

AN ABDICATION.

"We'll have a coronation," said Sister Dorothy. "We'll have a coronation, here in the nursery."

A LAGGARD.

Oh little afterthought, I wish you had not come to me, for with myself I otherwise quite satisfied should be.

A QUESTION OF COALS.

It was bitterly cold, and Hetty hung shivering over the hall register. "I'm almost sorry we asked the girls to come to-day," she said.

"The barn" was the Marvins' big, old-fashioned country house, heated by a furnace in the cellar, and by no means proof against the nipping winds of this dark December morning.

"What are they coming for?" asked Rob, going to the closet for his overcoat. "A tea," said Hetty, with importance.

"Not a real tea, she answered to his shrill of masculine scorn at the word. "But just some of the girls, to sew and talk, and have a jolly time, and refreshments."

"No use in my coming home early, then, if it is Saturday," said Rob, in a slightly embittered tone. "Not any," assented Hetty, promptly.

"Boys are n't invited. We shan't have much of a dinner, either. For one thing, Jane's got the new rag, and I know from past experience that she will retire permanently from view right after lunch."

"Cheerful prospect!" murmured Rob to the bareback running for his gloves. "Children!" Emily, clapping a shawl around her shoulder, came out of the dining-room, with a letter in hand and tragedy in her face.

The warmth of the welcome which Emily bestowed upon Mr. and Mrs. Tracy would have compensated for much that was lacking in the atmosphere. They were so dear and kind, and their familiar faces made her think of her own absent mother!

"Well, well!" cried Mrs. Tracy, in her soft, surprised voice. "And so you are keeping house all by yourselves! Frank, my dear, think of it—they are keeping house all by themselves!"

"Frank" shook his silvery head in pleasant wonder. They were childless, these two old people; but their hearts were as fresh as the color in their unrinkled cheeks.

Hetty, feeling that all was going well, and to her unutterable relief, that the room was growing warmer, slipped away to look after her fire. Perhaps something more ought to be done to it by this time.

She lit a candle, and went gingerly down into the cellar, which was quite dark, even now. The wind, howling around the house, mingled unceasingly with the sounds of merriment from above, coming down hollow and distorted through the pipes.

Back in the bright room, she gave Emily's hand a reassuring squeeze as she passed, and abandoned herself to enjoyment, until, presently, she caught a look of apprehension on Mrs. Tracy's face, and moving nearer, saw that her eyes were fixed unasily upon the register.

"What is that noise, my dear?" asked Mrs. Tracy, mildly. "O,—that is—cats!" said Hetty, promptly. "Yes,—they do get in the cellar sometimes, in winter. They like the heat, you know."

The relief afforded by this happy inspiration was short-lived. The noise increased, and was followed by a rattling crash and bang, as if somebody had stumbled and fallen over some heavy object on the floor.

"What can it be?" she breathed. "O, that!" Hetty smiled brilliantly. "That must be the—um—ah—O, yes,—the girl! She's probably down cellar, getting coal."

To herself, with an accusing vision of poor Jane, swathed in Pond's Extract, up in her chilly room, she said, with conviction, "There is a man in the cellar—somebody has broken in! He is there now—and Mrs. Tracy must not know it—the shock would kill her!"

"The door flew open. There was a shriek, a scuffle, a shout of laughter, and Dick came flying back, followed by a familiar, yet strangely terrifying figure,—white with dust and cobwebs, black with coal, and with snow, breathing threateningly and slaughtering from every feature of his face the grimy countenance,—by all that was incomprehensible—Rob!"

"Where have you been?" cried Emily; but the truth burst upon Hetty even before he answered. "Been? In the cellar!" thundered Rob. "Hetty ought to know—she locked me down there!"

"I never!" gasped Hetty. "You weren't there!" "Wasn't I, though?" scoffed the victim, bitterly. "Didn't I sneak in the back way so as not to disturb you, and go down to fix the fire, and while I was round the corner getting coal, didn't you creep down like a ghost, so that I never knew you were there till I saw your candle going up the stairs, and then I rushed after you and almost pounded the door down, but you'd gone back to your precious Tea, and never heard."

"But why didn't you?" began Emily. "I did!" cried her brother. "I signalled up the register every way I could think of, but you didn't catch on a bit. I didn't dare make too much of a row, for fear of Mrs. Tracy's heart; and when that racket on the piano began, I knew it was all up with me, and just sat down in sackcloth and ashes,—especially ashes,—and—went to sleep."

Dick doubled himself up on the sofa and roared, and the girls laughed until even Rob's injured and indignant countenance relaxed into a protesting grin. "How did you get out?" asked Emily, through her tears. "Broke a window, and crawled out over a coal-heap," answered her brother. "The slam of the door must have waked me up when the people went. I supposed I'd been there all night, probably, and thought I might starve to death if I didn't get out somehow, soon."

"O, Rob, don't mind—we can't help it!" said Hetty, wiping her eyes. "If you knew—" "I'm not mad—only grieved," said Rob, with dignity. "Besides, though it was dirty down there, it wasn't cold; and then, I got used to it after a while. My very chains and I grew friends. So much a long communion tends—Dick Norris, if you don't quite laughing, and come and help me brush up. I'll put you down there to try being 'Prisoner of Chillon' awhile yourself!"

"But I thought you weren't coming home," Emily began, later, when they were all gathered about the table, and Rob, washed and comforted, was being fed by the repentant Hetty with bread and milk and all the left-over luxuries of the Tea. "You said there wasn't going to be any dinner!" retorted Rob, without bitterness. "But I thought I'd come home and look after things anyhow—I knew Hetty couldn't do anything with that fire. By the way," he added, looking up innocently. "Were you warm enough? I did my best—just fired up the old caudron, put all the draughts on, and let her go, before I woke up!—A shout of laughter stopped him, astonished. But Hetty said, tenderly: 'I forgive you, Bobby, for almost roasting us alive—to say nothing of poor Mr. and Mrs. Tracy, who think we haven't an ounce of sense among us—because I know now it was just 'coals of fire' for Emily and me, and we deserved it?"—By Margaret Jones, in St. Nicholas.

Suggestions for the Deaf. In the apartment of Mrs. Anna M. Town, of Utica, N. Y., is an arrangement of electrical lights that is of practical service to those who cannot hear the ringing of the door bell and telephone bell. When the telephone bell rings in the rear of the apartment, a brilliant light flashes up in the front room and remains lighted until turned off.

This light is so arranged that it flashes into the looking-glasses of three rooms. A light can be placed in every room if desired. The electric dial is arranged in a diamond shape, the light being of another color. The arrangement has been in use two years, proving satisfactory and inexpensive. Most deaf people can hear over a telephone. By adopting this plan a telephone is quite as useful to a deaf person as to one who can hear. In case of illness, when the ringing of bells is to be avoided, this arrangement seems an admirable one. When the lights are used, the bell is also retained. A movable bulb that can be taken to any part of the house is a great convenience. The door bell in that case is silent.

Manufacture of Iron in China. Iron in China is made by mixing four parts of the ore, one part of decomposed coal dust, and one part of small coal. The mixture is placed in crucibles each about 18 inches deep and 6 1/2 inches in diameter. The crucibles are seated in a furnace having walls about 3 feet high and a floor 4 feet by 6 feet, which is covered with clay and spread with a layer of coarse coal to a height of 7 inches or 8 inches above the clay. The furnace holds about sixty of these crucibles. The space between them is filled with small coal, and on top is placed a 3-inch layer of small coal, followed by a layer of cinders and ashes of the same depth. About sixteen hours of strong heat suffices to convert the mixture into a mass of carbon iron, says the Iron age. This is made into wrought iron by reheating over a wood fire and by hammering it when red hot.—Scientific American.

Mrs. Jeff Davis' Romance.

The life of the late Mrs. Jefferson Davis, whose death occurred some weeks ago at the Hotel Majestic, New York, was one of unglorious and unbroken. While war and tumult raged around her her domestic happiness was all but unbroken. It is said that there never was a more perfect union than hers, according to the New York Tribune. She was her husband's constant confidante and adviser and greatly aided him in his career. Some of her ablest speeches, it is said, were prepared with her assistance. Her own account of her meeting with the man who was afterward to become her husband and President of the Confederacy is most interesting.

It was during the Christmas holidays, when she was home from school in Philadelphia, at the family seat in Satchel, Miss. Jefferson Davis had stopped on his way to a political meeting at Vicksburg to see his brother Joseph, and the latter, thinking to make his visit more agreeable, sent a saddle horse to the Howell homestead to bring back Miss Varina Howell, who was then in her seventeenth year. The result was a wedding about a year later, though Miss Howell's first impression of her future husband was not altogether favorable. In a letter to her mother she said:

I do not know whether this Mr. Jefferson Davis is young or old. He looks both at times, but I believe he is old, for when I hear he is only two years younger than you are. He impresses me as a remarkable kind of man, but of uncertain temper, and has a way of taking or giving that every body agrees with him when he expresses an opinion which offends me; yet he is most agreeable, and has a peculiarly sweet voice and a winning manner of asserting himself. The fact is, he is the kind of a person I should expect to rescue one from a mad dog at any risk, but to insist upon a stoical indifference to the fright afterward. I do not think that I shall ever like him as I do his brother, 'Joe.' Would you believe it, he is refined and cultivated, and yet he is a Democrat!

Mr. Davis' age at that time was 30, and he was a widower, having been previously married to a daughter of Colonel (afterwards President) Zachary Taylor, who died during the honeymoon of malarial fever. He married Miss Howell in February, 1847. The same year he was elected a member of Congress, and from that time until the outbreak of the civil war the couple spent much of their time in Washington, where Mr. Davis shone as a social leader. In her memoir of her husband Mrs. Davis gives an interesting glimpse of the seriousness with which the representatives of the country regarded their duties in those days. When the future President of the Confederacy was serving as Secretary of War, Mrs. Davis, having no other servant at hand to send on an errand, made use on one occasion of his attendants for half an hour. The Secretary told her, when he learned of this indiscretion, to engage more servants if she had not enough, but on no account to forget that the servants of the Secretary were paid by the Government to attend to the progress of civilization because of its extensive use for printing purposes. It places the United States in the front rank as the greatest paper-producing country of the world, with an annual output of 639,734 tons (avoidupois). Germany follows with an annual production of 393,665 tons, England 246,051, France 196,942, Austria 147,795, and Italy 123,026.

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An American corporation is declared to be the greatest paper manufacturing enterprise in the world, possessing 31 factories with 96 continuously running machines, the company using almost as many machines as are operated in Italy and Netherlands altogether, and its annual production exceeds that of all the paper factories in all of the British empire. Its capital amounts to more than \$110,000,000. While America leads in production, Germany has become the largest exporter of this article, with 51,000 tons annually, England following with 49,210, the United States 16,880, and France 13,090. The United States exports principally to South America, but goes principally to Europe. Notwithstanding its large production England remains a good buyer, having imported 147,706 tons last year.

Regarding the direct consumption of paper it is an interesting fact that the United States leads with an annual figure of 38.6 pounds per capita, England coming next with 34.3, Germany 29.95, France 19.5, Austria 19, Italy 15.4, Serbia showing the lowest European figure, 1.1; India nearly only 0.22 and China 1.1 per capita. Nearly half of the paper manufactured in the world is used for printing purposes. Twenty per cent is absorbed in the trades and industries. Almost an equal proportion is applied for official and school purposes. The remaining 10 per cent serves the demand for private use.—Scientific American.

Origin of the Pearl. The origin of the pearl in the shell of the oyster, or other bivalve or mollusk, has been the object of a considerable amount of investigation and speculation. Among the more recent studies of the subject may be noted those of M. Seurat, published in the Comptes Rendus. This naturalist finds that in pearl oysters from the Gambia lagoons, in the South Pacific, the pearls are due to a small worm—a sort of tapeworm. In cysts on the body and mantle of the oyster he has found true pearls surrounding a nucleus which he has shown to be one of these worms. Like other tapeworms, this one, concerned in the production of pearls, requires a second host in which to complete its development. And M. Seurat considers that the ray is the second host in this case, for he has found in the spiral intestines of this fish small tapeworms, which he regards as the adult form of the larval worm of the pearl oyster. The author has named this new species of tapeworm Tylocephalus margaritifera. The fact has been held that the pearl is a secretion formed, as it were, in self-defense for the surrounding and isolation of an injurious foreign body.

—Mrs. Malaprop: "I am certainly surprised at Professor Booker. I didn't never suppose he touched a drop." Mrs. Brown: "And he doesn't. I'm sure he doesn't drink." Mrs. Malaprop: "No doubt of it. Why, he wrote a piece in the paper the other day admitting he's a bibliomaniac."

—To be thoroughly up to date a woman must be behind in the matter of birthdays.

Tame Trout.

Among the interesting localities of the Pacific coast the Bay of Monterey is pre-eminent. I believe Dr. Jordan states that here are found more distinct varieties of fishes than in any one locality on the coast. Certainly this is not confined to fishes, as a few days ago when angling for salmon in their sea run in the bay, I saw a strange assortment of invertebrates, among them the physalia or Portuguese man-of-war, so common in the tropics.

In a recent article I described some tame sea-lions at Santa Catalina. At Santa Cruz, in the St. George Hotel, one of the proprietors is much interested in fish culture, and in the office of the hotel he has a small tank containing perhaps fifty trout ranging in size from five to eight inches in length, some possibly longer. They are rainbows, brook trout, and steelheads, and are absolutely tame. I first noticed that when I went near the tank they crowded to the front and lined up, facing me, eager for something, and I found this to be due to the fact that at this time the owner fed them. He was kind enough to extend this prerogative to me, and handing me some chopped meat, red and inviting, asked me to hold it over the tank.

I have seen the rainbow rise to the lure in its native wilds; seen it leap for the fly; but this was the first time I ever saw one leap at myself. No sooner did my fingers appear over the water than half a dozen fishes surged up, and one big fellow almost cleared the water and seized the meat, while the others fought to take it from my hand. It was a strange and extraordinary spectacle. I had often in wading down a trout stream for this same game, approached a pool or riffle with the greatest care, maneuvering to make the right approach to get the wind behind me so that I could make the longest cast and have my fly literally appear to drop out of a clear sky or come down stream naturally to the fish heading up; but here were the same fishes fighting to nip my fingers, and absolutely as tame as cats. I say cats, as these trout rubbed their sides against my hand, and seemed pleased at the attention I was giving them.

Even more interesting was the exhibition given by the owner. He would indicate certain fishes that were a certain size and say that they were not so tame as others, though I could see but little difference. All were marvelously tame; indeed, the owner had raised them from "fry," and had always handled them. As he placed his hands in the water they crowded about, and appeared to enjoy being lifted up, and the spectacle—to me, at least—of a big trout lying complacently in his hand out of water and perfectly at ease and comfortable, was remarkable. I tried the same experiment with a wild trout later, and the performance did not appeal to the trout.

At Brookdale, about five miles above Santa Cruz in the mountains, the county has established a large trout hatchery from which the streams of the neighborhood are stocked. Here one may see trout of all sizes and ages, an attractive spectacle. It was interesting to note how quickly they felt or heard a noise. I happened to be standing by a large tank of big rainbows when the little narrow-gauge train came down the mountain. I could hear it a mile or two distant, and the trout noticed it at once, and their fright increased until the train reached the hatchery, when they displayed every evidence of alarm and fear.—By Charles F. Holder, in the Scientific American.

Adulteration of Cereal Breakfast Foods.

The cereal breakfast foods as a class, according to Dr. Charles D. Woods and Prof. Harry B. Snyder in a bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture, are often adulterated. Various experiment station chemists and public analysts in States having pure-food laws have examined the brands on the market, as indeed they examine all classes of food at frequent intervals, and found that as a general rule they were made from good, sound grain without admixture of harmful cereals. Some may be made from millings, and some doubtless contain molasses, glucose, or other similar materials which do not appear in the manufacturer's description, but which are not injurious.

Occasionally the percentage of ash or mineral matter in breakfast foods is abnormally high, but this is apparently due to common salt added to give flavor and not as an adulterant. In general, it may be said that there is every reason to suppose that the manufacturers endeavor to use wholesome materials, and that if an impurity is occasionally found in their goods it is accidental rather than intentional. Furthermore, cereal breakfast foods are not adulterated with anything but clean, well-cleaned grain and are marketed in a clean way. In the case of the package goods the form of marketing affords special protection while the goods are in the dealer's hands and also in the household, where they are very commonly kept in the original cardboard box or package.

The Greatest Gem Mine in the World.

The sapphire workings at Yogo Gulch, Montana, are being gradually developed into a great and permanent mining industry, says Mr. George F. Knuz in a forthcoming report on precious stones, published by the United States Geological Survey. Taken as a whole, the Yogo dikes perhaps the greatest gem mine in the world. It is about four miles long on the surface, and being a true igneous dike, descends to an indefinite depth. It is estimated that the entire content of workable sapphire-bearing rock would approximate 10,000,000 cubic yards. A mining plant is now being erected there which will quadruple the previous output and make Montana a sapphire mining country of very important character in American gem production.

The stones obtained are not of large size. They range from "culls," used for watch jewels and other mechanical purposes, to gems averaging, when cut, from half a carat to 2 or 3 carats and rarely up to 5 or 6. As gems they are brilliant, free from flaws and of good color, ranging from light shades to the rich, deep blue of oriental sapphires. The Yogo crystals have an advantage for mechanical uses over East Indian stones in their form, which is largely short prismatic or rhombohedral with flat basal terminations, and hence they need much less cutting for such purposes as watch jewels. The gems are sent to Amsterdam for cutting.

—To cause paint to adhere firmly to galvanized iron, the United States government has adopted specifications compelling the use of vinegar for washing the surface preparatory to painting. This is said to roughen the surface, thus giving the paint better opportunity to adhere.—Scientific American.

A Heart to Heart Talk with the Women and Girls of Pennsylvania.

Why a woman's page? Must women be fed on special and diluted diet? Can they not read as men read? They do read as men read—and all that men read—and add the woman's page to it. Rightly conducted, it is the earnest journalistic attempt to instruct more than to amuse; well edited, it steers clear of the encyclopaedia and the bonjour.

It should be all that a well-rounded, interesting, helpful woman is—ready to put out a strong guiding hand wherever it is needed. It must take itself seriously. It must be honest. It must reflect what really is, and suggest from experience what might be. A great class turns to the woman's page for counsel, for advice, for suggestion. The ready made conventions of one set of people would be a mischief on another set, so why tell a woman who has to cook and wash for a husband and six children how to instruct a footman to receive the cards of callers?

A woman's page should be all things to all women. No woman's page deserves success that does not give to its least reader a respectful hearing and the best advice in its scope. It must be kindly. It must inspire confidence. It must enter into all the homely duties of the housewife with zest and enthusiasm. It must hold the affectionate friendship of its women readers.

All these things the woman's page of the Philadelphia Daily Press is and does—it is beyond doubt the most practical and truly and helpful woman's page ever offered Pennsylvania women. You cannot afford to miss even one day. ANNE RITENHOUSE.

Another Open Winter.

VEAZIE, Me., Nov. 3.—"We are going to have another open winter in 1907," said Ezekiel Bozzy, the aged weather prophet of Penobscot valley, "I can smell it in the air." "The birds are staying later than usual this fall, which is always taken as a sure sign that winter will not come until after Christmas. Last week I saw swallows and humming birds and thistle birds, all of which are in the habit of getting away late in August.

"The hens have hardly begun to shed their feathers yet, and most years they have moulted and started in to lay by October 1st. The partridges are very thinly clad with feathers. "The corn husks are very scant and gauzy. Burs on beechnuts and hazelnuts are so thin and soft that a child can bite through the toughest of them. "Cattle and horses out at pasture are looking as sleek as they did in June, indicating that they have not begun to think of putting on winter overcoats. Woodchucks which should have retired for the winter in September, are out loafing at the entrances to their burrows. "Chipmunks have laid by very small stores of nuts and grain, though the beech-nut crop has been the biggest for ten years. Look anywhere you will and the evidence stands out and meets you and tells you that the winter will be brief and warm.

Last year at this time the muskrats had built their mud houses all along the upper reaches of the Penobscot river, and now one can go by canoe from Old Town to Medway and never see the sign of a muskrat house. Unless there has been a great strike among the carpenters and builders who put up muskrat homes, some of the homes will not be fit for occupancy until next year. "Hunters who have shot deer say that the antlers are still growing, or in the velvet stage, though the love making season with deer is only two weeks away. Though there have been several cold nights, and though I have rubbed the backs of several fat cats to get electric sparks out of the fur, I have not heard so much as a crackle as yet. This is because the coating of fur on the cats has not become thick enough, proving that the cats are not making any haste about putting on winter garments. "Right here in the village the old maids and grass widows are still coming out in white and preakable shirtings, and the fathers of marriageable daughters have not set up their parlor stoves or bought the coal for the winter's courting. It seems as if they expected that most of the courting would be done on the piazza or over the garden gate, as in summer.

"Unless the signs fall, ice will be high and pneumonia will be plentiful and graves will be open often between now and next March."

PENNSY TO INCREASE WAGES

Nearly 150,000 Will Be Affected, Some Receiving 10 Per Cent. Raise. Philadelphia, Nov. 3.—The wages of all employees of the Pennsylvania railroad system on lines east and west of Pittsburg are to be increased. Nearly 150,000 men will be affected. It is probable the increase will be effective December 1, but on account of the detail work to be done before a sweeping order is issued, it may be later. The management is considering a proposition to grant an increase of 10 per cent to all employees whose salary per month is less than \$500. The monthly pay roll of the system averages about \$10,000,000 and an increase would mean the additional payment of \$1,000,000. The total number of employees on the combined systems affected is about 133,565.

BURNED TO DEATH IN HIS HOME

Duval Mixed Politics and Drink and Knocked Over a Lamp. Cumberland, Md., Nov. 6.—John Duval, a constable at Tunnelton, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, a few miles west of Oakland, Md., went to his home in an intoxicated condition after attending a political celebration and knocked over a lamp, which exploded. In the ensuing fire Duval was burned to death and his house was consumed, as was the house occupied by Hubert Pentney, adjoining. The town has no fire department. Duval's head and legs were burned off. His wife and children were not at home.

Mine Boss Beaten to Death.

Barboursville, W. Va., Nov. 6.—At Stone Branch, 20 miles south of here, G. W. Wright and Andrew Childers, mine bosses, became enraged at John Kelley, another boss, assaulted him with clubs and beat him into insensibility. Kelley died 30 minutes later. Wright and Childers secured mules and escaped, but were later captured and locked up in the Logan county jail.