

## A LOWLY LIFE.

So uncomplainingly she bore the toil  
Of household care and unremitting toil,  
And he it said, throughout her length of  
days  
Her womanly reward was stunted praise.  
She lived a life as lowly as the loam.  
Yet just her patient smile suggested home  
And mother-love that watched o'er trun-  
dles bed.  
Till then the paragon husband often said  
She made his home-life happy.

So, when the friends had crossed upon her  
breast  
Her tired hands that she might better rest,  
And noted the angelic smile of peace  
She wore at labor's end and toil's suc-  
cess.

An epitaph to mark her grave they  
framed,  
And, while no deed of martyrdom was  
named,  
The lines told all of wife and mother  
trials—

They wrote beneath her name: "A Farm-  
er's Wife—  
She made his home-life happy."  
—Roy Farrell Greene, in Good Housekeep-  
ing.

## Why Mrs. Parker Was Worried.

**A** WOMAN who lives on the  
south side relates a horrible  
experience that she had the  
other day with one of her  
husband's debtors.

The debt had been of long standing,  
and the man who owed the money had  
been paying it off in regular install-  
ments by mail, sometimes inclosing a  
postoffice order and sometimes a bill.  
The last time it had been a bill and the  
letter never came, so he wrote to say  
that he would make a trip to Chicago  
and bring the money himself. The day  
appointed the woman's husband  
had to be out of town, and he asked  
her if she wouldn't for once forego the  
joys of shopping and stay at home and  
act as cashier, and she agreed to do so  
in consideration of a reasonable com-  
mission on the payment.

"You can give him a receipt for it,"  
said the man, whose name is Parker.  
"I'll fill it out before I go, and it won't  
be any trouble to you at all. Treat  
him nicely, although I needn't tell you  
to do that—only he's an odd sort of  
genius and has peculiar little ways.  
Some of the people out at Waukegan  
have got the idea that he is a little out  
of his head, but he isn't, and I will  
say that there isn't one man in a mil-  
lion that would act as square as he has  
done. Ask after his son in New York  
and how he is getting along with his  
corn-shelling machine. That will  
please him. Well, good bye; I've got  
to hustle."

The Waukegan man arrived on time.  
He was large, loose-jointed and eld-  
erly, with a wild eye and a timid, hesi-  
tating manner. The fashion of his  
clothes was decidedly rural and he  
wore heavy cowhide boots. As he ex-  
plained the object of his visit he  
fingered his long, wispy beard nerv-  
ously and seemed unwilling to look  
the lady in the face. She invited him  
in, and after carefully rubbing his  
boots on the door mat he followed her  
into the sitting room, where he seated  
himself on the extreme edge of a  
chair and gazed earnestly at a crayon  
portrait that hung over the bookcase.

"Mr. Parker told me to tell you how  
sorry he was that he couldn't be here  
to see you," said the woman, with an  
engaging smile, as she seated herself  
opposite her visitor.

"Yes'm," coughing behind his hand  
and transferring his gaze to the clock.  
"But he thought as far as the busi-  
ness was concerned that I could attend  
to it just as well as he could."

There was an embarrassed silence.  
Mrs. Parker felt the contagion of the  
man's nervousness. She thought that  
he certainly was odd—almost alarm-  
ingly so. She caught his eye in the  
course of its wanderings around the  
room and noticed that he colored  
slightly. She coughed and he coughed  
a rasping echo.

"He left me the receipt," she said,  
at last.

"Yes'm."

Another silence. The man shuffled  
his feet uneasily and the woman began  
to feel desperate.

"It was too bad that your last remi-  
tance was lost, but Mr. Parker told  
me to say that he would give you  
credit for half the amount, or all of it  
if you thought that he ought to."

"That wouldn't be right," said the  
man. "I don't want him to lose any-  
thing by accommodating me. But  
you've got a pack of damned thieves  
here in Chicago—a lot of rascals that  
ought to be hung. I would help hang  
them if I had the chance." He spoke  
with great vehemence and looked at  
her so angrily that she quailed and  
wondered if her servant was within  
call.

"A man's money isn't safe," he  
added. Then in a gentler tone: "Have  
you got a bootjack?"

"A bootjack?"

"Oh, well; may be I can manage  
without, but they come off a trifle  
stiff." He pressed the toe of one of  
his boots against the heel of the other  
and pushed with it; it slipped and his  
right heel grazed his left instep, and  
he uttered a cry of pain. The woman  
started up from her seat with an ex-  
clamation of alarm, but her eccentric  
visitor was between her and the door  
and she feared that he would jump at  
her and strangle her before she could  
reach it. She was, moreover, con-  
scious of sudden weakness in her  
limbs. Perhaps, she thought, he  
wasn't really dangerous and she could  
humor him. It would most likely ex-  
cite and anger him if she should cry  
out.

He looked up and said: "Excuse  
me," then took his boot in his hand  
and pulled at it violently. Mrs. Parker

had heard of the power that a calm,  
steady look has over the insane. She  
looked at him calmly and steadily,  
though her face, she felt, was growing  
white with terror. The trouble was  
that he would not look at her, but con-  
tinued to wrestle with his boot.

At last an energetic wrench brought  
the boot off and the madman thrust  
his arm in it up to the elbow. Then  
he said: "By jinks!" and smiled in an  
imbecile, self-reproachful sort of way.

"How is your married son in New  
York?" inquired Mrs. Parker, in a  
dash of aspiration, mistaking her  
parched lips with her tongue.

"Him?" replied the maniac. "Oh,  
he's all right—leastways he was when  
I last heard from him."

He bent down and tackled the other  
boot, and Mrs. Parker once more rose  
and tried to edge her way round the  
table to pass him. He stopped and  
looked up and she retreated to the  
window and seated herself, with an  
assumption of carelessness, on the sill.

If the worst came to the worst she  
might throw herself out and risk the  
injury that she might sustain from  
the broken glass and the fall. It was  
not more than eight or ten feet to the  
ground, and anything would be prefer-  
able to the horror of being in the  
clutches of a madman.

Then another thought came to her.  
Perhaps she could attract the attention  
of some passer-by and dumbly  
solicit assistance. She looked quick-  
ly out.

A man was passing—a young man  
with a quite noticeable dark mustache,  
fashionably attired and holding  
his arms gracefully bowed out from  
his body. Mrs. Parker, who is a good-  
looking young woman, threw her  
whole anguished soul into an implor-  
ing look and beckoned stealthily but  
imperatively to him. He smirked en-  
gagingly at her in return and raised  
his hat, hesitated, then smirked again,  
caressed his little mustache and passed  
on.

"There!" exclaimed the lunatic.  
Mrs. Parker started. He had got the  
other boot off, and, standing in his  
stocking feet, was groping inside of it  
as he had in the other.

"Good joke on me," he said. "I  
clean forgot which one I put it in,  
and I couldn't tell nothing by the feel."  
Withdrawing his hand he drew out  
a thin, flat package, and then, moisten-  
ing his finger, separated from it a \$10  
bill, which he extended to Mrs. Parker,  
who looked at it wonderingly for  
an instant and then dropped into a  
chair and began to sob hysterically.

It appears that this is not the end.  
The man from Waukegan who had  
made a safety-deposit vault of his boot  
tried for some minutes to soothe and  
calm the agitated woman, but his gen-  
tle ministrations only seemed to make  
her worse. He stood and tugged  
helplessly at his beard and then  
rushed from the room in search of  
help. Going down stairs he suddenly  
came upon the servant, who, in conse-  
quence of his bootless condition, had  
not heard his approach. Before he  
could explain his mission she screamed  
and fell over against the gas stove in  
a dead faint, and, as Parker says,  
there was a Dickens of a time gener-  
ally.

Another thing, there is a young man  
with a slight, dark mustache who  
passes the house quite frequently and  
annoys Mrs. Parker by raising his hat  
to her and sometimes kissing his hand.  
Parker has not caught him as yet, but  
he is hiding his time, and has ex-  
pressed his intention of breaking that  
young man's darned neck.

As for the Waukegan man, he called  
at Parker's office for his receipt, and  
hesitatingly inquired after Mrs. Parker.  
"You'll excuse me, Henry," he  
said, "but ain't she a—well, just a lit-  
tle, you know—"

"Hey!" said Parker.  
The Waukegan man tapped his fore-  
head significantly with his forefinger.  
—Chicago Record.

**Mature Brides of the Rich Young Men.**  
Three cases of marriage between the  
elite of New York where the brides  
were several years the senior of their  
youthful mates may not betoken more  
than accident, but it looks as if a pre-  
cedent had been inaugurated which in  
time might be made a fashion. Women  
age so much faster than men that  
these five years or less should be on the  
other side of the family. If the  
moneyed aristocracy of this country  
adopts a social custom it goes. "When  
we were twenty-one" will read some  
day when he was twenty-one and she  
was twenty-seven, and the inequality,  
in spite of beauty doctors, in a decade  
will be too apparent for the lady's hap-  
piness. Lady Randolph Churchill and  
her young husband are not yet dis-  
contented with their match, but Mrs.  
Langtry, who wedded a comparative  
juvenile, has already found her doll is  
filled with sawdust. However, mar-  
riage is a lottery anyhow, and it is a  
question if rich young men are not  
safer with women older than them-  
selves.—Boston Herald.

**English Song Birds For India.**  
Darjeeling, the mountain sanatorium  
of Bengal, is getting tired of talking of  
the tornado that wrecked the station  
a couple of years ago. So the improve-  
ment committee have thought of some-  
thing else. They declare themselves  
dissatisfied with the cuckoo, hitherto  
Darjeeling's almost sole feathered  
warbler, and are trying to import En-  
glish song birds, at a pound apiece, to  
plant in the woods, says a Calcutta  
correspondent. It is a bad lookout for  
the songsters, as the woods are full of  
Himalayan ravens, and Himalayan  
ravens feed on young birds. But the  
improvement committee are sanguine,  
and the lieutenant-governor of Bengal  
is alleged to have made the suggestion,  
so nobody protests. The ravens, by the  
way, are said themselves to have been  
imported some years ago by the mah-  
arajah of Darbhanga.

## THE STORY OF WINDSOR.

An English Castle Since the Norman  
Conquest.

Those of us who have passed pleas-  
ant hours wandering roundabout  
Windsor Castle are very vividly re-  
minded of it by the sad ceremonies  
performed there recently. The history  
of Windsor Castle is the history of  
England since the Norman Conquest.

Edward the Confessor granted the  
site of the castle and the town to the  
Abbot of Westminster, but William  
the Conqueror was so struck with the  
beauty of the surrounding scenery and  
the importance of the situation as a  
military post that he "traded" with the  
Abbot for some lands in Essex, and  
erected a fortress, which Henry the  
First enlarged.

Court was first held in the new pal-  
ace in 1110, after which it was often  
the scene of regal festivities.  
Stephen during his reign considered  
it only next in importance as a strong-  
hold to the Tower of London.

Henry II. held a parliament within  
its walls in 1170, when, in addition to  
the English Barons, King William of  
Scotland was present.

Nothing but the fear of treachery  
prevented Windsor from being associ-  
ated with Magna Charta. Instead of  
the neighboring plain of Runnymede,  
where the meeting of the Barons and  
King John took place.

Contenting factions alternately had  
possession of the castle during the  
reign of Henry III., and many altera-  
tions were made during that period.  
Indeed, the only parts which remain  
exactly as in the time of Henry III.  
are the towers on the western wall,  
and even these have been refaced.

While alterations were going on in  
1852, some houses being pulled down  
in Thames street, a subterranean pas-  
sage, from the Garter tower to the bot-  
tom of the ditch, with the masonry in  
good condition, was discovered. The  
magnitude of this is appreciated by  
looking down the precipitous "Castle  
slopes" from the heights of the north  
terrace. This noble promenade was  
added by Queen Elizabeth.

Another "sally port" was discovered  
later on the south side, but is probably  
later than Henry III.

Windsor was the principal residence  
of the first and second Edwards, and  
here Edward III. was born.

Edward III., who instituted the  
Order of the Garter, rebuilt the  
castle almost entirely, employing Wil-  
liam de Wykeham (Bishop of Winches-  
ter) as superintendent of the works at a  
weekly salary of seven shillings,  
with three more for his clerk. He  
also rebuilt the chapel of St. George.

In 1504, August 3, Queen Mary and  
her consort, Philip II. of Spain, made  
their grand public entry into Windsor.  
To Charles I. this castle was first a  
palace and then a prison.

Charles II. the "Merry Monarch,"  
took up his residence here after the  
restoration, and made "alterations"  
rather than improvements. His in-  
terior changes are not criticised, how-  
ever.

Noble avenues of elm and beech  
trees, and park improvements gener-  
ally marked the regimes of William III.  
and Queen Anne.

George I., who frequently resided  
here, introduced the Continental cus-  
tom of dining in public every Thurs-  
day.

George III. made it his chief resi-  
dence. Mainly out of his own private  
purses he restored the north front,  
renovated the Chapel Royal and built  
the Royal Vault.

In 1823, when George IV. took up  
his residence here, began the enormous  
expenditure that made the castle what  
it is to-day.

His brother, the "Sailor King," Wil-  
liam IV., though very popular, re-  
ceived little credit for the carrying on  
of this work.

But the entire plan, made by Sir  
Jeffrey Wyattville, in 1824, was only  
completed in the reign of Victoria, who  
is to rest here, where, with the Prince  
Consort, she loved to live a beautiful  
home life so different from the hollow  
pompe and circumstance which dis-  
tinguished that of most of her prede-  
cessors.

Windsor Castle and Windsor town  
are on the best of terms, the latter  
being the dearest, sleepiest, old place  
possible.

**Growth of Freight Cars in a Decade.**  
To-day the freight car that has not  
a capacity of at least 60,000 pounds is  
considered rather out of date, and cars  
for handling heavy freights, such as  
ore and coal, are constructed with a  
capacity of 100,000 pounds. The size  
of the locomotives and the weight of  
the rail in the track has been corre-  
spondingly increased. When the large  
capacity cars began to come into use,  
a switchman on the Union Pacific  
road happened to see one of the old  
and small Union Pacific cars between  
two of the large and modern type, and  
he wrote on the car with chalk: "Oh  
little boxcar, don't you cry; you'll be  
a freight-house by and by." Another  
employee seeing one of the modern coal  
cars, with its unusually high sides,  
wrote on it: "Shop! No roof!"—The  
National Magazine.

**Irish Humor About British Soldiers.**  
There must have been at least one  
interval in the Authors' Club's recent  
dinner to Captain Hedworth Lambson  
of Ladysmith fame, when every one  
was in a thoroughly good humor. Dr.  
Conan Doyle must have been moder-  
ately sure of it, too, else he would  
never have dared to tell to his fellow  
Britishers there a story which he did,  
for its point has been touched on once  
or twice during this war with some  
acidity. This was the story:

An officer was giving his men a little  
lecture on the war and its lessons and  
asked:

"How do the Boers, fight?"  
"Behind the rocks, sir," a soldier re-  
plied.

"And how do the English fight?"  
"Behind the Irish, sir."

The old-fashioned society item about  
"a quiet wedding" may be regarded as  
entirely obsolete.

An Irish philosopher says that there  
is no blessing like health, especially  
when a fellow is sick.

Economists who are alarmed by the  
decrease of matrimony might remedy  
the matter by getting up a bill to sub-  
sidize married people.

Paterson, N. J., should now try to  
bring to the front its reputation as a  
manufacturing town, which has of late  
been so much overshadowed.

A Kansas editor apologizes for say-  
ing a bride appeared in her "shirt  
sleeves." "We wrote 'short sleeves,'"  
says the editor, "as plain as we know  
how."

Rich men do not require curfew.  
They see to it themselves that their  
children are not only carefully guard-  
ed during the day, but safely locked up  
at night.

Sorrow and joy follow closely upon  
the heels of each other. Witness the  
death of the aged Queen of England  
and the marriage of the young Queen  
of Holland.

The Lancet pronounces the present  
underground steam trains in London  
"exceedingly dirty." All attempts at  
ventilation have failed, and the pro-  
posed substitution of electric traction  
seems the only remedy.

Poets and poets' sons appear to get  
no discount on their crimes in English  
courts. Oscar Wilde went to the tread-  
mill like any other felon, and Sir Ed-  
win Arnold's son Julian has just begun  
a ten-year sentence for embezzlement.

The Chinese are forbidden by law to  
use cow's milk. It will not be surpris-  
ing to find China supplementing its  
boasts about gun powder and the art  
of printing with a claim that it was  
the original discoverer of oleomargarine.

The organization of a Parisian club  
for the purpose of marrying its mem-  
bers to American heiresses may be ac-  
cepted as a French challenge to the  
young men of America to put forth  
their best efforts to keep the heiresses  
in the country.

Prairie chickens in Kansas only a  
few years ago were looked upon as a  
pest. Now the farmers are encourag-  
ing their propagation by keeping hun-  
ters off their farms. The chickens are  
much more plentiful now than for  
several seasons back.

There are over 100 towns in England  
and Wales that own and operate pub-  
lic baths. They are patronized by all  
classes, and are said to give perfect  
satisfaction. The examples of these  
towns might be profitably followed by  
every town in the United States.

A Rhode Island statistician, after a  
careful investigation among bankers in  
foreign financial centres computes the  
amount the United States owed abroad  
a year ago as \$3,330,000,000. Against  
this he sets, as owed to the United  
States, \$500,000,000, leaving a let in-  
debtedness on the part of this country  
of \$2,830,000,000. The annual charges  
against the United States he figures  
as \$150,000,000, made up of an interest  
account of \$90,000,000, travelers' credit  
\$50,000,000, and loss by expatriation  
on the part of heiresses and wealthy  
gentlemen \$10,000,000.

The Belgian hare issue has been met  
by the Massachusetts Game and Fish  
Commissioners with the report that  
the National Secretary of Agricul-  
ture's fears do not apply to Massachu-  
setts at least. Its flesh is good to eat,  
its fur is good to wear. And its body  
is good to shoot at. Well protected,  
the Belgian hare "can possibly be in-  
creased sufficiently in our woods to  
partially supply the demand for some-  
thing to shoot at—a demand that must  
constantly increase with the growth  
of population and the recognition of  
necessity for healthful recreation."

A Connecticut cat is charged with  
turning on the gas, with the result that  
a whole family nearly came to an un-  
timely end. This is a new crime to  
lay at the door of the most unrespon-  
sive and haughty of domesticated ani-  
mals. A dog is a shamefaced thing,  
always ready to show penitence for his  
sins. Hence the ease with which he  
obtains forgiveness. Perhaps it is  
owing to his contempt for contrition  
that the cat has been accused of trans-  
gressions, from breaking choice china  
to raiding ice boxes. This self-con-  
tained acquaintance, but not friend  
of man, has acted as the scapegoat for  
careless servants for innumerable gen-  
erations. Perhaps it is because he  
had such a good time in ancient Egypt  
that he is so "cheerful" now.

## Good Roads Notes

System in Road Building.

**T**HE Governor in his message  
wisely emphasizes the desir-  
ability of system in road  
building. He would have the  
old State roads reopened and others  
constructed, so that the improved  
highways would form continuous  
lines, traversing county after county  
throughout the whole extent of the  
State. Such roads would, of course,  
connect the principal cities and large  
towns of the various counties and cor-  
respond somewhat to trunk lines of  
railroad, giving good traveling from  
town to town and from county to  
county, and each would greatly con-  
duce to the development of the com-  
munities along its route and to the  
founding of new ones. The Governor  
seems to think it appropriate that the  
State itself should take the initiative  
in the building of such roads, because  
they will serve general and not merely  
local interests, and it is probably desir-  
able that they should be constructed  
first of all.

Such roads, however, will not, as the  
Governor makes plain, answer the  
whole need. There must be a multi-  
plicity of cross roads and side roads  
connecting different parts of the same  
towns and villages, and these are no  
less important than the others. All  
the people do not live on the main  
roads by any means. Many a man  
will drive over a side road to the vil-  
lage, or from one part of the town to  
another, a hundred times for every sin-  
gle time when he will drive to the next  
town or the next county on the main  
highway. It would be most illogical  
and unjust to say that while inter-  
county and intertown traffic shall have  
good roads intracounty and intra-  
town traffic shall continue to wallow  
in dust and mud. This latter system  
of local roads is therefore as essential  
as the former. But, unlike the for-  
mer, it may properly, and indeed  
should, be left to local initiative and di-  
rection.

We should have, then, two distinct  
yet connected and harmonious sys-  
tems of roads. One would comprise  
such great highways as the old Al-  
bany Post Road, along the eastern  
bank of the Hudson River, and the  
Boston Post Road, skirting the Sound.  
The other would consist of intersect-  
ing roads, gridironing each county  
and town. The State roads might well  
be made of extra width and be con-  
structed of trap rock, which is prob-  
ably the best road metal in the world,  
after the most approved plan of Tel-  
ford and Macadam. There is enough  
trap in the talus of the Palisades and  
in the quarries of Rockland County  
to build such roads from Montauk  
Point to Niagara Falls, and the dis-  
tribution of it to nearly all points  
would be cheap and easy. Granite,  
however, might also be used, espe-  
cially in combination with limestone.

The local roads might largely be  
constructed of local material at much  
less cost and yet be practically as ser-  
viceable as the others. Limestone,  
which is so widely distributed through-  
out the State, makes an admirable  
road if properly used, some preferring  
it to trap or granite because it is softer  
and therefore easier for the horses'  
hoofs. Some villages in Westchester  
County have provided themselves with  
capital roads by using the refuse chips  
and dust from the marble and lime-  
stone quarries of that region. Again,  
deposits of boulders and gravel are to  
be found in almost every county, and  
a road built of broken boulders with  
a top-dressing of selected gravel comes  
pretty close to the best standard.

But, whatever the material, all the  
roads of both systems should be built  
according to well devised and consist-  
ent plans, so that we shall be spared  
the sight, now too often visible, of a  
fine bit of road a mile or two long run-  
ning "from nowhere to nowhere" or  
from a slough to a slough.—New York  
Tribune.

**An Important Matter.**  
"Good roads" is an important mat-  
ter to be dealt with at the present  
session of the Legislature, but like  
most important matters it is in danger  
of being complicated by too many con-  
flicting plans. That heretofore pur-  
sued of inducing counties and local  
authorities to do their share, with co-  
operation from the State, is a good one  
to adhere to, and it will be better to  
be a little slow in the good work than  
to run up debts and mortgage the fu-  
ture. A bill just introduced proposes  
to issue State bonds not exceeding  
\$50,000,000, subject to approval by a  
vote of the people, for the construction  
and improvement of highways. That  
would start a new and prodigious policy,  
which it is desirable to avoid. The  
value of improved roads is one that ac-  
crues as fast as they are constructed,  
and the people should be induced to  
pay for them as they go along, or in-  
cur only local and short time debts, at  
most, for sections that must be com-  
pleted to be of use. The State help  
should be rendered liberally, but judi-  
cially and without imposing heavy  
obligations to be met in the future.  
The work will have to be gradual, and  
will take a long time at best, but it  
will grow in appreciation as it ad-  
vances.—New York Mail and Express.

**Good Roads.**  
It may be well to add that the good  
roads movement existed long before  
there was a bicycle or a League of  
American Wheelmen, but the farmers  
of America owe much to the riders of  
the narrow track machine for having  
given the movement an added impetus.—Denver Republican.

The girl with high ideals seldom  
marries an aeronaut.

## AMERICAN MULES EXALTED.

Growing International Recognition of  
Their Merits Reported.

One effect of the Anglo-Boer war in  
South Africa has been to exalt not  
only in market value, but also in  
official consideration, the American  
mule. There has been a constant de-  
mand for American mules for service  
in the military operation of the En-  
glish. The distinction of the American  
mule has become international, and it  
need be no surprise, therefore, that in  
recent official publications in Wash-  
ington the mule, no longer the subject  
of slighting official reference, should  
have a position of dignity and promi-  
nence.

Thus, recently, there has appeared a  
bulletin concerning the number of  
mules in large cities from which it ap-  
pears that there are now 600 mules in  
New York City, 560 in Chicago, 213  
in Boston and thirty-seven in Detroit,  
these being the cities in which mules  
are least esteemed. In Philadelphia  
the number is 1500, in Baltimore 1000,  
in Kansas City 2400, in St. Louis 2800,  
and in New Orleans 3400.

The former distinction of Memphis  
as the great mule city has been obliterated  
in the march of progress of the  
mule to belated distinction, and the to-  
tal of Memphis is exceeded by Louis-  
ville, a city much further north, the  
industrial interests of which are not  
such as to make many calls for the  
purchase of mules.

The distinction of the American  
mule as recognized officially does not  
stop short with mere enumeration, for  
there appears also a statement show-  
ing "the number of mules per 100,000  
inhabitants in certain cities and groups  
of cities of the United States." Thus  
it appears that there are 1195 mules  
to each 100,000 inhabitants in New Or-  
leans, and ninety-nine mules only to  
each 100,000 inhabitants in Washing-  
ton, in which mules are but poorly  
represented.

In New York City it may be of in-  
terest to the future historian to know  
on official authority, there are seven  
mules for each 100,000 inhabitants in  
the borough of Queens, eight in the  
borough of Brooklyn, twenty-two in  
the borough of Manhattan, twenty-five  
in the borough of Richmond, and thirty-  
one in the borough of The Bronx.

Why this disparity exists in the bor-  
ough of The Bronx there is no accom-  
panying official explanation.—New  
York Sun.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Selfishness insults love.  
Abiding achievement is greater than  
restless activity.

We do not have to be blind in order  
to see eye to eye.  
Evil fastens on us only because it  
finds affinity in us.

A good man not only knows how to  
live; he knows how to die.  
The adler on a jeweled tray is as  
dangerous as its fellow in the dirt.

The approbation of self is seldom  
born of the approval of conscience.  
He that deals fairly with his neigh-  
bor does not have to flee from him.

He who will not listen to the teach-  
ings of failure shall never hear the  
voice of success.  
It is hopeless consulting the compass  
of conscience when you lay the load-  
stone of lust beside it.

The roots of a strong tree do not  
make much rustle, but they do the  
hanging on in time of storm.  
Charity draws from an exhaustless  
fountain; the more it gives, the more  
it has to give.—Ram's Horn.

**Englishmen and the Queen.**  
Curiously enough the great mass of  
Englishmen knew little or nothing of  
the sovereign as their ruler. They  
had only the vaguest idea of the part  
she took in the government of her  
realm and her people; they knew prac-  
tically nothing of the controlling and  
dominant force she exercised in inter-  
national and domestic politics. But  
about this they cared nothing. It was  
sufficient for them to know that she  
was a good woman, a woman whose  
heart always went out to her people,  
who shared with them their joys as  
well as their sorrows, who was keenly  
interested in everything that could  
make them better and happier. And  
perhaps more than anything else was  
the knowledge that she was a woman  
who had suffered much, whose heart  
had been sorely wounded, and whose  
spirit often tried, and yet through it all  
she had remained serene, hopeful, al-  
ways an example for right living, al-  
ways an inspiration to the weary and  
the afflicted. Perhaps that was the  
real secret of the devotion which she  
inspired in Englishmen the world over.  
—A. Maurice Low, in Harper's Week-  
ly.

**Pleasant For the Parents.**  
A gentleman invited a certain lectur-  
er to his house to take tea.