

THE COUNTRY WOMAN.

Before the blacksmith shop she waits, In her high country wagon sitting.

With anxious eyes she watches him, Her busy thoughts are homeward straying.

High in the elm tree o'er the way, On sunlit boughs the birds are singing.

She knows at home the patient cows Stand lowing at the bars to greet her.

And smiles in honest, rustic pride, At shrewd, hard bargains she's been making.

The setting sun lights up her face, Turning its harshness into beauty.

ROSINE'S ROMANCE.

When Miss Magnolia carefully withdrew the dress from the great cedar trunk, unpinned the old damask tablecloth which enveloped it and spread out its shining folds for the admiration of her niece, Rosine, that young lady clasped her pretty hands and quoted Keats:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever!" she said.

Miss Magnolia nodded and smiled. She was small and round and brown as a maiden lady of decidedly certain age could be.

"Yes, my dear, it is a thing of beauty! And to think I never wore it but twice. Dear, dear!"

"You had a lover then, auntie?" asked Rosine.

"Yes, yes. That was one of the dresses I got for my marriage. But he went away—on business, he said. And he never came back. It is just the gown for your fancy dress ball!"

"Not so very long ago," protested Rosine, with a laugh. "But really, auntie, I don't like to take it. It is too lovely!"

"Not for a raiment of war! Remember, you are going to conquer the dragon!"

"That is so. And the master should have written 'Thrice' in she armed who wears a pretty dress!"

The foe against whom Miss Rosine Wilde purposed arraying herself was the obdurate uncle of her handsome lover. Most promptly and perversely had he opposed the marriage of his nephew. The young fellow would have ignored the refusal of his relative, were it not that the old gentleman had all indeed taken the place of his dead father to him. So he decided that Rosine should meet his uncle and put his prejudice to rout.

"He is coming to visit an old friend of his," Cyril had said—"Judge Charteau. You know the Charteau family. Of course you have heard they are going to give a fancy dress ball next month in honor of the coming out of their daughter, Lisette. You will receive a card. You will attend. You will meet Uncle Albert. And you will take his heart by storm."

Hopefully he had planned his scheme; enthusiastically had he explained it. But Rosine protested. It was to be a grand ball, and she had nothing to wear. Besides, she did not like the idea of plotting to make a person like her. And—"Bless you," cried Cyril, "he doesn't dislike you. I don't believe he even knows your name. His resentment is general, not particular. As soon as I told him I was in love with a southern girl he—he (I have to drop into slang, Rosine)—he sat squarely down on me. It seems a southern girl killed him when he was young, and he is bound to save me from a like awful fate. But when once he sees you he is bound to capitulate. He is a regular old brick—Uncle Albert."

"But I have nothing to wear. And what is more, I can't buy a dress for the Charteau ball. We—Aunt Magnolia and I—are as poor as the proverbial church mice."

"But just then Miss Magnolia came to Rosine's relief like a regular little fairy godmother."

"The very thing!" she cried—"my primrose satin!"

Rosine regarded her dubiously, delightedly.

"Jealously she knew, had her aunt always guarded her trunk of treasures, her jewels, her laces, her rich, stiff, glistening old brocades."

"Do you mean it, auntie?"

Miss Magnolia's bright old eyes winked very rapidly indeed.

"I do, my dear! I was young once myself."

And that was how Rosine Wilde came to be the belle of Madame Charteau's fancy dress ball. The proposed festivity had been the talk of New Orleans for several weeks. The night long anticipated was cool, crisp, sweet and pearly. Brilliantly lighted was the broad balconied old residence on St. Charles street. Many a carriage rolled up and rolled off. When Rosine descended from the barouche of her chaperon she felt a little nervous, a little elated and conscious that she was looking uncommonly well

—as indeed she was. Quite a picture was the pretty young figure, in the clinging gown of pale yellowish satin, picturesquely puffed and quaintly fashioned. The corsage, cut roundly, revealed the firm, full throat. Dainty mouse skin swathed the arms, which, if slender, were also exquisitely rounded. And the small, olive tinted face was lit to loveliness by pensive black eyes. A flash of adoration succeeded the serene nonchalance of Cyril Rodney's countenance as he caught sight of her. He made his way to her side.

"Queen Rosine!" he murmured. "I wonder if you know that you're far far the prettiest girl here to-night! Poor Uncle Albert! How complete will be his surrender!"

She swept him a mocking courtesy. "Ah," said she, smilingly, "if that conviction were but mine!"

The sentence ended in a long, soft sigh. "Si te pas gague"—he began. "Can't find it, I never can get my tongue around your creolism! The saying is, however, that if there was no sighing in the world the world would stifle. Now, prepare to face the music!"

And off he went. He soon returned. By his side was a sturdy old gentleman. Rosine's heart beat more rapidly.

"The dragon!" she said.

Silver hair had the dragon. A dark mustache had the dragon. A florid complexion had the dragon. And a manner that was grave, dignified, courteous.

"Uncle Albert," explained Cyril, with boyish eagerness, "this is Miss Rosine Wilde."

"Wilde!" The old gentleman started perceptibly. He looked at the blushing girl—at the yellowish gown. He bowed.

"And," avowed young Rodney, sending his sweetheart a swift smile of encouragement, "and—the young lady of whom I spoke to you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Albert Ellsworth. Then interrogatively: "Wilde? Was your father's name Clayton Wilde?"

Rosine assented.

"And your mother's maiden name was Magnolia Kingsley?"

"Oh, dear, no! Aunt Magnolia was never married. My mother's name was Madeline Kingsley."

"Eh?" cried the dragon.

The florid color had faded from his cheeks. He was tugging nervously at his dark mustache. He looked agitated, perplexed.

"My mother died ten years ago," said Rosine, "and since then I have lived with Aunt Magnolia."

Mr. Ellsworth regarded her grimly.

"Is that," he asked abruptly, "your aunt's gown you have on?"

The soft rose fire in the girl's cheek deepened.

"How in the world did you know?" she counter questioned.

A queer, wavering smile was his only reply.

A constrained silence ensued. Cyril gave his uncle an astonished glance.

"So Magnolia is an old maid?" said Mr. Ellsworth, abruptly.

"If she is," cried Rosine, stung to defense by a remark she chanced to consider rude, "it is because she was true to a lover who proved unworthy of her!"

"Eh!" ejaculated Mr. Ellsworth, more sharply than before. And suddenly he turned and walked away.

The following day he insisted on accompanying his nephew to the gaunt, ramshackle, once aristocratic old home in the French quarter, where dwelt Rosine. As they were passing the vaulted entrance to the little flagged courtyard, Albert Ellsworth caught sight of a familiar figure moving among the potted plants and boxes of blooms.

"Go on, lad!" he had said to Cyril. He had paused, and was looking through the brief avenue of gloom to the brightness beyond.

Cyril was about to question this new vagary, when the thought of a peculiar possibility made him catch his breath and as he bidden. He knocked at the barred back door, and was admitted to Rosine's radiant presence. And meanwhile his uncle went into the courtyard. The little old lady standing by the banana tree looked up at the sound of the step on the stones.

"Magnolia!" he cried.

Miss Magnolia gazed at him in a dazed, half-frightened kind of way. Did ghosts ever appear in the daytime? Stouter than he whom she had known, and with hair grown gray. But the same. Around her, in a fantastic dance, the broken fountain, the long leaved banana tree and the giant oleanders went whirling. She didn't faint, but she came nearer to it than she ever had come in her life.

"Did you think I had deserted you, Magnolia? When I left you to go north on business I believed in you as I've never believed in any one since. And while away I heard and read that you had married that young Wilde I used to be so jealous of. So I went to Europe. And I stayed there."

"But Clayton Wilde married Madeline. I always told you he came to see her."

"Yes, I know that—now. I was a fool to have been so easily convinced of your falsity. You haven't changed a bit. I knew you the moment I saw you."

Miss Magnolia smiled delightedly. She did not know he had expected to see her.

"I never forgot the dress you wore the last time I saw you," declared Mr. Ellsworth, waxing fervent. "I recognized it on your niece last night."

"Last night! Are you—surely you are not the dragon!"

"What at?"

"The—the dragon!" faltered Miss Magnolia.

Mr. Ellsworth looked blank.

"That," murmured the little lady, feeling she was in for it, and might as well make a clean breast, "was what Rosine and I called Cyril's uncle. And Rosine was going to conquer him."

He burst out laughing.

"Well, she did. The boy shall marry Madeline's pretty daughter. And you, Magnolia—you'll marry me!"

"Oh, dear, no! I'm too old."

"Not a day."

"And ugly—now!"

"Loveliest woman in the world to me," insisted the dragon, loyally.

"Bless you, my children!" cried a voice from above, and the pair in the courtyard glanced up. On one of the inner balconies stood Rosine and Cyril.

"Vanish, you scamps!" roared the dragon.

"I shan't allow you to marry a southern girl, sir!" shouted back Cyril, as he and Rosine beat a brisk retreat.

Laughing and breathless they faced each other in the old drawing room.

"Everything is lovely, sweetheart!" cried Cyril, in an ecstasy.

Relief for the Farmer.

So much is being said through the press and otherwise of the depressed condition of agriculture and its causes that one can scarcely take up a paper without finding something on the subject; but it is nearly always the same wail with a partisan reason. It was the same under the Cleveland administration that we find under the Harrison regime. With these partisan papers it is all tariff to the exclusion of other non-partisan reasons, so that it is hard to reach the farmer and direct his attention to other causes. I will not dispute for a moment that an import duty gives the opportunity for higher prices for that which is for sale in our country and so does free trade lower the prices; if this were not so the business industries would not concern themselves as to what would be the policy of the Government on this question. The farming industry is alike interested because of fluctuations. If our Government puts woolen manufactures on the free list prices will go down, as these goods can be bought cheaper in foreign markets; just so if wool is put on the free list it will be lower in price, as it can be bought cheaper abroad. But the Government needs revenues. There is now over \$100,000,000 collected on import duties. If we abolish these duties then we must collect this amount by a direct internal revenue tax the same as we now do upon the tobacco growers. There are good people on both sides of this question, and we will have tariff and free trade discussions for the next hundred years, but in all justice, what is done for other industries should be done for farmers, and I sincerely believe will be done if they unitedly ask and use their influence as other classes do.

But let us look beyond the tariff and see what else can be done to better the condition of the farmer.

Recently in company with a number of gentlemen of public influence the conversation turned upon this subject, and I was asked to outline what in my judgment would relieve and better the present condition of the agricultural class, as I had no doubt given the subject much thought and from my position must be familiar with the condition and feelings of the farmer.

I said in reply (and what I believe to be true) that the present depressed condition of agriculture is not owing to any one cause—or would any one course help them out—but a combination of causes and circumstances. I said revise the tax laws of our State as proposed by the Grange and you will save upwards of \$5,000,000 to the farmers of Pennsylvania annually and over \$9,000,000 to all real estate owners in town and country. Distribute these \$5,000,000 annually among farmers and it will help them to the extent of their school tax each.

2. Prevent the wholesale importation of diseased and insect-infested hogs from the corn bins and slaughter houses of the West and require all cattle shipped from without the State to be inspected on hoof before slaughtering here, and let the State in every way encourage the growing and feeding of cattle on small farms by removing all taxes and other burdens, so that small farmers can supply the local market. If you cannot prevent the importation of 'embalmed meat' put a high license on the parties selling it. This is a contest of our home people with a great cattle syndicate West that robs the farmer there to undersell our farmers here in the wholesale market, while the retail prices remain the same to the consumer.

3. Make the coinage of silver free, then the people that get it coined will be required to take it the same as gold. This would advance the price of silver to the gold standard in the markets of the world, and place our export agricultural products on an equality with those of other countries. At is now, gold being the standard of value, making exchanges with foreign countries compels the sale of our products in competition with the silver standard nations of the world, thus placing Russian and India wheat into European markets lower than we can, England making over 33 cents per bushel in making her exchange with India as the difference between gold and silver. Before silver was demonetized, from 1792 to 1873, the values were almost uniformly alike. During the war silver was even a trifle higher.

4. Let Congress fix the volume of currency per capita. In 1865 we had \$56 per capita, in 1890 we had only \$17. Perhaps \$56 per capita was more than the best interests of the country required; but \$17 per capita, which is worse, is as much too low (I am now speaking from a farmer's standpoint). The best times the farmers ever had was when we had \$56 currency per capita, and I am sure other industries were the most prosperous, as everybody consumed more by living better. Let Congress fix the volume at not less than \$40 per capita, and set the mints and mints to work and the farmers will take the money and pay their mortgages by the increased price they will realize for their products and keep the mills at work by buying farm machinery, cotton, woolen and silk fabrics; should there not be enough gold and silver to raise the volume of currency to \$40 per capita, refund interest bearing bonds for non-interest bearing demand notes. To get the increased price they will realize for their products, the farmer on mortgaged bank currency to national banks. The farmers can stand Senator Stanford's idea. They had better make him Secretary of the Treasury and the farmers

pass his bill. Don't be afraid that we can't get the money out.

5. Put the tariff down on what the farmer buys and put it up on what he raises (be selfish enough for self-preservation) that will make our wool, our hides, our beans, our potatoes, our barley higher, and put the duty up so high on the beer that it can't come here; we don't need foreign beer.

Now I have outlined to you farmers, as I did to those public gentlemen, what would help farmers. I did not take into consideration how it would affect political parties.

Well, parties are after all what we make them. If farmers have clean cut ideas on public questions and go into their political conventions and offer their resolutions they will go into the party platform and commit the party; then put men in nomination that will carry out your ideas. You have competent farmers enough to send to the Legislature and to Congress to secure what legislation you need. Don't be afraid of the man in your community that has built up the Grange; being true to the Grange he will be true to your interests, no matter how often you elect him if he is the man to serve you best. Cities and corporations keep men that serve them best in the Legislature and in Congress a lifetime.

Patrons must stand united in the interests of their class if they wish to bring about the same honors and remunerations that other classes acquire through associated efforts. To be successful we must carry out our motto, "In essentials, unity, and in non-essentials, liberty." Therefore, for the sake of unity, we must give up detailed differences so as to bring about general results in the interests of the agricultural people.

Fraternally,

LEONARD RHONE.

A Square Deal for Everybody.

To enable home and land-seekers to visit the farming sections of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana, the Great Northern Railway Line will sell excursion tickets, with stop-over privileges, good for thirty days, at One Fare for the Round Trip, on April 22d, May 20th, September 20th, and October 14th, from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and West Superior.

This will enable purchasers to see the famous Park Region of Minnesota, the wonderful Red Valley, Devil's Lake, the Turtle Mountain, and the Mouse River Regions of North Dakota; the rich valleys of the Big Sioux and James in South Dakota, and the vast fertile districts watered by the Missouri, Milk, Teton and Marias Rivers, in the great Reservation of Montana; no land grant restrictions or extra costs there in securing homesteads.

The Great Northern Railway runs three lines through the Red River Valley, is the only line to the Turtle Mountains, has three lines in South Dakota, and runs the only solid through trains of Palace, Dining and Sleeping Cars, Modern Day Coaches and Free Coach Sleepers to Fargo, Bismarck, Moorhead, Fargo, Grand Forks, Crookston, Devils Lake, Minot, Glasgow, Chinook, Benton, Great Falls, Helena, and Butte, Montana. It is the only railway in the west owning and operating its entire superior equipment, and with solid roadway, 75-pound steel track, insures safety, comfort and speed.

Your home agent can sell you excursion tickets to over 500 points on the Great Northern Railway Line. Maps, guide books or information concerning travel or settlement along this line, cheerfully furnished by any agent of the Company, or F. L. Whitney, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent, G. N. R'y., St. Paul, Minn.

Human Happiness.

It is Secured When Physically and Mental Labor are Judiciously Mingled.

Work, either of the muscles or the brain, is one of the conditions of human happiness. Without it there can be no wholesome enjoyment. The idle man either seeks a substitute for the healthy excitement of labor in vicious indulgence, or degenerates into a being only a few degrees above the lower animals.

The truest life—that most accordant with our nature—is one in which physical and mental labor are judiciously mingled, alternating with such recreation as tends to refresh and renovate both. Neither constant bodily toil nor incessant study is advisable. When the muscles are tired give them a recess and do a little head-work. When both head and hand are weary, try amusement—light reading of a wholesome kind, a romp with your children, if you have any, a social evening with a friend—any thing, in fact, that may properly be termed innocent relaxation.

This is rational life. It is a sort of life that may be warranted to wear well, and it will not be clouded with fits of the blues. He who lives it will be younger in feeling at three score than the man whose career has been a gallop after excitement, at thirty-five.

If you belong to the working world, and eat your bread in the sweat of your brow, do not fancy that you have, therefore, no opportunity to enrich your mind. Labor, thank Heaven, is not so ill-paid in this country that the toiler can not afford to throw down his tools, now and then, and cultivate his intellect. Two-thirds, at least, of our distinguished men have been farm laborers and handicraftsmen. Very few of them were "college bred." Our common schools impart all the instruction necessary to enable their pupils, in after life, to educate themselves thoroughly in the higher branches of knowledge. With the foundation thus laid, what is there that a persevering and ambitious American can not teach himself? Nothing, we believe, that the human mind is capable of mastering. Let it never be forgotten that our greatest statesmen, discoverers, inventors, scholars and artists have sprung from the ranks of labor, not from the silk-stockings classes.

—Mrs. Wickwire—"Of course I have my faults and failings, but you should be the last man to find them out." Mr. Wickwire—"Well, I suppose I am, but it is too late for the knowledge to be of any use to me."

Farm Slaves of the United States.

Senator Voorhees Tells How the Tariff Doesn't Protect the Farmers, and How Their Lands are Slipping Away.

Senator Voorhees some time since in the United States Senate, delivered an address on the tariff, which should be placed in the hands of every farmer in the Union. The following are among the strongest positions taken by the Indiana sage:

"Experience is teaching a harsh and severe lesson to the American farmer, and the time will come, at no distant day, when he will look upon the proposition to tax him, his wife, and his children, for the protection and benefit of other people beside himself and his own, as he would look upon a law of Congress establishing the army worm, the weevil, and the midge in his wheat, legalizing his cattle with cholera, and his hogs with cholera. It is not possible that the fraudulent and monstrous policy of taxing the farmer into poverty in order to make another class of people nabobs and millionaires can much longer delude and mislead any one fit to manage his own affairs and have the care of a family."

From year to year the farmer has been assured, and in certain quarters he is now again being reminded, that protection is extended to the products of his labor against the competition of similar products imported from abroad for sale in our markets. The protectionist who advances this argument is either himself a fool or an audacious knave, who assumes that the farmer to whom it is addressed are fools. Do the homemarkets of the United States invite the great staples of agriculture from foreign lands? Does the price of wheat, of corn, of cotton, of pork and of beef in our markets excite the cupidities of the grain growers and stock raisers of Europe, Canada, Mexico, or South America?

What need is there of a tariff duty to keep the products of foreign farms away from our shores, when 'in point of fact prices in American markets for agricultural productions pay the American farmer but little more than neighborhood transportation, and nothing at all for his labor?"

The farmers of the United States sell abroad and feed the world. Every particle of protection for their home markets is a fraud; every duty laid on such articles as wheat, corn, cattle, horses, eggs, poultry, and other like productions of farm life and farm labor is a cheat and a sham, and is so intended. Under cover of a deceptive and pretended protection, which affords no protection at all for anything he has to sell, the farmer has been for years, and is now compelled to pay taxes on the necessities of life after the following average rates: On woolen goods, an average of 70 per cent.; knit cotton goods, 30 per cent.; cotton clothing, 55 per cent.; cotton hosiery, 44 per cent.; cotton ties, 35 per cent.; tin plate for roofing, milk pails and kitchen utensils, 40 per cent.; earthen and stone ware, 58 per cent.; chains, 44 per cent.; window glass, 73 per cent.; and sugar, 70 per cent.

To convince the farmer that he is protected and benefited by such an abnormal system as this, would seem to a rational mind utterly impossible, and yet in some instances it has been done. I recall one instance at this time, and I will venture to describe it to senators as I have once before done to a popular assembly. During the campaign of 1883, in one of our beautiful Indiana towns, and in a very fertile belt of country, I witnessed a republican procession. It had in it many industrial exhibits, claiming to show the power and the glory of a tariff laid for protection. As I scanned the long line of moving vehicles I caught sight of one that riveted my gaze and gave me much food for reflection on the power to mislead and deceive which was abroad in the land. It was a wagon driven by a farmer and loaded with the productions of his field. There were specimens of corn, wheat, rye, hay and oats; of potatoes, pumpkins, watermelons and canteloupes; of cabbages, beans, onions, pea-plants and tomatoes; of apples, peaches, pears, grapes and cultivated blackberries, and on each side of the wagon in big staring letters I read the following: "These are the fruits of protection." My first thought was that such a man would certainly become the victim of a bunco stealer or a confidence swindler before he got out town, but in a moment I reflected that he had been listening to the eloquent advocates of the monopolists, and had been persuaded that tariff protection had done more for him than the sun, the dews, the rains and a rich and bountiful soil, with all his own labor thrown in.

The stupendous extent of this unfortunate delusion can only be estimated when you turn away from a political parade and look at him while at work on his farm. You there behold the poor, blind dupe breaking up his grounds, preparing them for crops, and then planting and drilling in his corn, wheat, oats and rye with plows, harrows, planters and drills in which he has paid out of his own pocket from 75 to 100 per cent., nearly double their real value, as a tariff tax laid for the protection and enrichment of the manufacturers of such implements in this country. You behold this enslaved and deluded victim of the money power cutting his grain and hay with a reaper and a mower for which he has paid twice what they would cost him but for a protective tariff.

He used a double priced hoe in his cabbage patch and a double-priced pitchfork in his hay mow and wheat stack, in order to enable the manufacturers of hoes and pitchforks to avoid foreign competition and thus get rich. He taxed a set of harness on his horses, taxed from the middle bits to the breech bands and on every buckle, link and chain, hitches them to a wagon taxed 85 per cent., at least, on every bolt, spike and tire that holds it together, and then with a suit of clothes on his back taxed about the same rate, and with his wife by his side, also covered with tax, he starts to town shouting for the Republican party, and the side-boards of his wagon proclaiming that the productions of his farm are the fruits of protection. The fruits of protection! They were

planted, nurtured and gathered in spite of protection, and at a double expense because of such a curse in the statute books of the government. It is a notorious and self-evident truth that the tariff, as it now stands, increases the farmer's expense account, from 30 to over 100 per cent, on every implement of husbandry with which he toils from one year's end to another.

The Mills bill attempted to place all fibers, such as hemp, jute, flax goods, and manilla, used in the manufacture of twine on the free list. That just and moderate bill was defeated by the monopolists; and now with a tariff of 20 a ton and 40 per cent. ad valorem on twine, and also a twine trust, creating a close monopoly in its manufacture, thousands of farmers during last summer's harvest were not able to pay the increased price of binder's twine. They have been forced back to the machinery of their naked hand, and with bloody fingers and thumbs they have reflected upon the price of binding twine, enhanced to 18 cents a pound by tariff and by trust. It is true that party prejudices are stubborn and hard to remove, but surely it is not too much to suppose that between these same sore fingers and thumbs a Republican ticket will not be found this year.

The very house in which the farmer lives is a monument to unnecessary, unjust, vicious, wicked and criminal taxation. His barn is the same. There is not an inch of lumber, or a single nail, or a pane of glass in either of them which has not cost the farmer an average tax of more than 50 per cent., paid, not to the government, but as a naked subsidy to the manufacturers of lumber, iron and glass. His table, spread with his dishes and with his daily food, is an altar reared to taxation, on which he sacrifices three times a day to the unholy god of mammon now controlling the councils of the nation and devouring the enforced offerings of unpaid labor. His bed is not a place of untroubled rest; it is lined and stitched and quilted with dishonest taxes, which he is compelled to pay before he can draw his blanket over his weary frame and sink down to sleep.

But in discussing the effects of a high protective tariff on the farmer, and on his struggles for a prosperous home, there remains for consideration another page of startling statistics and agricultural disasters. In high-sounding phrase and with the swelling note of a bugle proclaiming victory in advance, the advocates, the orators and the essayists of protection are constantly boasting of the growth and development of the country, and citing its wealth as an evidence that their policy is sound and just. But it is true that there has been a healthy development of the true interests of the American people, and an honest, beneficial accumulation of wealth in this country under our present financial policy, and more especially by virtue of the present system of tariff taxation? The prosperity of huge corporations, the accumulation of vast fortunes in the hands of the few, the swollen bank accounts of trusts, syndicates and protected manufacturers are no more evidences of a people's wholesome growth and greatness than were the riches of Dives when he refused a crumb of bread to Lazarus, nor the ill-gotten possessions of the Scribes and Pharisees who devoured widow's houses and made long prayers in the days of our blessed Saviour on earth. The only genuine strength, progress and glory of a nation must arise from the increasing value of its agricultural lands, and in the yearly incomes and substantial gains of its laboring people, thereby, as a consequence, securing their contentment and their happiness."

Wild Fowl in Norton Sound.

From the Sitka Alaskan.

Until the acquisition of Alaska by the United States it was a matter of wonder where certain wild fowl went when they migrated from temperate climes on the approach of summer, as well as snow birds and other small species of the feathered tribe. It was afterward found that their habitat in summer was the waters of Alaska, the Yukon River, and the lakes of that Siberian region. A reporter recently interviewed C. J. Green, of Norton Sound, western Alaska, and he confirms the statement of Dail and others.

"People wonder where the wild fowl come from," said he. "They see the sandhill crane, wild geese, heron, and other wild fowl every spring and fall pursue their unwearied way, but like the wind, they do not know whence they come or whether they go. Up on Galovin Bay, on the north shore of Norton Sound, is the breeding place of these fowl. All the birds in creation, seemingly, go to that country to breed. Geese, ducks, swans, and thousands upon thousands of sand hill cranes are swarming there all the time. They lay their eggs in the blue-stem grass in the lowlands, and if you go up the river a little way from the bay the noise of the wild fowl is almost deafening. Myriads of swallows and robins are there, as well as millions of magnificent grouse, wearing red combs and feathered moccasins. The grouse turns white as snow in winter. You can kill dozens of juicy teal ducks or grouse as fat as butter balls in a few moments. The wild fowl and bears live on salmon berries, with which all the hills are literally covered."

A Possible Chance for the Corn Burners.

Philadelphia Record.

The brewers of England are using large quantities of American corn as a substitute for barley in making beer. The consequent falling off in the demand for barley has brought about a reduction in price. Even the prohibitionist farmers of Kansas, who are burning their corn for fuel, will not be sorry to profit indirectly in supplying the hated British free traders with an indifferent quality of beer.

—Since the constitutionality of the electrical execution law, Kemmler, the murderer, has been sentenced to die by electricity at Auburn prison within the week beginning April 28. Joseph Wood, a colored laborer convicted of murder, has been sentenced in the New York General Sessions Court to die by electricity in the week beginning May 12.