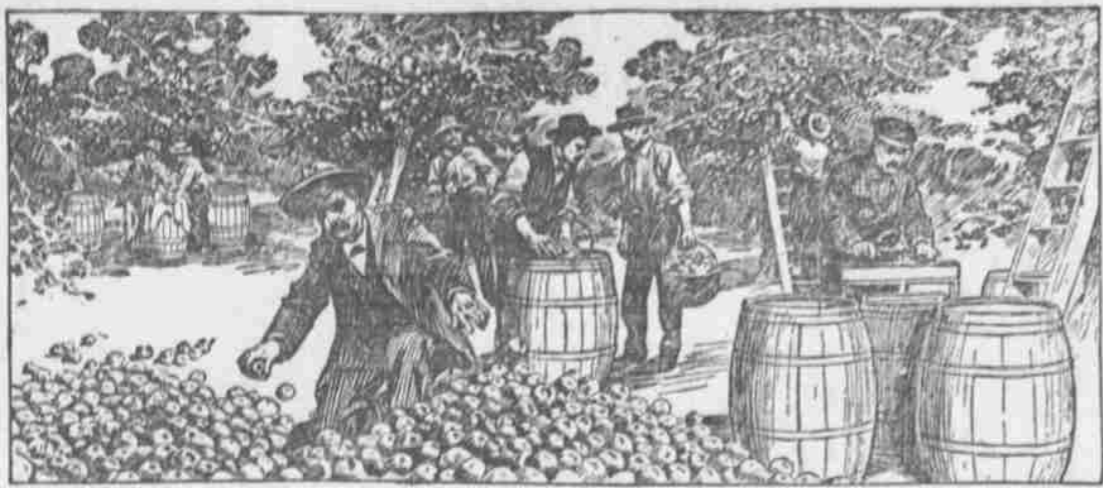


GATHERING AND PRESERVING THE WINTER APPLE SUPPLY.



PICKING, SORTING AND PACKING APPLES FOR COLD STORAGE.

AMERICAN apples took the highest prize at the Paris exposition, and the great superiority of our fruit over any raised in Europe has long been admitted. We have, especially in our northern tier of States, just the right combination of soil and climate for producing apples of the finest flavor, high color and good keeping qualities; but the northern grown American apple also owes its fame abroad to the great care taken in packing it for market. Rapid transit, low rates for freight and, above all, ample facilities for cold storage (by means of which fruit may be kept until well into the winter and toward spring, when prices are highest)—all have combined to make apple culture very profitable of late.

When the apple gathering season is at its height, the growers are visited by the agents of city packers, who are in the orchards as soon as the extent of the crop has been determined and ready to contract for the best fruit on the trees. It must be hand-picked, ripe and sound, but not mellow. Selecting the grade contracted for, the packer's expert first lays two courses of apples at the bottom of a barrel, his assistant emptying in a bushel slowly without bruising, shaking them up smartly, another loaded and another shaking succeeding, until the barrel is two-thirds full.

The last and third bushel is packed in by hand, two courses being left above the top of the barrel. The problem then is to fit in the head in spite of the heaped up apples, and this is accomplished by means of a press, a simple but powerful affair constructed of two uprights made of one and a quarter inch steel bent at the ends to fit under the bottom of the barrel and resist the pressure which comes from a screw head fastened to the other end. At the bottom of the screw is a movable pressure bar the exact diameter of the barrel at the top, and beneath this the head is arranged above the apples. Gentle

but persistent pressure is then applied until the fruit is forced inside the barrel and the head in place, when it is firmly nailed, and the apples are ready for storage.

For two or three months after packing there is sufficient resistance from within the barrel to hold the head in place, but after that the apples shrink, and at the end of six months, if still in storage, the packer opens the barrel and fills it as in the first instance. Expert packing makes the difference between a full and a "slack" barrel, which is also the difference between profit and loss when the fruit is auctioned off abroad, say at Liverpool, for the "slacks" bring only one-fourth to one-eighth the price of full ones.

A barrel costs the packer about 35 cents delivered at the orchard, the fruit to fill it \$1 for No. 1 grade, the cost of sorting, packing, freight from orchard to storage and other incidentals bringing the total up to quite \$2 per barrel. Freightage across the ocean, say from New York to Liverpool, varies from 40 to 70 cents per barrel, to which must be added the cost of commissions and incidentals.

The first American apples are said to have gone across the Atlantic with the old Ben Franklin in 1794, and their flavor as appreciated by the British taste that they were in great demand at fourpence each. More than fifty years ago the famous Newton Pippins sold in London at \$21 per barrel, the nobility scrambling for them at a guinea a dozen. Just at present the full flavored Baldwin and Ben Davis varieties are in high favor, foreign tastes running to color and shape as much as to fine eating qualities. In foreign shipments, above all, the keeping quality of the fruit is to be considered, as it is well known that a single "mushy" apple will spoil a whole barrel full.

CLOSE CALCULATION.

Hardships of "Boarding Around" in the Olden Times.

It is within the memory of many middle-aged people that the custom of school teachers "boarding around" was the usual thing in country districts. Although a custom which the teachers seldom liked, it is doubtful if many of them had as hard a time as a young schoolmaster who described his experience in the New England Galaxy for 1817. The article was written by Leonard Athorp, then an undergraduate of Bowdoin College. The young schoolmaster was to receive fifteen dollars a month and his board.

From the first day I perceived that I was at board on speculation, and at the mercy of a close calculation, he writes. One day the whole dinner consisted of a single dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, which in cooking shrunk to the size of pipe-stems. There were five of us at table.

A few days afterward, on my return from school, my eyes were delighted by the sight of an animal I had never before seen. It was a raccoon, which the young man, Jonathan, had killed and brought home in triumph. When skinned he seemed to be one entire mass of fat, and of a most delicate whiteness. I was overjoyed, and went to bed early to dream of delicious steaks which the morrow would bring.

Long before daylight I heard the family stirring, and the slartry of quick footsteps and the repeated opening and shutting of doors all gave assurance of the coming holiday.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at table I observed that the place of Jonathan was vacant.

"Where is Jonathan?" I asked. "Gone to market," said they. "Market! What market, pray? I did not know there was any market in these parts."

"Oh, yes," they said, "he is gone to—about thirty miles to the southward of us."

"And what has called him up so early to go to market?" "He is gone," said they, "to sell his raccoon."



Hypnotizing by mechanical means is the novelty of M. Leduc, who uses a bidirectional electric current with 150 to 200 interruptions per second.

A "dry" accumulator, from English makers, is transparent, unbreakable and non-spilling, the acid solution being replaced by an almost solid electrolyte.

Remains of a pre-Columbian sacrifice or signal station on the top of the Nevada de Chama at a height of 29,000 feet, are one of the Nordenskiöld expedition's late finds in northern Argentina.

A suggested new American industry is the making of fish flour. In Norway, at seasons of abundance, the flesh of fresh fish is dried and pulverized by special apparatus, and the highly nutritious product can be kept and easily transported.

The American built Oroya Railroad in the Peruvian Andes attains the greatest elevation reached by any railroad in the world. At one point it passes through a tunnel 15,955 feet above sea level. This is nearly 1,500 feet higher than Pike's Peak, and but little over 100 feet less than the elevation of Mont Blanc.

The Oroya Railroad also enjoys the distinction of having cost more per mile than the great majority of railroads. It is 128 miles long and cost \$43,000,000. The many tunnels, bridges and viaducts presented difficult engineering problems.

The recent volcanic cataclysm in the islands bordering the Caribbean Sea has awakened fresh interest in the geological history of that part of the earth's crust. Prof. J. Milne, the great English authority on seismic phenomena, remarks that the ridge on which the islands of Martinique, St. Vincent and their neighbors lie is a line of weakness characterized by unusual instability. Geology points backward to a time when the Isthmus of Panama was submerged, and when a belt of land, spoken of as "Antilla," connected North and South America along the eastern border of the Caribbean Sea. But, like the fabled Atlantis, this land has sunk out of view, and only a line of islands marks its site.

The hydraulic mining cartridge of James Tonge, Jr., is designed to replace explosives in mines liable to contain fire-damp. It consists of a steel cylinder twenty inches long by three inches in diameter, across which are arranged a series of eight small electric caps, and in use the cartridge is pushed up into a drill hole in the coal and hand pumps force water into the cylinder, driving out the rams.

A pressure of three tons per square inch can be readily obtained. In about ten minutes the rams bring down the coal in large pieces, and with much less waste in dust and fragments than when explosives are used. A test of two years has shown the cost to be about the same as ordinary mining. But the coal is more valuable, and the dangers are greatly lessened, many deaths resulting yearly both from accidents with explosives and from the igniting of explosive gases. The British Society of Arts has found the cartridge worthy of an important prize.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.
Opinions of Young Men as to What She Should Be.

The majority of young people, in speaking of the ideal woman, refer to the woman of poetry and romance, and as Mary Wilkins says, "a pedestal is altogether too shaky a place to place any human being."

So we use the term in its practical and more definite sense, making the subject more real and giving the ordinary girl a hope of emulating her.

Not long ago a certain clergyman sent out questions to young men all over the country, and to a few young women, asking them for their conceptions of the ideal young woman. The answers were from men in all walks of life—professional and commercial—amid the din of city life and from quiet country homes. From these answers we are glad to note that the young men generally do the subject justice and speak in a kind and brotherly manner.

The one clear-cut wish of the young man is that his life companion may be a housewife, with all that the term implies, while not denying the importance of education, this must not be merely ornamental, but of the kind to fit her as a home provider and enable her to take her place as an every-day worker in this very busy world.

The young men do not object to her knowledge of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, but they require her to know of the decline and fall of the people by whom she is surrounded.

More dolls have no place in woman's work and women's hands are more beautiful after they have been soiled by useful employment.

As to the subject of morals, the young men say, that to have one standard for men and another for women is a relic of barbarism; and a doctrine that has no place in modern times. The rigid rule that keeps a girl at home evenings should also restrain a boy from wandering around the streets or country at unseemly hours; the evil effects of this conduct tell on the one as much as the other.

All the answers require a girl to be a Christian; and many of them speak of special objections, such as card playing, wine drinking, dancing, but with the exception of wine drinking, these open up too wide a field of discussion, and the opinions of parents are controlled largely by the particular society in which they have been brought up or the locality where they reside—what might be right in one section would not be tolerated in another, unless it be wine drinking, about which there cannot be two opposite opinions among right thinking people.

In older times parents stood out against the education of girls, but nowadays the danger is of running to the opposite extreme—the education of mere adornment. To many of the girls the business of their husbands or brothers, the way they vote and their cares and worries have scarcely any

interest for them, so long as they can dress well.

We have not given the ideal woman from the young girls' point of view; but one sensible girl expresses it in a few words, she asks to be judged by the same standard by which she judges young men, "and, allowing for sex, let her have all the liberties which a young man ought to have."

So then we can certainly say that the essential idea in young men's minds of true womanhood is her ability to make a home—in a palace or a cottage—in affluence or in poverty—she is the one who makes it—or as a true mother and wife gives it: "We had a home long—housewife."

TEACHING TARS TO SWIM.

French Sailors Are Poor Swimmers—How They Are Instructed.

The tars of the French navy are learning to swim.

Moreover, they are learning on land, or rather on board ship, and when they first hit water are supposed to have the elements of natation down pat enough to keep them afloat and moving.

The methods of the naval officers are scientific and the innovation in itself is unique. Incomprehensible as it may seem, all sailors are not swimmers. In fact, it is absolutely known that there are fewer good swimmers, in proportion, on board ship than on land. Why this is so it is almost impossible to say, just as it is equally difficult to account for the fact that sailors are usually poor swimmers as compared with landmen. But the French navy is intent on having its fighting men scientific swimmers, and to make them so they teach by scientific methods.

The best thing to be taught in it is what is called a "swing," but, when there are not enough swings to go round, the French sailor uses a chair. In this swing, or on the chair, they lie as though they were in the water. Then, under the eye of the swimming master, they go through their maneuvers.

It is popularly supposed that a swimmer propels himself with his hands and arms or the feet, but he doesn't. This is the first thing taught. A scientific swimmer uses his hands and feet to ballast himself, as it were. He keeps afloat with them. The motive power is created by the way he uses his legs. First the tar is taught to draw his legs up as far as he can, like a frog, which leaves a diamond-shaped opening between them. All this time he is keeping himself afloat with his hands and feet. Then he is taught to shoot his legs back together, exactly as a frog does in swimming. By this maneuver the "wedge" of water between his legs is forced out and the swimmer springs ahead. It is the same motive force that sends one over the ice when "sculling" on skates.

Then the French swimming master and a couple of assistants, says the Detroit News-Tribune, hitch a rope around the beginner's waist and pitch him overboard.

MEN WHO DELIVER MAIL.

Heart Tragedies that Line the Route of Letter Carriers.

"Tell you a story? Why, yes, I might tell a good many stories if that was in my line." The gray carrier blew a pearly wreath of smoke upward and flicked the dead ash from his cigar, says the Denver News. "Let me see. There's an old lady on my route down in Alabama who sits knitting the live-long day by the front room window. Every morning and afternoon when I whistle at the door of her next door neighbor she lays down her knitting and peers with a tired, eager face out of that window until I go by. She's got a boy somewhere out West. He doesn't write to her twice a year. Yet twice each day the whole year through she sits there with that anxious look, waiting, waiting, waiting. I feel a twitch at my own heart every time I pass by and see the look of expectancy fade into disappointment. Sometimes I'd give \$50 to be able to stop and give her five lines from that good-for-nothing boy of hers for whom she's waiting out her heart."

"That reminds me," said a younger man who heard the gray carrier's story, "of a pretty baby on my route in a Louisiana city. She's a dainty tot about 4 or maybe 5 years old. She has blue-gray eyes like a wood violet that look a fellow straight to the heart. Some little girls can do that after they are older. This tot's mamma died six months ago, and for a month after ward she used to come tripping down the walk to meet me with a little white note in her hand, and looking me to the heart out of those big, trusting eyes, she would say: 'Mr. Postman, won't you please take this letter to my mamma in heaven?' I used to take the dainty missive from the wee pink hand. I couldn't tell her how far away her mamma was. One day she came with out a letter and there was pain in the great, sweet eyes. 'Mr. Postman, baby wants a letter from mamma. Please, Mr. Postman, tell my mamma she wants some letters, too,' and, boys, every day for a week I had to pass that baby with the pain in the gray-blue eyes, and I wondered the angels did not find some way how to make her baby heart understand."

A Marked Woman.

Surpassing fair she was, and yet Grim Fate had snared her in its net— A price was on her head! And as she walked among the crowd, Some sneered, some even laughed aloud, For Charity was dead.

Her fair cheek mantled with dismay, For walking forth that summer day To bow at Fashion's shrine, She found that on the hat she wore, A printed slip the legend bore: "Reduced to forty-nine."

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not in the Trust.

"What's that?" queried the old hen, as she observed a strange plant in the garden.

"That," replied the gray goose, "is what they call an egg plant."

"An egg plant, eh?" observed the old hen. "Well, they say that competition is the life of trade, but I'm getting too old to take any chances, so I'll nip this in the bud."

Every mother's pet wishes when he is grown that the money had been saved for him that was spent on photographs when he was a baby.



Immortality.—The instinct of immortality is in us.—Bishop C. D. Fosk, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

Selfishness.—The greatest sin in the world is selfishness.—Rev. C. M. Herald, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

New Religious Era.—The present time promises a new religious era.—Rev. A. P. Doyle, Roman Catholic, New York.

Protection.—Capitalists demand protection at the cost of the poor.—Rev. Dr. McCollister, Universalist, Detroit, Mich.

God's Reign.—God's reign is one of law and order, not one of lawlessness and vice.—Rev. C. M. Roberts, Episcopalian, Philadelphia, Pa.

Proper Living.—True religion is the proper living of life by any man at any time and anywhere.—Rev. H. L. Canfield, Universalist, Akron, Ohio.

The Home.—The foundation of civilization and the cement of moral society is the family idea crystallized in the home.—Rev. G. B. Stair, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brotherhood.—In the masses there is a great human heart, full of the divine feeling that throbbeth and bleed on the cross. This feeling is brotherhood.—Rev. F. E. Hopkins, Congregationalist, Chicago, Ill.

From the Government.—All organizations of capital and labor get their right to exist from the government, and it is folly to say that the government can do nothing.—Rev. Dr. Lee, Presbyterian, New York.

Good for Something.—It is a good thing to be good, it is a better thing to be good for something. To be reckoned in the world's account as a cypher is a deplorable thought.—Rev. Dr. Baber, Universalist, Boston, Mass.

The Religious Ideal.—The most exalted ideal is the religious one which treats man not only as a physical and moral being, but teaches his relations to God, both for the present and for all eternity.—Rev. J. D. Freeman, Baptist, Toronto, Canada.

Life's Experience.—The doctrine of a continuity of life's experience and purgatory and discipline till every stain is washed from the believing soul in nowise lends encouragement to any delay in choosing Christ.—Rev. J. C. Smith, Independent, Indianapolis, Ind.

Thrift.—Few Christians, if any, would be unwilling to incur the soil risks of riches if only they might have the riches. Private covetousness goes too often by the good name of thrift. Wealth is a public peril to-day.—Rev. P. Barr, Episcopal, New Bedford, Mass.

More than a Hobby.—Religion means more than a hobby. It is not a social reform alone, and yet it includes all reforms. Neither a Prohibitionist nor a preacher comes up to the grand broad freedom of the wide truth the master announces. Rev. C. W. Bird, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

Christian Religion.—I affirm, by the teachings of all history, that it is the timbers of the Christian religion, the trees of the Lord, sending their roots down into the clefts of the rocks of ages, that saves society from the avalanche of selfishness and sin.—Rev. R. F. Coyle, Presbyterian, Denver, Colo.

Bring Righteousness.—No revival is greater needed now than the revival that will bring righteousness to men and make them fear God. There are many who may not be concerned about the guilt of the past, because they have forgotten it, but forgetfulness is not forgiveness.—C. H. Yatman, Evangelist, New York.

Instinctive Will.—We are assured that man's instinctive life is of wider range and of more importance than that of any animal. One of his instincts is the instinctive will to know. To know something heretofore unknown in the wide universe is a sufficient good.—Rev. Dr. Chadwick, Unitarian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

One Way.—There is but one way for us to come under the power of Christ, with all that means for our enlightenment, the realization of our holiest aspirations; and that is to come under the power of the cross. To believe that for the love of us Christ died is to come under the constraints of love.—Rev. Dr. Raymond, Schenectady, N. Y.

Duty of the Hour.—What is the duty of the hour? It is our duty not to speak any idle words, to refrain from unwise counsel and inconsiderate speech, knowing that in the day of judgment, which in a very real sense is this present hour, we shall give an account of our stewardship.—Rev. F. L. Phalen, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

Christian Economics.—The law of Christian economics is that every man should seek the welfare of his brother, the law of pagan economics is every man for himself. In the present strike both the contestants are strong and the public is weak; both ought to seek the welfare of the many.—Rev. Dr. Bradford, Congregationalist, Montclair, New Jersey.

Will.—Will gives purpose to life and firmness to character if rightly exercised. Man needs more than a will to be a man. A strong will may be a blessing or a curse, as it is allowed to run its own course or is influenced by the other faculties of the mind. It determines all our voluntary actions.—Rev. D. Overton, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

What Can Be Done with English.—The following paragraph is from a Korean newspaper published in English: "Seoul, Corea, May 23, 1902. Lately the police headquarters ordered to forbid the servants, etc., to run the horses fastly on the big streets, as they sometimes pressed the children down and hurted them on the ground and the police stopped a mappoo running a horse hardly on its back, but a number of soldiers came along quietly and captured the police away."

Life is worth living a great deal better than most of us live it.

"TALKED ABOUT."

The neighbors talked about her nearly everywhere they met; They talked about her till she died; they talk about her yet.

The high and low all spoke of her, as did the old and young; And every gossip tossed her name upon her simple tongue.

'Twas she who kissed the baby first and blest its happy birth;

'Twas she who helped to guide its feet through all the paths of earth.

'Twas she who watched beside the bed whereon the dying lay,

'Twas she who soothed the stricken friends when one was called away.

The neighbors talked about her nearly everywhere they met;

They talked about her till she died; they talk about her yet.

They talked about her wondrous hands, her heart so full of love,

And now the angels talk of her who dwells with them above.

—Nixon Waterman.

IN THE DARK

I went one morning to Polsey to see a little house to which I had fallen heir, and, after breakfast, I took my keys to the family attorney. As I was about to leave the office, the head clerk called to me to his desk and said: "There is also some money coming to you from your uncle's estate. Six thousand francs. Here it is."

The surprise was most agreeable to me. I took the blue bills and slipped them into my pocket-book without counting them. Because of this delay, I had to hurry to get to the station in time. Fortunately, the train was late. It pulled in just as I stepped on the platform. Seeing an empty compartment, as I supposed, I hurriedly entered it.

As I sat down, I saw that I was not alone. A lady sat in the right-hand corner of the seat facing me. I drew back as far as possible in the left-hand corner, not because of suspicion, as I had already forgotten my windfall, but in order to stretch out and reflect at my ease.

The lady was young, beautiful, and elegant. A dark blue traveling-dress of a correct cut set off her slender, graceful figure. Masses of golden hair rippled back under a dark-blue felt hat, trimmed with a band of ribbon and a quill. A dainty patent-leather shoe was visible below the hem of her skirt. A watch with some coquetish trinkets hung from her belt, while a bangles bracelet on her left wrist indicated a pretty feminine vanity. A gold-handled umbrella in its sheath, leaned against a cushion near her. From my observation, I gained an impression of sober luxury, a trifle English in its rigor. A newspaper lay on the lady's lap, and she was reading it with such perfect unconsciousness of my surveillance that I could not even see the color of her eyes.

After we had left the Malsons Laiffie station, the thought occurred to me to read over some letters which I had merely glanced at in the morning. I put my hand in my pocket to get them, and I felt the pocket-book. A feeling of pleasure came over me at the remembrance of my bequest, and I could not resist a childish desire to handle my little fortune. I took the bills from my purse and, in the perfect security of the closed compartment, I counted them without the slightest suspicion of being watched. The six thousand francs were there. I folded the money up, put it back into the pocket-book, and, with my usual heedlessness, laid the purse down beside me with the letters I was going to read. I now took these up, one by one, read them, and tossed them back on the seat.

I was soon made aware, by the vibration of the coach, that we had reached the Asnières Bridge. The young woman folded up her newspaper, and, without glancing in my direction, began slowly and composedly to unlace the gloves on her right hand. Finally she drew it off. We were about to reach our destination. It was not the time for removing one's gloves,

Still the act did not impress me at the time. I merely admired the slim, nervous hand, with its tapering fingers. The girl clasped and unclasped them with marvelous agility, as if they were numb from their bondage. The shadow of the great wall of the Batignolles soon fell upon our car, and I noticed that the lantern was not lighted. A moment afterward, with a confused rumbling of wheels and rails, we entered the tunnel.

Soon I fancied I heard—the sound was barely perceptible in the general fracas—a slight rustling among the papers at my side. Careless as I usually am, it is a wonder that the sound attracted my attention, and still more of one that I thought of my pocket-book. By some intuition, however, I did so.

Not intentionally, but with an instinctive, rough gesture, of which I should have been ashamed in the daylight, I forcibly threw both my hands over the scattered papers and pressed them down with all my might. Then, with a start, I felt something more under the pile, like an animal in a trap trying to escape by twisting, turning and pulling. I bore down all the harder. Just then the train whistled shrieked out. The speed slackened and we came to a standstill in the blackness of the tunnel. For a moment, I experienced a veritable nightmare. With a rustling and tearing of papers, the struggle continued, silently but fiercely.

After having wriggled and turned desperately in every direction, like a strangled reptile, the hand, crushed under my palms, lay quiet. I saw nothing, heard nothing, not even a breath. I knew, however, that my companion was on the alert, noting my every movement. Suffocated by emotion and wearied by the tension on my nerves, I waited for the daylight for deliverance.

After a period of time, very short, probably, but the length of which I could not estimate, the train began to move slowly. My relief at this was so great that my whole being involuntarily relaxed from its tension. This was evidently expected, for the hand again tried to free itself, not by violent jerks this time, but by a strong, steady pulling. I felt it slipping along, little by little, under the papers. I imprudently raised my palm a bit to get a fresh hold. When I again bore down, I clasped only my pocket-book. The hand had escaped. I knew not when nor how.

I hastily opened the purse, felt that its contents were there, then put it into my vest pocket and stupidly crossed my arms over it.

At last a gray light penetrated into the compartment, followed by the bright light of day. My first glance was at the lady opposite. She sat in exactly the same place, with the same air of haughty indifference. Nothing about her toilet was disarranged in the least. Not a fold of her dress seemed to have been moved. The newspaper lay folded in her lap, the gold-handled umbrella leaned against the portiere, the patent-leather top protruded slightly below the hem of her skirt.

She looked pale, however, and her eyes were bent on her right hand, as she slowly laced up her glove. It truly seemed as if I were waking from a dream. And what proof could I offer to the contrary?

The train stopped and the platform was on my side. The lady rose, dropping the paper from her lap, took her umbrella, and with a perfectly composed and polite "Pardon me, sir," passed in front of me.

Feeling stupid and duped, I put out my arm to detain her. But she was already on the steps, and noticing my gesture, she turned half round, and for the first time I saw her eyes.

They were as blue as the sky and limpid and beautiful in expression. They gazed at me with so much surprise and candor that I was disarmed completely, and I let her go un molested. Had it not been for the rumpled, form papers on the seat beside me, I might have been tempted to believe that the mute but fierce duel in the dark was merely a hallucination or a bad dream.—Translated from the French for the Argonaut.

WALK ON STILTS.

A Picturesque Method of Locomotion in Southwestern France.

In southwestern France there is a department known as Landes, bordering on the Bay of Biscay, which is among the most desolate and unproductive regions in Europe. It has an area of nearly 4,000 square miles and a population exceeding 300,000. While the eastern portion of this department is fertile enough to permit of successful agriculture, the western portion consists only of desolate tracts of sand banks, marshes and swamps, covered with heath and dwarf shrubs. The inhabitants live in scattered villages of miserable huts and subsist by fishing and

hunting and the raising of swine and sheep. The latter are of a wretched breed, thus partaking of the nature of their country.

The chief peculiarity of the inhabitants is that they walk on stilts, the use of the latter greatly adding locomotion on the arid lands and salt marshy plains. Illustrative of this method of locomotion we print a picture from the Illustrated London News showing the peasants on the way to market. The inhabitants are chiefly of the Gascon race, and while rude and naturally poor they are good-natured and hospitable.



WALKING ON STILTS.

Had He Resigned Office Because He Couldn't Live On It?

One might think that a salary of \$50,000 a year, the sum paid the President of the United States, would be sufficient to keep the wolf from the door of almost any man, even though he held the exalted station of Governor General of the new Commonwealth of Australia. But Lord Hopetoun, who was appointed to that office a year ago last January, when the federation under the Southern Cross began its existence, did not think so, and therefore he threw up his commission and has recently returned to England, says Leslie's Weekly. The explanation given is that the demands upon the hospitality of the Governor General are so great that \$50,000 a year falls far short of what he needs to draw from his own income, he surrendered the job. If this is true, it would seem as if hospitality in Australia comes higher than it does in most other lands, and much too high for a country just starting out on a path of political independence. Doubtless much of the expenditure is due to needless ostentation. The acting Governor General of Australia, pending the appointment of a successor to Lord Hopetoun, is Lord Tennyson, a son of the famous poet.

A Sorrowing Kansas Widow.

In her "card of thanks" a Miami County widow, after thanking everybody else, concluded: "I also thank the band for its consoling music and Mrs. Avering, the milliner, who furnished me such becoming mourning. My dear husband's farm is for sale as soon as proper legal steps can be taken, and will be sold at a bargain. Oh, death, thou art terrible."

Why Tommy Does Not Practice, Music Teacher—I try to make of your son, so little Thomas, a grand musician, but he must help. I am 'traid he does not practice.

Mrs. Woody—No, his father gives him 10 cents a day not to.—Philadelphia Press.

FOUND A FRIEND WHEN IN NEED.

A venerable man now prominent in Western railway circles, but in his youth a comparatively poor boy in a little town in central Illinois in the thirties, told this story not long ago at a social gathering:

"I was only a boy," he said, "but I wanted to see a little of the world. My father hadn't much money, nobody had money, in fact, but he fitted me up as well as he could, with a suit of his own making, for he managed to pick up a living, even in that frontier village, as a tailor, and sent me to Springfield for a little visit. A hatter in town made me a sort of plug hat, such as nobody of this generation ever saw; and with all my belongings, except what I had on, in a little, hair-covered trunk, I went