



REV. R. J. CAMPBELL WITH A FAVORITE COW.

Rev. R. J. Campbell of London declares himself openly in favor of the new theology and admits that the story of the fall is not to be taken as history but as a symbolical story. He also declares that he cannot accept the doctrines of vicarious atonement and the belief that Christ while on earth was coequal with God. Since this declaration Mr. Campbell's services at the City Temple have been more crowded than ever and hundreds are turned away every Sunday. In his home life Mr. Campbell is very fond of agricultural pursuits and spends much time in the fields and in his garden.



Some of the greatest authorities on radium now incline to the belief that it is a compound rather than a chemical element.

According to an official of the geological survey at Washington, the heaviest metal is osmium, which has, bulk for bulk, very nearly twice the weight of lead. The specific gravity of gold is about 19.3, while that of osmium is almost 22.5. Osmium is also the most infusible of metals, remaining unaffected by a degree of heat capable of causing platinum to run like water. It even resists the inconceivable temperature of the electric arc.

It is reported that the invisible radium emanations affect germinating seeds even when these are covered with a layer of soil very much the same as a too powerful application of sunlight to the seed. In other words, the effect is similar to that produced by too much light, resulting in an arresting of germination. The effect is influenced by the nature of the seed covering, its distance from the source of emanation and the quantity of moist soil intervening.

The greatest industry of Australia is sheep raising, mainly for the sake of the wool, but also in part, of course, for the meat. Australia now ranks second among the great sheep-raising countries, Argentina being first with 92,000,000 sheep, Australia second with 72,000,000 and Russia third with 70,000,000. But a few years ago 70,000,000 was first, possessing no less than 106,280,000 head of sheep. That was in 1891. Prolonged droughts were the cause of the destruction of many millions of Australian sheep, but since 1902 there has been an annual gain. Yet these sheep were not indigenous to Australia. They were first introduced in 1797, being of the Spanish merino species.

If you ask your grocer, "What are the best English walnuts?" he will reply, "French ones." They are exported chiefly from Grenoble, and are known as Grenoble nuts. The suggestion having been made that excellent walnuts could be raised in many of our Southern States, at a distance from the humid and swampy coast lands, the Department of Commerce has collected interesting facts about the cultivation of the trees in France. They grow best at altitudes between 600 and 1,900 feet. The young trees are very susceptible to extreme heat or cold. To maintain the quality of the nuts frequent grafting is practiced. Perfect nuts grow only on the outer limbs, exposed to the air and sun, and the inner limbs are kept trimmed down. The trees are planted with plenty of room about them, and every year or two the ground is dug up and fertilized. The space between can be utilized for pasturing or crops.

Just the Opposite.

"How is your brother, Harker?"
"Oh, he is in a business that will open your eyes."
"You don't say! What is it?"
"Why, he sells alarm clocks."
"That's funny. My brother is in a business that will close your eyes."
"Really? What is it?"
"Why, he markets onions."

Every man in his relation to every other man is a hypocrite; he pretends that he is wiser and better than he is, and the other man detects him in the deception, though he pretends to be deceived.

A New York man wrote a book entitled "How to Succeed," but he didn't succeed in selling it.

MULTIPLICATION OF FISH.

Enemies Prevent Too Great a Number Living to Maturity.

Some faint conception of the great destruction of eggs and young fishes and of the comparatively limited number of them to attain full growth may be formed from the statements of those who have made a study of fish productivity, says the Mobile Register. Thus the great English naturalist, Buffon, made a careful investigation of the number of eggs produced by a female herring and on that basis calculated the increase for twenty years. His conclusion was that the increase of a single pair of herring, if all reached maturity, would in a score of years amount to a mass as large as our earth.

Without going extensively into the figures of those who have made a study of this subject it is only necessary to remember that the herring is a comparatively small fish, and that some of the larger species are almost equally prolific. Thus 10,000,000 eggs have been found in a female codfish, and it is stated that one will produce not less than 45,000,000 young in a single season. The eggs in a female eel were counted, and the number was ascertained to be about 10,000,000. Other common fishes, while not so prolific as these, are enough so to make us wonder just how long all the waters of the earth would contain the fishes if all the eggs that are spawned should reach maturity. The seas and the oceans and the rivers would soon become impassable, and we suppose the end of the world, as far as man is concerned, would soon arrive.

Fortunately for humanity, from the moment the egg is laid its enemies are ready for it. The eggs are eagerly seized and devoured, and the young fishes fare no better. Numerous natural enemies of the finny tribe follow the mothers, or lie in wait for eggs and young, so that but few reach maturity, compared with the incalculable number that are brought into the world. Valuable as all fishes are for human food it is fortunate that man is not the only animal that feeds on them.

An Awkward Record.

The Earl of Spencer, who, before he succeeded his father, was Viscount Althorp, confessed, at a recent reunion at Harrow, that one of the most awkward moments of his life occurred while he was a pupil at the great public school.

He was present, he said, in the Vaughan Library when the King, then Prince of Wales, visited Harrow. The book in which the minutes of the debating society were recorded was shown to the royal visitor. As fate decreed, the page on which it opened contained this resolution:

"That regicide is justifiable, moved by Viscount Althorp."

The boy did not know where to look, but the prince merely smiled, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a loyal subject to be in favor of making way with the sovereign.

Reads So "Easy."

A French mariner thinks advantage may be taken of the favorable winds at the edge of a cyclone for facilitating navigation. By means of observations with the barometer and other instruments, he would ascertain the direction in which the storm is going and so shape the course of the ship that it would be carried along by the sweep of the atmosphere without becoming involved in the dangerous center of the storm.

After a woman has been married a few years, the piece she clips from the newspaper is more likely to be some system of cleaning old gloves so they will look like new than one of the Poems You Ought to Know.

CLOCK TO LIGHT THE GAS.

Automatic Controller Used for Street Lamps in Birmingham.

Consul Albert Halstead of Birmingham reports that an automatic gas controller has been patented and is now on sale in England which may materially lessen the cost of public lighting in the municipalities of the United States if in practical operation it fulfills the claims of its owners.

The controller is said to be adaptable to any type of incandescent burner, to fit any lamp and to be instantaneous in its lighting and extinguishing. The mechanism consists of a clock which can be so set as to light the gas each night and extinguish it each morning, so as to make an automatic variation of the time of lighting and extinguishing, according to the calendar. In short, by means of a chart, the street lights are turned on and off, lighted and extinguished, at a different moment each day throughout the year, according to the season. This is an advantage, it is claimed, over any other controller now on the market, one adjustment a year being sufficient.

The gas can be turned on and off in the ordinary way quite independently of the gas controller. That is important, as it might be necessary to turn off the gas for the renewing of the incandescent mantels.

These controllers are now on trial at Bath and the engineer of the gas company there informs the municipal gas department in Birmingham that so far as their experience goes it gives satisfactory results. In the city of Birmingham proper there are 13,860 street lights and in the district outside, which is supplied by the municipal gas department of Birmingham, there are 7,108 street lights, their caretaking costing \$102,488 per annum. To equip these street lights with this gas controller would involve an expenditure of \$153,061. The cost of operating, it is claimed, would be just one-half.

ROCKEFELLER'S NEW PASTOR.

Rev. Charles F. Aked of Liverpool, England, has accepted the call of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New



REV. CHARLES F. AKED.

York. Mr. Aked has been known in England as a "fighting Christian." He is exceedingly democratic, takes an active interest in political and economic questions, and preaches his sermons frequently on civic topics as on purely religious subjects. Rev. Mr. Aked was born in Nottingham and is 42 years old.

Town Lives Off Flowers.

Almost the entire population of the city of Grasse, in Southern France, is devoted to the cultivation of flowers and the extraction of perfumes from them, with the result that the community controls the market for the most delicate essences. For ten months in the year the Grassois are employed gathering, sorting and distilling blooms.

About the town are flower gardens which extend for many miles and from which are plucked in a single season more than 3,000,000 pounds of roses, half as many again of orange blossoms, 1,000,000 pounds of jasmind, nearly a million of violets and hundreds of thousands of pounds of other flowers, including lavender, tuberose, thyme, rosemary, myrtle and jonquils.

Rosemary, thyme, lavender, geraniums, roses and orange flowers they distill by steam in huge alembics which hold from 300 to 60,000 quarts. The oil is skimmed from the water after condensation. The water itself is preserved and used over and over again, for it is saturated with the perfume, and great quantities of it are sold as jasmind water, rose water and other flower waters.—Harper's Magazine.

Parting at the Station.

Those who listened as the man and woman parted at the station heard this conversation.

"Good-by, dear."
"Good-by. Don't forget to tell Bridget to have the chops for dinner."
"All right."
"And be sure and feed the canary."
"Sure."
"Lock up the silver every night."
"Very well."
"And don't forget that the gasman is coming to renew the burners. Be sure and have him put the four-foot burner in the servant's room."
"I'll remember."
"Order kindling wood on Thursday."
"All right."
"Consult the list I made out if you forget anything."
"I will."
"Better not kiss me. People will think we are just married."
"Not if they have been listening."—San Francisco Argonaut.



"Auntie's a-comin' to-morrow," cried the little boy. "Ain't you glad, gramper?"

"Within reasonable bounds," replied the nice old gentleman.

"Maybe she'll bring me somethin'," said the little boy.

"And so young?" sighed the old gentleman. "Well, I don't want to dash your hopes, buddy, but there's another probability you might contemplate: Maybe she won't."

The little boy's face fell.
"She might, of course," said the old gentleman with an air of candor. "She might bring you a pair of roller skates and an air gun and a mouth harp and a five-pound box of candy. There's nothing to prevent her doing it if she took the notion. At the same time I've known her for quite a long while and I've got my own opinion on the subject."

"Are you her father?"
"I am not," replied the old gentleman. "It would be an honor and a privilege, but I can't lay claim to it conscientiously. Still I know her. I don't love her for what she might bring me for the reason that I don't expect her to bring me anything. If she should make me a present of a nice gold and morocco cigar case or a silver pocket flask for licorice water I would accept it with gratitude and thank her for it prettily, but you ought to expect it. That's the way you don't be. But there's a matter that you've overlooked."

"What?"
"You'll have to behave. Think of

that! Your dear auntie is going to stay a whole week and you'll have to be as sweet and good as you can be—which isn't likely to make a very great impression at that—for a whole long week. Your dear auntie can't put up with tiresome, ill-bred children. I've heard her say so. You must be polite and say 'Excuse me, please,' when you pass in front of people or tread on their toes. You've got to keep your face and hands perfectly clean. No high-water marks. You mustn't jump and shout around the house or tense for well to be kept up for a whole week?"

"Why has it?" asked the little boy.
"Because—well, I don't think I'll tell you the whole of my reason. Your auntie hasn't any little boys of her own. She hasn't a chick or a child to leave anything to and she's got something to leave, too. I can tell you."

"What?" asked the little boy.
"Ahem!" coughed the old gentleman. "Why, she has to leave Kansas City, you know. She'll leave it to-night and get here to-morrow morning, and then, my child, you'll have to toe a mark."

"I don't believe I want her to come," said the little boy, pouting.
"Tut, tut!" said the nice old gentleman. "You mustn't say that. You must be tickled to death to have her come and so-o-o sorry for herself alone and not from mercenary motives. Ask your papa and mamma if you mustn't."—Chicago Daily News.



Marjorie Jean's Dolls.

My dolls had a party—Susanna Ann Was ever so old that day, Because she was mother's before she was mine; But mother is young, they say. We packed a basket of goodies; we had Some apples and peanuts and cake. We went to the meadow, out under the tree

Which grows pretty close to the lake. Rosella had dollies—I think she had four; Rosella's my best friend, you see. Her hair is so curly; her eyes I forget; Our dolls were as good as could be. We made out of daisies a robe for Susanna.

I wreathed a gold crown for her head. "O, now she is Queen of the May, Marjorie Jean. So, courtesy, dolls," Rosy said. Susanna was flustered; she couldn't eat much.

It must feel quite odd to be queen. Rosella cried out: "Take your dollies and run; Here comes a great bear, Marjorie Jean." Of course it was "Rover" who came with a bound, Away through the clover he flew. He ate up the cake we'd forgotten to take, And maybe an apple or two.

'Twas the merriest party! I'm sure Susy Ann Will 'member it all of her years. Now that's all I'll say about dollies to-day —Except—they're the dearest of dears. —Grace May North.

How Paper Was Invented.
Hundreds of years ago there was no paper! We couldn't get on without it in these days, could we? We are always wanting it—to write upon, to wrap things up in; and last, but not least, to print our books and newspapers on.

It was a clever little Japanese gentleman who first invented it. This little man was a merchant, and as he had ever so many parcels to send out from his shop every week, he found the silk in which he always wrapped them a rather expensive item.

He was always thinking and puzzling his brains to try to invent something that would be cheaper.

One day while he was walking in his garden he came across a wasps' nest, and he noticed how wonderfully it was made—how the clever wasps had used some kind of wood, softened it into a thin paste with their jaws, and, after carefully shaping it, had left it to dry. "If wasps can do a thing like that," thought the little gentleman to himself, "why can't I? If I could get some kind of wood, form it into a pulp by means of river water, wouldn't the result be something like the fabric of the wasps' nest? I'll try, anyway, and see what I can do. It would save myself and other people quite a lot of money, if my experiment succeeded."

The little Japanese gentleman tried—and succeeded, too, in putting into practice the lesson that the wasps had taught him.

So that's the way paper was invented—years and years ago out in far Japan.

How They Keep Warm.

It was a bitter cold day. Carl was tired of play, tired of looking over his

books, and tired of watching the boys sliding on the street, so he gave the fire an extra poke and sat down at his mother's feet to chat with her.

"Isn't a fire a wonderful thing?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed, son," she answered. "It is very interesting to know how people all over the world keep warm during the winter. Take Iceland, for example, where fuel is scarce and expensive; they build fires of fish bones. Think of that!"

"In Holland and other countries a kind of turf, called peat, is dug up in great quantities and used for fuel. And in some parts of France a coarse yellow and brown seaweed, which is found in Finistere, is carefully dried and piled up for winter use. A false log, resembling wood, but made of some composition which does not consume, is often used in that country. It throws out heat, and makes a room look pretty and comfortable while it burns."

"The French have also a movable stove, which can be wheeled from room



to room, or even carried up and down stairs full of burning coal.

"In Russia the poorer people use a large porcelain stove, flat on top like a great table, with a small fire inside which gives out a gentle heat. This flat top often serves as a bed for the family. Here in America we burn coal to keep ourselves warm, although gas is much used for heating purposes lately."

"I'd like to live in a country where it is summer all the year round," said Carl.

"Come," said his mother, "look at this picture of a tropical town, and you will notice that none of the houses has chimneys; that is because the temperature is warm enough to do without artificial heat; but then there are other troubles to make up for lack of cold, so let us be content with our own climate, and make the best of things by trying to keep warm."

And Carl piled the coal on the little stove.

Mistakes in Memorials.

Some remarkable mistakes in memorials have recently escaped notice until it was too late to rectify them. The spurs on the boots of Cromwell's statue at Westminster Abbey, London, are the most interesting feature of the monument, although they generally get no attention at all from sightseers. They are worn upside down. In a painted window on the staircase which leads from the floor of Westminster Palace to the committee rooms an inscription on a sword wielded by the "Black Prince" has the words "Prince of Whales." Again, in the fresco depicting the embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers in the corridor leading from the outer lobby at St. Stephen's to the House of Lords the Mayflower is shown to be hoisting the Union Jack—a flag which did not come into existence until over 250 years after the days of the Mayflower.

In order to satisfy a man give him what he thinks he wants.



The Vampire.

A fool there was and he made his pray (Even as you and I)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair (We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair (Even as you and I)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know (And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent (Even as you and I)
Honor and faith and a sure intent (And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool was to follow his natural bent, (Even as you and I)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why,
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide (Even as you and I)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived, but the most of him died—
(Even as you and I)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand—
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.
—Rudyard Kipling.

Pack Clouds Away.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, low soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind I'll borrow;
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, preen thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnets, and cock-sparrows,
You petty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.
—Thomas Heywood.

Old-Time School Committees.

Fifty years ago the men who made up the school committee in a rural community left something to be desired in the matter of scholarship, but the Maine worthies, sketched by W. S. Knowlton in "The Old Schoolmaster," must have contributed not a little gaiety to the dull round of teaching. When a certain committeeman came in Mr. Knowlton always reduced to a minimum the noise in the school of which he was the master, so as not to disturb the good man's slumbers. For he would sleep so placidly, with such a childlike exclamation on his face that the young schoolmaster had not the heart to disturb him.

When the time for speechmaking came a stick of wood was dropped upon the floor to awaken him.
"He always commended the good order," is Mr. Knowlton's shy comment. "I gave another man, who pretended to know Greek, a German reader while the class read Homer," confesses Mr. Knowlton, "and he did not know the difference. He said the class translated admirably!"

One man asked the pupils if they would be ready to be examined the thirty-first of September, and they said they thought not.

"Well," said he, "that day will convene me best, and I hope you will be ready."

The pupils were too polite to smile, and so the committeeman passed out of the schoolhouse feeling sure that he had carried a point, and had corrected Julius Caesar and all the popes.

In one school eight weeks of the session had elapsed, and there were four weeks remaining. The superintendent asked what fractional part of the term had passed.

"Two-thirds," answered the school.
"No," said he, with a knowing look upon them and a disapproving scowl upon the teacher. "You are wrong. I will ask you again before I leave."

When he was about to go he repeated the question, and the school gave the same answer.

"You are wrong again," he said. "The correct answer is eight-twelfths."

Ceylon Sharks.

Sharks infest the water of Ceylon, and the pearl divers of that region are in deadly fear of these wolves of the deep. The divers are mostly Tamils and Moormen and display marvelous endurance and pluck. To protect themselves against the ever present danger to which the presence of the sharks exposes them the divers carry charms given them by recognized "shark binders" who receive a small government fee and a dozen oysters a day from each boat. Owing to the constant noise and splashing, the sharks are generally kept at a distance, and accidents are rare.