

THE PARTISAN

A Romance of the American Revolution

By W. GILMORE SIMMS

CHAPTER VIII.
"There shall be joy for this. Shall we not laugh merrily for conquest, when it takes the wolf from our throats, and yields us his."

Travis, the faithful coadjutor of the Tory Huck, was on his march into the swamp before daylight. As Humphries had anticipated, he took the path, if so it might be called, on which the ambuscade had been laid for him. He might not have done so, had he dreamed for an instant of the existence in this quarter of such a body of men as that now preparing to receive him. Looking on his object, however, simply as the arrest of Frampton, and the scouring of the swamp of such stragglers as might have been left for shelter into its recesses, he adopted the route which was obviously most accessible, and most likely, therefore, to be resorted to by the merely skulking discontent. The half military eye, looking out for an enemy in any respect equal in strength, would have either studiously avoided the ridge over which Travis now presumed to ride, or would have adopted some better precautions than he had troubled himself to take. It was naturally a strong defile, well calculated for an easy defence, as only a small force could possibly be of use upon it. But two persons could ride abreast in the prescribed direction, and then only with great difficulty and by slow movement; for little gullies and fissures continually intersected the path, which was circuitous and winding, and if not ways covered with water, the swamp quite as difficult to overcome, from its luxuriant growth of umbrage.

Though an old traveler in such fastnesses, these obstructions were in no sort pleasant to the leader of the British party, who, being a notorious grumbler, accompanied every step which he took with a grunting sort of commentary by way of disapprobation.

"Now, may the devil take these gullies, that go as deep when you get into them as if they were made for you. This is a day's chase, and the next time Huck wants a hunt, he shall enjoy it himself. I like not this service. It's little less than a disparagement of the profession, and speaks not well for an old soldier."

The leader spoke with feeling, and no little emphasis, as his steed scrambled up the bank from the slough in which his legs had been almost fastened, the slimy ooze of which, left by the now-receding tide, rendered the effect to release himself a matter of greater difficulty than usual. The grumbler continued, even after he had gained the tussock.

"Thou a soldier!" cried one who rode up behind him, and who spoke in terms of familiarity indicating close companionship—"thou a soldier, Travis, indeed? What should make thee a soldier?"

"Am I not, Clough?" was the reply.

"And therefore dost thou grumble, then?"

"Wherefore? Because, being a soldier, I am sent upon any but the best service. A dog might do this duty—a dog that had well beaten."

"And what better service, Travis, couldst thou have to keep thee from grumbling? Art thou, now, not a sorry bear with a sore head, that kindness cannot coax, and crossing only to keep civil? Send thee on what service Huck may, it is all the same; thou wilt grumble at the toll, even when it likes thee best. What wouldst thou have—what wouldst please thee?"

"By Saint Jupiter, but he might ask! He might give me a man's choice," responded the other, gruffly.

"It's but a small favor I ask to be suffered to choose for myself whether I shall work for my master on hill or in hole—with a free bit, or hand to hand, close struggle with a hungry alligator in his hollow."

"And thou wouldst choose the very service he now puts thee to. What! do we not all know thee the better man for the swamp; that thy scent is keen with the bloodhound, thine eye like the hawk's, and thine art quick for fight as the major's bull-pup. It is because he knows thou art fond of this sort of venture that he puts thee upon it; and what thou grumblest at, therefore, it will be out of thine own wisdom to show, even if thou wert really discontented with the duty, which I believe not."

"It's a dog's life only, this scenting swamps for the carrion they had betted down—and making soldiers do the duty of a hungry dog. Let it, but I'll resist after this! Let them send others that are younger, and no like it better. I'll give it up—I'll do no more of it."

"Say so to Huck, and lose command of the scouts—the best game thou hast ever played at, if the baggage wagons speak true," was the reply.

"What! shalt thou grumble at what thou art best fitted for? What wouldst thou be after—what other service would please thee?"

"Thou must see me in a charge yet, Sergeant Clough," replied Travis, boastfully, "provided thou hast blood enough to stop until it's over. When thou hast seen this, thou wilt ask me no child's questions. What! because I am good at the swamp, and I therefore worth nothing on the highway? It were a sorry soldier that could not take care track and bush and do alike when the case calls for it, and do good service in all. But thou shalt see, some day, and grow wiser."

"Well, thou dost promise largely, like an old debtor; but, to my mind, thou art just now where thou shouldst be—in the swamps; for, truth to speak, thou lovest them—thou lovest the wallow and the slough—the thick ooze which the alligator loves, and the dry fern-bank where he makes his nest; thou lovest the terrapin because of his home, not less than of the good

In the mean while, let us turn our eyes upon the party in waiting for them. Following the suggestions of his lieutenant, Humphries, Major Singleton had disposed of his men at convenient distances for mutual support along the more accessible ridge which the party of Travis had originally pursued. The design had been a good one; for it was not to be supposed that one who had shown himself so careful in selecting the least obstructed route, would willingly leave it, in preference for another, so indirect and difficult of passage as that upon which Travis had now turned his horse. The ambuscade had been well laid, and had been successful, by his circumstance. Major Singleton himself, being in advance, was the first to perceive this change of movement, which taking place just when his anxieties were most aroused, was productive of an exaggerated degree of disappointment. He cried out to Humphries, who lurked in a low bush on the opposite bank and saw not so readily—

"They leave the trace, Humphries! they have turned off to the right—we are followed!"

"A lieutenant rose from his recumbent position, and saw the truth of his commander's suggestion. To effect a change of ambuscade at this moment was hopeless; and there remained but one mode, and that was, to persuade them to return to the path from which they departed. At first, the lieutenant thought to throw himself immediately in their way; and, being well known, and looked upon as loyal by all the dragoons, he believed that he might lure them back by misrepresentations of one kind or another. This thought, however, he abandoned, and, by the brief struggle, in which he bore an active part, had never once withdrawn his glance from him. But for this, the wretch might have escaped; and even then, had no guilt or fear paralyzed his energy or judgment, his chances might have been good; but he held too long to his horse, and lost that time, in trying to urge him along the track he had taken, which, on foot, he might have pursued more effectively. The animal became entangled in some water weeds, and before he could get him free, or even get within his back, the pursuer was plunging into the swamp, with drawn sword waving overhead, and but a few paces from him. Leaping from his steed, which he left struggling, the fugitive made for the opposite bank, and reached it before Frampton had yet got through the slough. But even this advantage did not serve him long. Though brave enough, the corporal seemed at that moment to lack much of his wonted firmness. He entangled himself in some water weeds, and probably he was not improbable, indeed, that he himself had been one of those concerned in the assault upon Frampton's wife. If so, the flight of the one and the concentrated pursuit of the other were both natural enough. Guilt is apt to despair, and to sink into imbecility, in its own consciousness of crime, and in the presence of the true avenger. Still, for a moment, there was a show of spirit. He strove with a sword of defiance, but the moment after, he turned again in flight. He ran over the tussock upon which both of them now stood, and bounding through a pond that lay in his way, made off for a close cover of cypress that grew at a little distance.

Should he gain that cover, his safety would most probably be certain, as he would then have gained on Frampton, and had long since been out of reach of the pursuer. But if the one ran with the speed of fear, madness gave wings to the other. The fugitive looked over his shoulder once as he flew, and he could see in the eye of his pursuer that there was no pity, nothing but death; and utterly vain must be his cry for quarter. Perhaps he felt this conviction only from a due consciousness of what he deserved from his own atrocities. The thought increased his speed; but, though capable and elastic enough, he could not escape the man who rushed behind him. Defying wood and every obstruction, the fierce wretch pressed close upon the fugitive. The corporal felt the splashing of the water from his adversary's feet; he knew that the next moment must be followed by the whirl of the sabre; and he sank motionless to the ground. The blow went clean over him; but though it carried Frampton beyond him, yet he did not fall. The maniac soon recovered, and confronted the corporal, who now found it impossible to fly. His hope was in flight only. But what his lifted sword meant against that of his opponent, wielded by his superior strength, made terrible by madness! The sword was dashed aside—dashed down in the heavy sweeping stroke with which the other prefaced the conflict.

"Mercy! Mercy!" cried the corporal, as he saw that it was all over. A howl like that of the wolf was the only response, and the weapon bit through the bone as the arm was unavailingly thrown up to resist it. The stricken member hung only by the skin and a part of the coat-sleeve. The steel was already in the air—

"Mercy, Frampton! have mercy!"

The speech was silence, as, crushing through bone and brain, the thick sword dug its way down into the very eyes of the pleader. The avenger drew his sword forth above his head, as if in triumph, and then, kneeling upon the senseless body, he flung up a strain of impious thanksgiving to Heaven for so much granted and gained of the desired vengeance. His wild, wolfish laugh, at intervals while he prayed, caught the rest of the party where to look for him.

To be Continued.

A year and a half ago the municipality of Orbe, in the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, placed artificial nests in the trees throughout the district in order to protect and preserve insect-eating birds in the locality. The branches of the trees were studded with sharp nails to prevent access to the nests by the birds' enemies. Blackbirds and thrushes were the first to show their appreciation of the facilities provided, and their example was soon followed by other members of the feathered tribe. The artificial nests are closely imitated from the originals, and a Swiss naturalist conducts the industry, which is in the hands of women.

Have you ever noticed that some days you seem to walk up hill all day?

Miscellaneous Reading.

LAND OF LONG DISTANCES.

Vastness of South Africa Appalls the Traveler.

It is fashionable to allude to a railway journey in South Africa in tones of thinly veiled scorn and contempt, to condemn it as tiresome, complain of it as uninteresting. There is space—almost undreamed of space. And that is all, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Through the east the traveler lives in the past. He feels, if he has any imagination at all, that for the moment he has become part of an ancient civilization which still survives the train and the telegraph, he moves through cities with a story in every stone; each mile brings new pictures of the might and wealth which fill the most enchanting pages in the book of history.

In America you cross a land of the future. The cities are marvels of inventive genius; even away in the country there is an echo of the hum of restlessness, the murmur of a people peering into the future, hurrying on to realize a great destiny.

But across the great plateau of South Africa you seem to live always in the present. It becomes a dominating idea. You cannot picture a past save like the present, or imagine a future differing from today. The veldt is, and it looks as if it will always be as it is. The slender thread of steel which crosses its illimitable space, the little towns set down at such great distances from one another, play no part in the scene. They are there, it is true; but they look fortuitous, out of place. Trains chug across the veldt, and pass by the hillsides from Natal, and a cold ignores them, it does not adapt itself to them. The slow-moving ox wagon alone fits in the picture; the mail train, with its searchlight piercing the darkness and peace of the night, is, and always will be, a thing apparent. It always seems to be, that there is something curious, almost uncanny, about the great spaces of South Africa—something you do not find in any other lands. The haste of modern life blazes with the spirit of the veldt. There is a silent protest against the intruder. The country calls disease and drought to its aid to prevent its freedom being shackled by the bonds of civilization and the handcuffs of progress.

The space destroys speed. As you hurry northward or eastward from London in a mile a minute express, the close-set villages fly past, increasing the impression of haste; but let the same engine pull the train northward from the cape into the heart of Africa, and its speed will seem to slacken. Steam cannot get up the distance of a continent, and there are no contrasts, no near landmarks, by which to measure the onward rush.

Yet such a journey, monotonous as it is, brings scenes which give it a fascination all its own. No one can paint in words or on canvas the beauty of a South African morning just after sunrise. Your carriage stands still at some wayside station, with its solitary one-story house and inevitable dwarfed trees. Away, as far as the eye can see, is a vast, level plain, green and black. The landscape holds nothing to attract save its space; but the sunshine is something England never knows, the air is like a draught of champagne, the marvelous clearness and freshness— which no other land can equal—give you most probably be certain, as he would then have gained on Frampton, and had long since been out of reach of the pursuer. But if the one ran with the speed of fear, madness gave wings to the other. The fugitive looked over his shoulder once as he flew, and he could see in the eye of his pursuer that there was no pity, nothing but death; and utterly vain must be his cry for quarter. Perhaps he felt this conviction only from a due consciousness of what he deserved from his own atrocities. The thought increased his speed; but, though capable and elastic enough, he could not escape the man who rushed behind him. Defying wood and every obstruction, the fierce wretch pressed close upon the fugitive. The corporal felt the splashing of the water from his adversary's feet; he knew that the next moment must be followed by the whirl of the sabre; and he sank motionless to the ground. The blow went clean over him; but though it carried Frampton beyond him, yet he did not fall. The maniac soon recovered, and confronted the corporal, who now found it impossible to fly. His hope was in flight only. But what his lifted sword meant against that of his opponent, wielded by his superior strength, made terrible by madness! The sword was dashed aside—dashed down in the heavy sweeping stroke with which the other prefaced the conflict.

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Have you ever noticed that some days you seem to walk up hill all day?

What happens—how it happens—why it happens—no man knows. It is an eccentricity of a South African railway. The living day slips by with a silence which almost forces one to shout to break the stillness, but at night these mysterious noises arise. Men emerge from nowhere, and talk loudly of nothing beside the waiting train; figures with hammers beat upon the wheels or hold consultations in stentorian tones over grease boxes; a popular song is roared under the windows of sleepers; even a whole troop train of terribly wideawake soldiers has been met on a particularly dark night. But these things never happen in daytime. There are people in this wide land after all; but they only spring up at night.

WAIFS BECOME GOVERNORS.

Meet and Talk Over Days When They Were Street Boys in New York.

Street waifs in New York in 1857—shaking hands an ex-governor in 1906, the story of both John A. Brady of 27 State street, Boston, and Andrew F. Burke, Kansas City representative of the Great Western Oil company. The two met at the Midland hotel this morning, says the Kansas City Star, and talked of days on Randall's Island, the New York home of waifs.

John G. Brady is the ex-governor of Alaska. Andrew F. Burke, along in the early '90s, was governor of North Dakota. Both were on Randall's Island two years—1857 and 1859, charges of the city. Both were shipped to the west in 1859, to be given to the things they wanted, and the end of Brady's life was not only gained an education and wealth but became men of influence, and each occupied a governor's chair.

"There's not much to tell about those days on Randall's Island," Gov. Brady said. "Andy Burke and I were friends there. I was simply a little 'mick' picked up off the streets. They didn't put me in the criminal home—although the reason, I guess, is that they didn't catch me in all the things I did want to do. But the end of Brady's life was not only gained an education and wealth but became men of influence, and each occupied a governor's chair.

"Along in August, 1859, the superintendent read us a letter from little Martin Terrell, one of the island's boys who had been sent to Delphi, Ind. Martin told about the apples, the chickens, the green corn and the horses he had to ride and drive about all those things. I got to thinking about all those things. I was a strong boy, and strong boys have strong stomachs. Don't know whether Andy Burke heard that letter or not, but it made me decide to go to that land where all the good things grew. When the train started west, Andy was on it too. He went to a farmer at Noblesville, Ind. I went to one at Tipton.

"Then the hard days came. I went to work deadening trees—swinging an axe. It was swamp land and the work was hard. He grew to know the work, and he was a strong boy, and strong boys have strong stomachs. Don't know whether Andy Burke heard that letter or not, but it made me decide to go to that land where all the good things grew. When the train started west, Andy was on it too. He went to a farmer at Noblesville, Ind. I went to one at Tipton.

"The Farmer Grows Wiser.

"You can't fool the farmer any more on merchandise for his farm," said the proprietor of an agricultural store as he wrote down a large order for a certain fertilizer. "Time was when you could sell a farmer anything in the way of fertilizer and no questions asked. It was a fat time for the manufacturers of fertilizers, but that time is all past. Now the man who tills the soil must know all about what the market offers for enriching crops. He insists that he be given the formula of every fertilizer on the market, and he knows whether too much phosphorus, potash, etc., predominates. He knows what his soil needs most; he understands that certain crops demand a certain sort of enrichment of the earth and that other crops necessitate an entirely different sort of enrichment. In the old days he'd dump anything on his land and trust to luck that things would grow all right; same way with tools. He won't buy a farmer's implement until he has some actual knowledge of its worth. It's all because of the agricultural colleges which spread agricultural information gratis into the country towns, so that a farmer can hardly help learning a thing or two."—New York Press.

FRANCE'S CHURCH TROUBLE.

Explanation of the Issues Between Government and Rome.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—There is much in the trouble in France between church and state that the public does not understand, although the matter has been under discussion for several years. The law divorcing church and state, which went into effect on December 11, was passed December 9, 1905. Preceding this, church and state were united under the concordat, the charter of which instrument will be explained presently. In old France the king was the head of both the state and church, but in ecclesiastical matters he was subject to the pope. In England much the same conditions existed until the time of Henry VIII, who, when he was refused a divorce from his wife, left the church.

The state is about to seize the property of the church in France, but it must be understood that the state has had something of a title to it since the French revolution.

Nature of Concordat.

A concordat is a compact dealing with ecclesiastical affairs between the pope as head of the Catholic church and the temporal ruler of a state. Concordats commonly relate to things which are neither purely spiritual nor purely temporal, but mixed matters, in regard to which the action of the two powers can with difficulty be dissociated. It is a settled doctrine of the Catholic canonists that the pope never absolutely cedes purely spiritual powers. The king sometimes nominated a bishop, but the bishop could not be instituted without the sanction of the pope.

It is argued by friends of the present disruption that the church property in France could not belong to the pope, because no title was ever vested in him, and could not belong to the church at large, because, in law, the church is not a person or corporation.

The new law provides that bishops in France, in their various jurisdictions, shall have religious corporations formed to which the churches and the church property shall be turned over, to be held under the laws of France, and not under the laws of the pope.

In a meeting held to consider the situation, advised the pope to comply with the requirements of the law, but in his view the law is too drastic and interferes with his spiritual rights. It seems from the accounts that the state exercises almost supreme control over the French bishops, clergy and religious services.

Seizure of the Churches.

The state officials, it is said, even have something to do with the vestments worn by ecclesiastics. At all events, the law explicitly requires certain regulations to be followed in the formation of religious corporations, and if the religious corporations are not so formed, the church property in the various cities and communes in France in which the property is situated is to be turned over to the state.

This transfer has, in fact, been in progress all this week. After the churches are seized they may be used as theatres, stables, courthouses, or for any secular purpose whatever. To Catholics this is a source of much grief, as some, if not all the churches are consecrated. In all the sacrifices of the mass has been many times offered—the supreme act of Catholic worship. The churches are declared to be worth \$40,000,000, and there are many convents, monasteries and schools.

Forced to Leave France.

Some of the features of the new law are such that the religious orders could not comply with them, and the members have been leaving France for some time. It has been a great loss to the monks, nuns, Christian Brothers, and the teaching orders generally to give up the home to which they were accustomed and to go into the world, especially to strange countries. Some of the nuns have come to the United States, and there is at least one order situated near Baltimore. They have found themselves by certain kinds of work, and even by cultivation of the land.

Some of the people among the men and women of the religious orders in France, felt the rigor of the expulsion very much.

Will Leave France.

Cardinal Richard is among those who will leave France, or at least abandon his residence. He is eighty-six years old, and in his long career has seen the overthrow of the royalty and of the empire. He was born in Nantes in 1819, and is a descendant of an ancient and noble family. He received the cardinal's hat in 1889.

Some of the terms used in the dispatches from France may puzzle readers. A "schismatic church" is one that belongs to the Catholic faith, but refuses to recognize the papal authority. "The holy see" is the see of Rome, which was the see of Peter, and the Bishop of Rome has jurisdiction over all the others. "Parochial clergy" are those of a parish; a "synod" is a council or assembly of divines to take action upon theological or ecclesiastical matters; a "nuncio" is a diplomatic representative of the pope. The apostolic delegate to the United States is not a nuncio, but in some respects his authority is similar. He has no diplomatic standing here, but in ecclesiastical affairs his jurisdiction is of the ancient legate character. The establishment of the nuncio is called the "nunciature."

New Ways to Use Fruits.

Fruit, one would think, could not be improved. But a clever housekeeper who has made a study of the subject says otherwise. She declares that many a dish in which fruit figures can be bettered 100 per cent by the judicious admixture of some other fruit. Here are the combinations she has found worth making:

Blackberries and blueberries make a better pie than either singly. Use the blueberries in the larger quantity. With very sweet blueberries, lemon juice and rind or a little rhubarb is also welcome addition.

Combine quinces with sweet apples. Fresh figs or dried figs make a delicious preserve—better yet with a bit of orange added.

Tomato preserve is improved by the addition of sliced oranges.

Tarts of orange marmalade are improved with a sprinkling of frosted almonds—chopped almonds coated with white of egg and sugar.

Pears combined with pineapple—one-fifth as much pineapple as pear—will be liked.

Jelly of apples and pears will have the pear flavor and the apple firmness. Though the season has gone by for strawberries and raspberries, her suggestions in regard to these fruits are worth keeping for another season.

Strawberry jam mixed with gooseberries is ever so much nicer than strawberry jam, plain. To five quarts of strawberries add two quarts of gooseberries, either green or just turning red.

When making gooseberry jelly or jam the vanilla bean will be found to help along the deliciousness of the result.

Gooseberries, currants and raspberries in equal parts make a most appetizing jam.

Try combining elderberries with green grapes, gooseberries, or crab apples for jelly, sauce or pie. You will not be disappointed with the result.

Either for jelly or jam, black currants are improved by the addition of red currants.

Black raspberries, if stewed with some red jelly cherries, make a good sauce. Stew gently, so as to keep the fruit whole, if possible, as it is more highly valued.

Push jam with grated pineapple, will please you.

And lastly, though dried fruit is not especially appetizing this season, you must use it, evaporated peaches and apricots are more appetizing than either alone.

WHERE THE GOLD IS.

Great Britain's Lack of the Precious Metal—A Comparison With Other Countries.

It is a surprising fact that, though for a surpassing fact that, though for a long time the production of gold throughout the world has been steadily rising, the United Kingdom at the present time is a net importer of gold. There is, therefore, in this respect, a handsome amount of coin and bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England, but in comparison with other and perhaps more fortunate countries.

The English stock of gold at the Bank of England was £24,000,000 at the close of the year 1880, in the days of small gold production and much smaller business. It was only £23,000,000 at the close of 1905, though we have seen that the gold production and the gold stock in the United States had probably doubled. The highest point reached was in 1895, at the end of which year it stood at £45,000,000. It is today about £29,000,000—a dangerously small sum for modern times.

Where England has stood still, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy and the United States have all advanced. In most of these countries trade has been developing far faster than in England, and gold goes with the supply of coin. In France, the stock of gold in the Bank of France has risen from £24,000,000 in 1880 to £115,000,000 in 1905. It has thus been more than quadrupled, and even today it is £112,000,000. France has an ample supply, but her bank authorities are careful not to part with their gold when they can possibly prevent it.

Germany maintained in 1880 a stock of only £9,600,000 in the vaults of the Reichsbank of Berlin. In addition to the gold in the vaults, she had a chest of coined gold at Spandau, on which the nation can fall back as a last reserve in the hour of war. She trebled this amount between 1880 and 1905, for in the latter year the figure was £29,000,000 while it is £38,000,000 today. Where England has stood still, Germany has got the gold.

Her ally, Austria, is another great holder of gold, and has recently increased her holdings markedly. The Austro-Hungarian bank in 1880 had a supply of £5,600,000, which by the skill of its financial authorities was expanded to £46,000,000 in 1905, and which has been as high as £49,000,000 in 1904.

In Italy and Russia, though the figures are not available, the same attention has been shown to the gold reserve. Russia had at the end of 1905 an amount of £74,000,000, or nearly three times the British one. Italy had at the end of the same year a supply of £25,000,000 in gold, which in the present year has been raised to £28,000,000. In the United States the treasury at the end of 1905 had gold of the value of £38,000,000 in its vaults, against an amount of £24,000,000 in 1880.

Thus France, Germany, Austria, Russia and the United States all keep a larger stock of gold than does Imperial England. All, or most of them, have increased their gold in the gold production. Italy, with infinite smaller requirements and obligations than the United Kingdom, has certainly quintupled her stock of gold in the last twenty-five years, while England rests content with practically the same quantity of the precious metal as in the past and trusts to luck to bring her through any serious crisis.

It is not as though the British Empire did not produce gold in immense quantities. The mines of the Rand, before the Radicals got to work upon them were turning out £20,000,000 worth annually; the Australian output last year was £17,104,000, and the Canadian production £2,886,000. The United States stood next in 17,288,000 worth.—London Daily Mail.

Too Busy to Work.—The way to command a good price is to never cheapen one's stock in trade. At least that is the principle adopted by an Ohio justice of the peace. This gentleman, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, has missed his calling. Given his opportunity, he would soon make a name among the humorists.

An attorney in a neighboring city wrote him to inquire about a judgment that had been entered against a client. He inclosed a stamp for reply. Several days later he received a postal card bearing this message:

"Your inquiry received. I beg to inform you that my time is mighty valuable just now. Corn is selling in most high here, politics is stalling and the bass fishing is fine. If you would inclose a dollar bill it might stimulate me some. I paid £2 cent to a lawyer for answering a question, and all he said was 'No.'"