

BOHEMIAN LAND.

Oh for a day together
In the woods so still and green,
In the fairest summer weather
That love has ever seen;

THE HUNDRETH MAN.

"Now, see here, my friend," said John Proctor, his honest eyes looking gravely into the tramp's face, as he balanced a dime on the tip of his finger. "I'm not going to read you a homily on the subject of labor, but I want to present to you a little matter of statistics. You know, as well as I, that the territory is swarming with men of your class. No less than six, begging for money, have stopped me on the street to-day; while down there at the yard—indicating with his hand a row of tall lumber piles—surrounding a building in the distance—we haven't had three applications for work in a month."

but for her sake he looked with glowing vision upon the turreted mountain tops in the distance, with their purple shadows and golden lights. How she would rejoice over them, that quiet little denizen of Western prairies, who had lived among the monotonous levels of central Illinois all her life! The thought lent cheerful energy to his voice, as he entered the yard and gave some directions to Maxon, his hard-worked bookkeeper and general factotum. Proctor was deeply engrossed in making out an order for several car loads of finishing lumber, when a shadow darkened the door, and the tramp stood before him. He could not repress an exclamation of surprise. The vagabond observed it, and his face lowered as he asserted himself defiantly. "Yes, I've come!" he said. "What are you going to give me to do?"

John Proctor awoke that night to find himself assailed by a foe mightier than his feeble imagination had pictured. He tried to rise but found himself unable to, oppressed by a terrible sense of suffocation from dense volumes of smoke which filled the air, and vast sheets of flame darted their forked tongues toward him. Suddenly the wall of flame and smoke was parted and the face of the tramp bent over him. He was roughly shaken, pulled off the bed, half dragged, half carried through the little private office and dragged into the larger room beyond, where the fire had begun its work of devastation. Then voice and memory came back, and he shouted: "My notes! in my coat pocket—under the pillow—let me go!"

blaze, and the remainder of the stock swept away. Maxon, wearied and hollowed, offered his services. "Not a bit of it, Maxon. Go home to your wife and babies. I have engaged a man." Proctor did not add that the watchman he had engaged was no other than himself, but when the rest had gone home, he remained there alone. Separated as it was from the rest of the town, by night it was a dreary solitude. A fiery spark, miles away over the level plain, developed into the headlight of the locomotive of the evening train, which thundered past on its way to the depot below. The moon came up and threw into weird relief the blackened ruins.

France is literally a large garden. Every inch of soil is cultivated. In riding from Paris to Dijon, 150 miles, we counted only 30 cattle. We saw no sheep or hogs. The farms have usually from one to 10 acres. Some farms have half an acre, and some have as many as 20 acres. They are usually from 30 to 300 feet wide and from 1,500 to 2,000 feet long. There are no fences between farms. When I asked a French farmer how his farms happened, like all the rest, to be so long and narrow, he said: "It has been divided up so often. When a French father dies, he divides his farm, and each one of the children has an equal share. He always divides it lengthwise, so as to give each one a long strip. The long strips are easily cultivated, because we plough lengthways. These strips always run north and south. So that the sun can shine into the rows."

A great many cannot see why it is they do not take cold when exposed to cold winds and rain. The fact is, and it ought to be more generally understood, that nearly every cold is contracted indoors, and is not directly due to the cold outside, but to the heat inside. A man will go to bed at night feeling as well as usual and get up in the morning with a royal cold. He goes peering around in search of cracks and key-holes and tiny drafts. Weather strips are procured and the house made as tight as a fruit can. In a few days more the whole family has colds.