THE TWOFOLD PRAYER.

When grass is green and tall, lad, When hills are white with sheep, When whetstones ring against the scythe, And the sauntering brook's asleep; When trees are loud with flutter and song And not a bough is sad,

When skies are smiling in God's face, And even man is glad; When June flees down her laughing lanes As fast as foot can fall, The castles that our fancies build

Are fair as Ilion's wall; Yet this must be the boon, lad, To ask the jealous years; Oh, if you may, bring laughter, And if ye must, bring tears.

For soon the grass shall whither lad, And winter fetch the snow, Soon other hands will hold the shear, And other arms will mow, Soon Helen's face must yield its grace And youth must lose its Troy, For love unlearns its pleasure, lad,

And June forgets her joy. Oh, life must give this ignorant heart The penance that it needs !-How long a rosary seem our days When sorrow counts the beads

Yes, this shall be the prayer, lad, We ask the coming years: "Oh, if ye may, bring laughter, And if ye must, bring tears!' -Frederick L. Knowles.

OUR RED-HEADED KID.

Monday is a bank's busy day. So when the Fourth of July, or Washington's Birthday, or some other of our increasingly numerous holidays comes on Monday, and the fifth day of July, or the twenty-third day of February, or whatever day Tuesday may chance to be, is burdened with the la-bor of three days and a half, the bank clerk takes off his coat and his cuffs and his morality, and prepares for a tall exhibition of elementary arithmetic. It is not well to ask a favor of the cashier on such a Tues-

Bob turned up at the bank on Tuesday, July the fifth, and his reception would have disheartened a person lacking as tough an integument. As it was, Bob didn't seem to realize he had been turned down. Mr. Martin, the cashier, had his coat off, and both hands working like an electric fan in a mass of filthy bills which Uncle Sam should have redeemed and turned into papier-mache hats and vases long ago. The day was unseasonably warm, and the cashier's collar slapped limp and gluey upon his

apoplectic neck.
At intervals he turned his head away and said something not meant for the teller's ears while he sprinkled the reeking mass with rose water from a bottle on the count-er. Most of the bills had been dragged from deep pockets by members in the thirty third degree of the great unwashed fraternity, and, as the cashier had remarked, they carried one hundred scents to the dollar. But that was on a previous occasion. There was no time for such levity on

Tuesday, July 5th.
"Please sir, I'm lookin' for a job." We all heard it, but its origin was not immediately apparent. The cashier continued counting dirty bills. Mr. Harvey, the teller, glanced at the cashier and returned to his books. Tom, who was "on the ledger," paused with a check in his fingers and his pen on the line, took one swift look in the direction of the sound. evidently saw nothing, and proceeded to enter the check. The rest of us were engaged with mercilessly multitudinous checks and seemingly endless columns, and did not even pause. The cashier had informed us that if we wanted anything to eat that night before we caved in, we had better "hit it up pretty lively."

"Mister, I say I'm lookin' for a job." This time we all stopped, supper or no supper. The cashier looked up angrily and beheld a small boy, not over washed, villainously red headed, and, judging from the age of his face, stunted in his growth. His eyes did not reach the level of the counter. It was after four and the doors had been locked for an hour. He must have arrived via the window.

'I'd like to run your errands," he eluci dated pleasantly.
"We have no place for you," said the cashier shortly, and in a tone which made

further conversation on the subject ludi-The boy retreated to the window and sat

down on the sill. At five he was still there. He didn't even whistle. He simply stayed with us, his eyes roving around the bank and taking stock, as it were. At six he had not departed. We were working furiously. Tom had a

ten cent difference and was growing gray hunting for it. I was some hundred and fifty odd dollars out, and was rapidly losing my reason. Jim hadn't his checks even entered yet, and was apparently going to sleep standing. Art had his balance, and from the top of a stool was yawning, and between gaps smiling sweetly at my vocabulary and egging me on. By seven we were all waiting for Jim. He had his footings he said, and thought he had a difference, but wasn't sure how much. At this brilliant announcement Tom took Jim's books and straightened things out. By that time it was seven thirty, and I for one was limp with hunger.

Fortunately the cash was two dollars over, and we closed up for the night. As the cashier philosophically observed, if the bank was ahead two dollars there'd be no trouble finding out who was short.

As we turned out the lights and shut the shutters we came upon the boy still sitting in the window. Tom asked him who he was, and he said his name was Bob. He gave no sign of needing sympathy expressed in either words or cash. Rather he gave one the impression of being excellently well able to care for himself. He left the bank with us, and we separated in a wild rush for something to eat.

I was the first to reach the bank next morning, but Bob was waiting on the steps He came in with me, helped me open the windows, and would have accompanied me inside the cage had I not remonstrated. I was not sure whether he thought he belonged to the bank or the bank belonged to him, but it was one of the two. He took the rebuff, however, with a resigned philosophy, and seated himself as before in the open window. When Tom arrived he stopped short on seeing the boy.

Well, kid, been here all night?" he asked pleasantly.
"Yep," replied Bob.
"Where?" asked Tom at this startling

announcement. "Out front," replied the boy.

"You didn't sleep on the steps!"

"Had any breakfast?"

"The duce! Have anything to eat last night?"'
"Nope."

"Why the devil-you must be near stary-

"You're dead right," said Bob. Tom hurriedly brought out a quarter and gave it to him, telling him to go across the street and fill up. The boy obeyed without wasting any time, and Tom came in-

"Did you hear what that kid said?" he asked me. "How about his sleeping on those stone steps without anything to eat? It makes me cold inside to think of it."

The cashier and Mr. Harvey had both ar rived when Bob returned. Tom related the conversation, and the cashier spoke not unkindly to the boy.
"What are you doing around here," he

"Lookin' for a job, sir," said Bob solemn-

ly. "But I told you we had no place for you," said the cashier.
"Well, I thought I'd just hang around an' see if somethin' didn't turn up," he re-

He seated himself in the window and proceeded to "hang around"

His first official recognition came about ten o'clock, when the cashier gave him a sight draft to take around to Jim Clark for

Get him to write his name on the face of it," he explained, as Bob left.

Twelve o'clock came and he had not re-

turned. "Takes that boy a good while to go round the corner and back," observed the

"I didn't like his looks first time I saw him," said Harvey. "He looked sort of slow to me."

It may be stated here as well as elsewhere that Harvey's intellect has never been known to produce an original idea. Certainly he has never expressed one. Inside the bank he is the cashier's "me-too" in all things, however great or small. Outside he fills a like position for any one he chances to meet. Harvey is loosely put together, and walks from his knees, as though he feared a good full swing might shake a leg off. Now it is a singular fact, but I have because he was a small result. but I have never known a man who walked from his knees who amounted to a row of brass tacks with the heads off.

Harvey's parents have never ceased the habit of calling him "Sammy," and either he has conscientiously lived down to the name, or the name has conscientiously lived down to him. Every night after bank hours he rides his wheel slowly and gingerly a given distance for exercise, but always declines invitations to drive, because he never feels comfortable with a horse; they are such uncertain creatures. He has like views of sail boats. He is one of the bright, particular stars in the firmament of the Baptist church, and in his own opinion and that of the Rev. Mr. Squires he holds a gilt edged first mortgage on a mansion in the skies, taxes and special assessments paid.
However, to give the angel his due, he is

fair accountant and draws a good salary, which goes to show that in this pervers generation of vipers it isn't always the man who commands the money. I, for instance, was getting only about half as much as

Harvey.
About 12:30 the telephone bell had an unusually violent spasm, and I answered the call. Jim Clark requested, in no vacillating spirit, that we call off our dog. For a moment I thought Mr. Clark was suddenly gone insane, and I was rapidly formulating plans to hold his attention while I sent for Williams, the constable, when I remembered Bob.

"There's a boy over here with a draft," I don't owe the money, and I won't bank. me till I write my name on the face. Says you people told him to. Send somebody over here an' get him will you?"

I had to go over and bring Bob back, as he declined to be "called off" by means of the 'phone. He told Mr. Clark he wasn't that easy.

Everybody in our town knows everybody else—at least by sight; and previous to his advent at the bank Bob had not been one of the population. Whence he came he deto state, simply saying he "come in clined a box car."

Aside from what we dubbed his "carrot patch," he was by no means brilliant, or otherwise attractive; in fact, he was dis-tinctly the opposite. But for deadly tenacity of purpose, as Tom remarked, "he'd beat the prize bull terrier in a bench

So far as we could learn he had made no other endeavor to get a place. He came to us first, it may be by chance; he liked our looks, and he stayed with us like a Vera Cruz flea.

After his encounter with Mr. Clark he considered himself a regularly constituted member of the bank force, and wore a constant and extensive smile, which varied only in degree, and at times threatened to engulf his countenance. The cashier sur-rendered at discretion, and gave him a dollar, telling him to make it last till Saturday. This he apparently did, for he never admitted being hungry from that time forth.

That evening Jim and I hunted up Tony, the combination janitor and watchman, who slept in the bank, and arranged that Bob should bunk with him. Bob took kindly to the arrangement, and Tony was glad enough to have his company at night and help in cleaning up the bank after hours. His weekly wages were fixed at two doliars by Mr. Martin, and when Bob was handed the money on Saturday he nearly burst with pride over his affluence. Where he got his meals at this time we did not know; probably at some cheap restaurant.

Subsequently he was more or less adopted by Tony and his wife.

To say that he made himself indispensable would be stating plain, unvarnished truth. Jim and I early agreed that if Bob was "fired" we'd have to resign, or, what was equivalent, interview the directors with a view to a raise. Up to his advent the running of the bank's errands had devolved upon us, and we were loath to return to any such arrangement. Also as Bob lived at the bank he always had the windows open and the place ready for business when we arrived. This gave us an additional five minutes in bed each morning, and during the winter this is not a thing to be depised. The bliss of waking up in a room where you can see your breath, and are morally certain your water pitcher is frozen over, even when it isn't, of looking at your watch and finding that you have seven whole minutes more! Champague is

However, Bob had been with us nearly a year, and had, as I say, made himself indispensable to Jim and me before he succeed-ed in attaching himself to the bank as one of the permanent fixtures. After the events I am about to relate the directors would have put up with the loss of the cashier, or Harvey, or even me, before they would have let Bob go. He's with us yet, and will be till either he or the bank goes up.

not like it.

kind in the vicinity. North one must go six miles, south twenty miles, and west twelve miles to find another place of de-posit, and to make the east is the Atlantic ocean. This being so, the bank is unusually prosperous for a country institution, paying regular dividends of twelve and thirteen per cent. to its stockholders. It is

run conservatively, and is as sound and safe as United States 4's—almost.

Our trouble began with the failure of the Tidewater Trust Company of New York.
This bank was our city correspondent, and with it, we had on deposit some \$40,000, drawing a low interest and available immediately in time of need. This amount was nearly four-fifths of our ready cash to meet the demands of depositors. The bulk of our deposits was, of course, invested in short time paper not available until maturity—and not always then naturity—and not always then— and some of the assets was in the form of real estate, inconvertible except at a heavy loss. There was something like \$10,000 cash actually in the bank to meet \$200,000 worth of deposits, and the day when the New York papers announced the failure of the Tidewater saw the beginning of the only run our bank has ever experienced. That it stood the strain was due only to Bob.

not become generally known until after-noon, and the \$10,000 held out till we could close the bank doors at three. I was dismally doing my work that night, won-dering where I could get another place if the bank went under, when I became aware of Bob at my elbow. He looked more doleful than I felt.

"Oh! cheer up," I said; "it may not be true. You look as though you'd just been measured by the undertaker."

He looked at me solemnly, as though not

"We'll pull through yet," I said.
"Hu'h," he grunted; "I ain't worryin'
none about the bank. Mr. Martin'll tend to the bank all right.'

The cashier was his God, and before him only he bowed down.
"I seen me dad this afternoon," he add-

ed dismally. "Well that's good," I said; "bring him around and introduce him. If he's anything like you, though, tell him not to make a long call," I added. It is never well to let a boy get the idea he is indispensible over when he is

sable, even when he is.
"He didn't see me, though," Bob continued, ignoring my levity. "Wonder how he follered me clean here. Thought I'd shook him for keeps. I bet he ain't bummin' 'round here for no good, neither.'

"You unfilial little barbarian," I said.

"You don't seem incrusted with smiles at the advent of your long lost parent." "Think you're funny don't you. Hh'h?" said Bob, and left me, and I promptly for-

got his dad. There was a convocation of directors in the bank parlors that afternoon, which immediately converted itself into a committee of the whole on ways and means. Mr. Martin had sent off telegrams to half a dozen of the nearest banks asking for assistance and offering to deposite bonds as se-curity. Ten thousand dollars was obtained in this way from the Beach Grove Banking Company, and came in on the last train south that evening. The only other bank able to help was the Longford First National, which offered \$20,000 if we would come and get it. The last train to the west was gone, and there was no train back that what we saw

night. Longford is twelve miles west of our town over bad roads. If we could get this exploding steadily in highly colored lanaccept the thing, an' he says he'll stay with | it the bank must close its doors by twelve next day almost to a certainty. Some one must drive across to Longford with the onds and return with the money before

the bank opened next morning.
Our part of the country is as safe as an other; but under the circumstances, when the composite eye of the community was centered upon the bank, it would be impossible for one of the bank force to leave town without the object of his mission being immediately surmised. And in our town it is a common saying that a dollar bill looks to some folks as big as a ten acre lot. So it was not a hilarious party which drove west late that evening. There was

too much at stake. We had a two seated buckboard and good team. The cashier and I sat behind, with the bonds in a valise between us. When we were ready to start, Bob climbed up beside the driver on the front seat. "Here, Bob," said Mr. Martin sharply,

'we can't take you." "I got to go," said Bob simply, and he went. Mr. Martin may have realized that since he had decided to go it would be impossible to leave him behind. He would have materialized at Longford from some ssible part of the vehicle as sure as we impossible pa

The cashier had two revolvers and I had one. The other one of the four always kept in the bank could not be found when we were ready to start. However, we didn't use those we had. We reached Longford in good time, and drove directly to the bank. The cashier had been advised of our coming by telegram, and was waiting for us, We handed over the bonds, received the cash in small bills, and started back in

good spirits.

It was near two in the morning when we approached our town. I had had a hard day's work, and confess to have been near-

er asleep than awake. Still I heard Bob say to the driver: "If anything happens you give the horses one almighty cut an' drive for town, an'

don't stop till we get there—see."
The driver laughed. "Don't get scared, kid," he said. "We're most home now." About one minute after this things hap-

pened.

The buckboard stopped with a jolt, and I came back to the melancholy things of earth, which I found consisted mainly of the wrong end of a .44 calibre revolver. Martin was seeing similar sights on his side of the vehicle. I am not the hero of this narrative, and I freely confess that I put up my hands—good and high. I didn't want whoever had the other end of that gun to entertain any doubts about my intentions. I was anxious he should know I was peaceful—extremely so. What the cashier did I do not know, but I have my suspicions. At the time my own troubles were the paramount issue. That .44 bor an almost speak ing likeness to a thirteen inch gun, and I was completely certain if it exploded it would blow the whole upper half of me off into stellar space. I know exactly how those Sepoys felt before the British gunners pulled the lanyards, The upper half of me didn't want to go.

I felt the valise lifted from my side, and

then we were told to drive on and not look behind.

Our bank is the only institution of the but I had not seen him go. The driver said he had slipped to the ground the moment the horses stopped, and we pleasant-ly surmised he had been worse scared than we were. We drove into that sleeping town with our horses in a lather, and with in the hour parties were out raking the country for the perpetrators of the "hold-up." We decided there had been three of them. One had seized the horses and the other two had attended to the cashier and

The president and directors absolved us from all blame after hearing the story, but Mr. Martin sat at his desk with bowed head. He had been with the bank for twenty years, and to know that the institution wa doomed, and that he was partially responsible, was a hard blow. I felt bad enough myself, but it must have been harder for

I had known some blue times before and have known some since; but for concentrated aniline and indigo, that morning holds the palm in my experience. We were all dead tired. We had worked under the strain till we were mentally and physically incapacitated, and then had worked on till our nerve was gone. Then, too, it was at that fearfully devitalizing time, the hour before sunrise. If you have ever gotten up at three of a winter's morning, to go duck Fortunately the knowledge that we were hunting, and after walking ten miles with badly caught in the Tidewater failure did a ten bore gun, have found no duck, you can get some idea of our depression.

we had had no breakfast.

Things were undoubtedly bad, but if the sun hadbeen up I think we would have found some means of escape after all. But in the dead, cold gloom of the hour before dawn, I felt about ready for my coffin, and the rest looked it. Every time the door opened we looked eagerly up, hoping even when we knew there was next to no hope, and each time it was to be disappointed

again. So two eternal hours passed. Harvey was wandering around and acting like a to mind, and it couldn't be helped, till it from the attacks of insects. was a wonder some one didn't kill him. I considered the matter with a feeling that it would at least create a diversion and relieve the suspense.

Jim and Art were discussing the "holdup" and telling each other what the cashier and I should have done. Their conversation did not interest me. They had not experienced the thirteen inch gun. Tom didn't say a word; didn't even look at us. I always did think that he bad good borse

sense, and now I knew it. Half a dozen of the directors were sitting around, talking spasmodically and in whis-pers, and minutely examining the cracks in the floor. I remember thinking that when a gang of directors got together and didn't make any more noise than that, there was some mighty heavy sledding ahead, and no

signs of snow. I tried to sleep, but couldn't. I had too much to think about. There was nothing ahead but three or four hours more work, and then closing the doors and leaving the old place, with the government commissioner in charge, and starting out to find a new job several steps down the ladder. Not

a cheerful prospect.

The outer door opened. I didn't turn my head. The spring that worked my hope machine was played out. Then I heard an unusually profane yell from Tom, and he went by me and out the cage door like a half back carrying the ball. I took one look toward the door and followed in

What we saw was a tramp carrying a satchel—the satchel. Behind him was another, nursing a badly cut right hand and seconds to tie those tramps hand and foot, and Bob put down the gun and came inside with the satchel.

"It's all there, Mr. Martin." he said. "I caught 'em 'fore they got it open. An'
—I guess I'll sit down."

He collapsed into Martin's chair, and that was the first we knew he was hurt. We got him out on the floor and opened his shirt, and Martin looked mighty lumpy in the throat while we were doing it. not saying how I felt. I thought the kid was done for. He had a blue black spot high up in his left shoulder, and he'd bled about all there was in him I should think.

Harvey came out from somewhere and got ready to faint, and Martin sent him off for Doc Richards, and Tom told him to be 'pretty sudden about it." At such times seniority of office doesn't count.

The directors were treading on one another to fetch water and produce handkerchiefs, and the president drew out a silver flask and we gave Bob some brandy. That revived him and he tried to get up.

"I ain't hurt much," he protested. "I just feel sorter empty—that's all."

He fell back weakly, however, and lay quiet for a moment. Then he grinned happily and said :

"I knew dad'd be up to some meanness. He don't miss any chances. "You'd better not talk, Bob," said Mar-"Not now. Wait till the doctor tin. comes."

"I ain't hurt, I tell you," said Bob aggressively.
"Say, it was great," he said presently, with another grin, "I just walked in on

'em while they were pryin' the satchel open, an' I says, 'Put up your hauds, dad, I got you,' an' instead o' puttin' up the way the books says they does, he pulled a revolver an' shot me. But say, I fired 'bout the same time, an' knocked his revolver all to chunks. Gee, it was great !" He stopped again from sheer weakness. Then he looked up at Martin on his knees beside him and said:

"Next time I'm goin' to drive, Mr. Mar-

tin. If that blame driver had cut the horses like I told him to we'd 'a come through all right." "Very well, Bob," said Martin, and I

think he meant it. "There wasn't but two of 'em," continued Bob, "an' the other one was scared cold. so I just gave him one to pick up the satchel an' march an' he didn't wait for the count neither. An' dad knew when he was licked, too. That's him now, ain't it ?"

He was bleeding to death, and I thought the doctor would never come. It seemed pretty tough luck after what he'd done. His parent was lying on his back, cursing like an Irish gatling gun, and when I got to the point where I had to do something or make a fool of myself I hunted up Williams, and we kicked them both on to their feet and put them in the lockup.

When I got back the doctor was making his examination. It was a solemn crowd that stood around and watched him. Bob was the only cheerful one in the lot. Fortunately the bullet had gone clear through, so that there was no probing to do.

When the last bandage was fixed, Bob tried to get up again, but had to be held down while Doc Richards explained to him that he would probably bleed to death if he "It won't be healthy for you," said a didn't lie still. Then we put him on an Bob had vanished. He sat in front of me, Martin's. I waylaid the doctor.

"Will he get well?" I asked

"Yes," said the doctor, "I think so. He lost a lot of blood, but he's pretty tough, and with Mrs. Martin and the girls to nurse him he'll be around before long."

I waited till I got one block from the

house, and then turned loose one long uproarious yell, and doubled for the bank with the news.
"Well say," said Tom, "isn't that kid about twenty-four carats fine, though? Lay

on MacDuff! He'll be president of a bank while we're still footing columns. You see if he isn't."

he isn't."
"I always did think that boy had some-ing in him." said Harvey. "He sort of thing in him," said Harvey. "He sort of looked like it to me first time I saw him." -By Frederick Walworth in McClure's Magazine for July.

Street Tree Planting.

In a former issue of Forest Leaves an article appeared on the proper trees for street planting. The late Wm. Saunders described the qualities of a good curbstone tree as follows ;

1 A compact stateliness and symmetry of general form or outline as distinguished from a spreading of pendant form, so that the stem can be relieved of side-branches to a height sufficient to allow the free circulation of air below the branches and also that they may not interfere with the comforta-ble use of the sidewalks and trees.

2 An ample supply of expansive foliage of bright early spring verdure, and rich and varied in the colors and tints assumed during autumn.

3. Healthiness, so far as being exempt from constitutional disease, and ability to withstand the many evils which city trees have to encounter, such as reflected heat from buildines, short supplies, at times, of water, and the some of soil

4. Cleanliness, characterized by a persistency of foliage during the summer, free she ass, of course, telling Mr. Martin not dom from fading flowers, and exemption

5. It should bear removal and trans planting without much difficulty; not li-able to throw up suckers from the roots; of vigorous, but not excessive growth. A tree of extremely rapid growth is generally short

er than brittle, that they may withstand heavy storms and twisting gales, which are more prevalent in cities than happens in seemingly more exposed situations.

The City of Washington, D. C., has made

6. The branches should be elastic rath

study of street trees and the following ex cerpts from the report of the Commissioners in regard to the results obtained from ifferent species will be of interest :

Washington was a city of young trees during the seventies, and in the spring of 1873 more than 6000 trees were planted, onsisting of silver maples, Norway maples American maples, American and European lindens, sugar maples, tulip trees, American white ash, scarlet maples, poplars, and ash-leaved maples.

From 1880 to 1888 the caterpillars were extremely numerous in the city, and opportunity was had for observing which trees were mostly a prey to them. It was found that the white poplar and the negundo or ash-leaved maple were the first to be attacked, and next the lindens, elms, and sycamores (or western planes) and white ash. Those mostly exempt were the Corolina poplars, the sugar, silver and Norway maples, the tulip trees and honey lo-

A careful count of the trees was made in 1887, and by comparing this with the num ber of trees since planted and those removed, there is found to be more than 77,000 over here with a draft," \$20,000, the cashier believed it would tide k; "says he's from the we the money, and I won't to pay dollar for dollar. If we did not get sails guage. And behind both came Bob, with a revolver at full cock and his face a pearline both sides of a bouleyard between green yellow. It took us about forty-eight Washington and New York. These consists of more than 30 varieties, but seveneights of the number may be placed in less than twelve varieties. The number and peculiarities of the principal trees may be described separately:

The silver maple (Acer dasycarpum) num bers about 25,000. It is almost a perfect street tree, as it stands transplanting well, is quite a rapid grower, and has beautiful foliage, which is never too heavy to allow free circulation of air. It loves moisture, but, nevertheless, stands seasons of drought better than many others. It cannot attain at the curbstone the magnificient proportions it has in the park or field, and must be trimmed at times very severely. It is seldom attacked by the caterpillar, but some years ago a scale appeared on the trees that caused serious thoughts of their removal. This has since disappeared and the trees are in a healthy condition. It taught the lesson, however, that it is not well to have

most treee of one variety.

The Norway maple (Acer platanoides) numbers about 5000 trees, and it is unfortunate that more of them were not planted in past years. They require considerable care in transplanting, and are a little too thick in foliage. They are handsome in leaves and form and are strong of fibre, so that they withstand storms well. Insects

seldom trouble them.

The American elm (Ulmus Americana)
numbers about 5000 trees, planted on various avenues. It is a tree of spreading form so that on roadways 50 feet wide its limbs arch the entire space. From this it is liable to be split by storms. It presents a magnificent appearance at certain of the year, but the elm-leaf beetle has preyed so constantly on this tree that it is either doomed to disappear as a street tree, or else be limited to a small number.

The buttonwood sycamore or plane tree (Plantanus orientalis or occidentalis) num pers 5000 trees. It is a tree of large growth and must be closely trimmed as a street tree. The western plane is not an altogether handsome tree, its shedding of bark giving it an ugly appearance, which is objected to by many. As a shade producer it has no fault. The eastern plane is its superior in many respects, and it seems unfortunate that its merits were not recognized sooner. Its size and nature make it better fitted for avenues than the narrow streets. Its foliage is splendid in appearance, and of prop-er thickness. It is free of insects. The American linden (Tilia Americana)

numbers 5000. In early summer they are at their best, when their flowers dill the street with their fragrance. They need ample space, and are apt to suffer from the drought. They seem to have been planted too close in this city, and have grown very little in late years.

The tulip tree (Liriodendrod tulipifera,)

numbers nearly 2000. It can hardly be considered a great curbstone tree, as it requires good conditions for its development. It is fine in appearance, and does well on wide parkings.

The Carolina poplar (Populus monilifera numbers about 6000, and was probably planted on account of its rapid growth. It is a good curbstone tree in many respects— is assertive, free of insects, and is of good foliage. Its bad qualities are, brittle limbs which are always broken by storms, and a persistency of root growth that is fatal to sidewalks. Money considerations have doomed them, and they are being replaced with more desirable trees.

The aspen poplar (Populus alab and ashleaved maple (Acer negundo), numbers about 2000, although of good foliage have peen condemned as street trees, on accoun

of their liability to attacks of insects.

The gingko or maidenhair tree, although few in number here, has been found to be a good curbstone tree. The pin oak has shown itself an ideal tree for an avenue or

wide-parked street. Horse chestnut trees have grown with some little success, but cannot be called a

good street tree, The sugar maple, although a queen among trees, needs too good care for an ideal street tree. No success has been had with it, al-though it may be said that attempts have not been persistent.

The red oak, planted where it is surrounded by good conditions, has been a

great succes If required to arrange a list of trees in this city in the order of their merit, and in the light of what has been here shown, the silver maple, Norway maple and eastern plane would be placed side by side in the first rank. Then the ginko and western plane; and, last, those that require extra care, and are well fitted for wide parkings -the American linden, the oak, and sugar maple.

The proper distance to space trees depend on the locality and variety. Too close planting was done during the first year of the commission, the distance along the curb being from 20 to 25 feet. From 30 to 45 feet is now considered a better limit.

The trimming of trees is a bone of contention among authorities, as to time, manman and extent. It is certain, however, that some city trees must be trimmed and trimmed severely, if they are expected to last long.

Fatalities in Soft Coal Mines Made 184 Widows. n Addition the Production of Bituminous

During the Year Made 412 Orphans. James B. Roderick, chief of the bureau of mines and mining, who is at Johnstown, investigating the cause at the explosion in the "Klondyke" soft coal mine, furnishes

these facts and figures relative to the bituminous district in his report for 1901: In the production of bituminous coal 301 persons lost their lives and 659 were injured, an increase for the year of 39 in the fa-tal and 64 in the non-fatal accidents. The number of wives made widows by these fatalities in the anthracite and bituminous mines were 184 and the orphans numbered

Of the fatal accidents that occurred in and about the bituminous mines, 290, or 96.30 per cent., were underground, and 11, or 3.66 per cent., on the surface; 72 per cent. of this number were miners or their helpers.

By comparing the reports of the anthracite inspectors, it can be seen that they show nearly the same percentage of fatalities in proportion to the number employed, while it is quite different in the bituminous districts, as several of them have very few accidents, and some of them will compare favorably with any inspection dis-

trict in this or any other country.

Mr. Roderick does not favor the use of electricity in mines and says: In gaseous mines, electric cutting machines or electric motors should never be permitted in use, as otherwise sooner or later they will be the cause of a great ca-

tastrophe.

The number of persons imployed in and about the bituminous mines was 117,602, an increase of 85.84 over the previous year; of these 95,562 were imployed inside and 22,040 on the surface. Regarding inspections during the year Mr. Roderick says.

The inspectors report the mines generally in good condition as to ventilation, drainage, etc., an could be expected. They all report some exceptions, but the mines that are not up to the standard are old mines that are being "robbed" preparatory to being abandoned, and small operations that do not generate explosive gas.

Capt. Hobson Rescues a Girl From Drowning.

Silly Girl Jumps Into River Just to Be Rescued By the Hero of the Merrimac. Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, hero

of the Merrimac, who lectured at Mt. Gretna last week, rescued Miss May Cerf, of St. Louis, from drowning in the Mississippi river near the Chautauqua grounds at Piasa, Ill., recently. Miss Cerf, standing on the deck of a yacht while the naval officer was swimming, called to

"If I should fall overboard would you rescue me ?" "I certainly would, Miss Cerf," replied

Hobson laughing.

There was a splash in the water. A cloud of filmy skirts floated a moment on the water and then sank. For several seconds a sailor hat glimmered above the waves and a pair of round arms splashed desperately against the tide.

Captain Hobson started with long strokes

to swim the distance of nearly a hundred

Albro Giberson, of Elsa, Ill., Hobson's

feet to the yacht's side.

only companion in swimming, swam after the girl also. The river was swollen by recent rains. At the same moment both swimmers reached the place where the last glimpse of the white hat was seen. From the yacht's deck frantic men and women shouted. Hands

were pointed down the stream.

Captain Hobson, turning with the tide, floated by the yacht's side, peering all the while into the muddy water for the girl. Suddenly he dived, and in a few moments came to the surface with his left arm around the shoulders of Miss Cerf.

She struggled desperately, and it was hard for him to keep her head above water until his companion came to his assistance. Even then the weight of her clothing made the task of rescuing her very difficult for the two men, battling with a strong current. The yacht came to their rescue and eager hands outstretched from the boat assisted

ly exhausted from his exertions. Miss Cerf oon recovered. Hon. William Jennings Bryan the

them on board. Miss Cerf was nearly unconscious. Captain Hobson was thorough-

Principal Speaker. The New England Democratic league has issued a circular letter concerning the hanquet that was given at Nantasket Beach, July 24. The letter says that Hon. William Jennings Bryan, of Ne-braska; Hon. Edward M. Shepard, of New York; Senator Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee, and Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, will speak. Hon. F. A. Collins

mayor of Boston will preside. The meeting will mark the opening of the congressional campaign in New Eng-

The highest mountains in Cuba reach greater heights than any peak in the eastern ranges of the United States.