

The Endless Procession.

Down the vista of the ages,
Saints and sinners, tools and sages,
Marching onward, slow and solemn,
Go, in never-ending column;
Here the honest, here the knave;
With a rhythmic step sublime,
To the grave.

Like the rolling of a river,
Going on and on forever,
Never resting, never staying,
Never for an instant straying,
Peer and peasant, lord and slave,
Equals soon to mix and mingle
In the grave.

Duty cannot, nor can pleasure,
For a moment break the measure;
They are marching on to doom,
They are moving to the tomb,
All the coward, all the brave,
Soon to level all distinction
In the grave.

Since the morning of creation,
Without break or termination,
Ever on the line is moving,
All the loved and all the loving,
All that mothers ever gave—
On to silence and to slumber
In the grave.

Here no bribe the bond can weaken,
Here no substitute is taken;
Each one for himself—no other,
Son or father, no, nor brother;
Love the purest cannot save;
Each alone the roll must answer
At the grave.

Who commands the dread procession
That shall know no retrocession?
Who can be the great director,
He that grim and silent specter,
Him that sin to Satan gave;
Death, the mighty king and terror,
And the grave.

—Frank J. Ottaviano.

How Pottridge Spoils His Luck.

Mr. Thomas Pottridge, of Smallborough, had been renowned in his native town for his constant run of luck, so that at the age of forty he was reckoned the "wisest" man there—an alderman who had been twice mayor of his city, a church warden and a very popular character among the fair sex by reason of his being a bachelor. One or two things more only were wanted to complete his happiness—namely, a good wife, a nice little estate in the country, and the honor of knighthood. Mr. Pottridge wished to become Sir Thomas Pottridge. Having long cherished this idea, and resolved, indeed, that he would not propose for the hand of pretty Miss Lucy Dot, the banker's daughter, until he could make her a wealthy man, Mr. Pottridge ended by thinking that he could best secure his object by causing himself to be re-elected mayor, and arranging if possible that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales should pay a visit to Smallborough during the term of his office. Intent upon this scheme, Mr. Pottridge came up to town to call upon Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Beaconsfield beamed kindly to the grocer's prayer. Smallborough was about to inaugurate some public baths, the first establishment of the kind ever seen in the town, and nothing could be more suitable than that the heir to the throne should preside over the ceremonial. "Truly," said the Premier politely, when he had heard the alderman speak, "the cleanliness of the people must always be a matter of interesting concern to those who are brought into relations with them. I shall be happy to take her majesty's commands on the—ahem!—public spirited proposal which you have laid before me.

"If you can manage it, my lord, I should be glad if the visit could take place some time after the 9th of November next, for I shall be mayor then and able to see that the reception given is a proper one."

"Ah, quite so!" answered Lord Beaconsfield, dropping his eyeglass, for he had studied Mr. Pottridge through and knew the man by heart.

Leaving Whitehall, Mr. Pottridge sauntered toward Regent street, and as he walked along life seemed rosy to him because of Miss Dot. He began to stare into the shop windows, admiring pretty things which he was tempted to buy for his love. He was looking at a pair of gloves when he noticed a lady who was suddenly beheld through the window a curious sight. An elegantly dressed lady was seated at the counter examining pieces of Brussels lace. The shopman averted his head for an instant and she deftly whipped up a yard of the costly texture and transferred it to her pocket. The shopman spread over the counter a number of square flat boxes containing cambric handkerchiefs and once more turned away. Again the lady's deft hand went to work and a couple of handkerchiefs found their way under her cloak. "Now that woman must have capacious pockets," soliloquized the astonished Mr. Pottridge. "She's a cunning thief, anyhow, and I'll just step in and warn the firm."

He hesitated a moment and whilst he hovered about the doorway the lady came out escorted by an obsequious commissionaire with medals on his breast. A footman, one of a row basking on a bench like oysters, rose and signaled to the coachman of a handsome and somely appointed brougham, who at once drove forward. Evidently this lady was not an ordinary thief. She was a tall, dark person of about thirty, superbly dressed and very handsome. Perceiving Mr. Pottridge and seeing his glance fix on her as she waited for her carriage she eyed him with aristocratic superciliousness and thereby settled her fate, for Smallborough's alderman, who could not brook the disdain of a shoplifter, hurried into the mercer's and explained what had happened, speaking in so excited a voice that a number of customers heard him.

Great commotion was caused by his announcement, and the shopman who had served her was quickly fired by the idea that he had let himself be outwitted. Darting out of the shop he accosted the thief as she was stepping into her carriage and said: "Will you come back, if you please? There is some mistake."

"What mistake?" asked she, turning round with a flash in her eyes. But she grew ashy pale.

"Come back, please," repeated the shopman, a pushing young man, whose voice broke from emotion.

A small crowd had already collected and the lady was obliged to retrace her steps; but as she was about to enter the shop she slipped her hand into her pocket and let a piece of lace fall on to

the pavement. "No, ma'am, that won't do," cried Mr. Pottridge, seizing the thief's wrist. "You're going to pretend those things fell by accident into the folds of your dress; we know that trick." And officiously acting as searcher he plunged his hand into the dress despite the lady's struggles and drew out a second piece of lace, three cambric handkerchiefs, two pairs of new gloves, one pair of silk stockings and a lady's silk cravat. "Well, I never!" exclaimed the pushing shopman, and there was a murmur among the bystanders, including the lady's own footman, who looked like a powdered figure of consternation.

"How dare you," screamed the lady, purple with rage and mortification, as she glared at Mr. Pottridge; "I'll prosecute you for assault. I told the shopman here that I meant to buy these things. Let the bill be sent to my address; I'm Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane."

"I desay," resumed the shopman, "but I'm going to give you into custody," and running to the door, he beckoned to a blue-coated member of the force.

One of the partners of the firm, a gray, civil-spoken man, who had been forward in his study, now came forward; and he was at first disposed to rebuke the haste of his shopman, but it was too late. The policeman had already entered, and all the shopmen and shop-girls, the customers and the desultory people crowding around the door, were instant in chorusing that the thief should be made an example of. Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane, seeing public opinion so dead against her, uttered a howl, and fell swooning to the floor.

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Pottridge," said Mr. Dot, who sat as chairman, "but men in your position should set an example. You are fined £20 on each count, with costs; total, £120."

Ill-starred Pottridge! He left the court politically and socially done for, for he could no longer hope to be re-elected mayor nor to marry Miss Dot. He should have, moreover, to resign his aldermanship, and his personal character, as well as that of his tea, sugar and mustard, was ruined.

So ruined was Mr. Pottridge that when he went to London to give evidence against Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane the first question asked him by the counsel for the defence was, "I believe you Bailey barrister—was I believe you have just been convicted of selling adulterated goods and at false weight?"

"Let me explain," stammered poor Pottridge.

"No explanations, sir. Give me a plain answer, yes or no?"

"Yes, then."

"Well, then, if you are liable to make mistakes about your weights, you may err in other things."

"Perhaps," replied the grocer, desperately. "I may have been mistaken in thinking this lady was a thief. I have had enough of bother about the business."

"You ought to be ashamed of your flippant conduct, sir," cried the counsel, "and the wretched grocer hobbled, and now he had to utter a few words of penitence. After this feeling very possible error on the part of the chief witness the case against Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane was, of course, dismissed, and Mr. Pottridge slunk out of court with a magisterial reprimand ringing in his ears. To conclude this little story his only add that when H. R. H. the Prince of Wales graciously went to open the baths at Smallborough it was Mr. Bungs who was mayor and eventually got knighted, while Mr. Pottridge, who had been invited to dine at the town hall, where he paid his share like the other rate payers.

He is no longer regarded as a lucky man.—London Truth.

For Boys to Remember.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken, my friend," was the reply; "he had a great many, and if you care to listen, I'll enumerate a few of them. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, thereby showing that he is careful. He instantly gave up his seat to an old man who is lame, showing that he is kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he is polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book that I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest either stepped over it or shoved it aside, and he waited for his turn, instead of pushing or crowding, which evinces an honest and orderly disposition. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were cleanly brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk, and when he wrote his name I also noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet like that handsome little fellow in the blue jacket. Don't you term those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes than all the fine letters you can bring me."

Woman's Strategy.

"Jack," said a pretty girl to her small brother the other day, "I want you to do something for me—that's a good fellow."

"What is it?" growled Jack, who is the brother of the period.

"Why, you know that wig and mustache you used in the theatricals."

"Well?"

"Well, won't you just put them on and go to the concert to-night? Augustus and I will be there, and Jack, I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

"What!—you want me to do that?"

"Yes; and as we come out you must stand in the door and try and slip me a note—take care that Gus sees you, too."

"Well, I declare!"

"Because you see, Jack, Gus likes me, I know; but then he's awful slow, and he's well off and lots of other girls are after him—and—ah! he's got to be hurried up a little, as it were."

The Moorish Alhambra.

What Dr. Flanders Says in a Spanish Letter of this Most Remarkable Palace.

The Alhambra made upon me one of the profoundest impressions of my whole life, and I would be glad to reproduce it while hereupon the spot in something like adequate language. But that I feel sure I cannot do. Even Washington Irving fell short of the reality in his elaborately drawn picture of the history, architecture and legends of I am compelled to believe, one of the most remarkable palaces in the world; and yet he had three years in which to study up the subject and execute his task, for he resided that length of time in the Alhambra. The guide-to-day points out to curious visitors the rooms that were occupied by Washington Irving.

Entering the inclosure through the great gateway, we are surprised to see at our right a large, partly-completed marble structure of elaborate Grecian architecture, but evidently of comparatively modern date. This is an abortive attempt of Charles V. to eclipse the Alhambra. It is an impotent impotence and failure. Had Charles completed it according to the original design, it would have been but a monument of his stupidity and bad taste, and the noble old palace of the Moors would not have suffered by the comparison even a temporary eclipse. Except as a signal example of mad folly, it should be pulled down and removed.

Turning to the right of the palace of Charles, and making a slight descent, in a moment more we are in one of the courts of the Alhambra. We hold our breath for a moment in rapt amazement and delight, and then exclaim, beautiful! Aladdin's palace in the Arabian story, is before us in solid reality. It was impossible to take it all in at a glance, and so we tarried long in that outer court, feasting our eyes and regaling our senses until both awam in a sea of joy.

Away, then, we went, from court to court, from room to room, in a delirium of delight. Walls of lace, done in marble, roses around us; ceilings of cedar-wood, inlaid with ivory and tortoise shell, and rich with blue, vermilion and gold, looked down upon us; domes looking like purest frost work, flecked with exquisite tints, and dropping with frosty stalactites, hung around us; clusters of marble pilars, supporting balconies of open tracery-work, also in marble, surrounded the courts, and looked as if the work of enchantment; rich mosaics, in many colors, sometimes made beautiful wainscot, dome and ceiling; while the bath still held its crystal challenge to the sunbeams with its golden scales, and the fountain of diamonds still played as in the days when Boabdil was master of the Alhambra.

Once seen, and never to be forgotten. Hour after hour went by, and still we were riveted to the charmed spot. But the sweetest order finally overpowered the senses by excess; and so, after a while, we stole away and ascended the Veia tower, and looked abroad over mountain and valley—over avenues of cypress, groves of orange, olive and fig; over plains recently rich with harvest, but now bare and parched; up to the perpetual snows of the Sierra Nevada; down dizzy precipices into deep valleys; cool, shady and fragrant with poplar, acacias, the cypress and myrtle, the oleander and rose. "Beautiful for situation," we said of Jerusalem. Transfer the phrase and, with more justice, let it be said of Granada. The waters that make sweet and cool its atmosphere, and bring to it health, flow into the Darro and Genil, that embrace in the valley below; and as I stood upon the lofty tower, and took in the magnificent panorama, from Sierra to Sierra, I exclaim with Moore:

"There is not in the wide world a valley so
As that vale in whose bosom the bright
waters meet;
The last ray of feeling and life may depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart."

The net earnings of the railroads of the United States for 1878 were \$187,575,177, a gain of \$17,000,000 over the net earnings for 1877.

Hanging Females in England.

The gallows has been busy in England with female criminals, and notably, of late, the recent execution of a woman in Wardsmoor prison being the third within a year. More than a dozen women have suffered death under Queen Victoria, many of them being phenomenal criminals. In April, 1845, we believe, Sarah Freeman was hanged at Taunton for the poisoning with arsenic of her mother, brother, husband and son. In April, 1849, Sarah Thomas was hanged at Gloucester for beating but the brains of her mistress, an old woman of sixty-one, with a stone. She went to the gallows in an ungovernable fit of rage, wrestling and biting so desperately that it was with difficulty two stout wardens could force her up the ladder, and her screams of anger and terror continued until the bolt was drawn. On the 21st of August, of the same year, Mary Ann Geering was hanged in front of Lewes jail for having poisoned her husband and two sons, so as to get the burial allowance from their friendly society to which they belonged. Two days later Rebecca Smith suffered at Devizes for the murder of her baby, aged four weeks. Her show of fervent piety had provoked much sympathy for her, but after her conviction she broke down and confessed that she had poisoned her seven other children. Finally, on the 13th of November the Mannings were hanged before Horsemerger lane jail. Mrs. Manning was hanged in black satin and a long lace veil. She and her husband shook hands on the drop.

Extraordinary Hallstorm.

The accounts of the hailstorms in sections of Dodge, Washington and Ozaukee are so extraordinary that they exceed belief. If these accounts be verified so such hailstorm ever before occurred in the United States. The hailstones are represented as large as goose eggs, and that their force was so great that they killed hogs; and one describer declares that they indented fence-rails like bullets, and that two hours after the storm the roads were covered with hail. Of course, under such a heavenly battery, all the growing crops in a belt of country two miles wide were totally destroyed. It is really a calamity, but we indulge the hope that some of the narrators saw double, and that an immense discordant chorus was made from their reports.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Picnic Experience.

"What the country really wants," said Mr. Phipps to me, thoughtfully, as he locked his fingers over his knee, "is a law making it a penitentiary offence to go to a picnic. What is a picnic?" inquired Mr. Phipps, pursuing the subject further. "I will describe it over to you. In the first place, you want to get the thermometer up to 100 in the shade, and to keep it there steadily, with not wind enough blowing to make a leaf tremble. Then you get in the cars, and go out to some place a few miles nearer to the equator than where you live; and when you alight from the train you discover that the picnic ground is right on top of an adjacent hill. There is no vehicle within reach, and so start up the side of the precipice with a basketful of provisions upon each arm, and a bottle of mixed pickles in your coat-tail pocket. There is no shade upon the precipice, of course, and as you push upward you become hotter and hotter, until you feel convinced that the mercury must have crawled up to at least 520 degrees; and meanwhile the bottle of mixed pickles gradually gets to weighing a ton.

But you do reach the top finally, and as soon as you are in the shade of the woods you sink down exhausted, and grab for a drink of water. Somehow you open your lunch-basket to get a cup and then the discovery is made that the jar of raspberry jam on everything, including your hairbrush and the clean shirt collar that you brought along to wear home in the afternoon.

"At this moment some one ascertains that there is no water on the top of the hill. The nearest spring is a full half mile downward, at the bottom of the precipice, and the water has to be brought up in buckets. Lots are drawn to see who shall go for it, and you are one of the victims. When you get your first two buckets up you are drenched with perspiration, and you feel pretty nearly ready to go into a hospital for repairs.

At this critical juncture one of the young ladies declares that it would be so nice if there could be a swing, and the leading male idiot of the party produces a rope from a bundle. You suppose, of course, that he intends to put it up; but upon inquiry you are alarmed that he knows anything about climbing trees. As you, on the trip up, have impudently boasted of your youthful feats in gathering chestnuts, there is no escape for you, and so, taking one end of the rope in your mouth, you embrace the trunk of the tree and begin. When you slip back two or three times the ladies laugh, and the men who don't know how to climb make amusing remarks about the disordered condition of your clothing.

"You reach the lower branches. The men who were totally ignorant of tree-climbing show by the advice they give you that they know more about fixing swing-ropes than a man ought to be allowed to know in a free country. When the rope at last is adjusted, you grasp it and glide down with such rapidity as to remove the skin from the palms of your hands.

"Next, the fattest young lady in the party, the girl who turns the scales at 211 pounds, asks if you will push her in the swing; but, of course, you are far too intelligent for that, so wander off a piece until you meet another girl who says you must dance with her, because they have to have one more gentleman to make up the set. If you had your choice between losing a leg by amputation and dancing a plain cotillon, you would prefer amputation; but there is no help for it, and so join the party.

"At half past twelve lunch is ready, and you answer the call with the feeling that it is the only agreeable occurrence of the day. The cloth has been spread upon the grass; and you observe that the ants have gotten into the sugar, that some energetic spider has spun a web from the pickle-bottle to the lemonade pitcher, and that a colony of straddle bugs is frisking about over the ham. I say nothing about the hop-toad that lights in among the sandwiches, or of the bumblebees that haunt the preserves; but that you aren't put a spoon within four feet of it. This kind of thing has to be on a picnic, and we must submit to it as a matter of duty.

"After lunch, you think it would be nice to go down the hill and take a swim in the creek. You undress, and really do have a nice bath. Just as you are about to come out, the fat girl and the girl who wanted to dance come meandering along, and they sit down within twenty feet of your clothes, without perceiving them. They have come for a little chat; and they talk, and talk, and as if they have made up their minds to have one final and conclusive conversation, so as to leave nothing to be talked about any more forever and forever. Meanwhile the sun is coloring you so that you resemble a boiled lobster, and although you clear your throat, and splash, in the noisiest manner possible, they positively refuse to hear you. At last, however, they get up to go, just as the picnic party is coming down the hill to catch the train.

"You jump out, and dress in furious haste, for fear you will be left; and before you can get your shoes buttoned you hear the whistle. You run for it, and get into the car, hot, wet and miserable, only to find that your lunch basket has been left on the hill, and that your share of the expenses is exactly fifteen dollars.

"Nice picture, isn't it? Well, that's our American picnic! That's exactly the experience I went through last Thursday week. If I ever do it again, I want my friends to run me right into an insane asylum, on the double-quick."
—Max Adler.

The Origin of "Dixie."

A writer to the Baltimore Gazette inquires about the origin of the word "Dixie," and the editor replies as follows:

Some years ago, long before the war, a very musical family by the name of Dixie lived in Worcester, Mass. One of the brothers, Walston Dixie, we believe, decided to apply his talents in the negro minstrelsy line and soon the famous Dixie Minstrels were known from one end of the country to the other. This same founder of the troupe wrote the celebrated song "Dixie's Land," which attained such popularity. It was verily the land for him, as he found in the Southern States the germs of the quaint negro songs which he brushed up and placed in his programme. The South adopted the song and hence allowed this gifted minstrel of Massachusetts to give that section of the country a new name, which will always stick. Many songs were adopted and sectionalized in this way. Our own "Yankee Doodle" was written by an Englishman as a satire, and our ancestors picked it right up and gave it a home.

THE "DEVIL'S PLANT."

A Weed which Has Been a Farmer's Pest Proves to Be Worth \$10,000,000 a Year to the Country—How It Has Found a Healer.

"See hyar, boy; d'ye know wot pesky fool owns that there truck patch?"

The seeder was the other side of Camden, just on the border of Cooper's creek. It was a Jersey countryman that asked the question, and as he spoke he pointed to a large tract of land thickly studded with green plants. It was the sight of the plants that inspired his disgust. Right before him was one of the finest pieces of ground in the neighborhood, and yet what he characterized as a "darned old weed" had been allowed to take complete possession.

The "weed" is what is known in botanical language as the *Abutilon avicenna*. "Every farmer who knows it by sight, but few would recognize it by its scientific name. To them it is a pest, and a bad one at that. It makes its appearance among the corn, the potatoes, the berry bushes, in fact here, there and everywhere, and no device known to the farmers will rid them of it. If one is pulled up another is sure to come in its place, if let alone it will not stop growing until it is head and shoulders above the tallest of tall men. It will thrive in the hottest sun, and its seeds, for each plant scatters ounces, promiscuously every season—have such a tenacious life that they will resist the hardest frost. In fact, both plant and seeds will survive any amount of ill treatment. "Devil's Plant" is the sobriquet which many farmers have given it, and if an explanation is asked for they will solemnly aver their belief that only the evil one could have sowed such a pest upon the agricultural community.

Yet the "Devil's Plant" has proved to be a blessing in disguise, and a big one at that. From it can be produced a fiber infinitely superior to Indian jute. This discovery was brought about by a French gentleman, M. Emile Le Franc, who has resided in America for about nine years. He is an authority on fibrous plants, and has written several reports on the subject for the National Agricultural Department. During the continental he came to reside in Philadelphia, and devoted some of his spare time in an examination of the fibrous plants of New Jersey. The *Abutilon avicenna* attracted his attention, and a little investigation brought him to the conclusion that the plant possessed no inconsiderable value. He commenced operating by a secret process of his own invention, and found that the bark around the straight stem contained a very valuable fiber. With a little more labor this fiber was brought to the condition required by manufacturers, and several to whom it was shown pronounced it equal to the jute imported by them from India. M. Le Franc also found that the short fibers could be made into a new tissue which can be employed in the manufacture of a new fiber.

This important discovery was not to be allowed to slumber. M. Le Franc reported it to the New Jersey Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries, and also determined to go into the manufacture of jute and the raising of the "Devil's Plant." The bureau gave its co-operation, and issued, under its seal, an offer from M. Franc to pay eight dollars per ton for the straight jute stalks, not less than three or four feet in height, delivered in Camden. The circular also advised farmers to go into the cultivation of the plant, and gave important information relative to the sowing of seeds, methods of planting and other particulars. This circular was the first information which the Jersey agriculturists received of the prize which was contained in their former enemy.

The cultivation of the "Devil's Plant" is to be generally followed in different parts of New Jersey. As the plant is also to be found in this State, it is anticipated that some of our farmers may find it to their profit to devote some attention to it. The discovery is calculated to have an important effect upon the trade of the country. Its ultimate result will undoubtedly be to render the United States independent of the world for a commodity which is now costing our manufacturers fully \$10,000,000 annually. The total importations of hemp, flax, ramie and jute into this country are valued at over \$30,000,000 a year. The jute alone, represents one-third of this amount. The supply comes chiefly from India, and the latter's trade in it has become the leading staple of Bengal. In this country jute is used for numberless purposes, among them for rope and carpet backs. It is also frequently mixed with linen in the manufacture of cloths, England, and in fact the whole of Europe, are dependent upon the Indian plantations for their supply. The New Jersey bureau is authority for the statement that "extensive jute rope manufacturers of Philadelphia have offered to buy any quantity at the highest jute market price; that the long fiber is equivalent to that of the Calcutta prime jute, and that the manufacturers admit the superiority of the American variety over the imported." In the face of this testimony it is not too much to hazard the opinion that ere many years America will not only supply the home demand for the staple, but will also be able to inaugurate an export trade. At least, so think those connected with the enterprise.

In April of last year the Record announced that the government of India had offered a premium of \$25,000 to any individual or company which could invent the best machine for the preparation of ramie or Indian grass. The treatment of these plants in that country, as well as in China, is entirely by hand. This offer came to the notice of Mr. M. Le Franc, who has invented a process which is claimed to be the very thing for which the English government is seeking. With this invention he has prepared some American ramie, and produced a staple next in appearance to silk. He has also ascertained that the plant is indigenous to the soil in this part of the country, and as in regard to importation ranks next to jute, it can be made to join with that plant in increasing the wealth of the country. Imported ramie is extensively used in this country by manufacturers, who mix it with silk and woven fabrics. It is also made into sewing and shoe thread on a large scale. Mr. Le Franc goes to India next season to submit his invention and claim the bounty from the government. Should it be accepted, Brother Jonathan will have another feather in his cap, and it is demanded will create an immense revolution in the textile trade of the British possessions.—Philadelphia Record.

Sheep Taming.

Sheep Taming who made at Chicago the fastest pacing time on record—one mile in 2.12—is an Ohio horse.

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Yet the "Devil's Plant" has proved to be a blessing in disguise, and a big one at that. From it can be produced a fiber infinitely superior to Indian jute. This discovery was brought about by a French gentleman, M. Emile Le Franc, who has resided in America for about nine years. He is an authority on fibrous plants, and has written several reports on the subject for the National Agricultural Department. During the continental he came to reside in Philadelphia, and devoted some of his spare time in an examination of the fibrous plants of New Jersey. The *Abutilon avicenna* attracted his attention, and a little investigation brought him to the conclusion that the plant possessed no inconsiderable value. He commenced operating by a secret process of his own invention, and found that the bark around the straight stem contained a very valuable fiber. With a little more labor this fiber was brought to the condition required by manufacturers, and several to whom it was shown pronounced it equal to the jute imported by them from India. M. Le Franc also found that the short fibers could be made into a new tissue which can be employed in the manufacture of a new fiber.

This important discovery was not to be allowed to slumber. M. Le Franc reported it to the New Jersey Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries, and also determined to go into the manufacture of jute and the raising of the "Devil's Plant." The bureau gave its co-operation, and issued, under its seal, an offer from M. Franc to pay eight dollars per ton for the straight jute stalks, not less than three or four feet in height, delivered in Camden. The circular also advised farmers to go into the cultivation of the plant, and gave important information relative to the sowing of seeds, methods of planting and other particulars. This circular was the first information which the Jersey agriculturists received of the prize which was contained in their former enemy.

The cultivation of the "Devil's Plant" is to be generally followed in different parts of New Jersey. As the plant is also to be found in this State, it is anticipated that some of our farmers may find it to their profit to devote some attention to it. The discovery is calculated to have an important effect upon the trade of the country. Its ultimate result will undoubtedly be to render the United States independent of the world for a commodity which is now costing our manufacturers fully \$10,000,000 annually. The total importations of hemp, flax, ramie and jute into this country are valued at over \$30,000,000 a year. The jute alone, represents one-third of this amount. The supply comes chiefly from India, and the latter's trade in it has become the leading staple of Bengal. In this country jute is used for numberless purposes, among them for rope and carpet backs. It is also frequently mixed with linen in the manufacture of cloths, England, and in fact the whole of Europe, are dependent upon the Indian plantations for their supply. The New Jersey bureau is authority for the statement that "extensive jute rope manufacturers of Philadelphia have offered to buy any quantity at the highest jute market price; that the long fiber is equivalent to that of the Calcutta prime jute, and that the manufacturers admit the superiority of the American variety over the imported." In the face of this testimony it is not too much to hazard the opinion that ere many years America will not only supply the home demand for the staple, but will also be able to inaugurate an export trade. At least, so think those connected with the enterprise.

In April of last year the Record announced that the government of India had offered a premium of \$25,000 to any individual or company which could invent the best machine for the preparation of ramie or Indian grass. The treatment of these plants in that country, as well as in China, is entirely by hand. This offer came to the notice of Mr. M. Le Franc, who has invented a process which is claimed to be the very thing for which the English government is seeking. With this invention he has prepared some American ramie, and produced a staple next in appearance to silk. He has also ascertained that the plant is indigenous to the soil in this part of the country, and as in regard to importation ranks next to jute, it can be made to join with that plant in increasing the wealth of the country. Imported ramie is extensively used in this country by manufacturers, who mix it with silk and woven fabrics. It is also made into sewing and shoe thread on a large scale. Mr. Le Franc goes to India next season to submit his invention and claim the bounty from the government. Should it be accepted, Brother Jonathan will have another feather in his cap, and it is demanded will create an immense revolution in the textile trade of the British possessions.—Philadelphia Record.

Sheep Taming.

Sheep Taming who made at Chicago the fastest pacing time on record—one mile in 2.12—is an Ohio horse.