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If this country continues to drain Europe of its surplus gold much longer, as it seems likely to do, the result must be to make New York instead of London the most powerful financial centre in the world.

Germany is about to wholly reform her consular service, now organized on lines suited to the needs of the nation when Germany was an agricultural state, without colonies and without any export trade to speak of.

With all our devotion to hurry, there should be a long pause before slow transit of the canal is given up. Where these channels are owned by the state they are an important check upon railroad rates for carrying certain bulky materials.

The fact that Missouri is building up a big trade in poultry in Hawaii, having lately contacted to send 200,000 live chickens there, is full of significance to small farmers.

A writer to the New York Sun says in a recent visit to London he counted nearly 200 workmen's clubs with an average membership of 600 each.

The automobile is the machine to watch. It has reached a stage in the process of evolution which renders it decidedly interesting, and which excites our curiosity and also the spirit of prophecy.

Some figures have recently been compiled showing the amount of sugar consumed per capita by the different countries of the globe. These figures are based upon official returns made within the past few years.

SEPARATION.

There be many kinds of parting—yes, I know. Some with fond grieving eyes that overflow, Some with brave hands that straggle as they go; Ah, yes, I know, I know.

There is no claiming of one sacred kiss, One token for the days when life shall miss A sprit from the world of vanished bliss; Ah no, not even this.

There are no seas, no mountains rising wide, No centuries of absence to divide— Just soul space, standing daily side by side; Ah, wiser to have died!

Hands still clasp hands, eyes still reflect their own; Yet had one over universes flown, So far each heart hath from the other grown, Alone were less alone.

—Martha Gilbert Dickinson, in "Within the Hedge."

A SPRIG OF ROSEMARY.

BY JULIA SCHAYER.

It was at the corner of Blank street and Broadway. An old woman was standing on the curb looking uncertainly about her—now at the endless chain of street cars, now into the faces of the passers-by.

It was a hot sultry afternoon, and she was too warmly clad in dark, homely garments. Near her feet on the curbstone was a large enamel-stone satchel, with a robust cotton umbrella strapped to it.

The guileless wistfulness of her bright old eyes pierced the hard crust of worldliness and conventionality and crept into their hearts, and more than one was moved to ask the stranger, or if she needed help or information, and they passed on.

William Henry was her only brother's child and had grown up on a farm. He was a smart boy and had grown up into a smart man. He was a prosperous provision dealer in New York now, married to a nice girl from his own township, and living comfortably in his own house out Harlem way.

But she dearly loved William Henry and Lucilla and the children, and was glad to come and stay with them in emergencies like the one pending. Lucilla was a country girl, too, and loved the old place, and when Aunt Abby came in she always brought with her something from her old home.

She began to feel very tired, and wished William Henry had not missed her, and wondered how she happened to leave her palm leaf fan on the train.

She had thought that she knew just which kind of a car to take to get to her nephew's house, but they came along so fast and looked so much alike that she was getting doubtful.

When she had been standing there some time in the hot sun a handsome coupe stopped near her, and an old gentleman stepped out. He was a fine looking old gentleman indeed, clean-shaven, rosy and somewhat pompous.

PARABLE OF TRUSTS.

HOW THE GREAT MONSTERS ROB YOU.

The Sun and Air About All That Are Now Left to the People—Overproduction and Underconsumption—The Hannas and Rockefeller's Mightier than Kings.

Now, in the days when the people had chosen a new king over the Americanites, and men stood upon the walls of the cities and cried aloud for "sound money," there came a great overproduction upon the land of America.

And the people found much fault with the overproduction, and they gathered themselves together and cried one to another: "Behold, here am I. I have not food, yet there is an overproduction of food."

Now, it came to pass that there was a certain rich man, who had great wealth and precious stones and possessed many slaves, even unto those whose votes and influence in legislatures he had purchased.

Artificial legs and arms are now so perfect that with them a man can walk, skate and even cycle. There is a story also of a man who, injuring his spine in a railway accident, was fitted with a steel casing for his backbone, and so enabled to walk and ride.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The most expensive book ever published is the official history of the civil war, which is now being issued by the United States government, at a cost up to date of \$2,800,000.

There is a famous restaurant in the town of Robinson Crusoe near Paris where rustic dining-huts are built far up on the limbs of each tree.

Kent county, Md., has a peach tree that is believed by State Entomologist W. G. Johnson to be the largest tree in the United States.

Omaha has a man who has worn a woman's dress for twelve years. This is Mr. Henry Snell, and his home is a little cottage, surrounded with great tall cottonwood trees.

One of the most interesting and novel schemes that is resorted to when it comes to "doctoring" up a horse for sale is "peroxidizing."

There are no reserved seats in Heaven for rich people.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

After Many Years—Behind the Times—What It Is—The Only Sailor That Ever Said It—His Status—A Plausible Reason—When He Quit, Etc., Etc.

The grandfather sat in his easy chair, and the grandson laughed "Ho Ho Ho" while repeating the very latest joke.

Behind the Times. She—"I took a spin on my wheel last evening."

The Only Sailor That Ever Said It. Stubb—"I tell you that old retired sailor said the right thing when the cyclone shook his house."

What It Is. "It's the way a man sticks to the subject he wants to talk about, while you stick to the subject you want to talk about."

His Status. "Because the mountains wouldn't come to us," replied Mrs. Gazzam.

A Plausible Reason. "Why did you go to the mountains instead of to the sea shore?" asked Mrs. Bunting.

When He Quit. "Is Mr. Goodheart still paying attention to your daughter?"

Ratio Must Stand. "We do not hold the ratio of 16 to 1 to be, like the law of the Medes and Persians, unchangeable."

The Real Thing. Mr. Stockanbond (who has been playing the bear market in Wall Street)—"Great Scott! I think the brute recognizes me."

His Circle of Readers.

Blunt—"Who reads your poetry, anyhow?"

Billetts—"Why, my dear sir, all the prominent magazine editors of the country, and many of the lesser lights on the daily and weekly papers."

Faults of Early Training. "Flossie Blufkins believes in reincarnation."

The New Servant's Occupation. "That new servant of ours," said Wigwag, "reminds me of the European powers."

When They Wrote on Stone. "What's that monolith in your coat-tail pocket?" asked the ancient Egyptian, in a casual way.

An Easy Win. Tom—"Great news!" Dick—"What's that?" Tom—"Harry Penniless won a prize of \$100,000 by correctly answering a simple question."

Tom—"Not at all. The officiating clergyman asked him, 'Willst thou have this woman?'—meaning Miss Giltedge, the banker's daughter—to be thy wedded wife?"—and he answered, 'I will, and—and that's how it happened, you see.'

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