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IOLA, - - - - - - - KANSAS.

AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Doctor Thorne," "Framly Parsonage," "Is he Popenjoy?" "Phineas Finn, the Irish Member," "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

"I am as good as my word."

"I don't know about that, Gordon."

"But I do, and I won't hear any assertion to the contrary. I offered you the shares for a certain price, and you rejected them."

"I did not do that."

"You did do that—exactly. Then there came up in my mind a feeling that I might probably wish to change my purpose."

"And I am to suffer for that?"

"Not in the least. I then told you that you should still have the shares for the price named. But I did not offer them to any one else. So I came home—and you chose to come with me. But before I started, and again after, I told you that the offer did not hold good, and that I should not make up my mind as to selling till after I got to England."

"We understood that you meant to be married."

"I never said so. I never said a word about marriage. I am now going back, and mean to manage the mine myself."

"Without asking me?"

"Yes; I shall ask you. But I have two-thirds. I will give you for your share ten per cent. more than the price you offered me for each of my shares. If you do not like that, you need not accept the offer; but I don't mean to have any words about it."

Mr. Fitzwalker Tookey's face became longer and longer, and he did in truth feel himself to be much aggrieved within his very soul. There were still two lines of conduct open to him. He might move the stern man by a recapitulation of the sorrow of his circumstances, or he might burst out into passionate wrath, and lay all his ruin to his partner's doing. He might still hope that in this latter way he could rouse all Kimberley against Gordon, and thus creep back into some vestige of property under the shadow of Gordon's iniquities. He would try both. He would first endeavor to move the stern man to pity. "I don't think you can imagine the condition in which you are about to place me."

"I can't admit that I am placing you anywhere."

"I'll just explain. Of course I know that I can tell you everything in strictest confidence."

"I don't know it at all."

"Oh, yes; I can. You remember the story of my poor wife?"

"Yes; I remember."

"She's in London now."

"What! She got back from the Portuguese settlement?"

"Yes. She did not stay there long. I don't suppose that the Portuguese are very nice people."

"Perhaps not."

"At any rate they don't have much money among them."

"Not after the lavish expenditure of the diamond-fields," suggested Gordon.

"Just so. Poor Matilda had been accustomed to all that money could buy for her. I never used to be close-fisted with her, though sometimes I would be tight."

"As far as I could understand, you never used to agree at all."

"I don't think we did hit it off. Perhaps it was my fault."

"You used to be a little free in your way of living."

"I was. I confess that I was so. I was young then, but I am older now. I haven't touched a B. and S. before eleven o'clock since I have been in London above two or three times. I do mean to do the best I can for my young family." It was the fact that Mr. Tookey had three little children boarding out in Kimberley.

"And what is the lady doing in London?"

"To tell the truth, she's at my lodgings."

"Oh—h!"

"I do admit it. She is."

"She is indifferent to the gent'eman in the Cape Town penal settlement?"

"Altogether, I don't think she ever really cared for him. To tell the truth, she only wanted some one to take her away from—me."

"And now she trusts you again?"

"Oh dear, yes—completely. She is my wife, you know, still."

"I suppose so."

"That sacred tie has never been severed. You must always remember that. I don't know what your feelings are on such a subject, but according to my views it should not be severed roughly. When there are children, that should always be borne in mind. Don't you think so?"

"The children should be borne in mind."

"Just so. That's what I mean. Who can look after a family of young children so well as their young mother? Men have various ways of looking at the matter." To this John Gordon gave his ready assent, and was anxious to hear in what way his assistance was to be asked in again putting Mr. and Mrs. Tookey, with their young children, respectably on their feet. "There are men, you know, stand-off sort of fellows, who think that a woman should never be forgiven."

"It must depend on how far the husband has been in fault."

"Exactly. Now these stand-off sort of fellows will never admit that they have been in fault at all. That's not my case."

"You drank a little."

"For the matter of that so did she. When a woman drinks she gets herself to bed somehow. A man gets out upon a spree. That's what I used to do, and then I would hit about me rather recklessly. I have no doubt Matilda did get it sometimes. When there has been that kind of thing, forgive and forget is the best thing you can do."

"I suppose so."

"And then at the Fields there isn't the same sort of prudish life which one is accustomed to in England. Here in London a man is nowhere if he takes his wife back. Nobody knows her, because there are plenty to know of another sort. But there things are not quite so strict. Of course she oughtn't to have gone off with Atkinson—a vulgar, low fellow, too."

"And you oughtn't to have licked her."

"That's just it. It was tit for tat, I think. That's the way I look at it. At any rate we are living together now, and no one can say we're not man and wife."

"There'll be a deal of trouble saved in that way."

"A great deal. We are man and wife, and can begin again as though nothing had happened. No one can say that black's the white of our eye. She'll take to those darling children as though nothing had happened. You can't conceive how anxious she is to get back to them. And there's no other impediment. That's a comfort."

"Another impediment would have upset you rather."

"I couldn't have put up with that." Mr. Fitzwalker Tookey looked very grave and high-minded as he made the assertion. "But there's nothing of that kind. It's all open sailing. Now what are we to live upon, just for a beginning?"

"You have means out there."

"Not as things are at present, I am sorry to say. To tell the truth, my third share of the old Stick-in-the-Mud is gone. I had to raise money when it was desirable that I should come with you."

"Not on my account."

"And then I did owe something. At any rate, it's all gone now. I should find myself stranded at Kimberley without a red cent."

"What can I do?"

"Well, I will explain. Poker & Hodge will buy your shares for the sum named. Joshua Poker, who is out there, has got my third share. Poker & Hodge have the money down, and when I have arranged the sale, will undertake to give me the agency at one per cent. on the whole take for three years certain. That'll be £1,000 a year, and its odd if I can't find myself again in that time." Gordon stood silent, scratching his head. "Or if you give me the agency on the same terms, it would be the same thing. I don't care a straw for Poker & Hodge."

"I dare say not."

"But you'd find me as true as steel."

"What little good I did at the Fields I did by looking after my own business."

"Then what do you propose? Let Poker & Hodge have them, and I shall bless you for ever." To this mild appeal Mr. Tookey had been brought by the manner in which John Gordon had scratched his head. "I think you are bound to do it, you know." To this he was brought by the subsequent look which appeared in John Gordon's eyes.

"I think not."

"Men will say so."

"I don't care a straw what men say, or women."

"And you to come back in the same ship with me and my wife! You couldn't do it. The Fields wouldn't receive you." Gordon bethought himself whether this imagined rejection might not arise rather from the character of his traveling companions. "To bring back the mother of three little salted babes, and then to walk in upon every shilling of property which had belonged to their father! You never could hold up your head in Kimberly again."

"I should have to stand abashed before your virtue?"

"Yes, you would. I should be known to have come back with my poor repentant wife, the mother of three dear babes. And she would be known to have returned with her misguided husband. The humanity of the Fields would not utter a word of reproval to either of us. But, upon my word, I should not like to stand in your shoes. And how you could sit opposite to her, and look her in the face on the journey out, I don't know."

"It would be unpleasant."

"Deuced unpleasant, I should say. You remember the old Roman saying: 'Never be conscious of anything within your own bosom.' Only think how you would feel when you were swelling it about in Kimberly, while that poor lady won't be able to buy a pair of boots for herself or her children. I say nothing about myself. I didn't think you were the man to do it—I didn't, indeed."

Gordon did find himself moved by the diversity of lights through which he was made to look at the circumstances in question. In the first place, there was the journey back with Mr. Tookey and his wife—companions he had not anticipated. The lady would probably begin by soliciting his intimacy, which on board ship he could hardly refuse. With a fellow-passenger, whose husband has been your partner, you must quarrel bitterly or be warm friends. Upon the whole, he thought that he could not travel to South Africa with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwalker Tookey. And then he understood what the man's tongue would do if he were there for a month in advance. The whole picture of life, too, at the Fields was not made attractive by Mr. Tookey's description. He was not afraid of the reception which might be accorded to Mrs. Tookey, but saw that Tookey found himself able to threaten him with violent evils, simply because he would claim his own. Then there shot across his brain some reminiscence of Mary Lawrie, and a comparison between her and her life and the sort of a life which a man must lead under the auspices of Mrs. Tookey. Mary Lawrie was altogether beyond his reach; but it would be better to have her to think of than the other to know. His idea of the diamond-fields was disturbed by the promised return of his late partner and his wife.

"And you mean to reduce me to this misery?" asked Mr. Tookey.

"I don't care a straw for your misery."

"What!

"Not for your picture of your misery. I do not doubt but that when you have been there for a month you will be drunk as often as ever, and just as free with your fists when a woman comes in your way."

"Never!"

"And I do not see that I am at all bound to provide for you and for your wife and children. You have seen many ups and downs, and will be doomed to see many more, as long as you can get hold of a bottle of wine."

"I mean to take the pledge—I do, indeed. I must do it gradually, because of my constitution; but I shall do it."

"I don't in the least believe in it; nor do I believe in any man who thinks to redeem himself after such a fashion. It may still be possible that I shall not go back."

"Thank God."

"I may kill wild beasts in Buenos Ayres, or take a tea farm in Thibet, or join the colonists in Tennessee. In that case I will let you know what arrangement I may propose to make about the Kimberley claim. At any rate, I may say this: I shall not go back in the same vessel with you."

"I thought it would have been so comfortable."

"You and Mrs. Tookey would find yourselves more at your ease without me."

"Not in the least. Don't let that thought disturb you. Whatever misery fate may have in store for me, you will always find that, for the hour, I will endeavor to be a good companion. 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' That is the first of my mottoes."

"At any rate, I shall not go back in the Kentucky Castle if you do."

"I'm afraid our money is paid."

"So is mine; but that does not signify. You have a week yet, and I will let you know by eleven o'clock on Thursday what steps I shall finally take. If in any way I can serve you, I will do so; but I can admit no claim."

"A thousand thanks! And I am so glad you approve of what I would have done about Matilda. I'm sure that a steady-going fellow like you would have done the same." To this John Gordon could make no answer, but left his friend, and went away about his own business. He had to decide between Tennessee, Thibet and Buenos Ayres, and wanted his time for his own purposes.

When he got to dinner at his club he found a letter from Mr. Whittlestaff, which had come by the day mail. It was a letter which, for the time, drove Thibet, and Buenos Ayres and Tennessee clean out of his mind. It was as follows:

"CROCKER'S HALL, - -, June, 18-.

"DEAR MR. JOHN GORDON: I shall be in town this afternoon, probably by the same train which will bring this letter, and will do myself the honor of calling upon you at your club the next day at twelve. I am, dear Mr. John Gordon, faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM WHITTLESTAFF."

Then there was to be an answer to the appeal which he had made. Of what nature would be the answer? As he laid his hand upon his heart and felt the violence of the emotion to which he was subjected, he could not doubt the strength of his own love.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. WHITTLESTAFF'S JOURNEY DISCUSSED.

"I don't think that if I were you I would go up to London, Mr. Whittlestaff," said Mary. This was on the Tuesday morning.

"Why not?"

"I don't think I would."

"Why should you interfere?"

"I know I ought not to interfere."

"I don't think you ought. Especially as I have taken the trouble to conceal what I am going about."

"I can guess," said Mary.

"You ought not to guess in such a matter. You ought not to have it on your mind at all. I told you that I would not tell you. I shall go. That's all that I have got to say."

The words were ill-natured and savage. The reader will find them to be so if he thinks of them. They were such that a father would hardly speak, under any circumstances, to a grown-up daughter—much less that a lover would address to his mistress. And Mary was at present filling both capacities. She had been taken into his house almost as an adopted daughter, and had, since that time, had all the privileges accorded to her. She had now been promoted still higher, and had become his affianced bride. That the man should have turned upon her thus, in answer to her counsel, was savage, or at least ungracious. But at every word her heart became fuller and more full of an affection as for something almost divine.

She came round and put her arm upon him, and looked into his face. "Don't go to London. I ask you not to go?"

"Why should I not go?"

"To oblige me. You pretend to have a secret, and refuse to say why you are going. Of course I know."

"I have written a letter to say that I am coming."

"It is still lying on the hall-table down-stairs. It will not go to the post till you have decided."

"Who has dared to stop it?"

"I have. I have dared to stop it. I shall dare to put it in the fire and burn it. Don't go! He is entitled to nothing. You are entitled to have—whatever it is that you may want, though it is but such a trifle."

"A trifle, Mary?"

"Yes. A woman has a little gleam of prettiness about her, though here it is but of a common order."

"Anything so uncommon I never came near before."

"Let that pass; whether common or uncommon, it matters nothing. It is something soft, which will soon pass away, and of itself can do no good. It is contemptible."

"You are just Mrs. Baggett over again."

"Very well; I am quite satisfied. Mrs. Baggett is a good woman. She can do something beyond lying on a sofa and reading novels, while her good looks fade away. It is simply because a woman is pretty and weak that she is made so much of, and is encouraged to neglect her duties. By God's help I will not neglect mine. Do not go to London."

He seemed as though he hesitated as he sat there under the spell of her little hand upon his shoulder. And in truth he did hesitate. Could it not be that he should be allowed to sit there all his days, and have her hand about his neck somewhat after this fashion? Was he bound to give it all up? What was it that ordinary selfishness allowed? What depth of self-indulgence amounted to a wickedness which a man could not permit himself to enjoy without absolutely hating himself? It would be easy in this case to have all that he wanted. He need not send the letter. He need not take this wretched journey to London. Looking forward, as he thought that he could look, judging from the girl's character, he believed that he would have all that he desired—all that a gracious God could give him—if he would make her the recognized partner of his bed and board. Then would he be proud when men should see what sort of a wife he had got for himself at last in place of Catherine Bailey. And why should she not love him? Did not all her words tend to show that there was love?

And then suddenly there came a frown across his face as she stood looking at him. She was getting to know the manner of that frown. Now she stooped down to kiss it away from his brow. It was a brave thing to do; but she did it with a brave consciousness of her courage. "Now I may burn the letter," she said, as though she were about to depart upon the errand.

"No!" he said. "Let me have a sandwich and a glass of wine, for I shall start in an hour."

At this moment Mrs. Baggett came into the room, detecting Mary almost in the embrace of her old master. "He's come back again, sir," said Mrs. Baggett.

"Who has come back?"

"The sergeant."

"Then you may tell him to go about his business. He is not wanted, at any rate. You are to remain here, and have your own way, like an old fool."

"I am that, sir."

"There is not any one coming to interfere with you."

"Sir!"

Then Mary got up, and stood sobbing at the open window. "At any rate, you'll have to remain here, to look after the house, even if I go away. Where is the sergeant?"

"He's in the stable again."

"What! drunk?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—To struggle, and again and again to renew the conflict—this is life's inheritance.—*Mrs. Grote.*

A Plucky Photographer.

The frontier town of Cayenne, Texas, has been pestered for some time by one of those swaggering bullies who delight in terrifying women and children, and inoffensive citizens. This desperado boasted that he could "clean out" the whole town single handed. He was accustomed to enter the stores, demand whatever caught his fancy, and threatening to shoot the proprieter if the article was not forthcoming at once, emphasizing his threat by flourishing a horse pistol. One day, this "flower of the plains," as he facetiously called himself, sauntered into a photographer's studio. The artist, a young man from New York, had been in Cayenne but a short time.

"Well, tenderfoot," said the bully, as he dropped carelessly into a chair, "what do you charge for pictures?"

"I beg your pardon," answered the artist, quietly, "but I did not understand your first remark."

"No? I don't repeat remarks, young feller," replied his visitor, pulling out his pistol. "I asked how much you charge for pictures?"

"Eight dollars a dozen large size."

"As large as my size?" sneered the bully.

"I have taken them your size," answered the young man, coolly.

"Well, look here, you! I don't intend to pay any such price. My size is to big for this establishment. You are going to give me a sitting for nothing. Do you understand that, stranger?"

"I think I do."

"Then the quicker you mix up the chemicals for the scenery of this view the better. Step lively!"

The young artist looked black for a minute, and then, as if he thought the matter a good joke, burst into a laugh.

"You are sure you want to sit for a large-size picture?" he asked, with a queer look on his face.

"Yes. And you want to be quick about it, too. No fooling. That won't go down with the son of the plains. Where are you going?"

"I must get the materials for the picture from my other room."

"Oh, all right!" growled the bully. "Thought you were going to cut. But you don't fool this child!"

The artist went into his other room and came back with the prepared plate which he put into its place in the camera. Unobserved, he slipped something else into the box of the instrument over which the cloth was laid.

"Now, then, sir," said he, still laughing, "how will you have the picture, sitting or standing?"

"Well, I'll have it the way I am," answered the desperado, throwing his pistol on a table and folding his arms across his breast in a defiant manner.

"Very well, sir," said the artist, quietly putting his head under the cloth. "Now, then, just fasten your eyes on that projection in the corner over there. Don't move. If you move an inch I'll defend my rights with *this!*"

And quick as lightning the photographer threw off the cloth and pulled out a revolver from the camera, where he had hidden it.

It was a scene for an artist. The bully looked along the barrel, saw it was as steady as if it rested on a stone wall, and the sweat gathered in big drops on his forehead. Like most bullies, he was a coward. The artist had him completely at his mercy. He coolly took out his watch with his left hand.

"For large-sized pictures of this kind, I generally take three minutes. But to insure a good sitting in your case, I will make it a little longer. Steady, my dear sir! If this revolver should go off in haste, it might damage the picture, and I don't wish to spoil my reputation as an artist. You will keep your eyes on that point, or be prepared for the consequences."

Still covering the trembling bully with his weapon, the young artist advanced to the table, took the desperado's pistol, and came back to his camera.

"Five minutes. There is a good impression on the plate by this time. Still, to make sure, seeing it is a large size, too big for this establishment, and all of you may not be taken yet, we will continue the sitting a few moments more."

At the end of another minute the bully's face was livid. The artist, still with a glittering eye on him, put the cap over the camera.

"Now, then," said he, sharply, "leave my parlor, and never put your head into this room again!"

The bully departed and left the photographer master of the field. The picture was a wonderful likeness, and the artist hung it and the pistol on the wall together, where they served the double purpose of an advertisement and a warning. He has never been again troubled by that visitor.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Funny Man's Friends.

"I declare!" exclaimed the Oyster, "I don't like it one bit. Every one knows, or ought to know, that I have returned to society after my summer seclusion; and yet, if you'll believe me, there are at least a score of newspapers which havn't mentioned my name!"

"Beg your pardon," replied the Ice Cream, coolly; "but haven't you yourself to blame for it? Persons who shut themselves out of society four months every year must expect to be forgotten. Now I—I understand and appreciate my duty to myself as well as to society, and I keep in the current the year round. And what is the consequence? Why, I'm invited everywhere and am everywhere the universal favorite. But you—"

"Oh, I sha'n't want for friends, "interrupted the Oyster. "You'll find me a dangerous rival, I dare say, before winter is over."

"Not at all," replied the Ice Cream, more frigidly than before. "What do you know of society? Save a few lovesick ones and the old covies at the parish fair, your friends are almost entirely confined to the habitues of sample rooms. For my part—"

There is no knowing to what extremes the controversy between these two might not have gone, had not the Chicago Girl's Foot interposed.

"I don't see what good there is in quarreling over such a thing as popularity," remarked the Foot. "Goodness knows I've had enough of it; and, let me tell you, I'm heartily sick of it. I sometimes wish that I might never see my name mentioned again as long as I live. When I have read my name twenty or thirty times in a single day, I feel so small—"

"That must be a novel sensation, indeed!" cried the Plumber, with a laugh. "But speaking of popularity," he continued, "I tell you what it is, mates, it pays. Look at me! Ain't I a living proof of it?" and he jingled the loose money in his trousers pocket. "I don't put out any stuff for advertising. I get all that for nothing. Everybody knows me and everybody has to employ me—leastways, if they do once. I've got 'em forever after. And, what's more, they don't dare to grumble at my bill; they expect it 'll be big—the papers have prepared them to get a big bill—and I haven't the heart to disappoint 'em. 'T is n't in me."

"Them's my sentiments," chimed in the Ice Dealer, who sat smoking in the corner. "And that reminds me," he added, taking out his notebook and jotting something down, "that I must git them noosepaper fellers to say somethin' or other about the scarcity of ice on 'count of the onseasonable hot weather."

There was a pause in the conversation for a minute or two. It was broken by the Banana Skin, who remarked somewhat irrelevantly: "Business has been awfully dull with me lately. That Peach fellow has broken into my trade fearfully. My commissions haven't amounted to anything the last two or three months, and the doctors say if I don't give them more work they'll close the contract and go into partnership with the Toy Pistol. I ain't afraid, though. They can't get along without me, and they know it."

"What's that?" Who's talking about me?" exclaimed the Toy Pistol, hearing his name mentioned.

"I was only saying that you and the doctors were getting quite friendly," said the Banana Skin, quite deferentially; for he stood in wholesome awe of the Toy Pistol, who was a snappy fellow and very apt to go off at half-cock.

"Doctors be blowed" exclaimed the Toy Pistol, contemptuously. "A fellow has no use for doctors when I've got through with him. I'm a dead shot every time, I am. No," he continued, in a milder strain, "I don't mind owning up that I make a good thing out of the undertaking profession. My commissions thus far have been something handsome, something handsome." And a smile of satisfaction played around his muzzle.

"By the way," whispered the Dude, "what cweature is that over there? Awfully vulgar-looking person, don't yer know. She don't belong to *our* set. Wonder who could have admitted her?"

"Oh, that," replied the Stovepipe, crooking his elbow disdainfully, "is that upstart, Mother Hubbard, who has forced her way into our circle. It is disgusting the airs these interlopers do put on! I've been before the public these ten years, and it's pretty tough if I've got to stand aside just to soot her convenience."

"Let's not recognize her," said the Vassar Girl in a low tone to her next neighbor, the Chewing Gum, who had been in everybody's mouth for several seasons, and was a particular friend of the Vassar Girl.

"Recognize her! The fright! I'm sure I shan't, replied the Chewing Gum. "I can't bear her."

At this moment the Mother-in-Law came in. Instantly every tongue was stilled and every eye lighted up with adoration of the oldest and most honored member of the select circle. The Mother-in-Law surveyed the listening group for a moment, and then said:

"My dear friends, why do you waste your time here? The funny men of the press are looking everywhere for you, and unless you go to them, they will be unable to write any of their dear, inimitable paragraphs. Come! Away at once!"

They separated, and it is to be supposed that they went immediately to the newspaper offices, for the next day they were all mentioned by the funny men as aforetime. Oyster, Ice Cream, Chicago Girl's Foot, Plumber, Banana Skin, Peach, Toy Pistol, Dude, Stovepipe, Vassar Girl, Chewing Gum, and last, but by no manner of means least, Mother-in-Law—each and all had their rightful and immemorial place, and their happiness would have been complete, but for the presence of that upstart and interloper, the Mother Hubbard. She had come to stay.—*Boston Transcript.*

Advice to Young Sportsmen.

Always bear in mind that it is the muzzle of a gun that is dangerous; therefore, never allow the muzzle to point toward yourself or any other person.

Never put your hand over the muzzle of a gun, nor allow another person to handle your gun while it is loaded.

Use a breech-loading gun with rebounding hammers. A muzzle-loading gun is both inconvenient and dangerous to load.

Hammerless guns are beautiful and convenient weapons, but they are not fit for boys to use, especially boys who are just beginning to shoot.

If you are hunting in company with others, be careful and courteous, always refraining from shooting at birds that are flushed nearer to your companion than to you, and do not allow your gun, under any circumstances, to point at, or in the direction of, any human being.

Open your gun at the breech and take out both shells before climbing over a fence, getting into a wagon, going into a house, or handing the gun to a person not used to fire-arms.

Never drag a gun toward you muzzle foremost.

Treat an unloaded gun with the same care that you would use in handling a loaded one. "I did not know it was loaded" has caused many terrible accidents.

It is best to thoroughly clean and dry a gun after it has been used all day, and when not in use it should be kept in a woolen or leather case.

Never shoot at harmless and worthless birds "just to try your hand." Most small birds are pretty, some of them sing sweetly, and nearly all of them are useful as insect-destroyers. It is brutal to kill them for any other than scientific or artistic purposes.

When out hunting, observe everything, so as to remember the minutest details of visible nature. Knowledge thus gathered is invaluable.

Boys, when hunting together, should be very cautious in thick covert; as there, one may be quite near another and not see him.—*Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.*

—Two ladies who passed down Cookman avenue yesterday suffered a careful scrutiny from all they met. They were so much alike there seemed no difference between them in feature, face, height or size, even as they stood side by side. To make matters more complicated they were dressed precisely the same, and each carried a black silk umbrella in her left hand. One man thought he was drunk and seeing double. The worried expression on his face vanished in an instant when he heard some one whisper, "Twins."—*Asbury Park Journal.*

—The actual yearly expenditures of all moneys for public schools in the whole country is at this time just about $80,000,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The University of Heidelberg refused $10,000 on condition that it should admit women.

The Blackberry.

We are asked if blackberry plants that have been ordered from the nursery can be planted this fall. Yes. The cultivation of the blackberry is essentially the same as that of the raspberry. They may be set either in the fall or the spring. A rather dry soil is preferable to a wet one, and the soil need not be as rich as for the raspberry. The plants, too, need more room than the raspberry requires, for they grow more branching and make larger stools. The rows ought not to be nearer than six feet, and the larger growing kinds would do better if the distance between the rows were eight feet. If planted this fall, they will need winter protection, and in the North where our winters are liable to be cold enough to kill almost anything, it is advisable to guard against possible injury by protecting all such things when it can be readily done. Laying down the plants and covering with soil is the best and cheapest way of protecting such canes.

The cultivation of the blackberry, to those who have passed middle age, is a subject of considerable interest. Probably there is none of us who did not like the wild blackberry when we were boys, but there is not one of us who has passed middle age who does not remember the time when the advocacy of cultivating this briar in the fields would have been sufficient to have placed the one who advocated it on the list of lunatics. While the berry was not unwelcome the "briar" on which it grew was esteemed a first-class nuisance, and rather as a mark of poverty of both the farm on which it grew and the owner. We can remember how much ridicule the first cultivation of this fruit that ever came under our notice excited. It was in the lower part of New Jersey where there were quite as many briars as the people thought they wanted, without any special effort to cultivate them. But the cultivator devoted some of the best land in that section of the State—that is to say the best located—to the purpose, and as he kept it in blackberries for years to our knowledge, and longer, too, we presume it paid. What has been done in that time in the cultivation of this excellent and healthful fruit, we need not stop to recount. It has been greatly improved and quite widely cultivated. Yet it is not upon as many farms as it ought to be by a very long ways. It should be upon every farm that has a spot on it anywhere that is at all favorable to its growth. As a market fruit it has proved satisfactory to our cultivators. But it is not alone for the market, or for the market at all, that we would specially advise its cultivation. If farmers do not care to cultivate it for the market, or are not in a situation that would make it practical to grow blackberries for the market, by all means cultivate them for the use of the family. Every farmer ought to have for his table all the fruit that he can grow on his farm. It is one of the most astonishing things that present themselves for our contemplation, that some of our farmer friends are so negligent in providing a fine supply of fruit for home consumption. Usually it can be produced cheaper than the ordinary food which the farmer consumes, and certainly none need be told that fruit is far more healthful than much of the food that is found upon our tables. This neglect appears stranger when we observe how eagerly people who do not live in the country seek fruit. The grand ideal of a sensible resident in the city is to have a fruit tree, or a vine; and half the fruit that is eaten in the city is not fit to eat at all, yet it is eagerly devoured. Still we, who live on farms, and have every opportunity to grow fruits of all kinds, often neglect to do so, and have no more of the luxury of the orchard and fruit garden, than the most unfortunate of fruitless cities.—*Western Rural.*

Milk, and What it is Made Of.

Milk is an animal product, containing fat and flesh-forming material. Those parts will separate by gravitation. The fat of a cow's milk is the same as the fat in the cow's body, only it is not so pure, for in the fat of the milk are vegetable products, such for instance as vegetable color. Feed the cow with green grass, and the fat, as found in her butter, will have a golden color. Dry the grass before the cow is fed with it, expose the dried grass to sunlight until the color has faded out and the fat found in the butter has lost its golden color. Expose the golden colored butter to sunlight, and the color will fade from it as from grass, leaving a fat very closely resembling the fat in the cow's body—tallow. There are other vegetable substances in the butter besides color. The flavor and odor of the plants upon which the cow is fed are distinctly noticeable in the milk. Though the fat in butter is the same as the tallow of the cow, these substances which give color and flavor to it injure its keeping qualities. Tallow, when freed from the tissues that hold it in place in the body of the animal, will keep a long time exposed to heat and atmospheric influences, without becoming rancid. Some of the vegetable properties found in milk may escape by evaporation, others may be driven out by heat. Physicians order boiled milk for their patients.

The animal product, milk, if coming from a diseased animal, must carry with it a disease similar to that affecting the animal. A cow that is over-fed with grain, corn, or oil meal may, as a consequence, have an inflammation in her stomach, and a general fever, and her milk would be fevered and unfit food for feeble children or invalids. The cow may not have been fed too much, but improperly fed, until for lack of proper food, a morbid appetite is created and the symptoms may be a desire for eating bones. Such milk as she would produce would lack the element the body lacked which furnished the milk, and would be poor food with which to build up the body of a child. If the cow is young and vigorous and her food is of the sweetest and purest kind and of wholesome varieties, she will send from her body into the milk-pail animal matter that will impart health and vigor to the child or invalid using it, and to the workingman strength, as though he had eaten of the cow's body.

The different parts of milk are very unlike and they cannot be kept together, except by mechanical means, such as agitation, and the moment that ceases they begin to separate by gravitation, the fatty part rising, the fleshy part settling. Exposed in shallow pans, some of the impurities are lost by evaporation; others may be recovered by removing the fatty portion or cream, for in that is found the coloring matter, the flesh-forming part of the milk holding no color derived from the food of the cow. This manner of purifying the milk makes it a proper food for persons of weak stomachs. If a person wanted a piece of beef as nutritious as he could possibly have it, would he take fat or flesh?—*New England Farmer.*

—Horses should have muscle and not fat to begin work on. Turfmen understand this

Changes Going On in China.

The Chinaman is clannish and conservative. But he is remarkably free from prejudice, religious or patriotic, especially in matters of tangible interest. He has a natural objection to alter his clothes, unlike the Japanese, for they suit him better than any other. But he has no objection to purchasing the article which he judges to be the cheapest and best, wherever it may come from. He is very sensible in his economy, and if he prefers the home-made article, it is because he finds it cheaper and more enduring. Native patterns of cloth, both woollen and cotton, if scrupulously imitated, will find buyers if laid down cheaper than the native article. Though the Chinese are conservative, foreign articles are creeping into use. Clocks, watches, matches, lamps, red blankets, are now seen not only everywhere in the seaport towns and near the coast, but far inland.

The Chinese, contrary to general opinion, have been found to appreciate in a wonderful degree the value of the rapid transmission by wire. The telegraph is being carried from north to south, and from east to west, along the Yangtze and Canton Rivers. A line is working in Formosa. Begun with such vigor, there is reason to believe that the network will rapidly spread over the land. The telephone and electric light have made their way into China. Although the first railway constructed in China, from Shanghai to Woosung, opened and closed in 1876, was not approved by the Government—the line being bought and removed to the shores of Formosa, where it now lies—the steam engine is at work. This is on a line to the Kaiping coal mines, a distance of six miles and a half, constructed by Li-Hung Chang. Machinery has been introduced not only at the Kaiping mines, but elsewhere. The superstitions regarding shafts dug through the earth, the "dragon's veins," are giving way. Mines are being promoted by the Chinese in various parts, but with great rashness, the fact that mines are utterly useless without communication not having been grasped. Gas has long been in use at Shanghai. The flotilla of thirty steamers, with a tonnage of some 30,000 tons, started by the China Merchants' Company, has not been a pecuniary success as yet, mainly owing, however, to maladministration during the late speculative crisis. Insurance companies are at work at Hong Kong and Shanghai, doing an important and increasing business. In military matters, while the late Franco-Chinese difficulty has clearly shown the imperfect condition of the Chinese forces, important changes have been effected. The most important have been the arming bodies of men with the breech-loader, the drilling of Li's force, the establishment of dock-yards, the introduction of torpedos, Krupp guns, transports, and gun-boats on the European models. The fact that the military organization is still wretched and the administration corrupt does not vitiate the fact of progress having been made. The native press has made considerable strides. Commenced in 1863 with the *Shun-Pao*, there are some half-dozen papers in China. Their influence is considerable and is extending rapidly. As a proof of their enterprise it may be mentioned that the *Shun-Pao* sent a "special correspondent" to Tonquin to follow the operations, though he very wisely thought discretion the better part of valor and declined to land on his arrival at Haiphong.—*Cor. London Times.*

A Water Famine in Mexico.

A good illustration of how the authorities here attend to the wants of the population is afforded by the recent break in the city aqueduct. Eight days ago one of the arches of the San Cosme aqueduct broke down and the entire supply of water from that source, the most important one and the only one on which this entire city of nearly 300,000 inhabitants depends for its spring water, was cut off abruptly. The broken arch had been for many years in such a weak condition as to cause continual apprehension on the part of those who knew its condition of a break, which was apparently only a question of time. Of course the Water Board, or whoever under this slipshod Government has charge of the matter, trusted in Providence and left to that kind protector the duty of looking after the rotten old aqueduct. But Providence, apparently, had its attention called away last week to duties in some other quarter. So the San Cosme aqueduct tumbled down, as might have been expected. Now that eight full days have passed and the citizens are all grumbling about the water famine, the same delightful "waiting on Providence" prevails, and we have yet to hear or see that the "Ayuntamiento" (Common Council), the Water Board, or anybody else has taken the first step toward repairing the break. Still this is nothing amazing. If we were living in the United States or England I should feel somewhat surprised, but here in Mexico we consider this sort of thing quite a matter of course. Perhaps after the city authorities have had sufficient time to think this matter over and deliberate upon the best methods for borrowing the money to pay for the repairs—say a month hence—then they will begin to prepare to commence to take the initatory step toward making the necessary repairs. Meanwhile those of us who are accustomed to use water—a limited portion of the population—must get our supply from cisterns and wells, not at all numerous here, and pay two reals (about twenty-two cents American money) per gallon for it. I do not think that this water famine will work any special harm to a large majority of the native population of this city, for if one may judge from their appearance the use of water as an outward application plays no very important part in their domestic economy.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Mulberry street, New York, has for years held an unenviable prominence in the low life of the city, and William Allan Butler's satire recalls it as a place "where thieves and beggars and loafers meet." But it turns out that the part of the street called the "Bend," which is inhabited entirely by Spaniards and Italians of the lower class, has an easy pre-eminence in debasement over the rest of the unsavory thoroughfare. A reporter who had explored the filthiest dens of "Chinatown" in San Francisco says he found there nothing so revolting as the life of the "Bend." It is said to rival the slums of Naples.—*Chicago Times.*

—Oriental bronzes are now imitated in this country with remarkable fidelity. The majority are made of spelter, with a thin shell of bronze.—*Boston Globe.*

—A "professional beggar," recently arrested in New York, is found to have lived "luxuriantly in an elegantly furnished home."—*N. Y. Mail.*