NIRVANA.

To lie, to rest on bracken couch,
To hear the bells on fairy brae,
To watch a blue loch tinge the shores,
To darker color underway:

To see the glooming even fall
On bank and tree, on mount and wold,
To mark the stars that glimmer bright,
To count the hundred legends old:

To clasp the silver cord that leads
The flocking shadows by a hill,
To lie, to rest on bracken couch,
To feel the night come, soft, and calm and still.

—J. J. M. in New York Graphic.

"MADAME ROQUETTE."

There probably was not a brighter nor a cozier room in any house in New York than the breakfast room in John Wheatleigh's house. It was somewhere in the thirties, just off Fifth avenue, of which a glimpse could be caught through the east windows, which admitted a flood of sunlight on the glass and plate and fine damask of the table, and brought out the golden light in Mrs. Wheatleigh's brown hair.

There could not have been a more agreeable couple to look upon, either—he, tall, athletic, with an open, manly countenance—she, pretty, elegant and womanly. They were a happy pair, too, as happiness goes, and no heavier cloud darkened their matrimonial sky than the one which was now hovering over the breakfast table. For that there was a cloud this morning there could be no possible doubt. The fullness about Mrs. Wheatleigh's lips, the droop of her lids and the elevation of her eyebrows formed an undeniable pout, while her husband's face expressed doubt, anxiety and annoyance in turn. Though the atmosphere was clear when the meal began the doubt had been lurking in John Wheatleigh's eyes ever since he took his seat at the table. In his heart it expressed itself in the hesitation between "I will tell her" and "I won't tell her." The "won'ts" had the best of it at first; it seemed unnecessary; there was no reason why he should, and perhaps Nettie would not understand it, which would be very awkward. Then he considered the affirmative side of the question; Nettie was a thoroughly sensible woman; she had never shown the least trace of jealousy; anything that he would tell her about, honestly and openly, she would consider right, or if she did not she would tell him so gently and without any fuss.

He looked at her as she bent her pretty head over the morning paper, humming a little tune meanwhile. She seemed to feel his gaze, and glancing up at him smiled. John's heart smote him. How could he think of keeping anything from his sweet little wife! Of course he would tell her he was half sorry he had promised to go; if she objected he wouldn't. "Just as soon as I finish this egg," thought he. "In the meantime I'll think of the best way to tell her."

That was a fatal egg for John. He was some time in disposing of it. When he had finished he cleared his throat and had actually uttered the initial N—— of his wife's name when Mrs. Wheatleigh cried, "Oh, John, they're going to play 'Cymbeline' to-night; won't you take me?"

That question was the deathknell of John Wheatleigh's confession. He could never tell his wife, in excuse for not taking her to the theatre, that he was going himself with another lady, or at least a party in which there were other ladies.

"To-night did you say, Nettie? I don't believe I can go to-night."

"Oh, John, why not?"

"Won't to-morrow night do?"

"No," said Mrs. Wheatleigh, looking at the paper, "this is the only performance of 'Cymbeline.'"

"I am going to be out to-night, Nettie; I don't think I can take you very well; but any other night I will be glad to."

"You are going to the club, I suppose. I wish you did not spend so much time there. Is this something so important that it can't be put off? I do want to see 'Cymbline' so much."

"See here Nettie, it's like this," said John: "Ed. Wilson, a friend of mine from out of town, is going to be here to-night, and I want to show him around a little, and—and take him to the club, perhaps; in fact, I've written to him promising to meet him. Now do be reasonable, Nettie."

The cloud lifted from Mrs. Wheatleigh's brow entirely. "I will be reasonable, John; of course if you are engaged with your friend, I shan't interfere. I'll tell you what I might do. If you will get the tickets, I'll send over to Cynthia Olds to go with me; she will be glad of the chance. We'll take a cab and drive to theatre, and it will be perfectly safe."

John was glad to have the matter settled so easily, but his wife's sharp speech still rankled a little, and he felt that he ought not to give in all at once.

"I don't like you going out a night without an escort, and I don't like you going with Cynthia Olds, anyhow. What you see in her to make you want to continue the intimacy, I can't imagine. She is a silly, simpering old girl, without an idea that she hasn't got from some yellow backed novel, and a woman whose tongue runs as hers does is sure to be a dangerous companion."

"Cynthia is not so bad as you make her out, John; she is foolish about some things, I know, and exaggerates a good deal, but I never heard her say anything ill natured about anybody. It is a pleasure to take her out, she enjoys everything so much. But as you evidently do not wish me to go the theatre, I shall say no more about it."

"There, my dear, you may do as you like," said John. "Ask Cynthia to go with you and I will bring the tickets to-night." And so all was serene.

When John Wheatleigh took his seat in the elevated train he drew a letter from his pocket—the letter which caused the little jar in his home that had so quickly subsided. He read it hastily:

NEWARK, N. J., April 10.

DEAR WHEATLEIGH: I am coming over to New York on Thursday with my wife and her sister—you remember Ethel, of course. We want to go somewhere in the evening, and would be delighted to have you join us at the Hoffman house at 6 for dinner, and make a partie carree. I hear the operetta of "Madame Roquette" is very good; may I commission you to secure four places for our party, and don't fail to meet us? My wife wishes to be remembered. Yours truly,

E. H. WILSON.

"Confound it," he muttered, "I don't like it; I wish I hadn't been in such a hurry to accept his invitation."

He remembered Miss Ethel very well; a handsome girl she was, too, but not handsomer than her sister, Mrs. Wilson. "Of course, they couldn't have asked Nettie; they don't know her. I'm hanged, though, if I think it's the thing to invite a married man without his wife. I wish I'd told her! However, I'm in for it now, I suppose."

He left the train and went to a theatre where a great artist was playing Shakespearean dramas, and bought two places for "Cymbeline." Then he went on to his office. All morning, however, he was absent minded and low spirited; he let several good opportunities on the exchange pass unnoticed. About noon he made a sudden resolution. "I shan't dine with them at any rate; I'll go home and take dinner with Nettie; I'll compromise on that." He sat down and wrote:

DEAR WILSON—I am very sorry, but I find it impossible to get away in time to take dinner with you this evening. I shall join you at the theatre, though, and therefore enclose the three tickets for yourself and the ladies, to whom please make my compliments and regrets at being obliged to forego a part of the pleasure of the evening. Faithfully,

WHEATLEIGH.

Comic opera was a form of entertainment which John Wheatleigh loathed, yet here he had consigned himself to enduring three hours of jingling music and prancing women, while refusing to go with his wife to witness a noble play.

He put the three tickets into an envelope with his note and sealed it, thinking to himself meanwhile: "I wish there was some way out of the whole business—I might say I was ill—poor little Nettie! 'Mme. Rouquette' indeed! Pshaw!"

Than he called a messenger, dispatched his letter, and in so doing laid the train to a pretty mine which by evening might explode with a formidable result.

You will probably guess what John Wheatleigh did in his absent minded, self reproachful state of mind, so there need be no secret about it. He was reckoned one of the shrewdest men on the Cotton Exchange, yet he did now what shrewd and keen witted men sometimes do—committed an egregious blunder.

He had in his pocket six theatre tickets. All were red, and of the same general appearance. He enclosed the two tickets he had bought for his wife and one operetta ticket in the note to his friend Wilson, and thus the three tickets he retained, one for himself and two for Nettie, were all for "Mme. Roquette."

When he came home to dinner Nettie met him with a smile. "Could you get the tickets, John, dear? Oh, I'm so glad! Cynthia will go. How I wish, though, it was you!"

"Indeed, I wish it was, Nettie. I would break this engagement to-night if I could, but Wilson is an old friend and I would not like to offend him."

"And I wouldn't like to have you either, dear. I was cross this morning, wasn't I? I was sorry for it, though, afterward. Please forgive me, John, dear—you are always good to me," and she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Aren't you well, John? You look pale."

"Yes, quite well, Nettie; a little headache, that is all."

Mrs. Wheatleigh was not quite dressed when her husband came at 8 o'clock to bid her good-by. "I'll try to be back as soon as you are, Nettie," he said, as he kissed her. He was on the stairs when his wife called to him, "John, you haven't given me the tickets!—don't come back back; I'll run down to you."

He fumbled hastily in his pocket and drew out the three tickets. "Mme. Roquette—that's mine"—he heard Nettie on the stairs—"these other two are hers—don't come down, dear; there they are."

"You foolish boy," said Nettie, "you are sure you are quite well, John? There—good night."

Cynthia was not ready when the cab stopped at the door. Her toilet was a matter requiring great preparation; presently, though, she came running out.

"How are you, dear Nettie?—so good of you to think of me so often! Isn't Mr. Wheatleigh going? Just we two? How nice! What is 'Cymbeline,' Nettie? Shakespeare, isn't it? I don't think I ever read it—is it a tragedy? How nice!"

"No, Mr. Wheatleigh couldn't go to-night," explained Nettie, "he had an important engagement with a business friend at the club."

Cynthia rattled on, telling Nettie of all her comings and goings since their last meeting until they reached the theatre. They entered the house, and Nettie handed her tickets to the man at the gate.

"You're in the wrong place, ladies," said he; "these tickets don't belong here."

"Dear me," said Nettie, "where are we? Did the cabman make a mistake? Aren't you playing 'Cymbeline?'"

"Yes, ma'am, but these tickets are for 'Mme. Roquette,' at the uptown house. The address is on your ticket—please step aside a moment, ladies."

"Oh, how provoking!" said Nettie. "How could John have made a mistake! He knew it was 'Cymbeline' I wanted to see—we talked of it quite awhile."

"Perhaps they will exchange them at the box office," suggested Cynthia.

"Oh, no, they won't do that," replied Nettie, taking out her purse; "we must buy new tickets. Dear me, I have only enough here to pay the cabman! Have you any money, Cynthia?"

Cynthia humbly acknowledged to not having a penny.

"Well, there is nothing to do, then, but to drive home," said Nettie. "Oh, I am so disappointed!" They found a cab, and were rolling uptown, when Cynthia said: "Nettie, so long as as we have the tickets, why shouldn't we go to see 'Mme. Roquette?' I hear it is splendid. Floria De Brassi sings in it, you know. If we don't like it we can come away in a little while."

"Very well, Cynthia," replied Nettie, apathetically. She was thinking how could he have been so careless, when he knew she wanted so much to see this play. But she had invited Cynthia to go with her, and felt bound to make the best of the matter.

Cynthia hastily put her head out of the window and told the man where to drive. Secretly she was delighted at the change in programme. Shakespeare was very nice, of course, but such a thing as "Madame Roquette" was not to be seen every day. "Bennie De Forest was telling me all about it last night, Nettie," she said; "he says it is simply grand, and that Floria De Brassi is the loveliest, most bewitching thing! The men are all wild about her. She sings a 'topical song,' or something, called 'Now He's a Married Man,' that brings down the house, Bennie says. I don't know that I approve of such things," she added deprecatingly, "but it's well enough to go once in a while, especially when everybody is talking about a thing; it makes one feel like going to see it in spite of one's self; don't you think so?"

"I suppose it does, Cynthia, I never heard anything about it."

The operetta had begun when they entered the theater. A little man accompanied by two handsome ladies was raising a great commotion about something with an usher. Nettie just glanced at them as she passed. Their seats were in the orchestra, and the house seemed quite full, with the exception of one chair adjoining their own. Cynthia divested herself of her jacket at once, and prepared to enjoy herself.

"We can put our things on that seat next you, Nettie; if anybody comes we'll take them away again," she said.

Nettie placed Cynthia's coat in the vacant seat, and as she did so her eyes fell on the man beyond it; he was staring at her with wide open eyes and hanging jaw; he looked quite stupefied. The man was her husband.

"Why, John! how came you here? I thought—is this a surprise or a joke—what does it mean, John?"

"Nettie," he said, hastily, "there has been a mistake; I found it out, and came to—I mean—let us go quickly—quickly, Nettie!" He rose to his feet; Nettie was quite bewildered, while Cynthia stared. "Quick, Nettie"——

"Ah, Wheatleigh, I've found you, have I?" cried a little man bustling up; "such a deuce of a time I've had. What on earth did you mean by sending me one ticket for this place and two for somewhere else, Lord knows where? I've been having a fine row back there, and the girls are mad as hornets. Maud didn't like it when you didn't come to dinner anyhow. Oh, I can promise you a jolly scolding. How did you make such a bull? Are these the seats here? The usher will try to straighten the thing out if these ladies will kindly let him see their coupons. Maybe"—— His words were drowned in a burst of applause. Floria De Brassi, as the young Prince Gaillard, had bounded on the stage—a glory of blonde hair and silk fleshings. Nettie had not an idea of what the trouble was about; she looked at her husband, who was still standing. His face was white, his lips moved, but she could not hear the words. The usher was saying something to Cynthia, who was helplessly fumbling in her bag for the coupons Nettie had handed her when they came in; but what was this the woman on the stage was singing, her hands pressed to her heart, and her eyes rolled up in mock agony?—

Ah, sweet secluded one!
Ah, poor deluded one!
He'll fool you if he can,
Now he's a married man
Ha—ha!
Now he's a married man.

Nettie comprehended everything in a flash. The little man and the two handsome women standing back there belonged to her husband's party—through some mistake she and Cynthia were in their places, and they were trying to get them out. She rose to her feet and turned to her husband with indignant eyes—"Nettie, come with me," he said in a low voice. "I will explain everything." Nettie felt a strong revulsion; she grasped Cynthia by the wrist and hurried her away. "One moment, ladies—I mean no offense," said the little man—"by Jove, Wheatleigh, they've gone!"

In the aisle they almost ran into a man staggering under a great basket of flowers; the odor made Nettie faint.

As for Cynthia, she only knew something dreadful had happened. Nettie was deathily pale and looked straight before her, not having uttered a word since they left the theatre. Cynthia took her two hands and held them tight, not knowing what else to do. How terrible it all was, yet how wildly exciting! She recalled John Wheatleigh's haggard face, the excitable voice of the little man, the well bred amazement with which the two women had regarded them as they passed out—she thought she had seen these women before; indeed, it was such an adventure that poor Cynthia found herself taking a kind of guilty joy in the situation. And Nettie—how stonily she stared before her; she did not look like Nettie Wheatleigh at all. Would it be in the papers in the morning? Would Nettie get a divorce? Everybody would know that she had been there and had seen it all, and would come to her for the particulars. Cynthia fairly grew giddy at the prospect of her coming importance. Now they were at Nettie's house, she must go in; she could not leave the poor girl while she looked like that. Then Nettie spoke for the first time.

"Come in the house," she said, hoarsely; "tell the man to wait."

She ran up stairs and flung herself on the bed, face downward. Cynthia gently took off her bonnet and would have bathed her face, but Nettie motioned her away. She did not cry or make a sound, but only buried her face in the pillows as though she felt a thousand eyes upon her and was ashamed.

There was a violent ring at the bell, and John Wheatleigh came rushing up the stairs. She sprang to her feet.

"Nettie, darling, where are you? Oh, Nettie, don't look at me like that—let me tell you! Miss Olds, please go into the next room for a few moments; I must speak to my wife alone."

"Stop; remain where you are, Cynthia. Do you not see that whatever you have to say to me must be said before her—now?"

"Nettie, dearest, it was all a mistake. That was Ned Wilson, his wife and her sister. I was going with them, you see—to meet them, that is, and I mixed the tickets up—I gave you—I ought to have told you."

"It was shameful," she said, in a low, hard voice, "to humiliate me before all those people, before Cynthia, before"—she shuddered—"those two women."

"Nettie, I swear I meant to tell you—at the table this morning the words were on my very lips to tell you. I had written to Ned Wilson then, but I had made up my mind not to go if you didn't want me to; and just as I was going to speak you asked me to take you—then we had that silly little quarrel, and I foolishly went away without telling you. If you knew how miserable I had felt all day—it was that that made me send—O God! she doesn't believe me!" and the poor boy covered his face with his hands and gave a great sob. Then it was that the true and beautiful womanly instinct arose and showed itself in the despised Cynthia.

"Nettie," she said, firmly, "you are making too much of this; your husband has done no wrong—look at him, Nettie. He concealed something from you because he was piqued—it was foolish, but not wicked, and he was sorry for it before it was made known to you in the way it was to-night. I know who Mrs. Wilson is and who her sister is—he loves you and nobody else. You can trust me, can't you, when I promise never to speak of this to any one, and—and, Nettie, I shall try to forget it myself."

"Oh, I did not deserve it, John; I did not, indeed!" and Nettie flung herself sobbing on her husband's neck, as Cynthia silently withdrew.

All his life John Wheatleigh loved Cynthia Olds for those words. The simper on her kindly face was as a beautiful smile to him ever after—her harmless twaddle as pleasant music.

The operetta of "Mme. Roquette" had a long run in the metropolis. The airs were played on hand organs by street bands, and by energetic young ladies on the piano, but although Nettie forgave her husband freely, and restored him to her perfect confidence, she could never hear, "Now He's a Married Man," without a spasm of the heart.—The Epoch.

Almost to the Boards.

Jones Brown is rich and stingy. An acquaintance of his met Brown's son the other day and said:

"Your father seems to have lost a good deal of money lately. The last time I saw him he was complaining and saying he must economize."

Economize! Did he say where he was going to begin?"

"Yes; on his table, he said."

"Then he must be going to take away the table cloth," was the filial declaration.—New York Ledger.

It Was a Cold Night.

Mrs. Kohldphiet—What on earth are you doing, Clarence!

Mr. Kohldphiet—Only securing my half interest in bedclothes against possible confiscation this evening.—Puck.

TALE OF A BALLOONER.

One Man Who Charged Him $2.25 for Dropping Onto His Farm.

"I used to make balloon ascensions in connection with Warner's circus," said an old and retired aeronaut the other day, "and one day I went up from Pekin, Ills. The balloon was new and light and I got a much longer ride than what I expected. I finally descended in a farmhouse yard about ten miles away, my anchor having caught in a cherry tree. The farmer was an old fellow, about 60 years of age, and he sat reading on his doorstep as I came down. He removed his glasses, put them in their case, put the case in his pocket and then came forward and carelessly observed:

"'That a balloon?'

"'Yes. Help me pull it down.'

"'Are you a ballooner?'

"'Yes. Pull hard.'

"We got the air ship down and I wanted him to take me to town in his wagon. He had none, and I had hired a rig of a neighbor, and was about to depart when the old fellow stepped forward with:

"'I have a little bill here, sir.'

"'Bill! What for?'

"'Damage to cherry tree, 2 shillin's; skeering my poultry, 50 cents; skeering my old woman, the same; services of myself, $1. Total, $2.25, which is mighty cheap considerin' the times.'

"'But I won't pay it,' I protested.

"'Oh, you won't? Well, I'm a justice of the peace and I'll issue a warrant. My naybur is constable and he kin serve it. The old woman is out of her fit by this time and she'll be witness, and I sort o' reckon I'll fine you about $25 for disturbin' of the peace and contempt of this court!'

"And I was made to realize that the best way out of it was to come down with the amount of his bill, and luckily I had it, with a quarter to spare."—Chicago Herald.

Mistakes of Near Sighted Men.

Lawyer Ashley, of New York, was telling Judge Day a story of Daudet, the novelist, who is extremely near sighted. The story ran thus: Daudet visited some place in which were kept many animals. He sauntered slowly about peering into their cages until he came to a secluded spot where a furry object, not in a cage, attracted his attention. "Ah!" said the distinguished Frenchman, "this must be a tame bear." And, taking some cake from his pocket he flung it with a "There, old fellow," straight into the face of a Russian nobleman who, enveloped in his sables, had stopped to look at the bears near by. Imagine his anger and surprise. Daudet apologizes, etc., etc., etc.

The judge listened intently, but after the lawyer had finished he said gravely:

"I can tell you something far ahead of that in the way of mistakes caused by nearsightedness.

"A friend of mine who lives in the suburbs came from the city one summer evening just at twilight. He had broken his glasses and was almost feeling his way along, when he became conscious of somebody walking directly in front of him. It seemed to be a short woman in a bright gown, wearing a wrap about her shoulders, one end of which trailed down behind her. She walked so heavily that my friend began to think that, though short, she must be exceedingly stout. A few steps more and the wrap touched the ground and dragged in the mud. This was more than his gallantry could stand, so stooping forward he said: 'Allow me, madam, to replace your mantle,' at the same time gently raising a red cow's tail and placing it across her back."—Detroit Free Press.

THE LION AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Here, in this garden nook, alone,
Lies an old lion of gray stone—
Once, in the long gone golden hours,
A lordly lion, proud in state,
The guardian of a mansion gate—
Now he lies low among the flowers.

Then, oft he saw the shining doors,
Heard light feet fall on festal floors,
Heard music wake its witching din,
Then dance beneath the torches' blaze
The knights and ladies of old days.
While he watched over all within.

Now he lies here; in his old age
Cast out, rejected, by the rage
Of time, a down beaten, broken, scarred—
An old gray lion; yet not less
A lion in his feebleness!
One thing is left him still to guard.

He guards it well, by night and day,
In those great paws of granite gray,
In the strong shelter of his breast:
No man shall serve him yet with scorn,
Though an old lion, thus forlorn,
And all he guards—a robin's nest!

—Temple Bar.

Bonded in a Surety Company.

The method by which an employe is bonded in a surety company is simple enough. The employe, having been requested by his employer to furnish a bond in some stated amount, goes to a reliable surety company and fills out and signs an application. The application contains a number of questions regarding the character and antecedents of the employe, which must be answered fully and specifically. All employments for ten years last past must be clearly stated, with the reason for leaving each. A complete description of the appearance of the applicant is noted on the back of the application. At least four responsible persons must be given as references. To each of them a special form of questions is then sent. Upon satisfactory answers to these questions, and upon a careful private investigation of the habits of life of the applicant, a bond is executed by the guarantee company and handed to the employer, insuring him against loss arising from dishonesty on the part of the employe.

At the very threshold it is remarkable to observe how many employers dread to offend their employes by asking them for such a bond. This may be very well as a matter of delicate politeness, but surely, in the expressive language of trade, "it is not business." The question is not what is most courteous, but what is most right? What is most just not only to the employer, but to the employe himself? Could a better test be devised than to ask an employe to give a bond? If he is honest he will do so cheerfully; if he "gets offended," it were as well to discharge him without much delay.—Lincoln L. Eyre in Lippincott's Magazine.

A Delicious Java Fruit.

Travelers in Java have filled pages and columns with rhapsodies over the mangosteen, and all unite in extolling it as the supreme delight of the tropics. The mangosteen appears to one as a hard round fruit the size of a peach. Its hard outer shell or rind is of the same color and thickness as a green walnut, but in this brown husk lie six or eight segments of creamy white pulp. The little segments are easily separated, and transferred to the mouth melt away, the pulp being as soft and fine as a custard. The mangosteen's delicate pulp tastes, as all its eulogists say, like strawberries, peaches, bananas and oranges all at once; a slight tartness is veiled in these delicious flavors, and it is never cloyingly sweet. Taken just as it comes from the ice box the mangosteen is an epicure's dream realized, and the more's the pity that it only grows in far away places and deadly climates, and does not bear transportation.

Large sums have been offered, and P. and O. steamships have made hundreds of ineffectual efforts to get a basket of mangosteens to England for the queen. The hard rind looks unchanged for weeks, but the delicate pulp melts away, and the dryest and coldest refrigerator chambers cannot keep the heart of the mangosteen from spoiling.—Globe Democrat.

Last Cargo of Slaves.

Though the slave trade was prohibited by law after 1808, a period of eighty years, it was clandestinely carried on so long as slavery in this country made a market for kidnaped negroes. The last cargo of this kind that effected a landing was from the Wanderer, a slave trading vessel, and some of the negroes kidnaped in Africa still live on a plantation in Georgia. They have become civilized and Christianized, speaking the English language with a little reminder of their original mother tongue. They talk occasionally in the Guinea language when by themselves, but make no efforts to teach it to their children.—Boston Budget.

"Long" John Wentworth's Reply.

"Long" John Wentworth was once running for office, and heard that his political opponents were asserting that, if elected, he would soon get his hand into the city treasury. "May be I will, and may be I won't," he sardonically replied when he heard of the charge. "But I'll tell you one thing: nobody else will get his hand in; I'll sit on the chist."—New York Tribune.

Some Queer Sermon Titles.

The Christian at Work prints a list of sensational topics announced by American preachers, and says they compare favorably with dime novel titles. Here are a few of the sermon titles: "Boycotting the Dead," "The Great Oil," "Straight from the Shoulder," "Hell, and the People Who Are Going There," "Taken by the Throat," "Use Your Eyes," "Off Goes the Roof," "Up Comes the Man."—New York Sun.

Nights in Northern Scotland.

A clergyman recently returned from a vacation spent in the north of Scotland says the nights are so short there that there is hardly two hours of darkness. At Inverness he was able to read at 11 o'clock at night without the aid of artificial light.—Chicago Herald.

Farmers for South America.

Patagonia and Argentina are gaining large accessions of farmers by immigration. It is said a person may become a citizen on his landing there, and he can get land for nothing.—Boston Budget.