

THE EVENING STAR.

When sunset light Gives place to night On mountain tops afar, With light more soft, In heaven aloft Appears the evening star.

Its beauty seems, As high it gleams, To lull the heart to rest. We mourn the day, But gladly say We love the starlight best.

When grieved in heart, Though 'tis our part To know more night than day, The star of hope Forbids us mope, And cheers with soothing ray. -Waverley Magazine.

Almost a Burglary.

MRS. DRISCOLL had a mind of her own.

Some uncharitable people went so far as to say that if she had not had so much mind her husband might have been living to-day. Be that as it may, he died and left her sole mistress of a handsome property, with no one to oppose her will.

She adopted one of his nieces, and loved her as well as she could love any one but herself.

The niece grew up a winsome lassie, and had lovers, as maidens will.

Luckily her choice was her aunt's as well, and the day was set for her marriage with Harry Winship without opposition, the only condition being that they should return to Mrs. Driscoll's home after a brief wedding tour.

"Well, Kate," said the stately lady, the day before the wedding, "everything is ready, and I must say that I never saw preparations more complete—not even for your uncle's funeral, poor man! I always meant to give you a handsome marriage portion, so get your hat—we'll go to the bank."

What girl would delay under similar circumstances?

The carriage was speedily ordered, and soon stopped before the bank.

Except the bank officials, there was in the building only George Travis, one of Kate's discarded suitors, who was getting an insignificant check cashed.

Mrs. Driscoll was not slow to see an opportunity to flutter her sails, as her worthy husband had been accustomed to say.

Drawing her check book she smilingly wrote a check for £2,000 and presented it to the cashier.

"Payable to Miss Kate—a marriage portion, I presume. Ah, very generous of you! Miss Kate, I congratulate you," said the cashier. "Shall I make the new book in your own name?"

"She wants no book—at least not yet," retorted Mrs. Driscoll, sharply. "When I give a thing, I give it. I want good, solid money for that check—bright, yellow gold."

"But—why—you live fully a mile from a neighbor. Have you—do you think of the temptation?" he said, hesitatingly.

"Did I ask your advice?" snapped Mrs. Driscoll. "I am able to take care of my own property, and, if it will not break the bank, I want it in gold."

"Certainly, madam. My conscience is clear if you wake up to find yourself murdered to-morrow morning. This bank can pay ten times that sum at sight, madam," was the dignified reply, to which Mrs. Driscoll listened in curt silence.

The cashier went into the vault, closing the door behind him.

George Travis, having counted the money received on his check, went out without a glance at the two ladies.

"There! Now I reckon Travis begins to realize what he has lost," nodded Mrs. Driscoll.

Kate blushed slightly.

"But, aunt," she said, uneasily, "wouldn't it be better for me to take a book with the money left to my credit? Harry will not be here until to-morrow, and—and think of the risk! It is unsafe."

"How long is it since I came to be told my duty by a miss of 18?" breathed Mrs. Driscoll, scornfully. "What a coward you are! If you don't want the money, say so, and I'll let it remain where it is. If you do want it, hold your tongue, and help me take care of it until I can give you both into Harry Winship's keeping."

Further conversation was prevented by the cashier's return.

He carried a strong iron box.

"Count it!" commanded Mrs. Driscoll. One by one the golden coins were counted under her admiring eyes.

"There, that is money! That is like a wedding gift!" she ejaculated, in a satisfied tone.

"Better let me give you a receipt for it and put it into the safe to-night," suggested the cashier.

"Put it into my carriage!" was the sharp order to the bank porter.

The man obeyed and watched with a puzzled face the carriage out of sight. "She beats all I ever saw," he said. "I don't wonder her husband died."

Meanwhile Mrs. Driscoll returned home well satisfied with the world and herself in particular.

She had had her own way.

"I shall not put this under my pillow as I generally do," she said to Kate. "This box is harder than feathers. I shall put it under the corner of your bed."

"Thanks, aunt! Iron is as soft as feathers for me to lie on," laughed Kate.

"You needn't lie upon that side of the bed at all," was the cool reply.

"There's a man in the kitchen as says he's had not a mouthful to eat for ten days," said Norah, the servant, appearing at the door.

"The farm is only a mile further on. Send him about his business," answered her mistress.

Norah went out. Soon a figure clothed in rags went by the open window.

The man turned and shook his clinched fist at the astonished lady.

"Of all things! The impudent thing," she gasped.

"Oh, but, aunt, I'm sure he has heard all that we said about that horrid money!" faltered Kate.

Mrs. Driscoll's face told the concern which she felt, but she turned her back upon her niece and took up a book.

Darkness came. The lights in the house were extinguished at the usual time.

Kate could not sleep. In vain she counted slowly from one hundred to one, and read the letters of the alphabet backward.

She heard the village clock slowly strike the hour of midnight, then one, two, and three.

Kate's apartment was dark, but the moon shone dimly into her aunt's room just across the hall.

Suddenly a form stood in the doorway, then vanished within.

Was it the tramp? Was that something in his hand a knife? Kate stole softly through the doorway, listening breathlessly. Then she darted into a small room, near Mrs. Driscoll's door.

Suddenly the door was noiselessly closed, and a man stood so near her hiding-place that she could hear his hurried breathing.

The faint odor of chloroform told why the door was closed.

What if he gave an overdose? Kate loved the stern woman, and notwithstanding her timidity, that thought nerved her to action.

She sprang from the room with a shrill cry, clenching both hands in the grasp of the intruder. It is needless to say that he was startled out of what little common sense he possessed.

He threw her violently aside with a muttered oath and fled. But he left a generous lock of hair in her hands.

Her head struck a corner of the door in falling, and it was dawn when she awoke to full consciousness of what had happened.

Womanlike, she rushed to see if the iron box was still safe. It had not been disturbed. Then she threw open the door of Mrs. Driscoll's room. That lady was unconscious, but breathing evenly. Kate's courage returned.

Silently she opened the window, letting the fresh morning air draw freely through the room. Then she crept into her own bed to await developments.

Before sunrise Mrs. Driscoll awoke. "Mercy on us!" she screamed. "Norah did not shut the window last night. I shall get my death of cold. Kate!"

But Kate did not stir until her name had been called several times; then she answered drowsily.

"Get up, child! It's your wedding day, too, and I in danger of pneumonia," called her aunt.

Kate shut the window, and helped the irate lady to dress, touching her hair with dainty, soothing fingers as she arranged it.

The household arose and went about its tasks. Visitors came and went. Kate kept her secret well. The ceremony was over which made her a wife.

The bridal dress was exchanged for a traveling costume.

"I shall take the iron box to the bank as we go to the train, auntie," Kate said as she bade her good-by.

"As you please. I've had my say about it, and no harm came of it, either," was the tart reply.

No one knew of the tragedy which did not take place in the silent watches of the night.

No one knew until Kate, nestling in her husband's clasp as the train sped onward, told him the story in her own way and time.

"But the hair—did you save it? It is a clue," he said quickly.

"I burned it," was the calm reply. "I did not need to save it, for I knew whose it was. I always thought he liked aunt's money better than me. Now I know that he coveted the dowry more than the bride. But the money is safe in the bank, and wasn't it strange that he should be there to see it deposited?"

"Not George Travis?" ejaculated Harry.

"Yes. Let him go," she whispered softly, nestling closer. "Think what he lost—what you gained, Harry, dear. Let his own conscience punish him—if he has any. We'll never let him know. We will keep our first secret forever."

Harry Winship was a man. He could not refuse his wife's first request, and Mrs. Driscoll does not know to this day what danger menaced her.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Ten Thousand Feet Limit of Depth. Mining engineers agree that the limit to which shafts may be sunk into the earth with the present machinery and equipments is 10,000 feet. The deepest shaft ever dug is the one now in existence in one of the copper mines on Lake Superior. It has a sheer depth of 5,000 feet. Dr. A. C. Lane, the assistant geologist for Michigan, in an article in Mineral Industry on "How Deep Can We Mine?" places the probable limit at 10,000 feet. He sees, however, that enormously rich deposits might lead man to dig to 15,000 feet with profit. The element of danger is not considered in these calculations. In conclusion he says, "The present knowledge cannot foresee reaching a depth of 20,000 feet."

More Foreigners than Natives. Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota and California were the four states which by the federal census of 1890 had a larger foreign-born than native-born male population of voting age.

LAND OF GREAT PROMISE.

Wonderful Resources of the Western Canada Country Being Recognized and Rapidly Developed.

IN these days, when the poor man finds it a matter of difficulty to make a living, and when the man of moderate means is hardly able to retain what he may have made, then the poor man, or the small capitalist, or the man out of employment is anxious to know where there is yet a chance not only to make a good living for himself and family, but to secure a competency for declining years. The conditions most favorable to the accumulation of wealth are to be found in the Dominion of Canada, and especially in the western part in that vast stretch of country familiarly known as a quarter of a century ago as the territory of the Hudson Bay Company.

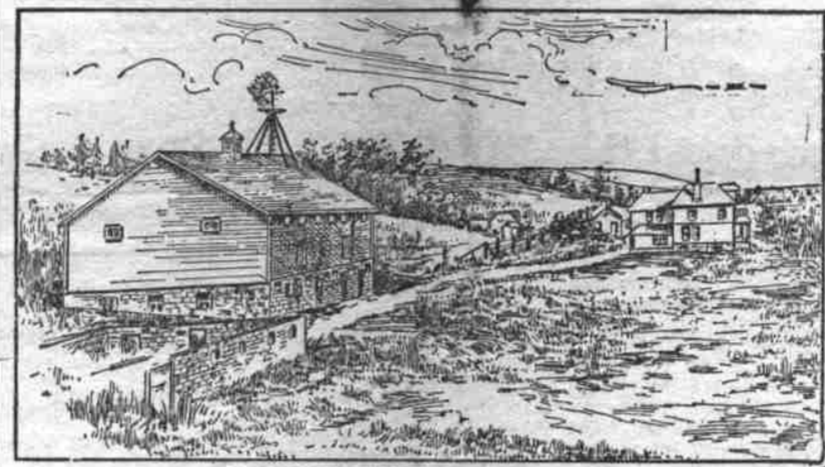
This vast stretch of the best land on the continent is an unknown land to a great many who have not had their attention

directed to it. In fact, not long since a prominent American writer, in an article on the supply of wheat in Europe and America, stated that to the north of the international boundary there is but a fringe of land capable of producing wheat. Since the accession to power in Canada of an energetically colonizing government a great deal has been done to dissipate these errors, and to place this future great country in its proper light before the rest of the world. As a matter of fact, wheat can be successfully grown as far north of the international boundary as Fort Simpson, at the junction of the Liard and Mackenzie rivers. Now this point, let it be noted, is as far northwest of Winnipeg as Winnipeg is northwest of New York City. The great American writer, though skillful with his pen, was not quite up to date with his facts.

Various points. The different kinds of grain, seeds, roots, vegetables, grasses, small fruits, trees and shrubs that it is sought to grow in the country are sown on all the varied soils to be found in these farms. A faithful record of results is kept and published for the benefit of the farmers in the newspapers throughout the country. This is found to be a great advantage to the agricultural community.

The towns and villages, in addition to this, are visited frequently by a traveling school of dairy instructors, whose duty it is to give lectures, accompanied by practical operations, on the art of cattle raising, butter and cheese making, etc.

In this way the best methods known to the country are learned by the settlers without the loss of time or money that would be necessary were they left to their own resources in these matters. In Manitoba a system of farmers' institutes is in



FARM IN WESTERN CANADA.

operation. Practical men make known their most successful methods of farming, and an interchange of experiences is made at these meetings. In short, nothing in reason is left undone by the Government to enable the settler in Western Canada to achieve success.

Climatic conditions. Climatic conditions is one of the chief considerations of the intending emigrant to a new country. In times gone by, when interested parties sought to exclude immigration from this great country, for the reason that they feared the great fur industry of the region would be destroyed, as it has really been, by agriculture, the impression was sent abroad that the country was a wilderness, in which only buffaloes and foxes could live. The falsity of these allegations has now been completely demonstrated. The climate, as described by those who have lived

in the provinces of Canada is nearly perfect. The utmost possible freedom has been given municipalities to manage their own affairs.

No country has a superior educational system. In the western part of Canada, where homes are to be found for the millions, the schools are about three miles apart in settled districts, and they are free. All the expenses, including teachers' salaries, are paid by a Government grant and a general taxation on the land, whether occupied or not, within the district. The teachers are all properly certificated. One-eighth part of the whole of the "Fertile Belt" from Pembina to the Saskatchewan and beyond, is set apart for the maintenance of schools—certainly a very liberal and wise pro-



A MANITOBA WHEAT FIELD.

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vision. As showing the growth of the country, it may be stated that the school population of Manitoba in 1871 was about 800. At the present writing it exceeds 50,000. There were 246 teachers in the province in 1873. There are now 1,200. The average salary paid teachers in rural districts is \$368 per year. The schools are thoroughly inspected at intervals to see that they are kept up to the mark.

Mr. J. A. Smart, deputy minister of the interior at Ottawa, Canada, has a large immigration staff, at the head of which is Mr. F. Pedley, the superintendent. The latter gentleman delights to talk of Canada's resources, and in the course of a conversation with the writer said that Government experimental farms, in connection with the educational department of the country, have been established at

various points. The different kinds of grain, seeds, roots, vegetables, grasses, small fruits, trees and shrubs that it is sought to grow in the country are sown on all the varied soils to be found in these farms. A faithful record of results is kept and published for the benefit of the farmers in the newspapers throughout the country. This is found to be a great advantage to the agricultural community.

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The winters are by no means discomforting. The air is crisp and dry, and a temperature of 40 degrees below zero is less uncomfortable in that atmosphere than 10 degrees above in the moisture-laden atmosphere of the Atlantic coast. This is the testimony of all who have lived in both climates. The weather during each season is steady, not changeable as in the East.

The wheat of Western Canada is well known to be extremely hard, and the yield from 30 to 50 per cent more than in the States south of boundary line. Here is an easily explained reason for this: In winter the frost penetrates the ground to a considerable depth; the sub-soil throughout the intense heat of the summer is kept moist by the slow melting of these deep frosts. The moisture, ascending towards the surface, nourishes the roots of the grain, stimulating growth and producing the bountiful crops for which this region is now so justly famed. Again, the sunshine is a little longer just when needed, when the heads are ripening, there being nearly two hours more daylight daily from the middle of June to the first of July than in our State of Ohio.

The average yield varies with varying conditions. The average some years has been over thirty bushels per acre, while in other years it has fallen to eighteen bushels. With reasonable prices even the lowest average will yield very large profits. The cost of raising an acre is from \$5 to \$7. It is easy to see what a wheat field of 100 acres will do. As to the heaviness of the crops, an American consul has written that in the harvest time the entire labor to be found was wholly inadequate to the task of harvesting. The wheat was so tall and stout, and so heavily laden with grain that the work of reaping and stacking was extremely exhausting. The weight of the grain was so great that the reaping machines were frequently broken.

Great Grain Country. Not only wheat, but oats, barley and peas grow prodigiously. Oats yield from sixty to ninety bushels per acre, sometimes over 100. The barley is of such superior quality that it is sought after by brewers everywhere, and readily sells for several cents per bushel more than barley of any other country. Peas, which are entirely free from grubs and bugs, yield splendidly and are as hog fodder in every way superior to corn. To their use experts attribute the absence of hog cholera in this country. Yet corn is grown sometimes for fodder and ensilage, and some of it grows as high as ten or twelve feet.

In oats, the experimental farms show a great record for three successive years. Taking twelve varieties, the Manitoba experimental farm shows an average yield of 75 bushels 20 pounds to the acre. The farm for the Northwest territories for the same period shows, in twelve different varieties, an average yield of 80 bushels and 23 pounds per acre. In two-rowed barley, with six varieties, the Manitoba farm shows an average yield of 42 bushels 81 pounds per acre; that of the Northwest Territory, 56 bushels 26 pounds per

acre. In six-rowed barley, six varieties, the Manitoba farm shows an average of 51 bushels one pound per acre; the Northwest Territories' farm 60 bushels 6 pounds per acre. In spring wheat, with twelve varieties, the average at the Manitoba farm for three years was 35 bushels 28 pounds per acre; at the Northwest Territories' farm 41 bushels 11 pounds per acre. In potatoes, the average crop with twelve varieties for three years at the Manitoba farm 343 bushels 50 pounds per acre; at the Northwest Territories' farm 300 bushels 15 pounds per acre. It is safe to say that no other country in the world can show averages approaching this yield of wheat, oats, barley and potatoes.

Wild fruits, especially of the smaller kinds, as strawberries, cherries, grapes, plums, etc., grow in great abundance and are in flavor superior to those grown in the East. Dairying has already made rapid strides. The butter of Western Canada finds its way to the Eastern and English markets, and is highly appreciated. Horses and cattle thrive well on these prairie farms, and the average of first-class stock there is probably higher than in any other part of the continent. Sheep, hogs and poultry are all profitable branches of farming in Western Canada, and the value of the exports is increasing every year.

In Western Canada is to be found the only remaining territory on this continent in which the man of small means can go into ranching on a large scale and watch his wealth increase with the development of his herds of cattle and horses on the boundless plains. The district of Alberta, immediately to the east of British Columbia, is pre-eminently adapted to the occupation of the rancher. It contains an area of 100,000 square miles in round numbers, and is from north to south 490 miles, and from east to west 250 miles. Southern Alberta is essentially a ranching and dairying country. The opportunities offered here in this respect are unparalleled by any other country in the world. It is an open rolling country, and well watered. The valley and bench lands produce luxuriantly a most nutritious growth of native grasses. Cattle, horses and sheep graze outside the whole year. Profits are large, \$35 to \$45 per head being paid on the ranges for steers which cost their owners only the interest on their original investment on the land and stocking the ranch, and their share of the annual round-up. The climate is one of the attractive features of the district. Winters are very mild with a very slight snow fall. The prevailing winds blow from the west, coming from the balmy Pacific ocean through the low mountain passes. These dissipate any snow that falls, and thus enable cattle to find their own fodder during the entire year. The summers are hot and dry.

Freddie—Say, dad, why are there no marriages in heaven? Henpecker—Because it's heaven.—Town Topics.

Flim—What's your business? Flam—Contractor. Flim—What line? Flam—Debits.—Town Topics.

Teacher—Willie, where is the capital of the United States? Willie—Todate—In the trusts.—Town Topics.

And lithe of limb: Traveler—Are the mosquitoes thick around here? Suburbanite—No; long and slim.—Life.

Briggs—I've got a splendid story to tell at the club dinner to-night. Griggs—Which one is it?—Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, poor Mrs. Gabber died an unspeakably hard death." "What killed her?" "Lockjaw."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Doesn't it cost you a good deal to run this yacht, old man?" "Yes; but my wife can't spend a cent when she's here."—Life.

Tenant—But does the chimney always smoke like this? Landlord—Oh, no! Only when there's a fire in the grate.—Exchange.

Editor—Did you write these jokes yourself? Would-be Contributor—Yes, sir. Editor—You must be older than you look.—Crier.

The little dressmaker who was walking across a field, on encountering a bull, said she guessed she'd better cut bias to avoid a gore.—Bazar.

Good Man—Do you know where little boys go who smoke cigarettes? Bad Boy—Yes! They goes out in de woods.—Chicago News.

Squiff—The cycle is superseding the horse everywhere. Biff—Yes; I found a piece of pneumatic tire in my sassage this morning.—Tit-Bits.

"My curiosity is running away with me," said the farmer, when his two-headed calf broke loose and towed him around the barnyard.—Ex.

"Did that woman give any reason for attempting suicide?" "Yes, yer honor." "What was it?" "She says she wanted to kill herself."—Chicago Record.

Jaggles—"He's the greatest living authority on rattlesnakes. Waggles—That isn't saying much; most of the authorities don't live long.—Puck.

Orator—No, gentlemen; I tell you that if you want a thing to be done well, you must always do it yourself. Voice from the crowd—How about getting your hair cut?—Ex.

Mamma (at the breakfast table)—You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie. Georgie—I am usin' it, mamma; I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.—Ex.

Smith—What! Are you learning to fence, Jones? Jones—Yes; you see I'm going to a peace conference, and it's just as well to be prepared.—Boston Globe.

Mrs. Lash—What did you get baby for a birthday present? Mrs. Rashi—I took \$10 out of the little darling's bank and bought him this lovely lamp for the drawing-room.—Tit-Bits.

At the Royal Academy: "This portrait makes her look prettier than she did when I met her, Jane?" "Of course, ma, the artist paints so much better than she does."—Pick-Me-Up.

Attorney (sternly)—The witness will please state if the prisoner was in the habit of whistling when alone. Witness—I don't know; I was never with the prisoner when he was alone.—Ex.

Any (reading)—He gave her a jeweled v-i-n-a-i-g-r-e-t-t-e—how do you pronounce that, Uncle Isaac? Uncle Isaac (gruffly)—