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PAYING THE PENALTY

CHAPTER VII.

From the date on which Elinor Kellogg had declared to her son that she had fathomed the mystery of her sister-in-law's sufferings, she more and more assumed the management of the invalid. She indeed so completely ingratiated herself into the good will of the banker's wife, and seemed tender and solicitous in her attentions, that that lady was only satisfied when she was to her side.

Janette had been nearly heart-broken at having her place so much usurped, as she almost considered it. And more than once, with tears in her eyes, she had said to her mother:

"Oh, mamma, I am with you as little as ever. Your Elinor comes. I wish I could read to you as I used to all day."

"Darling," would be the reply, "you were taking wings under the confinement. I cannot permit it longer. It is as fortunate for you as for me that your aunt came."

"Was it fortunate, mamma? I sometimes doubt my aunt's motives."

"She has no motives, dearest, no wish but to alleviate my sufferings and to restore me to health. I tear you are a little jealous, my love. Do not cry, dear. You shall attend me as many hours each day as I think will be well for you. You know how I love you."

"May then I not die, mamma?"

"Do not say impossible. You are my only child."

Thus in all the conversations Janette, kneeling by her mother's side, would have her cry out, but her sunny nature soon brought the tears away, after which she would remain happy until she again thought that the widow was too much absorbed in her cares.

Meanwhile she did not repose full confidence in her aunt. Janet, being the cousin of the dead father, since her death had been accustomed to direct the household affairs, and necessarily spent less time in her chamber.

Not that she was less devoted to her mother than was Elinor, but there was another who claimed a fair share of the affections of her heart. This was a young man of the moderate family to be betrothed. There was the idea that the widow was gradually slipping between herself and her mother, and not in full confidence in her hours, as it had in Janette's.

Thus Kellogg, strange to state, from the date that the will was to be made was perhaps a trifle more certain work heated of the Effects of Morphine on the Human System." had not again been found by him. Looking in upon his patient a condition so unlike of drooping before referred to. She evidently had no recurrence of those dead, stupefying spells from which she had so long suffered.

Her eyes were much brighter. Her brain seemed in active. She evidenced desire of a disposition to hold conversation, actually seemed light hearted, and to the great joy of her husband and children, was allowed only to sit in her favorite rocking chair before one of the windows of her room, but to walk from her bed to it, unaided.

The doctor attributed this wonderful change in the wife's condition to the unexpected alleviation of her son-in-law. He was strengthened rightly.

As the weeks passed after this happy improvement, Mr. Kellogg began to wonder that she did not gain in strength more rapidly. She apparently had reached a point at which improvement had ceased.

Rarely she seemed to hold what she had gained, as feel her eyes large, blue eyes grew brighter yet, and she seemed daily more animated and hopeful. So she continued.

The doctor called occasionally, but stated that she was in better hands than his, and he had been for six years endeavoring to restore her to health. Mr. Kellogg coincided with his opinion. Nevertheless he prescribed a tonic.

September and October passed with no further change at the banker's. The evening of November eleventh found the invalid in a far more cheerful mood than usual.

At four o'clock on the morning of the twelfth there was a hasty tapping on the door of the banker's room.

"Come in."

The door was opened.

"Oh, my dear brother, it is I. Elinor! Come—come at once—your wife! Your loved wife! My heart is broken. She is dead, dead, dead!" And the madam flew rapidly up the stairway.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Kellogg, leaping from his couch and hastily adjusting a dressing gown and slippers.

In one minute he was bending over the still form of his wife.

"Alas," exclaimed the bereaved man, "it is too true, my loved wife is no more! So sudden, so sudden! Were you with her, sister?"

"No, my dear brother," said the weeping woman. "I have usually stepped in two or three times in the course of the night to see how she was resting. I did so at twelve o'clock and found her seemingly sleeping peacefully. At four o'clock I found her thus."

"Dr. Hewit should be——"

"I requested Earl to summon him. He is now descending the stairs."

"He can do nothing."

"Your loved daughters and son—shall I summon them?"

"I will break the sad news to poor Robert. Let my daughters rest unconscious of their loss until Dr. Hewit has arrived and taken his departure."

When the doctor arrived great was his surprise.

"I am almost at a loss," he said, "to account for this. Why, she seemed——"

The madam was lowering the pillow on which the head of the lifeless body rested. An eight-ounce phial, half empty, rolled from beneath it to the carpeted floor.

The doctor quickly secured it.

"This, why, one of my own prescriptions—one I gave your wife six years ago. It contained a—a—poisonous!"

"I think," said Elinor, "that she has had it constantly repeated. Julia, the negro girl, I believe, has been her messenger."

"Do—do you know when it was last renewed, madam?"

"I requested my son to summon Julia—ah, here she is now."

"When was this phial last filled, Julia?" asked the doctor. "When did you last take it to the drug store?"

"Yesterday mornin', doctor. Why, my missus ain't——" and Julia burst into a wail of grief that aroused the banker's daughters.

The doctor for a moment stood like a statue. He paled to the very lips.

"Your wife's death, he presently said, was caused by heart failure. She passed away while asleep. Her death was painless. I deeply sympathize with you in your affliction."

The physician took his departure bearing with him the half empty phial.

Once on the sidewalk he exclaimed:

"My God, for six long years killing herself, and I, her attending physician, knowing nothing of it. Six long years and a sufficient quantity in twelve hours to have killed a dozen men whose systems were not saturated with it. I feel very culpable, and yet who should I? The directions on the phial were plain. What career of the morphine habit adheres to directions? And she, poor woman, knew not what she was taking, she only knew that its remedy soothed her unendurable pain. I have been blind, blind! I should have detected the phial when I changed the prescription. Oh, I pardon me. Oh, cursed cursed drug! And yet what would she do without it? Heart failure, heart failure—yes, heart stilled in death by me!"

The doctor entered his carriage and was rapidly driven away.

We will not dwell on the painful scene when the daughters entered the room of death, but turn to other characters of our drama.

George Howard, the old bank teller, had removed to Boston and East now filled the position he had left vacant. Thus far he had filled it in a satisfactory manner.

Robert was not in the speculative mood, but had not succeeded in connecting Chicago's young Board of Trade.

The broker had remonstrated against the idea of a future marriage between his daughter Laura and Lawrence Terry, and the happiness of the young couple was only marred by the recent settlement that had befallen them.

There was however, a cloud in the horizon that they saw not.

CHAPTER VIII.

Stephen Kellogg, after the body of his wife had been laid in the grave, wrote his brother Amos of her death. He stated in his letter how intensely Elinor had been to her care in the invalid, but did not particularize concerning the malady that had taken her.

A few days later he received a letter of condolence from his brother, from which we quote the following:

"Do you think it strange that all the particulars of your wife's last illness, and fully to acquaint me with her death. You state that her illness was the result of heart failure, the heart failure was superseded by what. Have you full confidence in the physician who attended her? Write me his statement in regard to the case."

The banker was greatly surprised when he read what he have quoted from his brother's letter. He rose from his arm chair and paced the floor of his private office in a state of nervous agitation.

"I cannot understand it," he exclaimed. "Why should Brother Amos desire all of the particulars if my wife's last illness? Why does he wish more information in regard to her sad death? Why a knowledge as to what superintended the failure of her loving heart to fluttering with the potent medicine? Why so large if I have full confidence in the physician who attended her? All this he desires a knowledge of and at once. I am completely at sea!

"Why, I could scarcely give him all the information he asks. I had best request Dr. Hewit to write my brother in regard, but may he has been too good a friend, for many years our family physician. I would not have him know of my brother's wild suspicions that Phalos was in the hands of one incompetent. I have all confidence in the physician who treated my wife.

"The heart failure was superseded by—by, why, six years of an invalid life, a gradual weakening of all the forces of the body. So, well, I will write Amos at once and ease his mind at rest. It was the will of God.

"Strange, though, how my wife rallied for two months previous to her death, then died suddenly. But such is heart failure. People even drop dead on Chicago's streets from failure of the heart to perform its functions."

Mr. Kellogg wrote a healthy letter to his North Carolina brother, the contents of which, it must be presumed, somewhat tranquilized that gentleman's mind, for when, a few days later, seated in the bosom of his Southern home, he had perused it, he remarked both that for some days had clouded his countenance, disappeared as if by magic, and the words, "Thank God!" escaped his lips.

A strange expression from one who had just read a detailed statement of the last illness and death of a brother's wife!

Elinor Kellogg, after the demise of her sister-in-law, became a far more important personage in the banker's household.

The two young ladies clung to her in their affliction as the one who had cared and loved their mother. Even the young ladies that had been growing in Janette's heart faded away, and she found comfort in her deep grief, in the arms of Elinor Kellogg.

The banker was somewhat surprised the morning Howard, the bank teller, had informed him that he must sever his connection with the bank, but on being informed that a wealthy uncle of that gentleman had recently died, leaving him a large estate in Boston, he congratulated his old employee and cast his eyes about for some one to fill his place.

He finally decided to entrust the duties to Earl.

"True," he thought, "he is young and practically without experience, but Terry can post him. He will soon be an adept. He must be honest. At least I will give the young man this chance. Lawrence carries the only key to the vault save mine.

"Robert is yet dealing in futures on the Board of Trade. The Lord only knows what else he is doing, but I have faith he will come out all right. He can wait. There is plenty of time for him. He has no widowed mother to support and will one day inherit a fair share of my fortune. Yes, let it be Earl. How Elinor will be pleased!"

We have seen that the widow's son secured the position, and there we find him six months later, almost an adept as the banker had predicted, telling over the bills of depositors at the receiving window.

"The Great Western Bank" at that day was the general repository of an excess of funds of the banks of hundreds of small cities and towns throughout the Northwest, and in the regular order of business, that institution both received and shipped by express many thousands of dollars each day.

By reason of the almost constant and continued failure of State banks from one end of the country to the other, in those days, it was necessary to use great caution, not only in receiving money, but in making up packages for shipment.

It was the custom of this particular bank, and doubtless of many others, to fill a tabulated statement of all bills shipped. This statement was made out by the cashier, and enumerated what banks of issue were represented in the shipment.

In this manner the banks protected themselves against claims that they had shipped bills or defunct banks or bills on which there was a discount.

It was the further custom of the express companies on being notified to send a trusted agent to the bank to receive and receipt for packages of money for shipment.

The agent's duty was to check over the bills with the cashier before receipting for the same, and as will be seen in the closing chapter, this was a wise precaution, but nevertheless no guarantee against loss.

(To be continued.)

A NATURAL WONDER.

The Most Tremendous Canyon in the World.

It is abruptly countersunk in the forest plateau, says John Muir in the Atlantic, so that you see nothing of it until you are suddenly stopped on its brink, with its immeasurable wealth of divinely colored and sculptured buildings before you and beneath you. No matter how far you may have wandered hitherto, or how many famous gorges and valleys you have seen, this one, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, will seem as novel to you, as unearthly in the color and grandeur and quantity of its architecture, as if you had found it after death on some other star. So incomparably lovely and grand and supreme is it above all the other delightful canyons in our fire-modeled earthquake shaken, rain washed, wave-washed river and glacier sculptured world. It is about 6,000 feet deep where you first see it, and from rim to rim ten to fifteen miles wide. And instead of being dependent for interest on waterfalls, depth, wall sculpture and beauty of park like floor like most other great canyons, no waterfalls are in sight and no appreciable floor space. The big river has just room enough to flow and roar obscurely, here and there groping its way as best it can like a weary, murmuring, overladen traveler trying to escape from the tremendous bewildering labyrinthic abyss, while its roar serves only to mellow and deepen the silence. Instead of being filled only with air, the vast space between the walls is crowded with nature's grandest buildings, a sublime city of them painted in every color of the rainbow and adorned with richly fretted cornice and battlement, spire and tower in endless variety of style and architecture. Every architectural invention of man has been anticipated, and far more in this grandest of God's terrestrial cities.

Anecdote of a Generous Prince.

In Austria and Germany the army laws against gaming were, and still are, very strict. When the Duchy of Baden was occupied by Prussian troops after their suppression of the insurrection of 1848 the officers quartered at Rastadt were warned against playing at Baden-Baden. One summer evening the King, then Prince Wilhelm, strolled into the gaming-rooms and noticed an officer in civilian's clothes sitting at play. He had won twice on the red and was about to pick up his money when he caught sight of the Prince watching him. Terror stricken, he sat quiet, not daring to reach out for his winnings. The red turned up a third and then a fourth time. As the maximum was quickly reached, the Prince touched the officer on the shoulder and said, gently:

"Take up your money and go out, lest one of your chiefs should find you here." Of course, the soldier did not require to be told twice. Two days later there was a review at Rastadt, during which Prince Wilhelm sighted the culprit and sent for him. "Lieutenant ——," he said, "after you went away the red turned up four times more. I prevented you from winning four times the maximum, who is you would certainly have stopped. You still draw on me for that amount. But take my advice do not gamble again." The memory of an old German general who lived to see his last victory at Sedan have stated as follows: "It was the kindness of the heart that caused me to desist from gaming. For me it was better than a year's imprisonment." New York Tribune.

Value of Land in London.

It has been stated that every piece of land between the King William statue and Trinity square, London, E. C., cost 1,000 guineas a yard. This would mean over $25,000,000 per acre. The ground in the vicinity of the Bank of England is estimated to be worth not less than $10,000,000 per acre. Land in Pall Mall has changed hands at $2,500,000 per acre.

Alter One's Pen.

Ordinary pens can be changed into fountain pens by a new device, consisting of a spring clip with a point shaped like a pen and adapted to fit over the upper side of the pen and form a reservoir with a small outlet for the ink just over the nib of the pen.

Rule the appetite and temper the tongue.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

STYLES IN SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

How Milady May Adorn Her Feet During the Summer Season.

It is attention to the small details of dress that really makes the well-gowned woman, and a close observer of fashions is always surprised to notice how styles change even in the minutiæ of dress. For instance, shoes and stockings have their different fashions two or three times a year—always twice—and while, of course, it is absurd to say that a last year's pair of boots is impossible, nevertheless, the latest cut in a shoe certainly gives an unmistakable finish to a costume.

Women take so much more exercise, especially in walking, of late years, that there is no question but that this has had influence on the styles of shoes. The heavy walking boot, for instance, is no longer despised, but is, on the contrary, considered necessary. But the same heavy walking boot must be very well cut to meet with universal approbation. This year the toes of the walking boots are of very good size. They are neither pointed nor square, but medium. The boots all have the outside soles that insure sufficient width. The heels are low, set well back on the shoe, but there is a little more curve under the instep than there was last year.

For every day wear the very lightest weight calf skin is the best, but some feet are too tender to wear calf skin, and there is a dull kid that has very much the same effect, but is infinitely softer. This is not so waterproof as calf skin is supposed to be, but can be made with heavy soles, so that it will answer the same purpose.

Bicycle boots are made on the same lines as last year. Either brown or black are worn, as preferred. Brown shoes with plaid stockings are being sold for bicycling and for golf, and the odd part of it is that the women who wear the heaviest shoes wear the thinnest silk stockings, but of course the silk stockings show off to very great advantage by force of contrast.

There has been a rumor for some time that colored stockings were coming into fashion again, and that black would be utterly tabooed. There are certainly some colored stockings worn with the white muslin gowns, but only with the slippers, and these stockings are all lisle thread or silk, with exquisite patterns of open work or with lace let in.

In black the same variety of style is seen, and on some the most expensive lace is put in. Silk and lisle thread are the most expensive stockings, but there are a great many in fine cotton that have much the same effect, and are wonderfully cheap.

In the plain colors the silk are altogether the best, as the fine lisle thread and silk. A plain colored cotton stocking is not a very satisfactory purchase. Even in the tan cotton, made to wear with the tan shoes, they soon fade and stretch, and fortunately fashion now allows the wearing of black stockings with tan shoes.

The gray silk stockings and slippers with the gray gowns are charming, the pale yellow with yellow gowns, etc., or the color of the lining of the muslin gowns matched in stockings and slippers is very dainty. But for the women who have not large incomes, it may be news to know that a black stocking and black shoe may safely be worn with almost every gown in the wardrobe. Even with a light evening gown, a handsome open-work silk stocking and a patent-leather slipper is permissible. What is not permissible is to have too short a shoe or too common a stocking. In other words, it is better to put the expense in what looks apparently plain, but in reality is the cut and the style.—Harper's Bazar.

The Inheritance of Beauty.

A very serious question, Is Beauty Hereditary? was opened to discussion at the Metropolitan Club the other evening, and one man set out practically and incontrovertibly to establish his assertion that a handsome mother is very likely to have handsome daughters.

"Let us begin the list with Mrs. Henry Clews," he began, "a lovely blonde, keenly rivaled in feature and coloring by her daughter Elsie, and Mrs. Felix Neilson, who, like Mrs. Clews, enjoys a fame for beauty well beyond the bounds of her state, is the mother of Mrs. George Kemp, whose portrait made such a sensation at the Corcoran exhibition last fall. Now I am reminded as well Mrs. Frederick Gerard and not down very much to her credit for her young daughter Julia, and I could do no more than Solomon, could I do no choice for good looks between them.

"Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, you know, are of the famous beauties of New York, respectively, of Miss Post and Mrs. Cora Rhinelander, both whose there are mighty few handsome women in our town. Mrs. Helen Morton is rightful heiress to the stately beauty of her mother, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, who is one of the most striking businesses in New York, and now are the debutantes, who will lead the next fashionable dances, Miss Grace Crosby, Miss Walker, Crosby's daughter, and Miss Miss Julia Cooper, Mrs. Charles Cooper's daughter, she gets her beauty from her mother. Mrs. Lindley Spencer, who was and is considered the most handsome blonde in society circles in New York, and Mrs. Fox, who, to her face, is a sufficient claim for beauty as a claim that goes close to the other side of the water. Here are ten names at random, and I have a score more on the list, but it seems to me that for a starter we have enough here to prove that it is something distinctly to a girl's credit and advantage, as well as her proud reputation in society, to be able to point to her mother as the author of the figure and features that win her widespread admiration."—Chicago Record.

One Woman's Care of Thirty Orphans.

One of the most remarkable women of the day, physically and mentally, is Miss Emily V. Mason, the aunt of General Fitzhugh Lee. Miss Mason is now eighty-four years of age, but she is making vigorous preparation for a trip to Europe, which will be her forty-third voyage to the other side.

During the Civil War Miss Mason devoted herself to hospital work, and she would frequently soothe the boys in gray with the assurance that if they died she would take care of their children. As a consequence thirty orphans were entrusted to her to Baltimore from the South after the war, two of whom, found among the ruins of Columbia, and scarcely more than babies, were ignorant of their own names.

With the assistance of generous friends, and the proceeds of the sale of her collected poems (the first edition of which brought her $1000) she has succeeded in maintaining and educating these orphans, all of whom, with one exception, are still living and are self supporting.

Her first trip to Europe was made in 1868, when the contrast between gay, beautiful Paris and her own desolated, sorrow stricken land was indeed striking. "The sympathy extended to me there," she says, "I can never forget, while upon my arrival in London I was told: 'Put Virginia on your card, Miss Mason.' It will be a passport to every home here."

Miss Mason is a woman of distinguished presence, tall, erect and talented—and though the snows of eighty-four winters crown her the fire of youth still glows in her eyes. She dwells upon the bright and beautiful things in life, or, if she touches upon its dark side it is only to polish it up that it may reflect the beneficent intent.—New York Mail and Express.

A Progressive Archbishop.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is among a long list of distinguished persons who have just signed a petition to the English Parliament, reading as follows: "That your petitioners hold that the recognition of the full rights of women as capable citizens is essential to the establishment of social justice, and to the wise and efficient government of the country. Wherefore your petitioners humbly pray that your honorable House will pass a measure securing to women the right of voting for members of Parliament on the same terms on which that right is or may be exercised by men."

The Archbishop of Canterbury is the highest dignitary of the Church of England. He is the primate of all England, has a prominent place in the House of Lords, and by immemorial usage he presides at the coronation of the kings and queens and places the crown on the head of the sovereign. Many conservative episcopal clergymen will shudder at the action of the Archbishop in signing a woman suffrage petition, but the late Phillips Brooks, whose Americans look upon as an even higher authority, used to sign the woman suffrage petition every year.

The Newest Fashions.

The ornamental placket is going by. It was not pretty and was fatal if not perfectly adjusted.

The chignon, when worn now, is placed on the top of the head, in the form of soft loops or fluffy curls. The nape of the neck is left uncovered.

The bandeau style of wearing the hair is coming in again, and a parting or at least a separation of the hair in the center of the front threatens to usurp the place of the pompadour puff.

Around the towering collars of their new silk waists and their linen shirt collars the women who are first in all the zeal of the mode are triumphantly wearing the loveliest lace four in hands.

A new mateinee silk shows a shadowy ground of pinkish mother of pearl gray, with figures of shaded flowers and shaded green foliage and a narrow line of stem green satin crossing the bottom stripe.

Chrysanthemum rosettes are used with very pretty effect on evening bodices and summer picture hats. They are made of the lightest chiffon or mousseline brilliante, and are used to complete draperies of the same airy material.

Roses have the foremost place among flowers for millinery. The large, wide open variety, made of silk and soft muslin, is the favorite, and is used without foliage, because gay lands both on the outside and under the brim of the hat.

Many pure white hats and bonnets have been ordered for summer wear by smart women. Some have plumes of gold that temper the dazzling whiteness. Marabout feathers tipped with gold are delightfully soft to feel, and white satin strewn with glittering discs of golden tinsel is also a lovely combination.

Venise Point is a novelty, which is an expensive lace for the neck, and consists of a simple stock, which may be fitted close or made loose, with metal clasps of the same on one side of the strap and a regulation small trunk buckle on the other. It has the one charm of being new. Belts after this style in leather were not inappropriate, as they gave the waist they had the appearance of supporting the skirt, but too many of them give a woman the appearance of a package, ready for transportation.

TEA FARMS FOR AMERICA

SECRETARY WILSON INSISTS THEY WOULD BE A SUCCESS.

He Will Start a Tea Crusade—A Tea Farm in Successful Operation at Summerville, S. C.—The Zone of Territory in the South Suitable For Tea Cultivation.

Secretary Wilson, of the Agricultural Department, is about to start a tea crusade. He insists tea can be grown successfully in the United States, and he will lend his energies to the erection of a new industry along that line. The Secretary has been a powerful factor in booming the beet sugar business, which was in an experimental stage when he entered office and looked to bounties for support. Now there are eighteen successful beet sugar factories and there will be forty next year. Secretary Wilson thinks that industry has reached a stage that will insure its rapid growth without further Government urging, and he turns from sugar to tea with newly whetted enthusiasm. The United States imported 71,000,000 pounds of tea, worth about $10,000,000, last year. The Secretary believes much of that money can be kept in the United States, and he will begin a propaganda to convince the people of the South they may get a share of it.

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Secretary Wilson has just returned from a visit to the tea farm of Dr. Charles U. Shepard at Summerville, S. C., and he has been convinced by the success of that experiment that the United States can grow its own tea. Tea plants were introduced by the Agricultural Department under Commissioner Le Duc, but no effort has been made by the Government to spread the industry. Dr. Shepard has about fifty acres in tea plants, from which he secured 3,000 pounds of superior black tea last year. He does not attempt to compete with the cheap products of the Orient, but produces a tea that sells readily for $1 a pound. He utilizes negro labor and incidentally maintains a school for the black children.

* * * * *

Secretary Wilson's investigations convince him there is a zone of territory through the South well adapted to the culture of tea. It will be his work to import choice varieties of plants from China, and to get men of learning to study the industry, with a view to giving American planters a thorough knowledge of tea culture. He will try to persuade Southern land owners to embark in tea growing, and he will also strive to enlist capital by practical demonstrations of the profitableness of the new field of endeavor. He secured an appropriation from Congress for this crusade.

* * * * *

The average cost of the tea brought from Asia is only about fourteen cents a pound, and it may seem impossible for Americans to compete with the cheap labor of the Orient. Secretary Wilson is not alarmed by that difficulty. In the first place, he would only attempt to grow the higher grades of tea at the outset. He says there are teas of such fine flavor they sell for as much as $5 a pound, but these are never seen in the United States, because they lose their aroma during transportation. He believes these teas would command a large sale if it were possible to put them on the American market with their flavor unimpaired. While the labor of the South is not as cheap as that of Asia, the Secretary thinks Yankee ingenuity will invent machinery or special processes to offset the difference.

* * * * *

The beet sugar industry has led to the invention of an entirely new class of agricultural implements, and it is interesting to know that manufacturers at Rock Island and Moline lead in the line. It is possible with some of these implements for a boy to do as much work in a beet field as two men in Germany with their antiquated tools. Secretary Wilson has demonstrated that the pulp of the beets, after the sugar has been abstracted, can be used as fodder for dairy cattle, and is equivalent to the cost of raising the beets. The United States is importing about $60,000,000 worth of sugar this year, but Secretary Wilson thinks Yankee soil and brains and energy are equal to the problem of competing successfully with foreign cheap labor. Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, had a tax of 10 cents a pound put on tea in the last tariff, and the Secretary of Agriculture would not hesitate to increase that if it was deemed necessary to foster the new industry in question.

* * * * *

Secretary Wilson is not a visionary. He is a hard-headed statesman, a man of practical discernment. He has been a thrifty successful farmer in Tama County, Iowa, whence his name of "Tama Jim" to distinguish him from the late United States Senator James Wilson. At the Iowa Agricultural College, as well as in Washington, he has brought scientific processes to bear to get exact knowledge about the problems of farm life. His aid since coming to Washington has been to stimulate the growth of products formerly imported. In his beet sugar propaganda he brought from abroad and gave away hundreds of tons of the seed of sugar beets. He has not only distributed to farmers pomologic specimens, the seeds of plants, but he has enlisted the personal interest of thousands in the work. In this manner he has kept the United States not only in our plants of [illegible] but also in the seeds of the best varieties of [illegible] vegetables. The amount in large sums expended.

* * * * *

One of the [illegible] in this direction is the introduction of Asiatic and [illegible] Texas fig trees, most of which are now imported from the Bermudas. Some time ago he brought from Asia the insects needed to fertilize figs, and put them to work in California. An agent of his department recently returned from Japan with the finest grades of rice, which will be used for the benefit of the rice fields of the South. These instances serve to indicate the practical nature of Secretary Wilson's work and lend weight to his assertion that the United States will yet raise its own tea. He recently left for a tour of observation through Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas, seeking new fields to conquer.—Frederic Benzinger, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Bald Heads Cured at Last.

A Turkish physician has been experimenting successfully on the transplanting of hairs, one by one, to bald parts of the scalp. His results seem to show that there is no impossibility in the complete renewal of a lost head of hair by this means, although the amount of time and patience necessary for the accomplishment of the task would be considerable to say the least.

The physician, Mr. Menahem Hodara, tried his experiments in the case of a disease that had removed part of his patient's hair. The hairs used for the purpose were trimmed with scissors at each end. Some four weeks after implantation a certain number of the hairs were found to have taken root, and in no long time a goodly new crop was produced. Encouraged by these results, Dr. Hodara has since applied the method in other cases of baldness, and he thinks himself justified in stating that clinically there can be no doubt as to this very curious fact. That small bundles of hair stems cut with scissors and implanted in the incisions made with the scarifier can take root and grow, forming in time long and viable hairs.—British Medical Journal.

Too Well Imitated.

It is no easy matter for a violin-maker to rival the famous Stradivarius, but this an American maker did, and did so effectually that experts pronounced his violin a genuine Stradivarius.

The successful man was George Gemunder, whose recent death removes a famous violin-maker from this country. His remarkable ability as a preparer of violins was known to many a distinguished player, such as Ole Bull, Remenyi and Wilhelmj, but he made, so runs the story, his greatest success at the last Paris Exposition. To that exhibition he sent an imitation Stradivarius, and, to test its merits, had it placed on exhibition as the genuine article.

A committee of experts carefully examined the instrument, and pronounced it a Stradivarius. So far Mr. Gemunder's triumph was complete, but now came a difficulty. When he claimed that it was not an old violin, but a new one made by himself, the committee would not believe him. They declared he never made the instrument, and pronounced him an impostor. He had done his work too well.

Molasses as Feed For Mules.

The largest sugar planter in Texas is J. W. Cunningham, whose plantation and refinery are located at Sugarland. The crop is cultivated and harvested by convicts who are leased from the State. Several hundred mules are employed on the plantation, and Mr. Cunningham introduced a new food for them a few years ago. This food is pure, black molasses, and the animals are fed nothing else throughout the year. Large troughs have been built in the stables, into which the molasses is conducted direct from the refinery through pipes. The mules have a great fondness for the molasses, and they are kept in prime condition all the time. The molasses fed to these animals is of a coarse quality, and would command only a low price in the market. It is much cheaper than corn or oats. "It not only keeps the mules in good condition," said the man who told the story, "but it flavors the meat, so that 'sugar cured mule hams' will soon be a profitable product."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Amateur Chemists Injured.

Filled with ambition to monkey with chemical experiments a party of school boys out in Ohio came to grief recently. They were playing in a vacant lot, where masons were mixing lime for a new building. The boys took some of the raw lime and put it into a bottle, and then filled the bottle with water, cocking it tightly. They set the bottle up on the ground and stood around it in a circle to await developments. They did not have to wait long. The bottle exploded with a crash. Splinters of glass and scalding lime water struck their faces and hands and all made a rush for the pump to relieve their sufferings with cold water. Twelve of the boys were injured to such an extent that doctors' services were made necessary and one of them lost the sight of one of his eyes.—New York Press.

Golf in the Eighteenth Century.

In the eighteenth century golf courts or alleys were roofed over, to protect them from sun and rain, wind and falling leaves, so that people might golf undisturbed in all weathers. These formed long wooden sheds, eighty feet long and twenty broad, closed with tiles; the floor, which consisted of a mixture of earth and lime, was made hard, smooth, and perfectly level. At a quarter distance from each end stood a pin turned out of box wood, for two feet of its one foot it was quickly coated with bell-metal, so as to give a sharp sound when struck by the large leather balls. Round the golf alley were little tables and stools for the onlookers. No one finds them in North Holland still. The game, in fact, had been reduced almost to parlor golf.—Harper's Weekly.