

PEITITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide down thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.

MY FOREIGN ANTAGONIST.

"And you are going home?"
"Yes, I am going home."
The happiness within me that found
utterance in a laugh was reflected but

"And you'll settle down in the old
country and be a steady, practical man
for the future?" he said, looking at me
wistfully.

"Yes, and I'll marry Janie, and
make her happy and proud of me; and
you'll visit us, Gurney, won't you, to
see how I have taken all your good
counsel and my own good luck to heart?"

"Maybe, maybe; I don't promise,"
smiling thoughtfully and stroking his
silken beard as he spoke; "but you
have had rare fortune, young one, and
you do well to sit down now and con-

"Horribly unfair," I answered warn-
ingly, "but your turn will come; it always
does to the deserving and patient. And
as to me, why my end is not seen yet.

"Do you think I envy you or gudge
you anything? Oh no, I am not such a
bad fellow as that. I would not take
from you one gleam of your contentment
if I could. I am satisfied both for
you and for myself. Prosperity
is the pabulum you will thrive on,
while I should be the same under any
fortune."

"It is scarcely safe to carry all that
around here," an acquaintance ventur-
ed warningly, as I was buttoning the
money into the pocket of my moleskin
trousers.

"Your money or your life?"
"Ha, it is you, scoundrel, whom I
helped!" I said, wheeling round sudden-
ly on my unseen assailant. "Dog of an
Italian, would you dare!"

"Yes, I shall take the number of the
notes by-and-by," I answered carelessly.
"You know I sail for England
next week."

"I like it this way; I like the feel of
it about me, and convenience is alto-
gether a matter of opinion."

"Oh, Janie, Janie, how fond and
faithful you have been!" I thought
tumultuously. "Heaven helping me,
my future will be worthier of you than
my past has been."

"No, certainly not, and I want to
make sure no man ever will."
I hesitated, looking at him doubtfully.
"Surely it is in the hour of our

greatest triumph that we should most
really bring our sacrifice to the altar."
"All right," I said, flushing. "I
promise."

"I am satisfied about you, now young
one; I never was before. Heaven bless
you!" And then we sauntered into the
saloon together, and drank a glass of
ginger-beer, amicably chatting in a
desultory way.

"That is the Italian fellow," I
whispered, nodding toward him.
"Yes; cleaned out or thereabouts,"
Gurney answered, in a low tone, and
then we turned to leave together.

"Of course not, but it will bring
you luck. Money from the pockets of a
successful digger always does," I said
lightly.

"Thank you." He took the coin
from me, but held it doubtfully in his
hand while he followed me with his eye.
"That fellow is desperate. I should
have said nothing to him, on the prin-
ciple of letting sleeping dogs lie," Gur-
ney remarked.

"It is always well to do a kind action
when one has the chance," I said care-
lessly. "That may save off suicidally
another week;" and then Gurney and I
shook hands and parted, with some
vague hope of meeting somewhere,
some time, if we could.

"I had left the lights of Tarragower
behind me, the blackness seemed to
close around me with a sense of dis-
comfort. After all, had I been wise to
carry all that money on my person, and
to take my way, alone and unarmed—
for an unloaded pistol was a mere toy
—through a district so familiar in those
adventurous days with deeds of vio-

"How I reached home I cannot tell.
I walked the distance, doubtless, as som-
nambulists do, for next day when a
neighbor came to look me up, I was
tossing on my bed in a raging fever,
and the money that had so nearly been
the price of a life, was safely buttoned
in my pocket."

"Of course the Great Britain sailed
without me, and of course the friends
awaiting me at home grew sick of the
silence which no explanation came to
break, for what message could any one
send who expected hourly to see me
die?"

"But the turn in my long illness came
at last, and then I turned slowly and
reluctantly towards improvement. I
had fought a hard battle for life
beneath the shadow of the eucalyptus;
that which disease waged against my
youth later, was as deadly and more
prolonged. But youth triumphed at last,
and I rose a shadow of my former self,
likely to be debarred from existence on
the old, glad, free, triumphant terms
for many a year."

"It was years before the last momento
of my encounter with that desperate
ruffian had passed out of my system,
but now, after half a lifetime, I can
look back from my fair, happy English
home on that incident of my career as
contentedly as on any other of my colonial
experiences."

"As to my enemy, his body had been
found in the creek while I lay at the
point of death, but whether fallen there
by accident or flung in through despair,
I never knew."

"Gurney's affairs brightened after I
left him, and the last time I looked on
his honest face, as he sat beside my
Janie's sister, with my youngest boy on
his knee, I decided conclusively that
life was not so nearly over for him by
a long way as he had imagined when
good luck and he stood on the opposite
sides."

"Ten seconds more and I shall be
choked," I thought; and then I loosened
one hand from its hold of him, and
struck out with my clenched fist towards
the region of his heart.

"I am dying," I thought, striving
with all my remaining strength to
loosen his hold of me, and then my
thoughts wandered confusedly towards
my mother and Janie, and the home I
had meant to make for my darling; and

then I remember no more I had
either fainted or been suffocated into
insensibility.
How long I remained thus I cannot
tell. When I recovered consciousness the
murderous pressure had fallen off,
but my assailant still lay beneath me,
breathing heavily.

Simultaneously we seemed to recover
consciousness, and in unison we rose to
our feet. I was trembling in every
nerve; my aching eyeballs seemed
starting from my head; my parched
throat refused to utter a sound, and
my assailant seemed in no better case.

For an instant we stood apart, glar-
ing at each other through the darkness;
then, as though at a given signal, we
closed with each other again, instinctively,
neither knowing why. I believe he
had no more thought than of taking
the money than I had of defending it.
There seemed nothing awake in us but
mere animal fury; brute force opposed
brute force, demanding victory at any
cost.

Again we wrestled and strove, white
face close to white face in the gloom,
and again the contest was so equal that
no spectator would have known on
which side to promise victory. For
many minutes we wrestled silently and
then we fell again, and this time I was
undermost. And then ensued a struggle
such as I had no idea men were capable
of. We rolled over each other, we
strained every nerve each to kill the
other, we dealt each other desperate
blows at random, and then, when ex-
haustion forbade another movement,
mechanically we desisted, and as
mechanically rose and drew a few
labored, gasping breaths, and rushed to
the contest again.

Whether or not my opponent was
armed, I knew not; at any rate he
made no attempt to draw any weapon.
As for me, I carried my useless pistol,
but even had it been loaded, I question
if I would have used it after the first
five minutes; the contest was so terribly
close and equal that a thought of any
extraneous aid did not occur to me.

Our action was wonderfully con-
certed; as though governed by a double
mechanism we struggled, fell, rose and
resumed the fight, and that after each
had grown so weak that a child could
have vanquished either.

And through all my terrible craving
for his life there crept, by-and-by, a
slow consciousness of respect for him.
He was tough as leather, and he fought
well, taking his punishment with an
endurance that hitherto I had deemed
exclusively British.

When I look back on the incident
now, I have no knowledge of time, no
memory of anything but pain, and
effort, and blinding blood. I cannot
tell how long the struggle lasted, or how
it terminated; I only know that at last
the end came somehow, and that, after
a period of oblivion, I returned to con-
sciousness, and found myself alone.

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Buddhist Bells.

The sounds of Japan, are nearly all
unnatural to the foreign ear, the ex-
ceptions being the laughter of the wo-
men and the sweet, almost indescrib-
able, melody of the Buddhist bells.
Some of the latter, called *tsuri-gane*, are
of the ordinary shape, weigh several
tons, are wonderful specimens of bronze
castings, and are suspended in strongly
built belfries; others, termed *rin*, con-
cave in form, are portable, and are used
in the temple service, or carried about
the country by begging priests. Be-
yond their graceful outlines and beauty
of metal there is, at the first glance,
little in the *rin* to indicate the high
value placed by the Japanese upon these
brass bowls, but no sooner is the
slightest touch applied to their rims
than their extraordinary qualities are
revealed and the listener acknowledges
that, in the making of bells, as in many
other arts, the Japanese possess secrets
as yet unsolved by science. Although
every Buddhist temple in the empire
contains one or more of these *rin*, few
of those that have been dedicated to
religious use are ever offered for sale.
They can only be secured after the
destruction of some temple by fire, or
by the poverty of the priests, who, de-
prived of Government patronage and
support, have, of late years, been com-
pelled to rely upon their congregations
for subsistence, and have parted, piece-
meal, with their most cherished treas-
ures. The first *rin* used in Japan were
brought from Corea, during the sixth
century, by the Buddhist missionaries
who "peacefully invaded Nihon, and
succeeded in converting the mass of
the inhabitants to their faith." These
antique objects, some of which are still
preserved in the temples, were simply
brass bowls, such as had been used for
many centuries in India, and were only
slightly sonorous. The aesthetic Japa-
nese quickly improved upon the Corean
bell by making a peculiar combination
of metals, which they cast and ham-
mered until they produced the wonder-
ful-toned *rin* that excite the admiration
of the foreigner and affect their own
people so profoundly. The traveller,
on approaching a Japanese temple, often
hears a low, humming sound that, upon
his listening intently, resolves itself
into the one prayer of the Buddhist
devotee. Then follows a rapid succes-
sion of strokes upon the *rin*, and
musical vibrations that are sometimes
prolonged nearly two minutes and
whenever heard possess the same won-
derful charm that caused Mark Twain
to say while listening to one of these
bells, "I don't believe I shall ever hear
more heavenly sounds until I reach the
Golden City." Very many *rin* have
the Buddhist prayer inscribed upon
their rims, or bear the names of pious
persons who united to present them to
their temples; others are *ex voto* or *in
memoriam* offerings; some of the dedi-
cations being quite touching in their
simple earnestness.

The population of Turk's island is
about five thousand, 80 per cent. being
negroes, who alone constitute the lab-
oring population. Although represented
in encyclopedias as being a part of the
government of Jamaica, Turk's island is
a separate and distinct colony, with its
own ruler appointed by the crown and
a legislature or council. The only con-
nection with Jamaica is that the laws
enacted by the legislature of Turk's
island are subject to the approval of the
governor-general of Jamaica. Of the
eight councilmen, four are official, or
ex-officio, and the other four are unof-
ficial, being appointed by the commis-
sioner, as the governor of Turk's island
is called. The island also has a su-
preme court and lower courts. Thus
the little colony has all the machinery
of a state, but the people have no voice
whatever in the government. The cost
of the government used to be about
\$55,000 a year, all raised within the
islands, but now it is about \$35,000,
having been retrenched in deference to
popular demand. There is a strong
feeling among the people in favor of
annexation to the United States. The
British government does nothing for
them except to contribute \$1,500 a year
toward carrying the mails, and to
appoint the officials who receive the
salaries raised by duties and by taxa-
tion. There is not a lawyer on the
island, though if a few dozen Provi-
dence lawyers should emigrate there
they would probably be able to earn
their Turk's island salary honestly by
working at seventy-five cents a day,
the ordinary pay for labor in the salt
pens. There is not even a public prosecu-
tor, the queen's advocate having died
some time ago, and nobody appointed in
his stead. The supreme court is almost
a sinecure, and there being no lawyers
to make trouble, the jails are usually
empty. The islands are healthy, al-
though the colonial paper is full of
patent medicine advertisements, in-
cluding cathartic pills, liver invigorators
and worm tablets. The islands have a
tariff on imports, and duties are collect-
ed on goods, whether from the United
States, England or Jamaica, or any
other part of the world.

Of course the most interesting feature
about Turk's island is the salt man-
ufacturing industry. At Grand Turk,
where it is chiefly followed, the water
is led from the ocean by means of a
canal about twelve feet wide and two
and one-half feet deep to the govern-

ment reservoir, which is from 600 to
800 feet long and twenty feet wide.
From this reservoir the water is drawn
by machinery into ponds or "pens" as
they are called, and which are from 150
to 200 feet square, and about two feet
deep, and separated from each other by
rough stone. In the cases of a few
proprietors of salt pens the water is
drawn from the government reservoir
into private reservoirs before being
transmitted into the pond for evaporat-
ing. There is a salometer for measur-
ing the saline strength of the water,
and when the salometer shows eighty
to ninety degrees of strength, the result
after evaporation is one and one-half to
two inches of salt. The time taken in
evaporation varies according to the
amount of sunshine. During the rains
in May, and in October and November
the salt is slow in forming. Evapora-
tion leaves the salt dried hard and firm,
like a field of ice, and white as snow,
but a curious feature of the ponds
during evaporation is the varying color
of the pickle—green, blue, red, pink,
purple, indeed every variety of color
except yellow or black. It is a specta-
cle well worth seeing. The salt is
broken up in small pieces with rakes
and dumped in the vicinity of the pond.
There are some salt houses, but the salt
as a rule is piled in heaps varying from
twenty to a thousand bushels. The salt
is removed in half bushel baskets to
lighters, which carry it out to
vessels in quantities of 175 to 200 bush-
els, and from the lighters it is dumped
into the holes of the vessels. Most of
the salt is as it leaves the ponds, but
about 25 or 30 per cent. of it is crushed
for fish purposes. There is a royalty of
10 per cent. on the value of the salt.
About 1,500,000 bushels are exported
yearly, the firm above mentioned having
exported 852,000 bushels last year, in
102 vessels. The number of vessels
which leave Turk's island with salt
each year is about two hundred. The
salt is sent to the United States and
British provinces, and a load was
recently sent to Brazil, and well ap-
proved, though the South American
market is at present supplied from
Liverpool. The islands are not severed
from the world, for both the Clyde and
Cunard lines touch there. It is an in-
teresting incident in this connection
that a good number of years ago the
islanders vainly appealed, time after
time, to the British government for
relief from an oppressive duty, but no
notice was taken of them. At last a
strong agitation was aroused in favor
of asking the British government to
permit the islands to apply for annexa-
tion to the United States. The exist-
ence of the movement was officially
reported to England, and very soon the
obnoxious duty was removed.

The King Snake.

The king snake, is the master of
snakes, as its name applies. When
full grown it is about an inch and a
half thick and six or seven feet long;
its color is jet black, with regular cross-
bars of white from head to tail. It is
of handsome appearance, and is the
most active and powerful of all other
snakes. It, like man, is at enmity with
all the serpent tribe. It does not hesi-
tate to attack the largest rattlesnake or
copperhead. Its attack is made with
great skill, commencing by making a
circuit of the enemy, who at once forms
his deadly coil of defence, contracting
the circle at every evolution, passing
so fast that he seems to form a spotted
ring around his adversary, who is
dazzled by the splendor. The king
continues his lightning-like speed, seeing
its chances, leaps suddenly, seizing the
enemy by the neck, and, with great
skill, winds itself around the latter,
drawing its folds closer and closer,
breaking its bones and crushing out
the life of its foe. It then slowly unfolds
itself, but if any sign of life is perceived
in its victim it is again enfolded until
the king is satisfied of its death. It
then slowly moves off to seek its food
or another serpent to slay.

A New Ocean Route to Europe.

It is nearly 2,800 miles from Sandy
Hook to Queenstown, but it is only 2,
600 miles from a point on the west shore
of Hudson's Bay to Liverpool. It is
only 700 miles from Winnipeg to Hud-
son's Bay, but it is nearly three times
that distance from Winnipeg to New
York, and the Manitobans are inquiring
whether they cannot secure an outlet
for their surplus wheat by establishing
a new ocean route, employing a fleet of
grain ships to run between Liverpool
and a port on Hudson's Bay. The Dom-
inion government has sent an expedition
to ascertain whether the project is feasi-
ble, and seven stations will be establish-
ed in Hudson's Bay to make observa-
tions. Navigation by the proposed
route would be restricted by ice to a
very few weeks in midsummer, but it
is thought that the grain fleet would
have time enough to take Manitoban
wheat across the Atlantic. It is evident
that the United States can obtain an
important traffic by encouraging the con-
struction of a canal to connect Winni-
peg with the chain of Great Lakes, so
that a waterway to New York would
be open to the Manitobans for the
greater part of each year.

Exports 1884.

During the month of April 1884,
were exported from the United States
2,750,549 bushels corn, 6,114,528 bushels
of wheat, 728,362 barrels flour, 637,748
bushels other grain, and 648,083 pounds
other meal, valued at \$12,257,185, as
against \$12,465,979 for April last year,
a slight decrease. For the ten months
ending April 30, the exports were of
corn 37,578,383 bushels, of wheat 59,
511,362 bushels, of flour 7,330,003
barrels, of other grain 5,892,300 bushels
and of meal 23,790,083 pounds valued
at \$133,056,125, as against \$179,739,004
for the corresponding ten months end-
ing April 30, 1883. A very serious
falling off.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Time once passed never returns; the
moment which is lost is lost forever.
To conceal a fault by a lie has been
said to be substituting a hole for a
stain.

Learned men are never anxious to
seem learned to others, and to be called
wise.
Treat servants as you would like to
be treated yourself, were you in their
place.
Life becomes useless and inspired
when we have no longer friends or
enemies.

Those sentiments of love which flow
from the heart cannot be frozen by
adversity.
Ask thyself daily to how many ill-
minded persons thou hast shown a kind
disposition.
Let your inclination be to those who
advise rather than to those who praise
your conduct.

A wise man reflects before he speaks;
a fool speaks, and then reflects upon
what he has spoken.
The bread of life is love; the salt of
life, work; the sweetness of life, poesy;
the water of life, faith.

Life is a battle. From its earliest
dawn to its latest breath we are strugg-
ling with something.
When is the time to show your
friendship for a man if it isn't when
he has made a mistake?
Live on what you have; live if you
can on less; do not borrow, for vanity
generally ends in shame.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on
the mind that application is the price
to be paid for mental acquisitions.
New actions are the only apologies
and explanations of old ones which the
noble can bear to offer or to receive.

Nothing so adorns the face as cheer-
fulness. When the heart is in flower,
its bloom and beauty pass to the face.
Conscience is the great ally of reason;
the two are what give to man the dig-
nity and importance which he possess-
es.

Public discussions is an intellectual
stamping mill, where the worthless
quartz is crushed and the pure gold set
free.
Be not penny-wise; riches have wings
and sometimes fly away of themselves;
sometimes they must be sent flying to
bring in more.

There is no police like politeness; and
a good manner is the best thing in the
world, either to get a good name or
supply the want of it.
We ought not to look back unless it
is to derive useful lessons from past er-
rors and for the purpose of prodding by
dear-bought experience.

Religion can be no more learnt out of
books than seamanship, or soldiery, or
engineering, or painting, or any
practical trade whatsoever.
So quickly sometimes has the wheel
turned round that many a man has
lived to enjoy the benefit of that char-
ity which his own piety projected.

Employment, which can be called
"Nature's physician," is so essential to
human happiness that indolence is justly
considered the mother to misery.
Religion gives part of its reward in
hand, the present comfort of having
done our duty; and for the rest, it offers
us the best security that heaven can
give.

Character is not cut in marble—it is
not something solid and unalterable.
It is something living and changing,
and may become diseased as our bod-
ies do.

There is a thread in our thoughts as
there is a pulse in our feelings—he who
can hold the one knows how to think,
and he who can move the other knows
how to feel.
Whatever our place allotted to us by
Providence, that for us is the post of
duty. God estimates not by the posi-
tion we are in, but by the way in which
we fill it.

Every human being has a work to
carry on within, duties to perform
abroad, influences to exert, which are
peculiarly his, and which no conscience
but his own can teach.
Nothing so increases reverence for
others as a great sorrow to one's self.
It teaches one the depths of human
nature. In happiness we are shallow
and deem others so.

It is the rhythmical alternation of
monotony and change, the power of
bravely bearing the one while necessa-
rily, and of heartily welcoming and em-
bracing the other in due season, that
serves to make a full, rounded and
happy life.

If a man will only start with a fixed
and honorable purpose in life, and per-
sistently attempt to carry it out to the
best of his ability, undiminished by fail-
ure or delay, the time may be long in
coming, but it will come when that pur-
pose will be achieved.
Foolish men imagine that because
judgment for an evil thing is delayed,
there is no justice, but an accident alone,
here below. Judgment for an evil thing
is many times delayed some day or two,
some century or two, but it is as sure
as life, it is as sure as death.

The rich and greedy will do well to
bear in mind that coffins have no pockets.
Everything they possess they must
leave behind, and all of it is perishable
except their good deeds. They will
live and bloom over their graves and
spring up beneath their feet in heaven,
and perfume the atmosphere even in
the Celestial regions.
This is an age of slander. Every in-
dividual, every institution throughout
the land, is exposed to its baneful effect,
and as a consequence men of genius
and high sense of honor decline to ac-
cept public trusts for fear of being slan-
dered and having their existence em-
bertered. It is about time that slanders
should be punished. The public wel-
fare demands it.
When you do your fellow-man a
favor do not cackle over it like a hen
that has laid an egg, and proclaims it
to all the world, nor do expect that the
recipient should bow his neck for you
to step on when you mount your horse.
Such action will demonstrate that you
are a small-souled man, who willfully
causes misery to a fellow-creature.
Such ruleless can not bear good fruit.