



### The New Umbrella.

Oh, Ella!  
With her first umbrella!  
She walked abroad like any queen,  
She held it proudly for display,  
Admired its handle, stroked its sheen,  
Was ever little girl more gay?

Dear Ella!  
Such a small umbrella!  
Once in the rain-swept market-place  
I met her. Dripping were her curls,  
She looked, despite her sunny face,  
The most forlorn of little girls.

"Why, Ella!  
Where's your new umbrella?"  
Said I: "The storm has drenched your hair,  
Just see your look! Just see your hat!  
And what is this you hug with care,  
A broom, a hiddle, or a cat?"

Oh, Ella!  
With her first umbrella!  
She looked at me, and shyly spoke,  
"The raindrops pelted on her yet;  
"I have it here beneath my cloak,  
Because, you see, it might get wet."  
—Christian Register.

### Milly and Billy.

Our Milly has a very curious pet to ride, and I think you will hardly guess what it is. It is not a pony nor a donkey; it is a large black and white billy goat, with a tremendous beard.

Billy looks very fierce, but he is not so bad as he looks. On the whole, he is gentle and good tempered, and does not mind how much Milly and her little brother and sister push him about. But he has a little bit of a will of his own; and, when they tease him too much, he gives them a butt, just to remind them that they must not go too far. But he does not butt hard, for he does not want to hurt them.

So they all take turns to ride the dear old goat; and they all enjoy it very much, or at least they say they do.—Cassell's Little Folks.

### Our Liberty Bell.

The Prince of Wales during his visit to Philadelphia in 1860 rescued the liberty bell from a dirt heap, and raised it to that position which it now occupies in the American people's hearts.

The prince saw the portraits of the men who stirred up the Revolution, and made complimentary comments upon them. He looked with interest on the manuscript of the Declaration of Independence, and he did not flinch when he had placed in his hands the swords of men who hewed down the flower of his royal progenitor's army.

Finally, he came to a garret. This was where the bell was rung when the Declaration was read, he was told. Then he wanted to know what had become of the bell. They found it for him with the aid of their canes. It was hidden away beneath a mass of waste paper and other debris.

No one seemed to mind what had been discovered except the Prince of Wales. He was apparently appalled. For the moment he forgot he was a Briton. He gazed upon the poor cracked bell that had rung at a nation's birth, and then he spoke the words that made the American people see that they were neglectful.

"This old bell," he said, "is the greatest relic this republic has today. It should occupy the chief place of honor in this Hall of Independence. It is to you what the Magna Charta is to England. It is cracked, but it is an inspiration. Believe me, my friends, it affects me more than anything I have been shown."

That was the renaissance of the Liberty Bell. No more dirt was thrown upon it. During the civil war its name was used to stir the Union soldiery; and then, when the Chicago World's fair began, it was taken there, so that men and women from all parts of the world might see it. Today the Liberty Bell is America's greatest relic; and the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., made it so.—Philadelphia Press.

### The Missing Five Cents.

Holding out his hand for the change, John's employer said, "Where my boy, did you get what I sent you for?"

"Yes, sir," said John; "and here is the change, but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two change, and there's only seventeen according to my count."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money."

"No, sir; I counted it over in the hall, to be sure it was all right."

"Then perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change."

But John shook his head. "No, sir; I counted that, too. Father said we must always count our change before leaving a store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks grew red, but his voice was firm. "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All I know it that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for that five-cent piece

that is hidden inside your coat sleeve?" John looked down quickly, and caught the gleaming bit with a cry of pleasure. "Here you are! Now it is all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. I was certain I had it when I started from the store to return."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going and to tell the exact truth, whether it counts well or not—two important things for an errand-boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking farther."

At this John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up; and finally he said, in a low voice, "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change, if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown; "and, if you would have done it, you would have lost the situation, that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over so small a sum as five cents, whether he is asked questions or not." —Pansy.

### Fred and Carlo.

Little Fred Keith had no brother nor sister to play with; and, when company came, he was very selfish with his playthings.

One day his father brought home a beautiful collie. "Now, Fred," he said, "Carlo is to be your pet; but you must treat him kindly, and not be selfish."

They had grand frolics when they went for a walk together. If Fred threw a stick into the pond, Carlo would always swim out and bring it back.

One bright morning in July, Fred went out into the pasture to pick berries. He carried two small pails in one of which mother had packed a nice luncheon. Carlo trotted along, carrying the empty pail in his mouth.

The blueberries hung in clusters, and, before one pail was filled, Fred declared that it was surely dinner time. He sat down in the shade of a tall laurel bush, and began to eat a sandwich. Carlo smelled the meat, and begged for a piece; but, though his big brown eyes were wistful and he help up both paws, Fred took no notice.

"I'm real hungry, and I want it all myself. You can catch a squirrel," he said at last.

The second sandwich was half gone, and Carlo's eyes looked sad. "Carlo has been chasing a rabbit all the morning. Perhaps he is as hungry as I am. I guess maybe he can have this ham and cake and I'll eat the pie."

Carlo barked a joyous "Thank you!" and, somehow, Fred's pie tasted twice as good as usual. Then they ran down to the spring, and drank some of the clear water.

When both pails were full, they started for home. Faithful Carlo carried one pail so carefully that not a berry was spilled.

The next afternoon Fred took Carlo for a walk in the fields. Grandfather's barn, where he kept his salt hay, stood all by itself in the pasture; and near by was an old cellar. Fred went to the edge to look over, a stone loosened, and he fell in. He tried for a long while to climb out, but each time he fell back.

Carlo ran round the edge, barking. Then he jumped in. Fred was glad that he did not leave him alone. He called for help until he was tired. The sun went down, and a few stars began to peep out. Then he called with all his might, but the only answer was an echo from the old barn. By and by he lay down beside Carlo, and cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke, the moon was shining brightly. He remembered a ginger-snap that was in his pocket. "I'll give Carlo half, the dear doggy!" he thought. Out came the cookie, and his little blank book with it. Fred shouted with delight as he emptied his pocket. It was full, like all boy's pockets; and, sure enough, there was a stubby pencil and some string.

He tore a page from the book and wrote,—

"Dear Mother.—I'm in the old cellar, and can't get out. FRED."

He tied the paper round Carlo's neck. Then he piled up all the rocks until he could reach high enough to help Carlo out.

"Go home quickly, Carlo," he said; and the dog leaped away. Lanterns were flashing into dark corners, and all the neighbors were hunting for Fred. Mrs. Keith ran to the door when she heard Carlo's bark. How she did hug him after she had read the note!

"Mother," exclaimed Fred, when he had eaten supper and finished telling the story of his adventure, "I'm glad that I gave Carlo some dinner yesterday. If he had not helped me, I'd be in the old cellar now."

"Yes," said his mother, "Carlo is a true friend. I should be very sorry if my little boy were selfish to such a good dog." —Fay Stuart, in the Morning Star.

### The Good Boy.

There are bad boys and less bad boys, but there never yet was a good boy that was well and hearty.—New York Press.

## UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

### WHAT THIS OLD SEAT OF LEARNING IS LIKE.

#### Cecil Rhodes' Bold Plan of Furnishing Scholarships to Students from the United States, the British Colonies and Germany Makes This Article Timely.

Cecil Rhodes' bold plan—provided for in his will, as recently chronicled—to send each year to Oxford University a number of select students from the United States, the British colonies and Germany, with a scholarship provision of \$1500 each for expenses—this far-reaching benevolence has naturally called forth much discussion; and the occasion is ripe for asking what one of these scholarships at illustrious Oxford is to mean.

First then, the details as to how the candidates are to be chosen, what is to be required of them, etc.—all this is still undetermined. The matter will be worked out with deliberation by boards of administrators yet to be chosen. Rhodes never concerned himself with ways; all he did was to supply the means of doing things. His scholarship endowment plan involves many difficulties in practice and it will take time to assimilate a scheme of procedure.

The University of Oxford differs from any educational institution in this country. It is not a single, compact university, like Harvard or Yale, but a collection of independent colleges under a form of confederacy somewhat analogous to that by which the various states of the Union are bound. It is a sort of pluribus unum. But in Oxford the power and influence of the colleges predominate over the university.

Cambridge University, in England, is the only other school that is like Oxford. The other English universities and the German and French universities are more like ours, though there are of course radical differences between such institutions in the different countries.

It would take years of residence at the university to understand the peculiar relations which exist at Oxford. The institution is the growth of six or eight centuries of time, and its history is as complicated as that of a nation. Yet a little inquiry will show us its distinctive characteristics—little understood as they generally are by the average American.

Oxford University was not turned out virtually complete at one operation like Stanford. From the earliest times the place was a seat of learning. There was a nunnery there as early as the eighth century, and Pope Martin II in 802 spoke of the town as an educational center. Vacarius lectured there in Latin, on law, in 1149. There were by that time a number of monasteries and other religious houses there, to some of which schools were attached, where students were bred up for the church.

In course of time the teachers of the various schools came to meet together in a sort of "institute," to discuss methods and adopt general rules. From this association, distinct from and of higher authority than any particular school, the University of Oxford sprang. The word "university" (universitas) was first applied in a statute of King John, in 1201.

Walter de Merton, in 1264, first gave the institution the character it was destined to develop. He founded Merton college; and from time to time during 400 years other similar colleges were founded until there were 21 in all. These exist today, and beside them there are some collateral schools also, sustaining special relations to the university.

The original purpose in founding the separate colleges was to give the friends and townspeople of the founder a place to live and study together. The various colleges are by no means uniform. Each has its own character, its own customs and rules, its own supporters.

Originally the students lived where they pleased in the town of Oxford, but under the college system they were required to take up their residence in the college buildings called halls, hotels or halls—some as our college fraternities have their own quarters—where they lived in common—the meals and the rooms being called "commons."

Out of the college funds certain sums were laid aside to pay for the support of a limited number of poorer undergraduate students, and these provisions were called scholarships. Then other funds were established for the support of post-graduate students, called fellowships, and the possessor of one of them was a "fellow."

There are now—not including the Rhodes scholarships—several hundred scholarships, worth \$400 to \$600 each, and about 30 fellowships worth about \$1500 each. The bequests of \$1500 a year each will therefore put the Rhodes scholars on a footing, financially, with the most honored class of residents at the university.

When a young man goes to Oxford he is not, as at our American colleges, assigned to classes where he has to study text-books, recite, listen to lectures, and take frequent examinations. There is no university examination at

entrance, but all the best colleges have an entrance examination, varying in standard with the college.

The colleges do the teaching, what there is of it, but always with a view to the honors and degrees conferred by the university. The university itself provides certain lectures, notably in science, law and theology—though science is not put to the front at Oxford. But as a rule the university lecturers talk to empty benches. The students is not really required to attend any lectures, not even those given by his own college; but he may attend any he likes, even those in other colleges. In recent years the lectures have taken a somewhat more practical and definite turn.

Formerly the favorite colleges at Oxford were filled up several years in advance, but for the last generation students have been allowed to live in their own lodgings, instead of in commons, and now a student can enter any college on short notice. It is hard to say just how many students are in attendance, as such statistics are not made prominent by the university. The number runs from 1600 to 2000 perhaps—or much below that at a number of the German, French and American universities.

The colleges hold certain examinations at intervals, and students are generally expected to pass these up within a stated time. Specially difficult examinations are held for honors. Finally the university conducts the examinations leading to the degrees—the main purpose being to make Masters of Arts.

There are four terms each year: Michaelmas, from Oct. 10 to Dec. 17; Hilary, from Jan. 14 to Palm Sunday; Easter, from Wednesday of Easter week to Friday before Whitsunday; and Trinity, from Whitsunday to the first Saturday after the first Tuesday in July. The ordinary academic year is about 26 weeks. Twelve terms of residence are required as a minimum for the degree of B. A., and 27 terms for M. A. It is seen, therefore, that to be a "Master of Arts of Oxford" is something to be justly proud of, as it means at least about seven years faithful work.

It is customary for students to "read" with a private tutor, who helps them over the rough places. These tutors generally get about \$50 a term, for three hours a week. They are usually upper classmen, or post-graduates working for higher degrees. The cost of tuition paid to the colleges averages about \$325 for the whole three years—not including tutors' fees. About £200, or say \$1000, a year is the amount generally accepted as a liberal allowance for all expenses of a young man studying at Oxford. The very minimum would be half this. The professors draw salaries up to \$4500 a year, the average being hardly \$2000.

The official title of the university is: "The Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford." The university is mostly self-governing, and is a republic in itself. There are four representative bodies that manage its affairs. There is the Hologrammatical Council or weekly meeting, which is a sort of ways and means committee; the House of Congregation, a sort of upper house or revisory board, which grants degrees, etc.; the Convocation, consisting of all the Masters of Arts or graduate alumni of the university, which elects the two members to parliament that a law of James I gives to the university; and the Congregation of the University, which passes laws for the government of the university, etc. Two proctors—a sort of police—have authority over the department of the students—one of the university bug-bears, as will be recalled by those that have read "Tom Brown at Oxford."

The town of Oxford has about 45,000 people. It is situated in a beautiful rolling, pastoral country in one of the sweetest and most romantic sections of England—about 55 miles up the Thames from London, though the little river here is known by its more classic name of Isis. The High street or principal thoroughfare of the town has often been called the finest street in the world. This does not mean that any particular building is architecturally finer than those in any great city; but the vast number of massive, hoary and impressive structures makes the whole sublime.

Oxford stands for a kind of education not much cultivated now in America, where everything takes a practical turn. But Rhodes was a practical man and he knew Oxford; and he was convinced that the influence of that great institution, operating on young men of energy and resource, from newer countries, would be a powerful leaven for the betterment of the world. Men of broad culture such as Oxford can produce he knew would be in increasing demand in the coming time. And it may be that these students from other lands will in turn be a powerful element in the evolution of a newer Oxford, which shall thus exert increased influence on the progress of mankind.—The Pathfinder.

The Knack of Concealing Their Knack. "Many women," said the philosopher, "can make their own clothes, but it is the exalted few who can make them so that the others will not suspect it." —Indianapolis News.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The last discovered and most distant of great planets, Neptune, extended the solar system more than one thousand million miles. Prof. George Forbes is seeking an even more distant planet, so confidently that he has actually named it Victoria, and he expects that it will be found about 10,000,000 miles from the sun.

A new French refrigerator consists of closed metallic cylinders surrounded by a freezing mixture, being designed for keeping fruit at a fixed temperature with a restricted amount of air and an absence of light. Thawing must be gradual. After two months peaches were in perfect condition, and the methods adapted for transporting soft fruits including bananas.

All the blood in the human body passes through the heart in about three minutes. The heart beats seventy times a minute, 4200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, throwing out 2½ ounces of blood a second, 656 pounds an hour, 7½ tons a day. It is only when supplied with pure, rich blood that the heart, an organ six inches long by four inches wide, can accomplish this enormous amount of work and rebuild its own wasted tissues.

In Brussels, Malines and other Belgian towns, a novel method of not only getting rid of smoke, but turning it into use, has recently been employed. The smoke is driven by a ventilating fan into a filter with porous material, over which a continuous stream of petroleum, benzine, alcohol or some liquid hydrocarbon flows. The result is that the smoke is entirely suppressed, while the filter yields a gas of great calorific power, which can be used for heating purposes and for driving gas-engines. The filtering material itself also becomes a good combustible.

The available coal yet stored in the earth in Germany is estimated by Professor Ferdinand Fischer of Göttingen at 160,000,000,000 tons; in England, only 81,500,000 tons; in Belgium, Austria-Hungary and France, about 17,000,000,000 tons each. The store of Russia is but imperfectly known. North America can produce 684,000,000,000 tons, and Baron von Richthofen has stated that China has a supply nearly as great. Japan, Borneo and New South Wales have considerable coal; Africa, an unknown quantity. Germany's coal should last another thousand years, but England's supply will begin to show signs of exhaustion within 50 years. In the United States the production has increased from about 6,200,000 tons in 1891 to nearly 45,000,000 in 1901.

### Novel Test of Death.

Horror of being buried alive is common to the whole human race, and from time immemorial experiments have been in progress with the view of making such a terrible fate impossible. Some physicians maintain that satisfactory tests can also be made by the use of Roentgen rays, but it is not every one who has the facilities for making such tests, whereas any one can make a test on the plan devised by Dr. Icard, a physician of Marseilles, France. The doctor uses fluorescin, the well known coloring material, and his experiments have proved so successful that they have won for him the approval of the French Academy of Sciences. Fluorescin injected into the human body produces absolutely no effect if the body is dead, whereas it produces most surprising effect if the body is alive. Dr. Icard uses a solution of it which is so strong that a single gramme is able to color 40,000 quarts of water.

If a little of this solution is injected under the skin of a living person in two minutes the skin, and especially the mucous membranes, will become much discolored, and the person will present the appearance of one suffering from an acute attack of jaundice. Moreover the eyes will become a greenish color and the pupils will almost become invisible. These symptoms will remain for one or possibly two hours and then will gradually disappear. Since fluorescin produces this effect on a living body it naturally follows, according to Dr. Icard, that any body on which it produces no effect must be dead.—Boston Herald.

### The Anointing of William IV.

At the coronation of William IV, when the archbishop was about to anoint him on the chest, and opened his robes for that purpose, the King was discovered to be wearing underneath his mantle a tight admiral's uniform. A delay was caused by this, during which the King became impatient, and showed frank indifference to strict adherence to the ritual part of the ceremonial. Irritability and impatience were marked characteristics of William IV., and there was, moreover, a thin streak of democracy in the composition of the very eccentric sailor king.

The Brazilian coast city of Bahia has about 200,000 inhabitants, who live in 17,000 houses. For each house a month water rent is paid.