

How Celeste Was Wounded.

The peaks in that range of the White mountains which lies in the county of Carroll, in the state of New Hampshire, are heavily wooded. The lone exception is Chocorna mountain. Passaconaway, one of the most impressive of the group of giant hills, is thick with huge hemlocks, pines and firs, and here and there a broad ribbon of uprooted and dead timber marks where the tornadoes have rushed down the mountainside, uprooting the tallest trees and carrying death in their hollow hands.

Life there in the hills still clings to some of its old-time ways, and the two-wheeled cart and the spinning wheel are not yet relegated to the shades of the past. The tall yankee clock is still to be seen in many households, and now and then a spinnet gives out a quaver, like the cracked voice of an old man, vainly reminiscent of the days of his youth. On the lower foothills, or shelving ledges, of Black Mountain, Sandwich Dome, Ossipee, Chocorna, Whiteface and Panguis are many thousands of acres covered with heavy timber. Spruce, birch, hemlock and other trees, and in many places there is a dense undergrowth, and under the ledges and shelves of rock, and in numerous caves high up on the rockier of the elevations, are still to be found lynxes and wildcats. Lower down foxes and sable are found, and deer are yet fairly numerous on the mountains.

In a little cleared space on a slope of Passaconaway mountain was the cabin of Pierre Chenaud, a strange bit of human wreckage lodged among the rocks of that gaunt land. Chenaud did not take kindly to the rude husbandry of his neighbors, which wrung a scanty subsistence from the unwilling soil. He was a rover, a trapper, a hunter. In the winter he tracked the deer across the mountains and the carcasses he brought back proved his unerring aim. In the autumn he snared and shot the ruffed grouse, which abounded, and the shy, silent, awkward brown hares that passed, shadow-like, through the thickets. In the spring and summer the brook trout were everywhere in the mountain streams. And then, too, in the mountain lakes the black ducks descended, and Pierre was a famous fowler. There were pike, too, in these lakes.

And, too, his traps. The sable, fox, marten, even wildcats, that he overcame! Very seldom was he obliged to actually labor as did his neighbors. He enjoyed life. He was 47 years old, straight as a pine, tough and wiry as a deer stave. His little cabin, his guns, traps, fishing tackle and fiddle comprised his possessions. If the neighbors liked to farm, let them farm. "Mals-out," said Pierre, "I care non." Canaille they were, according to him, with an indescribably expressive shrug of the shoulders. But first and foremost of his treasures—more than all else to this lone man—was Celeste—"ma chere Celeste."

She was brown and burnished as an autumn oak leaf in the sunlight. Quick and graceful in her movements, daring and light-hearted, singing quaint bits of Provencal love ditties that Pierre had taught her, keeping the cabin floor swept of every scrap of dirt, decking herself with bright feathers and beautiful skins, half savage and yet all woman. And as fiery-hearted as Papa Pierre. To say that the farmer boys of the vicinity were crazy over Celeste is simply putting it mildly. No one could sing and dance like Celeste. And Pierre ground his teeth and made frantic Gaelic gesticulations at the mere thought of anyone of them capturing her affections.

Chief among Celeste's admirers were Alonzo Edwards, the oldest son of the richest man in the region round about. But he was so evidently in love that Celeste played with his passion with true French coquetry. Day in and day out he sought her wherever she appeared at the dances or at her father's cabin. Pierre looked on, sometimes amused, sometimes glowering. One night after Edwards had put on his snow shoes and gone down the mountain Pierre put his hands on Celeste's shoulders, looked deeply and steadily into her eyes, and said, questioningly: "You love him?"

The girl smiled, half thoughtfully: "Not yet," she said. Pierre shrugged his shoulders.

"N'importe," was his only reply. One summer day Celeste started for Bearcamp pond to fish for perch and pickerel. She saddled her father's bony old Rosentane and in about an hour's ride reached the pond. Dark hemlocks and spruce grew to the water's edge on most of the shores and Ossipee's colossal shadow swept over the emerald waters. Cardinal flowers flashed up among the gray boulders at the pond's edge like flashes of fire. All among the lily pads lie great spotted water lilies, and beyond stood Red Hill's steep battlements.

The girl tied the ancient steed to a hemlock tree and getting into a rude bateau paddled out into deep water. Here she stopped, and taking some angworms from a birch bark box filled with moist earth, which she had brought along, baited two hooks attached to coarse-spun linen threads and dropped them overboard, holding a line in each hand. Very soon a sharp tug at one line was followed by her lifting in a lusty perch weighing about half a pound. Presently another bite came, and then another. She had found a school of these fast-biting, voracious fish, and in a little while she had over sixty of them.

Then she stopped fishing for perch and rowing the bateau over to where a little stream flowed into the pond she halted again. Here she took two

larger hooks and stouter lines, fastened to poles, and baiting these hooks with fresh pieces of perch meat, began to fish for pickerel, or pike, as Pierre called them. It was a long time between bites, but Celeste was patient and skillful, and in about two hours she had secured seven fine fish, the largest weighing over six pounds.

Rowing the bateau back to the landing place, she was astonished to find a man awaiting her there. He had evidently been fishing for pike, and with signal success. A large string of them lay at his feet. His horse stood a little way from Pierre's boat, cropping at the branches of the tree to which it had been tied.

The young fellow lifted a rough cap politely and said: "I have come to fish here from the Parrandin farm. May I not assist mademoiselle?" The mention of the only other French resident of the settlement was a fortunate thing for him, and very soon the two were talking vorp rapidly and eagerly together. He helped her string her fish and mount the steed ancient of the house of Chenaud, and rode by her side till their pathways separated. Ferguson asked her as she ambled away if she fished often at the Bearcamp waters and Celeste smiled and said "sometimes."

Occasionally they met after this, and Celeste found that Ferguson spoke French quite well. He soon drifted to Pierre's cabin, where he was received with ill-disguised hospitality by Pierre. But his knowledge of Pierre's native tongue, his gifts as a fiddler, his skill as a hunter and fisher slowly crept into the heart of the recluse and warmed it. A homely man was Ferguson, except for his eyes, and a gayer man had not yet lived.

He was a roamer, as he told the Frenchman, yet a rich one. And what gave Pierre's best confidence to him, and what piqued Celeste most bitterly, was that Ferguson did not bow before her as the rest of mankind. True, he taught her the waltz step and danced it with her to the agony of her swains, but as these rude suitors saw his apparently absolute indifference to her they took heart of grace.

Seemingly he was happiest when in the woods or by the lakes and streams with Pierre. Always the pleasant word it was with the Scotchman, the ready wit, the calm displacement of self when any of her beaux came while he was at the cabin. And fierce and furious came Alonzo Edwards, anxious at once about the newcomer, but first awed by his education and knowledge and next gladdened by the open relinquishment of the girl to her admirer by the smiling Ferguson.

So the summer shone out in successive sunlit days, and September brought a darker gleam to the waters and a more glorious blue to the skies. The barberry bushes along the old stone walls threw out a maze of bright colors, and gray squirrels and chipmunks ran along these same stony barriers, on the hillsides the woodchucks, grave as wooden Hindu deities, looked motionlessly into the brown landscape. Only the cedars and pines kept their dark green shades and the cardinals and lilies had vanished.

With fall came more of a stir at Pierre's cabin; the overhauling of snowshoes, the hunts for ruffed grouse, the minding of the traps, the gathering of firewood for the winter. Ferguson had gone away for a month and it seemed to Celeste that never had time been so heavy on her hands. At first she had chidden her importunate lovers sharply, but of a sudden she seemed to recollect herself and resumed, outwardly at least, her old-time manner with them. To Pierre, apparently, the Scotchman's departure mattered not a whit. The coming season of adventure was to him the primal thought and primate pleasure.

At last, on the evening of a wonderful October day, as Celeste stood at the door of the cabin looking down the mountain she saw Ferguson approaching. A great and unconquerable joy leaped to her heart at sight of his strong-knit figure and resolute stride. He was different from the rest, but he should never know, if, indeed, he did not already know, if he had not fathomed it all with those gray eyes.

"Well, then, after all," as she said to herself, "let it be as Papa Pierre so often said, N'importe."

Their former guest brought Pierre great store of tobacco and what he, Pierre, had often longed for, a massive steel beartrap. And for Celeste—nothing—that is, at first it seemed so, but in the light of the great fireplace the same evening he had brought out for her a great marvel which, he said, was an opal. It was a ring, of which she had seen perhaps one or two, but only the plain gold article. Here, now, was this wonderful pebble, smooth and creamy, which under the blaze gave back so many beautiful lights. Fiery glowing depths that sparkled and glistened but which at dawn were hardly even hinted at in the recesses of the stone. Like Ferguson's face, the girl thought, pale and impressive when she searched its outlines in repose, but when the fire of expression came into his eyes, all color and light seemed to leap from his features.

Pierre glowered at the ring at first, but the soothing aroma of the tobacco brought him, softened his suspicions. "A stone, a bauble, Eh! bien! N'importe." And he smoked on. A fragment of hard pine above the knotted back-log fell forward into the flames and blazed up where Celeste stretched her hand toward the blaze. The opal threw off its answering sparks. "Eh! bien! a pretty stone!" That was all.

Long trips were now taken and much game taken. The larder was well stocked, and the sweet, sharp notes of the fiddle danced in and out among the

flying shadows on the broad granite hearthstone.

And now Alonzo Edwards came daily to the cabin, and at last brought his father, who talked long and earnestly with Papa Pierre, smoothing his pride by praising Celeste, and urging his consent to a marriage. Neither of the farmer squires doubted that the unwillingness of the girl herself was coquetry, and the younger deemed himself the favored of her swains. The fiddling Scotchman! It never entered his head that Ferguson might be a rival.

Pierre swore ferociously in French at the situation. "These Edwards, Mon Dieu!" "Here, Celeste, what you say, eh?" (Ferguson looked at the girl as if his eyes could find her very heart's thought. She shrugged her shoulders and left the room. Pierre muttered "diablo! dam, dam," and struck his open palm against the door. And then he looked once keenly, searchingly, at Ferguson. The latter's face was as expressionless as a granite boulder.

The next day Pierre set out to look after his traps and Ferguson stayed at the cabin to make a pair of snowshoes, he said. The hearth was light with great logs, and Celeste's ring, which she wore only before her father and the Scotchman, sparkled on her finger. She sat on one of the heavy splint-bottom chairs and watched the progress of the work. Finally Ferguson threw down the strips of deer hide and said: "You are not going to marry this Edwards, Celeste?"

"Why not, monsieur?" replied the girl, proudly, though with her cheeks ablaze at the question.

"Because I say not, Celeste," he answered.

"What right—you—the girl brokenly cried; then with a splendid courage she laughed, looked him full in the face, shrugged her shoulders, and mockingly repeated Pierre's old remark, "Eh! Bien! N'importe."

Ferguson took one step across the hearth and caught her to him.

She struggled at first, but came to the knowledge of his adoration of her in an amazed joy.

"We will go down to the village tomorrow afternoon, Celeste, get married and come back and surprise Papa Pierre in the evening. You shall take your place as my wife in the city and we will live in the woods here half the year with Pierre."

The girl's heart was well-nigh breaking with sheer happiness. The long night seemed to her as a kind mother, shading with its dusky palm the one light of her life from a too blinding brilliancy.

In the morning a strange warmth was in the air. An uncanny mildness for that time of year. And Pierre shook his grizzled head. "Storm, I think," he said. He and Ferguson went to the traps together, shot a brace of ruffed grouse and returned for dinner. After dinner Ferguson and Celeste went down the mountain side together, the light of what had happened still radiant on the girl's face.

"How warm it is," she said.

"I'm afraid there is going to be a storm," said her companion. At the village they met the minister, who was a white-haired, kindly old man, and were man and wife ere the girl could realize what had happened.

As they crossed the log bridge over one of the mountain streams the sky, which had been of a dark green color, turned suddenly light, then to an inky black. A hollow, roaring sound came over the mountain and the storm was upon them. Ferguson caught his wife by the wrist and darted under the bridge and into a hollow under the embankment, a space amply sufficient to shelter half a dozen people. A wild gust scattered water into their retreat and another volleying roll of crackling winds swept away the log bridge like a heap of straw. For hours, as it seemed to them, the fierce storm raged of wind and electricity, and afterward a heavy rain fell. They remained in the hollow until daybreak, and then, heavy-hearted with forebodings of disaster, they hurried on to the fort at Passaconaway. A perfectly appalling sight confronted them here. Vast pines uprooted and flung aside like wheat stalks by the cradler's motion. Hemlocks, hardy and tall, prone on the rocky soil, stripped and scoured by the tornado's might. The very ground itself scooped and gullied by the cleaving share of the indomitable winds. Higher and higher they crept, and at last, after many hours, as it seemed, of tolling through barriers of tangled limbs and tree trunks, they came to the spot where the evening before had been the little home of Papa Pierre. And under a vast chaos of uprooted pines and hemlocks, buried in an interlocked mass of gigantic timber, hidden from sight by the roots of century-old forest altars, it rested.

The darkness had circled, poised, descended. The wild winds had sprung out from the hollows of heaven, and, gathering strength as a rolling snowball gathers weight and solidity, they had fallen upon the trembling land. Sphered in electric currents, they had torn up, as with a mighty hand, the rock-rooted and majestic trees and hurled them missile-like through the thunderous spaces of the night.

And, battered and bombarded by these restless messengers, blotted out by a myriad flight of huge timbers, thick as the arrow flight of the English archers at Cressy and Poitiers, the Frenchman's cabin lay.—Ernest McGaffey in Chicago Chronicle.

Orders have been given the engineering department of the Illinois Central road to prepare plans for the construction of an elevator of 1,500,000 bushels capacity at Harahan yards near New Orleans and for the building of wharves and docks which are in contemplation.

BLINDA'
Blinda was the smallest cat that ever you did see.
One day Blinda met a rat.
Quite twice as big as she.
Now, what are you to do?
When a rat's as big as you?
Blinda said: "I'm not afraid of any rat."
Ed swallow any rat that's made.
Or two, or four, or five."
Now, how could she do that—
Such a very little cat?
The rat replied: "I never knew a cat as brave as I."
But as for such a cat as you, I'll make you into pie."
Did you ever see a rat dine on a pussy cat?
Blinda said: "Superior cats think fighting only fun."
Just call a lot of other rats: I'll eat them every one."
Now, don't you think that that was a most courageous cat?
Then other rats joined in the fight.
Big, little, short and tall,
Gray, brown and brindled, black and white,
Blinda ate them all!
Do you wonder how I know?
Blinda told me so!
—St. Nicholas.

For House and Lawn.

Shadow Buff.—A white sheet without patches or tears is hung against the parlor wall, and near this, on a low seat, is the victim of the amusement, who, while he is not blindfolded, nevertheless is known as "Buff," and is supposed to be a stupid fellow. While his eyes may be wide open, he is bound by several penalties to look only toward the sheet, and under no circumstances to turn his head. On the table a little distance behind "Buff" is placed a lighted lamp, the most powerful available, all other lights being extinguished. The members of the company now pass in line behind "Buff," but between him and the lamp so that their shadows may be cast on the sheet.

"Buff" must carefully inspect a passing shadow and call it by name of the person who is casting it. Men may change hats or coats, may stick paper beads to their faces, or in other ways change their outlines so that a deceptive show will appear on the sheet. Women are allowed to conceal their hair under a masculine hat or to otherwise change their appearances, all with a view of making things unpleasant for the perplexed "Buff."

Grimacing is permissible and the manufacturer of shadows may stoop or walk on tiptoe if he chooses. When "Buff" guesses correctly he is allowed to become a shadow, and the person whose name he has guessed takes his place on the seat and becomes a sorrowing "Buff."

Game of Feathers.—The players are seated in a circle with their chairs close together. The leader—any one may lead—takes a piece of goose or swan down and blows it toward the ceiling. The members of the company are supposed to keep the feather in the air by blowing on it, and the one who allows it to fall must pay a forfeit. The excitement produced by this simple game must be experienced to be understood.

Dutch Band.—The "Dutch band" is an amusing game. The players sit or stand around in a circle and the leader assigns the instruments to them. "Mrs. Smith, you are playing a slide trombone," he will say. Or, perhaps: "Mr. Jones, you will please pound the bass drum, and, mind you, hit it hard." It must not be supposed that the leader really hands out instruments to the players. Should he do so there would be no fun—nothing but bad music. The instruments are wholly imaginary and the noises that are made in imitation of their tones are created by the mouth. For instance, a bass drummer must pound violently at his imaginary drum and at the same time utter "pum! pum!" at the top of his voice.

There are complications to the game, too. The leader sets the pace. Without warning he will strike up some well known tune and the others must follow as soon as they can pick it up. The leader is permitted to change the tune as often as he pleases and he is not required to give any notice to his performers.

When a player makes a mistake and keeps on playing the old tune he is obliged to become the leader.

Jack's Alive is another merry game. To play it all you need is a stick of some soft wood and a fire. For the fire an alcohol lamp or gas stove will serve, as no one is advised to build a blaze in the grate these days. The game is delightfully simple. Take the stick of wood and place it in the fire till one end is charred and burning.

When the stick is well charred blow out the fire and leave the spark that will remain to smolder. The players are seated in a circle and "Jack" is passed among them. "Jack" is a tender young thing, and for fear he will die on their hands the players are all anxious to get rid of him. They pass him rapidly from one to another, with each pass remarking: "Jack's alive." When the last spark disappears "Jack" is no longer alive, and the laws of the game then are applied to punish the person who allowed poor little "Jack" to perish.

Just what the penalties shall be is determined by the members of the company at the beginning.

Hunting the Ring.—Procure a good-sized ring, or for lack of such a thing a key will do. Either ring or key must be of a size that will permit of its being easily hidden in the palm of the hand. Through the ring or key must be threaded a piece of string, four or five yards in length, the ends being joined so as to form an endless band. The company sits or stands in a circle, the cord passing through the closed hands of each player except the one who is "out." The key circulates from one to the other, and "Out," who is

standing within the circle, does his best in an attempt to intercept it in its travels. When a key is used a daring player will sometimes harass "Out" by whistling into its barrel when "Out's" back is turned. Then if "Out" is quick enough he will wheel on his heels and seize the key, when there becomes another "Out," and the original victim is allowed to take a seat and join in the game as a trouble-maker.

There is another form of this game in which the endless cord is dispensed with. Each player in this case grasps with his left hand the right wrist of the player sitting next to him, though so lightly as to allow free use of the arm, and then the hands are set in motion, swinging backward and forward. Under cover of the motion the key or ring is passed, and "Out" must find it if he can.

Fashion Notes.

Red linen promises to become a very popular fabric.

Chiffon veilings, somewhat heavy and of striking color are extremely popular for hat trimmings. Bright blues, pinks, white and black are used, and some more novel are of several colors. They are laid carelessly over the other trimmings on the hat.

One of the latest fads in ornamenting the large flexible trimmed leghorn hats is to set a huge bunch of flowers close to the edge of the brim in front, so that the weight bears down the brim at that point. The back of the hat is finished with a bow of black velvet.

Unique as garnitures to add a finishing touch to simple thin muslin gowns are rosettes of baby ribbon matching the color of the gown and combined in innumerable loops with black velvet ribbon of the same width.

A Kansas woman has astonished her neighbors and relatives by doing fine laundry work and is making a great success of her business. Last year she laundered 3,000 curtains. Curtains are sent to her from all over the state. In addition to laundering curtains she washes old laces, centerpieces, dollies and lunch cloths in countless numbers.

With a short skirt you have to be more than ever particular about such details as boots or shoes and stockings. The country cousin should always be neat before anything else, for what is seemingly a trifle in itself, such as a badly adjusted band, a soiled collar or down-at-heel shoes, means utter ruin to the fresh appearance which is really more essential in the country than in town.

It is extraordinary how we have banished the tight bodice from the list of fashionable garments. A few seasons ago our "best" frocks were somewhat painful to wear, but now we can don them with a feeling of unbounded joy and satisfaction. For our bodices are cut in blouse form—that is to say, they have a lining, but it is a soft one and almost free from bones, and the outer fabric falls in loose, becoming folds, while the vest is sure to be of lace or some transparent material which is cool and comfortable as well as becoming.

Suggestions.

For tired feet put a handful of common salt into four quarts of hot water. Place the feet in the water while it is as hot as can be borne. Then rub the feet dry with a rough towel.

The best kind of a laundry apron is made of rubber cloth or of blue or brown denim. The former is to be preferred, because it protects the dress the best against a wetting. Some one suggested a desirable out-of-door wrap for the houseworker not long ago, to be made large and loose in jacket shape, with very big sleeves and a hood attached. This can be slipped over the dress when there are windows to wash, clothes to be hung on the line or any other out-of-door service to be done in cool or chilly weather.

If the juice of a lemon or any acid fruit has taken the color from gown or apron, it may be restored by touching the spot with household ammonia. If soda or the like has caused the same trouble, touch with vinegar and all will be well.

The following is a simple but effective manner of cooling water or wine: Take a bottle filled with wine or water, wrap it in a piece of cloth very wet and hang the covered bottle in a draft. It will be found that the liquid in the bottle will be reduced to a temperature much below that of the surrounding air, having given off its heat to the vapor formed by the evaporation of the water in the cloth.

American Pomological Society.

The twenty-seventh biennial session of the American Pomological Society will be held in Buffalo, New York, September 12 and 13. The program for the meeting has been arranged with a view to preserving sufficient time for the discussion of several interesting topics of great practical importance to fruit-growers. It is at the same time rich in subjects of interest to pomological specialists and amateurs. The meeting therefore promises to be one of exceptional pleasure and profit to all persons interested in fruits and their culture who can be present at the sessions. All such persons are cordially invited to attend and participate in the discussions, as well as to join the society, either as life or biennial members. For program address the secretary, Wm. A. Taylor, 55 Q street, Northeast, Washington, D. C.

There is an element of success in every man, but he seldom gets it in operation until some smart woman begins to tread on his heels.

Senator Vest's Tribute.

One of the most eloquent tributes ever paid to the dog was delivered by Senator Vest of Missouri, some years ago. It has been thus recorded by the Nashville American: He was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked defendant. Vest took no part in the trial and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to speak. Being thus urged he arose, scanned the face of each jurymen for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out but soon entered with a verdict of \$500 for the plaintiff, whose dog was shot; and it was said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

Hard Times in Japan.

According to figures compiled by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics the total exports of the United States to Japan during the nine months of the present fiscal year are nearly two million dollars in excess of the corresponding months of the fiscal year 1899, notwithstanding the fact that Japan that year laid in such a large surplus of cotton that her importations in that line since have been greatly reduced. The Swiss consul general at Yokohama, who has just sent out a report on the commerce of Japan, says that owing to recent political troubles and scarcity of money, Japan's foreign trade for 1900 shows a considerable falling off. Many banks have suspended and Japanese merchants unable to find a market for imported goods have been forced to break their contracts on such orders. It is said that ordered goods to the value of \$20,000,000 have been refused by Japanese merchants and manufacturers. The total value of the foreign trade in 1900 was \$243,791,000, an increase of \$27,000,000 over the figures of 1899. This increase is due chiefly to the extraordinary demand for rails and other iron products, woolen cloths, sugar and petroleum. The exports show a decrease of \$5,500,000.

Animals Must Work.

When you see the animals in the park menageries pacing back and forth restlessly in their cages do not take it for granted that the creatures are unhappy or even discontented. It may be that the lion, or the tiger, or the polar bear that moves about with apparently ceaseless activity is only taking his daily exercise, without which he would pine and die soon. When the wild creatures are in their native jungles they are kept pretty busy hunting food. Thus each day they walk many miles, perhaps. In their narrow cages in the parks they are plentifully supplied with food, but their brawny bodies still demand a great amount of exercise. Mile after mile is paced off daily by the uneasy creatures. Usually they move with a long, swinging stride, but when meal time comes around then the step quickens until, when the keeper appears with his baskets of meat, the tigers and lions and other animals leap against their bars and growl and whine and lash their tails. In fact, they act like great hungry boys do after a long day's tramp if they find that supper is late.