

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square, one inch, one insertion, . . . \$ 2 00
One square, one inch, one month, 5 00
One square, one inch, three months, 12 00
One square, one inch, one year, 35 00
Two squares, one year, 65 00
Quarter Column, one year, 20 00
Half Column, one year, 30 00
One Column, one year, 40 00
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

Washington has come to be quite a hucnycoon city.

Each of the four British Australian colonies has a Scotchman at the head of its government.

Statistics are said to show that the introduction of machinery into manufacturing has decreased the number of the unemployed.

Our foreign visitors, now so numerous among us, are pleased to say we have better and cheaper restaurants than even Paris affords.

More factories for the making of handles for implements have been established in the South during the past year than in any five previous years.

With no drunkenness, no crime, no fires and no disturbances of any sort during the past year the Boston Herald admits that "Bristolboro, Vt., may fairly lay claim to being the Utopia of America."

By a simple invention, just adopted, every lighthouse on the coast is to identify itself hereafter by flashing out its number. This will relieve mariners from the necessity of remembering many combinations of colors and also from uncertainty in ascertaining whether a light seen dimly through the fog is white or red. The wonder is, observes the New Orleans Picayune, that such a useful and simple device was not adopted long ago.

Says the New York Independent: If the United States of America has no name, neither has it a definite National air. Of course the National air called "America" is English and identical with "God Save the Queen." "The Star Spangled Banner" possibly should be considered our National air and sung as such at the Chicago Exhibition. At Trinity College, Dublin, when the American candidates came forward to receive their doctorates the band played "Yankee Doodle" and set the Americans in a titter.

The late Doctor Agnew, of Philadelphia, said that catarrhal affections were almost unknown among the Quakeresses whom he attended, and he ascribed it to the fact that the Quaker bonnet protects the back of the head and the nape of the neck from cold air. He might have gone further and added that the Quaker women have come nearer than any others of their sex to discovering the perpetual bloom of youth. One meets in and about Philadelphia scores of Quakeresses who retain in old age fresh, unrinkled faces, clear eyes, and erect figures. The peace and health of their spirits seem to conform face and figure.

In the great momentum of the woman movement, which gains new recruits every day, the Chicago Herald protests that one is inclined to overlook the fact that woman was a power morally, socially and intellectually in the Fifteenth Century as well as the nineteenth; that the doors of universities were open to her not only to study but to teach within their sacred precincts. In the University of Salamanca she has had a place, and when Isabella of Spain desired to acquire the Latin tongue it was to a woman she turned for a tutor. In Italy, even in the Thirteenth Century, a noble Florentine lady won the palm of oratory in a public contest in Florence with learned doctors from all over the world.

It is said that the Austrian authorities are very much concerned about the constant heavy immigration from their territories, and are doing all they can to check it by publishing harrowing accounts of the miseries undergone by their emigrants in foreign countries. They have lately published a statement to the effect that Austrian emigrants in Brazil have appealed to their consal at Rio de Janeiro to request the Brazilian Government to give them work or assistance. As the result of this intervention, up to the first harvest, they were provided with fifteen days' work per month, at nominal daily wages of two florins eighty-four kreutzers, or about \$1.18. This, however, explains the New Orleans Picayune, was not paid in ready money, but in paper, which shopkeepers would only accept at such a heavy discount that the unfortunate laborers were barely able to secure the necessities of life. The present Brazilian Government, moreover, have not kept the promise made by their predecessors to assign land to settlers and advance money for its cultivation. Consequently, the immigrants have been reduced to destitution through the increase in the price of provisions, the bad harvest, the cessation of work on the roads and stoppage of cultivation.

MY QUEST.

When Time and I set forth together
In April weather,
Th, tender was the lilac morning
For winter dead;
Green tassels, maple-tops adorning,
Tossed high o'erhead;
And underneath a blue and sparkling sky
We journeyed joyously, young Time and I.
I could not tell you how it happened so,
But this I know,
That some time 'twixt bright day and dark-
some night,
Time slipped away,
Vanished—this airy winged sprite
Who will not stay
The things by subtle art strive to unchain,
And lead me only hope—"We meet again."
What should I do? Send cries through the
town
To hunt him down?
Or should I pray the clocks, "When next ye
chime
Some passing hour,
With both hands seize this transient, Time!
Once in my power,
I'd clip his wings, he could not fly so fast.
Already golden summer is o'erpass't!"
At length we met, both gray and bent and
old,
With greetings cold,
The snowflakes fell from out the leaden sky,
And in my ears
The wind's sad spirit seemed to sigh,
"Alas, the years!
Where are the deeds thou promised in thy
prime,
Who now art old, but in thy youth lost
Time?"
—Nancy Mann Waddle, in the Independent.

A GRAND JUROR.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

HE day Mary Ham-
mond accepted
Joyce, her mother
handed her a thousand-dollar bond,
her share of her
father's life insur-
ance. She thought
of pretty gowns—to
be worn as a bride.
Then she sobered
up. David would
think her silly, he
was so practical. She
was sorry for David.

About a month after the engagement
John Alroy was made postmaster of
Garrett. He was young, quick and
clever, and handsome.

Joyce was busy at the store, so Mary
often went to social gatherings without
him, healling for her later on in the
evening. He did not dance; Alroy did.
It gradually dawned upon him that
Mary danced a good deal with the post-
master. He also found that the post-
master often met Mary by chance when
she took sunny walks.

In April he made his usual spring
trip to buy goods. He had been away
a week when he received a letter from
Mary. She asked to be absolved from
her engagement with him. The calmness
with which Mary met him told him
his doom.

"It is Alroy, of course?" he said.
"It may seem to you that I treat you
badly," she returned, "but I never
knew what love was till I met him";
and Joyce went away.

Throughout the summer he saw little
of the happy pair, invented business
excuses taking him much from home.
Winter came, and the store claimed
him. April loomed up—the anniversary
of his shattered hopes—and he
heard that Mary would be married in
June. In June the marriage was put
off till autumn.

This was the reason. The postoffice
at Garrett was third-class. Out of his
salary the postmaster was expected to
defray all office expenses. In a second-
class office, clerk hire and other
liabilities were met by the Govern-
ment, while the salary of the master
was considerably increased. Alroy
proposed to raise his office to second
class, so as to be in a position to mar-
ry. To do this he must prove that the
business of his office had increased for
a year to such an extent that it
equalled existing second-class offices.
Late in the summer he said that this
was so. In September an expert dis-
covered that, while the sale of stamps
for a year equalled that of an office of
the higher grade, it did not represent
a corresponding increase in mailed
matter. Alroy was accused of fraud.

In January Joyce was summoned to
act as grand juror on the 20th of Feb-
ruary, in the city, more than a hun-
dred miles away.

The afternoon of the 18th brought
Garrett a blinding snow-storm; the
streets were deserted, business was at
a standstill. About four o'clock and
nearly dark, a lady entered Joyce's
private room at the store. It was
Mary Hammond.

"I have heard," she said at once,
"that you are a grand juror in the
February term. The postmaster's
case comes up before you."
Joyce's heart gave a bound. He
had not thought of that.

"The grand jury, I am informed,"
she went on, "decide if there is suffi-
cient ground to make out a case to go
before the court. You will have a voice
in deciding whether or not there is a
case against the postmaster."

Joyce's eyes were like coals of fire.
"If it were in your power, you would
convict the postmaster," she said.
Joyce found his voice.

"If I knew him to be guilty, yes,"
he said.

"He is guilty," she went on. "The
stamps were bought by me, with the
thousand dollars of my father's insur-
ance. I proposed the fraud. Love for
him made me do as I have done; love
for me made him do the rest."

Without another word she went from
the room out into the snow-storm.
Joyce trembled in every limb. The
insult drove him wild. She knew that
he still loved her, and she called upon
that love to save Alroy even at the cost
of honor. The outrage of it! Alroy

was guilty, and there was but one thing
to do. Love and honor contended—
hopeless love, inalienable honor. There
could be no question as to which would
win.

The following day, the outrage—
the insult—gnawing at him, he went
on the hundred-mile journey. On the
morning of the 20th he took oath that
he would do his duty as a good and
loyal man in the matters to be placed
before the grand jury. In a few min-
utes more he was sitting with twenty-
three other men round a long table
listening to detectives and others testi-
fying against unseen people.

How many cases were disposed of the
hardly knew, when he heard the name
he had waited for. Joyce raised his
head. Now would come the revenge
for all the pain he had silently suf-
fered; and yet his revenge would be
only his honest duty. His face grew
hard and grim.

A postoffice expert testified against
another, that Alroy had openly
boasted that he would raise his office
to second grade so that the increase of
salary would warrant his marriage.
Two other witnesses testified as to the
facts already known.

"Well, gentlemen," said the fore-
man of the jury.
"I move that a true bill be found,"
cried a juror.

"I second the motion," said another.
"All in favor of a true bill signify
their assent by saying 'Aye.'"

Several "Ayes."
"Contra 'No.'"
Several "Nos."

The foreman and an officer of the
court looked round the table.

"He may, or may not, have thought
the sales legitimate," said one.
"Oughtn't he to have the benefit of
the doubt?" asked another. "It is
getting very easy to accuse men in of-
fice of dishonesty."

"An official like a postmaster," said
a third, "should be above suspicion."
"Rather unfair to make his wish to
be married the cause for his rashness,"
said the youngest juror.

"And to blame him for his ambition
in trying to raise his office," said a kind
voice.

"Gentlemen," said the court officer,
"a majority of one is sufficient to make
out a true bill, and a like majority of
one may ignore a bill. Those in favor
of a true bill will please rise."

The man next to Joyce sprang up to
his feet. Another got up. Joyce
counted three, four, five.

"If he knew the bare sale of the
stamps did not substantiate his claim,
that would make a true bill against
him," said a juror. Another man stood
up, still another.

"Only seven. Ah, eight, nine, ten,
eleven."

The juror on the other side of Joyce
rose.

"Twelve."

Joyce with a feeling of exultation
that his revenge was to be even great-
er than he had hoped—when he could
give the casting vote to decide the
case against Alroy—straightened his
knees to rise and form the majority of
one. At that moment he heard a low,
tremulous voice: "I proposed the
fraud. Love for him made me do as I
have done; love for me made him do
the rest." He glanced fearfully
around, almost expecting to see the
owner of that voice—the woman he
loved—the woman who had treated
him so badly—the woman who had
gauged his honor and his love.

"Your duty as a good and loyal
man—"

"No majority," sang out the court
officer, "Aye. Let me try again an-
other way. Those in favor of ignoring
the bill please to rise."

"Your duty as a good and loyal
man—"

Twelve men were standing up.

"How is this gentlemen," said the
court officer, "still a tie."

"(I proposed the fraud," came that
low, tremulous voice. "Love for him
made me do as I have done.")

Love. Did Joyce know what love
was? Did he know the power
Mary's love must have exercised over
the man she loved—the man she had
ruined? Did he know her suffering
now that she realized what she done?
And did he think of Alroy's love for
her; of his striving after happi-
ness with her even at the
price of that which men hold
to be the first principle of man-
hood—honor? Was there not yet a
chance for retrieving, a chance for
their peace, made purer by mistake
and suffering? Was there nothing
higher than mere duty? Was it duty
to irretrievably ruin two lives which
might yet be made better? Mary
would never be sure of the part her
discarded lover played in this case, de-
spite her guessing, and—oh, his honor,
his honor! and oh, his pain—his hope-
less love!

"Still a tie," impatiently said the
court officer.

Oh, his honor! and oh, his pain—his
hopeless love! But oh, Mary's happi-
ness!

Joyce, the thirteenth juror, suddenly
shot up on his feet, making the ma-
jority of one.

"Majority!" proclaimed the court
officer. "The bill is ignored."

The thirteenth juror fell in a heap to
the floor.—New York Stories.

Queer Matrimonial Methods.

A convenient way they have in Hol-
land and Batavia of tying the matri-
monial knot when the lady is in one
country and the gentleman in the
other. For the Hollanders are such a
thrifty industrious people that they
like not to lose time even over the most
solemn services. The marriage is af-
fected by procreation. The watches
of the two parties—the one say in Am-
sterdam and the other in Batavia—are
regulated to accord, or the difference
in longitude allowed for. Then at the
same instant of time the marriage cere-
mony is performed in both places, and
the thing is done.

THE PICTURESQUE COWBOY

HE IS RAPIDLY PASSING AWAY IN
THE FAR WEST.

Rapid Decline of the Range Business
the Cause of His Disappearance—
What He Was in His Prime.

THE rapid decline of the range
business of Wyoming began
six years ago. Before that
it had been of a character to
tempt even the rich. At one time men
paid two per cent. a month for money,
and made 100 per cent. profits a year.
That was when cows came up from
Texas at a cost of \$7 each, sold in two
years for \$22, and in three years for
\$40 and more, when the ranges were
not overstocked, the pasturage was
good, and all the conditions, including
"boom" prices at the stockyards, were
favorable. The men who did the best
pushed into new territory as fast as
the Indians were crowded off, and kept
finding new grass and plenty of it.

The risks soon came, and multi-
plied. If one man was careful not to
overstock a range, he could not be sure
that another cow outfit would not do
so precisely where he had put his cattle.
Prices fell, fences cut up the ranges
and shut off the water, winter losses
became heavier and heavier, and the
"good old days" of this inhuman,
devil-may-care, primitive, and clumsy
business came to an end. The cowboys
of picture and story existed in the
brilliant days. At first they had come
from Texas, but in the zenith of their
romantic glory they came from every-
where and from every class. They in-
cluded young Englishmen, college
graduates from the East, well-born
Americans—all sorts who did not
"strike luck" at anything else, and
who were full of vim and love of ad-
venture. They got \$40 a month and
good keep during the greater part of
each year. They rode good horses,
that had as much of the devil in them
as the "boys" themselves. They bought
hand-stamped Cheyenne saddles and
California bits that were as ornate as
jewelry, and stuck their feet in grand
taps and o'booder stirrups, richly
ornamented, padded with lamb's wool,
and each as big as a fire-hat. Their
spurs were fit for grandees, their
big broad felt sombreros cost more than
the Prince of Wales ever paid for a
pot-hat.

And then, alas! the cow-men began
to economize in men, food, wages—
everything. The best of the old kind
of cowboys, who had not become own-
ers or foremen, saloon-keepers or
gamblers, or had not been shot, drifted
away. Some of the smartest among
them became "travellers" and cow-
thieves whose depredations resulted in
what almost came to be a war in Wy-
oming last year. They insisted that
they had to do it to live.

From the cowboy stand-point it was
time for the business to languish.
Towns were springing up every here
and there, each with its ordinance that
cowboys must take off their side-arms
before they entered the villages; wages
were low down; men had to cart hay
and dump it around for winter food;
settlers fenced in the streams, and
others stood guard over them with
guns; it was time such a business
languished. From the stand-point of
Nineteenth Century civilization the
same conclusion was reached—the
range business was an obstruction to
civilization, a bar to the development
of the State, a thing only to be toler-
ated in a new and wild country. And
now I am assured that there is not an
intelligent cow-man who does not
know that the business is doomed in
Wyoming, and that the last free-roving
herds must move on. There is not one
who does not know that the only way
to save the range is to make the cattle
held in connection with agricul-
ture, must take the place of the
range cattle, because better grades of
cattle can be bred, better meat can be
produced, all risks will nearly disap-
pear, and the expenses of the care of
the cattle will not be a tithe of those
of the old plan.—Julian Ralph, in
Harper's Magazine.

A Papier-Mache Hospital.

Papier-mache, which can be com-
pressed almost to the solidity of iron,
promises to come into vogue as a
building material. A portable hospi-
tal large enough to accommodate twenty
beds has been made of compressed
paper. Every part of the building is
numbered, and the whole can be
packed up in such a way as to be car-
ried by three transference trucks.
These trucks are so planned as to form
the bases of the hospital, T-shaped
joists of iron keeping the foundation
steadily in place. Over this comes a
flooring of compressed and varnished
paper boards, which adapt themselves
admirably to cleanliness. The walls
and ceiling are of the same material,
while the beams, composed of thin
galvanized iron wire, connect the
parallel wall joists and are bored be-
hind the walls and the ceiling for
purposes of ventilation, and the win-
dows are made of wire gauze with a
transparent coating. Such a building
would be of great service in tropical
countries, especially if in addition to
its lightness and strength it could be
made fireproof.—New York Telegram.

Can Telegraph to China.

One can now telegraph from New
Orleans to any of the principal cities
of China direct, if he wants to, and is
willing to pay the charges. The Chi-
nese land system has made connections
with the Russian system and the Celestial
empire is now no further away than
across the street. The charge for tele-
graphing to China is said to be \$2 a
word, plus the cable rates across the
ocean, and the service rapid and
satisfactory. Kuan is the only prov-
ince of China that is not reached by
telegraph. It remains indubitably
open to all foreign innovations.—
New Orleans Picayune.

Two Mammot Apple Trees.

The two largest apple trees in the
State of New York are both near the
town of Wilson. The largest was
planted in 1815, and thirty-three full
barrels of apples were once picked
from its branches in a single season.
The other is on the farm of J. G. O.
Brown, and yielded twenty barrels of
"choice" fruit and five barrels of
"culled" in the season of 1891.—St.
Louis Republic.

WISE WORDS.

Superstition tinders a man a fool,
and skepticism makes him mad.

There is no substitute for thorough-
going, ardent and sincere earnestness.

The less a man thinks or knows
about his virtues the better we like
him.

Honorable industry always travels
the same road with enjoyment and
duty.

To love to preach is one thing; to
love those to whom we preach, quite
another.

Poets are the mirrors of the gigantic
shadows which futurity casts upon the
present.

The strokes of the pen need delibera-
tion as much as those of the sword
need swiftness.

From the body of one guilty deed a
thousand ghostly fears and haunting
thoughts proceed.

Every burden has two handles—one
smooth and easy to grasp, one rough
and hard to hold.

The wealth of a man is the number
of things he loves and blesses and by
which he is loved and blessed.

He that honors his neighbor on ac-
count of his money will in the end part
company with him in disgrace.

Long customs are not easily broken;
he that attempts to change the course
of his life very often labors in vain.

The world is seldom what it seems.
To man, who dimly sees, realities ap-
pear as dreams, and dreams realities.

The martyrs to vice fax exceed the
martyrs to virtue, both in endurance
and in number. So blinded are we by
our passions that we suffer more to be
lost than to be saved.

Offer to the world a large, generous,
true, sympathetic nature, and, rich or
poor, you will have friends, and will
never be friendless, no matter what
catastrophes may befall you.

A Strange Charity.

Of the many strange ways of bestow-
ing charity which owe their origin to
the eccentric whims of wealthy testa-
tors there are few more peculiar than
that which takes place at the Priory
Church, West Smithfield, every Good
Friday. This is the Money Dole. On
that day twenty-one widows might
have been seen picking up sixpences
from a tombstone. This singular cus-
tom has been observed for so many
years that the actual date of its incep-
tion is forgotten. Even the name of the
benefactor is unknown.

It is stated that a sum of money was
originally left by a lady to provide
masses each year for the repose of her
soul, but when the Reformation
dawned the trustees were puzzled how
to carry out the bequest without incit-
ing hostile criticism. Eventually they
resolved to distribute the interest
which accrued each year from the
fund to a certain number of poor wid-
ows, who should be obliged to kneel
over the tomb, and pick up the money
from the stone which covered it. In
this way it was hoped that the recipi-
ents would involuntarily offer a prayer
for the welfare of her soul.

Another difficulty, however, arose in
the fact that the nave of the church in
which the lady had been buried had
been demolished, and the site con-
verted into a graveyard. Utterly un-
able to decide where the lady actually
was buried, the trustees selected a
rude, unlettered gravestone in the
churchyard, and upon this slab the
money was placed for the women en-
titled to receive it. About the end of
the last century the fund which sup-
ported the charity was diverted, and
since that time the custom has been
maintained by the generous donations
of wealthy people who are unwilling
that such a quaint charity should be
discontinued.—The Million.

Frightful Slaughter of Game Birds.

A clipping from a Texas paper an-
nounces that an official of one of the
Panhandle counties of that State has
made a contract with a Kansas City
firm to deliver 30,000 dozen prairie
chickens within the next five months.
These birds, it is said, are to be sent
to Chicago to fill a contract made with
parties in that city, so that Chicago
may have a supply of these birds dur-
ing the whole time of the World's
Fair. It is hard to imagine that 360,
000 prairie chickens could be deliv-
ered by any one contractor, but it is
certainly worth the while of the au-
thorities of Texas to investigate this
matter and to endeavor to protect the
birds that still exist in the Lone Star
State.

The game of Texas, like that of
other plains States, has been ruthlessly
slaughtered, and to-day there is little
of it left in comparison with what
there used to be. This little should be
preserved by every legitimate means.
The destruction of the prairie chicken
over so large a portion of the territory
where it was once enormously abun-
dant is still fresh in the public mind.

This is one of the birds whose ex-
termination over a vast territory has
been complete, and unless measures for
its preservation are soon taken in sec-
tions where it still exists, it seems
likely that in the course of a few years
it will stand in the same position now
occupied by its relative, the heath hen
of New-England; that is, may exist only
in little colonies which are always grow-
ing fewer in numbers and are speedily
to die out.—Forest and Stream.

How to Secure Confidence.

This from an authority: "Don't
ask questions, don't mention names,
listen occasionally, and you will find
yourself a society favorite." The first
"don't" seems to have been most cor-
rectly placed. There is nothing which
creates a pleasanter impression, and
which really leads to the most complete
confidence than the tact which listens
sympathetically to all a companion
will say, but never probes deeper by
an impulsive interrogation. One learns
to trust such an acquaintance, and feels
in her company a peculiar sense of se-
curity that is very satisfying.—Brook-
lyn Citizen.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An electric railroad in one of the
highways of Siam.

The Greenwich clock was electrically
connected with several London rail-
way clocks in 1860.

Scientists affirm that ice frozen at
zero temperature is more durable than
that which forms when the mercury is
above that point.

The Lancet says that Egypt as re-
gards sanitation is now about on a
level with what England was in the
days of Queen Elizabeth, when the
mortality of London was forty-five per
1000.

It has been determined that the tem-
perature of an electric arc light re-
mains constant at about 3500 degrees.
This temperature cannot be increased
or diminished by changing the size or
amperage of the arc.

It has long been known to architects
that the perpendicularity of monu-
ments is affected by the rays of the
sun. This phenomenon is due to the
greater expansion of the side upon
which the sun's rays fall.

A remarkable increase in the use of
oil as a fuel on Russian railroads is
shown by recent statistics. In 1881
there were used 1914 tons of naphtha,
while in 1890 there were used 291,307
tons of naphtha and naphtha residues.

A French novelty in the way of a
timepiece is a floral clock, the long
hands of which sweep above twelve
flower beds, each bed being different
from all the others in color and vari-
ety of flower. The hands are moved by
subterranean mechanism.

The smallest holes pierced by mod-
ern machinery are one-thousandth of
an inch in diameter. This drilling ap-
paratus, which was the invention of
one John Wenstrom, is designed to
make 22,000 revolutions per minute
and is used in boring sapphires, rubies,
diamonds and other gems.

It is estimated that the Mississippi
River annually discharges into the
Gulf of Mexico 19,500,000,000,000
cubic feet of water. Of this prodigious
quantity the 1-200th part will be
sediment. Thus the Mississippi River
annually deposits alone into the Gulf
of Mexico sufficient mud to cover a
square mile of surface to a height of
240 feet.

It is a well-known fact that heavenly
bodies invisible to the human eye,
even when assisted by the most power-
ful telescope, may be detected by the
photographic plate. A practical illus-
tration of the value of photography in
this connection is found in the ex-
perience of March, when no fewer than
eighteen small planets were detected
photographically. Twelve of these
were discovered by M. Charlois, at
Nice.

Dr. E. Hutchinson said, in a recent
lecture before the Royal Institution, at
London, that with an electric motor a
speed of 1000 miles an hour could be
obtained—"though beyond that point
they perhaps entered the region of
projectiles rather than of locomotives."
This remarkable speed is obtainable
because of the great advantage of the
purely rotary motion of an electrical
motor over the reciprocal motion of
the piston and connecting rod of the
steam locomotive.

Something wonderful in the clock
line has been constructed by a mechan-
ic in Warsaw, Poland. It represents a
railway station with a clock tower
giving the time in four countries.
Trains run into or depart from the
station every fifteen minutes. Station
agents, telegraphers, ticket sellers,
with lines of passengers, are seen in
action, and the usual bustle and tumult
of a station are heard and seen, bells
ringing, whistles blowing, etc.

The Garden Way.

In a little village in Sussex, England,
there is a veritable Milky Way of lilies,
where thousands of white blossoms
shed their perfume and where women
gardeners tend and pack and ship the
fragrant products. Twenty-five years
ago a single lily bulb was given to Mrs.
Bates, a farmer's daughter, who tended
the gift with the care women bestow
on flowers, and when sixteen bulbs
had resulted from the original one,
and Mrs. Bates, finding that her chil-
dren, as she called them, had outgrown
the sunny window where they grew,
she planted them in the corner of the
garden. Ten years ago a daughter of
Mrs. Bates, inspired by the enterprise
of the time, sent some blossoms to the
London market, and now, in associa-
tion with her sisters, has made the
Bates lilies famous for their beauty
and perfection. The daughters are
keen business women,