

The two-minute bicycle promises to arrive far ahead of the two-minute trotter, observes the New York Recorder.

Some one has figured that there are to many railway lines, steam, elevated, cable and horse cars in New York City that a person may ride for six hours at a total cost of fifty cents.

According to an election return just made to the British Parliament, there are 6,229,120 voters in the United Kingdom. There were 4,592,482 in England, 270,276 in Wales, 747,271 in Ireland and 619,091 in Scotland.

P. P. Loomis, formerly United States Consul at St. Etienne, France, says that from an investigation he made he finds about 95,000 Americans visit Europe every year, and that they spend about \$100,000,000 annually abroad.

Cardinal Gibbons has rechristened Chicago with the classic title of "Thaumtopolis," the wonder city. The appellation is deserved, but the New York World thinks it will hardly displace that of "the windy city" in popular parlance.

The name of Gay Head, applied to a famous promontory of the Massachusetts coast, means exactly what it seems to mean, and is peculiarly appropriate. The headland, as seen from the sea, is gay with many colors running in strata, the result of chemical qualities in the earth of the cliff. A like variety of color is presented by many rocky islets and headlands in the Sound opposite Pelham Bay Park.

The Woman's Library at Chicago contains 7000 volumes in sixteen languages and represents twenty-three countries. It is to be placed in the permanent Woman's Memorial Building, which is to be erected in Chicago, and will form a nucleus for the collection of the literary work of women in the future, as well as, through its catalogue soon to be issued, a complete bibliography of women's writings up to the present time.

There are 22,000,000 soldiers in arms in Europe. If all Long Island were a drill-ground, calculates the New York Recorder, it wouldn't be big enough for their field manoeuvres. If they were to march in a street parade, files of ten abreast, it would take the line of 2000 miles 100 days to pass a given point at fair marching speed. In Indian file they would reach around the world. In a year they would drink the Hudson dry for over a mile of its length.

There has been a remarkable revival of interest in the "abandoned farms" of New England since so many mills closed their doors. A large number of applications have been made to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture for its descriptive catalogue of the abandoned farms of that State. It is believed that some of the men who are out of work think of taking up farming as a means of livelihood. "But will a mechanic be a successful farmer?" queries the New York Tribune.

Now comes the suggestion that the dog power of the United States shall be utilized for draught purposes, as it is in Belgium. A writer estimates that there are 7,000,000 dogs in this country, and then figures out their aggregate pulling capacity. The idea may be new as to dogs, but the New York News recalls that humorist John Phoenix suggested the utilization of cat power more than forty years ago. His plan was to run sewing machines by cat power. The cat was to be placed in harness connected with motive works. A mouse was to be suspended just beyond the cat's reach. The cat's jumping for the mouse would propel the machine.

Says the Boston Cultivator: There is a deficiency of 34,000,000 bushels in the German rye crop this year, and this comes with a deficiency of 18,000,000 bushels of wheat. Rye bread is the staple food of a large part of the German people. They prefer it to wheat bread when they can get both. Owing to the tariff war with Russia importations of rye from that country are cut off. It is Russian rye that has heretofore supplied the deficiencies of what Germany requires. There is sure to be a large demand for all the rye American farmers can produce during the coming twelve months. It is a crop much less exhaustive than is wheat. It can be sown later in the fall, and if fertilized with mineral manures it responds to liberal treatment quite as freely as does wheat. In many places the demand for rye straw makes the crop worth growing for the straw alone.

'TIS USELESS TO REGRET.

We've done the best we could, my dear,
There's nothing to regret;
We've taught the children many truths
On which our hearts were set;
And if against our old-time ways
They foolishly protest,
We need never regret, my dear,
That we have done our best.
There's many a plan that's come to naught;
There's many a light gone out;
And disappointments, griefs and cares
Have beset us round about;
And many a sad mistake we've made
Throughout our lives, and yet
We've done the very best we could,
'Tis useless to regret.
For out of evil good has come,
And out of darkness light;
And all wrong doing in this world
Some day will be set right;
And though we have not reached the height
Attained by others, yet
We've done the best we could, my dear;
'Tis useless to regret.
We've tried to live like honest folks,
To do our duty well,
Gave up evil things to take our stan,
In goodness to excel;
So judge yourself not harshly, dear,
Nor at misfortunes fret;
We've done the best we could, and I
'Tis useless to regret.

THE EDITOR'S VISIT.

BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

HE noon hour had come, and the city editor of the Chronicle was very busy, making out an assignment list, when a queer old-fashioned figure of a man came into the room and stood waiting by the side of the desk.

"Well," said the city editor, looking up sharply, after an instant, "what do you want?"

"I wanted to know if you could make use of this," answered the newcomer, timidly holding out a small bundle of manuscript.

"In sure we can't unless it's something a trifle less hoary with age than that you brought here the other day." The city editor, who was a comparatively young man, very alert, very quick in speech, and all business, took the manuscript, unfolded it with a snap and ran his eye over the first few lines. Then he wheeled his chair around and said, straightening up and speaking testily:

"Now look here, John Harmon, once for all, understand that it's no use bringing such stuff as that in here, and I won't be bothered with looking at it! Why, this is identically the same ancient history you tried to shove off on me the other day."
"But I polished it up!" suggested the old man.
"Polished up your grandfather!" exclaimed the other. "Why, you couldn't polish that matter so that it would be readable if you worked forever. It's hard luck; but the plain truth is there are too many young men hunting for live news to allow of such back-number trash as that being good for anything but to stop a hole. I haven't got any more time to talk! If you get any news, bring it in and I will look at it! Otherwise, stay away, please!"

The city editor faced his desk again, picked up his pen and fell to work, not looking at the other. The old man for an instant stood motionless, then he picked up the manuscript, put it in his pocket and turning away walked slowly out of the room without a word.

The wind was biting hard outside and he drew his collar about his ears as he walked dependently down a side street. He had not far to go, for presently he went up the steps of a small house and opened the door. The room into which he came was bare and miserable looking, and everywhere showed the lack of a woman's hand to straighten the few bits of furniture, which only served by their mean repair to add to the forlorn appearance of the apartment. The old man stood quite still, one hand resting on the doorjamb, staring ahead of him as if he saw beyond the opposite wall. As he stood there, there came a glad child's cry from the other end of the room:

"Oh, Gran'pop, I glad you come! It's awfully lonesome!"
The old man's face brightened. He reached down and, as the little girl came running to him, caught her up and laboriously lifted her to his breast. Then he kissed her and put her down. She did not see the tears on his cheeks as he talked to her of the fun they would have that evening "after work was done." After work was done was the season when these two had grand romps together. Work, as little Polly well knew, meant writing, writing, writing until she would crawl upon the old man's knee and beg him to come play, and he would drop the pen from his cramped fingers and let her kiss from his eyes the mist which would gather there, when he kept his mind long fixed on the pages before him.

John Harmon was nearly eighty, "a broken-down newspaper man" he was called, and his only inheritance from past days was a knowledge of newspaper writing and a little granddaddy, in a fever epidemic a few years before. The old man threw the rejected manuscript on a chair, then set about getting something to eat for himself and the child, the little one all the while chattering to him of what they would do in the evening. When they had finished he pulled on his coat once more, kissed the child and went out again. A publishing house had promised to look over some manuscript he had left a week or so before. He was going there to get their answer. He comprehended dully that this answer might mean something to eat, but

more likely, keener hunger than ever. When the child was left to herself she sat down and fell to looking over some illustrated papers which were her invariable source of amusement. By and by, becoming tired, she wandered over to the table. The rejected manuscript on the chair caught her eye. Gran'pop's papers were forbidden articles to her, but when she saw this package and slowly spelled out the writing on its cover, "the Chronicle," there came to her mind that Gran'pop had told her when he was writing this address the night before and was too busy to play with her, that the manuscript had to be sent in to-morrow. This was to-morrow, she reasoned, and the manuscript had not gone. Gran'pop must have forgotten it! He would be sorry, she knew.

Presently there came to her a bright idea and she stood very still for a moment, thinking hard. Why could not she take the manuscript to the Chronicle? She knew where the office was; she had been there with Gran'pop. It would be such a surprise to him to find it already gone when he came home. She decided to do it. She took the bundle from the chair and pulled on her jacket and tied her hood fast. She was used to dressing herself and soon was on the steps, the manuscript clutched firmly in her hand. Then she started off for the Chronicle office, proud of her self-appointed mission.

The elevator boy was much surprised and not a little amused when she asked for the editor. He tried to chaff her on the way up, but she refused to take any notice of his remarks, if she understood them. All her thoughts were on the top story and the editor. Despite his fun-making the elevator boy was a trifle impressed, and, thinking she might be one of the "old man's" relations, when they arrived at the upper floor he showed her to the door of the sanctum and told her to knock. Then he left her and went back to his post.

The editor was greatly surprised when a timid knock sounded on his door, and in answer to his "come in" he saw over his gold-bowed spectacles the diminutive maiden who entered. He looked at her hard, but she did not appear disconcerted. She came toward him without hesitation and stood with one little hand resting on the edge of the desk, the other extending the folded manuscript.

"Gran'pop forgot to bring it down, so I fetched it!" she explained, her blue eyes looking up into his puzzled gray ones.

Now, the editor was not a man easily confused, but this was a novel experience even for him. In all his life he never remembered having received in his office so small and at the same time so confident a visitor as this. He looked at her sharply, almost sternly, suspecting he was the victim of some joke but her gaze never flinched, and the baby eyes were not frightened. He took the manuscript from her grasp and opened it. There was no solution of the mystery to be obtained here, however. The story was some local history of early days. There was no name, to mark of any kind to tell who wrote it or where it came from. Non-plussed, he turned his eyes upon the little figure beside him. Somehow, in spite of the old-fashioned and much-worn clothes, it suggested to him that of a little one who had once called him father, and a kindly smile lit his face.

"I don't know anything about this paper," he said. "Who did it come from?"

"From Gran'pop," she answered, as if that conveyed full information.

"Yes, but who's Gran'pop? I don't remember him."
"Why don't you know him? He's been here often, and I came with him once or twice, that's how I know where it was."

The editor racked his brain in vain to think who Gran'pop could be.

"Well," he said at last, "you sit down in that big chair there and I'll look over this paper and tell you what to say to him. Then he wheeled his chair about and began reading.

He did not take long, however, for him to decide what to do. He struck a hand-bell on the desk and a boy came into the room. "Send Mr. Campbell to me!" the editor said.

A moment and the city editor of the Chronicle entered.

"Campbell," said the editor, "do you know whose writing that is?" and he handed him the manuscript.

"Yes," answered the other "it's old John Harmon's. He brought it in here this morning and I told him we couldn't use it. It's all ancient history."

The elevator boy was quite deferential to her going down but she paid no more attention to him than before. When she slipped out of the building she hurried up the street, the letter in her hand. As she turned the corner near home she saw "Gran'pop" just entering the door and ran hard to catch him; but he had gone in before she came up, so she knocked on the door. The same instant it was pulled open hurriedly and the old man, white and trembling, stood in the frame.

"Thank God!" he breathed, drawing her up in his arms and burying his face in her curls, "I thought you were lost!"

"No, I only been to th' office!" exclaimed Polly, clinging to his neck.

"To the office? Where do you mean?"

"Th' Chronicle office. I took th' writin' down there you left on th' chair and th' editor gave me a letter for you; he was awful nice."

The old man took the envelope she held toward him and dropped into a chair. With the child drawn close against him he broke the paper with trembling fingers and read:

THE DAILY CHRONICLE,
No. 429 — Street.
John Harmon, Esq.
Dear Sir—We will use your paper on local history in to-morrow's issue. We will be pleased to have you contribute a column of like matter as often as you can give it to us, for which we will pay you at our regular space rates. Yours truly,
C. N. HARGOOD, Managing Editor.

There was a mist before the old man's eyes as he read the last words. "Was he cross, Gran'pop?" queried Polly, seeing the tears.

"No, Polly," said the old man, straining her to him; "he has given us lots to do, but it shall not interfere with your playtime, little one."—Kate Field's Washington.

Raising Foxes in Alaska.
For the purpose of perpetuating the fast vanishing fur supply of Alaska certain enterprising persons have gone into the business of breeding blue and black foxes on uninhabited islands along that coast. When the seals have been finally exterminated the world may still look to that region for some of the most valuable and beautiful pelts known.

The Smelter Propagating Company has recently stocked a number of islands with foxes, and the investment is beginning to yield handsome returns. The lands thus employed are valueless for anything else, being wholly barren. The breeding of blue foxes has already been made very successful on one of the Pribyloff Islands—that of St. George—in Bering Sea. Of their increase ten thousand have been killed and skinned for market. One advantage of this industry is that it involves no expense for the care or feeding of the animals. All that is required is to let loose a few pairs. Those of them which are taken must at all times be trapped and not shot. They become exceedingly tame in the course of a few generations. In the same region there are red, white and "cross" foxes. Skins of the last named variety, which is supposed to be a cross between the red and the black, are quoted at from \$5 to \$8 wholesale. The white and red pelts are worth only about \$1 apiece, because, though they are very beautiful, they are much more common and easily obtainable. Black foxes are so rare as to be hard to procure for breeding purposes.

A Musical Canine Critic.
A wonderful story of a French musical critic is related by persons who profess to have been acquainted with him and to have seen him in attendance on musical performances. He was a dog, and his name was Parade. Whether he had a different name at home was never known. At the beginning of the French revolution he went every day to the military parade in front of the Tuileries palace. He marched with the musicians, halted with them, listened knowingly to their performances and after the parade disappeared, to return promptly at parade time next day.

Gradually the musicians became attached to this devoted listener. They named him Parade, and one or another of them always invited him to dinner. He accepted the invitations and was a pleasant guest. It was discovered that after dinner he always attended the theatre, where he seated himself calmly in a corner of the orchestra and listened critically to the music.

If a new piece was played he noticed it instantly and paid the strictest attention. If the piece had fine, melodious passages he showed his joy to the best of his dog-like ability, but if the piece was ordinary and uninteresting he yawned, stared about the theater and unmistakably expressed his disapproval.—Brandon Bucksaw.

Salutations in Old Marblehead.
The customary morning salutation at all seasons in old Marblehead, Mass., is, "How is the fish?" In the past rainy summer the answer, after a look down the street, has generally been, "Oh, her tail is going round and round." This is the town's way of speaking of the weather vane on the Congregational Church, the infallible oracle which determines whether boats shall put out to sea and leisurely landmen go a-riding.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Pond of Captivity.
It would be difficult to find a more eloquent tribute to the kindness bestowed on the brutes kept at the dog pound than that paid by a dog disposed of a few days ago by the pound authorities to some man on the other side of the river. The dog had been away from the pound more than forty-eight hours before he broke away from his new master, swam the Ohio and all wet turned up at the pound entrance and barked for admission.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

SMUGGLERS' TRICKS.

SLEWED DEVICES TO EVADE CUSTOMS DUTIES.

The Chinese Lead All in Artfulness—Their Marvelous Ingenuity in Importing Contraband Opium.

SAN FRANCISCO is the second importing city in the United States and is naturally the theatre of many smuggling operations. The character of many of the imports is such, too, as to stimulate efforts to evade the revenue laws. Articles of small bulk and great value, on which the duty is heavy, are incentives to smuggling. At the Port of New York precious stones, velvets, and laces are the articles usually found endeavoring to get into the country in a contraband way. In San Francisco opium, silks and cigars are the favorite articles of the smuggler. The reason for this is that our ocean commerce is largely with ports which send abroad these articles, while laces, velvets and precious stones come here



SEARCHING A COOLIE'S CLOTHING.

by rail across the continent. There is some effort to smuggle such things from British Columbia, but on a small scale, while the importers of contraband liquors endeavor to get their goods landed at some of the Puget Sound ports.

The customs officers of San Francisco have to deal with some of the most artful smugglers in the world. The Chinese are a race of smugglers, and there is not a people on earth more fertile in expedients to evade the revenue laws. Their stolid, impassive demeanor serves them admirably in their contraband operations, for their actions seldom afford, as is the case frequently with white people, any ground to suspect that they are trying to practice a fraud. They have taught the sailor men of the white race the sleaziest tricks practiced on Uncle Sam's tax gatherers, and are never caught in one device without being ready with another equally as hard to detect.

Before the influx of Chinese laborers was stopped it would sometimes occur that a Mongol looking as if all his years were acquainted with only poverty and toil, would innocently try to sneak ashore with a dirty old blouse stuffed full of fine silk handkerchiefs, scarfs or Indian neck shawls. The Chinese garment for cold weather is a quilted blouse or tunic, with a heavy filling of cotton. Silk handkerchiefs being light and fine, a single blouse would sometimes contain a valuable invoice.

A demure Chinese maiden would sometimes step ashore with the thick soles of her shoes stuffed with silk. A whole covey arrived here some years ago with their shoes stuffed in this fashion. An inquisitive inspector had



EXAMINING THE SOLE OF A SHOE.

his attention attracted to the extraordinary thickness of the soles, and made an investigation which resulted in a valuable seizure.

To a man the Chinese crews on the steamers plying between this port and Mexico, South America and the Orient are smugglers. They hide their contraband goods in the oddest places imaginable and get them ashore past the eyes of the customs officers in ways that almost baffle detection.

They have brought opium skillfully stuffed in bananas still hanging to the stalk and in oranges. One day, about six years ago, a Chinese dressed as a cook walked leisurely down the gangplank of a Pacific Mail steamer with a basket on his arm containing several loaves of bread. He shuffled right by a Custom House officer, and would have got away all right, but on the wharf came into collision with a drunken sailor. The sailor who was

to blame, gave the Chinese a violent shove, sending him sprawling and scattering his bread loaves. A policeman interfered and noticed that one of the loaves had broken open. He started to examine and the Chinese started to run. Every loaf was filled with opium.

Chinese have been detected with boxes of the drug deftly bound up in their quones or tied under their arms. Every bit of baggage and every article they take ashore is a hiding place. Beams on ship and table legs have been hollowed out as receptacles for contraband opium. False bottoms are put in cubby holes and pantry drawers. Hiding places are sought in coal bunkers and under the engines and boilers. The methods of secretion are so varied and ingenious that frequently the officers are unable to find smuggled opium, even after they have definite information that it is aboard a vessel. Only recently the officers failed to find a lot, although they knew positively that it was on board. However, keeping the closest watch on everything that left the ship, they finally intercepted the opium as it was being taken ashore.

Several years ago the officials were informed that a hole had been hollowed out under the stern of one of the China steamers as a receptacle for smuggled opium. When the steamer arrived they made a search and found a hole large enough to contain between \$3000 and \$4000 worth of the drug, but it was empty. It had been dumped out into the bay off Fort Point with floats attached. A considerable portion of it was picked up. A regular business was for a while maintained by throwing the opium overboard with floats attached to long lines for confederates to pick up and take ashore in boats, but the officers became cognizant of it and broke it up.

Once a box containing the bones of dead Chinese was placed on a steamer at Victoria to be brought here for shipment to China. An accident caused it to be closely examined, when a large quantity of opium was found concealed under the bones. Large quantities of opium have been smuggled in barrels of salt fish and in lumber.

Cigars come here from Mexico or Manila in cases of sea biscuit or sacks of sugar. They creep past the customs inspectors in many innocent disguises, but cigar smuggling is more dangerous and difficult than opium smuggling, and is less lucrative. These devices have no relation to collusion between customs officials and importers to undervalue goods or to admit them as of non-dutiable character when they are something else. It is only recently that gigantic frauds were prac-



TO BE PICKED UP BY CONFEDERATES.

ticed in this way. Nevertheless, the aggregate amount of smuggling in small lots at this port is very large every year, notwithstanding the vigilance of the officers. Almost every day some one is caught smuggling, but the number of escapes exceeds the number of captures right along.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Blown Through a Telegraph Pole.

There is a section of a telegraph pole in the museum of the Georgia State University. This pole, says Colonel R. M. Johnston, has a light cypress shingle sticking through it, about half of it projecting from each side. That shingle was picked up in a storm and blown clear through the telegraph pole and left sticking there.

The Surest Way.

The great wealth of many Americans was acquired by the closest economy. Most people seem to prefer the rapid method, such as speculating, some with other people's money. But the slower process of economy, industry and steady application is the surest.—Boston Journal.

Proposing to Penelope.



Before. —New York Ledger.

WEAVING.

placed my loom the slender threads along—I laughed to see them glisten; then—idle weaver! sat with careless hands And dreamful eyes to listen.

ho whirling song crooned vibrantly, the warp
Was wondrous fair that day;
I eve I rose—I had forgot the weft!
The threads were all one way.

A useless fabric, with unwoven shreds
Across—no binding ties;
He warp of aims may glisten, but idly runs,
In which no purpose lies.

careless heart! I said, and are you thus
An instrument unstrung?
Strain of harmony but half complete,
For words you left unsung?

Hilts! dreamer! weaving shadows there,
To echoes half confessed,
Cross the loom, if you will only look,
Love, smiling, holds the weft.

—Louise Watson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Ruled off—Ledgers.

A tweed garment—A sac coat.
"Get off the earth," the cyclone said
to the barn.

A nervous affection—A man on the
eve of proposal.

The crawfish is not very good to
eat, but it will do at a pinch.—Truth.

One characteristic of good old Elijah
has his raven-ousappetite.—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

London's constant fog may be
caused by the continuous reign.—
Dallas News.

The fine wheat will insure the farmer
and the English sparrow full crops.—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

People who are always scheming
generally pay about double for what
they get.—Milwaukee Journal.

When a man is dressed in a little
brief authority, he makes it more
conspicuous than a red neck-tie.—Puck.

So far no one has ever made the
lunder of painting a Cupid to look as
if he had any sense.—Acheson Globe.

"Why does Snagsby keep his hair
cut so short?" "Because he's getting
old, and he won't have it long."
—Philadelphia Record.

"He says he owes you a licking,
does he? Well, you'll never get it."
"How do you know?" "I'm his
sailor."
—Chicago Tribune.

"He's a very modest young man,
sn't he?" "Modest as a burglar; he
loosen't even want the credit of his
own work."
—Philadelphia Record.

An enterprising hosier has an-
nounced a new button, which he calls
The Old Maid's Wedding. Why? Be-
cause it never comes off.—Tit-Bits.

The coalman's season may be the
winter, the summer the ice-man's har-
vest, so that it's possible the milkman
finds his greatest profit in the spring.

Shall I from her sweet spell depart,
Or take her for better or worse?
The choice is—will she break my heart,
Or shall she break my purse?
—Puck.

Demonstrator in Natural Science—
"Gentlemen, I hold in my hand three
shells." Voice (from amphitheatre)—
"It isn't under any of them."
—Detroit Free Press.

Watts—"I wonder how this world
will get along when you and I have
left it?" Potts—"You'd better be
wondering how we'll get along."
—Indianapolis Journal.

Pipkin—"Does your wife know
anything about cooking?" Potts—"I
guess she does; you can't get her into
any of your cheap restaurants."
—Kate Field's Washington.

"Hello, Bingley, how did the doctor
succeed in breaking up your fever?"
"Oh, easy enough; he presented his
oil, and I had a chill in fifteen min-
utes."
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Can I get this note shaved?" he
timidly asked the money-lender.
"Gracious!" ejaculated the broker, as
he glanced at the date, "it's old enough
to need it!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Unless old words can be exchanged
for the new ones that are being rapidly
coined, English dictionaries will soon
have to be taken to a cotton compress
to be rendered portable.—Dallas News.

Applicant for Work—"But the oc-
cupation seems to be a dangerous one."
Manager—"Yes; but then in case you
are killed the company would send
flowers to your funeral."
—Boston Transcript.

Richard—"When my wife agreed to
share her lot with me I didn't know
there was a mortgage on it." Harry
—"A mortgage?" Richard—"Her
mother, I found, went with the lot."
—Boston Transcript.

A fellow in Smithville who couldn't
spare \$2 a year for a newspaper sent
fifty two-cent stamps to a down-east
Yankee to know how to raise bets.
He got an answer, "Take hold of the
tops and pull for all you are worth."
—Oswego Times.

Oh, the gold is rolling in
From beyond the briny seas,
Millions rolling in each day,
Bringing us financial ease,
Millions more are on the way,
Rolling onward to this goal,
And as we are none too fast,
Why, will you just let her roll!
—Kansas City Journal.

Measuring the Elms.

A recent number of the Boston
Globe states that Doctor Oliver Wen-
dell Holmes has made a practice for
some years of taking the girth of the
large elms and other trees which he
has seen in his daily drives. He has,
however, only found four trees with a
girth greater than fifteen feet. The
tape has usually been applied at a
point about five feet above the soil,
the place selected for measuring, as
Doctor Holmes states, being the small-
est circle of the trunk between the
swell of the roots and the swell of the
branches.