WHEN SHE CALLED AGAIN.

MATTHEW ELDER, editor of the Inner Circle, had gone out for half an hour to synchronize his watch, and his assistant, J. Graham Champnies, reigned temporarily in his stead. On every occasion when Elder was absent, whether he had gone out to get his hair cut (at a restaurant opposite), or was away on a two-months' holiday, or had taken a week off because he felt far from well, J. Graham Champnies reigned in his stead, endowed with plenary powers. He was ambitious, and intelligent, and hard-working, and trustworthy; Matthew Elder, brilliant and lazy, had long since recognized that. Elder thought of things to do—Champnies did them.

A clerk had just laid on Champnies' desk the form which a visitor had filled up:

NAME. Miss Cynthia Page.
TO SEE. The Editor.
BUSINESS. Private.
DATE. 3.5.99.

"Well, I'll see her," said Champnies. He had seen the name Cynthia Page in good magazines, appended to curious and interesting stories.

He was not ill-pleased, when the clerk showed her in, to find that she had youth and beauty on pale and mystical lines. Her long, raised lashes, and the lingering glance of her gray eyes, seemed to say: "You do interest me." J. Graham Champnies found himself hoping that Matthew Elder, after synchronizing his watch, would find it necessary to go and see a man about a dog—or, at any rate, would delay his return. In the meanwhile he was anxious to know what he could do for Miss Page.

"I am speaking to the editor?" said Miss Page, a little doubtfully.

"The actual editor, Mr. Elder, is not in at present, but I have full powers to act for him."

"I see." She was still in doubt.

"Pray be assured of it. I can make contracts with you, accept stories from you, sign checks for you, so if you have anything to propose——"

"Oh, it's not that! In fact, I came in consequence of a proposition which he had already made to me."

"Well, I shall be very glad to carry on anything that he has begun. As a rule he mentions these things to me, but this time I am in the dark."

She smiled mysteriously. "But you can't be sure that you would wish to carry on what he has begun."

"As Mr. Elder is the supreme authority here, I should have no choice. But, even if I had, what you suggest is extremely unlikely."

"Why unlikely? No two men can have minds exactly alike. It's such a funny arrangement you have here."

"It works well enough in practice. We both know the character of our paper, and what our public wants. I say

MISS PAGE WAS A LITTLE DOUBTFUL.

it is unlikely that I should be unwilling to carry on whatever Mr. Elder has begun, for this reason and also because I know and admire your work."

"Oh, do you think it's any good?"

"Of course I do."

"Speaking frankly?"

"Speaking frankly, it's full enough of faults; some of it seems to have run away with you and got all over the place. But it's horribly interesting all the same. You see, it's original."

"Oh, yes!" she assented. "I am original. If I were not, I shouldn't be here."

"That sounds cryptic," he said. "Possibly, I shall understand it when I know the nature of Mr. Elder's proposal. He wants some stories from you?"

"No, no."

"Then what is it?"

"Do you know that I'm afraid I can't tell you."

"Very well, then; there's nothing more to be said. Mr. Elder is out at present. You'd better call again. I suppose you think it would make some difference whether Mr. Elder went on with his business, or I did?"

"I'm sure it would—the greatest difference."

"You think I shouldn't do as well?"

"Not as well. You'd do better—infinitely better. Oh, I must go," she blushed, rose, good-byed, and faded out of the office.

Ten minutes later Matthew Elder, middle-aged, bald and cheerful, sauntered into the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Bill! Everything all right?"

Mr. Elder had not found in the assortment of names provided for Champnies by the accident of his birth and the guesswork of his christening anything which took his fancy.

"No," said Champnies shortly, still irritated by his interview with Cynthia Page. "Quart into a tin pot. Plugged up with ads, and Rowse has just sent word that he'll want another half-page. We shall have to leave over everything that'll wait, and some things that won't."

"Ah! you don't keep a tight enough hand on Rowse."

"Step in and tackle him yourself. Here, this woman called to see you—wouldn't tell me her business."

Matthew Elder took this paper slip and sank down in a chair.

"Bill, this is rather bad. I ought to have been in. What with my unfortunate enthusiasms, and my wretched memory, I shall get myself into trouble. Listen. I met this girl two or three times a year ago; never gave her another thought till I came on a story by her that was perfectly magnificent—O, horribly good!—probably the best story that has been written in this century. I dashed off a letter to her at once, and so worked up myself about it that I said, to show my sincerity, that if she liked I'd marry her, and she could call at the office this morning with her answer. She'd have refused me, of course, as they all do, and perhaps I'm better single; but, none the less, it would have been more civil not to have forgotten the appointment."

"Really," said Champnies, "you must be a little mad."

"Undoubtedly," answered Elder, cheerfully. "It's the price one pays for being so excessively intelligent."

Champnies stared blankly at the desk, trying to recall the exact words of his conversation with Cynthia Page.

"Look here, Bill," said Elder, "write and say you want to see her about a story; then when she comes do the explaining for me. Say I was called away by telegram. Say it was from motives of delicacy. Say anything."

The following is from a subsequent issue of the Tea Cup; a journal conducted by ladies for ladies:

"One of the most brilliant of our lady writers, Miss Cynthia Page, is, it is whispered, shortly to be led to the hymeneal altar. The fortunate partner of her future joys and sorrows is J. Graham Champnies, a young journalist of great promise. Our heartiest felicitations. Speaking of weddings, have you seen the really beautiful designs in pearlettes—indistinguishable from real pearls—now being shown in the windows of * * *?"—Black and White.

ONE OLD SCAMP

That Colonel Titus Bark Supported for Many Years.

They were speaking of successful business men and somebody mentioned old Colonel Titus Bark (which isn't his name, although it ought to be). "There is a man who has made a great deal of money," commented one of the party, "but he has been absolutely no value to the world except as an illustration of the vice of avarice. I doubt seriously whether he has ever spent one penny on anybody, except the members of his immediate family, whom he couldn't avoid supporting." "I think you do Bark an injustice," replied another in the group. "Men of his stamp are often strangely generous in secret and take the greatest pains to hide their good deeds from the world. They seem to find a bitter pleasure in being misunderstood. In this particular case I could cite you to an old man in New Orleans whom Colonel Bark has quietly supported for a number of years, and I feel pretty certain that he has never mentioned the matter to a living soul. It's an old fellow who used to know his father, and what makes his action all the more praiseworthy is the fact that the recipient of this bounty is anything but an engaging character. He is crabbed, coarse, illiterate, snarling and as ugly as a mud fence. He has a breath like a buzzard and a nose like a tomato, and I'm persuaded he tipples a good deal in private. The Colonel must be perfectly familiar with his shortcomings, but he never chides him and never permits anybody to speak ill of him in his presence. In fact, I've known him to tell more than one deliberate lie to shield him from the consequence of his pure cussedness. Everybody hates the old rascal. I doubt whether he has another friend in the whole city." "You astonish me!" exclaimed the first speaker. "How long has this been going on?" "Four years. He has no other source of revenue and if it wasn't for the Colonel he'd certainly be dead. I saw him hobbling into his office only this morning." "Well, well, that strikes me as being rather pathetic. Who is the old scamp, anyhow?" "Titus Bark, of course."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Sergeant's Tribute.

A very great military authority said, "There are no bad regiments, but only bad colonels." There is abundant proof that Napoleon's belief is shared by the rank and file of soldiers, but this fact could not be more happily illustrated than by the following story, taken from the London Illustrated News, of a quaint compliment paid to the German Crown Prince, afterward Emperor Frederick:

After the battles of Weissenburg and Woerth, which he had won, the Crown Prince was sauntering alone one evening past a barn occupied by a party of Wuertemberg troops. Hearing something like stump oratory going on, the Prince opened the door and looked in. Every one rose.

"Oh, sit down! I'm sorry to disturb, I dare say there's room for me to do the same," said the Prince. "Pray, who was making a speech?"

All eyes were turned on a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance looked, however, sorely puzzled when the commander-in-chief asked:

"And what were you talking about?"

Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed:

"Well, of course, we were talking of our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how, four years ago, if we had had you to lead us, we would have made short work of those confounded Prussians!"

Experiments have been going on with an ingenious machine which shuts over a man's eyes so that the eyelid as it works opens and closes a chronograph. So far the quickest wink on record is about a sixth of a second.

REGAINING HIS FORTUNE.

Gen. Grubb a Striking Example of American Pluck.

No better example of American pluck and perseverance has been seen in recent years than that displayed by General E. Burd Grubb, former minister to Spain and once candidate for Governor of New Jersey. For years the General was distinguished for his prominence in military and public affairs. He spent his money unstintingly and was one of the most generous men of his State.

It was as a partner of the firm of William M. Kaufman & Co., iron founders, of Sheridan, Pa., that he lost his fortune. He had joined the firm as a special partner, he thought, but when their crash came he discovered that he was a general partner and personally liable for all the firm's debts instead of for the amount represented by the stock he held.

In 1890 he was hurried off as minister to Spain on twenty-four hours' notice. He left power of attorney with three friends and gave directions that they were to investigate all his financial affairs and particularly his interests in the iron company at Sheridan. Their report showed that he had an income of $100,000 a year. He returned from Spain in 1892. In 1893 the great panic

GEN. E. BURD GRUBB.

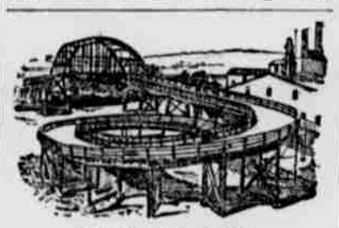
came and iron went out through the bottom financially. Grubb lost everything except hope.

He closed his magnificent home, sent his family to friends in London, lived in a room at the works on 60 cents a day, studying the situation there and then interested English capital with which he kept the works moving. This was later withdrawn by Grubb accepting options on it. Since the revival in iron industries he has formed a $3,000,000 syndicate and is getting the big end of the immense profits of the business. He will shortly reopen his magnificent home and live once more in the luxury of former days.

CURLYCUE APPROACH.

Tornado Tears Away Most Remarkable Bridge in Country.

When the tornado tore its way through the town of Hastings, Minn., it took with it the most remarkable bridge in the country. When the local engineer set to work to solve the problem of how to make a bridge sufficiently high for the Mississippi boats to pass under, and yet not so high as to make a hoisting apparatus necessary for the vehicles that would pass over, he wished to build an incline roadway that would begin some distance from the river and lead gently up to and over the structure, but the Hastings town officials objected. They wanted the public highway preserved intact, and they wanted the bridge as well, and they told the engineer that he could take the puzzle home with him and solve it or resign in favor of a more ingenious man.



BRIDGE AT HASTINGS.

The engineer brought the solution down to the officials next day, and they at once sanctioned the construction of the remarkable bridge shown in the cut. The inclined roadway is there, but instead of going straight ahead from a point a distance away, it corkscrews within a small space, being elevated on pillars that increase in height as the bridge rises until the level of the span is reached. Passengers on foot and travelers in vehicles wind around a spiral roadway, first going toward the river and then turning their backs to it and then facing around toward it again, until at last they find themselves on the bridge proper. Until the cyclone came along and signified its disapproval of the freak structure by demolishing it, the bridge had served well the needs of the people of Hastings.

Colorless.

Water is said to be colorless. Perfectly pure water is colorless. We, however, do not find perfectly pure water in nature. Clear water, however, we generally find. In very clear water sunlight penetrates to a depth of over fifteen hundred feet. The depth to which daylight penetrates depends, of course, on the transparency of the water. The Mediterranean being famed for the clearness of its water, admits light to a great depth. This is also the case in the Caribbean Sea, where the water is of crystalline clearness, objects being discernible on the bottom at very great depth. Near Mindora, in the Indian Ocean, the spotted corals are plainly visible under one hundred and fifty feet of water. Usually the light of the sun one hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the ocean is no more than that of the moon, while at six hundred feet in many parts of the ocean there is perpetual darkness.

Now a Proper Term.

Now that the Countess of Warwick has opend her needlework shop in Bond street, London, she can with justice lay claim to being a genuine "saleslady." Her establishment so far has been crowded with the members of nobility, and each visitor has made a purchase of some sort, whether it was needed or not.

GAME FOR TWO LIVES.

The Romantic and Generous Chivalry of "Wildcat" Smith.

Old "Wildcat" Smith, the last of the famous band of Texas pioneers, is living at a hale and hearty age near Caldwell, Texas. He does not look like a lawyer, but he has nevertheless, sat upon a camp stool and decided cases of the greatest importance. He does not bear any very marked resemblance to a general, but he has commanded a considerable force in battle, and while military critics might have complained that he was deficient in strategic ability, none ever charged him with a lack of valor. Few people would discover in his face or manner any of those traits that distinguish a duelist, but he has demonstrated that he possesses them all in an eminent degree by ordering "pistols and coffee for two" more than once. Upon one occasion he had the audacity to invite General Houston, who was at that period president of the republic, to "come out and exchange shots" with him. He says that the old warrior "floored" him by coolly making a note on a slip of paper and putting it in his desk. In answer to the enraged challenger's inquiry, the General simply said: "Mr. Smith, you are the fortieth; when I have killed these other thirty-nine damned scoundrels who have challenged me I will accommodate you. Be patient, sir."

WILDCAT SMITH.

Smith came to Texas in 1836, and served in the Texan army through all the long wars with Mexico. He was also a soldier in the great civil war, and when that ended he enlisted to fight Indians and remained on the border until there were no more Comanches to shoot.

On one occasion Smith was captured by a roving band of Comanches, many of whom were well known to him. They frankly told him that they intended to make him run the gantlet and burn him at the stake when they reached their village on Devil River. The captive had a flask of whisky, which the chief took away from him. After taking several drinks the old warrior asked Smith if he could play "seven up." Smith proudly boasted that he could beat any man living playing that particular game. This answer appeared to put the Indian on his mettle, and he at once proposed that they should halt by the side of the warpath and play for the highest stakes that mortal men ever waged on a game of chance—life. Smith eagerly agreed

GAME FOR TWO LIVES.

to the proposal, and they sat down under a tree and dealt the cards on a blanket. The other warriors dismounted and anxiously watched the game. The chief's name was Big Laugh, so-called on account of a natural grin that marked his features. After a short time they stood 6 to 6, and it was Smith's deal. He ran the cards off and turned a jack from the bottom. Smith had won his liberty and Big Laugh told him that he might go; but the Texan had something else in view. He might have walked away, but he determined upon another act which marks him as a generous soul possessed of the highest courage. There was a young white girl tied on one of the ponies who was weeping in the most piteous agony. Smith coolly proposed to play another game, staking his life against the liberty of this young girl. Big Laugh was evidently pleased with the white man's courage, and after taking another drink he began to shuffle the cards. The girl was cut loose from the pony and made to stand on the blanket, while the thongs for binding Smith in case he lost were thrown at her feet. Again they played a close game, and at the end of a short time stood 6 to 6; but it was Big Laugh's deal. With what awful interest that poor girl must have watched the turning of that trump. The Indian slowly dealt the cards, and, peeping at the trump, a hideous grin spread over his face.

"I was sure that all was lost, and was just in the act of springing at his throat," says Smith, "when he turned the queen of hearts for a trump. He could not give me, of course, and I held both the ace and deuce of hearts."

Big Laugh was by this time hilariously drunk and in a most excellent good humor. He not only kept his word and gave Smith and the young girl their liberty, but he furnished them two ponies and allowed Smith to take his gun. The liberated captives reached the settlements in safety.

First Bank Run in London.

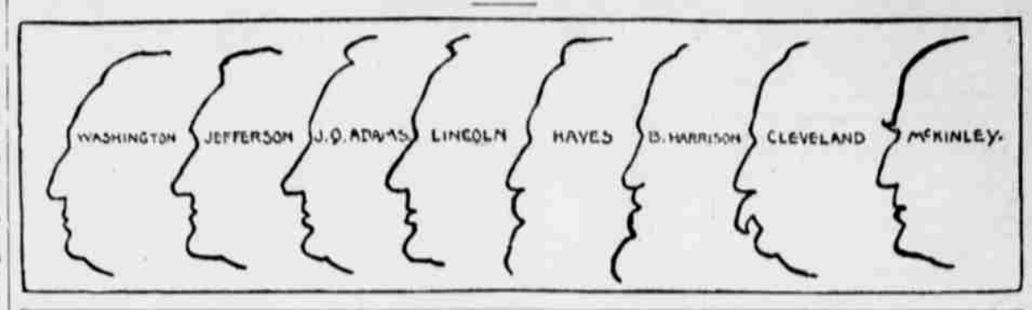
The first "run" upon the banking institutions in London of which any record exists took place in 1667, in which several Lombard street bankers and goldsmiths who had loaned out the money intrusted to them found themselves unable to meet demands for immediate payment. Many creditors assembled and riots ensued. Four bankers were hanged at their own doors before order could be restored and the creditors persuaded that they were not being swindled.

Disproportion of Sexes.

The disproportion of the sexes is still very great in Australia. In Western Australia, e. g., there were only 54,000 women in a population of 168,000.

At the average picnic there is too much speaking.

PRESIDENTIAL PROFILES.

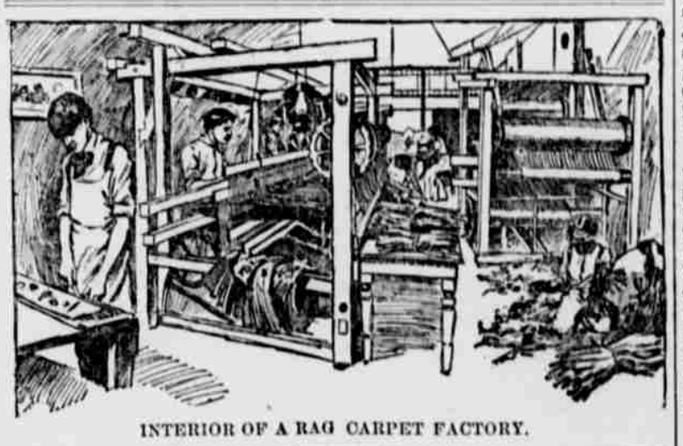


THE OLD-TIME RAG CARPET.

Establishments Where Floor Covering Is Made from Many Materials.

Those who suppose that the rag carpet industry is a thing of the past are quite mistaken, for the manufacturer of rag carpets and of carpets from materials once used is a flourishing industry in almost every large city. He who supposes that the rag carpet is confined to the country district is laboring under a delusion, for there are thousands on the floors in cities and many weavers find employment during a large part of the year in making more, for the demand, instead of ceasing, is apparently on the increase.

A rag carpet can hardly be pronounced a thing of beauty. Its irregularity of appearance, and total lack of pattern do not commend it to the attention of the aesthetic. But what it lacks in beauty it makes up in utility, and every square foot of it is often redolent with memories. The housewife who for years has been saving her rags for the purpose of having a rag carpet can trace back to its origin almost every strand in its substance. It is an epitome of the family history, often for a couple of generations. This line of blue is from father's old army



INTERIOR OF A RAG CARPET FACTORY.

coat, that streak of red is a reminiscence of a certain bright hued dress which once fascinated the gaze of somebody, "it doesn't matter who, we are old folks ourselves now;" that bit of brown recalls a pair of unmentionables that were once worn by Johnnie, then passed on to Tommie and then being a little too far gone for Willie, went into the rag-bag; those lines of white, well, white rags can be made from a good many things.

The sine qua non about the rags is that they shall not be too much worn and that they shall be torn into strips from a quarter to a half inch in width and wound into balls. This done, the carpet-maker, after being propitiated as to price, is ready for business. He provides the warp, the machine, the labor, and the "cuss words," his customers furnish rags, compensation and gratitude, according to their opinion of the finished fabric.

The rag carpet-maker is usually advanced in years, for not many young men now learn the business; it is too slow and dull for the enterprising spirit of young America. He generally has a hand loom which is also an heirloom. It probably descended to him from his father, sometimes from his grandfather, who worked at the same trade when Marion was bushwhacking in the Carolinas and George IV. was buying Hessians to send over for the purpose of exterminating the rebellious colonists. A well-made rag carpet is a singularly substantial fabric, thick, heavy and durable, and with proper care, will outlast many of the flashy-looking but flimsily made carpets which are sold in the stores at cheap rates and commend themselves to the puruchaser by their appearance rather than quality.

Making new carpets out of old is an industry which was begun in this country about twenty years ago, and has attained large proportions in almost every city, and old carpets are made up into rugs of any desired size. It frequently happens that the housewife has a fine carpet of Wilton, Moquette or Axminister, which is greatly worn in one or two places or has had a hole burned in it or has come to grief from the overturning of a gravy boat. The carpet is too good to throw away and too bad to give away, so she goes to the carpet man, who listens to her tale of woe and covenants in consideration of so much a square yard to remake her carpet into a rug. It is delivered to him, and with a device not differing greatly, except in size, from that employed by binders to trim the edges of their sheets, he cuts it into strips half an inch in width, then sets an unwilling boy to picking out one or two threads from the sides of each strip in order to make the edges pack closer together. This done, the process of weaving begins, the strips being beaten and packed together with a steel "reed" or rod, the result being a compact fabric, from a half inch to an inch in thickness. A selvage edge is produced by turning the strips at the ends, and, if desired, fringe is added and a very handsome mottled rug, showing all the colors of the original carpet, is produced. The carpet-maker usually estimates about one yard for every two of the original, the diminution in surface measure being caused by beating up the carpet into greater thickness, for the rugs he manufactures are about twice as thick as the original carpet and about five times as durable. Instances are cited by him of carpets of this kind being in constant use on the floors of nurseries and other places, where they are subjected to very rough treatment, for ten or twelve years, and still presentable at the end of that time.

For many purposes, as for bedrooms, hallways and the like, they are even superior to the new, for they will stand an indefinite amount of ill-usage without perceptibly showing the wear that would reduce an ordinary new carpet into a condition of threadbare destitution.

NO MORE BAGGAGE SMASHING.

Mechanism Designed for Safe Handling of Baggage.

George H. Wall, of Cadillac, Mich., has invented a mechanism for handling baggage. It is in reality a pneumatic elevator, attached to the side of the baggage-car door, on which may be lifted grips, trunks or other bundles. One of these machines was completed recently, and has since been in use on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway.

It consists of a cylinder of brass, four inches in diameter and five feet or more in length, which is fitted in an upright position at the side of the door of the baggage car. It is provided with a telescoping collar or shell of iron, sliding over it upon the outside, and upon the inside is a piston attached to this shell at the top. An iron platform is attached to a steel arm, so arranged that the arm can be connected firmly to the bottom of the lifting steel jacket. When a cock is turned air of seventy pounds pressure from the source that supplies the air brakes is admitted to the bottom of the cylinder.

When the full pressure is turned on there is a lifting power of 875 pounds upon the piston, but the inventor claims for his machine only a lifting capacity of 500 pounds. He says that

ANTI-BAGGAGE SMASHING DEVICE.

with this device, which he has patented, two men can do the work of a large number, and do it quicker and with less wear to the baggage.

MAIMED HANDS.

Pair Owned by Charley Bennett, the Once Noted Ball Catcher.

It hardly seems credible that a pair of hands such as are produced in this picture would be of any use to their owner. Maimed, disfigured and knotty as they appear, their owner, Charley Bennett, the once noted base-ball catcher, who a few years ago suffered the loss of both legs in a railroad accident, is able to deal out cigars in his business in Detroit.

MAIMED BUT VALUABLE HANDS.

The unnatural shape of the hands was acquired in the days when a catcher was unprotected by a glove and forced to take his medicine behind the bat. Masks and chest guards were also unthought of in those days.

Somewhat Fishy.

Wonderful are the tales of travelers, and the proof is generally ready for purposes of substantiation, if their truth is called in question.

A tourist who had returned from a trip to Seattle and Tacoma was describing to his Eastern friends the glories of that region, its marvelous climate, and the rapid strides its people are making in the arts and sciences of civilization.

"I tell you," he said, "they are away ahead of you people here. Even the animals are more sprightly, and have more goaheadativeness about them than the animals in this part of the country."

"I have heard," said a sarcastic listener, with a wink at the others, "that the fish out there can sing."

"Well, they do have a kind of Puget Sound about them," rejoined the traveler.

DUNGEON OF THE REVOLUTION.

Mansions in Fairmount Park that Held State Prisoners in 1776.

Few of the many visitors to Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, are fully aware of the important part that several of the old mansions scattered over

ROCKLAND AND THE DUNGEON.
*Shows where prison was.

the pleasure grounds have played in our city's history.

Among those which have played a conspicuous part in the historic life of revolutionary times is the group standing in the East Park, and known as Mount Pleasant, "The Dairy," and Rockland Mansion. The latter place was formerly attached to Mount Pleasant, but passed into the possession of John Lawrence in 1756, who was then a Councilman and Mayor of Philadelphia. It was in one of the rooms of this mansion that Gen. Washington and his wife were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence on May 30, 1760.

The house has more of a historic prominence, however, by reason of the part it played in later years. During the revolutionary time part of the premises was turned into a prison for those who were the State's captives. Many prisoners were confined in the cellar dungeons, among them prominent men who were in those stirring times guilty of misdemeanor or treason. Just who these were there is but little writing left to tell, as much of the early history of Rockland has been lost.

The ground on which the mansion stands was originally part of a great tract belonging to Edward Mifflin, and sold in 1756 to Councilman and Mayor John Lawrence. It is evident from the history recorded of the place that Councilman Lawrence was a convivial fellow and was ever giving dinners and parties. At the many inns and hostelries his name has been found recorded and long accounts standing against him.

In 1765 the property was sold to Capt. John MacPherson, who, however, never crossed the threshold of the mansion. In 1810 it was bought by George Thomson, a merchant in the city, and in 1860 the property was sold to Isaac C. Jones, who lived there with his family until the estate was taken for park purposes.

Too Well Imitated.

It is no easy matter for a violin-maker to rival the famous Stradivarius instruments, but this an American maker did, and did so effectually that experts pronounced his violin a genuine Stradivarius.

The successful man was George Gemunder, whose recent death removes a famous violin-maker from this country. His remarkable ability as a preparer of violins was known to many a distinguished player, such as Ole Bull, Remenyi and Wilhelmj; but he made, so runs the story, his greatest success at the last Paris Exposition. To that exhibition he sent an imitation Stradivarius, and to test its merits had it placed on exhibition as the genuine article.

A committee of experts carefully examined the instrument, and pronounced it a Stradivarius. So far Mr. Gemunder's triumph was complete; but now came a difficulty. When he claimed that it was not an old violin, but a new one made by himself, the committee would not believe him. They declared he never made the instrument, and pronounced him an impostor. He had done his work too well.

A Chair of Unclelsm Needed.

Unclehood is about the hardest hood man has to wear, and as I have observed uncles and their habits, they either spoil or repel the small chaps and chapesses who happen to be made their nephews and nieces by an accident of birth. Uncles are either intensely genial or intensely irritable, and, as far as I am concerned, it is my belief that our colleges should include in the curriculum a chair of "Unclelsm." Unclehood is a relationship that man has to accept. It is thrust upon him. He can't help himself. To be a father or a mother is a matter of volition. But even in a free country like our own, if a man has a brother or a sister, he is liable to find himself an uncle at any time, whether he wishes to be one or not. Then when it happens he's got to reason out a course of procedure without any basis in previous experience.—Woman's Home Companion.

Morgue in a Newspaper Office.

By this time, one would think, nearly everybody has ceased to wonder at the way in which newspapers can come out with column after column of biography the very morning after some eminent person has passed away, and it is an open secret that a carefully written "life" has been pigeon-holed in the office months, nay, years, before.

Biographies, interviews, personal paragraphs, all yield their quota to the compiling of an obituary, but in some cases the subject has the grewsome experience of being waited upon while yet living to furnish materials for the notice.

Gold and Coal Exports.

The South African Republic exported last year 4,505,015 ounces of gold and nearly 40,000 tons of coal.