

of the river—22 feet wide—just the width of the steamer, and the scraping and scratching of the branches on either side awoke me. We stepped out on deck, and saw the most wonderful sight of all, "The Gates" as it is called. Here the stream is so narrow that the branches of the great cypress meet overhead, and the gray Spanish moss hangs down like a long delicate veil. It all seemed very uncanny, as if the wiches were after us, with gurgling water and the disturbed birds screaming and crying like lost children.

The next morning when we left the Oklawaha and passed into the Silver Spring, the water suddenly became as clear as if cut off with a knife. Immense gar-fish and cat-fish swam about in shoals. A large hawk perched on an old dead trunk, and a great blue heron winged his stately way, slowly over our heads. We soon landed and with regret bade good-by to our pleasant fellow travelers. We reached Eustis at half past five for it had taken all day to make 70 miles.

At Eustis we spent nearly two weeks, surrounded by lakes and pine woods.



A BY-WAY OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Each day we drove through the deep sand, the horse just walking; but it was lovely, lazing along after this fashion, through pine woods, tall straight trees with a sheaf of leaves at the top, and always the gray moss swinging gracefully in the breeze.

Mattresses Of Moss.

This Florida moss, by the way, is not moss at all, but a kind of minute pineapple, and it seems that both it and the pineapple are true air plants. There is no underbrush in these Florida pine woods except now and then patches of scrub palmetto, which looks like the ordinary ornamental fan palm that we cultivate for ornament in the north, except that it never grows high nor has any trunk.

Coming over a little rise we would perhaps look down on a pretty lake, its banks lined with orange groves. Every drive we took showed us several new lakes so that this seems well named the Lake Region of the state. Colonel T— has a beautiful home among the pines, and there I plucked my first orange and grape fruit, my first lime and lemon. There, also, I saw the fragrant blossom, the green orange and the ripe, yellow fruit, all growing on one tree. One of the finest groves we visited contained 1,000 trees, covered with orange blossoms. Many of the trees were full of bloom. These bride's flowers look like white wax stars among the rich, dark, varnished leaves, and the trees met overhead, forming arches under which we drove—one of the most attractive sights imaginable. We pulled all the fruit and blossoms we wanted. It is a fascinating experience to stand under a large orange or grape-fruit tree, and look up through the branches, the leaves so rich and green, with golden globes hanging from them, their weight sometimes bending the branches to the ground, and all this wealth of verdure growing out of white sand.

Picnicking Among The Oranges.

On the first day of March we drove to the young grove in which my husband and son were interested, there picnicking in the pine woods alongside and sucking oranges by the dozen. This reminds me that when oranges are ripe—and the season is six months long—you never take a water bottle with you when you go driving through Florida.

The mornings and evenings have been cool enough for a little fire, but the days are like those of our northern June. We saw bananas growing, and the long purplish blossom is very odd. The fruit grows exactly upside down. Eustis Park is a pretty place; just a drive through pine woods almost clothed in Spanish moss. They bury this moss in the sand to rot off the outside, the inside fiber making a good substitute for hair which is used in the manufacture of mattresses. There are several factories, I am told, in the State which make fine mattresses out of this moss. In the Park the gray squirrels chase each other up and down the branches, and we counted 14 in less than two minutes. The blue herons fly continually back and forth, and the little ponds through the park are full of white water lilies. Next week I will tell you about a real southern darky baptism. C. G. G.

An ancient gentleman telling of Alexander in Washington's day, announced that breeches were hung on hooks and the wearer donned them by going up three steps and then letting his person down into them from above. Such breeches hooks can be seen at the present time in the Roberdean home in Alexandria.

An old lady has recalled that the first boots for women's wear came in fashion in 1823. They were laced at the sides and gaiters and boots both had fringes at the top.

In the new uniform recently adopted by the Chinese army the only badge distinguishing a general from a private is one of three gold buttons on a sleeve.

Permanganate of potash is being successfully used in India as an antidote for the bite and venom of the dreaded cobra.

Gold coins usually remain in circulation twice as long as copper ones.

LEASING PUBLIC LANDS.

DANGER TO THE HOMESTEAD IN ATTEMPTS TO PROVIDE LIVE STOCK GRAZING.

Measures Pending in Congress to Allow Stockmen to Fence and Graze—Difficulty Lies in Protecting Rights of Settlers.

There is a strong movement afoot, and several bills have been introduced in this Congress to provide a system of renting or leasing the public grazing lands of the West at a small charge of from one to five cents per acre. There are some 300,000,000 acres of western public lands which come under the general classification of "Grazing Lands," some of which are extremely barren in character—almost desert—and are capable of sustaining live stock at the rate of only about one head of cattle to 30 or 40 acres; other lands where there is more rainfall, are much better for grazing purposes, and some of the best of them are capable of sustaining a steer on probably 2, 3 or 5 acres. Many of the latter class are, however, suitable for homesteads.

The difficulty has always been, as it is today, to provide a rental plan which will give stock raisers a sufficient control of the land to warrant them in fencing it and improving its grazing capacity, at the same time leaving the conditions such that the settler and prospective homesteader will at all times have free access thereto.

Under the improved methods of farming advocated by the Department of Agriculture, and the new drought-resisting crops which are being introduced by that Department, large tracts hitherto considered fit for nothing but grazing, are being constantly brought under the head of agricultural land.

The climatic conditions of the interior mountain region are extremely varied, and the settler (where he is not hindered by stock growing interests which

are naturally against any settling and development of their regions), is constantly encroaching upon their grazing domain and finding new localities, here and there, of a very great aggregate extent, where he can acquire a successful foothold to carry on agricultural operations.

The Bacey Leasing Bill. One bill in particular has been introduced by Chairman Lacey of the Public Lands Committee of the House, and is apparently intended to protect small stockmen as well as to prevent any restrictions against the settler. In the first place it provides that no corporation can lease government land. A man who has a homestead or owns a piece of land, may lease as much as 5,200 acres, which is most grazing land, for an excessive amount. The measure provides that such leases shall not be transferred, and that where they include watering places there shall be left open a "right of way" for other stockmen to pass through the land and to use the water for their stock. It also leaves the leased land open at all times to homestead entry by actual settlers.

On the face of it this looks equitable, and as though it might be administered so as not to work to the detriment of settlement and of the small stockholder. On the other hand it seems apparent that it would be exceedingly difficult to prevent a big cattle corporation from hiring a dozen cowboys to take up homesteads in their own names erecting thereupon shanty residences, as has been done in thousands of cases in the West, and simply to hold their claims and their 3,200 acres each, of leased land, for the benefit of their employers; so that a single cattle baron might easily acquire the use of 30 or 40 thousand acres.

Hard for the Homesteader.

It is also not at all certain that once holding a lease to the land and with a fence around it, the cowboy might not bulldoze intending settlers into passing on to some less hostile region. No homesteader, unless he be made of exceedingly stern stuff, cares to attempt making a home in the face of a Winchester or of threats that if he attempts a settlement, his fence wires will be cut, his grass all eaten off and the place be made so hot for him that he will wish that he had never gone into the cow country. This course has been pursued by the stockmen with great success in many western sections, even where the settler was trying to make a home upon free public land, where the cattleman had no shadow of legal right to fence or hold it. That the legal lease-right to fence the land and keep other stockmen off would be invoked to repel settlement goes without saying.

Whether it will be possible to frame

protection to the overcrowded grazing lands and at the same time afford the honest settler an advantage at all times to establish a home, is considered to be a dubious question. Chairman Lacey's leasing bill does not seem to be much of an improvement upon the measures previously brought before Congress.

Sturtevant was an undeniable failure, but, withal, an artist of more than ordinary talent.

As I raised my eyes to his I was conscious of mild surprise at the change in his appearance. He was not dressed differently, yet there was something new and strange in his appearance. I noted the brightness of his usual lack-luster eyes, and the healthy, hopeful glow upon his cheek, with increasing amazement.

"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked.

"No," he replied calmly, "but I have found my mascot."

"Brindle bull, or terrier?" I inquired.

"Currier," said Sturtevant, at length. "I see that I have surprised you. It is not strange, for I am a surprise to myself. I am a new man, a different man, and the alteration has taken place in the last few hours."

"Do you know an artist who possesses more talent than I?" he asked, presently. "No. Do you happen to know anything in the line of my profession that I could not accomplish, if I applied myself to it? No. Tomorrow my new career begins. Within a month I shall have a bank account. Why? Because I have discovered the secret of success."

The Strange Story

"Yes," he continued, "my fortune is made. I have been reading a strange story, and, since reading it, I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune, too. All you have to do is to read it. You have no idea what it will do for you."

"You amaze me," I said, wondering "Won't you tell me the story? I should like to hear it."

"Certainly. I mean to tell it to the whole world. This morning I was staying in a hotel, and I had gone to three of the papers for which I had done work, and had been handed back all that had submitted. Then I found the story and read it."

"But what is the story, Sturtevant?"

"Wait; let me finish. I took those same old drawings to other editors, and every one of them was accepted at once."

The waiter interrupted us at that moment, informing Sturtevant that he was wanted at the telephone, and, with a word of apology, the artist left the table. Five minutes later I saw him rush out into the sleet and wind and disappear.

One night, on the street, I encountered Avery, a former college chum, then a reporter on one of the evening papers. "Hi, old chap," he said; "how's the world using you? Still on space?"

"Yes," I replied, bitterly, "with prospects of being on the town shortly. But you look as if things were coming your way. Tell me about it."

His Friends All Hear It.

"Things have been coming my way, for a fact, and it is very remarkable. You know Sturtevant, don't you? It's all due to him. I was plumb down on my luck when I met Sturtevant. He told me a story, and, really, old man, it is the most remarkable story you ever heard; it made a new man of me."

"It must be a remarkable story," I said, incredulously. "Sturtevant mentioned it to me once. I have not seen him since. Where is he now?"

"He has been making war sketches in Cuba, at two hundred a week; he's just returned. It is a fact that everybody that has heard that story has done well since. There are Cosgrove and Phillips,—friends of mine,—you don't know them. Sturtevant told them the story, and they have experienced the same results that I have; and they are not the only ones either."

"Do you know the story?" I asked.

"Will you try its effect upon me?"

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure in the world. Excuse me a minute will you? I see Danforth over there. Back in a minute, old chap."

He nodded and smiled,—and was gone. I saw him join the man whom he had designated as Danforth. My attention was distracted for an instant, and, when I looked again, both had disappeared.

If the truth be told, I was hungry. My pocket at that moment contained exactly five cents; just enough to pay my fare up-town, but insufficient also to stand the expense of filling my stomach. There was a "night owl" wagon in the neighborhood, where I had frequently "stood up" the purveyor of midnight dainties, and to him I applied. He was leaving the wagon as I was on the point of entering it, and I accosted him.

"I'm broke again," I said, with extreme cordiality. "You'll have to trust me once more. Some ham and eggs, I think, will do for the present."

He coughed, hesitated a moment, and then re-entered the wagon with me.

THE MAGIC STORY.

I was sitting alone in the cafe, and had just reached for the sugar preparatory to putting it into my coffee. While I dreamed and sipped, the door opened and closed, admitting—Sturtevant.

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(Continued on page 8).

A Fair Patent Attorney.

Miss Florence H. King of Chicago enjoys the distinction of being one of the few women patent attorneys registered in the Patent Office at Washington.

Fifteen years ago Miss King, then an ignorant country girl, earning her living as a domestic, chanced to overhear a quarrel between two families which was taken to court for settlement. Miss King was subpoenaed, as a witness, and among other undreamed of things which dawned upon her in the course of the trial the occupation of the court stenographer was the most interesting. After court adjourned she questioned the court stenographer on what he had been doing and his answers settled the vexing question of a profession for herself. She was not satisfied to remain a domestic; the more genteel employment of a school teacher, which her family had suggested, did not appeal to her. "I will become a court stenographer," she said. At this point in the story of her life Miss King said with a smile: "Having become court stenographer I wanted to become the court."

In May, 1895, Miss King was admitted to practice at the bar of Illinois. She specialized on patents, and soon relinquished court reporting to devote herself to her practice.

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