me, Mollie, sit beside me
And let us talk them o'er,
se years that we've been married now
sey're something like two score.
The men the many trils
to the service of the service of the service
til tove has been so strong, dear,
They lightly seemed to fall.
And, Mollie, let me tell you.
True love is like a flower;
It gives sweet fragrance while it lives
In sunshine and in shower.

In sunshine and in shower.

My hair is white as sliver
And yours is mixed with gray,
But you are now moze beautiful
Than on that summer day
When standing in the garden
You whispered. "Yes, I love you true,
You only will I wed."
And, Mollie, let me tell you,
True love is like the ray
Of light that turns the darkest night
Into the welcome day.

Tis nearly forty years ago
Since first here, side by side,
We sat and planned our future life,
And you were then a bride.
Our chidren, now, are grown and gone,
And here again we sit alone
As on that wedding day.
And, Moille, let me ter you,
Tit circles round and knows no bound,
Whatever time may bring.

And, now, together waiting,
We see the day decline.
Are else, dear, you'll miss mine.
And whether, when the summons comes,
It calls for you or me.
The secaration must be brief—
And, then, eternity
And, Molle, let inc tell you,
Its light is bright through day and
night.
Its course is never run.

THE LEGACY.

From the Yiddish of L. Libin.

A cold winter morning.

Snow, snow and snow; wherever the glance falls—snow. Throughout the night it had steadily fallen, at dawn a brisk frost ensued, and the day slow-ly waxed into a cold winter morning.

In Mr. Dardick's sweatshop the

hads are busily engaged at work—the operators driving the wheels of their machines, the finishers and basters plying their needles, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, the

forwards, backwards and forwards, the cutter banging away with his heavy scissors, the presser with his irons, the packer with his boxes; in short, bustle and life. Very plainly, it is "busy." It is still very early. The streets of New York are alive with endlessly flowing streams of people on their way to work. The stores are still closed and the early morning seems still to blink and to rub its eyes most lazily. But in Dardick's sweatshop they have been at work many, many hours.

Somewhere in the dim distance a clock begins to strike the hours, wear-ily, one by one. One of the operators starts up. "What time is that?" he

"What? Only seven o'clock?" he

"What did you suppose, numbskull?"
"I thought it was almost dinner-

And it is not to be marvelled at that the poor soul had made such an error; for the real tailor "season" is in full swing, and work is begun in Mr. Dardick's shop while the stars are still twinkling in the sky and the moon has still a good half hour of her journey

"All at work, all at work; it is busy!"

The sopis not very large, but the souls to be found therein are not to be numbered. The hands are crammed together in the fashion of herring in a barrel. And, as 2, matter of fact, the shop is merely a transformation of three ordinary tenement rooms, and space is precious.

The soul of the rooms there stands a special space of the rooms and lizing the space of the rooms are spaced on the rooms and lizing the space of the rooms and lizing the space of the rooms are spaced on the rooms are spaced on the rooms are spaced on the rooms and lizing the spaced on the rooms are spaced on the roo

space is precious.

In one of the rooms there stands a spacious wardrobe. When the rooms were inhabited the wardrobe was naturally used as a depository for clothes; but when Mr. Dardick opened his shop here, it remained standing without any particular use. When, however, the naticular use. When, however, the machine was seen immediately that the machine was too heavy for the child.

"Will you be able to carry it by yourself?" asked one of the operators. "Yes." answered Avromke promptly and puffed out his chest. "Til help him," chimed in Sorele, and both children left the shop.

But this is not exactly the point.
The one corner of the shop, there

Upon the machine there lie the usual greasy little oilcan, a pair of scissors and an oilcloth cushion. The head of

In this Inferno there is an empty little corner, and no one makes bold to seize upon it; the operator's valuables lie upon the machine, but no one dares to touch them. Death has snatched away the being en-

aged at this machine.

It occurred but a few days before. At the machine there sat a workman of some thirty-five years, Barnet Lyok by name. He was one of the short-breathed, heavy-coughing tribe. One day, some few weeks previously,

"Barnet!"

"Heigh ho!" They succeeded in reviving him, and two operators sacrificed an hour of their "busy" and led him home to his wife and children.

On the following day the tidings came that Barnet was no longer operator, no longer among the living. For a moment the workmen were lost in thought as they received the news; then, for a while, they rehearsed the worthy traits in the character of him that was dead. Finally, two operators arose, stepped up to Barnet's machine, wrapped it about in his apron, and wrapped it about in his apron, and arranged the various tools.

"Fellows," one of them cried out, "let the things remain just so, and an ugly end for any one who touches

"Ought to carry them away to the widow," proposed some one

"No; best not to bother her just yet, Heart's bitter enough. Wait a while." "Let them be so till they call for the stand," put in the baster from his post on high within the wardrobe, "and then we'll carry the things to the widow." The stand, namely, was a

rented one.

And so the machine remained standing where it had always stood, but quiet, motionless, with the tailor's desiderata and black apron on top.

Two frozen little children have entered Dardick's shop, a little girl and a little boy. Their clothes were in tatters, their shoes torn.

"Barnet's children!" somebody cried out . . . and suddenly a miracle took

place.

The raging, whirling hell grew suddenly quiet and placid. The wheels of the machines were suddenly scorched in their whizzing; the heavy pressirons stood cooling; the needles suddenly ceased to ply and to fly. The operator stalked forth from his post within the wardrobe, and from on high the baster descended. All surrounded the two little orphans. the two little orphans.

Some eyes were filled with tears and or a moment all was silent.
"How's mamma?"

"Sitting Shivah." (This is the pre-

scribed seven days mourning.)
"Eat anything today?"
"Yes," answered the children in

"Soup and bread."
"Poor little birds," murmured the

"Did they make fire at home?" asked

somebody else.

"No," replied the little girl.
"No coal," put in the boy by way of explanation. "Awful cold at home."

The operators looked at each other. Then someone took out a nickel, and soon everybody began to descend into his pocket. A free collection was made for the orphans.
"Is your pocket without holes?"

"Is your pocket without holes?" asked one of the workmen, turning to

"Well, give this to your mother; something was owed your father, you know," and he emptied the money into the child's pocket.

"Altogether without shoes..."

"Quite naked..."

"Did you come for anything?" asked

make.

"All at work, all at work; it is strings," said the little girl.

marked another operator, and Itzig, ashamed of his joke, steps aside.
The "things" were handed to the children; the head of the machine was given to the boy, and the little girl took the other valuables tied up in a bundle. But it was seen immediately that the machine was too heavy for

Im one corner of the shop there stands a sewing machine. It is lonely, unoccupied; no one sits working therethe baster of the post on high returned to his post on high, but one old workman remained standing and watched the children. Suddenly he cried out: "Oh, wee is me!"

'What is it? What is it? What has happened?" And a tumult ensued.
"The child has fallen into the snow, and the machine with it."

All flocked to the window Itzig, the joker, ran out to help the children. Those standing by the win-dow saw how he picked the child up from the snow, how he picked the machine up, took it into his hands and walked off with the children.

busy."-Translated for "The Sunday Philadelphia Record.'

eyes stared, numb and stark, and the suppose Grabbing Dollars Grabbing Dollars Is Low Compared to Practising the Industrial Arts

By (Address to the alumni Andrew Carnegie. of the Stevens Institute of Technology.)

HAVE been looking at you and I say that there was a great contrast between this audience and other audiences we might meet, such, perhaps, as men engaged in stock specu-

I congratulate you that you have taken a profession for your future, a profession in which, perhaps, you will not make fortunes easily. That may be the reason why your president has found it difficult to raise all the money he

wants. You are doing higher things than grabbing dollars. You have something which the mere money maker never can possess, and mercifully, can never understand the loss of—you have education.

Some well known American citizens were sitting around a table in a hotel in Europe recently, and while one of them was estimating the amount of wealth possessed by an American whom I might call Mr. Richbroker, another was continually dissenting, and at last said: "He doesn't own a million dollars. The difference with you is that the

The difference with you is that knowledge does not possess you, but you have the treasure and own it. No matter whether you die worth millions of not you have something that is denied to the man immersed in the accumu-lation of wealth. In your professions you deal with eternal verities. There is no such thing as deception in the materials or the laws you use. Two and two make four. There is no scheming to deceive others, no smartness, no

wn. Self-respect is more than millions, and if you lose that, everything else worthless. When a man's judge within, his own soul, approves when he se down at night of all that he has done during the day he has no other dge to fear, here or hereafter. But if he does not have self-approval very

thing else is dross.

I think the professional life leads men to the higher life that it is most difficult to obtain in a mere speculative career. The world is not advanced by the men in that large department of business which is mere gambling in stocks. They are parasites, feeding on business. If I had a son to educate I should choose for him a professional career such as you have chosen.

BUDDING BERKERS BERKERSKERS

For How Our Consuls A. Maurice Low. = Succeed = 2005



HE American Consul is sui generis. He is made a consul without previous training or experience, frequently without a rudimentary knowledge of the language of the country in

a rudimentary knowledge of the language of the country in which he resides. From the editorial chair, the lawyer's of fice or the political ranks he is transferred to the Consulate; more often than not without the least knowledge of a consul's duties, without the slightest acquaintance with international or commercial law; as densely ignorant of the history and manners and customs of the people among whom he lives as they are of the idiosyncrasics of the American mind.

Now, if theories were always as stubborn as facts, the American consul ought to be a colossal failure, uiterly worthless to his government and not of the slightest use to commerce, and candor compels me to say that a few years ago this description accurately fitted him. There were exceptions, of course, there always are exceptions; but they only prove the soundness of the rule. Now most of them do their work well. Perhaps the very fact that they have no previous training, that they come fresh from their own country, and everything they see appeals to them with the force and novelty that a new object appeals to the child with an expanding mind and makes the same impression, or perhaps because unconsciously it is a case of the selection of the fittest and or perhaps because unconsciously it is a case of the selection of the fittest and the man who is shrewd and pushing enough to be able to capture a consulate has qualities which distinguish him above his fellows—whatever the reason, the fact remains that these untried men are sent abroad and that they are keenly alert to the demands made upon them

They are always investigating, inquiring and wanting to know. They are not content merely to send to the department perfunctory reports of official returns of imports and exports or mere tables of figures (although these as matters of routine are not ignored), but they delve into obscure places, they compare and contrast, they offer their advice and suggestions freely and the department allows them full scope. How much the consul's report is "edited" before it is made public, or how often it never is given publicity, no one, of ourse, outside the department has any means of knowing, but the daily bulle in issued containing these reports, which is given wide and gratuitous distri ation, shows that the American consular corps is industrious and intelligent

&~ Rough Mining Camps ~? Com Disappearing Henry F. Cope. we



EW things in the development of our country could be more striking than the strides taken by mining within the last few years. Contrast the Cripple Creek district of 1890, with its 40 square miles of ranch lands, or again, of 1891 or 1892 with its thousands of prespect-holes and diminutive dumps on one side; with the picture of today, with its many mines almost entirely consolidated in 14 great companies with the on one side; with the picture of today, with its many min-almost entirely consolidated in 14 great companies with i

almost entirely consolidated in 14 great companies with its 50,000 settled population, its dignified city and it production, in spite of the terrific labor struggle, of nearly \$12,000,000 worth of gold in 1902, while the production for 1904 is estimated at \$23,000,000. Contrast the conditions when the miner trudged up Bull hill from his cabin carrying his tools, groped his way down his rude ladders and picked away at his own little mine, with the conditions today, when he goes to his work on an electric car, descends the mine in an electric hoist, works yelectric light, drills with electric air-compressors and fires his shot by electricity from an electric switchboard remote from the scene of his tamping. Set the an electric with and sledge beside the air-drill, and the miner's candlestick be the arc-light. Contrast the miner in that district who, 10 years ago I not handle with any profit an ore that ran under \$100 per ton with the coun not handle with any profit an one that ran under \$100 per ton with the mills of today, which by chlorination and cyanide plants make a margin on \$10 ores. Contrast the individual workings scattered over Anaconda Hill, now Butte, with the present impressive sight of the immense steel gailows frames, sinokestacks and concentrators of the seven great companies employing \$000 men—one company having nearly \$600 men—and producing annually narly fifty millions of wealth.—The World Today.

CHANGE CHANGE CHANGE CHANGE CONTROL .. Methods. That . Ruin . Nations By Bishop Mackay-Smith.



HE principles of Christianity are, in their last analysis, sin ply the principles of fair play. They are founded on the conviction that that which binders the progress of the world, in the long run, is human greed and human selfs:

Dreathed, heavy-coughing tribe.

One day, some few weeks previously, Barnet Lyok came to work with great parade; namely, his two elder children, ix-year-old Sorele and seven-year-old Avronmke, led him by the hand. When his fellow-workmen inquired the occasion of so much ado, he replied that his feet had somehow become sort of "full," and that it was hard for him to walk alone.

From that day on the children were his daily escorts to the shop.

But it did not last long. One fine day Barnet remained sitting at his machine like one paralyzed. A cold swent cozed forth over his face, his

SCIENCE NOTES.

To save life in mines filled with poisonous gases after an explosion several Viennese scientists have in vented a respirator through which it is possible for the wearer to breathe the same air over and over again.

On landing in Australia, says the writer in Nature Notes, our hive bees adustriously collected quantities of ney. Finding, however, that there is no winter such as we have in Eng-nd, it gave up laying in stores. Its orals are corrupted, for it is no long-"busy," and leads a butterfly life.

The torrential rains of Madagascar ground-sluice the surface soil into the waterways, forming shallow gulch placers characterized by the fine flour gold content; this process results in a natural restoration of the placers which, after being once mined, can be profitably worked again after an interval of a few years.

Apropos of a statement that "coal ould appear a strange article of diet," correspondent writes to the West-

A discovery of great archaeological interest has been made in the district of Umtali in Central Africa during some recent exploration. Extensive ruins of what apparently were build-ings of some antiquity have been re-vealed. One of the most interesting objects unearthed is a structure shaped like a calrn, and unique in the history of the country since the establishment of white rule. It is twelve feet long and about the same width, with a small curious construction at one end. Notable features of the cairn are that ach side—excepting one, which has seen displaced by the growth of a arge tree—bears traces of skilled hardiwork. The material, which strangely enough differs in character, it is dressed and faced throughout in artistic style. One side is composed entirely of quartz, while the others consist of soapstone and gneiss respec

Long before bacteriology became an cstablished science the microbe theory was discussed by scientists. Daniel Defoe, in his "Journal of the Plague," published in 1722, wrote: "Some there are who talk of infection being carried on by the air only, by carrying with it wast numbers of insects and invisible creatures, who enter into the body with the breath or even at the pores with the air, and these generate or emit acute poisons, or poisonous ovae, or eggs, which mingle themselves with the blood, and so infect the body. I have heard that the plague taint might be distinguished by the party's breathing upon a piece of glass, where, the breath condensing, there might be seen, with a microscope, living creatures of strange, monstrous and frightul shapes, such as dragons, snakes erpents and devils, horrible to behold but this I very much question the truth of, and we had no microscope at that time, as I remember, to make the experiment with.

Electric Heating.

The art of electrical heating is well leveloped, though the use of these appliances for heating rooms and cooking is not as great as could be desired. The fault here lies not in the neaters themselves, but in the fact that in generating electrical energy from coal great losses take place. he method is roundabout, and the nely system available today is, un-portunately, inefficient. First we burn fortunately, inefficient. First we burn the coal and transfer as much as possible of the heat developed by this process to water. The steam thus generated is then passed to some type of engine. The engine drives an electric generator, which in turn developes an electrical current. This current must then be transmitted, through conducting wires, to the point, where its energy is reconveyed into heat. At every step, except the into heat. At every step, except the last, losses take place, not so much due to the apparatus as to the system itself.—Electrical Review.

In small pieces on pan and bake in moderate oven.

Salted Almonds.—A cooking-school for salting almonds requires that after

Gypsies on the Sea.

In the archipelago off Mergui, off ne coast of Lower Burma, Asia, live "sea gypsies." Instead of cart own covered boats, in which their families, dogs, cats, chick ns and pets, they float about on the sea and wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtle or live for oysters. But every night they put back to the shore. If the reather is bad at sea they land with heir dogs and then poach, catching orcupines, squirrels, armadilloes, hog eer and the like, of which they make vory stews, as American gypsies do

Human Nature.

"We tried a new experiment in our town," said the man with silver-rimmed spectacles. "We thought that the tendency to vanity was so great that there ought to be some reward for people who were capable of standing aside and rejricing in the success of others. So we organized a society and arranged for the presentation of mederar models:

"Badly. As soon as a man won one of the medals he would swell up and tet so proud that we'd have to take away from him."—Washington

In a Pitsburg office building a system of washing the air and removing all dust has been introduced.



Glass Furnishings.

Glass furnishings for the dressing Glass furnishings for the dressing room and bathroom are more and more popular. Sets of shelves with nickel supports, glass towel rods, and other fittings have superseded to a large extent nickel and even silver in homes of wealth. Glass bathtubs are not very new. They are still too expensive to have come into common use

Paper Muslin Mats.

and woven, just as the kindergarten paper mats are made and the effect is would appear a strange of correspondent writes to the Westminster Gazette saying that it is not only children and cats who regard it as a luxury, as he has an Irish water spaniel which makes away with a number of lumps a day unless the coal is kept out of his reach.

strips are interno.

green, or white and navy blue. Patterns are to be had, not alone the simple, checker-board effect, but more elaborate designs. A bag to hold odds and ends, made in this way and finished with a silk top to draw it up by, is a handy thing to hang on the wall of a summer cottage.—Newark Adverquite good, when garnet and white strips are interwoven, or dark blue and green, or white and navy blue. Pat-terns are to be had, not alone the sim-

> Laundry, Sewing, Darning. Laundry, Sewing, Darning.
> The ability to use patterns and cut
> material to the best advantage, the
> cultivation of taste in form and trimming and the art of sewing neatly,
> are all learned in this way.
> Then there is the art of mending and
> devening.

Then there is the art of mending and darning.

Laundry work is almost a lost art in many households, and is regarded as difficult and drudgery. Yet done with knowledge it becomes a fine art.

Every mother should feel it a part of her daughter's education to have skill with the needle, and in vacation days it is easiest to give the girls lessons in sewing and making garments, bo cause they have no other demands on

Freshening the Gown.

reshened without washing by sprinkling with gum arabic water, then ironing. After starching, turn the dress wrong side out, dry in a shady place as rapidly as possible, sprinkle, roll in a towel for a short time, then iron on the wrong side, finishing by pressing the rough seams and edges on the right side. Before beginning to iron see that the flatirons are perfectly clean. Have a newspaper or which to rub the iron every time you take one off the range, a soft cloth with which to wipe it around the edges, an iron-stand on which to rest the iron when you find it necessary to move the goods, and a bowlful of cold water and a piece of white cotton with which to moisten any places that may become too dry to permit of being ironed

Recipes.

Currant Sponge—Put one cupful of currant jelly (quince or other jelly may be used) into a pint measure; fill the measure with boiling water, add half a cupful, scant measure, of tanioca, and cook in a double boiler until the tapioca is transparent. Add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt to the whites of three eggs, and beat them until stiff; fold them into the tapioca mixture and turn into a mould. Serve when thoroughly chilled, with cream and sugar.

Chocolate Cookies—Rub together one

for salting almonds requires that after shelling for blanching, the nuts shall be boiled in strong salt water for ten minutes, allowing one teaspoonful of salt to each cupful of nuts. Dry thoroughly on a cloth and sprinkle with melted butter or saiad oil, a tesspoon-ful to each cupful. Spread on a tin and put in a hot oven till they are a light brown. Shake often, watching carefully that they do not burn. Drain on blotting paper. Egg Cookies-Use one cupful of but-

ter, two cupfuls of sugar, five eggs, one and one-half pints of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful of baking pow-der, and one cupful of milk. Mix buter, sugar, and eggs smooth; add flour ter, sugar, and eggs smooth; add flour, stifted with powder, and milk into dough soft enough to handle conveniently; flour the board; roll out dough thin; cut out with biscuit cutter; lay on greased baking tin; bake in hot oven five or six minutes. These cookies will keep for several weeks.

Banana Sponge.-Peel and no moothly six or eight bananas, add to his three or four ounces of sugar and little grated lemon rind, the juice of ne-half of a lemon, one ounce of gelatine, and rather more than one and one-half pints of cold water; stir this over the fire until the sugar and gelaine are dissolved, then lift it off and et stand until nearly cold, when you beat it well, mixing in the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs; pour into a hould and stand on ice until set.

More than 5,000 persons annually disappear in the United States.