

WHY PITY HIM.

He couldn't talk good English; he always said "them kind," He never studied grammar in his life; He always tucked his napkin 'neath his collar when he dined; He ate his pie and salad with his knife; But where I could never see How to make a dollar he Could make hundreds and then probably some more; His daughter snubbed his son And the pretty wife he won Had a coat of arms upon her carriage door.

People talked about his rudeness, made remarks behind his back. But they always when they met him humbly bowed. And when he deigned to call them Bill or Joe or Tom or Jack They were glad to have it noticed by the crowd; He possessed the talent which Gives men power, makes them rich, And he boasted of the money that he had; He was big and coarse and fat, But why censure him for that? He accepted what God gave him, and was glad.

—Chicago Record-Herald.



The Magic Island

"Jim" sang out the captain from the bridge, "what in the name of Christopher do you make of this?" It was an hour after sunrise on Oct. 8, 1902, and the "Whitby Witch," with but a small load in the after hold, thrashed the waves behind with more fuss than progress. The weather, always hot in the Caribbean at this time of the year, was simply grilling now, and the iron decks burnt the boots of one's feet; while to increase our discomfort, there hadn't been a breath of wind since we left Puerto Cabello on Monday morning, two days ago.

For a good many months we had been on the tramp, and we are now running home, calling at Martinique on our way for a freight of sugar for St. Nazaire—about the dirtiest stuff one can have aboard. But we might as well be dirty inside as out. Once home we would have a good overhaul; the barnacles knocked off the ship's bottom, her boilers cleaned out, and we declared against the rats, cockroaches and small cattle that disputed with the crew the possession of their bunks. We had, I reckoned, a good hundred miles still between us and Fort de France.

"Oh, we're in for a teaser, too, by the look of it," I replied, rising limply from beneath an awning we had rigged up; for to the northeast, from zenith to horizon, hung an ominous pall—not the distinct cumulus masses that one usually associates with thunder and torrential rains, but more resembling an advancing London fog. "How's the glass, Billy?"

Bill Grant was captain, and I was mate; we each held a share (one-sixteenth apiece it was) in the "Whitby Witch," and were old chums. "That's the puzzle, Jim," he replied. "The quick a bit higher if anything and there's not a wisp of wind no' nothing."

Despite these facts, the approaching gloom advanced rapidly; the sun grew dimmed, and the sky around it glowed crimson. We tightened down in preparation for squalls. Then, as it darkened, the air became charged with noxious fumes, and it seemed as though the sun had suddenly set.

I was now alongside Bill, who kept muttering things to himself that I could not catch. He is intensely superstitious, and when danger is at hand always recalls premonitory warnings. Then another peculiar circumstance became apparent as we both stood looking ahead, hands on the rail before us. Instead of the expected downpour of rain, the rail and all else seemed to possess an abnormal dryness; and soon we found that there was falling an impalpable dust, without the slightest trace of grittiness, which covered everything with a grayness. The fall increased, and found its way down the engine room ventilators and into every crack and cranny of the ship.

We eased up in the increasing darkness. We could do nothing else; the compass was performing strange antics and our strongest lights could not be seen for many yards. Then we lay up and only used our steam for an occasional fog-blast. Meanwhile the dust became coarser and more abundant; the chief engineer was in despair; the engine room and stokehold were like the infernal regions, and the machinery would be ruined with the stuff.

At last, after a short consultation, taking into consideration the direction in which the shroud advanced and that in which the wind ought to be, we turned the "Whitby" nose due southeast with the intention of making St. Vincent. We were well clear of the islands that are round the Caribbean Sea, and there could be no traffic to encounter, but the very mystery of it all made us cautious.

Things were certainly better very soon. The air grew easier of respiration, the fall of dust was lighter, and we could now see half the length of the ship; so we decided to put out all our speed.

Then suddenly and without warning, something happened. There was no wrenching, ripping sound as of running on a rock, but the hollow hull of the "Whitby" resumed like a huge bass drum, and trembled throughout its length. Bill was standing by the ladder opening that led down from the bridge, and he disappeared like an acrobat into the well deck, by a miracle breaking his fall on the iron rail; I was thrown forward on to the rail and with difficulty refrained from following him.

Bill picked himself up and said naively words. What tricks was playing Fortune months' tramping without a scratch! Here we were at least fifty miles from everywhere—and we had run aground!

And there we lay, helpless as a dead whale. The hours went by and night came on—according to the ship's chron-

ometer—for the darkness gave little clue. A strange silence surrounded us, even the wave lap against the ship's side was absent. I turned in at midnight, and was up betimes. About six in the morning the sun rose through a veil of crimson sky, revealing an astounding sight to our indamed eyes. We were high and dry on a strange-looking island, the ship's keel embedded in white sand which lay in a small valley between high rocks and the sea glistened some hundred yards astern and fully forty feet lower down. The old man was about, too; and didn't we know it! His language had caught the sulphurous taint, and printer's type is far too fusible to reproduce it with.

"Look here, Bill, old fellow," I said when at last I dared approach him, "let me tell you what I suggest doing." "Do what you blessed well please," he mapped, splitting viciously over the side. "Put strychnine in the soup if you like, and ring down the curtain once and for all on this confounded trip." This was pleasant on Bill's part; I superintended the ship's medicine chest, having in early youth been messenger boy to a chemist in the Commercial Road.

"I'm going ashore, Captain," I went up; for to the northeast, from zenith to horizon, hung an ominous pall—not the distinct cumulus masses that one usually associates with thunder and torrential rains, but more resembling an advancing London fog. "How's the glass, Billy?"

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And there we lay, helpless as a dead whale. The hours went by and night came on—according to the ship's chron-

prints—with poop and prow high in air, and belled like a Dutch blinder. Great masses of woods festooned down around her—woods that must have recently floated high above in the tropic sea's depth—and here and there peeped out shell fish which hung with equal tenacity to her planks.

We approached with caution, fearing we knew not what denizens of the depths. Then we saw that the huge timbers of the galleon were riddled by worms and boring shellfish to such an extent that it was a marvel she held together. It could not have been the calm of the depths and she would soon fall to pieces and vanish now she was exposed. On one side of her the sand had drifted high, and we had no difficulty in stepping aboard, but we both shrank from further exploration.

We revisited the galleon in the afternoon, accompanied by several of the crew—we left the others dealing with the gray volcanic dust—including Dick Leach, who was dignified with the title of carpenter, though precious little wood could be found on the steel-bulld and steel-decked "Whitby Witch." But no one volunteered to explore the vessel's inner regions.

"I'll show you what we'll do then," said Bill suddenly. "Give us that ax, Carp." The captain took the weapon and aimed several times at the hull. The splinters flew plentifully, notwithstanding his somewhat erratic blows.

"Let me, Gov'nor." The carpenter pushed forward again, and Bill responded the ax. "Don't like to see nobody hurt themselves."

A large gap was soon made through the thick but rotten planks, and a couple of ponderous ribs were cut asunder. As the second of these came away, something shifted inside the vessel's hold.

"From under, chaps!" shouted Dick, and we all jumped back. Not a bit too soon, for out rolled a small barrel, with hoops still round it, and fell just where I had been standing to peer into the breach.

As it struck the ground with a heavy thud, the old wood that composed the barrel collapsed, for the hoops were now of rust; and there of the sand here we lay scattered a mass of virgin gold in ingots and bars of varying shapes and sizes. Gold it was without a doubt, still bright after its sojourn of centuries beneath the waves. We picked up pieces and weighed them in our hands, and the excitement was at a high pitch.

"Now, lads," broke in the captain, "back to the ship and fetch some tackle. We may as well take some of this."

"But what's the use?" I protested. "What can we do with it? We can't move the Witch."

"The use?" Bill looked his unequivocal scorn. "If it's under our deck it's our'n, isn't it, you idiot?" The result was that in a couple of hours we had stowed on the "Whitby Witch" enough bullion to satisfy a Rothschild, and were still hard at it when young Carford came running up the gully, looking scared.

"Look out, captain; look out, Mr. Thomas. The tide's a risin' like blazes! If you're not sharp out of it—"

We left the heaps of broken staves and metal by the galleon's side; and half a minute later were racing down the sandy path for dear life. When we reached the "Whitby Witch" the brine was already swirling round her, and her stern was afloat. We waded through it up to our waists, and swung up the hempen stairs.

Fortunately the engineers had not been asleep, and as the ship lifted free of the sand, we backed against the surging tide and in a few minutes were clear of danger.

And then, as we lay there, we saw the rocks engulfed one after the other until the highest point had disappeared beneath the waves. The magic island had sunk away like the fading of a dream.

With a bit of dare-devilry Bill, when the whirl had subsided, steamed over its site. "Carp, just heave the lead." Then he added with a wink: "Stick on plenty of fat, and you may pick up some more metal."

Fathom by fathom the line went out; but when it came to an end there was not a sign of bottom.

Well, we arrived at Barbadoes a couple of days later, and we heard of the terrible volcanic outbreak of Mount Pelee in Martinique, with which without doubt the mysterious island had been connected. We had had a narrow escape, for had our ship been in fit trim, we should on that fatal Wednesday have been in the midst of the terrible deluge of fire and foul gases which in a few short minutes wiped out the thriving town of St. Pierre and half the island.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Man's Walk Shows Age. "You can tell a man's age by his hands," said one of the girls. "They get knotty and veined and terrible. They get old sooner than his face."

"You can tell it most of all I think," said the woman, "by his walk. I know a man who has been one of the brightest minds of his time who is still the best company I know, but the other day when I saw him come toward me at his home along the hall it made me awfully sad to see the heavy old, old way in which he walked."—New York Press.

A Libel. "I see by the column paper," said the visitor, "that Jonas Jones, the prosperous druggist of your town, is sojourning."

"I saw that, too, and it's a libel!" exclaimed the native, with some heat. "Why, isn't he your druggist?"

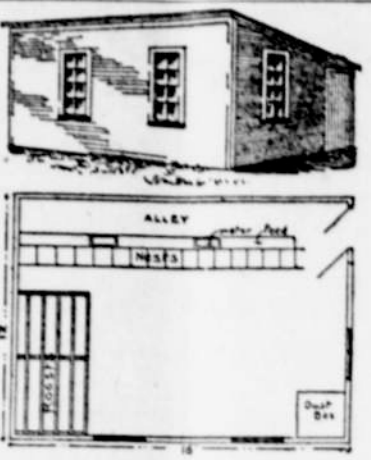
"Yes, but this town's too healthy for him to be prosperous."—Catholic Standard and Times.

His Chief Characteristic. Dubley—"Judging from a remark Krotchet made about you, he seems to consider you a man of great determination."



Model Poultry House. The illustration shows the exterior view and ground plan of a poultry house intended for one colony of fowls. The house is 12x10 feet on the ground, nine feet high in front and six feet in the rear. It has three windows, two on the south side and one on the east end which admit plenty of sunlight. There are no windows on the north and west, thus making a warm corner for roosts and avoiding drafts. It is covered with shingle paper and siding on the outside, is ceiled on the inside and has a good shingle roof. A raised platform is built two and a half feet from the main floor in one end of the house, six inches above which are the roosts. The roosts rest upon a frame fastened to the wall with hinges so that it can be easily raised and the platform cleaned in a very short time each morning. The space under the roost platform and the entire remaining part

of the house, except the alley, may be used for a scratching run. The alley is separated from the pen by wire netting except under the nests where vertical slats should be used placed two inches apart. Between these slats the chickens feed out of a trough that sits in the alley where they cannot get into it with their feet.



Why Milk Costs More. Interesting statistics as to the cost of milk production are given by the local milk dealers of a Massachusetts town in an announcement made of an increase in the retail price of milk to seven cents a quart during the winter months. On this announcement we find the following suggestive comparisons:

"Twenty years ago milk feed cost \$14 per ton; today \$22 per ton. Then cost seed cost \$18 per ton; today \$34 per ton. Then, farm labor cost \$20 per month; today, \$26 per month. Then milk cows cost \$45 each; today, \$65 each. Formerly a milk dealer's outfit consisted of about 25 lbs. cans, costing about \$15. Today, for the same business, it requires bottles, boxes, fillers, coolers, etc., costing \$150. Our plumbing, carpenter's repairs, blacksmithing and other like expenses have increased 35 per cent. Added to the above are the constantly increasing restrictions of state and local boards of health, which undoubtedly improve the quality of the milk, but at a considerable increase in cost, which increase has fallen on the producer and dealer, when it should be paid by the consumer."

Farmers and Poultry Fencers. The farmer has a real grievance against the poultry fencer in that he has done all of his crossing and breeding of fowls, daughters, quacks and aunts without any regard to practical utility, says Farming, whether the hens from which he has been breeding were producing 60 eggs a year or 200 made no difference. His whole aim has been to breed out a fowl light, feather or two, or to create a better comb, or eyes of a better tint at a sacrifice of everything else. The result is that when a farmer goes into the market to buy thoroughbreds with his money in his pocket ready and willing to pay for the best stock, he not only often pays for qualities he does not need, but actually pays a premium for something that has been obtained at a sacrifice of the very qualities which he does need. There are a few men, however, raising thoroughbred stock that is "bred to lay," or to meet certain market demands, and those are the men that should be patronized.

Dairy Notes. Large yields per animal means less cost in making them. Success in home dairying depends upon four things: The cow, her care and feeding, the manufacture of the produce, the marketing of the same.

Unless a big cow is an extra milker, she is less profitable than a smaller one that is a fair milker. The butter product of all cows is more or less influenced by the care and feeding of the animal.

An advantage of dairying in connection with grain raising is that it makes a home market for home grown crops. Dairying has this advantage, that its produce is in the line of food and is always in demand at some price and is therefore a money crop to the farmer; to this may be added the fact that the money comes quite frequently.

With the dairy cows it is not necessary at any time that the water be very cold, but it is of the very first importance that it be pure and wholesome.

If the temperature is too low the milk and friction consumed in churning are so great that the butter becomes soft, deficient in color and does not keep well.

The speed of the churn depends upon the size of the churn and the amount of cream, but it should be turned so as to give the greatest concussion to the cream.

In churning if the friction is too violent, the butter is produced too speedily, it is deficient in color and does not keep well.

When the churn is quite filled it is almost impossible to produce butter, not only because there is want of air, but also because the cream swells in the process of churning. The value of cream is based on the dry solids it contains and cream from different cows and from the same cows at different periods of the year has a surprising difference in butter value.

Stacking Wheat. Years ago it was a common custom to stack the wheat as soon as it was well cured in the shock, but gradually this custom was abandoned until in many parts of the country it was a rare sight to see a stack. Of recent years a reaction seems to be slowly taking place and stacking is again coming in a fashion, according to a writer in American Agriculturist. The reason for this is not in doubt. It is the bitter and costly experience that have come home to farmers through leaving their grain in the shock until the machines came around. Of course, when everybody stacked and the thrashing season occupied six weeks or more, a majority of the crops were necessarily left standing in the shock for weeks, exposed to storms and winds.

Now, of course, while it is a fact that rainy seasons in July are uncommon, they are of sufficiently regular occurrence to make the damage they inflict far outweigh the cost of annually stacking or storing the grain.

Stacking can be carried on every moment of the day that the wheat is dry enough to handle. If the stack is uncompleted at night or when a shower comes up it can be covered with a tarpaulin. With his grain once safely in the stack the farmer is independent of the weather and the machine boss and can go about his other work serenely conscious that he has done his duty in safeguarding his principal cash crop.

Some Fancy Strawberries. Five years ago Henry Jorolaman, the New Jersey strawberry man, produced a seedling, specimen fruit, which is here shown. When the increase of the first plant had made a row eight feet long Mr. Jorolaman, on going away one day told the boy left in charge that no berries were to be sold from those plants for less than \$1 per quart, thinking that would be prohibitive. On his return the boy handed him \$4, a customer having taken four quarts, all that were ready at the time. Next day the same man returned and got three quarts more. This was running into money so fast that Millionaire seemed an appropriate name for the berry.



The fruit illustrated was two inches in diameter and about as large as any seen. Many run from one and a quarter to one and a half inches. One, no coexisting shape is uniform, no coexisting shape being noted; color bright red, with a fine gloss; quality good, above the average to my taste. Its seasons is long and nearly every berry is strong and abundant, the plants standing from ten to fifteen inches high by actual measurement.

To produce strawberries of mammoth size, so that a dozen berries will fill a quart basket, plants should be set out in the early part of August in good, rich soil and kept well cultivated during the growing season. All runners should be kept off the plant.—Rural New Yorker.

Horses and Grass. A famous veterinary surgeon declares that grass beats all the drugs in creation as a sure cure for sick horses and mules. Horses should have a few pounds of grass daily from spring until fall, he says. The prevalent notion that it is harmful is idiotic and cruel. Grass to horses is the same as fresh vegetables and fruit to us. Their craving for it proves their need of it. Yet ignorant, unfeeling farmers yank them away from it as if it were poison instead of the life-giving medicine it is, designed by their Maker for them. When they gnaw the bark of trees or eat leaves it is because they crave grass and can't get it.—Buffalo Horse World.

New Strawberry Varieties. Several hundred new varieties of strawberries have been introduced within the past five years, and each has had its share of praise until the amateur is confused. Failure with certain kinds is because all varieties do not thrive alike under the same conditions. Some will give better results on light soil than on heavy, and some will not thrive except on moist soils. The beginner should endeavor to select a variety that has been tested in his neighborhood with good results. Strawberry plants may be set out in the fall, though the spring season is usually preferred.

Fencing Fences Wire. A better way to fence wire to a fence post where staples do not hold is to use short pieces of wire. Twist one end around the wire on one side of the post, bring it around on the other side and twist around the wire again. By treating several posts this way the wire will be drawn quite tight without the aid of a stretcher.

Thumps in Pigs. Don't kill those little chubby fat pigs because they have the "thumps," says a writer in Farm and Fireside. Quit giving so much corn; give them milk, kitchen refuse, bran and anything but so much corn. Give them coal to eat whenever they want it. One man killed three of his pigs because he did not know what was wrong with them. He said they had fits when they went to drink their slop. He thought they were going mad, so he knocked them in the head. With a little care they could have been saved.



"Home was never like this," said Mr. Henpeck, as he was shown about the deaf and dumb asylum.—Columbia Lecter.

Haron (to his servant)—Johann, has anybody been smoking my cigars except yourself? Servant—Yes, sir, you—Pileggiende Blatter.

"She did a very foolish thing when she married." "Why, he was rich, wasn't he?" "Yes—he was the foolish thing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Percy, papa says you mustn't come to see me any more." "Why, Aggie, how could I? I'm already coming seven times a week!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Do you think young Prosperie will astonish his friends when they see him on the stage?" "Yes, if they think he 'an act.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Jawback—The biggest idiots always seem to marry the prettiest women. Mrs. Jawback—Now, you're trying to flatter me.—Cleveland Leader.

"I'm just crazy to be a reporter," said the rich man's daughter. "Insanity is no qualification," returned the editor, closing the interview.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Your wife needs exercise; she sits still too much." "I'll get her a silk skirt." "How will that help?" "She'll keep moving so as to make it rustle."—Houston Post.

Landlord—Sir, the other tenants will not stay in the flat if you insist on playing the cornet. Mr. Toots—I'm glad of that. They were very annoying.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is evolution?" "Evolution, my son, is a sort of apology which man has invented for displaying so many of the traits of the lower animals."—Washington Star.

He—I'm going to bring Jolt home with me to dinner to-night. She—Oh, mercy, dear, don't! It's the cook's day out, and I'll have to cook dinner! He—Never mind; I owe Jolt one, anyway!—Yonkers Statesman.

"What has become of the maid you thought such a prize?" "Oh, I had to let her go," replied the second fashionable woman. "After her operation for appendicitis she thought she was one of us."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dear little Maudie awoke about 2 o'clock the other morning and asked mamma to tell her a fairy tale. "It's too late, darling," mamma replied. "Daddy will be in shortly, and he'll tell us both one."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution box in Sunday school to-day?" "No, mamma, I put it in Eddie Lake, the preacher's son, if I couldn't keep it 'n' spend it for candy, 'n' he give me permission."—Denver News.

"The lady whose name you gave as reference, Della," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, "tells me you were not always truthful and obedient." "No, ma'am," replied the new servant, "I couldn't be, wid her tellin' me all the time to say she wasn't at home."—Philadelphia Press.

"May I introduce to you my friend?" asked a fashionable young man at a recent dance. "He is a lit-sweazy man, you know." "Yes," exclaimed his partner. "Aw, indeed! He sent the Society News a list of the guests at the last party, and the editor accepted it."—Tit-Bits.

"I am afraid, madam," said a gentleman who was looking for country lodgings, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant." "It is a little noisy," assented the landlady, "but from the front veranda one has such a fine view of people who miss the train."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Her (sighing)—Oh, I met such a lovely, polite man to-day. Him—Where was that? Her—On the street. I must have been carrying my umbrella carelessly, for he bumped his eye into it. And I said, "Pardon me," and he said, "Don't mention it—I have another eye left."—Cleveland Leader.

Minister (on return from holiday)—Well, Daniel, my good man, and how have things been going on in my absence? Daniel—Deed, sir, a' things seen gaun on bravely. They say you neesters when ye gaug frae home ye tak' guld care to send war home than yourselfs to fill the poopit. But ye never dae that, sir!—Punch.

French Hags High Priced. A collector of rags offered the manager of a large New York boarding house a certain price for a bag of worn-out linen.

"These rags are worth more than that," said the shrewd landlady. "I run several houses in this neighborhood, and all are occupied exclusively by French guests."

The dealer apparently considered that remark sufficiently explanatory. He cast a hasty glance upon the contents of the bag, then raised the price. "And he could well afford to raise it, too," said the landlady. "Even at that rate he will make money off the things. French rags the world over bring a higher price than any other. The reason why? French people wear a better quality of linen and their cast-off garments are in demand by all manufacturers of high-grade paper."

A La Horse. "Pa," asked the wise little boy, "how do they dock a ship?" Mr. Wise never looked up from his paper, but answered off-hand: "Dock a ship? Why—er—why, they cut off its rudder, of course."—Judge.

Couldn't. Orator (excitedly)—The American eagle, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell.—Independent.

There are sermons in stones and ice cream is bricks.

SOME SUICIDE STATISTICS.

Childless Marriages a Cause—Hate High Among Germanic Nations. Among 1,000,000 suicides of all classes, it has been found that 205 married men with children destroyed their lives; 470 married men without children; 520 widowers with, and 1,004 widowers without children.

With respect to the women, 45 married committed suicide, while 104 widows with and 238 without offspring completed the list.

On the face of things, says the Illustrated London News, it would appear that in childless marriages the number of men suicides is doubled and in women trebled. Leaving the case of actual insane persons out of count, it would also appear that in males suicide is more frequent than in females.

Equally interesting is that phase of the subject which deals with the cause. One table dealing with 6,782 cases shows one-seventh caused by misery, one-twenty-first part by loss of fortune, one-fourth third by gambling, one-nineteenth by love affairs, one-sixth by domestic troubles, one-sixth by fanaticism, and by folled ambition and remorse one-seventh and one-twenty-seventh respectively.

The geography of suicide is also of high interest. Westcott says the highest proportion in Europe is shown by the Germanic races, Saxony having "the largest suicide rate of any country." In Norway the rate was very large for a time, its decrease being attributed to the greater restrictions now laid to the liquor traffic.

The Celtic races have a low rate, and this is evinced by the figures for Ireland and Wales. Mountainous regions are said to show a lower rate than lowlands. In the highlands of Scotland and Wales and in the high areas of Switzerland suicide is rare.

Times and seasons also operate, apparently, to influence the act of self-destruction. Roughly speaking, the curve line of suicides, calculated through the year, rises from January to July, and decreases for the second half of the year. The maximum periods have been found to fall in May, June and July. I believe indeed June is found to show a marked preponderance as a suicide month.

One reason for such pre-eminence in the warm season of the year is set down as represented by the onset of hot weather affecting the system and tending to disturb the mental equilibrium of the subjects. In 1,803 cases noted in Paris the prevailing hours of self-destruction were from 6 a. m. to noon and from 2 to 3 p. m.

Perhaps one of the most curious phases of this study is revealed in the fact already alluded to—namely, that different countries appear to show preferences for different means of committing suicide from other lands. The most common European method is by means of hanging, but in Italy this mode of self-destruction is rare.

Drowning comes next in order, and twice as many women as men perish in this way each year in Europe. Shooting is frequent in Italy and in Switzerland. Cut throat is common in England and Ireland; it does not seem to constitute anywhere else a frequent mode of ending life.

Poisoning is a specially Anglo-Saxon method of suicide, we are told; while affliction by the fumes of carbolic acid gas, inhaled in a closed room, is very typical of suicide in France.

Plague of Wolves in Canada. James K. Cornwall has returned from a month's trip to the northern country beyond Athabasca Landing, writes an Edmonton correspondent. Mr. Cornwall states that the wolves are creating devastation, and innumerable loss among the settlers of the upper Peace River district.

At Dunvegan and Fort St. John more than 25,000 worth of horses have been killed by the wolves. The reason for the ravens rampage of the wolves is the scarcity of lynx and rabbits, which have died off or have migrated in large numbers.

So numerous have the wolves become and so desperate in their invasions that for the first time in the history of the North the Dogrib Indians have been unable to pay their debts at Fort Vermilion because the wolves have regularly cleared up their traps and bait and have even devoured their dogs.

Clement Paul, the celebrated hunter and trader of Hay River, killed twenty-eight wolves this winter within a radius of five miles of his cattle corral.—Toronto Globe.

Whaling as Modern Business. Whaling is a small enterprise compared with the great industry of hog ago. The old lure, oil, is scarcely thought of today, the vegetable world having so completely supplanted the leviathan in the arts. The bone's the thing. It has never been higher in price, some \$6.50 a pound today, and a right whale will average more than 25,000 pounds of bone. Two whales will yield a ship a dividend. Five is the average catch. It costs about \$15,000, including advances to the personnel, later deducted from their catch percentage, to outfit a ship for a summer in the Arctic. Often the catch is worth \$120,000, of which about \$25,000 goes to the skipper. There's money in whaling, often more than in mining and salmon canning, the north admits, and so even greater lawlessness exists than in those pursuits.

Caution. "No, I've nothing for you," snapped the woman. "Why don't you look for work?"

"Madam," responded the applicant for a hand-out, "no later than this morning I read of a man near here who starved to death while looking for work. I do not desire to annoy this hospitable community by expiring in its midst."—Philadelphia Ledger.

There are many big questions to be considered now, but in considering them, don't be a hog; don't take everything for yourself, and leave nothing for others.

Womanlike. Patience—I understand he and his wife produce songs.