

LEFT ALONE.

By CLIFTON BINGHAM.

They're only a mother's treasures,
A curl of golden hair,
A dolly limp and broken,
And a frock you used to wear;
And her tears are falling on them,
For once you were her own,
But you were wed this morning,
And she is left alone!

"Twas hard to say good-bye, dear,
Twas hard to let you go,
But ah! the years bring joys and
tears
That only mothers know

She looks at all her treasures,
And her tears fall like sweet rain;
She feels your tiny fingers
Upon her cheek again;
She seems to hear your footsteps
Along the nursery floor
As she gazes almost blinded,
At the baby's shoes you wore.

"Twas hard to part with you, dear,
She always loved you so;
The love that's best beyond the rest,
That only mothers know.

It seems to her a dream, dear,
You've gone away a bride,
And that she will wake to-morrow
To find you by her side,
Ah, no, the tears are true ones,
But on her bended knee
She still can pray God bless you,
Though still alone is she.

For life's made sweet by love, dear,
Where'er our footsteps go,
But angels write in words of light
The light that mothers know.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tom's Miserable Luck.

By J. J. C. PURDY.

"I dunno how 'tis our Tom always has such miserable luck. I'm sure no boy tries harder for a chance to work, and no boy's capabler than he is, but things always seem to go against him, somehow."

Indeed, there seemed to be some ground for Mrs. Gill's complaint. Tom certainly did have a great many falls in his wrestle with the world. He was bright and active, not vicious and not lazy. He found plenty of opportunities to work, but the opportunities did not last.

"Tom hasn't got influence," his mother would sigh in explanation. "It takes influence to push a boy on, and how's a poor boy to get any influence?" When Tom was discharged from the Electrical Works, he assumed that his place was wanted for the son of some stockholder. The manager's explanation was different, but Tom's mother believed Tom.

As winter approached, the need at home was more urgent than ever, for the mother herself had fallen down the cellar stairs, and was woefully lame in consequence.

"I ought to have remembered that broken step," she said, dolefully. "Tom was goin' to fix it when it first got broke, but he kept puttin' it off, somehow." Under pressure of necessity, Tom announced himself as an odd jobber. He was handy and apt at many things; he could put an electric bell in order, rig up an electric gas-lighting attachment, put a new washer on a leaky pigot, contrive a kitchen shelf, mend a broken bracket, replace a shattered window-pane. All these things he undertook.

Mrs. Byrd gave him his first trial. She was not rich, she did not even keep a servant, but her word of commendation went far with the many rich people among her friends. Being interested in Tom's mother, she gave the boy two or three small jobs to do, and he did them well.

"You might try him," she said to her friends, "but don't promise any steady work till we see how he holds out. For he has had an unbroken run of what his mother calls 'miserable luck.' Perhaps his luck has changed now."

So Tom was given a good many jobs. Presently winter was close at hand, and furnace fires must be started.

"Build mine at once," Mrs. Byrd said to Tom. "I'll tell you exactly how I wish it managed." And she concluded: "I take you on trial for two weeks. It depends on yourself whether the trial shall last longer than that."

Then she was reminded that some boy had broken a pane of glass in the cellar window facing north.

"Put a whole pane of glass in there," she said, "before the first freeze. It won't do to have that water-pipe frozen."

"I'll put it in to-morrow morning," said Tom.

"Very well, I'll trust you for that." The mild weather lasted nearly a fortnight after this, and furnace fires were kept as low as possible. Tom had several of them to attend to, but not quite so many as at first. Already his miserable luck had caught up with him again. Several of his new employers had dispensed with him. Mr. Crane told him bluntly that, since he had "skipped" a day, he need not come back to finish weather-stripping the windows. When he went to lay Mrs. Wilson's vestibule oilcloth, he found it already in place. It was discouraging but still Tom did not give up.

The disappointment at Judge Grey's came near making him do that, however. He was called there to put an electric bell in order, and to put new wires to the gas-lighting attachment. He soon had the bell working perfectly, but when he went back, three days later, with the wire for the other job, he found that a regular electrician had been called in his stead, and that the work was already done. Why? Certainly no electrician in the city could do that job better than

Tom Gill could do it; and just because he had put off doing it for a couple of days!

The cold weather came suddenly. People woke in the night shivering for more blankets, and the next morning all ponds were covered with ice. Then the wind rose, and came in an arctic gale straight from the north. It blew so all day and all night, and before the second morning dawned the cold was bitter.

That second morning Tom was a full half hour late in getting to Mrs. Byrd's. She was in the kitchen to receive him, and he noticed a certain unusual graciousness in her manner.

"I ain't just on the minute this morning," he said, with his pleasant laugh. "Bed felt so good, I lay a little too long." "Just a little," said Mrs. Byrd, smoothly. "Now that you mention it, I think you have been late every morning; a half-hour or so."

Tom gave her an apprehensive look. "Well, you see them warm mornings I thought it wouldn't make any difference. You see—"

"But isn't a bargain a bargain?" she asked, calmly. "You know you agreed to be here every morning at half past six and don't you think I had a right to expect you at that time? I may be wrong, but it seems to me it was none of your business what the weather was."

"Oh, well, if you look at it that way—"

"And another thing," she interrupted him, in the same even tone. "Yesterday morning you left the furnace with only a very little coal in it, saying you would come back after breakfast. I am afraid your mother was worse, or you certainly would have come, especially as it was such a cold day."

"N-no, ma'am, mother wasn't worse, but—I'll tell you. One of our neighbors came in and wanted me to put up her stove—just a thank-you job—and I thought just for once maybe it wouldn't be any hardship for you to put on a shovelful or two, till—"

"No hardship at all, I assure you, for I didn't do it. I was out most of the day and all the evening. Didn't you find the fire rather low when you came in the evening?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I coaxed it up as well as I could, and I thought it would be—"

"I imagined so, for the horse seemed cold to me when I came in. Don't you think it is a little below normal this morning, even?"

She led him into the dining-room; it was as cold as a sawmill. "Perhaps it would be as well to go down now and see what can be done to improve matters," she said, and with the same dangerous sweetness of manner she opened the cellar door and followed close behind him down the stairs.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" At the foot of the stairway Tom stopped, pale, speechless, overwhelmed. The cellar was flooded with water, and a small cataract was still pouring into it. The water-pipe had burst.

Mrs. Byrd, close beside him, uttered a cry of fresh dismay. Bad as the situation had been fifteen minutes earlier, it was worse now. Her voice roused Tom from his stupor, and he splashed away through the water to the cut-off, turned it, and so stopped the rush. Then he waded to the furnace; it was fireless, and had been so since the night before. There, staring him out of countenance, was the vacant space into which he had promised to put a pane two weeks ago.

"I—I thought a few more days wouldn't matter—and I wasn't expecting the freeze yet, and anyhow I put a board against it last night. It must have blown in," he muttered, trying to excuse himself.

"And you are the one that never went back on a bargain!" Some of Mrs. Byrd's friends had never seen her angry, but she had her full share of human nature, and now she was fairly ablaze with wrath and scorn. Her tone and the look she gave Tom made him burn with shame. There could be no possible doubt about her opinion of him, and for the first time in his life he felt that it was the opinion he deserved.

"Never went back on a bargain!" she repeated. "You never did anything else! I knew your record, but I thought you might have learned a lesson at last, so I gave you one more chance; and this is the use you have made of it! You have cheated every friend I recommended you to. Even patient Judge Grey could not put up with your dilly-dallying! You are an out-and-out swindler from first to last!"

"No, ma'am, I ain't! Excuse me, but I ain't!" He came and looked straight into her angry eyes. There was a new sort of dignity in his respectful tone and in his pale face. "I was, but my luck's changed, and I ain't now."

"Go! I have no patience for any more experiments. Go!" He went meekly up the stairs. She followed him slowly, with the uncomfortable feeling every sensible person has after a fit of anger; she had said more than the occasion called for. Besides, there had been a ring of sincerity in his voice and a look in his eyes that added to her discomfort.

When she reached the kitchen Tom was at the door, ready to go out. He faced her, and in a businesslike tone said the most unexpected thing possible: "What plumber shall I go for? That pipe must be fixed right away."

"What have you to do with that? Don't you understand? You are discharged."

"No, ma'am, I ain't. Excuse me, but really I ain't. You see it's just this way. I've got to keep on working for you, and for all the rest of the folks that's dropped me, so as to make up for the way I've been doing. Understand? I ain't asking pay from you or from them; only to make it up to you. I can see now that I'm in debt, and I want to prove that my luck's changed."

"She wavered an instant, then laughed in spite of herself. 'I really believe your luck has changed! It used to be that you wouldn't stay in a situation, and now you won't stay out of one! Well,

run off and get Brown, the plumber, here as soon as you can. Then come back and build that furnace fire. The house is as cold as a barn, and I want my breakfast."

He went and came. And all winter he kept coming and going, not only to the house, but to one after another of the houses that had dispensed with him. His employers wondered if the reform would last; but long before spring all were convinced that his luck had changed indeed. Before another winter came he was back in the Electrical Works, and there he has stayed ever since.

EXTRAORDINARY DINING ROOMS.

Anything From a Barrel to the Swell-Box of an Organ.

An invitation to dine in a barrel has in itself no great element of attraction; but when the barrel takes the form of a champagne tun large enough to hold £200,000 worth of the seductive beverage, and when the dinner is one of a dozen courses, each perfect of its kind, the temptation assumes quite a different complexion.

This was the invitation issued two years ago to 155 chosen guests by Messrs. Fruhinshalt & Co., of Nancy, and the dining saloon was a colossal champagne tun built for the Paris Exposition of last year.

This tun was in the shape of an enormous barrel, 31 feet in length and diameter, with a capacity of 92,400 gallons; so capacious was it, in fact, that a small army of 3,000 men could have been packed in its interior. The mere preparation of the wood for its construction occupied four months; a year was spent in building it; its cost was £2,400 and it was so heavy that a strong locomotive would be required to draw it.

Within this truly regal cask covers were laid for 155 guests, just as many as the workmen who had made it; and for two hours a sumptuous feast, ranging from an overtire of potage à la bisque d'ecrevisses to a dessert that would have tempted Lucullus, was partaken of.

More remarkable even than this strange banquet was one which, a year ago, tempted the appetite of two dozen villagers on the northern coast of Norway. An enormous whale, a Great Northern rorqual, had drifted ashore, bringing an unexpected fortune in oil and blubber and whalebone to its fortunate finders. He was a monster, even of its kind, measuring eighty feet "from snout to tail," and yielded over £2,500 in bone and oil.

In honor of such a rich treasure trove the finders decided to give a banquet in the most novel dining room on record, the inside of a whale, which, after the removal of the blubber, afforded ample sitting room for thirty guests. How far the appetite of the guests was affected by the unesthetic atmosphere is not recorded, but it is said that some of the diners, toward the end of the meal, were so enamored by their quarters that they expressed the determination to stay there forever, and were only ejected by muscular force.

More than one banquet has been served in the interior of a large organ. The most notable, perhaps, was that given by the Silbermanns, a century ago, in the magnificent organ of the Royal Catholic Church, Dresden, where the vox humana stop was more predominant than it has ever been since.

Forty years or more ago ten guests sat down to a perfect little dinner in the swell-box of a Leeds organ; and the famous organ of the Sydney Town Hall was similarly converted into a dining room in which its health was drunk by a much more numerous body of diners.

It is no uncommon thing in California to dine and dance inside the trunk of one or other of the enormous trees which are so common there, some of which are over 300 feet high and ninety feet in circumference. In the hollow interior of one of these giants of the forest, in Calaveras Grove, a memorable banquet was given some years ago.

The trunk, which was thirty feet in diameter, afforded ample accommodation for the fifty guests invited, and after the dinner was disposed of and the tables cleared away twenty-five couples danced until far into the morning.—Tit-Bits.

More Women Are Needed.

There seems to be a shortage of women in the British colonies, if the reports of the census-takers are true. In two of them alone—Canada and Australia—there is a chance for 500,000 more to gain husbands and homes. According to the latest figures the population of New South Wales consists of 729,000 males and 628,000 females. Here is a deficiency of 100,000. In Victoria the discrepancy is not so marked, but in other colonies the difference is proportionally larger. In New Zealand, for instance, there is an excess of 50,000 males. Perhaps if the women realized how much they are needed there they would go in beavies. It is said, however, that they are too timid to venture into strange lands and are waiting for the colonists to come and take them. Students of conditions think something could be done to equalize the sexes, both in the colonies and at home.—Yonkers Statesman.

Chinese College For London.

In future if an Englishman wants to learn Chinese he will not be obliged to travel to China to do it. A Chinese college is to be established in London; and, though the college is not yet built, some of the professors have already arrived and have started work. The professors wear their ordinary oriental gowns when taking classes, and many pupils have joined—army men, engineers, city clerks and budding diplomats. Of course, there have long been Chinese professors at Oxford and Cambridge, but this is the first venture of the kind where the teachers are all natives of the Celestial Empire.—Tit-Bits.

AMATEUR SCULPTORS.

THEY NEED COOL HEADS AND FIRST CLASS PLASTER.

Ornaments For the Home—Hints as to How They Can be Made if the Beginner Has a Little Ingenuity and Patience.

Few people realize the pleasure and instruction that can be gained from making plaster casts, says Good House-keeping. It is inexpensive, and the utensils required are found in every household. A cast of the baby's chubby hands or foot, or in fact a cast of any kind, is not only a delight, but an ornament. The great secret in making successful plaster casts lies in not getting excited. Care should be used when getting the plaster that it be plaster of paris, and that it be bought from some shop where it is sure to be fresh, as that which is obtained from a drug store is apt to be stale and will not "set" properly.

A few quarts of plaster should be sufficient for a first attempt; a bucket of water, a tin basin, a tin spoon, some oil or soapuds, and if possible some common modeling clay and a bottle of ink are all the materials required. A mold is first taken of the object, and when this is filled it gives the cast. There are two kinds of casts, those where only part of the object is shown, the other part resting on a tile or plaque, and those that show the whole object, or are in the "round." The hand is about as simple an object as can be found and is more interesting than most things, as the hand on the tile is the easiest, it would be well to start with that. Place a sheet of paper on a table and then grease the hand thoroughly with the oil or thick soapuds to prevent the plaster from sticking to the skin when removing the mold.

When the hand is placed in the position wanted, fill the spaces underneath it, where it does not touch the table, with clay, or if clay cannot be obtained use putty. It is convenient to make a small wall of clay around the object to prevent the plaster from running, but it is not necessary. Put about a quart of cold water in the basin and keep the spoon under water to avoid making bubbles. Use enough plaster to make it the consistency of batter; if a little salt is added, or hot water instead of cold is used, the plaster hardens or "sets" more quickly. A small quantity of ink or any coloring matter will make it easier to distinguish the mold from the cast, and will also make it more brittle or "rotten," and easier to separate the two. Pour the plaster over the hand, taking care that there are no bubbles, until it is about half an inch thick. It will require a few minutes for it to set, and is ready to lift off when it can be scratched with a knife. It is easier to turn the hand and mould up and lift the hand out than to take the mould off the hand. If any plaster has run under the fingers, cut it away with a dull knife.

Should the hand not come out easily, working the fingers separately will often loosen them. The mold should be allowed to dry a few hours and then be filled with white plaster, the same consistency as was used for the mold. A wall of clay about an inch high will have to be built around the edge of the mold which, when filled, gives the tile for the cast to rest on. Let the whole dry, and then chip the mold away with a knife; the mold, being of a different color, can be readily distinguished from the cast.

In making the mold for a cast in the round, after the hand has been oiled, sink it to about half its depth in a bed of plaster, leaving about half an inch for thickness. Make the rim smooth, and when hardened, oil; now cover the upper half with plaster. When set this should be knocked apart easily and the hand lifted out. Another way, but a more difficult one, after putting the hand half way in the plaster, and before this has dried, is to put a thin, strong string around all the edges of the fingers, letting the ends come out at the wrists. When the hand is entirely covered with plaster, and before it has hardened, pull the string out, which cuts it in two. This is the best way to cast a foot. The manner of filling both these kinds of molds is the same. Oil and tie the two halves tightly together and fill with plaster; let harden and lift the molds off.

Only one cast can be made from molds like these. At shops where plaster casts are made and sold and a number of the same casts are wanted, a gelatine mold is made; being elastic it is easily pulled off without harm to the cast, and still retains its shape and can be filled any number of times. The yellow or ivory finish that is given to many casts is obtained by using white shellac, which can be had already mixed from a paint shop. By adding oil paint any desired color can be obtained. Rubbing with a cloth gives a high polish. A bronze finish can be given by coating with a mixture of white wax, dissolved in turpentine, to which bronze or green paint has been added.

A fine set of casts, which would interest children and could be used in the schoolroom, could be easily made, such as fruit or vegetable forms, apples, bananas, potatoes, corn, or simple animal forms, such as frogs, fish, etc., also models that one has made and wishes to preserve.

Queer Neighbors.

John Widgeon, the field collector of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, has had many experiences while collecting the specimens for the museum. He has captured almost every species of reptile, both poisonous and otherwise, to be found in the State, and in their pursuit has noticed many peculiarities. "It is remarkable," he says, "how some of the deadliest enemies live in close proximity to each other. Several

years ago while exploring Kent Island I ventured up a forty-foot hickory tree to inspect a large fish-hawk's nest. When almost to the nest I was surprised to see an enormous black snake wrapped around the heavy sticks at the bottom of the bulky nest. The snake, although at such an unusual distance from the ground, did not lose its presence of mind, but dropped gracefully from limb to limb until it reached the ground. Continuing to the nest, I found a large family of field mice. Above this was a nest full of live sparrows, and upon the top of the hawk's nest were three young hawks just hatching.—Baltimore Sun.

A TAME CROW.

He is Sociable and Likes to Have a Good Time.

He began his career in the fens, on a tree overlooking the river Nene. One bank holiday in June two boatloads of "bricky lads" splashed up, spying the nest, one of the boys swarmed up the slender willow and captured him and his brethren. Finding that they were only crows instead of jackdaws, as they had hoped, they thought of killing them, when their teacher stepped in on behalf of James, and he at least was saved. Henceforth his home was to be changed from the broad fens to a little yard in the centre of a town. At this time he could not feed himself, but already his fighting powers were well developed, and he used his tremendously strong beak and claws to good purpose. However, he soon learned to pick up his food and to make himself more than at home. His first duty was that of a watchdog; as soon as the bell rang the dog barked and James crowded, but since the dark weather began he has ceased to crow, but shows his feelings by hissing when he is angry and talking softly in his way when he is pleased. He has become quite the cock of the walk, both the dog, a terrier renowned for fighting, and the huge family cat being in terror of him. Indeed, he chases both of them round the yard, and once pulled the latter by the tail. The servant is fond of having what she calls a pantomime— that is, getting the three animals in a room together and watching the bird give chase to the others. The cat mews, the dog howls and hides his face in her skirts for protection, but neither of them is ever hurt.

In the autumn he took a great fancy to a family of pups who lived next door, and would insist on getting over the wall as often as possible to have a game with them and their mother. She, a collie, and only a pup herself, thought it a great joke, and danced about, shaking her head and beating him down with her forepaws. At last the games became so rough that they had to be stopped for fear of James coming to grief. He is very sociable and an energetic dancer. His great delight is to come into the house, and he demands admittance by determined knocks with his beak at the back door or scullery window. Fierce as he was when we first knew him, he now enjoys nothing more than being stroked, holding his head down and chattering the while. He is very clean, and even during the winter he raps impatiently at the window in order that he may come in and have his bath. The cold water tap is turned on him, and he walks to and fro under it, splashing himself to his heart's content. He is a fine bird, with a strong personality.—London Spectator.

Vegetarians and Science.

If we were to believe the vegetarians, we should hold that man was naturally a ruminant and graminivorous, and only became carnivorous when he degenerated from the pure ideal of primitive man. Unhappily for this pretty theory, the teeth of human beings show that they were not intended to eat herbs only, and, indeed, man has never had either the teeth or the digestion for a purely vegetable diet. A German professor has been inquiring into the matter, and lays it down that vegetarianism originated in the East, not from choice, but from necessity, owing to a scarcity of meat. The Northern Europeans of the inter-glacial periods were hunters of the mammoth, and the Danish "kitchen middens" show us that the primitive European subsisted on meat and fish. The Asiatics, on the contrary, became shepherds and farmers. They had grain and cattle, and when they overflowed into Europe they brought a mixed diet with them. The essential thing, says the German professor, is to maintain a proper proportion between meats and vegetables, and the best proportion is one part of meat to five of cereals and vegetables. A mixed diet has much to do with man's superiority. The fault of a purely vegetable diet is that it produces too much heat in proportion to its nutritive value, and the digestive system wastes in assimilating bulky food the energy which might be used in mental work.—London Globe.

Determination of Death by X-Rays.

The subject of the definite determination of death is one of great importance, and few tests are from time to time submitted. The latest one suggested, as we learn from the American X-Ray Journal, is that of Professor Ottolenghi of the University of Siena. The professor is said to have "discovered" that, while it is easy to apply the rays to the lungs of a person who is alive or in trance, it is extremely difficult, indeed practically impossible, to apply them to the lungs of a person actually dead." The reason is that some intervening obstacle prevents the rays from penetrating into the body. He has repeatedly made a test of this kind, always with the same result. Professor Ottolenghi therefore suggests that, as this test can be easily made by any physician, it should in future be employed in all cases where there exists doubt of death.—New York Medical Journal.

At present there are 78,000 houses in Paris, France, only 24,000 of which drain directly into the sewers.



In the face of slander American locomotives can still blow their own whistles.

It is hoped that science will make this summer memorable by practically demonstrating its plans for the extermination of the mosquito.

Princesses have been born where princes were desired to the royal houses of Italy and Russia. Are the boys learning to shun the dangerous thrones?

In Texas there are sixty-six counties which have a greater land area than the State of Rhode Island; one of them, El Paso, is considerably larger than Massachusetts.

The value of property exempt from taxation in the entire territory of Greater New York has risen from about \$553,000,000 to \$572,000,000 in a single year. This is an official estimate.

George Washington was the richest man in the United States when he died, yet his wealth amounted to less than half a million dollars. As J. Pierpont Morgan would say, poor old George!

The tendency to crime is computed to be greatest at the age of twenty-three years, between that and fifty years being the maximum period. The relative population between men and women is four to one.

Russians are now talking about a submarine boat which will cross the ocean in two days. Russian is a hard language to learn, but once mastered it serves the purposes of a flexible imagination as well as any other.

Dr. Barth, in the Revue des Deux Mondes, asserts that one-fourth of all the deaths in Paris are due to consumption. Of all that city's adults who die between twenty and thirty years of age, sixty in every one hundred are victims of the great white scourge.

It is represented that in Greater New York over 1,000,000 incandescent and over 30,000 electric arc lights are burning every night. It is estimated that not less than 200,000 horse-power is employed in their production. This is more than the combined power equipments of the entire navy of the United States.

Consul-General Guenther, at Frankfurt, Germany, reports to the State Department at Washington the existence in tropical Africa of an ideal food of the bean family, which the chemists say is the only fruit found in a natural state that shows all the chemical properties of a perfect nutriment. Two pounds of these beans would supply the daily requirements of the human system.

Canada has granted railroad subsidies up to date amounting to \$88,884,557 and 32,725,130 acres of land. The provinces have also granted \$31,310,170 and the municipalities \$15,884,542, making a grand total of \$136,079,269 of public money in addition to the land. Of this amount the Canadian Pacific's share of the Dominion subsidy amounted to \$62,742,816 in money and 25,000,000 acres of land.

An ambitious task for student labor has been set by George A. Merrill, at the head of the Wilderming school of industrial arts and the California school of mechanical arts in San Francisco. This is the construction of a brick and terra-cotta building to be 160 by seventy feet wide, and three stories high. The work will begin at the opening of the next fall term, and may continue for some years, as only the students are to be employed upon it.

The second-hand bread industry in London appears to be in a prosperous condition. The material is collected from restaurants and dust heaps. This is sorted into first and second quality. The former is baked and then cut into discs for soup, and the second quality is sold for food for poultry and domestic animals. In the United States the collections are regularly made, but it is not sorted or rebaked. It is invariably found good enough to consume on the spot by the collectors.

The recent suicide of von Minckewitz, the former chess champion, in a fit of insanity, following so soon after the death of Steinitz also from insanity and the similar ending of Morphy some years ago has drawn renewed attention to the disastrous effects the inordinate gratification of the chess passion may produce. Most of these great players give themselves up absolutely to their chosen form of mental dissipation, and unless the mind is powerfully constituted the result is a mental wreck.

The Attorney General's report of the operation of the Federal bankruptcy law for six months shows that 9,500 petitions for voluntary and 1,075 for involuntary bankruptcy were filed in the various States in that period. It appears that the bulk of the applications are from old bankrupts who are taking advantage of the law to reinstate themselves in business. The records show that in the cases settled the assets of the bankrupts come to only five per cent. of their liabilities, on the average. The bankrupts for the period include 750 farmers, 3,850 wage-earners, 1,380 merchants, 125 manufacturers and 145 professional men.

Seven thousand mills in Russia grind annually over 10,000,000 tons of grain.

It's the high flyer who finds that riches take unto themselves wings.