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A GREAT MAGAZINE.

The Century's Programme in 1892-A New "Life of Columbus"-Articles for Farmers, etc.

THAT great American periodical, THE CENTURY, is going to outdo its own unrivaled record in its programme for 1892, and as many of its new features begin with the November number, new readers should commence with that issue.

In this number are the opening chapters of "THE NAULAHKA," a novel by Rudyard Kipling, the famous author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," written in collaboration with an American writer, Wolcott Balestier. It is the story of a young man and a young woman from a "booming" Colorado town, who go to India, he in search of a wonderful jeweled necklace, called "the Naulahka" (from which the story takes its name), and she as a physician to women. The novel describes their remarkable adventures at the court of an Indian maharajah. Besides this, THE CENTURY will print three other novels during the year, and a great number of short stories by the best American story-writers.

The well-known humorist Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye") is to write a series of amusing sketches which he calls his "autobiographies," the first one of which, "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," is in November. This number also contains a valuable and suggestive article on "The Food-Supply of the Future," which every farmer should read, to be followed by a number of others

OF GREAT PRACTICAL VALUE TO FARMERS, treating especially of the relations of the Government to the farmer, what it is doing and what it should do. This series will include contributions from officers of the Department of Agriculture, and other well-known men will discuss "The Farmers Discontent," "Cooperation," etc., etc. A celebrated Spanish writer is to furnish a "Life of Columbus," which will be brilliantly illustrated, and the publishers of THE CENTURY have arranged with the managers of the World's Fair to print articles on the buildings, etc.

One of the novels to appear in 1892 is A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE, by the author of "The Anglomaniacs," and the magazine will contain a great deal about the metropolis during the year,—among other things a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York." In November is an illustrated description of "The Players' Club," founded by Edwin Booth, and one of the features of the splendidly illustrated Christmas (December) number is an article on "The Bowery."

To get THE CENTURY send the yearly subscription price ($4.00) to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

"THE BEST OF CHILDREN'S MAGAZINES."

THE publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, that famous young folks' magazine, are offering to send a sample copy, free of charge, to any father or mother who would like to consider the question of taking a children's magazine during the year to come.

Certainly if that question is up for discussion in any household ST. NICHOLAS will be the magazine selected. From its first number, in 1873, the pens of the greatest writers of the English world, and the pencils of the most famous illustrators, have been at its service, Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Thos. Hughes, Whittier, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Alcott, Donald G. Mitchell, George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Professor Proctor are a few of the many great names which have been upon its list of contributors. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is the editor. Everything in it is illustrated.

IN 1892

there are to be serial stories by Brander Matthews, Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher (the author of that charming book, "Marjorie and Her Papa"), Laura E. Richards, William O. Stoddard, Charles E. Carryl (the author of "Davy and the Goblin"), and Frances Courtenay Baylor. There will be short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Mary Hallock Foote, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Octave Thanet, General O. O. Howard, and many others, with papers of travel and adventure by J. T. Trowbridge and Lieutenant Schwatka, and useful articles on "How Columbus Reckoned." "William the Conqueror," "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," "Straight lines and Circles," etc. In "Strange Corners of Our Country" the Great American Desert, the Cliff-Dwellings of Arizona, and other interesting places, will be described, and in "Honors to the Flag" and "Boys and the National Guard" the patriotism of the young readers will be aroused and stimulated. Julian Ralph is to describe "The Making of a Great Newspaper," and the arc and incandescent electric lights are to be clearly explained.

APPLIED CHRISTIANITY is what ST. NICHOLAS teaches;—unselfishness, faithfulness, courage, truthfulness—these things are taught in a hundred ways by stories, poems, and pictures. Do you need such an assistant in your work with your boys and girls? If so, and if you are not already familiar with ST. NICHOLAS, send a postal card to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y., and ask to see a sample copy. A year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS makes a splendid Christmas present, for it brings Christmas twelve times a year.

Peterson's Magazine 1892.

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Its Fashion Department gives the newest and most stylish designs from the Fashion Centres of Paris, London, and New York, with full directions, and with a full size dress pattern in each number.

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The undersigned offers, at Private Sale, that valuable little property lying about half way between Wiest's Mill and Piney Creek Station, near the Stone road, in Carroll county, Md., containing

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of land, more or less. The improvements are a Log House weatherboarded, with double cellar, two rooms on first and three rooms on second floor, summer kitchen, bank barn, recently built at a cost of $300, and all other necessary outbuildings; well of good water at the door; all kinds of fruit, with a thriving young orchard coming into bearing.

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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59 NO. 47. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 28, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

EXILED.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing,
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's a warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming,
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That never may die away,
And it seems the hands of angels
On the mystic harp at play
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

Select Story.

"QUEER TRICK."

The Name the Miners Gave Sol Braintree's Little Girl.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.

It was not something odd that Sol Braintree had done which was nominated by the miners of Rattlesnake basin a "queer trick," but the name they had given his little girl. She was the only child in the camp, as the scattered cabins and tents in the basin were called, and was a blue-eyed, pudgey little body five years old, who was absolutely without the sense of fear. This quality, and the disposition to be obedient no matter what danger lay in the command, and the queer things she said and did, got her the name. But the miners of the basin loved her; the rough, drinking, homeless fellows, panning and sluicing for gold in this lonely sink among the mountains of California.

Sometimes a grizzly moped indifferently across the open spaces on the mountain side above their heads, or a rattlesnake, cold and loggy and loving the sun, was found sleeping on the warm rocks by the spring, and in such moments Queer Trick was thought of with a thrill of apprehension. She was like music to the men, calling back to their memories home, its comforts and the faces of dear ones left behind. But she was Sol Braintree's child; there was the rub.

Sol was not liked, for his life lay under a cloud that made him hard and restive. He was a massive fellow, with a shaggy, auburn beard and keen blue eyes, and was reputed the most powerful man among the hundred or more who worked in the basin. He asked no man to help him in his work, but carried timbers and moved bowlders no matter how large or heavy they chanced to be. He said but little, and that austerely like one with a sore heart. He had come into the basin three years before, when gold was first discovered there, and staked out a claim on the creek and built a cabin at the mountain's foot. They remembered that he had been a rollicking, drinking fellow then, but after working a time on his claim he went "below," as they say of one who goes down out of the mountains to the settlement in the valleys, and when he returned he brought the child, and was stern and changed. "It's mother's dead," was all he said in explanation. He drank no more after that, and kept himself apart, busying himself in work and the child's love and care. The cabin he rebuilt down on the floor of the basin, with the rude door opening directly upon the claim. There the toddling child played month after month in the sand and among the white heaps of gravel, happy and contented as only babies are when playing in the dirt. The skies seemed always clear, and the air was balmy, and the very ground was sweet and warm with perpetual summer. Every night the child slept with her yellow head by the father's bearded check, and woke at dawn to be loved and tenderly comforted.

It sweetened the man's life. By degrees his gravity of word and mein softened a little, but he was never companionable. However not a day passed but miners came into the shallow pit to play with and fondle the child. Her baby speeches made them roar with delight. They often gave her little nuggets of gold and Sorrel Sam, a redheaded fellow who worked the claim next above Braintree's, fashioned these into a rustic chatelain which little Queer Trick always wore about her neck.

Perhaps in time the father's heart would have come clear of bitterness, had not a very grave thing happened: He and Sorrel Sam fell foul of each other over the use of water in their claims. Nothing could have been more unfortunate, for next in value to the gold itself was water with which to wash the metal from the gold. Like the gold, too, water was often weighed in the balance against life itself and counted the most precious of the two.

First, with Sol and Sorrel, weeks of heated rancor approaching blows went by. Then they brought the crude law of the time to bear upon the bitter problem, and Sorrel won. For days thereafter Braintree moped about in his mine or sat brooding in the cabin. Sorrel had turned the water away from his claim and he could do nothing. His heart seemed consuming with rage, and one night after little Trick had gone to sleep, he took his rifle and crept over to Sorrel's cabin with murder in his soul. A light was burning on the inside, and the window, such as it was, stood open. Stealthily he crept up to the window and laid the muzzle of the rifle on the sill. Sorrel was sitting by the light, his head propped on his hands, his brow knit, intently studying a rude map of the mines which lay on the table before him. Braintree took aim at his forehead. The man was so near he could see the blood stirring the veins on his temples. He drew his finger to the trigger, and the blood rushed into his own head until it seemed to roar in his ears. A hundred thoughts and pictures flashed through his mind as his finger touched the trigger, then suddenly a voice cried: "Papa—Sol!" It was little Trick calling him, as clear and plain as he ever heard her in his life. "My God!" he gasped, and drew the gun away. Sorrel never stirred; evidently he heard nothing, and Braintree, trembling all over, turned about and crept back through the darkness to his cabin. Little Trick was sleeping quietly, and again he whispered "My God!" in utter astonishment. He stood a moment looking at her peaceful face and a great sense of what might have been rushed over him. He stooped over the sleeping child and big tears slipped down his bearded cheeks upon her pillow. "No, little thing," he said brokenly, "for your sake I couldn't be that! No matter what 'comes of us or the mine, I couldn't be that!" and he set the rifle in a corner and went out, and for half the night walked to and fro on the mountain side, struggling with the problem.

But the next morning Sorrel Sam was gone, and the water running through the sluice into Braintree's mine. Not a trace of Sorrel was found, save one damaging and dreadful thing—his hat, torn in shreds and spotted with blood, near the upper gate of the sluice. He had been killed, murdered, was the general cry. Were there not traces of a struggle there among the rocks? And who could have done the deed but his enemy, Sol Braintree? The excitement spread through the Basin like fire.

A few dissented. Grizzly Smith, a miner who had been chewed up once by a grizzly down on the Feather river, was one of these. "Mebbe hit was a b'ar as carried him off," he suggested. "Er mebbe two b'ars fit over Sorrel's hat where he dropped hit, and' tore an' tromped hit up that way."

"Oh, You're a ole fool!" said Hi Munson, who used to work with Grizzly down on the Feather river, "you don't know nothin' but 'b'ar' since ye got bit. W'y, look at it! Ain't the water runnin' in Sol's sluice where the law said it didn't belong? An' ain't Sol Braintree the oneriest cuss ever come into the basin? He'd as lief kill anybody that crossed him as he would a rattler!"

"Yes, an' I seed him comin' in to his cabin last night nigh to midnight," declared Whiskey Evans, of Sunken Bar, "an I'd just like to ax ye, Grizzly Smith, where he'd been?"

"Out gittin' a dram like y'rself, I s'pose," growled Grizzly.

"No, he wasn't; he's too cussed mean an' stingy fer that," scoffed Evans.

"Oh, shet up!" roared Munson. "Git a rope! We'll see whether things like this ken be did in these diggin's or not!"

In half an hour three-fourths of the miners of Rattlesnake basin came pouring down into Sol Braintree's mine. Munson had a rope, and all were excited and many the worse for liquor. Braintree was sitting on a rock apparently lost in thought. He got up and looked at the crowd of men, and a little patch of color came into each of his swarthy cheeks.

"What do you fellows want?" he asked.

"We want *you*, Sol Braintree!" said Munson, "an' we'd like to ax ye whar Sorrel Sam's gone to, an' how it comes his water's runnin' in here whar the law said it didn't belong!"

"That's what I been studyin' about," said Braintree, quietly. "I didn't turn it in, an' I don't know what's come of Sam."

"Y'r a cussed liar!" shouted Munson, advancing. In an instant he lay sprawling among the stones, felled by Braintree's knotted fist.

"If any more you fellers hev speeches like that to make y'd best go outside the pit to make 'em, I reckon," said Braintree, steadily.

A half-dozen revolvers were in the hands of the men about him. Evans took the rope from Munson's nerveless hand and the crowd began to advance. Braintree backed up against the bank of the pit, his huge fist clinched, his blue eyes blazing against the ring of faces around him. "Boys," he said, "if ye've come here to kill me, shoot me, but don't you put that thing over my head!"

At that moment little Queer Trick came in among them. Squeezing her curly head and chubby body past the big legs of the men, she emerged in the ring beside her father. Looking up into his pale face, and up at the scowling malevolent visages of the men about him, she saw that something was wrong.

"Zis is my Papa Sol," she lisped, opening one of his fists and taking hold of one of his big, soiled fingers; "he's *mine*, an' oos mustn't hurt him!" She turned her round, blue eyes up to his face appealingly. "Papa Sol come in an' make dinner; Queer Trick dettin' hongry!"

The knotted muscles of the father's arms relaxed, his chin sank on his breast and a mist came into his eyes. The men looked sidewise, stamped their feet on the rocks in a confused and doubtful way, and began turning off to the right and left. "We're a durned pack of fools!" growled Whiskey Evans, throwing down the rope, and the child led the father unmolested out through the crowd and off toward the house. As they went she looked back over her shoulder. "Oos better tum in our house an' dit dinner," she said. "Papa Sol he tooks awful nice fings!"

Some of the rough fellows roared with laughter. The idea of going to a man's house to hang him, and being invited in to dinner, convulsed them. Others had tears in their eyes; the vision of the sweetness of the child's love, the absence of such affection in their own lives, and awakened memories of former days, smote them with homesickness. But the body of Sorrel Sam was never found. Two years went by, and doubt and suspicion of Braintree smouldered in the men's minds. The man himself worked on, morose and bitter under the taint, putting by gold for little Trick's future. He bought another miner's right and brought the water by a long flume into his mine, and turned Sorrel's water back into the channel; still they could not believe him innocent. Aside from his own and little Queer Trick's a human foot seldom left its mark in the bottom of Braintree's wide placer-pit. But Queer Trick went everywhere, and the miners loved her, only, alas! she was a murderer's child.

But one day Queer Trick was missing. It had rained on the mountains to the westward, and a rainbow, a vast arch of glory stood acros the basin from crag to crag. Sol went up to strengthen the flumegate, lest the augumented flow of water should break it. When he returned Queer Trick was gone. Night was coming on, and he went out to inquire for her, but no one had seen her. At ten o'clock Braintree came into the basin saloon, the first time in three years. His face was pale, and he cried wildly that his child was lost. The sudden death of the best-known man in the camp could not have created more feeling. Men set down their glasses on the bar and left them wholly untasted. Cards were dropped on the tables by the side of little heaps of gold-dust and left uncared for. All was confusion and stir. By midnight torches were flashing through the pine trees away over on the sides of Grizzly mountain, down in the black gorges around Lost Creek falls and off to the left nearly to the top of Splinter peak. Everywhere through all that region strong men were panting up the slopes, and calling through the canyons, eager, hungry, to find this one bit of love and innocence that had been taken from them.

All night the search went on, and at dawn the men came in from all directions, but the child had not been found. They looked weary and jaded, and Braintree's face was like ashes. His hat was gone and his clothes torn from the night-long struggle. The men said but little to him, but in their own and his greater agony their hearts began to turn toward him pityingly. While breakfast was being hastily eaten, the pack train came in from Spanish Fork, and as soon as the burdens were off the backs of the twenty or more mules, they were mounted and sent clambering up the mountain sides in all directions. All the long day the search went forward. The mules when exhausted were turned loose, no matter where they were, and their riders pressed forward on foot. Many a heart was chilled with dreadful fancies that day as bear-tracks were crossed on the mountain sides, or the line where a rattler had dragged its hateful body through the dust.

Sol Braintree was everywhere, and, like a madman, his strength seemed exhaustless. Some fell dead tired and laid down and slept on the mountain side, others came back for food, and others kept searching on. Horns used in the mines to call the men to their meals, had been taken by many, and it was agreed that were the child found they should be blown, once if the child were dead, and three times if alive and well. Just at sundown, when all in the camp was depression and sadness, when the tired refused to talk and the hungry scarcely tasted the food they ate from dejection, there came a long, faint peal floating downward from the heights of Splinter peak. The watchers, the exhausted and the hungry, sprang to their feet and listened. Far and near the searchers stopped still on the mountain sides and held their breath. Would it blow again? Oh! would it blow again? Yes, there it came! and there again! trembling downward through the golden air! A wild yell of joy went up from the camp, and from every ridge and spur the horns began to blow. It was such music as Rattlesnake basin had never heard before and may never hear again.

At six o'clock a crowd came down the trail from Splinter peak. At their head rode a horseman, Sorrel Sam, with Queer Trick in his arms! By his side walked Sol Braintree, his hand upon the horse's mane, his face turned up to the smiling pair above him as if he saw into Heaven. The men waiting in the basin rent their throats with cheers at the sight, and when Sorrel rode in among them, they pulled both man and child from the saddle and well nigh strangled them with hugs and kisses.

In answer to a hundred queries put at once, Sorrel said he had been home to the States; that he had guessed he wasn't in the right about the water any way, and he'd be blowed if he was going to beat Queer Trick out of her grub by taking the water from her father. Another great cheer went up at that, and Sorrel and Sol's hands were well nigh shaken off in the general delight.

"But whar 'bouts did ye pick up the little gal, Sorrel?" asked one.

"Oh, she was layin' by the trail asleep on the soft side of a rock over on the other side of Splinter peak," he said.

The happy father was holding the child on his big right arm, smiling into her face. "What did ye go 'way over thar fer, honey?" he asked.

"W'y, Sorrel tole me once 'at a bag of gole was 'ite where the jainbow comed down, an' I went to dit it but the ole jainbow left, an' I dot lost. Papa-Sol, I'ze hongry!"

To Cure Fatness.

In a French journal is announced the discovery of a means simple as it is strange for curing obesity. This discovery is attributed to a medical officer in the army. Thanks to him an army officer who was threatened with retirement from the army, as he was so heavy that it required two men to lift him to the saddle, became thin in a few weeks. He was so thin that he had to take means to recover in a measure what he had lost. It was to his doctor he was indebted for becoming a general.

The means consisted simply in never eating more than one dish at each meal, no matter what that dish may be. A person may consume as much as the stomach can bear and satisfy the appetite without the least reserve. Nevertheless nothing but the one dish should be taken. No condiments, no soups, no supplementary desserts should be allowed. This system was also recommended by the author to a lady with similar results. The lady suffered no inconvenience whatever from this diet.

It is said that both the officer and the lady found from their experience that the partaking of only one dish, whether it be meat, fish, or vegetables, brought on a sense of satiety much sooner than if a variety of dishes had been taken.

An idle hen is never a good layer.

OUR COUNTRY.

Past, Present and Future.

BY PEARSE C. PROUGH.

An Essay read by the author before the Springfield Institute, Sykesville.

Grand and impressive, beyond all that is yet written in the volume of human history, will be that transcendent chapter, which shall unfold in philosophic narrative, the birth and onward march of the Republic of the United States—its mighty national development in political liberty and free civilization, and the momentous relations of that development to the interest, progress and destiny of mankind.

A task so stately and magnificent as that of setting forth these resplendent advances and triumphs, may well be left to the pen of our mightiest historians. But even within the modest limits of a schoolboy's essay, may be told enough of the story to awaken enthusiasm and wonder.

The past of our country! Oh what a theme for historians to glean from. Here another race once lived, and loved; here, along these shores, the council-fires blazed, and the warwhoop echoed among their native hills.

But at length a pilgrim bark, deep freighted from the east, came darkening on their shores. They yielded not their empire tamely, but they could not stand against the sons of light; they fled, and yielded with a broken heart, their native land to another race. The golden harvest now waves over the tombs of their fallen fathers, and the forest that once echoed to the war-dance, is now covered with the rising city. Where the wigwam once stood the tall temple, dedicated to God, now glitters in the setting sun, and the river unrippled but by the Indian canoe, is now white with the sails of commerce.

Whether we regard the men, the circumstances, or the time, we are equally lost in wonder, and must acknowledge that an Almighty power guided and protected the Pilgrim Fathers. It is a singular fact, that though they were for the most part mere novices in the science of government, yet they adopted the most perfect and liberal system yet devised by man.

In the cabin of the May Flower those pioneers of liberty organized a government founded upon the principle that the many, not the few, should rule; that the people should be the source of all power, nay the power themselves. This was the framework of American Independence, laid by a small body of unknown men, assembled in the cabin of a frail vessel. Little did they suppose they were laying the foundation of a government that would be preserved by posterity, who would cheerfully shed their blood to maintain it.

When the inhabitants of the old Thirteen Colonies arose against the despotic and mercenary aggression of England, they were three millions of people, mostly scattered farmers. Their territory was a strip on the Atlantic seashore—about one thousand miles long, and a hundred and fifty wide, containing only six towns of any size, three of which had less than ten thousand inhabitants, and none over twenty thousand.

Their agriculture, manufactures and commerce were controlled and restricted for the advantage of English speculators; and the laws and constitutions of the little republics were constantly attacked and insulted by English placemen, for the sake of enforcing arbitrary schemes of government, fit only for tributary slaves. Navigation acts, stamp acts, writs of assistance, prohibitions on everything which Englishmen wished to manufacture, and endless other troublesome and unrighteous enactments, perplexed and annoyed the provinces.

With the fervent sympathy of a majority of the people, but with lukewarm aid or timid indifference from very many, with overwhelming fears and doubts on the part of some of the wisest and best men of the day, and even in spite of the venomous treasons and intestine wars of the Tory population, the new nation agonized through the seven years of the Revolutionary struggle, and fainting and almost torn in pieces, achieved what seemed at the moment to be a fruitless independence.

At the end of that war it was a nation in name and in form, but it had little of actual national life. It was repeatedly on the verge of falling into fragments, into anarchy. The central government was everywhere despised and abused, a beggarly strengthless shadow. It labored under an immense home and foreign debt, which it could not pay; it was an importunate and unwelcome beggar for home and foreign loans, unsuccessfully, because it could not meet its former engagements.

The States quarreled with one another about lands, or insulted and encroached on the miserable central government. Home insurrections arose in many of them. The whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania, Shay's insurrection in Massachusetts, the general disorganization of the western country, and other such tumults, showed the unsettled and anarchic condition of men's minds, as well as their poverty and distress. Wise men, the Revolutionary fathers, communicated to one another their apprehensions of the loss of our nationality almost at its birth.

The native sense of the country, however, was at last aroused to the exigencies of the case, and that great and wise assembly was chosen which created the Constitution of the United States, by the operation of which the nation was at once invigorated, and under which it forthwith sprang forward into that unparalleled career of growth which has made all the world astonished spectators, and which seems to possess an immortal vigor equal to any emergency.

Within a century of national life under this constitution, we have grown from three millions of people to sixty millions, from nine hundred thousand square miles of territory to more than three millions and a half—a domain larger than the Roman Empire ever was. The Mississippi is twice as long as the Danube; the Ohio is six hundred miles longer than the Rhine; the Hudson is navigated, within the State of New York, one hundred and twenty miles—a distance greater than the length of the Thames. Our country extends through every healthy climate, from the cold and bracing air of New England and Oregon to the everlasting spring of the sunny South.

The pine apple thrives better between the tropics, and better furs are found in the Northern regions. But let us not envy those unnecessary privileges; mankind cannot subsist upon the indulgences of nature, but must be supported by her common gifts; they must feed upon bread and be clothed with wool, and the nation that can furnish these universal commodities may have her ships welcomed at a thousand ports, or sit at home and receive the tribute of foreign countries, enjoy their arts or treasure up their gold. From the bosom of the earth we dig all the precious and all the useful minerals. Our shore line is about eighteen thousand miles, equal to three-fourths of the distance around the globe. Our interior is veined with enormous rivers, on which we have fifty thousand miles of steamboat navigation; and our distant regions are brought near and bound together by one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles of railroads. These vast totals indicate limitless resources, and almost superhuman energy. But these are not our chief glory. There are other departments of our national life of profoundly greater significance than our material power and wealth.

The state of our intellectual, social and moral development, is of infinitely more importance than our property or our annual revenue. It is the mind and the soul which constitute the real character of a people, and determine their lasting prosperity—which justify their national pride or command the respect of strangers.

"This great and glorious country!" How often do we hear the above quotation, and ask ourselves whence comes the glory of this country? It comes from its free schools, sending forth from their walls such gleams of education as to frighten the many votaries of ignorance, and to make the publishers of falsehood tremble at the increasing intelligence of an enlightened public. It comes from its tall spires rising towards heaven as if invoking the blessing of Him for whose glory they were placed on the many institutions of freedom spread abroad over our land. It comes from its broad and fertile acres, furnishing homes to thousands from over the ocean wave, here to find at last that freedom exists not only in name, but in a glorious reality. The diffusion of current information and of intercourse among our citizens is without a parallel in history.

In 1775 there were but 35 newspapers in the whole country; in 1889 there were 17,000. "The sound of the church going bell" is heard in every valley and from every hill-top. In science and literature also have our career been rapid and our attainments glorious.

In all those departments of literary labor which are related to the present needs and future progress of humanity, in theology, law, politics, political economy, education, natural science, history, romance, poetry, we are in the front rank.

Even in the fine arts, hitherto always the latest blossom of civilization, which have been refining for centuries, we have risen suddenly to the highest position. Our sculptors and painters are rivaling the modern masters of artistic Italy, amidst the very shrines of the muses in the home of the arts. In all the realms of thought, both elegant and profound, we have quietly surprised the elder nations out of supercilious contempt and thorough ignorance into admiring acknowledgment.

Such are the United States to day. What they will be a century hence, is a question which it is beyond the power of human prescience to answer, except by estimate or conjecture.

The Anglo-American is king of men. He possesses all the powerful and commanding nature of the Anglo-Saxon, the clear, cool head, the sober, calculating mind, the regard for law, the obstinate adherence to justice, but fired and fused by the pure air of America, and yet more by the wide freedom of American life, into the go-ahead and tireless energy which endures no delay and brooks no opposition.

America in the twentieth century promises to be the central nation. We have joined the Atlantic and Pacific with railroad and telegraph, and brought Europe and Asia into close communication with us by sub-marine cables.

Thus stretching forth our hands to either, we quiet the pulse and modify the politics of two continents. Europe, inspired by our example, is ever restless with the ferment of revolution. We have opened the ports of far away Japan. American commerce and civilization are striding inland, up the vast valleys of the great Asiatic rivers. A Christian influence has gone from us into the deepest darkness of Africa. Throned between the two oceans, we shall control the mercantile exchanges of the world, and with them the civilization and the welfare of mankind.

It is not for us to rule with the barbarous violence of conquest. For us there is a safer, a surer, a nobler road, to a more desirable and enduring empire. Our destiny is to show the nations the greatest measure of national and individual happiness and prosperity which is possible under the liberal laws of a free and enlightened people, self governed and self controlling. In the quiet and unaggressive fulfilment of that destiny we wield the lever which shall move the world.

A free and lofty humanity, seeking all that is good by every means that is right—such is the ideal of man and his life, which became practicable in our empire for the first time. That ideal life satisfies all aspirations. Men will come to us to enjoy our privileges under our broad banner for a time, but ere long they will assert the right to enjoy them at home.

The tide of improvement which is now flowing, like another Niagara, through the land, is destined to roll on downward to the latest posterity, and it will bear to them on its bosom our virtues, our vices, our glory or our shame, or whatever else we may transmit as an inheritance.

A Word About Millet.

The common millet requires a dry, light and rich soil and grows from two and a half to four feet in height and may be sown broadcast about one bushel to the acre or in drills one-half less. Hungarian grass is a species of millet growing less rank and with smaller stalks. Both are annuals and require to be sown every season. On good, well prepared soils millet furnishes an abundant crop of green forage, and for this purpose may be cut during its various stages of growth. The seeds are fine and not well adapted to heavy soils. There are several varieties, but the common millet, the golden and Hungarian grass are the ones most usually grown. Like the corn plant, it requires a warm soil and warm weather for its best growth, and should not be sown until these conditions prevail. In its green state it has a nutritive value equal to timothy grass, but if left until the seeds are ripened the stalks become hardened and their nutritive value is lessened; consequently it is better to cut it for hay before the seeds are ripe and there will be less danger from overfeeding the ripened seed. It is estimated chiefly for soiling, or as a supplementary crop when the meadows are light and the corn crop slim. It should be cut and cured while the weather is warm. While many of the annual plants are valuable for forage, none are in all respects equal to the timothy and other perennial grasses for hay.

Seeking happiness simply to have it is a very bad kind of selfishness.

People who ride hobbies never pay much attention to the scenery.

An American Drink.

From HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Soda water is an American drink. It is as essentially American as porter, Rhine wine, and claret are distinctively English, German, and French. The most interesting fact in the manufacturing of soda water is that it contains no soda. The prominent ingredients are marble dust and sulphuric acid, neither of which is regarded as healthful nor palatable when taken separately. Moreover, to render them so in combination requires a pressure of at least 150 pounds to the square inch—a condition dangerous to life and limb except under proper safeguards and with the strongest machinery. The generator is, in fact, made of gun-metal iron tested to 500 pounds to the square inch. Into this is put the marble dust, to which, from another strong chamber, is led the sulphuric acid. Then the two are cradled, and the gas generated is passed into steel fountains lined with block-tin, two-thirds full of the water to be charged. These fountains are then securely fastened, and, like huge bombs in size and almost as destructive, are carried in wagons through the streets, to be stored under drug-store counters. Surely in all the history of fairyland there is nothing more marvellous than the escape of this sparkling, bubbling, foam crested liquor, like an enchanted prince from the gloomy death chamber, to delight and refresh the world.

Whiting formerly was used to furnish the carbonate, and whiting and chalk are still used in England. The use of marble dust, under the pretty name of "snowflake," is peculiar to this country. We produce our own marble, moreover, and whiting comes under the provisions of the McKinley bill. The chips of the marble cathedral on Fifth Avenue alone supplied twenty-five million gallons of soda-water; thus economically we drink up unavailable bits of buildings (public and private,) tombstones, and monuments.

Except in the improvement of machinery and in its method of distribution, the manufacture of soda-water remains much the same. The method employed by the distinguished engineer Bramah is still in use. The man, in fact, whose name is most prominently identified with the national drink in this country was an apprentice of Bramah, and has developed his method here. That form of concentration, moreover, that all sorts of enterprises now take was long since a feature of the soda water industry.

Formerly the actual process took place under the drug-store counter. No man has yet estimated the decreased percentage in loss of life since the drug-store boy ceased playing with the vitroil, carbonates, and force-pump as if he had a squirt-gun in a hogshead of water under an eave trough. Explosions of soda fountains do now sometimes occur, but they have ceased to be a national feature, as on reading old English catalogues of rival manufactures they seem once to have been.

Bees Working at Night.

"Bees work at night in the hive and build combs as perfectly as if an electric light had shone there all the time," affirms the American Bee Journal, which says further:

"Many times we have been asked why they prefer the darkness, but there are good reasons for doing so. All know that honey is a liquid without any solid sugar in it. But, after standing, it gradually assumes a crystaline appearance; in other words, it granulates, and ultimately will become a solid mass. Some have stated that this change is due to the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodine of silver on the excited collodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle.

"We are informed that Professor Schieber enclosed honey in well-corked flasks, some of which he kept in perfect darkness, while the others were exposed to the light. The result has been that the portion exposed to the light soon crystallizes, while that kept in the dark remains unchanged. Hence, we see why the bees are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hive. The existence of the young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this, in all probability it would prove fatal to the inmates of the hive."

The weeping mountain ash has received as much attention as any weeping tree on account of its distinct and curious habit. A careful examination of its mode of growth cannot fail to excite wonder. If worked two or three feet from the ground and allowed to grow wild it soon becomes as odd a piece of framework as it is possible to imagine. Grafted six to eight feet high it becomes a very desirable lawn tree, and in the autumn, laden with large clusters of bright red fruit, it produces a brilliant effect.

If it were not for hunger some men would never do an honest day's work.

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