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Andrew Carnegie will easily be first in the libraries of his countrymen.

Frederick Harrison, the English writer, pays this very handsome compliment to America. He declares that he was much impressed by the observance of Washington's birthday in this country, and said that Washington was the only patriot who perfectly reached his ideal. He is also impressed with the liberality of American rich men, and says that such unprecedented philanthropy as had been witnessed here was impossible in England, where every rich man is made a peer and then is compelled to buy up a county and establish a "family."

The inventive genius of the American people will be illustrated in many ways at Buffalo, observes the Baltimore Sun. The World's fair at Chicago was an admirable portrayal of the abilities of Americans in the mechanical arts. The years that have elapsed since then will be especially noticeable in the part electricity will play in the Pan-American exposition.

According to Harper's Weekly Russia holds the peace of the world in her keeping, and peace or war is simply a question of psychology. There is no great policy involved, no great lust of conquest, no wrongs to be avenged. Peace or war—simply the mental attitude of a group of ministers. Peace—and a throne may be overturned. War—and an empire may be destroyed—or saved. Which shall it be?

The recent purchase of the Isle of Man by the British government has put an end to a curious coronation custom. When the little island was granted by Henry IV. to Sir John Stanley and his heirs in 1406, the condition was imposed upon the grantee of presenting two falcons to the king of England at the time of his coronation. George IV. was, however, the last king to receive the gift, the Duke of Athole presenting the birds.

It is a singular thing that a surplus in the national treasury causes almost as much anxiety as that unfamiliar condition, a deficit, would. Whatever money accumulates either in the treasury or in private hands is withdrawn from general use and tends to disturb business conditions. Moreover idle money, with nations as with individuals, is always a temptation to extravagance. Still very few of us are so afraid of getting a little money ahead.

To stem the tide of emigration of farmer boys to the cities will hereafter be one of the duties of the Illinois district school teacher. This has been decided on in convention by the county school superintendents, who find that the attendance at country schools is falling off so fast as to threaten the extinction of some of them. Their view in this matter is confirmed in a measure by the last census report, which indicates clearly that the rural population of Illinois is drifting gradually to the cities and larger towns, leaving the farms with a smaller population each year. It is a development in the agricultural states of the West of a movement which has almost passed beyond comment in the eastern states. It will not yet be accepted in the West, however, as an uncontrollable movement, and the method adopted to check it in Illinois is to increase in the school children a love of the farm and its work, and to increase the interest in agriculture by instruction along its scientific and business sides. By the adoption of a new course of study, patterned after that in the college of agriculture in the University of Illinois, it is hoped to convince the boys that farming is not necessarily a drudge, that it can be made a pleasing employment, and, what is more to the point, a profitable one.

COMPENSATION.

Who fails to sow for fear that he
Shall not be here to reap
Must lie in bleak obscurity
Through all his final sleep.
The bard who sang, long, long ago,
When no one lent an ear,
Sang on for love of singing, though
He scoffed who chanced to hear.
To-day men seek his grave and bow
Beside his monument—
We laud the noble poet now
Who couldn't pay his rent.

Who idly stands and shakes his head
And sighs and murmurs: "No!
Ere reaping time I shall be dead,
Why bother, then, to sow?"—
For him no shaft shall ever rise
To claim the pilgrim's gaze,
No love shall center where he lies,
No honor crown his days!
Who plants has hope, and though he may
Not see the fruitful fall,
He has foreseen a glorious day,
And triumphs, after all.

—S. E. Kiser.

A CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

It was a bright morning, and a girl was breakfasting alone in the somewhat dingy sitting room of a Bloomsbury lodging house. She was young and pretty, with delicate, thoughtful looking features. She glanced at the clock—it wanted a few minutes to 9—then rose from her seat and walking to the window, pulled back the faded red curtains.

"A clear sky—there will be a splendid light soon for Phil," she exclaimed. She turned and made her way back to the fireplace. An envelope on the mantelpiece caught her eye. It was an old one, and had been there for some weeks, but she took it down once again, and drew a card out—a mere ordinary card, with the words, "Madge, from Dick," written upon it. She gazed at it reflectively; then replaced it with a little sigh.

"Ah, Dick!" she murmured, "if only things had gone a little better with us!"

The chimes of a clock striking the hour caught her ear, and she made hurried preparations for her departure. On her way down she tapped at a door, and opened it half an inch.

"Many happy returns of the day, Phil, dear!" she called out. "It's a lovely morning. Good-by!"

She ran down the stairs lightly. In the hall she was met by an elderly looking man in a velveteen coat. She nodded brightly to him, and he opened the door for her.

"Your brother's birthday?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes. We must do something tonight in honor of it, and you must help us, Mr. Lintell! Good-by—I shall be late for my 'bus!"

About an hour later Phil Halstan emerged from his room. He was a tall, well-built young fellow, with a somewhat heavy, indolent looking face. He ate a leisurely breakfast, then, lighting a cigarette, dropped into an armchair by the fire and let his eyes travel slowly round the dull room. A look of disgust crept to his face.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "How horribly mean and sordid it all looks! Shall I ever get out of it!"

Presently he rose, and, going to a corner by the window, drew forward an easel. He sat before it and gazed at the blank canvas. Then he felt for his box of brushes and fingered them meditatively. Finally he laid them down and looked out of the window.

There was a tap at the door, and the next moment old Mr. Lintell entered. He lived on the upper floor and had got to be very friendly with Madge and her brother.

"I won't interrupt you," he began with a glance at the easel. "I only came to offer you my best wishes!"

"Thanks! Please don't go," cried Phil, as the old man moved toward the door. "Fact is, I don't seem to do much more work now—rather thought of giving myself a holiday. My birthday, you know!" he added half jocularly.

Old Lintell came forward slowly. He looked at the blank canvas.

"It's going to be a great thing!" explained Phil. "I'm working out the idea now—it takes time, you know."

The old man nodded and looked out of the window. He had been thinking a good deal of Phil lately—this boy who got up late, sat dreaming half the day, and loafed the other, who had never earned a penny in his life, kept in idleness by a devoted sister who, as typist in a solicitor's office, worked hard from morn to night, believing in him heart and soul.

He glanced up sharply at Phil.

"Might I see your portfolio?" he said. "I used to know something about art."

Phil pulled it out with alacrity, and opened it for the old man's inspection. Mr. Lintell turned them over one by one. They were crude and badly done, with no sign of distinctive ability whatever.

"Well?" asked Phil eagerly. He shared his sister's belief in himself. "Give me your candid opinion."

Mr. Lintell wiped his glasses and proceeded to oblige him. He told him the truth, the unpleasant, naked truth—and a wave of color swept over young Phil's cheek. Then he laughed.

"It's too ridiculous," he cried.

Old Mr. Lintell rose from his chair and made his way to the door.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I thought you ought to know."

Phil laughed again as the door closed on the old man—but it was an uncomfortable sort of laugh—the laugh of a man whose mind had been suddenly confronted with a new aspect of the case. He strode up and down the room.

"Of course, I shall be famous some day—shall pay little Madge back a thousand fold—and she doesn't mind working at present!" he reflected. "And he said I hadn't a particle of ability, that I was wasting my time, that I ought to be earning my living, keeping Madge, instead of letting her—"

He glanced toward the window. The sun was shining temptingly. He walked to the mantelpiece and found two half-crowns which Madge had left there. Unthinkingly he slipped these into his pocket, then, taking hat and stick, made his way out of the house.

He meant to go for a long walk, to think out his great idea. But he found he could think of nothing but old Mr. Lintell's words. The idiotic sentences kept running through his head. He, Phil Halstan, a mere loafer! The thing was absurd; Madge herself would be the first to say so.

He walked for some time, and made an effort to think of something else. Presently he dropped into cheap restaurant to have lunch. He sat down to a table; next to him two men were talking rather excitedly.

"I don't care who it is!" one was declaring emphatically. "The chap who loafs while a woman works for 'im is a 'ound, and deserves to be kicked! Why, I'd sooner sweep the roadway!"

Phil, with a red face, rose and hurriedly left the place.

It was half-past two the same afternoon when Madge ran lightly up the staircase of the house in Bloomsbury, and burst into the sitting room. Her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. She saw a young man standing by the window. His back was turned to her.

"Phil!" she cried joyously, "I have a half holiday!"

The figure in the window turned and she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Dick," she gasped in astonishment. Dick Evington came toward her, holding out his hand.

"Just Dick," he answered with a smile. He caught her hand and stood looking into her face. "Something has happened, Madge, and I've come up at once from Anington to tell you about it."

There was a dainty flush on her cheeks; he thought he had never seen her look so beautiful.

"I hope it is something good for you, Dick," she said. "Is it?"

"I don't know—yet," he said slowly. "That is, until I've heard what you have to say."

Now it happened that at this moment Phil Halstan was wending his way homewards. He let himself in with his latchkey and went up to their room. The door was not quite shut, and he heard voices—Madge's and another's. He recognized it after a moment. Then he caught a few of the words. He glanced around. The landing was dark. Hardly knowing what he did, he sank down on the first stair and listened.

"I knew things would come right at last, Madge, dear!" Evington's voice was saying. "But I didn't think it would be as splendid as this. A good post abroad—only open to a married man, too!"

There was a pause. Outside Phil grasped the bannister. There was a slight movement by him, and turning his head he found Lintell had crept to his side.

Then they heard Madge's voice. It was low and tremulous.

"I'm so sorry, Dick, but—"

"Why, Madge, you love me?"

"Yes, love you, Dick—always have loved you—always shall! But—" There was a pause, then in a whisper, "There's Phil!"

Old Lintell laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"But surely Phil won't mind!" cried Evington. "He is a man and can earn his own living. He would not wish you to give up this."

"You don't understand, Dick!" There were tears in Madge's voice this time. "Some day Phil will be a great artist, be famous, but just now—he wants my help! Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry, but I can't leave him—can't go with you—though I love you so!"

Phil Halstan shook old Lintell's hand from his shoulder, and rose suddenly to his feet. He stood for a moment undecided, then crept away on tip-toe to the stairs. Old Lintell followed.

"What are you going to do?" he said. Phil made no reply. He crammed his hat on his head, opened the door and stepped into the street. Old Lintell went with him, and they walked away together.

"Are you going to let her lose her one big chance of happiness?" said old Lintell in a low voice; "you going to continue to idle your life away—she keeping you?"

Phil hardly seemed to hear him. He was striding along with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his eyes staring straight ahead of him. Suddenly he threw his head back.

"You heard—she doesn't want to go herself!" he cried, almost fiercely. "She'd soon forget all about it."

"A girl with a heart like Madge's never forgets!" replied old Lintell. "What are you going to do?" he repeated, relentlessly.

"A little more time—and I might do something big!" broke out Phil.

"You've loafed for three years—and done nothing!" said the old man. "You know you will never do anything in art. You've wilfully shut your eyes, and used her as an excuse to support you and her for idling!"

The young man's mouth was twitching convulsively.

"You're right!" he cried, in a hoarse voice, "but what's there left for me to do—I know nothing, have done nothing!" he finished helplessly.

"Be a man. There's always something for a man to do! Remember what she has done for you."

They had reached St. Martin's church at Charing Cross. Phil stopped and passed a hand over his brow. The old man watched him anxiously. He saw Phil's eye travel across the road to where the recruiting sergeants were pacing slowly up and down, alert for new blood. Then Phil Halstan suddenly gave his shoulders a jerk back.

"Yes," he said between his shut teeth. "There's always something left for a man to do!"

He crossed the road.

That night Madge was sitting alone reading a letter that had been brought to her by messenger. The tears came to her eyes as she read the last few sentences:

"* * * For three years I have played it as low as a fellow can. But I'm going to be a man at last, Madge, if you want to make me happy, dear, make me feel I haven't quite spoiled your life. Go with Dick!"

The letter dropped from her hand.

"Go with Dick!" she repeated in a low tone.

There was a tap at the door; then a man was shown in—a young man with a pale and anxious face.

"Madge, I couldn't leave without asking you once again—Is it quite hopeless?" he began.

She raised her eyes to his, and he saw her lips tremble.

"Not quite hopeless, Dick, dear!" she whispered.—Gilbert Davis in Mainly About People.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

One of the latest inventions is an imitation vaccination scar that you can paste on your arm and thus fool the health officer. The scar costs a dime.

The largest Bible in the world is said to be one in the possession of a German lady. It is two feet six inches long and 20 inches wide. It is over 200 years old.

Saturday is considered an unlucky day for the British royal family. William III., Queen Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., the Duchess of Kent, the Prince Consort and Princess Alice died on Saturdays.

Three hundred persons in London earn a living—and several of them are growing rich—by providing meals for the cats of the metropolis, which they deliver regularly once, twice and thrice a day, as may suit the owners of the feline pets.

Mrs. James Little, who lives near Atchison, Kan., who was herself a twin, and whose husband was a twin and the son of a twin, has given birth to her second pair of twins, the first pair being about 18 months old when the second pair made its appearance.

At Naundorf in the Hunsruck near the Rhine a Roman temple has been found enclosed in a walled enclosure measuring 220 by 200 feet. The temple stands in the middle and is 60 by 50. It contains more terra cotta objects than have been discovered hitherto in Germany. They are votive offerings, about a 100 being whole figurines representing goddesses. Small bronze statuettes of Mars, Jupiter and Mercury have also been found.

The most durable paper is made by a guild near Nanking, China, which supplies the government of that empire the leaves of its official documents. Some of these are over a 1000 years old. Fireproof paper made of asbestos is another kind of greater durability. The drawback to them, however, for printing purposes, is that although they will pass through fire unscathed, they come out snow white, without a trace of the printed letters or writing that was on them.

Most People Are Lopsided.

"Most people are lopsided," said a Chestnut street photographer. "It isn't a very nice thing to say, perhaps, but it's true. In my business I have to study people's features very closely in order to get the best results, and I can safely say that the two sides of a person's face are never alike. Only about one person in 15 has perfect eyes, and in many cases the eyes are entirely out of line—that is, one is slightly higher than the other. The right ear is also very often higher than the left, and one cheek is sometimes noticeably fuller than the other. Tailors will tell you, too, that the left leg of most men is longer than the right. Try it and see. Take a pair of trousers, hold them together at the waist band, and you will see that one leg is made longer than the other. One arm is nearly always longer than the other."—Philadelphia Record.

"From Her Six Children."

An interesting incident at Windsor occurred at St. George's chapel at the time of the queen's funeral. At the conclusion of the service a royal servant approached, who made a rapid search among the floral tributes until he found a small and simple circle of green laurel leaves, which he promptly returned to the sacred building. Few people knew afterward and virtually none at the time that this simple tribute in such marked contrast to the often over-elaborate devices, sent with better motive perhaps than taste, was the most interesting of all, and that the plain card attached to it bore the brief but impressive inscription, "From her six children."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Berlin has 14 schools in which girls of 13 and 14 are taught to cook.

THIS BOY IS A WONDER.

A PENNSYLVANIA LAD WHO IS AS REMARKABLE AS HELEN KELLAR.

When Five Years Old He Had No More Intelligence Than a Good-Natured Puppy—How His Drowsy Little Brain Was Awakened—Is Active and Self-Reliant.

The fame of Helen Kellar has to an extent overshadowed that of Tommy Stringer, although in his way the little Pennsylvania boy is quite as interesting and quite as remarkable as the little southern girl.

Just a year before the kindergarten for the blind was opened in Boston, on the 3d of July, 1886, Tommy was born near Waynesbury, Penn. He was like any other healthy, happy baby in his first few months. But soon after the death of his mother he had an attack of spinal meningitis, and on his recovery, when he was hardly 2 years old, he was found both blind and deaf. His father was a workingman with small means, and he felt absolutely powerless to help his afflicted little boy. After a time the blind and deaf child was taken to the Alleghany hospital. He was a healthy little animal, apparently, with no more intelligence than a good natured puppy. In this condition he was finally brought to the kindergarten for the blind in the spring of 1891.

Here he was at once put in the care of a special teacher, whose duty it was to give all her time to him. Although it seemed an almost hopeless task, an effort was to be made to rescue him from the prison into which his deafness and blindness had thrown him. He had never yet walked upright. In spite of his 5 years he crawled along, pushing his way with his hands and feet, and he always moved backward to save his head from coming in contact with unexpected obstacles. The only sound he ever made was a pitiful moan, which sounded the same whether he meant it to express pleasure or pain. At times, when he felt especially disturbed, he would scream loudly and would strike out with his hands and tear his clothes.

Before any effort could be made to reach Tommy's mind his body had to be put in order. Exercises were given to develop his flabby muscles and build up tissues. At last the efforts were rewarded. He could move about unassisted, could feed himself and even dress and undress himself. Unlike Helen Kellar or Laura Bridgman, Tommy seemed very dull and apathetic. He was unwilling to make any effort for himself, and his teachers often feared that in the end they must give up the attempt to reach his mind.

Many, many months passed before the drowsy little brain grasped the fact that things have names, and that these names may be represented by the letters of the alphabet made on the fingers. But at length, by constant repetition, by infinite love and patience, the first section of the bridge was built. Tommy began to realize the outer world. He walked over the bridge, and began to take an interest. Soon he was one of the brightest children in the kindergarten. He underwent systematic training at the basis of which was Froebel's principles of "natural development." Today, at 14 years of age, Tommy compares favorably with other boys of his years. He is tall, straight and strong. He has a well-shaped head and his expression is bright and cheerful. His mind is full of information, and he is constantly asking for "more, more" knowledge.

But he is not a mere lover of books. He is active and self-reliant. He can use his hands to better advantage than most boys who can see and hear.

A year ago last summer, for example, Mrs. Quincy Shaw (Agassiz' daughter) gave Tommy a sloyd bench fitted with all the necessary tools. Tommy was already fairly expert in sloyd, because instruction in manual training had been an important part of his education. But when he learned that the bench was to be sent to Wrentham, where he was to spend the summer, he immediately said: "Now I shall take all the care of Mr. Brown's house." Consequently even on the hottest days, he was to be found at his bench. He replaced worn door sills with new, made a new barnyard gate. He replaced loose boards in the flooring of the porch, made a hand railing for persons going up and down the steps. An old smokehouse which was given him as his especial domain he improved wonderfully. He took out the sliding windows, made new frame on them and swung them on hinges. Then he put strong bars across them to prevent the cows breaking the glass with their horns. He invented a clever device for opening and shutting another window. He made boxes for holding tools and other things connected with his work. He repaired a stone wall near the smokehouse, and in other ways improved its surroundings. He is a busy, energetic boy, and generally makes his own plans for work, and the plans that he has made he always carries out. Before starting for home in the summer he cleaned his tools very carefully, packed in boxes all his collected bits of metal, nails, screws and similar things, as well as the bench itself. He examined the premises carefully to make sure that he had left nothing behind, and, in short, showed himself more practical and business like than the average boy with sight would have been.

In the autumn of 1899, when Tommy was entering for his 14th year, he was placed in one of the public grammar schools near the kindergarten. In spite of his disability it was found that he was then almost on a level with boys of his own age. He started in the sixth grade, and has more than held his own ever since. His teacher and interpreter, Miss Helen S. Conley, of course goes with him, and through her he holds his own with his class. His grammar school work has increased his self-reliance, and he is very anxious to keep up with the other boys. They on their part are very considerate of Tommy. They invite him to enter into all their games and sports, and they find him a very good comrade.

The year before last he had a trip to Washington, and although not then 13, he showed the liveliest interest in everything at the capital. He had a delightful interview with the president and immediately accepted the invitation of the latter to visit the White House. Tommy eagerly inspected every room, carefully examining all the fittings and furnishings, and at last announced "the blue room is the prettiest." He had come to this decision undoubtedly on account of the silk hangings on the walls. On the way to Washington he had visited Philadelphia and had thoroughly enjoyed a visit to the mint.

Without any dogmatic teaching Tommy has discovered the existence of a supreme God. For example, "The world is very large. Men made houses and ships, but men cannot make land. Who made the land?" was a question that came naturally from him, and as his inquiries are answered he is gradually shaping a creed for himself. Mr. Anagnos says that as far as the achievement of results is concerned, Tommy's record surpasses that of all other persons in his condition. That is, he is not second to Laura Bridgman, Helen Kellar or Willie Robin. Instead of a helpless idiot, a deformed Caliban, as he might have been, he is a bright, intelligent boy, with a face full of expression. With his bent toward science and his zeal for investigating, he may some time make his mark in the world.

Tommy's education is naturally expensive, since the time of one person must be given entirely to him.

The $700 of the past year was contributed by 50 individuals and organizations in different parts of the country. Kindergartens in various day and Sabbath schools have been among the contributors, and many little children are regularly saving their spare pennies to send to Tommy Stringer. A movement has been started to raise a permanent fund for Tommy, similar to that which was raised for Helen Kellar, for if he continues to develop as rapidly as in the past, he will certainly be able to return to the world a greater part of all that has been showered on him. He is interested in electricity, and asks extremely intelligent questions about its practical application. His first ride in an automobile was an event in his life, and the gift of a companion bicycle by a liberal friend led him to devise a kind of wooden bicycle which he called a "foot car."

But above all Tommy's cleverness is his affectionate disposition, which makes him fully appreciate all that has been done to bring him out of darkness.—H. L. R., in Chicago Times-Herald.

DUG DOWN TO FORT AMSTERDAM.

The New Custom House Excavations Get Down Three Centuries.

The excavations made for the foundations of the new custom house at Bowling Green have laid bare traces of masonry which competent historians believe are parts of the old Fort Amsterdam, erected soon after the Dutch bought the island of Manhattan from the Indians in 1626. The laborers found masonry 15 feet below the lowest foundations of the buildings which had occupied the south side of Bowling Green for the last century. They were under the Whitehall street roadway and about 90 feet south of the building line on Bowling Green, where the steamship offices used to be.

In the process of removing the ordinary earth and sand which there underly the street, a strong wall was discovered. It was built of rock and bricks and the joints were of mortar made by compounding burned clamshells with sand. Bits of shell were found all through the mortar. The bricks had in some cases been so much discolored in the centuries that it was hard to tell what had been their color when they came from the kilns. The shape, however, was that of the Holland baked brick, of which many of the early buildings of New Amsterdam were made.

But it was not without corroboration that the conclusion was reached that the wall was a part of the Dutch stronghold. In the centre of the square on which the new custom house is to stand was found a rounded piece of stone which was recognized as undoubtedly a part of the buttresses of the ancient fort. It was at the same depth below the present street level as the wall. The relative position of the two has convinced antiquarians that the two were part of the same structure. The old fort stood, until 1790, and its last traces above ground were cleared away to make room for the buildings, which have but recently given way to the new custom house.

The New York Historical society has obtained one of the bricks. Another has been presented to the Holland society by Cass Gilbert, the architect of the new Custom house.—New York Sun.

Work Among Mountain Whites.

Miss Goodrich, a teacher in a southern mountain school, is encouraging the women in her vicinity to cultivate madder and indigo, and to use the color from these for their weavings in place of manufactured dye. Some of the coverlets woven there and sent to New York City recently were dyed from those products, and others were colored with the bark and leaves of trees.