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## THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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**SYNOPSIS.**—Prince Neslerov wants to marry Frances Gordon, the charming daughter of an American who is building the Transiberian railroad. Frances is interested in the fortunes of Vladimir Paulpoff, a stalwart Russian blacksmith. She asks Neslerov to use his influence for Vladimir. Neslerov goes to Vladimir's hut. The blacksmith has talent and shows Neslerov a picture he has painted. It is the portrait of a woman of rank copied from a miniature. The prince is excited and asks for the original. Vladimir's father says it has been lost. To Vladimir old Paulpoff confesses that he lied to Neslerov and still has the miniature.

### CHAPTER III.

**VLADIMIR SENT TO SIBERIA.**  
ATTACHED to the police of the government of Perm was an inspector named Ignatz Jansky. He was ambitious to rise and was of that mental and physical caliber that makes a man successful when he bends all his energies, regardless of all scruples, to the attainment of his goal.

Inspector Jansky, having received a message from Prince Neslerov, hastened to obey, for he knew the power of Neslerov, and if there should chance to be promotion in his path at any time Neslerov, as a wealthy noble of Graslov, could further his possibilities.

Inspector Jansky entered the palace of the prince with a humility that would have charmed the poor devils whom his eagerness had sent to Siberia.

"Sit down," said the prince, and the inspector sat down with a suddenness that proved his desire to please his sponsor. "I sent for you."

"You did, your excellency. I received your message and made all haste to obey."

"I trust it did not inconvenience you to a great extent," said the prince, who was quite familiar with the peculiarities of the inspector's nature.

"Not at all, your excellency—that is, not so much but what it gave me pleasure to obey. I am always busy, as you know."

"Yes, you are assiduous. Well, I have news for you. But first I should be pleased to receive from you an answer to a question. What do you wish for the most?"

Jansky hesitated. His servile mind saw far into the future, as a rule, but it could not fathom the meaning of this strange question. What did it matter to the prince what he wanted most unless the prince was disposed to grant it?

"I should like promotion, your excellency. Of course, I make no claim. You have befriended me. You have made me what I am. I have in my humble way endeavored to do acquit myself that you would not be displeased. I would not ask you for more. But, since you ask my dearest wish, it is promotion."

"Superintendent of police of Tomsk!" Jansky cried.

"Certainly. That is the position for which I intend you. I have watched your career. You are eager, ambitious and resourceful. What better man could I have in such a position? It is upon you whom I must rely to prevent the encroachments of our enemies. It will be the superintendent of my police who will be my closest confidant. Who could be more acceptable to me than you?"

"I thank you, your excellency. I thank you."

"Wait. Thank me with deeds when we succeed. As I said before, there are difficulties. One cannot leap too great a distance at once without a cause. We must find a cause."

"A cause, your excellency?"

"What I mean is some potent reason for this great promotion. The chief of the Tomsk police will have a palace, a large income and will be second only to myself in power. To obtain that one must do something worthy."

"Oh, if I could but win that distinction!"

"I think it even now within your power."

"You have discovered something?"

"Yes—a very nesting place for nihilists."

"Good! Give me an idea where this place is, your excellency. There will be no more nesting."

"Do you know a forge on the forest road leading out of Perm to the south?"

"A forge? A horseshoeing place?"

"Well, that and all ironworking. It is kept by a man named Paulpoff."

"Paulpoff, the giant who breaks horse-shoes with his thumbs and forefingers? The simple minded son of old Michael? What has he to do with nihilists?"

"He is their leader," Neslerov said quietly.

Jansky turned white, whether from surprise or horror at the devilish plot he scented we do not know. But he sat there waiting. The police of Tomsk needed a chief. The chief would have a palace and a large salary.

"Yes," continued Neslerov, "this Paulpoff, as I accidentally discovered, is the leader of a band of nihilists who meet there in the shops. I chanced to pass there yesterday and overheard a bit of conversation between the son and the old man. It seems there is to be a meeting in a few nights."

"A meeting of nihilists in the shops of Paulpoff?"

"Yes. Now, it has long been suspected that there were many nihilists at Perm, but the police have not been able to uncover them. Let me advise you. Keep this to yourself—a secret between you and me. We will go to the forge and arrest these Paulpoffs. If we find proof that they are nihilists, they will go across the border and you will be mentioned for promotion. Then the opportunity will come to me to speak to the minister of justice for you, and undoubtedly you will be given to me as the chief of the Tomsk police."

Jansky nodded. It was not for him to ask questions now.

"I am ready," he said.

"Then tomorrow. I will make still further investigations in my own way, and we shall be ready to act. We must both go to Perm from here."

Jansky, not being asked to remain longer, took his departure. And then suddenly from his repose the prince became a man of quick action. He called from his estate four men in whom he knew he could place the most implicit confidence. He spent some time at his desk writing. To each of the four he gave a letter, unsealed, unstamped, but addressed to each and apparently having been delivered by the hand of a private messenger.

"Go with me, do what I bid you, and you will have gold rubles for a year's pleasure," he said.

Inspector Jansky, happy and yet agitated at the result of the conference with the prince, sat in his office in Perm on the following afternoon. It was growing late, and he had looked hours for Prince Neslerov.

"He was mistaken or he has failed," he said. "He would have come if there was a possibility of success."

As he spoke the prince's horse galloped to the door.

"Good! Then success is possible!" said Jansky, grasping the hand of his noble benefactor.

"Possible! It is certain. Come with me."

er refused a request if he could help a human being, was beginning to make the shoes. The men did not apparently know one another, and each growled continually at the others for being there.

Neslerov, upon arriving at the shop, whispered to the inspector, and both leaped from their horses.

"Seize the old man and the son!" said Neslerov. "I will search these fellows."

Poor old Papa Paulpoff turned white and sank in horror to the ground, suspecting what was coming, but Vladimir, in whose innocent mind there was no suspicion, stood gaping at the newcomers.

"It is the prince!" he exclaimed. "What have these poor men done, your excellency?"

Neslerov did not answer him. He turned to the nearest of the four, wrestled with him a short time, while the others showed evidences of terror, and then pulled from his pocket a letter.

"See!" he cried, waving it in the air and then showing it to the inspector. "It is a message to 'Number Three'! We have here the five constituting the circle."

"Let me read," said the inspector, while Vladimir still looked on unconsciously of the tragedy that was being played with himself as its center.

The letter simply commanded "Number Three" to attend a meeting of the circle at the shops at that hour.

The name of Vladimir Paulpoff was signed.

"It is enough!" cried Jansky. Paulpoff, I make you my prisoner in the name of the czar!"

The young ironworker could, had he exerted his strength, have thrust the entire shameless crew from the place and crashed their skulls together. But even now he did not realize the enormity of the thing with which he was charged.

"Attend, Paulpoffs!" commanded Jansky, while the prince went through the pockets of the other three of the circle.

"Oh, have mercy!" cried Papa Paulpoff, falling upon his knees and clasping the legs of the prince. "We are innocent, I swear it! Some enemy has done this thing! The name is not in the writing of my son, I am certain! Oh, let me see the letters!"

Neslerov made a movement as if to hand the letters to the old man when

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Jansky's horse was soon by the side of the steed ridden by the prince.

"I made it my business to ride past the shops of Paulpoff," said the prince. "I met there, just leaving, a man who was, to say the least, discreditable in appearance. I spoke to him, and he was frightened. I saw him crumple a paper in his hand. I snatched it from him. It was a message addressed to 'Number Five' of some mysterious circle, calling upon the person bearing that name to come to the shops at a certain hour tonight. We shall be in time. Let us ride."

It had so chanced that a number of accidents to horses had taken place that day on the forest road. When the inspector of police and Neslerov arrived, four men were within the shop, their horses standing outside, and all were apparently in the greatest eagerness to have their horses shod. Papa Paulpoff was visibly disturbed by this sudden influx of the horseshoeing business, but the giant Vladimir, who nev-

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### FRIENDS OF THE FARMER.

**The Birds of the Fields and Air Should be Protected.**

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer. The agricultural interests of this section, for the season now closing, make rather a gloomy showing. It was considered at the beginning of it that fall crops were imperatively demanded by the needs of the people. Instead of heavy crops there has been comparative failure, resulting in disappointment and embarrassment.

The failure of crops from drought is only a temporary evil. The rule is that good crops follow. Continued dry weather puts the soil in good condition. There is, however, an evil in connection with the season which is not temporary. The complaint has been general that unusual damage was being done to the growing corn, especially from a little boring worm, which caused the stalk to lose color or fall down before the wind. Moreover, the chinch bug has made it appear in some localities for the first time.

One of the great evils which man has to contend against in making a living is the insect. (This term includes bugs and worms). Almost every plant has some insect which feeds upon and destroys it. Ravages of insect pests become greater year by year. There is an increasing demand for insecticides. These have to be regularly included in the expenses of certain lines of farming. No crop need be expected without application of insect poison.

There is no insect pest more to be dreaded in this section than the chinch bug. The readers of THE ENQUIRER in some sections of the county, know this only too well by sad experience.

The natural enemy of the insect is the bird. Numerous species of birds have been provided to fill an important place in the economy of nature. One of their duties is to keep the insect world in check. Some species of birds feed upon insects which creep along the ground. Some catch those which fly in the air. Others search for those which bore into the bark of trees. Others feed upon those which are found upon leaves and stems. Nature has provided some bird which lives upon each kind of insect. They are so constituted that they require an enormous number of insects for their support. Naturalists say that some of the smaller birds consume several times their own weight of insects each day. The quantity consumed by a nest of voracious young birds is almost incredible.

It is stated on good authority that the stomachs of four little chickadees were found to contain 1,028 eggs of the canker worm; the stomach of one partridge contained 101 potato beetles; the stomach of another partridge contained 500 chinch bugs. The bird is the natural and only sufficient protector of nature against the ravages of the insect. All the insecticides that can be compounded cannot take its place.

The inference from all this needs scarcely to be stated. Protect and cherish the birds. Every person with just conceptions of public welfare and of the right and proper should stand as a friend to the birds. All owners of lands should rigorously prohibit the killing of any kind of birds upon them.

Think of 500 chinch bugs in the stomach of one little partridge. Where can be found a more useful thing? Yet, men will go with dogs and guns, through fields, infested by this bug, and shoot down every partridge that can be found at its work of devouring them! But it is said, "the boys must have sport." This is true; but the sport derived from killing birds is a sport that costs the country too dearly. It is probably not saying too much to assert that every bird is worth more than its weight in gold.

Children should be taught to love and cherish the birds—to look at them from other standpoints than as furnishing a mark for the murderous shot gun.

Does it not seem that a people who, for sport, kill the birds deserve to have the country desolated by the pests which the birds were designed to keep in check? Is not the blood of the ruthlessly slaughtered birds beginning to cry for vengeance upon the inhabitants of the land, cry through resistless hordes of insects, bugs and worms?

NATURE.

### THE FIRST ENGLISH COLONY.

**It Was in North Carolina, and Shakespeare Had Money in the Venture.**

General interest is manifested in North Carolina over the approaching celebration of the settlement of Roanoke Island by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584. The celebration committee in whose hands the work of preparing for the event has been placed by the governor of the state, met on Thursday, July 24, 1902, at Manteo, N. C., where they arranged a number of the preliminary details for the event, among other things deciding on the summer of 1905 as the time for holding the celebration.

All that remains of the colony planted by Raleigh on Roanoke Island are the traces of the old fort built by the colonists and now owned by one of the North Carolina historical societies, whose members have erected four granite posts at the different angles, so that visitors may discern its outlines in the thick grass and live oak timber. It was on this little island that the first English colonists set foot, before the discovery of Australia, and at a time when Canada and South Africa were known only on the statements of certain daring mariners. Here it was that the first English colonists inaugurated the era of Anglo-Saxon colonization; here where they built their dwellings, sowed their crops, and performed their religious devotions; in short, the opening act and first scene of the drama of Anglo-British and American agrar-

ization. Upon the soil of Roanoke landed the first English women who crossed the ocean to find homes in the newly discovered world beyond the seas and here also was born the first English child who saw the light of day in the New World.

Yet this attempt at English colonization was not a success. At the meeting of the celebration committee one of the speakers produced a curious memorial of this failure. Rambling recently through the extensive library of Capt. William Day, of Raleigh, N. C., his attention was attracted by the title of a very old book, entitled, "The Insomnia of Shakespeare and the Cause Thereof," in which he found the following letter from the favorite of Queen Elizabeth to William Shakespeare, dated at "The Mermaid," the memorabilia tavern where the literati of London met in the halcyon days of English literature, March 20, 1609:

"To William Shakespeare: 'Full well do I know, my dearest Will, that often thou hast wondered at the fate of thy £50 which, with a hundred times as much of mine own, was adventured to found an empire in America. Great were our hopes, both of glory and of gold, in the kindness of Powhatan. But it grieves me much to say that all hath resulted in infelicity and an unhappy end. Our ships were wrecked or captured by the knavish Spaniards. Our brave sailors all perished. As I was blameworthy for thy risk I send by the messenger your £50, which you shall not lose by my over-hopeful vision. I send a package of a new herb from the Chesapeake; called by the natives tobacco. Make it not into tea, as did one of my kinsmen, but kindle and smoke it in the little tube the messenger will bestow. Be not deterred if thy gorge at first arises against it, for when thou art wonted it is a balm for all sorrows and beam of Paradise.'—Washington Post.

### THE GREAT AERIAL CONTESTS.

**Chances For Kite Flyers, and Balloonists Too, to Win Fame at St. Louis.**

Among the aerial events booked for the St. Louis exposition is a great kite competition. It is to be a free-for-all contest, with no limit to the size of the kites or to the number put in by any individual contestant.

There are to be two classes in the competition, one for an altitude of 500 feet to be reached with a line 800 feet in length, and one for the greatest height, but not less than one mile, attained by a single kite, with any length of line. In this last competition there must be at least two contestants. All the kites are to be sent up simultaneously in each contest, the operators being so situated as not to interfere with each other.

For the 800-foot line contest there are three prizes of \$500, \$300 and \$200, respectively. Each contest is to be two hours in duration, and all the kites are to be maintained in the air during the entire period. For the 800-foot contest each competitor may furnish his own line, but there are no conditions as to material, size or weight of line. In making the awards, the jury will measure the angle made with the horizontal by the line of sight from the end of the kite line to its point of attachment to the kite, and will also judge and estimate the stability of the kite. Equal importance will be given to the greatest angle attained and to stability.

In the contest for the greatest height each competitor has to furnish his own reel and line, and the jury is to determine the heights attained by the rule of trigonometry. No kite is eligible for the first prize which does not attain a height of one mile at an angle of at least 45 degrees. No entrance fee is required for the kite contest, but each competitor must take care of his own apparatus.

In addition to the kite contest and the great airship contest in which last M. Santos-Dumont is expected to take part, there are to be four contests for all sorts of contrivances for aerial navigation.

For the winner of each of these four competitions there is offered a prize of \$5,000. The balloon, or whatever the air vehicle may be, must carry at least one person, and the prize will be, first, \$5,000 for the greatest altitude attained, starting from the exposition grounds; second, \$5,000 for the longest time in the air, third, \$5,000 for landing nearest to the Washington Monument in the City of Washington, and fourth, \$5,000 for the longest distance traveled in one flight in any direction, starting from the exposition grounds.

These four contests will take place on four different dates, to be announced by the jury at least six days before hand. In the race to the city of Washington, D. C., each contestant may make as many subsequent trials as he chooses prior to November 1, 1904, at which time the prizes will be awarded. An entry fee of \$250 is required from each of the contestants, but the money will be refunded after the contestant takes possession of his space and is ready for the contest.—Exchange.

**FOOLING THE BRITISH.**—A South African correspondent tells how cleverly the Boer commandant, Krizinger, made use of his knowledge of English in the recent war. On one occasion he galloped up to a blockhouse and declared that he was in command of a couple of squadrons of Marshall's Horse and was being hotly pursued by Krizinger himself. So well did he tell his story that the blockhouse was actually held up the advance of the pursuing column of English with a heavy fire. Riding up one evening to a blockhouse, dressed in an English captain's costume and attended by two orderlies, he announced that the column to which he was attached would pass through at midnight on a night march, and they were on no account to fire on it. He selected the spot at which he would be observed, insisted on absolute silence being observed. "I think we have Krizinger cornered now," he remarked cheerfully. "And so 'elp me,' said the crestfallen non-committed officer, next morning when he found out his mistake. "If I didn't salute 'em, and the men give in a cheer as 'e rode off."

### LIVING IN THE TROPICS.

**Because They Can Live Without It, People Will Not Work.**

"It will take Americans sometime to understand their insular possessions, and to learn how to govern the people," said an Englishman who for many years lived in Jamaica and traveled for an English firm through the West Indies. "There is no such thing as a strenuous life, and it is difficult to control people by their wants or desires when they do not want much. The luxury of taxation and the expense of government they do not care for, and they would much prefer to be left to their resources. This is a natural result of the climate and the possibility of cheap living in it, and this must be taken into consideration in creating a system of government for them."

"Take the matter of a home, for instance; that means in many cases no outlook of cash whatever. The home-seeker picks out a bit of ground containing four or five acres. This is called a canucho. The ownership is immaterial where much of the land is unclaimed. He selects a high and fertile wooded spot, perhaps in the center of a forest, and above high water mark. He invites his friends to the clearing, and there is rum, which he has made from the refuse of the sugar cane, an abundance of fruit gathered wild, and dancing. Between the times the clearing and fencing is going on with the aid of his guests. When the canucho is cleared and fenced by the logs and vines taken from the clearing, it is planted, and that ends the dancing labor as far as the crop is concerned. Several varieties of products are put out and it becomes a race between the crop, the weeds and the trees. It is all managed in four months or less, and strature to say, furnishes food for the owner almost from the start and leaves him enough to sell to finish out the year. If the owner is extravagant and his food supply does not last the year he tears down the fence and makes charcoal of the posts and rails. The young trees come up quickly, so that at the end of the year he is ready to give another housewarming. Charcoal sells at once in market. It takes about three days to get it ready and market it, so that is the main standby when a little cash is needed. This and the fodder, which is half grown cornstalks, are the main dependencies. The fodder is given no attention and is gathered when it is less than a month old.

"The matter of clothing does not give much more concern. A single garment off suffices for the women, and the men in the country seldom wear anything but a pair of overalls. The material in both instances is the same—cheap jeans—and they are worn for two or three years until they fall to pieces. The women gather their skirts around their hips when walking, that the edges may not be frayed by the brush and cactus plants which abound everywhere, and there is no puddle too deep for them to wade with dry skirts. They thus preserve them for a long time.

"You see how easy it is for them to live without money and without labor. That will always be the difficult proposition for the United States to fully appreciate. It will take years of education to effect a change. And, in fact, the years of education in the past have been just the reverse in many of the countries.

"In former days the man who accumulated anything was quickly robbed by officers in authority. The owner of a few cattle was drafted by some high official in the province where he lived, and when he returned after a year or two of service in the army he found his cattle gone and no one willing to give him any clue. He might be told that his property had been confiscated by the government for some alleged offense, but the custom of officially robbing a man became so common that it occasioned no comment.

"I recall a case where a man and woman living in their usual marriage-by-agreement style quarreled and agreed to separate. They were unable to divide the cattle satisfactorily, as each had brought some to the common home. The matter was referred to one of these high officials, who divided the cattle into three equal herds, giving the man and woman one each and keeping one for his services as referee. Strange to say all parties were pleased with this decision.

"In the matter of natural foods requiring no planting and no cultivation these islands are rich, and that is another cause of the indifference of the people to accumulations of wealth. There is no danger of starvation, work or not work, and most of the inhabitants are of the not-work kind. I recall an Englishman, a planter, who sought in vain for labor to inclose a tract of land he had himself cleared. He got some promises, but, as usual, in such cases, the people failed to come. Finally he found a man who said he wanted to buy a revolver and that he would work until he got money enough. He did just what he agreed to do. Nothing could induce him to continue work after the revolver was earned, and the field had to be abandoned for that season, as the Englishman had not the time to do the work himself. A French lady wanted a field grubbed and had had the same trouble. She waited for many who promised to come and finally succeeded in getting three men to start at the work. In half an hour they asked for some food, and after that was eaten asked permission to sleep under the back porch until the sun was down a little. They did no more work and slept there off and on for three days until they were driven away. It was impossible to clear up the field and the cultivation of it was also abandoned.

"The plough is the only farm tool, and of warfare is the only farm tool, and by its use the native lives. It is his plough, his spade and his hoe, his pick and his axe, his cleaver and his sword.

"By the use of it he gathers his fodder and his food, cuts trees for his charcoal and digs roots for his bread.

"Bananas, oranges, coconuts and other tropical fruits well known in the states grow with practically no attention, and furnish food, but there are a score or more of edible fruits whose tendency to decay quickly prevents export and causes them to be unknown in the states. The mango is exported to some extent. It was the only food of the reconcentros in Cuba for a long time, after the cats had all been eaten, and while as a sole article of food it does not promote health, many lived on it for months. There are several species, all delicious, but not very nourishing. The lechosa is another fruit, quite popular. It grows wild on a tree, sometimes over twenty feet in height. In appearance and size it is very much like the muskmelon of the north. The fruit is supposed to possess great medicinal virtues, and, in fact, every kind of fruit is a panacea, according to the beliefs of the people. The caullie finds many uses in the domestic economy of the natives. One of the many dulces or sweet the tropics are famous for is made from it, and the wine pressed from it, resembling claret in taste and color, has a sale in Europe. The tree resembles the apple tree. A peculiarity of the fruit is that the seed is on the outside, at one end. The juice makes a deep stain, hard to remove. The natives say it will not go away until the leaves fall from the trees. The mamon is one of the most delicious of fruits. It is pear-shaped of the size of the largest apple. When ripe it decays quickly, and it will not ripen if picked green. For that reason it would not stand shipment. It is called by the English cream fruit, and it has the consistency and flavor of vanilla ice cream. When thoroughly cooled it is quite refreshing. The guanabana resembles the mamon, but is larger and has a prickly exterior. It is generally made into an 'en salado' with sugar and rum.

"The nispero is palatable. The sapote is of the same family, but larger. The seed is larger and very rich in vegetable oil, which is extracted for domestic use. Many of these fruits mature in February or March, but nature is so kind there that every month has its ripe edible fruits. The jagua resembles the sapote and may be nutritious, but as it is almost tasteless it is seldom eaten. The calmita resembles the orange in shape, though it does not lose its green exterior when ripe. The tree is one of luxuriant foliage, dense and wide-spreading. The leaf is small and peculiar, in that the top is a bright green, while the lower side is a dark brown.

"The guayava is the tropical fruit famous for the dulces and jellies of that name. The fruit is sometimes eaten raw, but it has more seeds to the square inch than a dried blackberry, and for that reason is not popular in that shape. The dulces are found on every table with the cheese and coffee, and every street corner has its vender of guayava dulces. The tamarindo is the tamarind of American commerce. It can hardly be called a food, yet it is much used in a pulpy drink. They have one fruit called the hobo, the name rather suggestive, that is much eaten raw, but never cooked. The plantain, a species of banana, or rather the reverse is true, is an important article of food. It contains much more nutriment than flour and is ahead of the potato in this respect. It is very delicious fried, and baked dry it is the bread of the interior. It is remarkable how quickly a European will come to prefer it to good bread with his coffee. No butter is used with it, and, in fact, very little is used at any time.

"There are dozens of these comparatively unknown fruits. Besides, the earth yields up her wealth of roots. The best friend of the native is the palm, whose firm, white pith has the taste and appearance of cabbage. It is called palm cabbage. The bark furnishes the walls of the houses and the leaves the roofs, the hats and some of the garments. The cassava bread comes from a root rich in starch, and the round large cakes, about the size of a barrel top, are found in every home. The cassava flour is poisonous as a dough, as it contains much hydrocyanic acid. This is very volatile and the heat of baking expels it.

"It is not surprising that foreigners fall into a life of idle luxury in a few years when compelled to live in the tropics, and there to break away from the enervating temptations, who would not give up the dreamy, careless life if they could. Consider the effect of 400 or more years of heredity on people who themselves belong to a tropical race in great part and you will conclude that you have a distinct and new set of questions to meet in your tropical possessions."—Washington Post.

**TAR AND FEATHER THE SEED OF THE CHURCH.**—"I hear that Mormon missionaries are canvassing on Capitol Hill," said E. S. Hurt, of Salt Lake City. "Denver people need not expect to discourage these workers by shutting the doors in their faces, as they only serve to harden when they are snubbed." "Appropos of insults to Mormon missionaries, I was somewhat startled to read in the Deseret News, the Mormon daily newspaper, an obituary which should indulge in elaborate mourning. That experience in Kentucky, while doubtless unpleasant at the time, was in reality one of the best things that could have happened to the missionary, as he was a young man then and was immediately promoted to the council of seventy. Church honors were showered upon him and he was a bigger man than he ever would have been otherwise."—Denver Post.

As a modeler of children's portrait statuettes, Mrs. Sarah Greene Wright has earned an enviable reputation. Mrs. Wright received her first inspiration while watching some children who were playing in the Luxembourg gardens. She has a studio in New York city and has the distinction of being the only woman who makes children's portrait statuettes from life.