

A WEATHER SONG.

Don't worry 'bout the weather; if the breeze is blowin' cold,
The world will yet have blossoms—just
all your arms can hold!
An' you'll wonder at your grievin' when
the blue sky is unrolled—
Don't worry 'bout the weather. Oh, my
dearie!

Don't worry 'bout the weather; there
must still be sun an' rain
To freshen up the flowers when they
want to bloom again!
The lesson o' the love o' God to all the
world is plain—
Don't worry 'bout the weather. Oh, my
dearie!
—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS HOME COMING

AFTER the great battle of Shiloh
had been fought and won, for
many weeks that shattered
wreck of what was once John Fairfax
lingered on the very threshold of death
in a Southern hospital.

A bullet had plowed its way through
scalp and skull, and for a time the
issue was uncertain; but finally the skill
and care of surgeons and nurse won
the day, and he who had once been
John Fairfax arose and went forth into
a world of strangers.

He knew no one. His own name
was gone from him. The past was
sealed. He knew that he must have
had a name and a home, and friends;
but when he tried to recall them his
mind saw only a blank wall.

John Fairfax, the name by which a merr-
y clerk had entered him on the hospi-
tal records, carried musket and knap-
sack no longer. Physically he was in-
capable of that, or at least the army
surgeons so considered him, and he
was told that he might go home.

"Home?" said he, simply. "My home
is with the army. I don't remember
ever being anywhere else than here.



DEATH OF CHARLEY GREY.

and here I'll stay. If I can't handle
a gun let me drive one of the wagons,
or cook for the soldiers, or do any-
thing to help along. I've got to stay
with the boys. I wouldn't know where
to go if you turned me away." And so,
not being able to get rid of him, John
Doe was allowed to remain with the
army.

He had been reported missing, and
his name had been dropped from the
muster roll of the Pennsylvania regi-
ment to which he belonged when he
went into the fight at Shiloh, and he
was now assigned to a regiment from
another State.

The mind of John Doe was of such
recent birth, so untrained in the ways
of the world that its owner soon be-
came the standing butt and jest of the
camp. Subjected to constant ridicule,
sent on all sorts of foolish and impos-
sible errands, tormented and abused by
the rough and unthinking, John Doe
submitted to it all with a patient for-
bearance that was pathetic to witness.

During the final day of the terrible
battle of the Wilderness a soldier,
whose canteen he had just filled with
water, dropped dead in the act of rais-
ing it to his lips. The victim was Char-
ley Grey, a young soldier who often
had befriended poor, stricken John
Doe when others were trying to tor-
ment him.

And during the rest of the battle
John Doe loaded and fired in frenzied
haste; sprang from tree to tree as the
line advanced or retreated; and fought
like a hero till the sun went down.

Then throwing aside his musket, he
fung himself exhausted on the ground,
all the wrath and fire of battle gone
from him, and slept soundly till morn-
ing. Then he quietly resumed his place
as cook, water carrier and servant in
general to Company H, of the 1st
Massachusetts Infantry.

Cook and water carrier he remained
to the end, and when Appomattox
came and the cannon ceased their
growling, John Doe was swept north-
ward with the returning wave of sol-
diers.

And by some strange irony of fate
he was left stranded in a Pennsylvania
village scarcely a score of miles dis-
tant from the home from which he had
gone forth to do battle for his country.

His once dark hair and beard were
now a silvery white, and that and the
hardships through which he had passed
had made so great an alteration in
his appearance that even if anyone
had known him as John Fairfax
had met him there was small probab-
ility of his being recognized.

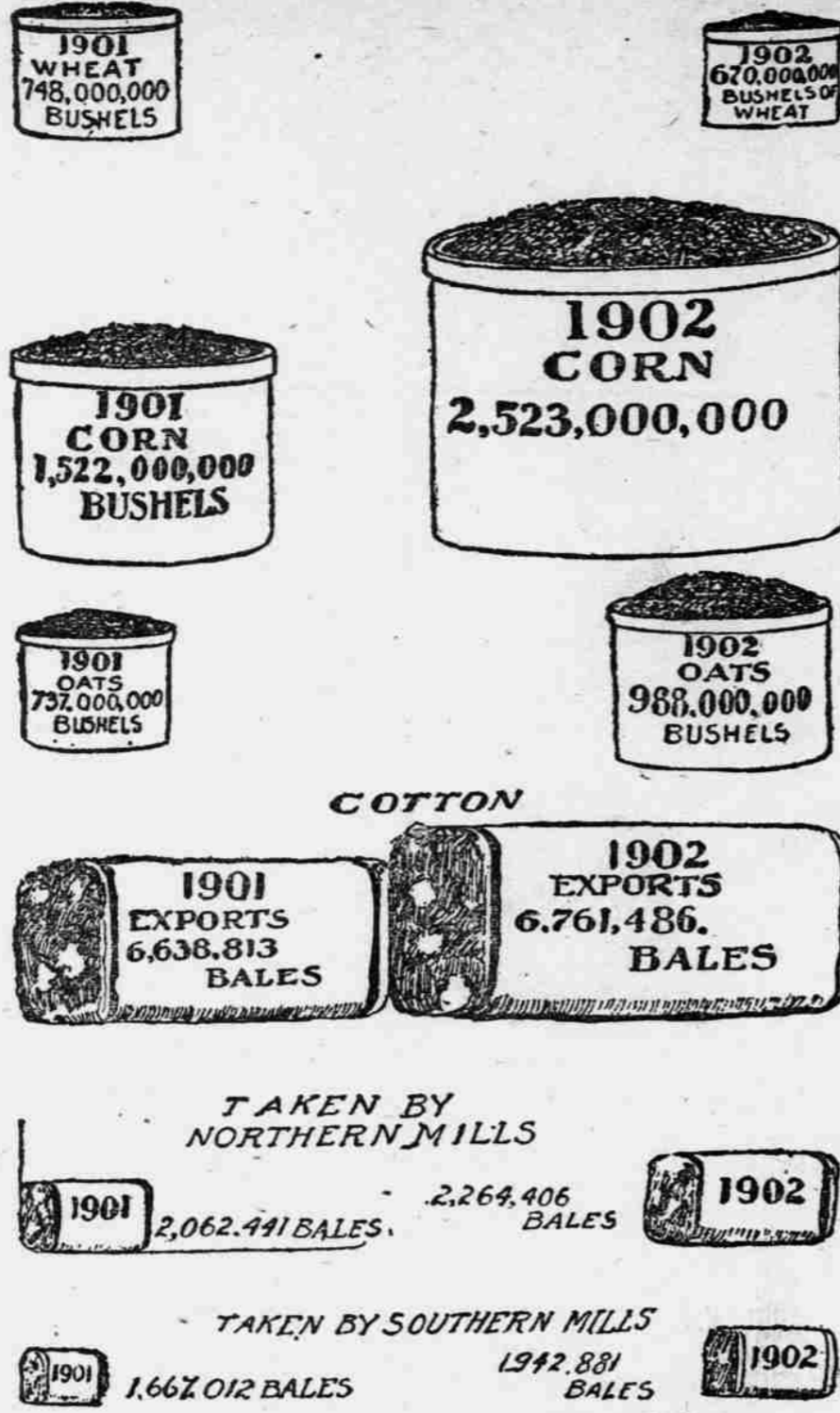
And here, within a few hours of the
wife and daughter who mourned him
as dead, the ex-water carrier and hero
of Company H lived and toiled for 15
years, a cheerless, lonely man, with
great, strange, indefinable longing for
something, he scarcely knew what.

At last John Doe, no longer able to
work, friendless and forlorn, went
forth into the highways a homeless
tramp, clad in the tattered overcoat
from the uniform of the country he
had helped to save.

And in his wanderings he came to a
little white cottage. As he stood gaz-
ing at its inviting porch a sudden faint-
ness came over him, and he reeled and
fell, striking his head heavily against
the gatepost.

When he recovered by his side stood

BIGGEST CROPS IN HISTORY.



RECORD COTTON AND GRAIN CROPS.
ACCORDING to figures compiled by Uncle Sam farmers in the United States have taken from the soil the past year crops having a value of \$2,557,895,416. The crops are the largest ever garnered in the history of this country, according to the experts, and their value is unprecedented in the annals of trade. To the tillers of the soil the year 1902 will go down in history as the most prosperous in their lives. It is said to be a fair estimate that the farm value of wheat, for which the farmers have disposed of half their holdings, is 65 cents a bushel. Oats have netted the farmer about 27 cents, and the balance, it is estimated, will be sold at that figure. Corn will net the farmer at his nearest market town about 30 cents a bushel, and so on throughout the entire list. The basis on which the government estimates the value of the crop is not the current market quotations in Chicago, but the farm value or prices at which the producer sells his goods.

Final returns to the statistician of the Department of Agriculture from the regular and special correspondents, supplemented by reports of special field agents, show the acreage, production and value of the principal farm crops of the United States in 1902 to have been as follows:

Crops.	Acreage.	Production.	Farm value, Dec. 1, 1902.
Corn	94,913,612	2,523,000,000 bushels	\$1,017,017,349
Winter wheat	28,581,426	411,788,000 bushels	296,727,475
Spring wheat	17,620,898	208,274,342 bushels	155,496,642
Oats	28,633,144	987,842,712 bushels	303,384,852
Barley	4,661,963	134,957,023 bushels	61,898,634
Rye	1,078,548	33,630,592 bushels	17,080,793
Buckwheat	804,969	14,629,770 bushels	8,654,704
Potatoes	2,965,587	284,632,767 bushels	134,111,438
Hay	39,825,227	59,837,576 tons	\$42,036,364
Tobacco	1,680,734	821,823,983 pounds	60,472,506
Flaxseed	5,730,700	124,954,023 bushels	61,898,634
Total value			\$2,557,895,416

a blue-eyed girl artlessly prattling to him.
"Poor soldier man, did it hurt you to fall that way? I'm so sorry, 'cause I love the brave soldiers. My grandpa was a soldier, but grandma says he



THE HOMELESS VETERAN.

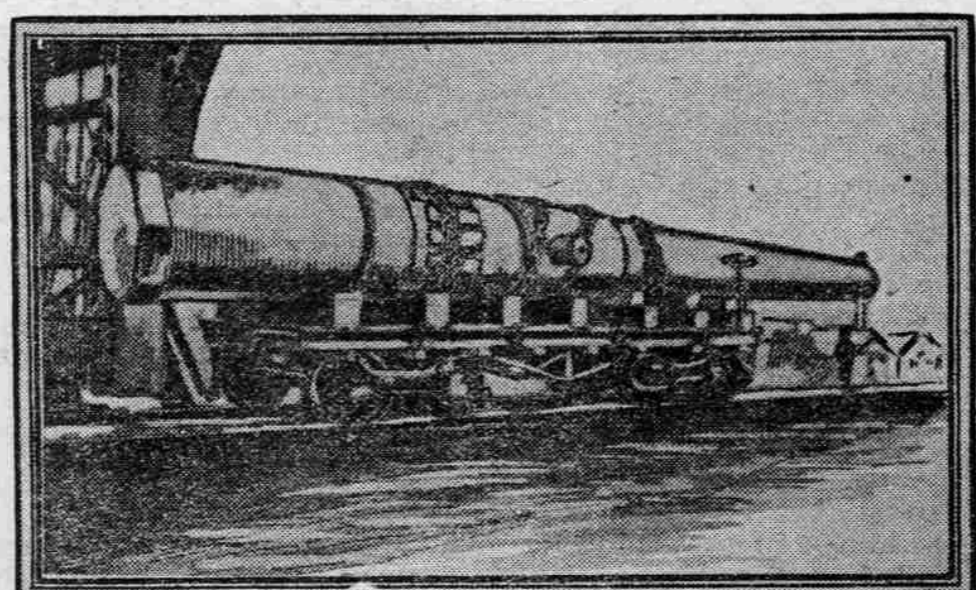
went to war and never came back. I wish he'd come, 'cause grandma is so lonesome and always cries when she tells me about him."
The homeless veteran struggled to his knees and gave one eager, inquiring look at the form and features of the pretty little one before him.

"What is your grandma's name, little one?"
"Mary Fairfax, and mamma's name is Etta Fairfax Field, and mine is Marietta Field. Isn't that a lovely name?"
"Yes, it is," said John Fairfax (John Doe no longer), rising to his feet and taking her by the hand. "Come on, deary; let us go and find grandma and mamma, and tell them that grandpa has got home at last!"—Utica Globe.

Sumptuously Entertained.
To find a parallel for the recent sumptuous entertainment of the German Emperor by the Earl of Lonsdale and of King Edward by other British peers and commoners one must go back to the palmy days of the French monarchy. To entertain a queen for a week the Comte D'Artois rebuilt, rearranged and refurbished his castle from threshold to turret, employing 500 workmen day and night. The Marshal De Soubise received Louis XV. as his guest for a day and night at a cost of \$400,000. "I hear," said his Majesty to the Marshal, who owed millions, "that you are in debt." "I will inquire of my steward and inform your Majesty," replied the host, hiding a yawn behind his hand.

They Run.
Teacher—And what is the color of the ocean?
Tommy—Blue.
Teacher—Can you give a reason for this?
Tommy—I guess it's 'cause the bluefish that's in it ain't fast color."—Philadelphia Press.

THE LARGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.



THE illustration shows the largest gun in the world, and the most gratifying thing in connection with this weapon is that it is the property of "your Uncle Sam." It was built at the Watervliet arsenal, near Troy, N. Y., and as the railroads refused to transport it because of its 130 tons of weight, it was brought down the Hudson to the proving grounds at Sandy Hook on a specially constructed car, which was mounted on a double boat. This gun, which was four years in building, cost \$150,000 and has a range of twenty-one miles. Standing on its breech beside an ordinary three-story building, there would be enough of it projecting above to make a very respectable chimney, especially since the bore of the gun is so large that a man may easily crawl inside it. More than a thousand pounds of powder are used to expel the projectile, which weighs 2,370 pounds.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Snobs of Washington.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S effective rebuke to a part of Washington's official society for snubbing one of her guests, who had been a saleswoman before becoming the wife of an influential government official, is disquieting chiefly because it proves that there are almost as many snobs in the national capital as there are in New York, Chicago or Boston. It is generally conceded that the relation of the snob and size of the city. Of Washington we have long thought better things. Washington is an old city and a democratic one. It is at Washington that there assemble the men who have made themselves, whose mental superiority over their fellow-men has been recognized by their fellow-citizens in being sent to the nation's capital to represent them and to shape the nation's destinies. Most of those men have started the destiny-shaping by selling papers or splitting fence-rails. We have rather plumed ourselves with the idea that the prime qualifications of Washington society were mental capacity and a clean record. We have never permitted ourselves to think that a man who has sufficiently won the confidence of his community or district to be chosen a government servant would go to Washington to suffer humiliation because his wife had once been forced to earn an honorable living with her own hands. To an American it is not a pretty conceit. It might be embarrassing to those same ladies who have seen fit to appoint themselves arbiter elegantium if a general investigation of social qualifications were made. The husbands of a great many of these ladies have not always been so prominent. In fact, many of those marriages were contracted when the husbands had no such lofty ambitions, and the idea of securing a helpmate to decorate a Washington home was not seriously considered. That is quite right. It is the natural safeguard against fallacious aristocracy. But it is an essential consideration for those wives of Congressmen and Senators who feel themselves qualified to suggest etiquette and social distinctions to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.—Detroit Journal.

How to Become Rich.

AN analysis of the large fortunes which on account of death have changed hands during the year shows that no fewer than 206 of these estates were valued at over \$100,000 each. Among them there figure the \$2,900,000 of Earl Fitzwilliam; the \$2,800,000 of Mr. Vagliano, whose great lawsuit with the Bank of England remains one of the most famous of financial cases; and the \$2,000,000 of Mr. Sutton, of the well-known firm of carriers. A further analysis of these two hundred odd fortunes discloses this instructive fact—that the great majority of them have been created during the life of their owners, and created not by speculation nor by any sudden chance of fortune, but by deliberate and unremitting hard work. It is clear that "Dogged does it" in the small and exclusive world of money just as in the ordinary world at large. But still more instructive is this further fact which is revealed by our analysis—that these men, who have worked so hard and succeeded so signally, have also lived a long life. Of the great fortunes of the year—amounting to some \$58,000,000 in all—the average age of their owners at death is proved to have been seventy-three years, and no fewer than 25 per cent of them had passed the age of four-score. The moral is obvious. By dint of sheer industry, shrewdly applied, it is not only possible for a man to amass great wealth; but the activity and self-control which such an aim demands of the ablest of us react so favorably on the health or both body and mind that they also assure the happy gift of a long life.—London Daily Mail.

Do Not Talk Too Much.

BALTTNESS of speech, directness of action, strict insistence on one's rights and disdain of diplomatic, roundabout methods of dealing with men and affairs are meritorious in a way, but the shortest road is not always the easiest and a little diplomacy will save much trouble in many cases. One can be diplomatic, too, without lying or doing anything that need worry the strictest conscience. The first and hardest rule of diplomacy in large affairs and small, in public and private life, is Do not talk too much. Some instinct in the majority of people impels them to tell all they know, and, sometimes, a little more. Pit a talker against a man that can keep his own counsel in any affair of business or intrigue, and it is strange if the talker does not get the worst of the matter. He puts his oppo-

HIS TEST OF THE ARTIST.

Would-Be Purchaser Made Suggestions Concerning a Painting.
There is perhaps a lesson of some sort for young artists in the story told by Frederick Kost, the landscape and marine painter, of the days when he was just starting. It was at a time when things were not prospering as he could have wished—when, in fact, the artist was pretty hard up—that a man wearing a great fur-lined overcoat knocked at the door of his studio. The stranger was evidently a Westerner, and a man of wealth. "Mr. Kost," he said, "I have seen pictures of yours at different exhibitions, and I think I would like to own one." Then he nodded approvingly at a landscape on the easel, and said: "That is exceedingly nice. But," he added after a pause, "might I make a suggestion?" "Certainly," said Mr. Kost. "Go ahead." "I think the sky might be changed with advantage," and he started in to explain the alteration which he thought would improve the painting. Mr. Kost did not agree with him, but as he wished to sell the picture, he said he would consider the matter. And the stranger went away, promising to call in a few days. Mr. Kost went to work to change the sky, against his own judgment, to suit the stranger. He ended by changing the entire picture to suit the sky. In fact, from a landscape, it grew into a marine. The stranger never turned up, and the artist cursed his folly in having acted contrary to common sense to please an ignorant person, and so spoiled one of his best efforts, the result of several months of work. About a year later a knock took Mr. Kost to his door again, and there stood the stranger in the fur-lined overcoat. Being asked in, he took a seat before the easel and nodded approvingly at a picture that happened to be there. "I like that—like it very much," he said thoughtfully. Then, after a pause; "but may I make a suggestion?" Mr. Kost was not so angry with the man as annoyed at the recollection of his own foolishness. He looked squarely at his visitor. "Go to the devil with your suggestion," he replied. "What's that?" exclaimed the stranger. Mr. Kost repeated his invitation. For a moment the other colored. Then

Courtesy in Business.

COURTESY in business has been called the "oil on the wheels of worldly progress" and "an air cushion with apparently nothing in it, that yet eases the heavy loads of trade." But it is more than these. It is a positive virtue—the most democratic of all virtues—in that it recognizes all individualities and pays all just claims. By its consummate consideration it infringes upon no one's rights and lessens no one's advantage. It is often a form of self-suppression in action as well as an expression of universal and individual sympathy. It loosens the burdens of life, soothes anger, and often counteracts and does away with misunderstandings. Courtesy is the outward expression of the most essential sentiments of the inner, truer man. When these outward expressions cease the inner sentiments themselves are weakened and lose their delicacy and energy, and so we may say that the foundations of courtesy are based upon the universal needs of humanity itself.—New York Daily News.

The Span of Life.

IT seems that we were all wrong about the hurtful and life-shortening effect of American "hustle." Our national motto may be said to have been "A short life, but a strenuous one." We were willing, as a people, to have the span shortened a little if only we could have something worth while, something active and effective, going on all the time. But it seems, according to the latest bulletin of the Census Bureau, that the fast life is also the long one. Our "median age"—that is, the age which is such that half the population is under it and half over it—is more than seven years greater than it was a century ago, and increases from decade to decade. We are surpassing easy-going foreign countries in this respect; we are surpassing even the loose-jointed, indolent, beautifully relaxed, never-worrying African in our midst; for whereas the median age of our American whites is 23.4 years, that of the devil-may-care colored person is but 18.2. Lately much confusion has arisen in the minds of many Americans over the statement that by certain eminent neurologists that it is next to impossible for a man to "overwork," provided his bodily functions are kept in good order by temperate and wholesome living. Other physicians, to be sure, tell us that hurry and worry spell death. We had accepted the latter judgment, with the qualifying reflection that no matter what science tells us, it always seems to have "another think coming." This census bulletin which links the long life with the fast one appears to be the other "think."—Harper's Weekly.

High Prices.

IT is significant that in some quarters there are beginning to be arguments made to show that high prices, being a sign of public prosperity, are good for the people. If this remark were so amended as to read that high prices are good for some of the people, it would be correct. They are undoubtedly good for a considerable portion of the people. Included in those are the people in active business who find themselves selling goods on a rising market, a rising market generally implying abundant sales and orders for goods to be made. Rich people who own property also find it increased in value. There are others, however, who are less fortunate. They are the men and women of fixed incomes, who are compelled to pay increased prices for what they purchase without addition to their money resources for purchasing. There is a much larger class in those whose fixed income comes from their labor. These are worse off, as they find the cost of what they eat and consume in the other necessities of life—as beef and coal and milk and butter, for instance—increased without a corresponding addition to their wages. There can be no equal increase in prices unless the prices paid for labor are a part of it.—Boston Herald.

WALKING THROUGH FIRE.

Lava Streams in the Crater of Kilauca in Hawaii.
Compared with the volcanoes in the Hawaiian Islands, those in the West Indies are larger, and exhibit the phenomena of nature on a grander scale. The cone of Kilauca, in Hawaii, holds a lake of molten rock, the outlets of which are rivers of lava which gleam like molten silver. In "Fire Mountains," Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming describes her descent into the outer crater. We took a circuitous route to avoid the fiery breath of the sulphur cracks. Some of the cones are dome-shaped; others are more open, like witches' caldrons, and curiosity compelled me to snatch a glimpse of the fiery broth within, although I knew that such stolen peeps were dangerous, as at any moment the wrathful spirits might drive away the intruder with a shower of molten rock. So numerous were the streams which intersected the bed of the crater on this side that it was necessary for the guide to keep ceaseless watch to guard against the possibility of our retreat being cut off. We took our stand on an elevated hummock of lava, and were thus raised to the level of the lake, which had very capriciously selected the highest portion of the crater, so that all the rivers flowed down over the steep bank. Dr. Coan told me he had seen lava flowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, rushing downhill through forests on its seaward way. I confess I watched this small, comparatively safe river with some trepidation. So rapidly does lava cool that when we had gained sufficient confidence to follow our experienced guide, we were

Just a Girl.

Many a throne has had to fall
For a girl,
Just a girl;
Many a king has had to crawl
For a girl,
Just a girl.
When the hero goes to war
He may battle for the right,
But 'tis likelier by far
That he sells his fort to fight
For a girl,
Just a girl.
When the doctor turns to say:
"It's a girl,
Just a girl,"
Papa murmurs with dismay:
"What! A girl,
Just a girl?"
Ah, but why the sadness there?
Why the bitterness displayed?
Some day some strong man will swear
That the great round world was made
For that girl,
Just that girl.
Why did Adam take the bite?
For a girl,
Just a girl.
Why was Troy swept out of sight?
For a girl,
Just a girl.
O would heaven still be bright,
And would any good man care
To achieve it, if he might
Never claim forever there,
Just a girl,
Glorious girl?
—Chicago Record-Herald.
We heard a long time ago that the devil invented the fiddle, but we heard to-day that he also invented the pump.
You can interest any man by saying to him, "You work too hard."

OLD FAVORITES

Seven Times One.
There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one is seven.
I am old—so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play away—they know no better;
They are only one times one.
O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low.
You are bright! ah, bright! but your light is falling;
You are nothing now but a bow.
You Moon! how you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.
O velvet Beel you're a dusty fellow—
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!
O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O Cuckoo-pint! tell me the purple clapper hangs in your clear green bell!
And show me your nest, with the young ones in it—
I will not steal them away;
I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.
—Jean Ingelow.
Nearer Home.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;
Nearer the bound of life,
—Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!
But lying darkly between,
—Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads us at length to the light.
Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abyss;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chasm.
O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;
Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!
—Phoebe Cary.
TWO SECRETS.
Heartbreaking Little Story of Two Devoted Old People.
"How's business, Eben?"
The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work.
"Fine, Marthy, fine!"
"Does the store look just the same, with the red geranium in the window? Land, how I'd like to see it with the sun shining in! How does it look, Eben?"
Eben did not answer for a moment; when he did his voice shook a bit.
"The store's never been the same since you left, Marthy."
A faint little flush came into Martha's withered cheeks. Is a wife ever too old to be moved by her husband's flattery?
For years Eben and Martha had kept a tiny notion store; then Martha fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong—never be partner in their happy little trade again.
"I can't get over a hankering for a sight of the store," thought Martha one forenoon. "If I take it real careful I can get down there; 'tisn't so far. Eben'll scold, but he'll be tickled most so death."
It took a long time for her to drag herself downtown, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she stopped. Ahead, on the pavement, stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck on which were arranged a few cards of collar studs, some papers of pins, and shoelaces. Two or three holders were in his shaking old hand, and as he stood he called his wares.
Martha clutched at the wall of the building. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit, and an Italian name fluttered on the awning. Then Martha understood. The store had gone to pay her expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her trembling limbs would take her.
"It will hurt him so to have me find out," she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.
"He's kept a secret from me, and I'll keep one from him," she said to herself. "He shan't know that I know." That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Martha asked, cheerfully, the old question:
"How's business?"
"Better'n ever, Marthy!" answered Eben.—Youth's Companion.
Ethics of a Kiss.
A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope, and to an old maid, charity.—Baltimore American.
Official Responsibility in China.
Chinese officials are held to be guilty before the Son of Heaven for floods, droughts, famines, fires and other natural calamities.
A loafer is never able to realize that a busy man has anything to do.