Bohemia Nugget

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COTTAGE GROVE.... OREGON.

Translated fiction is like pressed flowers.

The Sultan has again promised to be good. It's a way the Sultan has.

The tie between Cuba and the United States is now seen to consist largely of red tape.

seek the man it becomes the duty of every intelligent citizen to assist in the novel search.

Yet it is scarcely possible that the crown prince of Germany will fly the royal coop for the sake of an American girl.

By combining their interests the cold-storage firms of Boston intend, no doubt, to make an extra cool million in the course of time.

It seems that Washington has been expecting Turkey to keep her word without constant pushing. This is the climax of credulity.

California banks are going to pay a forger $500 a month to be good. California may now look for an unprecedented crop of forgers.

The Australian blacks do not allow a mother-in-law within a mile of her married daughter's hut. Here's a bonbouche for the funny man.

Mary Maclane says, "I was born to be alone." It is plain from this that Mary plays upon the piano.

When the office takes the trouble to

A Kentucky girl who has had 150 offers of marriage has decided to remain single and devote her life to music. When she gets on the stage, however, she will probably cease to regard marriage as a thing to be much dreaded.

The immigration figures for the fiscal year 1902 are suggestive. The total was 648,743. That was 3 per cent more than in 1901, 45 per cent more than in 1900, 208 per cent more than in 1899 and 283 per cent more than in 1898.

A New Jersey inventor has produced a fuel which he calls "coalite," that can be sold for $1 a ton. As its principal ingredient is coal dust, it may be that it will give the coal barons a new way to turn an honest penny instead of driving them out of business.

In spite of the fact that the typewriter has displaced the pen in many business offices, the demand for pens and pencils still continues. During the year covered by the census report, one gold pen, ten steel pens and fifteen lead-pencils were made in the United States for each family of five persons.

There ought not to be either political or industrial differences of opinion over the announced intention of the American Federation of Labor to support all legislation directed toward the abolition of child labor. Most States already protect their children. In bringing pressure to bear upon those States which do not, the federation is promoting the welfare of mankind, as well as furthering its own interests.

A report is made by the American consul at Liverpool upon municipal socialism in Great Britain. Among the enterprises managed by municipalities are Turkish baths owned by Leamington and Harrogate; a rabbit-warren, by Torquay; an oyster-fishery, by Colchester; a crematory, by Hull. Doncaster and Chester own race-courses, and in Doncaster the town itself manages the races. St. Helen's supplies sterilized milk. The report says that nearly a thousand municipalities in Great Britain own water-works; about a hundred own street railways; many more own gas works. Speaking generally, the consul finds that municipal government in the kingdom is honest, intelligent and energetic, and, as a rule, political considerations have little to do with the engagement or retention of civic employes.

This is a story for boys. It is not exactly "a Sunday school story," but it has the right sort of good ring to it just the same. Frank Prevost, of Toledo, Ohio, drives a delivery wagon. He is a pleasant and accommodating lad and when an old gentleman asked if he could ride about the city with him, Frank readily assented. After an hour's drive the stranger asked Frank to go to a saloon and have a drink. The boy declined, saying he never drank. The old man asked if he chewed tobacco and upon receiving a reply in the negative offered the boy a cigar, which he also declined. That is the first chapter. The old man who rode with the delivery boy was that eccentric millionaire, Mr. Higginson, of San Francisco. Higginson, wherever he goes, is looking for boys like Frank Prevost. Before leaving Toledo the millionaire went to Frank and presented him with $2,100 in bank notes, which the boy will use to start in business for himself. The moral is plain. It pays to be pleasant and accommodating, even to strangers. It pays to have a good moral character. You may not be asked to give a millionaire in disguise a lift. And again, you may, for Higginson is always on his travels and always on the lookout for boys. But whether you meet Higginson or not, there are others on the lookout. Remember how Diogenes went about the streets of Athens looking for a man? Well, the world is looking for a man. And the world usually finds the man it is looking for in a boy. You may not get $2,100 all in a lump by being the right sort of a boy, but the world will be glad to give it to you sooner or later.

A story is told of a wise mother, who, when her small son announced his intention of running away from home because something had vexed him, met the announcement with calm acquiescence. She packed a small bundle for him to take away, suggested the next town as a good place to stay for the night, and added: "Of course, Harry, if you really want to go, you may; but you don't know how much I shall miss you." The youngster picked up his bundle, went slowly down the path to the front gate, opened it, then turned and ran for the house, where he flung his arms about his mother's neck and burst into tears. The treatment was not needed again. If that mother had met the boy's plan with tears, reproaches, anger, or punishment, the chances are that she would either have had a spoiled child on her hands, or awakened some morning a few years later to find that her son had really run away. The sense of freedom is a most valuable asset in dealing with Young America. The child who is continually thwarted in unimportant things gets in the habit of fighting for what he thinks are his rights, whether he is justified in the assumption or not. There are some children who are brought up on the principle that it is equally heinous to tell a lie, to come into the house without wiping one's feet, and to fail in a lesson. Such children are apt to develop a somewhat crooked moral perspective, which does not not always get straightened out in years to come. The boy who figures in the above story had read of runaways, and formed a not very definite idea of the freedom and peace which such a course entails. He had not thought about the other aspect of it at all. His mother brought him face to face with the realities and let him choose for himself, at the same time indicating clearly what she thought it was best for him to do. It did not take long for him to discover that she was wiser than he.

For months a laughing boy has been the bone of contention in a famous New York law suit. A husband and wife had parted. They viewed each other as strangers across a trial table in a court room. There was no doubt about their love for the boy. It was pure gold. It should have made a woman more tolerant, a man more forgiving. Happy married folks can't understand how the mothers and fathers of children can ever separate and learn to hate. In this case there was a great deal of money on one side. It meant fine clothing for baby, and nurses, rich food, carriage drives and costly toys. Some day it would mean a yacht, a valet, a private car—all of the things that can be had for money. On the other side—the mother's—there was much love and very little money. It was possible that her son would be compelled to work some day, and that he would be denied all sorts of comforts and luxuries that go with great incomes. What a problem for the Judge! This Judge, whose name is Hickey, has some strange ideas. He thinks that when married folks are foolish enough to break up a relation that should mean peace and contentment, it is the business of the court to place the welfare of the children above every other condition. That doesn't mean money always. Listen to the modern Solomon: "The boy needs the personal attention and the loving care of his mother more than he needs the money of his father, if the father has the affection for the child he professes he will see that his boy is clothed and fed wherever he is." In other words, a mother is closer to her children than a father, and, for once, the law has recognized it. The idea of the superior claim of a father to his children has received an official setback. Where no question of morals is involved and when love and money are antagonists, Justice should throw her influence on the side of hearts as against gold. Because it is best for the children.

PEACEFUL LOOKING SAVAGE.

Here is a full-blooded, savage Yaqui Indian hard at work in the great Sonoran desert, near Torres, Mexico. He is digging a big Bisnaga cactus, and the result of his labor has recently been transferred to the New York Botanical gardens, where it is now growing as usual in the glass house.

The peculiarity of this Yaqui and of nearly all his tribe is simply stated. When he can get work and pay he is the best of laborers. When he cannot get work he joins all of his fellow Yaquis who are idle, and the troop proceeds to sally forth to rob and pillage farms and small towns and massacre all who oppose them.

They cheerfully engage the Mexican troops, exterminating and scattering an entire command. They have successfully fought the Mexican troops since the foundation of that country and are as unconquered to-day as ever. They must have work and pay or war.

The Serious-Minded Jap.

A Japanese review recently invited its readers to name those European authors whose works they more especially appreciated. The following has been the result of the referendum, the authors coming out of the voting in the following order: Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Schopenhauer, Goethe and Tolstoi.—London Globe.

Major Also a Minor.

Major Gantz, of Fairfield, Iowa, is 30 years old, weighs thirty pounds and is eighteen inches high.

A man is well enough trained by his wife if he passes the breast of the chicken to the preacher, and looks pleasant with the backbone on his own plate.

Many a farmer earns his bread by the sweat of his hired man's brow.

No one likes to be reminded that there is another side to the story.

WATERY BOULEVARD

SUCH WILL BE UNCLE SAM'S INTEROCEANIC CANAL.

Highway for Ships Across Panama Will Be Lighted by Electricity from One End to the Other of Its Forty-three Miles of Length.

The Panama canal, when it is finished—and its ultimate completion is at last an assured fact—will be much like a great street or boulevard, 150 feet wide and brilliantly lighted from one end to the other by electricity at night. This watery avenue will be perfectly straight throughout for more than half of its entire length and will extend over a distance of about forty-three miles, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific ocean.

Already the canal is two-fifths dug.

DREDGES IN THE CANAL.

To complete it will require fifteen years and an expenditure of $145,000,000 in money. An army of at least 15,000 laborers will be employed on the job, most of them being fetched for the purpose from Jamaica, under contract. When the ditch is completed, however, it will become a large source of revenue to Uncle Sam, inasmuch as he will charge $1 for every ton of shipping that goes through from ocean to ocean. It will not be an excessive price, inasmuch as the regular toll for passing the Suez canal is $2 a ton.

The first idea of the great French engineer, De Lesseps, was to dig a sea level canal across the isthmus, just as a small boy might cut a ditch between two ponds. But it became apparent later on that such a plan would not be feasible, for two reasons. A mountain chain, which is a continuation of the great Cordilleran system, runs along the middle of the isthmus, and to cut through it down to the level of the ocean would be a most laborious and costly task. Also, the Chagres River, which is addicted to periodic floods, would cause no end of trouble.

Accordingly the canal was carried over the mountain range, through a convenient pass, and arrangements were made for locks, in which, by filling them with water, vessels passing through will be lifted to the necessary elevation. It was a simple matter enough, only eight locks in all being required. If it be understood that the profile of the great ditch presents in its middle part a high summit, from which it slopes gradually toward the sea on either side, with four locks on each slope, the idea will be perfectly clear.

PACIFIC END OF UNCLE SAM'S GREAT WATERY BOULEVARD.

Now, the canal is already practically finished and navigable for nearly thirteen miles from the Atlantic end and for five and a half miles from the Pacific end. Thus one may start in a boat from Colon, on the east side of the isthmus, and travel comfortably by water for more than a dozen miles. The next fifteen miles are partly dug, with some deep cuts, such as 131 feet at Bohio, 82 feet at San Pablo and 98 feet at Motachin. At the twenty-eighth mile rises the mountain range, which is the most serious obstacle to the undertaking.

IN THE INTERIOR.

Advantage is taken, however, of a convenient pass, as above explained, and much of the remaining difficulty has already been removed by cuts, one of which has taken out a long slice of rock 164 feet in depth. At the thirty-third mile the slope toward the Pacific begins, and for the rest of the way the canal is not very far from completion. It extends out into the Pacific ocean for a little over three miles, because the water was not deep enough near shore and a channel had to be dredged.

Half of the entire length of the canal—fifteen miles on the Atlantic side and seven and a half miles on the Pacific side—will be at sea level. The rest of the trip will be by slopes up which and down which it will be necessary to "boost" and lower ships by the help of the locks. Each lock will be twins—that is to say, a pair of basins of concrete masonry for holding the vessels while the water level is raised or lowered to give them the step required up or down. Thanks to the skill of the engineers, the highest bottom level of the canal will be only 68 feet above the ocean.

For a considerable part of its length the canal runs through the valley of the Chagres River—a stream which, though small in the dry season, is subject to sudden and tremendous freshets. Hence means must be provided to prevent it from causing destruction, and a great dam will be built accordingly at Bohio for storing the flood waters. This dam will transform the Chagres into a vast lake, the boundaries of which have been accurately established and which will extend thirteen miles to Obispo, where the canal leaves the river, covering an area of more than twenty-one square miles. The capacity of the dam will be something like 200,000,000 cubic yards.

Another dam will be built at Alhajuela, on the upper Chagres, nine miles from the canal, of concrete masonry, forming a reservoir with a surface area of ten square miles and a capacity of 130,000,000 cubic yards. It will not only help to store the flood waters of the Chagres in the wet season, but will do some very useful work. Acting as a feeder to the summit level of the canal, it will supply the great ditch with water in the dry season, through the medium of an aqueduct, and will furnish hydraulic power for operating the huge locks. The locks will be worked by electricity obtained from this water power, and by the same means the canal will be illuminated throughout its entire length with electric lights.

In this way the Chagres will be transformed from an element of danger into a useful friend and helper. No trouble is feared from volcanoes, inasmuch as there are none within 200 miles. The harbors at Colon and Panama are excellent, and need no further excavation or protection, though basins will be built at each end of the canal for the convenient ingress and egress of ships. Each of these basins will be 150 yards wide and 1,000 yards long, and will be provided with mooring facilities and wharves connected with the terminal stations of the Panama Railroad. The railroad runs alongside of the big ditch clear across the isthmus, greatly facilitating the work. For much of its length the banks of the canal will be faced with masonry.

The canal when finished will accommodate merchantmen and war vessels of the largest size, and the time of transit from ocean to ocean will be less than a day. The benefits it will bring to the commerce of the world will be, of course, incalculable.

COMRADESHIP IN THE SENATE.

Repartee that Serves the Purpose of a Cross-Examination.

It may be heretical to say it, but the debates both in the Senate and House seem to partake of the nature of cross-examination—of effort to trip a speaker while he is courageously trying to furnish material for the Congressional Record. The taunting repartee may seem rather rude, even insulting, but it serves a good purpose in bringing out, in a face to face contrast, all phases of the question under consideration.

For instance, Senator Allison is speaking, and Senator Tillman raises a point. A colleague of the speaker, say Senator Aldrich, quietly goes over to the South Carolinian's desk, and points out a reference or whispers a supplemental explanation, which may or may not be satisfactory, according to the nod of Tillman's head. Senator Quay sits with his hands folded, quietly watching the proceedings, with his inevitable motion to adjourn. It may be that Senator Penrose, with one hand in his pocket, is trying to push a matter through, and if so, Quay assists him with the whispered explanation.

There is something charming in this spirit of comradery between Senators interested jointly in a measure. When Senator Frye talks on the shipping bill, Senator Hanna is one of the interested auditors and assists in clearing up points as the speech progresses. It is easy to observe from the faces of the Senators or members whether or not they are connected with the matter under discussion, and the friendly courtesy of attention, and hand grasp and the initiation of an encouraging ripple of applause, when the speech is concluded, are bits of human fellowship that salve the sting of wounds inflicted in partisan struggle.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in the National.

Abnormal Development.

Recently a Paris psychologist announced that he had conclusively proved that malformation of the brain produces intellectual brilliancy. The theory is that deformity, disease or accident causes the abnormal development of some part of the brain, and the result is genius. In support of this several cases are mentioned. It is pointed out that Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost" while he was blind, and it is said that the blindness confined his mind to a certain scope in a manner that made it possible for him to evolve the great epic.

Cases of a somewhat different nature are shown in the elegant writings of Thomas de Quincy and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, both of whom had brains in which the excessive use of opium had made havoc. De Quincy describes his horrible experience with opium taken in the form of laudanum in his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." Byron's club foot is seriously advanced as the cause of his lyric power, and the point is made that Sir Walter Scott's most brilliant work was dictated from a sick bed. Mozart and Wagner both had deformed brains said to have been due to disease and bumps while they were children.—Answers.

American Flour in Far East.

American flour is increasing in popularity in Manchuria.

When a farmer comes to town on circus day, and the parade doesn't suit him he hitches up and goes home.

How little an unmarried man knows about dressmakers! The lucky dog!

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter I—Continued.

"Cocks and hens," cried the little girl, gleefully, pointing at their ill-omened forms, and clapping her hands to make them rise. "Say, did God make this country?"

"In course he did," said her companion, rather startled by this unexpected question.

"He made the country down in Illinois, and He made the Missouri," the little girl continued. "I guess somebody else made the country in these parts. It's not nearly so well done. They forgot the water and the trees."

"What would ye think of offering up prayer?" the man asked diffidently.

"It ain't night yet," she answered.

"It don't matter. It ain't quite regular, but He won't mind that, you bet! You say over them ones that you used to say every night in the wagon when we was on the plains."

"Why don't you say some yourself?" the child asked, with wondering eyes.

"I disremember them," he answered. "I hain't said none since I was half the height o' that gun. I guess it's never too late. You say them out, and I'll stand by and come in on the choruses."

"Then you'll need to kneel down, and me, too," she said, laing the shawl out for that purpose. "You've got to put your hands up like this. It makes you feel kind of good."

It was a strange sight, had there been anything but the buzzards to see it. Side by side on the narrow shawl knelt the two wanderers—the little, prattling child and the reckless, hardened adventurer.

Her chubby face and his haggard, angular visage were both turned up to the cloudless heaven in heartfelt entreaty to that dread being with whom they were face to face, while the two voices—the one thin and clear, the other deep and harsh—united in the entreaty for mercy and forgiveness.

The prayer finished, they resumed their seat in the shadow of the bowlder until the child fell asleep, nestling upon the broad breast of her protector.

He watched over her slumber for some time, but Nature proved to be too strong for him.

For three days and three night he had allowed himself neither rest nor repose.

Slowly the eyelids drooped over the tired eyes, and the head sunk lower and lower upon the breast, until the man's grizzled beard was mixed with the golden tresses of his companion, and both slept the same deep and dreamless slumber.

Had the wanderer remained awake for another half hour a strange sight would have met his eyes.

Far away on the extreme verge of the alkali plain, there rose up a little spray of dust, very slight at first, and hardly to be distinguished from the mists of the distance, but gradually growing higher and broader until it formed a solid, well-defined cloud.

This cloud continued to increase in size until it became evident that it could only be raised by a great multitude of moving creatures.

In more fertile spots the observer would have come to the conclusion that one of those great herds of bisons which graze upon the prairie land was approaching him.

This was obviously impossible in these arid wilds. As the whirl of dust drew nearer to the solitary bluff upon which the two castaways were reposing the canvas-covered tilts of wagons and the figures of armed horsemen began to show up through the haze, and the apparition revealed itself as being a great caravan upon its journey for the West.

But what a caravan! When the head of it had reached the base of the mountains the rear was not yet visible on the horizon.

Right across the enormous plain stretched the straggling array, wagons and carts, men on horseback, and men on foot. Innumerable women who staggered along under burdens, and children who toddled beside the wagons or peeped out from under the white coverings.

This was evidently no ordinary party of immigrants, but rather some nomad people who had been compelled through stress of circumstances to seek a new country.

There rose through the clear air a confused clattering and rumbling from this great mass of humanity, with the creaking of wheels and the neighing horses.

Loud as it was, it was not sufficient to rouse the two tired wayfarers above them.

At the head of the column there rode a score or more of grave, iron-faced men clad in sombre homespun garments and armed with rifles.

On reaching the base of the bluff they halted and held a short council among themselves.

"The wells are to the right, my brothers," said one a hard-lipped, clean-shaven man with grizzly hair.

"To the right of the Sierra Blanco—so we shall reach the Rio Grande," said another.

"Fear not for water," cried a third. "He who could draw it from the rocks will not now abandon His own chosen people."

"Amen! Amen!" responded the whole party.

They were about to resume their journey when one of the youngest and keenest-eyed uttered an exclamation and pointed up at the rugged crag above them.

From its summit there fluttered a little wisp of pink, showing up hard and bright against the gray rocks behind.

At the sight there was a general reining up of horses and unslinging of guns, while fresh horsemen came galloping up to reinforce the vanguard. The word "Redskins" was on every lip.

"There can't be any number of Indians here," said the elderly man, who appeared to be in command. "We have passed the Pawnees, and there are no other tribes until we cross the great mountains."

"Shall I go forward and see, Brother Stangerson?" asked one of the band.

"And I," "and I," cried a dozen voices.

"Leave your horses below and we will wait you here," the elder answered.

In a moment the young fellows had dismounted, fastened their horses, and were ascending the precipitous slope which led up to the object which had excited their curiosity.

They advanced rapidly and noiselessly, with the confidence and dexterity of practiced scouts.

The watchers from the plain below could see them flit from rock to rock until their figures stood out against the sky-line. The young man who had first given the alarm was leading them.

Suddenly his followers saw him throw up his hands, as though overcome with astonishment, and on joining him they were affected in the same way by the sight which met their eyes.

On the little plateau which crowned the barren hill there stood a single giant bowlder, and against this bowlder there lay a tall man, long bearded and hard featured, but of an excessive thinness.

His placid face and regular breathing showed that he was fast asleep.

Beside him lay a little child, with her white arms encircling his brown, sinewy neck, and her golden-haired head resting upon the breast of his velveteen tunic.

Her rosy lips were parted, showing the regular line of snow white teeth within, and a playful smile played over her infantile features.

Her plump little white legs, terminating in white socks and neat shoes with shining buckles, offered a strange contrast to the long, shriveled members of her companion.

On the ledge of rock above this strange couple there stood three solemn buzzards, who, at the sight of the newcomers, uttered raucous screams of disappointment and flapped sullenly away.

The cries of the foul birds awoke the two sleepers, who stared about them in bewilderment.

The man staggered to his feet and looked down upon the plain which had been so desolate when sleep had overtaken him, and which was now traversed by this enormous body of men and beasts.

His face assumed an expression of incredulity as he gazed, and he passed his bony hand over his eyes.

"This is what they call delirium, I guess," he muttered.

The child stood beside him holding on to the skirt of his coat, and said nothing, but looked all around her with the wondering, questioning gaze of childhood.

The rescuing party were speedily able to convince the two castaways that their appearance was no delusion.

One of them seized the little girl, and hoisted her upon his shoulder, while two others supported her gaunt companion and assisted him toward the wagons.

"My name is John Ferrier," the wanderer explained; "me and that little 'un are all that's left o' twenty-three people. The rest is all dead o' thirst and hunger away down in the south."

"Is she your child?" asked some one.

"I guess she is now!" the other cried, defiantly; "she's mine 'cause I saved her. No man will take her away from me. She's Lucy Ferrier from this day on. Who are you, though?" he continued, glancing with curiosity at his stalwart, sunburned rescuers; "there seems to be a powerful lot of ye."

"Nigh upon ten thousand," said one of the young men; "we are the persecuted children of God—the chosen of the angel Merona."

"I never heard tell on him," said the wanderer. "He appears to have chosen a fair crowd of ye."

"Do not jest at that which is sacred," said the other, sternly. "We are of those who believe in those sacred writings, drawn in Egyptian letters on plates of beaten gold, which were handed unto the holy Joseph Smith, at Palmyra. We have come from Nauvoo, in the State of Illinois, where we have founded our temple. We have come to seek refuge from the violent man and from the godless, even though it be in the heart of the desert."

The name Nauvoo evidently recalled recollections to John Ferrier.

"I see," he said, "you are the Mormons."

"We are the Mormons," answered his companions, with one voice.

"And where are you going?"

"We do not know. The hand of God is leading us under the person of our prophet. You must come before him. He shall say what is to be done with you."

They had reached the base of the hill by this time, and were surrounded by crowds of the pilgrims—pale-faced, meek-looking women, strong, laughing children, and anxious, earnest-eyed men.

Many were the cries of astonishment and of commiseration which arose from them when they perceived the youth of one of the strangers and the destitution of the other.

Their escort did not halt, however, but pushed on, followed by a great crowd of Mormons, until they reached a wagon which was conspicuous for its great size and for the gaudiness and smartness of its appearance.

Six horses were yoked to it, whereas the others were furnished with two—or, at most, four—apiece.

Beside the driver there sat a man who could not have been more than thirty years of age, but whose massive head and resolute expression marked him as a leader.

He was reading a brown backed volume, but as the crowd approached he laid it aside, and listened attentively to an account of the episode.

Then he turned to the two castaways.

"If we take you with us," he said in solemn words, "it can only be as believers in our solemn creed. We shall have no wolves in our fold. Better far that your bones should bleach in this wilderness than that you should prove to be that little speck of decay which in time corrupts the whole fruit. Will you come with us on these terms?"

"Guess I'll come with you on any terms," said Ferrier, with such emphasis that the grave elders could not restrain a smile. The leader alone retained his stern, impressive expression.

"Take him, Brother Stangerson," he said; give him food and drink, and the child likewise. Let it be your task also to teach him our holy creed. We have delayed long enough. Forward! On—on to Zion."

"On—on to Zion!" cried the crowd of Mormons, and the words rippled down the long caravan, passing from mouth to mouth until they died away in a dull murmur in the far distance.

With a cracking of whips and a creaking of wheels the great wagon got into motion, and soon the whole caravan was winding along once more.

The elder to whose care the two waifs had been committed led them to his wagon, where a meal was already awaiting them.

"You shall remain here," he said. "In a few days you will have recovered from your fatigue. In the meantime remember that now and forever you are of our religion. Brigham Young has said it and he has spoken with the voice of Joseph Smith, which is the voice of God."

CHAPTER II.

This is not the place to commemorate the trials and privations endured by the immigrant Mormons before they came to their final haven.

From the shores of the Mississippi to the western slopes of the Rocky mountains they had struggled on with a constancy almost unparalleled in history.

The savage man and the savage beast, hunger, thirst, fatigue and disease—every impediment which Nature could place in the way had all been overcome with Anglo-Saxon tenacity.

Yet the long journey and the accumulated terrors had shaken the hearts of the stoutest among them.

There was not one who did not sink upon his knees in heartfelt prayer when they saw the broad valley of Utah bathed in the sunlight beneath them, and learned from the lips of their leader that this was the promised land, and that these virgin acres were to be theirs for evermore.

Young speedily proved himself to be a skillful administrator as well as a resolute chief.

Maps were drawn and charts prepared, in which the future city was sketched out.

All around farms were apportioned and allotted in proportion to the standing of each individual.

The tradesman was put to his trade and the artisan to his calling. In the town streets and squares sprang up as if by magic.

In the country there was draining and hedging, planting and clearing, until the next Summer saw the whole country golden with the wheat crop. Everything prospered in the strange settlement.

Above all, the great temple which they had erected in the center of the city grew ever taller and larger.

From the first blush of dawn until the closing of the twilight, the clatter of the hammer and the rasp of the saw was never absent from the monument which the Immigrants erected to Him who had led them safe through many dangers.

The two castaways, John Ferrier and the little girl who had shared his fortunes and had been adopted as his daughter, accompanied the Mormons to the end of their great pilgrimage.

Little Lucy Ferrier was borne along pleasantly enough in Elder Stangerson's wagon, a retreat which she shared with the Mormon's three wives and with his son, a headstrong, forward boy of twelve.

Having rallied, with the elasticity of childhood, from the shock caused by her mother's death, she soon became a pet with the women, and reconciled herself to this new life in her moving canvas-covered home.

(To be Continued.)

CONTENDING FOR A PRINCIPLE.

Good Example of the Quibbles That Prevail in Legal Practice.

An English writer gives a good example of those quibbles in legal practice that have a sort of fascination for certain minds. Some years ago, while traveling on the continent, he met the principal lawyer for the government of one of the principalities, who told him of a curious legal question. It had reference to a railway station at the boundary between two principalities.

Someone standing outside the window of the ticket office had put his hand through and robbed the till inside. The boundary line lay between where the thief stood and the till, so that he was actually in one territory while the crime was committed in another. Here was a nice nut for the gentlemen learned in the law to crack. Which of the principalities should undertake the prosecution of the criminal?

At it they went in good earnest, and the arguments on either side were long and vehement, till the whole case was embalmed in many volumes. At last one side yielded so far as to say:

"We will permit you, as an act of courtesy, to prosecute, while at the same time reserving all our sovereign rights."

At this point of the recital I asked: "And how did the prosecution end?"

"Ah! That is quite another matter," said my friend. "There was no prosecution; we were only arranging what we should do when we caught the robber; but we never caught him."—Youths' Companion.

Fearful Cold of Siberia.

There are still many drawbacks to travel on the great Siberian railway, but one of the greatest is the discomfort to which third-class passengers, especially native Chinese, are subjected. The past winter was unusually severe, yet the rolling stock is so inadequate that the Chinese ride in open freight cars. In January and February, when the thermometer registered from 30 to 40 degrees below the freezing point, the Chinese sat in crowds on the frozen trucks and frequently froze to death. On one terrible night in February 15 Chinese perished and about 150 others suffered terribly from frost bites and exposure.

The Trappists.

Many letters come to the monastery announcing the death of relatives of the monks; these are seen by the abbot only, and at chapter he may simply announce: "The mother of one of our number is dead; let us pray for her soul."

Never to his dying day does the bereaved Trappist learn that he was praying for his own mother.

The Money of Babylon.

The great and ancient empires of Assyria and Babylonia adhered for ages to primitive blocks of copper and ingots of gold and silver and did not, therefore, have an imperial coinage. They possessed a system of banking, however, which was complete and well developed.

Dangerous Medicines.

Certain medicines—including cinchona salts, salicylic acid, mercury, tobacco, alcohol, carbonic oxide, lead, chloroform and ether—have been reported specially dangerous to hearing and liable to cause deafness.

Pineapple Juice.

The best lubricant for the organs of the throat is pineapple juice. It is said that people living in countries where the cone shaped fruit is grown never suffer from bronchial affections.

Lettuce.

The mineral salts contained in lettuce, its refreshing, cooling properties and its easy digestion make it a most wholesome addition to the more solid foods.