SYMPATHY.

We are as harps that vibrate to a touch
From stranger hands, unconscious of
the strings,
While the soul's slumbering echoes
wake to life
And through its halls responsive music
rings.

Few are the Davids to these harps of
ours!
Few learn the cunning of the instrument;
And those to whom the gift has been
denied
Are oftenest those with whom our lives
are spent.

But God's large gift of Love is showered around.
Let us be thankful, Earth were too
like Heaven,
If, with the power of loving deep and
long,
That other gift of sympathy were given.
—Hamilton Aide.

A TERRIBLE TEMPER.

"If there is anything especially obnoxious to me," avowed Miss Murphy, in solemn conclusion, "it is interference with the affairs of others; but in this case I said to myself, 'Duty, Mary Anne Murphy, duty!'"

"Oh!" gasped Jessica. She had sunk back in her rose-ribboned rattan rocker in quite a tremor of dismay.

A very charming room this suburban parlor into which gold bars of sunshine slanted through the half-closed Venetians. Worthy even of pretty Jessica—it, with its tiled hardwood floor, its silver-fox and bearskin rugs, its Madras-draped windows, its quaintly modern mantel of polished oak, its eccentric chairs, its grotesque tables, its dainty aquarelles, its Chinese cabinets, its slender but admirably chosen collection of bisque and Limoges. And surely eye, however critical, could crave no sweeter picture than little Miss Ray made in her pale blue surah tea-gown, cascaded with Valenciennes, and all her bronze-bright ripply hair braided in childish fashion down her back. But just now the lovely face was curiously colorless, the purple-blue eyes wide and startled under their long lashes.

There was silence after that sharp exclamation of Jessica's. Miss Murphy could afford to be silent. She had had dropped her small shell and it had exploded with a most satisfactory report. She sat rigidly erect in the consciousness of duty done, every fold of her black silk visiting costume stiff with propriety, every pompon on the brown biege bonnet bristling with respectability.

"I don't believe a word of it!" declared Jessica, slowly.

If impolite, the remark was in no degree insolent. It was simply the utterance of a conviction. Miss Murphy was not offended. She removed her gaze from a gem of Van Elton's on the opposite wall to fasten it on the agitated little lady in the rocker. It took some endurance on Jessica's part to sit meekly under the scrutiny of those faded blue eyes—eyes tolerant, placid, beaming, as those of a benignant old cow.

"It is true, my dear. He said it. I heard him with my own ears!"

This really was unanswerable.

"They were in the front parlor," pursued Miss Murphy, folding her plump, tan-gloved hands with aggravating leisure and serenity. "I sat sewing just behind the portiere. I never would have stayed could I only have foretold what was coming. They had been talking about other things, and where silence for awhile. Suddenly my Ned burst out laughing. 'So you've seen her,' he said, 'and you don't fancy her, eh?' 'Fancy her?' echoed Jack. 'Well, I should say not!'"

"Well?" urged Jessica, steadily.

She would hear it out, she told herself—she would—every word of it!

"Well, then," slowly, to heighten by suspense the effect of her narrative, "Ned said, 'The boys around here all like her immensely. Roy Pates says she's a daisy!'"

"Oh!" moaned Jessica. "You must excuse that nephew of mine, my dear; you really must. Ned but repeats what he hears. Besides, you know, he is only a boy yet—just eighteen. What Ned said is of no importance. Please go on."

She sat erect again very pale and imperative, indeed.

"If you insist on hearing," hesitantly, "Jack replied, 'Well, I don't I did just at first. I confess for a while she deceived me. But a few days gave me enough of her.' Ned said, 'Why, we all thought you were in great luck to get her.' 'Luck!' cried Jack in answer, so loud, my dear, I fairly jumped. 'Luck! Yes, the most confounded piece of bad luck I ever struck!' I am ashamed to say, my dear, but to be veracious I must say that here Ned, quite carried away by his youthful sympathies, inquired, 'Can't you get out of it?' And Jack said, 'Confound it, no! That's the worst of it. I can't break such a contract with any honor to myself. But I only wish some other fellow stood in my shoes just now. I've promised to take her and I've got to do it, but it's a deuced bad bargain'—oh, my dear Jessica, you're not going to paint!"

Jessica put out her hand with a slight, repressing gesture.

"No, Miss Murphy, I am not going to faint. Is that all?"

Miss Murphy was rather disconcerted. Her shell had not exploded noisily, it is true. But now that the smoke was clearing away she, at whose feet it had been flung, was not dead—not even wounded.

"Yes, I believe that was all, for just then someone summoned Jack. But as he went out, he called back to Ned: 'I'll see you at Bryane's to-morrow night and talk this unfortunate blunder over again. Be in my study at 10. I'll meet you there.'"

"And that really is all?" queried Jessica, quite her own possessed self again.

Miss Murphy started. To once more drop into similes, her balloon which had sailed up so straightly and securely at first had uddenly collapsed and was falling with startling rapidity.

"I should think," severely, "it would be quite enough."

"Enough?" airily. "That's it! it's too much! You know an overdose of poison occasionally counteracts the effect of a lesser quantity, and I think," with a smile charmingly confidential, "it is something the same way with gossip—don't you?"

It was Miss Murphy's turn to gasp. Such a girl! But then one never could understand Jessica Ray. Miss Murphy thought it was time to go. With the cessation of conversation concerning personal affairs her interest died a natural death. She was averse to wading in foreign waters. The inodorous pool scummed over with village scandal sufficed her. She feared aught else.

"Good-by, my dear," with a bewildered shake of the tinseled bonnet. "I am so sorry I had to tell you. Life is full of unpleasant duties. I never like to interfere in other people's affairs. 'Charity,' I always say; 'charity and silence.' If there is anything I particularly detest it is tale-bearing. Well, as I said, I must be going. Good-by, my dear. I'm so glad you don't mind."

"Good-by," cordially.

"We all thought," pausing at the door for a parting thrust, "that it was to be not only a marriage de convenance, but a genuine love affair on both sides."

"Indeed!" said Jessica, brightly arching her pretty brows.

And then at last the door closed on her visitor's broad, black-silk back. The blitheness born of bravado died out of little Miss Ray's face. She went slowly back to the rose-ribboned rocker and sat down therein for a good, heartsick, discontented, mortified, miserable cry. When she had been very, very young and charming, and Jack Sutherland an awkward lad of ten, their fathers had planned a marriage in the future. The planning stood, by the way, upon an agreeably substantial basis, looking at the affair from a financial point of view. Soon after Jack's father had died and Jack had gone to live with his mother's relatives in England. He carried with him the memory of a pair of sweet eyes, for all the world like big, blue, dew-wet forget-me-nots, for wee Jessica had parted from her playmate with a particularly tender and protesting farewell. Twelve years passed. Neither chafed—as in novelistic traditions bound—against the paternal decision of their childhood. No fair English maiden displaced his first love in Jack's loyal heart. As for Jessica, she had grown to think of Jack as a hero who was coming across the sea to claim her. When she anticipated that coming before her mind's eye forth pranced a snowy charger bearing a plumed knight.

On day, just two weeks ago it was, she went down to the drawing room in response to the servant's announcement. A gentleman standing in the window turned at her entrance. He came swiftly forward, both hands extended, his face brightening with gay admiration.

"It is—it is—little Jessica!"

She knew him then. Without curveted no splendid steed. By his side swung no jeweled scabbard. Around his neck was swung no mandolin. From his shoulder fell no cloak of ruby velvet. Not stalwart statured was he, nor raven haired, nor flashing eyed. Not the grand creation of her girlhood's sweet foolish dreams, in truth, his rivals would have said, a very ordinary young man. But he had come! Jessica's heart gave a great throb. A true woman, though, ego, an archhypocrite, she put her hand in his with an air of cool surprise, a touch of well-bred reproof in her greeting.

"And you are—Mr. Sutherland!"

Neither had in any way suggested the odd relation in which they tacitly stood to each other. Both felt the chain that bound them, for all its massive golden links a very frail and brittle one in the passionate strength of youthful impulse. Neither would be slow to fling it off if the bandage proved oppressive. However, it did not. The childish, ignorant, romantic affection which had been smoldering in their hearts since the sorrowful parting of the playmates, at a word, a touch, a look blazed up into a pure, and strong, and steady flame. Of his courtship Jack Sutherland made short work. Putting aside the understanding between their fathers like the man he was, he wooed her for her own sweet sake. Just two nights ago he had told her in his own direct fashion how dearly he loved her. And Jessica—well, last evening had come the sapphire ring that—only last evening and to-day this!

If Miss Murphy's neat little shell had not brought death it had caused pain akin to it.

"It's the money!" moaned Jessica. "It's the horrid detestable money he wants. It isn't me!" And then a face with clear brown eyes and a grave smile arose before her and she broke down crying afresh.

But after awhile she sprang up rubbing two small resolute fists in two very pink eyes. "I won't see him to-night. And I'll be in the library at 10. And I'll hear what else he has to—No, I won't! I won't eavesdrop. But I'll look my very loveliest—I will—I will!"

And she did.

As she came up the parlors at Mrs. Bryant's "small and early" Miss Murphy—always first on the field—looked at her in amazement. Quite a bewitching vision little Miss Ray to-night, rose-lipped, star-eyed, smiling, her slim, dusk draperies of lace trailing softly behind her, a huge cluster of violets at the bosom. It was after 10 before she could escape from her companion and make her way to the library. Her hand on the portiere dividing that apartment from the morning room, she paused.

Voices. She didn't intend to eavesdrop. Of course, it was unintentional—all was said and over so quickly. Equally of course it was dishonorable, but I think as a rule we are not apt to consider questions of honor with extreme nicety when our hearts are very sore.

"I've decided to take her," Jack's quiet voice was saying wearily. "It's the only thing I can do now."

Ned spoke.

"She's skittish, I know, but (by way of consolation) she may outgrow that."

Jessica groaned involuntarily. Jack glanced toward the curtain.

"Well, drop the subject." In a lower voice: "Keep it dark, like a good boy. I don't want people to know I am such a young fool as to be taken in by a bag of bones, all paint and drugs."

Jessica was plump as a partridge, and her complexion was a "bloom" patented by nature's self. The morning-room was unlit, save from the hall. Thank goodness for that! She felt herself growing faint and dizzy. Was that Jack who talked so—could it be—her Jack?

"Oh, come now!" laughed Ned, "you know you are exaggerating. She's not quite as bad as that!"

"Pretty nearly!" ruefully. "I don't so much mind her skittishness—I could break her of that, I flatter myself—but she has a terrible temper!"

She must not faint, Jessica told herself frantically. Oh, she must not! Was that dark thing beside her in the shadow of the portiere a fauteuil? She sank down on it heavily, weakly, exhaustedly. Horror of horrors! It at first succumbed a second to her weight, then moved, protested with vigorous energy, shrieked.

All faintness banished, Jessica leaped to her feet, her soft, quick cry of alarm mingling with that muffled roar of rheumatic agony.

"That's aunt!" gasped Ned.

"Jessica!" cried Jack. He strode forward and flung aside the portiere. The light from the library poured into the shadowy morning-room. It fell on Jessica standing just within very white and trembling, and it showed on the floor a large and ungraceful heap of crushed drab silk and bugles, disordered "front," and gruesome groans.

For a moment they stood and stared—speechless. But Miss Murphy kept on groaning.

"What is it all about?" queried Ned bewilderedly, helping his aunt to rise.

"I—I," faltered Jessica, "sat down on Miss Murphy!"

"What?" cried Ned.

"We were eavesdropping," confessed Miss Murphy, with venomous candor, "and Jessica took me for a footstool and——"

"My darling!" whispered Jack (no, not to Miss Murphy) "I thought when I heard your voice you were hurt or—"

Jessica flamed up.

"How dare you? Stand back sir! Here's your ring." She tugged bravely, but it fitted well. "I have heard in what manner you speak of me. No," disgustedly, "don't appear astonished! Recall your conversation of yesterday morning with Ned Sales."

Ned stared at being thus abruptly referred to. Jack looked dazed. "I did not intend to hear such another conversation as that which had been repeated to me, but I did. If I'm—I'm," the rose crimsoning in her cheeks, "skittish," bringing out the hateful word with a jerk, "and—and a deuced—bad—bargain," slowly, "and if I've got a ter—ter—here's your ring!"

She had wrenched it off at last.

But Jack did not take it. His dumb dismay had turned to uproarious mirth. It was well a noisy polonaise was in progress in the drawing-room. He laughed. He kept on laughing. Suddenly the whole ludicrous misunderstanding bursting on Ned he struck in with a very yowl of delight, and they fell into each other's arms like a couple of crazy boys and supported each other and laughed.

But recollecting Jessica standing there, Sutherland explained, between shameful relapses into laughter, "It was—a horse. I thought I knew all about horseflesh. I knew nothing. I fondly fancied I had found a Maud S. Jim Smiley's famous nag could beat her. I gave a thousand for her. She's worth—an, now you understand!"

For Jessica had sprung forward, mouth and eyes three sweet, remorseful "O's!"

"Jack—Jack! And how I talked just now!" all riotous blushes. "I must have, after all, a—a—the kind of a temper you said the horse had."

"I'll risk it!" laughed Jack.

Heedless of Mrs. Bryant's small nephew, who had entered and stood stockstill an exclamation point of inquisitive delight; heedless of Ned, who clung in silent, spasmodic convulsions to the portiers; heedless even, this rash young man, of Miss Murphy—that ancient virgin who, rigid and frigid, glowered at him in an access of scandalized modesty, he took his sweetheart in his arms with a good, long, loving kiss, and thus adoringly addressed her:

"Doubted me, did you? You—contemptible little—wretch!"

The Prince of Wales, who as Duke of Cornwall, is ground landlord of Kennington oval, the great South London cricket ground, has inserted a singular provision in renewing the lease. He stipulates that soldiers, sailors, policemen and postmen in uniform are at all times to be admitted to the grounds free.

Church cars are a recent Russian improvement. They are intended for the Siberian Railroad.

GOSSIP FOR THE FAIR SEX.

SOME ITEMS OF INTEREST ON THE FASHIONS.

Taffeta Silk Hats—Cutting the Eyelashes—Professional Housekeepers—First German Ladies' Club.

TAFFETA SILK HATS.

Taffeta silk hats are the latest cry in millinery. The silk is doubled and shirred for the brim. The crown is one of high puff, and the trimming consists of black feathers, black velvet and a fancy ornament.

CUTTING THE EYELASHES.

Sometimes cutting the eyelashes to make them grow may be successful, but in most cases if is not. For this reason I should discourage the practice, as in some cases which have come under my knowledge eyelashes which have been cut have never grown out fully. Besides even when they do, they are too frequently bristly and rought, and therefore unsightly.—New York Journal.

PROFESSIONAL HOUSEKEEPING.

The principal duties of a professional housekeeper are to look after the servants, engage and pay them, and see that their work is properly done; and, where there is no steward, to do the provisioning. She is also expected to see to the linen closets, purchase kitchen utensils when necessary, and attend to the repairing of furniture. In a small household, where there are only two or three servants, the housekeeper mends the household linen. In such cases she is generally treated as a member of the family, but is less independent than in the large establishment, where she has her own apartments and leads her own life.

FIRST GERMAN LADIES' CLUB.

German women are advancing gradually, although as yet a long way from the heights of emancipation to which their British sisters have attained by almost unconscious evolution. The first German ladies' club was opened in Berlin in January, under the presidency of Frau Minnie Kaver. Its membership will include all women doing literary, artistic, scientific and social work, without distinction, rank or party. The club, which aims at sociability and intellectual suggestion, is formed on American lines, and inspires hope that the different groups of the modern German woman's movement, after working against one another, will now be brought together under one banner.

TUCKS IN FASHION.

Tucks have long been considered a simple trimming for childish gowns, but fashion is doing her utmost to insist that tucked skirts, tucked bodices, sleeves, etc., are entirely suitable for women who have passes their second, third and even fourth decade. Skirts for the spring and summer will be tucked to above the knees, or otherwise they will be tucked on the upper instead of the lower part of the skirt. If near the hem, the tucks are moderately wide. About the hips they are narrower, and as a rule the pleats are laid perpendicularly. The horizontally tucked skirt, bodice, yoke and sleeves with which we are now growing familiar date back to the gowns of 1827 and 1837, and in the histories of dress we see illustrations of this style in very early Victorian fashion. A pretty velvet sleeve on a model for a gown is wide at the top to simulate a small puff on the shoulders. Four or five graduated longitudinal tucks are arranged at this part of the sleeve; below, the fulness is sloped to the arm, and at the wrist fits tightly and then expands into a pointed calla-shaped cuff.—New York Post.

MERIT, NOT SEX, THE TEST.

Assemblyman Hopkins introduced a bill in the legislature which provides that male and female teachers, teaching under the same grade certificate, shall receive the same compensation.

We do not see what reasonable objection can be made to this proposition. It is fair and just. At the present time there is a disposition to pay male teachers in the public schools a higher rate of wages than is paid female teachers, and for no better reason, it seems, than that they are men.

In other occupations, where the value of service depends upon the physical strength or the power of endurance possessed by the servant, a man may be worth more to his employer than a woman, but the female school teacher who labors the same number of hours as the male teacher, does the same kind of work and possesses the same mental qualifications for performing that work, which is evidenced by the certificate that the board of education has given her, is certainly deserving of the same compensation as her male competitor.

Heretofore there has been a large discrimination against the female teacher. In New Jersey the average salary per month paid to male teachers is $79.84, while the average salary paid to female teachers is $45.49, which is a falling off since 1892-93 of $2.24 a month.

The profession of school teaching is a high and exceedingly important one. Those who enter it should receive liberal compensation, and there is no good reason why the service of female teachers working under the same grade certificate should receive less compensation than that of male teachers.—Trenton (N. J.) State Gazette.

THE NEW AESTHETIC GOWNS.

Aesthetic gowns are once more the rage, and the fashionable maid this season will adopt artistic designs for all her home dresses.

A shop in London is responsible for this new, or rather the revival of this old, freak of fashion, and every variety of quaint gowns is shown by this firm in its displays.

There are artistic designs for maidens lean and tall, for matrons plump and short, for middle-aged women, for school misses dreaming of their coming debut, and for tiny tots still in their nursery.

The accompanying illustration shows three of the prettiest artistic frocks seen in London this season. The short-waisted dress shows a charmingly planned creation of the Empire style, modernized and brought right up to date by adapting the present fashion in sleeves. The material is white Liberty silk, fine in texture and possessing the clinging tendency necessary in aesthetic garb. The yoke, girdle and body of sleeve is of white and gold silk passementerie, edged with metal gimp. The sleeve trimming is corded silk, lined with gold-colored satin.

A stunning frock fo rthe long-waisted girl of slender proportions is a study in violet called "Elaine." The different shades of the violet are in combination with silver and violent passementerie. The short petticoat worn under the skirt proper is of velvet, the deepest, darkest, richest shade ever seen in the fragrant blossom. The looped and trained skirt is of delicate violet pongee, of the real India variety. The sleeves, of the same silk, are lined with the palest hue of violet gauze.

A pretty substitute for the passementerie in reproducing this dress would be wreaths of violet for the skirt trimming and for neck sleeves and waist bands.

A quaint little frock for the school miss is fashioned somewhat on the lines of the pretty pictures in Kate Greenway's books. The plain little waist is short and fastened in the front with stiffly precise bows. The skirt is long and full, and the sleeves a single large puff, reaching to the elbows. A soft, full kerchief, edged with a deep frill, is worn at the throat.

This dainty frock is shown in soft silk, of delicate olive. The kerchief is of India mull and the bows olive velvet.—New York Journal.

RESOURCEFUL AT LUNCHES.

There is an excellent lady uptown in whose family boards a young man of domestic tastes and unassailable appetite. She puts up a lunch for him every day and he carries it with him to his business. Insofar this story does not differ in anywise from the experience of thousands of other young men who board in excellent families and carry their lunches. But this young man claims that for an infinite variety of luncheons that custom cannot stale, his landlady has the call.

Now, a luncheon, in the parlance of the life of him who boards, is a sandwich, or several of them. It takes considerable art to conceal the fact that he is eating something that he had yesterday, and expects to get again tomorrow. To vary the ration taxes all the resources of the commissary of subsistence, but it can be done. The young man in question has kept a journal, or commonplace book, in which he jots down, among other things, what he had to eat each day. From these items he has made a partial list of sandwiches, including those which had the following ingredients: Fig pasts, fried egg, grape butter, roast goose, honey, Hoboken rabbit, gooseberry, chicken, jelly, roast beef, lemon marmalade, wienerwurst, sugar ham, tongue, turkey, sausage, deviled ham and caviare.

It is always a moment of suspense with him when he sits down before his lunch, for he knows not what pleasant surprise it may have in store for him. Just now he taking a course of preserved ginger sandwiches with the best of results. The daily meal has its entrees of pie, pudding, or fruit, but it is the composition of the material lying between the two lids of the sandwich that concerns him who discusses it.—New York Mail and Express.

MILLINERY FOR WARM WEATHER.

There will be flowers, silks, gauzes, crepes, laces and ribbons, and plumes in the early millinery this year, and bright ornaments in greater numbers than have been seen during the cold months. There are to be many fancy braids in hats, made, some of them, in wide plats, with contrasting colors which are effective. Other braids are smooth and of a solid color, and are twisted into little odd conceits over wire frames. The crowns will be wider this year, to allow room for the knot of hair upon the top of the head.

Tall bell-shaped crowns and hourglass crowns appear, and rims are found to be narrower in the back than in front, or if wide at the back, are turned up high. Hats are large, but do not reach the size of the Gainsborough. Malines, chiffon, soft India silks, and tulle will be used with braids in hat manufacture. The thin materials are used for shirred rims and soft crowns. They alternate with laces for veiling the brim and swathing the crown of hats. The lace barb is shown in place of ribbon strings on some French bonnet models, the fashion of the moment says.

Ribbons of plain color will be used, and ribbons with gauze and satin stripes show strong contrasting colors. Black ribbons, fine and light, are of taffeta and watered moire, with a satin back. There are ribbons with mousseline and grass-linen effect, and some of the old glase ribbons are to be seen. These ribbons of the thinner varieties are some of them, plaided with a Scotch effect and some are in Roman colors. A feature of the lightweight ribbons is their width. They range from five to eight inches in width, some of them being as wide as ten inches. Velvet ribbons for bonnet strings are two inches wide and taffeta four inches.

Jet bonnet crowns and ornaments are to be found, and French gold ornaments have taken the place of cut steel and imitation jewels, but the gold ornaments will be set with all of these, and are in a variety of forms. Roses and violets still continue to be popular, and there are blossoms and berries not so appropriate to the season. The aigrette is passing and plumes occupy a prominent place in millinery with occasional birds and wings. Black, and black and white will be largely worn, and there are various shades of red, the garnet, jacqueminot in different shades to pink and rose, turquois blue, violet shaded to lilac, dahlia, orchid, and particularly greens—emerald and moss greens—in braids and ribbons.—New York Times.

Getting Out Coal.

The miner himself, down in the very vermiform appendix of the earth, uses now a diamond drill and much gunpowder, and furnishes his own tools. He works in pairs, and the two men together, under the most favorable circumstances, can "get out" seven wagon-loads of coal a day, if allowed to work full time. "Wagon" is the name they give to the little car that is used in the mine, which holds two and a half tons.

The pay is 65 cents a wagon, so it is possible for a miner to make $2.25 a day, out of which he must pay for his powder. But there is an inspector at the top of the shaft to examine every wagon-load, who knows as much about "dockage" as a sea captain. Dockage here means docking so much from the pay when there is too much slate in the coal. He may knock off a quarter, a half, or the whole of the pay, if the per centage of slate is too large.

The first real handling of the coal is when the miner shovels it into his wagon, and after that all the other mine processes are automatic. The wagon is hoisted like lightning on the car, which we would call the elevator, and at the top the coal is dumped into a chute, which carries it to the breaker. It is in big lumps at first, but the breaker attends to that.

It is a real coal baron, that breaker. It swallows down the great lumps and digests them and turns them out in eight sizes. The very smallest is called rice coal, no bigger than grains of rice. The next is buckwheat, and the next pea; but those three sizes are used only by manufacturers. Then come, growing larger at every step, nut, stove, egg, broken, and steamboat. The breaker, if provided with double rockers, and manned by sixty-five men and boys, will "run out" 285 wagons of coal a day, equal to 712 tons. From this one-fourth is to be subtracted for slate and dirt, leaving 534 tons of marketable coal a day. And each mine has, of course, as many breakers as necessary.

From the breaker the coal goes automatically through the washery, and comes out, still automatically, ready to be sold or shipped.—New York Times.

Machine Bread Making.

A new process of bread-making has been introduced in Montreal which promises to revolutionize bread-making in Canada. The process is technically known as the "antispire panificator," and simply described is as follows: The wheat, just as it comes from the threshing machines, is cleaned by washing. The grain is then ready to be reduced to a homogeneous paste or dough, as the baker would call it. The machine that does this is the feature of the process. The one in use in Montreal is a small one, but capable of producing eighty pounds of paste per hour. It stands about four feet high, with a small hopper on top, in which the damp grain is placed. The wheat disappears into a steel cylinder below, about two and a half feet long and six inches in diameter. Inside is the patent steel roller, driven in the case of this machine by a motor of only three and one-half horse-power. At one end of the cylinder is a pipe of one-inch diameter, and within two minutes after the wheat is put into the hopper and the machine started, the paste or dough begins to flow in a continuous stream through this pipe. This paste is the whole wheat reduced. Nothing is lost. This dough is then ready for the baker. Salt added and yeast, the kneading done, loaves made, and the process of rising begins, which in this case is quicker than with bread made with flour. The process is the invention of two Russians of Odessa, but it was first put in practice in Belgium. From there it spread to Germany and England, and is now introduced into Canada.

Deafness Among School Children.

The fact that myopia is frequent among school children is well known. It is not so well known that the impaired hearing is also frequently met with. The children thus affected are often accused of being lazy and inattentive, when in reality their ears are at fault. Helot shows that these cases are quite common, are easily recognized, are generally curable, and when cured a large number of children are transformed, so to speak, both from a physical and a moral standpoint. According to Weil, of Stuttgart, the proportion of school children with impaired hearing is 35 per cent.; according to Moure, of Bordeaux, 17 per cent. Helot agrees with Gele and other aurists that the proportion is always 25 per cent., or one-fourth. All the children in a class should be carefully examined, and these semi-deaf pupils will always be found among the "poor scholars." The cause of infirmity is to be sought for—nasopharyngeal catarrh following measles, scarlatina, whooping cough, adenoid vegetations, hypertrophied tonsils, etc.—and normal conditions are to be restored by appropriate treatment.

There are about 1100 artesian wells in South Dakota, and about half as many in North Dakota.