

WHITE SPRUCE AS WINDBREAK.

Many Ways It is the Best Tree for That Purpose.

As a windbreak, as a shelter for buildings or as a screen for unsightly objects, white spruce is particularly good.

The white spruce is a quick growing tree, ranking next to the Norway spruce or the white pine in that respect.

A continuous belt of trees planted irregularly make a much more pleasing effect on the landscape and is even more efficient as a "break."

LIFE AS SEEN BY PHILOSOPHER.

All in All to Himself, and Very Well Content.

A woman who had divorced her husband met him after many years.

"Have you married again?" she asked. The man shook his head.

"No," said the man. "I love myself."

He was asked to explain.

"Boudage taught me the value of freedom," he replied.

"I am answerable now only to myself. I come when I please, go when I please, do what I please, and need not make explanation.

"I no longer divide my pleasures by two or multiply my worries by the same number.

What I earn is mine, and when I contemplate some possible reduction, I need fear for myself alone.

"I have no great joys, but I have a great security."

"And love?" inquired the woman.

"I have been married, once, to the man—Channing Pollock, in The Show."

"Bonus."

Quite the most curious word of the insurance jargon that is to the fore just now is "bonus."

"I thought it ought to be 'bonus'" since it is evidently intended to mean "a good thing."

Therefore, should be neuter, not masculine. The word is found as easily as 1773, but no one knows who was the ignorant or willful sinner against Latin that introduced it.

It is curious to find that the word came naturally assigned it to the stock exchange. Anyhow, it is perfectly Englished now, and nobody thinks of pronouncing it with the short "o" of the Latin, just as every one who is not a pedant pronounces "bona fide" as if it would go straight into the meter of "Hiawatha," thereby making a false quantity in every one of the four syllables.

Instinctive Piety of the Irish Gael.

As Dr. Douglas Hyde points out, the Irish Gael is pious by nature.

There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is not the making of an unbecoming Hever. God is for him assured, true, intelligible.

When he meets a neighbor, instead of saying "Bon jour" or "Good morning," he says "Go salute you."

Indeed, all the ordinary invocations and salutations of the Irish language are governed by this religious feeling.

"When he takes snuff from you he will say: 'The blessing of God be with the souls of your dead.'"

If a sudden wonderment surprise him, he will cry: "A thousand laudations to God," and if he be shown a young child or anything else for the first time he will say: "Prosperity from God on it."

A Substitute.

Little Helen, aged four, was in a frightful predicament.

The nurse, carrying the cherished two-week-old baby up and down before the house,

had paused to show the new infant to the bishop, who had asked to look at it.

And then the tall, grave bishop, of whom Helen stood goggle-eyed in awe,

had unexpectedly asked the little girl to give him the baby.

How in the world to refuse a request made by such an awe-inspiring person as the bishop the child did not know.

But presently she wrinkled her small countenance shrewdly, moved closer to the petitioner, and said, indignantly: "I'll let you have the next!"—Harper's Weekly

Anglo-Saxon.

"Yes," said the college student, "I had the idea that I was cutting up too much and so he cut in and threatened to cut down my allowance unless I took a brace.

I felt all cut up at first, but I didn't want my allowance cut off, so I cut in, just for a little funny business, and so I cut it out."

And the listening Yorkicker remarked: "What did the young man say?"

Davitt's Uncompleted Work.

Soon after the death of Michael Davitt it was asserted that he had left behind the manuscript of a book of reminiscences under the humorous title of "From Ballinabrack to Jericho."

But apparently it was only a project, and a completed performance, for a short time before he died he wrote: "The Ballinabrack to Jericho papers had to be put aside for the present. They will probably be written next winter, unless I am again too pressed for the necessary time for the task."

AND SHE LEFT HIM AS A GROOM.

Grass Widower on Summer Plans. Has Something to Think About.

"I don't believe men will ever get broad-minded enough," said the little widow.

"To allow women the same privileges that they demand. For example, the other night I met a dapper little fellow who was telling how he and his wife were separated for the summer.

Some slight altercation. He was going back to her in the fall, but meantime he was going to have a picnic. The city and a baby carriage and a rubber plant for him in the fall, but this summer? Well, never mind! He had a lovely girl with him and showed her exaggerated attention."

"Look here," I said to him. "You have the prettiest wife in town. What do you suppose she is about this summer?"

"She is at home behaving herself like a little woman," said he, decidedly.

"Well, anyway," I casually remarked, just to be devilish. "I saw her the other night at a party. In the hilarity of the moment she arose and turned a double somersault."

"Whew! It was worth the price of admission to see that dapper little fellow foam at the mouth."

STONE IS NATURAL BAROMETER.

Its Properties Accounted For in Scientific Manner.

There is a stone called "Semaknit," found in northern Finland in considerable abundance.

It is a natural barometer, foretelling probable changes in the weather. In dry, fine weather the stone is of a dark gray color mottled with white spots.

But before approaching showers or thick mist it becomes all over, most conspicuously at the spaces which were previously white, and gradually returns to its former state as the weather improves.

Its prophetic warnings are regarded by many as having a supernatural origin, but a recent analysis of the stone shows that there is nothing whatever mysterious in its actions.

It is composed of a ground mass of clay and fossilized organic matter, with a little rock salt and niter scattered throughout in grains and small patches.

These salts absorb the aerial moisture as it increases in amount, and dissolve in it, forming black surface films, while they retain their white color as the drier atmosphere evaporates the moisture from them.

Coin Behind St. Mark's Mosaic.

During the work of restoration of the Basilica of St. Mark's an important discovery was made.

In the cement which attached the mosaics in the Tribune of the Patriarch to the wall, a small copper coin, very ancient, called a "quarantolo" of the Doge Dandolo, was found.

Thus showing that at least part of the building of the Basilica took place in the glorious period of the Venetian republic, between 1192 and 1205.

It seems evident that the coin fell into the cement from the clothing of one of the workmen, and remained there for seven centuries, as this is the first time that the mosaic has been removed since its original setting.

The small coin, which in itself is very valuable, because of its rarity, has been placed in the historical technical museum of the Basilica, where everything is gathered which may determine and illustrate the history of the building of the cathedral.

The Dungeons of Naples.

While working under the street level of the Arch of Alfonso d'Aragona the workmen came upon a sort of cellar which opened out onto galleries.

All were strongly built of stone, and in the dim light the explorers were for a long time at a loss how to explain the mystery.

It was revealed at last by the aid of candles, which exhibited on the walls rude drawings and despairing invocations for divine aid—evidently from men in prison, some doomed to death and others to hopeless confinement.

Chance had brought to the light of day those abodes of horror and misery, the underground dungeons of the old kingdom of Naples.

Most Unkindest Cut.

With reference to the humors of country "society" reporting, Melville E. Stone, of the Associated Press, tells of the account of a wedding recently published.

The story, which described the marriage in the usual flowery adjectives, concluded with this surprising announcement:

"The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, together with many other beautiful things in cut glass."—Harper's Weekly.

Motor Buses Not Popular.

Motor buses have been tried in Sydney, Australia, as a solution of that city's traction problem, but they lasted only a very short time and now have been withdrawn from the streets because of a lack of patronage.

The public preferred the horse-drawn buses, which, if less speedy, are more comfortable and less odiferous. The Sydney motor-bus service was a government enterprise, and by some critics the failure is attributed to tactless state management.

Easy of Access.

Mrs. Uppish writes me that her daughter has made a great social success—that she is in the swim at last.

"Where is she?" "At one of the fashionable bathing places. I forget which."

"Humph!" that accounts for it. At the seaside anybody can get in the swim."

Never Gets By.

"I always hate to pass an ice cream saloon when I'm walking with my girl."

"When I'm out with my girl I've never happened to pass one."

"That's strange. How do you manage it?" "I don't manage it, she does. She always insists upon going in."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Easy for the Hammock.

Mamma—I hope you were not sitting in the hammock with Jack last night, Lulu?

Lulu—No, mamma. I don't think it was strong enough for both of us to sit in. Jack sat in the hammock and I sat in Jack's lap.

CUTTING THEIR WORDS SHORT.

Writers of English No Longer Use Extended Sentences.

"The English sentence grown shorter and shorter," said an essayist.

Spencer, Sir Thomas More, Lyly and Sidney used sentences of the average length of 55 words. Nowadays, the sentences of the average journalist are only 15 words long.

Pacon introduced the short sentence. At a time when everybody else was using 50 words he took 22. Praise be to Bacon!

Macaulay used a very short sentence. Its average length was 23 words. Dickens' average was 28. Thackeray's was 31. Matthew Arnold's sentences are long, but beautifully balanced. They are of 37 words. Henry James' are longer and, though intricate, graceful and well worth puzzling out for in each of them a powerful meaning is concealed. They are 39-ers.

Kipling's sentences contain 21 words, George Moore's 24, H. G. Wells' 23, Upton Sinclair's 22."

WIFE HAD HER TRIBULATIONS.

Hard Time Indeed With Such an Unaccommodating Husband.

"John," asked his wife as he was beginning to dream that he had patented something and made a million, "did you lock the door?"

"Yes."

"The pantry window's open!"

"No! I shut it."

"Hurry down and turn off the gas stove. I'm almost sure Hulda forgot and left it burning when she went to bed."

"No, all right. I looked."

"You didn't fasten the side screen door. Go and hook it or it'll flap all night and keep us awake."

"S all right. I hooked it."

"John Pritchard, get up quick. Don't you know that I shan't be able to go to sleep to-night unless you go and look around to see whether you haven't forgotten something?"

My goodness! it's a wonder you haven't driven me into nervous prostration long before this!"

Where Shelley Wrote "The Centi."

On the walls of the palace on the Corso, where Shelley lived for a time, until the death of his child, the Roman municipality have affixed the new usual tablet.

And this tablet shows a very curious little misunderstanding, and divergence of verbal habits, between Italy and England.

"Here," says the inscription, "Shelley wrote 'The Centi.'" But the words of the Italian are "La Centi."

Now, no Englishman could possibly read Shelley's title but as a family name— "The Centi," in the plural. That an Englishman should call the Italian the Centi in the feminine singular, as one may speak of "la Duse" or "la Patti," is altogether inconceivable.

To the Italian municipal mind it seemed that Shelley naturally called his heroine and his tragedy "La Centi." What a pity that none but editors decline English articles!

Did You Know This?

"Say, d'you know anything 'bout hosses, hey? D'you know they'll eat park? Well, they will, when it's fed 'em an' they have to. The heavens stop, subsequent, though they're an all three aged wuss afterwards. Belle went right onto a meat diet, hog-meat an' oil cakes. Yep, linseed oil—it'll eat a ruff fence. Belle took on weight amazin'."

"Cur'us thing 'bout oil cakes, though; once a hoss has been fattened on 'em, an' then grows pickled agin, there ain't nothin' in God's world'll put flesh onto him a second time. You can try as much as you're a mind to; it ain't no use."—American Magazine.

Remember Your Umbrella.

"How do you manage to keep your umbrella from being spirited away? And how do you avoid leaving them on trains?"

asked a girl who was a frequent "Lost" advertiser. On this occasion she was exulting in the surprise of seeing an answer to her entreaty for the return of her rain-shedder.

"When you sit in a car," said her companion, "place the umbrella on the outside, between yourself and the aisle. Thus the umbrella is a fence. It bars you in. When you jump up hastily to get off at your station, you fall over the umbrella. You cannot forget it."

Cruel Man.

"At a recent entertainment in a Brooklyn school, relates the New York Sun, the deaf and dumb mother of one of the little boys in the audience sat next to him while he interpreted the recitations for her.

Another mother, hearing that the husband of the afflicted woman had had his faculties unimpaired, remarked with a touch of pity to her tone: "I don't see how a man could marry a woman whose voice he never had heard and never expected to hear."

"Maybe," said her husband, "that is why he married her."

The wife pondered a bit, and then exclaimed: "Wretch!"

HAD BOYS' WELFARE IN MIND.

Andrew Carnegie Tells Why Family Left Scotland.

Andrew Carnegie was recently invited to attend the excursion of the old handloom weavers of Dunfermline, Scotland, his native town.

He was unable to do so, but from Skibo castle he sent the following letter, in which he gave some reminiscences of his ancestors in the weaving town of Fife: "By inheritance I think I would be entitled to rank myself with that ancient and honorable guild, for my Grandfather Carnegie and father were weavers in the olden days and very proud of it. My Grandfather Morrison did not have the distinction, but he was a good shoemaker and thought there was nothing like leather."

"Even upon my own account I should have some claim to membership in the old weavers' society, for I remember well I assisted in 'giving in' the threads to my father when he was 'putting in' his web, and a very proud boy I was in doing so. Well do I remember the morning that my father came home to tell mother that there wasn't a new web for him to get and the family council decided that we should sail for America, my mother saying: 'Not for our good, we could manage to get along here, but there will be more scope there for our boys.' So we set sail for the new land."

CAUGHT THE BACHELOR UNCLE.

Little Jimmy Proved That He "Had It In Him."

There had never been any special talent for music in the Ransom family until the arrival of Jimmy Ransom. At the age of eight he was considered a musical prodigy, and at ten there was talk of Jimmy's being sent away to study with a view to becoming a professional musician.

It was hoped that Mr. Franklin Ransom, a bachelor uncle with considerable money, would provide a good part of the sum needed for Jimmy's study years. At first the old gentleman was sympathetic, but after a two days' visit from Jimmy he expressed himself as "won over."

"I tell you," he said to half a dozen eager relatives, "when I saw and heard that little chap in my old shed trying to play 'Hail, Columbia' on a mess of old tomato cans with an iron spoon, I said to myself: 'He's got it in him. Jimmy has, and I'm ready to lead a hand to fetch it out!'"

Hidden on Desert Islands.

The catboat ran gayly before the wind. The sea was alive with sunshine. Shoreward, on the board walk, the people waiting looked no bigger than dominoes.

"No, sir," said the skipper, "there is not a desert island of the sea that the governments of the world haven't stocked up with grub and clothes and tools for the use of shipwrecked mariners."

"There's tinned soups, dried meats, sealed cans of rice and flour and sugar, dried peas, beans, tobacco, knives, nails, matches, shovels, buckets, hatchets, and so on—all shipwrecked mariner could need."

"The governments have done this for a number of years. The provender is hid in caves or under rocks. There's a book published, giving the exact location of these caches, and most ships carry a copy of the work."

American School Children.

According to the report of the commissioner of education for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903, there were in the United States at that time 22,655,001 children between the ages of five and 18, of whom 18,187,918 were enrolled in public or private schools or colleges, or in special institutions of a more or less educational character.

Thus, during the period mentioned, more than 22 per cent. of our entire people were at school or college, and their education cost for that one year \$251,457,625, or \$13.15 per capita of population. To-day our educational system is even larger, and the expense of maintaining it greater still.—North American Review.

Then and Now.

"I suppose," said the modern actor to the stately old member of the profession, "that you got a few press notices when you trod the boards?"

"I am mentioned 15 times in the papers this morning. There are four notices of my new motor car, three items about my dog being lost, five stories about what I like for dinner, and two mentions of my taste in neckties, with one paragraph about my trunks being lost on the line."

"Yes," sighed the old-fashioned, out-of-date actor. "I got a few notices—but they were all based on the impression that I had played my part well."—London Answers.

Lawmaking Bodies.

The British empire has 65 legislative bodies. In 1903 they passed about 1,900 acts and ordinances. The state legislatures of the United States in that year enacted more than 14,000 laws and resolutions, of which more than 5,400 were general and the remainder were local or private.

In America it is not always the most populous state that needs, or seems to need, the most legislation. In 1903 North Carolina led with 1,200 enactments.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HIS MISSION 'N CALLENTE.

Miner in Town During Flood Was Not After Water.

Kenneth C. Kerr, of the Salt Lake route, is telling a story about a flood in the south end of the great Meadow valley in the Nevada "arid" district.

The streets of Callente were almost entirely under water. Before that time Callente was a dry, desert town, and the miners rans there with pack horses to take water from the local supply out to the mines. The second day Callente was flooded an old miner who worked beyond the limits of the flood came into town with two pack animals bearing receptacles for water.

He waded through about two feet of water and finally reached the store in the doorway of the building stood a local man. When the latter saw the old miner he smiled.

"Hey, 'Dick!'" he called. "I see you've swum to town to get a little water."

"You're wrong," came the reply. "I ain't after water."

"What do you want, then?"

"I'm going to take a few gallons of good dry land back with me to that arid country," said the miner, solemnly.—Denver Post.

CENTENARIANS OF THE WORLD.

Bulgaria Easily Holds Record for Long-Lived People.

A German statistician has made a careful investigation to discover in which countries the greatest age is attained. The German empire, with 55,000,000 population, has but 78 subjects who are more than 100 years old.

France, with fewer than 40,000,000, has 213 persons who have passed their hundredth birthday. England has 146; Scotland, 46; Denmark, 7; Belgium, 6; Sweden, 10; and Norway, with 2,000,000 inhabitants, 23.

Switzerland does not boast a single centenarian, but Spain, with about 13,000,000 population, has 410. The most amazing figures come from that troublesome and frequently storm-tossed Balkan peninsula, Serbia, where 573 persons who are more than 100 years old, Rumania, 1,034 and Bulgaria, 3,851. In other words, Bulgaria has a centenarian to every 1,000 inhabitants, and thus holds the international record for old people. In 1892 alone there died in Bulgaria 350 persons who had exceeded the century.

Proved Her Proposition.

Timothy Woodruff tells of a family in Dutchess county who recently took into their employ a very checked Irish maid of all work, whose blunders afforded amusement to compensate for any trouble she may entail.

One day the owner of the place stated in the girls' bearing that he intended to have a woodhouse built on a piece of ground which at that time included a well.

"Shure, sor," said the inquiring Margaret, "will you be movin' the well to a more convenient spot within the woodhouse is builded?"

As a smile crossed the face of her employer, Margaret at once perceived she had made a mistake.

"It's a fool I am, shure," she added, hastily, bound to retrieve herself, "of course, when the well was moved ivry drop of water would run out of it!"—Harper's Weekly.

Another Reason.

In a certain town where there are two football clubs of about equal merit, the captain of one had thrown up his position and joined the rival organization.

Shortly afterward the two clubs were matched to meet; but on the night before the game the new member of the X club appeared before his comrades and asked to be excused from playing.

"Why, what's the matter, Johnnie?" asked the captain. "We were relying on you to assist us in beating the Rovers."

"Well, you see," explained Johnnie, "I was captain of the Rovers, and I know 'em all. I'd rather not play. I don't want to hurt 'em!"

"Have you any other reason?" "Yes," said Johnny, briskly. "I don't want 'em to hurt me!"

Lack of Arms No Handicap.

New Zealand possess a postmaster who, for all practical purposes, is armless. Owing to a deformity which renders his hands useless he is obliged to do all the clerical work of his office with his feet.

His name is Ernest C. Moon. He uses an indelible pencil in his official work, with which he writes clearly and legibly. He makes out money orders, postal notes, and the periodical official statements by using his feet. In the same way he applies the date stamps to letters with wonderful rapidity. Moon can also use a hammer, saw and other carpenter's tools with his feet.

Peculiarity of Rivers.

There are rivers which are deeper than the rivers into which they flow. The Saguenay is one of them. Where the St. Lawrence receives the Saguenay the former is a vast river, wide as a rather large lake, deep and majestic, but the Saguenay is deeper, where it breaks through the Laurentian mountains, than any of the great lakes. Its bottom is about a quarter of a mile below the bed of the St. Lawrence.

Speaking Within Bounds.

"This certainly is the limit!" said the detective, as he raised a "fence."

WOMAN HAS WON HIGH PLACE.

Dorothea Klumpke Accorded Fame in Scientific World.

The fame of Dorothea Klumpke has been achieved in lines that would not ordinarily make it more special, but she really stands among the notable women of the scientific world.

In France she is regarded as the leading woman astronomer, but as an astronomer and mathematician she is recorded as a more enduring and precious reputation. She was born in San Francisco in 1861, her father, a native of Germany, having been one of the Forty-niners. Her mother was the strong force in the family, and four of the Klumpke girls have won some distinction. One is a distinguished artist, another a famous physician, and the third a violinist, all making Paris their home.

Dorothea has studied in Berlin and Paris and taken all kinds of prizes and degrees from the highest institutions in France. When the international astronomical congress resolved to map the stars a special department was created and Dorothea was placed in charge, with a corps of assistants. Among 50 competitors she obtained the post of assistant observer at the Paris observatory. There she has photographed many stars, and valuable results have come from her work. It was to her eldest sister that Rosa Bonheur left her chateau and some of her famous works.

INSTINCT OR MERELY CHANCE?

Story That Levers of Animals May Powder Over Long.

A true cat story is told by a correspondent of the Hartford Courant. A family moved to a new home 12 miles from the old one. They gave their cats to a friend about six miles from the new home. One of them, the mother cat, remained at her new quarters only a short time, and nothing was heard from her until when nearly two years had passed. One morning she was discovered in the yard of her old mistress' home in the city which she had never seen, being born and raised at the old home in the country. To the greeting of her mistress she responded with every show of affection and delight. Of course the wander