

### The Complaint of the Violets.

By the silent foot of the shadowy hill  
We slept in our green retreats,  
And the April showers were wont to fill  
Our hearts with sweetest.  
And though we lay in a lonely bower,  
Yet all things loved us well,  
And the waking bee left its faintest flower  
With us to dwell.  
But the warm May came in his pride to woo  
The wealth of our virgin store,  
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew  
Their sweets no more!  
And the summer reigns on the quiet spot  
Where we dwell—and its sun and showers  
Bring balm to our sisters' hearts, but not—  
Oh! not to ours!  
We live—we bloom—but for ever o'er  
In the charm of the earth and sky;  
To our life, ye heavens, that balm restore,  
Oh! bid us die!

### THE HEAVY CROSS.

Robert Hope and Samuel Hullins had lived neighbors for more than twelve years; and it is probable they would always have been on good terms, had not Samuel, who had served under Admiral Nelson, gained at Trafalgar a small pension, which he had paid for by the loss of one of his legs; this leg less, and this pension more, were for Robert a continual source of jealousy; he accused fate for having left him his two feet, and complained bitterly that he had not been able, as he said, to sell his legs at the same price with Hullins. Every time he went to pay his rent, he repeated grumblingly that his neighbor was very fortunate; that he was in a condition to meet his bills, since the king gave him a good pension; while he, poor fellow, had hard work to make both ends of the year meet, without taking into account his creditors.

Robert at first contented himself with making these reflections inwardly, but by degrees his dissatisfaction was expressed aloud, and became his habitual and favorite theme of conversation.

One week that his rent had fallen behind-hand, and he was sadly advancing toward the house of Mr. Taylor, in order to make his excuses for the delay, he met neighbor Hullins, who was as regular as a clock in paying his rent, and had just been for that purpose.

The very sight of Samuel produced on Robert the effect of a fit of sickness; so, when he bowed in reply to the salute of Hullins, his glance singularly resembled that of a bull shaking his horns at a dog.

Arrived at the house of the proprietor, Hope did not fail to be reprimanded; the example of his neighbor was cited, who always paid punctually, and to the last penny.

"Yes, yes," murmured Robert, "some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths. Hullins is very fortunate, and I am not surprised that he pays punctually with such a pension."  
"Hullins has a pension, it is true," replied Mr. Taylor, "but his infirmity is a heavy cross, and if you were afflicted with it, I should pity you much more."

"Not so," said Hope. "If I had been so fortunate as to lose a leg, like him, twenty years ago, it would have been a productive day for me. I would sell all my limbs at the same price. Do you call his oak leg a heavy cross? I think his pension should render it light. The heaviest cross that I know of is to be obliged to labor incessantly."

Mr. Taylor was a man of jovious humor, but a close observer. He had for a long time noticed the envious disposition of Robert, and resolved to convince him that the lightest cross might become heavy to a discontented mind.

"I see," said he to Hope, "that you are disposed to do nothing. Well! I will exempt you from this obligation to labor of which you complain so bitterly; if you think the cross of your neighbor Samuel so easy to bear, will you accept a lighter one, if I engage to give you your rent?"

"That depends upon what kind of a cross it is," said Robert anxiously; for he feared that the proposition would not be acceptable.

"This," said Mr. Taylor, taking a piece of chalk and tracing a white cross on Robert's jacket. "During the time that you wear this I shall not demand a penny of your rent."

Hope thought at first that his landlord was jesting; but being assured that he spoke seriously, he exclaimed: "By St. George! you may say that you have seen my last money, for I am willing to wear this cross all my lifetime."

Robert immediately went out, congratulating himself on his fortune, and laughing all along the road at the folly of Mr. Taylor, who had let him off so cheaply from paying his rent.

He had never been so joyous as at the moment of returning home; as he found nothing to complain of, and his dog came to sit down at his feet without being punished for his familiarity.

As he seated himself on his arrival, his wife did not at first notice the white cross which he had upon his shoulder; but having passed her husband to wind up the clock, she suddenly exclaimed in a shrill voice:

"Why, Robert, where have you been? You have on your back a cross a foot long. You have been at the tavern, and some drunkard among your friends has played you a trick to make you look ridiculous. Get up and let me brush off this cross."

"Away!" exclaimed Hope, hastily; "my clothes do not need your brushing. Go knit your stockings, and let me alone."

"That shall not be!" exclaimed Mrs. Hope, in a voice more shrill. "I will not have my husband become the laughing stock of the whole village, and if I tear your jacket to pieces, you shall not wear that ridiculous cross."

As she spoke thus, the wife attempted to brush Robert's shoulder; and the latter who knew that resistance would be useless, walked off, shutting the door after him violently.

"What a fury!" muttered he, as he went away. "If she had been more gentle, I would have told her of my good fortune; but she does not deserve to know it."

"Oh! Oh! Robert!" exclaimed old Fox, at the moment when Hope turned the corner of his house, "what is that white cross on your back?"

"Take care of your own clothes," insolently replied Hope, going his own way.

"Mr. Hope," said little Patty Stevens, the grocer's daughter, "stop one moment, if you please, that I may rub out that great white cross you have on your shoulder."

"Go and sell your herrings, lazy girl," replied Robert, "and do not concern yourself about the passers by."

The little girl, silenced, hastened to re-enter her mother's shop.

At this moment Hope arrived at the house of the butcher, who was conversing on the threshold with his neighbor, the blacksmith.

"You are just the man I wanted," said the latter, stopping Robert; and he began to speak to him on business; but hardly had he commenced, when old Peggy Turton arrived, in her plaid gown and blue apron.

"Mersey Mr. Hope," exclaimed she, taking up her apron, "what is that on your back?"

Robert turned to tell her to let him alone, but the blacksmith, then perceived the mark which had been made by Mr. Taylor.

"Heavens!" said he, laughing, "he might serve for a sign to the White Cross."

"I suppose," said the butcher, "that his wife has marked him thus for fear of losing him."

Hope felt that there was for him but one method of escaping at the same time from the apron of Peggy, the jokes of the butcher and blacksmith, so he hastened to leave the spot, not without some abusive language to his neighbors; but the cross had begun to weigh more heavily upon his shoulder than he had at first supposed.

The unfortunate Robert seemed destined this day to provoking encounters, for he had gone but a few steps when he found himself opposite the school-house. School was just out, and the scholars were at this moment issuing from the door, ready for any fun that might present itself. Hope was terribly uneasy, and imagined he already heard cries behind him. His fears were realized; he had scarcely passed the school-house door when a long

was heard, and fifty scholars at least began to pursue him and point at him, throwing up their caps in the air.

"Look, look," exclaimed one; "there is a sheep marked for the butcher."

"Don't you see, replied another, "it is a crusader just setting out for Palestine."

And the shouting and laughter recommenced more loudly.

Hope became pale with anger; he turned like a cross dog pursued by children, and, perhaps, would have cruelly revenged himself on his young persecutors, had not Mr. Johnson, the schoolmaster, suddenly appeared at the door of his house.

Robert advanced toward him, complaining of his pupils as being insolent. Mr. Johnson replied that he would not for the world encourage impertinence in them, but that the white cross which he had on his back might make wiser people than boys laugh.

"What is this cross to you?" replied Robert, crossly. "Is not my back my own property?"

The schoolmaster smilingly assented, and Hope went on his way. But the cross was growing heavier and heavier.

He began to think that it would not be so easy to pay his rent in this manner. So much railed had already been heaped upon him, what would it be if the cause were known? His landlord might as well have written on his back a receipt in full.

As he reflected thus, Robert arrived at the tavern. He was passing by when he perceived Mr. Taylor himself on the other side his neighbor Hullins, darning his wooden leg, and conversing with Harry Stokes, the carpenter.

Harry Stokes was the wit of the village, and Hope would not have encountered him before Hullins for the world. He therefore took refuge in the tavern.

But the piece was not long tenable. The drinkers did not fail to perceive the cross, and to rally Hope, who grew angry; the quarrel became violent, and the innkeeper, fearing some serious result, turned Robert out of doors.

The latter had left home with the intention of examining some work which had been offered to him in a neighboring village, but his mind had been so disturbed by old Fox, little Patty Stevens, the blacksmith, the butcher, Peggy Turton, and the school boys, that he resolved to return home, thinking that would be, after all, the most peaceable place.

Have you ever seen, in the month of September, a young partridge, the last of the brood, fluttering along through the fields with a wounded wing? Such was Robert on his way home at that other end of the village. Now he walked rapidly lest he should be overtaken, now slowly lest he should meet some one; now in the road, now in the fields, gliding behind the bushes, climbing the walls and shunning glances like a gipsy who has stolen a chicken from a farmer's poultry yard. At this moment the white cross was as insupportable weight.

At last he reached his dwelling, and this time hoped to find a little rest. But as soon as his wife perceived him she began to cry out:

"Are you not ashamed to come back as you went? Five or six neighbors have asked me if you had lost your senses! Quick! Let me rub out that cross!"

"Away, woman!" exclaimed Robert, exasperated.

"You shall not remain so, Hope; I will not have any one belonging to me so ridiculous. Take off that jacket! take it off this minute, I tell you!"

As she thus spoke, Mrs. Hope attempted to seize her husband's arm; but the latter rudely repulsed her. Mrs. Hope who was not remarkable for patience, replied by a blow, and the result was a scuffle between the two, to the great scandal of the neighbors, who ran to separate them.

Everybody blamed Robert, who, when he became calm, understanding that there was no hope of rest or peace for him otherwise, effaced the cross of his own accord.

The Monday following he carried his rent to the house of his landlord.

"Ah! ah! Robert," said Mr. Taylor,

on perceiving him. "I thought you would soon repent of your bargain. This is a good lesson for envious and impatient dispositions, who are incessantly complaining of God and of life. Remember this, Hope; He who has created us has proportioned our burdens to our strength. Do not complain of being less fortunate than others, for you know not the sufferings of your neighbor. All crosses are heavy; the way to render them light is to bear them with patience, courage and good will."

### THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GERMANY, Gillespie of the Life of the Emperor and Prince at Wiesbaden.

There are some notable personages among the residents of Wiesbaden. First and foremost there is his Imperial Majesty the King of Prussia, and Emperor of Germany, who in virtue of his succession to the plain structure built by the late reigning Duke of Nassau in the market-place, called by courtesy a palace, and his periodical occupation of it for some few days every summer, may be classed among the residents of Wiesbaden. The old King Wilhelm is a great favorite here, in spite of the grievances which the Nassau people complain of in being deprived of the easy and economical administration of their former sovereign, the Duke of Nassau, and subjected to the rigid rule and oppressive taxation of Prussia. His visit is always welcomed with great enthusiasm, and all the people of Wiesbaden are sure to turn out to lift their hats and raise their loud hooches in honor of the gracious old sovereign, ever bowing and smiling as he dashes in an open caleche from the railway station through the broad Wilhelmstrasse to his palace, the streets all fluttering with flags and streamers and the lively emotion of a loyal people. The Emperor is nothing if not a soldier, and is hardly ever seen out of his Pickelhaube (the Prussian helmet) and his closely-buttoned, well-filled blue uniform, and is always bustling about from caserne to caserne, inspecting muskets and cannons, or counseling with staff officers and reviewing the troops.

The Crown Prince and his family are also among the periodical visitors at Wiesbaden, and although received with royal and military honors, their advent is generally hailed with a greater sobriety of welcome. He and his wife seem to affect much of the simplicity of ordinary citizens, and may be seen daily in the streets, arm in arm, in plain costume, accompanied by their children, clinging to father and mother's hands, and perhaps followed by a tall dunkey in the royal livery, at a respectful distance behind. They both are regular attendants, when at Wiesbaden, of the English Church, where chairs are especially provided for them in front of the chancel. They have been much annoyed, it is said, by the English funkiness which insists upon stopping in the pew, and rising and starting, you may be assured, as the princely group enters and leaves the church. The whole party has a very bourgeois look, with the tall, well-brushed prince in plain suit of gray and felt hat, and the short, stout and somewhat dowdyish but tastefully and simply dressed princess on his arm, a little boy in knickerbockers clinging to his father's hand, the eldest girl, who recently married the Prince of Meningen, supporting the mother on the right, and two little girls, with long braids of hair streaming with red ribbons and flapping their backs, following after their parents and attended by a governess or some lady of the household.

A Glacier Meadow of the Sierra. Northern Monthly. Imagine yourself at Tuolumne Soda Springs on the bank of the river a day's journey above the Yosemite Valley. You set off northward through a forest that stretches away indefinitely before you, seemingly unbroken by openings of any kind. As soon as you are fairly into the woods, the gray mountain peaks, with their snow gorges and hollows, are lost to view. The ground is littered with fallen trunks that lie crossed and recrossed like storm-lodged wheat; and besides this close growth of pines, the rich moraine soil supports a luxuriant growth of ribbon-leaved grasses, chiefly bromus, triticum and agrostis, which rear their handsome spikes and panicles above your waist. Making your way through this fertile wilderness, finding lively bits of interest now and then in the squirrels and Clark crows, and perchance in a deer or bear, after the lapse of an hour or two vertical bars of sunshine are seen ahead between the brown shafts of the pines, and then you suddenly emerge from the forest shadows upon a delightful purple lawn lying smooth and free in the light, like a lake.

This is a glacier meadow. It is about a mile and a half long by a quarter of a mile wide. The trees come pressing forward all around in close serried ranks, planting their feet exactly on its margin, and holding themselves erect, strict and orderly like soldiers on parade; thus bounding the meadow with exquisite precision, yet with free curving lines such as nature alone can draw. With inexpressible delight you wade out into the grassy sur-lake, feeling yourself contained in one of nature's most sacred chambers, withdrawn from the sterner influences of the mountains, secure from all intrusion, secure from yourself, free in the universal beauty. And notwithstanding the scene is so impressively spiritual, and you seem dissolved in it, yet everything about you is beating with warm, terrestrial, human love, delightfully substantial and familiar. The rosy pines are types of health and steadfastness; the robins feeding on the sod belong to the same species you have known since childhood; and surely these are the very friend-flowers of the old home garden. Bees hum as in a harvest noon, butterflies waver above the flowers, and like them you live in the vital sunshine, too richly and homogeneously joy-filled to be capable of partial thought. You are all eye, sifted through and through with light and beauty.

Sheep fatten quicker when loose in pens of half a dozen, than by any method of stalling or tying up each sheep.

### SUN-WORSHIP.

The Indians of the great Southwest, as were the natives of ancient Mexico and Peru, are all sun-worshippers. They have various titles for their god, and worship him under various symbols; but it is the sun, the great giver of life and health, that is worshipped everywhere as the supreme power. The moon and the stars are, however, considered gods of lower order, and subject, in some mysterious way, to the sun, and to have control, in a limited manner, over the rain, winds, storms, and weather in general. They all have their sorcerers, or medicine men, who are held in some degree of superstitious awe by the people. In sickness they use incantations of various kinds, and administer herbs of different classes, many of which, as we know from experience, are very effective in giving relief. If a medicine man undertakes to cure a patient, he must do so; for if the patient dies, the doctor dies also, unless indeed the doctor prophesies that the patient will die, for then, if the patient recovers, the medicine man is killed as being a liar and not understanding his business. We have seen places where such a law or custom would work well at the present time.

All savages are naturally very superstitious, and the Indians of Arizona are no exception to the rule. Indeed, we are inclined to believe they are, if possible, more superstitious than the natives of other parts of the land. The worship of these Indians is different among the various tribes. We have seen among the Hualapais what among civilized people would be called family worship. At the first peep of day the band would sit or squat on the top of a small hill facing the east, and raise a most dismal sort of a howl. Then the patriarch of the band would speak a few words, or utter what we supposed to be an invocation, in a most solemn tone of voice. Then another howl would arise from those around him. Then the old man would say a few words more. At this time the sun appeared above the horizon, and all prostrating themselves with their faces to the east, raised a joyful shout, which was kept up until the sun had entirely risen above the mountain-tops, after which they went back to the rancheria.

The Pueblo Indians worship the sun under the name of Montezuma. They also believe in inferior gods, and particularly in evil spirits. They claim that many ages ago, before they came to the land where they now reside, Montezuma visited them and led them through the wilderness to the land where they have ever since lived. They also believe that it is his intention to return again to them at some future day, and make them a great and prosperous people.

The Navajos do not believe in Montezuma. They worship what they call the Great Father and Great Mother. The Great Father resides where the sun rises, and is the author of all that is bad, while the Great Mother lives at the setting sun, and is the giver of good and the protector of those who do right.

The Mohaves worship a god they call Matevil, whom they say once dwelled among their people, and that he will one day return. They also worship and fear an evil spirit they call Ne-wathie, and who inflicts dire calamities on them at times. All these Indians fear to go abroad at night, as the devils and evil spirits are then at their work—according to their belief.

### A Collection of Autographs.

Some lovers of autographs go so far as to say that traces of character lurk in one's autograph. This may and it may not be so. How would one analyze the character of Gen. Spinner from his pen's scrawl? or that of Horace Greeley from his phonetic system? Halstead prides himself on writing worse than either, while the late City Attorney, W. H. Gest, of Rock Island, stands at the head of the bar for his indecipherable imitations of the execrable Chinese. Judge Smith, now presiding over our Circuit Court, baffles the lawyers and the reporters with his docket record. So we do not believe that in all cases penmanship has anything to do with greatness.

Robert Willerton, at the Harper House, has a valuable collection of autographs, some of which are now interesting souvenirs of illustrious names. There is that of Bayard Taylor, as plain as print, written by him on a delicate card when he lectured here. Sanborn Tenny's is a rougher outline. Charles Markham, the Arctic navigator, writes his with a fine flourish. Henry Vincent's shows a nervousness. Wendell Phillips adds these words suggestive of the man's life: "Peace if possible; justice at any rate." William Parsons writes with the clearness of engraving. Charles Bradlaugh, the English agitator, drops his name in a flourish. Cyrus W. Field makes the initial C. all prominent, and the remainder firm and steady. Emma Abbott's hand is like her heart, large and open, with the least possible attempt at ornamentation. John Habberton writes as if he were thinking of Helen's Babies and preparing a lesson in penmanship for them. Bret Harte's autograph is a model of brevity, clear cut, and like his stories, pointed. Henry Ward Beecher writes the name in full with an earnestness that betokens the man. There are several others of less note in Mr. Willerton's collection, all of which were written at his request and in his presence.

### A Boy With a Heart.

The other day a bit of a boy called at the side door of a good-looking farm residence and told such a sorrowful story that the lady of the house was not stingy in throwing provisions into his basket. Happening to look into the front yard after a few minutes, she saw the strange boy mixed up with her three or four children, and she called out:

"Boy, what are you doing here?"  
"Feedin' these half-starved children!" he promptly replied.  
"But those are my children!" she indignantly exclaimed.  
"Makes no difference to me," he said as he broke off another piece of cake.  
"When I find a young 'un crying for bread, and ready to swear that he has

not tasted pie for over a year. I'm goin' to stop business and brace him up! Haven't you got a clean waist which I could put on this dirty little boy?"

She looked up and down to see if any canvassers for the poor heathen were in sight, and then she grabbed the broom and ran the sympathetic boy out of the yard.

### Why Women Marry.

Vanity Fair in a recent issue says: The question which we considered last week, "Why Men Marry," is an interesting one; but it must be pronounced inferior in interest to the question "Why Women Marry" in the degree in which men are in all respects less interesting than women. The willingness of women to marry is greater and more patient than that of men; and we will add, that it is a great deal more wonderful. That women have, to use a colloquial phrase, the worst of it all through life, we entertain no doubt, and that the matrimonial state, as understood by experience, has, as a rule, fewer attractions for them than for men, we also believe to be true. Yet, while there are many men who from choice abstain from marrying, and still more who put off marrying till the last practicable moment, we doubt if there are any women worth mentioning who refuse the married state from option and deliberation, and not many who postpone marrying till a late period of life from a general repugnance to having a husband. That women refuse individual men after man, is true enough; but not their objection is to the man and not to the condition of life the man proposes; or, not unfrequently, their refusal arises from more skittishness, from a feeling they may do better, or from a cheerful conviction that there is plenty of time to "think about it." As a rule, however, women who have the chance of marrying, marry, and they would marry yet more promptly than they do were it not that they are frequently held back from taking a foolish step by wise parents or disuading friends. How is this apparent paradox to be explained? There is less to induce a woman to marry than to induce a man; yet men hesitate to marry and women jump at the offer of marriage. Some will answer that man is a rational and woman an irrational animal; but over and above the distinction being too uncomplimentary to be true, it is one of those plausible explanations that explain nothing. Again, it is sometimes affirmed that, in marrying, men sacrifice liberty, whereas women, in marrying, acquire it. But this is an epigram easily disposed of. When men sacrifice what is called their liberty, or that particular form of it which bachelorhood enjoys, and, were the point thoroughly examined, we suspect it would be found that they abandon a form of liberty of which they are weary for another form they have not yet possessed.

### History of the Corset.

The corset had its origin in Italy, and was introduced from that country into France by Catherine de Medicis. Mary Stuart and Diane Poitiers did not, however, follow the fashion, but it was admitted by all the ladies of the French court that it was indispensable to the beauty of the female figure, and was, therefore, adopted by them. The corset was in those days in its infancy, and it assumed more of the rough character of a knight's cuirass. The frame was entirely of iron, and the velvet which decorated the exterior hid a frightful and cumbersome machine. This state of things so detrimental to health, and the cause of so much personal inconvenience, not to say torture, could not last long, and the artisans of those days contrived to give more pliability and lightness to the metal, and prepared the way for degrees of whalebone. But as reforms are always slow, the cold iron continued to clasp the warm hearts of the fair wearers for a long time in its embrace. The corset found favor in the eyes of Louis XIV. In the following reign the corset was threatened with banishment from the toilet. Fashion took a rural and simple turn, and was almost guided by the taste of Boucher, in whose pictures many of the court celebrities figure as shepherds and shepherdesses. But the painter departed, and fashion returned to the dim eccentricities of the former times. During the revolution the corsets were again forgotten, and under the directory it was completely interdicted by the fashionable world. The belles of the day took a classic turn, the Roman dress—the toga, sandal, etc. The empire dethroned the classic fashion, but without taking the corset in favor. High waists were in favor, and a mode revealed a taste certainly the reverse of prudery. With the fall of the empire fell also the waist, and then came also, as a necessity, the return to the corset.

### Peanut Culture in California.

People's Cause, California. Renters and their numerous field hands were busy harvesting their peanut crop, and I should judge this popular nut is yielding an abundant harvest; the soil here is not so hard to work, and from the topographical position of it, it seems to be easily irrigated. The flume of the Sierra Flume and Lumber Company, which runs along within easy distance of some of these gardens brings the required supply of water for irrigating purposes. John Chinaman is not a fast worker by any means, and I think he is inclined to be just as slow about a thing as he can be; the mode of performing the work would not be tolerated in a white laborer; but they have every natural advantage on these little plots which white men are debarred from through the short-sighted, narrow views of the land owners; the locality must of necessity be unhealthy, as the ground is in many places under water all the year round. Tons of peanuts and other vegetables are raised annually by the saffron-colored renters and at an enormous profit to the boss Chinaman, every cent of which goes to the Flowery Kingdom. What a difference it would make to our city if some hard working, honest, industrious white American citizens could rent some of these gardens under the same easy conditions John Chinaman holds them. The question is, will the white men take these lands on the same terms the Chinamen rent them? If not, what is there to find fault about?

### Equal to an Emergency.

Readiness in unforeseen emergencies is of the greatest value to manager and actor alike. A word fails the memory at an important stage of the play, or some accident occurs to mar or even put a stop to all further proceedings. On such occasions fertility of resource is of the greatest moment, and has over and over again saved the credit of all concerned. In fact, the readiness of an actor or manager to turn an apparent disaster into a happy interlude is much on a par with the presence of mind that guides a skillful General to victory. This readiness was well displayed on the stage by Luguet, when playing the bearer of an important dispatch, on the contents on which the plot of the drama turned. By mistake the property-man gave Luguet a blank sheet of paper, which he handed to the mimic King, who, not having studied the words which ought to have been written on the dispatch, was in a quandary. He got out of it by handing the paper back to the messenger, with the command: "Read it to me, sirrah!" Luguet, however was equal to the occasion, and re-

### Japanese Farms Average about One Acre Each in Size.

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