

...of the tax on foreign residents in Russia, which those journals so strongly advocate, may shortly be introduced by the government. A report is current that this tax will be fixed at 150 gold rubles per annum, which makes about \$35 rubles in the ordinary currency, or about \$185. The effect of such an impost would of course be to drive out of the country the more skilled and industrious artisans of foreign nationalities. Like the foreign passport tax, it will act as another check to Russia's foreign commerce."

A steam yacht is an expensive luxury. Jay Gould seldom cruises on the beautiful Atlanta and more seldom has guests aboard, yet she costs him \$6000 a month. W. K. Vanderbilt has made one cruise in his new Alva—to the Bermudas—and has planned others and he calculates that it will cost him at least \$10,000 a month to maintain his steam pleasure craft. Wm. Astor keeps his steam yacht, the Normanna, tied up most of the time, and consequently he gets off more cheaply—\$2000 to \$3000 a month. The most extensive and most famous for its good cheer of all New York steam yachts is James Gordon Bennett's Namouna. For twelve months in the year he keeps her in commission and hardly a week passes when her cabin is not the scene of some lavish entertainment. Entertainments, more or less lavish, cost money, but how much Mr. Bennett spends in this way will remain a mystery. It is known that the sum total of actual expenses on the Namouna is \$48,000 a year.

The Epoch says that in the summer time, "the thunder storm takes its place as a formidable agent for the destruction of human life and property. The multiplication of telegraph wires in cities is doubtless somewhat of a protection, at least it is comparatively rare that any one is struck by lightning in crowded towns. But in the country houses and barns, even when guarded by lightning-rods are frequently the target of the thunder-bolt, and people who, from a foolish desire to escape a wetting, take refuge under tall trees especially when they are isolated, are apt to pay the penalty of their rashness. There is a proverb that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. This must take its place among the fallacious saws born of superstition. The objects that offer the electric fluid a convenient track once are apt to perform the same service a second time and it is known that a building has been struck a second and even a third time during the same shower. It is one consolation for those who mourn friends taken off by lightning to know that such a death is probably quite painless."

Nature is the Greatest Model. Household ornamentation, in its designs, its meanings and effects, follows closer on nature models than anything else I know of, says L. Renaud in the Globe-Democrat. The most modern designs in household dinner-ornament fabrics are wavy lines. Nature seldom if ever made a straight line. Take for instance the human countenance—it is a good model or guide; taking the nose as a center, the eyes should be the same size and equally apart, the forehead, the hair, and lower portions of the face all should be equally proportioned from that center; or, as the head is higher than the shoulders, so the center of an article of furniture should be the tallest point, and the decorations arranged as near as possible to the above proportions in the matter of balance. Bonding of colors, too, is important in the selection of decorations, and the nearer we go to nature in this also have we the most desirable and commendable selection. The more I have investigated the more I am convinced that nature gave us models which can not be improved.

It is estimated that 50,000 trees have been planted in Nebraska by female landers during the past three years.

Recreation is not idleness, but ease to the weary by change of occupation.

The Michigan W. C. T. U., at its recent annual meeting, voted \$300 to assist the unions in States where amendments are pending.

...of the drawers of that old mahogany desk and among his other papers fifty times, I guess. I know he meant the Red Brook Farm for Oscar, but if that deed is never carried I suppose his own boys will take it."

"Mrs. Hill was bending over the kitchen stove with flushed face, for the day was hot. The odor of fried ham filled the air. She stood back and looked at Reuben by the open window, with a meditative air.

"It is queer about it," she cooed. "It will be mean enough if Oscar gets cheated out of a share in the property. He worked faithfully for Nathan till he was of age, more faithfully than his own boys, and Nathan thought so much of him, too."

"And meant to do the square thing by him," Reuben continued. "You don't suppose Rebert or Will had a hand in—"

Reuben interrupted himself to look up, as a strange shadow fell across the square of sunlight in the kitchen door.

A girl, a stranger, carrying a valise, was standing there. Her comely face was flushed, and she seemed somewhat overcome with the heat.

Mrs. Hill looked at her with an encouraging smile. The girl stepped inside the doorway in response to the mute welcome.

"Don't you want to hire a girl at low wages through the hot weather?" she inquired abruptly.

"We do our own work," Mrs. Hill responded. "Our own girls. And you—"

Reuben said to her: "You look like you've come from a long way off. You've had a hard day, haven't you? You look like you've had a hard day, haven't you?"

"I have walked from Kamebank this forenoon," said the girl. "I am pretty tired."

She sat down in the Madras-covered chair by the open door. Her eyes wandered around the kitchen as if she recognized something familiar in the surroundings, although she was a stranger.

"You've come a pretty long stretch," Reuben volunteered, giving her a quick, shrewd glance. He was apt to be on the lookout for strangers.

Mrs. Hill regarded her with the kind motherliness she felt for her own girls.

"You'll feel better after you have had some dinner with us," she said.

"Just let me place a valise," Reuben commented.

"Yes," said the girl. She spoke with a slight Scotch accent. She seemed a little embarrassed with the question, and her eyes wandered through the door to the hired man coming up to dinner from the bay field.

"I had a pretty good place, but I wanted a change," she said, bringing her glance to bear upon Reuben's face bashfully.

"A girl ought to stick to a good place," he ventured.

She made no reply to this "feeler," but something like a smile flitted over her face.

"Sort of odd, I guess," was Reuben's thought.

Mrs. Hill removed the "sizzling" spider from the hot stove, and taking up the platter of brown slices of ham, she said to the girl:

"Come in this way and take off your hat."

The girl followed her into the cool dining-room and gave the same peculiar glance around. Mrs. Hill set the platter on the invitingly laid table and then conducted the stranger into her own bedroom adjoining, where the high feather bed stood, covered with a patch-work quilt of pink and white "basket work."

"Just lay your things on the bed and come right out to dinner," Mrs. Hill said. "Here's a little girl who wants a place to work," she said to Lottie, who just then came out of the buttery with a large apple pie, which she placed on the table.

"Well, there's enough work to be done here, dear knows," Lottie returned briskly, with a friendly nod to the newcomer. "There's sewing enough to keep Addie busy six months, and that's saying—I don't believe you'll get round to it before Christmas. It takes us both all the time to potter round with the household. I do think

the stranger to the boat. We never feel as if we can pay wages in the house, because we have to keep hired help on the farm all the time. But you can stay through the hot weather, and I dare say a place will turn up for you before long."

"I can spin," Sara said, eagerly. "All the girls on the island learn to do that."

"I couldn't draw a thread to save my life," said Addie.

So it was settled. The wheel and reel, so common in our grandmothers' days, were brought out and set in the shed because it was cool. Sara, with the fluffy "frolics" heaped high on a chair back at her left hand, drew out her thread and filled the spindle rapidly, with a nonchalance and easy command of the situation that won the admiration of the girls, it being such an unusual accomplishment among them.

A week went by. Sara was talkative about her island home, but non-committal regarding her reasons for leaving the place in Kamebank.

"Whatever it means she's a good, nice girl," Mrs. Hill said to the girls privately.

Reuben Hill still ruminated over the disappearance of the deed. Oscar came into his meals quietly, having very little to say at any time. He had lived there since the death of Nathan Hill, six months before. Once or twice he caught Sara regarding him with a curious, fixed expression and answered her with a grave look of inquiry that brought the furious blushes to her face.

One day Sara went into the shed and went out into the shed, leaving the family to rise, one after the other, leisurely. The soft whir of the wheel, mingled with the murmur of insects in the hot summer noon, reached the dining room.

"It's queer how she happened to come here," Addie remarked, reflectively.

"And she's so secret about leaving her place," added Lottie.

"Well, I do like to see her round," Mrs. Hill said in her own placid fashion.

Mr. Hill, going out through the shed on his way to the big barn, stopped in consternation. Sara was sitting on an old red chest in the corner, in great distress seemingly. He gave one glance, then hurried back, and called startlingly through the kitchen door.

"Mother! girls! Come! Sara's in a fit!"

They came hurrying out with various exclamations. Her eyes were wide open, but unseeing. Her face was working convulsively.

"Perhaps she's subject to them," suggested Mrs. Hill.

"Oscar," said Mr. Hill, "tell Tim to jump on the gray mare and ride to the corner for a doctor. Quick now!"

Sara became quiet all in a moment. "Don't send for a doctor," she said. "I'm not sick."

Her eyes were still open and unseeing, but her voice had changed, and was falling upon their ears in grief, familiar accents.

"Nathan's voice, if I ever heard it in my life," Reuben told the doctor afterwards.

"Don't you know me?" she asked in that familiar voice. "I've been wanting to come and tell you about the deed. I have never been able to do so before. You've overlooked a secret drawer in the mahogany desk. It is close under the bookcase. The deed is there. Go now and look."

Like one dazed Reuben went up stairs and searched for the secret drawer in the old-fashioned piece of furniture, a combined bookcase and writing desk, which had been removed there, with other things, after Nathan's death. It must be confessed that he felt pretty nervous. How did Sara know about the deed? It had never been mentioned in her presence.

He returned. "There ain't any drawer there," he said.

"But there is," persisted Sara. "There is a spring, the color of the wood, about the size of a pin head, close under the bookcase on the left of the writing desk. Pass your finger nail over the surface and you'll find it."

Reuben went again. It must be admitted that he felt a thrill of superstitious fear.

"And I thought you were going crazy," laughed Lottie, now that her fear was gone.

Mrs. Hill explained about the deed. Sara listened, then said deliberately:

"I never told you how I came to leave my place. I thought you might think it was silly. It was all on account of a dream I had."

The group were listening breathlessly. "I saw this house with the long piazzas and green blinds," she went on, "the big barn, with the great doors open, the bee-hives, your faces, everything just as plain in my dream as I saw them when I came that day. I thought I was to come here to help some one. I didn't understand what it meant, but I awoke with the feeling that I must come, whether I wanted to or not. I had seen the long, dusty road stretching ahead of me, and the house and barn on the hill. When I got there I was half frightened, but you all seemed as if you had been expecting me. You made me feel at home."

"Strange," said Mrs. Hill, with a sort of awe in her voice.

"Aunt Samantia would explain it," said Lottie. "She's been going to seeances at the corner lately."

From the day that the deed was found Oscar began to show open preference for Sara.

It was not until she became his wife and they were living quietly in the little house on the Red Brook farm that she confessed to having seen his face in her dream, and a great deal of all, but that she had been told that she was to marry him.

Reuben Hill is not quite such a hard-headed skeptic as formerly. He has to admit that there may be stranger things in the universe than his philosophy has dreamed of. We give the facts, as they came under our notice, without pretending to account for them.—[New York Mercury.]

The Writing of Modern Hymns. Know that man! It's William H. Doane, and he makes \$20,000 a year writing hymns, or rather that's the royalty he gets. He is engaged with Fay & Co., but in his leisure moments he hunts around and finds a touching bit of poetry and he works it into a hymn. Oh, it's a paying business; beats any kind of writing I ever heard of, but it's not everybody that can catch on to that sort of a style. It's harder than writing waltz songs or even Ledger stories or detective yarns of blood and thunder romances. You see, a man must have some of the divine effluvia mixed with a good deal of poetry in order to be successful as a hymnologist. He lives in a fine residence on Mount Auburn and some time ago he had a falling out with John Mitchell—something about a boundary line. They got the matter in courts, when Mitchell said he'd fix him, so he erected a long row of three-story bricks right adjoining. He said he was going to put up a hundred, but he only got as far as a seventy.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Lafayette's Land. There have been numerous inquiries of late as to whether Lafayette accepted a township of land tendered him by the United States government, and if he did accept it, where is the land located. These inquiries have brought out a statement of one who was adequate surveyor in Florida, who says that after completing the survey in 1823 he returned to Tallahassee, where he met Col. McKee, who had been sent there as the agent of Gen. Lafayette, then on a visit to the United States. Col. McKee was commissioned to select the proffered township, and he chose one adjoining and northwest from Tallahassee. It is presumed that the land has long since been sold off.

What He Caught. "Fishing yesterday, eh?" queried Wigwag. "Yes," replied McPutter, hoarsely. "You brought your catch home this time?"—facetiously. "Yes, and I've got it yet." "What was it?" "A cold—the worst I've had this season."—Free Press.

quality, both red and white, and ways included as a matter of course, and is kept constantly on the table in two-quart canoes, one to every two persons, and these are always refilled when the bottom is reached. Milk is only secured as a regular thing from goats, and is drawn from the natural reservoir at the door. There are one or two cows in every place, kept mostly as curiosities, and their milk is considered very precious. If any over fastidious person insists upon having cows' milk with his coffee, the milk is not brought in a can to the house, but the cow is driven up and milked in plain sight, to show that no deception is practiced.—Hotel Gazette.

A Home Run. A few days ago two ball players composed of boys were playing a match game in Brooklyn, and in place of a bat were using an old discarded coal shovel handle. The game had become intensely exciting and the opposing had what they termed a slugger at the bat. Two runners occupied the bases, and three strikes had been called on the slugger. The next ball pitched the slugger banded away, and at the call of his enthusiastic captain, ran down to the first, then to the second, third out home, keeping the shovel handle in his hand all way round. The nine having the field and spectators, from the time the slugger had struck the ball, were in the meanwhile looking for the sphere, but they did not discover its whereabouts until the runner showed it to the umpire, wedged fast in the hand grip of the shovel. Of course there was much kicking indulged in at the discovery, but the umpire decided a home run.

These Dinner Paits. Dinner paits. Recently these afflicted an interesting economical study. There were more than scores of them in the hands of laborers seated on the sidewalks with their backs against the big wall which protects Trinity Churchyard on New Church street. We could not help seeing their contents as we passed. Every man had light, spongy wheat bread. Many of them had with it boiled eggs or liberal slices of meat. In most every part was some luxury, either pie or large chunks of cake, and not of the plainest sort, but rich layer cake. They also had a liberal supply of either tea or coffee. And it was not insignificant that not one of the wretched creatures was found drinking beer! Nowhere else in the wide, wide world will the dinner paits of the workers tempt the appetite as here in the United States. No millionaire in his big city eats better food of the same sort than we saw taken from the workmen's paits.—American Grocer.

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