

OLD HYMNS.

There's a lot of music in 'em—the hymns of long ago— And when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know, I sorter want to take a hand! I think of days gone by, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye!"

There's a lot of music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old— With visions bright of land of light, and shining streets of gold; And I hear 'em singing—singing—where men'rey dreaming stands, "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come, Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb, If I can hear 'em singing then I'll pass without a sigh To "Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie." —The Cooking Club.

THE PALE BLUE CASHMERE GOWN

THE Rev. John Lawrence sat at his study table, leaning on his elbow, his usually busy pen held idly between his fingers. He gazed far over the plains, a trance-like expression in his thoughtful eyes; he believed that the time was coming when those plains would be peopled, and, with the hopefulness which made his missionary life beautiful, he seemed to see the church leading, inspiring and ministering to these people. Already he had visions of a school wherein his own wife should be the ruling spirit; visions of a hospital, a guild-house and club-rooms, where these savages might grow less savage. Even the fact that thus far only one poor little wooden church building was to be found in many miles did not in the least interfere with his dreams.

How long he might have dreamed, no one knows, but he was recalled by a delicious voice calling in to him: "I am twenty-two inches around the waist, John, and my skirt length is forty-three. You know you asked me yesterday."

"Sure enough," he answered, with a little start, taking up the tape-line which lay conspicuously on his desk.



"HIS WIFE CAME IN, FEATHER DUSTER IN HAND."

"I must get that letter off to-day; but I'd better measure you myself. You probably measured with a string. That's the feminine way, I believe."

His wife came in, feather duster in hand, and as he drew the line about her waist, he dropped a kiss upon her forehead.

"I hope they will send something pretty."

Mrs. Lawrence burst into laughter. "The idea of anything pretty in a missionary box, John! Who ever heard of it? It's against the nature of things. Perhaps it's wicked, but I have sometimes thought that they made them as ugly as possible. Do you remember the snuff-colored dressing jacket with the black fringe?"

"Wasn't that pretty?" he queried. "I always thought it was very elegant, except when the fringe dipped in the coffee."

"You dear dreamer! You don't know what is pretty. You don't see anything but your beloved Sunday school and night classes and sick people. A rheumatic old Indian woman is beautiful to you if—"

"If she is a Christian! Yes, I admit it," he said, gently; "all of God's creatures are beautiful to me, and one of them most beautiful," and again he gave her a loving caress and resumed his work.

"Sheets, pillow cases, street suit for my wife, clerical suit for self, overcoat—I hate to ask for that, but it is such a necessity in this bleak land."

He read once again the friendly letter, in which he had been urged to make known all his needs, assuring him that they would be supplied, so far as possible, by a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary.

These boxes, which had so irked the pride of many a missionary, never offended John Lawrence. He gave little thought to self. His Divine Master had lived on alms, and his own horizon was too rich, too broad, for any petty egotism to create even a speck upon it; but he sometimes reflected with regret, his wife keenly disliked this phase of missionary life. He could not forget at times, that he had taken her from a luxurious home; but had he not given her a greater opportunity to do God's work? and was she not doing it sweetly and uncomplainingly. He would try to believe that she did not care.

In the meantime, Mrs. Lawrence was dusting the sitting room, and she had come to a standstill before a little ivory miniature of herself, the price of which would almost have paid for everything in their modest home. It was made ten years before, when she had just finished school and was archly charming in that dainty gown. How becoming it was, and how much he had admired her in it!

"Alas, is there anything else you want? We are to mention everything we need, and they will supply us as far as possible."

"Yes," she called, a little sarcastically, "please tell them I need very much a pale blue cashmere gown," and then she smiled at the absurdity of such a request from a missionary's wife. "Imagine the consternation that would create," she thought, "if he really would ask for such a thing."

She replaced the miniature with a sigh. Was it a crime to love pretty things? And would she ever have any again? Her trousseau was long ago exhausted, and now she lived and moved and had her being in black things and brown things, and all things that wouldn't show dirt. Oh, dear! but—blessed afterthought!—wouldn't she rather be the wife of John Lawrence, in black brilliantines and brown surges, than anybody else in the world?

The president of St. Mary's Auxiliary was rapping loudly for order. She was reading a letter saying that the Rev. John Lawrence would be deeply grateful for a suit, an overcoat, etc. It was when she came to the overcoat that the confusion arose; for one lady had a practically new overcoat which her present coachman, being stout, could not wear. It was exactly the Rev. Mr. Lawrence's size, but, being a surtout, she questioned whether it would be the correct thing for clerical wear. The entire auxiliary set itself to argue this point, when the president stopped them.

"Ladies, we can discuss this matter later. Let me finish reading this letter. "Where was I? Sheets, pillow cases, table linen, and—what is this 'a pale blue cashmere gown'?"

"A pale blue cashmere gown! Had she asked for an automobile coat the request could not have produced more surprise. There was a deep silence. Even the president found nothing to say for some time.

"A little unusual," she finally said. "Well, I never had a pale blue cashmere gown in my life," gasped someone.

"Pale blue! So perishable!" another said, feebly. "And cashmere! So out of style!" a third added.

"She must be some poor little country soul," the secretary said. "Well, whoever she is, she ought to be reprimanded. The idea of such worldliness in a missionary's wife!" "He should have known better than to have asked for it!" "The idea of our money going for a pale blue cashmere gown?" So the comments went around, till everybody had had her say; some of them had had two or three "says," and they were seemingly gasping for breath to say something even more severe, when a bombshell fell in their midst: "Why shouldn't she have a pale blue cashmere gown? She is probably a young woman, and maybe has not a single pretty thing! Oh, gracious!" and the speaker grew so energetic that she arose and stood facing them, her face rosy with excitement. "I have helped with box after box in this society, and never have I seen a really pretty thing go into one of them! They are so deadly practical. How it will wear, how it will wash, whether it will show dirt—I sympathize with this woman away out there among those Indians, dependent on us hard-hearted things for the little she wants. God knows," she added, even more earnestly, "where they get the grace to sustain them in their work! As for this gown"—her voice tremble a little—"let us give it to her. Cashmere is cheap, and just imagine her pleasure; and do you know, I think a pretty gown would have a cheerful effect on both herself and her husband. Perhaps it might even convert a few more Indians!" She sat down, a little embarrassed by the feeling she had shown.

"We might make her a mother Hubbard, if you are so bent on it," someone said, doubtfully. "Made up plainly it would not cost much."

"But it mustn't be a mother Hubbard. I wouldn't doom even a woman living among the Indians to that! If we send it at all, let it be pretty. Let us put our hearts into it and make it a beautiful surprise for her. She will probably expect something ugly, if she expects it at all."

"I don't know why we should discriminate this way in favor of Mrs. John Lawrence. We have never done it before." A severe voice threw a damper on the proceedings.

"Mrs. John Lawrence," echoed another; "pray let me see that letter. Mrs.

John Lawrence was an honor student in my class at college in 1880, and I believe I am safe in saying that there is no one here who could surpass her in either intellect or beauty. I remember now that she married a missionary enthusiast and went out to those wilds cheerfully. The speaker crossed the room rapidly and approached the advocate of the blue gown.

"I will gladly help you with the gown, and we will make it beautiful as a dream."

How quickly the idea became infectious! Everybody offered to do something or to give something! It was almost as delightful as dressing a doll!

St. Mary's Auxiliary had turned out many a box, but never had anything aroused such interest as this new bit of work. It became a fad; with its silken linings, its dainty frills of lace, its "fagoting" and exquisite accessories, the beautiful Empire gown lay complete. The Auxiliary women who were packing the box stopped frequently to admire and almost to caress it.

"I hate to see it go," said the secretary.

"It has done us more good than anything we ever did. What a lovely idea it was!" the treasurer said. "I don't begrudge the money at all!"

"Let me fasten this in." Some one bent over the gown and tacked in a little sachet of violet.

"And I must slip this handkerchief into its bosom," another deftly tucked an embroidered kerchief into its folds.

"I have written this note to my dear old friend, and have told her what a pleasure this has been," and the note, too, was pinned to the blue gown. And so, with little final adjustment, and pats of admiration, the blue gown, soft and rustling and enveloped in white tissue paper, was put into its individual box, and shipped away, with more practical things, to the land of the Indians and the plains.

Mrs. Lawrence came home some what discouraged from her sewing school one afternoon, to find her house in great disorder. Everything was covered with clothes it seemed. The box had come, and her husband had lost no time in opening it. The street suit for which she had asked confronted her from the bookcase; dark, neat and serviceable. She examined it with enthusiasm. "They were so good, weren't they, John?"

"Good! My dear, the Auxiliary is always good. Now, don't say anything about your brown sack with the black fringe! The Auxiliary—well, you know what I think of it! See! They have sent us everything, even to the last thing on the list—your blue cashmere gown!" He handed her the box.

"My pale blue cashmere gown! John Lawrence! You didn't really write that, did you? Oh, what must they have thought?" She sank into a chair, pale and distressed.

"I think the dress tells what they thought." He lifted the delicate garment as if it were a baby.

"Sik! Lace! Perfume! A train! John, I can't believe it is mine! And I can't help crying! I didn't mean it. I said it in a half-joking, half-cynical way, never thinking you would ask for it. I wouldn't have dared to ask for it, and see how they have repaid me for my unfaith! Everything is so beautiful, so dainty! There's so much love in it, John! That's what touches me. It means the love of women who saw in me only a servant of God. When you write, tell them this means more to me than anything that ever happened."

Late that night she sat with her old friend's note. She had written a long, heart-felt letter. She turned to her husband with moist eyes:

"I don't believe I ever told you before, John; but it is very sweet to be a missionary's wife."—Living Church.

VALUE OF OLD MEN.

They Should Not Be Smeared at, Even in a Young Man's Country.

America is the young man's country, we are told, because so many of the conspicuous figures amongst us are young men. The thing is said conventionally, as if there were some moral virtue in being young; as if, too, the greatest tragedy in American history was not the death some forty years ago of half a million men in the prime of life, which deprived our generation of its wisest counselors. Experience is the only school which gives a degree honored of all men, and a man of three-score, with the vigor of life still in him, should be the most useful citizen of a community.

The awful catastrophe at Baltimore furnished a splendid instance. The conflagration had been raging for twelve hours. Chief Horton of the Fire Department had been disabled by a live wire. The fighters were without a head. Then William C. McAfee, veteran fire chief, retired for age and counted an old man, offered his services to the Mayor. They were accepted. Donning his oldskins and grabbing his trumpet the old chief went into action. At once the men knew they had a leader. They needed one. The fire was roaring down to the river bank, where were some great rosin works filled with turpentine. And as they went so must go East Baltimore.

"There will be a—! to pay if the fire gets into that rosin," yelled McAfee through his trumpet. "If enough of you men will follow me, we'll go in there and dump the whole outfit into the bay."

They followed the leader and they saved East Baltimore.—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

If a woman doesn't show her age in her face, ask to see her arm. When it is bared to the shoulder, the part between the shoulder and elbow will tell how old she is.

OLD FAVORITES

How Can I Leave Thee? How can I leave thee? How can I from thee part? Thou only hast my heart, dear one, believe.

Thou hast this soul of mine So closely bound to thine No other can I love, save thee alone!

Blue is a Bow'net Called the forget-me-not, Wear it upon thy heart, and think of me! Flow'ret and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay, That cannot pass away, dear one, believe.

Would I a bird were, Soon at thy side to be, Falcon nor hawk would fear, speeding to thee.

When by the fowler slain, I at thy feet should lie, Thou sadly should'st complain—joyful I'd die.

Thought Lost to Night, to Memory Dear, Sweetheart, good-by! The fluttering sail Is spread to wait me far from thee, And soon before the favoring gale My ship shall bound upon the sea. Perchance, all desolate and forlorn, These eyes shall miss thee many a year, But unforgotten every charm— Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-by! one last embrace! O cruel Fate, true souls to sever! Yet in this heart's most sacred place Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever! And still shall recollection trace. In Fancy's mirror, ever near, Each smile, each tear, that form, that face— Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Those Evening Bells, Those evening bells! those evening bells! How many a tale their music tells, Of youth, and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away; And many a heart that then was gay Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone; That tuncful peal will still ring on, While other bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells. —Thomas Moore.

EXPENSES OF A PRINCE.

What It Costs Britain's Royal Heir to Live.

The popular idea about a royal prince is that he is an exalted personage, with a magnificent income, says Hour Glass. There is, however, another aspect of the case, concerning which many people are in ignorance, namely, the enormous expenditure invariably connected with a princely establishment. The following authentic details as to what it costs the Prince of Wales to live may, therefore, prove instructive to the general reader. It is not generally known that there are about eighty servants employed in the prince's household, and the wages of these people aggregate not less than £40 a week. Out of this sum the royal chief receives £200 a year, the butler a similar amount, and two of the stewards £150 apiece, in addition to special perquisites. Then there is the cost of provisions, electric lighting and other domestic expenses, which involve a further outlay of at least £300 a year. It is also essential that his royal highness should keep a good stable, and the maintenance of thirty horses, carriages, grooms, coachmen and other attendants will readily account for another £300 of his income.

During the London season, also, the king's eldest son is naturally expected to give a certain number of house parties, and it need scarcely be said that these entertainments must be in every way consistent with the regal position of the distinguished host. In addition to these parties, the present prince, like his father, gives several royal balls every year, the total cost of which means a further serious inroad in his income. Again, it is only reasonable to expect that his royal highness will be one of the best dressed gentlemen in the kingdom, and this desirable qualification is only attained by judicious expenditure. For example, it may be stated that the Prince of Wales generally dons a new suit of clothes twice a month and a new silk hat about the same period. He never wears a pair of boots more than half a dozen times, and these are of supreme quality, at 2 guineas the pair. He rarely uses a pair of gloves for more than one occasion, and his hosiery and other clothing are sufficiently veritable and multitudinous in character to start a man in business. In all probability £1,500 a year would barely cover the princely expenses for clothing. But even this estimate does not meet the cost of those naval and military uniforms which the prince has to purchase in order to appear in his various official capacities in connection with the British army and navy, and for these splendid garments, some of which cost £100 each, at least another £500 a year must be added to the expenditure.

Another important item of expenditure is that represented by gratuities to servants when the prince and princess become the temporary guests of other royal families, either at home or abroad. Take, for example, a visit to the Czar of all the Russias, which, apart from traveling expenses, would mean at least £100 in royal tips among the countless servants of the Moscow monarch. It is not a matter of general knowledge that when the

Prince of Wales was receiving his education at Cambridge he was allowed an income of £3,000 a year. He was of a frugal disposition, and managed to maintain the dignity of his position without running into debt; on the contrary, it is stated that he actually saved money out of his allowance.

ANCHORING A SAND DUNE.

Worthless Lands Along the Sea Coast Being Reclaimed.

So much attention has been directed to the work that is being done in reclaiming the arid and semi-arid lands of the West that the reclamation work along the Atlantic coast is almost entirely overlooked, says the Philadelphia Record. The familiar sand dunes, characteristic of the coast from Cape Cod to Cape Fear, while perhaps artistic, constitute a menace to adjacent cultivated lands and are useless in themselves. Massachusetts, at considerable expense, has been endeavoring to reclaim the sand dunes that form so large a portion of the "province lands" on Cape Cod. It has been found that sand is readily bound together by grass roots, and that if sturdy varieties of grass suitable for sandy soils are planted and cared for while obtaining a foothold and maturing, they will gradually cover large areas, transforming them from shifting, worthless lands into fertile fields. Many years of forestry work in Europe has shown that after the grasses have made a start trees can be successfully raised on these erstwhile sand piles, which may thus be made to yield a revenue.

Some of the most extensive and mobile sand dunes in the United States, however, are found in the West, and it is the ambition of the Bureau of Forestry to cover these with permanent forest growths. Along the Columbia river, in Washington, the sand is very light in character, owing to the large proportion of mica it contains, and consequently is easily blown about by the winds. In a portion of the lower Columbia river valley great orchards have been actually ingulfed with the shifting sands, and the railroads have experienced great difficulty in maintaining their tracks in this district in passable condition. In order to make a practical test as to the best method of treating these dunes, a strip of land on the Columbia river between Willow creek and the John Day river has been set aside by the government for extensive experiments based on the work done by Massachusetts, referred to above. In the East re-planting plans for owners of sandy tracts are being prepared, thus extending the scope of the practical cooperation begun by the Bureau of Forestry.

Lightning Rods Do Not Protect Vessels from the Electric Fluid.

Several European shipping periodicals are advocating the use of lightning rods on ships which convey explosive compounds. One of these papers notes that on a recent voyage the fore mast of the Umbria was struck by lightning, which shattered it to bits. The writer of the article stated that "if the ship had been fitted with lightning conductors the current would have been deflected from the ship."

The value of lightning rods for ships was investigated by Captain Folger, of Nantucket, Mass., a brother-in-law of Benjamin Franklin, the inventor of the types of lightning rods in common use the world over until a few years ago. After Folger, many other American and British shipmasters studied the lightning rod question, with the final result that thousands of experiments with masts fitted with lightning rods added the belief that they are of no value in warding off lightning.

As a matter of fact, abundant evidence exists in the archives of America, British and French scientific societies that thousands of ships provided with lightning rods were struck by lightning. Time was when navy and army magazines were fitted with lightning rods. That practice ended years ago. It is only among believers in the efficacy of plasters for the back and side, blood purifiers, divining rods and fortune tellers that confidence in lightning rods exists.—Syren and Ship ping.

Babies.

When the May baby and the June baby got well acquainted they exchanged confidences.

"My milk comes from a certifies cow," said the May baby.

"So does mine," said the June baby. "It is milked by a man in a white suit, with sterilized hands, through absorbent cotton, and kept at a temperature of forty-five degrees."

"So is mine."

"It is brought to me in a prophylactic wagon, drawn by a modified horse."

"So is mine."

"Then how in thunder do you manage to be so fat and well?"

The June baby winked slyly. "I chew old paper and the corner of the rugs and anything I can find that is dirty, and in that way I manage to maintain the bacterial balance which is essential to health," he said chuckling.

The May baby laughed long and loud.

"So do I," said he.

The mamma heard the goo-gooing but they assigned to it only the usual fantastic significance. It was just a well—Life.

Whenever we want to loaf, we don't give the excuse that we are going fishing.

Tell any woman her hat is too old for her, and she will be flattered.

ALEUTIANS OF GREAT VALUE.

There Are Good Harbors in Many of the Islands.

The appearance of the United States upon the islands of the Pacific has had, as is well known, a marked effect upon the plans of rulers and the councils of statesmen throughout the world, according to the Booklover's Magazine. And now, as the result of an expedition under the direction of the United States government, a geographical discovery has just been made in the Pacific, the value of which both commercially and strategically, in the ultimate contest of the nations for dominion in those waters, cannot be overestimated. In the opinion of naval experts nothing in the explorations of the past 100 years equals it in importance.

The discovery is that in the long chain of Aleutian Islands, stretching westward from the Alaskan mainland almost across the Pacific, there is a succession of harbors; that they are safe and open throughout the year; that they are unobstructed by rocks, and that the channel to some of them is so deep and commodious that half a dozen fleets could enter them simultaneously.

In the event of war, should a squadron flying the flag of the United States start for Chinese waters, it could stop every night in a safe anchorage until it reached Attu Island, nearly 4,000 miles west of Puget Sound. Steaming from that distant island outpost of the United States, our men-of-war could, within a short run, reach the center of the contested seas of Asia. The ownership of an archipelago reaching far outward toward Asia, and indented with many convenient harbors, is a national asset of incalculable future value.

MODEL FACTORIES IN JAPAN.

Modern Abuses Follow the Organization Along Western Plans.

For a long time the Japanese were wary of English and American systems of industry. The people did not like the idea of bell hours, but preferred working such hours as suited their own sweet wills.

But slowly the "model factory" was grafted upon the people, and with it have grown up the evils of long hours and child slavery. Several "Japs" are now in this country studying our industrial systems and the organization of our labor unions by which the workmen have been able to reduce the hours of labor and compel the legislature to protect the children.

The "model factories" which are being erected in Japan employ tots of 7 years old, and work twelve, thirteen and fourteen hours. Young boys and girls are crowded into insanitary boarding-houses under the worst conditions. With their wages of 8 and 10 cents a day the manufacturer is enabled to make money. Not only is the model workman's home missing, but in the corporation boarding-houses the operatives are said to be sadly underfed.

But the "Japs" are not the people to put up with these abuses forever. Institutes of social science are being organized and the labor union will soon be an established fact. Cheap labor, long hours and child slavery will be apt to be short-lived among the "Yankees of the East."—Boston Globe.

WHERE ALIENS COME FROM.

Countries that Are Sending Their Surplus Population Here.

During recent years the character of the immigrants to this country from Europe has been steadily becoming less desirable. Prior to the year 1880 the nations of western Europe, Great Britain, Germany and the Scandinavian countries furnished over 80 per cent of all our immigrants, the highest class that we could hope for. Hungary, Italy, Poland and the other countries of eastern Europe furnished less than 1 per cent. From 1881 to 1890 the rate changed slightly, but still western Europeans were greatly in the majority. From Germany alone we drew 1,500,000 citizens inside of ten years.

Lately conditions have changed. Eastern Europeans and Asiatics send us 75 per cent of our immigrants (so called Europeans), while western Europe sends us 24 per cent. In 1901, for instance, Austro-Hungarians, Slovaks, Croats, Poles and Magyars to the number of 114,000 came in, while 139,000 Italians honored us with their transfer of "allegiance." In July of last year 67,538 people of all nations immigrated into this country.

Locating New Guinea.

Having returned from British Guiana to England, Rev. Mr. Crookall is he relates in his book on his missionary experiences, visited a public school to tell the children of the foreign land.

"Now, children," he said, "first of all, where is British Guiana?"

A number of hands went up, and the missionary called upon the nearest pupil.

"On the map of the world, sir," was the ready answer.

Worst of the Kind.

"That cyclone certainly was the worst we ever had," said the first Kansas farmer.

"No wonder," said the other. "It started in Illinois."

"What o' that?"

"Well, you know the old saying: 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

How to Manage It.

Lady Caller—But I thought children were not tolerated in these apartments?

Hostess—Ah, but you see, we named the baby after the janitor.—Town Topics.