'TIS THE GIRL.

[illegible] the gown, though you think it is
It's the girl.
[illegible] the plume of the Parisian hat,
It's the girl.
[illegible] isn't the music that maketh the trance
Of delight in the glorious whirl of the dance,
It's the girl.

It isn't the style—you may think it is that—
It's the girl.
It isn't home longing that renteth the flat,
It's the girl.
It isn't the bottle, it isn't the bird,
That something anew in your being stirred,
It's the girl.

It isn't that you of old ladies are fond;
It's the girl.
It isn't that Mamma is brunette or blonde,
It's the girl.
It isn't that you care to strike up with Pa
A brief conversation on father-in-law—
It's the girl.

It isn't an idle [illegible] seth the neck,
It's the girl.
It isn't philanthropy draweth the check,
It's the girl.
It isn't the fear of the soon dawning sun
That leaveth the cards ere the game is quite done,
It's the girl.

It isn't the innermost love of the play,
It's the girl.
It isn't that you have two fivers, I say,
It's the girl.
It isn't the plush of the opera box
That bringeth divorce of your purse from your rocks,
It's the girl.

So would you the all-potent mainspring of man,
Seek the girl.
And if aught goes wrong with some well ordered plan,
Seek the girl.
For man ruleth earth with a grip that is grim,
But if you would know who is ruler of him,
Seek the girl.

—*J. W. Foley in the New York Times.*

A Pearl Necklace.

By EDITH REDE BUCKLEY.

She was seated by her bedroom fire deep in thought. The firelight glimmered upon the rich folds of her white satin dress. Her elbow was on her knee and her chin rested on her hand; she was lost in thought, gazing absently upon the red glowing coals as though she wanted to look through them and beyond them to some brighter, happier life on the other side. And the bitterest part of the whole thing was that it was her own fault from beginning to end. She hal been given a far larger share of happiness than falls to the lot of most people, and she had thrown it away with her own hand. She raised her eyes and gazed around the luxurious room in which she sat; no thought and no money had been spared to make it as beautiful as possible, all the thought and care of the husband who had idolized her and whose love she had thrown away on her wedding day.

It had been one of those misunderstndings and mistakes which have no real cause. She had been proud and wilful, had told him that all her love had been given to her cousin before she ever met him, and that her marriage, like hundreds of fashionable marriages every year, had been a "marriage of convenience." It was hardly fair news to a husband on his wedding day, but Arthur Davenant was a man who wanted love for love, and would accept her on no other terms. And so he had given her back her freedom, only begging her to stay under his roof and bear his name that the world should know nothing of their story. They had passed a month in Paris for the honeymoon, and then he had brought her to his home, the home prepared by an eager bridegroom for the reception of a dearly loved wife. For nearly a year they had lived together, outwardly as friends, but seeing nothing of each other except at meals or in the presence of guests. The house was usually full and she made an ideal hostess. He always treated her with the utmost courtesy and consideration; and he bided his time. He was in parliament and managed his own estate—was, indeed, engrossed in his own life, she thought, and left no room for her! For so perverse is woman's heart that when he let her go she would have given all she had in the wide world to have him back. In her early girlhood she had been devoted to a cousin who was absolutely penniless and who went out to try his luck in Virginia.

No actual engagement had ever existed between them, and after he had been gone some years and any hope of a marriage was as distant as ever Arthur Davenant had wooed her, and her parents urged her to accept him. He was a man few girls could have resisted, but her heart was so wrapped up in her cousin that she fancied she would never have any love to give. Arthur Davenant had found her cold to his wooing, but he had the confidence of an ardent lover that he would win her when she was his wife.

She was naturally very self-contained, and as the months went by he never guessed her secret that she was learning to love him with all the passion of her woman's life—a love beside which the feeling for her cousin had been a mere girlish fancy. Kind, courteous, and considerate as he was he was unapproachable. Doubtless he had ceased to love her; other things had filled his mind. "Love is of man's life a thing apart," and it was over for him probably, and too late she had learned to value the pearl she had spurned. The very sight of him as he sat opposite to her at the table made her heart throb. According to her own request he never kissed her or even touched her save sometimes to shake her hand on bidding good night. How could he guess that the mere touch of his fingers made her thrill? She would have given all that she possessed for the careless caresses he gave to his dog. She envied his little nephews and nieces when they came to stay and she watched him showering kisses on their young faces. Ah! if it had only been different, children of his own might have climbed on his knee—her children.

Two years before he had volunteered for the front. She often wondered how she lived through those years. He wrote to her kind, affectionate letters, but no word of love; just the letters a brother would write to a sister; it was she who had forbidden everything else. And now she sat by her fire thinking, thinking, till her brain felt bursting. One week ago he had come home from South Africa, brown and lean and careworn, with two years' sufferings and hardships marked on his strong face, and she wondered jealously if something else had marked his face, too. She had looked at him when she could without observation. The house was full of guests; many of them were his relatives who had come to welcome him home. She had not had five minutes alone with him since his return. She buried her face in both hands. "Yes, at any risk," she cried to herself, "I must ask his forgiveness, beg him for pity, if love be dead." She repeated "If love be dead." God help her then, the words out loud again and again—if love be dead and she rad killed it. She had denied him love, denied him everything. Might he not have taken her at her word and put her out of his life altogether? She had played with edged tools, and her fingers were bleeding. She had juggled with her own fate, and the car had passed over herself. "God help me if his love is dead." She got up and paced round the room. Tomorrow, this very morrow, she would beg for an interview and tell him everything, and ask him if she had come too late; beg him on her knees for a crumb of love, she to whom a rich feast had been offered. "And now," she cried, "I would rather he struck me than ignore me; I would rather he were cruel than any one else in the wide earth were kind. Oh, love is a terrible thing when it comes like this." She wore no rings but her wedding ring, and as she glanced down at her clenched white hand she thought what a mockery it was to wear that. She sank back again in the chair and swayed herself to and fro; tonight her heart felt breaking. She had learned to love her husband before he went away, but those two years of sickening anxiety had magnified her love till it had grown beyond all bounds. It was like the seed in the Bible parable that had brought forth fruit a hundred-fold. There was a knock at her door. She thought it was the maid whom she had dismissed returning for something, and without raising her head she said, "Come in." The door opened and was closed again, and a step that was not Natalie's crossed the room to her side. The color flamed up into her cheeks when she looked up and saw her husband. He was looking unusually handsome tonight, and there was a tender light in his eyes as he glanced down at her quickly lowered head. He carried a blue velvet case in his hand. He took up his position with his back to the fireplace quite close to her, and looked down in silence for some minutes—looked down on her bowed head, thinking that it was bent in cold indifference, little guessing the passionate longing that was surging within her heart. She wondered if he could hear her heart beat; it seemed almost that he must in the absolute stillness. The little carriage clock ticked; a coal fell upon the hearth. She clenched her hands together, but she dared not look up. At last he spoke.

"Mabel, I thought you would forgive me for coming to your room so late, but I remembered it was your birthday tomorrow and I wanted you to accept my present when we were alone—and we never are alone, are we? Not for five minutes since I came back." There as a ring of almost entreaty in his voice. "Do you mind?"

"Mind? Oh, no."

Her voice sounded cold even to herself, but she could scarcely control it from trembling. "It is so good of you to remember," she added lamely.

"Good?"

He opened the case and displayed a row of the most exquisite pearls with a diamond clasp lying on a pale blue velvet lining.

She got up and stood close beside him to examine the necklace; her eyes were clouded and a lump was rising in her throat that almost choked her. She put out her hand and touched the pearls with a little caressing touch for the mere joy of knowing that he was holding the case.

By a great effort she controlled her voice.

The tears were blinding her; she dared not look up.

"Mab!" he had never called her Mab since their ill-starred wedding day.

"Mab, will you let me put it on?"

There was a tremor in his voice; she was afraid he would see her tears.

"Yes." It was only a whisper.

He moved to lay the jewel case on the dressing table. She had turned and faced the fire, and looking into the glass above the mantelpiece she could see his figure reflected, and she watched him take the necklace in his strong brown hands and then press it to his lips, never realizing that she could see him. Then he stepped back to the fireplace, and standing behind her he very gently laid the pearls round her neck. She was conscious that his warm hand trembled as it momentarily touched her neck. Perhaps the clasp was a little stiff, and he lingered a second in fastening it; she could never tell; she only knew in one lighting flash that the crisis of her life had come. Before she realized what she was doing, forgetting all the preparatory speeches that she had rehearsed, forgetting everything excepting that he was close beside her and that she loved him more than anything in earth or heaven, she turned and threw her arms round his neck with one low sob, and laid her cheek, wet with tears, against his.

"Arthur—Arthur, can you ever forgive me? Can you ever believe me? Have I strained your love too far, my dear—my dear?"

"Mabel!" only her name, but in it was the pent-up love of a lifetime. "Mab, is this really true; has it come at last?"

There was a world of tenderness in his voice as he put her gently from him that he might have the joy of looking in her face; then he framed her face in his two hands and looked down into her eyes.

"Mab, is this a dream?" His voice was very low and hoarse from the intensity of his emotion.

"No," she whispered, "it is life. Oh, Arthur, Arthur, can I ever make you believe how I have learned to love you, how I have been hungering for your love all these years, how I love you a myriad times more than I can ever express? Arthur, can you? Tell me, have I come too late?"

He only folded his arms tightly round her, drew her slender figure close to his breast, and whispered two words, only two, but they changed the whole world for her forever. "My wife," and then he laid his lips on hers.
—London Tatler.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The longest article in the new section of the Oxford dictionary is on the verb "pass." It takes up 16 columns.

At a recent conference of the trade in Leicester the president of the Institute of Carriage Builders said that practically the whole of the wheel-making industry of England had been captured by America.

The National Union of Telephone Operators, formed by English hello-girls, has won a great victory. The National Telephone company threatened with a strike, has consented to allow the members to wear colored combs and beads and shirt waists other than black.

Few people know that other days of the week than the first are being observed as Sunday by some nation or other. The Greek observe Monday; the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday; the Egyptians, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews, Saturday, and the Christians Sunday. Thus a perpetual Sabbath is being celebrated on earth.

More double stars have been discovered and measured at the Lick observatory in California. The latest bulletin issued by the university contains an account of another hundred new double stars discovered and measured there. They are of the same character as those previously discovered at the Lick observatory. Nearly all would be difficult objects to observe under conditions less favorable than obtained at Mt. Hamilton.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has a remarkable museum, where within a glass case, is a collection of implements of torture. Straps of every description are there, sticks, clubs and ropes with the knots still in them, that once held childish wrists fast. There are also twisted hooks, bamboo canes and a chain with a padlock by which an imbecile child was for years fastened to a post. Hanging by itself is a straw basket two feet long and a foot deep in which twins were found on a baby farm.

A curious custom has just been celebrated at Klim, near Moscow. All the marriageable girls in the town lined up in the principal street, decked out in their simple finery, many of them also having with them the stock of linen, household and personal, which forms part of their dowry. The young men contemplating matrimony then walked down the serried ranks of beauty as they moved toward the church and selected the girls of their choice. A formal visit to the parents to arrange details was then made in each case and a date fixed for the ceremony.

Proper Apparel.

No man should wear anything but a swallow-tail suit to a dance or evening party. It is not only economy to own and wear a dress suit, but it is also the proper obedience to society custom. And then, as a final and complete reason, every man looks better in a dress suit than in any other kind. Good dress suits can be had ready-made at any clothing store for $16 up. A tailor will make a dress suit for those who care to pay the price for $47 up. This isn't foppery or dudish. It is simply correct wearing apparel, which costs no more than the present way the men dress with such evident lack of taste and culture.
—Hiawatha (Kan.) World.

"Father of All Devils."

The Fiji Islanders have just discovered in the first motor car to invade their primitive home "the father of all devils."

Is the Pulpit Declining?

What an Investigation Shows About the Quality of the Men Who Are Preparing for the Ministry.

By Everett P. Tomlinson.

FROM these opinions, facts and figures certain conclusions can be drawn that shed light upon the problem.

There is no real "dearth" of students for the ministry. There is a slight back-set at the present time, but it is not so great as has occurred in other years, and reports of attendance of students in the theological seminaries, when compared with similar reports of 25 years ago, show a marked and marvelous increase.

In some quarters there is a deterioration in the quality of students, but the reports are not altogether unanimous. Methodists and Episcopalians report a decided increase in numbers and in quality, and other religious bodies vary in localities and colleges in this respect.

There is a marked change in the sources of supply. The west and south provide a much larger proportion of students than the east. The response is greater in the newer regions than in the old, in the country than in the city, in the small churches than in the larger. There is also a steadily increasing drift away from the seminaries located in the country to those that are located in or near the large cities.

The chief causes keeping young men from the ministry are the poverty of the calling, the fear of the lack of intellectual and moral freedom, the conviction that the petty outweighs the larger in the work, and the suspicion of the present "beneficiary system" which casts a blight over all. "Heresy," or the fear of its smirch, is the greatest obstacle.

There is a practically unanimous report of a higher type of life and of more Christian students in our colleges than ever before.

The deepest interest of the communities now is in questions that might be termed spiritual rather than religious, certainly not theological. Theology as a "science" has given place to Christianity as a life. The church as an organization has a weaker hold, while at the same time there is a greater interest in all vital questions and affairs. As a consequence what our forefathers heard as a distinctive "call to the ministry" is now finding expression in other and widely varied forms of service.

There is a blotting out of the former false distinction between "secular" and "sacred." Whatever men may think as to certain men or peoples, all history is now believed to be "sacred," and every day and every honest work as "holy." This fact has led many earnest young men, who in former years might have believed themselves to be "called" to the work of the ministry, now to believe that they can make their lives count for as much, perhaps more, if they give themselves to other lines of work that at one time were termed "secular."

Investing a Million a Day

How the Funds of the Great Insurance Companies Are Lent and Preserved.

By Henry Wysham Lanier.

THE president of one of the great (insurance) concerns looms large in the financial world; but, when it comes to actual investing, he is but one of a financial committee, whose separate interests and connections are so varied that few projects come before them concerning which they do not have some outside (or "inside") information. As a rule, no investment is made unless this committee agrees upon it unanimously.

To begin with, the problem is much simplified by the fact that investments now come to them. The great companies, far from having to seek for investments, are continually besieged by a thousand-and-one people offering bonds, and mortgages, and the like. Broadly speaking, everything comes to them, and comes before it goes elsewhere.

These applications go to one man, generally the assistant treasurer, and he investigates each one, so that it comes before the committee accompanied by the information necessary for them to pass intelligently upon (say) the estimated value of the land to be mortgaged or full facts concerning the enterprise issuing the stocks or bonds. The three qualities desired are absolute security, adequate interest, and a long term to suit the many obligations maturing far in the future.

Practically a third of the insurance assets are in railroad bonds, and the companies own about 10 percent of all the six or seven thousand millions of outstanding bonds issued by our railroads. A few years ago, the proposed reorganization of a Georgia railroad (with a whole great plan of consolidation depending upon it) was absolutely blocked by an insurance company, which held a large proportion of the bonds, until the terms were modified to meet its ideas.

Next to railroad bonds, the companies seem to prefer mortgage loans on real estate, and the total sum invested in this way is only a hundred millions less than the other most eligible are office buildings in large cities, fertile farm lands, and dwellings worth $20,000 or less.

Railroad stocks and bonds, and real estate mortgages and holdings, take up three-fourths of the vast sums the insurance companies invest. They hold also state and city bonds (the former sometimes bearing the unpleasant possibility of "repudiation"), a few United States bonds, and a great many of those of foreign governments (one of our companies often takes an entire issue of, say, ten millions of such securities), bonds of electric light, gas, and water companies, stocks of trust companies and banks, and a few miscellaneous concerns, and a couple of hundred millions of loans on premiums to policy holders and on collateral.—The World's Work.

Neither Brunette .. Nor ... Blonde Charms

By John W. Breyfogle, The Well-Known Artist.

IF feminine beauty is that creation of the society of American artists the satiny skin, olive and red or pink and white; the shining hair, black, brown, red or gold; the languorous eye, blue, black, gray or brown—I care nothing at all for feminine beauty one way or another. If, however, it is the outward expression of a personality—an individuality—then I am interested, and deeply.

If I wish to paint a woman in my picture, I am interested more in the color of her dress than the color of her hair; the tone of the background against which she is to stand that the pigment of her eyes. In the picture she serves simply as an individuality. As anything else she is less important than her dress and her background. She supplys the meaning. I can get more beauty of form and color out of her draperies and surroundings than her face and figure.

The face and figure of a woman are only beautiful when they figure forth as interesting personality. Looking interesting and being interesting are one and the same thing. The exterior simply reflects the interior. The lines and coloring may violate every canon of beauty laid down by the Society of American Artists and the woman may yet be beautiful to me as a study for a picture.

The pink and white and gold of the conventional blonde and the black and olive and red of the conventional brunette are alike wholly without charm or attraction for me. A really striking personality cannot have a perfectly regular face—cannot belong to any type—for by her very individuality she is removed from all classifications and types. She is interesting, beautiful, because she is original, because she stands alone. The radically unusual face that speaks the unusual mind and personality is the truly beautiful face. Leonardo da Vinci painted truly beautiful women—women who would be condemned by the Society of American Artists—women with faces containing individuality, distinction, character. Only vulgar standards demand the pink and white and gold or the olive and red and black, but as vulgar standards mostly rule us now, I suppose we shall have to put up with "types" rather than individuals for some time longer.—New York American.

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

Hot House With Brick Walls.

For this kind of pit the excavation should be two to three feet in depth, and be lined with a single brick wall to the surface level. The inside measure should be the same as that of the frame or box which may be set on or taken off at pleasure. Of course, the cost is something of an item, but in the long run they pay; and like the board lined pits, if not in use, they can be filled with manure or litter during the winter and covered with boards so they can be filled and started at any time.

Test the Seeds.

Old seeds need not necessarily be thrown away merely because they have been kept a long time. But they should be tested before planting. It is poor economy to take the chances with seeds merely for the sake of saving the cost of a new supply. Count out a number of seeds, say a hundred, lay them between two pieces of damp woolen cloth and keep in a warm place, then examine them after they have sprouted and see what proportion are good. If the proportion is low they should be discarded.

How Corn Can Be Fed.

At a meeting of Texas swine breeders one speaker, who was a feeder of quite a little experience, suggested that when corn was fed on the ear care should be exercised to burn the cobs to charcoal at least once a week, and a sprinkling of salt would induce the hogs to eat it freely. The practice of soaking corn for twenty-four hours without letting it sour had many advocates. Cooking corn had no advocates; at least none were heard. It was uniformly agreed that high-priced corn could be ground and fed profitably, and that corn at fifty cents a bushel would yield a good profit fed to hogs that would sell for 4½ to 5 cents per pound.

A Good Remedy.

Douglass' mixture, which is held in such high esteem by the poultry fraternity as a tonic rather than a medicine, can be cheaply prepared at home by any poultry raiser. Purchase one pound of copperas and one ounce sulphuric acid. Dissolve the copperas in a gallon of water, stir well so as to be sure it is all dissolved before adding the acid. When ready for use, bottle in a stone jug and it will keep any length of time. Two teaspoonfuls to the gallon of drinking water is the amount used as a tonic. Care must be used in handling sulphuric acid, as it is a dangerous drug, and it is always well to be cautious when compounding or using this mixture, even though in its proper usage it is said to be a corrective of many ills fowls may be heir to.

The Garden Hoe.

The wheel-hoe is the most important garden tool invented within a century; at least, one gardener thinks so—a busy housekeeper, who has undertaken the entire care of the garden as a means of health and pleasure, says a writer in The Garden Magazine. What can it do? Almost everything that hands, hoes and rakes can accomplish, and does it better and faster. My wheel-hoe has one small wheel and four kinds of attachments—rakes, scrapers, cultivators and plow. Think of the indifference between that and taking a stroll between your rows of vegetables, pushing that light-built, easy-running gem of a tool—the wheel-hoe! The only time mine has been really hard to work was when I tried to plow too deep, or run it up-hill or turn tough soil; although this work was hard to do, it would have been impossible with any other hand-tool.

Apples from a Commercial Standpoint.

Unless directly interested in the business there are very few of us who have any idea of the importance of the apple industry in this country. There is an item in the Farmers' Call which says that there are now in the United States over 200,000,000 fruit bearing apple trees, producing annually 176,000,000 bushels of apples. In good crop years we export 3,000,000 bushels of apples and consume at two bushels annually for every adult and child in the country. These are the figures given out from Washington, D. C.: There are sixteen apple growing states which produce 147,289,424 bushels of apples. All the other states together produce only 28,107,801 bushels. New York now stands first with 24,111,257 bushels, Pennsylvania second with 24,050,480 bushels, Ohio third with 20,617,480 bushels, Virginia fourth with 9,835,982 bushels, and Illinois fifth with 9,178,150 bushels. California is fifteenth in the list with 3,488,206 bushels. Ten years ago Ohio stood first among the apple growing states, Michigan second and Kentucky third. In the last decade, however, there has been heavy tree planting in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma. The increase in the several states and territories in ten years was 81,641,000 trees. In the same ten years the apple crop increased to 82 percent of the orchard fruits. In value of orchard products California leads all other states ($14,526,786), New York standing second, Pennsylvania third, Ohio fourth, Illinois fifth, and Michigan sixth. These six states, with Indiana, Missouri, Virginia and New Jersey, raise 69 percent of our orchard fruits measured by value. Michigan stand first in peaches and California first in plums, prunes, pears, grapes, oranges and lemons. The apple is, as it always has been, the most popular of American fruits, and of all the orchard trees in the United States 55 percent are apple trees.

Getting a Farm Out of Debt.

One of our readers lives near a large town in Pennsylvania. He has thirty acres of land, ten upland and five of the rest too low to drain. The buildings are very good. The farm is well stocked with cows, horses, etc., and produces grass, hay, corn and potatoes. There is a good market for butter and our friend has a separator and says he would as soon milk a few cows as to eat his breakfast. He is married and children all going to school. He is pretty well fixed for making a living, but there is a $1000 debt hanging over him. T. B. Terry replies in the Practical Farmer:

If there was more land it would seem wise beyond question to advise the raising of more cow feed and keeping of more cows, as there is a good demand for butter and this man has a separator. It would be quite possible, however, to pay the $1000 by improving along this line with the few acres he has. If three or four more good butter cows could be kept than he has at present, there ought to be an increased income of about $200 a year. In five years this would pay off the debt. The best way to do this would be to raise less hay and more corn for a silo, thus getting more feed per acre than he now has. This will call for a little more capital to pay for a silo and extra cows and purchased feed. Perhaps he might manage to keep five extra cows, and then surely he ought to be able to get out of debt in five or six years. Of course, the expense of living must not allowed to increase any until the debt is paid.

Corn may be grown continuously on the same land for a few years. Fertile land, well manured, may be made to produce more cow feed in corn than in grass for pasture and hay. Corn fodder may be cut up and fed to the cows once a day, if there is not hay enough. This fodder should be stored in the barn, standing up, just as soon as it is dry enough. The children can help about the milking and butter making, mornings and nights.

Having but little land, our friend must make the most out of what is suitable for cropping. The way most people would do would be to buy more land. Sometimes this might be a wise plan. I should not have any fears myself, however, but what I could successfully carry out the above program and pay this debt in five or six years. I would live more plainly, if necessary, but do it anyway.

There is another way of paying this debt that has advantage. An acre or so of celery might be put out on the low land, perhaps, which the children could help take care of, or about the same amount of the upland could be devoted to growing strawberries. One can get considerable money from even half an acre of berries, so cared for that they grow large and fine, with as good a market near by as this friend has. The writer, although selling in a much smaller town, has got about as much from half an acre of strawberries as the butter from four or five cows would bring. This plan will take but little capital and will not interfere much bring. This plan will take but little capital, and will not interfere much with the present way of running the farm. Get the children interested in this plan and with a little engineering it might be carried through successfully. The work should be so well done that the berries are better than the ordinary and will bring an extra price. This thorough work will be an excellent drill for the children.—American Cultivator.

Wonderful Silk of the Spider.

The astronomer after the experience of many years has found that the spider furnishes the only thread which can be successfully used in carrying on his work, writes Ambrose Swazey, in the Scientific American.

The spider lines mostly used are from one-fifth to one-seventh of a thousandth of an inch in diameter, and, in addition to their strength and elasticity, they have the peculiar property of withstanding great changes of temperature; and often when measuring the sun spots, although the heat is so intense as to crack the lenses of the micrometer eyepiece, yet the spider lines are not in the least injured.

The threads of the silkworm, although of great value as a commercial product, are so coarse and rough compared with the silk of the spider that they cannot be used in such instruments.

Spider lines, although but a fraction of a thousandth of an inch in diameter, are made up of several thousands of microscopic streams of fluid, which unite and form a single line, and it is because of this that they remain true and round under the highest magnifying power.

An instance of the durability of the spider lines is found at the Allegheny observatory, where the same set of lines in the micromter of the transit instrument has been in use since 1859.—New York World.

A Thought.

You cannot rightly train one to an air and manner except by making him the kind of man of whom that air is the natural expression. Nature forever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love. A man inspires affection and honor because he was not lying in wait for these. The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold.—From Emerson's Essay on "Behavior."