

TREKKING.

Trekking! trekking! trekking! I will never the trek be done? Will never the rest, will never the home be won? and forever won? Are we only beasts of the jungle foot for the fleeing prey? With a fair in the bush at midnight—on the velvet trackless way? Ever the word is "onward"—ever our white train goes Deeper and deeper northward beyond the grasp of our foes— Deeper and deeper northward our fathers went before— But the door of the world is closed—Is closed— where can we trek to more?

Trekking! trekking! trekking! think you we love not our home? Think you my father prized not the farm of the yellow loam? And mother—I see her weeping beside my brother tall, Turning and gazing northward beyond the mountain wall. The cattle—they seem to be standing dumb in a brute despair With a longing look at the pasture—they feel the trek in the air? Even old Yok seems broken—he turns from the tempting bone—I see him there in the corner, manlike, brooding alone?

Trekking! trekking! trekking! through the Zululand we go, The midnight tiger stalking us, and ever the savage foe— Before—the savage foe to meet, the "redcoat" foe behind— What have we done to be blown about like a leaf upon the wind? Ah, over the Vaal we shall find our peace—over the rushing Vaal— The Lord has led us to rest at last—blindly we followed His call, The land He promised is ours to keep—is ours forever to keep— Piet, what noise is there in the kraal—think you a wolf at the sheep?

Trekking! trekking! trekking! I have trekked till our tall strong men Have sworn an oath by our father's God, we shall never trek again!

The doors of the northward world are closed—the doors of our past are strong— They shall open their lock to a brother's knock—but not to the threat of wrong! There is the gun your father bore when he climbed Majuba's hill— 'Tis yours, Piet, to bear it now with your father's faith and will— For the land is ours—the land is ours—if ever a hand was laid upon you, say, my son?—Yes—go to the dawn, my son!

—John Jerome Rooney, in New York Sun.

MISS THIRZA THOMPSON'S TROLLEY TRIP.

Miss Thirza waved her hand imperiously. In her abstraction she had been carried past the house, and this fact somewhat nettled her. Mrs. Littleby was looking out of her sitting-room window, and smiled. Miss Thirza was more nettled than ever as she retraced the few steps to her own front yard, unlatched the gate, walked up the gravel walk, and let herself in the front door. She would usually have gone in at the side door. But now it was different. She felt Mrs. Littleby's eyes upon her, and the Littlebys' never used their front door—never! It had not been opened, she was sure, since Lina was married. Oh yes! once, she did remember, when the new minister came to town and Mrs. Littleby had invited him to supper.

"Neither did it happen to Lina's ride in the electric car. Only that morning Mrs. Littleby had said so. She, Thirza, had been several times. They were very convenient. She locked the door with a click. She should feel mortified to go in and out of the back door always. An odor of biscuit, with just a suspicion of scorching, filled the little front entry. Thirza sniffed hungrily. Riding, does make you real appreciative of food," she murmured, as she removed her bonnet in front of the little oval glass in the hall, and hung her wrap on a peg, and proceeded without delay to the kitchen.

"I should say those biscuits were more than done, Luella. I'm afraid you haven't looked at them lately. They do awful faint at the last, and you can't tend to much else, specially when you have a wood fire."

She threw open the oven door with a bang and drew out the biscuits with a flourish. "There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly; "another minute would have burned them black. That last wood is real hot wood, it seems to me."

Luella nodded. "There's lots of difference in wood," she assented, as they seated themselves at the table. Thirza ate abstractedly. Once she started to speak, but Luella was attending to a boy who had come after milk. When she was seated again Thirza made another attempt.

"I'm going off," she announced, abruptly. "I'm going to take a trip, Luella."

Luella ate in silence. "Those Palmer folks have been after you again to come down there?" she ventured, finally. "It's about time, if they ain't discouraged; and I should think they would be, seeing you never take any notice of it except to write and say you can't go now, but hope to come sometime. For my part, I should think they'd give it up for good, and I wouldn't blame them one mite if they did."

Thirza shook her head; then, with an ill-concealed attempt at carelessness, "I'm going to New York."

Luella gave a surprised start, and the biscuit in her hand dropped onto the tablecloth. It left a little grease spot, but for once she did not mind. "New York?" she cried, excitedly. "What on earth, Thirza Thompson?"

Her sister smiled easily. "Oh, I just thought I'd like to go," she said, "I'm going by trolley-cars, you know."

"Trolley-cars?" "Yes, you know I'm real fond of riding. I ain't never had enough of it; and I was speaking to a motorman to-day. You know it says you nuzn't ever talk to them—it is one of their rules—but I always do, and I never noticed but what they seemed real glad to have me. I suppose they get lonesome standing there all alone and never saying anything. It's lots different from being conductor. They get some talkings to of all kinds. But as I

was saying, I sat up front, and I asked this man what the farthest ride was I could take, and he kind of laughed and said New York.

"I thought he was fooling me, but he wasn't. He kept right on, saying how you could go 'way from Boston to New York by trolley, except one or two places where there wasn't any tracks, and then you had to ride on steam-cars. But 'twas trolley most of the way, anyhow, and folks were doing it lots now. 'Twas getting to be real stylish. There'd been two parties through this morning, and he heard them talking about it, and everybody seemed to be trying to do it faster or cheaper than the other folks had done. I shouldn't try that. It's dreadful foolish, when you're trying to have a good time."

Thirza paused for a moment, and took a swallow of tea. "I suppose folks will think it's dreadful foolish of me," she continued, "but I've made up my mind. I made it up just soon as I heard him tell about it. My money's my own, and I guess I can take it to go to New York with if I want to; and I'm going, and I'm going to have a real good time."

Luella looked at her admiringly. "I should think you'd be afraid," she said. "New York's a wicked place, and you might get lost or have folks try to rob you, or something. I don't think you'd better stay there any. I suppose you could turn right around and come back."

Thirza straightened visibly. "I guess I'm old enough to look out for myself," she retorted. "I look respectable, don't I, Luella? No one would ever mistrust but what I was a perfectly respectable person, would they?"

Luella closely scrutinized the prim yet kindly face opposite her, and shook her head vehemently. "Of course you're respectable," she declared. "You're real lady-like-looking, if I do say it."

"Well, then, I guess I can get along all right," Thirza insisted, as she pushed back her chair and began to clear the table. "A woman of my age and respectability can go anywhere. I've heard folks say that lots of times, and I'm going to New York by trolley. You see."

Miss Thirza drew a deep breath of keen delight. For two hours she had been speeding over a new country. There had been only one change, and now she was ensconced in her favorite front seat, her bag under the seat, and the wind blowing her hair in little gray tendrils about her face. She had never ridden in such a long car before. It gave her a feeling of elegance, and there wasn't that monotonous clanging and ringing of the bell beneath the motorman's feet, but a whistle instead, clear and sharp like the steam cars, waking echoes all along the way. Miss Thirza felt as if it were the acquisition were her own. Surely, trolleying to New York was a great success.

"That was a real nice ride," she remarked to the motorman, as the end of the route was reached and he sprang from the platform, crank and gravel-pail in hand. "It was dreadful pretty country. Don't you think so?" It just like to take that ride all over again."

She looked anxiously from the man to the car ahead, fast filling with passengers, and her hand clutched her bag and umbrella.

"The folks who have been over it say there ain't a prettier stretch 'tween here and New York," the motorman replied, proudly. "There's some real interesting places 'long back here away. I could tell you about 'em if you go back 'long with us."

Miss Thirza hesitated no longer, but agilely sprang from the high step and walked briskly to the other end of the car, and showed her bag into its accustomed place. "I'm not in any particular hurry," she explained, "and the other car was pretty well crowded, and I hate a crowd. I can take that ride over again just 's well's not, I suppose."

It was dark, quite dark, when Miss Thirza reached Worcester. She walked the whole three times. The first time she passed rapidly, as if intent on reaching a destination a few blocks further on. Then she turned and walked leisurely back and peered in all the way.

There were no loungers in the office, which was plainly exposed to view through the wide open doors. That recommended it to her. Moreover, a big striped cat sat dozing just inside the door. Miss Thirza observed as she came by the third time, and it settled her mind. She walked in.

A boy sauntered forward and lazily took the bag from her hand. Miss Thirza was somewhat surprised, for how did he know that she was going to stay? She might be calling in just to ask a question. But she submitted, nevertheless.

"I want a room for the night," she announced to the clerk as he shoved a book towards her and thrust a pen into her hand. "I'm trolleying to New York, and I've got to stay here overnight. I hope you've got a good room for me. I want lots of air and a comfortable bed. The rest doesn't matter much."

The clerk peered at her over his glasses, and then wrote a number opposite her name. The boy stood in waiting and showed her to her room.

It was hot and it was stuffy, with only one window opening into a court. She stood for a moment irresolute on the threshold, but the boy assured her it was a very excellent room, and there'd be plenty of air after the window had been up awhile. Miss Thirza looked doubtful, but allowed him to light the gas and depart, after unfolding the mystery of the coiled rope by the window, an explanation on which she insisted.

It made her a trifle nervous for a moment, but then, it was foolish of course. It wasn't any more likely there'd be a fire that night than any other, and there never had been a fire there, the boy told her. They just had to have it there because it was the law.

The room was stuffy, indeed, but then, breathing fresh air all day made any room seem close, and it was only for one night. She took off her bonnet and unpacked her bag; then she sat down by the window with its stiff green shade and old-fashioned red cord and tassels, and gazed about the room. It certainly was a very ugly room. The wall-paper made her feel queer. Perhaps she'd better not look at it too steadily. She wondered if there was arsenic in it. She had heard of people who had been slowly poisoned to death by arsenic in the wall-paper. She put her hand on the bell.

Then she changed her mind. If she did get some arsenic in her system she guessed it would get blown out next day, and she should have her window open, too.

The bed looked good and clean. It was made well, anyway. She crossed the room, folded back the bed clothes, and ran her hand over the smooth, hard mattress. "It looks real clean," she congratulated herself. "I guess I shall rest well enough."

Nevertheless, it was some time before she persuaded herself to turn out the gas and go to bed. It had been an exciting day and there was a great deal to think about, and, moreover, there were plans for to-morrow to be made.

She spread out an array of maps and timetables and retraced her journey. "I didn't expect to be here to-night," she confessed, half aloud. "All the other folks started from Boston and got 'way through to New Haven in one day." Her finger carefully followed the route. "And I've only just got to Worcester," she said, thoughtfully. "But then, it doesn't matter. I wouldn't want to go rushing over the country, anyway. These folks must have missed a sight. They couldn't have seen the house where the man who married seven sisters, and then one of his wife's nieces, lived. I consider that a very remarkable thing to have seen. Luella will be interested in that. She always likes romantic things."

She closed her eyes in reverie. "Seven sisters. What relation were their children to each other? What was the wall-paper?" The cars tooted. She gave a start and jumped. "Oh, I'm here!" she murmured, looking around, startled, and hastily unbuttoning and slipping into bed. "I'm taking a trolley ride, and I've got as far as Worcester and—I'm going—to—New York."

The car was stopping longer than it usually did for a passenger, and it caused Miss Thirza to transfer her attention from the landscape to the group by the car. A little woman dressed in rusty black was being put onto the car, and a succession of bundles passed to her. "I wish I was going," she heard the old man say, tears starting in his blue eyes. "You tell 'em I'm real hearty for one my age, won't you, Harriet?"

The woman nodded. "Look out!" she said, as the bell rang sharply and the car started. "Why can't he go, I'd like to know?" Miss Thirza's voice sounded sharply over the woman's shoulder as she settled back in her seat and rearranged her bundles.

"The eyes!" Miss Thirza exclaimed. "Too poor!" she replied shrilly. "We ain't rich. He's going to the poorhouse soon."

Miss Thirza arose and waved frantically at the conductor. "Stop this car, quick!" she commanded, "and go back after that old man. He's got to go."

"Ain't he sick?" the conductor asked, gruffly, as he started to pull the bell. "I can't hurt you any," Miss Thirza insisted. "You can make it up just 's well as not. 'Twon't take a minute. He's standing there now. I wish you would."

The conductor glanced over his shoulder at the old man standing there with the night on his white head. "Let her go," he cried to the motorman, and the car slowly backed the few rods.

"Now, then!" He fairly lifted the old man onto the car, which started off with a jerk. "You tell him he can ride just as far as he wants to, it don't matter how far, and to have a good time," Miss Thirza enjoined the woman. "I don't suppose he's ever ridden very many times before?"

"He ain't ever been on the cars at all before," the woman confessed. "He wanted to real bad and was terribly interested when they laid the tracks, but he ain't never ridden, because we couldn't afford it. Five cents, don't come very plentiful you know?"

Miss Thirza looked thoughtful. "Isn't there somewhere special he'd like to go to?" she queried. "Seeing he's out, he might as well go some place except just a ride. I'm sure I'd be willing to take him to any place he'd like to go to."

Luella was getting nervous. Thirza had been gone four days and there had been only one postal from her, mailed at Worcester. "I think it's dreadful strange she doesn't write any more," she confessed to a neighbor as she turned disappointedly away from the empty post-office box. "I expected to hear real often, and I've been over there three times a day, and there hasn't been anything but just that one postal." She looked very much aggrieved.

"When folks get 'way off to New York they're quite apt to forget us folks at home," she said, as she went on. "I shouldn't fret myself one mite, Luella Thompson. I guess Thirza's old enough to take care of herself; and if she enjoys going 'round the country at this rate, and staying in big cities like New York, and like not going to Coney Island and riding on a roller-coaster, why, we needn't be surprised if she forgets all about things at home and keeps her only sister in suspense and worrying for fear she's got smashed or something."

"You don't suppose she has? Thirza's real careful always. You don't really think she has got hurt, Miss Lamson?" "Being careful doesn't help one when things are going to happen," Mrs. Lamson reassured her. "You ain't read the papers, I suppose? You might find something in them."

Luella hurried off to a newspaper stand. The papers! Why, she had never thought of the papers, for she had been busy turning a dress to surprise Thirza when she got home!

"I wish you'd make some tea right off," was her sister's greeting as she ushered the strangers into the parlor. And, Luella, the best tencups, and the fruit cake, and the spoons." This in an undertone as Luella vanished.

"You see, I met these folks out at Warren," Thirza explained, cheerily, as she passed the cups. "That's where you have to take the steam-cars. They were coming from New York, Luella, just opposite from the way I was going, and asked me lots of questions how to get where, and all that, and didn't seem to know much about it. So I said I'd just as lieve come back and show them the way, and we stopped here to get refreshed. We've had a real nice trip, haven't we?" She smiled at the new-made friends.

"And you haven't been to New York at all?" Luella demanded, when the callers had departed amid final instructions from Miss Thirza as to routes and transfers. Or Grant's Tomb, or Central Park, or anything?"

"Thirza rooked easily. "There was the old man," she said. "I took him up to Fitchburg and back again, and— Well, I did a good deal of riding, you see." She drew out her purse.

"See!" she said, as she held it upside down. Out rolled a tintype, some stamps, and a sample of snuff-colored silk. "I didn't have any left," she explained. —Harriet Caryl Cox in Harper's Bazar.

Small Fruits in 1899.

From a Bulletin by the State College Agricultural Experiment Station, by Geo. C. Butz and J. P. Pillsbury Horticulturists.

The grover of small fruits is constantly confronted with the question, "What varieties shall I plant?" and each year has urged upon him some novelty that in the language of the dealer "is far superior to anything yet introduced." Often he pays the high prices asked for novelties, and soon learns that the purchase is an absolute loss to him because the new variety proves worthless. It is, of course, a good practice for every grower of small fruits to do some experimenting with varieties, in order to be alert in the search for that one which will yield him better returns than any he has previously grown. He should be convinced that a variety has been thoroughly tested and faithfully reported upon before he makes the initial purchase of plants. Experiment Stations were formerly called upon to make such tests, and several Stations engaged in the work very extensively, but in recent years less of it is being done because of the limited usefulness of the results and the unlimited extent of the work involved.

This bulletin is based upon the report on small fruits published in the Report of the Experiment Station for year ending June 30th, 1899, in which are given in tabular form the observations made upon fifty-five varieties of strawberries, also descriptive remarks upon these and thirty-one varieties of raspberries, twenty-four of blackberries, twelve of currants and twelve of gooseberries.

The value of studying the results of a careful test of numerous varieties of strawberries should not be underestimated by the commercial grower, for whether the season be favorable or unfavorable, there is no safer index of what a variety can do. We know, too, that the cultivation accorded all varieties is the same, the advantages of plant-food are the same for all, and the observations recorded are made by one disinterested officer.

The crop of fruit this year was but one-half of the usual yield, on account of an excessive drought during the fruiting season, and yet in glancing over the table records it will be observed that the best producing varieties are, in most instances, the same as in more favorable seasons. Thus the heavy bearers are Warfield, Brandywine and VanDeman, Shuster's Gem, See No. 2, Ohio Centennial, Henderson, Havenland, Crescent and Crawford, and they may be regarded as the most successful varieties in dry seasons. We do not find in this list the favorites of other seasons, as the Bubach, Gandy, Mary, Nan and others.

With but few exceptions, the varieties were grown in "hill" and "matted row" systems, an observed with reference to the stability of each variety to the two systems. Forty-eight varieties excelled in their yields by the matted row method, and in some instances the difference was very great; frequently the yields are as 1 to 3 in favor of the matted row. The great advantage of growing strawberries in hills, carefully removing all runners as they start, is in the production of large berries, with better color and quality, which will secure a finer trade.

SOME OF THE STANDARD VARIETIES.

Brandywine. This variety has been grown at the Experiment Station since 1893. It is perfect-flowered, is a vigorous grower, mats freely, and bears large crops of fruit.

Crawford. Perfect. A good yielder. The berries long, and makes a nice appearance in the box.

Gandy. The best late variety grown here, on account of its fine, large, firm fruit.

Shuster's Gem. A pistillate variety that is a favorite in home gardens when planted with Brandywine or some other equally good, perfect-flowered variety to furnish the berries for home use, and of fine flavor, but too soft for shipment.

Van Deman. This is a good early to medium variety. It usually yields a good crop.

Warfield. This is a very general favorite for extensive planting in heavy soils. It was the best yielder on our test ground this year.

Adams' Favorite. A pistillate variety sent to us by Solomon Adams, Tamaqua, Pa. It is a free grower, and is but little attacked by leaf blight. The berries are large and firm, and the yield, though small this season, has been good in former years.

Corrie. This is a perfect-flowered variety, and the berries are large and firm, and the yield is good. The plants are vigorous, matting freely. The berries are large, bright red in color, elongated, with a smooth neck under the calyx. Flesh firm, and the yield is good.

Ellis. A variety with perfect flowers, named for D. Schenk, Hamburg. The berries are bright red, firm and good form, ripening early. It is superior to Meek's Early.

Harrison. A very promising new variety tested for George W. Adams, Tamaqua, Pa. The berries are large to very large, and the yield has been above the average. This variety mats with great freedom, and blighted severely this year. It responds to the hill treatment both in yield and size of berry.

Henderson No. 12. Received in 1898 from P. Henderson & Co., New York. The plants are most vigorous in growth, scarcely affected by leaf blight. The flowers are perfect and the berries large. The yield was good, and under better conditions would have been much greater, judging from the flowering of the plants.

Hunn. Received from Birdseye & Son, Hopewell, N. Y. Flowers perfect. Berries large to very large, round, bright red, seeds few and the flesh solid, with good flavor. This is the first season they have ripened fruit, having planted in the spring of 1898, and cannot, therefore, safely estimate the probable yield. It is apparently a late variety, and as such will be welcomed by northern growers.

Raspberries. In our test grounds six plants of each variety of raspberries are planted at distances of 4x6 feet. The plants are trained to single stakes, summer pruned by pinching the growing canes at heights ranging from 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 feet, according to the vigor of the variety. The fruiting canes are cut out and burned soon after the fruit has been harvested, to give light and air to the new growth. Cultivation is kept up during the summer between the rows. The severe winter through which these plants have recently passed was a great test of the hardiness of varieties. The varieties which suffered most are Herstine, Ranococas, Marlboro, Logan Berry and Wineberry. Among those which suffered but little are the Turner, Lovett, All Summer, Mammoth Cluster, Gregg and Brackett's

No. 101. All Summer is a step along the way to a variety with a long season of fruiting, although beginning to ripen rather late. The fruit is large to very large, purplish red made up of large drupelets. After the principal crop is off the new canes and lateral canes to blossom and ripen fruit until cut off by frost, but not in large quantity nor in perfect condition.

The Logan Berry was frozen to the ground during the past winter, but made a vigorous growth again. This remarkable new berry is half-hardy here, and with slight protection will carry its wood safely through the winters and yield fruit. This is the variety which originated in California, said to be a hybrid between the raspberry and the blackberry, characterized as bearing fruit which is shaped like a blackberry and tastes like a raspberry. The plant has leaves somewhat like a strawberry and the habit of a dewberry.

Conrath, Mills and Onondaga are three varieties of blackcaps recently received from Messrs. Birdseye & Son, Hopewell, N. Y. All of them passed the severe winter without any injury whatever, and have shown strong fruiting tendencies and good berries.

BLACKBERRIES.

A good variety of blackberry that will survive such a winter as that of 1898-99 and yield a crop of fruit is a very satisfactory one to plant. Such are the following: Dorchester, Lawton, Jewett, Rathbun, Eldorado, Snyder and Kittatinny. The last four of these are very excellent varieties in every respect. The varieties often recommended, but too tender without protection here, are Wilson's Early, Early King, Early Harvest, Erie, and Early Cluster. The Allen is in earliness the successful ruler of Early Harvest, and is more hardy and bears heavy crops of fruit.

From a Sheep's Back to His Own.

Wool From a Living Animal Transformed Into a Suit of Clothes in Six Hours.

Thomas Kitson, a widely known woolen manufacturer, whose reputation, extended to the old world, was buried at Stroudsburg, on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Kitson gained fame for a feat which gave to the world a record of speed and workmanship in the textile industry. In the amazing time of six hours and four minutes, the fleece of sheep was transformed into a finished suit of up-to-date clothing worn by Mr. Kitson. The previous world's record of this kind was held by a mill at Galashiels, Scotland, and was eight hours. In the Scotland trial, however, only one kind of wool was used, whereas in the Kitson trial there was a mixture of 20 per cent. white and 40 per cent. black, making altogether a better cloth and giving a distinct plain pattern.

At half past 6 on the morning of May 18th, 1898, six sheep were shorn by half a dozen experienced sheep shearers, who soon had the raw material off the animals and in the hands of the wool sorter. After this process it was soiled, dyed, dried, placed upon the picker, carded and prepared for spinning. It was then spun, dressed and handed in; reeled and finally woven.

Under the watchful eye of the boss weaver, the cloth came out quickly from the loom and was then passed to the finishing room, where it went respectively through the process of fulling, washing, extracting, dyeing, shearing, pressing and general finishing. All in all, the cloth was subjected to eighteen processes of manufacture, before reaching the tailor's hands.

At about 10 o'clock the cloth was given to the tailors, who, in a short time, two and a half hours, had finished the suit, with every button in its place and fit, style and workmanship of the highest order, at the residence of Mr. Kitson. A few minutes later he received the hearty congratulations of his many friends.

He Tells the Truth.

A Pennsylvania editor who loves the truth says: "Willie Shortlike and Bettie Bloomers were married last evening. The church was prettily decorated with flowers and potted plants, borrowed promiscuously all over town from people who didn't want to lend them. The decoration was done under protest by some of the members of the church, who were asked to do so by the bride, and couldn't well refuse. The ladies are of the opinion that if the couple were so bent on having a stylish wedding they should have been willing to have paid someone to chase all over town for a day getting flowers together and then taking them home again."

"The bride wore a handsome Silverstein gown, made at home, and the groom was decked in a \$10 hand-me-down suit. The ushers wore cutaway coats borrowed for the occasion. Sallie Potts was maid of honor, and the concensus of opinion was that she was 2 to 1 better looking than the bride. The young couple took the morning train to Pittsburg, where they will spend more money in a few days than Willie can earn in three months."

"Willie says now that he's married he's going to settle down. Some of our merchants think it would have been better if he had settled down first. The groom gets a salary of \$27 a month, which is about the allowance Bettie has been used to for pin money. We wish for Willie's sake that the old saying that it takes no more to support two than one wasn't a lie."

"The bride sent up a shoe box full of a conglomeration of stuffs supposed to be cake. If this is a sample of Bettie's cake we feel sorry for Willie. Our janitor's dog fell heir to the cake and now he is lying in the cold, cold ground. But this wedding is none of our funeral. If Willie and Bettie are satisfied we've got no kick coming."

A Timely Suggestion.

At a camp meeting there were elderly women sitting at the front in oak-splint rocking chairs. We found out latter that they comprised the choir, for when the parson gave out the hymn, "Oh, For a Thousand Tongues to Praise," one of these elderly females tried to "raise" the tune.

"Oh—for—!" She had struck the high C, and her voice cracked; she cleared her throat and began again, "Oh—for—!" and she was an octave low, while her voice sounded as if it was lost in her boots. Just then a defunct stock broker in the crowd of listeners jumped to his feet and cried out: "Start her at five hundred old lady and see if you can't shove her over."

Cigarette Smoke Killed Him.

From the investigation of Coroner McGlathery, the death of Charles Fricha, at Willow Grove park, near Philadelphia, was caused by the rupture of a blood vessel during a fit of coughing. The coughing was caused by the inhalation of cigarette smoke, not from his mouth but from that of another member of the audience seated listening to Damrosch's concert.

The Opium War.

A Bloody Struggle Between China and England Sixty Years Ago.

We should not permit ourselves to be blinded by the atrocities committed by the Boxers—atrocities not differing in kind and not comparing in extent with those committed by the sans-culottes of Paris, and indeed throughout France, during the Reign of Terror little more than a century ago—to the fact that in all her dealings with European power China has been treated with scant justice, if not with positive injustice.

As an accomplished writer and historian of our own day (Justin McCarthy) has said: "The one thing that China has asked of Modern Progress was to be left alone. China's prayer to Europe was that of Diogenes Alexander—"Pray stand out of my sunshine." The Chinese did not seek intercourse with foreign nations. They would much rather have lived without seeing the face of any foreigner. As it takes two parties to quarrel, China lived in peace with all the world until sixty years ago her first foreign war was forced upon her by the insatiable greed and rapacity of England. It was soon after the accession of Queen Victoria that the war designated by all historians and destined to be remembered in all time as the "Opium War" broke out. By many wise and patriotic Englishmen it has been described as the darkest blot upon the pages of English history. But that is before Chamberlain and Rhodes and the London Stock Exchange got up the war for the destruction of the independence of the Boers and the capture of the gold fields in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

The causes which led to the "Opium War" are not known to all the world. They are recorded in British State Papers and in the pages of historians whose accuracy and fairness are beyond all question. The importation of opium into China had been prohibited by the Peking government since 1796. The drug, originally introduced by Portuguese traders, was smuggled overland from British India, where it was produced in large quantities from the poppy, extensively grown for that purpose. The trade, grown to be a branch of commerce by sea and at one time a monopoly of the English East India company, afterward fell almost entirely into the hands of British merchants. When the attention of the House of Commons was called to the growing evils of the trade and the efforts made by China for its suppression, a select committee of the House declared that it was inadvisable to abandon an important source of revenue to the East India company. In 1837 the Chinese government adopted a fresh and more stringent policy. It decided on rigorously stopping the trade and the celebrated Chinese official, Lin was sent to Canton, with orders to require the surrender and destruction of all opium, whether in the hands of what were called "Hong" merchants or Chinese merchants. As a further measure of prevention Lin established a blockade of Canton by Chinese forces and batteries. Despite arose with Charles Elliot, representing the British merchants. Collision occurred between the natives and British seamen, and although the Chinese government showed considerable desire to avert hostilities, no satisfactory arrangement could be reached for the suppression of the opium trade.

Finally, in 1840, the British began active hostilities. Canton was captured, the British admitted to ransom by Elliot, whose alms led to his recall and the appointment of Sir Henry Pottinger to conduct the war in his stead. The great Yangtze river was ascended, the city of Chin-Kiang-Fu, the port of Nankin, was taken by storm after desperate resistance and appalling destruction of life, thousands of the Manchus and Tartar soldiers committing suicide after killing their wives and children, rather than surrender. Everything was in readiness for a similar assault upon Nankin, when the Chinese made overtures for peace which was concluded upon the payment by China of an indemnity for all the opium confiscated and destroyed, all the losses of British merchants and expenses of the British crown the opening of the five ports, thereafter known as the "treaty ports," to British trade and the cession to Great Britain of the island of Hong Kong.

"Reduced to plain words," says the English historian, "the principle for which we fought in China was, that the British Government should force a peculiar trade upon a foreign people in spite of the protestations of the government and all such public opinion as there was of the nation. * * * We asserted, or at least acted on the assertion, of a claim so unreasonable and even monstrous that it never could have been made upon any nation strong enough to render its assertion a matter of serious responsibility." After explaining the machinery by which the opium trade was carried on and referring to Lord Palmerston's defense in Parliament of England's participation in the infamous trade, the same writer proceeds:

Let us find an illustration intelligible to readers of the present day to show how unjustifiable was this practice. The state of Maine, as everyone knows, prohibits the common sale of spirituous liquors. Let us suppose that several companies of English merchants were formed in Portland and Augusta and other towns of Maine for the purpose of brewing beer and distilling whisky and selling both to the people of Maine in defiance of state laws. Let us further suppose that when the authorities of Maine proceeded to put the state laws in force against these intruders our government here took up the cause of the whisky sellers and sent an iron clad fleet to Portland to compel the people of Maine to put up with them. In the case of such a nation as the United States nothing of the kind would be possible. But in dealing with China the ministry never seems to have thought the right or wrong of the question, a matter worthy of any consideration.

This, he it remembered, was the entering wedge. The door of China was violently forced open by England in order that the profitable but infamous opium traffic might find free entrance.—Baltimore Sun.

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