VOCATION.

If I might choose my simple lot Far from town and quite forgot, All in a sheltered nook and warm. "Tis I would have a violet farm.

Ne daffodils should me entice, Nor hyacinths with their breath of spice, The tulip with her painted hood For me should wither where she stood,

Instead of sheep upon the sward, The modest violet I should herd; Instead of golden heads a-row, Should see my violet harvest blow.

Under an arch of wild, wild cloud, Below an opal mountain bowed, All in a humid world and cool, With winds and waters beautiful.

What nirs across my farm should farel 'Tis sweet where pinks and roses are, But pinks and roses hide the face Before a violet-peopled place.

No shortest day of all the year Should fade without a violet's cheer, Invisible sweetness hid within And folded up in swathes of green.

Though white and purple babes be born When Daffodil his flaming horn O'er quiet hills and vales shall sound And stir the sleepers underground;

What country bliss can equal mine, With violets for my flock and kine, With violets for my corn and store! What could a mortal wish for more?

Under a mountain pansy-dark, Loved of the eagle and the lark, And set too low for fear or harm, "Tis I would have a violet farm. -Spectator.

The Behavior of Cassy.

T was plain that thought lay very T was plain that thought lay very heavy upon the impressionable Cassy. He lounged in the long chair which was his by ancient right. His eves had dreams in them; he nursed his right leg affectionately in the way I knew so well. And presently:

"I'm a nice sort of a fool, taking things all around," he burst out of a sudden. And he sat upright and looked as though he had thrown a challenge to me and to the world.

'You shouldn't say that," said I. "Self-depreciation is the worst thing possible in these conceited days."

"I didn't come here to listen to your tinpot epigrams," said Cassy, flercely. I was not offended-I flatter myself that I have come to know Cassy-a lit-

"Very well, then. Who is she?" I asked him.

Cassy's lips moved, and I caught the word before he spoke it aloud. "Grace," he said slowly. "It's a fine name for a girl, isn't it?" The last assertively; the challenge was in his tone again.

"It certainly wouldn't be much of a name for a boy," I suggested.

He flared out anew at this, and I forced myself into my old sympathetic mood. And Cassy, growing calmer:

"Did you ever read-do you ever read children's fairy tales, where everything is right, and fits so easily into its place; where the poor student comes always to the princess, with arms held out toward her and a smile on his face. And, if there be any wicked people they go away, or die, or get out of the thing somehow, so that they can work no mischlef. And everything ends just as the poor student (and the princess) desire, and they are happy ever after?"

"I do read them sometimes."

"I sometimes think," he said, "that it is a great pity that we cannot live in that pleasant land of fairy tales. When I call now (he was applying his thought to his own particular trouble) 1 am never able to see her. The old man's all right, rather a jolly sort of chap altogether. But the mater hates me like polson. She comes into the room all smiling, and says that Grace is out, or laid up with a slight attack of whatever illness happens to be fashionable at the time. (I give her credit for being a clever woman; she varies the complaint so neatly.) And then we talk about the weather ,and the last novel, and so on, and when I go, 'So glad you called, Mr. Cassy,' and I get out onto the street. When I turn the corner I ask myself why it is not fairyland, and why I can't go back with my faithful followers and carry her in triumph from the house."

"Yet always," I reminded him, "the poor student had many difficulties to conquer."

"He did not have a Mrs. Hepworth-Smith to encounter," said Cassy.

"But she may be won over in time," I suggested.

"Not by me," said Cassy. "I'm nobody. You don't know Grace, do you?"

he added suddenly. "It is my misfortune," I returned. "Well, of course, then, you don't understand. You can't possibly under-

stand. She's-

"That'll do. I'll take Grace for granted. The point now is Mrs. Repworth-Smith, and the utter indifference of the once kind gods. You can't see her; you want to-to let her know something?" "Yes," said Cassy with deliberation.

"I think I do." "Why don't you write, then?" Cassy was aghast at my brilliant He uncuried his knee and threw himself back in the chair as a man who has east a burden from his shoulders. He said: "It's great. I never thought about that for a min-

"I'm awfully sorry, coming round and

worrying you like this. But-"I'm always glad to be of service," I responded feebly, marveling at my masterstroke of cleverness.

"Oh, nothing. Only, if you knew her -I'm sure you would understand."

drank very solemnly to the rout of Mrs. Hepworth-Smith and the complete success of the Knight Cassy.

"How long is it since I saw you last?" questioned Cassy. "Just over a week."

"A week? It seems like a month." "Why," I said, a little amazed, what's the new development?" "I wrote," said Cassy. He glared at

me, "Don't you hear me? I wrote-

"Yes," I sald. "And-" "I wrote," he repeated for the third time. He leaned forward. He stared at me as if to read a riddle. Then he receded into the chair again, disgusted with life. A long pause. "I've had no answer," he finished rather theatrically.

"My dear fellow," I said, "do you think the lady had her mind ready made up for you? I suppose-am I right?-it was not a letter to be answered offhand?"

"Offband," said Cassy with great scorn. "A week. One-two-three-five

-six-seven days." "Sometimes letters go wrong in the

post," I said. It was only a straw, but Cassy jump ed at it. I said (it was the only thing which occurred to me, and it was not good):

"Write again."

He replied: "Yes, I suppose so," indifferently.

"I wrote again," said Cassy, desolate and mournful. "It's just the same. No answer."

This time I could say nothing.

"I've had enough of this," said Cassy with emphasis. "I'm going to see a steamship Johnny I know. Big pot in a shipping office somewhere. There must be lots of places where a fellow can go and enjoy himself a bit; andwhy don't you say something?" he asked flercely.

"I'll wait just a little longer," said Cassy, later. "And if- Then I'll take a ticket for the Gold Coast, or Timbuctoo. One of those places where It's not over-healthy unless you're used to It."

"I'm done," said Cassy. "I was coming through Stafford road the other afternoon, and I met Mrs. Hepworth-Smith. I inquired after Miss Hepworth-Smith, also Mr. Hepworth-Smith. She thanked me. She said that Mr. Hepworth-Smith was in very good health, but that Miss Hepworth-Smith was rather unwell. She said:

"The doctors have advised me to take Grace abroad somewhere."

"I blurted out, 'Where?' like a fool. I felt her look across at me (you know what I mean), and she said:

"'Oh, we haven't quite decided that vet. Mr. Cassy."

"I don't know what else I said, but I know that as I said good-by to her I hesitated for a minute. I must have looked rather silly. She guessed what was in my mind.

"Grace is quite too ill to see anyone, Mr. Cassy,' was her parting shot."

Cassy finished. There was a mourn-

ful silence. "Well." I sald at last,

"It's as plain as anything to me," said Cassy. "It's just her kind way of letting me know that it's no game, And I wrote two letters-one after the other. What a supreme fool I must have looked."

"It's not so plain to me," I said. "I can't help it if you're so thickheaded," retorted Cassy.

I was not in request as that night. Everything was wrong. Things would never be the same again. So the curtain of the last act but one comes down (with slow sympathy) on the Hero Sad.

The hero in the long chair, sad and depressed beyond words. And finally he

"I'm goin' away. Next week, I think. This isn't like the others. You think it is. I tell you-it isn't."

But a week later the curtain rose

"Oh, it was great," said Cassy. "I went down to that shipping office I told you about to get catalogues and dates and that sort of thing." (Cassy was always a little vague when he was excited.) "It was a funny kind of a show, a long counter around three sides and wire railing facing you everywhere. And-you can't guess-there was a lady there, with her back toward me, arguing with a clerk. I heard her say something about Madeira as I pushed the door open, and I seemed to know the voice. There was another lady with her. It was Mrs. Hepworth-Smith and Grace. I had a good mind to bolt when I saw her-naturally-but the swing door creaked, and Grace looked across at me. And somehow (I don't know how I did it) I whispered, 'You got my letter?' and she said, 'Your letter? No.' Her mater was ragging the fellow behind the wire netting with her back toward us still. And-I don't know what else I said, or what she said, but it's all right, anyhow. Mrs. Hepworth-Smith turned round sullenly. Dick, her face was a study. 'Now, who would have thought of seeing you here, Mr. Cassy?' 'I should like my letter now, mother,' said Grace, 'if you please,' Then we went outside, and left her mater to fight it out with the poor chap

behind the wire. "He looked a bit surprised, too. And afterward we all went home to Mr. Hepworth-Smith, but he was all right at the finish."

Cassy wound up breathlessly. I congratulated him.

"And I've got to thank you," said Cassy, "for listening to me and letting me tell you things, and all that---

I said I was not aware that I had done anything, which in truth I had

He flung himself in the long chair. He remained there for perhaps ten seconds. He got up; he stood with his

And before he left that night we back to the fire, his hands in his pockets, for perhaps another ten seconds. He faced round suddenly and stared into the fire. Then he jerked his hands out of his pockets. He walked to the window and pulled the blind aside with a huge noise. Outside it was raining hard. The lamplight gleamed yellow pools in the pavement.

"Let's go for a walk," said Cassy,

"It's grand." "Why, it's raining," I remonstrated

feebly. "What's the matter with it?" he said. staring hard through the window.

"You can't possibly stop indoors-a night like this." That night he nearly dragged me off my legs. So that evidently Cassy's fairy tale had ended in the old approved

fashion.-Penny Pictorial Magazine. WOULD NOT BUILD A CHURCH.

As a Consequence He Was Compelled to buip the Country.

"Twenty-five years ago," said a min ing man, "I was in a Colorado town and one day a sheep herder came is with a report of a gold find and collected eleven of us to go with him to it to organize it into a district and stake off our claims. We got through with it too late in the day to start home again, so we camped in our blankets. We were stretched around the fire when someone proposed that we devote the time before going to sleep to telling who we were and what brought us to that remore country. Searcely a man in the party was known by his name. 'Judge' and 'Doc' and 'Parson' and 'Shorty' and 'Cockeye' and such characteristic sobriquets designing each of us. Most of the men were simply floaters and drifters, and they were there because it happened so and there was a chance to get rich quick and easy. When it came to 'Shorty's' turn to respond be startled us by the story of a tragedy in which he nad killed two men in Vermont and escaped because the sympathy of the community was with him. although not sufficiently so to permit him to remain at home. The wild West was his best opening and he had come there to end his days in whatever way he might. The story cast a gloom over the assemblage, so to speak, which was lightened somewhat by the spokesman calling on the 'Parson.'

"'Well, Parson,' he said, 'what brought you out here?

"'You've called me right,' laughed that member, 'for I was a parson. I had a place in a small town in Pennsylvania, a wife and five children and \$400 a year, with mighty dern few donation parties. I struggled along the very best I could, trying to be a Chritian under the circumstances and willing to lessen my chances to enter the kingdom of heaven by 25 per cent. for a 25 per cent. increase of pay, when the end came by my refusing to build a

"The idea of a preacher in that fix building a church seemed to be so funny that everybody laughed, and 'How was that, Parson? came from half a dozen questioners.

"'Oh,' he replied, hesitatingly, 'the congregation raised \$7,314.60 to build a church and I skipped out with it."-Washington Star.

FARM THAT FLOATS IN A RIVER.

Arsenal Island, in the Mississippi, Constantly Changing Its Position,

Many of the islands in the Mississippl River are known to be constantly changing their positions, but the most restless of them, and perhaps the most remarkable Island in the world, is Arsenal Island, now of Illinois, but sometimes of Missouri. Besides its journeys up and down the river, the Island occasionally takes a trip across the deep-water channel, consequently shifting from the Missouri to the Illinois

Major Thomas H. Handbury, of the corps of United States engineers, believes that Arsenal Island will eventually become a part of Missouri territory, and says its constant movement is easily explained. The dirt on its upper end washes away under the force of the river current and accretions form at the lower end.

Arsenal Island has also been known as Quarantine Island. Both names indicate the use to which it was put between 1850 and 1867, when a quarantine station and the United States arsenal were maintained there. But Arsenal Island is the official name and is used in all land grants and deeds that

have been made with reference to it. The island is the property of J. S. Pittsfield, of Illinois, but is leased by Joseph R. Jobin, who lives upon it. His house is in the midst of a pretty grove of willows, elms, sycamores and cottonwoods at the upper end of the island. It is a modest little one-story building with five rooms, which are very clean and comfortable. It is surrounded by storage-houses and poultry yards. Stretching away from the grove are many acres of fertile land, which is in an excellent state of cultivation. The proprietor told a reporter of the Post-Dispatch that his hope is to convert the place into a stock ranch. Since he landed there in 1893 he says that more than fifty acres have been washed from its upper end and fully as many acres have been added to its lower end.

Since 1853 Arsenal Island has moved southward 8,000 feet.-St. Louis Post-

A Feminiae Trait.

Mrs. Hoon-"They say that Mrs. Swiftsmith is greatly troubled with insomnia."

Mr. Hoon-"Yes; I understand that she discovered the fact a week or so ago that her husband talks in his sleep, and she hasn't slept a wink since for fear of missing something."-Harper's Bazar.

Some people are chronic liars, but the dumb man always keeps his word.

TEACHES EVERY SCHOOLGIRL TO BE A HOUSEWIFE

British Government Has Begun Building Additions to Each Public School for an Extraordinary Departure in Up-to-Date Education.

London is not so slow. It made on

the first Monday in July a departure

that may astonish the school boards in most American cities, and if the experiment turns out as expected, the London schoolgirl will become collectively the best trained housewife in the world. The best assurance of the importance of this movement is that the British Government is the "mover"-the sluggish, unenthusiastic old Government that really takes a long time to adopt new ideas and learn new tricks, but when once it gets them learned will go on forever conscientiously doing them

intricate plan, until it is called off. It was comparatively a long time ago that somebody high up in British edu-

without missing a detail of the most

LONDON NOT SO SLOW, with learning to care for what in Ento clean the sink, to shine the pots and pans, to scour the knives, even to polish shoes. From this humble start practice and theory go hand in hand. Suppose the drainage pipe gets clogged up. The children not only will be taught how to flush the pipe or even take the sink apart, but what are the hygienic reasons that make it necessary. These reasons will be set down in notebooks, too, and soon after it will be the subject of a written examination, which might also deal with the fascinating subject of lamp cleaning or the care of garbage.

A part of every one of the present 'centers" is fitted up as an ordinary workingman's dwelling. In the room just above there may be devices most elaborate and costly for cookery and other household work, but in this department there is nothing but the ordinary atensils that would be found in the poorest family's kitchen. The girl students invent a mythical family, even specifying the ages of its various members; then, having decided that the family cannot afford a dinner to cost over, say, a shilling, they draw up several bills of fare within that modest limit. Then they take buskets on their arms and visit grocers and butchers.



ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW COOKERY SCHOOLS.

arranged that every child shall be obliged to go to school. If the girls have taught them to cook; now they won't learn unless we teach them, and so, in every odd corner that the Loudon School Board could discover, a schoolkitchen was opened and the girls were taught there. After a while, somebody else, also much esteemed as an educator, remarked that laundry work was almost as important as cookery and that it ought to be taught, too, and straightway a whole series of little laundries was opened and equipped,

Sometimes the kitchen and laundry were in the same building, but more often they were not; and they were hardly ever in a school building proper, and so when it came time to switch the girls off from the multiplication table and verbs and ask them to consider the hasty pudding or the froning board, the class had to put on its hat and adjourn to the "center," as the laundry-kitchen places are called, perhaps blocks away. But in spite of these disadvantages all the little schools have prospered and are doing a remarkable work.

In fact, with increased Government

in cookery and laundry work that it

seemed a pity they didn't understand

the other details that make up "home

management" as well. The School

Board asked for a grant for this pur-

pose, but the Government frowned.

Undaunted, the board arranged to

teach "housewifery" anyway, and did.

They have made such a success of it.

too, that the Government relented a

while ago and made a new grant, as re-

The board knew exactly what it

wanted to do with this grant. It laid

plans at once to build an addition to

every public school in London, wherein

all of the pupils who were lucky enough

Most of the girls will begin at 11

years of age, and begin at the bottom

quested.

of "centers."

week for three years.

cational circles said: "Well, now we've | bargaining for the provisions they need with a prudence and economy that would have delighted even Poor Richhad been at home, their mothers would ard. Once home again with their supplies, they proceed to cook them, and not only plan to make every scrap go as I think we'd better be about it." And far as possible, but to use up anything that may have been left over on the tions ahead of the thin woman day before. The stove has already been polished and the fire laid.

Some of the girls stay to dinner, eat the things, clear away and wash up. The menu is hardly ever the same two days running, for the girls are equal either to a banquet or a meal of gruel. They learn which foods are the most nourishing and give them the prefer-

In the laundry conters the girls wash clothes and Iron them; their own, mostly, brought from home. The garments look white and neut, and there is a graceful promise in the fact, for the grumble, boarders with hig appear English washwoman of to-day is the and all that sort of thing." Nemesls of your linen. Apparently there is nothing whatever in the way of household management that these girls don't learn. The girls are taught 'got yesterday. A young fellow, mil home nursing, too. In a room one was seemed to have so much most found in bed and two behind were charged him \$2 more a week that propping her up with an arrangement of my other boarders. But, my composed of two chairs, while another can certainly eat. Had brestful grants, more and more experienced girl changed the sheets. Another was

TRUMPET CALLE Horn Sounds a Warning Ret to the Unredeemed. SP HEY Who was with God cann

The man who is never weary in vie ar and a think doing does nothing well.

Dreams of biguess are not visions greatness.

small loop-hole.

The only safe way to climb lifered der is to keep looking up.

New truths will always break to bottles that held old thoughts. Recreation is of the Creator, but as

devil turns it into desecration. There is no tree more fruitful to the cross planted in the beart. Locality is not so potent as len a

making a health-giving climate. In the measure in which you my am not my own," all things been YOURS. If everything was done to the glays

done and a good deal more see plished. There are some Christians who as be pinched everywhere but in the pai

God there would be a good delia

et without feeling pain, A man's profession is like a ton tion; it is not a house, but it given

a good idea of what it will be. Theological changes do not affers vine truth any more than traces

books affect the shape of the same If you depend on the price pays your redemption you must not fee that the purchase makes you Golipa session. CHARGED THE BOARDER EXTE

But the Landlady Found She be

Overreached Herself. They were seated together had

of an incoming suburban train a other morning, so near to The Same er that he could not avoid bear every word of their conversation in fat woman got on the train two

"Well, how do you do?" the life began, effusively, as soon as this dropped into the seat alongside of a former. "Why, how do you do! ! glad to see you. Didn't know I same to take boarders since I saw yould did you?"

The fat woman admitted her ign ance on that subject. "Well, I have," continued the fi

woman. "How do I like it? Wall has its draw-backs; lots of 'en." "Yes, I suppose it must have s sented the fat woman. "Boarden's

"My, talking of boarders with appetites," rejoined the this was "You ought to see the new heart

the house this morning. What del think of sending out for chops if times, hot cakes twice, and coffee a he must have swallowed five on least. Then the potatoes he ats w enough for three ordinary men is dreamed there could be so much is put inside of such a small man. course, it made me nervous all the he was eating. Why don't I fell he mustn't ent so much? Why, 1 want to lose him, don't you mi stand? I'm making money off dis all right, but goodness knows let ries off the prize for big eating. 0 out and see him some time. It's at your while, I'll guarantee you."

"She'll be too late, madam," in posed a young fellow who, sitting seat to the rear of the two women remained unnoticed by them. "I believe I'll return to your house! more. It doesn't exactly suit me, way. The money I paid you is vance, including the \$2 overwill pay you well for the trouble? expense I've put you to. Good no ing; I get off here." It was fully five minutes after

train pulled away from the statist fore the woman spoke, and all she WAS:

"Well, who'd a thought it?"-Pa delphia Inquirer.

Seedless Fruit

Apples, pears, grapes, and a fruits produce individuals at times are coreless or seedless. As a gran rule in these cases the resultant is smaller than in normal coult The value of these abnormal forms pends on the uses to which the be put. No special value has res. from the seedless apples or pears the grapes the seedless raisins and rants fill a useful place in culina?

-Mechan's Monthly. Great Zoological Garden New York's zoological gardens be the largest in the world, comp within its boundaries no less that acres. The next largest is at ington, which has 168 acres. The liu garden has 60, the Paris garies and the London garden 31 acres

"What are you worrying about se Worrying. "I belong to the Don't World and can't pay my dues."-Net ! Truth.

LONDON SCHOOLGIRLS IN THE LAUNDRY CLASS teachers and general abiding enthusi- sitting placidly in a chair while an imasm, girls were coming out so skilled aginary wound in the hand, apparently of a most alarming and painful nature, was being put into bandages by a little tot of some 11 or 12 years, and across the room another serious case of an imaginary injured head was being treated with great skill and unconcern. Boys are left entirely out of the

School Board's scheme. But at the National Training School, where a good many of the teachers of housewifery are educated, there was a class of urchins from the East End all busy with pots and pans in the hope of becoming chefs when they graduate.

Old at of Vegetab es.

Onloas and cucumbers are two of the to be girls should be taught every very oldest known vegetables. Like branch of housekeeping under one roof, peas the Egyptians grew them at least wiping out altogether the old system thirty centuries ago. Indeed, to the onion belongs probably the honor of The first outward and visible sign of being the first vegetable primeval man the scheme as perfected is a small stone ever made trial of. Onlons are not building up in New Kent road, which found growing wild anywhere, but a was formally opened by Lady Londonkind of leek is not uncommon in derry, and began business on July 1. Southern Siberia, which is very like The course covers half a day every the Welsh national emblem.

> Some people have a way of doing nothing that makes you mad.

to lift up the world is to in up Christ. There h great differen between a sele The empty barrel soon falls to pien A glant sin may tire through a re-

wander.

The best rest is not a fear

but a defense.

The best was