THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE.

Let us let the little children have the legends. In the Land of Make Believe we used to Ere, the giad illusions of the years To the playing of the Piper in the streets of

The wonderful enchantmonis only they one understand—for the dances, the years are coming to them when they it size, and softly griere they left the reaim of chilihood in the Land of hisko Berieve.

When we rede with Clinderella to the palace for the dances, you remember how we saw some one go by.

And we know it was the Sandfast, come to shut each blinking eyel

In the Land of Make Believe there is a vine

that meets the sky.

And Jame goes up and down it—we have
seen him, you and fi

Theorie as a mine path that leads us to the
qualit Red Billinghood;
There's a frowning chilf surmounted by a
castle grue and erim,
And o'd Bluebeard lurks within it—you

That they ever found the highway from the

castle grum and orim,
old Blusteact lurks within it—you That they ever found the highway from the
know how we peered at him!
Land of Make Believe!
W. D. Resbit, in Chicago Tribura.

eighborhood. He professes to making ing finds out all manner of details.

"That is certainly very original."

sobriquet this accomplished criminal is now known, has been seen, it is be-

lieved, not long ago in this neighborhood, although probably he is now many miles away from the scene of his

late exploits. He is described as a

tary appearance, with fair hair and mustache, and wearing clothes of fash-

Mr. Bromley Brown was soon ab-

sorbed in meditation. He pictured

himself, recolute, terrible, cunning,

hounding down this distinguished

criminal, bringing him to justice af-

er sordid and prosale; it was palpitat-

ing a revolver at his head. He

stretched himself and walked sadly

across the lawn toward the hedge that

the riband of white road, pine bor-

dered. Mr. Bromley Brown started,

but much more violently this time. Then he rubbed his face and eyes with

his handkerchief and uttered a low

saw the figure of a young man, tall,

fair, yes, and of unmistakably soldier-

sian police, but was he not on the eve

case? He coughed and unlocked the

gate leading to the road. In one mo-

would invite this young man, obvious-

with friendly greeting, into his house,

end him, on swift feet, for two of the

local police. Another messenger would hasten to General Compton, the stern-

arrive in time to be a witness of the discomfiture of a notorious criminal,

pleasant laugh—well, yes he was thirsty, and that there would be plenty

of time to finish his sketch after lun

cheon, and that he thought it a most

and the young man, smiling and un-concerned, fallowed him into the draw-

clanced nervously at a silver box and

"That's a beautiful old cup," he re-arked, pointing to a piece of allver Queen Anne date in the middle of

bounded his garden. Below him was

onable make."

fernally sharp, I call it." Mr. Br ley Brown here proceeded to read aloud an extract from the newspaper.

"Original. I should think so. In-

## The Architect Burglar.

No one who had happened to ob-erve the figure of Mr. Bromley Brown vandering round his garden on a cerath fulld April morning would have ute sense of regret for his wasted

es of his shiny boots he might have ood for a model of middle class prosperity. His gray suit, if it accentuated the round proportions of his figure, was of fashional le cut, and he held a mans hat of thest stray in the mare hand on which a diamond glittered in the spring sunshine. Behind the terrace, over which figures of imssible animals in stone kept watch at each corner, stood his new and elab-orately furnished bungalow, aggressive and much decorated. Mr. Bromley Howa a room in the tower overlooked retch of pine woods-a small lake, which shope with steely brighteas under a fringe of larches, and a terward, in court, replying with tell-ar-away range of rising ground. He ing sarcasm to the cress-examination far-away range of rising ground. He often giance at the view, but of the prisoner's counsel, and, lastly, bire! ned him to know that it was unbly finer than even that com-General Compton, whose family ing with romance. He fell asleep to the accompaniment of the lark's song, and dreamed that he was the chief of police in Russia. Waking up with start the cord the cock strike 12. had owned acres of surrounding heath-er and firs for sensestion, past.

maid laid the newspapers on ... ... ... ... ... ... he cried aloud. With D. outside a bow window. A girl's figure his waking eyes he still seemed to see a leaned out, and a young voice called the female Nihilist of his vision, point-

What a perfect day it is! Warm and sunny enough for June!" The lines on Mr. Bromley Brown'

"of how very little material comfort signifies, and how few of us are matinfied."

"I don't in the least agree with you there, dear," said Valentine, who was

"I have built this bungalow," con-tined Mr. Bromley Brown, "as a place A thrill ran down Mr. Brown's spine. to rest in after a life spent in the He might not be the chief of the Rusing. But I am aware that thousands of a discovery, an adventure, the posof men would both have enjoyed the upation and welcomed the peace of was destined by nature for something widely different."

ly no other than the architect-burglar. ng lately but read those foolish "-hero she point

know I may not look it, but since my we had a curious, wild craving for and of the ingenuity and promptitude had a curious, wild craving for bure, for some excitement outside of his old friend Brown. Meanwhile eadly routine of a business life. the young man had looked up smiling hard," and Mr. Bromley Brown is in answer to the remarks of the dhis voice is querulous expostua, "that here I am, a man who has that come a considerable fortune in a specular pleasant laugh—well, yes he was the baybood has value who, all thirsty and that there were the was the state of t ugh his boyhood, has vainly wished o be a pirate, and who now"-he waved his hand in the direction of hind suggestion of his questioner to shaven lawn, "would most gladly give lawite him to have some. shaven lawn, "would most gladly give all Lis luxury to be a successful de-

Mr. Bromley Brown, whose check had now lost much of its usual ruddi-ness, palked with set lips and a curi-Valentine laughed, and leaned still inther out of the window. She, for ous enigmatic expression on his face up the stone steps on to the terrace. her part, was absolutely satisfied with the fair face worn by the world around She watched a fat blackbird as of daffodils—she rejoiced to know that the air was musical with the voices of glanced nervously at a silver box and candicatick on Valentine's writing table. Then, murmuring an excuse, he ran, panting, to the stables; in a choking voice dispatched the astonished coachman for the police, and a heiper, with an impressive message scribbled on a card, to General Compton. On his return he found the architect-burder leading to the card, to the country of the card of the arks, to see that the sun glittered on the pool below General Compton's house and turned its casements into twinkling diamonds. A man went slowly down the green drive by the pool, his arm swaying to and fro as nowed grass seeds. The earth ned to sing a song of renewal and ps, of love and sunshine. How good was only to breathe and to live! the was only to breathe and to live!

Other people might have thought that
life would be none the less pleasant
to Valentine because her eyes were
large and gray, and her cheeks roay
like the bloom on the boughs of a
cherry tree. But she did not take
much account of these advantages, nor
of the fact that she was the only child
the prospersus house of Propuler

The door was flung open, and a tall, idierly figure stepped quickly into

Well Bicken, what's all this should?

General Compton, roung and alert
for his years, stared at his friend with
a pair of very keen eyes under white
sychrows. "You told me it was some
very urgent business," continued the
general. Then his eyes fell on the
young man by the further window.

"Bless my soul, Estcourt! I didn't
see it was you in the corner.

"Yes, and how are you, general?"

"Yes, and how are you, general?" said the young man, advancing, with a cordial smile.

a cordial smile.

Mr. Bromley Brown felt a sudden cold perspiration on his forehead. He was entirely unable to utter a word.

"Mr.—Mr.?" said the young man—"was so kind as to ask me to have a whiskey and soda. It is so wonderfully hot for April, and I've been out doing this blessed topography for the last four hours.

"Ah! then you don't know each oth-er?" said the general. "Brown, this is Lord Estcourt, son of my old friend whom I have often talked about, you know. He is working like a rigger at the college," and the speaker pointing oward a distant view of a large white building miles away beyond the grove of pines. "Estcourt, this is Mr. Brom-ley Brown, one of my best neighbors."

are the Best! They will cure a cough of long standing, arising from no matcaught his attention. It was fair and flushed, and the large gray eyes sh starlike under her broad black h

They ary they complimented by the judge on the lu-cid, admirable way in which he had given his evidence. Life was no long-were stolen

was that of

"I am struggling over military drawing, and in daily terror of being plowed. But this morning I am going back to work in-

She blushed as her eyes met his smiling blue ones. You are studying at the col

"Yes-I wonder-would you and you

ment his mind had been made up. He

Miss Brown?"

"Thank you -I am sure we shall en-

fits return be found the architect-burgiar laughing over a favorite book of Valentine's the "Diary of n Nobody"—and they two taiked. Mr. Brown, for his part, with a curious absent mindedness, of books and different forms of humor. The parior maid interrupted them to say that some cold meat was rendy, and the two men adjourned to the dining room. The guest seemed duly grateful for a whiskey and sods.

In the other would make nearly a circuit of the globe and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so.

Joseph Powell, a 13-year-old boy who lives in New Albany, ind. has literally outgrown his skin. During the seemed duly grateful for a whiskey and sods.

door, and a voice outside, which sounded like a word of command, said:

"INCREASE OF FAITH."

struck him a violent blow on the nead.
He was giddy as he stiffly extended an icy hand toward the young man.

"Papa! papa!" A fresh young voice came echoing from the garden, and in another moment a young Eirl ran into the room. Lord Estcourt was just recalling to mind a well known advertisement:

"Careh Lozenges"

"Something, show us something, show us something show u

"Yes—I wonder—would you and you fatner care to come over and see it some day?"

"Oh! that would be delightful, papa dear, wouldn't R?"

"Yes, indeed, indeed it would." Mr Brown was still feeling half paralyzed "Goodby, Estcourt, my boy," asic General Compton. "I have got to have a word now with Brown on some most important business about which I came down."

Lord Estcourt drew a little nearer to Valentine.

"You will drive over very soon, then Meas Brown?"

The paralyzed which is the suffering of good and evil; the suffering of unnumbered millions; the vast failures of unstanties of injustice; the tragic defeat of right and victories of wrong; the bitter battles of upiliting trath for recognition by the mind and heart of humanity; the painful, questionable pre-early, and, so reflecting, are tempted to being mastered by that deep hopelesaness which utters no sound and shows itself in no outward sign; hopelesaness, that a deathless heart of good does, indeed, throb on to victory in things evil; hopelesaness, that the wrongs we know will be done away, and the good we dream em-

"Thank you -I am sure we shall enjoy it ever so much!"

"Then we won't any goodby. I think, said he, as he took her hand.—The King.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The biggest wheat field in the world is in the Argentine. It belongs to ar italian named Guazone and covers just over 100 square miles.

The stick insect of Borneo is the largest insect known. Spectmens, It largest insect known. Spectmens in individual efforts, all that we can say, all that the weak any and that the world individual efforts, all that we can do, are not mere van, transment individual efforts, all that we can do, are not mere van, transment individual efforts, all that we can do, are not mere van, transment attribute each do, are not mere van, transment individual efforts, all that the world middle dery on the wings of insects fluttering in the tour we can do, are not mere van, transment attribute each do, are not mere van, transment in the tour do, are not mere van, transment in the tour do, are not mere van, transment in the tour do, are not mere van, transment attribute can do, are not mere van, transment in the tour do, are

Doing What We Can.

Doing what we have the power to do is suir highest privilege and dury. We often feel that, if we had more no mey, or more influence, or more power, we could do something worth doing, but, as it is, our possibilities are sadly limited, and we can have no hope of greatly honoring God, or helping our fellows. Yet the one woman in the world whose name stands highest above her fellows for what she did in her day and generation was not a woman of great wealth or of special power. Of her it is said simply, "She hath done what she could." She may have thought that her sphere and shiftless were limited, but God blessed her simple doing with His blessing and with her ever-growing fame. All that God would have us do is to do what we can. That much we ought to be ready to it o gladly. Sunday School Times. atick insect of Borneo is the insect known. Spectmens, It is in length, have been captured stick insect exactly resembles to of rough stick.

In Lynn, Mass., 24,000,000 pairs of shoes were made last year; in Brock ton, 17,000,000 pairs and in Haverhill 12,000,000 pairs and in Haverhill 12,000,000 pairs These three cities therefore, turned out enough shoes it supply one pair for two-thirds of the supply one pa

When the little sons of Prince bristian were still in their nurse t Cumberland Lodge, one of the

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Upon the Garden Sass. COWGIRLS IN THE CHASE

Easter Egg Hunt Enjoyed by the Happy Juveniles—Bill Reverts to Roosevelt and Says Dig-nity of Presidency is Gons.

One hundred and fifty years ago old Dr. Johnson said, "A cow is a very good animal in a field, but keep her out of the garden." Late last night, as the girls up stairs were going to ed and were closing the window away from the rows of English peas that were in full bloom. The alarm was given, and my wife lighted the lantern and with the girls made hasta to expel the intruder. Everything was wet, and of course I was not ellowed lamp to the wife and feel ashamed that I was also had the that I was also had the same laws on the equator as at the poles. Having mastered those principles, he also knows that in a fair field, and without fear or favor, his prospects of success in a new and untries away from the cow. "Keep her away from the cow." "Keep her away from the cow. "Keep her away from the cow." "Keep her away from the cow. "Keep her away from the cow." "Keep her

re is no peas' the grand rounds with dozen calves visible and invisi-ble following her, but finally gave it up. and went out and was put up in her den. Old Aunt Dolly is our milk Woman, and declares she "fastened dat gate good," but the cow and the garden say she didn't. The garden has a gate, too, and I remember now that my wife told me in the morning before it rained that I might go out and cut the asparagus for dinner, and I did and I reckon I left the gate open. But "ali's well that ends well," and now there is peace in the family and pear

in the garden. The world goes up and the world goes

And the sunshine follows the rain, But sick or well, I'll see that the cow

Growing Faith.

Growth is characteristic of all life. It is an evidence of health and increasing atrength. Every soul is horn as a child into God's kingdom. It must begin, and all becinnings are small. In our judgments of others we ought to remember this fact. One has no right to expect from a child that which belongs to manhood. When Abraham was first called into God's service he came se has every one since. His faith was untried and his growth just begun. God promised him great things which he nesitated to believe. When told that his descendants were to be as numerous as the stars he stageered at the thought. All passed like a dream before him. The natriarch was skeptical. "Tord, how shall I know that I shall inherit it!" God's word was not sufficient. He wished some evidence that would appeal to his positive knowledge. He wished to know. Years after that man staggered not at the commend of God when told to slay his own. Don't get in the garden again. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but it is the protection of a garden, for almost every day the little grandchildren come up to see 10 and comfort me, and now they want to pick some strawberries and pull up some radishes, and I say yes, of course, and they will leave the gate open, and it is my business to shut it, and they have an idea that I am here just for their pleasure. They always come hungry. for they know that grandma has got some apples or cakes hid away, and grandpa will get them. Even the little 2-year-old boy knows inside, and he takes me by the hand and leads me there. A biscult will do these children at home, but it won't here. We don't keep a tavern, but our house is a free and easy place for the children of the town, and they know it. On Easter Saturday about one

hundred and fifty of them gathered

here to hunt the pretty aggs, and it was a big frolie and the mothers and aunts came with them, and it took 20 dozen eggs to go around, and every little tot got some. They played game; in the grove and tennis in the court, and we old people were happy because the children were. Almost everybody, old and young, came to salute me as I played patriarch in the big chair on the verandah, and some brought flowers and some brought fruits and all rought smiles, and so it is not so bad to be old and sick, after all. Every mall brings me good letters, kind letters from far away and unknow, friends, and they give me comfort and I answer all I can, but must tell the school children once again that I can-not write any more compositions or e-

school children once again that I cannot write any more compositions or evays or debates, and the see wasting their time to ask me. One young man wants my opinion on the immortality of the soul, as though I was Addison or a preacher, and so I sent him a postal card and referred him to the Prophet Micah, sixth chapter and eighth verse. There is creed enough for snybody's soul. Another mother wants a United States history that is rollable and also a biography of General Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson. Write to Dr. J. William Jones, Richmond, Va., the grand chapitain of the confederate veterans, the historian of the confederacy, the grandest mannow left, a beacon light, a synonym of wisdom and truth, and the gifted biographer of Lee and Jackson and Davis. I rejoice that he has lived to give us a United States history that is beyond the reach of criticism and will, I hope, be adopted by every achool in the south and be found in every household. I rejoice that Alabama has passed a bill for uniform text books and trust that the governor will appoint a commission that can't be bought. We know that in some achools in Georgia southern antiturn have been displaced to make room for a northern work, and that it took large money to do it and

PHILIPPINE FARMING. A PROBLEM TO MAKE TROPCAL

AGRICULTURE PROFITABLE. Family Bovine Makes a Raid The American Who Without Special Training Attempts to Farm in Our

> perate Chances-Where to Study. The farming community in the older exitern and southern portions of the United States constitutes, if I may be pardoned the use of a seeming parament of our people, whose conserva-tism finds expression in clinging to the old farm and its associations, and whose progressiveness takes form in adopting with alacrity every scientific or practical device that facilitates

farm operations. He has, and perhaps truly, been bed and were closing the window charged as of laggard intuitions, and blinds, they saw, in the dim moon light, something moving along in the garden, and sure enough it was a cow—our own cow, and she was not far away from the rows of English peas that were in full bloom. The alarm that were in full bloom. The alarm

yot arrived in the Philippines, and, worse lick for us, there is little danger that he will be conspicuous here for many yours to come—except by his No: he is not here, nor will he be

bere in our generation, and the simple explanation may be found in that earlller tribute to his average good sense and that profound knowledge of this own limitations; to the knowledge that tells him that notwithstanding the advantages that his training and experience would give him, the successful practice of tropical agriculture would impose upon him the acquisition of a new and almost distinct profession. In time and as he learns upon credible sources of information of the prosecution of large and successful farming enterprises in these parts, he will cautiously send out his sons, not as farmers, but as apprentices or laborers, upon these estates where they may round out and perfect the initial training they have had in agricultural schools or upon the old homestead. continue to lack, the American farmer, we have a very considerable number of Americans, who propose "to enter" tropical agriculture with the same in clant unconcern and easy aplomb with which they would saunter, into a dining room or through an open gate-

These same people ar shockedsometimes distinctly off-ad-if maked by they do not "cts there of memory, or, equally untrained, do not "enter" as special counsel in litigation tion involving millions, or into a hospital to perform an operation in tomy or obstetrics.

Inquiry develops the fact that a few, a very few of these candidates for graduation in and the practice of trop-ical agriculture have been born upon a farm, and perhaps done farm chores till 12 or 15 years of age. For these few there is a fighting chance of success as they realize that they are coping with a man's task and a child's equip-

ment for the undertaking. But what can be said of the chances of the large remainder? of the 90 percent, made up of discharged soldiers, disappointed miners, adventurers, whatnots, or anybody except farmers who could with equal hope of success undertake the construction of a twinacrew battleship as the equally com-plex problems of tropical agriculture? The truly p'tiable feature of this phase of the case is that many of this class are not only sincerely in earnest but by frugality and industry have accumulated a few hindred or a faw thousand dollars that they now to invest in tropical agricultuseck either information er to the best cultivations to unucruse which, between the lines should be read to say, the casest channels in which to lose their hard-earned sav-

Where advice alone is asked, and the adviser knows his business, and is conscientious, he can have but one undeviating reply to make:

"Go to Java, the Federated Mainy States, or Ceylon, and hire out as an apprentice or farm hand for two three years on some of the very manage and well-managed farm estappement your day labor will need to the property of the propert

fact so generally known to layn who have not cutlived the old-time re-proach "When a man hasn't brains enough to make a living, make a farm-er of him." That the reproach is not all undeserved is demonstrated by the many untrained recruits in the Philip-pines standing ready to jump into the realities of a calling whose technical demands are far more exacting than Island Archipelago is Taking Desdemands are far more exacting the those in the highest lines of industri art, and in some respect more than in the so-called learned professions.

This man is sui-generis, and for pu be classed as the "American Farmer in the Philippines"—W. S. Lyon, Phil-ippine Bureau of Agriculture, in Ma-

WHERE ORANGES COME FROM. How Cities Get Fresh Fruit Every

Day in the Year. Every day in the year New York enloys her oranges, for somewhere in one or the other hemisphere there groves in bearing, and swift refrig tor steamers to transport the

gular season. In Florida we nave a Hart's Late, with the adjective used to signify May or June; in Callfornia it is the Valencia Late, and the adjective there means August and September.

Our pomologists consider this Valencia Late an offshoot from the celebrated Rodi orange, coming from a small district of that name on the Adriatic side of Italy, and clossed with the lemon, giving it the lemon's power to hang on the tree and retain its flavor. The Rodis are found in our northern markets in July and August, thus coming intermediate between the latest Floridas and the latest Californias. When California sells her Valencia

Lates at \$16 a box in September they are practically without a competitor. When Florida sells her finest pomelos In March and April at \$16 a box they are running a neck-and-neck race with all the countries. So with her Kings at \$14 a box and her best tangerines at \$14 a strap—they take their chances on a full market. The California navel touches a maxi-

mum of \$7 or \$8 a box in late summer and early autumn; it is then at its beat and practically alone on the market. At the present time it sells below the Indian river, while the California seedling brings only 50 or 75 percent of the price of the Florida seedling. The cold mountain air and the long dry seasons of California bring her oranges to their bers of choice small sound oranges are so May as high as the California made in

September, and even higher, Severa South Florida counties can produ records in April, and that tops California navels by \$1.50 to \$2. All California budding varieties, ex-

cept the navel, such as the Parson Brown, the Jaffa, the St. Michael's, the Mediterranean Sweet, the Homosa and others, almost invariably sell below the Florida varieties of the same The Havana orange used to cut an

important figure in the New York markets, but years ago it sank into in significance before the sugar and tobacco development. The groves grew old and ragged, the fruit became less juicy and heavy than the Jamaicas, then coming to the fore, and they die not keep as well, either. About 20,000 barrels a year used to be from Havana to New York.

of the Rodi the Havana