

Why Lucretia Went Home

BANGETY! Bangety! Bang! "That mop again!" groaned Davis Herron, fixing his wife with an irritable eye as he sat back despairingly in his easy chair, spreading the Evening Banner over his knees with nervous fingers.

"I'm sorry, Davis," said apologetic little Mrs. Herron, "it does seem an impossibility for Lucretia to do anything quietly."

Her husband gave a disapproving grunt. "Pity," he remarked audibly. "I bought this farm to have a little quiet, that's what I bought it for. I come out of town to rest my nerves, and what do I get? I hire a farmer to run the place; I give you money for help; I do everything I can, and I'm not considered a bit. Next Summer—his high bald head shook warningly—

"I've done my best," returned Cornelia Herron. "No town servant will stay out here. We are fortunate to get Lucretia Woods, I say."

Davis gave a wee smile of conciliation. When his unusually meek better half allowed that metallic note to creep into her soft voice and plucked on her eye glasses, it was time to smile.

"Of course, of course," he made haste to say. "But, my dear, you see how it affects me."

"And I do more work than I like to," went on Mrs. Herron, taking advantage. "If fancy cared for house-work we should get along nicely. I get every bit I can out of Lucretia. She isn't a regular domestic, you know. Her father has a farm of his own, and wants her to come home. Nothing but my entreaties induced the girl to help us out. I wish she wouldn't treat matters so lightly, though. She doesn't mind anything and—"

But Mr. Herron had wisely resumed the perusal of his paper, while the clatter of dishes in the nearby kitchen and the hearty strains of song in accompaniment beset his abused ears.

Then help one another, boys, do it with a will, sang Lucretia, and it was plainly evident that the vocalist was doing things with a will.

Twenty years before Davis Herron then a clerk in the savings bank at Riverton, had decided that his dream of repose in a quiet farm two miles from the village. This idea had never left him. Now the village was a large and flourishing town, and he was treasurer of the bank with a good salary, and the savings of years. The farm was his at last, and that very Spring he had taken possession with his wife and daughter, to enjoy his dream, driving to and from his place of business with the air of a landed proprietor.

Alas! the dream at times was of the nightmarish description. An ideal spot was this little farm of a few acres, with its pretty comfortable dwelling and the old-fashioned barn; the brook singing through the meadow and the beautiful background of hills. They all loved it. Davis, Cornelia, and even Fancy, their only and much spoiled daughter, a pretty indolent girl of twenty-one, whose particular admirer, Albert Melton, suddenly developed an inordinate interest in farm affairs and a taste for the exercise of walking.

Albert was a comparatively new star on the Herron horizon, but a bright one, being a young man of industry and prospects. So he was made welcome and appeared with regularity and very high colors, but as yet had made no special sign of matrimonial interest. For the rest of him, he was of a rather serious mien and good looking, a fascinating combination.

Sympathizing deeply with the agricultural woe of the now aroused Herron, he also lent a kindly ear to the domestic snails which bore with the almost immediate departure of the old and tried Bridget, to be succeeded by two incompetents, and at present ending in the tolls of Lucretia, a late and bustling mixture of noise and ability.

"Melton," Davis had said confidently, "I'd rather run a bank than a farm. I declare I would. Of course I know all about it, have studied those subjects for years, and yet everything depends upon conditions. When we need rain, it shines; when we need sun, it rains. I instruct my farmer, he disagrees; I command him, he tells me to go run the bank. Says things will come up when they get ready. An excellent man and laborious, but not respectful. What would you do?"

"I'd let him alone," replied Albert, laughing.

"But it's my farm. Well, then I drive out the afternoon for rest and a pleasant reposeful evening, and my wife says, 'Oh! dear, this has been a hard day.' That isn't pleasant, and the girl we have now doesn't do a thing but bang so that I can't read. Nice girl, you understand, only terribly noisy. I'm a nervous man, Melton. What would you advise?"

"I'd let them alone," said Albert again. "You'll get some noise wherever you go. One would think, though, with three women, household affairs in so small an establishment might be cleared up by night and give you a chance to read in peace."

"I should think so. Mrs. Herron is a splendid housekeeper; that is she lays out work finely and keeps the girls right at it. Can't do much herself. She is sort of mild but keeps pecking at 'em. We have two in the winter, but out in this bit of a Summer home there is nothing to do."

Melton looked at him as he sat smoking complacently. "Enough!" he thought. "So the old lady is the pecking kind, eh? I shouldn't have suspected it."

"Fancy feeds her birds and has her music, besides much reading and some correspondence. She never has time for these household matters; hates such things, anyway, and we don't care to have her do that sort of work," went on Davis, pleasantly. "Lucretia tried to break her in, but no. I overheard her and had to smile. Said the girl: 'Miss Fancy, feeding birds won't bring you a husband. You ought to learn to feed men. Maybe you won't get one if you don't.' Let him marry the cook, then," said Fancy. Pretty good answer, wasn't it?" Herron chuckled and half winked at his companion. "Guess there's no danger of her being an old maid," he whispered knowingly.

But the other went home early that evening and during his call was unusually silent. Neither did he appear for several days.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon when he walked up the path between the rose bushes and espied the fair Miss Herron cozily settled in the hammock. Her greeting was dreamily effusive. Albert suspected a recent nap.

"Get a chair and sit down by me," she invited. "This is the coolest place I could find. Where have you been?"

"Oh! busy, and it's hot to tramp over. I told your father I would come today."

"Yes, he said he saw you. I hope next week you will not be so busy and that it will be cooler." She smiled up at him. "How is your business?" she asked brightly.

"Good. I'm gaining but it's slow work. I have to figure pretty close. Nowadays, it costs a lot to live and have many comforts, not to speak of luxuries."

"I heard father say that he believed you would be a very successful business man some day," she murmured. "Some day I hope to be," he replied, and there was a long pause, in which a clattering in the kitchen became unpleasantly audible.

Then from an upper window quavered a complaining voice, "Lucretia!"

"Yes'm."

"Did you sweep the dining room?"

"Yes'm."

"Have you dusted the books and cleaned the silver?"

"No'm, haven't had time yet. I'm makin' mullins."

"Well, do it before night, won't you?"

"I'll try. The berries had to be all picked over." The loud, cheerful voice had a tired ring.

Presently, after a hush, something appeared to have been let loose in the rear of the house. A great clanging of pans and shoving of chairs, then a not unmelodious outburst:

"Never give up when trials come, never grow sad and blue—"

"Oh! my, but I'm most dead with the heat!" interpolated.

"And never sit down with a tear and a frown, but pad—"

Triumph! Silence.

"Sat down, I guess," exclaimed Fancy, laughing. "Why? What? Wait!" But Melton had torn around the corner.

The girl was in a dead faint upon the floor when he reached her. A course of ke from his lips as he snatched a dipper of water and pushed the plump figure face upward. The deadly pallor could not hide its beauty and refined lines. "Poor little girl!" he breathed, brokenly. "Poor little girl!" Then he went to work.

Her brown eyes were big with wonder as he left her in the care of the two women, who seemed not to know what to do.

"It may be that I won't be back!" he said sharply. "I am going up the mountain to see her father."

Two hours later a farm wagon drove hastily into the Herron yard. Out jumped a big man, grizzled and of respectable attire.

"I've come for my darter," he announced, and his facial expression forbade contradiction.

"Funny that young Melton should be so taken up with Lucretia Woods. I hear people say they are going to be married," observed Davis Herron to his spouse three months after this episode. "But then the Woods are excellent stock, if they are poor. I had a notion at one time that Albert was after our fancy."

"Oh! no," replied Cornelia, sternly. "He was not at all suitable. A very ordinary person and no manners whatever. Why, he has never called here since Lucretia went home." — The Housewife.



"THAT MOP AGAIN!" GROANED DAVIS HERRON.

"FORGE" OF VALLEY FORGE.

How the Famous Camp of the Revolution Gained Its Name.

The iron forge which gave its name to Valley Forge is no longer in existence, but its history can be traced down to its destruction by British soldiers, says the Philadelphia Record.

The old forge was styled by its first owner Mountjoy Forge, and as such was put up for sale in the middle of the eighteenth century. Later on it was commonly called Valley Forge.

Mountjoy Forge was built by a partnership, composed of Daniel Walker, Stephen Evans and Joseph Williams. It was erected somewhere between the dates of December, 1742, and April, 1751.

It stood on the east side of Valley creek, in what is now Montgomery County. The upper or west side of Valley creek is the Chester County side.

In 1701 William Penn granted to his daughter, Letitia Penn, the manor of Mountjoy Forge, situate in Upper Merion, on the River Schuylkill, by the great road leading from Philadelphia to the French Creek Iron Works, twenty miles distant from Philadelphia, and not so far distant from three furnaces. The said works are in good repair, with one-third of the utensils to be sold; also one 120 acres of land belonging thereto. For title and terms apply to Daniel Walker, living near the said premises.

Six months later the two partners of Walker offered their shares of Mountjoy Forge for sale, as the advertisements of the Gazette apprise us. The property was finally conveyed to John Potts, and at that time, 1757, it included a saw mill and grist mill.

It was Isaac Potts, sixth son of the aforementioned John Potts, who was owner of the Valley Forge headquarters mansion and the grist mill at the time of the encampment, and he it was who saw Washington on his knees at prayer in the woods at Valley Forge. Isaac Potts was born in 1750 and died at Cheltenham in 1833.

Five of the Potts brothers were at times owners of the Valley Forge, and three of them—Samuel, David and Joseph—were chiefly concerned in working Mountjoy Forge.

By the year 1767 the furnace seems to be called "Valley" Forge, instead of "Mountjoy."

It was burned by the British in September, 1777, some months before the American army began its encampment there.

The site of the old forge was covered with water when the new dam, built lower down the creek after the Revolution, raised the water level and so covered the foundations of the forge. The site is at the foot of Mount Joy and more than half a mile above the valley mill.

An interesting French discovery is that an arc-lamp using carbons with a core of carbide of iron, will make blueprints and other photographic impressions three times as rapidly as a lamp with ordinary carbons.

The aging of violins, L. B. Harvey states, slowly results from the vibrations of playing, and he finds that the effects of fifty years of hard playing can be produced in a single day by exposing the wood to X-rays. Such exposures speedily gives the beautiful tone hitherto acquired only with time.

After overruling many difficulties, metallic calcium has been at last produced by Professor Barbers and a pupil, by the electrolysis of chloride of lime. Reduced in cost from \$2250 to less than half a dollar per pound, calcium is expected to prove important in the arts, especially as a powerful reducing agent, and for freeing iron from phosphorus and sulphur, as well as oxygen.

A zone of fifteen degrees on a great circle between the Pacific coast of America and Asia is found by M. de Montessus to include the spl-centers of sixty-four thousand earthquake localities, and a like zone on a great circle running through the Mediterranean, Caucasus, Himalayas, India, New Zealand and the Andilles embraces eighty-four thousand spl-centers. Beyond these zones centers of earthquake disturbances are comparatively few.

According to the information obtained by our consul at Nottingham, iron is gradually displacing steel for ship-building purposes in the north of England. The reason offered is that experience has shown iron to be less subject than steel to corrosion by salt water and by atmospheric action. Manufacturers are seeking to produce lighter iron with greater tensile strength.

A great question in practical science is opened for discussion by the request of congress for an international commission, representing Great Britain and the United States, to report upon

the conditions and uses of the waters of the great lakes. One of the problems to be considered is the advisability of damming the outlet of Lake Erie for the benefit of navigation. By running 21-foot channels from Duluth and Chicago to Buffalo it is said that the level of the Detroit river and adjacent waters has been lowered. The Chicago drainage canal has tended to lower Lake Michigan, and the many diversions of water for power purposes have had their effects upon the levels. The question is complicated, and it concerns many interests.

By a remarkable surgical operation, performed by Doctor Ramsey at the Glasgow Ophthalmic Institution in February, a man 31 years old, who was born blind, has been enabled to see, and his experiences are intensely interesting. His hearing was so acute before the operation that he could go anywhere without danger, even working in the harvest field. Now he hardly dares to move when his eyes are closed. From the first he saw everything in its correct position, and this fact is regarded as proving that the optical inversion of images on the retina is naturally corrected by the mind, without education. When he saw the surgeon's face he did not know what it was, until, after hearing the voice, he recalled how his own face was shaped, as he had felt it with his hands.

WHERE WOMAN WINS. New Light on Their Standing in Educational Institutions.

The result of a western college president's recent investigation of the comparative intellectual powers of men and women will hardly have the effect of swelling masculine pride beyond its already ample proportions. New light on the subject would seem to indicate that the woman students in our colleges are rapidly outstripping the men in scholarship. Of sixteen senior students of Boston University just elected to membership in a fraternity whose test of admission is the highest scholarship, fifteen were women. Says President Warren: "In recent years we have come to recognize that women are able to prosecute the most advanced and difficult work of a university course and compete on even terms with men."

"So far as class records are concerned," says the president of the University of Minnesota, "they seem to show that the average grade of women in scholarship is probably a little higher than the average grade of men."

President King, of Oberlin College, holds the opinion that young men do not give to their college work the close application that young women give.

President Birge, of the University of Wisconsin, presents this explanation: "There is a general impression that women attain higher scholarship in science, literature and arts, but it may often be due to conscientious and faithful work rather than ability."

"Of all the theories to account for woman's superior scholarship this last is the latest. What is genius but an infinite capacity for taking pains? And how else can we judge the intellectual powers of a man or woman than by what those powers accomplish? The day for the genius who simply sits still and 'looks wise' is past. This is the age of action, and the twentieth century spirit asks of each: 'What have you done? What can you do?' If women are winning through 'conscientious and faithful work, rather than ability,' it is time for man to wake up.—Housekeeper.

Lost Atlantis a Reality. According to the view of Dr. Scharff, the "Atlantis" of Plato was a reality, and not a myth. Madeira and the Azores having been connected by land with the European and African continents so late as the early portion of the human period, says Knowledge. This connection was, however, but the last phase of a great Atlantic continent, which the author believes to be an earlier epoch to have extended from Morocco (which was then connected with Portugal) to South America, reaching at least as far south as St. Helena.

The evidence in favor of this former extensive land connection has been drawn from a careful survey of the whole fauna of South America on the other. That marked affinities with that of the Mediterranean countries on the one hand and that of the South America on the other. That a land connection between Africa and South America existed at a relatively remote geological epoch is now generally admitted, but stronger evidence will, we think, be required before the theory that the Azores were in connection with Portugal during the human period is accepted. One of the author's arguments is based on the circumstance that so far back as 1385 two of these islands were named from their being inhabited respectively by rabbits and goats at a time when there were no human denizens of the group. Hence, it is urged, these animals were indigenous, and not, as generally supposed, introduced.

Poetry and Prose. "You used to sing 'Every morn I send you violets' before we were married," said Mrs. Brinkin, with a sigh. "Yes," answered Mr. Brinkin, "but my devotion has taken a more practical form. Every month I pay the meat bill."—Washington Star.

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ODDEST TRIBE IN THE WORLD.

Painful Fashion of Tattooing in Vogue Among the Women.

The Ailu live in the most primitive manner possible. They have adopted the dress of the Japanese, but the houses are very unlike any seen in Japan. They are made of rice straw, roofed with a thatching of reeds. How the natives ever survive the winter is difficult to understand. In the center of the room is the fireplace, from which the smoke floats out into the room, at times becoming almost suffocating. An opening in the roof is supposed to serve as an outlet, but the smoke does not always find it. Over the fire hangs a huge iron kettle and into it are thrust all sorts of fish, animal and vegetable food, to be dished up later in a sort of composite chowder. Around two sides of the room is a slightly raised platform, upon which the whole family range themselves for the night, without bedding of any sort in summer and only a scanty supply in winter.

As a race the Ailu are sturdy in appearance, but are peaceable and not given to war, like the Japanese. The marked feature of the men is a hairy growth upon the entire body, like that upon a wild animal. A creepy sensation takes possession of one in looking upon these walking, talking creatures, so intelligent and yet presenting somewhat the outward appearance of gigantic monkeys.

The women have the same large, heavy features as the men. They are generally disfigured by an ancient custom of tattooing a large portion of the face around the mouth, the upper part of which takes the form of mustache. It signifies nothing whatsoever except a badge of distinction for the race. The process of tattooing is long and painful. When a girl is about twelve years old the mother begins operations on the lower lip and by degrees covers the space of two inches on each side of the mouth. As the child grows this increases in size until it extends half way across the face toward the ears. The preparation used in tattooing is made by the women from ash bark. This is soaked for some days and when ready for use soot, produced by burning birch-bark, is added to the liquid and the concoction is applied to the surface of the skin. The lips are scratched with a sharp instrument, more of the fluid applied and from time to time, as the irritation ceases, the work is continued. In olden times other marks were added as the girl became wiser or mothers, but these are now seen only on the very old.—The Housekeeper.

She Had a Sweet Revenge. "I don't mind being told I'm stout, she said. 'I am stout and I might as well acknowledge it. But there is a wrong way to do everything and there is a way of telling a person that he or she is stout which always grates on my nerves.' The speaker paused and looked over her auditors in a manner which plainly indicated that this remark was but the moral to a fable soon to follow. Nor were the listeners disappointed.

"Every once in a while," pursued the narrator—who there was no denying really was stout—"I haven't time to go all the way to my own church and so drop in at the one across the street. There I always see Mrs. Prattleton. She weighs fifty pounds more than I do if she weighs an ounce, but she seems serenely unconscious of it and always greets me after the service with a honeyed smile and the remark: 'You're fatter than when you were here last.'"

"The repetition finally made me rather angry, so a month ago I got a seat just by her and watched her closely. There was a good deal of kneeling done and I confess that I dreaded the attempt so much that the first time I didn't get upon my knees. Then I happened to notice Mrs. Prattleton. She wasn't kneeling either and I suddenly realized that this was simply because she could not. When the time came to kneel again I got down the whole way, hard as it was, and then looked squarely into Mrs. Prattleton's face. She blushed and squirmed and at once tried her level best to follow my example. But she had to give it up; it was no use; she was too fat. From that day to this she hasn't told me I'm growing stouter—in fact, she hasn't spoken to me at all."—Philadelphia Press.

Beware of the Photographer. People who seek to recover damages for insupportable accidents should keep away from the photographer. In a case which came up recently in New York the plaintiff asked for \$5,000 as payment for injuries which, he asserted, had rendered him unable to do any but the lightest kind of work. The defendant offered as evidence a set of photographs, the date of which was proved to be later than that of the alleged accident, in which the plaintiff was shown in the act of carrying a lounge, a bureau and a dining table on his back from a moving-wagon to his house. The judge decided that he had no case.

Small Margin of Profit. Expert Promoter—It will be impossible to sell such food for 15 cents a package. Inexperienced Inventor—How do you make that out? Expert Promoter—Well, the cost of manufacture, counting interest at 40 per cent. on the capital invested, would be at least 1 cent a package, leaving only 14 cents a package for advertising.—Puck.

If France really wants to double her population, she can do so by importing the great American cucumber.

OLD FAVORITES

Kathleen Mavourneen. Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking. The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill. The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking. Kathleen Mavourneen, what! slumbering still? O, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?

O, hast thou forgotten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it may be forever! O, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be forever! Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers. The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light; Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers? Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night! Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!

Mavourneen! Mavourneen! My sad tears are falling. To think that from Erin and thee I must part; It may be for years, and it may be forever! Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart? Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Graves of a Household. They grew in beauty side by side. They filled our home with glee; Their graves are severed far and wide. By mound and stream and sea. The same fond mother bent at night O'er each fair sleeping brow; She had each folded flower in sight— Where are those dreamers now?

One 'mid the forests of the West, By a dark stream is laid; The Indian knows his place of rest, Far in the cedar shade. The sea, the blue, lone sea, hath one— He lies where pearls lie deep; He was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed. Above the noble slain; He wrapped his colors round his breast On a blood-red field of Spain. And one—'er her the myrtle showers Its leaves, by soft winds fanned; She faded 'mid Italian flowers, The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest who played Beneath the young green tree, Whose voices mingled as they prayed Around one parent-knee! They that with smiles lit up the hall, And cheered with song the hearth; Alas for love, if thou wert all, And naught beyond, O earth!

—Felicia Hemans.

What Our Schools Cost. It is probably not generally known that the United States spend annually on elementary education about \$227,000,000—the exact figures for 1900-1901 were, according to the report of the United States commissioner of education, \$226,043,236. Europe spent during the same period approximately \$246,000,000. The enrollment in the elementary schools of Europe is, however, in the neighborhood of 45,000,000, while in the United States it is not much more than 16,000,000—although it is estimated that there were, in 1901, almost 22,000,000 children of school-going age in this country. Our yearly expenditure per pupil averages \$22.

Some profit may be gained from a comparison of the amounts spent yearly by representative American cities for the maintenance and operation of their public schools. New York spent in a single year \$19,731,629; Chicago follows with an outlay of \$8,203,493; Philadelphia's expenditure was \$3,319,604; Boston's, \$3,043,640; Baltimore's, \$1,417,392; Cleveland's, \$1,257,345; and Washington's, \$1,182,916. New Orleans is at the end of the list, with an expense of only \$478,925. St. Louis, by the way, pays more for its police department than for its schools, \$2,622,182 for the former, as against \$1,526,140 for the latter—a ratio of \$1 for the police to 95 cents for the schools.—Harper's Weekly.

A Life-Saving Order. Many years ago the American warship Delaware came near foundering off the coast of Sardinia while luffing through a heavy squall during a morning watch. The "unauthorized letting go of the fore sheet" alone saved the ship from going down with 1,100 souls on board. The first lieutenant, afterward Commodore Thomas W. Wyman, with difficult climbing succeeded in reaching the quarter deck, where, snatching the trumpet from the officer in charge, his first order, given in a voice heard distinctly fore and aft, was "Keep clear of the paint work!" This command to hundreds of human beings packed in the lee scuppers like sardines in a box instantly restored them to order and prevented a panic, they naturally feeling that if at such a time, with a line of battle ship on her beam ends clean paint work was of paramount importance their condition could not be a serious one.

A young man seldom realizes how dear his best girl is until he goes broke trying to make her wishes come true.