THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Do you think you may safely introduce me to Dobroski now?" demanded Zeno, with a smile of boastful self-complacence.

"Who are you?" Frost demanded. "How's it done? There ain't a feature." He stared hard at Zeno, losing for once his own shrinking gaze.

"Would you like to see it go a little further?" asked Zeno, laughing. He slipped his hand to his mouth, Frost heard a slight clicking sound, and there was his companion grinning at him with a horrible gap-toothed laugh, which startled him so that he recoiled a pace or two. Zeno laughed triumphantly and noisily. "And now," he said, when his laugh was over, "will you introduce me to Dobroski?" His voice had undergone a great change, and hissed and whistled through the gaps in his teeth like that of an old man.

Frost stared at him still, as if he were fascinated. "This gets me down," he said. "This gets me down, and kicks me while I'm down. Wait a bit," he said, somewhat recovering from his surprise; "I'll show you something." He pulled open a small drawer, and taking from it a photograph of considerable size, threw it on the table. Zeno took it, and after the merest glance stared up at Frost with an expression of amazement almost as complete as Frost himself had worn a few moments earlier. The photograph was an enlarged copy of the one which Angela had found among the stereoscopic views in the little exhibition of Janenne.

"How did you come by this?" he asked, recovering himself.

"Dobroski gave it me. I was going to show it to you to warn you off. There isn't a man in the neighborhood here that hasn't seen it and studied it. There isn't one of any note among them that hasn't got a copy of it."

"Dobroski gave it you?" said Zeno, in a new amazement. "My good Frost, I have been as cunning as a serpent. I have had down there at Janenne a bungling spy who did not know me, who was set to watch Dobroski, such a bungler that he was certain to find him out, and did find him out, and I had him there to draw attention from myself. I talked with Dobroski sometimes, a bit of broken English, a bit of broken French. I fooled him completely to my own idiotic self-satisfaction, and he knew me all the time. Oh, I tell you he is a master. Never a sign. A sign? Not the least, least, little, little sign for weeks, and he knew all the time! A master."

At that instant there came a loud knocking at the front door, and Frost, putting his head out of the window, peered downward.

"Who's there?" he cried. "The house is all abed."

"It is I, Mr. Frost," said a quiet voice below. "Can I speak to you for a moment?"

Mr. Frost drew in his head so suddenly and incautiously that he struck it resoundingly upon the woodwork of the window, and then the spy and the traitor faced each other. The same word was on the lips of each, and dropped in a mere whisper: "Dobroski!"

"Bring him here," said the spy. "We can tell between us if he knows me. A little courage. Take the bull by the horns. We can save all if there is anything to save—do all if there is anything to be done. Go."

With all this breathed in one rapid whisper in Frost's ear, he pushed him from the room. While he blunderingly descended Zeno advanced stealthily like a cat and restored the window and the blind to their old position.

"Do I wear anything he could know?" he asked himself. He released with rapid fingers a single button of his waistcoat, slid the bar of his watch chain through the buttonhole and transferred watch and chain to his coat pocket. Then he stripped his fingers of the rings he wore and put them in his purse, and as he did so he heard the jar with which the front door opened. His breath came hard and fast, and his fat cheeks were blanched, but he seated himself in a battered armchair near the fire.

"Are you alone, sir?" asked Dobroski, when Frost had opened the door. "Can I speak with you?"

"I am not alone, Mr. Dobroski,' answered Frost. "I have a friend with me. Will you come in? He would like to meet you, sir. He is a countryman of yours."

"I will come in for a moment," said Dobroski. He entered from the rain, which was driving down rapidly, and as Frost closed the door he said, in tranquil and ordinary tones, "Mr. Zeno is here. He arrived in London this evening."

CHAPTER XI.

For a moment Frost felt hollow, and had some ado to stand upright. He held the handle of the door in one hand, and with the other propped himself against the wall.

"Zeno?" he contrived to say, in a voice which he knew to be much unlike his own. "Ah. The spy."

He expected some sort of instant condemnation, for to his startled mind the statement that Zeno was there meant that Zeno was actually within the house, and was of itself proclamation of the discovery of treason. He had time enough to be shot, stabbed, poisoned, abducted, and tried for treason in his own swift-darting, frightened fancy before Dobroski spoke again.

"Yes," said Dobroski, "he is here. It is well that everybody should be warned of him."

"Of course," returned Frost, trembling in his limbs, and speaking with a shake in his voice. "He seems to be a dangerous sort of fellow."

Dobroski mounted the staircase in silence, and entered Frost's room in obedience to a wave of the hand from the regular occupant. Frost followed in time to see Zeno turn in his armchair and look at the newcomer with a casual air. This was succeeded by a start of surprise, and Zeno arose slowly and as if unconsciously from his seat.

"This," said Frost, who knew not what to make of Zeno's airs, and was newly frightened by them—"this is Mr. Dobroski." He was vainly casting about in his mind for Zeno's alias, when Zeno himself relieved him.

"I knew it," cried the spy, in English, and then with a sudden forward rush he threw himself at Dobroski's feet, and seizing one of his ankles in both hands, kissed his boot again and again, with wild, gurgling ejaculations which meant nothing to Frost's ears, but stood in Polish for "Angel! Preserver! Patriot! Father!" and a variety of expressions of worship and affection. Dobroski tried to withdraw his foot from this unexpected worshiper's grasp, but Zeno held on tightly, and the old man submitted after a while, but looked round on Frost with a questioning air which set that traitorous personage at his wits' end.

"Come," said Frost, stooping to seize Zeno, as the best way of hiding his embarrassment. "Don't you think you've done about enough of that? It's no luxury for Mr. Dobroski to have you licking his boots like a dog."

Zeno went on kissing and gurgling for a second or two, and then allowed Frost to drag him to his feet. The old man had walked by muddy ways, and his worshiper's countenance bore signs of contact with the boot. To Frost's utter amazement, tears were coursing down the spy's fat, white cheeks.

"I declare!" said the Irish-American, in bewilderment, as he shook Zeno by the shoulders, "what's the matter with the man?"

"What is the matter?" demanded Zeno, turning upon him with smeared and tearful face and tragic gesture. "Behold the preserver of my life, my father's preserver, my mother's, the patriot, the chief, the idol, the god, of my unhappy country!"

With this he fell into a chair near the table, and dropping both arms across the table and his head upon his arms gave himself up to convulsive sobbing.

"I do not recall your friend," said Dobroski, looking toward Frost.

"No," cried Zeno, raising his head to his fellow scoundrel's intense relief. "I am of Warsaw. My name is Wroblewskoff. Marco. It is thirty years ago. I was but a lad."

He spoke in Polish, and Dobroski's look of inquiry gave way to one of pleasure and welcome.

"I remember," he said—"I remember." He stretched out a hand to Zeno and the rascal took it and kissed it.

"My mother blessed you with her dying breath," he said. "My father died in exile, blessing you. My sister's children cherish your memory and pray for you nightly."

The bewildered Frost asked himself repeatedly whether the thing were true or false. Dobroski released himself from the spy's grasp and walked to the window, and looked out on the rainy night. Then Zeno, turning upon Frost, began in English a story of the utmost circumstance, which he related with so natural an emotion and so complete an air of veracity that it was hard to disbelieve him, though the listener was certain he was lying. Once or twice, at the mention of a name, Dobroski turned and asked after the history of its owner.

Frost was eager and yet afraid to be alone with Dobroski. He had been horribly frightened all along. When Zeno had seemed to stand on the edge of a fatal blunder in respect to his wife's nationality, his blood had suddenly run cold, and he had eyed Dobroski in an agony of apprehension.

"Perhaps you don't know," said Frost, addressing his fellow rascal, "what sort of a muss you've got your features into. You'd better take one of them candles into the next room and get a wash there."

Zeno glanced at himself in the discolored glass above the mantelpiece, and feigning to be surprised by what he saw there, took up a candle and retired. As he entered the bedchamber he stumbled against a chair, and in putting it out of the way propped the door open with it. Frost approached Dobroski.

"I don't quite make out this news of yours, sir," he said, half whispering. "You say Zeno is in London. Who has seen him?"

"He was seen and recognized at Charing Cross station by two of the brethren," returned Dobroski. "Unhappily he was missed and lost in the crowd. They saw him take a cab, but in the confusoin they followed the wrong vehicle."

Frost, standing with his back to the light, dared to look into Dobroski's eyes, which were illuminaterd by the flame of the solitary candle. He could read there no sign of suspicion, but he asked himself what would have happened if Zeno had been tracked to his residence—what would happen if he really had been tracked there, and if Dobroski were only playing with him. The fancy turned him cold.

"You have been looking at this portrait?" said the old man, striding past Frost, and taking up the photograph, which still lay upon the table. "He will be troublesome to us, most likely, but we are forewarned against him, and forewarned is forearmed in the proverbs of many nations."

"My candle has gone out," said Mr. Zeno, presenting himself at the bedroom door with the candlestick in one hand and a towel in the other. Dobroski threw a photograph on the table, and Zeno, as he relit his candle at the other, glanced at it. "Do you know this man, friend Frost?" he demanded, laying a finger on his own portrait. "He is not a friend of yours, I hope?"

"Why not?" asked friend Frost, huskily.

"He is a scoundrel," returned Zeno, placidly, looking as if he noticed nothing, but keeping the keenest lookout on Dobroski through the discolored mirror. "He is a Russian spy, that fellow."

"How do you know?" Frost demanded.

He crouched over the fire and rubbed his hands above the blaze to account for the tremor in his voice.

"How do I know?" repeated Zeno. "There was in Milan a national committee, and I was a member. This fellow tried to bribe me. I know his face. I should know it in a million, but I have forgotten what name he went by. That is of no consequence. I know the man. If you doubt it, bring him face to face with me."

"What do you know of him?" asked Dobroski. "Is he an able man?"

"A fool," said Zeno. "He is a Greek and he came to me at first pretending to be a Pole. I talked with him and he made fifty mistakes in a hundred words."

"How long ago was this?" Dobroski asked.

"Seven years next August," responded Zeno, after an elaborate calculation upon his fingers and much knitting of his sandy brows in thought.

"You will tell anybody you happen to meet," said Dobroski, taking up his felt hat from the table and turning to Frost. "It is well that all should know it. I shall meet you again, Mr. Wroblewskoff," he added, shaking hands warmly with Zeno, who took the extended hand in both his and kissed it.

Frost lighted his guest downstairs and saw him into the rainy street. Then he came blunderingly upstairs again.

"Well?" said Zeno, who was toweling himself before the mirror. "Did he know me?"

"I do not know," said Frost, with extreme slowness, "whether he knew you or whether he didn't. But if an opinion is any use to you he was no more taken in than I was."

"Pooh!" cried Zeno.

"Anyway," replied Frost, "I ain't fool enough to ask you to pitch your tent on my premises just at present. The best thing for you to do is to slide before the old man has time to set a watch on this particular tenement."

"Give me his address," said Zeno. "I will know whether he suspects or not. I shall call upon him to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

NEW FAD OF KANSAS FARMERS.

Have Public Sales to Dispose of Stock and Farming Implements.

Never was there such an epidemic of public sales on the farms as this spring. Seven auctioneers have been kept busy and others are in training for auctioneers' schools. Some of the auctioneers are "Colonels." They claim that title when they have "cried" 100 sales.

But it is only the result of the farmers getting rich—and of the land boom which causes much change of location.

Central Kansas has reached a time when the farmers who have made their home here, writes an Abilene correspondent of the Kansas City Star, have acquired more material than they need to run their farm, or are anxious to change their residence, and so want to have a "sale." They go to the county seat and make arrangements with the auctioneer, and have their bills printed. The latter are put up in the postoffice or are scattered on the fence posts of the vicinity.

The attendance on the public sales is usually good, nothing but bad weather keeping the farmers of the vicinity away. The women frequently accompany their husbands and form an interested portion of the audience when the household goods and canned fruit are sold.

The crowd that has looked over the possessions of the household curiously and nodded at the various flaws in the implements of the farmyard has also had a rude sort of entertainment. On every sale bill in large letters appears "Free lunch at noon," and some of them have the additional legend. "Bring your tin cups." This is Greek to the city resident, but the farmer knows what it means. It is a promise that there will be great steaming cans of coffee, with plenty of sandwiches and perhaps pickles. The task of providing cups for a hundred or two visitors is a formidable one, and the prudent housewife asks that the comers bring cups to use at this function. The habitual auction attendant is fully equipped with the cups to use on such occasions.

During the winter all sales begin at 10 o'clock, but as the days lengthen the noon start is more common. It all depends upon the amount of material to be sold. Sometimes there is something more than coffee to drink, but not often.

The amount of property changing hands in this growing method of disposing of used farm material is enormous. In this county alone probably seventy-five sales have been held since the first of the present year, and they have averaged more than $1,000 each, or at least $100,000 worth of second-hand goods disposed of by farmers to their neighbors. The same condition exists in nearly every well settled county of the State, and so common is the custom becoming that it is unlikely that it will show any diminution for some time to come.

Canoeing Great Sport.

The canoeist is the most independent of men, according to Yachting. He can push his craft through a stream three feet wide and five inches deep and he can safely negotiate any bit of water that a catboat or moderate sized launch would care to attempt. Canoeing is popular because it brings its devotees out into the open freedom and lets them live their summer life as they will. The canoe does for humanity what the bicycle failed to do. The bicyclist was tied to roads, was dependent upon hotels and restaurants for food and lodging. When the hill was steep he must alight and walk. When the road was bad, or the foot of the hill dubious, he must do likewise.

The canoeist suffers none of these restrictions, he carries with him his place of abode, his bed, his food and the means of preparing it. He is not confined to well-worn highways, he is able to penetrate and explore out of the way streams and pitch his tent in spots inaccessible to the average wanderer. The ability of canoes to carry their owners into places where even a rowboat could not be maneuvered gives to the paddler a point of view not often obtainable by any one else. Even in the vicinity of large cities he is able to discover numerous pleasant but unknown locations reached by water that he has practically to himself.

Not What He Asked.

In these days of individualism in thought and action the balance of decision tips more and more toward the personal. Even in the matter of spelling, the ego asserts itself in the face of tradition and history. "Bobby," in Tit-Bits, is not the only person who constitutes himself the final court of appeal in the realm of orthography.

"So you go to school, do you Bobby?" asked the minister.

"Yes, sir," answered Bobby.

"Let me hear how you spell 'bread.'"

"B-r-e-d-e."

"The dictionary spells it with an 'a,' Bobby."

"Yes, sir; but you didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it; you asked me how I spell it."

Where Philosophy Fails.

"'Who breaks, pays.'"

"I'd like to see you try that on our red girl."—Baltimore American.

By pulling down the stove in his cell, breaking through the wall and climbing over several roofs, a convict escaped from the prison at Breslau, in Prussia.

Mexico is beginning to grow rice on a large scale.

Farmers Not to Blame.

Of all men, our farmers are most interested in the enactment and enforcement of pure food laws. Not that they are particularly affected by food adulteration, for they mix almost everything they eat right from the hand of nature. But they are concerned that the stuff they produce shall reach the city neighbor who uses it as fresh, pure and wholesome as possible.

It is in a way a reflection upon the farmer that milk, butter, fruits and other things which come from the farms of the country are impure and so calculated to work injury to the life and health of the nation. So they are doing all in their power to bring about the best legislation on this subject. They also desire that the laws already enacted shall be put into effect. Therefore they welcome the suggestion of Dr. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture at Washington, that the national government shall set the standard for pure milk at 3.25 per cent of butter fat.

Our farmers are now producing milk that averages very closely to 4 per cent. Few of them are satisfied with anything below that point. And they do not like to be told, as they have been many times, that the average for milk sold in the markets of the country is far below that standard. It is not their fault that it is so, and they want the crime, for it is little less than a crime to thus debase the milk supply of the country, placed where it belongs, and punishment inflicted accordingly. The same thing is true touching all other farm products. The farmers want it just as good as nature gave it to them when it reaches the table of the man who uses it.

Lime-Sulphur-Salt Wash.

From experiments carried on with chemically pure lime and sulphur, it appears to the author of a government bulletin that solid sulphur is not dissolved by boiling fifteen minutes, but that the best results are obtained by boiling from forty-five to sixty minutes. A boiling period of one hour is sufficient to dissolve nearly all of the sulphur, but the thiosulphates are somewhat increased by a longer period.

Salt apparently has no influence upon the composition of the wash in so far as the sulphur compounds are concerned. The slight differences in the composition of the wash, as used by different investigators, have little or no influence upon the time required for boiling. When lime and sulphur are used in equal quantities there is more than enough lime to dissolve the sulphur. These quantities may be used in the proportion of one pound of lime to one and one-quarter pounds of sulphur. About twenty-five pounds of sulphur to fifty gallons is a maximum quantity.

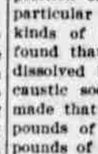
It appears that the use of air-slaked lime has no influence on the composition of the wash, and that there is likewise practically no difference in composition whether flowers of sulphur or flour of sulphur is used. Detailed notes are also given on the composition of lime-sulphur wash with particular reference to the different kinds of sulphur compounds. It is found that not all of the sulphur is dissolved by the heat generated by caustic soda, but the suggestion is made that a wash containing ten pounds of caustic soda and nineteen pounds of sulphur per fifty gallons of water without lime may give satisfactory results.

Gardening Suggestions.

The main cabbage crop may be transplanted during June or July, and a crop of millet or Hungarian grass may be put in if desired. In some sections the sweet potato crop does not get fully transplanted before June. Carrots, beets and parsnips should always be put in the ground early, yet it is not too late to make good crops of them in June, provided rain falls during the time the seed is in. The turnip crop is one of the most important, and the putting in of the seed may be deferred until any time after a good rain, but farmers must prepare their lands well for late crops, especially if the seeds are fine or of a kind that does not germinate quickly. Good preparation is one of the essentials to good growth and capacity to withstand drought.

Taking Power from a Windmill.

If you have a windmill it can easily be arranged to run the grindstone, bone cutter, feed grinder, etc. The cut shows



a good device to convert the perpendicular motion of the windmill into a horizontal one. The bar, b, is connected to the windmill pitman, a, so that it may be attached at will. The wheel, c, and shaft, e, should be of iron or steel. The short pitman, b, may be of iron or hard wood. The axle bar, d, which holds shaft, e, rigid, permitting the pitman, b, to revolve wheel, c, should be of heavy iron, firmly secured, and braced to pump platform.—Farm and Home.

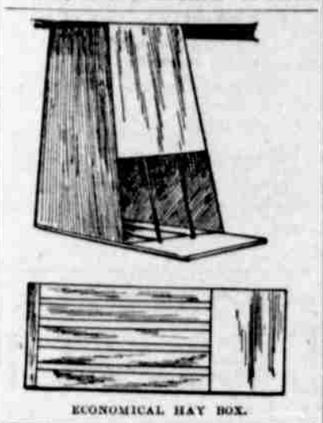
Land owners interested in establishing commercial forest plantations, shelter belts, windbreaks and snowbreaks and in planting trees to reclaim shifting sands and other waste lands, will be given practical assistance by the forestry service of the Department of Agriculture on application to the offices at Washington.

There is a medium in feeding which it is best to follow. It gives to each animal just what its system can readily assimilate and make use of, no more, no less.

Handy Barn Device.

The illustration shows a device for a hay box, which should be in every stable. This box may be made of any dimensions desired and reaches from the loft to just above the manger in the stall below, placing it at a height so that the horse can get at the hay readily. As shown in the cut the box should be wider at the bottom than at the top to prevent the hay from lodging. The open space below should be fitted with two or more light iron bars to prevent the animal from pulling out too much of the hay at a time and wasting it.

In the lower part of the drawing is shown the slatted bottom, which is used in this box so that the chaff and dust may sift through. The top of the box, in the loft, should be covered with a heavy slatted arrangement for the purpose of ventilation. It should



ECONOMICAL HAY BOX.

be made of slats sufficiently heavy to bear the weight of a man if he should step on it accidentally, and he hinged at one end for easy handling. These hay boxes may be made of inch material, and will cost but a trifle, compared with the saving of hay and their convenience.

The Meat We Eat.

The per capita consumption of meat in the United States is estimated at 179 pounds. The Australians alone surpass us as meat eaters, and the average in their country is abnormally high because of the large number of animals as compared with the sparse population, meat in consequence being abundant and cheap. Following the United States are Argentina, Great Britain, Germany and France, ranging from 140 to 81 pounds, and Italy brings up the rear of the procession with 27 pounds. In Germany there are slaughtered for food each year under official inspection numbers of horses and dogs in addition to the usual food animals. In Paris there were slaughtered for food during ten years an annual average of more than 20,000 horses, mules and asses.

Fall Beauty Apple.

One naturally expects a Kentucky product to be handsome. So it is no surprise that the name Fall Beauty has been selected as appropriate for a new apple which has originated in the Blue Grass country. The apple, according to the description by the State experiment station, is not only a beauty, but has other good qualities. The apples are sometimes deeper on one side than the other, but generally quite symmetrical. The weight seems to average a fraction above half a pound. Other points are:

NEW APPLE.

Color, deep purplish red, sometimes completely so, again only or largely on the exposed side; striped, with deeper purple and pale waxen yellow; when fully ripe, with ocher yellow, the stripes contracting and extending into the cavity at the calyx end; marked with evident ocher yellow dots, these becoming especially conspicuous where the purplish red is deepest; region about the calyx end sometimes extensively waxen yellow.

Flesh white at first, becoming creamy when thoroughly ripe; flavor not striking, but pleasant; subacid; skin rather tough, thus calculated to protect it from insect and fungous injury and to render it a good shipper. Ripe Sept. 22. While it is adapted only for fall use, it ripens at a time when few apples as good are in a condition for the table, the early ones being long gone and the late ones not yet sufficiently ripe. It keeps very well, becoming finally in October mellow and agreeable as an eating apple. It cooks well before this final change, making good sauce, but proving especially acceptable when baked. Unfortunately the cut cannot show the richness of the coloring of the Fall Beauty. In bearing it is as regular as Rome Beauty or Ben Davis.

Selecting Milch Cows.

That one cow can be made to do the work of two has been found to be easily accomplished by the selection of the best individuals. A Vermont dairyman, whose cows produced 100 pounds of butter each per year, has succeeded in getting 200 pounds per year from each cow in the herd. Dairymen in other sections have done fully as well. It is claimed that if one cow gives as much as formerly did two, there is a saving in stable room, labor and care. This cannot be accomplished, however, unless the cows are reared on the farm, or purchased from improved breeds. Feed, of course, is an important matter, also, but a good cow will give more product from the food eaten than will an inferior cow that is fed in the same manner.

Redtop and alsike clover are best adapted to moist soils and will prove profitable crops on the low places in the farm where timothy or clover will not do well. If the ground is uneven or boggy, run a spading harrow or disk over it until it is brought down to fit condition for seeding. Then sow eight pounds of redtop and four pounds of alsike clover per acre.

By cleaning up the farm you will increase its value and when it is cleaned and cleared it will cultivate more easily and cheaply and give large returns.

WOMAN STILL A REBEL.

Miss Mary Hall, in Confederate Uniform, Conspicuous at Reunion.

Miss Mary Hall, of Augusta, Ga., an unreconstructed rebel and the only woman member in full standing of any camp of Confederate veterans, was given an ovation during the reunion of the grand camp, in Richmond, whenever she appeared upon the streets, calm, serene and dignified, dressed in the regulation gray uniform, jacket and campaign hat, with a walking skirt of the same material, carrying a tattered battle flag of the Confederacy, marching on foot in the sun or the rain with her brothers of the ranks, scorning to ride in a carriage or on horseback while the other members of the command plodded along on foot.

Her progress through the streets was impeded by the surging masses of humanity eager to catch a glimpse of the

MISS MARY HALL.

woman who, even after many years, has scorned to become reconciled to the changed conditions.

Forced to live always with the Stars and Stripes waving above her, Miss Hall has counteracted as best she could this token of the submission to her country by wearing always half concealed among her snowy curls a small Confederate flag.

Miss Hall has many priceless possessions handed down to her from the old days. Among them is a valuable ring which was worn by a dearly beloved brother. Another ring in her possession was bequeathed to her almost from the battlefield. Still another carries with it a dearer and even closer and more sacred memory than that of the cause that was lost. It is the ring of her sweetheart, slain on a battlefield.

OLDEST OF LIVING TREES.

One of the Sixty Species Known to Be 2,195 Years Old.

This bo tree (the ficus religiosa) is probably the oldest living thing in the world of which record has been kept by man, and, with the possible exception of the sequoia, the oldest of living trees, says the Century. It was brought from India by the Princess Sanghamitta, and was planted by King Dewanampiya Tissa in 288 B. C. It is therefore 2,195 years old. The preservation of this tree has been an object of reverent solicitude to successive dynasties and either through superstitious reverence or because of its worthlessness to a plunderer, it has been spared amid all the havoc of repeated invasions. As recently as A. D. 1729 it was endowed with lands by Kaja Sinah, a Kandian chief.

The bo tree's age and identity are matters of absolutely faithful record and when one recalls that in the rigorous climate of northern Germany, in Hildesheim, there grows a rose bush which is 1,000 years old, it does not seem so remarkable that in the balmy climate of Ceylon this tree should have lived twice as long. It is gnarled and unsymmetrical, because many of its branches have been cut off and sent to distant temples. This bo tree is a branch of the tree under which Gautama Buddha sat when he attained Nirvana and Buddhists say the passion through which he passed communicated itself to the tree and caused all the leaves to tremble.

Each of the millions of pilgrims who have toiled along the sacred way which leads to this shrine has hoped to bear away with him a leaf from the sacred tree, and happy is he at whose feet one falls.

The leaves hang on a slender stem and are easily stirred by the slightest breeze, so each petitioner is rewarded for his pilgrimage by feeling that the tree responds to the fervor of his soul; but few take home a leaf. Many bring offerings to the tree and on a number of the lower leaves are sheets of gold placed there by jewelers and other wealthy worshipers.

Arnold and His Circus.

Matthew Arnold used to travel in company with Mrs. Arnold, his two daughters and the agent, whom he elegantly called his "impresario." They usually had railway passes given to them, and on several occasions, when presenting these to the conductor, he remarked in a condescending tone, "Oh, the Arnold troop, I suppose!" "Just as if we were a traveling circus," said Mr. Arnold, with a hearty laugh.

First Cause.

"Sufferin' cats!" exclaimed the first bum, "you sure do look tough. W'ats done it?"

"Overeatin'," replied the other.

"G'on! dat wouldn't give yer a black eye."

"No; but dat wuz de cause o' de trouble. De bartender ketched me spearin' de free lunch."—Philadelphia Press.

Two of Them.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Uppisch, "my great-grandmother on my mother's side was noted for her proud and imperious bearing."

"How strange," exclaimed Miss Knox; "our servant girl's the same way."—Philadelphia Press.

The only time the average family horse shows off to advantage is when it is taking part in a funeral procession.

HIGH PRICES FOR VEGETABLES.

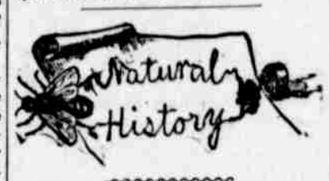
Raising Garden Truck for Miners in Early Days of Montana.

Ray Woodworth, of Moscow, Idaho, has been visiting relatives and friends in Dillon during the last week, says the Anaconda Standard. Mr. Woodworth was one of the early arrivals at Bannack, when the placer gold was discovered in Grasshopper Gulch, and also moved near Virginia City and resided there when that famous placer field was in its glory.

Mr. Woodworth says that he came to Bannack from Denver in 1863 and took up a ranch near what is now known as Taylor Crossing, between Dillon and Bannack. He brought a lot of garden seed along with him, believing that garden vegetables would be a delicacy so craved by the miners that they would pay handsomely for them and that he would make more money with his spade and garden rake than with the rocker and pan. He succeeded very well near Bannack and when there was a rush to Alder Gulch he went there and took up a ranch in the Madison valley not far from Virginia City, where he continued raising vegetables and selling them to the miners.

He raised the first wheat crop ever raised in the territory of Montana and sold his wheat for 28 cents a pound.

"I lost $2,000 on one load of rutabagas and it was this way," he said. "I hired a freighter to haul a big load to Helena, paying him 4 cents a pound, and told him to sell them for 9 cents a pound, thinking that that was high enough for them. A few days after he had left the ranch I heard that the vegetable was retailing at 50 cents a pound and I sent a courier after him to tell him not to sell for less, but the messenger arrived at Helena a few hours after he had sold the load for 9 cents a pound. The dealer retailed them at 60 cents. I also lost some money on a load of turnips. They froze en route and I secured only 18 cents a pound for them. I sold many potatoes to the Alder Gulch miners for 35 cents a pound, after cutting all the eyes out of them to save for seed."



While walking along a street in Crediton, England, a citizen was alarmed when something sprang at him from the roadway. He brushed his hand over his coat and a large rat fell to the ground. The rat made further attacks on the man, who experienced some difficulty in keeping it off. Several passers-by came to his assistance, but it was some time before they were able to kill the rat.

Horbling, near Billingsborough, in England, had a cat of wonderful vitality. A fine cross-bred Persian mysteriously disappeared from its home, and sixteen days later was found in an open field firmly secured in a rabbit trap. Notwithstanding the animal's long and painful confinement and exposure to the heavy rains it was still alive. It was, however, reduced to a mere skeleton, and was unable to walk, but under proper treatment it recovered.

"In France," says a bird dealer, "the banks of the streams are yellow with bonfires at night. About the fires loaf peasants, men and women, smoking, chattering, spooning. They keep the blaze going all night and at dawn the ground is an inch or two deep with May flies, fireflies, moths—little creatures that flew out of the darkness into those clear and gemlike flames, fluttered forth again in agony, fell and died. The tiny corpses are sold to the French bird dealers at 4 cents to 6 cents a pint, and are resold for food to the owners of pet birds, finches, thrushes, canaries, nightingales and the like."

Freaks in Statuary.

A sculptor was talking about freak statuary.

"I turn out a lot of it," he said. "Not that I like to. I have to. So many of our millionaires have uncouth tastes.

"I made last fall portrait busts of a western millionaire and his wife. The wife wears spectacles, and nothing would do but I must put spectacles on her bust. I argued, but in vain. That bust stands in the millionaire's spacious library to-day, and spectacles rest on its nose.

"I did last month a bust in colors, a bust of a young girl. The marble hair I gilded, the marble eyes I painted blue, and the marble lips and cheeks I flecked with red. A hideous thing, yet the family was delighted.

"The freakiest of my freak statues stands in a Boston garden. It is the statue of the owner's grandfather, an old Presbyterian divine. The aged man stands in the center of a bed of jonquils, and out of the top of his plug hat a jet of water spurts, falling into a marble basin that he holds in his hands, a basin wherein swim half a dozen goldfish. The idea of treating one's grandfather like that.

His Lullaby.

"Our seashore hotels, with their paper-like walls, afford strange revelations of married life," said Henry E. Dixey at a dinner.

"At one of these hotels I heard a married man in the next room to mine crawl into bed, settle himself among the pillows, and then say to his wife:

"'Now, wifey, start up your curtain lecture, or else I sha'n't get to sleep.'"

Korean Patriotism.

The other day a Korean gendarme went to the office where subscriptions toward the public debt are being received, and having paid in his money, cut his finger and with the blood wrote an oath to support the movement to the best of his ability.—Korea Daily News.

After all, the only sure happiness we have to-day is the knowledge that we don't know what is going to happen to-morrow.