

## NEW YEAR.

I welcome thee, New Year! Look!  
opened-armed I wait.  
Thy footsteps drawing near, thy hand  
upon the gate;  
O, swiftly haste, by river, plain and  
mead!  
My trust in thee is placed and for thy  
grace I plead.

I welcomed thee, New Year, with eyes  
o'er full of love;  
'Twas God who sent thee here from  
radiant worlds above;  
'Tis God whose voice shall sound and  
call thee home at last;  
On good or barren ground thy seed-  
ling moments cast.

I welcome thee, New Year, by heart  
and hand and voice;  
Without one doubt or fear I meet thee  
and rejoice  
With holy will and might with potent  
wisdom rife;  
Since thou canst use them right, take  
all the keys of life.  
—Lalla Mitchell, in Minneapolis  
Housekeeper.

## Mr. Rooterby's Resolution.

### A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

Mr. Rooterby was a jack.  
That was what everybody said, and,  
of course, what everybody says is  
true, whether it is or not.  
Nor was Mr. Rooterby a Jack be-  
cause his first name was John, and  
all Johns are by the rule of dimi-  
natives Jacks.  
Not at all. Mr. Rooterby was a jack  
because his ears were abnormal, and  
he showed other signs of an ineradic-  
able stupidity.  
"Boin" as you air the best boarder  
I've got, ever did have, or expect to  
have," remarked his landlady many  
times during the years he had been  
occupying her second-floor front. "I  
won't say as how you air a plum silly,  
Mr. Rooterby, but I'd be most sure to  
if you wasn't the kind of a gent you air  
in every other respect. Indeed, I  
would, Mr. Rooterby, and the good  
Lord knows I ain't the woman to de-  
prive a man of his just deserts, seein'  
that my poor, dead husband was one  
of the Lord's chosen. I don't care if  
people did say I had to keep boarders  
so's we wouldn't starve to death or go  
on the county."

Some of the boarders were much  
more emphatic in their remarks than  
was the landlady.  
"If Rooterby," said the prominent  
politician who sat across the table  
from him, "wasn't such an infernal  
fool, he would have married a rich  
woman long ago, and been a member  
of congress from this district. He  
would have also had a comfortable  
home instead of plugging away in a  
beastly old boarding house. If I  
had his chances for about seven min-  
utes you bet I'd corner the conven-  
tion and get the nomination or break  
a bank in the attempt."  
So it would appear that Mr. Rooter-  
by was a jack, or a silly old fool,  
with the accent on the profane penul-  
timate, all on account of his persistent  
celibacy.

Let us examine into the testimony  
against Mr. Rooterby. A man of 50,  
so well preserved that he didn't look  
it by ten years; a man of affairs and  
a comfortable competence; a man  
of good habits and good family; a  
man of domestic tastes and somewhat  
sedentary life; a man of some per-  
sonal pulchritude and of excellent  
education; a man considerably above  
the average in all that makes a man  
worthy of the name, except in respect  
of the persistent celibacy referred to  
above.

This being a fair presentation of the  
testimony in the case of public opinion  
against Rooterby, the jury will re-  
turn a prompt verdict to the effect  
that Mr. Rooterby is guilty with evi-  
dent malice aforethought prepense.

"I vow," said Mr. Rooterby, solemnly,  
in the presence of witnesses, "that  
I wouldn't propose marriage to any  
woman on earth. What the dickens"  
—Mr. Rooterby was a vestryman and  
could not be too emphatic—"do I want  
with a wife, I'd like to know? Here  
I am past 40 years of age"—Mr. Rooter-  
by was just a shade sensitive on the  
subject of age, and still didn't want  
to appear silly about it—"living serenely  
and comfortably, with nothing to  
disturb me and no one to question  
my movements or my motives. What  
I have is my own, and it is not con-  
stantly undergoing a process of drain-  
age to meet the extravagance of peo-  
ple for whom I would be to a large  
extent responsible. In fact I am  
monarch of all I survey, as a bachel-  
or, and if I were a married man,  
there's no telling what kind of a  
slave to a woman's follies and fancies  
I might be called on to be. There-  
fore, when I am perfectly satisfied and  
as happy as a man can be in this vale  
of tears, what in thunder is the use  
of trying to change the conditions?"

What a stereotyped old argument it  
is, truly, and yet it serves its purpose  
finely, and is an armor of defense be-  
hind which more bachelors hide than  
any other, perhaps, unless poverty be  
considered as one.  
At Christmas Mr. Rooterby had  
given the pretty typewriter in his  
employ for two or three years a pre-  
sent of a handsome street gown, for  
Mr. Rooterby was practical, and she  
had needed it so badly that when  
she told the cashier about it the tears  
came into her eyes, and she said she  
thought it such a pity so dear and  
good a man as Mr. Rooterby did not  
have a wife, and a home and children,  
and all those happinesses which go  
with matrimony, and there was some-  
thing in the typewriter's tone that  
made the cashier wonder what Mr.

Rooterby had been saying to her any-  
how.

The cashier and the typewriter were  
the only occupants of the office ex-  
cept Mr. Rooterby, and it was not  
surprising that the cashier should  
wonder what Mr. Rooterby had been  
saying to the typewriter, seeing that  
he (the cashier) had been saying a  
great deal of importance to her him-  
self, and with some hopes of success,  
unless distracting obstacles were  
thrown in his path, and Mr. Rooterby  
was a distracting obstacle, beyond  
 peradventure.

Nor did the fact that he had pre-  
sented a fine suit of clothes to the  
cashier as a Christmas souvenir make  
it any clearer in the cashier's mind  
why he had a right to be saying things  
to the typewriter when he (the  
cashier) was in the office with her  
three hours to Mr. Rooterby's one,  
and thought more of her in a minute  
than any other man thought of her  
in seven years by the watch.

"All I've got to say is," responded  
the cashier to the typewriter, when  
she spoke to him about the matri-  
monializing of Mr. Rooterby, "all I've  
got to say is that he ought to have  
been married twenty-five years ago  
and got out of the way."

Which seemed so bitter and unkind  
that the sweet little typewriter open-  
ed her blue eyes in surprise and ejacu-  
lated in almost a tone of horror:  
"Why, Charley, how can you say  
that?"  
After that the life of the cashier  
began to grow narrow, and he never  
saw Mr. Rooterby come into the office  
that he didn't begin to think of those  
mysterious murders in the Rue Morgue,  
which Poe tells of, and wonder  
what was the price of man-eating mon-  
keys and how long it would take him  
to teach one to climb up to Mr. Rooter-  
by's window and eliminate Mr.  
Rooterby from the emotional problem  
which was slowly but surely undermin-  
ing the mental equilibrium of the  
cashier.

Mr. Rooterby unconscious of what  
was surging and throbbing in the  
bosom of his cashier, grew more po-  
lite, if that were possible, to the type-  
writer day by day. Indeed, his man-  
ner to all women was changing. He  
seemed to be so gentle, when before,  
while he was always courteous itself,  
he was lacking in that ineffable gen-  
tleness which comes only from the  
heart of hearts. In other words, Mr.  
Rooterby impressed the cashier as a  
man deeply and dangerously in love.  
Strange that the cashier should be  
so discerning, for no one else noticed  
that Mr. Rooterby was other than his  
old self.

Yet he was, and the typewriter knew  
something that few others knew.  
Certainly the cashier did not know it,  
for his manner would have been very  
different had he known.

The typewriter, who was nineteen,  
lived in the same boarding house that  
sheltered Mr. Rooterby, notwithstanding  
the cashier had done all in his  
power to have her move to some other  
and with her there lived her mother,  
a widow not yet 40, and so young and  
pretty as easily to pass as her daugh-  
ter's sister. The women were con-  
fidentes, and all the typewriter knew  
the mother knew. Under the circum-  
stances what other results could have  
been expected than that Mr. Rooterby  
was looked upon with favor?

As for Mr. Rooterby, he would have  
laughed to scorn so much as a vague  
hint that he was gradually succumb-  
ing to the mysterious power of the  
feminine over the masculine destiny.

It was New Year's eve. The cashier  
was calling on the typewriter, or  
rather, they had joined the "watch  
meeting" at the boarding house after  
the theater, and the cashier was com-  
paratively happy, for Mr. Rooterby  
was devoting himself to the mother,  
quite to the neglect of the daughter,  
and the daughter seemed to be com-  
paratively happy in the company of  
the cashier. There was a sound of  
revelry by night, and all the boarding  
house had gathered then, its beauty  
and its chivalry, and they had a wal-  
halla kind of a wassail until the clock  
struck 12, when the festivities ended,  
and each member of the company, be-  
fore departing, was called on to make  
one resolution for the year just usher-  
ed in.

Mr. Rooterby popped up first.  
"Excuse my haste," he said, "but I  
want to resolve right now and here  
that I will not propose marriage to  
any woman on earth, just to show  
you folks who are everlastingly chaff-  
ing me that I mean business for the  
new year at the same old stand."

This was received with great ap-  
plause, and the cashier glanced  
stealthily at the typewriter as if to  
assure himself that she was safe for  
another year, anyway. And the type-  
writer caught him in the act.

Then with a resolution to the credit  
of each one they said "good night,"  
and in an hour the lights were put  
out and the house was still.

It was one o'clock the dead hour  
of night.  
At three, came a terrific banging on  
Mr. Rooterby's door, accompanied by  
a scream, and Mr. Rooterby, before  
he was wide awake was out in the  
hall in his dressing gown.

It was the typewriter in a cloud of  
white and the hall full of smoke, and  
people below banging doors and shout-  
ing and a fire bell clanging around the  
corner.

"Mamma," she gasped and down she  
went in a faint just as the cashier  
dashed in from his house in the next  
block, and Mr. Rooterby, dropping her  
in the most unromantic fashion, flew  
up to the fourth floor where the wid-  
ow and her daughter occupied the  
front rooms.

There he found her just coming out  
of a faint, and as she caught her scat-  
tered wits, for the widow was a woman  
of rare sense and presence of  
mind after the first shock, she grab-  
bed his outstretched hand and groped

her way with him to the head of the  
stairs. A tongue of flame met them  
at that point, and for an instant Mr.  
Rooterby's heart failed him. He  
knew there was no fire escape at the  
front of the house, and access to the  
back was cut off by the fire which  
had taken possession of the stairway.  
But the widow was in no wise daunt-  
ed.

"Come," she said, "I have a rope es-  
cape in my room. We can go down by  
that. I had it built for two."  
Mr. Rooterby had told her at first  
that her daughter was safe on the  
floor below.

The flames were yet some distance  
from the front windows, with a door  
shut between them and the outer air  
and in a second Mr. Rooterby had se-  
cured the rope's end to the window  
and had adjusted the widow and him-  
self for the more or less perilous trip  
to safety.

Whoever's make the fire escape was  
it was a most excellent one, and be-  
fore Mr. Rooterby had got to the sec-  
ond story window he was perfectly at  
home in controlling the thing and he  
stopped it twenty feet from the  
ground.

The widow, who was dangling below  
him, gave a nervous start, fearing  
some accident.

"What is it, Mr. Rooterby?" she in-  
quired.

"My dear madam," replied Mr.  
Rooterby, with as much feeling as the  
circumstances would permit, "will you  
be my wife?"

"Who, what do you mean?" gasped  
the widow, almost losing her balance  
at the unexpectedness of it.

"I mean will you marry me, of  
course. How else could you be my  
wife?"

This was a poser.

"But your resolution, Mr. Rooter-  
by?" replied the widow, looking up at  
him as shyly as she could, "considering  
her position."

"What resolution?" inquired Mr.  
Rooterby.

"Why the one you made when the  
New Year came in, that you wouldn't  
marry any woman on earth."

Mr. Rooterby was stumped but for  
an instant only.

"That doesn't apply here at all,"  
he said confidently. "You are not on  
earth, and you never will be if you  
don't accept me right now, for I have  
wasted time enough, and the thought  
a few minutes ago that I was going  
to lose you in that frightful blaze—"  
The widow had recovered her senses  
again.

"Mr. Rooterby," she interrupted,  
with some degree of asperity, "don't  
you see what a spectacle you are  
making of yourself? I'm willing to  
do anything to get down from this."

And it was even a more ridiculous  
spectacle five minutes later, when Mr.  
Rooterby, in his dressing gown, with  
his arm around the widow in a fluffy  
smoking wrapper, met the cashier in  
an overcoat and boots holding fast  
to the typewriter in something white,  
and the firemen trying to turn the  
hose on all of them.

Fully insured, and what a happy New  
Year it was to the cashier.—New York  
Sun.

### Teaching Her a Lesson.

"I think," said the kind old lady,  
"that you will find work right around  
the corner there."

"Madame," said Sauntering Sim, "I  
was born and bred in Boston. I am  
sorry that you used those words. Care-  
lessness in the use of our sacred lan-  
guage is to me far more distressing  
than hunger."

"What you mean?" she deman-  
ded, with considerable spirit, for she  
had once been a school teacher, and  
prided herself on her parts of speech.

"That little word 'will,'" he replied.  
"Ah, how often it is misused! Have  
you ever heard of the lady who fell  
from the steamship and called 'Help!'  
Help?"

"I don't remember it," she answered.  
"Well," he went on, "this poor wo-  
man fell into the water, having neg-  
lected to inform herself concerning  
the proper use of the words 'will' and  
'shall.' It happened that no heroes  
were on deck when she went over-  
board, therefore her appeals for help  
were made in vain. 'Help! Help!'  
Help! she shouted, but no one went  
to her assistance, and in despair she  
cried: 'Nobody shall help me; I will  
drown! What she meant, of course,  
was, 'Nobody will help me; I shall  
drown!' You see what a difference  
the transposition of those two small  
words makes?"

"But I don't know what that has  
to do with me," the lady said.

"Alas!" he almost sobbed; "alas!  
alas! Why will people who are oth-  
erwise fairly intelligent make such wo-  
ful assaults upon our beloved Eng-  
lish? You said: 'I think you may  
find work around the corner.' Mark  
the misuse of the word 'will.' If  
you had said: 'I think you may (or  
might) find work around—'"

But she let the dog out just then  
and the lecture was off.—Chicago Re-  
cord-Herald.

The Bank of England is a prosperous  
institution, with a capital of over \$72,  
000,000 and a surplus of about \$16,000,  
000, yet the governor receives a salary  
of only \$10,000 a year. The pay of its  
twenty-four directors is \$2,500 each per  
annum. The bank is a vast building,  
one-story high and perfectly isolated.  
There is not a window to be seen in  
its walls. The offices are lighted from  
the roof or from the nine inner courts  
and garden. At night a detachment  
of Foot Guards, commanded by a cap-  
tain watches over the safety of the  
"Old Lady of Threadneedle street."  
During the day the private watchmen  
of the company itself suffice to main-  
tain order. The bank is intrusted by  
the treasurer with the arrangements  
for the interest on the national debt,  
consols, annuities, etc., and receives  
from the government as payment for  
its services about \$1,200,000.



### A FEMININE PREROGATIVE.

It is ever the feminine prerogative  
to burden the railroads with trunks  
and hand luggage. A recent illustra-  
tion was the trip of Baron von Zullen's  
automobile party from Paris to Ber-  
lin, when sixty-seven pieces of bag-  
gage were sent on by rail. There were  
six in the party, and naturally the  
women were held responsible for the  
bulk of the luggage. Queen W. E-  
mina had on her honeymoon no fewer  
than forty pieces of baggage. A  
Duchess of Manchester, born Helen  
Zimmerman, took with her on her wed-  
ding trip forty-five trunks and valises.

### FOREIGN WOMEN GET AHEAD.

Women are supposed to have more  
freedom in America than in any other  
country, but in some respects that is  
a mistaken impression. The recent  
decision in France to admit women  
lawyers into the courts applies to all  
France, while in America there are  
some States where this is the case,  
and others where it is not allowed. I  
do not know of any American women  
that have the influence in affairs that  
some English women have, and the  
movement in Germany for higher edu-  
cation for women is beginning on a  
legal basis that will eventually admit  
them to the position for which their  
education fits them. Therefore, while  
progress in this direction has seemed  
more rapid in America, it may be sur-  
er in some other countries.—Mary M.  
Patrick, in Leslie's Weekly.

### LEADER OF 5,000,000 WOMEN.

No woman in the world has a larger  
following than Mrs. May Wright Sew-  
all, president of the International  
Council of Women, an organization  
with 5,000,000 members in sixteen  
countries. This council has three great  
purposes, or reasons for existence—  
to prevent war, to spread peace  
throughout the earth, to find and pub-  
lish to the world the laws affecting the  
domestic relations of women in all the  
countries represented, and to collect  
and distribute accurate information  
concerning the status, activities, in-  
dustries and labors of women in the  
different nations.

Mrs. Sewall framed the petition for  
peace which was the only one officially  
commended by the Peace Commission  
at The Hague. She is the leading club  
woman in the world and the projector  
of one of the first women's clubhouses  
in the country. Her sympathy with  
the latest methods of education is  
manifest in her writings, her lectures,  
and in the classical school in Indianap-  
olis, to which she devotes her morning  
hours for three-quarters of the year.  
Here she holds a weekly salon, famed  
alike for its hostess and its guests.  
This strong, serene, white-haired wo-  
man is a great power for good in the  
progress of the world.—Ledger Month-  
ly.

### GOING UP AND DOWN STAIRS.

Walking up and down stairs can be  
made an excellent exercise for devel-  
oping the muscles of the leg from the  
hip down, and giving a good poise to  
the body, if performed in the correct  
and easiest way. As usually done,  
with the body thrown forward at the  
hips, the heel of the foot constantly  
striking, the poise of the body is lost,  
and a great strain is put on the back,  
tending to increase the nervousness  
of the housewife. If the body is car-  
ried well poised, upright from the hips,  
the ball of the foot striking the stair  
first, the knees being flexible, both in  
ascending and descending, all the good  
effects are obtained, and if much stair  
climbing is done there will be a great  
difference in the feeling of vitality.  
Ascending stairs rapidly by springing  
from the ball of one foot to another  
forms an excellent means of strength-  
ening the ankles and curing a tenden-  
cy to flat feet.

The following exercise is excellent  
as a nerve and muscle rest in change  
of position: Lying at full length on  
the back, raise the arms forward, up-  
ward over the head, then stretch the  
whole body from the toes to the tips  
of the fingers. Hold this position for  
a few seconds, then relax completely.  
Repeat several times.—Good House-  
keeping.

### THE UP-TO-DATE BABY.

The Layette which formerly was the  
pride of every mother's heart and the  
envy of all other mothers—either real  
or prospective; the layette comprising  
great amounts of lace and embroidery,  
added to yards of ruffles, puffs and  
tucks, has within late years been super-  
seded by a much less elaborate and  
much more sensible outfit. In the old  
order of things the baby was first  
wrapped in a flannel band, then the  
"pinning blanket" was arranged so  
that the tiny feet were well protected,  
and incidentally closely confined with-  
in it. Over the pinning blanket came  
the flannel skirt, then the cambrie  
skirt, each with a band that had to be  
fastened about the little body, and fi-  
nally the robe heavily trimmed and  
measuring one and a half to two yards  
from shoulder to hem. Now the prop-  
er way to dress an infant is to substi-  
tute a knitted band for the unelastic  
flannel band and the woven or knitted  
shirts and stockings for the "pinning  
blanket," which is entirely omitted or  
left loose. The skirts are only suffi-  
cient in number to secure warmth,  
and the dress, measuring not more  
than thirty-six inches from top to bot-  
tom, is as light as possible. The baby  
now wears one waist which buttons  
on the shoulders and to which all the  
skirts are fastened, thus enabling one  
to remove them all, replacing them  
with others, without in the least dis-

arranging the dress or affecting its  
comfort, which with the full use of its  
little arms and legs is of vast impor-  
tance to the child's future well-being.—  
American Queen.

### THE YOUNG GIRL IN SOCIETY.

Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, a  
daughter of Charles Kingsley, known  
as a writer as Lucas Malet, has been  
giving some consideration to questions  
relating to "American Society." She  
finds that our "society" has draw-  
backs, and instances as the most nota-  
ble among these that in the United  
States "the young girl is of too much  
importance." Ordinarily we resent  
the imputations put upon us by foreign  
critics, but in this instance we are  
rather glad to acknowledge the corn,  
and to add further that we glory in  
our weakness. No man ever lost any-  
thing of his fineness by trying to live  
up to the ideal the young girl has of  
him. No raconteur ever found great-  
er spur to the telling of his stories in  
the best possible form than that which  
comes through the knowledge that the  
ear of a fresh and eager mind is hang-  
ing upon his words. No brilliant con-  
versationalist ever found his brilliance  
dimmed in the presence of a young  
creature whose appreciation of his wit  
and wide range of knowledge were as  
yet undulled by the long years of con-  
tact with a blasé world. We unques-  
tionably do pay a great deal of at-  
tention to the young girl in this coun-  
try, and it has been one of the refin-  
ing elements of our social evolution,  
and we venture to think that when we  
change our plan, and sequester the  
young girl in the sacred precincts of  
the nursery, we shall not only stunt  
her development to her own very great  
wrong, but build up for ourselves a  
new society which shall be a selfish,  
hollow sham; devoid of charm; devoid  
of freshness; devoid of life, beauty  
and happiness; and made up of groups  
of erudite egotists than whom there  
is no greater bore in all creation.—  
Harper's Weekly.

### THE VICISSITUDES OF A COUNT- ESS.

Life in Paris has many strange vic-  
issitudes. The Countess de Trequin,  
only daughter of Admiral Boudin, a  
great beauty and heiress at the courts  
of France, recently was found starving  
amid the faded splendors of her re-  
treat at Ville d'Avray. Reduced to dire  
poverty through no fault of her own,  
this noble dame of eighty-two, deprived  
herself of all food for thirty hours,  
in order to provide nourishment for  
the only friends she had, her dogs.  
Beyond Ville d'Avray, on the Marne  
road, stands a deserted property, of  
which the gates are wide open. Inside  
is the ruined house, of which the doors  
and windows were similarly free.  
Straying about were a dozen half-  
starved dogs. One, who by the merest  
chance heard of the aged recluse, paid  
her a visit. He found the Countess,  
who was scantily clad in worn and  
threadbare garments, sitting writing  
by an open window. She evinced no  
surprise on seeing the intruder. "I  
suppose you are a bailiff," was the  
remark, and on hearing that her vis-  
itor had not come to seize the remain-  
ing sticks of furniture, the old lady  
was moved to tears, and told some-  
thing of her story and troubles.

At the time of her marriage she was  
immensely rich, owning many farms  
in Normandy, much real estate in Paris,  
and the historic and charming coun-  
try seat at Ville d'Avray, formerly the  
tennis-court of Louis XVII., which the  
King gave to Clery, in one of the de-  
pendencies on which she had lived  
since the sale by auction of her hotel  
in the Rue de Calais. Of her immense  
revenue nothing remained. Ruined by  
unscrupulous men of business, who,  
after her husband's death, persuaded  
her to make unsafe investments, to  
cover which losses she was obliged to  
mortgage her properties, the Countess,  
once the spoiled child of fortune and  
reigning belle at the Tuileries, Fon-  
tainebleau, and St. Cloud, found her  
self toward the close of long life de-  
prived of all means of existence, aban-  
doned by those who knew her, and left  
to die alone and uncared for within a  
stone's throw of the gayest city in the  
world. The poor old lady pathetically  
summed up her misfortunes by declar-  
ing: "In vain have I hoped that some  
tramp would enter and murder me,  
and thus end my misery."—Chicago  
Record-Herald.



White satin slippers have flowers  
painted on the toes and little lace  
bows about the painting.

Old-fashioned cameos are set in  
buckles and umbrella tops, and the  
small ones are used effectively as but-  
tons.

Soft twills, in place of taffeta, which  
has held long and undisputed sway,  
are coming to the front, urged there  
by the reign of velvets.

Carnations are not popular, as a  
rule, in millinery; but one pretty hat  
has a row of carnations over the face,  
the hat itself is of white tulle, and  
upon the back of the crown a clump  
of foliage.

Small black velvet buttons are to be  
seen on some of the shirtwaists in  
which black appears, or when it is in-  
troduced into the stock, and they are  
very pretty. They are particularly  
good on white.

Tight fitting skirts have provoked  
rivalry in petticoat makers, who are  
vying with one another to produce the  
petticoat which shall occupy the least  
space. One of the most recent has  
lightweight jersey cloth for a top, the  
elastic fabric fitting like a glove to  
the figure. Silk ruffles furnish these  
skirts to a depth of twelve or fourteen  
inches.



There are various ways of breaking  
banks, but the burglarious route is not  
the most destructive of public confi-  
dence.

A Hungarian killed himself on his  
wife's advice. And yet there are peo-  
ple who claim that women are losing  
their influence in the home.

Denmark leads the world in per  
capita interest in agriculture. Each in-  
habitant has on an average a capital  
of \$855 invested in farming.

The metric system of weights and  
measures was adopted by France in  
1790, by Holland in 1816, by Belgium  
in 1820, and by Sweden in 1889.

Have you noticed an extra nickel in  
your pocket? Director of the Mint  
Rogers has reported a net gain in the  
per capita circulation of five cents.

In Paris rats destroy each year food  
worth \$1,000,000, and the value of the  
food destroyed by these animals year-  
ly all over the world is estimated to  
amount in the aggregate to \$70,000,000.

Apple growing in America began in  
1640, only twenty years after the May  
flower came. The first orchard was  
on an island in Boston harbor. The  
first nursery was set at Danvers by  
Governor Endicott.

Germany, in her hunt after the  
causes leading up to consumption, has  
demonstrated that fifty per cent. of  
the cases in that country could be  
traced to habitual breathing of dust  
tainted with injurious substances. It  
is possible that untainted dust might  
work considerable harm to the breath-  
ing apparatus of the average individ-  
ual.

Although prices have fallen greatly  
at Dawson, there is still no use for  
five or ten cent pieces. The price of  
a few articles only is so low as a  
quarter of a dollar. The adage, "Take  
care of the pennies and the dollars  
will take care of themselves," will thus  
have little meaning to the two hun-  
dred children who are growing up in  
that far northern city.

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine  
mentions as an incident of life in Lab-  
rador the burial of a live pet in a  
barrel under the November snow. The  
owner of the animal, a black bear, by  
the way, dug up the barrel twice dur-  
ing the winter, but did not awaken the  
occupant, who was permitted to sleep  
on till May. Hibernating pets give no  
trouble to their owners or to others  
and are happy in their repose. A bar-  
rel may thus be the abode of greater  
felicity than is to be found in a palace.

In more than three thousand schools  
in Great Britain the boys are studying  
text books on Canada which set forth  
her history, explain her system of gov-  
ernment and lay stress upon her  
natural resources. These books are  
supplied free by the Dominion, and  
Lord Strathcona, Canada's high com-  
missioner to the mother country, will  
give valuable medals next spring to  
the scholars who pass the best exam-  
inations on them. The laudable aim  
of Strathcona and his countrymen is  
to impress British youth with the ad-  
vantages of the Dominion as a field  
for emigration.

The French Academy has honored  
itself by awarding a prize of 1,000  
francs to Cecile Morand. Mlle. Mo-  
rand is a seamstress, dwarf and a  
cripple. But she has supported a par-  
alytic father and ten brothers and sis-  
ters—one of the brothers being an in-  
valid. Virtue, of course, is its own re-  
ward, and one who has so much of it  
as Mlle. Morand is incomparably rich  
—rich in fine qualities of industry, an  
selfishness, affection. But it is pleas-  
ant to bear of public recognition ac-  
companied by a substantial offering  
in cold cash. The money may lighten  
this poor girl's labors for a season.

Not long since an interesting topic  
of debate was started at the Diet of  
German Women, then sitting in El-  
senach. The mover of the subject dis-  
cussed the common practice of women  
of running down as much as possible  
the prices of the articles they pur-  
chased. "Was this," she asked, "ethi-  
cally defensible?" "Women rush from  
shop to shop in order to purchase their  
goods a few farthings cheaper, and  
often under cost price, and in doing  
so they are quite ignorant of the fact  
that wages have to be thereby dimi-  
nished and the number of hours of la-  
bor lengthened." She suggested also  
that people have no idea of the misery  
they cause to many small traders by  
unpunctuality in the payment of small  
accounts. Also that women who insist  
upon making their purchases late in  
the evening do not seem to consider  
that by doing so they rob thousands of  
shop employes of the hours of repose  
and recreation they greatly need. The  
Diet resolved to send a petition to the  
federal government of Germany, beg-  
ging that women inspectors of factor-  
ies should have an academic training  
putting them upon an intellectual  
equality with male inspectors, and  
that they should be assisted by women  
of the factory class who have had  
practical experience in the work in  
question.

### She Wants to Help the Homeless.

A Washington paper publishes this  
advertisement:  
A young lady with college education  
would like position as private teacher  
in some family without board or lodg-  
ing.