

"IF YOU LOVE ME."

Eager lips grow soft and dumb, When youth's ardors have departed, And alas! too quickly come Days when love is hungry-hearted, Then, to sweet old memories turning, How our tears in secret flow, And we no longer whisper, yearning, "If you love me, tell me so."

—James Buchanan in Harper's Bazar.

THE SILENCE OF SIMEON SAYLES.

"I wish to goodness, Simeon Sayles, that you would shut up and keep shut up!" said Myra Sayles, in a weary tone, and speaking as if the words were forced from her against her will.

"You do, hey?" replied her brother Simeon, sharply and irritably.

He had been scolding about some trifling matter for nearly half an hour, and his sister Myra has listened in patient silence.

Now she spoke because he had said something peculiarly annoying, and when he had replied so sharply, she said:

"Yes, I mean it, Simeon Sayles. I get so sick and tired of your eternal scolding and blaming that I just wish sometimes you'd shut your mouth and never open it again while you live."

"You do, hey?"

"Yes, I do."

There was sudden silence in the room for three or four minutes; the wrinkles on Simeon's brow deepened and his lips were pressed more and more tightly together.

Suddenly he opened them with a snap and a defiant look of the head.

"Very well, Myra Sayles, I will 'shut up,' and I'll stay 'shut up,' and you'll see how you like it."

"I'll have some peace, then," replied Myra, shortly. Yet she looked at her brother curiously.

The Sayleses were noted in the country roundabout for rigidly adhering to every resolution they take. The thought now came into Myra's mind, "Will he do it?"

She had not meant him to take her remark literally. Simeon was as iron-willed as any of the family, and yet Myra felt that he could not keep such a vow long. It was necessary for him to talk. So she said:

"I guess you'll be gabbling away fast enough before night. There's no such good luck as your keeping still very long."

Simeon made no reply, but took his old straw hat from a nail behind the door and went out into the barnyard, walking very erect, but with little jerks, indicating that the Sayles temper was high in him.

"Now he'll go out to the barn and putch around out there awhile, and maybe putch all evening in the house, and then talk a blue streak all day to-morrow to make up for the time he's lost keeping still. I declare, if the men folks can't be the trying-est!"

She stretched away steadily on the sheet she was turning until the clock struck six, when she jumped up hastily.

"Mercy," she exclaimed, "I'd no idea it was so late! I hope to goodness the fire hasn't gone out. I must get the kettle on and supper ready, and I don't intend making some of the flannel cakes Simeon likes so much, to put him in a good humor, but I don't believe I shall have time now."

Nevertheless, there was a plate of steaming hot flannel cakes and a bowl of maple syrup before Simeon's plate when he came in to supper that afternoon.

He ate the cakes in staccato silence.

"Are you going over to Seth Badger's after supper," Myra asked, "to see him about helping you cut that grass to-morrow?"

"After waiting in vain for the answer, Myra said:

"I want to know if you do go, because I want to send Mrs. Badger a waist pattern of hers I borrowed last week."

"No reply from Simeon. His sister gave her head an impatient toss, and they finished the meal in silence. When it was done Simeon went to a little table in a corner of the room, pulled out the drawer, and took from it a scrap of blank paper and a stub of a lead pencil.

Myra took the supper dishes into the kitchen; when she came into the room Simeon handed her the scrap of paper. On it was written:

"I'm a-going over to Badger's now."

Myra dropped the bit of paper to the floor and stared hard at her brother.

"Well, Simeon!" she said, at last. "I call this carrying matters pretty far. Before I'd make myself so ridiculous, I'd—"

What you going to do when you get over to Badger's? You'll look smart writing out what you've got to say, when you've got as good a tongue in your head as anybody."

Simeon made no reply, but picked up the bit of pencil and wrote on another scrap of paper:

"Where is that pattern?"

"I think you'd better learn to spell before you go to conversing in writing—spelling 'where' with an 'a,' and 'pattern' with only one 't'! If you don't get sick and tired of this sort of tomfoolery before two days, I miss my guess, Simeon Sayles!"

Whether he grew tired of it or not, Simeon Sayles said all he had to say in writing from that time forth. His only reply to his sister's ridicule and remonstrance was written in these words:

"You sed you wish I'd shut up my mouth and keep it shut, and I'm a-going to do it."

He bought a little blank book, in which he kept a pencil, and all his communications to the world and to individuals were made through the medium of this book and pencil.

The neighbors said that "the Sayles always was a queer lot, anyway;" that some of Simeon's ancestors had been rather eccentric, and that Simeon himself had

never seemed quite like other men. No matter how true this may have been, his sister Myra was a thoroughly well-balanced woman, with a large fund of strong common sense, and her brother's freak caused her great secret mortification and distress, although she had declared at the beginning of it: "It will be an actual rest to me to get rid of your eternal scolding!"

"But Simeon had not scolded "eternally," as Myra felt obliged to confess to herself in her reflective moments. He was, indeed, somewhat infirm of temper, and sometimes gave himself up to prolonged fits of petulance, but there had been days and even weeks at a time when Simeon had been as serene of mind and as companionable as any man.

He and his sister Myra had sat side by side on the little porch at the front door of their old red farm house throughout many a peaceful summer evening, quietly talking over the past and the future. The long winter evenings had often been filled with a quiet happiness and peace for them both, as they sat at the same hearthstone which their parents had sat, Myra with her knitting and Simeon reading aloud or smoking his pipe in peace. They had nearly always eaten their meals in harmony, and now, as they sat at the table facing each other in hard, cold silence, there were times when, although neither would have confessed it to the other their food almost choked them.

His sister's face was harder to put up with at the table than at any other place or time, his sister confessed to a sympathetic neighbor. "Sometimes it just seems as if I'd fly. There he sits as mum as a grindstone. Sometimes I try to rattle away just as if nothing was the matter, but I can never keep it up very long. I've tried all sorts of little tricks, but they all unawares and make him speak once, but he won't be caught. One day, just when he'd come in from the field, I smelt something burning so strong that I said: 'I do believe the house is on fire,' and he opened his mouth as if to speak, and then clapped it shut again, and wiped out an abominable little book and wrote: 'Where?'"

"I was so put out that I flung the book clear out into the gooseberry bushes. I really doubt if he ever does speak again in this world; and the prospect is pleasant for me, isn't it?"

The two lived alone in the old red farm house in which they had been born for years before. They were without kin or kin in the world, with the exception of a much younger sister named Hope, who had married a prosperous farmer and had gone out west to live. It had been a time of great sorrow to them when this pretty, young sister had married Henry Norton and gone from the old home. They joyed in her happiness, of course, and were quite sure that Hope had "done well," but it was none the less hard to give her up.

She was only 21 years old at the time, and so much younger than her brother and sister that their affection for her was much like that of a father and mother for their only child. They had lavished the tenderest love of their lives on Hope, and their affection had not lessened by her absence. In the years since they had seen Hope's pretty face and heard her cheery voice they often talked of her.

Myra had always stood as a strong wall between Hope and harm or trouble of any kind, and this loving thoughtfulness had kept her from writing a word to her sister about her brother's strange silence.

"I wouldn't have Hope know it for anything," Myra had said; "it would worry the child so. And there's no danger of his writing it. He'd be ashamed to."

During all of the fall and through one whole long, wretched winter the iron-willed Simeon kept his resolve not to speak, and a decided shake of his head or a written "No" was his reply to Myra's oft-repeated question: "Don't you ever intend to speak again?"

One day in May a neighbor coming from the town brought Myra a letter that gave to her troubled heart the wildest thrill of joy it had known for many a day. Hope was coming home! She had written to say that she would arrive on Wednesday of the following week with her little girl of three years, and that they would spend the entire summer in the old home.

Catching up her sunbonnet, Myra ran all the way to the distant field in which Simeon was at work, holding the letter out as she ran and calling out before she reached him:

"O Simeon! Simeon! A letter from Hope! She's coming home! She'll be here next week with her little Grace, that we've never seen! Only think of it—Hope's coming home!"

Simeon was plowing. He reined up his horses with a jerk, and opened and shut his mouth three or four times, but no sound came from his lips. His face wore a half-wild, half-frightened look, and his hand trembled as he held it out for the letter.

"Simeon! Simeon!" cried Myra, with quivering voice and fearful eyes, "surely you'll have to speak now!"

He shook his head slowly and sadly as he sat down on the plow to read the letter. He handed it back in silence and turned away his head when he saw the tears streaming down Myra's cheeks, and he bit his lip until it almost bled when he heard her sob as she turned to go back to the house.

When he came to dinner he read the letter again, but he and Myra ate in silence. Hope came a week from that day. Myra went to the railroad station three miles distant to meet her.

"It'll be better for me to meet her than for you, if you are bound and determined to keep up this nonsense while she's here," said Myra. "She doesn't know a thing about it; you may be sure I haven't written a word of it to the poor child, and I read to tell her of it now. It's a shame, a burning shame, Simeon Sayles, for you to spoil Hope's first visit home, just to carry out a silly vow that it was wicked for you ever to make in the first place. It's a piece of wickedness right straight through!"

A visible palor had come into Simeon's face at the mention of Hope's little girl. No one knew how much and how tenderly this little girl whom he had never seen had been in his thoughts. He was fond of children, and no child in the world could be as dear to him as this little girl of Hope's. He and Myra had looked forward so anxiously to the time when Hope should bring her to them, and they had read so proudly of her infantile charms and accomplishments as set forth in Hope's letters!

He stole softly into the seldom-opened parlor when Myra was gone. The door stood open now, and all the shades were up, while the room had been made spotless and dustless, and bright and sweet with Hope's favorite flowers in the old-fashioned vases on the mantel.

Several photographs of Hope's little girl, taken at different stages of her infantile career, were in the album on the parlor table. Simeon took up this album and gazed at these photographs, one by one, with unhappy eyes.

He wandered round the house and yard until the time drew near for Myra's return with Hope and little Grace. Then he went down the road to meet them. He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when he sat down by the wayside to wait until they should drive around a turn in the road a hundred yards or more distant.

He had waited not more than five minutes when he heard the sound of wheels and voices round the curve in the road. He heard the sudden, sweet laugh of a child, and was on his feet in an instant.

At that same instant a man on a bicycle dashed past him. Bicycles were still an almost unheard-of thing in that part of the country. Simeon had never seen but three or four of them, and the appearance of this one whirling along at such speed startled him.

His rider sent it flying on down the road, and he whirled around the curve to the surprise of Miss Myra and to the terror of old Hector, the horse she was driving. The reins were lying loosely in Myra's hands, and before she could gather them up old Hector jumped aside, rearing and plunging, and the next instant he was racing about the track in a mad, reckless way, dragging the ground on either side of him, while Hope clung to little Grace and screamed.

"Whoa! Whoa, Hector!" cried Myra, in a voice so awful with terror that it frightened old Hector the more.

"This time old Hector pricked up his ears, for the voice that spoke was a firm, commanding one, and the next moment a strong hand grasped his bridle, while the voice repeated:

"Whoa! Whoa!"

"Whoa, Hector, whoa, Hector!" he cried all sorts of little tricks, but they all unawares and make him speak once, but he won't be caught. One day, just when he'd come in from the field, I smelt something burning so strong that I said: 'I do believe the house is on fire,' and he opened his mouth as if to speak, and then clapped it shut again, and wiped out an abominable little book and wrote: 'Where?'"

"I was so put out that I flung the book clear out into the gooseberry bushes. I really doubt if he ever does speak again in this world; and the prospect is pleasant for me, isn't it?"

The two lived alone in the old red farm house in which they had been born for years before. They were without kin or kin in the world, with the exception of a much younger sister named Hope, who had married a prosperous farmer and had gone out west to live. It had been a time of great sorrow to them when this pretty, young sister had married Henry Norton and gone from the old home. They joyed in her happiness, of course, and were quite sure that Hope had "done well," but it was none the less hard to give her up.

She was only 21 years old at the time, and so much younger than her brother and sister that their affection for her was much like that of a father and mother for their only child. They had lavished the tenderest love of their lives on Hope, and their affection had not lessened by her absence. In the years since they had seen Hope's pretty face and heard her cheery voice they often talked of her.

Myra had always stood as a strong wall between Hope and harm or trouble of any kind, and this loving thoughtfulness had kept her from writing a word to her sister about her brother's strange silence.

"I wouldn't have Hope know it for anything," Myra had said; "it would worry the child so. And there's no danger of his writing it. He'd be ashamed to."

During all of the fall and through one whole long, wretched winter the iron-willed Simeon kept his resolve not to speak, and a decided shake of his head or a written "No" was his reply to Myra's oft-repeated question: "Don't you ever intend to speak again?"

One day in May a neighbor coming from the town brought Myra a letter that gave to her troubled heart the wildest thrill of joy it had known for many a day. Hope was coming home! She had written to say that she would arrive on Wednesday of the following week with her little girl of three years, and that they would spend the entire summer in the old home.

Catching up her sunbonnet, Myra ran all the way to the distant field in which Simeon was at work, holding the letter out as she ran and calling out before she reached him:

"O Simeon! Simeon! A letter from Hope! She's coming home! She'll be here next week with her little Grace, that we've never seen! Only think of it—Hope's coming home!"

Simeon was plowing. He reined up his horses with a jerk, and opened and shut his mouth three or four times, but no sound came from his lips. His face wore a half-wild, half-frightened look, and his hand trembled as he held it out for the letter.

"Simeon! Simeon!" cried Myra, with quivering voice and fearful eyes, "surely you'll have to speak now!"

He shook his head slowly and sadly as he sat down on the plow to read the letter. He handed it back in silence and turned away his head when he saw the tears streaming down Myra's cheeks, and he bit his lip until it almost bled when he heard her sob as she turned to go back to the house.

When he came to dinner he read the letter again, but he and Myra ate in silence. Hope came a week from that day. Myra went to the railroad station three miles distant to meet her.

"It'll be better for me to meet her than for you, if you are bound and determined to keep up this nonsense while she's here," said Myra. "She doesn't know a thing about it; you may be sure I haven't written a word of it to the poor child, and I read to tell her of it now. It's a shame, a burning shame, Simeon Sayles, for you to spoil Hope's first visit home, just to carry out a silly vow that it was wicked for you ever to make in the first place. It's a piece of wickedness right straight through!"

A visible palor had come into Simeon's face at the mention of Hope's little girl. No one knew how much and how tenderly this little girl whom he had never seen had been in his thoughts. He was fond of children, and no child in the world could be as dear to him as this little girl of Hope's. He and Myra had looked forward so anxiously to the time when Hope should bring her to them, and they had read so proudly of her infantile charms and accomplishments as set forth in Hope's letters!

He stole softly into the seldom-opened parlor when Myra was gone. The door stood open now, and all the shades were up, while the room had been made spotless and dustless, and bright and sweet with Hope's favorite flowers in the old-fashioned vases on the mantel.

Several photographs of Hope's little girl, taken at different stages of her infantile career, were in the album on the parlor table. Simeon took up this album and gazed at these photographs, one by one, with unhappy eyes.

Oom Paul at Close Range.

Daily Habits of the President of the Transvaal. A Simple Minded Millionaire. Kruger is a Devoted Husband and Father, and a Democrat of the Most Pronounced Type.

It will be interesting at this time to know something of the personality and daily habits of Paul Kruger, president of the Transvaal, whose words at this critical hour decide the destiny of his country for weal or for woe.

I first met Kruger at Pretoria in 1879. He was then 54 years of age, but as strong, lithe, erect and robust as the average man at 25. Kruger was then a poor man; in fact, at times he had had to work for his food from the door of his large family. He was suspicious of every person who spoke the English language as his native tongue.

At that time the Boers were chafing under the restrictions of British rule. It was only after being assured that I was an American that Kruger became talkative. On that occasion General Joubert and others were with him formulating plans for an uprising against the British, which took place the following year and resulted in the Boers securing their independence in 1881.

The next time I met Kruger was in 1894, at Pretoria. This time I had letters of introduction to the Transvaal President. I recalled to him the first time we met. He invited me to become the guest of his household, and during the three days that I remained at his home, he had an excellent opportunity of studying the inner life of the Chief Executive of the Boers. Though he was the highest gift at the hands of his countrymen and is reputed to be worth about \$5,000,000, I found Kruger to be the same simple man that he was in 1879, when he was practically unknown to fame.

His home is always a very permanent institution in the land as it is to the highest official. If anything, Kruger better enjoys a chat with the cronies of the old days than he does entertaining persons of high degree.

A DEVOTED HUSBAND AND FATHER. It would be impossible to find a husband more devoted to his family than the Transvaal President is to his. He simply idolizes his wife, children and grandchildren.

To be seen at his best Kruger should be seen with his grandchildren around him. No one would imagine at that time that the old man playing with the boys and girls was the head of a nation and a democrat that has proved the master of English statesmen. His belief, too, in God is great for Kruger is a very religious man.

His family altar is a very permanent institution in his home. Every morning before breakfast and every night before retiring every white person in the Kruger household must gather around the family altar. The President takes down the old family Bible, reads a chapter in the Boer language, leads in the singing of a hymn and utters a prayer, in which he never forgets to appeal to the Divine power for aid in his work of state. He also prays for all his subjects from the lowest to the highest. The altar has been a part of the Kruger family for over a century. When his father trekked northward from the Cape Colony the family altar was not forgotten when a halt would be made for the night on the African veldt. Unless matters of state keep Kruger up, he is always in bed by ten o'clock every night.

AN EARLY SMOKE. At 6 o'clock every morning an African servant takes a cup of strong black coffee and a big pipe filled with tobacco to the President's room. As soon as he receives the coffee, he drinks it and smokes his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

It is a habit of the President to smoke his pipe while he dresses. By 6:30 he is downstairs and looks over the Pretoria morning papers. At 7 o'clock there is a short family worship, and at 7:30 breakfast is served, which generally consists of ham and eggs and always black coffee, and such other things as the President may desire.

time and again said that he would like to have a treaty with the United States. He was desirous of favoring them in trade relations with the Transvaal, and which he has done in several instances. He refers to this country as "My big brother." "I know," he said on one occasion, "that the Americans do not want my country, and I can trust them."

MRS. KRUGER. Of Mrs. Kruger it can simply be said that she idolizes her husband. She is the supreme mistress of her house and as a number of native servants to do the housework which she supervises, as if she were not the wife of the President.

To sum up the character of Paul Kruger, in the language of the Afrikaner, he has never faked. He did not fink when he was 17 he killed unarmed a huge panther and saved his sister's life, nor when he cut off his own thumb to save his hand from blood poisoning, and Kruger will not fink in this crucial hour of his country. I believe that he desires peace, but he will not accept peace if it is to be purchased at the expense of the independence of his country. One thing may be assured, that Kruger will fight to the bitter end before he will give up the independence of his country, and in this he has the support of every Boer in the Transvaal.

How Beef is Divided. The Most Expensive Portions do not Make the Most Nutritious Food.

Beef cattle sell for about \$40 to \$50 a head on the ranges in the West and Southwest, says the Chicago Record. These cattle weigh perhaps 1000 pounds, and are selling for \$6.40 a hundred at the Chicago stockyards, which would amount to \$64 a head. Dressing carcasses are sold for nine cents a pound to the wholesale butchers, and they divide the carcass into its several parts and sell it to the retailers. For some portions of the carcass there is almost no sale, while of the choicest portions there is not enough to supply the demand. Consequently the less desirable portions are sold at prices which will attract buyers, and for the choicest portions more must be charged to make up the deficiency. Wholesale butchers figure that a beef carcass weighing 800 pounds and cut up will cost them about as the following figures indicate:

Table with 3 columns: Portion, Pounds, Per pound. Rows include Forequarters, Plate, Shank, Hindquarters, Rump, Bones, Feet, Flank, Cheek.

These prices are the selling price of the wholesalers, with the exception of the roast and loin prices. To these must be added whatever is to be realized as profits. In some cases the prices of the inferior portions may vary from the prices quoted.

In this respect conditions in Chicago are widely different from what they are elsewhere. In other cities the spread of prices between the lowest and highest is much less. In London "chuck rib" is sold at about 16 cents a pound and loin at 22 cents. In New York prices are much the same as in London. The peculiarity of Chicago seems to be due to the fact that the people have got into the habit of demanding sirloin and porter-house steaks and rib roasts, and look with disfavor on the chuck and round steaks. There is a feeling of hesitancy in offering a guest steaks of the latter kind. In none but the poor class of restaurants are round steaks to be had at any price. This is neither economy nor correct dietetics, for the forequarters, embracing the chuck portion, are more nutritious and better food than any other part of the beef. Of the hind-quarters the round is the best for food. Dealers in meats in Chicago have made attempts to increase the consumption of the parts other than the loins and rib portions, but have made little progress. The prevailing high price of loins and ribs should teach the people the value of rounds and chucks. Thus the high prices may prove ultimately a real benefit.

Clothes and Shoes. We must pay more for our clothing and our shoes this year than we have paid for several years past.

We must pay more for our shoes because the Dingley tariff placed a duty on hides in order to enrich the great, grabbing Cattle Trust.

We must pay more for our clothing because of the heavy duties placed by the same law on wool and on woollen goods for the "protection" of our sheep raisers.

And the increased cost will not be trifling in amount. Every overcoat and every suit the tailors say, will be advanced \$5. Every pair of shoes that a year ago cost \$3 will cost \$4.50 or \$5. Multiply these advances by the 70,000,000 people who must have several suits and several pairs of shoes apiece this year and the total will represent a very heavy sum of money which the law takes out of the earnings of all the people and gives to a favored and protected few.

His Suicide Deliberate. Had to Kneel and then Strangle Himself to Death. Fred Hahn, fifty-nine years old, committed suicide at Franklin, by hanging last Friday night. He lost his position on the railroad a few days ago and brooded over the matter until his mind became unbalanced. After supper he went to the attic and threw a rope over a rafter which was only six feet from the floor.

As Hahn was nearly that height himself, he was compelled to kneel on a box, which he shoved out from under him. He was found in that position by one of his children an hour later. On a table in his room was found a note addressed to his wife and children expressing regret that he was forced to commit the deed.

A splendid record is that of the little Society of Friends in England, which, with its few members and slender resources, has enrolled and maintains seventy-eight missionaries, who are laboring in India, Ceylon, Madagascar, China and Syria. The number of native helpers is 1,035, with a membership of 2,730 and a total of 14,297 adherents. In the mission schools 20,869 children are under instructions.

One evening four year old Nellie failed to mention her father in her prayer because he had scolded her. "You must pray for papa, too, Nellie," said her mother. "But I don't want to," replied the little one. "But you must," said mamma. Dropping upon her knees again, she added: "And, for pity's sake, bless papa, too, and let us have peace in the family."

The Reason Why. "