

SONG.

Salt whistling wind for the home-turned sail. The siren song for the sea. The nightingale for the lotus vale. But the voice of my love for me!

A NEIGHBORLY KINDNESS.

By MABEL NELSON THURSTON.

The golden tide of sunlight crept steadily across the floor. Mrs. Petty, from the lounge, watched it with fascinated eyes. Mrs. Bilberry had been there exactly two hours and ten minutes. If she stayed ten minutes longer the sunlight would reach the table and reveal the gray bloom of twenty-four hours' dust, and five minutes after that it would discover the spot on the carpet where the boys had spilled the ink the day before, and then the ragged place in front of the bookcase, and then—

With a determined effort she turned her thoughts hospitably to ward her caller. Mrs. Bilberry's generous figure was surging back and forth in a protesting rocking-chair, her eyes, full of sympathetic interest, were fixed upon her silent hostess, and her hearty voice flowed on and on.

"And to-morrow morning I'm coming over to do your baking for you. No, don't say a word. I can do it just as well as not. No matter if I have work of my own; I can manage both without breaking my bones. I know how you feel laid up with that sprained ankle, but you mustn't get discouraged."

Mrs. Petty had started up from the lounge. She fell back again instantly, but the distress in her face was not from the pain.

"Oh, you mustn't!" she cried. "It's real kind of you, but I couldn't think of letting you take all that trouble. Rachel can do everything we'll need; she's real handy about cooking."

Mrs. Bilberry beamed with generous kindness. "Now don't go protesting, Mrs. Petty," she said. "I know how much cooking a child like Rachel will do. I shan't let any of my neighbors suffer as long as I'm able to be about."

"But Rachel cooks real well. I've been planning things out while I've been lying here, and I'm sure we'll get along all right."

She looked pleadingly at her caller, and then, reading in her determined glance the evidence of unchanged purpose, hurried desperately on:

"But there's one thing I would be glad of, since you've been so kind about offering. If it wouldn't be too much to ask, I'd be real grateful to have a little help with the mending. I let it run behind while I was doing the house-cleaning, and now it's about got to the point that nobody has anything whole to wear. Of course I'll be sitting up in a day or two, as soon as my back gets straightened out, and then I can get on; but just for this week—Rachel has so much to do with housework and lessons, too—"

Her voice trailed off interrogatively.

It made her quiver to think of anybody's seeing the way she made over the boys' stockings, or the irregular darns upon Rachel's—she was afraid Rachel never would learn to be handy with her needle—but that was better than having some one step into her kitchen.

Mrs. Bilberry carefully extracted herself from the rocker and stood over the lounge with an air of kindly authority.

"You're all worked up, worrying," she declared, "and I shan't let you talk another mite. As for the mending, why, that will fit in as easy as can be. I'll be over by nine o'clock, and I'll cook enough to last a good part of the week. Wouldn't you rest better if I pulled down the curtains?"

"I guess I would," Mrs. Petty agreed, faintly. The sun had not quite reached the spot on the carpet, but she was too tired now to care anything about it.

"There, now, I've darkened the room, and you'll have time for a good nap before the children get home from school. Good-by, and be sure you don't worry."

Mrs. Bilberry closed the door softly and stepped out into the crisp October afternoon. She had her head well up and looked round her with the keenest pleasure. The consciousness of the neighborly kindness she planned gave her the sensation of a deserved holiday—the right to enjoy the world.

"Poor thing," she thought, compassionately. "It's hard for her. There's nothing more treacherous than a bad sprain. Well, I guess I can hold out as long as she needs me."

Back in the shaded sitting-room Mrs. Petty lay with two red spots burning in her cheeks. Even now that her caller had gone she could not relax. Her thoughts kept circling about the morning; she even found herself counting the hours before her neighbor would reappear. When Rachel came home from school, her mother called excitedly:

"Rachel, come here, quick!"

The buried pearl for the ocean-bed. The egg for the tree-swung nest. Rare gems and gold for the crowned head. But the heart of my love is best!

Oh, heart of my love! Oh voice, oh eyes! All gifts of the world to me. Are as ropes of sand, since I've found life's prize. And its star and its song in thee. —Margaret Ridgely Schott, in Lippincott's.

"What is it, mother?" she asked. "Are you worse? Shall I run for the doctor?"

Mrs. Petty was sitting up on the lounge, her face twitching with excitement. "Go right upstairs and put on your old work dress," she ordered. "No, I'm not sick, child; I'm just upset. You do as I say."

Rachel hurried up-stairs without a word. In less than five minutes she was back. Her small face might have been a mirror reflecting her mother's anxiety, but she still asked no questions. Rachel had always been "grown-up in her ways," and her intuitions were fine and unerring. Her mother looked at her, worried lines furrowing her forehead.

"It's too bad to take you Friday afternoon, Rachel," she said, "but I don't see any other way. Mrs. Bilberry's just been in, and says she's coming over to do the cooking to-morrow morning. I told her you could do all we'd need, but that didn't make any difference; she'd made up her mind to come, and she's coming. She said she'd be over by nine o'clock."

Rachel grasped the situation instantly, and her face sharpened with dismay. She was her mother's own daughter.

"And the kitchen hasn't been cleaned yet!" she gasped. "You were leaving it till the last."

"I'd like to lock the door to-morrow morning!" her mother cried. But Rachel was wholly concerned with actualities. She well knew the futility of locking a door against Mrs. Bilberry, either literally or figuratively.

"I could clean some," she said, "but I couldn't reach the highest places, and it would show the difference."

"Indeed, you're not going to climb round any step-ladders," her mother declared, emphatically. "One sprained ankle in the family is enough. But you can put fresh papers on the lower shelves in the pantry and clean out the kitchen closet a little, and I'm afraid you'll have to wipe up the floor."

Rachel nodded. She went out to the kitchen and put on a kettleful of water to heat. Then she set resolutely to work upon the kitchen closet.

Every housekeeper knows the moral depravity of a kitchen closet. When at last kettles, pots and pans were restored to their places it was half-past four. Rachel gave a glance at the kitchen clock and then sea her lips resolutely.

"They'll have to have bread and milk for supper to-night," she said. She cleaned the stove next and scoured the kitchen table, and then began scrubbing the floor. It was while she was in the midst of that that the boys appeared, hungry for supper. Rachel lifted her tired face.

"Don't come in one step!" she cried. "There isn't going to be any supper to-night! Go straight out into the yard and stay there!"

The boys looked at each other in amazement, and then slowly retreated to discuss the situation. They were still in the thick of the subject when Rachel appeared with a plateful of bread and butter and another of cookies.

"I didn't mean to be cross," she apologized, "only—things have happened, and I was so tired. This will have to be your supper to-night."

The boys met her manfully. "I guess we didn't mind very much about what you said," Harvey declared.

"No," Ralph echoed. "These cookies are first-class, Rachel." And Rachel went back to her work comforted.

By six o'clock the kitchen was cleaned, and everything was done except putting the fresh paper on the pantry shelves. Rachel stopped then to set out more bread and cookies and cold meat for her father, and make tea for her mother. Her mother looked from Rachel's tired face to her small, reddened hands and bony wrists, and a fierce anger seized her.

"You're not to do a single other thing!" she declared. "I don't care if a thousand Mrs. Bilberys are coming over to-morrow. I'm not going to let you wear yourself all out."

"What's Rachel been doing?" her father asked.

"She's been cleaning house—that's what she's been doing," Mrs. Petty returned. "Mrs. Bilberry was in this afternoon, and said she was coming over to-morrow morning to do the cooking. I told her we didn't need anybody, but she didn't take it in at all. So we couldn't have her come into such a looking kitchen, and Rachel's been cleaning it."

"Why didn't you tell her that you didn't want her?" Rachel's father asked, indignantly. He was very fond of Rachel.

was kind, of course—only she didn't realize all the trouble it would make. I couldn't let anybody come into a dirty kitchen, though I wish I had, now that Rachel's so tired."

"But I've nearly finished now, mother," Rachel reminded her. "You're quite finished. You're not going to do another thing."

"Only the papers on the pantry shelves. That isn't hard. Oh, I'll have to go to the store for some new cake tins—you know ours are too bad for anybody to use."

But Mrs. Petty had reached the limit of concession to Mrs. Bilberry or anybody else.

"You're going to bed!" she declared. "Your father can go for the cake tins, and the pantry will have to stay as it is."

Promptly at nine the next morning Mrs. Bilberry appeared. Rachel was just putting away the last of the breakfast dishes. Mrs. Bilberry greeted her with breezy benevolence.

"There, Rachel, you show me whereabouts things are, and then you can go. I told your mother you weren't either of you to have a mite of care about the cooking, and I meant what I said. The flour and sugar are in those barrels, I suppose, and I've found the eggs for myself. How much milk have you?"

"Nearly a pint. It's down cellar."

"Well, before you settle down to anything you might as well run out and get a quart more. I thought I'd make an Indian pudding while I'm about it."

Rachel hesitated, her face full of anxiety.

"I don't know as—we eat Indian pudding," she stammered. "Well, you'll eat my Indian pudding," Mrs. Bilberry returned, with unfringed good nature. "There's nobody can bake a better Indian pudding than I, if I do say it; and besides, somebody else's cooking always tastes good for a change. I'll make up a batch of apple pies, too, and a loaf of cake, and then you'll be fixed for some days. If you're going down cellar you might as well bring up the butter and a pan of apples. I'm sort of hefty to go up and down-stairs, and I guess your feet can save me that much."

Rachel went down for the butter and apples, and again for the milk, which Mrs. Bilberry had forgotten to mention the first time. Then she went to a neighbor's for the milk and to the store for lemon extract. Her small face grew more and more anxious. None of the Pettys care very much for pies, and Mrs. Bilberry was making so many. Once Rachel ventured a timid remonstrance, but Mrs. Bilberry only laughed.

"I know what 'tis to bake for men-folks," she said. "It takes a sight to fill them up. If you don't mind, Rachel, you might just finish cutting those apples while I roll out the crust."

So Rachel finished slicing the apples, and when those were done, she creamed the butter and sugar for the cake and beat the eggs and grated nutmeg, and then began to wash the cooking dishes.

Finally the cake and part of the pies and the pudding were in the oven, and Mrs. Bilberry went into the sitting-room and sank down upon one of the chairs. The cake was perfect and the pies deliciously brown, and the rooms full of their warm, spicy fragrance.

"I can't stop but a minute," she said. "I've got to be going along home. I guess everything's done now, and all Rachel will have to do will be to watch the baking of what's in the oven. I guess everything turned out good."

"It's been real kind of you, I'm sure," Mrs. Petty replied. She felt that she was wickedly ungrateful, but she could think of nothing but Rachel's weary little face as she had caught sight of it through the kitchen door.

Mrs. Bilberry beamed cordially upon her. "Now don't say a word about it—ever!" she commanded. "It's been a real pleasure to do it. I ain't one that people have to fix up for. I can step right in anywhere and make myself at home, and like to. Now next Saturday I'd as lief come over again—"

But Mrs. Petty interrupted her. "Oh, no, I couldn't think of letting you take so much trouble again. I'm sure I'll get around next week, and Rachel and I can manage beautifully."

"Well," Mrs. Bilberry responded, rising, "I hope you will, I'm sure, but if you don't, I can come in again just as well as not. There's not very much I can do in the world, but I do lay out to be a good neighbor. I'll be over in a day or two to see how you're getting on. Good-by! Good-by, Rachel! Be sure to watch those pies."

"Yes, I will!" Rachel called back.

As the gate closed behind the portly figure, Rachel and her mother exchanged a glance of sympathetic comprehension. Then Rachel disappeared again into the kitchen; it was time to begin about dinner.

Mrs. Petty, reaching down, pulled from under the lounge a basket heaped with mending, and propping herself against the pillows, set to work. It hurt her back to sit up, but she did not mind the pain.

The morning was over at last. Rachel should rest all the afternoon and Sunday, and Mrs. Bilberry had forgotten the mending, and need never know how Mrs. Petty made over the boys' stockings.—Youth's Companion.

The prairie dog is one of the most dainty of animals. It makes for itself a fresh bed of straw every night,

SEEDLESS ORANGES

Are Responsible For Millions of California's Wealth.

The introduction of the seedless navel orange has revolutionized the orange industry of the United States. It has drawn 13,000 men from other pursuits and transformed vast areas of sunbaked land in California into orange groves.

It has been the prime factor in the growth of a dozen towns of 5,000 and 10,000 persons in southern California and has added directly more than \$43,000,000, and indirectly \$60,000,000 more to the taxable wealth of the State.

The first seedless orange trees were apparently freaks of nature and their counterparts have never been found. Early in the '70's William Judson, United States consul to Bahia, Brazil, heard an account from natives of a few trees in the swamps on the banks of the Amazon, some sixty miles away. He sent a native up the river to get some of the fruit and to bring him some of the shoots of the tree.

When the native returned the consul was delighted with the specimens and sent six of the shoots, carefully packed in moss and clay, to the Department of Agriculture at Washington. The trees did not excite much interest at the department. Two which were planted in the department grounds died for lack of care and others were forgotten for months.

The crop of the first years netted sixteen seedless oranges, and those were exhibited all over California. There were about a box of oranges in the second year and they were even better than the first crop. The planting of groves of seedless oranges propagated from the buds from the two original trees began in earnest in 1882. The following year the demand for buds from the Tibet trees were so large that a dozen buds sold frequently for \$5, and some growers paid even as high as \$1 apiece for them.

Remarkable But True Statement.

Hon. Francis S. Hesselstine, of our Boston Bar, sends to Our Dumb Animals the following, written to him by Dr. J. Langdon Sullivan, a prominent physician:

"The facts you ask for are as follows: Twenty years ago a gentleman brought to my office a large, very handsome intelligent spaniel dog whose right foreleg was badly broken, the bone being grown out of place. On the master's assurance that the dog would not bite me I set the leg. Drawing the bony fragments into place caused severe avoidable pain. The animal whimpered, but displayed no anger, and allowed the dressing to remain undisturbed until I removed it when firm union had resulted. I saw no more of my canine patient nor of his owner for two years. Then (again on a summer's morning) I heard a loud scratching at my office door. I opened it and there stood my old spaniel friend, wagging his tail. Beside him stood a fine black-and-tan with a round French nail driven clear through his right paw. I patted the spaniel, called both dogs in, removed the nail and sent both away happy, trotting side by side as if nothing had happened. I have never seen anything of either since."

The Forest Giant.

The Gladwin Record gives a splendid view of what it regards as probably the last big log rollway of Cedar River. The long stretch of logs and handsome river scene make a magnificent spectacle, yet it cannot be contemplated without a feeling of sadness in the breast of every old lumberman who will behold in it the passing of what once seemed a serried and unconquerable army of forest giants, capable of holding out with petty losses, for all time, against civilization and the lumber barons. A scene in camp, with old Angus Macdonald and his husky os team at the front, affords an interesting study. Grizzled Mack, now verging on seventy, but still as hale and hardy as an old buck, has spent fifty-two winters in the lumber woods, and it would not be strange if with his love for the forest it will be his dying request to be allowed to stand in the range of the last lumber monarch to be felled on the Cedar River, and in its crash meet a glorious death beneath its sturdy trunk; for what would there be left for rugged "Old Mack" worth while living for?—Detroit News.

Curious Habits of Foxes.

The animals on which the fox usually preys are often left untouched round his home; and it is even asserted that nothing is killed on the side of the hill in which that home is made.

In a small patch of nettles within a few feet of the mouth of the foxes' earth a partridge placed her nest and brought off her brood. Round this little bed the cubs were constantly to be seen, and in it they played hide and seek. In another case the entrance to an earth was surrounded by five or six rabbit holes the tenants of which were unmolested by their next door neighbors.

In a third a litter of cubs was placed in a large pit surrounded by fencing, from which there was no escape and in which there were a number of rabbits. None of these was attacked by the cubs, though they would seize a dead rabbit in full of sight of the person who had shot and thrown it to them.—Native Notes.

YANKEES SPEND \$400,000,000IN EUROPE YEARLY

---A. B. HEPEURN.

New York Banker Blames the Extravagance of American Tourists For the Stringent Monetary Conditions Here—Steamship Men Think His Figures Too High—\$85,000,000, Cook's Agency Believes, Will Cover the Expenditures in 1906.

Americans Abroad Will Spend \$85,000,000 in 1906, Says Cook's.

The following estimate of the number of Americans visiting Europe in 1906, with their expenditures, is compiled from opinions given by Thomas Cook & Sons:

ESTIMATE OF NUMBER OF TOURISTS. Passengers to Europe (first class) in 1904 80,021. Same in 1905 87,641. Same (estimated) for 1906 96,000. Passengers to Europe (second class, estimated) in 1906 83,500. COST OF OCEAN VOYAGE. Cost of first class round trip (average) \$175. Tips, first class 10. First class passengers, round voyage and tips 17,760,000. Second class passengers, round voyage 7,515,000. COST OF STAY IN EUROPE. First class— 79,000 tourists, 4 weeks at \$6 per diem 3,200,000. 38,500 tourists, 6 weeks at \$8 per diem 18,000,000. 24,000 tourists, 8 weeks at \$10 per diem 19,200,000. 14,500 tourists, 12 weeks at \$10 per diem 17,400,000. Second class— 83,500 tourists, expenses in Europe at \$125 each 10,447,500. Total \$85,102,000.

How can less than 100,000 persons spend half a billion dollars in Europe this year?

A. Barton Hepburn, formerly Comptroller of the Treasury and now President of the Chase National Bank, asserts that at least \$400,000,000, but probably the larger sum, is what it will cost this country for the expenses of its tourists in 1906.

Mr. Hepburn's sources of information include the biggest bankers, American and foreign, in New York, and his experience in the United States Treasury, gives his opinion great weight among financiers. Mr. Hepburn said:

"The extravagant expenditures of American tourists abroad are in a great degree responsible for the present conditions in the money market. These expenditures now reach the enormous sum of \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000 a year. The subject was discussed recently by a number of gentlemen prominent in financial affairs who have facilities for gathering information on such a subject, and the lowest estimate by any of them was \$400,000,000. Several of them thought this estimate was too low, and placed their estimate at \$500,000,000 a year."

Offsets the Trade Balance.

"This vast sum about offsets the great trade balance in favor of the United States each year. According to the best information obtainable on the subject, our floating debt to Europe at the present time is between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000. This is in addition to the great sum spent by American tourists."

When John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury, about a quarter of a century ago, he made a careful investigation through foreign bankers and foreign exchange houses as to the full amount that was at that time expended every year by these tourists. He found these expenditures amounted to \$100,000,000 a year.

"At that time there were few multi-millionaires in the country. Now there are many of this class who maintain great establishments abroad, but their disbursements do not by any means represent all the American money that goes into European pockets. The tourists come from all parts of the country, and include people of moderate means, as well as those of wealth."

"Our bank keeps one of its brightest young men constantly employed in attending to the wants of these tourists. The expenditures are growing larger every year. But for them there would be an annual monetary balance in favor of the United States that would in a few years pile up an enormous sum."

Extent of European Travel.

It is estimated by steamship men that more than 100,000 men, women and children have paid first-class passage "across the pond" this year, perhaps the biggest year of European travel. The second-class passengers, who spend less, may bring

The Traveling Salesman.

"Better than a letter from your wife, sweetheart or even President Roosevelt, is a letter from your firm increasing your salary," was the interesting comment of H. J. Williams, of La Crosse, sitting in the lobby of the Kirby House. "I just received such an epistle this morning, and I feel like a prince. Had I received a notification reducing my stipend I would not have been greatly surprised, because my sales recently have been nothing to brag of, and if the firm thinks by giving me a financial lift my results will be more noticeable, it won't be disappointed, because I am going to start out today and work like a major and prove to my people that I am worthy of the confidence shown me. There are

times in the life of a traveling salesman, when, no matter how hard he tries, he doesn't do enough business in a day, or even a week, to make him feel like thinking of his occupation. And then again, the reverse takes place, but between these two we manage to even up the sales.

"Persistence is what wins with us fellows. No matter how angry your customer gets after the fifteenth or twentieth refusal to give you an order and you are not convinced he needs something in your line, adopt the schoolboy proverb and try again. Your pluck may elicit his admiration, unless he throws you bodily out of the store, and nine times out of ten you land him."—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

By r... dark ro... a bit of