



THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, Where we sat side by side, On a bright May morning long ago, When first you were my bride.

The corn was springing fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high, And the red was on your lip, Mary, And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, The day's as bright as then; The lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green again.

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your warm breath on my cheek, And I still keep listening for the words You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, The village church stands near— The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here.

But the graveyard lies between, Mary, And my step might break your rest, Where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, For the poor make no new friends; But, oh, they love the better The few our Father sends.

And you were all I had, Mary, My blessing and my pride; There's nothing left to care for now, Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, My Mary kind and true, But I'll not forget you, darling, In the land I'm going to.

They say there's bread and work for all, And the sun shines always there, But I'll not forget old Ireland, Were it fifty times less fair.

WHAT HAPPENED TO

THE BULLION-BOX

By H. J. HERVEY, Late of the Indian Government Telegraph Service, Saharunpore, N.W.P., India.

[This story was related to the author by Mr. Hope Kavanagh, the District Superintendent of Police at Saharunpore. It describes how a native banker resorted to deception in order to safeguard a case of bullion which he was sending by rail to a customer, and how by a clever trick the contents of the box were stolen en route, the unhappy banker being precluded from prosecuting the thieves, although they were discovered, through the possibility of being involved in severe penalties himself.]

THE firm of Bhugwandass, Jeykissen, Singh & Co., bankers and merchants, of Kangri, was one of the wealthiest concerns in Upper India. With a far-reaching connection all over the peninsula—and even farther—old Bhugwandass, the principal, was wont to boast that his signature stood equally good in London as in Lahore, and that he could give you a boondie (or so) which would be honored with the same promptitude in Chicago as in Calcutta.

Among the employees of the firm was a certain Thotaram, the son of a former client. Falling at the entrance examination for the subordinate Civil Service he had been taken on by Bhugwandass as an English writer. At the time referred to in this story Thotaram had been some ten years in the firm's employ, and for a mere copyist he had risen, through undoubted merit and perseverance, to the comparatively responsible post of confidential clerk to the managing partner.

Now, while we must suppose that Thotaram had during his career been subject to temptations, the equal inference is that he had hitherto succeeded in withstanding all assaults on his moral rectitude. Anyhow, up to the period I am writing of the man's record was clean, and he was looked on by all from Bhugwandass downward, as the exemplification of unimpeachable integrity. He had worked himself into the good graces of his patron; he was ever willing, hard-working and ready to please. Often, when others had cleared out, prepared to do anything that might be wanted—from lighting Bhugwandass's hookah and placing it before him to drawing up a promissory note, unlocking the strong room, and counting out 1000 rupees or so for some belated borrower.

One day the bank had occasion to send a consignment of bar silver to a correspondent named Pusa, a gold and silver smith residing near the small town of Nagina, distant about three hours' journey by rail. The bullion, valued at 4000 rupees, after being duly weighed by Thotaram, was packed and nailed down by him in a stout deal box—all under Bhugwandass's immediate supervision—and the case was then deposited on the floor close to the principal's desk. At noon, when most of the employees left the building for the usual lunch hour, Bhugwandass signed to Thotaram to remain. When the office had emptied the old man called the clerk to him and said, in the vernacular: "Did you hear of that case about a box of sovereigns being broken into during transit by rail between Agra and Bombay?"

"Yes, sir," replied Thotaram, in the same tongue, "I read an account of it in the Anrita."

"Well," continued the principal, sinking his voice to a whisper, "we must avoid running any such risk! I have got a good idea. Take some black paint and address that case of bar silver to Pusa, Sonar, Sonari Bazaar, Nagina."

The clerk did as he was ordered.

"Now, above the address, write 'Old Nails' in large letters, fill in the consignment note in the same manner, and go yourself to book the box at the railway station. See that the weight tallies with ours, and do not talk to the railway people about the case. Take it carelessly in a bullock cart with you, and go quite alone, so as to cause no suspicion as to the valuable nature of its contents."

Thotaram carried out these instructions to the letter. On his return to the kothi (bank) he sought out Bhugwandass and handed him the consignment note. He ended up by asking for a week's leave, to proceed to his native place near Bareilly. After transacting his errand at the goods shed he had strayed, he said, on to the passenger platform, and among the travelers in a train that happened to arrive he met a fellow-townsmen, who had informed him of his uncle's serious illness; it was for the purpose of visiting this re-

lative that he now craved the indulgence.

The request was granted and, after profusely thanking his patron, the confidential clerk withdrew. Instead, however, of proceeding to his village, Thotaram, disguising himself as an infantry halvidar or sergeant on the lookout for recruits, took the next train to Nagina. He was well aware that the case of "old nails" would not arrive for another four days by goods train, so he had time to mature his plans. He first set to work to ingratiate himself with the handful of native employes at the small station, which was easily done. He knew there were no military in those parts, and being a well-set-up fellow, he was able not only to pass himself off successfully as a recruiting sergeant, but received permission, as such, to put up on the premises till the people poured in to the local fair, which he gave out he was going to attend. In a nonchalant manner, and not too hurriedly, he sauntered off to the little mud godam, or goods shed, where he found the single clerk, a Bengali named Hiralal Seal, doing nothing in particular. Exerting all his inherent affability Thotaram speedily established a good understanding with the babu (clerk), and by closing time he had pretty well assured himself that the latter would prove only too ready to fall in with his views. Seal, for his sins, had been shunted to this great distance from Lower Bengal; he was an idle, dissolute fellow, but had so far been able to escape the consequences of his bad conduct through the influence of senior relatives holding respectable positions in the head office of the railway.

That evening the two met by appointment, and Thotaram, intuitively divining the shortest road to the babu's heart, treated him to a regular jaunt, after the native idea. Thotaram paid for everything throughout, much to the Bengali's admiration and envy. He bemoaned his state of chronic impotency and his wretched salary of twenty-five rupees a month.

This was precisely the state of mind Thotaram desired his comrade to be in. Seated with the babu on the station-yard fence, preparatory to parting for the night, little by little the schemer unfolded his plan. He found Seal not only pliant, but eager to participate, and before they separated the two young scoundrels had agreed to help themselves to the contents of a certain case marked "Old Nails" the moment it should turn up at the Nagina goods shed.

In due course the precious case arrived and was unloaded at the goods shed. Thotaram, by now a privileged letter—especially in that part of the station premises presided over by Seal—took occasion to examine the box. He felt satisfied it was intact; in exacting the same state as when booked by him at Kangri. That evening Seal casually mentioned to the choudkiddars (watchmen) and porters that as he had some returns to get through he should not leave the shed till late. He ordered the lamp-man to prepare a lamp and place it in his partitioned office; had all the doors and exits except one secured, and told all the underlings to go home, but to return punctually at 9, and that he would be responsible for things in the meanwhile. Native-like, and nothing loth, the whole posse cleared out, and hardly had the last man disappeared when Thotaram, stealing up to and tapping gently at the unbarred door, was admitted by his confederate. The two had prepared everything beforehand—cold chisels, hammer, pliers and what was more important than all, a plentiful supply of old nails, which had been collected and smuggled in during the interval of waiting.

After thoroughly searching every dark corner of the shed, and even walking twice round its exterior to assure themselves that no one watched them through possible cracks and fissures in the woodwork, they put the case on the platform scales, carefully noted the weight, compared it with that entered in the invoice, and then gingerly opened the box. This done, they took out the silver bars, and then, emptying the case of the cleats used to hold the precious metal immobile, they replaced the box on the weighing machine and crammed in old nails till the original weight had been arrived at. After this they carefully re-nailed the lid, using the same holes, and the first act in the

robbery had been accomplished! They then descended to the permanent-way which ran through the shed. Here they dug a hole, kindled a fire, set an iron pot thereon, and melted two of the four bars at a time. This was a very necessary operation, as the ingots bore the impress of the consigners. This work finished, the two conspirators obliterated all traces of the fire, threw the melting-pot into the well, and each concealing on his person his portion of the "swag" they calmly awaited the return of the choudkiddars and porters.

On the forenoon of the next day Pusa came for his case. Everything was in order; the consignee produced the railway receipt, it was compared with the invoice, the weight of the box was verified, the book signed, delivery taken and the old silversmith set out on his return journey to his village, carrying the box with him in a bullock-cart. In the meanwhile a few days' leave being due to Hiralal Seal that youth applied for and obtained it. He had decided on spending it in a holiday at Kangri, the delights of which town Thotaram had already impressed him with. Here, too, Thotaram said they would find no difficulty in converting their plunder into current coin of the realm.

The two therefore returned to Kangri with a hardihood and effrontery almost inconceivable, and the confidential clerk resumed his duties. But on the very night of their arrival Thotaram was seen in the company of a young Bengali babu, a stranger to Kangri, at a native theatre, occupying front-row seats. Further, when Ja-hoora, a famous dancer and heroine of the piece, at the conclusion of the performance applied to the audience for largess, it was noticed that Thotaram and his Bengali companion each gave her a handful of rupees. These curious facts reached the ears of Bhugwandass the next morning, and that afternoon, while the banker was in the middle of admonishing his protégé on the evils attending extravagance during an epidemic in the outer court, and amid a storm of lamentations Pusa was introduced. He and a servant carried between them nothing less than the case.

"Behold, Maharaj!" cried Pusa, addressing the banker, as he tore open the lid and disclosed the interior—chock full of rusty nails. "Behold what you sent me in return for my remittance of 4000 rupees!"

For a short while consternation prevailed, but Bhugwandass's suspicions did not take long in assuming shape. He placed the whole thing together in a few seconds. Thotaram's knowledge of the contents, his own overweening confidence in the fellow, especially with reference to the false declaration and false superscription, Thotaram's departure on leave, fitting in so well with a new friend, and last, not least, the happenings of the night before at the native theatre—all tended to confirm the old banker's opinion that one at least of the culprits stood before him. Ordering Thotaram not to stir from his presence, Bhugwandass instructed one of his clerks to find Thotaram's companion, and, under a pretended message from that youth himself, to inveigle the stranger to the bank. The emissary succeeded in finding his man, and in half an hour's time returned with the Bengali.

Addressing the precious pair the banker accused them point blank of concealing and perpetrating the robbery, and asked them if they had ought to say in extenuation of their offence before he called in the police. Thotaram was speechless, but Seal was not so easily disposed of.

"What," asked he, "did the railway consignment note declare the contents to be? The invoice, the receipt handed in by the consignee, and the superscription on the box itself all notified the same thing—'old nails,' weighing so much, and 'old nails' of the specified weight were duly delivered to Pusa, the consignee. Why, then, do you accuse us of stealing your bar silver? Who beyond yourself is there to say that the contents were bar silver? Even granted such to be the case, who saw us take it out? Who saw us even as much as tamper with the box? Where are the signs of any such tampering?"

"All the circumstances point toward you and Thotaram being the robbers," rejoined Bhugwandass, somewhat irresolutely.

"Assuming that we are," retorted Seal, insolently, "supposing you have us apprehended, and the affair goes before the magistrate, how will you explain your false declaration of the contents of the case? You have rendered yourself liable to a prosecution under the Railway Act for misrepresenting the contents of your box. Come!" he shouted, seeing the effect that his words had on the unhappy banker, "take us before the magistrate. You shall tell your story. I will tell mine! He will ask for all the documents I have mentioned, and when he peruses them, who will he convict—me of robbery, without a scrap of evidence to support it, or you of false declaration—to prove which these documents will speak, let alone the words on the box?"

As he finished speaking he gazed at the banker triumphantly, but the latter only knitted his brows in woebegone perplexity.

He realized only too well that Bhugwandass, Jeykissen, Singh & Co. were powerless to move hand or foot. The scoundrelly Seal had them, as it were, "on toast." All they could do they did, and Thotaram was dismissed from their employ, but Seal got off scot-free. That was all that happened to the perpetrators of as impudent and barefaced a robbery as had ever been known to have been committed on an India railway. But Bhugwandass, Jeykissen, Singh & Co. no longer send bullion under the guise of "old nails."

—The World Magazine.

THE OLD ENGLISH SUNDAY.

How the Day was Observed Prior to the English Revolution.

For a considerable period prior to the English revolution, Sunday was a day of great festivity and high revelry in the old country. Incredible though it may appear, its observance was governed and ordered by a paradoxical royal declaration, issued by King James I. This document is generally known as "The Book of Sports." In its preamble it recites a royal rebuke, administered to "some Puritanes and precise people" for "prohibiting or unlawful punishing of Our good people for using their lawful Recreations and honest exercises upon Sundays and other holy days, after the afternoon sermon or service," and then it refers to "the general complaint of our people, that they were barred from all lawful Recreation and exercise upon the Sundays afternoon, which cannot but produce two evils; the one, the hindering of the conversion of many, whom their priests will take occasion hereby to vex, persuading them that no honest mirth or recreation is lawfully or tollerable in our Religion, which cannot but breed a great discontent in our people's hearts; the other inconvenience is, that this prohibition barreth the common and meane sort of people from using such exercises as may make their bodies more able for Warre, when we or our successors shall have occasion to use them."

It follows the royal mandate "that no lawful Recreation shall be barred to our good People," and "The Bishop and all other Inferior Churchmen and Churchwardens are enjoined to be careful and diligent, both to instruct the ignorant and convince and reforme them that are misled in religion." "Our pleasure likewise is, That the Bishop of the Diocese take the like straight order with all the Puritanes and Precisians within the same, either constraining them to conforme themselves, or to leave the country according to the Lawes of Our Kingdome and Canons of our Church." The declaration proceeds to define "lawful Recreation" as "Dancing, either men or women, Archerie for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmlesse Recreation, including May-games, Whitsun-Ales, and Morris-dances, and the setting up of May-poles and other sports therewith used. But without wee doe here accompt still as prohibited all unlawful games to be used upon Sundayes only, as Beare and Bull-baitings, Interludes, and at all times in the meane sort of People by Law prohibited, Bowling." A penalty was inflicted upon those who did not join in the Sunday sports, and no one could take part in them without having first attended divine service in the parish church, which was also enforced under pain of penalty!

In those days the clergymen would, in obedience to the royal decree, publicly recite the "Book of Sports" from the pulpit; after divine service, he, with his churchwardens, would proceed with the congregation on to the village green, there to indulge in all kinds of "lawfull Recreation." While the sports were going on it was the custom for the parson and his churchwardens to retire to the adjoining inn.

Starved to Collect Antiques.

An aged Frenchman in threadbare clothes not only of the fashion but of the actual production of the year 1860 dodged all his countrymen through many years in Rome. A few of these knew that his name was Auguste Duit, and he was known to be so desperately stingy that the opinion gained currency that he was rich. Through an old woman servant some prying people also ascertained that the old man was starving himself to death for the want of decent food that he could well enough afford to buy. But it took him a long time to complete the process; he was ninety years old when at last he gave up the ghost—and he had lived in Rome very much in this way, seeing generations of his curious countrymen come and go, for sixty years! When at last he did die the fact came out that he was a multi-millionaire—in francs—and had bequeathed to the city of Paris, his native city, a collection of pictures, medals, prints, manuscripts, bibelots, books and other things valued at 3,000,000 francs. And he had given not only these things, but money enough to install them, and property enough to take care of them and provide them with a curator and custodian, and also large bequests to the city of Rome, where his parents came from, and to Marseilles, where he made most of his money. All these unsuspected years he had been spending, spending at Rome, to amass his collections, and saving, saving, in order that he might spend more largely. He provides in his will that the museum which he bestows on Paris shall be freely accessible to all the people. Therefore all Paris rings now with the name of Auguste Duit, of whom it never heard before. But Paris wonders at a temperament which led a man to live thus scorned, despised, as a miserable self-torturing fool, for the sixty years that he spent in getting things together to add to its instruction and pleasure.—Harper's Weekly.

Proverb Paragraphs.

Wise saws of the ancients are more or less rusty.

A strong man is weak if he has no faith in himself.

It is the guilty man who is always afraid of his "shadow."

The more haste the longer you have to wait for the other fellow.

It is the polished villain who beats the bootblack out of his fee.

Many a man's crookedness is due to his attempt to make both ends meet.

Gossips are not to blame if one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.—Chicago News.

FARMERS THE RICHEST CLASS IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE richest individuals in the United States are not farmers, but the richest class, according to the latest census bulletin, is the farming class. This bulletin gives the statistics for 1899, the latest available, and according to these figures, the lands, buildings, implements and live stock of the farmers in the United States are worth over twenty billions of dollars. In comparison with this the total manufacturing capital in the country, from the Steel Trust to the smallest factory, is a little less than ten billions, and the total value of the railroads, counting bonds and stock capitalization, is a little less than twelve billions. The farmers, therefore, are worth almost as much as the manufacturers and railroad magnates combined. Bradstreet's notes that the manufacturing products in the ratio of \$13,000,000,000 to \$5,000,000,000, and notes that "every dollar of manufacturing capital produces \$1.30 worth of product, while agricultural capital produces less than twenty-five cents' worth." How the profits compare is not stated. Comparing the farming industry with the railroads, the New York Financier reckons that the farmer is better off than the railroad magnate. It says:

"The farmer, so far as actual wealth is concerned, is the capitalist of the United States. The Census Bureau report on the value of farming property of the country issued last week, estimates that the 5,739,657 farms of the United States are worth \$16,674,690,247. Of this amount \$3,560,198,191, or 21.4 per cent., represents the value of buildings, and \$13,114,492,056, or 78.6 per cent., the value of land and improvements. Farm implements and machinery are worth \$761,261,550, and live stock \$3,078,050,041, making the total farming wealth over 20,514 millions of dollars.

"This is undoubtedly a very low estimate, but accepting it as correct, other forms of industry pale beside it in comparison. The value of the railway systems of the United States, approximating 200,000 miles, is about 11,800 million dollars, counting bonds and stock capitalization, or but a little over half the farming wealth. The railways, in fact, constitute the only single industry in the country which approaches, even remotely, the stupendous totals revealed by the census enumeration of farming wealth. It is impossible, of course, to compare the operations of these two important divisions of industry, for the simple reason that they are distinct in their results, and the items which enter into one are not found in another. Still, it is not without interest to classify as far as possible the operating totals, with the idea of affording a rough approximation, at least, of income yield on investment, etc.

"The railway systems of the United States in 1900 reported gross earnings of \$1,501,695,378, or a little more than 12.6 per cent. on the total stock and bond capitalization. The gross farm income in 1899 was \$3,764,177,706, and the percentage of gross income upon investment was 18.3 per cent. It will be seen that the farming industry made out better than the railways. The net earnings of the farmer cannot be calculated, but assuming the railway averages as applying equally to both, the expense of operation ranges somewhere around 70 per cent."

Some may suppose that farming is on the decline in this country; that idea, indeed, is often expressed, and young men are advised to enter some other branch of industry. The Financier says on this point, however:

"Rapid as the development of railways has been, however, the rise in farming wealth has been greater. Thus the total value of farm property in the United States in 1900 was more than five times as great as in 1850, and 28.4 per cent. greater than in 1800. The railway industry was in its infancy in 1850, so that comparisons extending back fifty years are unfair, but taking 1800 as a basis, it is found that railway property, as indicated by total capitalization, rose from 10,629 millions of dollars in that year to 11,892 millions in 1900. This is an increase of 18.5 per cent., or nearly 10 per cent. less than the increase in the value of farms. In this connection recent investigation of farm and railway values, growing out of an attempt on the part of the Legislature of Iowa, to increase railway taxable values, may be cited. The claim was made that inasmuch as the railways had increased their earnings and enhanced share values, assessments should rise in proportion. The railways opposed this proposition. Without denying the facts, they contended that the appreciation of railway values had not been as great as the rise in reality values, and to prove this a committee of attorneys representing the principal railways began an investigation of farm values. Records of actual sales publicly filed showed that in the last half decade the average appreciation of land in Iowa had been in excess of \$20 per acre. The present value of farm lands in Iowa is stated by conservative authorities to be \$50 an acre. If this is true, it follows that in five years the appreciation has been 66.23 per cent., which is much in excess of the rise of railway values. The figures give an idea of the enormous rise in agricultural wealth. Iowa has gained alone in the salable value of her farming lands in five years an amount much in excess of the total capital invested in banking in the State, and

the same ratio of rise holds good in many other agricultural sections. "The farmer, considered in every light, is an individual much to be envied. As a class, he is prosperous as never before; his capital account, as represented in the value of his plant, is appreciating, and his income yield, based on present prices of his product, is above that of other industries, or avenues of commercial investment. It is idle to repeat that he forms the real backbone of the country, and none will begrudge him the easy path into which he seems to have entered. As long as he is prosperous, the country has nothing to fear in the way of industrial depression."

Where Do Salmon Feed?

There is no family of fish more interesting than the salmon, and in no other fishery have the benefits of artificial propagation been more clearly demonstrated. The homing instinct of the salmon enabled the propagators of fry to learn, at the beginning of their work that it was worth doing. Salmon hatched in any stream usually return to that stream when they are of spawning age. The propagators reared salmon to the size of fingerlings, marked them and turned them loose. In due time the marked fish returned and were caught in the home stream. It is a curious fact, however, that, in spite of the homing instinct salmon are found at the spawning season in the brackish water at the foot of Alaskan glaciers, where, it is believed, no fish was ever hatched.

Another curious fact, learned through marking the artificially propagated fish, is that a fingerling weighing from one to two ounces may grow to weigh from two to ten pounds in six or eight months, and in two years a weight of forty pounds has been reached. The growth depends, of course, on the food supply. But where salmon feed and what they feed on have not yet been learned. It is supposed that they find small marine animals so numerous in their deep-sea haunts that they swim about "as if in a soup." Perhaps the deep-sea haunts will sometime be discovered.—John R. Spears, in Success.

Secret of Making Cast Steel Stolen.

The history of cast steel presents a curious instance of a secret stealthily obtained under the cloak of an appeal to philanthropy. In 1760 there lived at Attercliff, England, a watchmaker named Huntsman. He became dissatisfied with the watch springs in use and set himself to the task of making them more homogeneous. He succeeded, his steel became famous and about 1770 a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliff. The process was wrapped in mystery, faithful men were hired, high wages paid and stringent oaths administered. One midnight night, as the tall chimneys of the Attercliff steel works belched forth smoke, a traveler knocked at the gate. It was bitterly cold and the stranger awakened no suspicion. Moved by motives of humanity the foreman let him in. Feigning to be worn out with cold the fellow sank upon the floor and soon appeared to be asleep. That, however, was far from his intention. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into bits, place them in crucibles and thrust the crucibles into the furnaces. The fire was urged to extreme heat until the steel was melted and then drawn out and poured in liquid forms into molds. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose; the secret of making cast steel had been stolen.—Mining and Engineering Review.

New Money For Old.

There is an unprecedented demand for new money. In reaching out for the evidence of wealth aesthetic taste is asserting itself in the choice of the tokens of property. New, clean, crisp notes are in demand, and persons do not hesitate to ask for them. There is a strongly asserted objection to receiving old, dirty, crumpled paper money that looks as though it might be a vehicle for all sorts of disease germs.

This fact is in evidence at the window of every bank paying teller in the land and at the cash counter of every store.

"Please give me new money," and "Will you give me a cleaner bill in place of this one?" are requests heard thousands of times every day. These requests are having their effect so far that there is a growing tendency to pay out only the clean, unobjectionable money. It is an illustration of the old truth that people get what they want and insist on having.

Every bank will verify this fact. Old and objectionable bills go into them, but they do not go to their customers. They go to the redemption division of the National Treasury, where they are exchanged for new money and then destroyed. That department reports an immense increase in this branch of its business.—New York Herald.

How to Burn Soft Coal.

That there is an art in burning soft coal is admitted by all who have long been accustomed to its use. J. W. Hartness, who has had thirty years' experience in Cleveland, Ohio, with all qualities of bituminous, says: "If users of soft coal will follow these directions they will burn more smoke and less coal for a given amount of heat. Never throw fresh coal on a fire; push the live fire back and drop the fresh coal in front, a few shovelfuls at a time. This is the principle that all successful stokers work on. It will cost nothing to try it."—New York Press.