

QUEEN DIET OF RACCOONS

British Crabs, Although Naturally a Race of Fruit Eaters.

What made the crab-eating raccoon take to his queer diet? The question is suggested by a specimen of this strange animal at a London menagerie and which is happy to oblige any generous visitor with an illustration of the quickest way to kill, unshell and swallow a crustacean without artificial assistance of any kind.

Originally probably a fruit eater, the raccoon is inquisitive and dainty, both strong incentives to experiments in diets. When an individual sees a small object he does not understand his actions fall under three headings. He first puts the article to close scrutiny, both with his eyes and that suspicious, upturned nose of his. Then he takes it away and washes it—a characteristic action of this water-loving animal—and finally puts it to the grand test of eatableness or otherwise. If it appears unpalatable he gives it to his wife.

In this way it is easy to imagine how the creek-loving coon, wearying of too much fruit, made his first crab supper, and though he has never been able to add a squeeze of lemon or brown bread and butter to the repast has become a confirmed lover of crustacea ever since. All creatures make experiments until they become a fixed habit and their whole structure is modified in accordance.

Nature, for instance, never intended the coon to live on fish. It was the temptation of an old world trout in difficulties in the shallows that first led the great hawk astray. Some small Brazilian monkeys, again, live almost exclusively on birds' eggs, an Australian parrot has given up a proper vegetarian diet for an exclusive regimen of mutton and many other instances of the same unorthodox appetites might be cited.

Vast Debt Owed by Cities. The municipal debts of the country are approximately \$1,500,000,000—some larger than those owed by the federal government and all the state governments. Of the total it is worth while to note New York contributes, when all sinking fund deductions are made, about one-fourth.

The increasing habit of American cities to mortgage the future is one of the marked governmental tendencies of the times. Although a marked improvement has taken place in the quantity of municipal governments, whatever the other good faults, there is seemingly no disposition to lessen the public burden. The theory seemingly is that municipal resources are practically unlimited. For a public servant to have prejudice against debt creation is considered proof that he is an old fogy.

The greater part of city debts represent money put into buildings, streets, parks, etc., and no small part to most administrative deficits. In view of the size of these debts and the little the public has received from their creation, there cannot be kept back a feeling of gratitude that the prudence of the last generation put into state constitutions clauses limiting debt creation. Except for these clauses there is reason to fear, with extravagance and recklessness in the air as it is now, municipal indebtedness would increase much more than \$100,000,000 a year.—Exchange.

Properties of Gold. Pure gold is unaffected by the atmosphere either at ordinary temperatures or when the metal is heated. It is also proof against the action of common acids when used singly.

Moreover, it confers its properties more or less upon copper and silver when these metals are alloyed with it. Thus, for example, 12-karat gold will withstand the action of nitric acid and the atmosphere at ordinary temperatures, but some of the copper will be oxidized during annealing. Nine parts of gold may be alloyed with ten parts of platinum in an ordinary crucible and fire, but such an alloy will not be uniform; a larger proportion of platinum will free itself from the gold on solidification and a homogeneous alloy of the two metals cannot be obtained.—Jewelers' Circular Weekly.

Honor the Old-Time School. Never speak nor write of old-time schools in derision. We are in advance of them in many ways, it is true, and for that we are thankful, but our thankfulness should be largely mixed with humility. Those were the schools of our fathers and grandfathers and really it must be admitted that they were and are as a body entitled to our respect. They did their best in the light of that tallow candle. Are we doing as well in the brilliant blaze shed upon our path by electricity? They were slow in reaching an objective point in their ancient lumbering vehicles. Do we accomplish as much when we reach our journey's end by the limited? These are questions which the youth and middle-aged of our day should ponder.—Western School Journal.

Her Feline Propensities. Even in politics women cannot conceal their real nature. There is always something of a cat about the woman voter.

"How does she show it?" "Doesn't she always scratch the ticket?"—Baltimore American.

Seven Known Toss Cigars. Mrs. Brown smokes her husband in the dead of night with the startling information that she had just heard a banging in the room below. "Now," she exclaimed, excitedly, "he's lighting one of those cigars I gave you for your birthday. I heard him pick up the box and put it down again." Then Mrs. Brown set out to listen. "By Jove, they're right!" she answered. "He is! He's actually smoking one of those—er—those cigars." Then he nestled once more comfortably beneath the blankets. "Go to sleep again, Mrs.," he said, complacently. "We'll find the poor wretch in the morning."

SELLS OF OLD HOLLAND. Ancient Chimes That Have Delighted the Dutch for Centuries. From the earliest times the people of the Netherlands have so greatly loved their bells and chimes that the architecture of their belltowers and steeples shows marked traces of it. Most of these are of open-work design, so that the bells might be heard in the widest circumference, writes The Hague correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. Beautiful examples

BROUGHT TO TIME

GIRL EASILY LANDED HER BASHFUL ADMIRER.

Skillful Handling of Conversation Got Him—Of Course It Was All Unexpected, and All That—You Know.

The young man in the painfully new suit gazed admiringly at the young woman whose immaculate lingerie waist and elaborately done up hair bore witness to the fact that his call had been expected. He was so shy, however, that he removed his gaze from her face quickly whenever she looked at him.

"No," she was saying, "Clara may be a nice girl and all that and some people think she is pretty and of course she is popular in a way, but I'd rather be unnoticed and plain-looking as I am if I had to be as heartless and selfish as she has shown herself to be."

The young man saw an opening, but his shyness hampered him. "Flap!" he repeated. "Why, nobody could call you that!"

The young woman looked as if he had fallen short of what he might have said, but she was used to it. "Look at the way she has treated poor George Peabody!" she went on, indignantly. "Any girl who lets a man grow to care for her and then deliberately throws him over—well, I have my opinion of her!"

"All girls are not like you," said the young man with general regret. "They—they would think it smart!"

"I can't imagine a girl being like that," protested the young woman with lovely sadness. "It seems so unwomanly. I should think it would just hurt Clara, spoiling his life, you know. And, of course, she knew that he cared for her in spite of what she says."

The young man swallowed hard. "Is it—does a girl always know when a man likes her?" he asked. "When he hasn't told her, I mean?"

The young woman looked as if she were a judge. "Well, in most cases she does," she admitted. "That is, if he has been coming to see her for a long time and—oh, well, she generally knows. Of course, there are cases where she hasn't any idea, because the man is so careful not to give her a chance to think so. Of course, then she can't be blamed."

"No, of course not," agreed the young man, looking downcast.

"I don't see how Clara has any excuse, though," went on the young woman. "George had been coming to see her regularly for a year and a half and taking her everywhere and bringing her things!"

The young man glanced hopefully at the large box of candy the young woman had had the pleasure of opening since his arrival that evening.

"That's just about as long as I've been coming to see you, isn't it?" he asked, daintily.

"Why, I believe it is," said the young woman in apparent surprise. "And she had given him every reason to hope. Letting him come so often and wasting so much time on him was enough to give any man the right to think she cared about him."

The young man in the new suit looked as if a brand-new illuminating fact had dawned on him. "That—that certainly would make any man with sense think so," he asserted, crossing one knee over the other.

"But, as I said, Clara is so selfish," sighed the young woman. "All she thinks about is herself. Surely it was a shame for her not to consider George's feelings in the matter at all. A girl of real worth would, I can tell you. She would have managed to send him away long before he reached the point of asking her to marry him. She would have spared him that! But she just wanted the fun of refusing him! Now, I call that simply wicked! I think if a girl really lets a man propose to her without making any effort to stop him he has a right to expect that she is going to say yes!"

The young man crossed the other knee. "I wish all girls were like you," he began, huskily. "No, I mean I'm glad you're the only one—I think you are simply an angel, Eddie, and if you would think about marrying me I'd be the happiest."

"Oh, Henry!" fluttered the young woman. "This is so unexpected! I hadn't any idea—you've upset me! But I'll say yes!"—Chicago Daily News.

of this style can be seen in the cathedral towers of Utrecht and Delft. Several of the smaller towns possess even finer specimens, either in their church spires or in the belltowers of watch towers. Like the well-known belfry of Montreuil, these towers generally stood in the principal squares. The bells were tolled in case of danger, to alarm the burghers, or to call them together for important communications. Such a tower is that of Bruges, of which Longfellow sings: In the market place of Bruges Stands the belfry, old and brown. Thrice destroyed and thrice rebuilt, Still it watches o'er the town.

In Holland there is scarcely a place of importance that does not have one or more towers with chimes. The times of these are changed once or twice a year, generally on New Year's day. This is so at the Hague and Utrecht. Some places, however, are not content with this and have the times changed oftener. It is on record that in one town, which had a fine carillon cast by the famous Hemony in 1577, it was decreed that the times should be changed every fortnight or at least once a month, so fond were the burghers of their bells.

In a time when clocks were by no means general the church bells were the timekeepers for the burghers. The heavier bell struck the hours and the lighter bell the half hours. If these were chimes they played a tune at noon and another at midnight, while before the stroke of the hour or division of the hour a part of the tune would be played.

The inscriptions on the bells are generally in rhyme and made to read as if the bell itself is telling its name and the history of its making. Holland still possesses many of these ancient bells, notably in the province of Friesland. The earliest authentic dated bell is that of Krommenie, cast in 1396 by Rodolphus de Montigny. Most bells now in existence were, however, cast in the fifteenth, sixteenth or seventeenth centuries.

The reformation brought a change in the naming of bells. The Catholic saints were forsaken, and only Biblical or worldly names were allowed, while the inscription also breathed other views, as can be seen by comparing the bells cast in the seventeenth century with those of earlier date. Those on the older bells have a purely religious significance, while the later ones refer to worldly subjects, as, for instance, the famous bell at Ham, which recounts in its inscription how it burst in 1666 "because it had too loudly pealed out its joy at the victory of the Dutch fleet over the English."

Beautiful Eastern Things. The Chinese know a lot. They know how to make the tea, and, above all, how to keep it hot without resorting to setting the pot on the stove and poisoning the drinker with tannin. And they have given the occidentals the tea caddy, that hoodlike cover the English particularly affect, and padded baskets into which the steaming teapot is dropped while undergoing removal from fire to table. Some of the baskets for holding precious teacups are like boxes intended for jewels, and should the American with a perverly peculiar to her so desire, these lovely woven willow antiques with brocaded linings might serve to hold her fancy work and the ever-present piece of summer embroidery. Both Chinese and Japanese understand the art of enhancing the rarity of porcelain by placing it in a "padded cell," as it were. Hence the beauty of these baskets.

Thought Little of Lawyer. "Many years ago," says Representative Hefflin of Alabama, "a son of Erin had the misfortune to be charged with stealing pork. Being without counsel the court appointed a young sprig of the law to represent him. It was a poor effort made to defend the prisoner, and the members of the jury without leaving their seats returned a verdict of guilty."

"The court asked the prisoner if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced. His reply was: 'Your honor, it is hard for a man to go to prison without a fair trial.' 'You have had a fair trial,' said the judge. The court appointed counsel to defend you."

The Irishman cast a glance at the young lawyer and muttered: "Sure, an' if I had two such this jury would have hung me for murder."

SCIENCE GROPING IN DARK. In Vain Search for the Immaterial, Says Writer. Science stands to-day upon the brink of the abyss of infinity, trying with a net to catch the immaterial. It has explored the earth; its telescopes have swept the stupendous vaults of the heavens; its microscopes have searched out the innermost recesses of the minute, and in both directions it has been halted by the same thing—infinity.

Science, after a century and a half of scoffing at the immaterial, is now trying eagerly to grasp it. Baffled by phenomena that it has striven vainly to explain on material hypotheses it is forced at last to the unwelcome conclusion that there is something more than matter—something which all its telescopes and all its microscopes are powerless to discover. Science has not yet seen the immaterial, but it has at last—and how reluctantly—admitted its existence.

Now the advance skirmishers of science, groping blindly in the darkness of the unknown, are setting traps for the immaterial, hoping with beating hearts to solve the riddle of life and death, to prove the immaterial, to demonstrate its properties and to codify its laws.

Those who have maintained the simple faith—the unswerving faith in the infallibility of their own ignorance—may now from the heaven-piercing peak of their simplicity look down upon the vain struggles of the scientists, their fantastic efforts to weigh the soul, their characteristic assertions that they can picture it, their plastic credulity to believe of fables who pretend to embody the spirits of the dead, and all the other grotesque con-

ceptions of the mind that believe nothing they cannot understand. All this is but striving to attain to something which the believer has possessed always; it may succeed—who can tell? But, when the immaterial shall have been caught in the butterfly nets of science, when the limitless fields of infinity shall have been triangulated—then all men will recognize these newest discoveries of science as an old, old thing which the world in its childlike simplicity has called Eternity and God.—Arthur Benington, in Chicago American.

What's in a Name. "Friend, what's your name?" queried the farmer's wife of the tramp who had asked for a meal. "De name I was christened, lady, or de name I have now?" "Good lands! Have you more than one name?" "I have had so many, lady, since me adventurouse career began dat I can't remember dem all. Let's see, now, I was christened George Reddingham Smith, an' den dey called me 'George.' When I was about ten I got de nickname av 'Smitty.' Den one day some guy got fresh an' called me 'Fatty,' an' it hung to me until I could fight a bit. At de age av 21 I was addressed as 'Mr. Smith' by some, as 'George' by others, an' as 'Fisthead' by a few choice fren's dat was bigger'n me."

"And what are you called now?" asked the curious farmer's wife. "I'm jest comin' ter dat, lady. When I reached de tender age av 31 me cruel an' unnatural parents sent me out inter de cold world alone ter earn me own livin', an' dat's how I drifted inter dis business. I got so thin at first workin' at me trade dat me name was 'Skinny,' but after a few years dat was changed ter 'Weary Willie.' Now de boys calls me 'Camel.'"

"Camel? What do they call you that for?" "I guess, lady, dat it's because I kin go so long without water." And then she whistled for the dog, and "Camel" had to get a hump on himself.—Judge.

Had Right to Change. A man named Doe applied to the courts in New York not long ago for a change of name. "It is impossible to carry on a successful business under that name," he said. "Everybody looks upon me as a joke. The minute I meet a man he begins to grin. 'So there really are flesh and blood Does,' he says. 'I had always supposed the Doe family existed for judicial purposes alone.' I explain that according to the directory there are several of us poor devils pecking along handicapped by that popular cognomen, but the fact of numbers in no wise increases his regard for me. He simply declines to take me seriously; therefore if I expect to keep out of the poorhouse I shall have to give up the name of Doe."

Abst Omen! Abst omen. "May the omen be away." Suppose a Roman sneezed, a premonition of sudden death; promptly he murmured abst omen, a prayer for the omen might pass away from him. It is a simple prophylactic measure of much the same value as the crossed fingers or the rap of the knuckles on wood in our present day avoidance of the ever menacing hoodoo, most salutary practices which it would be a pity to forget.

The Same Thing. "Did you ever hear of Adam's fall?" "Yes, I have, old man. Did you ever hear of caves dropping?"

Rather Vague. "What did you think of that little joke of mine about the Chicago girl's feet?" "Oh, it's immense."

Prince in Pajamas. Passengers on the Orient left of one morning were startled by the appearance in the dining car of Prince Mahomed Akshah of India wearing a set of pajamas, says the San Francisco Call. The young nebbiah had taken his seat at one of the tables when his secretary stopped up to him and whispered several words in his ear. The dining car was well filled with other passengers, including a number of women, who were startled somewhat by the Prince's apparel. He gracefully as possible Prince Mahomed accompanied his secretary back to his stateroom. He was much embarrassed over the situation and expressed great mortification that the American women could not appreciate this by right of birth he was entitled to appear in any garb he chose to wear.

Character in Hats. A milliner with a turn for philosophy declares that a woman's character is infallibly revealed by the hat she wears. "There are audacious hats, modest hats, ridiculous hats, and hats that reveal the wearer as cautious and secretive. As a rule, a woman of strong personality may be traced through a hat to suit her. She is strong enough to withstand the temptations to wear something merely fashionable, the wig-wig, the elaborate, the gaudy, the grotesque, the 'new' abstract hat, but even that I prefer to the second style of hairdresser selected by the world woman."

Most Wasteful of Cooks. To live to waste seems an unpractical maxim of English life. Our country, the cooking of our various agricultural classes, is about the most wasteful cookery on earth. The French peasant will live, and live well, on what we discard. It is said that one hundred millions sterling a year are added to the national wealth of France by the saving-habits of her people.—C. B. Fry's Magazine.

Doing It Up. "This bill is too high," said the customer. "Too high? Oh, what I said; too high? But, see, do you know how high I have to go to get a shirt?" "What, do you mean?"

Advertisement for Dr. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder. Features an illustration of a woman in a kitchen and a tin of the product. Text: "Now for Purefood", "To keep home baking pure and healthful you must use Dr. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder".

ABOUT OLD AGE PENSIONS.

There Are 3,000 Persons in This Country Over 100 Years Old.

Germany has expended \$12,500,000 for age pensions, to say nothing of \$55,700,000 for sickness and \$232,700,000 for accidents. It is strange that this matter has not attracted more attention in an advanced country like the United States, which pays out more than \$12,000,000 a year to army and navy pensioners and has spent \$2,264,130,257 in that way since 1861. According to the Circle, the census figures show that in 1900 there were 3,000,498 persons of 65 or more years in the United States. This was four per cent of the whole population. Of these, 600,926 were of 70 to 74 years; 360,636, 75 to 79 years; 182,304, 80 to 84 years; 64,389, 85 to 89 years; 18,636, 90 to 94 years; 4,823, 95 to 99 years, and 3,066, a hundred years and over. Among the 3,000,498 persons of 65 years and more, there were 1,044,061 married men and 521,220 married women, 410,655 widowers, 96,120 widows, 59,152 bachelors and 90,658 spinsters.

EAGLE WHIPS A MAN.

Then Resumes His Flight With a Stolen Lamb.

Frederick Hollenbach, a farmer living on the Scholarie Ridge, near Searsville, was feeding the gray squirrels in his woodland when an eagle flew past that had in its talons one of his lambs. The big bird had been annoying the community for a month. Many farmers wanted to shoot it, but the game warden threatened to invoke the law providing for a \$300 fine and imprisonment for killing a bald eagle. The eagle was flying low, and thinking he could save the lamb, Mr. Hollenbach struck the bird sharply with a stick. The eagle dropped the lamb all right, but instead of flying off made for the man, ripping open his face, his hands and chest with its talons and practically tearing off his clothes. After it had Hollenbach by gripping prostrate in the woods the eagle picked up the lamb and flew off. Hollenbach is in bed with a doctor attending him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sharp Mister Fox.

About a dozen farmers' boys in New Hampshire turned out one Saturday last winter to hunt down a fox that was known to have his lair in a hill. Reynolds was finally routed out, and after leading the crowd a chase of ten miles he doubled back and his trail was lost near a certain farmhouse. Hunters and dogs beat around for two hours and then gave up. When they had departed the fox left the house by a broken window. He had entered the same way and concealed himself in a chimney. There was a fireplace in but no fire, and no one would have thought of looking for him up there. He was so covered with soot when he got out that he was taken for a black fox.

Folies of Letter Writers.

The London Chronicle wants to know how you date your letters. If they are dated at all or which of the nine ways appeals to an individual's taste or laziness. There are some persons who do not take the trouble to date their letters at all, and the Chronicle is brutal enough to add "they are mostly women." Who does not receive letters with signatures that beat the Dutch for illegibility? Or, perhaps with no address, no date, and the signature "that would puzzle an archangel and split a linotype machine." But the worst of it is no many people rejoice in their illegible signature! It lends an air of distinction to the blindest mislaid.

A One-Armed Life Saver.

One of the life savers along the Delaware river front is Paul Greenwood, now a resident of Chester. Greenwood lost an arm and a leg several years ago, but despite this misfortune continues at his work of saving lives of people who fall overboard. Not long ago he saw five Philadel-

PHANS STRUGGLING IN THE WATER OF Marcus Hook, their yacht having capsized. He jumped into a boat and hurried to the scene of the upset yacht and saved all of the members of the party, most of whom were women.

Dice Throwing for a Request.

The singular sight of two servant girls throwing dice for charity money was recently witnessed at Guilford. The charity is known as "maids' money." This was left by John How in 1874, and each year there is a competition for a check for \$11 50. The dice throwers must have been employed for two years in one service in Guilford, but not at an inn. Laura Cadman secured the check with a double six, Emma Trimmer throwing six and three.

Troubles of the Ancestors.

Persons had cut off the head of Medusa. "Speaking of snake stories," he said throwing the head, with its wriggling serpents into a bag. "I guess that will hold you for a while." But the appalling realization of what he had done did not burst upon him until he discovered that his hasty deed had turned Pegasus loose upon the world.

Dead Heads.

"Conductor," said the gasping passenger, vainly trying to raise a window. There are at least a million microbes in this car. "You ought to be able to stand that if the company can," growled the street car conductor. "We don't get a blamed cent for carrying 'em."

Brains and Scientists.

The lowest group contains the minds that are stimulated greatly by alcohol, tea and other drugs, and by impressions derived from the senses; the second group contains the infant prodigies, whose intellectual powers wane in middle age; the third group contains the pathological cases usually terminating in insanity; the fourth and highest group is that of true geniuses, whose powers remain unimpaired until old age. This is Haeussler's classification. Spitzka has come to the conclusion that men eminent in exact sciences like astronomy and mathematics have the greatest average brain weight. Next come the men of action, including statesmen and artists, and after these come the biologists, geologists and other representatives of the descriptive sciences.

The "Invaluable Crawl."

Alas! Somebody in England with nothing better to do has invented a new walk and it is being taken up here, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. At the start of practice a girl must walk to the bottom of her skirt. In walking she must appear to be so weary that she scarcely can drag one foot after another. Her steps must be long and creepy, without the slightest hint of energy. Thus walks Queen Alexandra, who adds a slight limp, as she has been lame since infancy. It is hinted that languid movements were designed to hide that defect. Gowns must be of stuff that gives a clinging effect; then the slow, long step, with a bending of the neck at every stride, will be the most effective.

World's Largest Diamond.

The American Magazine reports graphically the recent discovery of the largest diamond in the world—a diamond which weighs in the rough 3,604½ karats. Translated into understandable terms, it is a stone weighing a pound and a third. Until the discovery of this wonderful gem the world's record in diamonds was held by the "Excelsior"—a stone of 960 karats—nearly half a pound avoirdupois. Three years ago the "Excelsior," which was badly flawed, was cut up into ten stones, valued at \$415,000. This in turn utterly eclipsed all the other great diamonds of the world. Thus: Kohinoor (after first cutting), 570 karats; Nizam of Hyderabad, 275; Regent or Pitt, 137; Duke of Tuscany, 102; Tiffany (yellow), 125; Orlov, 194; Star of the South, 124.

AUTOS DAMAGE THE ROADS.

Injury Already Done in Massachusetts Estimated at \$20,000.

"It is hard to say what will be the ultimate damage to the roads," said a member of the Massachusetts commission to a representative of the Boston Globe; "but it has recently been estimated by the board that \$50,000 damage has been done already by autos. This is small in proportion to the cost of the roads, but unless some new method of applying surface is adopted, the damage is likely to be continuous; that is, repeated as fast as it is made good. There is something about the broad rubber tires, on wheels of small diameter, peculiarly damaging to macadam roads. A vacuum is created by the tire, which sucks the surface, or binder, from the road, and it is blown away, leaving the stones exposed. The commission is experimenting with tar surfacing, which has been used in France successfully. Experiments have also been made by the park commissioners with an oil having an asphalt base. Something new must be adopted, and I have no doubt Massachusetts will not be behind in its adoption."

ALL THE WORLD TO HIM.

Wife and Child Beautiful in the Eyes of Poor Miner.

It was Sunday. The train stopped at a station. They got on a woman and a little boy. The woman was a foreigner. She wore a cheap blue calico dress and a soiled apron, had a handkerchief around her head. She was ugly and fat. She carried a small-sized trunk, tied with rope in one hand, with the other she grasped the little boy as if afraid to lose him. He wore a cheap cotton suit, a little cap on his head and heavy-soled shoes on his feet. His face was red and shining. The brakeman hustled them through the aisle of the day coach to the smoker ahead. The passengers laughed at the odd sight, and several passed funny remarks. Some heard after the train stopped at a lonely coal mine station. Only the woman and the little boy got off. They were met by a poor Slav coal miner, in his working clothes. He kissed the woman and grabbed the little boy and hugged him with tears in his eyes. God! He was happy—they had come at last!—New York Telegraph.

Where Titles Are Cheap.

The cheapest country for buying a title used to be Portugal, says London Truth. When a man is made a baron or a count there, his agent recites the service for which the grant is made. I was once in Portugal, and I had some curiosity to discover what were the services for which an Englishman of my acquaintance had been made a Portuguese baron. I therefore looked the matter up, and I found that it was for having introduced into the country a new tree. There used to be another plan for becoming a baron. It appears that there is or was there a convent which once had large possessions. All its tenants were, by the fact of being tenants, barons. But the convent had lost its possessions with the exception of one farm. It had an agent in London. For a very moderate consideration the agent let this farm to a tenant to be tenant. He therefore became a baron and when he resigned the farm to the next applicant he retained the title.

Precious Heritage.

Sweetness of temper is a precious heritage. It gives beauty to everything. It keeps its windows open toward the spice country, and fills the home with perpetual delight. The fortunate possessor of a sunny soul is God's evangelist in a dark world. He is a living gospel which no one will ever read, and the blessedness of which all men will appreciate. The body will grow old and the smooth brow will be furrowed, but a happy disposition is an aureole to the gray crown of age. Blessed is he whose life looks out upon the land of Beulah and whose soul is responsive to the outlying vision.