

B. F. SCHWEIER,

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Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 51.

DRAMLAND.

There is a land unknown to waking vision,
That blooms in beauty rare;
Sweet here a blow through its fields
And stir its blossoms fair.

The sunlight bathes its purple-crested mountains,
And deep in shady groves
Where plash and trickle never falling fountains,
The sleeping spirit roves.

And finds no trace of failure, sin, or sorrow
In these enchanted ways;
No thought of yesterday or sure to-morrow,
Of past or future days.

To see all the fables prove but brave successes,
And all its losses gain;
While love with its warm brooding presence
Blissed.

And perfect peace attains.

The loved ones laid to rest with bitter weeping,
Stand forth with shining eyes;
The dream remembered looks so sweetly keeping,
That grief, forgotten, flies.

All hopes of youth, all noble aspirations
To full fruition come;
The struggling soul is freed from its temptations,
The homeless finds a home.

Whatever in the hour of daily waking
Most dear and distant seems,
Grows real and near, an almost heaven making,
That unseen world of dreams.

The White Hand.

It was many centuries ago,
In a great chamber of a black frowning castle,
Rearing itself almost within the shadow
Of the Bohmerwald, sat two men.

They sat in darkness, save a strange lurid glow
From a frail frame, gleaming, tongue-like,
From the center of a sort of chafin dish
Of iron, shaped to the ghostly form of a death's head.

Both bent intently towards the tripod,
On which rested the ghastly dish, the younger,
And more wicked looking of the two
With a sing-song incantation, as his breath mingled
With the deadly perfume floating on the tongue of flame.

Presently the latter rose, his companion
Instantly following his example.

He looked half shrinking towards the shadowy corners of the great chamber,
And then back to the dish.

"He spells works, my lord," he muttered.

"Sit not! Speak not, whatever you may chance to see or hear! What will be, I know not, but the shade cometh! Behold!"

And even as he spoke, a small round spark suddenly glowed on the floor among the dismal shadows.

It glowed, shivered, and swelled in height and breadth till it stood a quaking column of ghastly light.

Gradually the column took form, and then quickly dissolving again into a shapeless mass, it as quickly flashed into millions of diamond-like coruscations, from which suddenly glowed as the shadows themselves.

In vain the necromancer's breathless companion strove to discern a feature of the pale glowing so weirdly there.

From the spectral form issued a deep sepulchral voice.

"You have summoned me—what would you, slowly and solemnly queried the shade.

"Power," answered the necromancer, briefly, in low ad tones. "Gift us with power."

"Power to gather a soul—power to pollute, to destroy!"

"Even so, master. Even the beautiful Leona's," returned the necromancer, "shall be yours."

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A Successful Woman Farmer.

Miss LIBBIE SCHOOEMAKER, whose career has made her notorious in New York State, is a woman about thirty-eight years of age and affords a striking example of what a woman with a will of her own can do toward getting along in the world. Fourteen years ago, at the death of her father, Johannes Schoemaker, she inherited a large estate, consisting principally of farming property, heavily encumbered with debt. It was the old homestead, and Miss Schoemaker could not bear the idea of seeing it pass into the hands of strangers, and was determined that it should not. Although then only twenty-four years old, and with no more practical knowledge of life than an ordinary country lass, she assumed sole charge of the estate, determined to clear it of debt. Having an old mother sixty-two years of age, a half sister, who was helpless from old age, the two orphan children of a deceased brother, and a brother in the last stages of consumption to provide for, this made her task doubly hard. A little experience taught Miss Schoemaker that it was impossible to support her large family and keep up the interest arising from the heavy indebtedness of the estate from the resources of the farm. She accordingly began to devise some method of increasing her income, and decided upon school teaching. She was engaged to teach in her own neighborhood at the modest sum of eight dollars per month. In this, as in everything else, she showed remarkable tact, and her salary in a short time was raised to forty dollars per month. She has continued teaching ever since, overseeing and directing the work of her farm, night and morning, and during the summer vacations going into the harvest field with the farm hands to pitch on hay, rake, and bind, etc. She has earned from teaching school over \$3,000, paid off the debt of the old homestead, and besides greatly improved the property. Besides teaching and raising corn and grain, she has been an extensive stock raiser. As a farmer she has no superior in this section. Her wheat crop averaged this year forty-two bushels to the acre, the largest yield in the county.

The Health of Animals.

Early last spring was published from the *Health Monthly* an article from the pen of Hubert T. Poole, D. V. S., on the care of animals in which he took a position that horses and cattle should have shelter that is as well provided with cleanliness and ventilation as are our homes. The writer undertook to show that horses are subject to much the same ills as we are, and that they are nearly or quite as sensitive to all injurious influences. Since the new disease has broken out among the horses of our cities some of our metropolitan papers have been calling attention to the same subject which was so well presented by the veterinarian, Dr. Poole. The *New York Herald* lately published a forcible article on the subject. It took the ground that we would have healthy horses and cattle we must give them carefully prepared stables and sheds which are free from all disagreeable odors or poisons or malarial influences. It further called attention to the fact that cows provide a large share of the food which is given to our children, and that, therefore, these useful animals are often professedly the cause of disease in our children. It was pointed out that the fact that cows provide a large share of the food which is given to our children, and that, therefore, these useful animals are often professedly the cause of disease in our children. It was pointed out that the fact that cows provide a large share of the food which is given to our children, and that, therefore, these useful animals are often professedly the cause of disease in our children.

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Politics and Petticoats.

Every French ruler who has run down the road to ruin—and they are not a few—has been a woman. A woman on one side and a priest on the other, both pushing him and asking him what he was afraid of when he winced at the sight of steeples bristling below with an ugly look. Hence the wily, unlicked Louis XV. was as he dropped the gun and leveled his revolver. They were upon him, and tried to ride over him.

"Five shots struck me or horses, and when the hammer fell for the sixth time; sent the latter bullet into the brain of one of the horses." Puff puff!

Nine Indians were lying dead around the pivot, three more were wounded, and five or six horses were disabled. All this for a single scalp and the glory of showing a brave man's dead body full of arrows, cutting off head, hands and feet, and striking like demons as the blood spurted far over the rich green grass.

When they rode away the body was a shapely mound, and it did not rest during the day, and when night came the wolves came snacking from hidden ravines to devour it to the last morsel, and then fight over the bloody grass.

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Quartz of Diamonds.

A correspondent from Kimberley, South Africa, gives the following description of that land of gems:

This place is about 700 miles from Cape Town, and about 500 from Port Elizabeth. To reach Kimberley, from Cape Town, one has to travel through a country called the Great Karroo, a barren, rocky tract, with scarcely any signs of life in it. It is about 300 miles through it. A more desolate region can scarcely be found. I do not think I saw ten acres for a distance of 200 miles that could possibly be plowed; and, judging from appearances, I think a rat, to travel through the Karroo, would need a knapsack on his back, well laden with provisions, to sustain life on his journey, unless he was of near kin to Dr. Lacer. Kimberley, like its surroundings, is a barren waste, very unpleasant for a family home.

Most of the country here is worthless for farming purposes. Water is scarce; wood is very scarce. It is brought here by ox wagons from a distance of one hundred miles, and sold on the market at auction for from \$25 to \$50 per load, according to size and quality. None of it would be merchantable in your city. Old dead wood dug up by the roots and brought to market, roots and all, sells for \$25 to \$50 per load, and a load of live wood (unsplit), containing one and a half cords, sells for \$40 to \$50 per load.

Potatoes grow to about the size of English walnuts, carrots, onions, cabbages and lettuce are raised here. The dust and dirt is fearful. I cannot describe it and do justice to the subject. It fills your eyes, nose and ears, and makes you sneeze and cough and choke for clothes, the natives, who wear none, have the advantage, as the water is hard and miserable, full of dirt, and sells for sixty cents per barrel for washing purposes, and as for drinking, something stronger is the common beverage here.

But the diamonds! It is truly a land of diamonds. Already over \$125,000,000 worth have been discovered. In the late war one of the chiefs (Sesichani) offered a quart measure full of diamonds for a cannon. Claims of thirty-one square feet have sold for \$48,000 per claim!

The mines are not worked by large companies. The largest is a French company. The manager informed me that their expenses were \$70,000 per month. They take out of their claims 400 loads of ore, and the average yield is 100 diamonds on the average \$14,400 per load. There are several other large companies in the same mine. A mile and a half from here is another mine, called O. G. Boer's mine. Three miles farther there is another one called Du Toit's Pan; and one mile from that is another called Balfouten. All these are extensively worked by large companies.

Balfouten mine was originally a farm, on which was built a brick house; and on the discovery of diamonds the house was found to contain the precious gems in the plaster used to lay the brick and in the plastered walls, while the children played with what they called "the shingle stones." There has recently been a diamond mine discovered thirty miles from here called Olfants' Farm.

Claims to the number of 900 have been surveyed and sold in that mine, and people here are wild with speculation. An acre of mine brought about \$2,400 for the first of the mine, 40 miles from here, which cost him \$700, and in a short time he was offered \$38,000 for said claims. So it seems that men are like bubbles the world over, and that the price of diamonds is not a constant thing, but a thing that rises and falls like the tide.

The penalty for buying a diamond of a negro is five years imprisonment at hard labor and a fine of \$2,400 for the first offense, and ten years for the second offense; and yet the temptation is so great that out of a population of 16,000 there are over 800 now in prison for diamond buying and diamond stealing! Some of these prisoners are worth from \$40,000 to \$200,000. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard.

Twenty miles from here are what are called the River Diamonds, on the Vaal river.

Men carry diamonds in their pockets, open them on their fingers in rings, and in their noses, and what shall I say of the ladies, in such a land of diamonds and ostrich plumes!

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Most of the country here is worthless for farming purposes. Water is scarce; wood is very scarce. It is brought here by ox wagons from a distance of one hundred miles, and sold on the market at auction for from \$25 to \$50 per load, according to size and quality. None of it would be merchantable in your city. Old dead wood dug up by the roots and brought to market, roots and all, sells for \$25 to \$50 per load, and a load of live wood (unsplit), containing one and a half cords, sells for \$40 to \$50 per load.

Potatoes grow to about the size of English walnuts, carrots, onions, cabbages and lettuce are raised here. The dust and dirt is fearful. I cannot describe it and do justice to the subject. It fills your eyes, nose and ears, and makes you sneeze and cough and choke for clothes, the natives, who wear none, have the advantage, as the water is hard and miserable, full of dirt, and sells for sixty cents per barrel for washing purposes, and as for drinking, something stronger is the common beverage here.

But the diamonds! It is truly a land of diamonds. Already over \$125,000,000 worth have been discovered. In the late war one of the chiefs (Sesichani) offered a quart measure full of diamonds for a cannon. Claims of thirty-one square feet have sold for \$48,000 per claim!

The mines are not worked by large companies. The largest is a French company. The manager informed me that their expenses were \$70,000 per month. They take out of their claims 400 loads of ore, and the average yield is 100 diamonds on the average \$14,400 per load. There are several other large companies in the same mine. A mile and a half from here is another mine, called O. G. Boer's mine. Three miles farther there is another one called Du Toit's Pan; and one mile from that is another called Balfouten. All these are extensively worked by large companies.

Balfouten mine was originally a farm, on which was built a brick house; and on the discovery of diamonds the house was found to contain the precious gems in the plaster used to lay the brick and in the plastered walls, while the children played with what they called "the shingle stones." There has recently been a diamond mine discovered thirty miles from here called Olfants' Farm.

Claims to the number of 900 have been surveyed and sold in that mine, and people here are wild with speculation. An acre of mine brought about \$2,400 for the first of the mine, 40 miles from here, which cost him \$700, and in a short time he was offered \$38,000 for said claims. So it seems that men are like bubbles the world over, and that the price of diamonds is not a constant thing, but a thing that rises and falls like the tide.

The penalty for buying a diamond of a negro is five years imprisonment at hard labor and a fine of \$2,400 for the first offense, and ten years for the second offense; and yet the temptation is so great that out of a population of 16,000 there are over 800 now in prison for diamond buying and diamond stealing! Some of these prisoners are worth from \$40,000 to \$200,000. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard.

Twenty miles from here are what are called the River Diamonds, on the Vaal river.

Men carry diamonds in their pockets, open them on their fingers in rings, and in their noses, and what shall I say of the ladies, in such a land of diamonds and ostrich plumes!

Quartz of Diamonds.

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Widow Jones's Cow.

Goodman Jones died at the age of fifty, and was gathered to his fathers, leaving a widow about his own age. About the same time Aunt Smith died, too; and her case was