WITHOUT AND WITHIN. My ceachman in the monlight there Looks through the side-light of the door, I hear him with his highrest swear As I do only more.

Fistiening his note against the paue. He envies me my britisant lot, Breatnes on his aching fists in vain, And dooms me to a piace more hot.

He sees me into supper go,
A silven wonder by my side,
Bare aims, bare aboulders and a ro
Of founces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm 'Neath its white-gloved and jeweled load; and wishes me some dreadful narm. Hearing the merry corks explode.

Mcanwhile I only curse the bore Of manilog still the same old cot and envy him. cutside the door, In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold As the tright smile he sees ne win; Nor the host's old wine so old As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyvid prance By which his free ring feet he warms, and drag my lady's chains and dance The galley status of dreary forms. O, could be have my share of din,

O, could be nave my sate a doubt,
And I his quiet—past a doubt,
Twould sill be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.
—James Russell Lowell.

### LITTLE MAY.

In the hotel where we were stopping, here was a guest whose name, as the egister showed, was Joseph P. Maxwell. but who was better known among his ssociates and the people of the town as Monte Joe." He had been in Luling about three months. No one knew where he came from, and no one cared to know. He had stepped off the train one morning, had registered at the hotel, and in three days afterward was on speaking terms with one-half of the male population of the place.

in a town like Luling society was not exacting. A stranger was not required to exhibit credentials, nor to state who his grandfather was, as a condition of entree into society. In fact, society was of a mixed character -if it had any character at all-and could not afford to be particular. Monte Joe was handsome, well dressed, and of genial manners. He brought a blue eyed, sunny haired child him-his daughter-a smiling, laughing little fairy, who captured the hearts of all who knew her. In her presence the cares of life vanished, and the people felt, as they listened to her joyous, childish prattle, that after all. this world was not such a vale of tears as they had thought it was. Little May saw but the rosy hued side of the clouds that encircled her life. She loved the bright sunshine, the birds and the flowers; she loved music and pictures; but above all, and with a greater and stronger love, she loved her father, Monte Joe, the gambler. These two, father and daughter, seemed to live for mutual love, Joe's face had a worn, sad the child. There was a soft, happy light the gambling table and swore, or when he was insulted or annoyed, then the sadness and womanliness vanished, and his eyes gave evidence of the devil

within.

It must be acknowledged that Joe was much given to the vice of swearing, but he never swore in the child's presence. It was pretty well known that he was ready at all times to back any statement that he might make, and to give his opponent choice of weapons. His friends 'took water." hat claimed that he never it must not be inferred from this that he declined to use water as a beverage. It was only their terse way of explaining that he was a brave man. Joe was not a bully; he never sought a quarrel; but, as those who knew him said, when a quarrel was forced upon him, "he was It was rumored that he had killed three men, but that did not detract from his standing in a community where killing a man was often a necessity and a praiseworthy action. No one could tell anything about Joe's history previous to his advent in Luling. He never received any letters and he never wrote any. Regarding the past, he was reticent. He and the child seemed to be aloge in the world. Little May had never known any relatives except her father. Joe were a deep band of crape on his hat. He was father and mother and all to her, and the was all the world to him. The boys used to say that if the child should die her death would kill Joe. Amid such surroundings and associating with such characters as of necessity little May was compelled to associate with, it was a wonder that the child retained her childishness. There was nothing pert or precocious in her words or actions, although she sometimes had quaint ways of expressing herself, and would ask queer and startling questions. She played but little with other children. When her father was absent she would amuse herself in a corner for hours at a time, with the end of an old billiard one dressed in rags for a doll. This doll was a recipient of all her secrets. She would tell it how lonely she was when papa was away; how much she loved papa, and what beautiful things she was going to sew and "broider" for him when she became a big girl. Her greatest desire 'to wear all the time every was to get day," as she expressed it, some old jew elry that her papa kept in a trunk, and used to bring out and show to her when they were alone on Sunday mornings. "And Dolly," the child would say, wish you was big, too, that you might tell me what makes papa cry when he puts that pretty chain around my neck. Papa says he will tell me some day when I'se a big girl, when we will live in a pretty little house that will be May's own house, with vines all around it, and pictures on the wall and a bird in a gold cage. Then I'll let nobody live there but papa-and you, Dolly, if you be

good. She told stories to the doll about giants, bad and wicked giants, who ate little children, and afterward came to an untimely end, as all bad and wicked giants should. Papa killed all the giants, and it was papa who rescued all he children who were in danger from bears and lions. And the child added something to every story, wherein "papa" figured as the champion of the oppressed, the benefactor of the poor, and the good angel who guarded the

in her presence. To them she was a river, and I'll never go away from you speck of gold in a mass of metal-a ray any more." of light from a better world-a bright piece of color on a sombre background. As her childish words and mellow laugh smote the ears of those who, although now hardened with the world's folly, had | neck and whispers: still a woman's heart, they were moved by her freshness and purity, and the unbidden tear often coursed down their cheeks, as they thought of the time when they, too, were but a little lower than the angels.

And so they went on from day to day, little May and her father. From the nagrass, he and the child would be seen passing down the street, out by the cemetery, past the straggling hats and tents where the railroad hands lived, on into the woods-the child sometimes on her father's back or in his arms, sometimes running along by his side, chasing the butterflies and the humming birds, or gathering the wild flowers of the prairie. Down by the banks of the clear stream they would go-down into the valley, where, in the sunlight, grew the flowers and grasses, a rich and beautiful carpet of nature's weaving, while in the shade the fern and the vine flourished in luxurious profusion-down in the groves of the valley, with their patches of light and shade, where nature's choristers chanted carols of joy and sang songs of welcome. There, in some quiet nook, they stayed and played, and laughed all through the long summer day—the father telling fairy tales to the child, the little one weaving crowns of leaves for her father's head, and garlands of flow-ers for his neck. It was there that Joe, the gambler, told little May, in words suited to her understanding, the old, old story of man's creation and woman's disobedience of God's love and compassion, and of the Saviour's suffering. He told her of heaven and of the angels there, and of the joy and peace and rest in the home of the good beyond this life. Joe was a skeptic, and would have claimed that he did not believe these tales any more than he believed the other fairy tales that he told the child, but he felt that, although he could do without a religion and a God himself, he could not afford to let his child believe as he did. With a strange inconsistency, he acted as if the belief that was good enough for himself was not good enough for his "little one," as he loved to call her, and he taught her, as well as he could, the religion of his mother.

One day Joe was walking down the street with little May by his side, when a man stepped out of a saloon, and cursed him, accusing him of having acted unfairly at the gambling table. He slapped Joe on the face. Joe became very pale, and trembled so that one not knowing each other, and in the light of their him would have supposed that he was afraid. For a moment he looked irresolook, except when he was playing with Intely at the child by his side, then taking her up in his arms, he hurried to in his eyes and a womanly look on his the hotel. Not a word was said by Joe handsome face. When he got excited at or any of the spectators. It was some time before those who were witnesses to the occurrence recovered enough from their surprise at the temerity of the man who had insulted Joe, to offer any criticisms on his action. Then the saloonkeeper, looking up at the sky, with halfclosed eyes, as if he was making an abstruse astronomical calculation, remarked:

"There'il be a dead man round somewhar to night."

It was a true prediction. The jury

id that Joe was justifiable During the second day of our stay in Luling the doctor was called on by the landlord and requested to go and see lit-tle May, who was sick. "Five weeks tle May, who was sick. "Five weeks ago," said the landlord, "she was out with her father down by the creek, and came home with a sort of dumb chill, and she hasn't got over it yet, and I'm afeered she never will. God knows that we would rather part with the best man in town than with little May; we all love her so."

It appeared that from the day on which May became ill she never left her room. Day by day she became more feeble, and now for a week she had been unable to leave her little bed. The people of the town talked lovingly of her patience in suffering, and showed their sympathy and love for her by sending and shugar moighty comfortin' whin the chills took hoult." The people were all very considerate of her comfort. The owner of the ten-pin alley closed the place for a week rather than disturb her with the noise, and the landlord, with a club, knocked down a man who had startled the child by shooting a negro on the sidewalk.

I accompanied the doctor on his visits several times. We found her cheerful and happy, as she sat propped up with pillows at the head of her little bed. She was gazing out of a window across the tree tops at the place where, with her father, she had spent so many happy hours, and where the wild flowers now bloomed for other eyes, and the birds sang for other eyes, and never more would little May visit the place or leave her room again.

It was on the eve of the day before we left Luling that we saw her for the last time. Her father was going to her room with medicine. He told us she was much better, and that he thought the crisis was over. He invited us to go and

We entered the room on tiptoe. On small bed by the window lay little May. He face was thin and pale, and but the shadow of a dimple was on her cheek. Her eye had a sober, suffering, far-away look, until she saw Joe coming in behind us. Then her eyes brightened up until they shone like stars; the pained look on her face gave way to a smile, and the dimple for an instant came back to her cheek. Joe sat down on a low chair by her side, and we stood around her bed. She reached out her thin, little arms toward her father. "The doctor says I am going to die and leave you. Is it true, papa?" Her father buried his face in the pillow and sobbed.

"Then, papa, we won't have any more nice pienics together, and I'll have to go to heaven alone, all by myself. But contains the following item: "Mr. Rum-As little May walked down the street don't cry; you will come soon, paps, with her father, women who had lost all won't you? and I'll watch for you, and their womanliness-and there were many when you come we will gather flowers number of people on board, made a pro-

such in the town-spoke in bushed tones together all day long by the beautiful

The last rays of the sun, as it sinks behind the distant horizon, lights up her face with a rosy tint, as with an effort she puts her arms around Joe's

"My poor, lonely old papa." Then all is still. There is no sound in the room except the tick-tick of the little clock on the mantlepiece, as it registers the flow of the River of Time into the Ocean of Eternity; but musical echoes of the jubilant song of the heavenly visitants around the bed of little May on earth, reach to the gates of heaven itself. The angel watchman on ture of Joe's profession, he was at leis ure during the day. In the summer heaven itself. The angel watchman on mornings, while yet the dew was on the retrain, and the glad chorus resounds through the corridors of the heavenly mansion, until it bursts in exultant hosannas around the throne of God. Little

### STEAM NAVIGATION.

From an interesting volume entitled "The History of Steam Navigation," by Rear Proble of the United States navv. the following account of the origin and progress of the application of steam to

the purposes of navigation is derived: The first to apply the power of steam to vessels was Blasco de Garray, a native of Biscay. On the 17th of June, 1543, he offered to propel a vessel without sails or oars before the emporer, Charles the Fifth. De Garray procured a mer-chant vessel, called La Trinidad, of two hundred tons burden. The experiment was made in the presence of the imperial commissioners, Don Henry de Toledo, Don Pedro de Cardova, tue governor of Barcelona, and the treasurer Ravago. It was the 17th of June. At a given signal the vessel was put in motion; as it moved forward it turned to one side or the other, obedient to the helm, and finally returned to where it had started, without the assistance of sails, oars, or any visible machinery, except an immense caldron of boiling water a complicated number of wheels within and gyrating paddles without. All Barcelona applauded. Not so the Treasurer Rauago. He was jealous and persuaded the emporer that the invention was useless, asserting that its complicated construction would require constant repairs at enormous expense; that no greater speed than that of one league an hour cculd be obtained, and that the boiler would be blowing up every now and then. The emporer listened to the treasurer, but he appreciated genius. The inventor was promoted in the navy and a handsome gratuity over and above his

expenses. The experiments of David Ramseye (1630), Salmon de Carrs (1641), and Denis Papin (1690) are briefly noticed. The admiral then goes on to describe the discussion in regard to the new motor, gone into at the end of the last century by Thomas Payne, Washborough and Darical. The earlier inventors had much to struggle against, with discouragement and persiflage, as may be seen in the following couplet, still the burden of a common street ditty in Gloucestershire, the birthplace of Jonathan Hulls, the first Englishman to point out how steam might be used in ships. It was in 1707:

Jonathan Hulls,
With his patent skulls,
Invent a machine,
To go against wind and steam,
But he, being an ass,
Couldn't bring it to pass
And so was ashamed to be seen. THE SCHEW.

Many suppose the screw modern invention, but the admiral informs as that for 150 years before Ericsson and Smith efforts had been made to introduce the screw as a propeller of vessels. The first to connect a steam engine with a screw propeller was Joseph Bramah, of Piccadilly, an engine maker, who took out a patent on May 9, 1785. During the same year John Fitch, at a special meeting of the American Philosophical society, of Phila-delphia, laid before the members a drawing and description of a machine for working a boat against the stream by means of a steam engine. On December 2d following he presented a model of his invention to the society. Later on he organized a company of Philadelphia merchants, and his machine was tried on the Delaware on or about July 20th. ous; and a big Irish tie spiker sent her a bottle of whisky, with a message that she "would foind a drap av it wid bottle." Said machine comprised "a screw propeller, an endless chain and side wheels." Means enough to propel one small variable. be a failure. The next night Fitch, while in bed, thought of a plan by which the boat might be propelled by oars or paddles at the side, the same to be set in motion by cranks set in motion by machinery. He jumped out of bed and drew a plan. This he showed next morning to Henry Voight, an exceed ingly clever watchmaker of Philadel phia, who had been of great practical use to Fitch while he was perfecting his invention. Voight thought well of the idea, but suggested some modifications. When the experiment was made it succeeded and the skiff propelled by steam on the Delaware, July 29, 1786, was the first successful steam boat, so to speak, in America.

James Rumsey, a bath under of Richmond, Va., had exhibited a rude model of a stemboat the year before at Beakley Springs, George Washington was one of the favored few present. They were all solemnly aworn to secreey by the inventor.

# THE PIEST PATENTS

Issued under the authority of the United States were to Read, Fitch, Rumsey and and Stevens, bearing date August 26, 1791. Read's was for his portable furnace tubular boiler, Fitch's for applying steam to draw water in at the boy and force it out at the stern of a vessel, R.tmsey's for propelling boats by means of the reaction of a stream of water forced by the agency of steam through a cylinder parallel to the keel out of the stern. Stevens' was for propelling his boat in a like way, The patents of Rumsey, Fitch and Stevens clashed in several particulars, but none of them interfered with Read's patent.

The drawing of water in at the bow to be expelled again at the stern was not a new idea. Franklin is said to have originated it, or to have brought it with him from France.

The Newport Herald of March 6, 1788. sey's steamboat, with more than half her loading, upwards of three tons, and a

the current of Potomac river, by the force of steam, without any external application whatever; impelled ny a machine that will not cost more than twenty guineas for a ten-ton boat, and that will not consume more than four bushels of

coal in twelve hours." But in 1788 John Fitch was again to the fore; this time with great success. His new boat was sixty feet long and eight feet beam. The cars were at the stern and pushed against the water. The engine was a twelve-inch cylinder. At the end of July, 1788, he was propelled from Philadelphia to Burlington, some twenty miles, the longest trip made by any boat under steam up to that time. On October 12th she took thirty passengers from Philadelphia to Burlington in three hours and tea minutes. She continued to ply on the river during 1788 and 1789.

### A TRIP IN 1790.

As this steamer was not considered fast enough, the John Fitch company built another; nor was she quite up to the mark when her speed came to be tested. Various alterations were made in the machinery, when in April, 1790, the desired results were obtained. William Thornton made a passage in her. This

is what he tells about his trip: The day was appointed and the experiment made in the following manner: A mile was measured in Front street for Water street), Philadelphia, and the bound projected at right angles as exact as could be to the wharves, where a flag was placed at each end and also a stopwatch. The boat was ordered under way at dead water, or when the tide was found to be without movement. As the boat passed one flag it was struck, and at the same instant the watches were set off. As the boat reached the other flag it was also struckand the watchesinstantly stopped. Every precaution was taken before witnesses, the time was shown to all, the experiment declared to be fairly made, and the boat was found to go at the rate of eight miles an hour, or one mile within the eighth of an hour. The governor and council of Pennsylvania were so highly gratified that, without their intentions being previously known, Governor Mifflin, attended by the council in procession, presented to the company and placed in the boat a superb silk flag, prepared expressly, which Mr. Fitch afterward took to France and presented to the national convention."

This boat made her eighty miles a day. She ran to Trenton, Burlington, Chester, Wilmington and Gray's Ferry. The fol-lowing advertisement appeared in the Federal Gazette and Philadelphia Daily Advertiser of Monday, July 26, 1790;

THE Sets out to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, from Arch a rest ferry, in order to take passengers for Burlington, Bristol, Bird intown and Tranon, and return next day. Philadelphia, July 26, 1799.

Steam made good progress both in England and the United States. Robert Fulton's French experiments were made in 1802 4. That great men sometimes make great mistakes is shown by the fact that Napoleon I, did not appreciate the importance of Fulton's discovery. The latter offered his invention to the emperor in 1801. When the Nautilus propelled on the Seine at a speed of six to twelve kilometers an hour, the government turned Fulton over to the tender mercies of a lot of old fogies, the members of the "Institute of France." Of course, nothing was done in the matter. If a different use had been made of row strip of sea" would no longer have afforded her protection, and the history of Napoleon could have been written

with the words St. Helena left out. Fulton came to America and launched the Clermont, named after the home of his fried and patron, Chancellor Livingston, in 1807. She was 130 feet long, had 18 feet beam, and 6 feet hold. Her engine, a single one, low pressure, was built by Boulton & Watt in England. The diameter of the cylinder was twentyfour inches, the stroke three feet. The side wheels were fifteen feet in diameter. She made her first trip from New York to Albany at 1 P. M., on August, 7 1807.

THE PIRST OCEAN VOYAGE. The admiral dismisses the English claim of being the first to cross salt water in steamships. He denies that the Rob Roy, a steam packet between Glasgow and Belfast, was the first sea going steamer, and awards that honor to the Savanna, built at Dorlear's Hook, New York. She made the passage in 26 days in 1819. She was a small vessel, only 300 tons burden. The wicked British claim that the Savannah is a myth; that no such vessel existed or did what was claimed for her; but the gallant admiral gives overwhelming proof to the contrary. Steamboats appeared upon Long Island sound in 1822; steam communication between England and Calcutta was inaugurated in 1825, and the first steamer arrived at Chicago, Ill., in 1831. sons of the forest were surprised. They lined the shore and yelled in astonishment. They had heard that a "big

lakes and rivers by a sturgeon. Junius Smith, an American, residing in London, digusted at the length of time (fifty-four days) it had taken him to cross the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, determined to carry out a scheme for organizing a company to establish regular steam communication between Eugland and America. He was ridiculed at first, but persevered. The outcome was the "British and American Steam Navigation Company." Crpital, \$500,000, 000. The Sirus left London April 1,1838, and arrived in New York on the 17th, encountering very rough weather. The British Queen left London in July, 1839, and arrived in New York in four-

cance" would soon come from the noisy

waters and would be drawn through the

teen and a half days. The admiral describes the gradual development of ocean steamship traffic. i'ts progress at first was slow. People reilarred to the speedy and reliable "clipper" as the overgrown steam scow, scarce, v as fast, and not as reliable in a gale of wind. But steam "went marching on," in provement followed improve-ment, till weekly arrivals and departares of steame rs came to be reckoned by the hundred, and the ocean became a watery turnpike, crossed from land to land in seven days by vessels combining speed, safety, elegance and comfort.

As regards steam yeas als of war, the admiral is naturally at come. Steam has dethroned "Jack Tar;" engineers

gress of four miles in an hour against have usurped his place. Even China has discarded her old time war junks, with the dragon figure head and crews armed to the teeth with matchlocks and stinkpots. Now she boasts her Clydebuilt iron elads, with Armstrongs and Krupps, and shakes her yellow flag deflantly in the face of infuriated France.

The admiral does not say much about the present steam navy of the United States. That would be more in the domain of romance than of history. But we must remember that it was not always so. The Princeton, launched in 1843, was the first steam war vessel affoat. Men alive to-day will remember the terrible accident at the time she was launched.

#### John Brown.

A communication from Chatham, Ont. to the Cleveland Herald, signed J. Munroe Jones, says: There are some things that occurred in the convention held in Chatham prior to the raid on Harper's Ferry that I have never seen published, and which should place John Brown in a more favorable light before the American public.

After my introduction to Mr. Brown in course of time he laid before me his plans for the liberation of the slaves. I would remark right here that he called almost daily at my gun shop and spoke of the great subject that lay uppermost in his mind, plans, etc., and I will also add that he brought his plans with him and presented them to the convention, and only asked for their approval. I recollect one evening-for we always met at night—the question came up as to what flag they would use. Our English colored naturalized subjects said they would never think of fighting under the hated "stars and stripes," far too many of them probably thinking that they carried the emblem on their backs. But here Brown, as usual, carried his point. In the discussion he remarked that the old flag was good enough for him; under it freedom had been won from the tyrants of the old world for white men; now he intended to make it do duty for black men. He declared emphatically that he would not give up the stars and stripes. That settled the question.

Again, during one of the sittings of the Convention, we were discussing how the plan might fail. I think I had the floor at the time, and telling the members how soon the slave power would surround them in their strongholds in the mountains. As has been stated, his general plan was to fortify some place in the mountains and call the slaves to his colors. I said to them and him that I was afraid he would be disappointed in the slaves because they did not know him sufficiently to rally to his support. The American slaves I contended were different from the slaves in the French West India island, San Domingo, the latter imbibing some of the impetuous characteristics of their masters. I have no doubt that Mr. Brown thought I was making an impression on some of the members if not on him, for he arese suddenly to his feet and remarked: "Friend Jones, you will please say no more on that side. There will be plenty to do fend that side of the question." A gen-

eral laughter took place at this remark I recollect one day, when we were dis-cussing his plans in the shop, I told him how utterly hopeless these plans would be if he persisted in making an attack with the few men at his command, and more than that, we could not afford to spare white men of his stamp, ready to sacrifice their lives for the salvation of this opportunity, England would have been at the mercy of France. The "nar- was walking to and fee bendaling to and fee bendaling to and fee bendaling to an a fee bendaling to a second to the satisfactory. was walking to and fro, hands behind. as was his custom when thinking of this, his favorite subject. He stopped suddenly, and bringing down his hand with great force, exclaimed: "Did not my Master, Jesus Christ, come down from Heaven and sacrifice himself upon the altar for the salvation of the race. And should I, a worm not worthy to crawl under his feet, refuse to sacrifice myself?" With a look of determination in his eyes, he resumed his walk; and let me remark that in all his conversation for nearly a month during his stay in Chatham, I never for once saw a smile light up his countenance. He seemed

always in deep, earnest study or thought The next question that came before the convention was the time of the attack. It was advocated by a great many that it would be next to madness to plunge into a war for the abolition of the slaves while the United States were at peace with foreign powers and the north and south united, but they should wait until a more favorable opportunity, such as when the United States became involved with some first-class power; then they might stand a better chance of succeeding. After Mr. Brown had listened to the argument for some time, he rose slowly, and straightening himself to his tall height he said: Chairman, I am no traitor; I would be the last man to take advantage of my country in the face of a foreign foe." He seemed to regard it as a great insult, This settled the matter in my mind that John Brown was not insane. I must confess in all his conversation during his stay here he appeared intensely American; he never for a momen thought of fighting for the United States as such, but simply the defenders of human slavery in the states. Only the ulcer, slavery, he would cut from the body politic.

The day before the last meeting he

called at my shop and prevailed upon me to attend, as he remarked that would probably be the last meeting, and he wished me to be present, as the papers would be signed that night. When the paper was presented to me Mr. Brown rose up and said: "Now, friend Jones, give us John Hancock bold and strong. Before closing this letter I will ven ture my individual opinion that John Brown never communicated his whole plan, not even to his immediate follow ers. I am led to this conclusion because in all his conversation with me he gave me to think he intended to sacrifice himself and his few followers for the purpose of arousing the people of the north from the stupor they were under on this subject. He seemed to think a few white men had to be sacrificed to awaken the people from the deep sleep that had settled upon the minds of the free whites of the north. He knew well that the sacrifice of any number of negroes would have no effect. I knew nothing about when or where the attack was to be made. Some of the members, with myself, had left Canada for the Pacific coast late in the August of the same year, and stokers and marine art Hery-men | 1858, and heard of the outbreak in the

following autumn. We were surprised, because we had no idea that an attack would be made so soon; neither do I think the members of the convention had within a few days of their departure for the south. I think if he had told them what his real plans were, and wha he intended, the numbers would have been far less.

What he intended to do as far as I could gather from his conversation from time to time, was to emulate Winkelreid, the Swiss chieftain, when he threw himself upon the Austrian spearmen, cry-ing, "Make way for liberty." If that was his real object, the events that followed justified his plans.

### A Representative Ranch.

Not long since we had occasion to visit the country in the vicinity of the mouth of McClellan gulch, where its waters are emptied into the Prickly Pear. From this point for a distance of about two miles down the Prickly Pear, and a width of a mile and three quarters, lie Biddle Reeve's place-one of the best ranches in the territory. There are at present over two hundred acres in crops -one hundred and eighty-five in barley and fifteen in cabbages and potatoes, The barley crop will yield forty bushels to the acre, which, at four cents per pound, will average eighty dollars to the acre. This barley is what is known as Brewer's white two rowed barley, and is of the finest kind.

One of the most desirable mill sites in the country is within 300 yards of the ranch proper, with an inexhaustible water right at hand. The limestone which abounds on this property has been examined by an expert from Swansea, who pronounced it of the finest grade for quarrying purposes.

There is also excellent placer ground on this property, which can be worked at considerable profit.

Seven thousand bushels of barley have been raised this year, and with the water facilities at hand twenty thousand bushels could easily be raised the next season.

Over seven miles of fencing has already been put up and there will be over ten miles more constructed during the coming year.

The branch line of the Northern Pacific railroad from Helena to Wickes passes through this ranch and will afford an excellent market for all produce, the property being only eight miles east of Heiena. This is also one of the finest dairy ranches in the vicinity of Helena. The water is so situated that it can be utilized in churning or for grinding corn for feeding purposes at the house without interfering with the operations at the main mill. Here is excellent shade and water for raising hogs, and right adjoining is land upon which eighty bushels of peas per acre have been successfully raised.

On the property already under cultivation not less than fifteen miles of irrigating ditches have been constructed, and three large and permanent bridges, with various smaller ones, have been

Mr. Reeves, whose untiring industry and skill at farming has made this one of the most desirable ranches in the country, may well be proud of his possessions. He settled here some sixteen years ago, and owns nearly 1,600 acres in all .- Helena Independent.

# Two Stories of Judge Black.

On one occasion, when attacked on the Democratic side of the House, Thad Stevens highly eulogized Black as a lawyer and man, but expressly withheld any endorsement of his politics, which were as bad, he said, as possible. their originality, their courage and their inflexibility, there were points of resemblance between Stevens and Black, though in other respects the widest dissimilarity prevailed. There were no social relations between them; they scarcely ever spoke, but, up the time of his death, Stevens cherished the highest respect for him, and Black has said: When Mr, Stevens died he was unequalled as a lawyer, and he said the smartest things that ever were said, but his mind, so far as a sense of obligation to God is concerned, wasta howling wilderness."

One day Black was surrounded by a bayy of his personal friends on the floor of the House, among the rest Judge Mercer, then the Bradford congressman, who turned to him and said: "Judge Black, you have more friends on this side of the House than on your own; you ought to be a republican. If you would join us we would appreciate you and give you due prominence." To which Judge Black made reply that he knew it all to be true; the republicans were good fellows; he would like to belong to them, and there was only one thing in the way. If," he said, "there was no hereafer, I wouldjo in the republican party at once. Nothing deters me but the fear of hell.' -Boston Herald.

The military system in France exacts service of prince and peasant, Every young man (with a few exceptions of slight importance) on reaching 20 must go into the army. If he has a college degree or can pass a certain examination the period of service is limited to one year; otherwise he is a soldier for five years.

One of the features of the Hygenic exposition at Berlin has been the offer of prizes to the authors of the best suggestions and plans for the preservation of health and safety in the construction of theaters. There were nineteen competitors, and four have received prizes amounting to somewhat over \$2,000.

A colored girl in Atlanta, Ga., was knocked over by an engine, and in a few minutes got up as if nothing unusual had happened, and looking after the en-gine, said: "You's got a heap ob politeness to serve a lady dat way.

Thirty years ago Bismarck suppressed all public gaming tables in Germany; but, according to recent reports, there is now more deep play in that country than ever, and Berlin is the center of the gambling interest.

The Indian may be mighty strong minded, but he can't live on a mental reservation.

There are social distinctions at Long Branch. Even fishermen draw the line somewhere.