THE FOUR WINDS.

Wind of the west,
Wind of the few, he clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands—
Blow break and pure across the peaks and plains
And headen the blue spaces of the heavens
And way the grames and the mountain pisses,
But let my dear one rest.

wind of the cant, wind of the samiles sean. Wind of the samiles sean. Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains. Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine and that the son out and the moon and stars. And lash the boughs against the dripping caves, yet keep thou from my live.

lut thos, sweet wins,
Wind of the fragrant south,
Wind from the bowers of familiae and of roseOver magnolia blooms and dilled lakes
and flowering farceis roses with siewy wings
and all the petals at her best and kins
The low mound, where she lies.
—Charles Henry Leads

SERPENTS OF SALVATION

The Opical of a Night BY GWENDOLEN GVERTON 6-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0 It was partly noble and heroic self

absegation which prompted MacIntosh to constitute himself the savior of Barclay, but it was also partly hope of winning the hundred which the rest of the mess put up and which would ena-ble him to pay by several months sooner than he would otherwise have done for the carved ivory crop, the silver spurs and the gold cross sabers and other trifles of the sort that he had bestowed upon Miss Cunningham in happier days. Thus is the pure metal of our linest actions ever combined in the coining with base alloy.

MacIntosh had been in love with

Miss Cunningham for some time and was so still, though now be had noth-ing to hope. He had had reason to believe at one period of the negotiations that he found favor in her eight. Then Barclay had come upon the scene, with pull, prospects and exceedingly good looks, and from the moment that he presented bimself as a rival for the notice of Miss Cunningham Macintosh began to lose heart, realizing that, be-sides being far less blessed in personal appearance than the other, he had nothing to expect in the future beyond promotion and forgies in the natural course of death and years.

He put his faith to the test, however, and when it proved definitely adverse he did not go out into the world imbit-

tered and scowling at Barciny and ly. He even continued to put the horses of his troop at Miss Cunningham's disposal, though now she rode no more with him, yet for all that he himself would not stoop to putting a spoke in don't believe I Barclay's wheel be would have been let's go back." sheed a certain secret satisfaction at seeing one placed there, and that by Barclay himself. This thing came to pass surprisingly soon and in the fol-lowing manner:

Barelay and his lady had a quarrel one day, and, whether it was a relapse to habits of his past life (for Barciay was a civil appointment) or whether it was merely to drown despair, certain it was that the lieutenant bled bimself down to the officers' room and drank more than was good for him—consider-ably more. This was, of course, in the old days, as many as five and twenty mars ago, before the service, down to the last least commissioned officer, had befored; then finding perhaps that, though naughty, whisky—even sutler's whisky—was nice, Barclay took to drisk regularly and all at once and for a period of several months, except when he was on duty, never drew a sober oreath. His brother officers shook rays the brightest who have gone be ore us and the duliest who are left be

Now, there is one thing which every one has probably observed regarding the man who is in his cups the best part of the time, which is that, besides being the special care of Providence, the war department looks after him tenderly, and his wife is generally his adoring slave.

wife as yet, to be sure, but she would have liked to be, so it came to pretty much the same thing, and in proportion as his vice took stronger hold upon him he took stronger hold upon her heart ber parents interfered, and what her opposition and menaces and after each new fall the d a very bad time. Every my for her. The old offat Barclay and pointed to hid-mples of what his end would to the graves of youths and of the had done us he was doing, detted the face of Taxas and of ritories in general. Barciay was sincerely sorry. He piedged him-reform and straightway sinned

pliced that it was a con-le had worse, and some used that it would not it if the absent one were

"Oh," sald MacIntosh, more by way of offering opposition than from conviction, "I don't know about that."

The others asked if he had ever heard of a bona fide case of reform where there had not been a backslide. "Of course," they argued, "fellows have been known to go on the water wagon and to turn over a new leaf and all that when there was a girl in view. But the devil never despairs when a woman marries a man to reform him, and they always go back to the red wine sooner or later. Any man, nearly, will swear off when he's in love, but when he's in love and can't swear off, he is in a very bad way." And they went on to point out at some length how the subject of discussion might end up all at once in a general collapse, to which finish the air of the country was favorable, or, on the other hand, might last to a green old age, rank and the retired list. "You can't most always tell." declared one, "but, so far as I'm cancerned, I should like

to see him die off early enough for Miss Cunningham to get over it and forget all about it."

"L," said MacIntosh, "had rather see "You," observed the captain with admiration, "must have been drawing on the post Susday school library.

Come on!"

Wherest all the contrariness of MacIntosh's parure was roused. "I would," Then an idea seemed to that I'll reform him too."

als have trod there," they assurblm, "but it would be picturesque to uce you rush in. And, by way of incentive, we'll bet you a hundred to ten that you won't."

MacIntosh took it, and two months was set as the limit of time in which he might-show the finished article. "Provided, always," he stipulated, "that the C. O. will give me anothe bunting leave inside of a week." This the commandant, the matter

being presented to him, agreed to do. So MacIntosh told Barclay of certain magnificent hunting grounds be had discovered on the last trip and worked on his imagination and his sportsmanship, and they started off together on horseback, with their bedding wrapped in rubber ponchos and provisions on a led horse. MacIntosh did not want a private or any one else along. Barclay, being in a state of new and keen repentance, abstained from taking a flash along, but MacIntosh did not believe in footbardy beroism of that sort, and his saddlebags held two.

Their way led across an all but interminable waste of chaparral. The first day out Barelay drank water. The second day he grew drawn and gray, his hand shook, and his mouth quivered; his eyes were very had. But be stood it in silence until they halted at noon under a mesquite bush. Then Barclay gave a great groan; it was so nearly a sob that MacIntosh shuddered. He asked what the trouble was, but he knew very well.

"I'd give my eternal soul-if I have not already-for a drink," he said. "I don't believe I can stand it, old fellow: come out to be gene eight days, and he was going to stay out. "You're two

days from the post, anyway," he reasoned, "and you'd either be dead or over it before you got back." So Barclay had no choice but to keep

on. Macintosh said nothing about the flasks in the saddlebags. He was keeping those for possibly a more urgent

At nightfall they came to a settlement in a gulch between two bare foothills. It was a deserted settlement, of mining origin, to judge from a forsaken shaft or two, and if it had ever had a name it was as forgotten now as had probably been the pony whose skeleton -the legs still hobbled-lay across the entrance of the one street, which ran along the bottom of the gully and was lined on either side by a dozen or more "We can put up in one of those houses

onight," MacIntosh said cheerfully. "I did when I was here a few days ago."

Barciny, who was in a very had state
by now and whose nerves were agonizing. looked dubious and said that he would prefer to sleep outside under a poncho, as they had done the night before. "The places are probably alive with centipeds or skunks or some-

thing." he complained. MacIntosh had a career of falsehood pening before him for the night in any case, so be entered courageously upon it now. He said that the house he had gone into had been singularly free from anything of the sort, that it had been very comfortable and that a roof where you could get it was indubitably bettheir supper and hobbled their stock, when the moon rose they took their bedding rolls and west into the shack, which appeared to be in the best state of repair and which had in the town's lifetime been its most flour-ishing saloou.

MacIntosh lit a candle and art it on hat remained of the bar. If Barclay had been in a condition to notice any thing besides his own woes, he would have seen that MacIntonh's face was white and his looks anxious. But he only unwrapped the poncho with shak. ing hands and began to spread it in a corner; then he jumped back and stood looking, terror eyed into the shadow.

there was an eminous, sharp sound hat died away. "Say, MacIntosh," he quavered, "there's a rattler in here!"

MacIntosh crossed over to him and laid his hand on his aboulder. "I guess not, old fellow," he soothed. "Turn is and you'll feel better in the morning." Barciay insisted upon the snake, with angry oaths. It rattled again as he went a sup nearer. "Don't you hear

it?" be urged. sadly. And just then something dark and long went sliding slowly over the floor. The sensation which stole MacIntosh's back to the roots of bair was not pleasant, "Confound it," high between rage and abeer scare, "get that candle and look if you don't

ing circuitously to avoid something coiled and beginning to stir and there-by disturbing yet one more, which rat-

He brought the candle, and Barclay

took it in his hand and put it almost at the raised and darting head of a rattler. "Maybe you don't see now!" he

MacIntosh felt like dancing as the tenderfoot does when the cowboy shoots at the floor beneath his feet. He wondered if his and Barclay's leggings and boots were surely fangproof. His teeth clicked together, but he only reached out and took the candle away. "Come to bed, old fellow," he insisted once more. "You'll be all right by daylight."

The sympathy of his tone worked Barclay to frenzy. He got into the middle of the room, fairly staggering. The candle, held high in MacIntosh's hand, threw a circle of vague light, and in the circle were no less timn eight snakes, some colled, some moving, some raising evil heads, some writhing away into the gloom beyond. "Do you mean to say you don't see those?" His hand swept an unsteady circle.

MacIntosh steeled himself and said that he only saw the floor.

The other stared at him wildly for a noment, then gave a bowl of terror that froze the blood in MacIntosh's temples and made him wish that he had left Barclay to go mad in his own chosen way. Horrible thoughts began to come to him of what would happen if the fellow were to go insane here the midst of the desert, in a forsaken settlement, with only hundreds upon hundreds of rattlesnakes everywhere around.

"Get me out of this: oh get me out of this!" pleaded Barclay, starting for the door and stopping short with a hiss of fright as a snake shot up its head and rattled. Then in a patch of light which fell on the wall a centiped, big and fat and long, began to crawl, slowly at first and more swiftly. His eyes fixed themselves upon it, glassy, and he stood perfectly still, his breath coming in sobs and gulps. When the crawling thing had disappeared into a crack, he turned deliberately about. His face showed livid and aged and "On your word of honor, Mac Intosh," he said, with painful quiet, "are none of those things here?"

"What things?" said MacIntosh. He looked forward over the seven or eight hours of darkness yet to come and wondered whether he or Barciay would go mad first or, if not that, then which would first be stung. But there was no way out of it now, no way but to make an eternal enemy, a fool of himself and a fizzle of the whole attempt not to speak of losing his bet. Beside he was doing a good act.

So he got Barclay up on top of the bar, and he lit one candle as another burned out, and all through the night be kept alternately poking up the snakes and insisting that there were no snakes there, the while he inid quieting hands on the trembling form and looked about him to see that no centipeds or scorpions should come near He could have given Dante and Milton points.

But when morning approached he led Barclay, a broken, quivering man, out into the empty street and caught the clay sat huddled on the ground, the day began to break he turned to "Would you like to go back, now that it's lighter, and see for yoursel that there was nothing in there?" he asked. If Barelay were to accept. would spoil the whole thing probably but that had to be chanced.

"No," said Barciny and smiled wan ly; "I'll take your word for it. Only

just get me home." So they mounted and turned back by the road they had come, for it had got beyond all question of Barciay's han dling a gun. As the sun rose, bow ever, his courage rose also inch by And at last be spoke in quite a normal way, so that MacIntosh drew long breath of relief. "See here, Mac Intosh." he said: "I'll make a burgain with you. If you'll never tell this on

me, I'll never take a drink again." And he kept his word, and Macintosh won the hundred, and everybody was bappy all around. Barciny and Miss Cunningham were married and lived happily evermore. But Barclay ascribed his reformation to his own power of will. Miss Conningham to her inflyence over him, and the others we divided between these two views.

And MacIntosh got no credit from anybody, as is usually the case with remers, and it was probably just what be deserved.-Argonaut.

First Horse In Central Africa.
In "A White Woman In Central Africa" Miss Caddick gives an interesting account of the first horse which had survived the attacks of the taste fly on the journey from Durhan to Manja. This lucky or luckiess animal had an

This lucky or luckless animal had an adventure on the way which came near ending its history, if not fix life.

The horse was tauded safety at Chiromo, but one evening while, the party was in camp something frightened 2, and it broke away, with the saddle on

The boys followed it in vain and at last gave it up as lost and went on to Minnje. From there natives were sent out in all directions to search for the lost horse.

lost horse.

It was quite two weeks before the animal was found, tired out, very hungry and still very much frightened. Its saddle was still on, but turned under-

neath its body.

It was the first horse the natives h seen, and they gazed at it awestruck, not daring to touch it, nor even to go near it. Finally they gave the animal a great heap of native corn, and while it was esting they hastily put a fence around it, which they made very high and strong. They then built a roof to

and strong. They then built a roof to shelter the horse from the sun and sent off for the owner to come quickly. It was a long time before the poor heast got over the fright and the fa-tigue and the sore places caused by the saddle, but it did recover at last and be-came the joy and pride of its owner. At the great expection in Ome was the custom for the people to ter or sign their names in the diff

London is London. There is nothing like it in the whole world. The discoveries of the archeologists have revealed nothing like this London, Even the barbarians conceived cities more beautiful. Is it strange this should be

HIS IDEA OF LONDON.

THE ENGLISH METROPOLIS AS SEEN

BY A FRENCHMAN

Streets, Houses and People Seem to

Constitute a Dirge In Mud-In Sum-

mer, When the City Is Clean, the

This London! My friend, we call

it Londres. But we are wrong. The

English are very right. The name

Have you ever lived in this city? Do

you know what these English call a

capital? Do not think of Paris, of

Vienna. No, no. Not even of Berlin.

must not be softened. It is London.

ner Hastens From It.

I will tell you what I have see Lord Roberts walking to the war office. He is washed and clean. He has the neatness of the Frenchman. Buddenly I see his hand go up to his eye. He holds it there tight.

My friends, what has happened? The hand is removed. The eye is black. The collar is black also. The cheek is likewise black. He is

no longer washed and clean. He is no longer like the Frenchman. Shall I tell you what it means? The

streets here are rivers of coze. They are never cleaned. The mud that lies there today is the mud on which Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk cleanly. It is very old mud. It hurts you when it hits you in the eye. The English are proud of old things. The horses, placing their feet upor the ground when they walk, when they

trot and when they gallop, fling up the mud. They are very good horses but they cannot belp themselves. It ascends into the air like the jets of a fountain, this mud. On either side of the road the splashing goes on. This squirting is continuous. Always it is so; all the day, all the night, streams of mud pouring up from the road, descending upon the pavements. Is it not droll? The windows of the shop are spotted with mud. Nobody's coat is clean; nobody's collar escapes. Sometimes a jet of mud will catch you

There is no such thing as good taste in this city. I west to the pantomime The Drury Lane is the national the ater. Keep that in your mind. It is for the children, this beautiful pan-tomime. And what do I see? An actor, my friend, making a fool of the Frenchman, ridiculing the French. Do not blame the English. My friend, the entertainment is for children. My friend, the mud is responsible.

in the eye. It is painful, and it spoils

The streets are dirty. The people are silent.

It is the city of nightmare. When these Londoners would be funtheir destiny. No one can be funny in London for long. Their funny men are always vulgar. Their funny wemen- Ab, let us forget!

There is no nation so illogical as these people. Has that ever struck you? It has never struck them. Let me make it plain. The streets are dug
up for the telephone, for the lectric
light, for the hydraulic. The people
complain. They are a nation of traders. They laugh at us for loving pleasure more than commer when the streets are dug up for their

trade they complain. I must smile.

The streets are so narrow that the traffic is always stopped. The newscarts be turned into side streets." Commerce is ignored. It is the worship of the bansom. Are they not very droll,

these shoppers?
The mud has entered their misses. We say London is foggy. We are wrong. London is muddy. That is all. -I said to an English friend of mine, "I have a bad cold."

His eyes brightened. He became an-mated, French, human. "Have you tried so-and-so?" he cried.

"Or so-and-so?"

"You must try them," he said. The English are only cuthins when they talk about these ren when they talk about these remedies for colds. They are a hardy people!

If you would see the real London, tear yourself from Paris in winter. You will see the true London. You will never call it Londors again. The Strand is a running river. Pall Mall is black cose. Piccadilly is full of puddles. Everybody's clothes are spinshed with mud. All the walls of the house, all the windows of the shops, are streaming with mud. It is sleppy. Everywhere it is closer. Nothing but sloppy.

mer. It is clean then.

The Landoner goes to the seaside in the summer.—H. E. in Pall Mail Ga-

Pleased by the Compliment. see the little girl run," we said to mountaineer. "She fairly darts in

You will waste time if you try to

ADVOCATES GOOD ROADS.

Governor of New York Pavers of State Souding Plan For Highways. Governor Odeli in his message to the legislature of New York refers to a matter which is of interest to and should strike a responsive chord in the breast of every one, but especially farmera, business men, bicyclists, rid-ers of every sort and degree and even pedestrians. Good roads are one of the best evidences of civilization, a fact which the ancient Romans thoroughly appreciated, many of the magnificen highways they built in England still existing as monuments to their skill and wisdom. Governor Odell is a and wisdom. Governor Odell is a stickler for economy, but he does not favor mere parsimony and is by no means opposed to liberal expenditures wherever necessary or desirable, as is shown by his recommendation of a "much larger appropriation" for good reads during the coming year. The governor, however, insists upon a sys-tematic, scientific plan which shall benoff every part of the state and extend the time for paying the cost over a protracted period. It is worth while re calling Governor Odell's specific recom mendation upon this point:

would provide that the state should pay the entire expense of construction by the issuance of bonds, levying upon the counties their proportion for the benefits received, would expedite and reduce the cost and extend the time for payments over a longer period and at a plan should be adopted, however, for the building of roads, so that all parts of the state would be equally benefited We should effect the reopening of the old state roads, which would be of much greater advantage to the citizen of all parts of the state than the build callty. With state aid for a commo road through all counties the building of other roads under a local money sys em by the counties would follow, an in a short time good goads would comwithout the great expense which mus necessarily follow, and the discrimi tion which is probable under a ful state system would be avoided."

GOOD ROADS LESSON.

India Sets an Example For Thi British India promises to be the pattern for the United States in the err of country road building which the new century promises, says the St. Louis Republic. While the agitation

for good roads in this country is of re-cent date, India has perfected 200,000 miles of macadamized roads that are superior even to the famous pike roads of Indiana and Ohio. The benefit of these improved high-

ways is considered so great in India that only graduates of civil engineering colleges are permitted to superin-tend their construction. The present system of roads in that country is the result of 100 years of experience and expenditure. The visible results of these well directed efforts are found in roads that are, according to a writer save 18 feet of macadam and an earth ortion of similar width on the sides or use in dry weather. The roads are kept in constant repair, it being beld that a shovelful of gravel today is cheaper than a wagon load in the spring or fall. Annual conventions are field where matters relevant to the

ations recommended.

The intelligent farmer of the United States is beginning to realize the im-portance of good roads. The milroads have always urged the betterment of these highways, as they realize that every country road is simply a branch line of the railroad. At present bad weather means delayed shipments of grain. Under a system of roads such affect the market not a jot. The move-ment for hard roads in this state and ountry has been too long delayed.

uniness are discussed and appropri

Peerage on the Decimal System. As money is to be the master, would not be wise to have our peerage established on the decimal system? It would work out in this way. The rank of a man should depend entirely upon his income as returned by him for taxing purposes and would vary with it. Thus one with an income of £150,000 and over would be a duke, £100,000 would be a marker £50,000 would be and over would be a duke, £100,000 would be a marquis, £50,000 would be an earl, £25,000 would be a viscount. £10,000 would be a baronet, £5,000 would be a knight and £500 would be an esquire. The rest would be the copper classes.

The scheme would be especially serviceable in increasing the amount of the copper.

nstinct of self advancement would make each pay on the highest scale that the revenue would benefit removely, and the authorities

College Not Necessarity Harmful.

At the department of agriculture some thorough tests have been made of samples of coffee to determine the extent and nature of coffee adulterations. The results are entirely reassuring to coffee lovers. The expert in charge finds that while very little pure Java or Mocha berries find their way into the American market, almost if not quite as good favored beans are had from other tropical places, Porto Rico and Hawall being mentioned as furnishing good coffee. The adulterants, when used, are for the most part harmless.

THOUSANDS OF PIGEONS.

California Has the Largest Pige Ranch In the World. Ten thousand flying pigeons and 5,000 little ones in the nests present the unique spectacle shown in the accompanying illustration of the largest pigeon ranch in the world, says a corlent of the Chicago Times-Herald. It is located at Los Angeles, Cal., and from a small beginning has develare furnished for cafe and family ta-

The ranch contains about eight acres and is conducted by J. Y. Johnson, who lives among his winged pets After running a gantlet of fierce bull-

bles all over California.



logs the visitor finds himself inside bewildering mass of life and color in kaleidoscopic change. Add to this a flapping of wings and it becomes in-describably confusing. There are pi-geous everywhere. The shed roofs are rowded with them; the ground is covered with them. They rise in swarms and darken the sun like a cloud. There is no attempt to breed pure strains there, though the owner

kets the dark squabs and saves the light ones, the object being to eventual-The white birds make a better appear ance when dressed and find more ready sale. The flock is increased by hunage of 20 days the squab is fully grown and feathered, and if it escapes the market it is soon on the wing. Each afternoon Johnson and his son go through the buildings and take from the nests enough of the fat squabs to fill orders for the next day. Early in ing their necks, dressed and delivered. The pigeons are well housed in three large buildings. In each of the sheds, running lengthwise and extending from round to roof, are tiers of shelves, with narrow passageways between. On these shelves, loosely placed, are little square boxes turned upside down, with small apertures for doors. These are the nesting places, and the largest of the buildings has 2,000 inside and 1,000 ide. The others have nearly as nany. But the pigeous form nests and

straws can be gathered together. In one of the long sheds 1,000 oil cans are utilized as boxes, the sides and ends being made entirely of them, laid like bricks in a wall, each with the open end inward. Through the center same material, facing opposite ways and extending to the roof. In these oil cans a colony of 3,000 pigeons is comortably stowed away.

lay eggs everywhere, in the passage-ways, on the floor and even on the

A remarkable fact in connection with this place is that the pigeons rarely leave the ranch, and it is seldom that one of them gets beyond the high wire nce which surrounds three sides of the place. They are fed assorted grain and screenings, and the cost of feeding the 15,000 is about \$7 a day.

Mage In Winter. The whole problem of winter feeding for eggs can be expressed in one short turn winter into summer This is easy to say, but very hard to accomplish, and the best we can do is exist in summer.

The first essential is warmth, but it

must not be supplied by artificial best, ceptible to colds, but by warm houses, to keep out wind and frost and conserve the ontural heat of the birds. Dryness is next to be considered, and

this is best brought about by keeping the house clean and the floor well lit-tered with straw and some absorbent material like class. Also ventilate a little by the windows every mild day by opening them a little, according to the weather. This will carry out moisture, purify the air and keep the fowls accustomed to the outdoor temperasecurioned to the outdoor remiers ture, so they will not be affected so much by extremely cold spells.—H. J. Blanchard.

Allowing birds their liberty will make them bealthler, more rigorous and will be beneficial in every way. They should not be confined at any time in the year when the work. permit of their living outside. Many of us have no doubt put off making necessary repairs to buildings. One or two cracks in the side of a boose or broken window may give the cold winds a chance to start a cold which will develop into roup and exterminate the flock. If any of the birds are affeeted in this manner, they should be separated from the well ones and treat-ed for the trouble.—Thomas F. Rigg in American Poultry Journal.

People who clean their poulity bouses but once a year in "corn planting time" are those whom you hear telling "there is no money in poulity keeping," says Henry Trafford of Chenango Forks, N. Y. Poulity will stand confinement and do well provided they receive proper care. Note the conditions which surround fowis with free range. They have an abundance of green food, more or less grain, many insects, picety of exercise and fresh air. These essentials must be supplied them when confined. "I have troubled with indignation

People who clean their poultry bou

for ten years, have tried many things and spent much money to no purpose until I tried Kodol Dys-pepeis Cure. I have taken two bot-

HOW DIAMONDS ARE MINED. Methods Used to Compel Mother

The methods of compelling Mother Earth to disgorge her hidden stores of wealth, be it in the form of diamo gold or silver, copper or coal, appear to be much the same everywhere. You first find your mine, your reef or crater of blue clay as it is at Kimberley, and then you bore a hole down into it, which you call a shaft. Sometim oped into a pretentious institution, at Kimberley, you can begin at the top, from which squabs and grown birds but sooner or later you have to resort to burrowing laterally or perpendicu larly. Then "the thing you are in search of" is wound up on a pulley over a wheel. The blue clay is found in circular pits

once craters filled up from an unknown depth; they have not touched bottom at 2,000 feet). The inclosing walls are basalt, and then a layer of shale is superposed. In the open or through shafts the clay is blasted and carried on trucks by endless wires to the "floors." The tram runs on double lines, one set of trucks carrying the clay, the other returning empty. The "floors" constitute one of the most interesting features of the place. The comes very friable when exposed to the sun and air and crumbles like loam. The harder rock, consolidated under tremendous pressure, has to be pulverized by crushing. Thousands of acres are inclosed by barbed wire fences, a much disguised blessing in South Africa, and there, hidden in the moldering earth, are hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of precious stones. Some of course become detached and are picked up by the "boys" and generally accounted for, though, in spite of the necessarily stringent laws, it is difficult to believe that none fails to reach the sorting house.

When sunshine and atmosphere have

done their work, the decomposed clay is taken back from the floors and comaitted to the pulsators. The matter is shot into receivers and passes down to the pulsator, a graduated plane of metal, which, as the name implies, is shaken by machinery laterally, as a man shakes a sieve in his hand. The different steps of the pulsator are covered with grease, to which the dia-monds — at least all of any size — adhere as the broken clay rushes over, mingled with a stream of water. The top step generally manages to catch the larger stones, and very few es-cape to the lowest grade. The refuse, however, is all carefully hand sorted by natives, whose natural quickness of eye and deftuess of finger have been improved by long practice. Many of the hands so employed are convicts hired by the government to the company. These victims of civilizationmost of them are guileless of any crimappearance-much prefer this work to the dull monotony of prison labor. The sight of these convicts en gaged in sorting out minute gems from the dross might suggest many reflec tions. The contrast is the most strik ing-at one end of the scale diamonds representing the highest luxury of civilization, at the other the native magistrate and the politician. However, if the native criminal moralizesfar too sensible to do-he can chuckle at the idea that each stone he extracts may easily prove an incentive to his ellows on a higher plane to go and do

The sticky matter, holding little but the gems, is thoroughly washed out, and the deposit is ready for the sorter. Diamonds are by no means unlovely in their uncut condition, and there is no mistaking the slightly greasy feeling of the real gem, due, I am told, to its incomparable hardness. The stones are then inspected and weighed and are icketed according to their value in little heaps on a counter in a sorting room. Thus the first heap of a week's "clean up" will contain perhaps a dozen large diamonds, perfect in shape and color without a flaw. They may be of any value from \$1,000 to \$10,000. Then come smaller ones of the ame spotless character; next in value are the large yellow stones, then the flawed whites, and so on down to heaps of tiny gems like coarse sugar, white and brown.—London Telegraph.

Pirst inference, Pirst Politician-Did you see tha Weisaker has been announced to dis-russ a few public questions from a high moral plane?

Second Politician-Yes. I wo what the old geezer is sore about?-In iunapolis Press.

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