

TO PHYLLIS.

When clad in silk my Phyllis goes, As sweet as any summer rose, I think I love her silken clothes.

Then, when she wears her brown cashmere, Nothing seems to me so dear, I've quite forgot the silk, I fear.

And when I see her blue brocade I dare not look; I'm half afraid To see her go so sweet arrayed.

But when she wears her muslin white She is a dainty, heavenly sight, I like the muslin best at night.

No matter how my Phyllis fares, No matter what my Phyllis wears, No one with Phyllis quite compares. —Harvard Lampoon.

Professor's Experiment.

"What a good thing it is that there are snakes in England," said the professor meditatively. "Imagine, Sybil, if we had been condemned to pass our lives in Ireland, how much innocent recreation and scientific research would have been unavailable! Now, the English adder—"

Sybil looked up from a somewhat thick piece of bread and butter. "Do you allude to that blunt-headed and blunt-tailed thing, that loathsome death dealer in that little basket, papa?"

"Don't insult the poor thing, Sybil. Its poison fangs are only a means of self-protection. The true English viper seldom wantonly injures any one, although it is very vindictive and never forgets an enemy. If some one trod on your, wouldn't you bite?"

"But think of it, daddy!" (She had left her place at the table and was tenderly ruffling the professor's hair, greatly to his annoyance, for he did not bear fondling very well.) "To be full of the joy of life one moment, and then a prick, a cry, and life fades away. Everything turns gray; a film comes over one's eyes, and—death!"

"Death," said the professor, philosophically, "is a price often paid by men of eminence for the good of others. You observed this morning that I provoked the adder to strike a piece of meat."

"I wondered why you were stirring it up with the stick," said Sybil. "Don't speak of a viper as if it were a pudding," said the professor, testily. "I was exciting it to get rid of its poison. George Borrow and other authorities do not say how often the viper renews its poison. I am trying to discover this glorious fact for the last chapter of my great work on British snakes."

"And when it is done?" queried Sybil, doubtfully. She had heard a great deal about this famous book for years. It never seemed to progress beyond the last chapter but one.

"Then it will be published," said the professor, magnificently. "I shall write the concluding chapter of my book on snakes to-night—to-morrow seek out a patriotic publisher."

"I have heard," suggested Sybil, "that it is very difficult to get things published. Hadn't you better ask Alan Wyse?"

"You know how much I object to that young man, Sybil, and that I only tolerate him because of his position in the county. If it weren't for the kindness of his ratcatcher I should miss many valuable specimens. That hedgehog was—"

Sybil shuddered. She remembered how the prickly monster had escaped from the kitchen one night after a meal of beetles and crawled up stairs to her room, only to lose its footing and fasten on to the cat, which was peacefully sleeping by the mat in the hall.

"Wyse's lack of enthusiasm is distressing, and—and indecent. Only the other night he had the impertinence to tell me that I was working you too hard. Too hard! And then—"

The professor paused indignantly. "That's a very pretty frock, isn't it?" eyeing Sybil's somewhat shabby gown with a critical eye.

"Yes, dearest," said Sybil. "I thought so," answered the professor, indignantly. "That young man had the impertinence to tell me you were also suffering for the good of your country. He said I might make you a dress allowance instead of spending all my money on books. He said that I had no heart, and was a mere scientific curiosity myself. Me! A scientific curiosity! Monstrous! wasn't it? As if I hadn't been immolating myself on the altar of duty for the last twenty years."

"By the way, Sybil—you burnt my toast to-night. I don't like it burnt. A man who owes a duty to his country must keep up his strength for the struggle with such Philistines as Wyse; and when I had my nap this afternoon you didn't pull down the blind. Really, Sybil, I do not wish to blame you, but I am pained, pained beyond expression."

Sybil smiled faintly. Everything must be done exactly as he liked it, or Sybil and her "only general" were sure to hear of it for days to come. No one had the courage to tell the professor that he was a selfish old fraud, who ate and drank far more than was good for him—no one, that is, with the exception of Alan Wyse, who did not value matters at all.

"I couldn't leave you to sleep in the darkness, dearest, with that horrid thing—she pointed to the viper's basket—"so close to you."

"Pooh! nonsense," said the professor, testily. "If you'd like to go and stay with your aunt, Sybil, and leave me to struggle on without an amanuensis—go; I do not object. It would be kinder to stay, but I do not object. Never mind me. There is Wyse," said the professor, indignantly. "I am informed by the vicar that he is one of the things which other girls care for, though I'm sure I don't know why. The other day the man actually wanted to know when you could be married to him, I said—"

"Yes, daddy. Oh, daddy!" "Oh, I said that his selfishness amazed me, and declined to hear him further on the subject for at least two years. It's a curious thing," mediately continued the professor—"it's a curious thing how inconsiderate young people generally are."

Alan Wyse came in to see Sybil during the evening, while the professor sat in the library endeavoring to sustain exhausted nature with the aid of a bottle of forty-four port.

The professor's attitude in regard to questions of this sort was quite unimpassioned. The port had to be taken simply as a means to an end. He looked upon it as fuel.

Thus, argued the professor, what in another man might be considered gross personal indulgence, when regarded with an eye to motives, admitted of quite a different and all-sufficing interpretation.

It was not to be wondered at that he slept like a log after dinner. "I am quite ready to wait for you a reasonable time, dearest," said Alan Wyse, when they had moved to a safe distance from the professor's snores, "but this kind of thing may go on forever. He has actually put off our wedding for another two years in the most arbitrary manner, and simply to suit his own convenience."

Sybil put her hand on his lips. "You don't know, Alan, how helpless he would be without me."

The lamp burned dimly as they bade each other adieu. Sybil had turned it down, in order to conduce to that repose which the professor so greatly needed after the arduous labors of the day.

But Alan's wrath exploded in a fit of irrepressible disgust. Irritated by the sight of the professor's placid, yet emurpled countenance, he flung down his stick with a crash in a corner, hoping to cause a cessation of the snores which proceeded from the other end of the room.

The angry Alan so far forgot himself as to kick a small brown basket which his stick had knocked off the divan beneath the sofa.

Sybil indignantly refused to listen to his apologies. Seeing that he was only making matters worse, Alan reluctantly departed, blaming his own hastiness for having robbed him of his tete-a-tete with her.

Sybil sorrowfully returned to the room and curled herself up in the arm-chair beside her father.

He would be sorry for his hastiness to-morrow, and come back again. Meanwhile, she cried a little, pressed a tender kiss upon the professor's purple cheek, and forgot her sorrow in sleep.

Just at this time Alan, as he sat on the vicarage sofa—yellow daffodils, with a blue ground—felt a sudden twinge of pain across his temples. He turned faint and giddy, stopped in the middle of a sentence, and could scarcely speak.

"What is it?" asked Miss Twemley. "Aren't you well, Mr. Wyse?"

"I feel as if something had stung me to the heart," said Alan, faintly. "In the heart—or in the temples. If you'll excuse me, I'll go home. Something has happened—something terrible."

When he had reached the door Wyse began to laugh at his folly. Something cut short, the laugh, and he suddenly set off running in the direction of the professor's.

The viper had escaped from the basket, kicked across the room by Alan. It halted for a moment on the newspaper, and raised itself half off the ground with an angry hiss.

The professor had kept it in confinement for two days without food. The viper reached the professor's chair, and crawled up into Sybil's lap. Soothed by the warmth of her body, it coiled itself up drowsily.

Unfortunately, Sybil stirred. The viper's anger quickened. It glided upward to the professor's chest, and, as Sybil restlessly raised one arm, buried its fangs in the girl's soft, white flesh.

Wyse burst into the room with a despairing cry, and broke the viper's back with one blow of his stick.

He made a resolute effort to pull himself together, turned up the light, carried Sybil to a couch and immediately applied his lips to the wound in her arm.

She smiled gratefully up at him. Wyse motioned to the horrified servant to run for a doctor. The professor crosly sat up. He was genuinely alarmed, and refused to stop in the room, lest he should by any chance tread upon the viper's writhing body.

Sybil held her lover's hand, and looked up at him with big, frightened blue eyes. Suddenly she gave a little cry of horror.

"Alan! Alan! What are you doing? You will die too!" "I hope so," said Wyse, fiercely. "But my dearest, you shall not die if I can prevent it," and he again applied his lips to the wound.

When the doctor came half an hour later, he was puzzled and presently took Wyse aside.

"She's little the worse for the bite," he said, reassuringly. "There are none of the usual symptoms. Perhaps it wasn't a viper at all."

A careful examination of the dead snake's mouth showed that the channeled teeth, with which the poison gland communicates, had been broken off short, in all probability while the professor had been prodding with a stick.

Somehow the professor has never written that last chapter of his great work, but is still revising the earlier portions.

Wyse permits his father-in-law to dwell with him on the sole condition that if the professor wishes to experiment with snakes, he is to lock himself up with them in the garden tool house, and bear the brunt of any mistakes which may happen.

Consequently, the professor's ardor has died a natural death, and he declines to take any risks which might involve such an irreparable loss to science as his own premature decease.—Waverley Magazine.

NEW YORK'S COFFEE TRADE.

Nine-tenths of the Country's Importations Enter That Port.

The increased American demand for tropical and subtropical products forms a marked striking feature of American import trade as indicated in the most recent monthly summary issued by the Treasury Department.

Such imports of tropical and subtropical products now amount to \$350,000,000 per annum, including sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, spices, fruits, rubber, cork, rice, nuts, indigo, olive oil and ivory. The largest item of such commerce is sugar, and tea and coffee follow.

New York city's commercial supremacy as the chief coffee port of the western hemisphere was unsuccessfully challenged some years ago by Baltimore, a port nearer the sources of coffee supply, and it has again, but less seriously, been challenged by New Orleans.

The importations of coffee into the United States are to the amount of 900,000,000 pounds a year, of which 600,000,000 are shipments from Brazil, two-thirds of the whole amount. From other South American countries 90,000,000 pounds are shipped to the United States, from Central America 45,000,000, from Mexico 30,000,000, and from the East Indies direct 10,000,000, and from the East Indies via European ports as much more.

The United States is one of the great coffee-consuming countries of the world, and the importance of coffee as an article of commerce is considerably enhanced by the fact that in addition to the large amounts of it imported into the United States for domestic consumption, there is a trade of \$3,000,000 a year reshipped from this country to European ports, chiefly France, Germany and Holland.

Until a year ago ninety per cent of the imports of foreign coffee were to the city of New York, which received 6,900,000 bags, the annual average of New Orleans being 300,000, of Baltimore 200,000 and of San Francisco 150,000. No other American cities import coffee in any appreciable amount, and the disparity between New York and its three competitors is so large as to preclude the notion that New York's lead can at any time be seriously challenged. In behalf of New Orleans the claim is made that freight rates are about one-half the rates to New York.

The extension of American influence over Cuba and Porto Rico has had the effect of stimulating closer commercial relations with those two islands, both of which are coffee producers, and the facilities of delivery of coffee in New Orleans are greater than in New York, besides which sundry western trunk lines have made New Orleans their harbor terminus for the shipment of American grain and merchandise to foreign countries and return, and the delivery there of coffee for shipment to the cities of the far and middle west would thus be facilitated. New York has its coffee exchange, and this city shares with Havre and Hamburg only its importance as a shipping port for coffee. New Orleans, though nearer than New York is to Brazil, is not in such good connection with European ports and, moreover, the largest coffee consuming states are on the Atlantic seaboard, and of all these states (since Baltimore ceased to be a factor in the market) New York is the great distributing point.—New York Sun.

King Edward as a Man Who Knows Things.

The new King is the most experienced man of the world that has ever ascended a throne. He has seen life in every capital, he has met every celebrity of his time, he has for long been in touch with almost every class of the community, and he knows the intimate history of his own period as no other man does. He has visited the "thieves' kitchens," the "doss houses," and the opium dens of the East End; he has been conducted through the chief manufacturing of the country, he has occupied the chair at hundreds of meetings, he is the most familiar face at the theatre, at the opera, and on the racetrack; he has been to every exhibition of importance, and almost every work of art with any serious pretension to merit has been submitted to him for his approval. He is popular, he is an excellent speaker, he has tact and humor, his memory is phenomenal, and he has been trained by the late Queen to spare neither himself nor any trouble in the exercise of his public duties.—London Truth.

WE LEND MONEY ABROAD.

WHY CERTAIN FOREIGN LOANS ARE PLACED HERE.

There is a Very Human and Interesting Phase to Some Recent Purchases of Bonds in the United States—Cause of Morgan's Masterful Position.

The placing of the bulk of foreign government loans with corporate and individual investors in the United States, which began last year, promises to be repeated on a much larger scale during the current twelvemonth, says the World's Work.

There is a very human and a very interesting phase to these purchases of foreign bonds which has thus far escaped general attention. It was first manifested a year or so ago, when, one of the cantons of Switzerland being desirous of floating a loan of moderate size, it was intimated to the canton authorities from a friendly quarter that many of the Swiss settled in America had prospered greatly in their new home, and would be glad to invest some part of their savings in the bonds of the Fatherland. This hint was promptly acted upon, and, as had been predicted, the entire issue was subscribed for by Swiss-Americans. In like manner nearly if not all of the more recent and more considerable Swedish loan was taken by the well to do Swedes of the Northwest, while, since the opening of the new year the kingdom of Bavaria floated a loan of twenty-five millions through its financial agents in New York, almost all of the subscriptions to it, which were entered within twenty-four hours, representing the desire of the sons of Bavaria to invest their savings in the obligations of that country. The kingdom of Saxony, also, during the past few weeks has successfully placed a ten-million loan, the greater part of which was largely subscribed for by men of Saxon birth now resident in the United States; and bankers who have kept a watchful eye on these several transactions express the belief that many millions of similar obligations will find a ready market in this country within the next few years, since it is now clear that the Fatherlands possess not only a sentimental interest, but one strong enough to impel the American citizen of foreign descent or birth to share the prosperity that has come to him in his New World home with his own Fatherland.

Permanent investment, however, in loans like those to England and Germany is made chiefly by the great life insurance corporations, whose resources and yearly revenues tell a story of wealth-growth without parallel in financial history. The reports for the last calendar year of three of these corporations having headquarters in New York show that they have outstanding nearly three and a half billions of insurance, and that they possess in the aggregate not far from one billion of assets. Resources such as these give them enormous power and prestige, and, in some respects, greater authority than the associated banks of New York. Their strength and influence tend steadily to increase, such is the impelling force involved in the creation and maintenance of a billion-dollar corporation; and the day is not far distant, if it has not already arrived, when a loan issued by an English king or a Russian czar will be underwritten on bloc by the president of an American life insurance company.

It is also worthy of note that these insurance corporations is largely due the unique and masterful position which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan holds in the financial and industrial worlds. That gentleman possesses the qualities of successful leadership; but had he not been able to count at all times upon the aid and co-operation of the men who control the finances of the greater insurance companies, many of the brilliant feats in reorganization and consolidation now standing to his credit would have been impossible of achievement.

Summer Man Less Gorgeous.

Summer shirt patterns have lost the splendor that distinguished them the last season, and the negligee shirt is not going to be nearly so brilliant as it was. Glaring pinks and vivid blues, stripes of yellow, green and red and solid colors of barbaric tinge have all passed out of fashion.

The seeker for striking patterns is confronted by sober blue and white or pink and white stripes, and nothing more glaring is to be had from the establishments that consider themselves foremost in matters of style. This condition is a reaction from the debauch of color that men's summer dress has displayed for the past three or four summers. Variety this year will be found only in the use of the dark buttons which contrast with the colors of the shirts and afford some picturesqueness.

There have been no changes this summer in the way of making the summer shirts. The best of them will have the broad pleats down the front. Some in plain white are relieved by a narrow stretch of hemstitching that adds variety and considerable expense. It is quite possible for a man to pay \$12 for a linen shirt and there are some to be had for \$18, but they are partly silk. All are made with the broad pleats down the bosom.—New York Sun.

Lincoln's Birthday as a Holiday.

Lincoln's birthday is a legal holiday in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Minnesota, North Dakota and in the state of Washington.

INSURANCE FOR DRUGGISTS.

They Are Protected From Blackmail and Their Own Mistakes in Mixing Drugs.

One of the latest things in the fidelity and casualty line is to insure druggists against what is called the wrong prescription man. For \$15 or \$25 a year several companies downtown guarantee druggists against damages arising from mistakes in compounding drugs. One of the most successful of these companies has 950 chemists of New York, Jersey City, Newark and New Haven on its list of subscribers.

The idea of insuring druggists against loss from their own mistakes originated in the belief of a number of leading pharmacists that they were the victims of a gang of rogues who made a practice of pretending that wrong medicines had been given to some member of their families, sometimes with serious results. The gang was partly broken up by the fidelity company which first assumed the responsibility of protecting druggists at \$5 a year each. An officer of this company says that there are fully 1,000 mistakes a year in the compounding of drugs.

"While there are so many genuine mistakes," he continued, "there are many alleged errors in mixing medicines, and some of the complaints are invented for the sole purpose of extracting money from the retail druggists. Our company guarantees to protect druggists against themselves, but our main desire is to prevent fraud on the part of those who want to blackmail one of our clients for something he has not done.

"It is a serious matter to make a mistake in mixing drugs, but it is frequently even more serious to the druggist to have it noised about that such a mistake was made. I have known chemists to be forced out of business by the publicity given to the fact that they made a blunder. Dishonest persons have recognized the fear that druggists have of an exposure of this kind and have taken advantage of the knowledge.

"Since we undertook to protect them a number of druggists have confessed to paying big sums to persons who said mistakes were made. I have the names of half a dozen so-called doctors who have aided an East Side gang that was engaged in the business of bleeding chemists.

"Still, there is nothing really remarkable in this protection of druggists. For instance, we have a special insurance for saloon keepers, guaranteeing them against financial loss through being locked up for violation of the excise law."—New York Sun.

Poisoning From Filled Teeth.

In Stomatologist Dr. S. H. Guilford discusses the subject of mercurial poisoning resulting from teeth filled with amalgam. The subject is one of utmost importance, as many physicians have gone to the extent of making their patients either have the teeth extracted, or gold fillings put in where amalgam fillings were. In filling a decayed tooth the dentist first removes as much as possible of the decayed matter, and after disinfection of the cavity fills it with an alloy of copper and silver, which is dissolved in mercury. Dr. Guilford maintains that there is no danger from mercury poisoning, as mercury is utterly insoluble in any of the secretions of the body except when converted into salts by strong mineral acids, and these do not exist in the human system. Should any metallic mercury be driven into the digestive tract, the writer asserts that it would pass unchanged. In conclusion it is stated that neither physicians nor their patients need feel any uneasiness from the presence of amalgam fillings in their teeth, as they are utterly incapable of causing mercurial poisoning.

Women as Letter Writers.

No trick of the feminine letter-writer arouses more mirth among postal employees than her propensity for scribbling her last words—and being a woman she has plenty of them—all over the back of the sealed envelope.

The number of women who do this is amazing. The sealed envelope has come to be the place for the inevitable P. S. Formal notes themselves, otherwise irreproachable in get-up, are not free from it. Such exposures don't imply an unalterable confidence in the P. O. clerks. They merely stand for the eternal feminine. Of course, the P. O. clerks haven't time to read all that is written on the envelope backs. Unlike so many of the practices of the sex, it doesn't even inconvenience them. But did they take the time, what a lot they might learn!—New York Sun.

His Birthday.

Although unrivaled in the art of cross examination, on one occasion Lord Russell was distinctly beaten by a witness.

"What is your age?" he asked. "Is it my age you are asking?" replied the witness.

"Yes, sir. Now speak up and be exact."

"And be exact! Well, of all the—"

"The court does not desire to hear any comments of yours. Tell the court your age."

"Well," said the man, "I celebrated my twelfth birthday last week."

"Don't trifle with the court and remember you are on oath."

"It's quite true. I was born on February 23, in leap year, and my birthday only comes once in four years."

Scientists are now talking about radium, which is said to emit perpetual light.

It must be a cowardly coin that turns tail when it's tossed.

PENNSYLVANIA NEWS.

The Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

THE CHESTER COUNTY MILK WAR.

Blast Furnace Combination—Rumors of a \$30,000,000 Organization in the Mahoning Valley—State Christian Endeavorers Vote for a Postponement of Convention Until 1902—Runaway Results Fatally—Other News.

More coal has been shipped South by river this month than in any other month in the history of the Pittsburgh river coal trade. All previous big records have been sent glimmering, and the coal men are pleased. The Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke Company has already sent South during March from Pittsburgh 600 coal boats and 400 barges, and this amount will be swelled before April 1 by the shipment of an additional 200 boats and 100 barges. The total shipped for the month will approximate the enormous amount of 300,000,000 bushels of coal, or about 1,200,000 tons.

The Building Committee of the Orphans' School Commission, consisting of Messrs. Mahon, Sample and Stineham, together with Captain John D. Patterson of Harrisburg, held a conference at Scotland as to the rebuilding of the mechanical department, recently burned. The committee decided to build over the old plans and specifications. A hospital will also be built south of the mechanical building.

Between the two buildings will be erected a brick structure especially for the band of the school. A new power house will be put up. Work will be commenced as quickly as possible.

Henry Rowe and Weston Keiper, the young men who a week ago held up Cashier Ryan in the Halifax Bank and killed him, were convicted at Harrisburg of murder in the first degree. The jury retired at 4:25 o'clock, when Judge Simminton's charge was finished, and at 5 o'clock rendered a verdict. The youthful murderers betrayed no sign of emotion as they heard the verdict, and were led away handcuffed to jail. This is regarded as breaking the record for a conviction of murder in the first degree, following so closely upon the commission of the crime.

The passenger traffic officials of the lines interested in Cleveland and Pittsburgh business got together at Pittsburgh and adjusted their differences. The decision to abolish further rate cutting between Pittsburgh and Cleveland was quickly reached, and the tariffs of the Central Passenger Association were established. This ends a rate war covering two years. The roads most directly interested are the Cleveland and Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh and Lake Erie and Pittsburgh and Western.

While playing marbles on the banks of Shamokin Creek, Lowell Thompson, 5 years old, fell in and was drowned. His companion, Clive Henninger, 4 years old, went home at once and said to his mother: "Little boy's gone. Lowell's head went down. You cannot see him no more, mamma." Mrs. Henninger immediately bore the news to Mrs. Thompson, who, with her infant in her arms, rushed to the bank, but her child was gone.

The farmers of Chester County expect to erect a creamery near Marshalltown within a short time. The plan is similar to one now in operation in various portions of New York. The farmers are doing some lively work in securing dairies for the new plant and are meeting with much success. The offer made by milk dealers for the month of April is not satisfactory to the farmers and the new plant is projected on that account.

As a result of the letter vote taken at the beginning of the month, Rev. G. F. Eberman, president of the Pennsylvania Christian Endeavor Union, will announce at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the State convention of the union, which is to be held in Pittsburgh next October, that until the summer of 1902 the union will hold its convention at the University of Pennsylvania, where the convention delegates have extended their stay.

While John J. B. Lennig was turning the American Company's support bridge, he killed both the driver and the latter's wife, and the latter's son-in-law, and saw his father's death.

George Nelms, a shoe maker, who lives in Park, has not taste any kind for seven weeks. He says that he has been eating jelly. He says that he has been eating jelly, which accompanies an does not trouble him at all, but has often fasted for many lost little flesh.

President McKinley following Pennsylvania Dawson, Charles J. Haven, Thomas W. Elizabeth W. Haseltine, Ruth, Beaumont, Hancock, C. W. Spring, J. H. Dick, Pyle, Kelly Point, Ellet, M. L. Freeman, R. Petty.

A consolidation of naces in the Mahoning Valleys, including Pittsburgh and Cleveland, effected. It is said already been taken of plants and the capital \$30,000,000.

David Gough, of employed as a car runner, killed. He attempted to car to another and fell.

J. J. Donahue, of convicted of stealing \$5,000, was sentenced to the State penitentiary for two years in the penitentiary.

The bank barn on the Postmaster William A. Pettibone, was destroyed by fire, and contents were insured for \$10,000.

Mrs. Joseph Kreidler, of Barre, was severely injured while picking coal on the railroad.