

CHAPTER VII. Richard Saville was not a favorite with his mother, though he had never given her the least trouble. He was a tall, slight young man, but there was no dignity in his height, for it was neutralized by a stoop conveying the impression that he had not strength enough to hold himself upright. His manners were cold, though gentle, and he gave a general impression of languid circulation and extreme correct ness. He had inherited something of the Saville indifference to everything save his own peculiar tastes or fancles, and a good deal of his uncle Everton's obtuseness as regarded personal distinction. His keen-sighted mother soon perceived that her first-born would never fulch her ambitious aspirations, and this contributed to her strong preference for her younger son. on whose career she had built her hopes, though his choice of a profes | being?" sion had greatly analyed her. Hugh had inherited all the plebeian energy which made his muternal grandfather a wealthy and useful member of the community, and he cared little for any personal distinction not earned by

a tolerably round-minded man. He and his brother were excellent friends, in spite of the low estimate each had of the other's tastes.

himself. Nature intended him for a

radical, and the accidents of birth and

early association gave him certain

aristocratic leanings, which made him

The arrival of Richard was, on the whole, an agreeable change in the routine of life at Inglefield. He soon discovered that Hope Desmond was sympathetic listener; he therefore confided to her the great scheme he had conceived of compiling a book to contain all the English phrases and proverbs that were distinctly derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and he soon grew sufficiently familiar to ask if Miss Desmond would be so good as to assist him in his work, whenever his mother could spare her.

"I will do so with pleasure, Mr. Saville," she returned, in her frank, fear less way. "But you must ask your mother's permission, and before me She is a person not to be trifled with

"I know that," he said, hastily, "and I will do so on the first opportunity. Which he did, in a nervous, hesitating | was leaving the room."

"Who cares for Saxon phrases?" re plied Mrs. Saville, contemptuously "Miss Desmond would be more useful ly employed making flannel petticoats for my poor old women. However, if she chooses to bestow some of her spare half-hours on your investigation of such a dust heap. I am sure she has srounds with ron. my consent.

Hope Desmond's time was pretty well occupied, for she had come to be secretary as well as companion to her active employer; still, she gave Rich ard Saville what parings of time she could, and, if occasionally bored, was not a little amused at the profound importance he attached to his work.

But Richard Saville's presence entailed other changes. Captain Lumley found it suited him to ride over very often to luncheon, and sometimes to dinner, staying the night, almost with out a distinct invitation from the hostens, who seemed to think two such fledglings beneath her notice. Young Lumley did his best to attract Hope's notice, and flattered himself that she smiled upon him.

"So you have really managed to sur vive-how long?-five weeks under my aunt's jurisdiction?" he said, having discovered Hope with a book in her hand in one of the shady nooks of the garden one day after luncheon

"I have, and without any difficulty." she returned, making room for him on the seat beside her, as she greeted him with a kindly smile. He readily accepted the place, thinking he had already made an impression. "Mrs. Saville has been very nice and pleasant If she were not I would not stay."

"Pleasant! Come, that's a little too much. She is an uncommon bright woman, I know, but it's in the flash of lightning style, and lightning some times kills, you know."

"Well, she hasn't killed me " "No. I fancy you take a great deal

of killing. Perhaps that's because you are so killing yourself."

of compliment you might offer to a Lumley, who was always ready to barmaid. It is not worthy of a gallant | talk, kept the party from siagnating. -what are you-hussar?" said Hope. laughing good-humoredly.

"You have taken a leaf out of Mrs. | the son of an acquaintance, who made Saville's book," cried Lumley, while he | the eighth and balanced the sexes. thought, "What teeth she has-regular | This youth fell to Hope Desmond's lot, pearls!" "If you are as hard on me as she is," he continued, aloud, "I shall | seed to make him talk, and talked to not be able to live here."

"Well, no; but I do not like to go to his amazement. However, she "Then you must strike a balance."

said Hope, and rose up as if to return to the house. "What! Are you going in? It is

ever so much nicer here. May I come?" "Oh, yes, if you like." "So you are going to help my cous- society of a great helress, a prospecin Richard with his-dictionary- tive peeress in her own right. "What

what do you call it?" "I really do not know what its name | tiri!" thought Hope, with a curious is to be. Yes; if I can find time

will do some writing for him." "Richard has more sense that ! thought." "At all events he is desperately in

earnest, and that is stways respect a neat figure, and carried herself well, able." "Exactly; that is just what he is. Miss Dacre is coming to dinner, and

the vicar and vicarama,"

"Oh, indeed!" said Hope. "Miss Dacre is rather pretty for an

like her." "Very probable, were I to meet her; but I shall not dine with you."

heiress, and rather a jolly girl. You'll

"No? What a shame!" "I do not see that it is. It would give me no particular pleasure to join your company, and I shall have that

precious time to myself." "Well the dinner will be all the duller. My aunt will be as black as thunder. You know she wanted to marry

Hugh, her second son, to Mary Dacre: You never met Hugh?" "Why, I am not yet two months in Mrs. Saville's service."

"What a very unvarnished way of

putting it!" said Lumley, laughing. "I never object to the truth," returned Miss Desmond, "Why should I not serve Mrs. Saville for the time

"I am sure I don't know. Well Hugh is a capital fellow, but awfully headstrong; so, after he was sent ashore last time, he went wandering about the Continent, and fell in love with a charming girl, or a girl thought charming, without asking leave. Rather imprudent, eh?"

"It was more," said Hope, looking dreamity far away. "It was wrong, A good mother has a right to be consult-

"Perhaps so; but if a fellow is very much in love he is apt to forget these things. Anyhow, Hugh has been chivled away from the maternal roof. It seems my uncle Lord Everton in troduced Hugh to the fair one and her father, so he has been tabooed, too: but he is a remarkably plucky old boy so he came down here to plead Hugh's cause, and caught it pretty hard.

"Yes, I saw him, and I imagine it had a trying time of it. Pray do you -I mean your special family-talk of each other to every one in this candid fashion?"

"I do; and why should I not? I say nothing that every one doesn't know and talk about."

"Poor Lord Everton!" said Hope with a laugh, as if she enjoyed the recollection. "He did look as if he were being led to execution when he "Oh, he did, did he? He's no end of

"I can imagine he is. Good-morning. Captain Lumley."

"Must you go?" "I must. I do not know whether Mrs. Saville may want me, and I have no business to wander about the

"Perhaps you may be at dinner, after all."

"It is not probable. If Lord Everton were to be of the party I might wish to intrude myself. As it is-good b for the present."

With a pleasant nod and smile Misc Desmond turned into a path which led directly to the house, and left the gal lant bussar lamenting.

She is handsomer than I thought. he my sed. "What eves! -and such smile! She has rather taken to me. can see that, but there is something unflatteringly self-possessed and frank about her. Treats me as if I were a mere boy. I must be very civil to the heiress. If my father thinks I am making any running there. I dare say he will pay some of my debts."

Lumley's wishes were fulfilled, for Mrs. Saville, shortly before the dress ing-bell rang, commanded Miss Desmond's presence at dinner. That young lady hesitated, and said, with her usnal good-humored frankness, "You are always so good to me, that you may possibly ask me to dine as a civility, but I assure you I would prefer the

evening to myself." "You are quite mistaken. I wish rou to dine with us to-day. Why, is of no consequence. I may not always ask you, but, when I do, be sure I mean it."

"Oh, very well. I am glad you have made matters clear."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a small party, and not very lively. Richard Saville was not a animated host. Mrs. Saville was not talkative. The vicar was a pleasant, "Oh, Captain Lumley! that is a style | well-bred man, and with the help of

Lumley har brought with him, by his aunt's invitation, a young subaitern, much to his satisfaction, for she manhim easily and naturally, confessing "I suppose you are not obtiged to her ignorance of hunting, shooting, fishing, and sport of every kind, rather atoned for her deficiencies by listening with much interest to his descriptions and explanations. At last he suggested giving her riding-lessons, at which she held up her hands in dismay. Miss Dacre interested her more than any one else. She had never been in the

> a tremendous position for a young ort of pity. The young girl was, notwithstanding, quite girlish, not pretty, but far from plain. She was very dark. with small, sparkling black eyes, curly black hair, and a high color. She had

yet she lacked distinction. "She might be a very pleasant com. home on the ball field as it does under panion," mused Hope, as she gased at ordinary circumstances, dresn't iti"- said, selecting the owner of an eagher while her cavaller was explaining | Washington Star.

the difference between a sname and a curb, "and, considering her gifts, I am not surprised that Mrs. Saville would have tiked her for a daughter-in-law. How much, according to her estimate, her son appears to have throws away!"

Miss Dacre naturally fell into Hope Desmond's care.

"How charming the conservatory looks!" she said. "Shall we walk round it?" Hope assented, not aware of the curiosity she excited in the future Baroness Castleton. That Mrs. Saville should institute a companion was one source of astonishment; that any one so chosen should survive nearly two months and present a cheerful. self-possessed, composed aspect was another. "And how nice she looks in that pretty soft black grenadine and lace! How snowy white her throat and hands are! I suppose she is in mourning. Girls never want to be companions unless all their people die. Poor thing! I think I would rather be housemaid; at least one might flirt with the footman; but a companion " "I don't think I ever met you

here before," she said, aloud. "No: I am not quite two months with Mrs. Saville."

"Poor Mrs. Saville! she is looking so iil. They say she is rather a terrific woman. I always found her very

"She is a strong woman, but there is a certain grandeur in her character. "Yes, and I fancy one must be pretty strong to get on with her," said Miss Dacre, and she gave a knowing little nod to her companion, "Then she is so awfully put out about Hugh. You came after he had gone."

Hope bent her head as an affirma-

"He was charming, quite charming -so different from Richard-though like Richard, too; but Hugh had a sort of rough good breeding, if you can understand such a thing; he was so generous and bright and natural. I knew both the brothers since I was quite a child, so I can sympathize with Mra Saville. To think of his having mar ried some designing woman abroad. twice his age, I believe! isn't it horrible?" ran on the talkative young lady. "Horrible," echoed Hope. "I trust

for her." "Not she," returned Miss Dacre with decision. "These sort of people haven't an idea what family and position, and all that, mean. Do you think Mrs. Sa. ville would mind if I plucked some of these lovely waxen blossoms?"

she is conscious of all he has sacrificed

"I am sure she would not; but you know her much better than I do. Wall moment; I will get you the scissors. (To be continued.)

SECURE LANGE OF A SECURE OF WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

They All titler Words if You Can Only Hear Them. Perhaps, in that happy time of year

Over the mountainside and mead Robert of Lincoln is telling his name, not everybody understood his remarks until William Cullen Bryant listened and reported them: "Bobolink! Bob

olink! Spink, spank, spink!" Everybody understands them now, of course; indeed, it seems that Bob-o' Lincoln's call is scarrely less familias in its interpretation than that of the other feathered Robert who proclaims bimself so plainly by his name, "Bot White! Bob White!" or that of the little Quaker husband who se persist ently summons his shy drab wife in a

long-drawn, anxions 'Phoe-e-e-be!" Not every bird, however, speaks so clearly. Many a sweet spring call suggests words, but never, to duller ears quite utters them until some one with the fairy gift of so many old legendsthe gift of understanding the speech of bird and beast -comes to interpret them. Sometimes it is a poet, less often a scientist, orrasionally a child Such an interpreter is Miss Isabel Goodhue, whose lips can catch render bird-calls like a bird, and whose quick ears lose no hidden message

The red-eyed vireo, for instance, she always hears encouraging his lady-love to join in his music

"Deary!" he conxes melodiously. 'Deary! Sing it! Try it! Please do! You know it deary!"

The gay-coated goldfinch, flattering fellow, tells little Mrs. Finch his opinion of her charms over and over: "Sweet, sweet, sweet! Sweet as you can be! You're a chip, chip, chippie! Sweet, sweet!"

dinals seem to think that somebody needs comforting-perhaps a homesick traveler, perhaps their mates splendidly attired. From the thick foliage speeds a flash of scarlet and a sweet cry: "Dear girl, dear girl, dear girl! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer

Love-talk among the birds-who bu the birds taught other lovers to bill and coo?-is natural enough; yet there are birds who do not talk of love. Some are more interested in the professions. "Law! Law!" croaks the black-robed crow, with harsh insistence. "Law! Law! O pshaw! More | not."

The song-sparrow, a pert little rogue which one might suppose too frivolous for plety, cries excitedly between whisks of his saucy tail: "See, see! I think, I think, I think

see the preacher!" And his cousin, the white-throated ly-minded, answers sweetly: "Peace, peace, he with you! Be with

you! Be with you!" You may never yet have heard the birds say any of these things. Listen again with the words in mind, and you will find they say them plainly.

Her Ingenious Commont. "Charley, dear," said young Mra. Torkins, "did you say all those men at the baseball game were trying to reach home?" "Yes."

"It seems as hard for a man to get



What's The Use?

When I feel cross, once in a white. My mamma says, "Dear, try smile!"

And papa says, "Why don't you laugh? There's nothing helps so much, by Then brother Fred chimes quickly

"Son, don't forget the cheerful grin!" But when I tried, at school one day.

To drive the cross old thought away. And smiled too loud, you ought to

How s'prised the teucher looked at

-Home Herald.

BIRD FRIENDS. Have you ever wakened very, very early in the morning and listened to the birds singing themselves and their mates awake? If you have you know how at first there is just a sweet, sleepy little twitter here and there, and how it gradually develops into a few sweet notes, then a muffled and broken song, and finally into an exquisite melody. It is really in the morning that the bird; do their best: you can hear songs then that are sung at no other time of day, says the Children's Magazine.

But you live in a city where there are no trees to attract birds? Perhaps you do-but you may hear them, nevertheless, if you but take the trou-

The large parks are full of them: the parks are the only places in citles for the little songsters. Suppose you try, as I have tried, the following plan: Get some of your friends, including, if possible, some one who knows about birds, to go "on a lark" with you. Rise about 4 o'clock and have a picnic breakfast, then go to the park where the bushes and the trees grow the thickest, and listen. You will not only hear but you will see. If you keep quite still you will see many feathered songsters that you had no idea of seeing in the city's heart-as saw in Prospect Park in Brooklyn. early one morning-birds whose feathers and whose songs were so strange to me that I felt I must be in the midst of the woods instead of

in the centre of a city. After you have once heard thou acads sing their sleepy morning notes; after you have heard them carol their waking love-songs; then you will resolve to yourself; "I will try to do something in my power to preserve the song birds. I will ask every woman and every girl I know not to wear the plumage of a wild bird in her hat. Never will I have the life of a song hird sacrificed if I

can help it." Now is the time to become ac quainted with the early morning songsters, wherever you live; for the birds' songs are the sweetest while they are moting n the spring. And now is the time for you to make up your mind that a sweet wild song bird is better alive and free among the trees than used as a dead decoration on a hat.

THE LESSON THE MONKEY TAUGHT.

Norman had not been very kind to his cousin Joe: in fact, he had been really hateful to him, and Joe was not to blame either. If anything could make it worse, it was because Joe was visiting there; one should surely be courteous to a guest.

Norman's mother owned a pet mon key. It had been brought to her by a missionary friend from India, and they had had it only a short time; so its funny antica were a never ceasing surprise and joy to the children. They had named him Jacko.

One day a hand-organ with a monkey stopped before the house, and, as soon as the children heard the organ tune up, out they ran, pellmell-Norman, Olivia, Joe-and Jacko following.

What do you suppose Ja ke did Why, as soon as he saw the other monkey take off the little red cap from his head, and show what he In Maryland there is a dash of really looked like, Jacko acted as if dainty impudence in the flattery of the he knew him. He went right to him, vellowthroats: "Little witch! Little leaned up on the organ-box, put his witch! Little witch! You're sweet!" arms around the stranger's neck and Down in Florida the gorgeous car kissed him. Then they seemed to talk to each other, and they had so much to say.

> The children were delighted at this. Olivia called "Mother, mother do come quick, and see the monkeys hug each other." M ther came at once, and she was delighted also. "Do you think, mother," Norman

asked, "they could really be brothers, and remember each other?" "No, my son," mother said, "it is hardly possible. I don't think they could be even cousins." She spoke the word "cousins" pretty markedly.

"But monkeys seem to know how to be kind, whether they are related or Norman looked hard at his mother, She nodded, and smiled. Then Norman went straight up to Joe, put his arms around Joe's neck, and kissed him. "I guess a boy can do as well as a monkey any day," he said. Not-

man and Joe were quite small boys,

day-School Times. AN EAST SIDE VERSION. It was time for the review part of fabulous. He sold each of his vio. | the amount of 3% to 4% per cent. | 000 of these birds in Australia - Cl the Sunday-school lesson. The "Heal- line for four pieces of gold, and as ing of the Nobleman's Son" had been his needs were few, he spent but Httaithfully given by the deaconess the and the people used to say, "as primary teacher. She knew, as do rich as Stradivarius." He was called extraction of the wax. He perfected all teachers, that the real test of the Antonio the Lutemaker—a tail, thin quality of the work is in the "draw- brown man, with eyes that listened, ing out" after the "pouring in" has | wearing always a white cotton can been done, and that the artiess answers of the little ones are often General Lafayette, in the Revolutionmore enlightening than whole ary War, once gave 1,500 acres of "courses of child study."

orly upraised hand and pair of danc | stands, it is said, upon those acres - I

ing eyes, whose telling would be he judgment, and might be her undoing. Eddle rose from his seat, thrust both hands deep in his pockets, fixed his now serious eyes on a point back of [ i the teacher, drew in breath enough to last till the end, and in the dialect of his environment started in:

"Now He was going down by some place, an' a man came out by Jesus, and said He should come quick by his house, an' Jesus said, 'what for,' an' the man said his little boy was sick on him, an Jesus said, 'go back he is all right,' an' the man said wouldn't He hurry up, his boy was most on dyin', and Jesus said, 'go home, your little boy is well ready,' as' the man went back, and his servants came out by him, an said his little boy was most gettin buried, an' ail to on'ct he didn't have no fever, an' now he was out playin'. an' the man believed Jesus an' made his fam'ly do it, too,"-H. K., in The Deaconess.

WHAT HAPPENED TO PUSS. "Now, little girl, must amuse yourself a bit while I get dinner," said mother, setting Mabel down on the couch. "Here are your balloon, and your dolly, and your new picture book

Mabel was very cross, because she had not been very well; so she began to cry, "No! no!" and clung to

her mother's dress. But mother had to go, for it was nearly 11 o'clock, and dinner would not be ready when tather came if she did not begin to get it right away.

When mother went out to the kitchen Mabel cried louder than ever. Then, in a naughty fit of anger, she threw all the playthings on the floor. The pretty book fell partly open, crumping the fresh, clean pages, crash that came near breaking her china head. The balloon bounded across the floor and bumped against kitty's pink nose as she lay asleep on the rug. The cat's green eyes were wide open in an instant, staring at the big, round red thing lying on the carpet close by. He soon rose to get a nearer view, and, walking all around the balloon, sniffed at it dain-

Then he gave it a gentle pat with his paw and jumped a little when the

halloon rolled to one side. Looking at the balloon, with his head cunningly on one side, kit would pat it first with one paw, and then, bounding after it as it rolled about, tap it with the other paw. By and by he gave it such a smart tap that his sharp claw pierced the rubber, and the balloon burst with a loud pop. Such a surprised pussy cat you never saw. He spit and jumped to one side, arching his back and puffing out his tail from fright. Mabel jumped, too, just a tiny bit, and then she laughed so merrily that her mother peeped in the door to see what amused her little girl so much. While the cat was still pozzling,

father came for dinner, "Well! What a happy little girl," said be.-Home Herald. FEEDING THE BIRDS. Here in Minnesota the winters are rery cold and the snow is very deep. This winter has been an unusually cold and snowy one. On May 1 we had a blizzard, which lasted three days. Before this we had been havina, ground sparrows, bine-birds and

were unable to find food, and the robins gave up their nest because the robin had to find shelter and food. Every morning before breakfast dur bugs on it. ing the storm Anntie and I would go food in the woodshed for them and were waiting. left the door open. They had always been rather shy before, especially I suppose, and to get warmth, they ter the storm many birds were found dead on the roads because no food or shelter could be obtained. I wish my little friends would all remember to care for the birds in the storms | ing doors. of apring when food is scarce. hope this letter will be acceptable: if so, I will write again.—Esther H. Lynch, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

JENNY'S NEW DRESS Jenny had waited a long time for her new dress, and when it arrived. what was her disappointment to see an ugly dress that she said wasn't

fit for any girl to wear. So, one day, she went to the woods and tore the dress and threw mud on it, to get it dirty, and then went home. Her mother looked at the dress, but did not say a word. Jenny wondered at this. The next day a puckage came, with a note for Jenny saying: "Here is the pretty dress that you were expecting, but you cannot have it unless you have kept the

other neat and clean," Jenny was so sorry that she tore the old dress that she went to her room and stayed there all day; she did not want her mother to see her. The next day she was going to a party; so she put on the torn dress and went downstairs. Jenny's mother felt so sorry for her that she let her have the new dress.

OLD VIOLINS.

and not ashamed to kiss. (The mon-Antonio Stradivarious was the king sparcow, which is even more heaven- key part of this story is true.) -Sun- of all violin makers. He worked till he was 92 years of age, and only after he was 50 did he make his best, mercial properties. Mr. Pacius found owners to breed the best descrip the grand ones, whose price is most that the cadelilla contained wax to of carriers. There are about A Mr. Neville, an aide-de-carno to land for a Stradivarius. It is perhaps "Now Eddy, you may tell us," she the greatest price ever paid for a

## An Imagination

HOW A YARN TO ORDER CAN BE MADE.

W. Shakespeare, humorist. and drama carpenter, is quoted as saying that the same brand of building material is used in the construction of men and nightmares. However, one would hardly suspect a person who earns his kopeks by designing borse garages of native stone to erect atmosphere chateaux for his recreation.

But Quills-the going up young architect-who draws mechanically perfect and perfectly mechanical diagrams of "South elevations," etc., is equipped with a six-cylinder, triple expansion imagination that can take a reenforced concrete fact half size of a pin point and build upon that foundation a fictional skyscraper. The only thing that prevents his robbing Mark Twain Clemens of laurel bouquets is that instead of writing fables he passes them across his favorite bar as trading stamps with and weeds which possess cleansing

his beer nickels. "Funniest thing happened at this next door barber shop the other day, Billy?" After this introduction Quills fortified himself with a deep breath and dexterously knocked the cover off his glass of "suds." "I was in there letting one of the razor sharps remove my surplus flesh-for it was Saturday. They had a green painter lathering the walls of the shop with while poor dolly went down with a a varnish of the same color. He had scaffolding strung all around joint and I had to stick my dome up between two boards when the surgeon wanted to run over my lawn with the clippers.

"The calcimine artist was working on the ceiling and had lynched his scuttle of green dye to a nail in the paddle of an overhead fan. Being a cool day the breeze machine was still. Now keep your eye on that bucket of paint.

"It begins to cloud up and dark, so my barber pauses with the points of the clippers resting on my neck and says to the negro porter: "'Sam,' says he, turn on the

lights." "Now, Sam had just come up civilization from a little burg where the barber shop boy' works the tissue paper fly disturber by pulling and pushing at a twine string. But on the wall was for the lights and the other for the fans, and be turned on the one that he thought ought to

control the electric bubble. that if I didn't my hair would drop

out and I might get leprosy. " I'll rick it, says I, when we hears a beeblye sound and something soft

an'ashed over my scalp locks. "Sam had turned on the fans by mistake and one of them was doing a merry-go-round with that pail paint. I lumps from the chair, upsets the painter, who was straidling one of those boards that was across my neck. In a shower of grass-coloring some warm weather, and the rob- | ed rain I jumps for the hatrack where my new raincont was hanging. some finches were here. A pair if it was in one of those burglar proof robins had already post a nest to lock hangers. I makes a hurry tour our grape trellis, and and eggs in of my costume and finds that the it. When this blizzard came they pocket where I'd put the hanger key had grown shut. While my fellow victims were fighting for the exits I tanked at the coat which was being sprayed as though it had potate

"Well, at rank the second, believe in accord, but the work is still preout and sweep off pieces for the birds me, there was a ripping noise and stand on while they ate the food | the coat comes down. I beats it for we scattered for them. We also put the door where the sprayed survivors

"I starts off down Grand avenue headed for a locksmith's shop, with the robins, but on account of hunger, | the hat hanger flapping from my collar Well, it didn't take long to file flow back and forth, to and from the the decoration from my collar, but woodshed, boldly eating the food. Af- if ever again I go into a spon that has those padlock cost hangers you can mix my derby into a cocktail and I'll drink it," and emptying his glass Unilla departed through the swing-

The hartender, having his curt onity aroused, inquired of the barber about the paint story. The lat-

"He must 'a' been affected by that bunch of popies we had in the win dow," said the barber man. 'We get the shop painted and the box turned on the fans while a paint brash was lying on one of them "-

WAX FROM A MEXICAN WEED

Kansas City Times.

The Once Despised Candellila Now Worth \$200 or More an Acre.

The discovery by Oscar Pacius of Monterey of a process for extracting wax from the condolilla weed is cauing the establishment of a new industry in Mexico and Texas. The candelilla grows abundantly upon many millions of acres of semi-arid land in northern Mexico and parts of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. Land owners who have this formerly despised weed growing upon their holdings are now in a fair way to Island lighthouse, which has a most

When it was discovered a few years ago that a good grade of crude rubber could be manufactured from the guayule shrub experiments began abilities for more general use of to be made by Mr. Pacius and others | homing pigeons for such service. Trowith various other kinds of wild vege- | phies are to be provided for he tation to learn if they possessed com- competitions, so as to He gathered a supply of the plants and began experiments with a view of arriving at a process of economical this process a few months ago and

It is now in practical operation. The manufacture of this regulable wax is already on a paying commer cial basis. The demand for the product comes at this time chiefly from Gormany The present price of the wax in Mexico is \$600 gold a

in the plant it can be made The candelilla wax is harder then any other w the manufacture of phonograph

ords, pharmaceutical articles.

insulation in electrical wiring,

ishes, shoe, leather and wood

candles and many other things. The fact that the guardle shrub and the candelilla plant are now known to contain valuable commercial properties has aroused the interest of the Federal authorities of Mexico and it is said that a series of chemical experiments and tests of the various other desert plants which cover great stretches of land in northern Mexico will be made under the direction of the Government with the view of discovering any commercial properties that they may contain. One point which grows profusely along the Rio Grande is called gubernador and is being used extensively for the manufacture of a botler compound. There are also two or three kinds of shrubs properties almost identical in effect with washing soap. The roots of one of these shrubs are used by the native Mexicans to the exclusion of manufactured soap .-- New York Sun.

SEA FOOD AND TYPHOID.

Oyster Bods Being Mapped and Examined by State Board.

Although the earliest outbreak of typhoid fever attributed to the eating of oysters was reported in 1816 and, especially since 1880, many other cases have been placed on record, but little is as yet known posttively upon which a determination of the sanitary conditions of shelifishcan be based.

Nor has there yet been established a definite relation between any estimated pollution of water or of shellfish and the disease producing. liability of such polluted water or shellfish. The evidence connecting the eating of polluted oysters with outbrenks of typhoid fever cannot, however, be questioned.

In the United States the most notable examples of such epidemies to were those at Middletown, Conn., and at Atlantic City. The Monthly Bullette of the New York State Department of Health in reviewing the subject refers to the conclusions of the

he knew that one of the two warts British Sewage Disposal Commission. This commission, according to the Medical Journal, concluded that a considerable number of cases of enteric fever are caused by the con-"The barber had just advised me sumption of shellfish which there been to try a little somethingicide, hinting , exposed to sewage contamination, though an accurate determination of the number of such cases was nat-

> urally not possible. The most careful studies and imvestigation of actual conditions are necessary before any positive comdemnation or trustworthy certification of oveter beds can be made. Such an investigation is now being enrried on by the State board and data are being secured as to the polistion of the streams, tidal waters, etc., in the waters adjoining Long Island and Staten Island, which comprise the oyster cultivation quatricts

> in this State. The location and extent of all beds have been mapped out, visits to the beds have been made and 128 samples of water and 204 samples of system have been examined bacteriologically. The results of the studies in the field and in the laboratory are

yet prepared to pass judgment, That unrestricted pollution of the waters of the "tate should cease is, however, evident, and the policy of tne Department of Health in preventing in so far as it has the power the discharge of raw or ineffectively treated sewage into these waters

liminary and the department is not

will be continued and extended.

PIGEONS AS MESSENGERS Carry Packages and Letters Between

Australian Lighthouses. Pretty pigeons of Australia carry packages and mersages between Hobart and Mastsuyker Jaland lighthouse, a distance of about seventyfive miles. Last November they called a pysician for a lighthouse sttendant and probably saved his life. Three birds are liberated with messages every taree weeks, and when accident or illness occurs three additional birds are set free. Twelve birds in all are used for the service. While meaninger have not always reached their destination, the service has nevertheless been highly satisfactory. The messages are written on a piece of paper tied under the hird's wing, but the marine board has in view some celluloid cases which may be adjusted under the bird's wing and in which a good deal

of information might be carried. The birds are fed on gray peas of good quality, get plenty of grit and fresh water and are kept thoroughly clean. They are also allowed at their station plenty of opportunity for needful exercise. That Maatsuyker isolated position, could secure a physician from Hobart sixteen hours after he had been sent for by pigeon post has suggested important nos

With four military at already built on the W the German War Off to erect similar a

ern borders.