

"THESE IDLE DAYS."

I have read from the great book of nature,
How the seasons unceasingly roll;
How the myriads of stars are unfolded
And where the heaven's wide scroll.
By night, on the heaven's wide scroll,
I have learned that their law is to labor,
That the world would be a great plain
That holds worlds upon worlds in their
Orbits,
And governs the frail life of man.

There is never a night in the summer,
So still but the dew dripping air,
Is keen with the singing of insects
At work in some cool grassy lair;
And the day, rising bright-eyed and
rosy,
From the depths of the green eastern
sea,
Trails down the western horizon,
Will be morning on some distant sea.

When winter lies chilling around us,
Each snowball, and skis under gray,
In the heart of the trees, gaunt and leaf-
less,
There is a song of the sunshine of May;
And the flowers that drooped in the au-
tumn,
Are waiting to grow up anew,
When the springtime shall smile a bright
welcome
To brooklets and grasses and dew.

So these days that seem clouded by wait-
ing,
With listless and sad folded hands,
While all of life's brightest endeavor
Has been with time's vanishing sands,
May be only some wise preparation
For a part in the infinite plan
That has governed the worlds since crea-
tion,
And considers the brief life of man.
—Boston Globe.

The Trick Was Exposed.

I WAS a young man possessed of
sufficient means to enable me to
live at my ease, when suddenly
there came a blow which scattered my
prosperity to the winds and forced me
to labor in the general struggle of gain-
ing a living.

Securing a clerkship in the house of
a creditor of our late firm, my first care
was to look up a less expensive board-
ing house. I inserted an advertisement
in several city papers, asking for reason-
able board in a strictly private fam-
ily, and received a multitude of an-
swers by next post. Out of this motley
installment of epistles, there was but
one which pleased me, and I decided
to answer that one in person immedi-
ately.

Grace Kingsley was the name of the
favored landlady writing to me, and the
letter stated that her house was
entirely private, she having no board-
ers whatever. I was much pleased
with the fair, delicate handwriting, and
an idea took possession of me that
Grace was a young and fascinating
widow. I was not disappointed when I
reached the house, and my ring at the
doorbell was answered by the lady
herself. She invited me into the par-
lor in a manner that was so courteous
and yet so modest, that I had fallen in
love with her before I even crossed the
threshold.

Before leaving my former boarding
house, a letter was handed me by the
postman, but I did not find time to
examine it until I was comfortably en-
cased in the parlor of Mrs. Kings-
ley's cosy establishment.

Opening it, I discovered it to be from
a wealthy uncle, residing in Vermont,
who regularly sent me a letter every
year, but whom I had never seen.

About a year previous my uncle
made some pressing inquiries respect-
ing my matrimonial prospects, and
stated that if I wasn't already married
I should immediately enter into the
wedded state and let him know of it
or "he would never be uncle of mine."

Now, as my uncle lived in Vermont
and I in Philadelphia, and I never
anticipated the old gentleman would
ever pay me a visit and discover the
falsehood, I wrote to him and in-
formed him that I was not only married,
but also the father of a bouncing boy.
This intelligence so pleased him that
he sent me a gold goblet and a silver
pocket-watch, to be presented to my child.
I at first sat down and wrote a very
romantic letter to my uncle, thanking
him for the present and then visited
both the jewelry store and turned
both the goblet and the spoon into cash,
which I pocketed.

I had received no further letters from
my uncle until the one which I read
in Mrs. Kingsley's parlor. The post-
script to this one not only astonished,
but absolutely frightened me. It read
as follows:

"P. S.—I have never visited Philadel-
phia, so I have decided to do so at once
and get a look at you and your wife
and child. You may expect me about
the 10th of the month."

"Good gracious!" my uncle coming to
visit me, I exclaimed, "and it is past
the 10th of the month now! I don't
know at what moment he may pop in.
When am I to do for a wife and child?"
At that moment there came a terrible
ring at the door bell, as if the man who
pulled it imagined he owned the
house and could make as much noise
as he pleased. A sickening sensation
took possession of me, for I had a mis-
giving it was my uncle.

Now, as good fortune would have it,
Mrs. Kingsley had gone out for a few
minutes and had requested me to have
an eye to her child while she was gone.
As I glanced at the cradle, and thought
of my uncle at the door, a bright idea
entered my mind. I determined in
case the visitor was my uncle to claim
the youthful occupant of that cradle as
my own.

The visitor proved to be my uncle.
I knew him by the picture of him I had
seen, and he likewise recognized me
by my photograph. After a mutual re-
cognition and handshaking, I ushered
my honored relative into the parlor and
presented to him my newly claimed
offspring.

So far I had succeeded in deceiving
my uncle, but the worst I feared was
that when Mrs. Kingsley returned she
might object to my claiming ownership
in her child. Besides, to carry out my
deception I must find a wife as well
as an infant, and Mrs. Kingsley was
the only one I could conveniently claim.
The only difficulty was to get her con-
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the only one I could conveniently claim.
The only difficulty was to get her con-
sent to the deception, and this might
be done if I could secure a private con-

versation with her before I introduced
her to my uncle.

I waited my opportunity, and gain-
ed an interview with her before she
entered the room. I told her, in a few
brief, hurried words, the extent of my
difficulty, and how I had taken the lib-
erty of acting as papa for her little one.
I then told her I must find a wife some-
where, and begged her to allow me to
introduce her to my uncle in that cap-
acity. She laughed heartily at the
suggestion, said she could comprehend
my difficulty, and consented to my pro-
posal, but warned me resolutely not to
presume upon the occurrence.

We entered the parlor, and I intro-
duced her as my better half. My uncle
was much pleased with her, and com-
plimented me upon my good choice in
the selection of a wife. Mrs. Kingsley
colored most charmingly at this com-
pliment, and I could see she could
scarcely refrain from laughing.

A short time afterward Mrs. Kings-
ley came to me, when I was alone, in
an adjoining room, and I saw immedi-
ately something very humorous must
have happened, for the corners of her
lips were breaking out into beaming
smiles.

"Do you know, sir, into what an
awkward predicament you have gotten
me?" she inquired.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why, your uncle came to me a short
time ago and asked to see my marriage
certificate, as he said he had some
money to settle upon us immediately,
but wanted to be sure everything was
right first."

"Did you expose me?" I inquired an-
xiously.

"No, sir, I did not, for I never enter
into a deception or anything else by
halves."

"Then we must lose no time," I re-
plied; "if my uncle is so anxious to
have our marriage certificate, let us
put no obstacles in his way."

HAGGIN'S GREAT HORSE FARM

Embraces Seven Square Miles of Finest
Bluegrass Land.

Millionaire J. B. Haggin is erecting
at Elmhurst, near Lexington, Ky., a
\$300,000 residence. He intends to spend
the remainder of his days in Kentucky,
and will endeavor to place so that after
his death it will be run as a breeding
establishment. He has now 4,500 acres
and is buying as fast as owners can
be induced to sell, in order to put the
establishment in a square tract. The
main tract is that which was settled
by the great-grandfather of Mayor
Carter Harrison of Chicago. The new
residence stands upon the summit of
the long slope within a hundred yards
of the old Harrison home. Hundreds
of men are working in the attempt to
have the place ready for occupancy of
the owner and his young wife by fall.



J. B. HAGGIN'S \$300,000 RESIDENCE.

Mr. Haggin's reasons for making
this his permanent residence are that
his wife, as well as himself, is a native
of the State. After his death Mr. Hag-
gin desires his widow to live in the
greatest comfort and to continue at the
head of the greatest breeding establish-
ment in the world. He will remain
the establishment "Green Hills."

The house itself stands out like a
white landmark against the sea of
green on every side, and can be seen
for miles around. In this home of his
declining years Mr. Haggin purposed
to spend a quarter of a million dol-
lars, but so many alterations have been
made since the beginning that not even
the architects can tell what the cost
will be. The house, apparently, is al-
ready on the verge of completion, but
so elaborate will be the finishing
touches that ten months or a year will
probably elapse before the mansion is
really finished.

Some idea of the estate which Mr.
Haggin intends to make of Elmhurst
may be obtained from the improve-
ments already made. The blacksmith's
and wheelwright's shops, completely
equipped, is, of course, an essential,
but on this farm the blacksmith's shop
is the central office of a complete tele-
phone system, connecting twenty-five
different points on the farm, and run-
ning to the town office of C. J. En-
right, who has the management of the
estate. A grain elevator, with machin-
ery for cracking corn and oats and
mixing them, is an institution which no
other breeding farm in the world has.

The power station, with two
large gasoline engines, will furnish
lights and electric power, and there is
now in prospect a plant involving the
expenditure of several thousands which
will cook food for the brood mares dur-
ing the season that they require it.

Many of the brood mare barns are
to be torn out and more improved ones
put in, and countless other improve-

ments on the place are in progress. Four
or five years' time will be required to
put it in the condition that Mr. Hag-
gin wishes.



STALLION BARN ON HAGGIN'S HORSE FARM.

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or five years' time will be required to
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NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

Guinea Pigs Are Fattened by the Em-
ployment of the Electric.

This is the age of electricity, so that
one is not surprised to hear that an
electric diet has been discovered.

Naturally, you would conclude that
it is designed to aid invalids of weak
digestion, but it is something of a shock
to learn that the latest scientific dis-
covery has no nobler object than the
fattening of pigs!

Certainly, there is an element of
novelty in the notion of eating electric-
ity fattened pork. Besides, from pigs
we may yet rise to higher things.

Any way, Dr. W. J. Herdman has
found out that the galvanic current pro-
motes the growth of tissue—that is to
say, the increase of flesh. It had pre-
viously been ascertained that plants de-
velop more rapidly under the electric
current and there was no obvious reason
why animals should not be equally
responsive to it. Hence the idea of
Dr. Herdman, which promises well,
though its application cannot as yet be
said to have passed beyond the expert
mental stage.

The doctor began his experiments
with guinea pigs, half a dozen of which
he put in each of two cages, taking care
that they should all be of exactly the
same age, as free from disease as pos-
sible. Around one of the cages he
strung several wires, through which
a current of electricity was passing
night and day, while nothing of the
kind was done with the other. Mean-
while, for a stated period, the animals
in both cages were fed with a precisely
equal quantity of provender of the same

kind, so that there should be no ad-
vantage in this respect on either side.
As a result, it was found that the
guinea pigs that lived in an electric
environment gained in weight during
a measured time 10 per cent more than
those in the nonelectric cage.

Dr. Herdman is confident that ordi-
nary pigs, if subjected to similar treat-
ment, would exhibit like results. He
proposes to build suitably wired pens
and to furnish the growing swine with
regular supplies of electricity, which in
the same way as was done with the
guinea pigs.

Nobody can say what may be the final
influence of this new discovery upon the
pork trade, or whether the "electric
bacon" of the future may not command
a special price in the market. The
imagination extends to almost any
lengths. Why may not the day come
when every cow in her stall shall have



J. B. HAGGIN'S \$300,000 RESIDENCE.

her private wire? And if electricity is
good for pigs, it may serve to fatten
babies, or even grown persons who are
desirous of increasing their avoirdupois,
and thus most interesting possibilities
for the improvement of the human
physique are opened up.—London Ex-
press.

Barrooms of the Bishop.

The people of England are much in-
terested these days concerning the
working of the plan of the Bishop of
Chester for dealing with the evil of ex-
cessive drinking. The Bishop thinks
that prohibition does not prohibit and
that regulation is much better. As regu-
lation has in view the evil done by
drinking, special pains are taken to
supply only the purest drinks. The
houses under the Bishop's scheme are
to have a uniform external appear-
ance, distinguishing them from ordi-
nary licensed houses, notices promi-
nently displayed that food and non-
intoxicants are supplied at popular
prices, the intoxicants to be placed at
one end of the bar and the nonintoxi-
cants at the other, with tables at which
buns, sandwiches, tea, coffee, etc., can
be served.

In villages the houses are to have
club, temperance and recreation rooms,
and where space is available a billiard
room and library, with backgammon,
drafts and similar games, are to have
also a bowling green and other counter
attractions to the bar and tap room.

The idea is that it is hopeless to try
to extinguish thirst for stimulants, but
wise to reduce the danger arising from
excess or from bad whisky and beer to
the minimum. The good of the drinker,
not the promotion of a theory, is the
main object.

To the unaccustomed a drive in the
automobile coach in which most vis-
itors decide to see Washington, is ex-

Exhilarating Exercise.

When Professor Huxley came to
America, he spent a few days at Peter-
sham with the family of John Fiske,
where the great scientist learned, for
the first time, what a tin dipper is. This
is the story as Mr. Fiske tells it in the
Atlantic Monthly:

"Once in London, in speaking about
the starry heavens, I had said that I
never could make head or tail of any
constellation except the Dipper. I added
that of course anybody must recog-
nize in that the resemblance to a dip-
per. To my surprise, one of the young
ladies asked, 'What is a dipper?'

"My effort at explanation went far
enough to evoke the idea of a ladle, but
with that approximation I was fain to
let the matter rest until that August
day in New England when, after a
tramp in the woods, my friends, the
Huxleys, quaffed cool mountain water
from a dipper, and I was told that not
only the name but the thing is a Yan-
kee notion."

It may be added that in English popu-
lar books of astronomy, and in English
speech, the constellation of Ursa Major
is known as "the plow" or "rather, as
they spell it, plough."

A Practical Parent.

"No," said Mr. Comrox, gently, "I
haven't the slightest objection to your
asking my daughter to marry you."

"Thank you!" exclaimed the young
man with a title but no cash.

"You go ahead and ask her," he pro-
ceeded thoughtfully. "I won't inter-
fere. I have given her a good education
and taught her to read the newspapers,
and if she doesn't know enough to say
'No,' why, she doesn't deserve any bet-
ter luck."—Washington Star.

Typewriter a Mascot.

One of the women typewriters in a
Broadway hotel has copied so many
successful plays that she has come to
be regarded as a mascot and supersti-
tious dramatists have been known to
wait until she was at liberty rather
than trust to operators who have not
been so much favored by chance.

The first six months after a girl has
been graduated she takes of deciding
upon some career in a tone that implies
that all she has to do is to decide, and
success follows her decision. This self-
confidence very soon gets tattered
around the edges.

A doctor never pays for a cigar at a
drug store.

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

Nonresidence within the meaning of a
statute exempting personal property of
residents, as well as under the attach-
ment law, is held, in State vs. Allen
(W. Va., 50 L. R. A. 284), to begin as
soon as a person who has formed the
intention of moving to another State
starts to leave the State, although he
has not yet got outside of it and has not
acquired any domicile or residence in
another State.

A statute taxing vendors of merchan-
dise according to the amount of their
annual sales and classifying them into
retail and wholesale dealers and de-
alers at exchanges or boards of trade,
who are taxed at different rates, is up-
held, in Kuisely vs. Cotterell (Pa.), 50 L.
R. A. 86, against the contention that it
infringes the personal liberty of the citi-
zen and violates the requirement of
uniformity and similar objections.

In case of grain grown on mortgaged
land under contract giving the owner a
fixed portion thereof for the use of the
land it is held, in Whitted vs. St. An-
thony & D. Elevator Company (N. D.),
50 L. R. A. 254, that on foreclosure
such share as falls due during the redem-
ption period and would have been
belonged to the owner except for fore-
closure will belong to the purchaser at
foreclosure sale under a statute giving
such purchasers the rents during the
redemption period.

To Confound Wise Men.

On April 1, 1901, an April Fool party
was given at Newburg, N. Y. Among
the guests were
Edw. Watkins and
a young woman whom
he had known for a
year or two. It hap-
pened also that it
was Mr. Watkins' 21st birthday. As he
finished a dance with
the young woman in
question some friends
began to banter him,
and proposed that the
couple should get married then and
there as a sort of April Fool joke on
themselves and the rest of the world.

They were willing, a minister sent for,
and the marriage ceremony was per-
formed. Mr. Watkins took his bride
home, and all the village gossips pre-
dicted that they would be unhappy and
would soon separate. By way of con-
founding their critics, almost all of
whom are dead, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins
celebrated the fifth anniversary of their
wedding on April 1, 1901, at their
home in Williamsport, Pa. Their four
children and a number of grandchild-
ren met with them to help in the cele-
bration. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins joined
the Baptist Church seven years after
they were married.

An Old, Old Story.

The stories that have for their theme
the use of finger-bowls as drinking
glasses are legion. So numerous are
they, indeed, that one would think no
body remained in the land so benighted
as not to understand the use of these
vessels, but there is at least one man
who does not.

One night, he was at a hotel the
other night, and was evidently a brand-
new bridegroom from rural parts.

His bride was with him, and both
were shy and clothed in garments that
were so painfully new they seemed to
creak when either moved an arm or a
foot.

Not one word did the couple say dur-
ing the meal, and only the elegant
prominence of the little fingers of both
as they held their knives and forks
made their table manners conspicuous
until the finger-bowls were brought on.

Then the groom took up a table nap-
kin, and to the unending amazement of
the interested spectators, began with it
slowly to slip the water from the bowl.
"Go ahead, Mandy," he said, encourag-
ingly, to his wife.

"I don't believe I care for none,
Seth," she replied, in a whisper, and
so he finished this highly seasoned
course alone.

Huxley and the Dipper.

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A doctor never pays for a cigar at a
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LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VA-
RIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the
World Over—Sayings that Are Cheer-
ful to Old or Young—Funny Selec-
tions that You Will Enjoy.

While watching the circus parade
Tastus became separated in some un-
accountable way from his sweetheart,
and he asked a policeman to help him
find her.

"What does she look like?" queried
the officer.

"Well, sah," replied Tastus, "she's—
she's a brunette, sah, with a Youslah
on her hand, an' her name's Jophee-
ny, sah."

A Literary Round Up.

"Is Stubbins the finished writer he
claims to be?"

"Yes; he was done for as soon as his
book came out."—Chicago Record.

An Easy Method.

Parke—I think, after all, I shall put
my son into politics.

Lane—How are you going to manage
his father?

Parke—Oh, get him into the army.—
Harper's Bazar.

Abnormal Destructiveness.

Phrenologist—Your lump of destruc-
tiveness is very large. Are you a sol-
dier or a pugilist?

Subject—Neither; I'm a furniture
mover.

House-Cleaning Days.

The bell knocked at the front door.
The bell was out of order.

Presently somebody was heard try-
ing to climb over the furniture in the
front hall and a woman's voice asked:

"Who is there?"

"Telegraph messenger," loudly re-