

KATHARINE REGINA

By WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER XIII. 13.

Continued.

It was past eight when Katharine woke up. Mlle. de Samarie was standing before her.

"I-I-I beg your pardon," said Katharine. "I have been asleep."
"You've slept for three hours and more, Miss. Pretty tired you must have been to sleep in all this racket."

"I've been walking about all night because I had no money."
"Have you, now? All night? Just think! And a lady! I should say—well, now, miss, if you'd like to brush your hair and wash your face and make yourself tidy upstairs, you can."

Was there ever a letter Samaritan? Katharine followed her. She would have cried again, but that she was stronger, being no longer hungry. But she kissed that woman of Samaria when she came away, and when Fortune smiled upon her once more, she sought her out, and shed tears when she found that the good creature was gone, and that no one knew where she was to be found.

Then, refreshed and strengthened, and with renewed hope, and with sixpence out of the policeman's shilling in her hand, Katharine went forth again for the third day's tramp.

She thought that perhaps if she went back to St. James' Park she might find Lily waiting there for her, or perhaps Dittmer Bock.

Katharine walked slowly up and down the whole length of the walk, Dittmer Bock, she now remembered, must be in the city at his office. If she only knew where that office was! There was no sign of Lily anywhere. She left the walk and went into the park. There she sat down, and tried to think what was to be done next.

She thought that she would go to Doughty street and see her old friend Mrs. Emptage again. Perhaps there might be some help even from that poverty stricken household.

She walked all the way from St. James' Park to Doughty street. It is a good step. You go along Long Acre and Great Queen street and Lincoln's Inn Fields and through Gray's Inn. For a girl who has been walking about all night it is a longish walk. Fortunately she had eaten a good breakfast, but it was at five in the morning. When Katharine arrived in Doughty street she found that the Emptage family had gone away, and they had left no address.

It was about eleven o'clock. Katharine turned away wearily. By this time she had fallen into that strange state of mind when nothing seems to matter. The Emptages were gone, and they had left no address. This intelligence affected her very slightly. She saw that there was a gate on the left hand side of Gray's Inn open, and that it led into a garden where there were trees and grass and seats. She turned in, took the first bench, and sank down upon it. At the other end of the bench sat a young lady dressed in deep mourning.

"You look tired," said the young lady, presently; "you look ill—are you ill? Can I be of any service to you?"
Katharine turned upon her in reply eyes so haggard, her face so worn, so full of despair and misery, that this young lady started and shuddered.

"Tell me," she said, "what it means. Tell me what is the matter with you."

Katharine tried to speak, but she was past speaking. Her head drooped, and she would have fallen forward upon the ground but the young lady caught her in her arms.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NUBIAN DESERT.

There was an encampment at the going down of the sun in the desert.

The great Nubian Desert is a terrible desert indeed. It covers a weary waste of country which, if you will examine the map, you will find lying between the Nile—that part of it where the Second and Third cataracts are marked—and the Red Sea. It is reported by those who have been across this desert—the number, for certain reasons, is now much greater than of old—that there are mountains in it, all arid and bare, level plains covered with sand, rocky passes, and low hills surrounding small plains of sand. The sand is everywhere. It is a hot and thirsty country; those who live in it are a thin, parched, and dried-up people, who are said to regard their abominable country with affection.

When the sun sets over the great Nubian Desert he paints the mountains and rocks all manner of colors, but especially those which have to do with purple, crimson, and yellow; he places the same colors, only paler, in the sky, and he condescends to light up the level sands with the most beautiful and wonderful mirages. This evening, for example, those of the people who cared to look for it might have seen in the southwest, and apparently within easy access, a most inviting oasis of verdure and beauty incomparable in any climate. Saw one ever such green grass, such blue lakes, such waving palms, such a suggestion of bubbling springs, green shade, fragrance of flowers, balmy rest, and universal delight? Yet there were two in this encampment who gazed upon the scene without joy and without admiration.

"There it is again, Tom," said one of them; "a very creditable image. You would swear that it was real, wouldn't you?"
"Ay. 'Th's is the Land of Tantalus. We are always thirsty, and there are always dangled before us the water and the fruits which we may not drink."

It was not a luxurious camp; the water the people had to drink was warm and brackish; the only protection they had against the night dews was the cotton sheets which by day they wore as mantles or wrapped round their bodies; the food they had

to eat consisted chiefly of dates. The men were armed, for the most part, with spears and shields, though there were old guns among them. One would certainly not think the tribe or the encampment worthy of the notice of history save for the fact that right in the middle of the camp there were sitting, without any protection of white cotton tent, the two Englishmen whose remarks on the mirage you have just heard. They were prisoners of war, whose lives were spared when the Egyptians were all spared. Why they were not massacred with the rest has never been found out. Perhaps it will remain a secret forever.

They were pretty ragged by this time, having been prisoners and on the tramp for six months. Their coats hung upon their shoulders in long strips, which they would have torn off but for the protection afforded against the sun; the legs of their trousers had been mostly torn off in strips in order to provide bindings for their feet, from which the boots had either dropped or had been taken off. To walk barefooted in the African sands is for English feet very nearly the same thing as to walk upon ten millions of sharp pointed needles all red hot. Even the eleven thousand British virgins of Aachen had only one pin for the whole lot to dance upon. But suppose they had been ordered to dance upon ten millions of pins apiece! Their flannel shirts were in strips; as for watches, revolvers, glasses, water bottles, belts, and everything else, these had long since been taken from them. Of all their kit they preserved only their helmets, which, as bound in common gratitude, had in return preserved their owners' lives against sunstroke. Their hair had grown long and matted, like the black ringlets of their captors; their faces were covered with thick beards, and six months' wanderings in the desert on a diet principally composed of dates and brackish water had taken the superfluous fat from their fingers, sharpened their features, given their eyes a peculiar brightness and eagerness unknown in countries of civilization, where the human eye is apt to swell with fatness, and doubtless added ten years to their lives should they ever get home.

The scene before them, apart from the mirage, was a landscape of low hills and rolling ground; everywhere was gray sand, with, for vegetation, tufts of dead desert grass. The two Englishmen sat side by side in silence. There was nothing to say. When a man has been made a tramp, without aim or object, for six long months, during which he has had no news of the outer world, and has been all the time hungry and thirsty, he is not inclined to talk. To-night the two men were so tired with the day's march that they sat without speaking a word, until one of their captors brought them supper, consisting of some bread and dates with a draught of water.

"Tom," said one of them, "is the finest beverage at the club comparable with a good pull of warmish water in such a place as this and after such a day's march?"
Tom was at the very moment taking that pull.

When they had eaten their supper they began to talk.
"Tom," said the first, resuming the conversation of the preceding night, "my opinion remains the same. We have come back somewhere near the place where we started."

"You see," said Tom, "that if you should happen to be wrong, our goose is cooked without the least doubt, and we shall either starve in this infernal desert or be captured again, when we shall most certainly be stuck."

"Yes—but I am sure that I am not mistaken. I remember the outline of those hills the very first day we were brought in, when we expected to be killed every instant."

"It may happen any minute as it is. These fellows are not in a hurry, because we are always in their hands. As for me, I very well remember the funk I was in, but I forgot the hills."

"Tom, it is the same place," the other man repeated, earnestly. "I am sure it is. We are within a few hours of the Egyptian fort. I believe they have come back here in the hopes of meeting other tribes and getting up another massacre, if the Egyptians can be lured outside their walls. Tom—he lowered his voice to a whisper, though not one could understand what they were saying—"within half a day's march is freedom, if you want to win it. Do you understand that?"

"It is not a dark saying, old man. As for my wanting to win it," he replied—"you're a soldier. Take the command, and let me what to do. I will obey if it leads to death. McClaulhin, on the bare chance of getting out of this."

"We will wait until they are all asleep. They have left off setting a watch. Then we will quietly slip away and make for the coast. I am sure we are near it. I can smell the sea; though it is only the Red Sea. If we are lucky we shall sight the fort and the ships."

"And suppose we take the wrong turn, and go north, instead of south?"
"In that case, Tom, we shall travel round the whole world, twenty-five thousand miles, or thereabouts, before we get to the fort. At twenty miles a day it is only twelve hundred days, or four years, allowing us to rest on Sundays."

"I should give up trying for the fort and strike off northwest, where London is—and Katherine," said Tom, with a curious catch in his voice.
"I've got a Katherine, too," said the man called McClaulhin. "I'd go north-west with you, old man. Oh! Tom!" he laid his hand on the other's shoulder—"to be free again! To go home and tell them we are not dead after all! Do you sometimes think of them crying over us?"

"Have I thought of anything else during the whole of the time? And my girl, you see, has got no one, and now she must be friendless. All day long for six months I have heard her sob. If we do get away from this prison—if ever there is a real chance of freedom again, I will tell you about her. I couldn't here—"
Tom said no more.

The sun went down at last with an undiminished bob, as one who is long in making up his mind to go, and only goes at last because he is obliged. Immediately afterwards the color went out of the sky and out of the hills, and then, because there is not much twilight in the great Nubian Desert, the night fell, and the children of the desert ceased to chatter and to scream and to quarrel, lay down upon the sand, still hot with the day's sun, and were all asleep in a few minutes. Presently Captain McClaulhin touched Tom's shoulder, and they arose and looked around them. Only half a day's march to freedom! But suppose McClaulhin had made a mistake? Suppose he had been deceived by the outlines of the hills? Then, as Tom truly prophesied, they would either starve slowly—it is a lingering complaint, including the torture of the burning heat of the sun and a maddening thirst—or they would be captured, and then they would be certainly speared for good. Freedom, however, is worth some risk; for the sake of freedom men have run the chance of many deaths, and those even more cruel than hunger and thirst in the desert.

A fortnight later the same two men lay in two beds in the hospital of the friendly fort, now garrisoned by English as well as by Egyptian troops.

The half day's march had in fact turned out to be a march of two or three days; with no food and no water, because, you see, they did take that wrong turning. When the fugitives were picked up by accident and a good way from the fort, they were very terrible to look at, black and gaunt and fierce-eyed with thirst and hunger and the heat of the desert under the fierce sun and the glare of the water, because they were upon the shore of the Red Sea. Already they seemed to hear the flopping of the vulture's wings and the bark of the jackal, when they were rescued by a party of English officers come out to shoot.

At first nobody knew them. They were brought in and put to bed, and for a week or so they could not even tell their story. When that story was fully heard those that listened marvelled and were sore astonished, because their escape and return to their friends was like a resurrection from the tomb. Long since, it was supposed, their bones had been bleaching upon the sands with the bones of the poor Egyptian soldiers who could not run fast enough to get away. McClaulhin had been gazetted as killed. Tom Addison, war correspondent, was reported killed. By this time their friends would even be going out of mourning.

"Six months, Tom," said McClaulhin this afternoon, the room being quiet and shaded, and the pain well-nigh gone out of their feet, which had swelled up and behaved in a most abominable manner, and inflicted disgusting torture upon them—"six months, Tom, may go a long way to make a fellow forgotten even by his girl. They've got the telegrams now, and by next week or thereabouts they will have the letters. I wonder—"
"So do I," said Tom.

"Whether Katharine will have forgotten?"

"Just what I was going to say," said Tom. "There's been a good many odd things happening in the last six months or so, old man. When they brought us in, and my head felt like one inflated balloon, and my chest like another, you began to talk of your Katharine, and I began to think we got mixed up somehow. You've got a Katharine and so have I. They can't, I suppose, be the same girl, by any accident."

"Mue is named Katharine Regina," Tom fell back on his pillow with a groan.

"So is mine," he said. "We have got mixed up."
"Katharine Regina Willoughby, mine is."
"Katharine Regina Capel is mine," said Tom. "There's a chance for us yet. But isn't it odd that there should be two girls christened Katharine Regina?"
(To be Continued.)

The Dutch Succession.

The question as to the future occupant of the Dutch throne occupies a writer in *Le Figaro* of Paris. A revision of the Constitution has become necessary for the reason that should the present throne leave no heir the throne would pass to a German prince. Naturally the Dutch are distrustful of German princes, and particularly of this one, "of whom nothing is known except that he knows nothing of the country." Meanwhile the fear prevails that whether a German prince succeeds or a republic be proclaimed, the Kaiser will find some excuse to interfere and gain a footing in the country.—*New York World*.

Hazing Denounced.

President De Witt Hyde, of Bowdoin, in a recent address to the students denounced hazing in a vigorous manner. He called the hazing the greatest coward and most consummate scoundrel on earth. He said hazing was devoid of fair play—always two to one or three to one—and he asked Bowdoin undergraduates to uphold themselves as gentlemen and to keep their college clean. The essential cowardice of the hazer has not been sufficiently dwelt upon. It takes not only a coward but a brute to be a good hazer.

Hunting Armada Treasure.

After an interval of nearly two years the duke of Argyll has resumed his search in Tobermory Bay, off the island of Mull, for the sunken treasure among the wreckage of the great Armda galleon, the *Florida*, which went down in 1588. The operations are being conducted with the utmost secrecy in boats hidden from sight by canvas awnings.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The geyzers of New Zealand sympathize with the Vesuvius eruption, throwing streams of mud and boiling water hundreds of feet into the air.

It is asserted by a scientist that without birds the insects would increase so rapidly that the human race could not exist for longer than nine years.

Compressing 300,000 newspapers by hydraulic machinery, an Austrian genius has constructed a yacht of the material thus obtained. It is sixteen feet long, and every part, including the masts and sails, is paper.

Cold storage is utilized for preserving eggs for incubating purposes as well as for family use. Should eggs freeze their vitality will be destroyed, but at a temperature of between thirty-two and forty degrees eggs five months old have been successfully hatched. It is not known how long, exactly, vitality can be held in suspense under such conditions.

Of the very latest type of freight steamers is the British ship *Bellerophon*, built without masts, instead of which she has four pillars, two abreast fore and aft, for derricks. The hold is made especially to accommodate heavy machinery and other bulky consignments for the China and Japan trade. Twenty-six winches and derricks can be worked from the deck.

Regarding the use of slag meal recent investigations have indicated that liberal dressing of this material, although containing no nitrogen, serves to increase the nitrogen in the land. In one thirteen year test the amount of nitrogen collected altogether per acre in six inches of surface soil, including that removed in the hay during that time, amounted to almost as much as contained in a ton of nitrate of soda.

If the announcement recently made from Norway is substantiated—namely, that in that country there has been perfected a method of extracting nitrogen from the atmosphere by mechanical and chemical means, and utilizing it for the manufacture of nitrate fertilizers—it will certainly herald a revolution in agriculture, since it will mean unlimited quantities of fertilizing material at low cost. The next important advance will be the devising of a method of using water for fuel—that is, of course, decomposing it, and applying the oxygen, which forms eight-ninths of its weight, to assist in the processes of combustion.

BULKHEAD DOORS NEEDED.

Naval Expert Asserts Ships Cannot Do Without Them.

As a result of the efforts made to surround the British battleship *Dreadnaught* with the greatest secrecy, a number of misleading guesses have been made as to features of her construction. One of these reports was to the effect that the *Dreadnaught* had no bulkhead doors.

W. B. Cowles, a naval expert who came to Boston to deliver an address before the post graduate students in marine engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says that he has every reason to believe this is a misstatement. "It is plain to every seagoer," Mr. Cowles said, "and especially to those who have duties below decks, that there must be a few doors connecting the large compartments or it will be impracticable to perform necessary duties."
The report that the battleship *Kansas* had no bulkhead doors was made awhile ago. This was denied by Chief Constructor Capps. The *Kansas*, like all the new ships of the navy, has electric power doors, which in time of danger can be closed from the bridge of the vessel. Mr. Cowles said that he believed power doors are the only solution of the problem of how to cut out the one weak spot in the subdivision of ships—the holes in the bulkheads. The "Long Arm" power doors now in use on our war ships, Mr. Cowles claimed, had reached a point where they are entirely successful in accomplishing this result.

With power doors, it was explained, the means and method of avoiding catastrophes at sea were very different from the impracticable elimination of means of passage from one part of a ship to another. "When the ship is going into action or known to be entering a fog or any dangerous locality, the officer of the deck closes all the doors from the bridge by means of the emergency station there. This emergency closure does not in any way affect the easy opening of the doors locally by power when any of the crew wish to pass through. Anyone can open the doors locally by the same means and just as easily as if the emergency station closure had not been made. After passing through the door in such a case it closes automatically.

The whole operation of these electric power doors means practically that the ship is made safe in time; that the ship is always running with her doors shut while in a dangerous locality, and that, therefore, she is in an unsinkable condition when the unexpected happens."

Silenced a Barber.

Judge John D. Lawson, dean of the law department of Missouri University, tells how he quieted a barber who had a lotion for sale. The barber had just shaved him, and, before letting him up, wanted to sell him the lotion to use on his face when he shaved himself. "Is that what you use on your customers?" said the judge. "No," replied the barber, "it is so expensive I cannot afford it." "If you can't afford it when you get ten cents for shaving a man," replied the judge, "how do you expect me to afford it when I shave myself for nothing?" The barber was nonplussed and gave up the sale.

Patentee of Gas.

Phillipe Lebon, who took out a patent in 1801 for the use of gas for lighting purposes, is to have a statue erected to his memory in Paris. He was murdered in 1804.

Fashion Notes

New York City.—The "pony" jacket is an established favorite for the young girls as well as for their elders and suits them singularly well. This one is simplicity itself, yet smart in the extreme, and is adapted both to suitings and to the separate wrap of gen-



wool materials of suitable weight, but a little later the model will be found a most desirable one for the pongee trimming of silk banding, and is fitted

served favorite, and is to be found in the pretty thin silk and wool materials as well as in lawn, batiste and the like. This one is trimmed after an entirely novel fashion, giving most becoming lines to the figure, and is shown in handkerchief lawn with trimming of Valenciennes lace and embroidery executed by hand, the lining being omitted. When silk or wool is used, however, the foundation will be found an improvement. The embroidery gives a peculiarly chic and dainty touch, but where it is not possible to expend the time required, little medallions of either lace or embroidery can be substituted for the hand work, exceedingly charming ones being offered on all sides. The Valenciennes lace is a pronounced favorite, but Cluny and baby Irish are close rivals, and both can be found in a variety of bandings.

The waist consists of the blouse lining, the front and the backs. The backs are tucked from shoulders to waist line, giving a tapering effect to the figure, while the fronts are tucked at the shoulders only, providing soft fullness below, and the trimming is applied over indicated lines. The sleeves are among the favorites of the season, with deep fitted cuffs, above which they are moderately full. If three-quarter length is desired the cuffs can be omitted and the sleeves finished with bands that fit the arms.

The amount of material required for a woman of medium size is three and three-fourths yards twenty-one, three two yards forty-four inches wide, with and one-fourth yard twenty-seven or



ished with stitching of belding silk and oral wear, although as shown it is made of reseda Panama cloth with little gold buttons and silk cords down the front. For immediate wear the many mixed suitings are admirable as well as Panama cloth and all of various sorts and the linen suits that will be so generally worn.

The coat is made with fronts, side-fronts, backs and side-backs, fitted by means of the seams that extend to the shoulders, giving most becoming lines to the figure. The sleeves are the favorite ones in three-quarter length, but are treated after a quite novel fashion, being laid in one box pleat each at the lower edge.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is two and three-eighths yards twenty-seven, one and seven-eighths yards forty-four or one and three-eighths yards fifty-two inches wide, with four and one-half yards of banding.

Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist. The blouse that is made in lingerie style is a pronounced and well de-

five and one-fourth yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.



Ribbons, Ruffles and Tucks. Skirts are ruffled with bands of narrow ribbon trimming the ruffles, they are pleated around the hips and trimmed with tucks around the bottom; they are gathered upon the band, and the lower part of the skirt is decorated with draped flounces, caught in place here and there with ribbons choux and with handsome lace medallions. And this is the way the skirts of summer are to be trimmed.

Choker Revivers. The stock of the hour is very high. Ear-ticking heights have been reached by the up-to-date collar, which, at its best, is shaped at the top to point upward slightly at the ears and curve to suit the chin.

Bracelets of Mosaic. The better kinds of beads used in necklaces are also made up with links or small beads of gold as bracelets. There are mosaic bracelets, too, a fine band of the mosaic work being set in heavy gold.

Beautiful Corsage Ornament. A group of fern-like palms carried out in diamonds set in platinum is shown in a novel corsage ornament.

The Sunday Breakfast Table

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

By ELEN Z. REEVES.

Why should we cloud the sunshine
God sends us to-day
By fearing that to-morrow
May have a sky of gray?
Why should we mar the blessings
The present has in store
By foolishly we waste it,
Or wishing these were more?

Look on the bright side always.
What better plan than this?
Since fretting never changes
What we think's gone amiss.

Let's take things as we find them
And make the best of life
By thinking of its blessings
And not its wrong and strife.
Enjoy each hour of sunshine;
God gives it all in vain
If foolishly we waste it,
Foreboding future rain.

Look on the bright side always.
And watch the blessings grow
As flowers do in the summer—
God likes to have it so.

Take what a good God sends you
With thanks for what is giv'n,
And let him live tomorrow
Just as you trust for heav'n.
Aye, make the most, my comrade,
Of time that flies so fast,
By gathering up its gladness
Before the chance is past!

Look on the bright side always.
And sing when skies are gray.
And little sighs and worries—
Let them drift away
—New York Tribune Sunday Magazine.

Sentiment.
Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. iv., 23.

The soul hungers for companionship and cannot live happily without it. When any one is inclined to withdraw from the society of his fellow-men, when he shuns the family, friends and the world, we feel that he is becoming abnormal.

There lurks a feeling in the human breast that attaches us to a pet animal, a favorite flower or landscape, that makes us prefer one being to another, that fills us with pity for the suffering and the weak, with admiration for the hero, with love for home, our neighborhood, our city, our country. Sentiment rules the greater part of our lives. It conditions our thoughts and actions, makes the difference between one person and another, creates interest and enthusiasm for one person and one cause in preference to another. What is this mysterious element of the soul? Is it magnetism, personality, charm, amiability? It is perhaps divinity seeking expression through man?

Sentiment, truly, is everything. It paints the best pictures, writes the best books and plays. It gives that "touch of human nature" that makes all the world kin. The busy throng hurrying on in the mad rush of ambition stops for a moment to comfort a crying babe that has lost its way or to aid some poor blind man tottering helplessly. Napoleon stopped his march to battle to turn over a turtle that was struggling on its back on the roadside. Men touched with the fire of emotion have wrought wondrous deeds. The master mind of a country, that has been born of great love or intense hate, Moses, the shepherd, becomes a redeemer of men at sight of the burning bush that was not consumed—at the thought of the great wrong done to Israel by the Pharaohs of Egypt. The love of liberty, like an irrepressible avalanche, swept tyrannous kings off their thrones and gave us the great republics of the world.

We seem, however, to have lost something in the course of our modern progress. We have cultivated the mind at the expense of the heart. Mental culture has repressed the emotions so long that the heart has become atrophied. Business is reduced to a cold science of supply and demand. Politics is a scramble for office and spoils. Society is a series of formal entrances and exits. Groups are formed to be broken up, friendships contracted to be dissolved, marriages contracted to be severed. Fire only can weld steel. So only the fire of love can weld hearts. Only the flame of human sentiment can drive out of the various activities of modern life that selfish coldness that chills every endeavor.

But sentiment cannot be taught. It is spread not through precept, but through the contagion of example. The watersheds of a country are on the hills or mountain tops. There the waters divide and flow thence down to the valleys below. The homes are the first sources of right living. Influences that there are generated pervade the various members. The great men and women of a country are its moral watersheds. If the great leaders of the nation will cherish the sentiment that makes for a love of the true, the beautiful and the good; if the Congress and State Legislatures will listen to the feeling that prompts men to love their fellow men, to do justice and walk humbly before God, then that sentiment will distill through the various layers of society, will transform politics and business with the waad of love into centre of activity for the common welfare and so regenerate society as to bring nearer the day of universal brotherhood.—Joseph Silverman, D. D., Rabbi Temple Emanu-El, New York, in the Sunday Herald.

To Escape Suffering. The readiest way to escape from our sufferings is to be willing they should endure as long as God pleases.—John Wesley.

Discourage Beer Drinking. The Bavarian Government does not dare to forbid its railway employes to drink beer; but systematic efforts to discourage beer drinking are made by providing coffee, milk, lemonade, and mineral waters at cost price.

Cost of the German Thrift. The Germans spend on drink in a year about \$700,000,000, which is three times the cost of the army and navy combined, or seven times the cost of primary education to the country, and almost equals the national debt.

A Twelve Mile Fence For Sheep Pasture. F. S. Pearson has completed the purchase of 4000 acres of land in the town of Great Barrington, Alford and Monterey, Mass., and Austerlitz, N. Y. The property will be enclosed with a wire fence twelve miles long and seven feet high, closely meshed to keep out dogs. Mr. Pearson has bought 5000 high-grade Shropshire and Dorset sheep in England and has engaged Scotch shepherds.

Opium Kills Chinamen. It is estimated that opium kills about 100,000 annually in China.