## A GARDEN STORY.

The story began on a plece of ground, or perhaps I ought to say, in it, where there had been a flower gurden for years and years, of the most oid-fashioned sort. It always seemed in the spring as if nobody need touch it, as if all the flowers had come up and blossomed so many times that they might be left alone to look after themselves.
She would not have a man about that

part of her small domain—not she! Old Mike O'Brien had been a gardener to a lord in his native country, and might be trusted to take the whole care of her short rows of beans and forty hills of potatoes; but she never could let him loose among the flower beds—only once -when she had to spend a great deal of time with a sick sister, and gave him-patterns of three kinds of weeds which he might pool; even then, scornful as he was of her directions, she found the top of one of her best lilies, and nearly all the sprouts of her favorite mist-plant lying with the pig-weed and rag-weed on the garden walk.

Sometimes she got very tired; but efter all it was very good for her to spend so much time out of doors, and she had the prettiest sweet peas, and poppies, and marigolds; in town. It was one great luxury and pleasure, and one friend after another found a chance to give her a rare bulb, or a slip from a new geranium, or some rare flower

seeds, as the years went by.

The minister's wife had a very rich cousin near Boston, who lived in a fine place, and was mistress of a hot-house. Miss Dunning had once succeeded in making something bloom that the cousin's gardener had failed to persuade into flowering, and there had been more than one message and tribute pass to and fro. It was a great triumph, and Miss Dunning was asked to write her course

of treatment for the gardener's benefit. The only pain she ever had all sum-mer in regard to her little garden, was her fear lest she should be indulging herself selfishly. She really did spend too much, according to her slender aneans, in this gratification. She knew that there were other ways in which the money night do more good, and if a contribution box passed her by in church after she had been buying a new rose or a named gerantum of high degree, she felt as guilty as if she had directly robbed

it, and had been caught, by the deacons. But, dear soul! she tried in many ways to give as many people as possible a share in her joy, and the whole country village was the better for her beloved flower garden. Sick people and little children were sure to have enough of posies; the pulpit in the old meeting house was adorned Sunday after Sunday. There was never a bride or a funmore or less, summer or winter, upon

Miss Dunning's store of blossoms. This year she had added to her bene factions. She had sent her name to Boston as one kind soul who would give a little child her blessed country week.

her plainest hand, with two or three underlinings, and if she had picked Boston all over she could not have found a little maid that was more to her mind than the one who fell to her share.

time after the first of June; and she was a little dismayed to be taked at ber word. She wished that she could at least have got her weeding done; but the spring had been very late.

On the first of June itself, she had gone to the depot to meet the unknown risitor, and the little white house was put in as careful order for the reception of small Peggy McAllister as if she had been Queen Victoria herself.

Three ladies had read Mils Dunning's letter together in Boston, and had smiled at it a little. The "No Boys" had divertof one of them particularly, and she instantly began to make a little picture for herself of the dear old-fashioned country-woman who had written the prim

"I can see just how neat and nice the little house is, and I know what grows in her garden. We must keep that place for a very deserving little person. I really should love to spend a week with Miss Ann Dunning myself!"

"I believe I know just the right child, now," said one of the ladies. "I was at the Blank street hospitar, yesterday, and one of the sisters spoke to me about a child for whom she evidently had a great affection; a little Scotch giri-at least her father and mother were from Scotland, originally. They had both died and an aunt-took Peggy. The sisters sent for her so I could see her. The munt and the child were brought to the hospital sick, early this spring, and the hind. Sister Helen asked me if I couldn't find somebody who would like to adopt her. She said she had been so dear and useful they should hardly know how to do without her; but it is really no place for her at the hospital. I thought she had a sweet, wise little face, but she needs sun and air now. I never thought of the country week! Do let us

send her. Something may come of it!"
"This seems to be the very place," said the first speaker, smiling. They used to Mrs. West's enthusiastic de

used to Mrs. West's enthusiastic descrip-tions of people, and to the sensible promptings of her warm heart.

"I am going through Blank street on my way home," said one of Peggy's would-be benefactors, "and I will see Sister Helen about it. If your Peggy's comes back we will try to find her a

Poor, lonely little Peggy! She had be

found that she must go away, though no body knew exactly where. She had tried so hard to run errands quickly and to wait upon every one, since she had felt better and had begun to miss her aunt a little less and not to cry about her quite se much. She was a silent, grave little child and old for her years. She hoped if she were very good and gave no trouble that Sister Helen would let her stay. It was, indeed, a great little Peggy McAllister? But she dreamed sorrow when she was told about the that night about carrying a flower-pot country week visit. They said it would full of small green plants to everybody in only be a week, and yet Peggy cried the sunny hospital wards, to stand herself to sleep that night. She was to on the tables beside the bed or in the herself to sleep that night. She was to go on Saturday, and Sister Helen was going to take her to the train; but Peggy could not bear to see children go by on the street when she looked out of the hospital window, they were all going home; they have there and sisters, she was sure. Note by guessed in those days how sad this little heart was growhospital window, ing. It would have made the tears come quick to all our eyes if we had known her and had seen the poor child sitting

Only two business men and Peggy nerself were landed by the train at the Littletown station: but all the idlers in the village were there to look at them. The brakeman, to whom Sister Helen had spoken about Peggy, helped her down the car steps very kindly into the middle of the awesome crowd. Then Miss Dunning, who was waiting, too,

alone on a wide red seat in the cars,

about Miss Ann Dunning.

oushed her way eagerly forward to say: "This must be the little girl that has wildered Peggy looked up with brimming eyes into the homely, pleasant face, and said: "Yes, please," without a doubt or

"I liked her the minute I saw her," Miss Dunning whispered to everybody the next day, going and coming from church with Peggy fast held by the hand, "She's so handy and sensible I don't know as I ever shall send her back. She's got no folks. Come here And again:

"You'd never take her to be a 9-yearold. She's forever a-watchin' me to try and get what I want and save steps. She set the table as handy as could be last night, two hours after she come-when was busy cuttin' and bastin' for Miss Farley. You know she was called away to stay with her mother, and has ended up her school?"

After such a promising beginning we double affection, because the little house aunt had lived together. What could have been more fitting than their being

Miss Dunning did not prosper the less hough money was not too plenty in a village where there was a younger and more fashionable person busy at her trade, and almost every one of her customers had very few dresses, and made them herself after good Miss Dunning had cut and basted them; But she had some good, generous friends, and at any rate never once thought about Peggy, as she did sometimes about the garden seeds, that she was ashamed to look the contribution box in the face. orings me back again to the garden.

There was one pleasant June evening ust after Peggy came-I know that it had not yet been decided that the visit was to last any more than a week-when the new friends were busy together among the flower-beds. Miss Dunning was right in saying cheerfully that this was a good growing year; flowers and weeds alike were springing up as close together as they could, and just before it was dark the good woman told her little guest that she might take the old hoe and wage war against a velvety growth of seedlings that spread from one side o the path nearly to the other. Nobody had taken the time to attend to the di orderly narrow path, there had been so much to do with transplanting and more important things. Peggy's eyes had shone at her first glimpse of the garder on Sunday morning, and she was proing herself a most apt scholar Miss Dunning's instructions. She had seen the somewhat neglected hospital garden a few times before she left town,

She looked up in unmistakable disma when Miss Dunning spoke; but she went dutifully to the side of the doorstep and looked down at the green bit of seedling

Dunning. "It's getting dark, and we arn't near through with what I set my-self to do to-night."

"Do you want me to kill them all?"
whispered Peggy. "Did you see that
they weren't weeds. I could find nice
little places over there by the fence."
"Mercy me!" exclaimed Miss Dunning,
with great amazement. "We can't save
every sprout in she garden. I do have
a feelin' for 'em sometimes, but we

"They would all bloom and be flowers wouldn't they? asked Peggy, timidly. Perhaps the poor child felt as if she had been saved out of just such a crowd that nobody seemed to want. "I wish I could put them in little boxes and take them back to Boston. They would grow, and be so pretty in the hospital."

She spoke as if she were asking the

greatest favor in the world.

"I'll give you better things than these," said Mrs. Dunning, with a sudden feeling of desperate jealousy at the mere mention of hospital and Peggy's native

of the sick people themselves she had broad to rise before we go to bed. "Tis 8 | JOAQUIN MILLER ON CALIFORNIA. And Pergy carried the hoe back again

with a sigh of relief. Little the seedling poppies and marigolds and petanias knew about their fate, when they came crowding up together through the rich, hard soil of the footpath that late spring; but this is what happened to them. Who ever thought of saving such lives but quaint little Peggy McAllister? But she dreamed windows, so that all the sick people could watch them grow. She did not know how she could really carry so many; but she was sure Miss Dunning would let her, when she waked up in the morning and thought about the dream.

It took a good deal of courage to ask

Miss Dunning at breakfast time, and the kind little dressmaker laughed until Peggy felt that she must have been very "It's a reasonable dream enough, certain; but, there! I don't know how I'm bound on her solitary journey. We are so glad that we know already something ever going to let you go back again, you dear little thing!" she said to Peggy. "I believe I shall keep you all the time, if you like well enough to stay?" and

Peggy's wondering face grew rosy for a minute; then she dropped her head and felt as if she were going to cry.

"Oh! please do keep me!" she said, and that was all-dear, anxious, homeless Peggy; and yet she gave a thought at that very moment to Sister Helen, whom she might never see again. But

Miss Dunning, too, was very good to

of flower pots that Miss Dunning gathered from her own stores and one or two neighbors', was sent to the hospital in Blank street from Peggy. She had rooted the rescued seedling anew, and tended them patiently until they were growing again. Perhaps some we will follow their fortunes and who they bloomed for, and whether they bloomed well: But the happiest day of all was when a long letter came to Peggy from Sister Helen, with many messages in it from the sick people whom she had lovingly remembered in her new country hor

"I declare!" said Miss Dunning, "my garden is worth toiling over. Think of all those folks in Boston being so pleased to have the leavings. -The Independent.

At a coming of age of the heir there is a great celebration. This is of course far more of an event than a meet of the hounds, for it occursonly once in a quarneed not be surprised that arrangements | ter of a century. It is a feast for tenants were made for Peggy's further continu- and family relatives, intimate friends, ance. And here again were solitary set and laborers on the estate. The house is in families—Miss Dunning, the busy crowded with guests, and the neighbors village dressmaker: Peggy, the lonely of rank often open their establishments booths and marquees upon the lawn, an was in a way so much like the two ox is roasted whole, beer and wine are rooms in which she and her elderly abundant, and the best of humor prevails. All class s mingle freely, and the upper tenants are invited to the diningroom. A speech is made by the heir, often on the steps in front of the house, so that more may see and hear than can be crowded under roof or canvas. The father and mother and other relatives stand near, the flag flies over him, the tenantry and retainers cheer, the brothers can say which? and the young lord feels all his grandeur and importance, perhaps more keenly than ever again.

There is a drive over the estate, which s everywhere decorated with Indications of loyal regard; presents are made to the poor and their children; the parish church bells ring, and sometimes poschers are forgiven or released. At night the great house and the village are illuminated. Everything is done to fos ter the feudal feeling that still lingers and the paternal system and influence the aristocracy are as conspicuous as on any occasion yet left in England.—Adam

our and one-fourth days is the record of a Newark pigeon, It was liberated at Montgomery, Ala. This time, it is claimed, is the fastest ever made in the world by a pigeon for 800 miles or over, the best previous record being nine to ten days, also in this country. was hatched April 5th, 1884, from some German military stock. Before it was six months old it flew in different races under club rules, the great distance of Morgantown, N. C., 585 miles air line being the farthest distance young birds were ever shipped. During the season of 1885 it was left at home to do as it pleased. This season the bird was the road again. It was flows from Altoona, Pa., for the Verinder prize. It was liberated in rainy weather and did not return fast enough to win. It was again tried in the west, this time from Steubenville, Ohio, 233 miles. The bird did not come home in good speed, but in its race from the south it has no bly redeemed itself.—Chicago Herald.

New Use for Scrap Tis.

It is only within a few years that any use was found for old scrap tin. All efforts to reclaim the tin by smelting were failures. At last some one happened to think that to place it around the outside of the foundation walls of buildings, and to use it beneath the flooring of cellars, would be to render new buildings ver-min proof. The plan was tried and was a big success. You can imagine how tired a rat would get trying to burrow through a lot of sharp and jagged tin. The demand for strap tin during the building season exceeds the supply.—

In the Three Profession The number of men in the profisters, 64,137 lawyers, and 85,671 physicians and surgeons, 12,574 dentists, and 28,700 pharmacists.

Irrigation Needful to Increase Cattfor

nia's Agricultural Prosperity. For forty years the American has foolishly fought the Mexican methods of agriculture. He insisted that nature would provide the rain. Indeed, I once heard a preacher, who was fighting rather against the priests than for his was sinful to irrigate. And his text was that "God sends Ilis rain on the just and the unjust." And so to day I look away, 300 miles to the south, and see a brown land gleaming and glittering under the precipitate sun, with the unhappy settlers sweltering in 104 degrees of heat. Not a spear of verdurel. Not a sign of any green thing, save the solemn and impressive old oaks that dot the boundless sceno and shelter the sheep, and cattle, and pigs. But many of the creatures must perish. The val-ley is, of course, sparsely settled. And how could it be otherwise where we have farms with 60,000 acres!

But away over yonder, beyond the Joaquin, green, fruitful, restful; benutiful and bountiful as in middle May. And all this because last year the obstinate American idea succumbed to the Mexican experience of centuries, San

A poor French family, escaping from feath, brought a letter to a friend of mine near here many years ago and settled down on the nearest spot of vacant ground he could find. And that nearest pot was four acres of sand and gravel and chapparal. It was so poor and dusty and dry and withered, men tell me, that even the rabbits would not live there. But it was not more poor or withered than the weary family that had worked its way here on an old sailship coming out from Liverpool for grain. And so they sat down on these four dry and dusty heaps of sand and stone to stay. Let us pass over the wretchedness of the first year, during which time the man dug a well, put in a windmill, raised a rivulet of water, and then planted his stoneheaps in black-

Briefly, his four acres is to-day a big ortune. It is, literally, every inch a garden! And these four acres are all that this man can handle or cares to have. His one acre of meadow produces six crops of alfalfa a year. He now has cows, horses, pigs. In fact, he gets more out of these four acres of sand and gravel than my good friend, Gen. Bidwell, gets out of any forty acres of all his 65,000. And this is the way for Californians to make California populous and profitable-to cure the country of tramps and communists. And I now propose the greatest scheme on this continent. Look at the map. Like a new moon the vast level valley of the Sacremento awagus nway from this tip of the upper horn around past the capital, Sacramento City, then down to San Francisco. Well, turn the Sacramento river let it flow down and fill the hungry hollow of the moon! . Then will the fertility and eternal richness of Egypt be once

more with us as of old. It is all very easy. I urged this same thing years ago, have gone over all the ground, and know what I say. Of ourse I was laughed at years ago, and derided as a lover of Mexicans, and all that sort of argument. And even now one little paper is pounding me for urg-ing this greatest state measure, and charging me with having come up from Mexico filled with Mexican ideas. time will settle it all my way and show that I am entirely right. I am very am bitions, however, to shorten the time of suffering for those thirsty and panting brutes that stand in the burning dust under the noble old oaks over all these thousand of square miles down toward

San Prancisco.

I took a horse and rode out over the hot bears of "tallings" that lie on the de-erted and worked out mines this morning. I found the few farmers who have settled down without first securing water for irrigation not in good heart. Things are burning up where they are not irrigated. But where water flows all things are rank, and full, and fairly tropical. And so let me put down the invitation to this, or, indeed, any part of California, with this qualification: Settle almost anywhere, for the land is all rich. and farm or grow stock, if you can have water. Otherwise it is too much of lottery. You may strike a "heated term like this, and have all your apples turned to ashes.

Thirty years ago, when I came here, a great ditch flooded all the place. Water was sold at 75 cents per inch at the head of the sloping mining region. Then it was sold a second, third and fourth time, at scaling or declining figures, till it flower into the Sacramento near this town. Senator Jones, of Nevada, not long ago tried to restore the great ditch. after investing a great many thousands he let his noble enterprise stop. And so the whole world is simply scorching and blazing and burning up. Small farmers who hoped the ditch would be restored are sitting by helpless and discouraged. And the sight of them makes me cautious here today. The truth is, if all this country—this side of Arizona, where the great rainfall finds its limits—must pin its future to irrigation. All these great great valleys. Then surely seed-time and harvest-time shall not fail.—Redding (Cal.) Cor. Chicago Times.

Of the Cascade Mountains in Oreg nd Washington Territory, there are five notable peaks, Mounts-Hood, Adams, St. Helen, Tascoma and Baker. Rising alminant they are more impressive beautiful than the prominent peaks of equal hight of the Rocky Mountains, which reach but a few laundred feet

The common potato is full of most

THE FRANKEST BAD MANNERS.

Shown by English People While Vistsing in America-An Example Yes, I agree with you that English people are capable, somehow, of the frankest bad manners in the world. Have you heard any of the funny stories flying about that English couple touring amongst us a while ago? Mr. and Mr. They are both, you know, public characters, both literary, learned in their grooves, Madame æsthetic, Monsieur, Reverend, philanthropic, and a musica

A musical friend of mine met then and was sufficiently fascinated by their converse to meditate inviting them to spend some days at her house. She mentioned this project to the lady who was entertaining them. "I have no doubt you would make a visit charming to them," the lady replied, "but before you ask them, I think I ought, inhospitable as it seems, to give you some slight account of our expersence as

This visit to us was to begin at lunch time. It was almost the hour for that meal when Mr. -, from whom they were coming to us, drove hastily to our here yet?" were almost his first words. "No, though I'm looking for them any

"Well, we're at an utter loss what to do. They left us this morning with no word as to their luggage, their trunks are standing open in their rooms, noth ing packed up, even their toilet apparatus scattered about. Are we to have

them packed, do you suppose?"

Just then our guests came. Salutaions over. "Are our boxes come?" de manded Madame. Mr. - interposed. "I have just driven here to ask about them. As they were open, and nothing packed, we did not understand your intentions about them." "Why," returned his late lady guest

"I expected your valet would pack my husband's things, and your wife's maid attend to mine. "Very good," returned Mr. -. "The luggage shall come at once." He has no

somebody packed the boxes and speeded them here.
At breakfast next morning we had unbolted wheat gems. Both our guests declined them, but Mr. - looked very curiously to see what we should do with

When one was broken open, Why, they're not meat!" he exclaimed "Oh, no, they're hot bread made of unbolted flour," we said. "Aw! then I'll try one, he remarked "I think its very stupid to travel in a foreign country and shun all the oddities ne encounters! Take one, my dear!" he

added presently to his wife, "they're not so bad as they look!" For dinfer we had turkey-a very large one. Some of it was grilled for salad for lunch. Mr. - did not understand what the dish was, and I said it was turkey salad. "Aw!" he answered me, "turkey for digher, turkey for supper, turkey for lunch; no wonder they call the turkey the American bird."

Philadelphia Cor. Providence Journal. Mrs. Browning's conversation was most interesting. She never made an insignificant remark. All that she said was always worth hearing; a greater compliment could not be paid her. She was a most conscientious listener, giving you her mind and heart as well as her magnetic eyes. Persons were never her theme unless public characters were under discussion or friends were to b praised. One never dreamed of frivolities in Mrs. Browning's presence, and gossip felt itself out of place. Yourself not herself, was always a pleasant subject to her, calling out all her bes sympathies in joy, and yet more in deeds, and above all, politics, which include all the grand questions of the day, were foremost in her thoughts and therefore oftenest on her lips. I speak not of

Thoughtful in the smallest things for others, she seemed to give little thought to herself. The first to see merit, she was the last to censure faults, and gave the praise that she felt with a generou hand. No one so heartily rejoiced at the success of others; no one was so modes! in her own triumphs. She loved all who offered her affection, and would solace and advise with any. Mrs. Browning belonged to no particular country; the world was inscribed upon the banner under which she fought. Wrong was her enemy; against this she wrestled in whatever part of the globe it was to be found.

Losenges for Church Consumption.
On Saturday night an interesting scene is to be witnessed in every town and village in Scotland. It is a stream of the natives in their Sabbath elother naking for the small grocers. The ouzzled visitor little thinks that an inuiry into the meaning of this would give him the secret of Scotland's reputstion of being a kirk going people. What every one is off to buy is a bag of peppermint lozenges, and he always tells the shopman to give him the change in halfies. The halfpennies are for the late, the lozenges for church consumpon. Many pounds of the kind kno "extra strong" are eaten through the country at every service. There is a great art in slipping them solemly into your mouth, and long practice has made some devout people so good at it that they can do it though the minister's eye be on them.—Pali Mall Gazette.

Chinese Pigtails Not of Chinese Origin Pigtails, it may not be generally whown, are not in their origin Chinese. When the present rulers of China, who are Manchus, seized upon the empire over two centuries ago, they issued an ellet commanding all Chinese to shave their heads and grow a tail like themselves. There was a great deal of trous at first in enforcing such 'an order, the Chinese have long ago forgotten to the appendage of which they are now proud is a hadge of conquest.—Niteenth Contury.

THE SCORPIONS OF MEXICO. Habits of a Common Pest-Effects of th Sting-A Rappy Family.

One of the most common pests in Mexico are the alcarans, or scorpions, for during certain seasons of the year they are as numerous as flies around s sugar-house. They are within the cracks of the wall, between the bricks of tiles of the floor, hiding inside your garments, darting everywhere with inconceivable rapidity, their tails (the "busi-ness end" which holds the sting) ready to fly up with dangerous effect upon the alightest provocation. Turn up a corner of the rug or tablespread, and you dis-turb a flourishing colony of them; shake your shoes in the morning, and out they flop; throw your bath sponge into the water, and half a dozen of them dart out of its cool depths into which they had wriggled for a siesta; in short, every article you touch must be treated like a dose of medicine—"to be well shaken before taken."

The average scorpion is mahogany-nued, and about two inches long; but I have seen them as long as five inches The small, yellowish variety are considered most dangerous, and their bite is most apprehended at midday. In Durango they are black and so alarmingly umerous-having been allowed to reed for centuries in the deserted mines that the government offers a reward per head (or, rather, per tail) to whoever will kill them. Their sting is seldom fatal, but is more or less severe according to the state of the system. Victims have been been known to remain for days in convulsions, foaming at the mouth, with stomach swelled as in dropsy; while others do not suffer much more than from a bee sting. The common remedies are brandy, taken in sufficient quantities to stupely the patient, ammonia, administered both externally and internally, boiled silk and guaiacum. It is also of use to press a large key, or other tube, on the wound to force out part of the poison.

As most of my readers are aware, this pecies of insect—a genus of Arachnida, of the order Pulmonaria—are distinguished from other spiders by having the abdomen articulated, with a sharp, curved spur at the extremity, beneath which are two pores from which the venom flows, supplied by two poison-glands at the base of the segment. The anterior pair of feet, or palpi, are modifled into pincers or claws, like those of the lobster, by which it seizes its prey. while the other feet resemble those of ordinary spiders. Naturalists divide the genus into sub-genera, according to the number of their eyes, whether six, eight or twelve. They eat the eggs of spiders and also feed on beetles and other insects, piercing the prey with their stingers ning about and waving his sting in all directions, for attack or defence, evidently aware of its power.

The young scorpious are produced at astonishingly frequent intervals, the mother displaying far greater regard for her offspring than their vicious nature seems to justify. During their brief infancy she carries them about clinging in great numbers to her back, limbs and tail, never leaving her retreat for a moment, unless, overburdened by their weight, her hold relaxes from the wall and down falls the whole happy family in a wad. The ungrateful children generally reward the maternal devotion by destroying the mother as soon as they are old enough, tearing her piecemeal with the greatest ferocity.

Betsy and I amuse ourselves by stu lying their habits, and have become pert in catching them by the tail with lassos of thread, afterward suspending them in bottles of alcohol to send to microscopically inclined friends. Happening to be out of alcohol one day, we put a captured scorpion into an empty Remembering it a week later, we went to look, when lo! where one had been were now fifty-seven; but whether it was only the mother and her children, or if the original scorpion had arrived at the dignity of a great-grandparent in that length of time, was food for con-jecture. Happily this rapidity of in-crease is offset by their bitter enmity toward all others of their kind, and the perpetual warfare they wage upon one another thins their ranks more than any other cause. Scorpions are said to har bor an especial spite against bruneftee and to leave blonde people comparatively unmolested. The Indians eat them, after pulling out the sting-a "crunchy sort of morceau, as delightful, no doubt, to them, as are snails, frogs, crabs and similar delicacies to American appetites.-Fannie B. Ward in Boston Trans-

Scotch Land and Cattle Companie There are in Dundee, Scotland, eight companies dealing in mortgages and cattle in the western and northwestern states. In Elinburgh there are eleven, and in Glasgow three. The land and cattle companies in the United Kingdom operating in the United States hold in simple 2,016,893 acres, and by lease 1,445,796 acres. Their dividends in 1883 averaged over 8 per cent., but fell to only a little over 4 per cent in 1885. The causes of this decline are found in the rapid growth of capital in the United States and the gradual decline in the rate of interest which has occurred all over the world. - Chicago Herald,

# All the Gold on Ecarth.

Some one with a mathematical mind has figured it out that all the gold on earth to day, in whatever shapemined gold, or, to put it plainer, the gold in use in all nations and the product of all ages—if welded in one m would be contained in a cube of

within the-limits of a field to nare, and by aid of a telep

FOR A LITTLE BOY. seen hands, Girt round with hope as with the Hghi

May he go forth fo walk his future way cross the ribening gold of fruitful lands, nto the shore of perfect silver ands, Where Time ghall falter, crumble, and

And all the air shall tremble with the Of waves eterned breaking on the strauds.

There may he lay his border down and There may his Winter dawn again to

Spring; And while the sun goes down the crimson And day shall glide away our wistful wing, Eternal love float o'er the purple breast Of that eternal sea, and crown him

-W. J. Henderson

ARABIAN TRIBAL LIFE.

What a Traveler Saw Near Sidon, in Syris -A Pleasant Visit.

The Ghawarinch at this senson five huts made of rush matting; for sides, roof and floor. These villages of cane are generally near the marsh. The winare generally near the marsh, ter houses of stone are nearer the hills, One of the summer encampments presents a lively scene. Your correspond-ent rode ahead of his party on the way up from the sea of Tiberias, on the lookout for a good camping-place for Sunlevel-beaten track he saw a troop of about a score of men, each with a long spear. They were behaving like a lot of schoolboys let out of school, on their way home. I rode up near enough to study their behavior a little, with no intention of intruding, however; as I came in sight the whole troop halted, drew up in military array and awaited me. As I rode up I found them a rude-looking company, but with a merry look in their eyes. They received my greeting cor-dially, almost hilariously, and closed up around me. Their long spears I took to be fishing-spears at first, which caused them some amusement. These spears are long, ugly-looking weapons, and are carried merely for defense. These men were laborers returning from the field. In a mock heroic fushion one of them-handed me a spear and showed me how to shoulder it. They proposed to escort me into the village in the military fashion. They were curious concerning all the details of my saddle and equip ments, and especially my field-glass and compass. They were certainly the most unsophisticated human beings I ever met. They were all Moslenis, and were amused at my pronunciation of the first again and again before beginning the surat or chapter of the Korah. They meal. When alarmed or irritated a could not imagine why I was traveling told them that my camp was coming be hind, they volunteered to show me the best place to camp and to furnish food.

As we neared the village we saw a motley array of life. Hundreds of cat tle, buffaloes, sheep, goats, camels and horses were returning from their pas-tures to the camp. Dogs were burkings young calves were cutting up all sorts of capers; young men were racing horses over the level sward and bringing them short up; children were running about; women in bright dresses wor charming by manps of a good sirin sole, pended by means of two upright poles or else were performing other household duties. A flock of ewes were fiel up in a long row half on each side standing facing each other and secured by a long rope which fastened their necks together, and women were milking them from behind. The men of the camp were mostly idle and smoking long pipes, although during the day we saw many men plow

We passed a pleasant Sunday with those people and found them kind and orderly neighbors, and whatever eatables they had were at our disposal. The time will come when this fertile plain will yield an enormous crop. The Jordan descends 700 feet from the bake of Haleh to Tiberias in less than ten miles. The whole marsh can be drained, and burst out all around the plain will enable the farmer to cultivate the soil the year round.—Syria Cor. Hartford Coar

After supper I went out to me the method of preparing fuel for the wince use. In the first place a large spot cleared of grass and rubbish, anthis is carried hay and refuse from the sheep pens. This is spread evenly over the cleared spot to the depth of a after a rain, thus forming a societ pursue, which is cut into square blocks of suit able size for burning and corded up a small piles to dry, after which it is put up in long ricks ready for winter use.

In the winter the horriple the burning compost is avoided by walls of the house and continuous for with hollow spaces in the walls thus al-lowing the heat to pass entirely account the room, keeping it at an unpleasantle warm temperature, as my friend to doctor informed me.—Dakota Cor. Pio

Doctor (to wife of patient) -Poor Stubbs! He was such a nice fellow, And so you've come to tell me by a deal

Mrs. Stubbs-Oh, dear not he's n dead. Why, he's up and around and if clares he feels as well as ever doctor, what's the matter!"

Doctor-Nothing, Mrs. Stables noth ing. Pardon my emotion, but this is the second patient who has played that tree

The monks of Altotting, in Breach have in their keeping the locarts of a local line of kings. The hearts are

The man who is always feating could is disappointed if he does man to grief. Here Origina Phone