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A MATTER of MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.

Continued.

Selina Valdi! He knew the name. It was that of the young musical debutante who, but a month before, had stood up before a great assembly of expectant listeners, beautiful, fascinating, but tongueless. A wonder, with every promise of song in her blazing eyes and upon her trembling lips, but with no voice at her command, no answering sound to the orchestra's inviting tones, nothing save the moan with which she finally gave up the struggle and sank, overcome and annihilated, behind the falling curtain. Selina Valdi! He remembered the name well, and all the talk and criticism which followed her defeat, and, moved by a boundless compassion he took her by the hand. Immediately she added:

"At least that is the name by which I was known to my teachers and expected to be known in the world. My real name is Jenny——"

Why did she not finish? Why did she look at him so strangely and drop her eyes and shake her head? His expression had been one of expectancy, and all his manner was encouraging. But she seemed to tremble before him, and did not speak the name, only murmured:

"Don't forget. I have sworn not to tell my name. I am Selina Valdi without the surness which was to make that name Douglass."

"Poor child!" The words left his lips unconsciously, she looked so desolate and forlorn. "Poor child! your heart was set on success, then! You expected to be a singer?"

"Oh!"

This exclamation spoke volumes. She had clasped her hands and was trembling now, not with weakness, but eagerness.

"I had a right to expect it," she declared. "I can sing; I have a voice that charmed every master who has taught me; rich and gentle and pure and exact. The rooms have rung, just ringing with the notes I have raised, but I cannot face a crowd. At the sight of faces looking in a mass before me such a terror seizes me that I want to shriek instead of sing; something catches me by the throat and I am suffocated, lost, drowned in a flood of horror, to which I can give no name and against which it is useless to struggle. Oh, it is a cruel fate. But I can sing; listen!"

And with sudden impetuosity her voice soared up in an Italian air, so sweet, so solid, so thrilling, that he stood astonished, entranced, subdued, marvelling at the freshness, the power, the soul-moving quality of her tones as well as at the perfection of her manner and the correctness of her interpretation. A living, breathing genius, glory-lit in her own gift, was before him, and he could but acknowledge it with delight.

She saw his pleasure and rose in dignity and flushed with power. Her voice left the intricate ways of Italian song and deepened into the broader, deeper channels of German opera. It swelled, it rose, it triumphed, till the strange and shabby room became an elysium, and the atmosphere seemed laden with the breath of gods. A genius? She was more, or seemed so while her voice thrilled and her beauty flushed, but when all was still again, and she stood panting and deprecatory before him then she seemed only a tender child again, craving sympathy and expecting confidence.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" So he spoke, lifted out of himself, first by her power and then by her humility. "And with such a gift as this you could be discouraged by one failure, overcome by one fright!"

"Ah," she murmured, "that is how I can sing to you, but I can never sing like that to the multitude."

"Never?"

"Never."

"But, dear child, you are not sure of this. You are very young, and after some few months of training you will gain courage and reap a full success. You cannot help it, with your genius. God does not give such a voice to be smothered in obscurity."

"God?"

With what an indescribable intonation she spoke. He looked at her in amaze.

"Do you believe in God?" she asked, and her face took on a strange look, almost like that of fear.

"I do," he returned, "and so will you, when you have lived long enough to realize His goodness."

She shuddered; a change came over her; she no longer looked so young.

"I have not been taught," she murmured. "I have not been trained in church ways and church thinking. Would it have been better if I had? You look so good; would that have made me good, too?"

The old simplicity and childlike manner were coming back, but with something new in it, that, if not comprehended, affected him deeply.

"Are you not good?" he smiled. "You have committed one sin, I know, but that was the result of frenzy, and certainly does not argue a bad heart. But good, as man reckons goodness, you must be, or your eyes would not be so clear, or your smile so inspiring. If you were not good——"

"If I were happy?" A fresh change had come over her; she seemed to hang upon his words.

"Then you would no longer query if there were a God, but rejoice in the fact that there is one."

Her face was fallen again and she seemed to struggle with herself. For some minutes she did not answer.

"Go," she murmured at last. "I have already kept you too long. Go and forgive——" she gasped, gave one look at the crone in the corner to which she had withdrawn, and sank sobbing and troubled in a chair.

He turned to obey her. Something within him told him that he ought to seize upon this excuse to tear himself away from a presence so dangerous to his peace. But when he reached the threshold and turned, as almost any man would have done, for a final look, he found her gazing at him with such despair in her large, dark, limpid eyes, that he made one bound to her side, and seizing her by the hand exclaimed:

"I will not go till I know just what I leave behind me. You have moved me too much. If you are a true woman you will tell me all that a friend should know, or else dismiss me without this look of grief which holds me back in spite of my better judgment."

"I cannot help my looks," she said "but I can restrain my words. But I will not. I long to have an adviser, I long to have a friend outside of the profession," she added; "outside of that selfish world where all is rivalry, jealousy and distrust. Can you spare the time to listen, or will you come again to-morrow?"

"I had rather linger now. It is not late. See, it is barely 10 o'clock, and I am impatient to know my new friend better."

She sighed, and something like a spasm passed over her face, but it was an innocent face; he had no doubts of her, and he listened with irreproachable emotion to the pathetic story which she proceeded to tell him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF A STRANGE CHILDHOOD.

"I shall not say much about my childhood," the Signorina Valdi began. "It was like that of many other girls left to grow up in a great city, in the shabby gentility necessitated by small means. My father was a doctor and only half successful, and that in a quarter of the town where most of the patients never pay, and the few that do, pay so little that comfort is scarcely known in the house and luxury never. My mother was an invalid, and, there being no other children, I grew up in the comparatively empty house a creature of fancy and dreams. My voice was my great companion. I dared not sing in the parlors or where my mother could hear me too plainly, but would go away into the garret, where in undisturbed possession of a much empty space, I would sing and trill till I was utterly exhausted or my stock of songs gave out. Later, I took to acting, having seen one opera through the kindness of a school teacher of mine who knew my passion and had accidentally overheard my voice one day. For even then I never sang before any one, and if by chance I caught any one listening my throat choked up and I broke out into a cold perspiration. But this was in ignorance, as I thought, and I went on cherishing my dreams and acting over and over imaginary scenes from operas which I knew only by name, creating songs and manufacturing situations which must have been sufficiently crude and ridiculous, but which gave my voice a chance and allowed enough of my fervor to expend itself to prevent me from falling ill or becoming desperately dissatisfied or unhappy.

"When I was fourteen, my mother died, and two years after this, my father. But I was not discouraged. I had my voice, and, child that I was, I imagined that I had only to lift it in public to have fame and fortune lavished upon me. I was even undeceived in this regard; for, in the first place, I could not raise my voice in public, and, in the second place, the very first musical adept I saw explained to me how much study and practice were necessary to achieve even the smallest success. Study I did not shrink from, and practice was simply a delight. But I had no money, and training is expensive, and so is merely living. I found difficulty in existing till one happy day—was it happy?—I let my voice out in what I supposed to be an empty church, but which in reality contained a great teacher, who, hearing me, thereupon took me in charge and started me on a career which he said would end in wealth and adulation.

"Alas, for me, I believed him, and was no longer hungry or cold or meanly clothed. At least, I did not feel my hunger or the chill of the room in which I worked at sewing or repairing, or anything which would furnish me with daily bread. And as for my clothes, they were so certainly destined to change into the silver and gold insuer befitting an opera queen, that I have sometimes laughed, in passing through the streets, to think how the men and women who jostled me so rudely would one day feel proud if I ever threw a glance or bestowed upon them the low bend of a duchess.

"My enthusiasm died—the only vestige of my dreams was this old Portuguese crone whom you see with me now. I had made her acquaintance in the depths of my poverty, and being none too well off, had found no other friend who could supply her place in faithfulness and devotion. She is not prepossessing to look at, but she loves me; too well I fear, for she would not even let me die, though she knew my secret desperation.

"But this is hurrying on too fast. I studied then, long and faithfully, and practiced every hour, when I was not obliged to work for my subsistence. Hope sustained me, and the days flew by on wings. My eighteenth birthday passed, and the day was set for me to try my voice in concert. Had I carried out this intention, I might have been saved two more years of useless labor and vain hope. But unfortunately, at the last minute, a spirit of opposition seized me and I refused to test my powers till I could do so with all the eclat of scenery and costume. I would appear as Margherita or not at all, and my foolishness was listened to, and my debut postponed.

"A new teacher now took me in charge. I was able to pay him something, but not much. Never mind; there was a future in store for me; it was but running up a debt which I could easily liquidate by one night of triumphant song. If he were willing to wait—and he seemed to be—I certainly could do this, for my voice and manner and style were improving daily, and ere long the doors of the theatres must open before me, and wealth and honor take the place of indigence and obscurity.

"Looking at me now and remembering my failure, can you imagine such folly? You must be young and poor and have a voice to do it. Why, this room has been peopled with visions. I have seen myself in the possession of every power, every happiness. When my fingers have ached with writing, I have thought of the day in store for me, when just my signature would be worth gold. Till then I wanted no companionship, and felt myself untempted by pleasure or wealth. Till I could enjoy all, I wanted nothing. I preferred to take my happiness at a bound, and from these rooms of faded grandeur and sordid suggestions, step at once into the palatial apartments suited to the successful prima donna.

"You can imagine, then, the excitement of those days, when I was informed by my enthusiastic teacher, that the time had come for my appearance, and that after two short months of rehearsal, the stage of the ——— should be ready for my debut. If time flew before, it hurried now. Never, never, would those two months pass! And yet they could not to have gone so slowly, for I was very busy. The rehearsals themselves were enough to absorb me, and they did, but they never took my entirely, and I longed to end them. Sometimes I needed an audience, or so I thought. I could not wait up to sing to beggars; but my manager seemed satisfied, and fed me with flatteries, and expended great sums of money on my behalf and the stage accessories. He was sure of success, for so was we I was. I can say this now, since I have overcome boldly indeed. I finished my voice nor my training in a spirit. I left this room on that final night, calm. I took what I thought to be my last look of these miserable apartments, with the quiet farewell of one who feels her fortune assured. I left behind it many memories, but I went forward to great hopes. When I heard the door close, I had the feeling of something shutting upon my past, and went downstairs and out to my carriage with a different step than that which had been accustomed to mark my departure.

"This feeling followed me to the theatre and increased, rather than diminished, with the parting on of the dainty robes which another's enthusiasm had provided for me. Nor did the sounds of the orchestra make me quail, nor the voice of the call-boy; nothing moved me till, having crossed the stage, I caught a glimpse—or did I feel the presence—of the vast crowd that yearned in eager expectancy for my first notes. Then, indeed, a dagger entered my heart, and terror, such as the victim of the amphitheatre alone can know, caught me in its clutches, paralyzing throat and limbs till I could have welcomed any death that would have annihilated my consciousness. I was before the footlights; I was in the spot where I had pictured myself for years, and I could not sing a note; I could not even fly; I must stop and face the wonder, the pity, the disgust, that must be on every countenance till Fate should come to my aid and break the spell that bound me.

"It came in the shape of a few stray efforts at applause, doubtless meant for my encouragement. The sound—it was the first I had heard—seemed to loosen the icy fetters that held my limbs enchained, and I sank, suffering fitfully, upon the floor of the stage I was never more to mock by my presence. The curtain was rung down and I was carried away, whither, I hardly knew, and to what I could even then dimly guess, for my heart was breaking, and my earthly hope was at an end."

"But," eagerly interposed the artist, "you may be mistaken about this. Stage fright is common. Our greatest actors are subject to it. It is rather thought by them the token of genius, and a promise of future success. Surely, your manager——"

To be continued.

Quite Up to Expectations.

"Your father was disappointed in your monthly report, of course?" said the school teacher.

"No, ma'am," replied the dull scholar.

"No? You don't mean to tell me he was satisfied with it?"

"No, ma'am, but he said he hadn't expected to be licked more'n once."—Philadelphia Press.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

MIDDLE AGED WOMEN'S DRESS.

Its Limitations if It Is to Be Kept Within the Pale of Quiet Elegance.

"There is a limit, you know," said a middle-aged woman, whose milliner had been urging her to buy a large, flat hat, shelving out in front. "It's all very well to say that there are no old women nowadays, and that we can all dress alike, at any age, but it's a matter in which good taste and common sense must set a check upon fashion."

"But you look young," said her friend.

"Thank you, my dear! But if that statement has any foundation in fact, apart from your favorable view, it is simply because I don't pretend to be young. If I dressed like a young girl, I should look old. It's true that there are no distinctive styles now for young and old, but there are subtle modifications that make all the difference. At my age we must be freer in some particulars, and more restricted in others."

"I don't quite see what you mean by that, though I do understand about your 'subtle modifications.' I think you manage them to perfection. But, as to freedom and restrictions—?"

"Well we can have a little more freedom from the tyranny of 'styles,' for example. We needn't always appear in the 'very latest thing.' If we have a two year-old waist that has not a very long front, or a stock collar too high for this summer's prevailing mode, we can wear them without fear that 'the girls' will say we look as if we had come out of the Ark. With years and honors, we have surely won some little emancipation from the smaller tyrannies of fashion. We have outgrown our dread of a 'back number.' We may even dare to adopt an individual style of our own, which ultra conventional youth could hardly venture upon. But, on the other hand, there are some things we must not, cannot, dare not wear."

"For instance?"

"For instance, big picture hats, flat hats without trimming on the top, big flying veils hanging down at the back, a lot of knotted ribbon ends, and all such youthful duffs and frills. And we should avoid bright, delicate colors in large masses, using them only in small quantities to relieve an all black of very dark costume. A middle aged woman should never adopt conspicuous styles, or go to extremes in any way; she should study the 'little less' that gives quiet elegance. She should delight in black, and her favorite combination should be black and white. But she need not be afraid of a touch of pale color, a blue of blue, or even rose if it's only a line. Violet, of course, belongs to her, but pink should only peep out fitfully, like a vanishing memory of youth!"

"Come, you ought to write a poem on the subject," said her friend, laughing. "Such language is really inspiring."

"I feel inspired, with all the ardor of a reformer," said the woman of middle age, laughing in her turn, "when I see what guys some women make of themselves in their efforts to look as young as they would like to be. They don't appreciate the value of years or the beauty and dignity that belong to every stage of living when properly harmonized. I don't want to go back to the funny big caps and shapeless gowns of my grandmothers, but I do want to be fittingly and graciously attired."—New York Tribune.

Sleeping Car Kimono.

In the semi-seclusion of a section of a sleeping car women want to make some change in their dress at night, and yet not the change they would make in their own bedrooms. A kimono with loose, large sleeves is an excellent article for the purpose.

Silken kimonos, or a silk and cotton mixture, take up little room in packing your dressing bag. Seen on the Federal express this week was a kimono of lime pink and white, narrow-striped washing silk. The bars were only a quarter inch in width. This garment came a little below the knees, and had long, wide sleeves, with square, sewed up ends which could be used as pockets. The sleeves were a yard long, and as the full width is left on perfectly square, and is gathered into no cuff, there is a deep space below the slit where the wrist and arm comes out. This helps to make the loose sleeve cool, and yet it does not blow about and show your arm, as an "angel" sleeve or "peacock" would do. You can tuck your handkerchief in your kimono sleeve, as your Japanese has been doing for centuries and so have two capacious pockets in your sleeve ends.

There are no buttons, ribbons nor trimming of any kind to the true kimono, and this pink and white one is copied from a good model. The edges of the garment are hemmed. Around the neck and down the front on both sides for the distance of a yard the kimono is bound with a flap or revers of the silk. This gives trimness to the finish. It is fastened by three white metal safety pins down the front.—Philadelphia Record.

Skill in Needlecraft.

A marvelous example of what the needle of one woman may accomplish in embroidery, is now being exhibited in London. It consists of a series of panels, twelve in number, eleven by three feet, embroidered on cream satin.

In this work some 130 different stitches of silk and chenille have been employed, all being exquisitely blended to produce the soft subdued tones peculiar to the Louis XIV period. The subject of the panels, "The Months," is borrowed from a celebrated Gobelin tapestry. On each panel is represented the figure of some mythological deity, such as Venus, June, Mars and others, surrounded by its respective attributes and symbols, amidst a wealth of flowers.

In this beautiful needle painting an almost incredible variety and number of stitches have been employed; on the face of the Venus alone 2000 stitches are said to have been lavished.

The embroidery is the work of Mme. Lerondier, an artist in needlecraft from France, no longer living, specimens of whose work have for some years formed part of many important arts and crafts exhibitions in London.

Latest in Stocks.

There is always something new in stocks, and the newest shows a turn over of pink linen upon a stock of white insertion. The insertion is in narrow rows, joined by hem stitching, and the pink linen turn over is an eyelet embroidered one. The whole is washable.

It is estimated that the woman of to-day could spend all her time upon the making of stocks and yet not be able to well supplied. The newest ones she made an amount of handwork which is surprising.

The best of the stocks are washable and this is a good thing, for it means a fresh neatness which is not possible when the stock is of velvet, satin or non-washable silk.

The new standing collars for women are like the old linen collars, tall, high band turnovers. But, instead of being plain, they are embroidered by hand. Then they are given a laundry finish. The embroidery relieves them of their mannishness look and makes them very smart.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Embroidered Gowns.

Embroidered white linen gowns are not to be thought of as a purchase by women who have only a small amount of money to spend on a summer wardrobe, but the embroidery is by no means difficult, and is very pleasant work, so that if a woman can do it herself, and has the ability to make her own simple gowns, an embroidered linen gown is not beyond her reach. The designs for making them are quite simple; there should be a blouse waist and gored skirt with the embroidery either around the foot or at the seams. Another inexpensive way of trimming is the broad band of heavy lace put down the front of the waist or join a similar band on the skirt. A band of lace sometimes is put around the foot of the skirt, and a collar to match is worn with the waist. Effective laces can be bought very cheap if only a little time is spent in choosing a good pattern.—Harper's Bazar.

Exclusively Feminine.

Business women of Boston have has a new honor thrust upon them, namely, that of having a directory of their very own, not a man's name appearing in any light. But it does show women engaged in occupations which many believe to be controlled exclusively by men. In fact, the book reveals that women can do just about everything that is worth doing at all. And, of course, they do it well, says the Boston Transcript. The business women's directory may be called an enlightening, as well as interesting, work, and in time may be found chained in every drug store alongside of its big brother.

Very dainty collar and cuff sets are fashioned from Mexican drawn work.

Belt clasps of French gray silver are finished with pendants of the same metal.

Indications point to a generous use of silk buttons on fancy tailored suits for fall.

Some of the heaviest shirt waist buttons are decorated with art nouveau beads.

Pretty little knitted shawls shaped to the shoulders are shown in all the pastel colorings.

Among the striking novelties is the beetle buckle of hand enamel framed in oxidized silver.

Crochet buttons and ornaments in heavier effects than at present will be used on the fall.

Olive shaped pearl buttons will display fashionable preference with the tailor made round collarless dress.

It is prophesied that next season a popular combination in jewelry will be royal purple and French gray silver.

Diamond shaped medallions of moss, so popular for dress trimming, are being replaced by those in opal now.

Umbrella handles in tuxedo are among the novelties. The wood is polished and set off with mounting of gold.

Crocking periwinkle of solid colors are shown in the so to match shirt waist suits of lilac, tan, pink, corn, white, green and tan shades.

For evening wear, white curries off the palm of popularity in England and gold tissue, softened by a certain amount of white chiffon, is having a run of favor.

The Brittany hat is a well liked model. In shape it is perfectly round, sloping down slightly in front and deep in the back, with the crown in the form of a low bowl.

The dressiest accompaniment for the white shirt waist suit is the belt of white kid. The kid has the softness of a fine glove and the belt, which is three to five inches high, is hemmed at the edges and lined with taffeta or muslin.

UNCLE SAM FURNISHES BACTERIA FREE FOR FARMERS

PACKAGES FOR SOIL INOCULATION TO AID IN GROWING RICH CROPS TO BE SENT OUT NEXT YEAR---IT MEANS GREATLY INCREASED VALUES IN CROPS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Government has in store for the farmers of the country an interesting gift. To many it will seem like magic. To others who have for a few years been advised of the subject of soil inoculation it will not seem so marvelous.

In 1885 a German scientist, Hellriegel, announced that he had discovered that there exist in the soil a vast number of minute microscopic organisms which make their homes in tubercles, or nodules, on the roots of leguminous plants, such as clover, vetches, peas, beans and locust trees. These little creatures, he showed, perform a valuable service for the plants in which they live. They pay for their subsistence by catching from the air nitrogen which the legumes could not themselves take into their systems in gaseous form, reducing it to a nitrate in combination with some other element taken up from the ground, and the legumes easily digest the plant food and make rapid and luxuriant growth.

All this was taken up quickly by scientists throughout the world, and especially in this country. Hundreds of experiments were carried forward, and it is now indisputably established that this is one of the greatest discoveries known to scientific and practical agriculture.

Nitrogen is the most expensive fertilizer required in farming. The average price per pound is seventeen cents, while phosphoric acid and potash, the two other expensive fertilizers, are to be had for two and three cents a pound. On every square inch of the earth's surface there rests a column of air containing 'nearly of nitrogen and weighing almost fourteen pounds. With this at hand, and with the means to catch it, the farmer has a most abundant source of the most important fertilizer he needs.

The way in which the Government intends to make free of these particular bacteria is by propagating them under artificial conditions and sending them out in small quantities to farmers of the country for the use of farmers. A large laboratory has been provided in Washington with a competent staff of bacteriologists, who have already made nearly all preparations for the work proposed. In a small pasteboard box four inches by six and half an inch deep, they will be sent free wherever the United States mail goes, to the farmer who desires to introduce a leguminous crop hitherto impossible of culture in his region.

The box will contain three packages. One is in a wad of cotton on which the enormous colonies of the bacteria have been dried and in the other two are nutrient salts which have usually magnesium sulphate, potassium phosphate or ammonium phosphate, with a small mixture of iron to solidify and hold the cultures. A sheet of instructions and a franked envelope accompany the package.

The department asks every farmer who receives cultures in the way to take notes on the result of his experiment and report. The instructions are simple and practically absent of any failure. Package No. 1 of the nutrient salts is first to be dissolved in a half gallon of pure water at ordinary temperature. The salts dissolve in a very few minutes. Then the wad of cotton is to be placed in the solution and left to stand for twenty four hours, and next the other packages of nutrient salts is added into the solution. In another twenty eight hours the cultures are ready for use. The solution is not unclean has occurred, will have turned a milky cloudy white very much like the liquor of oysters.

There are two ways in which the cultures may be applied. The seed corn, most obvious of what germinate very easily, is dusted with the bacteria solution in sufficient quantities to moisten the seed. The bacteria on red clover, lespedeza, will in white clover, crimson clover, alfalfa, bufflalo clover and all of the leguminous clovers. The bacteria on hard clover, which is common in some parts of the country, will inoculate alfalfa. The "germs" on cow beans will work on cow peas and vice versa, and so on throughout the family.

The best way of securing the cultures is to spread a few of our thirty on the table and sprinkle the solution over it, then work it in so as to spread. The other way is to take a quantity of soil in a place out of the sensible outside the field where it is to be used, and spread it over the ground to be seeded.

Success of the station can be secured by taking soil from a thirty acre field of legumes such as alfalfa, clover or vetches and scattering it over the field where either of these crops may be desired. Owing to the cost of freight this is an expensive method, but it has been practiced with success many times.

The experiment stations in Illinois and Ohio, after years of failure to establish alfalfa, sent soil beyond the Missouri and secured quantities of soil from the beds of alfalfa and then succeeded in making alfalfa grow. These stations have in fact supplied earth for inoculating purposes to farmers and other stations further east. This method is one which the individual farmer can use to advantage after he has once established a small patch of alfalfa.

Nearly everywhere east of the Missouri River farmers find that they cannot make alfalfa grow, though it is the most profitable forage crop known. Anywhere from ten to forty acres of it will yield a large income whether sold as hay or fed to live stock. In the alkaline soils of the far West the bacteria multiply so rapidly and are so favored in the environment that alfalfa may be sowed anywhere successfully. But in the East, without inoculation the root tubercles do not form and the little alfalfa plants wither and die.

It will not be much longer even that the Government will undertake to supply cultures gratuitously. Accurate tests are now being made of all cultures employed and every safeguard will be taken to fulfill expectations. The Government has found a new method of producing the cultures in what is called a nitrogen-free medium and the process will not be patented, so that the benefits may be enjoyed by the whole country without cost or favor.

It has been found that it is not so much the quantity of bacteria as the character which tells for success. If the cultures are fresh and virulent they perform their service more thoroughly and the returns are satisfactory. The amount sent out in the packages described are usually those required for a bushel of seed of the ordinary soil, such as clover or alfalfa; but the applicant may increase the quantity by increasing the amount of water and keeping a part of the solution over, very much as yeast may be increased by the housewife or the baker.

Grass being the money crop of the country, whether used in hay or live-stock, inoculation is expected to add untold millions to the grass and hay crop of the whole country.—New York Sun.

An Obliging Sheriff.

"I have been spending part of the summer on the Island of Nantucket," said the summer girl, "and among other interesting relics of early New England life I saw the old massive wooden jail, which has so far departed from the use for which it was built as to become one of the sights.

"There are many interesting stories connected with the old prison, and the most modern is the funniest of all. It sounds improbable, but I was assured by several persons whose word I could not doubt, that it was quite true.

"It happened some years ago that an islander was convicted of some offence, and the Judge who came to the island from the mainland for the trial, decided to make an example of him, and sentenced him to jail for three months.

"A couple of mornings later, when the Judge was walking to the pier to take the boat to return, accompanied by the Sheriff, who was a Nantucketer, they passed a man sawing wood by the roadside. He touched his hat politely and said, 'Good morning, Judge.'

"The Judge stared at him in surprise and said to the Sheriff: 'Isn't that the man I sent to jail for three months?'

"'Well, yes, it is,' said the Sheriff, hesitatingly. 'You, you see it's this way, Judge. We don't happen to have anybody else in jail, haven't had for years, and we thought it would be rather expensive to hire a man to keep jail for this fellow, so I gave him the key and told him if he wanted to sleep there nights I guessed it would be all right.'—New York Times.

Many Jews in Jerusalem.

The population of Jerusalem to-day is, I should suppose, double what it was twelve years ago. The increase has undoubtedly come on almost entirely in the number of Jews, by far the greater part of whom come from Russia. It is somewhat difficult to ascertain exactly what the population of the city is, how a large a part of it is Jewish. One of the best informed and most reliable of the Jewish citizens told me in conversation that there were probably fewer than 30,000 Jews and that the common estimate of 50,000 Jews was exaggerated, but I found that his own printed figures, in a statement which he published, showed the Jewish population at 56,000. There are unformed crusaders claim that there are at least 11,000 Jewish families in the city, which would support the larger estimate. In this figure be correct then the Jews of Jerusalem are more than twice as numerous as all the other inhabitants. Moslems and Christians—combined.—New York Press.

Most of Them Are in Need.

"I don't put much faith in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "For instance look at the old proverb one, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Now most of my experience with friends in need has been that they wanted to borrow. Give me the friends that are not in need."—Strap Stories.

Retain Your Hats.

A sign is displayed in the elevator of an office building in Washington, which says: "As this is a public car, gentlemen need not remove their hats."

A New Industry.

The catching of snakes and the collecting of their venom, which fetches $5 a gram, is a new industry in Australia.