

The Chatham Record.

BRETA'S DOUBLE

By HELEN V. GREYSON.

(Copyright by Robert Bonner's Sons.) CHAPTER XI.

"FATE IS PLAYING INTO MY HANDS."

After sending the telegram to Doctor Montford, saying that Breta Danton had arrived at Brentwood Park, Eric Brentwood turned his steps homeward, wondering all the while who the doctor could be who had inquired after the girl.

As he neared the park he saw her in the garden, and he went up to her to inquire about her acquaintance with the doctor.

"Ah, Breta! I wish to speak to you," he began.

"About the telegram?" she inquired; then added: "Turner told me that you had inquired for me, and that she thought you wished to see me about a telegram."

"Yes, I received a telegram from one Doctor Montford, asking if you arrived here. Do you know him?" he asked.

"Montford?" she hesitatingly. "The name certainly is familiar."

"Perhaps, some one whom you have met abroad, or some one who knew your mother?"

"I dare say," she returned. "I have met so many people that I forgot their names. However, I am glad that I have a friend who is interested in my welfare. You informed him of my safe arrival?"

"Yes," replied Eric. "He was evidently anxious to learn of your fate, so I thought it cruel to keep him in suspense," with a smile.

When she found herself alone her face assumed a serious and not altogether pleased expression. Wrinkling up her pretty face into a frown, she murmured to herself:

"Who is Doctor Montford? Some one who has met Breta Danton and knew of her intention of coming to Brentwood Park, else he would not have made inquiry of her safe arrival. It's a good piece of luck that he didn't come here in person. If he had it would have been all up with me. Now that he is satisfied that Breta Danton is here I hope the idiot, whoever he is, will attend to his own affairs, and not meddle with mine. This is a new feature in the game, that I did not think of before. I didn't have the least idea that any one would turn up who knew that girl. If she only were lying at the bottom of the Atlantic, where I thought her, until Carlos Monteri told me of her rescue! I doubted him at first, but now I know that he told me the truth."

Several days later, she was surprised to learn that there was a gentleman in the drawing-room who wished to see her. "Carlos," she thought, but taking the card he had sent up, she read:

CECIL DONIPHAN.

"I will be down in a few minutes," she told the maid.

"What will happen next?" she exclaimed. "Who is this new arrival on the carpet? I've never heard the name before. Is this, too, some one who knew Breta Danton? If it is, Heaven help me! in a terrified voice. "Oh, well, I'll face him, be he who he may!" she said, in a determined tone, gaining new courage. "I've carried the game through successfully so far; I'll not give it up now."

"So saying, she descended the stairs and entered the drawing-room.

A tall, finely-built man arose as she came in.

"Miss Danton?" he asked.

"I am," she replied. "But I fail to recognize Mr. Doniphan."

"That is natural as we have never met before. I came as a messenger from your grandfather."

"My grandfather?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I dare say you are surprised that he has made up his mind to receive you at Ravensmere, but such is the fact. It seems that he regrets his treatment of his son Ronald, and intends to make up to you for his harshness, although he deserved it all."

"How did he know that I was at Brentwood Park?" she asked, recovering her surprise and speaking cautiously, lest she would betray herself.

"His old friend, Doctor Montford, informed him; but, here, read this, and you will understand how he became aware that he had a granddaughter," he said in a cold tone, as he passed her Dr. Montford's letter.

"Taking it from his gloved hand, she perused its contents, studying well every word, while to herself she thought:

"This is the very cue I needed. Surely fate is playing into my hands. This explains everything."

Looking up from the written sheet, she said:

"Doctor Montford has taken quite an interest in me. But I am undecided whether to comply with my grandfather's wishes or not. I cannot entirely forget his unjust treatment of poor papa."

make all the speed possible in making your preparations, as my time is limited.

"You wish me to accompany you?" she asked.

"That was my uncle's intention," he responded.

"Very well. I'll acquaint my friends with my decision. No doubt, they will be surprised to learn of the existence of my grandfather, for I scarcely knew it myself."

Excusing herself, she sought Eric Brentwood and his mother, and told them the change in her fortunes. It would be useless to state their surprise upon hearing that she had relatives in America.

"My dear child, I am glad to know that you have a grandfather, who certainly is doing right in acknowledging his son's child. Although I am sorry to part with the daughter of my old friend, still I feel that you are doing your duty in going to him to comfort his declining years," said Mrs. Brentwood; while Eric expressed his regrets at her departure, wishing her much happiness in her future home.

She would have wished a different parting with Eric, but the excitement pending her change of fortune somewhat subdued the pain of parting with the man she loved as well as a nature like hers was capable of loving.

Half an hour later, she bade them good-bye, and entering the carriage with Cecil Doniphan, she drove to the station, where she took the train for Ravensmere, but not before she had been seen by a man standing a short distance away.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed in surprise. "What does that mean? I must find out."

As the train started out of the little station he inquired of the station master if he knew where the lady and gentleman who got on there were going.

"I do not, sir," replied he. "The lady was Miss Danton, from Brentwood Park, I believe; so if you are anxious to know other people's business, I dare say you can find out there."

"Dence take you with your insolence!" said Monteri—for it was he—as he turned on his heel and took himself off. "I must learn what that girl is up to now," he murmured. "No good; I'm sure of that."

CHAPTER XII.

"THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT US BEING FRIENDS."

Cecil Doniphan had very little to say to Gerald Danton's supposed granddaughter during the journey from Brentwood to Ravensmere. Beyond furnishing her with several papers he did nothing to amuse his companion, but took a book from his pocket and buried himself in its contents.

She pretended to be reading also, but all the while her thoughts were traveling over the events which had transpired since she took passage for America on the ill-fated Sea Foam.

She had intended to become mistress of Brentwood Park, but she knew that she had made but little impression on Eric Brentwood; and now that Gerald Danton had claimed her as his granddaughter, she naturally expected that she would be his heiress.

"If only Carlos were dead!" she thought again and again to herself. "While he lives I am sure of nothing. He is liable to turn up any minute and spoil all my plans. I know that I will not be at Ravensmere very long, before he will make his appearance there."

Cecil Doniphan was not so deeply interested in his book as one might suppose, and several times, when his companion was not looking his way, he raised his eyes and let them rest on her dark beauty with a searching scrutiny.

"Beautiful," he thought, "but no look of the Dantons there. Like her mother, I suppose. And if I'm not mistaken, she has a will of her own. Oh, well, if I can't get Gerald Danton's fortune in one way perhaps I can in another. At any rate, Ronald Danton's daughter shall not outwit me. "Wherever there's a will there's always a way." I have the will, and the way I'll be sure to find."

Once, upon looking up, their eyes met, and Cecil felt that he was obliged to speak.

"Are you perfectly comfortable? Is there anything that you wish me to get for you?" he inquired in a more friendly tone than he had used before.

"Nothing, thank you," she replied rather coldly, piqued at his former desire to avoid conversation with her.

The remainder of the journey was passed in comparative silence, and at last, to the great relief of both Cecil Doniphan and his companion, they alighted from the train at the station, where they found the carriage from Ravensmere awaiting them.

At sight of the handsome equipage the girl gave a little gasp of admiration.

"Why, grandpapa must be very wealthy!" she exclaimed. "This liverly is even finer than that at Brentwood Park."

"Yes," returned Cecil Doniphan. "He is pretty well off in this world's goods. Wait until you see Ravensmere."

Entering the carriage, she settled herself back in the cushions with a feeling of exultation. She had a passionate love for luxury, and to think

that, by a little caution and plotting, all might be hers, filled her with delight, and for the moment she forgot the existence of Carlos Monteri. He was the bugbear of her life. Turn which way she would, he was bound to cross her path. She knew that she would have to accede to his demands, or else have Breta Danton brought from her place of confinement and given into the hands of her friends and relatives, while she—what would become of her then?

Even if she had a chance of putting Carlos out of her way, she now realized that she could not do it until she got Breta Danton under her thumb; and at present she did not even know where he had her confined. And he was sharp enough to keep that knowledge from her.

As the carriage bowed along, she took in the beauty of the surroundings; and when they approached their destination, Cecil turned to her.

"This is Ravensmere," he said, as they passed through a large gateway. "Ah, yes!" she exclaimed. "Those large ravens perched on the posts of the gates might have told me that. What a beautiful place! After all, I am glad that I did not let my pride keep me from my proper home. Indeed, Mr. Doniphan, I feel as if I have been on a long journey and am just returning home after weary travels in foreign lands. Do you live here at Ravensmere?" she asked, in conclusion.

"Yes; this has been my home ever since my parents died, and, until you were heard of, I was to be heir. But now, of course, it will be different," he added coldly.

"Ah, I'm sorry to be the cause of your dethronement," she said, unable, however, to suppress a look of triumph, which he was quick to note.

"Come," he said; "let me assist you in alighting."

She walked up the veranda-steps with the air of one who belonged there; and with a determination to be brave and carry through her deception without a tremor, she accompanied Cecil Doniphan into the drawing-room, where she found an old, gray-haired man awaiting them.

"Uncle, this is Miss Danton. Miss Danton, your grandfather."

"Oh, grandpapa," she exclaimed, going forward, "I am so glad to come to you, in spite of my pride!"

"Ah, forget that, my dear," he said, as he took her hand. "So you are the little girl Montford took so much interest in. And to think I had a granddaughter and did not know it!" he said. "But somehow or other he did not experience the pleasure of this meeting of his nearest living relative that he had anticipated. Nevertheless, he decided to make up to his son's child what he had lacked doing for his son. "I hope, my dear, that you'll be happy here with us."

"Oh, I know that I shall be," she replied, taking in the grandeur of her surroundings. "Who could help being happy in such a beautiful place; with so kind a grandfather?"

"There, there, child! I'm only doing my duty, which should have been done long ago. Go to your room now, and we'll talk over things later when you have rested from your journey. Cecil, ring the bell and tell Martha to conduct Miss Danton to the room I had prepared for her coming. Lie down and rest, my dear, and you will feel fresh for dinner," he said, addressing the girl, who stooped and pressed a kiss upon his withered cheek.

Cecil Doniphan had been a silent witness to all this by-play, and a sinister smile played around his lips as he accompanied the woman Martha to her apartments.

"Well, uncle, do you like her?" he asked.

"She seems like a nice child, and she certainly is beautiful, but she has not the Danton face."

"No," returned Cecil. "The Dantons were mostly all fair, were they not?"

"Yes. But she is dark, and I am glad that she does not look like Ronald, for it would be a constant reminder to me of my wayward son. I hope you will be friends," he said.

"Oh, there's no doubt about us being friends," Cecil replied, with a smile.

[To be continued.]

The Bill Came Back. He had been told that mutilated currency of the United States Treasury would be redeemed for as much as that portion represented, and, being possessed of a \$20 note, two-fifths of which were destroyed, he determined to profit by it. He therefore directed a communication to the United States Assistant Treasurer in charge of the Redemption Bureau, with the green-back inclosed, and hopefully awaited results. Visions of \$5 suits and 98-cent straw hats fitted through that astute financier's mind. After waiting a couple of days the official envelope arrived and with trembling fingers he tore it apart to more readily grasp the check he knew it contained. Much to his surprise on dropping the identical bill he had sent to Washington for redemption, marked across with the word "counterfeit." He concludes to wait longer for his summer suit.—Philadelphia Record.

Hindu Widows and the Queen. One hundred Hindu widows in and about Amritsar, the chief commercial city of the Punjab, presented Queen Victoria with a curtain, embroidered by themselves. It is one of the most interesting of the Jubilee gifts, seeing that sixty-eight years ago such widows would have been burned alive on the funeral pyre of their deceased husbands. In 1829 Lord William Bentinck proclaimed the practice unlawful and punishable by the criminal courts as willful murder. It is stated that between the years 1756 and 1829 as many as 70,000 widows had so sacrificed themselves.

19TH-CENTURY PROGRESS

GREAT COMPARED WITH THAT OF ALL PREVIOUS TIME COMBINED.

President Orton's Address to the American Association for the Advancement of Science—Twenty-four Discoveries and Inventions of the First Class.

Alfred R. Wallace has recently made a careful inventory of the discoveries and inventions to which the progress of the race is mainly due, and he divides them into two groups, the first embracing all the epoch making advances achieved by men previous to the present century, and the second taking in the discoveries and advances of equal value that have had their origin in the nineteenth century. In the first list he finds but fifteen items of the highest rank, and the claims of some even of this number to a separate place are not beyond question. They may not really be of epoch making character. But he puts into the list the following, viz.: Alphabetic writing and the Arabic notation, which have always been the two great engines of knowledge and discovery. Their inventors are unknown, lost in the dim twilight of prehistoric times. Coming after a vast interval to the fourteenth century A. D., we find the mariner's compass, and in the fifteenth century the printing press, both of which beyond question are of the same character and rank as alphabetic writing. From the sixteenth century we get no physical invention or discovery, but it witnessed an amazing movement of the human mind, which in good time gave rise to the great catalogue of advances of the seventeenth century. To it we credit the invention of the telescope, and, though not of equal rank, the barometer and thermometer, and in still another field the invention of the differential calculus, the all important discovery of gravitation of the laws of planetary motion, of the circulation of the blood, of the measurement of the velocity of light. To the eighteenth century we refer the more important of the earlier steps in the evolution of the steam engine and the foundation of both modern chemistry and electrical science. This completes the list.

What is there to be added to this list? Some would urge that Jenner's discovery should be included here, but this claim Wallace would indignantly deny. In making such a list, it is the personal equation of the writer, and undoubtedly needs to be recognized, and different orders of arrangement, even if the elements were the same, would be assigned by different students.

And now what has the record been since 1800? How does the nineteenth century compare with its predecessors? A brief examination will show us that in scientific discovery and progress it is not to be compared with any single century, but rather with all past time. In fact, it far outweighs the entire progress of the race from the beginning of the world to the end of the same basis as that which he had previously adopted, Wallace finds twenty-four discoveries and inventions of the first class that have had their origin in the nineteenth century, against the fifteen or sixteen already enumerated of all past time.

Of the same rank with Newton's theory of gravitation, which comes from the seventeenth century, stands out the doctrine of the correlation and conservation of forces of our own century, certainly one of the widest and most far-reaching generalizations that the mind of a man has yet reached. Against Kepler's laws from the seventeenth century we can set the nebular theory of the nineteenth. If the first reveals to us myriads of suns, otherwise unseen, scattered through the illimitable fields of space, the second tells us what substances compose these suns and maintain their distant fires, and, most wonderful of all, the direction and the rate in which each is moving. Harvey's immortal discovery of the seventeenth century finds a full equivalent in the germ theory of disease of the nineteenth. The mariner's compass easily yields first place to the electric telegraph of the nineteenth, while the barometer and thermometer of the seventeenth century are certainly less wonderful, though perhaps not less serviceable, than the telephone and phonograph and the Roentgen rays of our own day.

In addition to the advances now enumerated, the great doctrine of organic evolution, supported especially by the recapitulation theory in embryology, finds nothing to match with it in broadening and inspiring power in all the past history of the race. The same can be said of the periodic law of Mendeloff in chemistry, of the molecular theory of gases, of Lord Kelvin's vortex theory of matter, of the Glacial Period in geology, and of the establishment of the origin and antiquity of man, all of our own century.

Nothing can be brought from all the past to compare for one moment in direct application to "the relief of man's estate" (Bacon) with the discovery of anesthetics, while by his discovery of antisepsis Lister will grow to be the last syllable of recorded time. In the mobilization of man and the giving to him the freedom of the globe, the railways and the steamships of our century are absolutely without any elements for comparison in all that the past has left us.

Solo by the Choir. A correspondent vouches for the truth of the following story. It was at a tea and concert given in a distant place of worship in a village in the Midlands. A local magnate presided, and when the programme was entered upon he rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the choir will now sing a solo."—London Chronicle.

MYSTERY OF JOHANN ORTH.

One of the Most Remarkable Romances in the Dynastic History of Europe.

One of the saddest of episodes is that known as the mystery of Johann Orth, the most remarkable romance in the dynastic history of Europe in this century. The Archduke, John Salvator of Tuscany, a nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph, had fallen in love with an actress and singer, Ludmilla Hubel, whom he married in spite of all family opposition, renouncing at the same time all his rights, privileges and rank, and assuming the name of Orth, after one of his castles. The romantic marriage was celebrated secretly, but in a perfectly legal manner, by the Registrar of Islington, and was witnessed by the Consul-General of Austria in London.

Johann Orth next bought, in 1891, a fine ship in Liverpool, which he named Santa Margarita; and so anxious was he to guard against the vessel being recognized that he stipulated that all drawings and photographs of it should be handed over to him, and these he burned with his own hands; moreover, he caused all portraits and negatives of himself and of his wife to be bought up at any price, and these were likewise destroyed. We are giving here only absolute facts. Shortly afterwards the ex-Archduke and his wife set sail for South America, and the vessel was duly reported to have arrived at Monte Video, and departed for a destination unknown. But from that moment every trace was lost of the ship and all on board, no news as to her fate having ever been heard, although many a search has been made along the coast by order of the Emperor of Austria and his Government.

Adventurers and treasure-seekers have been at work, as it was well known that Johann Orth had on board over one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in specie; it is believed that he intended to have bought an estate in Chile with the money, and to have settled there, but that the vessel foundered off Cape Horn during a terrific storm which raged on the coast some time since the most startling rumors have been set afloat about the missing prince having turned up; one being that he had been one of the leaders of the Chilean rebellion, having divided his treasure among his crew, burned his ship, landed on a lonely coast, etc. His own mother, who died only a few months ago at the Castle Orth, believed her son alive to her very last hour, and expected his return. The Swiss Government is of a different opinion, and assumed the death of the Archduke, and paid over to Franz Orth's next of kin a large amount of money, which Johann Orth deposited as a settlement for his wife with the Swiss authorities before his departure, and there is little doubt that the Santa Margarita lies at the bottom of the sea, and that all on board perished.—Strand Magazine.

How a Man and Wife Corresponded. One of the houses on my route is the home of a traveling man who spends about half his time out of town, said a New Orleans letter-carrier. When he goes on a trip he and his wife exchange a postal card every day, regular as the clock. The lady always gives me her card to mail, and I don't help noticing that both they and the ones she received were always perfectly blank. All they ever contained was the address, and those that came to the wife had even that printed instead of written. I confess the thing made me curious, and I thought up all kinds of theories—sympathetic ink, secret marks on the edges and a lot of other nonsense for which I never discovered any evidence.

I happened to know the drummer pretty well, and, meeting him one day, I couldn't resist asking him about the blank cards. "You've been trying to read 'em, haven't you?" he said, laughing. I expected that, and took it good naturedly. Then he explained, "My wife and I are naturally poor letter writers," he said, "but we want to hear from each other every day so as to know that nothing has gone wrong. We used to write like other folks, but it was a hard job, and one evening we got to looking over some of our old letters and they seemed so stupid and forced that we were really ashamed of ourselves. Then we thought of this blank card scheme, and it has worked like a charm. It means simply that all is well. Before I go on the road each of us knows the other's programme, and the receipt of cards means that nothing has happened to change our plans. The saving of ink and imbecility has been enormous."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

President Grant's Suggestion. An official who quite generally knows what he is talking about was dilating the other afternoon upon the funny hopelessness for all reasonable purposes of many of the little creeks and rivers for the "improvement" of which Congress was asked to appropriate money under the River and Harbor bill.

"When Grant was President," said the official, "he used to alternately chuckle and frown against the expenditures of good Government coin for the 'improvement' of measly little streams that he himself knew could never be made fit for any human purpose. There was a Virginian who, failing to get Congress to stick in an appropriation for the dredging of a little stream down in his section, finally importuned Grant in the matter.

"Let's see," said Grant, musingly. "I believe I crossed that stream in 1864, wasn't it?"

"The Virginian, who remembered Grant's crossing of the stream pretty well, replied affirmatively.

"Look here," said Grant, after a pause, his face lighting up suddenly. "Why don't you macadamize it?"—Washington Post.

GREAT WHEAT HARVEST

BUSY AND INTERESTING DAYS IN THE NORTHWESTERN STATES.

Appearance of a Thrasher's Train as it Goes From One Job to Another—What the Separator Does—Relative Merits of the Header and the Binder Discarded.

The hum of the threshing machine will be heard for the next few weeks from the east line of Minnesota to the farther boundaries of the Dakotas. The land is dotted with grain stacks, usually in groups of four, though occasionally a farmer, who makes a herd or a flock the prominent feature of his husbandry, will have his entire crop stacked in a semicircle round the north and west sides of his corral. At intervals slender columns of smoke tell of a "steamer" at work from dawn till dark. A stranger in the country seeing the steamer moving from one job to another might easily mistake the outfit for an innovation in railroading. First comes the traction engine, not unlike a locomotive engine, although smaller and painted in brighter colors. Immediately behind the engine is the tender wagon fitted with a rack for hauling straw. Nearly every engine nowadays is a straw burner. Then comes the separator, a monster machine with thirty-six to forty-eight-inch cylinder, and a sixty-inch separator. Behind the separator comes the tank, resembling very closely a Standard Oil distributing wagon, which hauls water for the engine from the nearest windmill pump. Next the "trap wagon" carrying the loose paraphernalia of the outfit, and the clothes and bedding of the men. If the threshers board with the owner of the grain this constitutes the train, but if, as is generally the case, the owner of the machine boards his crew, the "grub shanty," an ordinary house-wagon, brings up the rear, making a train from 100 to 150 feet long.

The modern separator comes pretty near being the "whole thing." Instead of the threshing crew of our boyhood days—drivers, feeders, oilers, hand-cutters, four to six pitchers, measurers, and half a dozen straw stackers—the crew consists of a manager, usually the owner of the machine; engineer, oiler, waterman, six pitchers and a cook. The pitchers, three on a stack on each side of the machine, throw the bundles, higgledy-piggledy onto an endless belt the width of the cylinder, and the straw is gradually raised as the stack rises to an angle of fifty or higher. It also swings from right to left, stacking the straw in a semi-circle around the tail of the machine. At the bottom a "blower" or fan forces a draft through the tube strong enough to carry the straw many feet from the mouth of the stacker.

Some of the threshers require the owner of the grain to board the crew, but most of them have learned that it pays better to carry their own boarding house, have meals at regular hours, and keep their men together. All the farmer has to do is to haul his wheat to the granary and pay the bill, ranging from five to six cents a bushel. He finds it a great improvement over the old days when he was obliged to scour the neighborhood to get together a force of twelve to twenty men, and the farmer's wife is delighted with the change.

Twenty years ago a dollar a bushel was considered only a moderately "paying" price for wheat. Ten years back, when the market had worked down below seventy-five cents, the wheat farmer faced certain bankruptcy with a groan. Now, farmers in the Northwest are selling wheat, and making money, at fifty cents a bushel. Many factors contribute to make this possible, but heavier crops and lower wages are not among them. Lower prices on nearly everything he buys, especially machinery, leave the farmer a larger surplus from a given sum, but the result is brought about most of all by improved machinery and systemizing the business. The gang plow, the four-horse harrow, the broad drill, the binder and the header on all the level prairies of the Northwestern wheat fields have more than doubled the producing capacity of labor.

As soon as one crop is off preparation for the next is begun. Even now in the Dakotas and Minnesota notable progress has been made toward the crop of 1900. On many farms a field of forty to 100 acres was sown in the fall of 1899. Then, there is the cornfield, twenty to 300 acres more, needing only to have the corn stalks dragged to make it ready for the drill. As soon as the grain is in the stack—and here is the strong point of the large and increasing number who use the header in preference to the binder—the gang plow is started. The earlier the stubble is turned under the better the promise for next year. With a fourteen-inch gang and four good, heavy shires or Peckshers, an old man past the age for arduous labor, a cripple, a bright boy of twelve or thirteen—and on a pinch the farmer's daughter—can turn over five or six acres of the melon in a day. Recently at a G. A. R. campfire in South Dakota, the speaker, who was a Virginian, was to accompany a quartet in some old army songs, had sent regrets, and a young man had been dispatched for the daughter of a comrade in an adjoining town. The messenger found the girl afield with

the "gang." In an hour she had made a hasty toilet and was playing the organ as prettily as you please.

By the middle of September the 100 acres, which is the area prescribed by the unwritten law for each gang, is turned. Then comes a long rest, so far as the wheat crop is concerned, until April 1. About the middle of the year, if you should be driving through the realms of the wheat kings, you would witness some transformations. Yesterday the snowdrifts were melting in the April sun; to-day the farmer, or the farmer's man, is following the four-horse, thirty-six foot harrow, smoothing an acre for the drill at every sweep across the quarter section. To-morrow the drill starts. No daylight is wasted. Twelve to twenty acres a day is seeded till the crop is in. Then the rush is over. At more leisure the garden is made, the cornfield plowed, planted and cultivated. In July, haying and preparation for the harvest are in order.

If Fortune has smiled; if shower and sunshine have followed each other in due proportion; if drought and sirocco, tornado and hailstorm have spared them, the fields of ripening wheat are a poet's dream. But to the farmer in the great wheat belt harvest is distinctly and emphatically non-poetical. It means long days and short nights, dust and sweat, grimy face, hands blackened with oil, weariness and aching joints. Harvest is the most critical and important part of the year's work.

The most practical and successful wheat growers are divided in opinion as to the relative merits of binder and header. The headers are made to cut a ten, twelve or fourteen foot swath. With a twelve-foot header thirty to thirty-five acres a day can be put in the stack, but it requires a crew of six to eight men and boys and eight or ten horses. With a six-foot binder two men with three horses will put in the shock twelve or thirteen acres. But horses are more plentiful than men in the Western harvest fields. By using a seven-foot binder and eight horses in two reliefs, three men frequently put up twenty acres or more in a day. For the header it is contended that the harvest can be taken off more quickly and cheaply and the grain is in the stack when it is cut, leaving the field ready for to plow earlier than by any other means. The advocates of the binder argue that it is not always possible to secure enough hands to fill the header crew while the farmer can run his binder with one hired man.

By either method the work is pushed from dawn till dark. The farmer and his help reach the end of harvest worn down by hard work and long hours, but with a sense of relief that the fruits of the year's labor are measurably secured against the hazards of the elements. While wheat is, and must necessarily remain, the leading feature of Northwestern agriculture, the best farmers have ceased to depend on the wheat crop alone for their living. A herd of cattle, a flock of sheep, a few pigs, the great American hen, and a well kept garden supply many of his family wants, leaving him in better shape if the wheat crop fails.

Miss Proctor's Youthful Critics. Miss Mary Proctor, the astronomer and lecturer, takes a deep interest in social settlement work in the big cities, and frequently gives her personal services toward entertaining poor children and adults. Generally her lectures are very well received. Many of her audiences often manifest better attention than those drawn from higher circles. Now and then there are exceptions.

On one occasion a bright-eyed little boy, who sat in the front row with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, was asked how he liked it.

"I guess," he said, "it was pretty good, but she ought to talk about lions and tigers. That's better for everybody."

At another lecture a youngster criticized her as follows:

"It's all very well to talk of weighing and measuring stars. There are some people, of course, who believe that sort of thing, but she catered to us boys with such fairy tales she's very much mistaken."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Startling Mexican Custom. It is a little startling to newcomers at first to note the universal custom in Mexico of addressing persons of high and low degree by their first names. As soon as friends are at all well acquainted they address each other by the given name, and this is done not only by those of the same age and sex, but indiscriminately among young men and young women, young people and older persons. In the latter case, or between elderly persons, a respectful prefix is used, as "Don" Ricardo. Public characters are also commonly so addressed by their first names, even the wife of the President of the Republic being affectionately called Carmencita by all classes. In the household the head of the house is called Don Jose or Don Manuel by the servants, and a son in distinction is known as Manuelito (little Manuel).

Curious Effects of Lightning. During a recent thunderstorm in Berlin most curious effects were produced by the lightning on the persons who were struck. Some of the strange freaks performed are described as follows: "None of the wounded look as if caused by a charge of grain shot. The holes reach to the bone, and are surrounded by a web of blue and brown lines. Many of the injured have quite a number of such wounds in their feet and ankles, while others got off with a skin covered with blue and brown marks, as if beaten with a thick stick."