

Days Like These.
 I like the tangled brakes and briars,
 The hazy smoke of forest fires;
 The misty hill's soft robe of brown,
 The ravished field's regretful frown;
 The wrinkled road's unconscious snare,
 The free, unbreathed and fragrant air,
 I like the wide, unworried sky,
 The resting wind's contented sigh;
 The rustle of the vagrant leaves,
 The whisper of the standing sheaves;
 The bird's lament for summer lost,
 The stinging challenge of the frost.
 The sturdy life of stalwart trees
 Thrills in my veins on days like these.
 —E. E. Esbert, in *Country Life in America*.

The Man Who Never was Found

M. Scipion Desruelles kept a small shop in the Rue de Seine, Paris. He had a wife, but no children. He was a small tradesman and his wife, a large, coarse-looking woman, quite capable of taking care of shop and Scipion.

Scipion's past life had been singularly uneventful. One single circumstance had ruffled it, and that he used often to relate. One night, ten years back, Scipion had gone to the theatre, and after the performance had taken madame to a restaurant. Returning home, after he was in bed Scipion heard a noise in the shop. He armed himself with a bootjack and captured a burglar.

The man, who said he was an Italian named Vedova, disclaimed earnestly all felonious intentions, but could give no good account of himself. Scipion prosecuted him vigorously, and he was convicted and sent to Brest. Two years later Scipion met Vedova in a cafe and had him arrested as an escaped convict.

In 1852 Scipion received official notice from Martinique that a bachelor cousin on the island, whose name was Pache, was dead, and had left him heir to all his large property. Desruelles was further asked by the notary at St. Jean to come out in person, in order to save himself great loss and inconvenience.

When Desruelles reached Martinique and went to St. Jean, he was struck dumb to find his cousin alive and well, and all the notarial papers he had received forged! There was nothing to do but go back again.

The brig was to sail in a day for New Orleans, and Scipion determined to go thither in her, take train to New York and steamer thence to Havre. Arrived in New Orleans, Scipion put up at a boarding house in the French quarter, and devoted himself to sight-seeing.

At breakfast the second morning, he was warmly greeted by a stranger, who said: "I am truly delighted to see you Monsieur Quentineau! When did you arrive?"

Scipion gently informed the man that he was not Quentineau, but Scipion Desruelles. The stranger with violence said the dodge wouldn't go down there! Next thing he'd want to repudiate that bill of \$725 he owed Marais & Hughes!

Scipion Desruelles, alias Quentineau, was cast into prison. A lawyer with difficulty, and at the cost of half his money, proved he was not Quentineau, but Scipion Desruelles, a passenger aboard the brig Braganza, of Bordeaux. But for the captain he would have been convicted, for several witnesses swore he was Quentineau.

At Memphis he was misdirected, enticed into a low groggery and robbed of every cent he had left. Scipion then wrote to Paris to madame for a remittance. A cotton broker gave him some correspondence to look after, and he earned enough to eat. But no answer nor remittance came from madame. At last he wrote to his cousin in Martinique, and received shortly a draft for 2,500 francs.

Scipion immediately started for New York. Here, while waiting for the Havre steamer, he was again arrested as Pierre Quentineau, a fugitive from justice and a bond-forgoer.

By good luck the cotton broker from Memphis happened to be in the city, and Scipion established an alibi.

While waiting in the customs office a man came behind him, slipped something in his hand, and whispered: "Don't be afraid, Quentineau! They have nothing whatever against you! Here's what I owe you."

Desruelles turned quickly, but the man was already lost in the crowd, and Scipion found eight gold Napoleons in his hand. Mechanically he put the money in his pocket, cursing this Quentineau whom everybody persisted in mistaking him for.

His baggage proving all right, Scipion was permitted to start for Paris, but still under suspicion that he was not Desruelles, but Quentineau. At Rouen, in the railroad restaurant, he changed a Napoleon to buy a bottle of wine and half a chicken. As soon as he reached Paris he drove to Numero 79 Rue de Seine. His modest sign was no longer there, but instead one of "Lamballe, coliffure et parfumeur."

Asstounded, he rushed into the little shop: "Madame Desruelles," he said, "where is she?" The attendant answered "In America. It is four months since she went—at the summons of her husband."

Before he could say another word, a sergeant de ville entered the shop and laid hands upon him. "You are wanted, Quentineau." "I am not Quentineau—I am Desruelles," shouted the happy man, but the officer led Scipion off.

He was examined on a charge of coining and of passing counterfeit Napoleons at the railroad restaurant at Rouen, and committed for trial as "Quentineau, alias Desruelles, faussaire."

The rebutting testimony not only convinced the jury, but overwhelmed Desruelles. It was a letter which one of his neighbors, a woman, testified she had received from Desruelles' wife, from New York, that she and her Scipion were happily accommodated with a shop and a thriving custom in Broadway in that great city!

When Scipion had served three years visitors were announced to Quentineau. In the office of the prison he found his Martinique cousin, Pache, and—his wife! He attempted to throw himself into the arms of the latter, but was repulsed with severe dignity.

"We know you are not Quentineau, but Desruelles," she said, "but there are crimes charged against Desruelles."

After various delays, the case of Desruelles or Quentineau was again called up before the Court of Cassation. For the Procureur's side witnesses positively identified Desruelles as Quentineau. In addition, substantial proof was brought that Desruelles himself was dead. A sailor of the brig Braganza, who had made the Martinique voyage with Desruelles, testified that after cargo was discharged at New Orleans, Desruelles was taken with yellow fever, and died as the brig dropped anchor at Basse Terre, Guadeloupe. He was buried on the extreme eastern point of the island after difficulty with the authorities, who deeply resented the brig's anchoring with such a fatal disease aboard. The log of the Braganza and the burial from Guadeloupe were presented in court in corroboration of the sailor's testimony, which made a deep impression.

The president of the court questioned Mme. Desruelles as to her sudden trip to New York.

She pointed to Desruelles with a scornful finger. "Ca!" she cried, "he had a mistress; he wished to abandon me; he called me Cosaque! He appointed to meet her in New York after settling up his cousin's estate. I pursued the woman to New York. I pulled her hair; I boxed her ears; I made her flee in dismay to California; then I returned to Paris."

The unhappy Scipion lifted his helpless hands and denied everything.

His wife turned away with an incredulous, scornful shrug. "I have your letters, Monsieur. I compelled the creature to surrender them to me."

The president ordered Mme. Desruelles to produce the letters, and while the messenger was gone examined M. Pache.

The latter gentleman testified as to Desruelle's visit to Martinique, the false will, etc., and positively identified Desruelles.

"Have you ever seen that will?" asked the president.

"No," said Pache.

"I have it here," said the president. "It is duly authenticated, signed and sealed—look at it!"

"Mon Dieu! that is my own signature, and that notarial signature I would swear to as Alphonse Domatrons!"

The prisoner, reviving, stared around him with a ghastly face, and the president looked down upon him gloomily.

"The court," he said, "is not able to determine with satisfaction whether the prisoner is Desruelles or Quentineau. The evidence preponderates in favor of Desruelles. But it does not matter. Quentineau was a bad man, but Desruelles is evidently a man much worse. The prisoner is remanded to serve out his sentence, and at the expiration is doomed to transportation to New Caledonia for fifteen years."

Desruelles fainted once more and was removed. That afternoon, waiting wearily in the salle des gardes, a man came and stood before him looking at him fixedly, then turning away. Everybody paid him the utmost respect. Desruelles asked the sergeant by his side who that personage was.

"It is M. M.—, chief of the secret police."

"Good God!" cried Desruelles—"Vedova!"

He fell in an apoplectic fit, and before morning brought the question of his identity to the tribunal of a higher court.—Edmond Spencer, in *Parisian Police Archives*.

Scorpions Everywhere.
 In the cold weather, when my wife and I were camping at Dharchula, although we had scorpions in our bedding and under our pillows, and the servants were continually finding them in their quarters, we had all escaped in the most fortunate way; but this time one stung the cook on the forehead in two places. He had a sleepless night from pain, but in the morning a couple of injections of cocaine brought immediate relief.—From C. A. Sherring's "Western Tibet."

The Girl Graduate and the Home

By James Monroe Taylor, President of Vassar College.

A GREAT deal is said of the attitude of the girl graduate toward the home. It is time that something was said of the attitude of the home toward the girl graduate. Too frequently the parental view of education is that it is completed when the diploma is in hand, and that now having enjoyed every advantage that a college can give, the girl should return to her home to make herself solely a part of its social life, and to disseminate the light which she has been so long gaining.

The rights of young womanhood for larger development, which are really at the base of the willingness of every parent to sacrifice for the education of the child, do not cease at graduation. It is a very poor investment that the parent makes if every opportunity for this development is cut off the moment the student turns her back upon the college. These four years have awakened new energies of mind and soul which must have satisfaction, and opened new vistas of truth and of activity which must not be closed because of the pressure of professional or domestic or social life. Just here the responsibility of the home for the education of the girl must continue. It must be remembered that the girl has passed from a very large and most generous life into what is, not in importance, but in relationships, comparatively narrow. All the fulness of the life of youth is gathered about her through four years, with that lack of responsibility of anything beyond which can not easily continue outside of school and college life. The home should recognize this and should be patient in waiting for the adjustment which is often necessary, and which will always come if the parent is wise, and if the girl has the attitude of the average student.

But something more than patience is called for. If we have spent our time in training our girls in science, history, philosophy, literature and art, we assuredly should recognize, since we have been broad enough to educate them at all, the desirability of their continuing that education and the necessity therefore of some time for reading and study. Here, perhaps, more than anywhere else the average home is at fault—in failing to provide by the arrangement of duties, domestic and social, for at least moderate opportunities of reading. How easy it would be for the home to recognize that an hour or two in the day should be understood to belong to the girl for her own study. Parents frequently resent this withdrawing from what is called the family life, in forgetfulness of the larger good that must come to every member of the household through the continued advantage of the one. Remember that the college course has been an investment. Remember that it has opened the mind of the student to new interests, large and broad, which ought to be kept and fostered. Remember that this requires opportunities, and that many a student who finds the demands of the average society irksome would contentedly meet all its claims if there could be even a moderate answer to the demands of the awakened intellectual life.—Collier's Weekly.

Swirls.

By John C. Van Dyke.

IS there not a swirl of the universe as well as of the sea and air? And is it, too, not caused primarily by difference in temperature? The extremes of the equator and the poles are sufficient to set in motion thousands of miles of air and water. But what is the heat of the equator to the blaze of the sun itself or the cold of the poles compared with the possible absolute zero of upper space? If the heat of the sun flows out (as we know it does), must not the cold of space flow in? On the tremendous currents thus set in motion would the planets of one solar system be any more than tennis balls floating in the maelstrom?

Ours is but a single circle in space. For millions of years perhaps we have been eddying slowly in a Sargasso Sea, seeing on the other side of the pool Jupiter and Saturn and Neptune whirling around the rim. It is but a little swirl in the universe; but had we but the eyes to see and the mind to grasp, we should perhaps find it not different in principle from the greater swirl. That vast clustering star belt which we call the Milky Way heaves up from our horizon to a glittering ring in the heavens. What it circles no one knows, but there is little doubt that it is a circle. What power swung that mighty swirl into motion? Where blazes the luminary that drives those stars together? Are they themselves the central dynamo of the universe, and are all the constellations that plunge hither and yon through space driven off upon great ellipses by their stupendous heat?

There is no answer. The great truths were evidently not meant for us. We have never been able to understand them. We grope blindly for causes, dragging to light plausible theories that last a little time and then go their way, being wholly insufficient. The long argument of science but proves its weakness. If the truth is ever known, there will be no need of demonstration, for everything in human experience will immediately confirm it.—"The Opal Sea."

The Pan-American Railway Is the Commercial Corollary to the Monroe Doctrine

By Charles M. Pepper.

IT is apparent that a railway line or series of lines traversing twelve or fifteen countries from the United States to the Argentine Republic, and sending out lateral branches, only can be made effective through international co-operation. When each of the countries interested makes provision for building to its borders along the north and south route, this means ultimate through communication, and as one nation approaches the frontier of a neighbor nation that neighbor is given the incentive for construction within its own limits. All the governments follow the plan which is obtained in the United States in constructing the transcontinental roads—that is, of state aid by means of land grants, bonds, and other forms of subsidies, or outright payments for completed sections. In this way the gradual unification of disjointed lines will be obtained. It may be said that in the beginning of 1906 every Central and every South American country has a definite policy of aiding railway construction as an integral part of the Pan-American system, and some of them, as in the case of Peru and Bolivia, have enacted special legislation. All of them are sympathetic toward an intercontinental trunk line because it coincides with their plans for internal development and external trade.

For the United States the project is the commercial corollary to the Monroe doctrine. The moral influence makes for the increased stability and political progress of the various Latin-American republics and there is the trade benefit of industrial development and enlarged commerce. There is especially the reciprocal influence of the Panama Canal. And it may be added that an educational good is derived from the enforced knowledge of geography.—From "The Railways of the Future"—The Pan-American Railway, in Scribner's.

What College Training Should Do
 By T. P. Lindsay:
THE assumption of the elective system, that a man will choose subjects for his college course that he likes, and consequently devote himself to them more earnestly, seems perfectly reasonable, but where there comes a question of education and training on the one side and the personal comfort and the A. B. degree on the other, which course is the eighteen-year-old "man" likely to take?

What is the result? The young man takes the required number of courses for his degree in elementary subjects only; one year of history, one year of French, one year of Spanish, etc., and at the end of his college course has a smattering of a dozen or so subjects with no complete knowledge of any, and, worst of all, little mental training. But he has his degree; that is what he went to college for, and he goes out into the world as a college man, an educated man.

If a college education fails to give a man training it falls in its principal duty. Intellectual culture and refinement are admirable, but training is essential. The majority of college graduates in this country go into business after graduation, where they compete with men who have been in business while they were in college. The college man can only outstrip these men by entering the race with a well developed intellect, and his chances of having such and his chances of winning are but small if he has frittered away his time in college.

An Englishman living near London has had his new motor boat named Expedition but the spells it "Xpnc."

THE EMERGENCY WOMAN. SHE HELPS OUT HUMANITY IN VARIOUS WAYS.

Sweet Things for Bachelors—Her Smattering of Talents This Fair One Has Carefully and Industriously Fitted into the Pattern of Life.

The untalented woman when she faces the problem of bread winning is perhaps the most deserving of sympathy of any of her sex.

One who found a field calls herself "emergency woman," and gives it as her experience that there is plenty of opportunity for other women to follow in her footsteps. She admits, however, that the preliminary years of drumming up custom were not so easy that one cares to dwell upon them.

The emergency woman fills in any gap in the domestic fabric at a moment's notice. While she has no one great talent she has a smattering of many, and it is by making a patchwork of them, which has been carefully fitted to the pattern of life, that she has been able to manufacture a cover for the very coldest weather.

She is called upon to do all sorts and kinds of work, and has discovered that every sort and kind of information that she has ever gained can be put to practical use. The trouble with the woman who is obliged to become a wage-earner is that she is discouraged at the outset because she cannot do one thing so well that she is in instant demand.

The emergency woman when the New York Sun reporter saw her was putting up fruit cake and plum puddings for a long list of customers.

"I used to do this in my married days as a joke; now I find that I can turn a pretty penny by it. Of course, I could not depend on this for my support, but it is a fraction, and it doesn't take so many fractions to make a unite, if they are only important enough to begin with."

"Housewives know the value of the cake and pudding that are prepared in the fall for the Christmas table. There is as much difference as there is in the vintage of a wine that is recently bottled and one that has the bouquet of age."

In her spare moments the emergency woman has perfected herself in the triple need of modern days, manicuring, facial massage and shampooing. She does not care to make her money in this way if better opportunities offer, but she can fill in unemployed hours.

In the neighborhood of private schools she can often be seen, a trim little figure, leading one or two children to their daily tasks, and when school is over she returns to escort them home. Many women are unable to spare a servant or to go themselves while the child cannot be trusted to go alone.

Her care of children extends to a wider field. She takes them to the dentist, to the matinee, to any and all kinds of amusements. Often at children's parties she attends, to help out in amusing them, and on her child list are the names of two little ones whom she takes once every week to visit their grandparents, from whom the parents are estranged.

While you might think that trade would lag in the hot weather, the contrary has been the case, and she has been kept hard at work. Her mail is a large one, consisting of requests from out-of-town folk to send some forgotten article left in the flurry of departure, to do some shopping, to purchase bridge whist prizes to take advantage of some bargain noted in the Sunday papers.

"Just to give you an example," she says between hurried steps from pantry to visitor, "one of my ladies telegraphed me to get her some arack punch for a 5 o'clock tea she was going to have, and the very same mail I get a hurry call to meet a pet dog and have it taken to a veterinary."

She is called upon often to open and air apartments before the homecoming, to find maids and have them ready—the most herculean labor of all—and in lieu of that to do such work in the apartment as may render it habitable.

Another of her interesting duties is the entertainment of guests who want to shop or to go to places of interest of which their hosts are tired. By filling in a day of this kind she relieves the situation and brings the guests back at night tired and happy, to find the woman of the house delighted to welcome them, having had her own day free.

"My scale of wages, of course, fluctuates with circumstances. Sometimes I am paid by piece work, whatever that may be; again, with a great many of my customers I receive a monthly sum for all services rendered. I keep an account of what I have done during the stated period, and the items of time and services have their separate values; so far no one has ever disputed them."

SHOULD WE SLEEP LONGER?
Women Need Less Repose Than Men
 —Beerbohm Tree's Rest for a First Night.

"Women, I say without hesitation, need less sleep than men, and I say that after observation of many hundreds of them."

Dr. Josiah Oldfield, the well-known specialist, cannot account for the fact, but yesterday he told a Daily Mail representative that, whether they are of the working classes or of higher station in life, women need, and their nature is satisfied with less sleep than their husbands or other male relatives demand.

Meantime man differs as to what he needs. The following are experiences or advice as to the duration of sleep sent to the Daily Mail by distinguished men:

The Bishop of Ripon: When young, take as much sleep as you need; when old, as much as you can get.

Sir Frederick Treves: The average amount of sleep for myself is seven to eight hours.

Sir George Lewis, the well-known solicitor: I think eight hours sufficient. I sleep nine hours.

Mr. Vincent Hill, general manager of the South-Eastern Railway: I think it is well that people should sleep as long as they can, and that is my practice.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree: I should say in my case eight hours' sleep is better than seven, and nine hours better than eight. I take nine hours whenever I can, and invariably sleep for that period when on a holiday, and as near to it as possible at all times. Further, I consider sleep before any effort, with the power to go to sleep at any time, most valuable. I have cultivated that power, and invariably recuperate by its aid before the exhausting strain of a "first night" or before playing a new part.

Sir Edward Ward, Permanent Under-Secretary for War: I find six and a half hours enough. I darsay I could manage nine or ten hours with an occasional wake up; but I should call that "slacking."

Dr. Josiah Oldfield: It is certain that every man must have a certain minimum of sleep per twenty-four hours. Most find that minimum eight hours, but an enormous number are satisfied with five and a half hours. I always sleep eight hours and regard that as, on the whole, the proper minimum for a man. Certainly five and a half hours is not enough.

Sir Robert Ball: Don't expect an astronomer to confess how many hours of the precious night he wastes by staying in bed.

The Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland: I find that much can be accomplished in either direction by training and habit. But as to the saying that one cannot burn the candle at both ends I have heard the suggestion that it is one of the ways of making both ends meet.

During the six months which Mr. Charles Frohman, the theatre manager, spent in London recently his hours of sleep averaged not more than five. He rose at 7:30 a. m., and rarely got to bed before 2 a. m., sometimes later.

At the Bank of England a high official said he liked twelve hours whenever he could get it—that is, between Saturday and Sunday. "Other days I don't get enough."

The principal of a leading firm of stock brokers said: "Members of my profession sleep well because we have easy consciences. I myself find nine to ten hours sufficient."—London Mail.

The Circus.
 "The circus must have taken \$15,000 or \$20,000 away from Charlotte," said a calculating business man.

"They more than earned it," declared a man who understands. "If 1,000 children saw the circus and the animals, I don't grudge the money the show got."

Where the return? Certainly the mere two hours' of pleasure under the tent would not be worth so much money to a few children. But it does not end there. What immense treasures for a child's imagination! How vivid will be his memories of some of the sights, and how he will see live forms in every-day objects. How much longer his imagination may live, and when that dies a great part of the beauty and sweetness has gone out of life!

Yes, let the circus come, if it takes away twice \$20,000.—Charlotte Observer.

Captured Chinese Flag.
 The recruiting office in this city has hung on its walls a Chinese flag which was captured from the Chinese forces by the Ninth Infantry of the United States in command of Col. Liscum.

The flag is twelve feet long and is shaped as an uneven triangle. The base, which was fastened to the pole, is six feet wide. A many colored dragon four feet long, with fiery tongue is striving to reach a bloody moon just out of his reach. The dragon is in this position on the flag to show the Chinese belief that the empire would pull down that moon could it but reach it. Several bullet holes decorate the yellow portion which surrounds the moon and the dragon.

The finest of workmanship is displayed on the flag. The toes, eyes and the fiery moon are carefully inlaid against the sombre background. The Chinese flagmakers consider a well made flag an estimate of their love for the Emperor.

The crimson moon and the fiery tongue do not attract the attention of the observer as does the blood which is spattered in many places on the flag. The blood is sure to remind that war is not of the gentlest occupation.—Wichita Eagle.

Joseph Phillips, originator of the famous Phillips cling peach, the finest canning variety ever produced, and the enricher of many orchardists, died in a hospital, at Yuba, Cal., a pauper.

Almost 15,000 women work about the mines in the German empire.