& & The Prince & & And The Diplomat

"As if one could picture you the wife of a nobody," said the Duke in a firmer tone. "You have the tact, the sympathy, the grace, the brains, which qualify you for any position." "Oh, oh!" exclaimed Maisie. "And I can hardly call myself 'out' yet." "Thank heaven for that," said the Duke, plously. "You have spent ,I understand, the last five years in according hesides other accomplishments, a thorough knowledge of desiring, besides other accom-plishments, a thorough knowledge of French and Italian and German you are familiar with the history and literature of the foreign countries in which you have lived; you understand the fundamental differences that the state of the st ences between the great nations.
Only last night His Excellency observed to me that you were fit to be the wife of an ambassador. I agreed with ham."

He retter here hand

He patted her hand. This capable little hand," "This capable little mand," he whispered, "may play duets in the European Concert. Why not?' From Maisie's knowledge of the Diplomat there sproated so many reasons "why not" that she hesitated which to plack first. The Duke misunderstood here silence misunderstood her silence.
"And if you were asked to share

rand if you were asked to stare triumphs and be spared, as much as may be possible, the disappointments which wait on, let us say, the Minster of Foreign Affairs" (the Duke smiled, for this exalted position in the Cabinet was said to be within his grape. "This trively you say?" his grasp), "what would you say?"
"I should say," replied Maisie with
feeling, "that the pains and disappointments must be shared by me,

known that you would make such an answer. I see you do not misun-

derstand me."

1 do not," said Maisin: "but, Duke, are you not mistaken in regard to the prospects of—of—you know?"

"I have not that firm faith in his ors which you seem to have." ou think they are failing-those

ously. "I was so vitally interested; "Pr own opinion was worthless. I see

the European Concert is concerned, orchestra could worry along lously, "that I have not hurt your

clings."
"Um," said the Dake, regarding er closely, and reflecting that he had nover seen her look so charming. Maisie sighed, and continued

quickly—
"Porhaps I—they—are mistaken,
He believes," she smiled tenderly,
"that he will succeed, but if he fails utterly. I, you understand, would not care, except on his account. His rank, his position in the world, the career he has chosen, are nothing to me. You care for the man himself,"

the Duke murmured.
"Yes," she replied, letting her

The Duke took both her hands in hip and kissed her gently on the

"The man you care for," he said unsteadily, "is the luckiest man in Europe. Ah, here comes your good Europe. Ah, here voines you receive uncle! Tell him, when you receive

VII.

The Duke had seen that morning a necklace, a single row of pearls of singularly pure quality. After leaving the villa he bought the neck-lace and sent it by special messen-ger to Maisic, who thereupon summoned the Diplomat, and showed it to him, triumphantly.

"He is delighted; and oh, Colin! e believes in your future. He poke of the cabinet, of the European Congress".

"And he knows," the Diplomat asserted. "If he said that I was go-int to be ambassador, I shall be one, Depend upon it, he appreciates the way I've handled our affair. I say: Those pearls are all right. he doesn't-between ourselves And he doesn't between ourserves—like parting. And yesterday he spoke of doubling my allowance. The truth is, Maisie, you've bewitched him—as—as I knew you would. And now, my darling, I shall

go to thank him."
"Certainty. And I will tell Uncle
George. You can say to the Duke
that the pears are round my neck
already, and that a big kiss is
growing for him. Dear old man!" The Diplomat found his sire in the

apartments reserved for his use at the Hotel Victoria. "Tre hist seen a certain pearl necklace," said the son. The Duke smiled.

"You approve my—er—taste?"
"Perfect," said the Diplomat enthusiastically. The Duke rubbed his hands and then removing his glasses, cise is recommended.

lacking somewhat in maidenly re-"I knew you couldn't help loving

her," pursued the Diplomat; "so, to make a clean breast of it, I plan-ned-"
"You planned?" The Duke rose up,

The Duke murmured hastily: "None that I know of, Colin. I tmay, in-deed, be expedient to have the ceremony here." The Duke frowned.

"We can discuss these matters later," he said, coldly. "I have not yet spoken to Colonel Pundle.
"When you do speak," said the Diplomat. "It would be kind of you mention that my allowance is doubled.

The Duke starel harder than ever "Was it possible that his son was setting a price upon the amazing part he seemed to have played? "It is doubted now—isn't it?" asked

the Diplomat pointediy.
"Not yet," the Duke replied, grimly. "I am surprised, and, I may add, pained, that you should have mentioned the doubling of your allowance. What the doose, sir, has that powers which you seem to have."
"You think they are failing—those powers?"
But at that moment the Duke's man flung open the doors of the sitting-room and announced, "Miss Flack and Colone! Pundle.' Maiste ran lightly

? "Not falling—they are." She pansed, and repeated her words with evident amazement.

"Such as they are, my deer young lacy, they command a certain value, even in presden."

"I ought not to expect to underrant them, said. Maisie, secretly pleased that the Diplomat was held in such high esteem; "still, others, you know—"

you know—"

"I am not thinged the colored what do others say?" design the colored what the colored when t

others do s.ly. Apropos—whom do you mean by the others'?"

-er—the Corps Diplomatique here, and His Excellency himsel. It may them a little,"

"You cld—pump—them—a little."

"You cld—pump—them—a little.
"You my word—I—"

"Was it wrong? sai! Maisle, pite—ously, "I was so vitally interested:"

"Pray, explain, Colonel, what you

"Pray, explain, Colonel, what you

mean," said the Colonel, "that a Paralle of Pundle Green has been manatherry (ool of. This

my own opinion was worthless. I see
you despise me."
"Not at all," the Duke hastened to
reassure ner. "If interest in him
inspired your questions, he, at least,
shoul! be the lest person in the world
to resent it. Well—what was sail?
"You are sure you won't mind?"
"I have never minded, said His
Grace loftlly. "Pray go on "
"They all like him, began Maisie,
"because, first and last, he's a gentleman worthy of the great name he
bears. But, all the same, they think
that—how shall I put it?—so far as
the European Concert is concerned,
"We knew that," the Diplomat add"We knew that," the Diplomat add-

"We knew that," the Diplomat added. "We had to use-flair."
'My nicee tells me that she has von your heart. I repeat her words -that you are prepared to welcome her as a member of your family? Is this true?

followed. The Diplomat, A pause followed. The Diplomat, veing the Duke, became vaguely sensible that his father's face wore at rescritable expression. Misse star-ed out of the window, for she knew at last what fruit her diplomacy had

"Come here, my dear," said the Duke to Maisie. Duke to Maisic.

The girl obeyed. A close observer might have noticed that her fingers and lips quivered, but her eyes met those of the Duke with a certain dig-

nity and steadfastness.
"Your riece, Colonel," said the
Duke, slowly, "knows now that see
has entirely won my heart, as well as my son's; and the sooner she en ters my family the better I shall be pleased. None the less the fact repleased. None the less the fact remains that both you and I have been, as you put it, bamboosled. Well, for my part, I am willing to admit that the end has justified the means; stil, we have our pride—eh?
—and we are justified, I think, in
demanding from these
diplomatists—silence."

The Diplomat wondered why Mai-

sie blushed so deeply when she held up her face to be kissed by the Duke; and later he asked for an explanaand later he asked for an explana-tion, which a woman's wit readily supplied, albeit not the true one. He wendered, also, why no mention was made of his father's marriage. "The Chief, you know," he said to Lady Colin, some six months after-wards, "met a charmer about the time we were engaged. He certain-

time we were engaged. He certainly gave me to understand that he was about to marry her."
"You have no idea, I suppose, who she was?" said Lady Colln.

"Not the smallest. Only I'll bet you she was young, and pretty, and no fool. We Strathnavers may be susceptible, but we are particular."
"Thank you," said Lady Colin, demuerly.—Horace Annesley Vachell, in the lilustrated London News. (THE END.)

Not Stingy With It. (New York Evening Sun.) "She has a very strong mind." "Yes, and she's so very generous." "I never noticed her generosity."
"Oh, yes, She gives a piece of her mind
anyone who'll take it."

Rope jumping as a systematic exer-

OLD ARMOR AT WINDSOR.

King Edward Has Made the Relic

The casual visitor who strolls through the state apartments and endless corridors of Windsor Cas-tle, comes away, says the London Standard, no doubt with the vaguest possible impression of the artistic value and variety of the splendors at which he has glanced. Time for assimilation and appreciation is lacking and knowledge is limited. All it as part of his customary fee.

lacking and knowledge is limited. All the world knows, in a general way; that the old regal stronghold, modernized though it has been, is a museum as well as a residence, but the opportunities of realizing that it is a treasury of all the arts, crowded with the spoils of history, and with the relies of empires, have hitherto been inconsiderable. King Edward has determined to make these collections more readily acthese collections more readily accessible to students, by having them rearranged when necessary and by ordering the publication of a series

"You planned?" The Duke rose up, staring hard at the Diplomat, who nodded genially. "You planned—this? You foresaw You—"

"Flair," murmured the Diplomat. "I am glad, Chief, to learn that you do not—er—underrate my abilities. I said to myself, 'If I can bring'em together the thing's done.' I suppose there is no reason why the marriage should not take place at once—is there?"

here and there with an arrant forg-ery. The hames of the great armor-ers long had an evil fascination for the counterfeiter.

The Commonwealth left very lit-tle in the way of weapons or ar-mor at Windsor, and, indeed, the nucleus of the present collection seems to have been formed by the Prince Regent, at Carleton House, although no doubt a number of more or less interesting examples. atthough no doubt a number of more or loss interesting examples had gradually accumulated in the Guard Chambers between the Restoration and the accession of "the first gentleman of Europe," George III. Also had a small collection of ancient weapons at Augusta Lodge, in Wind-sor Park, and George IV. had a catlogue made of the whole, its reckless statements about dates, is valuable as showing the origin of many of the pieces. Sixty years ago the Prince Consort did what, with the imperfect knowledge of the time, was posssible in the way of classification and pre-servation; but since then the whole subject has been studied au fond, and reorganization had become imperative. George IV. did not always buy wisely; but, in the main, his acquisi-tions were such that the castle now contains much that is hardly represented even in the first arsen als of Europe. The series of court swords of the eighteenth century is without parallel in a crown collec-tion, while "the firearms are splen-did and the treasures of earlier date almost matchless."

It is a curious circumstance that there is nothing whatever to show how some of the most famous ex-amples of the armorer's art found ampies of the armorer's art found their way to Windsor. There is, for instance, the superb embossed Rondache, so long known erron-cously as the "Celini Shield," which Mr. Laking believes was quietly pur-Mr. Laking believes was cutety purchased by Prince Albert. Much, no doubt, came originally from the tower, which was drawn upon by Charles II., when he found the castle denuded of arms, and again by George IV., when Wyatville remodelled some parts of the building. Untannily is asystal cases only not happly, in several cases, only por-tions of suits of armor were sent, the missing pieces remaining in the missing pieces remaining in the Tower to this day. Almost at the outset of his task

Mr. Laking demolishes the old legend of the Black Prince's Sword." The late Dean Farrar induced Guren Vic-toria to lave a copy of the weapon made to place upon the Prince's tomb in Canterbury Cathedral, but it was discovered in time to be a very ordinary type of seventeently century sword. Nothing dies so hard as a romantic fable, and it is not surprising to learn that the sor Castle guides find it very cult to abandon faith in their dethroned gods. A genuine relic of a particularly gruesome character is the sword of the executioner of Amberg, in Bayaria, which sent to their account 1,400 criminals who failed to take to heart in time the warning inscription upon the blade. Of extreme claboration is the French sword, with a Solingen blade, which was worn by Charles I. when Prince of Wales. The steel is etched and gilded upon a field that has been brilliantly blued, and is spangled all over with moral maxims. There is also a suit of tilting armor that becomed the Charles at youth years. longed to Charles as a youth, very small and neat and practically com-plete, but distinctly calculated to produce a stiff neck.

There are similar relics of his elder there are similar relics of his elder brother Henry. There is, for instance, a suit. French in fashion, though possibly of Italian make, which possibly belonged to him, but there seems to be some confusion as to its date. Mr. Laking assigns it to the second ounter of the sevento the second quarter of the seven-teenth century, but tells us in the same breath that it has been iden-tified by a miniature painted by Is-aac Oliver in 1607. The suit is clearace Oliver in 1607. The suit is clearly five and twenty years earlier
than the date he suggests. Far
more attractive is the beautiful little harness which the young Prince
wears in the portrait painted by
Vandyck after Van Somers, Yet, despite the existence of this perfectly
well heaves centered and though its well-known portrait, and though its comparatively late date is obvious, this armor was until a year or two ago always believed to have belonged to David, King of Scotland. It is work of the highest finish, engraved all over with the rose that this ed all over with the rose, the this the and the fleur-de-lis, and, although it has been ignorantly treat ed in the past, so much care and pains have lately been expended upon it that it is now in almost per-fect condition.

What Mr. Laking describes as possibly the rarest treasure of Wind sor, an Iron hat of early sixteent! century date, was found two o used room of the Round Tower, where it had probably lain for more than century, The piece is not excessive rarity, but is ar unusually completed example, still containing the original tow lining

covered with crimson velvet. The most famous armor at Windsor is the suit made by Jacob Topie for Sir Christopher Hatton, which was bought by subscription a little to correspond'

while age and presented to the King. This harness has a highly interesting history, although there are long gaps in it. It bears the cipher of Queen Elizabeth, and the date 1585, and was known for centuries as 'th'e armor of an officer of the guard of armor of an officer of the guard of Queen Elizabeth"-an attribution not nearly so wild as usual, since Sir Christopher actually was Cap-tain of thhe Guard. It was worn by the champion at the coronation of George I., and the tradition in the Dymoke family is that he retained eventually found its way into the Spitzer collection, and, by a singu-lar coincidence, that wonderful museum also contained the evidence which enabled the suit to be identified. This was nothing less than a volume of drawings made by Jacob Topfe, in which this very suit was figured with Sir Christopher Hat-ton's name upon it. This is one of the little romances of which art history is so full. Etched and gilded: the plain surfaces of a rich russet brown, the suit is an extremely fine example of what our ancestors call-

a mounted figure represented in the act of throwing down the gauntlet, makes a very roble appearance. Another splendid, but incomplete and less characteristic example of Jacob Topfe's work is the suit of armor, reaching to the knee, made for Sir John Smythe. The etched patterns are very simple and regels and emblematic feminine figures. ures trampling upon the Vices. It has been the fate of most excep-tionally fine suits of mail to be di-vided into morsels, and the Duc de Dino has the buckler belonging to this, while there is a suit in the this, while there is a suit in the Tower which was worn by the champion at the coronation of George II. composed of other plates belonging to this very comprehensive harness, to say nothing of many extra pieces at Windsor.

ed "purple armor," and placed upon

BABY'S DANGER.

The summer months are a bad time for babies, and an anxious time for mothers. Fermentation and decomposition in the stomach and bowels are the cause of the many summer com-plaints of babies and young children. This is the reason why the hot weather months are more fatal to little ones than any other season. Baby's Own Tab-lets should always be found in every lets should always be found in every home, where there are young children, and their prompt use during hot weather and their prompt use during not weather may save a precious little life. The tablets cure constipation, diarrhoea and stomach troubles, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Walter Rollins, Sissons, Bridge, N. S., says: "Before using Baby's Own Tab-lets my little one cried almost continulets my little one cried almost continuously with stomach troubles. I can truthfully say I never had any medicine act so promptly and give such satisfac-tion as the tablets. I do not think you tion as the tablets. I do not think you make any claim for them which their use will not substantiate." The tablets can be had from any medicine dealer, or by mail from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Price 25 cents a

CLOVER SOD. By Prof. C. A. Zavitz.

Clover is one of Ontario's most val Clover is one of Ontario's most valuable farm crops. It is generally recognized by Ontario farmers to be a heavy yielder of hay, which furnished a large amount of valuable food constituents. Its beneficial effects upon the sol, however, do not seem to be so clearly understood. Scientists who have made a careful study of the influence of clover on the soil, tell us that after large crops have been removed from the land the soil is actually righer in nitrogen. fore, owing to the large amount of nitrogen which the clover roots have obtained from the air. As a rule farmers grow clover and timothy together, and are, therefore, unable to the comparative

of each of these crops on the soil.
We have conducted a series of exwe have conducted a series of ex-periments at the Agricultural Col-clege, Guelph, on three different oc-casions, in order to ascertain the comparative value of clover and grass sod for crop production. We first grew clovers and grasses upon separate plots and rasses upon separate plots and removed the crops, after which the land was ploughed and other crops were sown. The results, therefore, show the influence of the roots remaining in the soil upon the productiveness of crops following the clovers and the grasses. In 1902, barley was sown after each of four varieties of clovers and three varieties of grasses in four different places in our experienced grant of the expense. perimental grounds. The average re-sults of the four tests in poinds of sults of the four tests in possible of the four tests in possible of barley per acre were as follows; Red clover, 1,516; lucerne, 1,450; alsike clover, 1,427; mammoth Red clover, 1,428; meadow fescue grass, 1,018; orchard grass, 1,015; and timothy, 946. It will therefore be seen that the red clover sod gave an increase over the timothy sod of 570 pounds, or nearly 12 bushels per acre.

In another experiment, which was completed in 1900, in which win-ter wheat was shown on both clover and grass sods, it was found that an average of 3,194 pounds of wheat per acre was obtained from the clover sod, and only 2,300 pounds

the clover sod, and only 2,300 pounds from the grass sod.

In 18 % a mixture of oats and barley was sown on clover sod and also on grass sod. The results were very more and a son a verse. marked, as an average of 2,256 pounds of mixed grains per acre was obtained from the clover sod, was obtained from the clover sod, and only 1,078 pounds of mixed grains per acre from the grass sod. By averaging the results of these three grains, we find that the crop grown on the clover sod gave an crease over the crop grown on the grass sod by fully 56 per cent.

grass sod by fully 56 per cent.

The results of these experiments help us to appreciate the beneficial influence on the soil from growing clover. It also indicates the suitability of a properly cultivated clover soil as a preparation for winter wheat or for spring grains. G. C. Creelman, President.

A Triffing Fault.

"After all, there's only one fault that I have to find with the sensational pa-

"What's that?" "Oh, it's a mere trifle, of course, but the headlines and the news never seem

Spring in Lhasa.

Fascinating Scenes on the Road to the Sacred

(London Mail.) Chumbi.—Before entering the bare, unsheltered plateau of Thibet the road to Lhasa waid sthrough seven miles of pine forests, which recalls some of the most beautiful valleys of Switzerland. The wood line ends abruptly. After that there is nothing but barrenness and desolation. The country around Chumbi is not very thickly forested. There are long strips of arable land on each side of the road and villages every two or three miles. The fields are terraced and inclosed within stone walls. Scatand inelosed within stone walls. Scattered on the hillside are stone-built houses, with low, overhanging eaves, and long wooden tites, each weighed down wich a grey boulder. One might imagine one's self in Kandersteg or Lauterbrunnen, only lofty praying flags and mani-walls brightly painted with Buddhistis pictures and inscriptions dispelthe illusion.

histis pictures and inscriptions dispel the illusion.

There is no lack of color. In the winter months a briar with large red berries and a low, fexcy brown thornbush like a young order in March lend a russet hue to the landstree. Higher on the hills the withered grass is yellow, and the blending of these quiet tints—russet, brown and yellow—gives the valley a restrict beauty. But in cloud it is sombre enough. When spring comes there is a profusion of color. Every stunted rhododendron bush blossoms luxuriantly.

luxuriantly.

Two years ago I was in the Yatung valley at the same elevation as the gorge below Gautsa, which I am now cribing, and not a day's march describing, and not a day's march from it. The ground was carpeted with flowers. Besides the primulas—I counted eight different kinds of them—and gentians and anemones and celandines and wild strawberries and irises, there were the rhododendrons glowing like coals through the pine forest. The rocks were coated with green and yellow moss, which formed a bed for the dwarf rhododendron bushes, then in full flower, white and crimson and green, and every white and crimson and green, and every hue between a dark reddish brown and a light sulphur yellow, not here and there, but everywhere, jostling one an-other for nooks and crannies in the

These delicate flowers are very differ ent from their dowdy cousin, the coars red rhododendron of the English shrub bery. At a little distance they are more like hot-house azaleas, and equal to

like hot-house azaieas, and equal to them in wealth of blossom.

Even now, in February, I can detect a few salmon-colored leaf-buds which remind me that the month of May will be a revelation to the mission force when their veins are quickened by an unfamiliar warmth and their eyes dazded by this unexpected treasure which zled by this unexpected treasure which is now germinating in the brown earth.
Soon after this letter reaches England
the transformation will have begun.
The present cheerless conditions will
have ceased. Instead of icy winds and have ceased. Instead of icy winds amid a wintry landscape there will be warmth and spring sunshine. Yet families at home will be forming their impressions of the valley from letters written now by their friends in the force. To disillusion them I cannot do better than to recall my impressions of the valley as I entered it in May two years ago. The valley had for me an intangible fascination, indescribable because it was illogical. Certainly the light that played on all these colors seemed to me softer than everyday sunshine, and the opening foli-age of birch and larch seemed to age of birch and larch seemed to me more delicate and varied than on common ground. Perhaps it was that I was approaching the forbidden land. But what irony that this seductive valley should be the approach to the most bare and unsheltered land in Acicl.

Asia! Four miles from Chumbi the road passes through the second military wall of the Chinese village of Gobsorg. little children run out and one with the cry of "backsalute one with the cry of "back-sheesh" the first alien word in their infant vocabulary. The women of the valley wear a distinctive flat green cap, with a red patch in front, whih harmonizes with their complexion, a coarse brick red, of which the primal ingredients are dirt and cutch, erron-eously called pigs' blood, and the natural ruddiness of a healthy outdoor tural ruddiness of a healthy outdoor life in a cold climate. A procession of these sirens is comely and picturesque—at a hundred yards. A little further on the road is Galing-kha, a large Thibetan village, where the praying flags are as thick as masts in a dockyard. Here one sees unwieldy weeden formers hanging from reals 50 wooden frames, hanging from poles 50 or 60 feet high. They are used, we are told, for illuminations in festival time, but the general impression of the force after a good deal of conjec-ture, was that they were cradles of correction for refractory children. A correction for refractory children. A mile further a sudden turn in the valley brings one to a level plain—a phenomenally flat piece of ground, where one can trace two miles along the straight. No one passes it without remarking that it is the best site for a hill station in northern India. Where clse can one find a race course, polo, ground, fishing, and shooting, and a 1 unfall that is little more than a third of that at Daarjeeling? A thousand of that at Daarjeeling? A thousand feet above the stream on the east bank is a plateau apparently designed for building sites. Nature evidently in tended the place for a hill station.

It was on the hill above Lingmathang that Major Wallace Dunlop shot his shear (Sikking stag), the first beaut

his shao (Sikkim stag), the first beast of the kind to fall to a European gun. Shao are shy beasts, and nowhere abur dant. They are not found above the wood limit. Black panther and musk dant. deer are sometimes met in these for-ests, but they are not common. Pheasand miners were working on the road pelow Gautsa the blood pheasants used to come down to the stream to watch the operations.

Now the game birds are almost all Now the game birds are aimost all frightened out of the valley. One finds the blood pheasant high up in the pine forest in patches of moist earth where the snow has melted. When disturbed he runs up the hillside, and betrays his new hiding-place by vociferous calls. Pheasant shooting at Chumbi is not

The cock minal, as every sportsman knows, has the most gorgeous plumage of any pheasant except the Arguseye. The tracopan is also occasionally shot on this side of the Himalayas.

on this side of the Himalayas.
Gautsa, which lies five miles north
of Lingmathang, nearly half way between Chumbi and Phari, must be
added to the map. A week or two ago
the place was deserted and unnamed:
it did not boast a single cow-herd's hut. Now it is a busy camp, and likely to be a permanent halting place on the road to Phari. The camp lies in a deep moss-carpeted hollow, with no apparent egress. On three sides it is flanked by rocky cliffs, densely forested with pine and silver birch; on the fourth rises an abrupt wall of rock, which suffused with a glow of amber light an hour before sunset. The Ammo Chu, which is here nothing but a twenty-foot stream, frozen over at night, bisects the camp. The valley is warm and sheltered, and escapes much of the bitter wind that never spares Chumbi. After dinner one prefers the open air and a camp fire. Officers, who have been up the line before turn into their tents regretable for their tents regretable. fully, for they know that they are ing good-bye to comfort, and will not enjoy the genial warmth of a good fire again until they have crossed the bleak Thibetan tablelands and reached the sparsely wooded valley of Gyantse. SOUTHERN MANCHURIA.

Where All Wagon Traffic Ceases From July to September.

When we speak of roads in Manchuria, we speak of things that scarcely exist. Apart from the mountain ditricts the roads in Southern Manchuria have the peculiarity of being below the level of the adoining and cultivated land. The reason for this is that the cultivators annually steal thousands of cart loads of soil from the roads in order to mix it with the farmyard manure, and they especially favor the mudholes in the roads, which offer a richer soil. In conequence the tracks in the low lying districts go from bad to worse until become mere stretches of stagnant water, and fresh tracks are then made cross the fields, becoming roads in their turn. As there are no divisions between properties, carts travel freely over the fields when they are hard frozen in winter, but in spring there is endless fric-tion between farmers and carters when the latter attempt to traverse the newly

sown fields to avoid the mud holes.

From the middle of June until the middle of July—that is to say during the present period of operations—all wagon traffic ceases on the roads in the low districts, and only the smaller and lighter carts can travel at all. From about July 10 to Sept. 15 all traffic stops on these roads, which then become practically impassable for wheeled vehicles. Movement is then confined to sown fields to avoid the mud vehicles. Movement is then confined to the passage of light carts and pack animals along the mountain tracks, and this continues until some time after the close

of the rainy season.

Even in the mountain districts the best of the cart tracks are not good, and in many places two carts cannot pass each other. The best of the mountain tracks at the disposal of the Japanese is that leading from An-Tung, the out of Sinyen, and over the Ta-pienthrough Sin-yen, and over the Ta-pien-ling (Great Level Pass), which crosses the hills where they are low, more open, and less wooded; the gradients on this-road are easy and should permit the train and artillery of a Japanese army

to pass.

The Liau plain, and some of the richer valleys near Liau-yang and Hai-cheng have large areas covered with the most characteristic crop of the country, namely, kaoliang (tall grain), or sorghum. This crop is planted in drills two feet apart, each plant being from a foot to 18 inches from the next. It has the ap pearance of maize, and the crop is earthed up like an English potato field. carthed up like an English potato field. At the present season it may be three feet high, but once the rains begin in carnest the kao-liang grows rapidly and shoots up to 12 or 15 feet in height, completely covering even mounted troops from view, and resembling a sugar plantation. When this moment comes the Chipese footnad is in season, and as the Chinese footpad is in season, and so perfect is the cover that the local au-thorities make no attempt to affect an arrest until after the harvest. So difficult did the Russians find movement amidst this crop in 1900 that they made no attempt to move beyond Ta-chih-chiao, and restore their damaged railway until well on in September, and for two years after the Boxer troubles the crop was not allowed within 600 yords of

When full grown the stems of the kao-liang are rough and impede move-ment; the ground is usually wet and soft; as the crop covers three-forths of the Liau Valley it renders all movements of troops next to impracticable for two months. The chief of the other for two months. The chief of the other crops in Southern Manchuria are the small yellow millet, the stalks of which make capital fodder for horses, dwarf beans and a grass resembling small millet with white grains. In the Siy-yen Valley only a little kao-liang is grown in section. in patches, but there are maize. mall millet and beans.—Cor. London

In a Tapanese Prison.

That which is especially striking at first sight in a Japanese prison is that there is no difference between the prison and the hut of the free peasant, the Japanese declaring that if the prison were elevated to the level of a modern penitentiary it would be too attractive

nd would increase crime. and would increase crime.

Upon opproaching the prison, in place of high and forbidding walls, you see a large country house with a series of outbuildings, the prison itself being completely open, although formerly at Itchigoi there was a corridor separated from the building by a paper wall, where the the building by a paper wall, where the

The food given the prisoners is in proportion to their conduct and industry, the prisoners who do not conduct themselves as they should receiving a cake of rice, which must last for seven days, while in the case of the orderly sport, as the birds seldom rise, and one must shoot them running for the pot. But a day with a gun is very interesting to a naturalist. Besides the blood pheasant, there are minal and tracepan. With their meals. Public Opinion.