INLAND.

My home is far above the ocean sands.
Too far to watch the surges roll and break;
But every day across those meadow-lands
Fly sea-gulls toward the lake.

No sound of dashing waves the silence brings;
No foam, like drifting snow, delights the eye;
Instead, a sudden cloud of rushing wings
Gleams white against the sky.

The sight of graceful schooners sailing fast,
Straight to their harbor, is denied me;
But I can see the fair gulls soaring past.
They are my ships and sea.
—Harper's Bazar.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER I—CONTINUED.

The bearskin was raised once again, and a younger man entered. He was nearly as tall as George Maclane, and although his cast of features betrayed a family likeness to the elder man, there was less of the cruelty about his lips, and less of the obstinate squareness about his jaws. He was dark of skin, which matched curiously with the reddish brown of his hair and beard. Dave Maclane was George's nephew and Lucy's cousin, the son of a frontiersman who had paid the penalty of his pioneerdom and fallen under a poisoned Pueblo arrow. People about the mountain stations said that Dave was Lucy's intended husband, and the young man when questioned about the subject, never denied the soft impeachment.

The two men fell upon the food that stood ready for them with appetites sharpened by a long journey. They had come all the way from Hatcher's Hole, the nearest trading station, a distance of full thirty miles, having gone there to obtain a fresh supply of powder, and other necessities. The girl stood by while they cut great slices from the joint, and spread them upon their corncakes, dipping the two together into the salt, and biting off the pieces without further ado.

The hearty meal was washed down with draughts of the fiery Taos whisky, tempered in minute proportion, with mountain water. That over, the two men went outside and sat themselves down on the log-stumps, which stood ready there, to smoke their big sassafras-root pipes. The conversation was made up of the banalities of the time and place, and Lucy, who had resumed her knitting, joined in it but little.

On a sudden, George jumped up and walked along the path that led up hill, with his eyes fixed intently on the moonlit ground in front of him.

"Thar's bin somebody heyar," he said, with quiet intensity. "Who's bin by heyar?" he asked, turning to Lucy. "Who's gone to Dick Ashland's?"

"A stranger," the girl replied, casually.

"I guess I know who it is." George continued. "I guess he was bound for Dick's, when he was that soft and soapy at Hatcher's. I might 'a known he was going to Dick Ashland's."

"Waal, an' what o' that?" Lucy asked.

"Yew mind yewr pot, my girl," the elder Maclane retorted, "an' jist look that yewr fat don't burn. That's what yew've got to do, I reckon. It wur a tall stranger—dark, youngish, wur it not?"

"That's him," Lucy answered.

"I told yew, Dave," the elder man continued, turning to his nephew. "I wur sure of it. I wur that sure of it, that I'd bet a hundred-dollar bill on it. I tell yew, Dick Ashland's jumped gold. He's got a-head o' me, an' that thar stranger's come to help him git it. Damnation! he shan't git a-head o' me. This is my country. He'd a never come heyar, if it hadn't a-bin to follow my clue."

His hand wandered instinctively to the big knife in his belt, and half unsheathed it.

"Dave," he said, with a savage quiet, "come along o' me. I reckon I've got something to say to yew."

The two men strolled away into the night. The girl, still sitting on the log, dropped her knitting on her lap, and listened, with a confused throbbing at heart, to the sound of the steps as they died away among the cedars beyond.

CHAPTER II.

If there was ever a man, who represented in a worthy and stalwart fashion the bone, the sinew, the pluck, the perseverance, and the indomitable courage of the hardy English yeoman, driven from a Staffordshire home by hard times, and a harder landlord, that man was Dick Ashland. His father and his grandfather, before him, had farmed some meagre lands at Chauncey Green, in South Staffordshire, and when the old man died, an elder brother claimed possession of the farm. There was an aged mother to support, and Dick Ashland shared that duty with his brother, though he did not share the latter's inheritance. Dick tried a little farming of his own, and was uniformly unlucky. Rent accrued, and for its payment, goods, chattels, implements, and stock were seized and sold, until Dick Ashland, sick at heart, and despairing of success at home, went to seek fortune in a freer and less iron-hearted country. Fortune did not smile very broadly on Ashland, even when he reached the vast prairies. He worked hard, but year after year passed on, and he was not much the richer. He was hard-witted and shrewd withal, and in days gone by, he dabbled a little in coal and iron-stone mining. When, therefore, he built a hut far up the mountain, and lived there year in and year out in stubborn loneliness, George Maclane, like others beside him, came to the conclusion that Dick Ashland was like themselves, hunting for that fabulous gold, with which, according to rumor, the region teemed, but which no one yet had been able to find.

Herbert was a younger — the youngest son, in fact, of the earl of Cleve, and his lordship had been blessed, by his lady, with nine children, which included six then grown-up and marriageable, but unmarried daughters. His lordship was not a hard-hearted father, but six marriageable and unmarried daughters, each of them engaged in frantic efforts to enter the state of holy matrimony, and each of them failing repeatedly and decisively, are apt to sour the best of tempers among elderly gentlemen, and the result was that Lord Cleve looked with a less lenient eye, than he might otherwise have done, upon the escapades of his younger son. Herbert had the misfortune of resembling, in a marked degree, his mother, who had been supremely beautiful, whilst his two elder brothers, and all the young ladies, were juvenile reproductions of the face and features of my lord, who was ferociously ugly. A day of reckoning came, and Herbert Chauncey, badgered by creditors, whom he could not pay, denied assistance by his father and by his brothers, followed in the wake of Dick Ashland, to lead a wild and hardy life on the Western plains, where his genial bonhomie, his manly and distinguished bearing, won him many friends.

While engaged in hunting the buffalo on the Platte river, where at that time they were still to be found in huge herds, a letter of Dick Ashland's reached him, begging him to come to the mountain hut.

"I have something to tell you, Mister Herbert," Dick wrote, "that will be worth while going to hear, I want your arm and head both."

Herbert, in the vigor of his youthful impulse, had saddled his horse and fitted it for the journey ere that letter had been two hours in his pocket. The journey of two-hundred miles, between the Platte and the Sangre de Christo range, lay across barren plains, where, in many parts, both horse and rider wanted for ordinary necessities. But Herbert Chauncey was not easily daunted, and when he dashed across Blacknose Corner that afternoon, his spirits were buoyant as though he had just completed a ten-mile journey.

The two men were speaking in undertones, taking short puffs of their pipes in the meanwhile.

"There's enough of it Mr. Herbert," Dick Ashland said, accentuating each word by a tap on his companion's knee, "to pave the street at the Green. Theer's tons on it likely, and no great job to get at it neither. The only wonder is that it hasn't been spotted afore this."

"But with all this untold wealth around us," Herbert interrupted, "why haven't you let me know before?"

"I wanted to make sure of it, I wanted to know exactly what I was about."

"Well, the best thing we can do now, I suppose," said Chauncey, "is to send to Hatcher's and get some hands to help us."

The yeoman gave a low whistle.

"No, thank you," he exclaimed. "Not if I know it. I don't want my throat cut, not just yet. My find wouldn't be no good to me if I were rotting at the bottom of one of the canyons."

"What do you mean?" the young man asked eagerly.

Ashland looked warily about the place as if, even in the lonely wilderness, he was afraid of being overheard by a prying ear.

"What do I mean?" he asked, with intense earnestness. "I mean that if as much as a whisper got abroad that I'd made this find—that if a human finger could point out the spot where it lies, our lives wouldn't be worth four-and-twenty-hours purchase. We'd have all the scoundrels of the plains down upon us, and they'd think no more of blowing out our brains from behind, and then killing one another to get hold of the booty, than of eating their dinners."

Herbert stretched his legs widely.

"That's warm," he said quietly.

"You'd find it warmer than you cared for, Mr. Herbert," Dick continued; "and if we want to save our skins and my gold as well, we've just got to put our heads together, that we have. It's easy that does it this time, and we've got to work slow and sure. Theer's enough theer to set up a dozen on us for life, and we mustn't lose our heads in getting it."

"What do you propose to do?" Chauncey asked.

"Our only chance is to get government protection, and they wouldn't give us that without an order from Fort Bent. I'm not much afraid of anybody else finding the place. It's taken me just seventeen months, and then I only stumbled across it by a fluke. All the same I don't intend to leave it without one on us keeping an eye on it. What we'll have to do is to pick out enough to show that the stuff is theer all right, and then you or I will have to ride to Fort Bent and get Captain McAfferty to send a squad of soldiers here. All these cut throats will fight shy of Uncle Sam's uniform, though we shall have no little trouble even then."

"Where's the difficulty in all this?" Herbert asked.

"No difficulty," Ashland replied, "if we only keep our heads clear, and our nerves stiff. But theer are over half-a-dozen stations between here and Fort Bent, and if, at any of these, so much as a breath got abroad of what we are about, neither I nor you would live to see the end of it."

He again turned and looked around cautiously.

"I thought I heard something ove among them cedars," he said. "Don't take any notice of it. You may have been followed. I'll go by-and-by and look from another place. Did you tell anybody at Hatcher's you were coming here?"

"No," the young man replied, "I had no need of that; your description of the road was plain enough; but I remember now. I did ask a girl, about two miles down, how far it was to your place."

"That was foolish," said Ashland. "That girl was Lucy Maclane, Freckled George's daughter, and he's the man of all others that I'm most afraid of. He's always dodging and dodging me about, but I've put him off the scent so far. He's been on the same game as myself these months past, and he's as great a rascal as is to be found on the plains. That killing of Dick Maguire was never properly explained. George insists that it was done in fair fight, but I for one don't believe it. I'm sure theer's someone dodging about among them cedars," Ashland continued.

"Perhaps it's some beast," Herbert suggested.

"Not a bit of it," Dick replied. "Theer's no game theer this time o' the day. You sit here and I'll get round to the back of the cabin and from theer I'll quietly climb on to the rock, and if theer's anything alive among them cedars I'll spot it. Keep your weather eye skinned while I'm away."

With that he rose and sauntered carelessly to the door of the small, rude log hut which formed his habitation. He stolidly walked to the further end of it, and there disappeared.

The hut had been built on a ledge of the rock, some 200 yards square, which jutted out, a smiling headland, over the gaping jaws of a wild canyon. The mountain rose sheer and steep from the chasm, as if heaven's lightning had split the solid rock asunder, and had thus left an all time token of its fury. The flesh-colored crystalline feldspar gleamed along the face of the canyon side, but stunted cedars and pines, and insinuating shrubs struggled for life along a hundred little ledges, wherever the fierce wind had deposited a handful of loose earth, and covered with their browns and greens the metallic purplish blue-grey that prevailed more than other tints.

"Begad," he said to himself, "this beats your pantomimes and sensational dramas hollow. And to think that there's gold—bushels of it, tons of it — lying somewhere about. And I'm to have my share of it. Who says there's no such thing as luck in this world. Gold!" he repeated to himself. "Gold! gold! tons of gold!"

He shook himself together on a sudden, and commenced to pace up and down.

"That was a pretty girl," he murmured to himself; "a downright jolly girl. And looked to me, too, as though she were a good girl. The sort of a girl that would stick to a man through thick and thin and help him fight it out though the devil and his chances were against him. Dick doesn't like her father, but he didn't say a word against the girl. He'd have mentioned it if there had been anything against her. No, no. She's a little brick, I'm sure. And if I'd dress her in a nice gown and polish her a bit, she'd drive the girls at the Towers mad with envy. A long way between here and Staffordshire, but if there isn't a slip betwixt the cup and the lip I'll take her there, or my name isn't Herbert Chauncey."

A broad hand tapped him on the shoulder. It was Dick.

"I was mistook," said the yeoman, "theer's nobody theer. It must have been some beast after all. But I think we'd better wait until it's quite night for all that, before we climb down and have a look at my find."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Significance of Diamonds.

A lawyer, in explaining the phrase, "If I can manage to hang on to my diamonds I guess I can pull through," said: "If a man is in the habit of wearing this sort of ornament his associates are bound to notice it. In a time when men are going to pieces all sorts of signs are looked for by business men that will indicate the financial standing of a customer. If they notice that a man who has been in the habit of wearing expensive jewelry suddenly appears without any of his usual jewels they are apt to conclude that he is being pushed so hard that he had to realize on personal property, and his credit goes down."

Killing a Horse by Throwing.

There is a certain way that experienced stockmen know of throwing a horse down so as to break his neck and kill him at once. An ordinary halter is put on the horse, the lead-strap from it passed between the horse's front legs, a turn being taken around the far one near the fetlock. The executioner then hits the horse a sharp cut with a whip, and when he jumps up pulls sharply and strongly on the halter strap. The horse strikes head first, with the entire weight on his neck. The fall is invariably fatal.

He Knew His Boy.

Orator—Where else will you find in one spot such products as marble, iron, clay, chalk, copper, lead, slate, glucose, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax, and all manner of grains?

Man in the Audience—In my boy's pocket.

A True Christian.

Mabel—What makes you think you are a Christian?

Blanche—Well, last night when Fred smacked me on one cheek I turned to him the other.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

THE IMPORTANT MATTER OF A WATER SUPPLY.

Pure Water for Stock as Well as Family a Necessity—Prompt Returns — Why Queens Are Balled—Agricultural Hints and Household Helps.

Water Supply of the Farm.

One of the most important parts of the management of the farm, as well as the farm household, is the water supply. There is far too much ignorance or neglect in this regard, the results of which are always costly and sometimes disastrous. Water is really the most important aliment of all animals.

Every person should know that the fatal fevers of fall and winter are all caused by impurities in the water, and in regard to cows, especially that impure water may infect the milk so as to carry disease to the consumers of it, while, by a certain physiological influence by which the milk will carry off from a cow the germs of disease or other poisonous matters, the animal escapes, but those who use the milk will receive the infection.

Thus the importance of securing a supply of pure water for the farm stock is as great as that of the provision for the family. And at the same time there are some considerations of convenience to be thought of.

The winter is the dry time in the North, while the summer is the dry time in the South. And what will be here suggested may be equally applicable to the South and the North, only the seasons will be reversed. And it is a curious proof of this reversal of condition that the fever season is rife during the summer in the South, but in the winter in the North.

The purest water that can be procured is that which is distilled from the clouds, writes Henry Stewart in the New York Times. In nature's laboratory everything is made pure. It is only when it is contaminated by the dead and decaying matter of the earth that the water or the air becomes defiled. And this is precisely what is the matter with most of the water from springs and many wells. It washes the soil, the most effective means of disposing of the dead matter, the wastes of nature and of mankind, and in the ordinary operations of nature the water would carry all this waste to the ocean, where it becomes changed into food for marine animals, upon which the fishes feed, and thus it returns once more freed from all impurities into another round of life. But when we interrupt this course of nature without due care and precaution we violate a natural law, and whether it is done deliberately or in ignorance, nature claims the unavoidable penalty and we suffer the consequences.

The cistern must be underground, as well for convenience and safety from frost as for the preservation of a desirable temperature of the water. In this way, in the South, cool water may be had in the hot summer, and in the North warm water may be had in the cold winter. The right form of the cistern, both for strength and room, is a section of an egg with the top cut off.

A strong man can only with difficulty crush an egg in his hands by pressing only the ends of it. The seemingly fragile shell resists great pressure, that would crush a perfectly round body quite easily, although a globular form has much more strength than a square or a cube.

The material of which a cistern is best made is hard brick laid endways for a large cistern, or sideways for one of moderate size. The brick should be laid in water lime, with two parts of sand added. The joints should be as narrow as will give a perfect adhesion between the bricks; a little less than a quarter of an inch will be sufficient. The digging should be made from the top to the middle of the bulge straight down and then be finished in the shape desired. The reason for this is that it is not easy to work in it if the top overhangs. A flat stone is first bedded in the cement at the bottom, on which the workman stands while building the wall. The joints of the bricks with this must be closed, and it is indispensable that the brick should be laid tight against the solid earth as the work proceeds, so that the pressure of the water inside may not crush out the wall. Quite contrary to common ideas, the greatest pressure in a cistern is from within, and this is often ignored and the wall is pressed out by the weight of the water, and, having no solid backing of earth the cistern is apt to give way. So that when the cistern begins to narrow in it is absolutely necessary to pack the loose earth tight against the wall outside. And to aid in this it is well to pour water on the packed earth to make it quite solid. In this way the wall is carried to the top, leaving only an opening sufficiently large for the admission of a man to the inside when it may be necessary.

It is a wise precaution in laying bricks to plaster the outside all over. This is done by spreading some of the cement on the earth at the lower part and pressing the bricks close against it, and when the wall is drawn in plastering the outside. This prevents leakage from the outside into the cistern, which has the effect of loosening the inside covering of cement.

The stone covering the mouth of the cistern should be two feet under ground, wherever the freezing of the soil might penetrate so far, and equally where the summer's heat is to be kept out, this covering is advisable. The usual temperature of the soil at the depth required is very near an average of sixty degrees, which is warm in the winter, but cool in the summer, and this is very desirable for the water. The surface over the stone is covered by a frame of durable planks laid on four sills and well spiked down. The pipe passes through this, and the pump is screwed on to this pipe. It is desirable to have a small hole drilled into the pipe just under the covering, and to put a petcock in it, to let the water down to a safe point to avoid freezing of it in the pipe. As soon as the water is drawn from the pump, the water runs down to the level of that in the cistern, and thus this danger is avoided. A few holes are also drilled in the pipe, four inches above the bottom, so that the dregs of the cistern are not drawn up with the water. The bottom of the pipe is, of course, plugged tight. This is quite an important matter that is often lost sight of.

The capacity of a cistern of this shape is, for one eight feet in diameter, about 200 gallons to the foot in depth; ten feet in diameter, 320 gallons to the foot, and twelve feet, 470 gallons. Thus a cistern ten feet wide at one-third the height from the bottom and ten feet in depth will hold about 100 barrels of water, equal to the supply of ten cows for nearly three months, without any addition to it. If the water is filtered as it falls from the roofs through a box of beech shavings or coarse sand and gravel, it will be clear of sediment, and will make frequent cleaning of the cistern unnecessary.

Prompt Returns.

Mr. H. C. Adams says that when a man goes into the dairy business, he is going to get a return for his investment before twenty-four hours are over, the cow declares a dividend before night. You don't have to wait twelve months; a farmer in the dairy business, running it in an intelligent way, is in a business which brings him in money every day in the year; that is above the ordinary contingencies of the weather, which may affect your grain crops.

The farmer who is a dairyman is stimulated by this quick return which comes into his pocket each day in the year; he becomes more of a business man than the other farmers, he is a manufacturer and he acquires business sense and makes that study of the market which all manufacturers must have to make them successful. He becomes sharpened and brightened by contact with men in other lines of business, he becomes in short more of a business man. Another important thing is here; when the dairyman sells $100 worth of products from his farm, he is not robbing that farm of its fertility. When the farmer sells $100 worth of crops, he takes $25 worth of fertility out of the soil.—Farmers Voice.

Why Queens Are Balled.

Mrs. Atchley tells a correspondent that the reason bees from her own hive balled their queen when he returned her, was on account of the sting poison the bees had saturated her with. Bees will ball their own queen just as quickly as a strange one, when she has sting poison on her. The next time a queen takes wing, shake a frame of bees right down in front of the entrance, and close the hive quickly, step back out of the way and she will return all right. In some instances it may be better to keep the queens caged a few days in the hive before giving the bees access to the candy, but I never do; I always see that they have candy enough to completely fill up the food hole, as when a queen has come a long way the candy may nearly be gone; in such cases there ought to be more candy put in. I seldom lose a queen by the candy plan.—Journal of Agriculture.

Agricultural Hints.

The South is buying hay of the North. The South is capable of producing its own hay, if it will.

If you have a piece of low land, marsh perhaps, drain it, and you will make it the best land on your farm.

It is not best to begin to husk corn as soon as it is shocked. Often, owing to the weather, it will mold if husked too soon.

Millet seed affects the kidneys of animals. If the millet is cut too late, it must be fed very carefully on account of the seed.

Keep the dog from barking at passing teams. It frightens horses and may cause runaways. The place for a dog is inside the fence.

There is often plenty of time and good weather in winter to put up fencing. Digging through the frozen ground may be a little hard, but what else have you to do? In cities the ground is broken up for buildings when it is frozen pretty deep.

Household Helps.

The custom of brushing a tablecloth instead of shaking it as formerly has two good points. It does not scatter the crumbs abroad, but collects them tidily. And it does not crumple the cloth, which was sadly mussed at the old time method of eldaring the table.

We do many careless things which often involve serious consequences. It is a very common thing to light a match when hunting in dark rooms or closets for some articles wanted. This is what a suburban young lady did the other night. She needed something in a spare room closet and struck a match to look for it, forgetting a tulle evening dress skirt which hung there and which blazed up in a very lively way. Fortunately there was little harm done, but mademoiselle had to go about with a bandaged hand for a week.

WORN BY NAPOLEON.

What the Little Corsican Spent for His Wardrobe—His Coronation.

Napoleon has been characterized in so many different ways by the numerous writers who have studied his career that it is not surprising to find him described as a dandy in the recent work of a French author. The book is by A. Maze-Sencier, and is devoted mainly to the household affairs of the little Corsican.

"It describes in detail," says a reviewer, "the luxury which Napoleon surrounded his first extravagant wife—who, even after the divorce, could not get along on 300,000 francs a year—and his second modest one, and his manner of living. In reality Napoleon was not extravagant as far as his own person was concerned. When he had himself crowned as emperor 70,000 francs a year were set aside for his wardrobe, but he never spent more than 20,000 francs for that purpose. The price of his uniforms varied between 200 and 240 francs, and he wore them as long as possible, not considering it beneath his dignity to wear mended clothes. In rainy and cold weather he wrapped himself in a simple gray mantle for which his tailor charged him 190 francs. As is well known, Napoleon preferred generally small, homely hats, for which he paid 48 francs each.

"For the court perfumes, however, the emperor was a good customer. He used incredible quantities of eau de cologne, as he considered it not only refreshing but wholesome, and washed his body in it every morning. Between June and September, 1806, he used no fewer than 162 bottles of eau de cologne, paying 423 francs for them. He was also exceedingly fond of the smell of the aloe. In 1808 he gave 720 francs for ten ounces of aloe. Costly soap, four and five francs a cake, he also used. He was also a good customer of the glove-makers. In 1808 he had forty-eight pairs made of deerskin and twenty-four pairs of goatskin. How long these lasted is not told, but there were many similar purchases.

"Napoleon, however, was extremely particular as to his linen. He was very cleanly, and changed his underwear and dress shirts daily. The finest linen was used for his dress shirts, as can be seen from the fact that in 1808 more than 5,000 francs was spent for the material for six dozen shirts. One hundred handkerchiefs cost him 1,400 francs. For linen of various kinds the emperor spent 10,000 francs in 1808—almost half of the sum which he usually spent on his wardrobe.

"At no time, however, did the court purveyors enjoy greater harvest than when he was crowned and annointed emperor. Never before were so many magnificent presents sent from the Tullieries, and never before did the royal palace on the banks of the Seine see such display. The coronation clothing of the emperor and empress cost together 650,000 francs, and that of the courtiers 150,000. For ornaments of various kinds, 700,000 francs was expended, and for memorial medals, 20,000. All told, the cost of the coronation was about 5,000,000 francs. No monarch of the ancient regime expended so much on a similar occasion. Napoleon I., however, was never embarrassed financially. He kept his private treasury, as well as the state treasury, in the best order. Far from allowing his purveyors to take advantage of him, he examined every bill, even for the most insignificant thing which was purchased for his court. Almost invariably the merchants were obliged to lower their prices."

Busy New York State.

New York grows 5,000,000 tons of hay and raises 30,000,000 bushels of potatoes. The internal trade of New York exceeds $2,000,000,000 a year; $1,650,000,000 of freight passes over the railroads, $150,000,000 over the canals and $250,000,000 over the sound and lakes. New York sustains over 1,000 newspapers and periodicals, has $600,000,000 in the savings banks, $300,000,000 in insurance companies and $700,000,000 in capital and loans of the banks. There are 6,000 miles of railroads, which cost over $600,000,000. There are 23,000,000 acres of farm lands, valued at $1,056,000,000, and annually producing $178,000,000.

Pollard Willows.

"Powder willows" is the name in Northern Delaware for those pollard swamp willows commonly seen in meadows. The powder-making Du ponts established a market for this wood in Delaware a century ago and every stream for a dozen miles above Wilmington is lined with these trees. Some have grown to enormous size, and all the older ones are picturesque with great fluffy green balls of foliage in the spring, and dense spheres of mistletoe gray twigs in winter.

It Reminded Her.

The young man was prematurely gray, and was not a little proud of it.

"Looks quite poetic, don't you think?" he could not forbear asking of the young woman he was calling on.

"It does remind me of a certain poem, I must admit," said she.

"And what poem is that?"

"When the frost is on the punkin, And his hair went on whitening at a more rapid rate than ever.

A Jewel in the Country's Crown.

The cereals, hay and root crops of California are valued at $70,000,000 yearly. There are over 20,000,000 fruit trees, and 17,000,000 gallons of wine and 1,000,000 gallons of brandy are made every year. The sheep yield 35,000,000 pounds of wool, and 15,000,000 pounds of butter and cheese are annually produced.