

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Aye, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight
Sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheney.

A NEW MEXICAN EPISODE.

BY CLAIRE POTTER.

The sun shone hotly on Anita ranch, which lay like a small excrescence on the dun-colored earth. The adobe house, the fences, the corral, all wore the sun-baked shade of the level ground. The silence was not a strange and dreamy thing, as is usual in solitude; 'twas a hot, fierce, aggressive silence, which seemed to challenge disturbance. No bee or flying thing buzzed in the air, and, as far as eye could reach, no shade came from the fiery sun and the flat gray mesa.

The wind, always defiant, blew bravely across the sagebrush, carrying with him the remonstrant breath of the sun, who protested against the persistent rivalry and would not give him full sway. Their competition gave life to the cattle on the range, to the suffering cowboys, and to the small group of people on the ranch-house porch.

The sloping roof gave shelter from the sun's rays, and the wide-open doors through the long hall caught every whiff of the erratic wind as he, still warring with the sun, blew here and there.

A low hammock occupied the most shaded spot, and in it swung a girl. Her face was dark and small and her little head was covered with a thick, short crop of black curls; her eyes were very large and darkly gray. All else about her was small—the tan-colored shoes, the slender hands, the scarlet mouth—and she took but a speck of room in the wide hammock, forming a quaint contrast to the two men beside her. They were both tall and athletically built; their skins were of the same color as the house and earth, with a liberal dash of added red. One was pronouncedly dark; the other blue of eye and yellow of hair. Even before they spoke they were proclaimed Englishmen. The darker one, Frank Farrington, turned toward the girl and said:

"Well, Jack, when did Harry say he'd come up from Santa Fe? With that fuss over at Ortega's, and Slawson, the manager, gone, you'll be left quite alone, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; but only for two nights. My brother is coming back on Saturday; there's no one to bother."

The girl put one toe to the floor and swung forward, showing the "gun" which graced the carved Mexican belt. This belt held together the corduroy skirt and white duck blouse; a scarlet silk scarf was knotted around the brown throat, and a large, heavily buckled sombrero lay on the floor beside her. Looking out over the mesa, she said:

"The sun seems to be standing still out there. You should have visited your cousin earlier, Captain Charteris. I'm afraid you'll take back lull accounts of his adopted land."

The captain replied with the deep, mellow voice of his country:

"Well, really, Miss Delancey, the country is beastly bad; but Frank seems to find the people all right."

"The people!"—a pleased mockery in the shrill American voice. "That must mean us, for we are really the only people about here. Well, Harry, is a nice boy, but Slawson and Augusta Victoria can't be called social ornaments. Then there's myself; but I— Now, Captain Charteris," rising in the hammock and swinging forward directly in front of him, "will you tell me if I am different from English girls—very much worse, I mean? Now please tell; I want to know truly and honestly."

"Oh, really, Miss Delancey, girls are about all alike, you know, only English girls are more kept in the background, and that sort of thing."

"But, Captain Charteris, if an English girl lost her father and mother when she was only three, and had had to live out here with her brother, because he wouldn't live anywhere else, and she wasn't—well, wasn't really very different from me?"

There was an appealing earnestness in the high voice and a breathless interest in the dark eyes. Charteris looked at her with cool admiration, replying that he would answer her question at another time. She sank back half-dissatisfied and hummed a song.

When the sun showed the first symptoms of descending the men mounted their horses and rode away. Farrington turned in the saddle and called to the girl, "We'll stop with the mail on our way home."

How different was the old adobe hours later, when the sun had given place to his fair rival, the moon. The hot grayness had all gone, and the parched, unlovely earth looked cool and soft in the clear light. The sagebrush and cactus plants were temporarily given a tint of silvery green, and the wind, fickle fellow, seemed conquered by the gentle moon, for hand in hand they searched every nook and corner, blessing all living things as they went. The porch seemed of another spot, as it lay in a flood of milky rays; the chairs, the table,

the dusty hammock—all seemed freshly covered with shining satin. The girl was in the same position, but the corduroy gown had given place to a white one, and the scarlet kerchief had pale to rose. The rebellious hair had been smoothed until it lay in dusky rings about the face which the moonlight had whitened, and the tender rays turned to pink the two scarlet spots—were they of expectation?—which burned beneath the glowing eyes.

The sombrero's place on the floor was taken by a mandolin, which slipped from the hands of its owner as she started from her lazy swinging in the hammock, her accustomed ear having heard the pressure of horses' hoofs against the hard ground long, long before the riders could be seen.

Listening more intently she soon knew there was but one horse, one rider. The expectancy was ended when Capt. Charteris slid from his horse, tied it at the gate, and walked toward the house, idly swinging the leather mail bag as he came. Once under the porch, he threw his hat on the floor and sank into a low chair beside the girl.

"Poor Frank went on to catch the train for Santa Fe. Your brother wrote and urged it. Bah! it's a nasty ride over Ortega's."

"The man broke the silence. "Sing something—something Spanish."

Jack played a soft chord on the mandolin and sang a tender serenade. As she finished he leaned over her and said gently:

"You shall have the answer to the question of this afternoon now. How can I compare you to other women, you who are so strangely different, so intoxicatingly charming?" He leaned nearer and took, unrebuked, the tanned fingers in his own. "You are the result of this strange life and climate, and I—oh, you know how I feel! You have shown your power over me since you first raised those eyes to my face; and when I hear you sing, then—then you know you hold me, soul and body, as no woman ever did before. You know it, don't you, Jack?"

Unclosing her eyes as from a dream of bliss, she laid her hand lovingly upon his shoulder.

"You don't understand me, Captain Charteris. I suppose I am not like other girls, and it takes a long, long time to understand me."

Charteris hid a smile with his hand. The pleading voice was in his ears, the red nose near him, the eyes shining unconsoling love in his face, and the moonlight, the wind, the echoes of the song roused his slow senses, and putting his arm around her he whispered in his melting voice:

"Jack, do you love me?"

"There was no shyness in her rapt face, as she drew nearer and murmured:

"Oh, yes; yes, I do love you, and I was so afraid you would never understand."

The smile grew broader on the Englishman's face as he ardently kissed her, and the mistaken moon incautiously threw a glamor of tenderness into the steely eyes, while the vibrating little creature, with her head on his heart, accepted the moon's soft blandishments, and worshiped on.

The intense stillness of the summer night seemed to ask for music, and Jack drew the mandolin toward her, playing slowly that sweetest Spanish air "Media Noche." While her fingers were on the strings, Charteris, after whispering "Carissima, querida chiquita" in her willing ear and again kissing her, strolled to the gate and mounted his horse. She sat still, a bright bit of color in the vivid moonlight; and as he rode away, waving his hat as he went, she played with all the strength in her quick hands, sending after him a flood of melody which sounded in his ears long, long after the agile broncho had borne him from view.

She slept to dream over the last act of her life, and awoke to redream it as she wandered restlessly about the house or swung in the hammock. Harry and Farrington would not return for two days.

"Surely Harcourt," she whispered the name blushing to herself, "would come again."

Seeking shelter from the heat in the long hall, her eye fell on the forgotten mail bag; for occupation she unstrapped it.

There were no letters for the Anita ranch, but several for Farrington, and a London newspaper which had been opened, read and refolded. She aimlessly unfolded it, glancing over it uncomprehendingly until a penciled paragraph attracted her eye. This read:

"The marriage arranged last winter between Captain Harcourt Dene Clifford Charteris and Lady Evelyn Maud Brankworth will be consummated on June 20 at St. George's, Hanover Square. This marriage will be an exceedingly important social event, owing to the prominence of both bride and groom, the former being the second daughter of the Earl of Alwyn and the latter the prospective heir of his uncle, Lord Walforth, of Walforth House, Surrey. Captain Charteris will shortly return from the American Southwest, where his long stay has completely restored his health." The paper was still firmly grasped in her stiffening fingers. She did not change her position; the brown face turned a sallow shade, and the eyes had a glowing fierceness. She neither cried nor spoke, but mechanically refolded the paper and replaced it in the bag.

Night came again; the moon came back to the old porch, and with the wind played a sweet duo in the accustomed way. But there was no appreciative grace in the heart of the small creature who sat here. With wind-burned face and raging heart she looked out over the broad stretch of

prairies where only last night all had seemed a vision of beauty. Suddenly she leaned back her head and called, sharply, "Augusta Victoria!"

A sib-like Missouri girl, the domestic pivot of the ranch, appeared in response.

"Well, Miss Jack?"

The black head lowered, and the tan heel struck the floor several times before the question came:

"What was Jose up here for this afternoon, and why did he slink away around the corral, or," quickly lifting her head and looking into Augusta Victoria's eyes, "is he still here?"

"No, he ain't here now; but you know Jose and me are keepin' company; so why shouldn't he be here?"

"No reason; only he seemed to act queer, and I am sure I heard him mention—mention Captain Charteris's name."

"Well, yes, he might 'av," uneasily shifting her lank weight from one flat foot to the other.

Jack arose, went over to Augusta Victoria, and grasped her firmly by the shoulder.

"You know I have never trusted Jose, and now I know there is something wrong. Tell me—tell me, or I—well, you know what I can do."

"Oh, dear Miss Jack, save him!—save Jose! save us all!"

Hurriedly, disconnectedly, she told the trembling little woman before her the story. Charteris had had a quarrel with Mexicans on the lower Pecos; that in saving his own life he had shot his assailant; that the dead man was a cousin to Jose, who, with his brothers were all left to right the wrong. That they were to meet at Ortega's, and were going to Farrington's ranch, where Charteris was alone; that the settlement would be short, and that—oh, dear, oh!—they had already started.

Without a word Jack rushed, hatless, for the corral. Her own little broncho, Lorita, was soon girthed, and they were off over the mesa, the startled horse fairly maddened as the heavy cad of the quirt struck her tender flanks with repeated blows. Her gentle mistress seemed turned into a demon, as mile after mile they flew—

not by the trail, but over the range, where quacksands lurked, and prairie dogs' holes were traps to the galloping horse's feet. On they went, the mare goaded to frenzy by the shrill voice and raining blows. The Farrington ranch lights were in sight, and Jack, her heart a triphammer in her side, gave a final shout to speed Lorita on, but a treacherous hole caught one of the horse's slender legs, breaking it, and throwing the little broncho in an agony of pain to the ground, where her rider lay, unhurt. Without a glance at her dearly loved horse, Jack sprang to her feet and rushed like a coyote over the ground.

The altitude exhausted her feeble lungs, and when she stumbled across the doorway of Farrington's ranch speech had almost left her. The curtain was up, and Charteris sat by the table, under a swinging lamp, writing. With one swift movement she pulled down the treacherous shade, threw herself upon his breast and stretched out her arms protecting around him, as, listening to every wind-breath, she gasped:

"Come with me—there is no time to talk."

Seeing determined negation in his face, she continued:

"There is not a moment to lose. Jose Gonzales and his brothers are behind me. They are fierce with pulque and revenge. Come, come!"

"Never! I'll face the cowardly Mexicans!"

"Harcourt,"—a deep wall of despairing passion in her voice—"I love you, dearest, with all the life God has given me, and I beg of you, for the sake of your hope and mine in Heaven to listen to me." Her shielding arms were again around him, and fifty kisses were pressed on his lips. "Harcourt, sweetheart, do my will just this once—this once!" And he obeyed.

Through the rear door of the house they went. With her hand locked in his, they rushed toward the canon. Jack guiding the rebellious Englishman. At length she stopped. "I can go no further," and pulling the red kerchief from her neck she held it to her lips.

"What shall I do with you, Harcourt? They will kill you!"

He took the hand at her side. "I was red with blood."

The galloping horses and excited Spanish voices reached them as Jack rushed into the clear light.

"Jose Gonzales, is that you?"

"Si, senorita."

The girl advanced to where the three horsemen had reined and talked earnestly in Spanish. The voices were first high and fierce, then low and pleading, finally soft and consenting, as they slowly turned and rode away. She walked back to Charteris.

"Come!" she said. How differently the voice from an hour before! She said no more, but started forward. Charteris followed.

"Jack," he called—"dear little Jack—you have saved my life and I am a coward."

"Don't speak to me," she replied, bitterly. "Saddle me a horse. I'll wait for it inside."

Two horses were soon tied at the gate, and he entered the room where Jack stood, not as she had so short a time before, panting, glowing, reckless, the embodiment of love and bravery, but instead, a pallid, somber-eyed woman, whose strange quiet was a terror to the man before her.

"They have given you your life," she said, "because I promised them that in the early morning you would go. I told them this; they believed me; you must go."

"Yes, I will go; but you—you who have risked your precious life—have brought on this fearful thing," point-

ing to the blood-stained hand. "What shall I do for you?"

"I am past help," recklessly. "God is good; he has sent this—if not enough, the stream in the canon will be a roaring torrent in May."

She started toward the gate, he swiftly following.

"Jack, Jack, let me go with you!"

"No; but you can go across the range," pointing southward, "and shoot Lorita—I couldn't do that," covering her eyes with her trembling fingers.

She mounted; he followed, and they rode slowly toward the trail.

"Jack," he whispered tenderly, "why have you given me my life and turned it to bitterness like this?"

She rode nearer and laid her hand on the horn of his saddle.

"Do not dare to follow me. Shoot Lorita quickly and kindly. With her I will die your memory of these days. I have read the London Times, and I loved you."

When Harry Delancy returned to the Anita ranch the weeping Augusta Victoria met him in the porch. A rude emblem of black swung from the door knob and inside the house the little mistress lay still and silent, at rest forever. "The old trouble" and the new one had ended all.

The London Times announced that on June 20 at St. George's, Hanover Square, were married Captain Harcourt Dene Clifford Charteris and Lady Evelyn Maud Brankworth.—McClure's Monthly.

MAGIC WROUGHT BY RAIN.

Barren Australian Plains Suddenly Transformed.

The whole of the interior of Australia is not, as some people appear to think, a desert. It is traversed by river courses, such as those of the Finke, Barcoo and Warburton, all draining southward toward Lake Eyre.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the dry and the wet season, states Professor Baldwin Spencer, who visited central Australia on a scientific mission last year.

In the former, one travels mile after mile over bare, stony plains, with scarcely a sign of plant or animal life. The sun beats down hotly on shining fields of brown and purple tress, crossed every now and then by thin bands of dreary looking mulga trees.

Such plants as there are are comparatively few and far apart. As to the animals, they have to survive as best they can; ants, flies and grasshoppers exist in countless numbers, and afford food to lizards, and perhaps smaller marsupial rats and mice.

In the rainy season, which may only occur once in eighteen months, everything is changed. From the highlands in the center, and from every range of hills, the water rushes down in torrents. Vast areas, previously impassable by reason of drought, now become impassable from flood. Within a few hours the whole scene is changed. The water has loosened the hard ground and countless animals have appeared.

Clay pans and water holes are noisy with the croaking of frogs; crustaceans hatch out with wonderful rapidity from eggs which have lain on the dry ground for, it may be, many months; small mollusks buried in clay are released and every inhabitant of land and water sets to work to make the best of its short life.

The ground within a day or two is green with the leaves of countless seedlings, which grow rapidly; birds appear as if by magic, and the once dry and silent country is now bright with flowers and foliage and animals, all decked out in the liveliest colors.

After perhaps a few days the rains cease and the waters quickly become confined to the river channels, scouring out holes here and there, where a small supply will remain for a time after the shallower parts have all dried up.

As the water disappears everything returns to its arid state, and it is only those animals and plants that have succeeded in reaching a sufficiently far advanced stage of growth that have any chance of surviving. The weavings among the plants are quickly killed off.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Law Suit Pending 45 Years.

A special from Grafton, W. Va., says: There is in the Circuit Court of this county a case, sent back by the last term of the State Supreme Court for retrial, which rivals Dickens' celebrated case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce. When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was built through this country over forty-five years ago, Chardies Venderwerker, did some of the grading. The settlement of the contract led to the grading of the Baltimore and Ohio in the courts of what was then Virginia. Since then the case has been four times in the Supreme Court, having been sent back last week.

Venderwerker is still living, but he is not prosecuting the case now, having assigned his claim to one Nye. Venderwerker is an old man and has been kept poor paying attorney's fees. The first judges who tried the case are long since dead, as are most of the supreme court who first heard it. The full amount of the claim now, with interest, is less than \$10,000.—Philadelphia Press.

Doctor's Ruse.

An envious young lady called a physician for a slight ailment, which she magnified into a serious one. "Run," said the doctor to a servant, giving him a prescription, "to the nearest chemist and bring back the medicine as quickly as you can."

"Is there much danger?" replied the young lady in alarm. "Yes," said the doctor, "if your servant is not quick I will be useless." "Oh! doctor, shall I die?" gasped the patient. "There is no danger of that," said the doctor, "but you may get well before Thomas returns."

THE CULTURE OF MUSHROOMS

NOT IN SUBURBAN PASTURES BUT CITY CELLARS.

How the Spawn is Planted, the Soil that is Prepared and the Profits of the Undertaking—A Woman's Success in Raising the Edible Fungi.

"Don't those look fine?" asked a restaurateur of a Washington Star correspondent, directing attention to a basket of toothsome and succulent mushrooms, whose white caps and pink gills shone in alternating colors in one of the front windows of his eating house.

"You may be disinclined to believe what I am going to say, but those mushrooms were grown right here in Philadelphia. No, not out in some of the suburbs, where they are vacant pastures, and where they are sometimes found in their season—late summer and early autumn—but in the thickly populated districts of the city, where roomy yards are a luxury and a lot big enough for pasturage is unknown."

"Mushroom growing is getting to be a fad in some parts of Philadelphia, and those who have experimented in even a small way find that it is not only an interesting work, though necessitating considerable care, but profitable as well. Those mushrooms you see in the window are West Philadelphia products, and they were raised by the wife of a man who is a well-to-do business man down town.

"She was an invalid for a number of years, during which time the only diversion she had was the care of her house plants. The first year of her illness she was confined to her bed, and, obeying the mandate of the good old family doctor, was compelled to conform to a diet that excluded the heavier foods. The wife of a neighbor who had just returned from an early morning mushroom hunt in the country, prepared for her sick friend, while she was convalescing, a dish of the bouillon from the delicious fungi.

"This struck a responsive chord in the appetite of the invalid, and fresh mushrooms found a ready market at her house every day. When the season waned she was compelled to depend upon the canned product, which is imported principally from France. This did not give satisfaction, as the bouillon is most delicious and finer flavored when extracted from the fresh plant.

"It was then the idea of raising mushrooms at home suggested itself. If the people of France could grow them, why could not she do it? she argued, displaying the characteristic confidence of her sex. She set about at once to bring her ideas into tangible form. Her husband sent to London for several bricks of the mycelium, or spawn, and a carpenter was called in to make a box for the bed. The lady corresponded with a French horticulturist, with the result that within a few months a portion of the cellar of her house was transformed into a veritable mushroom hot-house.

"To-day she has in her cellar perhaps two dozen beds of mushrooms, which yield to her during the months when the plant is out of season a handsome profit, in addition to satisfying the wants of her family and her numerous gifts to the sick of her acquaintance. Her success in growing mushrooms has been the means of engaging others in it. I do not mean that they are in it for a business, but that it is found more profitable than cultivating house plants and requires little more care, after the beds are made and the cellar is once placed in condition.

"I think I can safely say there are fifty cellars in Philadelphia, a few of them in the most fashionable part of the city, where mushrooms are raised out of season. They are all the result of the experiment of the woman I spoke of. And in early every case the beds are looked after by the matron of the house. It is a work that requires some patience, and we men, you know, are possessors of that virtue only in a small degree.

"The mushroom beds are made of the fermenting manure, built up solidly and large enough to maintain a heat of about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. A bed being of proper temperature, bits of an imported brick containing the spawn are inserted in it at intervals and when the spawn is growing rapidly or runs, about two inches of soil is placed on the bed, and it is then covered with straw. Water is applied, if necessary and should be warmed to the temperature of the bed.

"The mushrooms appear in six to eight weeks, and are collected in the button state, as those shown in the window, as large as required. Yes, the mushroom growing fad is rapidly gaining in popularity in Philadelphia. In addition to those I have spoken of, I know of several more persons who are going to have mushroom farms—that is the right name for them—in their cellars.

"Few people seem to know the value of many of the fungi, and some of the very best mushrooms in country pastures are generally considered worthless toadstools. I know of some progressive farmers in the vicinity of Philadelphia who have been carefully studying mushroom growing, and are coining money through their foresight.

"Mushrooms resemble flesh in flavor more nearly than any other vegetable, and they contain all the particles of nourishment that are in beefsteak. A space about ten feet long in some dark place, with shelves covered with earth, is sufficient to produce far more mushrooms than enough to satisfy the demands of the most ardent mushroom lover.

"When the Czar Travels.

For days before the Czar travels along any railway line the latter is pat-

trolled on both sides by sentinels, who are stationed at a distance of two hundred yards from one another. They keep their eyes open, but otherwise are allowed to take it easy, taking what is called the "first position," the rifle being slung from the shoulder. Six hours before the passage of the imperial train they assume what is known as the "second position"—that is to say, they shoulder their rifles and march briskly up and down, with every mental faculty on the qui vive.

An hour before the imperial train passes they assume the "third position," standing with their backs toward the line and the train, and allowing no one under any circumstances to approach within a hundred yards of the track until ten minutes after the Emperor has passed. Should any one attempt to approach they have orders to challenge, and if the individual continues to approach in spite of the challenge and warning, they have orders to shoot to kill.

Sad to relate, not even the soldiers—that is to say, those of the ordinary line regiments, who are employed for the sentinel duty along the railroad—are entirely trusted by those responsible for the Czar's safety, and what is known as the "third position" has been devised not only for the purpose of preventing any stranger harboring a nefarious design from approaching the track, but also with the object of preventing any one of the sentinels imbued with Nihilistic or Socialist doctrines from discharging his loaded rifle at the imperial train as it rumbles slowly by at its twenty-five-mile rate of speed.—London Mail.

An Anecdote of Banting.

When the late Princess Mary of Teck first became stout, says an English journal, she sent for the celebrated Banting. She was surprised to see that he was still extremely bulky, and after a few civil preparatory remarks she said: "But your system has not made you very thin, Mr. Banting."

"Allow me, madam," said Banting—and, proceeding to unbutton his coat, he disclosed a large wire structure over which the garment fitted. Inside was the real Banting, incased in another coat. "This, madam," said he, pointing with pardonable satisfaction to his cage, "was my size before I commenced dieting." He then nimbly disembarrassed himself of his framework, and stood before the royal lady exhibiting his elegant figure! Apparently the interview led to nothing but amusement, for the good Duchess of Teck remained very stout to the end of her days.

Honest Sweden.

In Sweden a crime is an event. Theft particularly is very rare. Honesty is the fundamental quality of the race, is naturally recognized and officially counted upon. In this respect the Stockholmers show a confident carelessness which is always a surprise to strangers and causes them some uneasiness. In the theatres and concert halls there are large cloakrooms, where hats and furs are left without the smallest safeguard. The performance over, each one takes possession of his effects, nor does an "accident" ever occur. The inhabitants are accustomed to expect a reciprocal probity in the transactions of everyday life. Upon most of the tramways in Stockholm conductors have been dispensed with. The passenger himself deposits ten ore in a tall placed at the end of the vehicle, behind the driver.—New York Herald.

To Can Dried Fruit.

During the late Hamburg exposition the state board of trade maintained a school where practical demonstrations were given of the proper methods of cooking dried fruit, which are likely to result in much good to the state, as is evidenced by a letter received yesterday by Secretary Filcher. It is said that the California process of cooking dried fruit has just been patented in Germany, and a company with a capital of \$25,000 has been incorporated to conduct the business on a large scale. It is proposed after cooking the dried fruit to can it. There is a high duty on canned fruit, but the dried article pays but a light duty, so that an agent will be sent to this coast to purchase a supply of dried fruit in order that the new cannery may be run to its full capacity all through the year.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Origin of the Peach.

The Japanese, who claim to have first discovered or utilized the peach, have a quaint legend as to the fruit. A pious old couple, stricken with years and poverty, subsisted by begging. One day on the highway, the old woman found the beautiful ripe fruit. Although most famished, she did not selfishly eat the luscious fruit alone, but took it home to divide with her husband. As the knife cut into it the fruit opened and an infant sprang forth, who told the astonished beggars that he was the god Shin To, and had accidentally fallen from the orchard of the Japanese heaven while at play with some other gods and goddesses. For extricating him from the peach Shin To gave the Japs its seed to plant and told them its product would make them wealthy. This is the origin of the peach, according to the Japs.—Boston Journal.

Novel Bill Collecting.

A man in Norway, Me., to whom a small debt is owed has taken a novel way to collect it. After blowing the debtor up on the street in the presence of passersby and street loafers, he accosts him whenever he sees him. If the debtor notices him he credits him with so many cents for recognition. If he doesn't notice him at all it is one cent added. After each meeting the creditor sends a new bill with the proper credits.—Buffalo Express.