

THE LITTLE FEET.

The pattering of little feet
My all expectant ear doth greet.
A childish tread across the floor
In effort to attain the door,
Where it shall be mine to see
That which is precious unto me.
A laughing face, with eyes of blue,
So like her mother's tender, true,
When toil for me each day is o'er
I homeward wend my way once more,
With fond anticipations thrill
My being, as I climb the hill,
No lagging footsteps mine I ween,
When from the summit home is seen,
What matters weariness and care
Once I have crossed the threshold there.

—Boston Transcript.

A STRANGE LEGACY.

HOMEWARD through the muck and gloom of a November evening, through the dank night air and gathering fog, along greasy pavements and over slippery crossings, across the great bridge, with the yawning darkness on either side and down the mean streets of Southern London, wearily but steadily Mary MacAllister bent her way.

Three years of hard work as a typist in a city office, three years of lonely struggle with fortune, had robbed Mary's cheek of the bloom it boasted when she was nineteen, but still she strode on her way, morning and evening, backward and forward, to and from the city, where her work lay, a brave, earnest-minded, steady-eyed woman, a typical figure of London's women workers.

Sometimes there would be a suspicion of moisture in the big gray eyes when work was more than usually irksome or employers more than usually irate and unreasonable.

Sometimes for a moment her mind would stray from the dark, close office to the glorious fields and hedgerows which from babyhood she had looked upon as hers in time to come. Now and again as she ate her solitary meal in her poor little room in the shabby house in a third-rate street just beyond "the Elephant," the memory of the plenty in the old days brought a shadow for a moment, and then the memory of Dick—her Dick—would chase the little cloud away. If Dick could be brave and go away to Africa to win a fortune for her she would be brave, too. Dick had faced the crash which four years ago had ruined alike his father and hers, quietly and uncomplainingly. She had refused his offer to release her from her engagement to him, and with mutual protestations of love and fidelity they had parted—he to seek wealth across the seas, she to earn her living as best she could in the great world of London.

Many a letter from Dick lay carefully folded in her little workbox, letters which she had read again and again when the struggle was hard and her heart grew faint. They told of progress, slow but sure, until eighteen months before, when the black cloud of war lowered, and ruin had for the second time in his young life stopped at Dick Herrick's door.

With the first clash of arms his employment ceased, the land he had invested his savings in was seized by the Boers, while he himself was commandeered and imprisoned as the result of his refusing to fight against his own countrymen. Since then—since she had lived at her present address—no news had come to enlighten her sorrow, to relieve her anxiety.

On her doorstep she met her landlady, Mrs. Bird, who had been shopping around the corner. Mrs. Bird was well meaning, but rather massive, and sometimes more than aggressive.

"You are late this evening," Mrs. Bird asserted tartly.

"Yes—I am, rather," nervously responded Mary; "I was a little behind at the office, and I've walked."

"Walked, a night like this! Then you'd no business. Spouse you caught and did not laid up?"

"The buses were full and I—I couldn't afford a cab, you know," Mary answered, smiling gently.

"No, in course, though you might do that a night like this if you didn't go 'siddin' yourself with that foreign fiddler man upstairs."

Mrs. Bird closed the door with an angry little bang as she followed Mary into the passage.

"Oh, lindy, please, Mrs. Bird; think how ill the poor fellow has been."

"Oh—course he has, and you, with all you can do to keep yourself, must go and look after him. Nonsense, that's what I call it! What do we pay rates for, and keep up that there place round the corner for, if it ain't for such a man?"

"But, you don't understand, Mrs. Bird; he is not a common man; he is an artist and a gentleman. It would be ill for me to be sent to such a place—I know—I feel it—just as it would be ill for me to be sent there. Our cruel fags have brought him to death's door, and he has lain insensible—up there—up there, having his tongue has told me the tale of his sunny home away yonder in Italy, of the poverty which drove him here to earn his bread, of his music, which is like life to him. And now—now he is better he is patient, and for a little longer, I will give him all the attention I can and save you as much as possible. The money that is owing you I will pay, willing-

on the dead, then with a cry of passionate gladness she flew to the outstretched arms, crying "Dick!"

And as the lovers passed from the room and the door closed behind them Carlo Terrini's head fell, and a great sob shook him from head to foot.

Downstairs in Mrs. Bird's front parlor Dick Herrick's story was soon told. After months of imprisonment at Watervaal he had recovered his liberty, but not his rights. The Dutchman who had sold him the land was now in possession of it again and was disputing his title. Too poor to take the necessary legal action to recover, he had returned to England as poor as he left it four years before.

The next morning Mary, dressed for the city, paid her usual visit to Carlo Terrini before going. She found him very ill. He confessed that he had not been to bed. He had been working all through the long night, writing the music he had composed and played to her into his opera.

"But now, now you have finished," she pleaded, "you will sleep—and rest?"

"Yes, cara mia, I will rest—soon—I promise you," and as the door closed behind her he added, with a wan smile, "forever."

Two hours after she had gone Carlo Terrini let himself out of the house, without a sound and made his way to a West End music firm, the head of which was a compatriot of his.

After a few minutes' talk he persuaded him to listen to the opera, which he played through without a break.

Astonished and delighted the publisher instantly concluded a bargain with him, and Carlo Terrini crept home and fell exhausted on his bed, from which he never rose again.

A few hours before he died he gave a letter, sealed, to Mary MacAllister, and whispered to her to keep it till he was dead. The day after he was laid to rest Mary MacAllister, remembering the letter, opened it and read the last words of her dead friend.

He had given her the opera which she had inspired, and which had cost him his life.

Two years later Mary MacAllister looked down into the face of her first-born. With the money which had poured in on her like a golden stream from Carlo Terrini's work her husband had fought and won his cause, and was now on his way to becoming a South African millionaire. With opulence around her, a child she adored and a husband she worshipped at her side, there was yet a wistful sadness in her look as she gazed at her little one. Her husband caught her glance and laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"You have something to ask me?" he said, gently.

"Yes, a little favor, dear," she hesitated.

"What could I refuse you? Tell me."

"Let our little one be named—Carlo."

"Your wish is mine, dearest. What better name than the name of that noble soul to whom we owe our all?"

—London Tit-Bits.

CHINESE EDITORS IN PERIL.
Death Penalty Eternally Hangs Over Siam-Kyod Journalists.

In Germany the position of a newspaper editor is a precarious one, says the Indianapolis Journal. He must be very careful not to criticize the Emperor, or otherwise to incur the wrath of the press censor, or he will be thrown into jail and his paper will be suspended. But in China it is even worse. The offending editor who expresses opinions contrary to those of the administration is liable to the extreme penalty—death in no merciful guise.

Several months ago a preacher of reform Pekin was beaten to death with bamboo rods. Later the editors of the publication called Supao were charged with sedition. Their sedition consisted in advocating more modern methods in the administration of the government. This brought down upon them the anger of the Dowager Empress, who ordered their instant apprehension. It appears, however, that the editors had realized the enormity of their offense, for they sought refuge in the foreign reservation, where they came under the protection of the consulates.

The question whether the daring newspaper men should be surrendered to the native authorities was referred to the legations. It was certain that if this should be done cruel and barbarous punishments would follow. The British consul stoutly opposed giving the fugitives up, but for some reason or other, United States Minister Conger sided with the Russian representative, who wished to accede to the Chinese demand. An agreement was finally reached to detain the newspaper men for trial by a mixed tribunal.

The trial has not yet taken place. On nothing more than an accusation the men have been kept in prison, all half having been refused. And now the government announces that a special deputy will be appointed to hear the case, and that this deputy will be instructed not to be lenient should the defendants be found guilty. Evidently the penalty has already been decided upon, and the trial will be a mere form. All of which goes to show that the life of the Chinese editor is not one grand sweet song, and that he who incurs the wrath of the Chinese law is the most undesirable of culprits.

The Wall Street Bump.
How can right-minded people be otherwise than sad, when they think of the loss of those millions, which nobody ever had?

—Life.

GOOD Short Stories

Herbert Spencer was intolerant of dishonesty. While visiting Montreal he was urgently invited to see a costly mansion that was being built for an unscrupulous millionaire. He indignantly refused. "It is largely," he said, "the admiring the ostentation of such men that makes them possible. Baron Grant, the fraudulent speculator, sent me an invitation for the inaugural of Leicester Square, his gift to London. Before a party of friends I tore the card to pieces. Such men as Grant try to compensate for robbing Peter by giving Paul what they do not owe him."

The late John Swinton, for many years managing editor of the New York Sun, once gave Mr. Dana an answer that emphasizes the difference between genius and talent. Mr. Dana remarked that he needed a first-class editorial writer, and was willing to pay him one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. "But you cannot get a first-class man for that," protested Mr. Swinton. "Why not?" asked Mr. Dana; "that is what I pay you, and don't you consider yourself a first-class man?" "No, Mr. Dana," rejoined Mr. Swinton; "if I were a 'first-class man' I should be paying you one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week."

One evening, during his recent visit to England, Rear Admiral Charles S. Cotton was entertained at dinner. Among the other guests were the Bishop of Durham, a clergyman noted for his wit, and a millionaire manufacturer, a stout man with a loud, coarse laugh, who ate and drank a good deal, and who cracked every little while a stupid joke. He did not know the bishop from Adam, but seeing his clerical garb, he decided he must be a parson, and that here was a chance for him to poke a little fun at the parson's trade. "I have three sons," he began, in a loud tone, nudging his neighbor and winking toward the bishop—"three fine lads. They are in trade. I had always said that if I ever had a stupid son I'd make a parson of him." The millionaire roared out his discordant laugh, and the Bishop of Durham said to him, with a quiet smile: "Your father thought differently from you, eh?"

When Brander Matthews went to his club one evening, not long ago, according to the Bookman, he went to the letter box and looked through the compartment marked "M," and found therein a very peremptory note from a tailor. Mr. Matthews was puzzled, as he had had no dealings with the insistent tailor, until he again looked at the envelope and found that he had unwittingly opened a letter belonging to another member of the club; so he put the bill back in the envelope and returned it to the compartment. As Mr. Matthews was turning to go, he noticed the member for whom the bill was intended coming toward the letter box. A minute later he came into the reading room, where Mr. Matthews was sitting with several others. Taking from its envelope the bill, he read it attentively for a few minutes, sighed, tore it into bits, then with a wink and a leer of an invincible conqueror, commented: "Poor, silly little girl."

RACE SUICIDE QUESTION.
How Civilization and Prosperity Affect Vital Statistics.

Advancement in civilization and prosperity appear to affect the vital statistics of all nations alike. In modern times France has shown the most marked decrease in the ratio of births to deaths. From 1815, the last year of Napoleonic wars, to 1890, the proportion of excess of births over deaths for every 10,000 inhabitants was 61. Between 1831 and 1850 it dropped to 41. In the following twenty years there was a further decrease, the excess of births numbering only 25. In the decade ending 1900 the excess was reduced to 6 and in the latter year the proportionate excess of births over deaths in every 10,000 inhabitants of the republic was only 3. France entered the nineteenth century with a population of 26,000,000; she closed it with 38,000,000. But Great Britain had meantime started with 12,000,000 and ended with 41,000,000 and the population of Germany had grown from 15,000,000 to 55,000,000.

During the last forty or fifty years the people of each of these nations have enjoyed more luxurious living than they did before. While the death rate in England, through the introduction of improved sanitation, has been steadily declining since 1861, the vital statistics of the country show a very marked decline in the birth rate. Now the minister of public instruction and medical affairs finds that the vital statistics of Prussia, which comprises three-fifths of the population of Germany, show a steady decrease in the birth rate there also since 1861. In the latter year it was 40.9; now it is only 36.5. In the city of Berlin the birth rate has fallen from 46 in 1861 to 28.6 this year. The latter is only 4.1 above the rate in France, which is the lowest in the world.

The question of race suicide thus seems to be one that is disturbing all of the more prosperous of modern nations, as it did Rome during the Augustan age, when legislation had to be enacted in order to encourage the growth of population. France has been seriously discussing various methods of arresting the decline of the birth rate. An extra parliamentary commission has been appointed to seek

means of increasing the number of births and diminishing mortality and government bonuses for large families and heavy taxes on bachelors and childless couples have been suggested. It is expected that the German emperor will take cognizance of the conditions existing in his realm and suggest drastic means of arresting there the race suicide which President Roosevelt so vigorously attacked in this country.—San Francisco Chronicle.

LOOKS LIKE A MILITARY CAMP.
Orange Groves of Florida Have Become a Rendezvous for Campers.

Orange culture in Florida has received a severe setback by the frosts that have killed the buds and dissipated the hope of gathering a profitable harvest during the coming summer. The growers have taken to giving their trees as much attention as is showered upon any invalid that visits that state in search of health. There are several ways of protecting the fruit trees, but to the northerner the most novel is that of individual tent coverings for them.

Many of the tents are similar in shape to those used for military purposes and large enough to hold a dozen soldiers comfortably. Where they are made entirely of canvas they are attached to a wooden pole driven into the ground and firmly bedded.

From the top of the pole extends a cross-piece which supports the top of the canvas when the tent is in use. Below the cross-piece is fastened a wooden hoop large enough to completely encircle the tree. When there is no danger of a frost the canvas is folded against the supporting post and tied so loosely that it can be unfastened by a mere pull of the hand. When the engineer of the railroad train passing through the orange country of Florida, blows a prolonged blast with the whistle of the locomotive you can see men, women and children hastening toward the orange groves, as the people in a country town run to put out a fire.

The whistle is a signal to them that a cold wave is coming and unless they take steps to fight it a few hours may mean the loss of a year's work and perhaps ruin. This is why everybody who can help, from grandfather down to the youngster of 10, starts for the orange orchard.

The canvas fastenings are untied, the cloth pulled around the hoop and over the top by a jerk of the cord attached. Then the ends of the canvas are fastened securely. Only one person is required to cover a single tree, unless it is unusually large. The work of drawing the tent requires only a few seconds, but where there are 3,000 or 4,000 trees in a grove time is indeed precious. Only a few hours may elapse before a frost comes and it is often necessary to work far into the night with the aid of lanterns.

"Barber, Barber, Shave a Pig."
In pig-killing there is no more exciting moment than that of removing the bristles from the carcass. With such haste does the operation sometimes have to be accomplished that, in a certain country family, it was begun one day with a pair of fine brass candlesticks before the usual utensils could be found.

When Salmon P. Chase was at Kenyon College which was then presided over by his uncle, Bishop Philander Chase, he encountered a similar difficulty, and cut the knot with unhesitating decision. The bishop and most of the elders went away one morning, and young Salmon was ordered to kill and dress a pig while they were gone. He found no great trouble in catching and slaughtering a fat young "porter," and he had the tub of hot water all ready for scalding.

The process should loosen the bristles, but either the water was too hot, or the pig was kept soaking too long. At any rate, when the boy began wrapping the bristles, not one of them could be started. In pig-killing phrase, they were "set." What could he do?

Then he bethought him of his cousin's razors, a fine, new pair, just suited to the use of their owner, a spruce young clergyman. He pilfered them, and shaved the pig from toe to snout.

A Joke He Liked.
In the strain and excitement of trading on Wall street, the brokers, says E. C. Stedman in the Century Magazine, often relapse into wild merriment and play boyish pranks. On one occasion an old Indian with a young brave, a boy and two squaws entered the gallery. At once the "floor" put forth every effort to break down their stolidity. A war whoop had no effect. A war dance did not arouse even a smile.

At last a bald-headed man was thrust into a ring of young fellows, his hands held behind him, a knife drawn around his pate, and the mummery of a futile attempt to detach his scalp was enacted.

This was at last too much for the dignity of the aborigines. The boy broke into a broad laugh, in which the squaws joined; the young warrior grinned in spite of himself, and at last the semblance of grim humor overspread the face of the ruthless old chief, who may have been the perpetrator of as many atrocities as Geronimo.

Raising Opium for China.
Six hundred thousand acres of India's best land, says a circular issued by the Christian union against the opium traffic, are used by the government for the cultivation of opium the great bulk of which goes to China.

The great disadvantage in having a precocious child is that it soon discovers that its mother writes a poor hand, and that its father can't spell.

PURPOSE OF "WASHING COAL."
A Useful and Helpful Process Which Increases Its Heating Capacity.

The purpose of washing coal is to free it as nearly as practicable of all matter that reduces its heating capacity or has a detrimental effect upon the metal produced with such coal or with coke made from such coal.

The impurities in coal are of two kinds: Such as are chemically passive but which do not produce heat, but on the contrary absorb heat and clog the openings in the grates by forming ashes and clinkers. They must be repeatedly handled, shipped and freight paid for them and are a burden all around.

The other kinds of impurities are chiefly iron pyrites, an ore composed of iron and sulphur, containing as much as 53 per cent of the latter element. There occurs also frequently some phosphorus, which remains in the ashes. The sulphur and phosphorus are both injurious to the quality of the iron produced in a blast furnace and for this reason it is very important that coal or coke for blast furnace use shall be as free from these two elements as possible. The phosphorus occurs in the ash-producing matter and remains there, unless it is given an opportunity to chemically combine with iron, lime or other matter for which it has an affinity.

The value of furnace coke is based, apart from general commercial reasons, upon its degree of purity from ashes, sulphur and phosphorus.

The ashes entering a blast furnace with the coke cannot be disposed of as under ordinary conditions, as for instance when fuel is burned upon grates, but it must be melted and thus converted into slag. But the heat in a blast furnace is not sufficiently intense to melt the ashes, unless some other element is added to the charge which melts readily and has the property of inducing the ashes to melt also. Such elements are in metallurgy called flux; one of the most efficient and cheapest is limestone, and this is used for converting not only ashes but also all nonmetalliferous matter contained in the iron ore into a liquid slag. But apart from the quantity of flux required to liquefy the earthy ingredients of ore it takes two pounds of limestone for every pound of ashes brought into the furnace.

If in record with this, says Mines and Minerals, we consider the amount of ashes charged into a furnace consuming, say 300 tons of coke a day, and which coke contains said 10 per cent of ashes, then we find that the ashes charged amount to thirty tons, and the limestone consumed in melting the ashes is sixty tons. Now assuming that the cost of this be \$1 per ton comprising quarrying, loading, shipping, unloading and charging into the furnace, there is a daily expenditure of \$90, which is in round figures \$22,000 per year and represents 5 per cent interest on a capital of \$440,000. For this and the other reasons the price paid for furnace coke is based upon its greater or lesser freedom from impurities, which is ascertained by chemical analysis.

Free from "Help."
"Aunt Jemima," as everybody called her, was the oldest person in the neighborhood. She was known to be over one hundred years old, and insisted that she was nearly one hundred and twenty; but in spite of her advanced age she was still vigorous and in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Moved by that feeling of curiosity which people have about anything that is abnormal or unusual, several fine ladies from the city went one day to the little village where she lived, and called on her.

"Tell us, aunty," said one of them, "what is the secret of your great age and your wonderful vitality?"

"Deed, honey," responded Aunt Jemima, with a sly twinkle in her eye, "I 'spect hit's because I hain't nevah had no trouble wid hiah'r guis."

Culture and Agriculture.
A refreshing exception to the general home criticism of the college boy comes from the New York Sun. The minister had been inquiring about Fred Mason's progress at college.

"So so," replied Mr. Mason, who was a farmer. It was evident that there was a reservation. "He stood third in his class in Latin and close up to the head in English."

"Indeed!" said the minister. "You must feel exceedingly gratified at such promise."

"Yes," said Mr. Mason, "it's all right 'far's it goes, but to my mind what Freddy needs is more athletics."

The minister looked surprised. "More athletics?" he repeated, as if he had not heard aright.

"You see," said the farmer, with a sly smile, "Freddy helped me harvest."

The Russian Bath.
Ragson Tatters—Geel! I hope den Japs 'umps in an' licks de stuffin' out de Russians."

Wearly Willie—I guess dem Japs n' pretty decent people."

Ragson Tatters—Yeh; dey don't make no trouble fur nobody; dey ain't got no bath named after 'em.—Philadelphia Press.

Safe.
"I guess the new minister down at Zion church is likely to be a fixture, there for life."

"Why, the members of the congregation claim they can't make head nor tail of his sermons."

"Exactly. So he isn't likely to be successful in his ministry."

During leap year a great many girls are afflicted with palpitation of the heart.