture or specialized training, as dairy farming, gardening, bee culture, poultry keeping, cattle and sheep raising, etc. The course of instruction will occupy three years, and an equivalent grammar school education will be required as an entrance qualification. The women who pass through the school successfully will be eligible for filling various posts under the Ministry of Agriculture, and will be further entitled to hold the positions of administrators of the crown domain and of teachers in the intermediate agricultural schools.—Philadelphia Record.

Good-By Summer.

"How old is she?"

"Oh, very, very old. She's got pulling out her gray hairs."