THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

"I am tired of planning and toiling In the crowder hives of men; Heart-weary of building and spoiling, And spoiling and building again. And I long for the dear old river, Where I dreamed my youth away; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler fles in a day.

"I am sick of the showy seeming Of a life that is half a lie; Of the faces lined with scheming In the throng that hurries by. From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor I would go where the children play; For a dreamer lives forever. And a toiler dies in a day.

"I feel no pride, but pity, For the burdens the rich endure; There is nothing sweet in the city But the patient lives of the poor. O the little hands so skillful, And the child-mind choked

weeds: The daughter's heart grown willful, And the father's heart that bleeds.

"No, no! from the street's rude bustle, From trophies of mart and stage, I would fly to the wood's low rustle, And the meadow's kindly page. Let me dream as of old by the river, And be loved for the dream, alway;

For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.' -JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The Silver King.

There stood in Berkshire, far out upon a quiet country road, a little inn, which the wood sign swinging at the door declared to be known as 'The Magpie's Nest."

It had been thus named because of the number of magpies in the neighborhood. And straight before the door stood an oak-tree, a century old, among whose uppermost branches, year in and year out, always hung a magpie's nest, to which the country people believed that the same old magple returned regularly.

No very elegant entertainment was offered at the "Magpie's Nest" for either man or beast; but its patrons thought the fare good; and then it was served to them by the most charming, rosy-cheeked little maid, who wore a cap with bright ribbons, and had a waist that could have been spanned by two hands-a well-behaved little maid, also, who was known by the rector of the parish church to have been the best girl in his Sunday

So, though she was a poor orphan, and had only her little meed of wages, Betty might have married many a stout farmer. However, she refused them all, and kept on with her duties at the "Magpie's Nest" until the son of her master, coming home from India, where he had served as a soldier for several years, fell in love with her, and offered her his hand and heart. Betty did not prove unkind. The innkeeping father was willing enough to secure his handy Betty for a permanent assistant, and amid the chattering of the magpies Betty and John exchanged their vows under the nesthung oak-tree one bright afternoon; and John put upon her finger a thick silver ring, which he had obtained abroad, perhaps by purchase, perhaps by gift, perhaps as soldiers obtain many things in the time of war.

It was not a costly gift-to our eyes it would not be a beautiful one-but Betty valued it highly. She kept it polished to perfection, and wore it with great pride on high days and holidays; but though she loved John, and looked forward to her weddingday with joy, she would not alter the bright, coquettish manner which had always belonged to her. She joked with the farmers, flung them back repartee for martee, and even gave them those bright glances which John, the soldier, thought should be only given to himself. So John grew jealous, and, being a moody sort of man, said nothing about it.

It never entered Betty's mind that the very manner which had once enchanted John should now offend him: and she herself grew angry with her lover for his scowls and sulkiness.

Therefore, when a young Frenchman from Marseilles, black-eyed, black-haired, and polite in his manners, as Frenchmen usually are, chanced, in the course of a business journey, to stop at the "Magpie's often." Nest," she felt that he really would be a fine example for surly John Leaf, and was amiable to him to a degree that might have made a less jealous spoke out, and Betty discovered the secret of his ill-temper.

Her pride being flattered thereby, ing." she forgave him, and retired on Saturday night with the firm intention of winning back John's smiles on the morrow, her holiday, when she would charm his heart from him over again. as he walked by her side. What woman ever had any design on a man's heart, ever desired to win from him any favor or any gift, that she did not bethink her of all her finery? Before Betty slept she took from her trunk her Scotch plaid dress, her fringed shawl, her blue-ribboned cap, her Sun- in the old nest?" he asked. day shoes, and her silver ring, and having given the latter an extra polish laid them where they would meet her eyes the first thing next morning.

John Leaf, sulking in his room under the garret eaves, had no thought of this. Those slow natures do not forget and forgive in a hurry any more than they do anything else.

against the inn's walls, aroused Betty with his first rays. She rubbed her eyes, opened them, put her little feet to the glass. It was only a crooked all by himself in the wood beyond the

oaken frame, but sufficient to make her happy. She braided her hair, put on her cap, buttoned her dress, tied about her throat the gay neck-ribbon, laced her shoes geometrically, and then looked for her ring. It was gone!

She knew the very spot upon the red heart-shaped pin-cushion into which she had thrust the needle over which the silver ring had been hung. There stuck the needle still. It was below the window-sill, on a little table; it could not have rolled out; but it was not in the room. She shook out her dress, her shawl, her bed-clothes. She swept the floor. It was gone. That was the end of it.

Betty sat down and wept bitterly. All the country people of the day were superstitious. The ring had disappeared in a most mysterious way, for her door was bolted, and her window high from the ground, and she firmly believed that the loss portended some

great evil. Meanwhile at the bar of the inn a little scene was going on. The Frenchman had asked for a glass of ale, and John, who was always tapster on Sunday mornings, had drawn it for him, when, as their hands met in the act, he saw upon the little finger of his customer a thick silver ring, the very counterpart of that which he had given to his Betty.

"You've a pretty ring, monsieur," he said, with a sort of catching of the breath. "May I ask where you got

"Ah, yes, certainly," said the Frenchman. "One does not boast, but a very pretty girl gave me that. Yes, and a kiss also.'

John turned as pale as any florid but marched straight out of the room and into Betty's kitchen.

She stood near the door in her holiday dress, with her white cotton gloves The magpies were chattering on. overhead, and afar the church bells were ringing.

"You are not going to church with me, John?" she asked, softly, with a smile.

"That depends," said John Leaf. Then he walked straight up to her, and looked full into her honest eyes. "You don't look like a cheat," he said; "but who knows a woman? Take off your gloves, Betty."

She obeyed. "Where's your ring?" he asked. Betty burst into tears.

"It's lost, John," she said. "I can find it nowhere."

"You haven't looked on monsieur's finger, then," said John. "You poor fool, to give it to him, and think I

shouldn't know it." "Oh, I'll swear I never did," sobbed "I give your ring to anyone

else! Why, John-But he pushed her from him with his rough hand, and would hear no rds from her; and the next day he left the inn, and enlisted once more, and was sent away again to India. And Betty left the inn also, and took service with a farmer's wife close by; and whatever the magpies chattered about, it was no more of the love-making that they heard when John and Betty sat together beneath the old oak-tree.

Five years went by. At last John received a letter from England, telling him that his father was dead, and had left all his little possessions to his only

John Leaf's fighting days were over, in any case, and he was on the invalid for life. He fought as desperate men do; had been commended and promoted, and had some medals and ribbons to show and boast of as compensation for a wooden leg. So he went home again, and settled down as proprietor of the "Magpie's Nest," and was a sort of hero among the neighbors; but he was very lonely. Men do not quite forget in five years. He could still see Bety's buxom form flitting about the kitchen in imagination; and when the magpies chattered in their nests he could fancy that he sat with her under the oak branches. Then he grew wroth with the magpies. who seemed to mock him, and ordered his pot-boy to tear the nest down.

In vain the boy pleaded for the birds. In vain he declared that, even if the new nests went, the old one in the topmost branches should be left "for luck."

"If the old magples that built that find it gone, they'll peck some one's eye out in the night-time," said the boy. "It's been known to be done

But John Leaf, the soldier, had cast away all his superstition.

"I'll have those magpies chattering about my ears no more," he said. "Up man angry. Then, indeed, John Leaf and leave not a nest of them all. Some of the noisy rascals will take possession of that old rag if it is left hang-

So the boy obeyed. He planted a ladder against the tree, and then swung out upon the branches. There was a grievous noise; and doubtless to go to church in her best attire and this day old magples tell their children of that massacre of the innocents at the great oak- tree. But there were no birds to chatter and scream in that great rag of a nest which the boy's hands clutched at last. He came down with the relic in his hand, and stood

before his master with a grin. "Eh, master! may I have all I found "If it is not a magpie's egg," said

John Leaf. "It's better than that," said the lad.

'It's a silver ring." "Let me see it," cried John Leaf, and

snatched it from his hand. It was the ring with which he had plighted his troth to Betty under the oak; and he knew that the magpies The morning sun, shining aslant had stolen it, and that the Frenchman

wore one that resembled it. The first thing that John did was to call himself hard names: "A jealous out upon the floor, knelt down and fool!" "A suspicious brute!" Heaven said her simple prayer, and then flew knows what else. Then he noted, and

thing, with a flaw in it, and a rough house, shed tears, and vowed to find Betty if she still lived on earth.

Where he went, of whom he inquired, matters not. But one day when the sun was setting in the west, he opened a little cottage gate to which he had been directed, and saw at her knitting, under a vine-covered porch, his Betty, not changed one single bit. And she? She looked at him and did not know him with his thin, sallow face and his wooden leg.

"What may you be wanting, sir?" she asked.

And he said: "Betty!" And she cried out: "Why, mercy, it's

John Leaf! Then he sat down on a bench close

by her side. "You know I never had many words to spend on anything, Betty," he said. "I'll come to the point at once. I know now that you were true, and no cheat, and that you never gave my ring to Monsteur. I found it-or my lad did, for I'm not very good at climbing now -in the old magpie's nest in the oak-

"So the magpie stole it, eh?" said Betty. "Well, they are strange birds. I've heard they've taken spoons before now."

"And so, Betty," said John, "if you'll overlook the past and let bygones be bygones I'll be a happy man."

"I owe you no grudge," said Betty: "and bygones are bygones, John Leaf." "But you'll let things be as they were, Betty?" said John. "You'll be my sweetheart again?"

She laughed. "Don't you know?" she said. "Why, look there."

He looked. Through the gate came a foreign-looking man, with gold rings in his ears and a silver ring upon his face could turn. He made no answer, finger, who led by the hand a toddling child.

> "Why, it's Monsieur," said John. "You see," said Betty, "I went to him to ask him how he came by his ring, and he proved it was none of mine. It has a name and a date on it that mine never had. And he was kind to me and you had been cruel, And so we have been married three years-ch, Louis? And this is our boy."

> "I had better go home, I think," said John Leaf. "One is always punished for being a fool. But this is your ring. Will you have it, Betty?"

> "Pray keep it for your sweetheart," said Betty. "You'll find one soon, no doubt."

> But John Leaf never found one again, and the silver ring found in the old magpie's nest was buried with him when he died.

An Indian in Congress.

"Remarkable progress has been made among the Indian tribes in the territory since I visited them six years ago," remarked Congressman Charles Curtis yesterday. Mr. Curtis visited the Kansas, Osage and Pawnee Indians for the purpose of securing information that will be valuable to his committee in Congress-the House committee in Indian affairs-next winter. Incidentally, he visited some of his relatives in that country.

"The Indians," he said, "are learning to farm, though, of course, many of them rent their farms to white men. I found corn that will run as high as sixty-five bushels to the acre on farms cultivated by Indians or half-breeds.

Those who rent their farms to white men make good money. They get \$2 an acre for the land cultivated. and usually reserve part of their farms

for their own use. "In general, I found conditions among the Indians improving, and I am glad of it."

As is well known in Kansas, Curtis has Indian blood in his veins, and takes a lively interest in improving the conditions of the Indians generally. He has an uncle and second cousin in the Indian territory who are half-blood Indians, and are famous ranchmen. They are known as "Big Louis" and "Little Louis." Both are Papans, an old French family. "Big Louis" is a brother of the congressman's mother. and is a man of wealth and influence among his people. "Little Louis" is a cousin of "Big Louis." They are about the same age, and when they were boys one grew much faster than the other; hence their designations, "big" and "little." Finally "Big Louis" stopped growing, but "Little Louis" kept on, and now is the larger, and weighs two hundred and sixty pounds, while "Big Louis" needs an overcoat to make him weigh full two hundred. Mr. Curtis visited both. "Big Louis" has a dancing pavilion, modeled after one he saw at an eastern resort. Every Friday night he gives a dance, and hundreds of people attend it. He has a lemonade and cigar stand in connection with it, and entertains as well as the best of the experts in this line. -Kansas City Star.

Coon and Muskrat Fight.

Mr. J. Hal Grimes caught a muskrat in the freight office at the depot. Joe Booth thought his pet coon could "do" the muskrat, and in order to see which was entitled to the belt the two were placed in a slatted box-car, the coon being favorite. They had hardly touched the floor before they began feinting and sizing each other up. Finally the coon lit on to his opponent, forced him to the corner, and it looked like he would be a sure victor, and the odds jumped to \$5 to \$1 in his favor. But in round number two the muskrat put on his fighting clothes, and no coon before ever got such a walloping. His child-like screams led a number of residents of the neighborhood who didn't know what was going on to little served-openly at least-on the believe that some mother was whipping her baby at the depot. At the first pass in the third set-to the coon ran up the slats to the top of the car and refused to fight, while the muskrat walked about the floor as if to say: "Bring on two or three more just like

PONIES OF ICELAND.

PERFECT MARVELS OF ENDURANCE.

They Have a Peculiar Pacing Gait Which Under Great Weight Conquers Space---Can Swim Like a Fish and Climb Like a Goat.

If the camel is the ship of the desert, the Iceland pony is the cab, train, omnibus and tramcar of the wonderful country to which he belongs. To begin with, he is a misnomer. He is not a pony, in the ordinary sense of the word; he is a horse; in bone and sinew, in strength and endurance, in manners and deportment-a horse in everything, in fact, except in inches; and a sober, steady, hard-working horse, too. He is very "multum in parvo," a "concentrated essence" of norseflesh. He can swim like a fish, climb like a goat and jump like a deer. He sticks at nothing, and takes every variety of travel--bog, lava bed, sand, powlders and grass mounds-with undisturbed equanimity. If he has to ord one or two rivers with strong curcents flowing girth-deep, it is all in the day's work. Only give him time and periodical halts for refreshment, and he will do his fifty miles per day, and thrive upon it. Iceland ponies are bred in hundreds

n the large grass plains in the southern districts of the islands. Little or no care is taken in selection, so that half hands, though here and there one improved, the average pony standing from eleven and a half to twelve and a half hands, though here and there one will reach to nearly thirteen hands. Every variety of color is seen, but skewbalds of many shades are the ommonest. The chestnuts, as a ruic. are the finest, and the browns the nardiest. Beautiful cream colors, with light points, are not infrequent; black ls very rare, and roan also. Their of the animal, a journey of thirty-two miles being often done in six hours or less, with heavy baggage. They trot, canter and gallop, but the pace most esteemed by the natives is the amble or "skeid," in which the fore and hind legs on a side are advanced simultaneously, giving a running action, very smooth to the rider. A good 'pacer" is considered very valuable. and often sold for a high figure. Some of these ponies amble so fast that they keep ahead of another going at a hand-gallop, and they maintain the oace for a day's journey under a weight of eleven to fourteen stone. Ice- New Haven, and Hartford. One of the and ponies are steady and fast in harness, though wheels are a comparaively new departure in their country. last year in a high school in Connectided head and tail. Hay, baggage and be recalled and given a permanent sithousehold goods are thus transported, uation as teacher. Thus far no diffiand building material also. You meet | culty has been experienced in placing a "timburlestur," or timber team, of all those who showed a desire for 'rom eight to ten ponies, one carrying higher education than is given at Car-

planks trailing on each side, another lisle. There, for manifest reasons, the strips of iron, another bundles of tools; education is of a practical industrial a number of spare animals running loose, and not infrequently a foal

or two. say. He is early apprenticed to his and 319 girls. Of these 104 boys and avocations, and when he is foot sore tending district and other Americaniz-

s strapped upon her back. He works ing schools with the young people of well up to twenty years and over, and the families in which they resided, often remains fairly sound to a ripe earning their board with their work old age. He feeds on the fat of the out of school hours. By an extension and in the summer, and in the winter, of this system the school could ecof his owner is poor, must live on his nomically care for 1,500 children, or wits and his stored condition. Farmers who are fairly well off keep their inimals in during the winter and feed hem on hay; but, notwithstanding. nany of the ponies have a hard time of it. The Icelanders,h owever, keep heir steeds as well as their means al- | 03, and the girls \$3,288.21. Boys and ow, and treat them altogether in a

protherly fashion.

THE DOG AS FOOD.

acts That Klondikers May Learn Through Experience. "The more we know of men, the nore we like dogs," writes misanhropically that great friend of aninals, M. Toussenal. Perhaps it is because the inhabitants of the Celestial empire do not know men sufficiently well that they still regard the dog as an edible animal, and as one of the most savory of morsels. But it is to be loped, says La Nature, that in the progress of civilization a day will come when these brave animals-"candilates for humanity," according to Michelet's picturesque expressionwill no longer figure on the menus of state dinners at the Court of Peking. Darwin relates somewhere that when he inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego are

pressed by famine they kill and eat heir old women rather than their logs, and that in Australia fathers will sacrifice their children in order that he mothers may be able to nourish his useful servant of man. The Chiiese, however, tend and fatten their logs carefully-to eat. They also consider the cat a choice dish. The Abbe e Noir, in his "Travels in the Far-Cast," relates that in the markets of nany cities are to be seen dogs and ats hanging side by side by the head ir tail, and that on most farms these unimals are kept in little coops like iencoops. They remain thus from two o three weeks, condemned to almost emplete immobility, and are fed on nothing but a mixture of rice and farna. We do not know the edible dog or the edible cat in France, and probaply since the siege they have been but sbles of Paris restaurants. At Peking and throughout China, however, there s re dainty repast without its fillet or eg of dog; the cat is rather a dish of

he poorer classes. These same customs that are so remisive to us as to seem like a kind of He gasped a few times and died,him."-Harrodsburg (Ky.) Democrat | emi-cannibalism existed, nevertheless | New York Herald

History tells us that in early times the dog was always regarded as an edible animal. The inhabitants of certain nomes of Egypt piously embalmed their dead dogs, but others considered

that it was more in conformity to the doctrines of a wise economy to kill and eat them. Plutarch tells us that the dwellers in Cynopolis, where dogs were honored as divine, made war on the Oxyrinchis, who had committed the sacrilege of eating dogs. In his book on diet, Hippocrates, speaking of common articles of food, is of the opinion that the flesh of the dog gives heat and strength, but is difficult of digestion. "Our fathers," says Pliny, "regarded small dogs as so pure a food that they used them for expiatory victims. Even to-day young dog's flesh is served at feasts held in honor of the gods." And further on: "This meat was used in the installation feasts of the pontiffs." According to Apicius, who has left us

a curious treatise on "Cookery," the

Romans ate also adult dogs.

among the people of classic antiquity.

The saveges of North America, for lack of provisions, often sacrifice their companions of the chase. We are told that before the introduction of cattle the Spaniards in Mexico used the native dogs so freely as food that the species has now completely disappeared. According to Captain Cook, the natives of New Zealand ate their dogs and clothed themselves in the skins. Forster adds: "They love the flesh passionately, and prefer it to that of the pig." The Greenlanders and the Kamchatkans also sometimes eat their dogs, but only when reduced to this cruel extremity by famine. In Africa dogs form the food of certain negro tribes. In the Ashantee country the flesh is eaten both fresh and dried. And it appears that in the lower Congo re gion, among the Batekes, there is a custom that must make every friend of dumb beasts rage with indignation-before killing a dog for food paces are fast, considering the size it is maltreated and tortured, to make the flesh more tender.

The Education of the Indian. That the Indian has a capacity for

higher education appears from facts given in the eighteenth annual report of the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa. During the past year five students from Carlisle has attended Dickinson College, one at Metzger College for Women. Others have attended the Carlisle High School, some have been to the normal schools of the state. Drexel Institute at Philadelphia, and the nurses' schools at Philadelphia, pupils, after graduating from a New England normal school, was employed They travel mostly in strings, often cut, and taught so successfully as to character, as best fitted to make the Indian self-supporting in his changed condition. As a further means of in-It is as rare to see a dead Iceland ducing the Indian boys and girls into ony as a dead donkey though their civilized family and national life, the skulls are often visible, half trodden outing system has been adopted. nto the miry ways surrounding the During the fiscal year 1897, there were arms. The pony begins work at six placed out from the Carlisle School, or seven years-hard work, that is to for longer or shorter periods, 410 boys rade by following his mother at her 101 girls remained out all winter, atabout twice the present number enrolled. The children placed with families last year earned a total of \$20,-448.39, of which the boys earned \$13,-185,27, and the girls \$7,263.12. From these amounts the boys saved \$6,426 .girls who have been out a number of times have acquired the ability to earn full wages.

It Plays Possum.

Just why any owl should be called the morepork owl is unexplained. It lives in Australia and is remarkable from the fact that it is clever in a way not common among its cousins.

Mr. Saville-Kent, a naturalist who has just written an interesting book on Australia, pays especial attention to the morepork, which was called to his notice one day as he saw drive by a van filled with screeching, tumultuous parrots, cockatoos and butcher birds. A pair of moreporks, mere fluff-balls, with gleaming golden eyes, wereamong this rabble and Mr. Saville-Kent at once bought them and transferred them to his domestic circle. The owls turned out to be such marvelous 'quick-change" artists that the amusement they afforded the family, which owned a camera, was boundless. The peculiar specialty of the morepork is that it can stiffen itself so that even close at hand it is impossible to distinguish it from the dead branch of a Again, it assumes a dignified tree cast of countenance which is ludicrous, or is sentimental, sad or even gay, as it chooses.

The morepork has been grossly slandered and called the Australian goatsucker, but its friend, Mr. Saville-Kent, has at last freed it from that stigma, and explains in this latest work that it only keeps the goatsucker company-another instance of the evil results of choosing disreputable associates.

Killed by An Apple. George Hall and F. G. Leigh, of East Bridgeport, Conn., were coasting down a long, steep hill at Daniel's Farms

when Hall's bicycle got away from his control. He was hurled headlong and struck violently on his left side upon a hard apple which he had in his coat pocket.

WESTERN FARM LABORERS.

"Birds of Passage" Who Work in the Big Wheat Fields.

There is a season between May and July, during which the army of "hands" who work on these North Dakota wheat-farms wait for the crops to ripen. In fact, except the half score of men who are regularly employed upon each place, all the men who are engaged upon the big farms- in ploughing season, at seeding-time. during harvest, and when the season for threshing comes-the men who do the most important work-are transcient laborers. Frequently they are birds of passage, whose faces are familiar to the foremen, but whose homes may be a thousand miles away. Men of this character are not "hoboes"yet now and then a tramp does "rest from his loved employ" and work with the "harvest hands." A majority of the laborers comes from the South in harvest-time. These men are regular harvesters, who begin with the early June harvest in Oklahoma, working northward until the season closes in the Red River country. Men of this class never pay railroad fare. Thousands of them-perhaps fifteen men for every thousand acres in wheatride into the bonanza district on the 'blind-baggage" on passenger trains. When they have leisure and a taste for scenery they jolt placidly across the continent homeward bound in what lingo of these workmen calls "sidedoor sleepers." Many of these workmen live in the larger towns in the Middle West-in St. Louis, in Omaha, in St. Paul, in Chicago, or in Milwaukee. And they bring home probably a million dollars in wages. They are steady, industrious men with no bad habits, and small ambitions. On the best farms there is no drinking, and card-playing is strictly prohibited. The foremen say that cards keep the men out of bed at night, and they have not their best strength to work during the day. There are no amusements on the farm, and at 9 o'clock the fatigue usually drives the men to bed .- William Allen White, in November Scrib-

Armored Plates.

"Plants and Their Enemies" is the title of an article by Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas. Mr. Kearney

"There are a thousand things that threaten the well-being, and even the life, of every tree and shrub and lowly herb. Too much heat, or too little, work great harm to plants. Then there are all manner of wasting diseases caused by other tiny plants called fungi and bacteria. Many large animals, as horses and cows and sheep. live by grazing the herbage and grass, or browsing the foliage of trees and shrubs. Of course they greatly injure the plants they feed upon, and there fore many plants are in one way or an-

her protected against such attacks. "Did you ever stop to think why thistles are so well armed with sharp prickles, or why the ugly roadside netties are furnished with stinging hairs? Notice cattle grazing in a field where thistles or nettles grow; see how careal they are to let those disagreeable plants alone. That it the reason for "be stings and the spines. See this Soney-locust tree bristling with its horrid array of three-pointed thorns. What animal is brave enough to try to rob it of its leaves or great pods? Hawthorns, too, and rose-bushes, and blackberry briars all have their little swords and daggers to defend themselves against browsing animals.

"Out on the wide, hot deserts of Arizona and New Mexico those odd plants, the cacti, grow in great numbers. Some of them take strange shapes-tall, fluted columns, branching candelbra, or mere round balls, like the melon-cactus. They are almost the only plants that grow in some parts of that country, and there is always plenty of sap inside their tough skin. To the hungry and thirsty creatures that roam those dreary wastes in search of food and water they are very tempting. Were they not in some way protected, these cacti would soon be entirely destroyed. But nature has made them to be like strong forts or strong armored battle-ships among plants. They are guarded by all sorts of sharp spines and prickles and fine hairs that burn when they get into the flesh.

A Millionaire's Generosity.

Wilber Scott Stratton, the newly made millionaire king, came to the relief of H. A. W. Tabor, a former United States senator, and Colorado's first millionaire miner, last week with a purse of \$15,000, which he begged Tabor to accept as a testimonial for what he had done to develop the resources of the state.

For many months Tabor has been on the ragged edge of fortune, and has tried to recoap himself by entering the prospecting field. He staked a promising mining claim, but could not get funds for developing it. Then he thought of Stratton and applied to him for a loan.

Stratton had never before seen Tabor, but was familiar with his history. He promised to take the matter under advisement, and five minutes later sent a package containing the currency, with a letter requesting Tabor to accept the money as a gift.-New York Herald.

hible 350 Years Old.

Apropos of the item printed in "The Reco' 3" of the 22d inst., concerning a Bible once owned by Martin Luther pr. Jow in the possession of a Chicagoan, a Franklinville, Penn., correspondent writes: "I have a Martin Luther Bible that was printed at Wittenburg, Germany, in 1546. It is bound with wood, has brass corners and weighs 111/2 pounds .- Philadelphia