

"BILL."

He wasn't purty—nary bit; the wrinklin' hand o' Time Had written strange devices in the tan and powder grime;

And, spite of all his homeliness, somehow his rugged face Jest seemed to brace a feller up and give 'im savin' grace.

There widened the streak o' poverty when all o' the world was blue; When shovel an' pan were red with rust, with nothing at all to do;

"Good-by, old man," he says, says he, a-lookin' toward the skies— The light o' new discovery a-shinin' in his eyes—

An' then he died—my pardner Bill! There warn't no better Bills! An' I know he washes gravel on the everlastin' hills—

"And I," said Miss Mackay, with charming seriousness, "am glad to meet one who has given up home and business to uphold his country's flag.

"It was a sort of natural pocket in the rocks, a regular little citadel; but while the enemy couldn't rush out of it, we couldn't get out, either, for we were completely surrounded, and they numbered ten to our one.

"For two days we lay on those broiling rocks, hoping for the help which didn't come, till the heat and the want of water—for that had given out the first day—began to make the men go off their heads, and the suffering of the wounded made my heart ache.

"Things looked so black that I had about made up my mind to give up in the morning of the third day when one of the men—Rogers his name was, a splendid fellow—came up to me and saluted.

"'Lieutenant,' he said, 'there's water out there about 200 yards to the left of us. I saw it as we were driven in. I can take half a dozen canteens, and when the moon goes down behind that cloud make a rush. If I get back we can last another day; if I don't—well, it's a man's death, that's all.'

"He reached the water safely, but half way back the Boers saw him as he crossed a patch of moonlight and fired; then he fell and lay still, and—"



Dark-Room Window.—A correspondent asks for a coating for the glass with which he is to glaze his dark-room window. I do not approve of the use of daylight as an illuminant in developing—it is too variable.

Importance of Margins.—One often notices in portrait work, even among the specimens of those photographers who ought to know better, a defect which is either the result of carelessness or of ignorance.

"When I come back for always I may ask you for something. May I hope that—"

FORDHAM COLLEGE FARM.

Sixty Acres on Which Are Grown Vegetables for Establishment. St. John college at Fordham, N. Y., is one of the largest farmers of the Bronx.

The whole arrangement snacks of the mediaeval monastery, says the New York Times, only the clergy do not work the glebe.

The long row of farm buildings and especially the old-fashioned barn with its dependent cowsheds bespeak the earlier conditions. A long, narrow farm lane lined with giant elms leads eastward to the rear fields of the glebe and still looks as it must have looked when all the region round was yet uncultivated country.

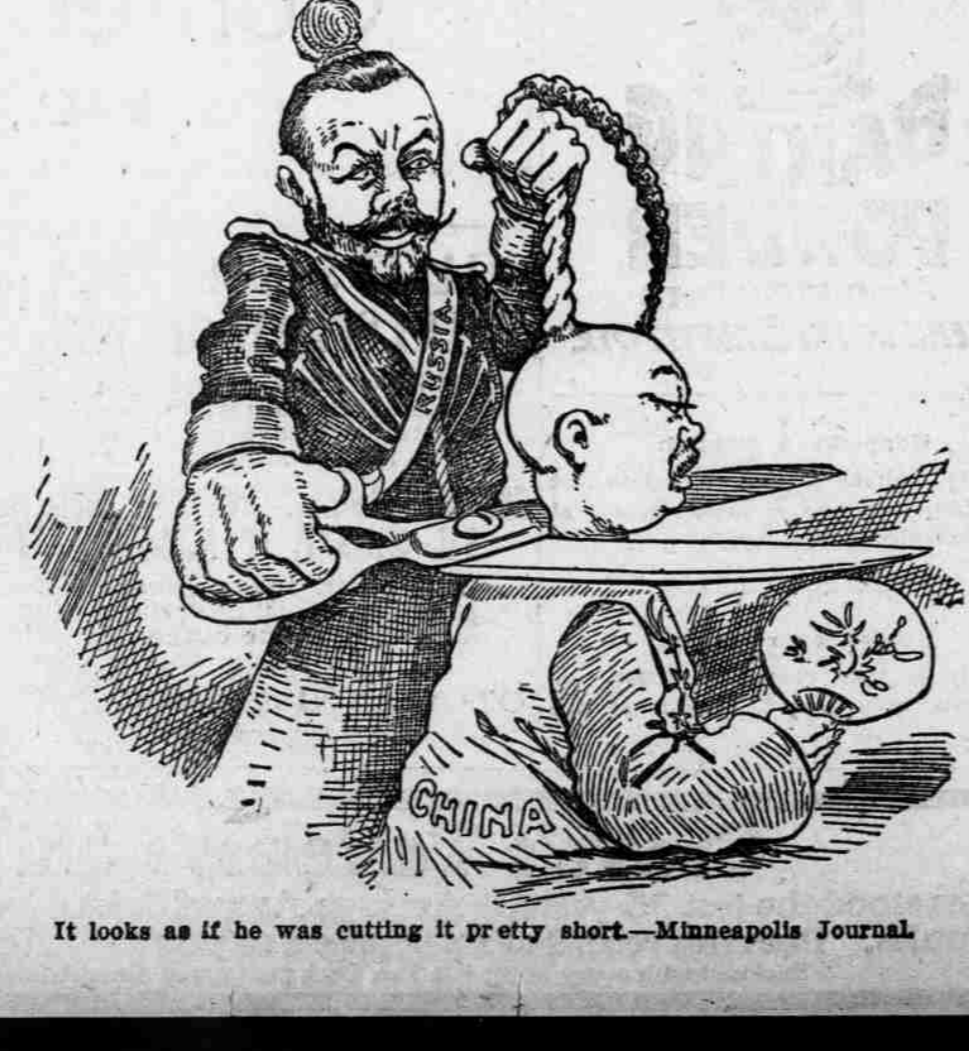
Oddly mixed with farming implements are old desks and chairs from the school-room, and old furniture of various kinds from the lodgings of the teachers and students.

How long St. John's can maintain its old farming traditions nobody can tell, but the time must come when it will no longer be profitable to keep the glebe under cultivation.

Poultry and Eggs. The last census gave the value of poultry raised in the United States during the year 1890 as \$136,891,877; of eggs produced in the same year, \$144,286,158.

Drunkennes Among Women. Out of every 100 cases of drunkenness brought before magistrates in England, thirty are women.

ABOLISHING THE QUEUE.



It looks as if he was cutting it pretty short.—Minneapolis Journal.

Science AND INVENTION

Exhaustive tests for years have convinced Joseph L. Ferrell that sulphate of aluminum is the best fireproofing for wood.

The late discovery in strawberries of salicylic acid, a specific in acute rheumatism, has seemed to confirm the idea that these berries are a desirable article of food for rheumatism.

Important tests of the fatal proportion of carbonic oxide in the air have been made by Prof. Mosso at the Turin Physiological Institute.

While urging that the proposed biological survey of the North Sea should seek means of favoring fishes and their food supply, Prof. W. C. McIntosh declares that no important species is in danger of becoming extinct.

Alcohol is coming into considerable use for illumination in France. The flame is made luminous by the addition of sufficient coal-oil or crude benzine, or the ordinary non-luminous flame is used to give incandescence to a Welsbach mantle.

Tests have recently been made on the Boston and Maine and the Florida East Coast Railroads to determine the value of oil as fuel for locomotive engines.

By a singular change of circumstances, the gold miners of Hastings County, Ontario, Canada, who for years were baffled in trying to extract the precious metal from its matrix by the presence of arsenic in the ore, have lately found the arsenic to be more profitable than the gold.

HOLDING HIM TO HIS WORD.

It Does Not Pay to Make Too Sweeping Statements.

"My dear," said Mr. Puffer, with some dismay, as a smoking cherry pudding was placed on the table before him, "don't you think you are sort of running to cherries lately? Of course I hope that I shall always be cherished by you, but when it comes to cherries in some form every meal—just cherries or stewed cherries or cherry pie or cherry pudding—I believe I could cheerfully donate some of our cherries to our less fortunate neighbors."

"Well, John," said his wife, calmly, "I suppose you remember what you said when you insisted on picking the cherries yourself?"

"Ah, Martha," said Mr. Puffer, complacently, "there was a clean-cut, neat, workmanlike job for you, in spite of all your fears and opposition. Instead of the grass under the tree being piled a foot deep with a litter of leaves, twigs and branches broken from the tree, as it invariably is when you send a boy ramming after the fruit, I cleaned that tree without any damage to it, and consequently with hardly a single leaf to be raked up off the grass."

"You haven't eaten a single one out of the few quarts you gathered, John," said Mrs. Puffer, positively. "I canned all of them."

"Well, where does this satiety of cherries I've had inflicted upon me for the past two days come from, then?" demanded Mr. Puffer.

"Do you remember what you said when I asked you if the few you picked were all it was possible to get from the tree, John?" asked Mrs. Puffer, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Why, yes," acknowledged Mr. Puffer, thoughtfully and suspiciously. "What was it?" persisted his wife, the twinkle widening.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

BOLD ROBIN HOOD'S DAY.

May 1 the Anniversary of the Death of the Noted Woodsman.

An immense lot of leases still date from May 1, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, but not many of the lessors or lessees know that this is simply an adjournment of a few days from St. George's day, from which the leases of their ancestors used to run. This again dates from the more remote period when the date was fixed at the time of one moon after the spring equinox.

It has happened ever since that when the sun enters the sign of Taurus and Robin Hood's day approaches, the sturdy descendant of his woodsmen, working at the mechanic's bench, feels a strange fever burning in his blood. He feels that he would like to have a reckoning with certain "rich earles" whom he wots of. He grows impatient toward the "fat bysshoppes," and works himself into such a fighting mood that if interfered with he would not hesitate to take a fall out of even the "hye sheryff of Nottingham."

The formal festivities of the day, in these times and in this country usually adjourned to the first Saturday in May are a survival of the old Roman festivities in honor of the goddess Flora. The May queen is Flora herself impersonated. The rigging up of a boy consort is an impertinent and ridiculous innovation, which should, if possible, be abolished.

MISSING HIS ENGAGEMENT.

Wily John Chinaman Could Not Escape From Police Clutches. Some time ago a squad of Manhattan police raided a fan tan game in Chinatown.

"Me got to go. Me got velly important engagement," "I suppose so," said the detective, "but you've got a more important engagement at the police station."

The Chinaman begged like a good fellow, but Drennan was obdurate. "Me give you five dollars if you let me go," the prisoner finally whispered.

"No use, John. Even if I let you out of the room," said the detective, "the police would catch you at the lower door. They are guarding that."

"That's all right, John. You let me out, me go upstairs, get out on roof, and go down other building. Police no catch me."

"Can't do it, John," Drennan persisted. "They've got you prisoners all counted. If I turn over you ten I'll have troubles of my own."

"Me fix that," the Chinaman answered, without a moment's hesitation. "Me go to window, call a Chinaman friend up from street. When he come to this door you pull him in and I run out. See? You have eleven prisoners all same, and police can't tell one Chinaman from other."

But notwithstanding his cunning, John had to go to the station, and his "velly important engagement" was broken.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Horses Scare and High. "I have not known a period when horses were so scarce and high," said T. E. Gilbert of Cincinnati at the Hotel Barton. "I am in the business and have of late been scouring Kentucky and Ohio with a view of purchasing a good-sized bunch, but had very poor success. More people want to buy than sell, and prices are at a point where it is impossible for dealers to make any profits. The country was drained of horse flesh during our war with Spain, and further depletion was caused by the Boer war. It will take several years to make up the deficiency, and high prices will continue. The automobile craze has had no perceptible effect on the demand for high-class animals, and I do not believe that it will ever get so violent as to make people indifferent to the delight of sitting behind a pair of high steppers."—Washington Post.

When Talk Comes High. "Oh, well, talk is cheap," sneered the angry lawyer. "Not that kind," replied the judge promptly. "Ten dollars, please."—Syracuse, N. Y., Herald.

A Definition. "Pa, what is a fray?" "Why, my son, that is what a person who has never been in a fight calls it."—Puck.

Theaters in New York. Thirteen new theaters, to cost \$8,000,000, are being built in New York city.

Once more the umpire is doing his annual stunt as a martyr.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"I can't see what you find in me to admire," said the lovelorn youth who had recently blown himself for a \$37.50 engagement ring.

As Corrected. Mrs. O'Hoolihan—P'rhaps koldn' as a job is yez old man, ather hovin' now?

Mrs. McGarble—Job, is it? Shure an' it be an illigant sittuashun as the graph operater he's ather hovin'.

Sure of His Ground. A lady waited for hours at a wayside station of the Midland Great Western Railway.

He Never Worried. A lady waited for hours at a wayside station of the Midland Great Western Railway. The train came along and she got in. The hours dragged by, and at each stoppage she asked if it was Sligo.

His Plea. "My plea," said the young lawyer, who had just won his first case, "seemed to strongly affect the jury."

Not So Reckless. "Do you take this internally?" asked the customer as he put the bottle in his pocket and took his change.

An Accommodating Stork. The following order was received a few days ago by a Chicago grocery firm:

The Vagaries of Fashion. Mrs. Commonhen—Don't mind her, my dear. Long skirts are doomed. It will soon be our turn.

Circumstantial Evidence. Tommy—Was that your mother I saw with you yesterday?

Force of Habit. The boss plumber had become a multi-millionaire and was going abroad for his health.

Womanlike. Mrs. Popley—What do you think? Baby spoke her first word to-day!

A Synonym. David Warfield, the actor, was a very promising scholar as a lad when he attended the public schools of San Francisco.

Frosts Destroy Vines. It is estimated that half the vine crop of France was destroyed by the frosts of April.

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Magistrate.—It will be either \$10 or thirty days, Uncle Rastus. You can have your choice.

His Specialty. Stranger—You have a fine farm here.

Professional Advice. "Doctor," said the timid patient, "I'm fond of the water, but I don't want to risk taking cold. What shall I do?"

In the Puppy Class. He—But I am willing to wait if you will give me some hope.

Backed to Win. She (after the engagement)—Why were you so nervous when you proposed?

Affluence. "Rich? Why, she never has to think of the matter of cost at all."

Automobility. "Steam, eh? Isn't it rather noisy?" "Oh, no. Except for a slight puffing when it is climbing a very steep hill or running over an extraordinarily large person, quite noiseless."

Reduced Rate. "Mamma, give me a penny, please, for a glass of lemonade."

Recognized at Last. He—But what reason have you for refusing to marry me?

Self-Approval. "Well," said the detective, "there is one thing upon which we may congratulate ourselves in this case."

From Experience. "Rudolph, dear, the people next door wish to borrow our lanterns for a lawn fete."

Don't lend them. "But they can't hurt the lanterns." "Oh, you don't know. If you loan them the lanterns they'll want to borrow tables, chairs, knives and dishes. Then as our lawn is larger than theirs they'll want to borrow that. Afterward they'll ask our children to help out as waiters."

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