

HUMAN NATURE.

If all that hate would love us and all our loves were true, The stars that swing above us would brighten in the blue; If cruel words were kisses and every scowl a smile, A better world than this, would hardly be worth while.

— Unidentified.

MOTHERHOOD.

It is now ten years since the five oil drillers left Pennsylvania for Mhang Island, on the Borneo coast, and little Shweya (the gold maid) is eight years old and happy, which shows that she was born under a lucky star.

Old George was not really a drifter, for he was a reformer, skilled in the uses of sulphuric acid and bleaching sodas, and his part of the toll was to turn the black petroleum into water-white kerosene when the drillers had worn it from the shale depths of Mhang Island.

It was September when the little party of white men landed from a steam launch on Mhang. The long rainy season had ceased, and the fattening moisture had clothed the giant trees, and the pin-gadones, and the bayanas, and the tamarinds until they stood a wall of green verdure that was the jungle.

Burmese workmen had built a long bungalow on the sandy beach of Bengali Bay. The bungalow stood on high posts, and the incoming tide lapped at the wooden legs of the structure, and beat against the low wall of rocks that held the land side of the bamboo house. The vegetation breath of Mhang carried the deadly poison of jungle fever, and the Burra Sahib, who was an Anglo-Indian, had conceived an idea that the waters of the ocean would keep this evil from the dwellers in the house above the brine swept sands.

There were no other Europeans on the island, and the five men toiled through the days of fierce heat and sat in big Hindoo chairs on the broad veranda at night. In pajamas, or stripped to thin cotton-gauze banyans, they sat and smoked strong Burmese cheroots, and looked out across the moonlit ocean toward the land that held their wives and their mothers, and talked of the beyond; of the time that had gone, with its slight recompense, and of the time that was to come with its rich reward; of the land that lay golden-broed under the sun that had sunk behind the arched back of the ocean, a huge blistering ball of fire.

Always of the beyond they spoke; of time to come, or of spaces in which was not the accursed island of desolation, Mhang. But to the endeavor of toil they stuck steadfast; for three years they had come to labor for their masters, and they were men—men chosen because of their keeping of faith, chosen from among many.

The fever stole like a soft-padded panther—as silently down out of the jungle, and bit at their blood; it burned it to acid; the everlasting sameness of the food cloyed their desire till it was but an automatic replenishing of strength. Sometimes letters came to them, and sometimes for weeks there was nothing but toil and the heat and the warfare of quinine against malaria, and the hours of waiting for oblivion in sleep on the veranda, beneath which the wash of the Indian Ocean sounded like the weeping of past centuries.

One day a dozen ironwood posts stood roughly hewn together a hundred yards from the big bungalow. In a week a roof, slanted by the sword-like leaves of the toddy palm, topped the ironwood posts; then a split bamboo wall hid them, and it was a bungalow—a toy house for animate dolls. The next day the end room in the bungalow on the sands was empty, and Sommers ate his curry and rice in the toy house.

"I knowed as how it was comin'," old George said to Billy. "I've been a watchin' that peg fly long enough. Dave Sommers 'e's took up wif a 'eathen. My word I know the little yerl pagan—Yeso 'e's over the hill."

Old George had been born at Spitalfields in England, and across seas to America, and back over seas to Burma, he had carried the language of the toilers of Spitalfields, and would be buried in it, please God, he said. He was tall and gaunt and massive; his huge feet and hands and head had suggested to the natives a descriptive name of unimpeachable applicability, and he had shouldered it with large good humor. "The Hathi Sahib"—the Elephant Sahib—he was to them.

The four that still sat on the veranda drew their chairs closer in the moonlight after the going of Sommers. It was as if the jungle had crept down nearer to the bungalow, and the sensuous Burmese night air weighed heavier on their hearts.

Then the native workmen who had built the doll's house for Sommers brought more ironwood posts from the jungle and roofed them. And when the last bamboo mat had been laid on the floor, Stanton's servant carried his sahib's trunk and his bed from the big bungalow, and Old George and Billy and Hillis smoked their cheroots in gloomy silence that night. Far out in the moonlight the ground swell was riding white-maned horses over a coral reef, and the boom of the waters came to the ears of the three silent men. At last Billy brought a banjo from his room and sang "My old Kentucky home, goodnight;" but his voice broke, and Old George, stretching his huge hand across the strumming fingers, said: "For Gawd's sake, don't 'ear a church-bell a-ringin' now wif yer bloomin' song, Kentucky I good Lord I reckon as 'ow I'm gettin' that blasted fever agin'."

It was just six months from the day of the landing that Old George and Billy ate their dinner alone, for Hillis now homed in a little bamboo structure perched high on posts, like a bird's cage, and with him lived Synges, who was the daughter of the village myook.

"Gawd! Billy, I can't eat," Old George

said, shoving the curry from him with heavy hand; "it's orful! The jungle reeks wif the fever—the sea stinks of it. Come out an' let's smoke, boy. If me ol' 'oman an' the kids was 'ere—no, it's a Gawd's blesin' they ain't. 'Tain't no for no white man—it's a nigger land, an' 'st fit for the black one. If I was as big a fool as I've been in my time, I'd lush into the drink tonight, Billy. But there's tomorrer to be thought on, an' even the 'eathen 'ere knows better 'n to take to the drink."

In the morning the Hathi Sahib was broken. Some evil night spirit of the jungle had poured hot sand in his joints; fever had melted the fine temper of his sinews until they were flabby and of no avail. A sudden fire burned in the massive citadel of his mind; erratically his thoughts traversed many paths, always at a tangent. "They're 'ammerin' my neck, Billy," 'ere at the back of me 'ead," he cried plaintively. "I see 'em comin' in the night, creepin' from the jungle—they're devils; 't 'em, boy—'t 'em wif a club an' drive 'em out."

For hours Billy kept wet, cool cloths on the long, gaunt neck, and piled all the blankets in the bungalow on top of the Hathi Sahib, and when the perspiration stood out on the broad forehead, and washed it white from the red fever stain, the sick man's eyelids drooped heavily, the gasping breath ailed into a longer exhalation, and sleep brushed the tongue that had babbled incessantly for hours of the 'ol' 'oman at 'ome in Tinsville, and the big glass pitcher that stood on his dinner table, filled alternately wif hot lemonade, and cool lager, and sweet milk, and spring water—and not a soul to bring it to him."

For a week Billy fought the jungle imp that homed in the blood of Old George, and then the Elephant Sahib stood up on weak, groggy legs, and cursed the nigger country, and the imbecility that had brought him to it, and prayed for strength to go back to his work, for the bungalow was purgatory. Day in and day out the sun scorched the island from a flat blue sky with never a cloud; the leaves died and fell from the bleached trees, till they stood white, ghost-like skeletons risen from a forest graveyard; the grass browned, burned to bristleness, and broke away from the roots. Of living things all but those of toil and torment seemed to have fled before the anger of the sun. The humans, toiling, woke at day-break with the rasping treble of the tree-locusts in their ears, and until the gray skirts of evening blurred the fierce shimmer of the glassed sea, the undraped jungle rang with a sibilant noise. Sometimes a discordant-voiced hornbill, screeching plaintively, fluffed on weak, insensitively wings, from the bare limbs of a paduk tree to the arms of a peepal. Even the snakes had burrowed in the earth.

In June the southwest monsoons drove weeping clouds up out of the west; the rains came, and the dry earth drank to satiety, and when its thirst was quenched the vomited waters tore down in torrents from between the hills, and where the yellow stubble had needed rice fields was now a myriad of little square lakes.

These things rounded out one year, and there were yet two written in the contracts of the five men.

Long dreary evenings the two, Billy and George, who were antitheses in age and scheme of physical architecture, and tuition, and temperament, sat on the veranda, and related verbal dreams that were imagined out of the future; the past seemed so far away that it was like something dead, and the oge-headed present was a totem to drape out of its ugliness with the purple and fine linen of a futurity in God's own country—the land that lay beyond the million-starred night curtain that barked their eyes as they sat with their faces forever to the west.

Sometimes the moonlight turned to silver the waters that broke 'er the long, low-lying coral reef, and the boy, Billy, would cry out in ecstasy that it was beautiful, and Old George would answer: "Gawd's truth, Billy! there ain't nothink beautiful 'n good in this blasted 'eathen land. The poison of it has got into me eyes an' I don't see nothink but hellery—rank, bloomin' sin."

One day a rope broke and the merciless iron pulley crushed two fingers of Billy's hand, and when the steam launch came, three days later, he was taken to Phrang where was a civil surgeon. Billy was gone a month, and when he came back to the island a new solemnity had thrown its shadow over the Hathi Sahib.

As the two trapped side by side up from the life-lauding, Billy asked: "What's the new bungalow—has another sahib come to us?"

"I expect as 'ow some blasted fool built it," Old George replied, and then he spoke of the injured hand that still rested in a sling.

Near to dinner time the big man and the little man sat in the old seats on the veranda, and George, clearing his throat, said: "Billy, I don't know 'ow you'll make out eatin' alone."

"Why—'ere you sick, George—won't you have dinner with me?"

"Billy—'ere, give us yer 'ad while I tells yer somethin'. It's worritin' me—yer comin' back 'as worrit me orful. But you want's think 'ad of Old George, Billy, Gawd, lad, I got that lone some a-sittin' in the sun, drivin' the lazy soars of Burmese, an' then sit 'ere all alone for hours waitin' to get sleepy, an' all the time wider awake nor ever. If I could 'a, read some think; but I never got no chance of soobolvin' at 'ome. It was all right when you was 'ere, Billy—wot wif the readin' you did, an' me a-listenin', an' wot wif yer money trickin'; but I was alone wif the bloomin' thinkin' till my 'ead got queer."

"That's your bungalow, the new one, is it, George?" Billy asked, when the big gaunt sahib launched into silence.

"It's a blasted fool's 'ouse, Billy, Gawd! I wish I was 'ome. What'll my 'oman say? Why, ain't it right fer a man to ailt 'is own throat when 'e's worse'n hein' no good? Sometimes the jockals they comes in the night an' creeps under the bungalow an' then they yells at me. 'Evens' seems as if they was larfin'.' The crows, they caws an' ows when I goes by, an' they're a-sayin': 'You ol' fool—you ol' swine. Leastwise I ears 'em that way, Billy. An' Nimbah, she's proud of it—she's a memmah-bib now; an' 'er ol' man an' ol' 'oman they're oldin' their 'eads up, an' gettin' 'ad all outen the new honor as is come to the family. Wif 'em it's a marriage; Nimbah's married one of the sahibs. An' fer 'em poor 'eathen it seems all right—if a man as is one wife or six, don't make no difference. But wot about me, as claims to be a Christian? An' wot about the ol' 'oman at 'ome? When the jungle fever keels me

over again, Billy, you just let it finish me—I ain't fit to live, I ain't."

At the end of the two years a little daughter came to Nimbah and Old George; and that—but how can one describe the conflict of emotion, the turmoil of spirit, for the massive head of the Elephant Sahib held a broad, out-reaching brain, and the huge heart, down deeper than the wells of the Spitalfields' speech, held sympathetic feelings as soft as a woman's.

In Spitalfields' English the gaunt sahib still cornered the land and the people there-in, not excepting Nimbah, nor little Shweya—nor even himself. And many times at night Billy, passing the little bungalow, saw the giant Englishman walking up and down the bamboo floor, cradling in his huge, gaunt arms something that fretted petulantly because of the heat and the incensed flies, and Nimbah, the mother, would watch the sahib curiously out of her slant eyes, and roll a pen-supero to chew, or light her big green-leafed cheroot and smoke contentedly—with somewhere back in her slow Oriental mind a thought that little Shweya would bind the white man to her. It was pleasant to have the nice bungalow, and food without stint, and the third golf-club earrings that had been part of her marriage settlement.

The third year merged into the incomprehensibility of eternity, and the men who had thrived in their souls for the western rim of the sea that laved the shores of Mhang Island still toiled on at the winning of the oil that now held the allurements of discovery.

A white painted pillar of teakwood high up on the hill stood sentinel, throwing a black shadow across a deep grave wherein rested Sommers. And over his going from the island of desolation to the land of conjecture hung a shadow blacker, more impenetrable, than the sun-obliterated transverse of the teakwood monument. It was whispered in the Madras coolie lines that the sahib had been given dollars by Yeso, because he had talked of going to the land of his own people, and that now he came in spirit and talked with Yeso, and sat with her, and would so long as she lived. But Old George and the others said the sun and the poisoned breath of the jungle had killed Sommers.

For two years more George the Refiner ceased to have fled before the anger of the black flood of oil that was to cleanse water-white. Then Fate drew aside the curtain and the Burra Sahib's failure in large letters on the wall. The jungle laughed when the sahib went down for the last time over the pink ribbon of road they had dug out to his heart, and the elephant keeper thrust a long strong arm across the path at the last, and the sahib's hand struck the beaten tolls back to Phrang, and the island was left to the growers of rice and plantains, even as it had been before the coming of the sahibs.

Old George left with the Deputy Commissioner in Phrang sufficient rupees to feed and clothe Nimbah until she married again (which surely would not be long) and for little Shweya until she came of age. It was not a large sum, for rice is cheap and the clothing of great simplicity.

Then he and Billy and the others journeyed back to America and reclamation for their paganish lapse.

At the door of Tinsville the Gawd said to Billy: "You come 'ome wif me, lad, for it's got to be all told; there ain't nothink never been 'id 'twixt me an' my 'oman."

"I can't do it, George," Billy answered; "an man and his wife can settle such matters better between themselves."

"You come 'ome with me, lad," George reiterated, resting a huge hand on the other's shoulder; "comes an' tasterly as 'ow I forgot I was a Christian, an' telly me 'ow 'om of the Gawd forsakes loneness of that 'eathen 'ole. You're 'ad book lar'nin' it, wif, and you can wot it. I can see it, Billy, me eyes 'at, but I can't tell it as it's writ in books. You come wif me, lad. The ol' 'oman'll 'ave a leg o' mutton for dinner—she knows wot George likes—an' I've been an' sent 'er a telegram as 'ow I was a-comin'." An' when the youngsters were put to bed, Billy told the wife about sittin' there on the veranda night in an' night out a-listenin' to the cry of 'em waves agin' the coral reef, an' the jungle fever 'ammerin' at the back of our 'eads until we was pugla (foolish)."

So Billy, dreading the dramatic, fearing the anger of a woman betrayed, crept at the side of the giant to the little cottage that he waited, draped in expectancy, for the home coming of his lord and master. And, leaning on the slighter man's mentality, the huge sinner walked with leaden feet.

"Why do you not put it off for a little time?" Billy asked.

The big man shook his massive head. "Gawd's truth, I couldn't do that, Billy; it'd be worse than sittin' there a-watchin' the empty waters a-bringin' nothink but 'ow I'm a-sittin' here, I couldn't stand it—I'd drink; there's never been nothink 'id, I tells you, lad—I'd talk in my sleep—I'd forget an' call one of the kids Shweya. It 'as got to be did, an' 'ave it over with. My ol' 'oman she'll look on that 'ere pagan life just as I did when I went there fast; but when she 'ears you tell on it, Billy, some'tat 'bout 'ow the others went on, an' 'ere's the Burman law 'at 'ave more'n one wife, it'll 'elp. An' when you goes away to-night, I'll tell 'er the truth, an' I'll feel better. Gawd won't stand 'er a deceitful man nohow, Billy; it's the worstest kind of a sin."

With a shiver in his heart Billy sat in his friend's cottage home that night, and looked out of eyes of apprehension upon a scene that was like something out of a Christmas story by Dickens.

For an hour, with strong splashes of color, Billy painted the dead life of that island of solitude; the everlasting lap, lap, lap of the Indian Ocean against the legs of the bungalow, where Old George had lived solitary and alone like some outcast leader of a herd. For an hour they lived it over again; and tears of commiseration were in the eyes of the red-checked English-woman when Billy slipped from the cottage door into the night.

When the children had gone to their beds, Old George told his wife of Nimbah and Shweya, saying over and over, like a child of slow wit: "I couldn't 'elp it, wif; Gawd's truth, I was that lone some, I was goin' crazy. I'd sit there on that veranda an' the servant 'd come sayin' as 'ow I'd called 'im, as 'ow I'd told 'im to put more sulphur in the oil. You see, wif, I was refulin' in my mind. I was goin' loony. If I'd 'ad a cat or anythink as was alive to talk to, but I 'ad no."

The woman, without uttering a word turned away from her husband. She went into her own room and looked the door.

Old George walked the floor of the little dining-room till midnight. Twice he knocked on the locked door and called: "Wife! for Gawd's sake, come out an' speak to me!"

But there was no answer; the locked door, and beyond—silence.

At midnight he threw himself upon a sofa and slept fitfully till morning.

He was awakened by a key turning in a lock. The door opened; his wife came forth. She kissed him on the massive forehead, and said: "George, I ain't slept none all night. I've thought an' thought, an' wotter over wot you've done, 'nband, an' I've prayed, too. An' I don't know wot's come over me, but I ain't angry no more. When you was out in that 'eathen land I just used to ask God to send you back alive, an' I didn't care for money nor nothink, just as long as you'd come yourself. An' I'm glad you told me, George, 'cause there ain't never been nothink 'id between us all our lives. But we can't never be 'appy if that little one, Shweya, wot's your child, George, an' of the same blood—part though it be—as our children, lives there an' grows up a 'eathen. You've got to send for the little thing, George, an' bring 'er 'ome 'ere. I couldn't stand to think of one of 'em 'eathen mothers bringin' up a child as was of the same blood of my children. You've got to send for little Shweya, George, an' I'll be 'er mother, an' wot's never speak of that 'eathen country again as long as we live."

The man reached down and kissed the great-hearted woman on the cheek, and ran his big gaunt hand over her brown hair with the gentle care of a lover.—By W. A. Fraser, in Collier's.

Wood Pulp from Saw Dust.

A palpmill with every sawmill is the prospect from a new idea that is being worked out in Canada. A company with \$1,000,000 capital has been incorporated for operations near Vancouver, British Columbia, and the work of building a plant has begun. The company already has a small mill that is reported to be making pulp for paper, and the method is to be merely applied on a larger scale, to cap some 3,000 tons of sawdust that is made in that vicinity each month. The company is building its plant where there is plenty of water power and water to use for cleansing the pulp. The process is somewhat different for making pulp from sawdust, and there is more to do than is required to make paper of spruce selected for the purpose, but the work can be done cheaper where there is plenty of water and power. It makes little difference what kind of timber the dust is from, and that suggests the possibility of making paper out of anything which has a fiber or can be made to produce a fiber by chemical process. As the large lumber companies are now burning their sawdust at more expense than it is worth for fuel, the making of paper from sawdust is a profitable industry of interest all over the world. The Vancouver company has laid plans to sell its paper, made from the sawdust pulp, in the United States and Australia, which gives an impression that it is to make a great deal. The prospectus claims that it will make 300 tons of paper a week, 300 tons of it being for newspaper print and 100 tons made in wrapping paper.

Millions of tons of sawdust are practically wasted in the United States annually, though it is turned into commercial products now much more than in the past. There are various by-products to look after, as the different kinds of wood make combinations, and a sweet substance will be one of them. The prospects are good that paper for news print will be made out of a number of other materials than the fresh spruce and other evergreen trees of the forest. The flax straw that has been burned for years is good for that purpose, as is also the waste from other materials, and the fibers of the tropics are being experimented upon for the same purpose. But sawdust has evidently made a strong start for the leading place in this important industry. Congress may yet be asked to adjust a tariff duty on sawdust to protect a new American industry against Canadian hustle.

Titled Workers.

Many princess and other ladies of the royal houses of Europe would be capable of earning good incomes as skilled workers had they suddenly deprived of their titles, rank and accompanying possessions. Princess Hermine of Reuss, for example, a sister of the reigning Prince Henry XXIV, is a skilled watchmaker who has frequently shown her work at various German exhibitions. Princess Therese of Liechtenstein, was one of the staunchest patrons of charity bazaars in Vienna. The beautiful lace which she then made is still often seen in the Austrian capital, and the Kaiserin's favorite collar, a birthday present from Princess Arnulf, is a beautiful piece of work, which took the royal lace-maker, three and a half years to complete.

The Archduchess Friedrich of Austria, who was born Princess Isabelle of Oray, has a remarkable hobby—the making of beautifully scented wax candles, which she moulds and prepares with her own fingers. Quite a storm in a teacup was recently raised in Austrian courts circles by the Princess characterizing as "preposterous extravagance" a time-honored custom observed in all Austrian palaces, that a once upon a time, on a certain day, the wife may not, under any circumstances, be re-lighted. As the Archduchess Friedrich is greatly admired by the Emperor Francis Joseph, her pronouncement on the subject of this extravagance in candles resulted in an order going forth that the custom—at all events where the handwork of the Archduchess was concerned—should be forthwith abandoned.

The Duchess of Guise (who was Princess Isabel of Bourbon Orleans) is a skillful milliner and maker of artificial flowers. The Duchess, who is considered one of the best dressed women in Europe, invariably has her dresses trimmed with her own handwork. Princess Carl of Sweden, a daughter of King Frederick VIII. of Denmark, has since her early days been an extremely clever maker of children's toys. In the Swedish capital Princess Ingeborg's name is synonymous in this connection with skilled workmanship. Finally, the Duchess Philip of Wurttemberg, who is one of the most popular and generous of Germany's royal ladies, has the curious hobby of making special artificial bandages and elastic stockings and supports. More than one of her ideas has been taken up and patented by a well-known Stuttgart company.—Bellman.

The robbing of hives by foreign bees is sometimes a very serious matter. If a little careful attention is paid at the right time it may be entirely avoided. Exposure of combs is the principal cause of this trouble. It tempts the hungry bee when flowers are scarce, to make an attack on the weaker colonies. If the bee is hungry he is tempted to steal just as a person is. If the robbers have gained access to the hive before being detected, the opening should be narrowed at once. It is advisable to make it only large enough for one bee to enter at a time. Some keepers even throw a handful of grass over this small opening so that the intruder will have trouble getting through. The bee belonging to the hive will soon learn the way through.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do To make life happier and more fair For those whose lives are crowded now with care; I'll help to lift them from their low despair, When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well Shall know no more the many toiling days; I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always, And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise, When I have time.

When you have time, the friend you hold so dear May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent; My never know that you so kindly mean, To fill her life with sweet content, When you have time.

Now is the time, Ah, friend, no longer wait To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer To those around whose lives are now so drear; They may not meet you in the coming year.

Now is the time.

Symbolism of Creation.

After our brief consideration of the Garden of Eden, you exalted the promise that I should briefly explain the spiritual meaning of the days of creation, as told in Genesis, and if you are still of the same desire I shall now fulfill my pledge.

This preface his introduction to the subject, Herr S. continued: "Fruitful as the discoveries of astronomy are, in suggestions calculated to awaken adoration, gratitude and humility, we cannot conceal from ourselves that they take us to contemplations of spaces and distances, quite inconsistent with the age of the universe, as drawn from the literal account in Genesis. Astronomy teaches us that many of the heavenly bodies are so distant that it would require hundreds of thousands of years for light to come from them to us. The light from these distant spheres has indeed reached us, else we could not see them, and because of this they must have existed for so long a time, and therefore did not begin to exist on the fourth day of a week some 6,000 years ago. This is the first fact, my son, I desire you not to forget.

"Geology, also has been found to teach lessons widening our conceptions of the Creator's grandeur. But with this science we are equally unable to be reconciled with the first chapter of Genesis, considered as an exact divine account of natural creation.

"Geology, my son, shows that the crust of the earth for several miles, has been the accumulation of plants and animals, which have lived and died, and left their remains, as a proof of their existence, in ages long gone by. Beds of rocks lie one over another, with immense masses of shells, which show the ocean lay long there; then with plants and animals in the land and periods of continued growth; again come masses of sea remains and these followed by immense layers of land growth; and thus in succession to such a number and amount, that the time to form them cannot have been less than millions of years.

"And, my son, do you not see that during all these periods the sun must have existed, as without its heat the water would have been all ice, and fish could neither move, nor live in it? Plants could not grow without heat, nor light, nor air, and, therefore, the same general laws of nature which prevail now, must have prevailed then, during the enormous periods before any traces of man appeared that he had been created.

"Even though I cannot consider tonight this sublime theme as it deserves, permit me, my son, to speak of that long line of animal races which have left remains and which have been restored part to part and from complete skeleton frames, with eyes and every portion of the animal constitution, indicating that light existed, and in fact, that all these wise arrangements, which afterward became our coal fields, of those accumulated remains of shells, which afterward formed our mountains of limestone, marble and chalk, in all their varieties—these are all proofs of laws producing them, as now, beneficent results, of wisdom framing and directing the laws of life, from which such a world as we see in this our world all irreconcilable with Genesis in its ordinary interpretation.

"My son, the reason why the divine narrative in Genesis is not a perfectly accurate description of natural creation, is that it was never intended to be so understood. It is written in the divine style, and is a description of a spiritual creation, as it took place in the earliest ages of man's existence. This divine style is peculiar to the word of God and underlies it everywhere. As I have reminded you before, the outer universe is a grand symbol of an inner universe in the minds of men. Each mind is a heaven and earth in miniature. The development of the principles which conduce to the perfection of the soul is exactly portrayed by the creation of a world. Creation is the symbol of regeneration. When the restoration of a heavenly state is the subject of prophecy, it is spoken of as the formation of a new universe. Such is the divine style; the outer world is the type of the inner one. The ruin of a church, or of a soul, is represented by the wreck of a world. The restoration of intelligence, order, righteousness, purity and peace are symbolized by a new creation."

—JAMES A. WARREN, in the Pittsburg Sun.

New Treatment of Consumption.

Reports have appeared in the daily press, says Nature, of a new treatment for consumption in which the diseased portion of the lung is removed by operation. The only novelty seems to be the use of hot water or steam to control the hemorrhage, for excision of a portion of the lung has occasionally been performed during the last few years. Such a procedure could only be of service in a very few selected cases.

Race of Great Violin Makers.

The great violin makers all lived within the compass of a hundred and fifty years. They chose their woods from a few great timbers felled in the South Tyrol, and floated down in rafts, pine and maple, sycamore, pear and ash. They examined these to find streaks and veins and freckles, valuable superficially when brought out by varnishing. They learned to tell the density of the pieces of wood by touching them; they weighed them; they struck, and listened to judge how fast, or how slow, or how resonantly they would vibrate in answer to strings.

Some portions of the wood must be porous and soft, some of close fiber. Just the right beam was hard to find. When it was found, it can be traced all through the violins of some great master, and after his death in those of his pupils.

The piece of wood was taken home and seasoned, dried in the hot Bressia and Cremona sun. The house of Stradivarius, the great master of all, is described as having been as hot as an oven. One was soaked through and through with varnish. In this great heat the oils thinned and simmered slowly, and penetrated far into the wood, until the varnishes became a part of the wood itself.

The old violin makers were accustomed to save every bit of the wood when they had found what they liked, to mend and patch and relay with it. So vibrant and so resonant is the wood of good old violins that they murmur and echo and sing in answer to any sound when a number of them hang together on the wall, just as if they were rehearsing the old music that once they knew.

It was doubtless owing to this fact that when the people could not account for Paganini's wonderful playing, they declared that he had a human soul imprisoned in his violin; for his violin sang and whispered even when the strings were off.

There have been experiments made with all sorts of woods by the various makers. An Earl of Pembroke had one made of the wood of the cedars of Lebanon, but the wood was so dense that vibration was deadened and the violin was a poor one.

The Demand for Trained Men.

The demand for efficient men trained at our best agricultural colleges exceeds the supply. Organizations of breeders, dairymen, fruit growers and others in many of our States solicit special investigation to be undertaken by station scientists. There is public demand for official tests of foods, animal feeding stuffs and commercial fertilizers. There is continual increase in the number of high schools that give instruction in agriculture and which necessarily find need of agricultural scientists as capable teachers. There are also many farms employing agricultural college graduates as superintendents.

The salaries paid to such men exceed those paid to scientists of similar rank in other lines, because there are not enough men to do the work. Our agricultural colleges cannot compete in the matter of salary with commercial concerns that need men trained in agriculture. An illustration is found in the instance of our agricultural college in Pennsylvania. Within the last year or two one member of the faculty of this school of agriculture has withdrawn to accept a position with a commercial concern producing high grade milk, and he is now getting five thousand dollars a year. A scientist in the Department of Animal Husbandry has been secured by China at a salary three times as great as the Pennsylvania School of Agriculture was able to pay him. He leaves for Mukden, Manchuria, the last of June to assist in establishing an experiment station there. Another member of the agricultural faculty, Prof. John W. Gilmore, has been chosen President of the College of Hawaii at Honolulu, and the salary paid him will be nearly double that which he has been receiving at State College. Another young man in this faculty left to become a farm manager at \$1800 a year.

At middle life a man should be at his best physically and mentally. He would if he followed "honest nature's rule" and lived a more even life. Middle life sees the average man prematurely old. He is gray or bald, his face wrinkled, his eyes blurred, his hands tremulous. He has overdrawn his account with Nature and for its starting off the total bankruptcy of the body as long as she can. How long she can do this depends upon the man himself. He can aid Nature greatly. The best aid to Nature is the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It supplies the material by which the physical deficiencies can be made good. It increases the quantity of the blood and purifies it. The use of the "Discovery" with proper attention to general hygiene will insure a sturdy old age.

—He pocketed the hard boiled egg gratefully.

"Ah, madam," he said, "believe me, I would not be begging my bread from door to door if it were possible for me to procure work in my chosen calling. But the day will come."

"Poor fellow," said the woman, "what is your calling, anyhow?"

"I," he answered, proudly, "am an able-bodied aeroplane sailor."

—Mother (in a very low voice)—"Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something nice to cheer him up a bit?"

Tommy (in an earnest voice)—"Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?"

—The poor old miser has passed away. He had to go.

"Was he afraid to die?"

"Not that so much, but he did hate to pay the debt of nature."

"He is a man of high ideals."

"I thought so."

"Did you, indeed? Why?"

"I noticed that he did not appear to have much money."

—We are told to cast our bread upon the waters, said a young wife.

"But don't you do it," replied her husband. "A vessel might run against it and get wrecked."

—Knicker—A