

THE COUNTRY OF WIDE EYED DREAMS.

By JAMES MONTAGUE.

Where are you journeying, little boy, So far from the world and me? Your round, blue eyes are alight with joy At something I cannot see. Wonderful visions of dewy dells, Where spirits flit and fro On shadowy wings and weave their spells 'Ere the pilgrims that come and go...

COURAGE.

Jack was small for his age. "He is small inside, too," said Al White. "He is scared of everything." Jack's face flushed very red. It was true. He did feel afraid of a good many different things. "What's this?" said a voice behind him. "Afraid, is he? Yes, I have noticed that. He is the youngest that couldn't even screw his courage up to tell a lie."

It was George Haynes. He was talking about the first day at school, when Jack had broken a window pane at recess and had walked right up the school house steps into the office and the terrible presence of Dr. Bonsal and told him that he had done it. George was the biggest and strongest boy in the school; he knew his lessons best, and he was the jolliest. So now, when he smiled down at Jack, Al did not tease him any more for the present.

"But I wish I could be brave," Jack said dolefully to himself, when he had turned the corner away from the others. "It's splendid to be brave. And it's right. I try. Mother says"—Jack smiled a little—"that she can see some difference in me."

Jack had come to his own gate. The baby was at the window, with his hands patting the panes and a wrinkle of welcome across his scrap of a nose. "Well, anyway," said Jack, "I'll just try on, and maybe after a while the change will be big enough for almost any one to notice it."

So the days went by until they made a month. Some of them were rather sorrowful days for Jack. There was the time at recess when George Haynes's shaggy yellow dog bounded up to him and put his great, round paws on Jack's shoulders just for sport. Jack "yelled like a Comanche," Al White said.

"That dog," Al said, "is exactly like a kitten, it's so playful, everybody knows." "But," stammered Jack, "it was so unexpected." "If he had been expected," grinned Al, "you would have been up in the third story when it came. You are an elegant runner." Then there was the day when they all went down in the woods and came to a brook with just a narrow branch over it for a bridge. All the rest walked across and thought it was fun. But Jack would not go a step. He went home.

Then there were other days with other similar happenings. The school house was off by itself at the end of a new street. No house was near. Every afternoon Mrs. McNeill went to sweep and clean it. Often she took her little girl Flora with her, when there was nobody to keep her at home. The next afternoon after the month was over, Al and Jack and three or four others were walking past the school.

Suddenly Al cried out: "Look there! Look at that!" Great puffs of smoke were coming out of the windows on one side, and a nimble little streak of flame was running under the eaves. "Fire! Fire! Fire!" shouted all the boys. A man passing in a buggy heard them and saw, and whipped up his horse to carry the alarm.

The boys rushed into the school yard, wild with excitement, delighted that they were privileged to enjoy "the whole show"—all of them but Jack. Jack hung back. "It won't bite you, Jack," said Al, encouragingly, "any more than Spur. Come in!" Jack did not answer. Indeed, he had no time. For again Al cried out sharply: "Look!" The other boys followed his horrified gesture and saw Flora McNeill standing at a second-story window. They called and beckoned to her to come down; she shook her head and spoke to them, but they could not hear what she said.

and shut his eyes and fell over on the grass. "He's dead! Oh, he's dead!" cried Al. "Nobody can ever tell him how brave he was!" When the slow village fire-engine began pumping, flames were lapping over the sides of the window where Flora and Jack had been. And the man in the buggy had driven off again to carry Jack to his mother.

His mother did not say anything. She just kissed him on the top of his singed hair. He had also burned his hands, but while the burns were painful they were not serious. In three or four days he could go back to school again. School was in the town hall. It was not far away, but it took Jack a long time to get there, for so many persons stopped him and asked him how he felt. It made him very uneasy, for fear he would be late. At last, however, he dodged into the door of the hall and began to climb the steep stairs. His last thought before he got to the top was:

"As soon as recess comes I'll remind Al White that I went in where the fire was of my own free will. He can say I didn't." All the scholars were assembled in the main hall for prayers. Dr. Bonsal was standing on the platform with the Bible in his hands, ready to begin, when the door-knob turned and Jack slipped in. Dr. Bonsal laid down the Bible, and every head turned toward the late comer. Jack hesitated. The room was very still. Dr. Bonsal walked down from the platform to the door.

"My boy," he said, when he got to Jack, "we are all prone—" He must have felt a cough or a sneeze or something in his throat, for he stopped to clear it. And after that he did not go on. He began to shake hands with Jack, but when he saw all his tied-up fingers he had to stop again. Then what do you think he did—this very dignified principal? He put his hand under Jack's chin, tilted his face up, and stooped and kissed him on his forehead! Kissed him! Right out before the school!

How those boys and girls did clap and cheer and cheer! Jack thought that they would never stop. And Dr. Bonsal just let them and smiled. Jack changed what he was going to tell Al at recess. After Al had talked a great deal himself, what Jack really did say, uncomfortably, was: "But I'm scared yet. Mother thinks I'm better, but I'm still scared, I guess." "Pshaw! That's nothing!" said Al. "If a person is scared of meanness that he is of anything else, so that he's brave at the best times, then other little rights don't matter very much."

Then Jack drew a deep breath, and turned to his lessons, with an easy mind. For he saw that after this Al would always take his part. "Eat," said Jack, within himself, "I'm going to get braver than those other sudden little frights, besides. I can."—By Sally Campbell, in St. Nicholas.

Platt's Little Bag of Dollars.

The stepdaughter of Senator Platt, of New York, was married a short time ago. The Senator wanted to give her, as one of his presents, a thousand dollars in gold. He asked his secretary to go to the Treasury and get a thousand dollars, newly minted and never used. The gold was obtained and placed in a bag, tied with a ribbon and sent to the Capitol.

The Senator was in his seat when the gold arrived. It was sent in to him by a page. He examined the bag, tossed it back and forth in his hands a few moments and then let it drop to the floor, thinking to pick it up at once. Something interrupted him, he forgot all about it and went to his apartment. A few moments after Mr. Platt left his secretary found the gold and put it in the safe in the Senator's committee room. He knew the Senator would ask about it sooner or later.

Next morning at four o'clock the secretary's telephone bell rang. He got up sleepily and answered the call. "Hello!" came over the wire. "Is that you, How? Well, I wish you would go up to the Senate chamber right away and see if you can find that thousand dollars in gold. I dropped it up there and forgot all about it."

Howe told him he had it in the committee safe. "I am glad of it," said the Senator. "It might have kept me awake a few minutes thinking about it."—Saturday Evening Post.

Spending Money.

Whatever a child's lot in life, he should be taught the full value of money, and should give a clear idea as to what a certain amount will buy. There is no better way to teach this lesson than to set aside a certain amount, however small, for his personal, un-directed use. The money should be paid to him promptly, that the child may learn the advantages of systematic dealing. In addition to this, it might be well to pay a small sum for any extra work performed by the child, rather than giving it outright. If, however, the parent cannot afford to give the extra amount, he should be allowed to earn small amounts by his own exertions from others, which will teach him the value of labor, and practical suggestion as to how the money might be spent to the best advantage, might be offered; but his best lessons should come through actual experience. He will thus learn to make sacrifices or to save from day to day for the purchase of some coveted possession.

Why Not Checkers?

The recent trouble at the Naval Academy at Annapolis recalled to older naval officers the story about Admiral Jonett, who read one day in his newspaper that the Secretary of the Navy had expelled some midshipmen from the Academy for fighting. Jonett toddled over to the Navy Department and called on the Secretary. "What's this I hear about expelling some boys for fighting?" he asked. "It is true," the Secretary replied. "I expelled two."

"What?" roared Jonett. "What is a naval officer for if it isn't to fight? We are not raising a lot of ministers over there at Annapolis. Are you going to keep those middie playing checkers all the time?" And, it may be remarked, a good many naval officers feel the same way at the present time.

"Sir!" exclaimed the injured party. "you stuck your umbrella in my eye." "O, no," replied the cheerful offender, "you are mistaken." "Mistaken?" demanded the irate man; "you idiot, I know when my eye is hurt, I guess." "Doubtless," replied the cheerful chap, "but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one from a friend today."

THE STORY OF THE HYMNS.

Lives there a man in the civilized world, be he saint or sinner, who can say that he does not remember some gospel hymn? Maybe he recalls the tune and not the words—perhaps the words have remained longer than the music. Like as not it is the one he heard faint and far away in the days long ago when his mother was crooning over the housework—it might be the one that attracted his passing attention on a dark night to the bright pictured window of some strange church. Possibly the one that struck his fancy or his conscience at that long ago revival meeting. Surely there must be one gospel hymn that has stuck in his memory to console or to chide him.

But this does not matter. Since Moses and the children of Israel sang: "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously," all religious movements have been accompanied by song and the gospel hymn has long since been a household fact. There can scarcely be any man more thoroughly conversant with the gospel hymns of today, or of yesterday, for that matter—than Ira D. Sankey, whose long and eventful life of religious singing and exhortation is coming to a close. Luckily before blindness overtook him, he found time and inclination to write his biography and his personal knowledge of gospel hymns and their history in a volume entitled: "Sankey's Story of the Gospel Hymns," recently from the press of the Sunday School Times company of Philadelphia. The biography itself is full of exciting incident and graphic history. The story of his meeting with his life companion, D. L. Moody, of their subsequent religious work abroad, and here, of their thrilling escape from the great fire in Chicago, and of the incidents that befell him in England, Scotland and the United States is told in a straightforward and pleasant manner.

As for his story of the hymns: It is divided into an alphabetical arrangement of short sketches of origin and authorship of familiar hymns, together with his experience in the use of them. Excerpts from Mr. Sankey's "Story of the Gospel Hymns" follow here:

A MIGHTY FORTRESS.

A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing. Martin Luther, the great leader of the Reformation, is the author of both the words and music of this famous hymn, probably written in 1521. The English version is a translation by the Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge. During the prolonged contest of the Reformation period "A Mighty Fortress" was of incalculable benefit and comfort to the Protestant people, and it became the national hymn of Germany. Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of the Thirty-Year war, adopted it as his battle hymn when he was leading his troops to meet Wallenstein. The first line of this hymn is inscribed on Luther's monument in Wittenburg:

A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

The Lord's our rock, in Him we hide A shelter in the time of storm. I found this hymn in a small paper published in London, called the "Pastorale." It was said to be a favorite song of the fishermen on the north coast of England, and they were often heard singing it as they approached their harbors in the time of storm. As the hymn was set to a wondrous minor tune, I decided to compose one that would be more practical, one that could be more easily sung by the people.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

Almost persuaded, not to believe, Almost persuaded, Christ to receive. "He who is almost persuaded is almost saved, and to be almost saved is to be eternally lost," says the words with which the Rev. Mr. Brantledge ended one of his sermons. P. P. Bliss, who was in the audience, was much impressed by the thought, and immediately set about the composition of what proved to be one of his most popular songs.

AT THE CROSS.

At the cross, and did my Savior meet? And did my Sovereign die? "At the Cross" is the name of the new tune by R. E. Hudson for the old hymn by Watts. "Alas and Did My Savior Bleed?" The words were first published in Watts' "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," in 1717, under the title "Godly Sorrow Arising from the Sufferings of Christ."

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine, O, what a foretaste of glory divine! "During the recent war in the Transvaal," said a gentleman at my meeting in Exeter hall, London, in 1900, "when the soldiers going to the front were passing another body of soldiers who were recognized, their greetings used to be, 'Four-nine-four! boys; four-nine-four!' and the salute would invariably be answered with, 'Six further on, boys; six further on.' The significance of this was that in 'Sacred Songs and Solos,' a number of copies of the small edition of which had been sent to the front, number 494 was 'God be with you till we meet again,' and six further on than 494, or No. 500, was 'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine.'"

DARK IS THE NIGHT.

When I was chorister in Mr. Moody's Sunday school, on the north side of Chicago, we frequently used this hymn. On the memorable Sunday night when the city was destroyed by fire, and I had made my escape in a small boat out into Lake Michigan this song came to my mind, and as I sat there watching the city burn, I sang: Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blowing. Nearer and nearer come the breaker's roar; Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge? Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

God be with you till we meet again; By His counsels guide, uphold you. The late Dr. Rankin, president of Howard university, Washington, D. C., said regarding this oft-used parting hymn: "Written in 1822 as a Christian good-by, it was called forth by no person or occasion, but deliberately composed as a Christian hymn on the basis of the testimony of 'good-by,' which is 'God be with you.'"

JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me. Miss Charlotte Elliott was visiting some friends on the west end of London and there met the eminent minister, Caesar Malan. When they met again at the home of a mutual friend, three weeks later, Miss Elliott told the minister that ever since he had

spoken to her she had been trying to find her Savior, and that now she wished him to tell her how to come to Christ. "Just come to Him as you are," Dr. Malan said. This she did and went away rejoicing. Shortly afterward she wrote this hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea." It was first published in "The Invalid's Hymn Book" in 1836.

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.

The words of this popular hymn, now known as the national hymn of America, were written in 1832 by S. F. Smith, D. D. Dr. Smith says: "I found the tune in a German music book, brought to this country by the late William C. Woodbridge, and put into my hands by Lowell Mason." The real origin of the tune is much disputed, but the credit is usually given to Henry Carey. The hymn was first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration in the Park Street church, Boston.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war— Written for a special occasion, the author was totally unprepared for the subsequent popularity of this hymn. In 1895 he said regarding its composition: "On Whit Monday, thirty years ago, I was arranged that our school should join forces with that of a neighboring village. I wanted the children to sing while marching from one village to another, but couldn't think of anything quite suitable, so I sat up at night, resolved that I would write something myself. 'Onward Christian Soldiers' was the result. The tune to which it is now sung is the one by which Sir Arthur Sullivan is likely to be known longest to posterity. These are only snatches from Mr. Sankey's stories and one needs nothing more than a memory to find unexpected enjoyment in them. Somewhere, as you skim along, are you sure to find yourself humming some old familiar hymn, suggested by the words in print, and if you are honest with yourself, you are quite likely to find that you somewhere remember a lot of them you thought you had forgotten."—Ira D. Sankey's Interesting Book of History and Recollections.

SOME UNSOLVED RIDDLES.

While fishes in the depths of the sea doubtless find good use for their lights in those dark abysses, to which no ray of sunshine penetrates even at high noon, it is puzzling to know for what purpose Nature provides lamps for such multitudes of tiny marine organisms. Why, too, should mere microbes possess lanterns of their own? Nobody can say. The glowworm (female of a species of beetle, and wingless) uses its torch to notify its flying mate of its whereabouts. But why, again, does the Pholis—a kind of mollusk that lives in holes in rocks—yet light up and continues to shine, even after it has been filtered, for a great length of time? These are things which nobody has been able to find out. Nevertheless, great importance must be regarded as attaching to the discovery of the nature of the living light which has been so long a puzzle—an illuminant which we may hope to be able to utilize at a future day in some practical and advantageous manner.

From generation to generation the light-bearing creatures transmit the wonderful lamp that is never extinguished, and which seems to have been ignited at the very dawn of creation. This they have done through the ages, and will continue to do through ages yet to come. The question of most interest is whether or not the glow will some day enable us to take a spark from their torch, and hand it down to our own descendants for the enlightenment of a later and better civilization.—Saturday Evening Post.

Glass Bandages.

The notion of using window glass as a substitute for lint seems rather odd, but recent experiments have shown that it serves the purpose admirably. One should explain, however, that it is employed not in a powdered form, but in small sheets. The assertion is made that, utilized in this way, it is better than lint for excluding germs and for preventing bleeding. It is said that the glass is especially serviceable in the treatment of large burns. A piece is cut an inch or so bigger all around than the wound, and, the edge being smoothed and smeared with carbolic oil, it is pressed firmly upon the part. Around the edges absorbent cotton is packed, to keep the air out, and the whole is bandaged tightly.

This kind of bandage, cheap and always ready at hand, is at least as aseptic as lint. No pain is caused by its removal for dressing the injury, at the conclusion of which process the glass is thoroughly cleaned and replaced. It is asserted that wounds treated in this way commonly heal in half the time required by the ordinary method. As the wound heals, the packing of absorbent cotton is brought nearer and nearer to the centre, until finally the local antiseptic is at an end. In minor cases watch-crystals have been successfully utilized—a rather curious and novel employment for a familiar article.

Disease May Kill the Race.

Dr. Seale Harris, professor of medicine in the University of Alabama, at Mobile, talked to the president a few days ago about the danger of consumption among the negroes of the south. He expressed fear—and he added that his opinion was based on the fact that the negro race was likely to become extinct in this country through the ravages of disease, especially consumption. Statistics showed, he declared, that the death rate among the members of the negro race in America was greater than the birth rate.

"I suppose you went to bed with the chickens while you were in the country," said the caller. "No, indeed," replied the lady of the house, somewhat shocked. "We had the best apartments in the house—second floor front. The chickens' room's way back in the rear somewhere; we never saw them after sunset."

Paper floors are growing in favor in Germany. They have no joints to harbor dust, fungi or vermin, and feel soft under foot. They are also cheaper than hardwood floors. The paper is spread in the form of paste, rolled, and when dry, painted to imitate wood.

There are over 4,000 race horses in England, Scotland and Ireland whose training quarters are fully known, and they are stabled in 244 establishments.

Greecy possesses a curious criminal law. A person sentenced to death there waits two years before the execution of the sentence.

Who Knows The Flowers.

Here is a charming floral game, which might be called "The Wedding of Rose Flower." The hostess prepares a list of the questions for each guest. Each question is followed by a blank, in which the guesser writes the name of the flower he takes to be the proper answer, as: "What was her object in matrimony?" Answer: "Marriage."

A rose jar or a little book of floral poems would make a dainty prize. The completed list of questions and answers follows:

What was her hair before she married? Cockcoombs. What was she at her first ball? Harebell. What did she look like on her best behavior? Primrose. What was her object in matrimony? Marriage. What was her conversation like? All-spice. What was his hand and surname? March-chael Niel. What did she reside, and what was her disposition? London Pride.

What was she like when he kissed her? Blush rose. How far did he come to court her? Camomile. Which did he declare his love to be? Everlasting. Who were the clergymen? Bishop Weed and Jack-in-the-Pulpit. What did they wear? Monkshoods. What was the name of her favorite friend? May Blossom. Who was her lawyer? Jonquil.

What was his money invested in? Stocks. What did he do to make mischief between them? American Beauty. What did she apply to his wounded feelings? Balm. What time was the wedding? Four o'clock. Who announced the hour? Binebelle. What was the wedding gown made of? Queen Anne's lace. Who gave her away? Poppy. Who was maid of honor? Bouncing Bet. Who was the sexton? Joe Pye. Who made the music? Sweet William. What was on the bridegroom's hands? Foxgloves. What did he renounce? Bachelor's buttons.

What was her head dress? Maiden hair. What was her bouquet? Bride's roses. From where did they begin their journey? The dock. What were thrown after them? Lady's slippers. What did they have forever after? Heartsease. —A Kansas girl graduate to whom had been assigned the theme "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," wrote this essay: "I do not care a cent whether Italy lies beyond the Alps or in Missouri. I do not expect to see the river on fire with my future career. I am glad that I have a very good education, but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays on the future woman. It will enable me to correct the grammar of any lover I may have, should he speak of dorks in my presence or 'scent a man.' It will also come handy when I want to figure out now many pounds of soap a woman can get for three dozen of eggs at the grocery. So I do not begrudge the time I spent in acquiring it. But my ambitions do not fly so high. I just want to marry a man who can lick anybody of his weight in the township, who can run an 80-acre farm, and who has no female relatives to come around and try and boss the ranch. I will agree to cook dinners for him that won't send him to an early grave, and lavish upon him a wholesome affection, and to see that his razor has not been used to cut boom wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this, I do not care if I get a little rusty on the rule of three and kindred things as the years go by."—New York Tribune.

Cooking Without Eggs.

When eggs are dear and scarce, it stands the prudent housekeeper in hand to try some of the various receipts now in use for compounding her cake without eggs. Where eggs are an important adjunct for certain kinds of cake, one egg with the prudent housewife now fills the bill for two or three, with very satisfactory results.

Surprise Cake.—One cupful of sugar, half a cupful of melted butter, one cupful of sweet milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with the flour; add any extract you prefer. Stir all together and sift in flour to the consistency of pound cake. Bake quickly in a well-heated oven, and you will indeed be surprised at its bulk and quality.

Ice Cream Without Eggs.—Soald the required quantity of rich milk and thicken with cornstarch, carefully dissolved, to the consistency of thin cream. Add sugar to the milk until very sweet; when cool, add the flavoring; then freeze in the usual way. —True riches are not the things we carry but those that carry us.

ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS

Right Rev. James Blenk, of Porto Rico, Appointed. Washington, May 12.—Right Rev. James A. Blenk, bishop of Porto Rico, has been appointed archbishop of New Orleans, to fill the vacancy created by the death of Archbishop Chappelle. Archbishop Blenk left here for Baltimore for a conference with Cardinal Gibbons. The new archbishop in going to New Orleans returns to the field of labor he occupied before beginning his work in Porto Rico, which dates from shortly after the American occupation. It was while attached to the Marist community at New Orleans that Father Blenk was appointed bishop of Porto Rico, where it is said his work has been eminently satisfactory to the ecclesiastical authorities. He is about 52 years of age.

AUTO LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL

Scranton Judge Rules Pennsylvania Act is Void and Quashes Cases. Scranton, Pa., May 15.—Cases against 21 automobile owners were quashed here by a ruling of Judge Newcomb, that the act of April 23, 1903, regulating the operation of automobiles, is unconstitutional. The judge decides that the title and body of the act are in variance, in that the law requires the owner to take out a license, and penalizes any one for operating the machine without a license. This the judge contends would be unfair to chauffeurs.

Carpenters' Steel Squares.

The large steel squares used by carpenters are such a common tool that perhaps few know when and where they were first made, and how they came to be used, or even give the matter a thought. The making of them is a great industry now, but when the last century came in there was no one in use. The inventor was a poor Vermont blacksmith, Silas Howes, who lived in South Shafsbury.

One dull, rainy day a peddler of tinware called at his shop to have the blacksmith fasten a shoe on his horse. These peddlers traveled up and down the country, calling at every farm house, buying everything in the way of barter. This one had a number of worn-out steel saws that he had picked up in various places. Howes bargained for them, shoeing the peddler's horse and receiving the saws in payment, and each thought he had an excellent trade. His idea was to polish and weld two saws together at right angles, and thus make a rule or measure superior to anything then in use. After a few attempts he succeeded in making a square, marked it off into inches and fractions of inches and found that it answered every purpose that he intended it for.

In the course of a few weeks he made quite a number during his spare hours. These he sent out by the peddlers, who found every carpenter eager to buy one. Soon he found orders coming in faster than he could supply the demand. One of his steel "squares" would sell for \$5 or \$6, which was five times as much as it cost him. He applied for and obtained a patent on his invention, so that no one else could deprive him of the profits it gave him. It was just after the war of 1812, and money was scarce and difficult to get. But he worked early and late, and as he earned money he bought iron and hired men to help him. In a few years he was able to erect a large factory and put in machinery for the making of squares, which by this time had found their way all over the country and had made their inventor famous.

Such was the small beginning of a large and important industry, says the Congressionalist. People came miles to see the wonderful forges, the showers of sparks flying from beneath the heavy hammers and anvil's to the din of the thousand workmen. Silas Howes lived to be a millionaire, and he did a great deal of good with his money. Squares are still made on the spot where the first one was made more than 95 years ago. Cause for Rejoicing. The New York financier had at last consented to place his head in the hands of a phrenologist. "This bump," the latter began, "assures us, sir, that you will never die in prison." "Well, I'm thankful for that," said the financier heartily. "Yes," resumed the other, "the bump of longevity is pronounced. You will live, sir, to serve out your time."

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Ice Cream Without Eggs.—Soald the required quantity of rich milk and thicken with cornstarch, carefully dissolved, to the consistency of thin cream. Add sugar to the milk until very sweet; when cool, add the flavoring; then freeze in the usual way. —True riches are not the things we carry but those that carry us.

ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS

Right Rev. James Blenk, of Porto Rico, Appointed. Washington, May 12.—Right Rev. James A. Blenk, bishop of Porto Rico, has been appointed archbishop of New Orleans, to fill the vacancy created by the death of Archbishop Chappelle. Archbishop Blenk left here for Baltimore for a conference with Cardinal Gibbons. The new archbishop in going to New Orleans returns to the field of labor he occupied before beginning his work in Porto Rico, which dates from shortly after the American occupation. It was while attached to the Marist community at New Orleans that Father Blenk was appointed bishop of Porto Rico, where it is said his work has been eminently satisfactory to the ecclesiastical authorities. He is about 52 years of age.

AUTO LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL

Scranton Judge Rules Pennsylvania Act is Void and Quashes Cases. Scranton, Pa., May 15.—Cases against 21 automobile owners were quashed here by a ruling of Judge Newcomb, that the act of April 23, 1903, regulating the operation of automobiles, is unconstitutional. The judge decides that the title and body of the act are in variance, in that the law requires the owner to take out a license, and penalizes any one for operating the machine without a license. This the judge contends would be unfair to chauffeurs.

Carpenters' Steel Squares.

The large steel squares used by carpenters are such a common tool that perhaps few know when and where they were first made, and how they came to be used, or even give the matter a thought. The making of them is a great industry now, but when the last century came in there was no one in use. The inventor was a poor Vermont blacksmith, Silas Howes, who lived in South Shafsbury.

One dull, rainy day a peddler of tinware called at his shop to have the blacksmith fasten a shoe on his horse. These peddlers traveled up and down the country, calling at every farm house, buying everything in the way of barter. This one had a number of worn-out steel saws that he had picked up in various places. Howes bargained for them, shoeing the peddler's horse and receiving the saws in payment, and each thought he had an excellent trade. His idea was to polish and weld two saws together at right angles, and thus make a rule or measure superior to anything then in use. After a few attempts he succeeded in making a square, marked it off into inches and fractions of inches and found that it answered every purpose that he intended it for.

In the course of a few weeks he made quite a number during his spare hours. These he sent out by the peddlers, who found every carpenter eager to buy one. Soon he found orders coming in faster than he could supply the demand. One of his steel "squares" would sell for \$5 or \$6, which was five times as much as it cost him. He applied for and obtained a patent on his invention, so that no one else could deprive him of the profits it gave him. It was just after the war of 1812, and money was scarce and difficult to get. But he worked early and late, and as he earned money he bought iron and hired men to help him. In a few years he was able to erect a large factory and put in machinery for the making of squares, which by this time had found their way all over the country and had made their inventor famous.

Such was the small beginning of a large and important industry, says the Congressionalist. People came miles to see the wonderful forges, the showers of sparks flying from beneath the heavy hammers and anvil's to the din of the thousand workmen. Silas Howes lived to be a millionaire, and he did a great deal of good with his money. Squares are still made on the spot where the first one was made more than 95 years ago. Cause for Rejoicing. The New York financier had at last consented to place his head in the hands of a phrenologist. "This bump," the latter began, "assures us, sir, that you will never die in prison." "Well, I'm thankful for that," said the financier heartily. "Yes," resumed the other, "the bump of longevity is pronounced. You will live, sir, to serve out your time."

Miss Passay—He was talking to you about me, wasn't he? Miss Knox—Yes. He asked me if you were 35 yet, and I said certainly not. Miss Passay—What a ridiculous question? Miss Knox—Just what I told him. I said, "How long do you expect her to be 35?" —Miss Elder—I am sure he