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INDIA.

Sampan swains rippleless in the fierce midday
Drenched in the white-hot sun's ardent firm.
Winding in calm its languid, indolent way
Around Benares and its thousand spires.

The monstrous crocodiles on either bank
Loll to the shore and watch the inhabitants crawl;
And 'mid the rushes and the tall grass rank
Of frond pools the huge flamingoes sleep.

No sound, no stir, no pleasant dip of oars,
No sail to charm the scene, no cloud of white;
Naught but the silence of the scorching shores,
Naught but the wilderness of burning light.

Marts and stairs have sought the wholesome town,
The [illegible] tide to the sign dance,
With deadly heat the hell sun poureth down,
Blinding a [illegible] to its [illegible].

While o'er the slumbering waste of heat and sand,
Where nothing human moves or sways or speaks,
Far in the fertile distance, mute and grand,
Rise the great Himalayas' icy peaks.

—Francis S. Saltus.

FAKE PROMOTERS.

A CERTAIN CLASS OF MEN TO BE FOUND ONLY IN NEW YORK.

Occasionally They Manage to Get Across the Water to London for a Few Weeks, but Lower Broadway Is Their Stamping Ground—How They "Operate."

"When I was in London I stopped at the Langham. I intended to combine business with pleasure.

"I expected to sell a few thousand of our Irrigation Canal bonds. The day I arrived I strolled down stairs and into the hotel office.

"I was staggered to recognize several faces from New York in the throng.

"They were faces, too, of fellows whom I had seen hanging around the cafés and bars of lower Broadway.

"They were generally seedy and seemed to be waiting for somebody to 'blow them off.'

"How they ever got to London or what they were doing I don't know. One thing I do know, they spoiled my game, for I never mentioned bonds to any one during my eight months' stay.

"No wonder London is a suspicious market for American investments."

Thus a gentleman, just returned from the other side, held forth on some of the New York promoters he met in London.

This class of "promoters" is a peculiarly New York one. They make a precarious living by bringing labor and capital together.

The capital they join to labor is not their own—far from it. With the true spirit of the broker, they give the benefit of their experience and business acquaintance to others and pocket only their commissions.

That is about the only thing pocketed in the whole transaction, except the bitter, bitter memory of the laborer or producer.

A short time since Mr. Jason Idlewild, a highly respected citizen of Painted Post, came to New York.

He brought with him his latest invention, a compound centrifugal churn.

He had a feeling in his simple, suburban mind that each and every resident of Fifth avenue was losing sleep because the hired girl could not get the skimmed milk which is sold to unsophisticated city folks to produce the proper amount of butter. So he hied himself to this city with his churn model packed in a dry goods case. Visions of untold wealth were in his mind.

Now, if there is any one in this wide world who can put an inventor on the right track it is the class of "promoters."

One of those individuals scented the festive granger and his packing case full of churn. So he took him gently in tow and piloted him right up against capital.

What Mr. Idlewild did not learn of "controlling interests, charters, treasury stock" and other mysteries of corporate companies wasn't worth knowing.

After he had paid his "broker the commissions and expenses" he went home.

Of course he was made vice president of the "Compound Centrifugal Churn company." When he struck his native heath again the Painted Posters congratulated him on his success.

His old occupation of rising with the lark at dewy morn and gathering the early varieties of hen fruit seemed irksome.

His duties as vice president of the churn company did not interfere with his regular farm work—not to any great extent. He was only required to be vice president—that was all.

But it all ended as it usually does—and the suffering citizens of Fifth avenue continue their struggle with an inferior grade of butter.

The poor, hard worked trustee of somebody's estate may have tried to knock Jay Gould out of the street. But Jay has an "anchor tied cinch" on that particular portion of this somewhat wicked metropolis.

Now, the trustee would not for the world be dishonest or work any wrong to the fatherless or the widow. He therefore fills up his safe with stocks and bonds. These he buys from the "fake promoter" for about fifteen dollars per thousand.

True, the value is hardly up to the amount of his trust, but that is the trustee's business.

So he turns over to his wards as beautiful a lot of bonds and stock certificates as ever escaped a junk shop.

And then the titles—"Alaska, Yucatan and Cape Horn Railroad First Mortgage Bonds" and the "Bungtown Water Works Company's Bonds," and others.

Who shall say it is not a goodly lot?

In the matter of providing purple and fine linen wherewith they may be clothed and food whereby they are nourished these handlers of prodigious financial schemes—these links between capital and labor—are not in it to any great extent.

They know that the great financiers are not given to pointed toe shoes and strap worn covert coats.

Therefore, if their own coats are a trifle shiny, if their trousers do have whiskers on the bottoms, if their shoes are rather gone at the heels and their derbys are of the crop of three years ago they have their example in the master minds of finance.

Most of those "promoters" are too strong to work. While their wives can keep their houses filled with boarders at six dollars a board, why should a "promoter" bother his head about where the staff of life is to come from?

It sounds well for any boarding house keeper to inform the compiler of vital statistics for the city directory that her husband is "a broker."

Again, the table talk at dinner time is much enlivened by the broker's description of "how Jay milked the market." The boarders fail to grumble and fall to wondering why he did not dine with his friend Jay.

One peculiarity of this "promoter" is his watchword, "tomorrow."

Alas! for frail humanity, who believe that "all things come to him who waits," the "promoter" fails to bring the day for "closing the deal" ninety-nine times out of a hundred.—New York Recorder.

The United States fish commission is introducing hundreds of thousands of fresh water salmon into the streams to which they are adapted throughout the country. Breeding ponds have been established at many of the state stations, and young fry are being emptied into brooks and rivers. So far success has crowned the work of the commission. Perhaps in a quarter of a century more we shall have the rivers and lakes of the country restocked with fish, so as to furnish no mean addition to the food supply of our hundred million people. But the present generation must cooperate in the efforts of the fish commission.

Land for the People.

A gentleman who likes to amuse himself by thinking out what humanity might do to better its condition materially suggests that common people themselves go in for some of the "unearned increment" of land values.

Instead of letting rich men buy up all the suburban acres around cities and holding them till they rise in value, then squeezing dollars out of people who want homes, this philanthropist suggests that the people themselves club together and secure those lands.

Take a tract of any twenty acres. One hundred people could easily put by one dollar a week, which would be $100 per week. If the twenty acres cost $10,000 the association would pay for an acre of ground every five weeks, and in less than two years they would be owners of the land with all its "unearned increment," just like the bloated monopolist. They could get the money from a loan and building association in a lump and pay cash.

The Ideals of Our Youth.

Chauncey M. Depew, in a recent address to the New York Woman's Press club, said a finer thing than even Mr. Depew often utters. He told his audience that the best way to find happiness was to be true to the ideals of their youth. After wealth, love, fame and all else had failed, that still remained.

This is as true as beautiful. If, as the old belief was, children were souls born into the world out of heaven, then naturally young people would have with them still some lingering memory of the spheres they had left, some traces of the loyalty, the high endeavor, the brotherly kindness. The artistic beauty and perfection of the vanished realm would haunt them in dreams and ideals of work to be accomplished here, where the crude material lies all about them.

The most nearly mortals could realize those dreams would be in fidelity to the ideals of youth. All mankind have them at first, generous and high and honest. He who can hold fast to them, who can go down to old age knowing that men are not all selfish and brutal, and who is still striving to produce in perfection the work he set his heart on in young manhood, this mortal is not all unhappy.

Professional Women and Society.

A writer says that a brilliant and attractive professional woman—lawyer, doctor, minister, teacher, lecturer or artist—can get into the very first ranks of society anywhere. Society is tired of the conventional cut which it has worn so long, like a dress suit, and wants to be amused. Therefore it welcomes the witty, bright professional woman.

This with a reservation: If the ladies of first society have any marriageable sons or brothers they keep them away from acquaintance with the professional woman as from smallpox. They don't want her married into the family.

This, however, is nothing against the professional woman, as the writer appears to think. A professional woman who is worth anything at all cares more for her work than for anything else. Compared with the joy of the highest success in that work ordinary society life is dull and vapid indeed. If her chosen life labor is to her what it ought to be, the rich young man who never did anything useful in his life would be a great drawback and hindrance as a husband. A singer or painter with an ideal beckoning her on like a shining hand would be very foolish to leave her path and descend to the plane of common calls and receptions.

Testing the Truth of a Story.

We had been boys together in Muscatine, and on one occasion had gone down to the island duck hunting. The ducks were there, but alas! they had all congregated in the center of a big pond, so far from the shore as to be out of gunshot.

Various plans were discussed for getting them, but none seemed feasible, till Dick, who was a great reader, broached one which he had seen in some cyclopaedia or missionary report. He told how the Chinese would cut a hole in a pumpkin large enough to admit the head, scoop out the inside, cut a hole to see through, and donning the pumpkin like a helmet, wade out into the pond, keeping the body under water. The unsuspecting ducks, seeing no danger in so harmless a thing as a floating pumpkin, would remain quiescent till the "heathen Chinee" could gather them by the legs and yank them under water.

With the divine faith of boyhood we deemed the scheme practicable, and as there were some pumpkins in a neighboring field proceeded to act upon our belief. As Dick could not swim I was chosen to do the "yanking" act, for, though the pond was generally shallow, there might be unexpected holes. Clad in nature's garb, plus the pumpkin, I waded out, but the ducks perversely refused to act their part, as set down in the play. They did not fly, but simply kept such a distance that it would have needed the arm of a Brobdingnagian to reach them. After an hour or so of futile effort, I waded ashore to find myself covered from head to foot with ravenous black leeches, and my back and shoulders burned raw by the sun, while Dick added insult to injury by answering that "nobody but a fool would believe such a story anyhow."—Forest and Stream.

The "Greasers" of the Rio Grande.

It is difficult for people living in the eastern states to comprehend how the condition of affairs on the Rio Grande frontier could exist anywhere within the confines of the United States. The majority of those who live along the Rio Grande river, even on the Texas side, are very different from any other population in this country. It is an overlapping of Mexico into the United States, and the people, though they have been American citizens for more than forty years, are almost as much an alien race as the Chinese, and have shown no disposition to amalgamate with the other Americans. They take no interest in American politics. In Mexican affairs, however, they are deeply in earnest, and especially is this so in times of revolution and civil discord south of the Rio Grande river.

Few of them speak English, and the white people of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona along the border contemptuously call them "Greasers," and hold them in no higher esteem than they do Indians. In 1880 there were 43,000 of such people in Texas, and, with the exception of those about San Antonio, these "Greasers" are herdsmen and small farmers along the Rio Grande. They hold life very cheap, and do not count it a grievous crime to murder either in private quarrel or public brawl.—Harper's Weekly.

The Word "Fad."

A Vermont correspondent suggests that the word "fad" is not modern, but is provincial English. In the Warwick dialect the word means a "whim," and in at least two of the dialects the word "faddy" is used, signifying "frivolous" or "whimsical." Another use of the word is to describe a person who is difficult to please in trifles, and in that connection appear the words "to fad," meaning to be busy with trifles. As would appear from our correspondent, the word has been in use among the humbler classes in England for some time. But how did the word get into current conversation and writing both in this country and in England? It seems to be comparatively new. The Pall Mall Gazette seems to doubt whether the English people are responsible for it, and is at a loss to account for the present common use of the word. If newspapers are any index, the word is more frequent in the east than the west, in the city than the country, in "society" than business or among students.—Boston Journal.

He Saw Her.

Mr. Sliptongue—I have not met your wife. Is she here this evening?

Mr. Hansome—Yes, but just at this moment she is engaged—over there at the piano.

Mr. Sliptongue (with affected enthusiasm)—Ah, I see. She is that goddesslike beauty who is playing an accompaniment for that mountain of flesh who is singing.

Mr. Hansome (stiffly)—My wife does not play. She sings.—New York Weekly.

Spain's Financial Condition.

Spain has been steadily making a deficit for fourteen years past, and what is worse, seems to be making a bigger one each succeeding year. When a man makes as poor a financial success as Spain has done they wind him up, and most sensible persons will agree that a nation that cannot pay as it goes in time of peace ought to be treated likewise.

Here and There.

A large increase of area in flax is reported.

The extension of the canning industry has been very rapid during a comparatively short period.

A beet sugar factory is to be established at Toronto.

According to one estimate there were 800,000,000 feet of timber cut in the Adirondack forests in 1891.

The wool product of 1891 shows a larger weight of fleece than usual. The estimated product is 285,000,000 pounds.

According to The Jersey Bulletin the four dairy cattle breeds are represented in the United States in the following order as to numbers: Guernseys, say 3,000; Ayrshires, 12,000; Holsteins, 25,000; Jerseys, 40,000. These numbers represent the registered animals.

Last year's tomato pack was the largest on record.

During the last three years more than 15,000,000 acres of land have been opened to settlement. Most of this is in the new territory of Oklahoma.

The exports of Canadian apples, which have been so favorably received in England this season, amount to about 800,000 barrels, as against 108,000 last season.

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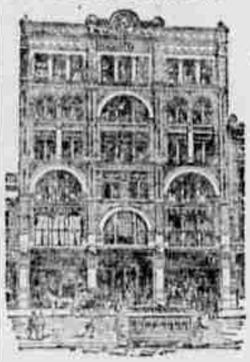

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