

"NOTHING USELESS IS OR LOW."

No pitted toad behind a stone
But hoards some secret grace,
The meek sliver with midnight gone
Has left a silver trace.

No dulled eyes, to beauty blind,
Unfilled to the beam,
But prove some kin with angel-kind,
Through lowliest and lowliest.

—Ralph Hodgson.

"Second's" Love Affair

By Bernard Masters.

Ransome came up to me when we were two days out of port with a look of suppressed excitement on his face.

"I say, Ned," he began, "have you seen that pretty girl the skipper has under his charge? She's a regular stunner. Fair hair, sky blue eyes, pearly teeth and a complexion like—"

I stopped him there. Dick simply couldn't help falling in love with every pretty woman he saw.

Dick was second officer of the Allahabad, and I was the first. He was tall, slim and good-looking, and to the own truth, the girls were as bad over him as he was over them.

We were bound for Australia, and during the first few days of the voyage I noticed, and, in fact, I wonder everybody didn't notice, the open manner those two young beggars flirted at every opportunity. The skipper noticed it, I know; but he didn't care, for he had a beautiful way of relieving himself of all responsibility. He would come to me and say: "Now, Mr. Grey, I place this matter in your hands. You must see it is done correctly. I leave it entirely to your care."

Then, if anyone bothered him about it, he would simply observe: "Oh! you must see my first officer. He has the matter in hand. I have nothing to do with it," and, in consequence, I had some lively times.

We were about half way through Suez when one morning the skipper came to me as I was taking my watch on the bridge.

"I wish to place the young lady, Miss Desmond, under your charge," he began, "and, as I have other things to attend to, I wish you to look after her until she arrives at Melbourne, when she will be met by her future husband, Mr. Goldwin. I notice young Ransome; the second, spends much of his spare time with her. Please see to it, Mr. Grey. I leave the affair entirely in your hands."

Then, after asking one or two questions about the business of the ship, he left me.

As soon as my watch was over I determined to seek out both Dick and Miss Desmond (Alice her name was), and tell them straight the way that they were going on would have to be stopped.

It was fast growing dusk when I left the bridge, and just as I passed a shaded corner of the deck-house I heard voices. I didn't mean to stop and listen, but I recognized Dick's voice and turned to speak to him. There they both sat, with their arms around each other's necks, like any boy and girl, and kissing each other.

"It is almost too good to be true, darling," Dick was saying. "We'll be married when we get to Melbourne. You do love me, don't you, dear?"

The girl gave a very satisfactory answer from Dick's point of view, and I stepped forward.

"And what about Mr. Goldwin?" I exclaimed. "Aren't you both ashamed of yourselves?"

They both started up and ejaculated: "Hang Mr. Goldwin!" At least Dick did, for the girl thought it if she didn't say it.

"Now, look here," I continued; "this sort of thing will have to stop, or I will have you, Dick, clapped in irons." The girl gave a startled cry of fear at this, and, I believe, put her arm around Dick; but the light was dim. I continued, grimly: "And I shall have you, miss, confined to your cabin."

"Look here," began Dick. "The skipper," I added, "has placed this matter entirely in my hands, as per usual, and I have to take what steps I like. You are now in my charge, Miss Desmond," and I looked grim and savage. The next moment they both jumped up.

"Good, old Ned!" cried Dick, in a stentorian whisper; "now we shall be all right."

"Oh, you dear Mr. First," exclaimed the girl, nearly hugging me. "You will help us, won't you?"

I intimated to them both that I certainly should not help them to make fools of themselves; and I tried to be very severe, and said many nasty things of love and lovers in general for which, I regret to say, they didn't seem to care a bit.

We were a day out of Aden when I went below and found Dick sitting in our cabin with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and a sovereign as plain as day in his hand. I looked at him and found a co-op, check instead.

"What's up?" I asked. "You do look pleased."

"Pleased!" he exclaimed, savagely; "I am pleased. Haven't I a perfect right and just cause to be pleased? Am I not engaged to the best and sweetest girl in the world? And—and—oh, hang it, Ned! you might help a fellow."

"Yes, I know I might," I answered. "I might help you to collar another chap's girl, but I won't. I am ashamed of you, Dick. She, being a woman, can't help being foolish, I suppose. But you—well, I didn't think you'd do it. Just think of the other chap waiting in Melbourne for the girl he loves. Perhaps he's been slaving for years to make a home for her, and now you go and—"

"Oh, stow it!" growled Dick. "Slaving to make a home for her, indeed! Why, the beggar's a millionaire. Alice had only seen the man once in her life, and that was when she was a girl of fifteen. You see, it is some daff, fat-headed family arrangement. Her father is a mean, grasping Yorkshire manufacturer, who thinks money is the axle of the universe. He couldn't see any sense in his money-grubbing, so he sent his daughter out himself, but sends her alone to meet this Mr. Goldwin,

a man of over forty years of age. It's abominable! Why isn't there a blessed parson on the ship! We'd be married straight away."

After I had thought over the matter a bit and got a few more particulars from Dick, it came to my mind that the matter was a very unfair one, and I determined to give these two youngsters what help I could.

"Are you sure you are quite serious this time, Dick?" I asked. "Serious?" he cried. "Ned, old chap, I can't tell you, nor even Alice herself, how much I love her."

"It's a funny thing," he added, "but if she were as ugly as sin I should love her just the same. I have told her all about myself."

"I am glad of that," I answered. "I am sure she would be pleased to hear about your love affair with the harbormaster's daughter at Brindisi and the little Spanish girl at Malta, and that almond-eyed Japanese girl you were going to marry."

"I'm not quite so idiotic," replied Dick. "And she's told you how many kisses she's been engaged, and how many chaps have kissed her besides you?" I asked.

"She!" exclaimed Dick, with withering scorn. "You—you idiot, she's an angel! And, if you cannot think of anything else but abuse you had better shut up," and he rose to leave the cabin.

"Stop!" said I. "I have one little suggestion to make. Directly we arrive in Aden I will give you leave to go ashore. Procure a special license, get married at once, and then—why, then Mr. Millionaire Goldwin can go and hang himself."

"Ned, you're a brick!" said Dick, wringing my hand. "I knew you'd see us through. I'll go and tell Alice."

A little later on I was on deck taking an altitude when Miss Desmond came up to me.

"I think you are a perfect dear, Mr. First," she exclaimed. "And next to Dick I love you better than any one in the world. It is good of you to promise to help us."

I was not in a particular good humor just then. Trying to get a correct altitude with your sea horizon in a strong haze is no joke, especially when some one is talking twaddle to you at the same time, and I hinted as much to her.

"Yes, I am going to help you two to make fools of yourself," I answered. "You thank me now, but after twelve months of cat-and-dog married life, you won't thank me, I'll be bound. Dick has an awful temper, and I should say yours is just as bad."

"Well, I think you are very horrid," replied the girl, "and I won't like you one little bit, so there." Then she tossed up her head and started to walk away; but swung round again, and stamping her foot, she exclaimed:

"I've not got a nasty temper, and I don't think you know anything about ships and things at all, so there!"

"That's the way in life. Make up your mind to help people, and they will ever afterwards be your enemies. Directly we arrived at Aden I packed Dick off ashore to procure a license, and sent Alice with him. Then I went to the skipper and told him how matters stood."

He took the affair as I knew he would, and hardly seemed surprised. "Well, it has nothing to do with me, Mr. Grey," said he. "You have the affair in hand and must do as you think best in the matter."

At this moment I observed a man hurrying along the quay in the direction of the ship. He was a great, big, florid-faced man, dressed in white ducks and a large Panama hat on his head. He crossed the gangway in short, nervous strides and seemed in a state of suppressed excitement.

"This is the Desmond, I believe," he began. "I mean the—er—Alice, that's to say the Allahabad, of course, to be sure; how absurd of me. You're the captain, I believe," turning to me.

I disclaimed the honor, and pointed out the skipper, while a strange misgiving came over me.

"Oh, how do you do, captain," he began. "Pleased to meet you. My name's Goldwin. I'm from Melbourne, don't you know. Couldn't wait. Thought I'd come and join the ship here. By Jove, isn't it cold—I mean hot?"

And, removing his hat, he violently mopped his brow. "Save us—Goldwin! What a mess! I felt like looking it ashore myself. I can tell you, but the next moment the captain's words cooked my goose for me."

"Pleased to meet you, sir," began the skipper, rather awkwardly. "We didn't expect you just yet. You've come to meet Miss Desmond, a very charming young lady. She's under the care of my first officer, Mr. Grey. Mr. Grey, kindly step this way. This gentleman has the matter in his hands; I have nothing to do with it whatever. Please talk to him about it. Sorry I must leave you now. Affairs of the ship, you know. Good day, sir."

Then he left us, left me standing there like a stuffed doll, and wishing for what I had never wished before or since—a violent shipwreck.

After standing there looking at each other in silence for what seemed to me several hours, I ventured to remark that it was a very fine day, to which my companion responded, and the enthusiastic way he agreed with my remark gave me the comforting assurance that he felt as nervous as I did. In fact, he said it was the finest day he had ever seen in his life.

Then I inquired if he had ever visited Aden before, and he solemnly

assured me he never had except on the occasions when he had chanced to be there. I could see the man was terribly embarrassed, and wore a very worried look on his face.

"Miss Desmond has gone ashore," I blurted out.

"Oh, she has!" he exclaimed, with what sounded like a sigh of relief. "She's gone with the second officer, Mr. Grey. Shake hands, sir. You should encourage that young man, Mr. Grey; I am sure he will be a credit to his profession."

And as he shook my hand like a pump handle I wondered whether he was mad or I.

"Have a cigar?" he exclaimed. "Can always talk better when smoking. Look here, shall we go ashore and have a drink?"

I couldn't leave the ship, but took him into my cabin and gave him a drink and had one myself. I felt I needed it.

"Now, Mr. Grey," he began, "I want your help. You, of course, know all about Miss Desmond and myself, and all that sort of thing. Well, I'm already married. Now, then, it's out, thank heaven, and I can talk like a rational being."

I gasped with astonishment and relief, but said nothing.

"Yes," he continued, "married a year ago. Married my typewriter girl, but doesn't write home and let 'em know. You see, I've only seen Miss Desmond once in my life. All a silly, idiotic family arrangement. Her father is rather a poor sort of chap. Worships money and all that sort of thing. But look here, Mr. Grey, I'm prepared to compensate the young lady to any amount."

"You needn't worry another minute," I cried. "Miss Desmond and my chum, Dick Ransome, the second, have fallen violently in love at sight, and he is off just now to procure a special license to be married."

"Bless you, my dear sir, bless you," he exclaimed, and gulped my drink down in mistake for his own. "And here have I been for days and weeks in a perfect stew."

Then the absurdity of the whole business struck us and we both leaned back and laughed till the tears came to our eyes; and it was thus Dick found us as he came blundering into the cabin with the license in his hand a few minutes later.

Well, I needn't tell you any more. Matters were explained to Alice and Dick, greatly to their overwhelming joy, I can assure you. Mr. Goldwin wanted them to wait and get married at Melbourne, which they did. He presented them with a check for a thousand pounds to start with and made me accept a very substantial check for the finger I had had in the pie.

I have since been a frequent visitor to Mr. and Mrs. Dick Ransome's home, and I am glad to say they have no more quarrels than the generality of married folk.—Pearson Weekly.

Corn Oil.

Within comparatively few years a considerable industry has been developed in extracting oil from corn and placing it on the market. In answer to a question from a subscriber who wishes to know to what extent oil is extracted from corn and sold for commercial purposes, it may be stated that 3,000,000 gallons to 5,000,000 gallons represent the annual product. Corn oil is used to some extent for culinary purposes, is manufactured into a substitute for India rubber, and is used as a lubricating oil and in the mixing of paints. The last Federal census report contains the statement that seventy-five per cent, or eighty per cent, of the amount of oil manufactured in this country is exported.

Writing us specifically on this subject, C. P. Hartley, in charge of corn investigations of the department of Agriculture at Washington, says for the year 1906 the exports of corn oil reached a value of \$1,172,206. The exports in the fiscal year 1905 were 3,108,917 gallons, valued at a little less than \$900,000. In 1904, the business was about the same proportions. In 1903 there was exported from the United States a total of 3,778,000 gallons of corn oil, valued at \$1,467,492.—Orange Judd Farmer.

A Wonderful Fruit.

The Pensacola News contains an item about a wonderful fruit which has been discovered in Africa. We should be inclined to think it a creation of some reporter who had an ambition to rival Baron Munchausen, if we had not seen an account of the same fruit in the travels of some African explorer, whose name we do not remember at this time. According to his statement, it was a very useful fruit at times, enabling them to eat sour fruit which otherwise they could not swallow. It is also interesting as showing what strange fruits are yet unknown to civilized nations.

A wonderful fruit has been found in the neighborhood of the coast of the Gulf of Guinea, in Africa. It has the power, says a reporter, to "change the flavor of the most acid substance into a delicious sweetness." An official has found it effective after a dose of quinine, and adds that "if a lemon be sucked within two or three hours of eating one of the fruits its acid flavor is entirely counteracted." The fruit resembles a small plum, with the seed invested in a thin, soft pulp, wherein lies the peculiar sweetening property.

When Gems Are Plentiful.

"Where a Kansas farmer loses a diamond he sends his chauffeur to town in a sixty-horse-power automobile and has his loss reported to the police," says the Birmingham Age-Herald. Don't believe it; he simply goes out to the barn and picks out another diamond from the pile.—Washington Herald.

For rushing onto a railway track to save his daughter from being crushed beneath a freight train, a man at Banzig, Germany, was prosecuted for trespass by the railway authorities and fined.

NATURE the ARTIST

She Paints the Peacock and Leopard—Not For Art's Sake

It is probable that the ancestors of the peacock were completely clothed in dull-colored feathers, just as are certain species of grouse and turkey at the present day. But nature willed that the peacock should become of all birds the most magnificent. Thus, in the second and third feathers of the series we can trace dimly a small colored spot in the centre of each. This spot is the commencement of the eye-spot, and if we continue to pass the colors in review, we see this spot grow larger and more brilliant. The colors settle themselves, as it were, into rings, the feather itself increasing in size with every improvement until, by closely linked stages, each of which is represented by an actual feather in the peacock's train, the triumph of the perfect eye-spot is reached.

Now if, as seems highly probable, we have just been treated to a glimpse of the innumerable stages of gradual improvement through which this wonderful ornament was brought to perfection, we are justified in asserting that the eye-spot is far from being a thing of chance. It is obviously the outcome of intention. Some mysterious power has been constantly at work, age after age, with the definite object of producing a thing of superb beauty. So far as our present knowledge enables us to judge, this power inherent tendency to vary which is evinced by all living things. This is, as it were, the motive force, but it is harnessed, restrained and driven along a definite channel by what Darwin called "natural selection."

So much for the production of the peacock's eye-spot; nor is there any reason for doubt that the other recurrences of the eye-spot in nature are all the outcome of a similar evolutionary process. For, be it noted, the distinction of the ocellus does not belong only to birds. The mark is present in a crude form on the hides of certain mammals, such as the jaguar, the leopard and the ocelot. Two or three kinds of fish also show it.

The North American eared sunfish, for instance, has in the breeding season a beautiful and very perfect eye-spot just where one would expect to find the ear of a higher animal. It is from this mark that the fish takes its popular name. Further, among insects, especially among certain groups of butterflies and moths, the eye-spot is extremely common; while it is again recognizable on several shells of the pretty cowrie group.

In every case of its recurrence the eye-spot is not solely a thing of beauty, but it also has some definite and utilitarian connection with the life histories of those creatures which possess it.

Take first the mammals. It may be said at once that the crude eye-markings on the hides of these big cats are certainly protective. To those who know the leopard and the jaguar only as captives in zoological collection this may not be obvious. But all hunters and naturalists who have observed these creatures at home in forest or jungle agree that the eye-spots resemble closely patches of shade and sunlight, cast upon the ground through a screen of foliage. It only remains to be said that the jaguar and the leopard are both frequenters of forest land, and the protective value of their spotted hides becomes obvious. Moreover, besides hiding themselves from enemies, the eye-spots are of assistance to these beasts when they are lying in wait for their prey. Among the branches of a tree the jaguar is unobserved by its victim, which wanders unsuspectingly to its doom.

With birds there can be little doubt that the eye-spot is an ornamental and simple, albeit an ornament with a very definite use. It bears a most important part in bird courtship. Birds are particularly punctilious in all matters in connection with love-making, and it is invariably the male who makes the first advances. The female, especially in the case of species where the male is resplendently colored, is generally coy and watchful. She makes it clear to her suitor that she will not surrender her liberty at once, and the cock bird must make use of all the charms which nature has endowed him ere he may possess himself of his bride. Indeed, it may be said that as a general rule the most gorgeous and sprightly cock will find the least difficulty in providing himself with a hen. These facts doubtless account in great measure for the brilliant colors and extraordinary ornaments which are so often the exclusive characteristic of cock birds. They account, also, for the eye-spot, which is borne only by the male birds and discarded by them at the molt which succeeds the breeding season. Those who have watched peafowl at the period of their courting will know well what an important part is played by the wonderful tail of eye-spotted feathers. The peacock struts and dances before the indifferent hen, and manifests an absorbing desire to show himself off to the best possible advantage.

The peacock pheasant from Ceylon is said to make use of its eye-spots to attract a mate in much the same manner. Moreover, in this instance the eye-spot constitutes the only ornaments possessed by the bird—the groundwork of the feathers being a uniform mottled brown upon which the colored eye-spots stand out conspicuously.

The recurrence of the eye-spot upon several fishes has probably the same significance as in the case of birds. The males of many fishes assume brilliant colors for the breeding season, and the ocellus are probably a highly specialized form of ornament produced with a like object. The facts that the eye-spots are small, or entirely absent, in the case of the females, and that they appear upon the males only during the breeding season, lend strong support to this theory.

The eye-spots which are so commonly seen upon certain kinds of insects are particularly interesting. In

the case of certain kinds of caterpillars and beetles there is little doubt that they are protective—rendering their possessors terrifying in the eyes of possible enemies. This theory is materially strengthened by the fact that such insects usually have some trick or device at their disposal, by means of which the eye-spots become more obvious and striking when danger threatens. Bates, for example, mentions a case in which a South American caterpillar started every one to whom it was shown by its snake-like appearance—an aspect developed almost entirely upon its possession of eye-like markings, coupled with the peculiar pose of its body when at rest. The same is the case with certain Old World hawk-moth larvae belonging to the family Chaeeridae. Several species which possess eye-spots upon the anterior segments of the body have a habit of withdrawing the head and first three body segments into the fourth and fifth segments when alarmed. The front portion of the body is thus abnormally swollen, looking like the head of an animal, and upon it enormous, terrible looking eyes are prominent. The effect is greatly heightened by the suddenness of the transformation—the eyes appearing to be an innocuous animal being suddenly turned into what appears to be an awful monster. These caterpillars are, of course, perfectly harmless, but as they are sufficiently snake-like to startle human beings, it is not unreasonable to suppose that birds and other insectivorous creatures are often equally alarmed, and pass on their way without molesting what they judge to be some dangerous reptile.

The fact that the eye-spots of these caterpillars do not, as a rule, attract special notice while the insects are quietly feeding will bear emphasizing. But as soon as the "terrifying attitude" is assumed in response to a danger signal, the eye-spots—owing to the swelling of the body segments—become enormous and prominent.

Very striking eye-spots are seen upon the thoraces of beetles belonging to the Central American genus Ailus. These ocelli are delineated actually upon the hard integument and cannot therefore be really more prominent at one time than another. Yet their power to terrify is much heightened when the beetle assumes the attitude with which it is accustomed to respond to signs of danger.

It belongs to the great "click beetle" family, and has the power of hurling itself into the air when frightened, and falling to the ground with legs and antennae tucked tightly beneath it. In this position it will remain, seeming to feign death, for an indefinite period.

When surprised by a hungry bird then the beetle not only hurls itself out of immediate danger, but prepares a surprise for its enemy in the event of pursuit and discovery. For, with its legs and antennae tucked out of sight, it has all the appearance of a dangerous and uncanny looking reptile, and the hungry bird now thoroughly disconcerted turns away in search of some more appetizing object. Then the beetle, after waiting a few seconds to make sure that the bird has really decamped, puts out its feet and feelers and goes merrily about its business. Its strange eye-spots have been its salvation.

By far the most numerous recurrences of the eye-spot in the insect world are seen upon the wings of butterflies and moths. In some instances the distinctive mark is small and oft repeated; in others it is large, solitary and striking. Moreover, the color and "make-up" vary as much as the size, the most curious variety being the eye-spot with a perfectly transparent centre, which looks just as though a small piece of glass or mica had been let into the insect's wing.

Now, such very striking and complicated markings cannot have become characteristic of large families of butterflies and moths without some important meaning attaching to the circumstance, and it has been suggested as possible that the "eye" possesses some protective value in that it would be likely to attract birds as a point at which to strike. If a bird, when in chase of a butterfly or moth, were to pierce one of its eye-spots, little damage would be done to the insect, which would gain time to evade its pursuer. On the other hand, the fate of an insect would be sealed if a bird once struck and injured its body. This suggestion was first made by Darwin.—Scientific American.

How Tom Corwin Got an Education. His father felt that he was too poor to make a scholar of more than one child of his large family, and so the elder brother, Matthias, was kept at school and Thomas placed at hard work on the farm.

The breaking of a leg proved a happy incident in the life of the boy, as the enforced confinement gave him time for devotion to his beloved books, and he committed a Latin grammar to memory. Upon his recovery he again impudently broke his father to send him to school, and, meeting a refusal, deliberately broke his leg the second time, that he might have more leisure for study. His heroic determination to learn resulted in his being placed in the same institution attended by his brother, where his natural ability and great industry gathered a thorough knowledge of the best English literature and a fair acquaintance with the Latin classics.—Ohio Magazine.

The Greatest Library. The library at the British Museum, which now contains between 2,000,000 and 4,000,000 volumes, is without exception the largest in the world, the only one which approaches it in size being the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris; and it is interesting to note that for the accommodation of this immense number of books upwards of forty-three miles of shelves are required.—Chambers' Journal.

DEACON BRODIE.

The Original of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Deacon Brodie, whose singular story is said to have inspired Stevenson with the immortal tale of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, was a substantial wright and cabinet maker in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh. He was a burgh and Guild Brother of his native town, and so high did he stand in the estimation of his fellow-craftsmen that for four years they elected him a member of the Town Council as Deacon of the Incorporation of Wrights. Success in public life helped the Deacon in his business as a wright, and few men appeared to have less ground to quarrel with the conventional conception of meum and tuum. Nevertheless the Deacon was always in want of money. He was an inveterate gambler, a gay and much involved bachelor, and he had a passion for the fashionable sport of cock fighting. All this brought the respected burgher into bad company, particularly at a certain disreputable tavern in the Fishmarket Close frequented by sharpers. In 1783 Brodie was even accused of himself using loaded dice. The charge was very likely true, but it never came up for trial, for the Deacon meanwhile had been convicted of a hanging matter.

Brodie, in fact, had for several years been living a double life. In the daytime he was an honest craftsman, but at night he exchanged his chisel for a jimmy and a dark lantern. The Deacon was a humorist and the situation doubtless appealed to him. The friend he had robbed over night he would confide with in the morning, and after some particularly ingenious burglary he would be first in the Council Chamber to suggest offering a reward for discovering the perpetrator. For twenty years this prince of crackmen remained unsuspected, and he was only brought to book at last by the treachery of a confederate. The Deacon was sentenced to be hanged—on the new drop gallows he had suggested himself to the City Fathers—and hanged he was, though not without a characteristic attempt to cheat the gallows. A French quack, Dr. Peter Delgraves, so the story goes, came to him in prison and undertook to restore him to life after he had hung the usual time. To the last his fellow citizens loved to cherish a belief that he had been resuscitated and had escaped.—London Daily News.

When "Mrs. Markham" Was History. To those of us who are not so old as the Archbishop of Canterbury the Primrose allusion to the school histories of Mrs. Markham may prove puzzling, for Mrs. Markham has long ceased to be a favorite with the young. The day of her power dawned in 1826, when John Murray published an enlarged and illustrated edition of her "History of England, with conversations at the end of each chapter for the use of young persons." This work, under the house of Murray, began a dominion over the schools of England that was to last undisturbed for a period of forty years.

Before the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria more than 100,000 copies of her history were sold. The history of France she similarly adapted to the needs of the immature mind, meeting with remarkable success, although not on the generous scale that rewarded the "History of England." Mrs. Elizabeth Penrose—"Mrs. Markham" was a pseudonym—was a daughter of Cartwright, the inventor of the power loom. She chose the name of "Markham" from the Nottinghamshire village where she lived as a girl with her aunts. She refused to sully her pages with narratives of cruelty and deceit, and party politics she banned as beneath the comprehension of the young.—London Daily Chronicle.

Money in Circulation. In this country the amount on October 1 of gold and silver coins and certificates and of United States and national bank notes was \$3,148,732,552. Not all of this by about \$327,000,000 was in circulation, although, as we know from the controversies which have been frequent between Secretary Shaw and some of the bankers, that more of it was used now and then here and there. The sum of \$327,000,000 was in the Treasury, and in its depository banks was \$125,000,000. The official description of "money in circulation" means money lying about and money in the banks. It means money that is passing from hand to hand, as well as money that is lying in banks to secure circulation and deposits. Besides the actual money in the country there was in the banks individual deposits to the amount of \$4,199,938,319. If we add to this amount, against which checks could be drawn—and checks constitute currency as well as national bank notes—we had in the country in the fall of last year nearly \$7,500,000,000 available for all the transactions of the people, less the \$327,000,000 in the Treasury. We had a per capita circulation of \$33.08, or nearly \$8 more than the abundant circulation of 1896.—Harper's Weekly.

Passing of Two Friends. Walter Appleton Clark, the artist and illustrator, who died recently at the early age of thirty-one, had attracted wide attention by the beauty and distinction of his work. Probably his best, and certainly by far the best known, of his pictures were the fine illustrations which he made for the awakening of Helena Richie.

His death at so early an age is a great loss to American art, and it recalls the early death, two years ago, of Guy Wetmore Carryl, the brilliant writer, for the two men were not far from the same age, and were close friends. In fact, for quite a while they lived together, and once at least they worked together, one preparing the text and the other the illustrations for an article on old Provinces for Harper's Magazine.

NOT ALL BAD. "Billings" is not, after all, a bad fellow. I have seen him unconsciously do several very pretty things.

"Yes, that's just it. He always does them when he isn't himself."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MARCH 17 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Jacob and Esau, Gen. 27: 15-25, 41-45—Golden Text, Prov. 12:22—Memory Verses, 21, 23—Commentary.

This is a lesson concerning Rebekah, the partial mother; Isaac, the partial father; Jacob, the Har; the consequences of their sin; and the folly of trying to help the plans of God by committing sin.

Jacob and Esau were twins. Jacob was prophesied as the successor to God's promise to Abraham and Isaac. Isaac's heart was bound up in Esau. In spite of God's declaration he decided to place his love for Esau. But Rebekah loved Jacob more than she did Esau. In her lineage and in her partiality lay the secret of much trouble that befell the house of Isaac.

Rebekah was of the same parentage as Laban, the man who deceived Jacob and who treated him as a slave. Laban was the brother of Rebekah and afterward became the father-in-law of Jacob, through the marriage of Jacob to Leah and Rachel. The partiality and deception, which the lesson shows to have been characteristic of Rebekah, was the source of the unholy tie which Jacob both told and acted before Isaac and of the vicious enmity which was engendered in the heart of Esau against his brother Jacob.

Rebekah had been a sensible woman she never would have shown her partiality for one of her sons over the other, no matter how much she may have felt it in her heart. In her desire to secure the supremacy of Jacob she taught him his first lessons in deception, she planned for him plausible and easily contrived deceptions. She even went to the length of promising to bear upon her own shoulders what ever condemnation might be visited upon Jacob for the evil she had planned for him to do. If she had maintained a position of strict impartiality in her family life the story of Jacob's sin might never have been written. If her mother, Rebekah, had not overruled her wisdom, Esau might never have threatened to take his brother's life. But Rebekah was foolish rather than fair. Therefore, when Isaac planned to bless his first born, Esau, she contrived, knowing the age and the visual infirmity of the old man, to secure, by fraud, for Jacob, the blessing which was the portion of Esau.

Let us glance for a moment at the circumstances surrounding the lie that Jacob, at his mother's bidding, told to Isaac. Isaac was aged. Before his days should be ended he wished to taste the fresh venison and bestow his blessing upon his first-born. He sends Esau to secure the provision. Rebekah dresses Jacob with the skins of young goats, that, in handling Jacob, Isaac might be led more readily to believe that he was indeed Esau the hairy. Isaac is surprised at the speed with which the venison is secured, and he would not have been so quick to believe that the venison is secured by word of mouth and by the sense of touch. His suspicions are aroused. "The voice is Jacob's voice," he says, "but the hands are the hands of Esau." With no thought of deception he trusts his hands rather than his ears. And the sin of Jacob is completed.

Naturally, Esau was angry when he discovered the low trick that had been played at his expense. It would have been surprising if he had not felt some resentment. There was no excuse for the crime that had been committed against him. His mother had forgotten her dignity and his brother had forgotten the obligations of his close relationship. The pair had conspired to trust his hands rather than his ears. And the sin of Jacob is completed.

The lesson shows us that it is not wise to allow partiality in family life. That sin leaves