VOCATION.

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

No 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 airs across my farm should fare! '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, "I's I would have a violet farm. -Spectator.

The Behavior of Cassy.

T was plain that thought lay very heavy upon the impressionable which was his by ancient right. His eyes 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 little.

"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 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 falry 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 mischief. 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 the Hero Sad. I call now the was applying his I am never able to see her. The old | said: man's all right, rather a jolly sort of chap altogether. But the mater hates me like poison. 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 a long counter around three sides and the street. When I turn the corner I wire railing facing you everywhere. ask myself why it is not fairyland, and And-you can't guess-there was a lady why I can't go back with my faithful there, with her back toward me, argufollowers 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 no-

body. 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 understand. She's-

"That'll do. I'll take Grace for granted. The point now is Mrs. Hepworth-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 thought. He uncurled his knee and

threw himself back in the chair as a man who has cast a burden from his at the finish." shoulders. He said: "It's great. I never thought about that for a minute.

"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 done anything, which in truth I had masterstroke of cleverness. "But

"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 said. "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?"

"Offhand," 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.

PRICES I NOTES WILL "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 fiercely.

"I'll wait just a little longer," said Cassy, later. "And if- Then I'll Cassy. He lounged in the long chair 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 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

yet, 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 said 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 wrote two letters-one after the oth er. 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 thick-

hended." retorted Cassy. I was not in request as a comforter 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 in the long chair, sad and thought to his own particular trouble) 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. 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, ing 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

Cassy wound up breathlessly. I con-

gratulated 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

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

And before he left that night we back to the fire, his hands in his pock. LONDON NOT SO SLOW. with learning to care for what in Enets, for perhaps another ten secon 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

WOULD NOT BUILD A CHURCH.

As a Consequence He Was Compelled to

fashion.-Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Skip the Country. "Twenty-five years ago," said a mining man, "I was in a Colorado town and one day a sheep herder came it 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 remote country. Scarcely 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 he 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 church.'

"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 Mississippi 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 Missour! 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 Undaunted, the board arranged to proprietor told a reporter of the Post-Dispatch that his hope is to convert They have made such a success of it, tional Training School, where a good 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-Dispatch.

A Feminine 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

Some people are chronic liars, but the

TO BE A HOUSEWIFE.

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

the first Monday in July a departure that may astonish the school boards in most American cities, and if the expermy legs. So that evidently Cassy's iment turns out as expected, the Lonfairy tale had ended in the old approved don 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 specifying the ages of its various memwhen once it gets them learned will go on forever conscientiously doing them family cannot afford a dinner to cost without missing a detail of the most over, say, a shilling, they draw up sevintricate plan, until it is called off.

gland is called "the scullery"-learning to clean the sink, to shine the pots and pans, to scour the knives, even to polish TEACHES EVERY SCHOOLGIRL 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 London is not so slow. It made on 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 utensils that would be found in the poorest family's kitchen. The girl students invent a mythical family, even bers; then, having decided that the eral bills of fare within that modest It was comparatively a long time ago limit. Then they take baskets on their that somebody high up in British edu- arms and visit grocers and butchers.



ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW COOKERY SCHOOLS.

cational circles said: "Well, now we've | bargaining for the provisions they need arranged that every child shall be with a prudence and economy that won't learn unless we teach them, and I think we'd better be about it." And far as possible, but to use up anything fat woman got on the train two staso, in every odd corner that the London School Board could discover, a school- day before. The stove has already been kitchen was opened and the girls were taught there. After a while, somebody else, also much esteemed as an educa-

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 and verbs and ask them to consider the | English washwoman of to-day is the and all that sort of thing." are doing a remarkable work.

In fact, with increased Government

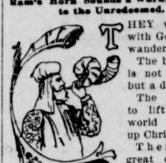
that may have been left over on the tions ahead of the thin woman. polished and the fire laid.

the things, clear away and wash up. that it ought to be taught, too, and either to a banquet or a meal of gruel. did you?" straightway a whole series of little 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, most- has its draw-backs; lots of 'em."

TRUMPET CALLS

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note



THEY who walk with God cannot wander.

The best creed is not a fence, but a defense. The best way

to lift up the world is to lift up Christ. There is a great difference between a schol-

ar and a thinker. The man who is never weary in welldoing does nothing well.

The empty barrel soon falls to pieces. Dreams of bigness are not visions of greatness.

A giant sin may fire through a very small loop-hole. The only safe way to climb life's lad-

der is to keep looking up. New truths will always break the

bottles that held old thoughts. Recreation is of the Creator, but the

devil turns it into desecration. There is no tree more fruitful than

the cross planted in the heart.

Locality is not so potent as love in making a health-giving climate. In the measure in which you say "

am not my own," all things become If everything was done to the glory of God there would be a good deal less

done and a good deal more accomplished. There are some Christians who may

be pinched everywhere but in the pocket without feeling pain. A man's profession is like a founda-

tion; it is not a house, but it gives you a good idea of what it will be. Theological changes do not affect di-

vine truth any more than traveler's books affect the shape of the earth. If you depend on the price paid for your redemption you must not forget

that the purchase makes you God's pos-CHARGED THE BOARDER EXTRA

But the Landlady Found She Had They were seated together in a car obliged to go to school. If the girls would have delighted even Poor Rich- of an incoming suburban train the had been at home, their mothers would ard. Once home again with their sup-other morning, so near to The Saunterhave taught them to cook; now they plies, they proceed to cook them, and er that he could not avoid hearing not only plan to make every scrap go as every word of their conversation. The

"Well, how do you do?" the latter began, effusively, as soon as she had Some of the girls stay to dinner, eat dropped into the seat alongside of the former. "Why, how do you do? So tor, remarked that laundry work was The menu is hardly ever the same two glad to see you. Didn't know I started almost as important as cookery and days running, for the girls are equal to take boarders since I saw you last,

The fat woman admitted her ignorance on that subject.

"Well, I have," continued the thin woman. "How do I like it? Well, it

ly, brought from home. The garments "Yes, I suppose it must have," aslook white and neat, and there is a sented the fat woman. "Boarders who girls off from the multiplication table graceful promise in the fact, for the grumble, boarders with big appetites

hasty pudding or the ironing board, the Nemesis of your linen. Apparently "My, talking of boarders with big class had to put on its hat and adjourn there is nothing whatever in the way appetites," rejoined the thin woman. to the "center," as the laundry-kitchen of household management that these "You ought to see the new boarder I places are called, perhaps blocks away. girls don't learn. The girls are taught got yesterday. A young fellow, and he But in spite of these disadvantages all home nursing, too. In a room one was seemed to have so much money I the little schools have prospered and found in bed and two behind were charged him \$2 more a week than any propping her up with an arrangement of my other boarders. But, say, he composed of two chairs, while another can certainly eat. Had breakfast at grants, more and more experienced girl changed the sheets. Another was the house this morning. What do you think of sending out for chops three times, hot cakes twice, and coffee, why, he must have swallowed five cups at least. Then the potatoes he ate were enough for three ordinary men, I never dreamed there could be so much food put inside of such a small man. Of course, it made me nervous all the time he was eating. Why don't I tell him he mustn't eat so much? Why, I don't want to lose him, don't you understand? I'm making money off of him, all right, but goodness knows he carries off the prize for big eating. Come out and see him some time. It's worth your while, I'll guarantee you."

"She'll be too late, madam," interposed a young fellow who, sitting one seat to the rear of the two women, had remained unnoticed by them. "I don't believe I'll return to your house any more. It doesn't exactly suit me, anyway. The money I paid you in advance, including the \$2 overcharge, will pay you well for the trouble and expense I've put you to. Good morning; I get off here."

It was fully five minutes after the train pulled away from the station before the woman spoke, and all she said

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

Seedless Fruit.

Apples, pears, grapes, and other fruits produce individuals at times that are coreless or seedless. As a general rule in these cases the resultant fruit is smaller than in normal condition. The value of these abnormal forms depends on the uses to which they may be put. No special value has resulted from the seedless apples or pears. In the grapes the seedless raisins and currants fill a useful place in culinary art.

-Meehan's Monthly. Great Zoological Gardens.

New York's zoological gardens will be the largest in the world, comprising within its boundaries no less than 261 acres. The next largest is at Washington, which has 168 acres. The Berlin garden has 60, the Paris garden 50, and the London garden 31 acres.

Worrying.

"What are you worrying about now?" "I belong to the Don't Worry Club and can't pay my dues."-New York



in cookery and laundry work that it of a most alarming and painful nature, seemed a pity they didn't understand was being put into bandages by a little the other details that make up "home tot of some 11 or 12 years, and across management" as well. The School the room another serious case of an Board asked for a grant for this pur- imaginary injured head was being pose, but the Government frowned. treated with great skill and unconcern. teach "housewifery" anyway, and did. School Board's scheme. But at the Natoo, that the Government relented a many of the teachers of housewifery while ago and made a new grant, as re- are educated, there was a class of ur-

quested. The board knew exactly what it pots and pans in the hope of becoming wanted to do with this grant. It laid chefs when they graduate. plans at once to build an addition to every public school in London, wherein all of the pupils who were lucky enough to be girls should be taught every branch of housekeeping under one roof. wiping out altogether the old system thirty centuries ago. Indeed, to the of "centers."

The first outward and visible sign of 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 London- kind 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. week for three years.

years of age, and begin at the bottom nothing that makes you mad.

chins from the East End all busy with Old st of Vegetables. Onlons and cucumbers are two of the very oldest known vegetables. Like peas the Egyptians grew them at least onion belongs probably the honor of being the first vegetable primeval man

Boys are left entirely out of the

Most of the girls will begin at 11 Some people have a way of doing