Electors
the Province:
for Black Dress Suits and
is at hand. You can see
rtment of them at the De-
g Store, 48 Mill Street.
Suits, $12.00 with a box of
s thrown in. Blue Tweed,
Braces in the pocket. Blue
, $3.75. Good Pants for $1.
uffs and Ties—latest.
W. J. YOUNGCLAUS.

and all of them were re-
reary rain bedroggled the
day and kept most of the
indoors. In the morning
drew an overcoat over his
nd plodded through the
is host, Mr. Perrin, to one
k's churches, the worship-
of the Dutch Reformed
nts. He took an inconspi-
pew and was one of per-
dred people who listened
on of Dr. Robert H. Barr
ciated Reform church of
. There was nothing in
of a political tinge, but
Rev. G. D. Lydecker, who
rayer, referred to the can-
prayed: "We ask Thee to
bless Thy servant whom
th us, Thy honored serv-
with wisdom and power
ieties and fatigue of the
s and fill him with hope
nce in all Thy purposes
him and these people."
services the members of
gation pressed about Mr.
hake his hand.
party of wheelmen came
miles from Hudson in the
to see the candidate and
uced by one of their mem-
rly District Attorney Mc-
Columbia county. Among
callers were A. B. Reeder
rk, who had known the
the west, and E. Moody
Boston.
's attention was called to
atement by the president of
ut assembly contradicting
that he would make a
e, and he said: "I shall not
. Being interested in Chau-
, my wife and I avail our-
he opportunity to see the
ociation. The work of the
is non-partisan and the
quite right in saying that
ndidate would speak unless
invited."
on, Aug. 23.—Speaking to-
r. Watson, the populist no-
vice president, Senator But-
hairman of the populist ex-
id that he noticed a decided
sentiment towards Mr. Wat-
nly among the populists in
ho favored Mr. Sewall, but
g the silver democrats of
" he said, "this is the be-
a change that will continue
ay of election. Probably at
n the south is this going on
dly than in Georgia, Mr.
own state. The outlook is
he will carry Georgia even
ocrats elect their state ticket.
ge is also very marked in
tate of North Carolina, and
k is that Wilson will get
al vote of that state."

MARINE MATTERS.

all and Taff takes in deals at
W. C. England, at 42s. 6d.
nt, Capt. Rutherford, from Liv-
West Bay was sighter about
s south of Cape Sable Seal Is-
sday night.
Ravola is loading coals at Syd-
tham and the schooner Francis
Weymouth. Brigt. Ohio comes
with coals.
of the steamer Tormore, ashore
, N. F., was sold a few days
cargo $15.
n bark Lavarello, Capt. Vanolie,
erday afternoon from Naples.
days coming out. The weather
near the end of the voyage,
weather was encountered.
ole agreement has been arrived
ool between the owners of the
Vancouver and Lake Ontario,
is collided in the St. Lawrence
ereby the seizure upon the lat-
removed and her departure from
ll not be interfered with.
Delaware despatch of Thursday
Artisan, Capt. Purdy, arrived
day from Manila with Frank
an, in irons. Jones was accused
g to kill the officers and burn
he Artisan is owned by Wm.
Co. They have received no word
Purdy.
ia finished loading deals yester-
on for the U. K.
ry is due here from Porto Rico
o of molasses.
e D. Small, which had been laid
up to Milledgeville to load laths
rk.
aritan, now due at Middlesboro
ked to load general cargo there
t 18s per ton.
lvin, Capt. Lockhart, arrived
n Dublin. Capt. Lockhart re-
he had fine weather all the way
omas Rutherford's death at Rio
already been announced. When
his vessel was ready to sail
chd. Capt. Rutherford was 43
He leaves a wife and three child-
g at River Hebert. He was five
mmand of the ship North Riding.
ding, Capt. Olsen, which arrived
on the 19th, from Bay Verte, re-
0, lon 15, picked up a rowboat
ame "Sozodont" painted on her.
contained several lifebelts and a
provisions, but there were no
fe on board.
ked sch. Mary C, which has been
Creek for some time, having been
by her owners, will soon be re-
harbor and land commissioners
rded the contract to W. H. Wy-
100. The vessel, while on a pas-
. John, N. B., to Boston, strand-
nan beach, but was afterwards
towed to the Glendon Co's wharf,
eek, where her cargo was dis-
Her owner removed her a short
d sold her rigging. The high
d the vessel up and down the
ding navigation and proving dan-
ruction.
bark Armenia, Capt. Connaugh-
ischarging ballast at Hutchin-
, Newcastle, on Saturday last, a
ed George Barr, who was paint-
he yard arm, fell to the deck and
ly killed. Barr was a native of
had been going to sea for only
The captain says he was a
elligent fellow, well educated, and
as a clerk in an office in Liver-
was married and leaves one child.
e bunk that he occupied was
ng his personal effects, a cabinet
of himself, his wife and little
father is a rubber manufacturer
ol.
Ring loads coal at Cardiff for Rio
15s.
hicklade, Capt. Northfell, sailed
Bay on Saturday for Manchester.
reola, for Liverpool, and bark
kham, for Buenos Ayres, sailed
ah, Capt. Salvesan, arrived Sat-
n Bristol. A short time out from
he encountered heavy fog, which
until the bay was reached. The
o be kept going continuously.

HARMONY HALL.

The President Discovers an Epoch-Marking Man.

And Ranks Him Only a Little Lower Than the Angels.

Foster Cornered Once More—The Colonel Started a Little Too Late.

"Fellows," said the President, "it is more than ever necessary that Blair should be elected. His speech at Gagetown on Tuesday shows that clearly. Such a masterly and magnificent burst of silence on the policy of the government deserves to rank with the best efforts of Laurier himself."

"He didn't give us a fair show, though," said a back bencher.

"In what way?" asked the President.

"A lot of us went up there to throw mud at Foster," replied the back bencher.

"Well?" queried the President.

"Well, sir, we went there for that purpose. But when Blair got done speakin' and Foster got up—we had to let him go ahead. There wasn't any mud left."

"Mr. Blair is a great man," said the President. "When I contemplate the breadth of statesmanship, the lofty patriotism, the modesty, the dignity, the self-effacement, the chivalrous regard for others, the noble charity, the elevated and inspiring tone and spirit of that Gagetown speech, I seem to exist in an atmosphere permeated with the sweetness and light of all that was best and purest and most ennobling in all the ages of the world. Take the eloquence of a Demosthenes, combine with it the dauntless fire of a Mirabeau, the polished grace of a Chesterfield, the natriotism of a Kossuth, the erudition of a Samuel Johnson, the fervor of a John Knox, the chivalry of a Saladin, the refined spirituality of a Keble, the stately dignity of a Leo XIII., the meekness of a Moses and the sweet charity of a Paul—take them all—personify them in one individual and behold—Blair Ah, my friends, we are a happy people. Once and again in the course of human history there arises an epoch-making man, of such transcendent gifts that common men may only stand in wonder and in awe. We live in such a time. Dr. Pugsley says of Mr. Blair: 'I believe him to be one of the purest, as he is one of the ablest, of Canadian statesmen.' But that is too modest an estimate. I will not say that in using the words 'one of the purest, and ablest' Dr. Pugsley was leaving a niche for himself on the same elevation, but it is open to that construction, and cannot be tolerated. Did time permit, I would like to quote a few of the noble and splendid eulogies of Mr. Blair that have filled so large a space in the editorial columns of the Evening Globe for a long time past. But I forbear. Let us rejoice that we live in an era and in a country whose annals bear the imperishable record of a public career unrivalled in splendor of achievement as it is in grandeur of aim. In some far time, whose glory we shall not see, there may arise such another star of hope and guidance for some favored nation; but who can tell if ever such another will gem with radiance the horizon of our own?"

Great cheering greeted the President's address. And when Fellow Andrew G. arose, with an effigy of Foster in his hands, and proceeded to beat its head against the wall, mashed its nose, gouge its eyes out, make faces at it, and finally throw it down and dance on it, the enthusiasm became tremendous.

"To think," cried an entranced back bencher, "that the tories 'ud put up a man again 'im!"

"What you have said, Mr. President," said another Fellow, "is both just and appropriate. Blair must be elected. We must send more men to Queens county."

"More men!" gasped the President.

"More men!" shrieked a back bencher. "Rats!"

"He—he says more men!" cried another Fellow to his neighbor, at the same time nudging him with his elbow. And the pair of them threw back their heads and laughed boisterously. In fact, everybody laughed, except the man who had caused it—and he simply sat down and looked foolish.

"The need of our party in Queens county at present," said the President, "is not more men, but more of the resources of civilization."

The Colonel groaned, and started for the door, but it was too late. The way was effectually barred, and a check had to be made out on the spot. Then the meeting broke up and everybody rushed forward to have a bang at the effigy of Foster.

"Mr. President," said one of the St. John Fellows, on Saturday evening, "I want to know if it's true that instructions have been issued to promise every third man in Queens and Sunbury a position on the I. C. R., and to promise to build enough railway in those counties to supply jobs for the other two-thirds."

"I have no doubt," said the President, "that the modest assurances you mention are well within the mark. It would not surprise me to learn that every man had been offered a little railway of his own."

"But," objected the St. John Fellow, "there are at least five hundred and fifty men in St. John who were promised positions on the I. C. R. if they would vote for Ellis and Tucker."

"Neither Mr. Ellis nor Col. Tucker," boldly observed Fellow Andrew G., "is the minister of railways."

Whereat there were fierce scowls and deep mutterings from the friends of the two persons named.

"I wish further to remark," said Fellow Andrew G., "that the bitterest pill I had to swallow at Gagetown last Tuesday was to see a lot of the friends of Fellow John V. standing around there grinning while Foster laid on the lash. I will remember it."

"Did he raise many lumps?" inquired an anxious friend.

"I was not alluding to him, but to them," curtly rejoined Fellow Andrew G., with a savage frown; whereupon the sympathetic but ill-advised inquirer went over and butted his head against the wall.

"My job's gone!", he muttered to himself disconsolately.

"I wish," said the Historian, "to direct attention to the fact that the Telegraph was the first newspaper to announce the settlement of the Manitoba school question."

"But it isn't settled," objected another Fellow. "The Globe says so."

"I know it isn't—you fool," sharply rejoined the Historian. "But it will be settled sometime—won't it?"

"Yes—I suppose it will."

"Very well. The Telegraph has made the announcement in advance of all its contemporaries. The Telegraph is a live journal."

"In the same way," said Fellow Richard, "it might announce the end of the world—or the next snow storm. To announce a sure thing, and then wait for it to transpire is a kind of journalism that almost any simpleton might aspire to, with some hope of success."

"I think," put in the President in a tone of mild remonstrance, "that this discussioin is not in the interests of Harmony. Is the army in readiness to march on Queens and Sunbury?"

"All ready, sir, and fully equipped," replied the Recruiting Sergeant.

"Has everey man his knapsack?"

"He has—and it is full. And each has two days' rations."

"Liquid refreshments also?"

"An ample supply."

"Then," said the President, "we shall look for glorious news on Tuesday night. Give the bushmen no quarter. March them to the polls and make them do your bidding. Should the Tories capture that stronghold, along with North Grey, which I fear they will do, our cause—the great cause of Boodle—will be endangered everywhere. Fellows, we totter! Let every man brace himself for a desperate struggle."

"We will!" roared the Fellows. And they will be swraming all over Queens and Sunbury tomorrow.

MARK THE DIFFERENCE

Between Diamond Dyes and Imitations.

To the thrifty and economical housewife Diamond Dyes offer advantages and results that no other dyes guarantee.

The Diamond Dyes, that all chemical experts pronounce to be purest and best, possess more than double the dyeing strength of all other dyes. The colors are made to endure in spite of soap, rain or sun.

Diamond Dye colors are brilliant and bright; imitation dyes give dull and blotched colors. Diamond Dyes are prepared scientifically; imitation dyes are prepared and mixed without regard to the user's interests; the fact is, they are made to deceive and swindle the unsuspecting.

If you would dye well, easily and successfully, you must use the "Diamond." Tell your dealer plainly that you have no use for miserable imitation dyes.

IN BULAWAYO.

Cecil Rhodes' Mission to the Matabele a Complete Success.

Bulawayo, Aug. 23.—The mission of Hon. Cecil Rhodes to the Matabele is reported to be a pronounced success. The natives have yielded and the war is considered at an end. Cecil Rhodes inspired the confidence of the Matabele chiefs by going among them unarmed. The chiefs complained that ill-usage by native police provoked rebellion, and Mr. Rhodes promised them that reforms in this respect would be inaugurated at once. Earl Gray, who was appointed to administer the affairs within the jurisdiction of the British South African Company, believes that the surrender of the natives was practically unconditional.

COURT NEWS.

In the equity court on the 18th, in Connolly v. Connolly, a suit for partition of land at St. Andrews, an order was made that the bill be taken pro confesso, on motion of W. Pugsley, Q. C.

In Jack v. Everett, on motion of A. W. Macrae, the referee's report was confirmed. A similar order was made in Smith v. McCullough on motion of Bowyer S. Smith.

Morris v. Sturdee was set down for 31st August on motion of A. W. Macrae for plaintiff; J. R. Armstrong, Q. C., for defendant.

Fox v. Carter was postponed to next court, on motion of Geo. R. Vincent.

In Fawcett v. Crossdale, on motion of W. B. Chandler, an order was made for writ of possession.

In Cunningham v. Moore, on motion of W. Pugsley, Q. C., and in Record Machine Co. v. Beatty et al, on motion of W. B. Chandler, the referee's reports were confirmed.

In Jackson v. Richardson, Judge Barker delivered judgment allowing compound interest under the agreement and distinguishing between a portion of the section which gave a lien on the land and a portion which did not.

Before Judge Wells on the 18th, under the ejectment act, an application was made on behalf of George P. McLaughlin against the O'Keeffe Brewing Co. The plaintiff claims that he is entiled to the possession of the Water street store which he occupied when agent of the company and since. The company allege that he assigned the lease to them. D. Mullin for plaintiff; H. F. Puddington and H. H. McLean for defendants.

It was a fortnight since county court chambers were held in this city before and many lawyers attended for routine business. The present system of only having a judge in St. John once in a while is productive of a great deal of inconvenience.

In county court chambers Judge Wells decided that the O'Keefe Brewery Co. were entitled to the possession of the premises claimed by Geo. McLaughlin.

Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN.

SPORTING MATTERS.

Joe Patchen Lowers the World's Stallion Record at Rigby Park.

The Closing Day of the Maritime Colt Stake Races at Amherst.

THE TURF.

The Maritime Province Colt Stakes.

Amherst, N. S., Aug. 21.—There was no increase in attendance at the races here this afternoon. The day was beautifully fine, but a slight breeze stirred the dust a little. The 2.30 class was the first race called. A fine field of starters responded, as follows: Daisy Cunningham, who won the pole, Provider, Hatasu, Nellie Bly, Adrienne, Banshee and Sir Richard on the outside. At the start Nellie Bly captured the pole, followed by Hatasu and Adrienne in close pursuit. Sir Richard and Banshee broke badly and fell behind. At the half the order was Nellie Bly, Hatasu, Adrienne, Provider, Daisy Cunningham and Banshee, this order remaining the same to the finish, except that Provider pulled up to second; time 2.32.

Second heat—Nellie Bly went to the front, chased the whole mile by Provider. Banshee and Sir Richard broke repeatedly and came up in the rear, the others close for third. Nellie Bly came in first, but was put back for performing a mixed gate. Banshee and Sir Richard distanced; time 2.28 3-4.

Third heat—Nellie Bly took the lead, followed by Daisy, who was pushed for second by Adrienne. Nellie Bly and Daisy were put back for running and Adrienne given the heat.

Fourth heat—Hatasu was drawn, leaving four starters. It was a race between Daisy Cunningham and Nellie Bly, the former winning, with Nellie second, Adrienne third and Provider fourth; time 2.31 3-4.

Fifth heat—This was a close heat between Nellie Bly and Daisy, Daisy winning by a nose, with Adrienne third, Provider fourth.

Sixth heat—Nellie Bly led till the home stretch, when she was collared by Daisy, who won by a quarter of a length; time 2.33 1-2.

The Summary:

Daisy Cunningham	5	4	3	1	1	1
Nellie Bly	1	5	2	2	2	2
Adrienne	4	2	1	3	3	3
Provider	2	1	4	4	4	4
Hatasu	3	3	5	dr.		
Banshee	6	dis				
Sir Richard	7	dis				

In the 2.45 class Miss Braun and Belnut were drawn, leaving three starters, Button at the pole, Orion 2nd, Kickapoo outside. Button took the lead, but fell off at the half, Kickapoo going to the front; Orion 2nd, Button 3rd, finishing in this order; time 2.34.

Second heat—Kickapoo took a big lead, with Button second, Orion third; heat finishing thus; time 2.35.

Third heat—Kickapoo went to the front, followed by Button. Orion broke but caught Button, passing under the wire second, but was put back for running, Kickapoo winning the race; time 2.32

Summary:

Kickapoo	1	1	1
Button	3	2	2
Orion	2	3	3

Joe Patchen Lowers the World's Record.

Rigby Park, Me., Aug. 21.—Today at Rigby Park the famous pacing stallion Joe Patchen lowered the world's stallion pacing record by one-quarter of a second, going the mile in 2.03 flat, and by two of the judges' watches one-fifth of a second less than this. It was not a very favorable day for going against records of any sort. The wind was blowing freshly from the west when the races were called at two o'clock. Jack Curry, the driver of Patchen, was in doubt whether to start or not, but about five o'clock the wind died down a little, and Joe Patchen was driven out upon the track. His appearance was the signal for long and loud applause. After a mile of warming up the black stallion was started with a runner known as Little Friend, driven by Charles O'Brien. When Patchen approached the wire Jack Curry nodded his head for the word, and with the strong wind blowing in his teeth, raced towards the first quarter, followed closely by the runner. The judges caught the quarter at 30 1-2 seconds, and with the wind at his back the famous stallion reeler off the second quarter in 29 1-2 seconds. The half was made in just one minute. On the third quarter the watches caught the time at 30 1-4 seconds, and at a two minute clip Joe Patchen squared away on the last quarter towards the wire. But here he met the strong wind, against which he slowed down a bit, but landed under the wire in 32 3-4 seconds.

The announcement of the mile in 2.03 flat, one-quarter of a second better than the world's stallion pacing record, held by John R. Gentry, set the crowd crazy. They lifted Jack Curry, the driver, out of his sulky, swarmed from the grand stand onto the track and cheered like madmen. Ten thousand throats yelled themselves hoarse and the crowd acted like madmen.

Joe Patchen on Wednesday went an exhibition mile in 2.03 3-4, and a second mile in 2.04. The weather was more favorable than it was today. His former record was 2.04. He is seven years old and is owned by Col. John S. Taylor of Chicago. He already holds the world's record on a half mile track of 2.05 1-4, made at Mystic last week.

Joe Patchen's sire was Patchen Wilkes, his dam being Josephine Young, by Joe Young. Last year the stallion started eighteen times, and made a record of eight wining brackets. This year he started in Chicago, where he was beaten by John R. Gentry in a match race, after which he was again beaten by Frank Agen in Columbus, Ohio. Coming east, he broke the world's half mile track record, 2 minutes 8 seconds, which he made here two years ago, by cutting it down to 2.05 1-2, and today he broke the world's stallion record.

Sir Edward Clarke's retainer on receiving the Jameson brief was 500 guineas, while every day he had a "refresher" of 100 guineas.

THE DEAR OLD FARM.

Ten years to-day, Jack, I have lived
This blessed country life;
Since first I left my city home
To be a farmer's wife.

I thought that I would miss it so—
The tramp of busy feet,
The ceaseless throb of rushing life,
The faces in the street.

I thought the country would be tame,
Its interests mean and small;
But, then, I could not say you no,
And so I left it all.

I thought of all I loved and left
As I came down the aisle;
My thoughts went backward with a sigh,
And forward with a smile.

And now—the sun sees evry day
Earth's misery and bliss,
And now where does the sun shine upon
A happier lot than this?

Here are no walls to hem us in,
All's open to the sky;
Here I have learned to love the stars
And watch the clouds go by.

I watch the birds and squirrels, too,
And claim them for my own,
And trees, and grass—how could I live
Where all is brick and stone!

I love them still, those toil-worn streets,
Where many feet have trod;
The city brings us close to man,
The country near to God.

To think I ever should have paused
Uncertain 'twixt the two!
I am so thankful that I chose
The country, Jack—and you.

This dear old farm! I wouldn't give
One downy, peeping brood
Of day-old chicks for all the wealth
Of cities, if I could.

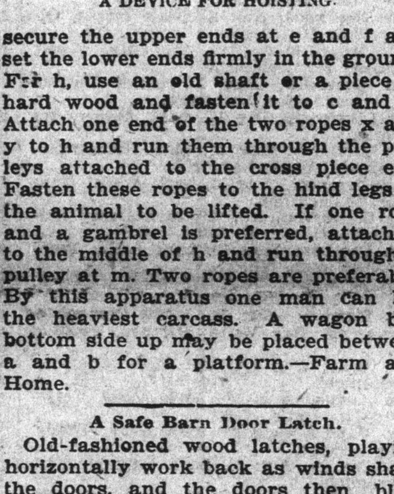
I love my homely household tasks,
I love the fields of grain;
I love the flowers that lift their heads
To drink the summer rain.

I love the orchard crowned with fruit,
My garden fair to see;
I love the horses and the cows—
I know that they love me.

And yet, perhaps, it's something else
That lends my life its charm;
You see I love the farmer, Jack,
And so I love the farm.
—Fann[illegible]e, in San Francisco Call.

A [illegible] for Hoisting.

A simple device for hoisting is illustrated below. The uprights a and b are 4x4's, or ordinary post timber 10 to 12 feet long. These are set into the ground 2 or 3 feet and 5 feet apart. To the tops of these fasten e f with bolts or spikes. Place c and d in position,

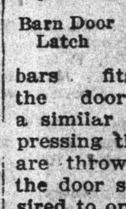


A DEVICE FOR HOISTING.

secure the upper ends at e and f and set the lower ends firmly in the ground. For h, use an old shaft or a piece of hard wood and fasten it to c and d. Attach one end of the two ropes x and y to h and run them through the pulleys attached to the cross piece e f. Fasten these ropes to the hind legs of the animal to be lifted. If one rope and a gambrel is preferred, attach it to the middle of h and run through a pulley at m. Two ropes are preferable. By this apparatus one man can lift the heaviest carcass. A wagon box bottom side up may be placed between a and b for a platform.—Farm and Home.

A Safe Barn Door Latch.

Old-fashioned wood latches, playing horizontally work back as winds shake the doors, and the doors then blow open. An improvement on such latches, as illustrated in Farm and Home, may be made by inclining the play of the latch downward. A secure fastening for double doors of a barn consists of a lever pivoted by a 1-2-inch bolt to the middle cleat of the door, with a bar on each side of the pivot, playing loosely on a bolt by which it is attached to the lever. One of the bars fits into a slot above the door, and the other into a similar slot in the doorsill. By depressing the end of the lever the bars are thrown into the slots and hold the door securely fastened. When desired to open it, the lever is raised and the bars are withdrawn. The ends of the bars are held in place by rabbeted cleats through which they slide freely.



Barn Door Latch

'Twas Proved This Year

Nitrate of soda is a valuable fertilizer for strawberries and raspberries. It should be applied with powdered phosphate of lime to produce its best effects. The berries are larger in size, handsomer in color and fine flavor. Ordinary manure will not produce such results, for the reason that it is not converted into plant food until after the demand of the fruit. The plant grows early in the season, and nitrate of soda being a leaf and stem former, while the phosphate of lime is a seed former, they are assimilated by the plant and at once taken up and appropriated, furnishing the food necessary for the growth of the plant and the full development of the fruit.—San Francisco Call.

Food Value of the Apple.

Dr. Bentzer, a German scientist, has the following good things to say of the apple:

It excites the functions of the liver.

It promotes a sound and quiet sleep.

It disinfects the mouth.

It agglutinates the surplus acid of the stomach.

It paralyzes hemorrhoidal disturbances.

It helps the secretions of the kidneys and prevents calcareous concretions.

It obviates indigestion.

It is a good preventive against diseases of the throat.

To Mend a Broken Chain.

To fasten two links of a chain or anything of that sort, says the Farm Journal, make a coil of baling wire by winding it tightly around a broom handle or anything smooth and round, then worm the coil into the two links and bring the ends together and twist up, drawing a little closer than the other part of the coil. Then flatten the coil down with the twist in one of the links. If you sew a wire around, the different turns are uneven and are bound to break one after another, but this way four strands of baling wire will hold a bull.

Advertise in THE WEEKLY SUN.

A PREHISTORIC RACE

LEAVE BEHIND THEM FARMING LESSONS OF VALUE.

The Results of Irrigation in the Semi-Arid Lands of Southwestern America—An Interesting Article From an Expert Commissioner.

The following interesting article is from the pen of the travelling correspondent of the Country Gentleman, who prepared it while on his voyage across the Atlantic and mailed it to his enterprising journal:

During the month of April I made an examination of the agricultural results of irrigation in southern California, Arizona and New Mexico that proved of very great interest to me, and now, while on my way to examine a very different agriculture in another quarter of the globe, I desire to give some account of the wonderful results achieved in a remote section of our own country. What I may find in the three Scandinavian countries remains to be seen, but I am confident I will nowhere witness the earth bringing forth such bounteous returns for human effort as she does in a portion of America. Of course almost everyone knows that throughout the great middle region west of the Mississippi, and on nearly to the Pacific, agriculture is largely dependent upon irrigation. The normal rainfall is insufficient for the growth of crops. It requires 24 inches of water to ensure any crop of calue and much more than this to make agriculture profitable. In the vast region named, this quantity is not obtained. The great mountain ranges, however, catch the moisture-bearing currents of air and cause the precipitation of rain and snow that supplies the streams which furnish the means of irrigating the lands that lie along their courses. Fortunately for this region, there are a number of plants, including some valuable grasses that grow where the rainfall is very light, and these furnish food for the great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep that live and grow upon the vast ranges of which we have heard so much and which have proved to be a great fountain of stock whose streams run into the corn-growing districts where they are fattened for the eastern markets. The buffalo grass, growing and curling close to the ground, once furnished food for the great herds of bison that roamed this region, and which, alas, are now extinct; but domestic cattle have taken the place of the aboriginal herds, and are cropping these native grasses too closely to allow of proper seeding and reproduction. What the result of this will be remains to be seen, but already it is becoming serious in the diminished food supply.

The results of irrigation in southern California are well known. The production of citrous fruits and many other valuable products is almost entirely dependent upon it. The achievements of less than a quarter of a century excite our wonder and admiration. But great as these are, they are not so striking and impressive as are the results obtained within a very few years in the territory of Arizona, where the desert has truly been made to blossom with roses, and the strange and viscous cacti have given place to the choicest of fruits and most precious crops produced from the soil in any quarter of the earth.

The desert of Arizona is vast and in itself most forbidding. Extending north and south nearly through its central portion is a great whale-back rise of land that reaches seven or eight thousand feet in height, and through which the Colorado River has cut the immense canon that surpasses in extent and depth and wonder all others of the world. This high land catches the currents of air from the Pacific, and extracting their moisture, has as a result growths of grass and forests of pine. But here are the only native trees in the territory, worthy of the name. All else are but brush, or straggling specimens by the feeble water-courses.

Through the southern portion of the territory, south of the highlands described in its hottest and most arid district, flow the Salt and Gila Rivers, fed from the melting snows of high mountains and which unite and empty into the Colorado. Here the Pima and Maracopa Indians have lived and have grown limited crops of wheat and barley by a rude and very limited system of irrigation. Long before them a prehistoric race, of whom we know nothing whatever except in the traces of their work that still remain, and whom for the want of a truer name, we call Aztecs, irrigated these valleys on an extensive scale. Their great canals bear witness to their skill in hydraulic engineering, and the ruins of their towns and villages tell of their great numbers. Lieut. Cushing estimates that a poulation of at least 250,000 souls once resided here. They were probably the same people as the cliff and cave dwellers, whose deserted houses so excite our wonder to-day.

The development of irrigation in the Salt River Valley in a few years is illustrated by the growth of the town of Phoenix to the proportions of a city. Water has done it. A number of small canals were consolidated by the Arizona Improvement Company, which now supplies the water through a complete system that irrigates something like 150,000 acres of land. The surface of the ground is perfectly adapted to convenient irrigation. It has just the uniform slope that permits the water to flow to evry portion with the velocity that gives rapid distribution without washing. If water is discharged at the northeast corner of any tract, however large or small it can be easily conducted everywhere upon it.

The conditions of the Salt River Valley are almost identical with those of the Valley of the Nile. The climate is almost exactly that of Egypt, and every foot of ground is desert, except where water performs its magic work. Here is no annual inundation, as along the Nile, but almost the same result is obtained by copious winter irrigation, which so completely fills the soil with water that evaporation and seepage do not exhaust it throughout the season. But as along the Nile the greatest results are obtained by supplementing this with additional water throughout the year; so a like treatment produces the same result here, but here it is done much more easily and cheaply than in Egypt, where expensive pumping plants are required. Nowhere in Egypt have I seen such astonishing results from irrigation as in the Salt River Valley, and nowhere else in the world have I seen such abundant crops grown.

The corner-stone of agriculture in irrigated districts is alfalfa. It is extensively grown in Colorado and other states and territories where irrigation is employed. In the Salt River Valley its growth is phenomenal. Five or six crops are sometimes cut in a year. Here, where frost is unknown, there are 365 growing days in the year. In our northern latitudes, plants can grow at best but half the year, and during this half there are many days when it is so cold that growth is checked or stopped altogether, and there are many other days when it is so dry that no growth is under absolute control, and the temperature is always favorable. It becomes, therefore, only a question of the plant-food in the soil as to what the limit of production shall be.

Alfalfa is a remarkable plant. Like other legumens it is rich in albuminoids and is not deficient in other necessary constituents. It has but little waste in woody fibre. If a man chews a piece of dry alfalfa hay it is almost entirely dissolved in the saliva. All animals grow and fatten upon it with astonishing rapidity. It seems to be suited to horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry. Cattle brought in from the ranges, poor and empty, in five months' time double their weight and also double their value per pound. Colts grow to maturity in less than three years, and pigs are quickly ready to market with flesh of excellent quality. The quality of the beef is such that the Southern Pacific slope gets its best beef here. While I was in the valley one purchase of 5000 beeves was made for the California market.

Wheat and barley are the chief grain crops grown and these yield abundantly. I cannot give the figures of crops, but two or three weeks before harvesting I estimated the wheat yield at forty bushels per acre. Wheat and barley are winter crops, as they are in Egypt. Corn does not succeed well. Egyptian dura is considerably grown.

But, interesting and important as these strictly agricultural productions are, our admiration is most aroused by the growths of fruits. Extensive orchards of oranges, lemons, limes, apricots, peaches, figs and almonds, planted three and five years ago, are producing enormous crops of the highest quality. There are extensive vineyards also. I have seen the orange and lemon groves of southern Europe the apricots of France and Switzerland and the figs of Asia Minor and Palestine, but in none of those countries have I seen such extensive plantings, such perfection of growth, greater fruitfulness or higher quality of product than I saw in the Salt River Valley. The total absence of dew, fogs and rain, causes an exquisite finish of skin, while the temperature with the character of the soil produces the highest quality of flesh and juice. All fruits ripen earlier than elsewhere in the United States. Last year the orange crop was fully ripe in November, and this spring apricots were ripe by the 10th of May. Citrous and deciduous fruits receive constant irrigation, in carefully graduated quantities.

Eastern markets are reached by branches to the Southern Pacific Railway to the south, and to the Atlantic and Pacific, known as the Santa Fe route, to the north.

One cannot help wondering what will be the result of all this marvelous development of production. Here the desert is practically limitless. The water suppy alone determines where the limit shall be. For the present this is sufficient for all purposes, and in the future by storage it can be greatly extended. In so far as these irrigated districts furnish grain and animals, they admonish us that the excessive production that has so crippled our eastern agriculture by its competition has not yet reached its limit, while the growers of citrous fruits throughout the world will find their most dangerous rival to be advancing with resistless strides.

I have sought in vain for a satisfactory analysis of these desert soils. The territorial experiment station could not supply me with the desired information. The food supply seems to be abundant and exhaustless. The disintegration of rock containing feldspar has furnished the potash; the crustacea of a former geological period have furnished the phosphoric acid and the nitrogen, from whatever source it came, has remained undissolved in the soil that has never known of rain. Time has left these quietly stored for man to use by the application of nature's sole agent in feeding plants—water.

JAMES WOOD.

Tombs of the Apostles.

All that now remains of the apostles of Christ, says the Hartford Times, are in the following places: Seven are sleeping the sleep of the just in Rome—namely, St. Peter, St. Philip, St. James the Lesser, St. Jude, St. Bartholomew, St. Matthias and St. Simon. The remains of three lie in the kingdom of Naples—St. Matthew at Salerno, St. Andrew at Amalfi and St. Thomas at Ortona. One, St. James the Greater, was buried in Spain at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the exact whereabouts of the remains of St. John the Evangelist there is much dispute. St. Mark and St. Luke are buried in Italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. St. Peter is buried in Rome in the church which bears his name; so, too, are St. Simon and St. Jude, St. James the Lesser is buried in the Church of the Holy Apostles, St. Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" places the remains of St. Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basillica.

To Examine a Child's Throat.

Most mothers have experienced great difficulty in trying to look into the throat of a child, and as the up-to-date physician advises that a child's throat be instantly examined, at the slightest approach of indisposition, the following simple device will be found to be of the greatest service.

Take a large silver spoon and hold it back of a candle with the concave surface turned toward the light, and you will have an excellent reflection. This combination placed before the open mouth of a child will permit you to concentrate the luminous rays in the throat and ascertain its condition with absolute certainty.

Vice Versa

In Paris people rise early in the morning, in London late.

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