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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER XXXI.

A GHOSTLY AVENGER.

About midway between the entrance to the Santiago Canyon and the pretentious residence of Mrs. Travers stands a very dilapidated, tumble-down old shanty, known as the Mexican's line. Whoever the Mexican was to whom it originally belonged, and from whom it inherits this by no means distinctive appellation, he took particularly good care that it should be built nothing else. The inside of the hut was as barren of anything as any four walls could possibly be; and though, occasionally, a centipede, a green and glittering lizard, a scorpion, a tarantula, or even a lurking rattler, on a voyage of discovery from the adjacent rocky hills and mountains, might invade its solitude, there was, as a rule, no living thing so forlorn as to think of taking up its abode there for any length of time. This was, no doubt, why it seemed, notwithstanding all other disadvantages, the very place most suited to the purpose of an enterprising couple who wished to explore the canyon with a secrecy which, for some days, they had sought in vain.

"This is the place, Olive," said Lord Clarence Stanley to his charming young bride. "It is entirely off the ordinary route; it is not more than half a mile distant from the spot; our horses here will be totally unsuspected, and as the man who drove us to the entrance of the canyon has returned to Santa Ana, and supposes that we are cranky tourists from the East who prefer to walk rather than ride to take our visit to the Travers people, we shall be absolutely undisturbed."

"And now, Clarence, how soon will it be best to set out in search of the buried treasure?"

The man consulted his watch and declared with some surprise that it was only two o'clock.

"Too early, I thought, Olive; and as I have to carry that heavy pick-axe and spade, perhaps we may as well start to-morrow. I don't think we shall meet any one, and the place be thoroughly secluded, and, to judge by the appearance of it, never visited. I can begin work at once."

"The pick and spade have a rather ghostly look," said Olive, while her husband picked up the lunch basket and secured the implements for his work. "It is painfully suggestive of grave-digging, isn't it? You will need to be careful not to turn up the buried bones of your saintly Dolores instead of the mine treasure. He must have been buried somewhere about here."

"Stop talking of her! You are not fit to speak her name, Olive," said the man with brutal frankness.

His wife turned a furious look upon him and bit her lips hard to repress the bitter retort that rose to them. What was the matter with him? He had been strangely distant and independent all day. Well, she would wait till the business in hand was safely over, and then she would let him know who was master. Meantime, she would presently find a way of bewildering and gently and timely relence.

"Well, then," she said amiably, "let's be going, but this time I hope there is no mistake, Carlos; this time we are really on sure grounds. The real Richmond this time, eh? Five have we slain instead of him!"

"Olive," he said with an air of serene tranquility, that his wife had already learned to dread, "I want to remind you once more that you have a bad habit of forgetting my name. It comes of your infatuation about that dirty scamp of a fellow, Carlos Meadows; and by the way, speaking of him, here is something that may interest you."

He drew a folded newspaper from his breast-pocket and gave it to her, indicating a particular paragraph.

He strode through the doorway and out into the bright light. Olive followed him, the paper rustling nervously in her hand; it had been too dark within the hut to see the print clearly, and she paused a moment now, with the full light on the page, and her glance raved quickly through the paragraph which her husband had pointed out to her:

MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY.

GHOSTLY VENGEANCE OVERTOOK THE USURPER CARLOS MENDOZA.

BARON VON RICHMOND FOUND DEAD ON HIS WIFE'S GRAVE—IN DRESSING-GOWN—SUICIDE—SHOT THROUGH THE HEART—A LETTER FOUND ON HIS PERSON IN WHICH HE CONFESSES HIMSELF THE MURDERER THROUGH JEALOUSY OF HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE—HIS OWN DEATH, AND CONFESSION THE EXPIATION OF HIS CRIME.

A sigh that was almost a groan of despairing disappointment on the part of the reader accented the conclusion of this unexpected paragraph. The man, who was a little way ahead, turned and looked at his wife, and seeing her pale, almost livid, with wide, wild eyes, he smiled pleasantly.

"Clarence," she murmured, "this it was not Van Tassel after all?"

"Evidently not. Van was a blind fool at all times, and he must have dropped the dagger there when he made the first attempt. The baron picked it up, and apparently knew how and when to use it."

Olive ground her little white teeth together. She had never lost the hold she had at the beginning of her power over her husband, who then bent his head and made a pretense of loosening his collar button as if suddenly relieved of an uncomfortable pressure about the neck.

They both glanced around, and a cool breeze from the west blew toward them.

"See, the sun is sinking," said Olive. "What a lurid, fiery sunset, and what a strange, sulphurous smell the air has, though it is blowing cooler already."

"It always turns cool here immediately the sun sinks," returned Stanley, again shouldering his pick and spade. "California beats the world for unexpectedness; you never know what will happen next! But, come on. I want to get well started before the daylight is gone, and then I can keep on well enough till the moon rises—she must be about the second quarter by this time—Hallo! What is that? Can those be figures moving on that mountain? People or cattle, which is it?"

Olive looked as he directed, and distinctly saw two figures, a man and a woman, on the brow of a mountain due in the clear, still, deceptive light, seemed but a few yards away, and instinctively she drew closer to her husband.

"If they should see us?" she whispered.

"They can't; we are concealed in this hollow; their figures stand out against the sky. They must be in want of exercise to take such a climb in this heat."

The slight figure of the woman moved and turned toward the man—it was Dolores—and at that moment she was raving:

"Mrs. Travers managed it all, and I have scarcely known anything about it. She has been so kind. Dear mamma—it was a dream I never hoped to realize, and to-morrow they will place all that remains of her in the same grave with papa; it is so right and fitting that it should be to-morrow, because that is the anniversary of papa's death."

"The 12th of October, is it, dearest? That will indeed be a fitting anniversary. Perhaps the troubled spirit of our Indian ancestor will rest from that time."

"Perhaps so," said Dolores, seriously. "I hope you won't think it very fanciful, Harold, but I want to walk to the sycamores to-night."

"If you are equal to it, Dolores; it is so very sultry."

"Not more so that it has been for several days," she answered, reassuringly. "What we call earthquake weather in California—only the earthquakes seldom come when we are looking for them. We will go by this path round the mountain, and so down into the valley."

She put her hand within his, and they disappeared round the brow of the mountain.

"There! They have gone!" said Olive, who had been silently watching the two dark figures, like silhouettes against the clear evening sight. "I was not sure if they were real or merely visionary, Clarence; for whom do you think they looked like to me?"

"I am sure I can't guess," he returned. "But here we are, at last. Behold, there are the mystic sycamores. Count them for yourself. One, two, three! So there are twelve, aren't there?"

"Yes," responded Olive, in her suddenly awakened interest, forgetting all about the two figures that had seemed so strangely familiar. "At last and beyond the shadow of a doubt we have come to the right place now."

And she ran quickly forward, quite oblivious of her late fatigue; and looking closely at the separated trunks all growing from a single root, she quickly found the one on which had been carved the Indian woman's figure.

"There she is!" cried Olive, in triumph. "The poor Gold-Flower herself, unhappy victim to a wasted love! And only see, Clarence! Some one has shot an arrow straight through her heart. An Indian arrow it must have been. How strong and tipped with some hard metal! The point is standing straight out from the wood!"

She sat down upon a little mound in distance, all unconscious that it was the grave of the father whose memory was so dearly cherished by Dolores; and from that, his last resting-place, she watched her husband strike his pick-axe into the ground that covered the treasure of the buried Mendoza.

A slow quarter of an hour went by, less another; and fast and steadily fell the blows of the pick-axe in the dry, sandy, pebbly ground. The man who wielded it had learned the business well in many a mining-camp, and all his old-time expertness and strength came back to him now; and he had cast aside the pick and catching up the spade shoveled out the loose earth, he glanced occasionally, with a slight, triumphant laugh, toward Olive.

But, on a sudden, he uttered a strange, hoarse cry, and the spade dropped from his hand; a chill, curdling, cold sensation, as if ice had been dropped down his back, made him shiver; and then he stood gaping, rapidly sobbing, horribly gaping, straight ahead of him on through the gathering dusk; his gaze seemed turned to fire, as if it would burst through the thing at which it looked.

"Clarence! Clarence!" cried Olive, as she rushed to him and seized his stiff, motionless arm. "What is it? What is the matter? Are you hurt?"

"There! There!" whispered the hoarse voice. "Do you see nothing?"

"Nothing," answered Olive, a horrible chill of some unknown, unformulated fear causing her teeth to rattle against one another as she spoke. Then, with an almost heroic effort to throw off this bodiless terror, she continued:

"Nothing, Clarence; there is absolutely nothing but the sycamore trees and the miserable presentment of the Indian woman. Come, be a man! Cheer up! Take again your pick and spade, delve a little deeper, and soon, very soon, you will uncover the treasure that will make a king and queen of you and me; for with such wealth we can do anything!"

"By Heaven, you are a bold girl, Olive, and well worth working for!"

She stooped, and snatching at the pick, put it into his hand.

The man set to work again vigorously; and pounding the earth with all his strength, the point of the pick suddenly struck, with a ringing sound, against some metallic surface. At the same moment, there was a rocking, swaying motion that seemed to shake the earth to its foundation. Olive uttered a shrill shriek of terror, and the next moment she felt herself flung violently forward, and she fell, clutching at the loose earth and gravel. But only for a minute. Struggling to her feet again she rushed toward her husband.

"Clarence!" she screamed. "What is it? Oh, if you are a man, help me, save me!"

But Clarence Stanley stood motionless, stricken, paralyzed—one frozen, rigid arm stretched into space, the extended fingers pointing outward, and the voice, like that of a gibbering idiot, muttering incoherent babble:

"Yes, yes—the wrong Indian woman! She—she—she! Her curse weighs me down! See, oh, see! Her avenging spirit calls me away!"

Olive looked. Her frenzied gaze followed the line of those outstretched frozen fingers, and there, before them, she seemed to see a luminous face, with burning eyes shining through a transluscent mist. She shrieked aloud and, turning, fled; and then the earth heaved again and shook and yawned like some great monster; and after that, all was still.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TWELFTH OF OCTOBER, 1892.

Dolores and Moray had almost reached the group of sycamores when the first earthquake shock was felt. They had loitered, with the indifference of lovers as to the flight of time, on their slow and winding walk; and it was the purple dusk of the California twilight, soon to be pierced by the silvery splendor of an early-rising moon. But as yet no moon was visible; there was a strange, still oppressiveness in the air; the dusky twilight seemed to deepen and thicken, and Dolores suddenly stopped and clung to the arm on which she had been leaning, while a slight shudder, as of some impending calamity, shook her from head to foot.

"What a curious night! There is something vaguely threatening and awful in this atmosphere. The moon is surely very late in showing her fair, bright face to-night."

"She is always kind to lovers," said Moray, laughingly, and stooping to press his lips on the rippling, silken hair that was being blown against his face. A slight breeze had risen suddenly, but it was not cool; it seemed, indeed, hot and laden with a sulphurous odor.

"What is that sound?" asked Dolores. "Do you hear it, Harold? It is like some heavy weight pounding the ground."

"Yes, it is. Perhaps the ghost walks to-night. This is her anniversary," he answered lightly. "But she can hardly be digging a grave. Ghosts are more inclined to get out of them. That is surely the sound of a pick-axe."

"Oh, Harold! Harold!"

Dolores gave a quick, sharp cry of sudden irrepressible terror, and her lover's arms closed around her with the instinct of protection; and then, for what might have been a minute or an hour, they stood clinging to each other, while the ground seemed no longer solid earth, but a quaking bog. It shook, it rocked, it trembled—and then slowly it settled into quiet and was still—awfully still, leaving on the minds of those who had felt the shock a provoking impression of having suffered from some huge, practical joke.

"I suppose this is what you call an earthquake, in this astonishing country," said Lord Harold, presently.

"Yes," said Dolores rather tremulously; "I don't think it is over; it will come again."

The words had scarcely passed her lips when a second shock almost flung them off the ground. It was much more violent than the first. There was a wild confusion in the air; spots of light seemed to dart like electric flashes, to and fro; great cracks and fissures opened in the ground; there was the crash as of trees uprooted. And through all the noisy outbreak of nature's hidden passions came the sound of wild, excited, human voices, and one prolonged thrilling shriek.

After that, another long silence. Dolores did not speak for many minutes, nor did her companion; but he held her, calmly, closely, strongly to his breast, and though she trembled, it was only a nervous tremor. He knew that she was not afraid.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Germany has about 250,000 physicians and surgeons.

SOUTHERN FARM TOPICS

Devoted Exclusively to the Interest of Dixie Farmers.

Planting Fall Crops.

There are very many crops that can be profitably grown in the fall and early winter, writes J. B. Hunnicutt, in the Southern Cultivator. Irish potatoes, rutabagas, turnips, beets, beans, melons, cabbage and tomatoes are among the vegetable crops which may be profitably planted. All of these crops require thorough preparation of the soil. Grass and weeds must be entirely destroyed, the ground be broken deeply, so as to supply moisture freely, the soil should be made very fine, so that the tender roots can strike deeply and capillary attraction circulate the water freely.

Fall markets are generally good and these crops pay well to grow. That there is a great demand for them is clearly shown from the fact that we buy largely of these crops from other sections.

Every farmer can find full use for all his time in preparing for and planting these crops.

If for any reason you do not wish to put your time in on any of the above crops, we call your attention to the fact that this is a good time to begin breaking stubble and waste lands for sowing grain this fall or for planting next season. Of course, you will have to exercise good judgment as to the condition of the clay. If there should be plenty of rain do not plow until the clay is dry. If the clay is in proper condition it is not too soon to begin this work. The earlier this work is done the better results you can look for next year. Do not fear the sunshine. Sunshine does not hurt dry land. It pays to keep the harrows right up with the plows. This will prevent any danger of hard clods being formed should any clay be thrown up with the plow that was rather wet.

Grass Seeding.

Each succeeding year brings us more capacities as to how to secure a good stand of grass than the past one, a sure indication that Southern farmers are at last beginning to appreciate that grass and hay is a crop in which there is profit to the grower and improvement to the land. This tendency to abandon arable for grass land is one that is going to be intensified by existing economic causes. Arable cultivation, especially in cotton and tobacco crops, demands an abundance of cheap and readily available labor. While trade was languishing, and the South had not entered the field of commercial activity, this labor was here abundant and ready at all times to be commanded at low wages. Now conditions have changed and the cry is that labor is scarce, unreliable and dear. This is affecting farmers seriously, and is going to bring about a change in the system of farming. Arable land is going to be put down to grass and more live stock be kept. This is a change greatly to be desired in the interest of farmers themselves and also of our lands. No grass country is ever long a poor one. The richest agricultural sections in this country and the Old World are those in which grass lands are the most extensive and there the greatest degree of home comfort is to be found. A large farmer said to us a few days ago: "I am bound to make a change in my system of farming. I will reduce the area of my arable lands, farm them more intensively, and thus get a greater yield per acre, and put down into permanent grass a large part of my farm and keep a much larger head of live stock. There is money in stock when rightly bred and fed, and but little profit in the production of arable crops with the present high rate of wages for labor." He was right, and it is going to be profitable for all Southern farmers to follow his example.—The Southern Planter.

Pumpkins, the Stolen Crop.

Pumpkins are said to be a stolen crop, because they are usually raised among corn without any additional labor except planting the seeds, and the seeds may be dropped at the same time when planting the corn, says The Planter. Some farmers think there is nothing gained by raising pumpkins among corn, because they appropriate part of the fertility which should go to the corn, and thereby lessen the value of the corn more than the worth of the pumpkins. This may be true where the land is too poor to supply nourishment enough for the corn; but such land should never be planted with corn, east, west, north or south, for no matter how thorough the tillage may be a raving crop of corn can never be raised on poor land unless it is well manured.

A good, thick sod turned under, or a field well manured with stable manure, will produce a good crop of pumpkins, and not as much corn as if the pumpkins had not been planted.

Feed in moderation, and in addition to oats or meal, there is no doubt pumpkins are a cheap and healthful addition to the horses' diet, especially where they must be kept up all the time and cannot be allowed to run in pasture.

Horses and cattle fed plentifully on them will drink scarcely any water, the juice of the pumpkins furnishing all the liquid they require. I used to cut them up and throw them into the pen for my hogs, just as I saw my neighbors do, and on a long time had a long argument of them for hog feed. The hogs would eat the seed, gnawed a little out of the inside and wasted the remainder. I soon learned there was a better way of feeding. When cut in small pieces, and sprinkled with meal, hogs will eat a good many pumpkins and eat them up clean. It pays well for cutting up. Six small hogs will eat a bushel of cut pumpkins twice a day, and eat them with an apparent relish. With what pumpkins they will eat they can be fattened on one-half the usual quantity of grain.

Keep Pure-Bred Hogs.

Notwithstanding the fact that the United States Department of Agriculture has gone to the expense and trouble of issuing a forty page bulletin, telling Southern farmers how to make a big profit out of hogs, and warning them against keeping and raising scrubs, and despite the fact that to the most casual observer the loss sustained in feeding such stock is obvious, we still find in the South a vast number of men who continue to throw their money away in a futile attempt to make a profit out of them.

The scrub hog is undoubtedly one of the greatest drawbacks that Southern agriculture has.

The hog in the West has earned for himself the title of "mortgage lifter." But how many scrubs do you find among these "mortgage lifters?"

There is no doubt that with well-bred swine there can be made as high a profit in the South as anywhere in the United States, and yet we go on buying every year scores of Mexican and Dixon's lines and you will find these "Western meat" for sale.

This is a sad commentary on the intuition and progressive spirit of the Southern farmer.

If every scrub hog in the South were replaced with improved swine "Western meat" would soon cease from our markets and Southern swine raisers soon begin to clean up the last of "scrubdom" down.

Poland China, Chester White, Berks, Jersey, Tamworth and Berkshires are our best known breeds of improved swine and no doubt, as a rule all good, but from personal experience and observation, I believe the Poland China is by far the most popular and profitable hog we have.—Southern Planter.

Advice to "All Cotton Farmers."

It used to be possible to make money on farms where no other crop than cotton was planted, but that was in the days when the simple command prices that are now impossible. The conditions as they exist today are decisively and unmistakably changed and marked with peculiarities, the loss resulting from the very next season's operations will in all probability show the balance on the right side of the ledger. The "all-cotton" farmers are getting poorer every year, yet still they are in evidence in this and in every other section of the cotton-producing States. There are hundreds of farmers of the other class mentioned who are "getting there with both feet" in the race for prosperity and financial independence. They are not neglecting cotton altogether, but make it of secondary importance among products of the farm. Their first concern is for food crops for man and beast, and of which they set aside a sufficient quantity for the maintenance of the family for a year's end to year's end. The money that comes in is clear profit, and doesn't have to be borrowed at ruinous rates of interest.—Atlanta Herald.

Cutting Sugarcane Stalks.

"Cow peas and [illegible] have been tried here. The [illegible] hard, and will [illegible] there is no alone [illegible] the stalks from [illegible] to keep out the weed and grass. While I thought [illegible] until the seed [illegible] when it [illegible]. While probably cows put up in sacks and [illegible] out, and thus keep the color and [illegible] of the hay.

Good Fall Crops.

English peas and sharp [illegible] may be sown for a fall crop. The peas are uncertain as to yield, but if the fall be mild, and there be sufficient rain to cause them to make a good growth, they often make a fine crop which is of ready sale and always acceptable on the home table.

Gas Plant Succeeds Everywhere.

Gas plant succeeds to the very first. Advantage all throughout the South. It makes a home of comfort and [illegible].

A Building Without Corners.

The new St Bartholomew's Hospital in New York is so constructed that there are no internal corners to catch the dust. Says a writer in the Evening Post: "There are absolutely no angles or projections in the building above the basement. All the interiors of all surfaces, first with a concave form curve; the walls, ceilings and floors in all details, not only the walls, ceilings, and floors, but even the shelf and table [illegible], windows, doors, etc., throughout. The sash and doors are so constructed that there are no mouldings or projections on surfaces between the frames and glass or panels. The curtain [illegible] frame [illegible] the glass with a [illegible] edge, and the corners of the sash and door sash are also rounded, so that there may be no lodging place for the germs in dirt or foreign matter. The usual corners above the wainscoting are run in plaster. Recently [illegible] has been taken in the construction of operating rooms. The floor is now an important innovation, and the bath is considered the most perfect yet built. The corners of the room are rounded to a large radius, and the ceiling domed."

GOOD ROADS.

South Carolina's Governor Talks Plainly.

In a message to the legislature of South Carolina Governor Mcsweeney made a vigorous appeal for legislation looking to better highways. He said:

"During the last year there has been a general awakening throughout the country on the question of good roads, and in every section great interest has been manifested and movements begun looking to the improvement of the public highways. There is no question that more directly and more generally concerns the great body of our people. The South has possibly been a little slow in this matter, and the effects resulting from her negligence are plainly to be seen.

"For the last few years there has been a great influx of people into our towns and cities, and these have rapidly built up at the expense of the surrounding country. This is an evil which, if possible, should be remedied, for it is to the people of the country, and not to the towns and cities, that the State must principally look for the perpetuation of her institutions. One of the prime causes of this great flow of population into the towns and cities is to be found in the condition of our public highways. In most of the counties in the State during certain seasons of the year some of the roads are almost impassable and all communication and trade with the cities and railroad points are cut off. Such a condition of affairs must work great hardships, especially upon the rural districts, and the people of the rural districts constitute the great majority of our population.

"Leaving out of consideration altogether the evils resulting from the condition of our roads, however, and looking at the question from a purely business standpoint, good roads pay, and are one of the best investments which can be made by a county or State. Under our present methods of road building, it is necessary to build the roads after every washing rain, while if we build good, permanent roads, the cost of keeping them in repair would be a very small item in comparison to what our present roads are costing. In fact, the saving is not saving, as work the permanent roads would in a very short time pay for their building. This has been found to be the case wherever good, permanent roads have been built.

"From the seventh annual report of the Commissioner of Public Roads for the State of New Jersey, one of the foremost States in the good roads movement, the following is taken merely to show in what respect good roads are felt by the people who have used them and know of their advantages: 'The people seem to be so wonderfully impressed with the idea that by good roads the value of land will be increased, transportation cheapened, trade and business attracted, school houses and churches filled, and civilization advanced, that they are praying earnestly for them as for great material benefits. Consequently the pressure for improvements is so great that it seems almost impossible to hold the people back. They are so anxious that they are not willing to confine themselves to the letter of State and county appropriations. They are constantly voting upon building ahead of the same appropriation, in order that they may enjoy them now.'

"It has been estimated that in forty counties in Indiana where good roads have been built, the average increase in the selling price of land, due to existing improved highways, is $6.48 per acre. The estimated average increase per acre that would result from the putting all the public roads is $9. The estimated average cost of converting the common public roads into improved highways is $1146 per mile. The estimated average annual loss per 100 acres from poor roads, is $7628. On the basis of this calculation the average annual loss from poor roads is seventy-six cents per acre. It will be seen that the loss from poor roads would soon pay for the building of good roads, and after replacing the amount paid for their construction the good roads would continue to pay.

"Of course, it cannot be expected that South Carolina should do as much as some of the states have done, but any action which may be taken looking to the betterment of our roads will be of great benefit, and in the long run will actually save money. Most of the work done by our chain gangs upon the present roads is simply thrown away.

"The building of public highways is to be looked on as a sacrifice as railroad building, and in order to build roads will require money, and in order to secure money there will have to be provision for raising it by taxation. The Good Roads Convention, which was recently held in Greenville, passed resolutions requesting the legislature that each county be given the privilege to determine by election the right of such county to levy a tax, not to exceed five and one-half mills on the taxable property of such county, if so much be necessary, in order to build good roads, and also such counties as desire to do so give authority to issue bonds to construct and maintain their public roads, and be authorized to issue such bonds by deciding by county election. A resolution was also passed at the convention requesting the legislature to enact such laws as will encourage the use of broad tires, and also that county chain gangs shall be put to work exclusively on building good, permanent roads. These suggestions are practical, business propositions, and will work great benefit to the State, if carried out, and I recommend that they be followed.

"It is most gratifying to note the interest which has lately been taken by the people of South Carolina in this subject. Most of the counties of the State are awakening to a realization of the importance of the subject, and much is being accomplished.

"In this connection the work which has been done and is now being done by the Southern Railway in this direction deserves commendation, and no doubt much of the good which has resulted from these awakening is due partly to its efforts.

"Any action looking to the betterment of our roads which, in your wisdom, you may see fit to take, will be so much done toward the promotion of the general prosperity of the people. Whatever plan you adopt should be efficient, economical and equitable. And that you should adopt some plan is patent to every thoughtful citizen."

FOREIGNERS IN THE CITIES.

Largest Proportion in Fall River, Smallest in Montgomery, Ala.

The larger part of the foreign born population of the United States is found, of course, in the large cities. But there are few cities having more than one-third of their population foreign born, and there is no city in which one-half of the population is foreign born.

The nearest approach to the latter condition is found in Fall River, where 48 per cent. of the population, including many French Canadians, is foreign born; Lawrence, Mass., 45 per cent.; Lowell, Mass., 43; Passaic, N. J., 46; Woonsocket, R. I., 44; Manchester, Mass., 42; New York, 37; Paterson, 36; Boston, 35; and in the West, Chicago, 34; Detroit, 33; Milwaukee, 31; Cleveland, 32; San Francisco, 34; and Duluth 39.

These are the cities having the largest proportionate foreign born population. The number of cities in which native born Americans not only predominate, but predominate so largely as to constitute fully one-half of the population, is more numerous.

Binghamton has 80 per cent. of its population native born and Elmira has 82. Allentown, Pa., one of the strong holds of the Pennsylvania Germans, has 91 per cent. of its population native born; Harrisburg, the Pennsylvania capital, has 95 per cent.; Washington, the National capital, has 92; Richmond and Norfolk, Va., have 96; York, Pa., has 96; Chattanooga and Nashville, Tenn., have 96; Topeka, Kansas, has 90; Indianapolis has 84, Terre Haute has 92; Charleston has 95, and Louisville, Ky., 94.

But the American city which comes nearer to having an exclusively native population than any other is perhaps, Montgomery, Ala., with 99 per cent., though Montgomery does not usually rank among the important cities of the United States.

Little Rock, Ark., has 91 per cent. of American population and Los Angeles 80.—New York Sun.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Nothing is trifling that can make a human heart larger or happier.—Wellspring.

Our grand business undoubtedly is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

The intimacy of God is not intuition, it is only unintelligible, not universal, but the comprehensible, it is a close intimacy, the stillness of the perpetual searchingness.—John Ruskin.

Patience and strength are what we need, an earnest one to what we have now; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be.—Phillips Brooks.

A life of religion is a life of faith, and faith is that strange faculty by which man feels the presence of the invisible, exactly as some animals have the power of seeing in the dark.—F. W. Robertson.

The aim for which we give our best strength is everything, the visible success is nothing. True faith may be the greatest, goodness and fidelity in the highest, when visible success is at the least.—John Hamilton Thom.

Life passes, riches fly away, popularity is fickle, the senses decay, the world changes, friends die. One alone is true to us, one alone can be true; one alone can be all things to us, one alone can supply our need.—J. H. Newman.

Our prisons are the stairway up which our spirits mount in the contemplation of the divine perfection. They are symbols, poor and weak, which reveal to us more clearly and make us feel more deeply the perfect goodness of God.—C. C. Everett.

We are apt to mistake our vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over the ordinary one which lie directly in the road before us. When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs, and when we come to act, we cannot bear a provoking word.—Hannah Moore.

Try always to see clearly that right is right and wrong is wrong. Remember in speaking to any one that you want to help, the more earnest and his consciousness of self you are, the better you will help them. Probably the words you think most telling, will affect them least, while those you think nothing of, God will use for their good. Leave all results to God.—T. T. Carter.

There's Plenty of Work.

There's work enough in the world to keep us all busy scheming how to get out of doing that work.—Atlanta Constitution.