An Ad-Dition

A man who owns a great big store With stocks of goods on every floor, May, to his keenest sorrow, find The public to his wares is blind. And though he add all he may guess Would likely add to his succes His bank account may never rise Till he concludes to add-vertise.

A LUMP OF LOGIC. The time to quit (it seems to me This truth is past denying) Our advertising ought to be When all the world quits buying.

-Nixon Waterman

A DAY OFF

Abigail Bennet stood by the kitchen table her mixing-bowl before her. She hummed a little under her breath, as she paused, considering what to make. There were eggs on the table, in a round comfortable basket that had held successions of eggs for twenty years. There were flour and sugar in their respective boxes, and some butter in a plate. It was an April day, and Abigail's eyes wandered to the kitchen window at the sound of a bird-call from the elm. A smile lighted her worn face. The winter had been a hard one, and now it was over and gone. This, also, was a moment's peace in the midst of the day. Her husband was comfortably napping in the front room. He had broken his arm in midwinter, and that had temporarily disarranged the habit of his life. Abigail bad not owned it, even to her most secret self, but she was tired of his innocent supervision of indoor affairs. the natural product of his idleness. Jonathan was a born meddler. He interfered for the general good, and usually it did no harm, for he was accustomed, in his best estate, to give minute orders at home, and then hurry away to the hay-field or his fencing. Abigail scrupulously obeyed, but it was without the irritating consciousness of personal supervision. Now it was dif-

As she felt the stillness of the day, and the warmth of the soft spring air blowing in at the window, she pushed back the bowl against her measuring-cup and made a little clink. Instantly, as if the sound had evoked it, a voice sprang from the sitting-room. Jonathan was awake.
"Nabby," he called, "what you doin'?"

A bigail stood arrested for a moment, like a wood-creature startled on its way. "My land!" she said, beneath her breath.

Then she answered cheerfully, "I'm goin to stir up a mite o' cake.' "What kind?"

"Oh, I dun'no. One-two-three-four, mebbe." "Where's that dried-apple pie we had yesterday?" inquired Jontthan, with the "Ain't there enough for zest she knew. supper?"
"I dun'no but there is."

"Then what you makin' cake for?" "I dun'no. I thought mebbe we'd better have suthin' on hand."

'How many eggs are there in one-two "Why, there's two when you make half the receipt." Abigail's tone was uniformly hearty and full of a zealous interest; but

e shifted from one foot to the other, and made faces at the wall. 'Ain't there any kind o' cake you can

stir up with one egg?" 'Why, there's oup-cake; but it's terrible poor pickin', seems to me."

onathan rose and took his way to kitchen. He appeared on the sill, tall and lank, his shrewd, bright-eyed face diversified by the long lines that creased the cheeks. Abigail stopped grimacing, and greeted him with woman's specious smile. "Don't ye do it today," said Jonathan, not unkindly, but with the tone of an impeccable adviser. "You have the applepie today, an' to-morrow you can stir

the cup-cake. Eggs are scurse yit, an' they will be till the spring gits along a mite."
"Well," answered Abigail, obediently.
She began setting away her pooking materials, and Jonathan, after smoothing his hair at the kitchen glass, put on his hat and went out. Presently she saw him, one foot on the stone wall, talking with a neighbor who had stopped his jogging horse on the way to market. There was a flurry of skirts on the stairs, and Claribel ran down, dressed in her blue cashmere, her girdle in her hand. She had a wholesome, edible prettiness, all rounded contours and rich

"Here, mother," she called, and thrust the girdle at her. "This thing hooks behind. It's awful tight. You see if you

"You wait a .minute," said Abigail, "I'll wash the flour off my hands." went to the kitchen sick, and afterwards. standing at the roller-towel, she regarded Claribel with a fond delight that always amused the girl when she could stop to note it. Claribel had told her mother before this, that she acced as if girls were worth a thousand dollars apiece. said Abigail, pulling discreetly at the hooks "it is tight, ain't it? I'm afraid you'll feel

all girted up."
"I'll hold my breath." She held it until her cheeks were burning with bloom, and the girdle came together

Abigail put up a tendril of hair in the girl's neck and smoothed a bit of lace. 'Now you hurry off," she said. "If I's you, I'd put on my things an' slip out the side door, whilst father's out there talkin',"

Claribel was pinning on her hat at the glass. "What's the matter of father?"

asked. "Ob, nothin'! only he's got one o' his terrible times—an' nobody to it, today. If he sees you're goin' anywheres, like's not

he'll set to an' plan it different."
"Well, he needn't," said Claribel. "I've got to have some Hamburg an' some num-ber sixty cotton. I'll be back by noon."

"You don't want I should call out to Ebenezer an' ask him for a ride?' inquir-ed her mother, at the window, a doubtful eye on the farmer still gossiping without.
"Now, mother!" Claribel laughed. "You know well enough what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to walk, an' Ballard 'll overtake me when he goes to get the mail. It's about time now.

'Well," said her mother, au she left the window and came to hold Claribel's jacket. "My soul!" she said, desparingly. "There is your father now."

Jonathan's step was at the door. It was brisker than when it bore him forth. face had lighted in new interest. "Where you goin?" he asked Claribel at

She was walking past him to the door. "Oh, just up to the Corners," she answered, casually. "I've got to have some "You wait a spell," said Jonathan. He

glanced into the glass, and decided he need not shave. "I'm goin' up along to git some onion-seed. Ebenezer says old Lang's got some, fust quality, an' if we don't look out it 'll all be gone.''
"Ob, father!" cried Abigail, involun-

"You come an' help me git the bits in," said Jonathan, to his wife. "I can manage the rest with one hand." Claribel followed them hesitatingly out

through the shed.

"Father," she began; but Jonathan never turned.

"Father!"

"Well, what is it?" he called over his

shoulder, and her mother dropped behind and walked with her. "Don't you take on," urged Abigail. There were tears in her own eyes, and the warm air on her forehead made her think of youth as well as spring. "You know he can't drive very well, on'y one hand Don't you mind.

Claribel's tears also had sprung, and two big crystal globes ran out and splashed her

"It was a kind of an agreement," she said, passionately. "Ballard's got two watches picked out at Ferris's, and he wants me to see which one I like best. He'll be awful mad, and I shan't blame

"Father," cried Abigail. "Father!" She ran on into the barn where he had the horse standing while he gave him an impa-tient one-handed brushing with a bundle of hay. "Father, Claribel's made a kind of an agreement to go with Ballard. You wait a minute whilst I slip on my t'other You dress, an' I'll go with ye.'

"Here, you git in them bits," said Jonathan. "God sake! Don't you hender me when that onion-seed's goin' by the board. They'll be married in four weeks, won't Well, I guess Claribel can stand it if she don't see him for twenty-four

hours. Abigail got the bits in, and went on deftly harnessing. She spoke but once. That was when Claribel came and began to fas-

ten a trace. "Go 'way, dear," said the mother, in an eloquent tenderness. "You'll git horse-bairs all over you."

Then Claribel stepped slowly into the wagon; her father followed her, and they lrove away.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when they came home. Jonathan was in high spirits. He had got his onion-seed; and then, having heard of an auction, five miles farther on, where there was a culti-vator as good as new, he had bought some crackers and cheese at the grocery and driv-en there. He and Claribel had eaten their lunch in the wagon, and then Claribel had sat drearily by while her father bid and reft bargains away from other bidders. Now Claribel was heavyeyed, and her month looked pitiful. She ate sparingly of the early supper her mother sat out for them, Jonathan spoke helplessly. "They can't and then, after washing the dishes, sat a while by the window in the dark. mother knew she was watching; but Ballard did not come, and at nine o'clock the

girl walked droopingly off to bed. Abigail was late in going to sleep that night. She lay looking into the darkness, tears sometimes gathering in her eyes and then softly wiped away on a corner of a little disappointment for Claribel; but, to her mind, youth was youth. There were times when one wanted things, and if they had to be put off, they were not the same.

One bud could never open twice. When breakfast was over, Jonathan settled himself in the sitting room with the county paper, and Claribel slipped into the nd beckoned her mother. The

girl spoke shyly: 'I don't know but I'll run over to Bal-

"So do," said Abigail with understand-

ing. -" Claribel went on. bent her head, and the corners of her mouth I'm foolish; but yesterday was a kind of a particular day with us. 'Twas a year ago yesterday we were engaged, and it was kind of understood we were going to look at the watch together. The reason I told Ballard I'd walk along and let him overtake mewell. I didn't dare to let him come here, for fear father'd spoil it somehow. And then he saw me drive by with father, and not a word to say why, and father was in a hurry and wouldn't let me stop,—and if I was in Ballard's place I should be mad as fire."

"You go right over," responded Abigail, something throbbing in her voice. out the porch door, and clip it right along. Again Abigail stood at the table, her mixing-bowl before her, and at the clink of her

spoon Jonathan's voice came promptly rom the other room: "Nabby, what you doin' of?"

This time her muttered exclamation bad the fierceness of accumulated wrongs, but she added, cheerfully: "I'm mixin' up a mite o' cake." What kind?

For an instant Abigail compressed her lips, and then she added, desperately, as one whose resolve had hardened: "Cup-cake."

"How many eggs?"
"One." At the instant of speaking, she took two eggs from the basket and, one in either hand, broke them at the same instant upon the edge of the bowl. Jonathan's ears were keen, but they did not serve him against the testimony of that one innocent crack. Abigail beat them hastily, and pouring them into her butter and sugar

"You call Claribel. I want her to help me a mite down-sullar," said Jonathan, on his way to the kitchen.

Abigail, at his step, crumpled one egg-shell in her hand and hastily thrust it into the coal, and laid a light stick over it. "I want to have her sprout some o' them 'taters in the arch.'

"She can't do it this forenoon," said his wife, glibly. "She's gone out."

"Down to Mis' Towle's. I sent her to carry back that peck-measure you borrered last week."

A strange exhilaration possessed her. bigail did not remember to have lied wilfully in all her life before. Her difficult chamber to find out how Claribel is. The way had been, against all temptation, to door's locked an' there ain't no key inside. tell the bare truth and suffer for it; but now that she had begun to lie, she liked it. She looked at her husband, as he stood in the doorway gazing innocently over her head at the window where the spring made a misty picture, and wondered what he would say if he guessed what was in her heart. She hardly thought herself, save that it was something new and wild: the resolve to say anything that came into her head, and take the consequences. Jonathan was ponder-

"Why," said he slowly, at last, "seems to me I carried back that peck-measure myself, day or two ago." Now Abigail remembered seeing him

walk out of the yard with it in his hand; but she did not flinch. "Oh no, you didn't. Claribel's just

spoke again.

"Claribel asked me for some money Said she wanted to git two You think she needs 'em?" 'tother day. more gowns. "I know she does," returned Abigail, "You don't want she should her back, do ye, an' have Ballard set to an'

"You gi'n her any money this winter?"
Abigail remembered her hard-worn store of butter-and-eggs money, put aside from the moment Ballard had begun his courting, and she remembered the day when she and Claribel had stolen off to the Corners to spend the precious store in fine cloth and trimming. But she looked her husband in

"Not a cent," she answered, and liked the sound of it. "Well," concluded Jonathan, "I'll hand

her some tomorrow. I'll make it what you think's best." For a moment her heart softened, but Jonathan spoke again: "You ain't a-goin' to make weddin'-cake

The strange part of her new communion the day when he had gone to town meeting and she and Claribel had baked the wedding-cake, in furious haste, and set it away

"No," said she, calmly; "I ain't a goin to make no cake. I got a little on hand.'

"When'd ye have it?" "Oh, I dun'no'! I got a loaf or two." "Well, Jonathan ruminated, "I dun'no's

remember you bakin' any." "I didn't bake it. 'Twas some Aunt Lucretia left in her crock when she moved She thought with wonder of out West." the ease with which new worlds could be created merely by the tongue. It gave her a sense of lightness and freedom. She could almost forgive Jonathan for meddling since he had introduced her to these brilliant possibilities.

"That's terrible yeller for one egg," he commented, as she poured her cake into the

"It had two yolks," said Abigail, calmly. She felt an easy mastery of him. Then she closed the oven door, cleared off her cooking-table and sat down to sew.

This was one of the days when Jonathan seemed possessed by the spirit of discovery. He took up a bit of edging from the window-sill and held it in a clumsy hand. "How much do ye pay for that trade?" he inquired.

"Two cents," responded Abigail.
"Two cents!" That's more'n two cents "No. It's a cent an' a half a yard an

do business that way." "They do." She spoke conclusively. He took up another wider remnant

This was a coarse lace. "How much d'ye pay for that?" he asked.
"Nothin'," said Abigail. "I made it."
Jonathan ruminated. He felt exceedingly puzzled. It was not that he distrustthen softly wiped away on a corner of a sheet. It was not that she failed to bear a little disappointment for Cleribal, bear a

honest as the day. "I dun'no's I ever see you doin' any thing like that," he commented. "How'd ye do it? Looks as if 'twas wove." "I done it on pins said Abigail, wildly."

"Common pins?" "No. Clo'es-pins." Jonathan frowned and gazed at her, still

"Mebbe you could make some to sell," he ventured. "Loc he some profit in't." "I don't want no profit," returned his

way.

Then when his step had ceased on the trembled. "I don't want you should think shed floor, Abigail laid down her sewing. She looked up to heaven, as if she interrogated the bolt that was presently to stun her; but the bolt did not fall, and she began to laugh. She laughed until the tears came, and her face suffused with mirth looked a dozen years to the good. She dried her eyes without wiping away any of that new emotion. She could not yet blame herself for anything so rare.

The noon dinner was on the table, and Claribel had not come. Her mother had set forth a goodly meal, and she talked cheerfully through it. But Jonathan was never to be quite distracted.

"Where's Claribel?" he asked, with his second piece of pie.
"She ain't comin'," answered her mother, at random. "I'll set suthin' out on the pantry shelf, an' she can have it when she wants.'

Jonathan paused, with a choice morsel on the way to his mouth. "You don't s'pose she's fetched up a Ballard's an' stayed there to dinner, do ye?" he asked.

"Well, what if she has?" "Nothin', only I wanted to know. step over there arter dinner an' fetch her." Abigail laid down her fork. She spoke ed. vith the desparation of one who is already

lost.
"Now, father, I'll tell ye plainly, I ain't goin' to have Claribel disturbed. chamber, layin' down with a sick-headache, an' I've turned the key in the door."
"Well, ye needn't ha' done that," Jonathan wondered. "She might as well sleep it off."

"I'll sprout the 'taters," she asserted, vigorously, "but I ain't a-goin' to have her round with a headache an' get all beat out so she don't do a stitch o' work to-mor-

rer." Jonathan said nothing, and after dinner she sped up-stairs, locked the door of Claribel's room, and put the key in her pocket. Then, with a mind at ease, she washed her dinner dishes and went down cellar. There she sprouted potatoes with a swift dexterity and a joyous heart. Claribel was abroad somewhere, she knew, roaming the free world. That was enough.

At five Jonathan finished his nap, and came heavily to the door above.
"Here, you," he called. "I've been up-

You got the key?" Abigail rose and dusted the dirt from her

hands. Her task was done.
"No," said she. "I ain't got no key." "I thought you said you locked the door. Didn't you take the key?"

Abigail was mounting the cellar steps. She faced him calmly. "No, I never said any such thing," she returned, with an easy grace. "Clary's looked it, I s'pose. If she don't answer, she's asleep. You let her be, Jonathan.

It's no way to go routin' anybody out when they've got a headache."
"Well," said Jonathan, and grumbled off to the barn. Abigail felt more and more under the spell of her new system. It swept her like a mounting flood. She had lied all day. It was easy and she liked it. With a mirth-

There was another pause, and Jonathan ful feeling that some compensation was due and typewriting, the work of secretaries Jonathan, she made cream-of-tartar biscuits and opened quince preserves. The onetwo-three-four cake was golden within and sweetly brown on top; it had not suffered es, cooks and waiters.

from the artifice that went to make it. The door opened and Claribel came in. walk out o' this house without a stitch to She had her jacket on her arm, and her cheeks were all a crimson bloom. A fine gold chain was about her neck, and immediately she drew a watch from her belt

and opened it, with a child's delight.
"Look, mother, look!" she cried, words followed one another in a rapid stream. "He wa'n't mad a mite. He said he knew 'twas something I couldn't help.
And we went and got it, and had dinner at the hotel. I guess I shan't ever forget this

day as long as I live." Abigail was holding the watch, spellound over its beauty. But at that she broke into a laugh, wild and mirthless. "No," said she, "no. I guess I shan't

"Mother, what you mean?" The girl was answering in a quick alarm. thing happened to von?"

Abigail quieted at once. "No, dear, no," she said. with him was that, as her tongue formed a lie, her mind flashed a picture of the truth before her. Now she had a swift vision of Now you take off your things, an' father'll Now you take off your things, an' father'll be in, an' we'll have supper. But when they were sitting at the table,

Jonathan kept glancing at Claribel, her red cheeks and brilliant eyes. "Ain't you kinder feverish?" he asked. and Abigail answered:

"See here, father. Ballard's give her a watch. Ain't that handsome?" Jonathan turned it over and over in his

"I guess it cost him suthin',"he remark-"Well, to-morrer we'll see if we can't git together a little suthin' more for clo'es.' Claribel went to bed early, to dream, with her watch under her pillow, and the husband and wife sat together by the fire below. When the clock struck nine, they rose, in lingering unison, and made ready to go up stairs. Abigail cleared her sewing from the table, and Jonathan shut the stove dampers and wound the clock.

"They've got that feller over to the Corners," he announced, as he waited for her to set back the chairs.

"What feller?" "The one that stole Si Merrill's team. They clapped him into jail, an' I guess there'll be a consid'able of a time over it. He hadn't a word to say."

Abigail was standing before him, her hands clasped under her apron, as if they were cold. Her face looked tired and pale. She spoke with passionate insistence. "Jonathan, I've found out suthin'.

don't do to do the leastest thing that's wrong."
"Why, no," Jonathan acquiesced, get-

why, no, Sonathan acquiescer, getting a newspaper and lying it before the hearth for the morning's kindling. "Any body's likely to git took up for it."

"It ain't that," said Abigail. Her small face had grown tense from the extremity of terrible knowledge. "You might go along quite a spell an" not git found out.

It's because—" She halted a moment and She halted a moment, and her voice dropped a note—"It's because wrong doin's so pleasant."

"You take the lamp," said Jonathan. Then he remembered that the argument should be clinched, and added, with his Sunday manner:

"The way o' the transgressor is bard." "It ain't," asserted Abigail, at the stairs. "It's elegant. It's enough to scare you to death, ye have such a good time in it, an" ye go so fast. It's like slidin' down-hill an' the wind at your back. Mebbe the feller that stole Si's team grabbed an apple off'n a tree once an' that started him. "Looks as if there might don't blame him. I don't blame nobody.

wife, unmoved, and Jonathan presently as if there were the inanimate witnesses of went out to the barn, ruminating by the her perfidy.
"I've had a splendid day," she said, "I've had the best time I've had

for years. I ain't ever agoin' to have another like it. I don't dast to. 'Twouldn' take much to land me in jail. But I ain't sorry, an' I ain't a-goin' to say I be." What you doin' of down there?" called

Jonathan. "Who you talkin' to?" "I'm comin'," said Abigail. "I'll bring the light."-By Alice Brown in Harper' Monthly Magazine.

Carnegie Technical School in Pittsburg Will Open on October 16.

The biggest school in the world, where anybody can learn anything practically without cost. No limit has been set to this latest benefaction of Andrew Carnegie which starts with an endowment of \$12, 000,000.

All that is required of an applicant is that he or she shall speak English, deposit a tuition fee of \$20 and demonstrate a de-

sire to learn. Rush for admission to the Carnegie Technical Schools began almost as soon as the nature and extent of the steel king's new educational enterprise were announ

Knowledge of the opportunities to be afforded seems to have sped around the earth. At any rate, applications for mem-bership have poured in from all quarters of

the globe.
A number of the applicants overlooked the first requisite-ability to read and write the English language. Lack of this requisite is practically the only thing that can bar out an applicant, as the insignifi-cant tuition fee of \$20 a year is not apt to deter one who is determined to secure a

technical education. The aspirant who determines to take advantage of the opportunity will raise this amount, somehow. And it is just this

pushing, determined man or woman that Mr. Carnegie wishes to help.

Twenty dollars a year from each pupil will not prove of material edvantage to the institution. Students might as well be admitted free. But the founder of the school is a decided believer in the efficacy of the doctrine of self-help. He wishes to help only those who manifest a determination to help themselves. Hence the tuition fee.

While the number of students must necessarily be restricted, courses of instruction will not be limited. Among the various things that will be taught at the outset are structural steel construction, electro-chemistry, mining practice, railroad practice, applied elec-

tricity, steel manufacture, clay working and making of ceramics, glass manufacture, foundry work, forging, blacksmithing, carpentry, cabinet making, electrotyping and stereotyping, electrical wiring, house, sign and freeze painting electrical sign and fresco painting, steam, gas and hot-water fitting, machine forging, masonry and brickwork, printing, steam engineer-ing, moulding, glass blowing and repousse

Women will be taught, among other things, professional housekeeping, dressmaking, costume designing, stenography

and librarians, leather and upholstery work, needle work and embroidery, millinery, the work of housemaids, laundress-

Seventy courses in all will mark the start of this remarkable institution. If, as stated in the beginning, any pupil desires instruction in any other business, profession or avocation, he or she will be taught along the desired lines. Should there be no professor on the regular staff capable of imparting the instruction, one will be secured especially for the benefit of

the ambitious pupil or pupils. When in full operation the school will accommodate 3000 pupils, although not over 2000 can be taken care of at the beginning, because of lack of room. During the entire career of the institution, however, an absolute ban will be placed upon crowding the classes.

Mr. Carnegie is of the opinion that students cannot learn well when too many are heing taught at the same time. So it has been decided that no more than twenty persons shall constitute a class.

Taking this as a maximum, and if the classes are evenly divided. 150 professors will be required to teach the 3000 pupils when the school is under way, not counting the heads of various departments and those who may be engaged for special lines of work. When the school is finished as planned

now, there will be five buildings: administration, school of applied science, school of apprentices, journeymen and technical school of applied design and service build-The administration building, of course, will be occupied by the officers, etc., of the

chool, while the service building will house the power machinery, etc. The school will be opened on October 16, in the first of the buildings which is now nearing completion, the school of applied

Some idea of the immensity of this building may be had when it is stated that it is one mile around, lacking eighty feet.

All the buildings will be made into one group, so that they will be easy of access to one another, and will be so arranged that every room will be an "outside" room, thus giving all the light that could

The buildings will be within five minutes' walk of the Carnegie Institute, to which an addition is now being built at a cost of \$2,000,000. All will be in the same plot of ground, at the entrance to and adjoining Schenley Park. In fact, the Carnegie Institute, with its great library, museum, art gallery, etc., will, in reality, be a part of the technical

schools, although separate from them. But they will be there for the use of the stu-dents, the same as they are for the public in general. On account of there being far more applicants than there will be room for at the opening of the schools, provision will first

be made for the home applicants. Pittsburg and Allegheny applicants will be cared for ahead of any others. Then will follow the State of Pennsylvania and next the other States of the Union. Next preference will be given to the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba, then Canada and Newfoundland, and, finally,

foreign countries. By the time of the opening of the second erm it is expected that all of the buildings will have been completed and the schools will be running to their full capacity. Night schools will be established

the opening of the coming term, and will be continued after the schools are in full operation. An encouraging arrangement has been Jonathan was beginning the ascent, and she paused and looked back at the kitchen, mechanics and professional nunils gradumechanics and professional pupils gradu-ated from them shall be taken care of in

the business life for which they seek to perfect themselves. Many manufacturing concerns have agreed to take graduates from the various lines of technical study, and railroad men of influence have offered to give other pupils opportunities to prove that what

they have learned is of value in the worka-day world. Since this technical school was planned efforts have been made by certain communities to have branch schools started. An Ohio city asked for a branch school there, where the pottery could be taught. But this request was refused, as will be all similar ones. There will be a special department for teaching pottery work, but the pupils must attend the school in Pittsburg, where they can have the personal instructions from the skilled persons em-

ployed to teach. Only one problem in connection with the work of the schools has not yet been solved, and that is the disposal of the pro-

All material will, of course, be provided by the schools. Brick walls and houses will be built and torn down, but there will flowers grow. be a vast amount of work finished that will have to be disposed of in some manner. will probably be sold for the cost of the

raw material.

At the head of this remarkable institution will be Professor Arthur Arten Ham-ersohlag, recently of New York. Mr. Hamerschlag was born in Nebraska thirty-six years ago, and received his early education in the schools of Omaha and New York, following this with special courses

in physics and mining at Columbia University. Andrew Carnegie has always pinned his faith to young men of experience. Mr. Hamerschlag was for twelve years superintendent of St. George's Evening Trade School and for eight years consulting engineer, lecturer and organizer for the New York Trade School. He has been consulting engineer for the Highland Falls, N.Y.; oys' Preparatory Trade School, New York city; the Manual Training School of the Church of the Good Shepherd; Phillips Memorial Industrial School, New York; the Home Garden School, New York; the Industrial School of Lynhurst, Tarrytown; the McAlpin Trade School, New York, and about half a dozen other similar institu-

He is a member of the National Educa tional Association, the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, the New York Association for Organized Work Among Boys, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the New York Electrical Society, and he has written several papers on trade and technical education and text-books and courses of instruction

The most recent census of India is that of 1902, when it was shown the population had increased 40,000,000 since 1891, so that the total is now over 325,000, 000. There are 185 different languages spoken and eight great religions followed. During the year 1902, the spormous number of 36,000 persons were killed by wild beasts and reptiles, the tigers leading with 1,040. The number of wild animals destroyed was 14,983; snakes, 71,284. No figures of those who died of famine are published in this list.

First English Settlement on the tinent of North America to be Celebrated as the Jamestown Exposition in 1907.

Before one great exposition is closed we are being interested in another for which already much executive work has been done. From May 13th, to November, 1907, the United States will celebrate the turee hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, May 13th, 1607-the first English settlement on the continent of North America-by an historical, educational and international naval, military and marine exhibition. The President of the U. S. has issued his proclamation declaring and proclaiming that at or near the waters of Hampton Roads there shall be inaugurated an international naval, marine and military celebration for the purpose of commemorating in a fitting and appropriate manner the birth of the American nation. By this proclamation all the nations of the earth have been invited to take part in the commemoration of the event. Seven States of the Union have already recognized the importance of this celebration as a great historical and educational benefit to the American people by making proper and suitable appropriations for their respective buildings to be erected upon the exposition grounds. General Fitz Hugh Lee was the president of the exposition company and upon his death Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, dean of the school of law of George Washington University was unanimously elected to succeed him. The board of directors are issuing in the interests of the exposition, a monthly publication, "The Jamestown Bulletin," calculated to arouse interest in Jamestown as a fitting location for such an historical event. A recent

number contains the following : Jamestown, the cradle of the American Republic needs no advocate to set forth its claims to consideration. It makes its own plea in the fact that there was gained the first footing of our race upon the western shores of the Atlantic; there was the first Anglo Saxon home, the first church—with its full God's acre—there was held the first legislative assembly in the new world. Eventful as was the life of the little town, it was but brief. After the removal (about the year 1700) of the seat of government of Virginia to Williamsburg, nine miles distant, the superior attractivenss and healthfulness of the new capital drew the population thitherwards until Jamestown was almost entirely abandoned. Finally, the only residents left were two planters who turned the town into farms, with the ruined church tower surrounded by broken gravestones, standing alone and neglected

among the green fields. Yet, in spite of this fact, and of its remoteness and inaccessibility, interest in a spot where so much history was made has always been strong enough to bring travelers to Virginia to visit it.

Flower displays will be a feature of the Jamestown exposition in 1907, on the shore of the Hampton Roads, between Norfolk and Fort Monroe. More than 5,000 small plants were gath-

ered last winter for use on the grounds.

There are more honeysuckle slips than any

other shrubs or vines. Nearly 125,000 honeysuckle plants were secured. Next in number come slips of periwinkle, and third are the trump Recently the grounds were enclosed by a wire fence stretched on decorative posts. This fence will be covered with flowers

and verdure. Twenty thousand rose bushes have been placed along the line of wire and trumpet vine and honeysuckle bave been planted at intervals. Before the gates of the exposition open, a thick mass of green commingling with honeysuckle flowers and red

oses will obscure all outside view. It has been part of the decorative plan evolved by the board of design that native plants should be used as far as possible. Fifty thousand European privet cuttings, such as are in use for hedges in England, will be used, as well as between 10,000 and 20,000 cuttings of mountain laurel, and willow and miscellaneous collections from old Virginia gardens. Among the large shrubs will be hollies, red maples, locusts, flowering dogwood, apple and cherry trees, red cedars, paper mulberries and water

position. It has been the design to pre-serve the natural features of the grounds wherever possible.

The portion of Tidewater Virginia where this exhibition is to be held is known for the luxuriance with which plants and

Several thousand willows are already in

Liquor Tax on Whiskey in Medicinal

The commissioner of internal revenue has rendered a decision that will seriously affect patent medicines that are composed largely of distilled liquors. He has reversed a ruling made many years ago, and now decides that manufacturers of these medicines must take out licenses as rectifiers and liquor dealers, and that druggists and others handling them must pay the retail liquor dealer's license.

The commissioner says that there are many patent medicine compounds, composed chiefly of distilled spirits, without the addition of drugs in sufficient quantities to change materially the character of the whiskey. He authorizes collectors to impose the special tax upon manufacturers of every compound composed of distilled spirits, even though drugs are declared to have been added.

The decision reaches several prominent and highly advertised medicines. In some instances these medicines have been found to contain as high as 45 per cent. of alcohol, and there are many on the market, it is said that contain 25 per cent. of alcohol. These medicines are said to have immense sales in Prohibition communities.

Man's Helpmeet.

She was not made out of his head to top him, not out of his feet to be trampled by him, but out of his side to be with him, under his arm to be protected and near his heart to he loved. -Matthew Henry.

-"Miss Smiley is going to travel un . der an assumed name. "You surprise me !"

"Yes; she is going to be married next

-To be sure that you are right is proper, certainly, but also be sure when you are right to go ahead.

week and start on her honeymoon.'