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A COMPACT WITH THE CASHIER

Bolton Bay was on the eve of a great era of property. There was only one man, however, who recognized the fact.

But then, he saw things that other people didn't see. He knew the signs of the times.

His name was Cowenhoven—a good name in its way, though not so euphonious as several others he had had. It was safer, though, at present.

The Bolton Bay Bank was a quiet, humdrum concern, but as trustworthy as the day is long. It had a small capital—a very small one—and yet it had the confidence of the entire community. In it were deposited, among other funds, the public moneys of the municipality.

Mr. Cowenhoven, a rugged man, with a gruff manner, but, notwithstanding, a very honest, kindly nature, was the fortunate possessor of fifty thousand dollars.

He had obtained it by means of certain financial transactions which he had carried on with confiding old ladies around the country. These transactions—well, he had the fifty thousand, and he had not been caught. Enough said.

Little by little he bought up the majority interet in the Bolton Bay Bank.

He had a well defined reason for so doing. It was just after the election of officers for the ensuing year that he obtained his control. He sat down for a year and waited.

He became known in the town as a highly respectable, but somewhat eccentric gentleman. He minded his own business and interfered with nobody. As he never made any ostentatious parade of his worldly goods, it was concluded that he was enormously rich.

So the town, without any reason for it, bowed down and worshipped him. If there had been any good reason for it, they wouldn't have done it.

During the year a number of mills and foundries that had been closed opened up. Trade was brisk in the stores. The lumbermen in the woods behind the town were piling up small fortunes.

The mills and the foundries and the lumbermen and everybody else were making money hand over fist.

They deposited in the Bolton Bay Bank. The bank was busy. At the close of the first six months of the wonderful prosperity, the election of the bank's officers took place.

Mr. Cowenhoven, usually so unassuming and inoffensive, attended the meeting, produced his shares of stock, and bowled over the entire set of officers and directors of the bank.

He elected himself president. His board of directors was composed of a number of strangers, portly, well fed gentlemen, but a bit too heavy in the shoulders and a bit too thick about the neck.

Bolton Bay did not know them, but it took them on faith. In fact, they were better known in New York—by the police—than elsewhere.

Mr. Alexander Sniffens, the cashier of the bank, was retained in his position; so were several of his subordinates.

Mr. Sniffens was a young man, the scion of a very respectable Bolton Bay family, and a great religious worker in the church.

Mr. Cowenhoven, who had a good memory for faces, recalled the fact that he had once seen Mr. Sniffens in New York. On that occasion Mr. Sniffens was not at church.

It would have been well for the church had he been there at the time, for he was disposing of considerable of the long green—more, in fact, than is consistent with the income and tastes of a modest Bolton Bay cashier.

Mr. Cowenhoven had noted all these things, and had treasured them up in his heart.

It was on the first day of the month following his self-enforced election to the office of president that he entered the office of the cashier and shut the door behind him. It was after hours.

"Mr. Sniffens," he said kindly, in a heart to heart tone of voice, "about how much have we on deposit now?"

Sniffens stopped in the middle of a column of figures and made a hasty computation on a small piece of paper.

"Here," he replied, "I'll show you. It's all on this piece of paper. And hold on, there's twenty thousand coming in to-morrow—that'll make eight hundred and ten thousand in all."

The president smiled a benignant smile.

"Eight hundred and ten thousand" he returned in a soothing voice, as though he liked the sound; "eight hundred and ten thousand. Who'd have thought it!"

"Well," said the cashier," of course on Thursday we've got to make that shipment West; that'll bring it down. But it's only Monday now."

The other man nodded shortly; and then with a sudden change of manner, he drew up a chair, and pointed the cashier to a second.

"Sniffens," he said with a frown, "sit down."

He paused and, with a searching glance such as few men other than Cowenhoven could assume, he looked the cashier through and through steadily for some time. Then he spoke.

"I was down here last night, "he continued, "and went through your books. I see you're ten thousand odd short. I suppose you know what that means?"

His tone now had become indifferent and cold. The cashier shook like a leaf.

"It—it wasn't me," he said, with a vain attempt at boldness.

"You—He!" said Cowenhoven. "You can't tell me, I know what I know. What about Mademoiselle Victorine?"

The cashier started up with a white face.

"What the deuce do you know"—he began.

Cowenhoven stopped him.

"That isn't the question," he returned. "The point is whether you know what this means. I'll tell you. With Bolton Bay on top of you, as it will be when this comes out, it means ten years—if not that then seven. I'll see to it. Now let that filter through your cranium."

The cashier said never a word. He was game, at least.

From a man who had been merely scared, he had become one who was desperate. He was determined to put the best face on the matter.

"Well?" he said when the other man had finished.

They sat there looking each other in the eye. Finally the elder man spoke.

"Well," he said finally, "now you know what it means, I've got something to say to you. In the first place, I want you to look me over. Do you know me?"

The cashier looked at him in surprise. Then he slowly shook his head.

"Well," resumed the other, "I'll tell you."

He leaned over and whispered a few words. The cashier started up again.

"By George, you've got nerve!" he said finally, when his surprise would let him speak.

"And these fellows with me—my directors—say, they're my kind, all right, if they're not in my class. Now I'll tell you the whole thing in a nutshell, and it's just this. 'I'm president of this bank, and these fellows are directors, for just one thing and only one, and I'll tell you what that is——"

"Tell me," returned the younger man.

Cowenhoven smote the table with his hand.

"It's to steal that eight hundred thousand odd we've got here on deposit, and, by heavens, we're going to do it!"

He drew a plug of tobacco from his pocket and bit off a large piece of it. The cashier started to speak, but Cowenhoven stopped him.

"Now, see here, we've got you where the hair is short. Understand? You've got to go up. I'll see to that anyway, the only question is whether you're willing to steal this eight hundred thousand and go up for it, and get your share of the swag when you come out? If you don't do it, you go up anyway, and we'll take the stuff in some other way, and cut and run with it. If you do it, you'll have something when you come out, and your confession will exonerate us, and we're out of it, see?"

The young man settled down in his chair with his chin in his hand, and thought for a long, long while.

"I'll do it," he replied finally. "I'll do it upon two conditions, and two only. The first is, that my share goes at once to a person I shall name, and the second is that every one of you sign a statement at once implicating yourselves in the whole thing. Accede to that and I'll go you."

The older man shook his head.

"What do you want the paper for?" he inquired suspiciously.

The cashier placed his hand on Cowenhoven's knee.

"I'll tell you why," he replied. "If I don't get my share when I come out, I'll have something up against you fellows to make you come down with enough—that's all. I'm not taking any chances. I'll do that for nothing."

Cowenhoven, in his turn, thought for some minutes.

"It's a go. You'll get it to-night," he said finally. "Shake."

They shook. As their eyes met, the cashier spoke.

"When?" he inquired.

"What's the matter with Wednesday night?" responded the President.

"Wednesday night it is, then," returned the cashier.

* * * * * * *

The next morning was Tuesday. The president reached the bank at ten o'clock.

He was met at the door, by one of the clerks—a white, gasping, starting spectacle.

"Mr. Cowenhoven!" he exclaimed breathlessly, and then almost collapsed.

Cowenhoven pulled him together.

"What the deuce is the matter with the boy?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Sniffens—the cashier!" gasped the clerk.

"Well, what about him?"

"Gone—cleared out—with every cent—in the bank."

"The deuce he has!" exclaimed Cowenhoven.

He loosed his hold on the boy, and strode down the street to the hotel. In a back room sat half a dozen men, directors of the bank. He burst in upon them.

"Sniffens' gone—cleared out—done us dirt," he sputtered out.

And then he told them. One man, cooler than the rest, spoke up.

"This is nothing," he said. "He's only a day or two ahead of time. We'll hear from him all right. It was probably more convenient to him at the time. We'll hear from him. Sniffens is game. All we've got to do is to wait."

"By George!" exclaimed the president in a relieved tone of voice. "By George, you're right! That's what it is. Sniffens is game. We'll hear from him. All we've got to do is to wait."

And so they waited. And they are waiting yet.

Somewhere over yonder, on the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play, the cashier spends like water what he got in Bolton's Bay.

The management of the Bolton Bay Bank never located the cashier. They never even tried. They considered the matter, and concluded that it was altogether too delicate to deal with, especially after taking into account the paper they had signed.

And so it was, after all.

NEW FANGLED BAITS.

Old Fisherman Sighs for the Days of Angle Worms.

"This is a decadent age," sighed the old fashioned fisherman. "I think that I will go back to first principles and do the rest of my fishing with a long bamboo pole, a stout line well knotted around the tapering end of the pole, and a black hook decorated with a limber angle worm.

"I have just beheld with my own eyes what this fad of fancy fishing outfits has led to. The downfall is logical—that's the worst of it, and that's the reason why I am going to send my steel casting rod to the attic, along with a half dozen books of variegated flies, a silver reel, and all the other fol-de-rols. What have I seen?

"Just this. I have walked the length of a long counter laden down with little glass jars containing embalmed minnows, preserved frogs, cray-fish in alcohol baths, yes, and even pickled worms nicely assorted in lots of a dozen.

"What is there left to fishing? Think of the city 'kid' and the idea of sport he gets from this sort of thing. Digging for angle worms was as much a part of fishing as catching the fish when I was a boy. I used to get up before daylight, take an empty spice box from the kitchen table, hunt up an old iron spoon, and hurry out into the garden to get my bait. I unearthed the big wrigglers with positive joy, and when the sun showed its rim on the horizon I stuck my well filled treasure box into my jacket pocket, threw my pole over my shoulder, and trudged off to the creek feeling like a sportsman. I had conquered nature; I had a right to be proud.

"When I got a little bigger I came into the joy of a jointed pole, and was allowed to go to the river to fish for bass and pickerel. I always had two days of sport. The first day was given up to catching minnows in the creek with a dip net. A big perforated minnow pail held the minnows safely in captivity, and was anchored carefully to some overhanging branch to wait the next day. Placed in another solid pail, the bait prison would be taken early the next morning to the fishing ground.

"Then when the time came a few years later for vacations from city employment, and I got into the habit of going to the lakes up north, the hunting for frogs for bait was a part of the regular fishing game. Slumping through the swampy shore strips after the green croakers was work too lively to be tiresome. I have felt as much triumph in landing a big 'bull' as in getting the strike from the 'musky' which eventually tried to dine on him.

"And now. All this fun is lost in a shopping trip. Not for me."

ORIGIN OF COFFEE.

Discovered Six Hundred and Seventeen Years Ago.

We wonder why it is that a kind Providence should present man with such a wonderful gift as the coffee berry and then attach a penalty for appreciating it. Perhaps the answer is that to the sound and normal stomach coffee is a harmless, or rather a beneficial, refreshment. It may be said in general, perhaps, that many of the foods and drinks that trouble the dyspeptic are both harmless and good. The fault is not with them but with the diseased stomach.

As to coffee, Success gives the following interesting story, and omnipities all the people who lived before the year 1285.

"As to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, six hundred and seventeen years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mocha, from which he had been banished, and, inviting the wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

INTRODUCED INTO AMERICA.

"It is said that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1728, by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman man by the name of De Clieux, a captain of infantry on his way to Martinique, a single plant. From Martinique coffee trees in turn were sent to Santo Domingo, Guadaloupe, and other neighboring islands.

"The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing, in its natural state, to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neigher can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about four thousand feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree; and, when coffee is grown much below this, it requires artificial shade, which materially increases the cost of production and does not produce as marketable berries."

"Blykins has his own way in his house." "Yes. But his wife always tells him what it is going to be beforehand."

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About the ....House

CULINARY HINTS.

Salmon Salad. — Flake some cold cooked salmon after having removed the skin and bones. Put four cloves, a few whole allspice and some bits of stick cinnamon into a cup of vinegar and heat it to the boiling point. Pour while hot over the fish and let stand until cool. Serve on bed of lettuce leaves that are crisp and fresh.

A New Tomato Salad.—Peel ripe red tomatoes of even size by dropping them into boiling water for a few minutes. Cool and take a small slice from the end of each. Scoop out the seeds and fill with a little potato salad made by chopping the potato and mixing it with mayonnaise dressing. Put each tomato on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Canned Tomato Sauce.—Peel a dozen large ripe tomatoes, add a half cup of coarsely chopped sliced ham, half an onion and three tablespoons of hot water; set in a covered saucepan on the back part of the range, or over the simmering burner of a gas stove, and cook slowly for from one to two hours. Press through a sieve, add a teaspoon of sugar, a half teaspoon of lemon juice and salt and pepper to the taste. Some would prefer to have it quite hot with cayenne and others like it more mild. Heat again to boiling and seal in small jars, when it will be ready to serve with such dishes as need a tomato sauce when time is too limited to prepare it.

Macaroni for Luncheon.—Cook one-half pound of macaroni in slightly salted boiling water until tender, then drain. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add a tablespoon of melted butter, a saltspoon each of salt and red pepper and two of mixed mustard with one cup of sweet cream. Fill a buttered pudding dish with alternate layers of macaroni, cheese and seasoning, and have the last and top layer of the cheese and seasoning. Bake in a moderate oven until browned on top and serve hot.

French Fried Potatoes.—Pare potatoes and let them lie in cold water for an hour. Cut in eighths lengthwise and fry in deep smoking hot lard until a delicate brown color and cooked through. Place on brown paper to drain inside the oven door and when all are cooked sprinkle with salt and serve hot.

Lemon Pie.—Line a plate with the best paste, pricking it in several places to prevent blistering while baking. Set in the oven and bake until crisp. Put into a double boiler the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one and one-half cups of boiling water, one and one-quarter cups of sugar, three level tablespoons of cornstarch, the yolks of two eggs, and cook until a custard is made. Fill the baked crust with the cooked custard and cover the top with the whites of two eggs beaten with one-quarter cup of powdered sugar, and brown slightly in the oven.

Broiled Steak With Parsley Butter.—Have the steak cut thick and dip it in olive oil. Broil on both sides, turning often until cooked through and not dried. Lay in a heated platter and rub over the top with softened butter mixed with finely chopped parsley and a little salt.

Chocolate Cream Cake.—Beat the yolk of one egg, add one-half cup each of sugar and milk and two squares of chocolate grated; let it come slowly to the boiling point, stirring all the time. When it thickens set aside to cool. Cream one-half cup of butter, add one and one-half cups of sugar and beat, add one-half cup of milk, two beaten eggs, the chocolate mixture and two cups of sifted flour, one level teaspoon of soda and one teaspoon of vanilla. Bake in layers. Do not take from the tins until cool. Spread with a cream filling made from two cups of sugar, ten tablespoons of milk boiled until the thread stage is reached. Add three level tablespoons of butter; cool, stirring all the time, and flavor with a teaspoon of vanilla.

Unfermented Grape Wine.—Select ripe, perfect grapes fresh from the vines; stem, and wash carefully, rejecting any unsound or imperfect fruit. To every 3 qts. grapes add 1 pt. water; put into a porcelain kettle and heat to boiling. Cook slowly for 15 minutes, and skim carefully. Strain off juice, and filter through a jelly bag until quite clear. Heat again to boiling. Add 1 cup hot sugar to each qt. of juice, and seal in thoroughly sterilized cans or bottles.

FOR WINTER WINDOWS.

When frosty nights and howling winds hint of the near approach of a time when gardens and woods will be stripped of blossomy beauty and tender greenery, it is well to plan for the keeping of a bit of summer captive all winter long, says Mrs. Henry Wright. Ferns from the woods transplanted into good loamy soil will send up their dainty fronds gratefully in the windows, and there are many things which will do well when taken up from the garden. For best results, however, one must have plants which are more specifically winter bloomers, and mix with them such foliage plants as are not too exacting of conditions.

For bloom in the windows, my experience has taught me to value oxalis bowelii, with its immense shamrock-like leaves, and exquisite pink blossoms. Buttercup oxalis, while not so elegant looking, is a more vigorous grower and bloomer. Linum tryginum is a treasure, covering its leafy branches with golden yellow blossoms in richest profusion, and looking indeed like a bit of prisoned sunshine. Plumag Capensis gives plenty of bracts of dainty blue flowers, and callas and all of the Dutch bulbs are desirable.

For foliage, nothing is better than that family of ferns—Nephrolepis—to which belong Bostoniensis, Piersonii and Furcans. Sanseveria Zealanica accommodates itself to almost any conditions, Anthericum is easy to manage, and Latania Borbonica is the hardiest of the palms, and one of the handsomest. This list is already comprehensive enough to fill several windows, but one may supplement it with other things just as good.

The handsomest geraniums and cyclamen blooms I have ever seen were grown in the simplest surroundings, in a sunny hall window, and near them were perfect specimens of Norfolk Island pine, and strong Easter lilies. One plant was there which ought to be included in every collection, because it looks so Christmasy—the Jerusalem cherry. It is lovely with thick waxen foliage and a wealth of scarlet berries.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A housekeeper claims to have discovered that beets make a good substitute for apples in mincemeat, and advocates canning them for the purpose. After the mincemeat is made she says it is hardly possible to tell the difference, save for a red tinge that disappears when the pies are baked.

Borax has a good many uses, especially in the laundry. It is excellent to use in washing flannels, a tablespoonful to six quarts of water. It keeps them soft. It helps hold the color of colored goods, and prevents white clothes from turning yellow.

If you have old cans with imperfect tops you can use them without rubbers if you will run sealing wax around the seam.

A correspondent says her canned mulberries always spoiled until she took to adding several teaspoonfuls of good cider vinegar to each can, since which they have kept perfectly.

To save tomato seeds, choose tomatoes which when cut open show the largest proportion of meat and the smallest of seeds. Scoop out the seeds with a spoon into a sieve, and separate by holding the sieve in water and rubbing the pulp through, leaving the seeds clean and ready for drying. Spread on cloth and expose to sun and air. Keep out of a strong wind, as the seeds are light and easily blown away.

Ants Don't Like These.—Do you know that oil of cinnamon will banish the little red ants? If they infest your refrigerator or cupboard, just put a few drops on a paper outside. There is no harm from putting the cinnamon inside the cupboard, only it will make the food taste somewhat. However, that is preferable to ants. For the little black ants, we have never found anything as good as gasoline. Just fill an ordinary oil can, such as you use for the sewing machine, with gasoline, and squirt it around the ants' headquarters. Take care not to allow fire near it.

HOW A MAMMOTH DIED.

Montreal Animal in St. Petersburg Museum.

An account is given in Nature of the mammoth which has been mounted for exhibition in the Zoological Museum at St. Petersburg. The animal, a young male of rather small size, was found buried under the Siberian tundra, and was photographed at various stages in the excavation. Dr. Otto Herz, leader of an expedition organized by the St. Petersburg Imperial Academy, took the photographs, and some of these have been presented by Salensky, director of the Zoological Museum, to the British Museum. Of them are reproduced in the article in Nature. According to the general report published by Dr. Herz, he began to excavate the specimen from the front. In this manner he soon discovered the two fore limbs spread widely apart, and sharply bent at the wrist. Proceeding backward on the left side he unexpectedly met with the hind foot almost at once, and it gradually became evident that the hind limbs were completely turned forward beneath the body. Dr. Herz then removed the skull, and found the well-preserved tongue hanging out of the mandible. He also noticed that the mouth was filled with grass, which had been cropped but not chewed and swallowed. Further examination of the carcass showed that the cavity of the chest was filled with clotted blood. It is, therefore, natural to conclude that the animal was entrapped by falling into a hole, and suddenly died from the bursting of a blood vessel near the heart while making an effort to extricate itself. As shown by the recent researches of Dr. Tolmatschow, the ice surrounding the carcass was not that of a lake or river, but evidently formed from snow. It is thus quite likely that the mammoth was quietly browsing on grassland which formed the thin covering of a glacier, and fell into a crevasse which was obscured by the loose earth.

WOMEN MARRY LATER.

Ages at Which Men and Women Marry.

Mr. Long, in a printed reply to a question in the British House of Commons, states that the mean ages at which men and women have married in recent years are:

	Men.	Women.
1867-70 (four years) ...	28.0	25.7
1871-5	27.9	25.7
1876	27.9	25.7
1881-5	28.0	25.7
1886-90	28.3	26.0
1891-5	28-4	26.2
1896-1900	28.4	26.2

"I understand from the Registrar-General," Mr. Long added, "that in the years 1867 to 1870 more than thirty percent. of the people married did not state their ages, but that there has been a gradual improvement in the statement of ages, until in 1900 only about one and a quarter per cent. did not state their ages.

"For these and other reasons, however, comparisons between the average ages at marriage in the earlier years with those in the later years cannot be regarded as altogether trustworthy."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

No species of flower shows more than two of the three colors, red, yellow, and blue.

The greatest searchlight in the world is one just completed by Schickert of Nuremburg, Germany, which has 316 million candle power.

The largest gas engine in the world, having 3,000 horse power, will be sent by a Belgian manufacturer to supply part of the motive power of the world's fair at St. Louis.

It is a curious fact that flies will not pass through netting, even though the meshes be quite large, unless there is a source of light, as from a window, behind it. Thus, in rooms with windows only on one side a net over the window will absolutely keep the flies out, although the meshes of the net may be an inch apart.

That fishes and frogs may have tuberculosis has been demonstrated in the Pasteur institute in Paris. This is no cause for alarm, however, for they are found only in the intestinal organs, would be killed in cooking anyway, and bacili reared in a cold blooded animal could not thrive if transferred to man.

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A Shrewd Farmer, Who Makes the Business Pay $200,000 a Year.

Farming doesn't pay well in England, as a rule, but there is one man who makes, as nearly as can be estimated, $200,000 a year out of it, and has taken $50,000 worth of cash and cups as prizes in the last two and a half years, writes Curtis Brown in the Chicago Record-Herald. He would have done better except that it is necessary for him to give part of his time to reigning over England, using the name of Edward VII. for that purpose. As it is, he is declared to be the most successful breeder and exhibitor of stock in the world.

Of course when royal highnesses do anything as well as an ordinary mortal might have done it, loyal subjects are wont to regard it as well-nigh superhuman; but in this case the facts which speak for themselves, indicate that if the king had not been born to the purple and had grown up under his family name as Squire Wettin of Sandringham he would have been a famous farmer. Aside from the fact that he usually gets better prices for his stock just because it comes from the royal farm, he has no particular advantage over his neighbors through being an imperial majesty. He was a born stock breeder, and I venture to say that he is more genuinely and personally interested in his horses and cows and sheep than he is in politics.

GOOD JUDGE OF PIGS.

And he has the reputation of being the best judge of pigs and one of the best judges of poultry in all England! In her way Queen Victoria was the greatest prize winner in the country for cattle, but in the early part of her reign there used to be a good deal of grumbling on the part of her competitors because she used to buy her prize stock instead of breeding it on her own farms. She changed her policy in her later years, but she knew and cared comparatively little about her beasts; had no idea how great her possessions were, and interested herself chiefly in accumulating prizes for their own sake, gathering in a total of nearly 200 cups. King Edward, however, delights in keeping a record of his herds at Windsor, Sandringham and Balmoral and pays frequent visits to the various farms, watching the progress of his pets.

Show animals are the object of his special attention, and if he discovers that they are not developing the points he looked for, they are cast out among the common herd and sold to the first purchaser at current prices. It is this rigorous weeding-out that has made his herds of cattle the most perfect and valuable in England. He applies the same rule to his horses, whether they be racers, hunters or ordinary draught animals, and as a rule they invariably command the best prices of their class in the market.

A short time ago the steward at Sandringham turned out a number of bullocks which did not come up to the king's standard of what was required for show purposes. They were sold to a neighboring farmer, and at the last agricultural show two of them took first prizes somewhat to

HIS MAJESTY'S DISGUST.

The king's frequent and often unexpected visits keep the people who are employed on the royal farms on the alert, so that the greatest attention is bestowed on every department. With the exception of the dairy at Sandringham—the management of which he leaves to the queen—he inquires minutely into every detail connected with the working of the farms. He does not hesitate to tell the stewards and his subordinates that his interest in farming is dictated by a desire to make money.

The squire of Sandringham has a memory that is a terror to his farm folk. "Might I suggest," he would say politely, "that it would be well to have those loose bricks removed from the wall." That afternoon he disappears as suddenly as he came and does not turn up again for two months. Meantime the assistant steward has been so busy with more important matters that he had forgotten all about those trifling bricks. But one would suppose the squire had been thinking about nothing else for the whole two months. On his return he steers for them directly and then has the second assistant steward called up. "I suggested that those bricks yonder might be replaced," he says with chilling courtesy. "Would you have the goodness to have it done now?"—with a slight but ominous accent on the "now." There is no reprimand and nothing further is said on the subject, but the guilty official knows that if the king should disappear at that moment and not return till two years later the first thing he would look for would be those two offending bricks.

REMEMBERED JOHNNY.

According to all accounts, there never was such a head for detail and, in consequence, the Sandringham stock is probably the best cared for in England. The trait is disconcerting to the employes, but it has its good features, for the king has his mother's knack of remembering all about the servants' families. He was heard on one occasion, after a month's absence from Sandringham, to inquire of one of the grooms how the little boy's cough was. The groom was embarrassed and has to inquire which of the little boys it was that had had the cough. The king, with considerable amusement refreshed the fond father's memory by pointing out that it was little Johnny.

When the king leaves affairs of state for his farms he becomes a typical farmer in his general get-up. He wears a soft or hard felt hat, as the state of the weather demands, corduroy breeches, the regulation gaiters and a pair of heavy hob-nailed boots—the latter a great deal heavier than those worn by the man who follows the plow. He is accompanied on such occasions by the steward and two mysterious-looking personages, who always follow at a regulation distance. These men, so spick and span, dressed in the latest London style, are always objects of much speculation among the farm hands, as it is only the steward who is aware that they are a couple of Scotland Yard detectives, whose duty it is to safeguard his majesty on lonely tours of this description. The bushes and hedges are closely watched lest they might provide a hiding place for evil-disposed persons, and the king is carefully kept from approaching closely any beast on the farm that is supposed to betray the slightest signs of irritation or wickedness.

HE GETS BIG PRICES.

The disposal of the products of the farm is much the same as in the case of any ordinary farmer. The cattle and sheep are sent to the local fairs and markets, but those who buy them take care to label them "royal." It is a common thing to see in the windows of the shopkeepers in the towns of Norfolk and the adjoining counties, "Best Fruit From the Royal Gardens at Sandringham," "Best Vegetables From His Majesty's Farms," "Best Sandringham Mutton," etc.

The same custom prevailed among London shopkeepers until her late majesty prohibited it. On being driven through Bond street one day she was shocked to see an announcement in a fruitshop window calling attention to what was described as "Best Apples From Her Majesty's Orchards at Windsor." She ordered the notice down, and the tradesman in question was no longer known as a customer of the queen.

The ambition to secure some of the fat cattle sent from the royal farms to the yearly show held in London during Christmas week is one of the features of English competitive trading. The fat beasts stand in their stalls, decorated with badges and ribbons, treating out a week's painful existence awaiting the friendly pole-ax and the butcher's knife. The hot competition among traders in meat to have something at Christmas time which they can label "royal," causes the beasts to fetch a price out of all proportion to their real market value, and this is one of the reasons why farming by royalty becomes such a valuable undertaking.

THE DRAFT SALES

from the king's famous shorthorns have been eloquent of the royal progress in this direction. Before they were established long they brought an average of about $170 a head; now they bring something like $350 a head, and one of the Sandringham shorthorn bulls brought $5,000 not long ago. At the first draft sale of the royal shire horses in 1892 the average per head was about $550, whereas fifty-four head brought an average of $1,100 each at the sale of 1898, and over $5,000 each was paid for choice stallions.

The king's farm at Sanadringham has also become famous as the birthplace of two Derby winners, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, together with a number of other animals with which his majesty has won a lot of money on the turf—sums not included in the estimate of $200,000 as his annual income from agricultural pursuits.

The king's appearance as a breeder at the royal shows when he was Prince of Wales was always looked for by his late mother, but since his death he has been without a rival, and it is believed furthermore that the twelve first prizes which he took at the latest exhibit of the Royal Agricultural Society will be considerably increased in number next year. One might suppose that the judges would be somewhat influenced by the rank of this distinguished exhibitor, but it can be stated without fear of contradiction from anyone who knows whereof he speaks that plain Squire Wettin would have fared just as well as King Edward does. The other competitors are so jealous of the slightest sign of favoritism that if there were a division of opinion as to where the prize should go the chances would be, if anything, slightly in favor of the other side.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S PRIZES.

The royal farmer is also coming out strong with other farm products. He has won a number of prizes at the horticultural exhibits for the fruit and flowers grown at Windsor, and has even captured a prize for pigeons. Queen Alexandra, who cares precious little for horses, but lavishes her affection on dogs, has won several prizes for her pets, and, as becomes a Danish princess, her dairy is famous for its butter. She has a good deal more genuine and personal interest in her deliciously neat and fragrant dairy building at Sandringham than ever Marie Antoinette had in her make-believe butter-making in the toy dairy at Versailles, which is visited annually by so many thousand Americans.

The accounts of the royal farms are kept as a separate item, and so methodical has the king become since he ascended the throne that a balance is now struck every half year. The profits are paid into the king's private account, and are drawn upon from time to time as the occasion requires by the keeper of his majesty's privy purse. Gratuities are paid yearly to the heads of departments in recognition of their "faithful services," and this inspires them with additional energy in working the farms successfully. The king is a great believer in paying men according to their merits.

THE SERVANT KNEW.

"Thereis a strange man at the door, sir," announced the new servant.

"What does he want?" asked the master of the house, impatiently.

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied the servant, a shade of disapproval manifest in his voice, "he wants a bath, but what he is asking for is something to eat."

PEARLS BEFORE CONVICTS.

The Dutch Government have found a new use for convicts. They will henceforth be set to work to fish for pearls. A couple of hundred convicts as a commencement have been sent to Merouke, Dutch New Guinea, to work at the pearl fisheries.

Though it is said that speech was given men to enable them to conceal their thoughts, it seems to have been a needless precaution in many cases.