

Making the Sunshine Grow.

'Mother, what makes the sunshine grow?'
My darling said one day,
As o'er the hills the heavenly glow
Came speeding on its way,
Breaking the slumbers of the night,
Flooding the earth with golden light,
And clothing mountain, dole and spire
With the baptismal robe of fire.

'From a kind Father's hand, my love,
The precious gift is poured,
In the vast treasure-house above
The glorious light is stored.
It shines for us—it shines for all,
In lowly cot or princely hall;
And many a sorrow doth beguile
With the rare sweetness of its smile.'

'If I could make the sunshine grow,
How happy I should be,
No cruel blasts, no wintry woe,
Our fair green earth should see.
All the long year should summer's reign
Make glad the fields of ripening grain;
All the long year should flowers blow,
If I could make the sunshine grow.

'God rules and guides the heavenly light
With wisdom more than ours;
But we can make dark places bright
And deserts bloom with flowers.
A cheerful heart, kind words and deeds,
True sympathy for others' needs,
Pure thought that from pure fountains flow,
These make the blessed sunshine grow.'

The Miser's Grand-Daughter.

The scene that met my gaze one evening, when called out on professional duty, might have made the fortune and added to the reputation of a Hogarth.

I had climbed up several flights of rickety stairs, and stood within a small, dingy room, whose appearance indicated the abode of extreme poverty. The furniture was scanty and of the poorest quality, although well cared for.

On a pallet lay an old man, who arose on one elbow as I entered, and looked intensely, almost fiercely, at me.

His hair was very white and long, as also was his beard, which reached those proportions seen in delineation of the patriarchs. Around his aged, wrinkled forehead, a neatly folded handkerchief was bound, and by his side stood a pretty girl, whose face was clouded with an expression of deep anxiety.

'I have no money—I am old and poor; and you needn't come here thinking you can get anything valuable. People tell lies about me. We are very poor. Mildred will tell you the same.'

These sentences were uttered in an earnest, spasmodic manner, while the eyes of the old man glanced searchingly at me a moment; then he sank back on his pillow, exhausted.

'My friend, I have come to try and be of service to you, hearing that you had been injured,' I replied.

'This is the doctor, grandpa. He wants to relieve those pains, and make you well again,' the granddaughter said, by way of explaining my presence.

The poor man still kept his keen, gray eyes fixed on me with a glance of suspicion.

'It is the doctor; don't you understand?' repeated the devoted girl.

'Yes, Mildred, I know what you say; but doctors must have pay. We are too poor to hire a doctor.'

Saying this, the old man appeared more calm, and less apprehensive of a personal assault—for I imagined that to have been his first fear.

Thinking from what I had been able to observe that the man was a miser, I readily understood how to allay his anxiety; and this was soon accomplished by assurances that no money would be required from him for my services.

But a painful duty remained for me to perform, and that was to inform this devoted girl, who anxiously awaited my verdict, that her grandfather had but a few minutes to live, for no human skill could save his life one hour.

She was a little heroine, and I could but admire the strength of character she displayed in her efforts to conceal emotions which caused her the bitterest anguish. Her duty toward the old man, whose tide of life was ebbing away, was faithfully performed; and when the silver cord was loosed, she found relief in a flood of tears long restrained.

I then learned that her grandfather, Mr. Mason, had been attacked and brutally beaten by ruffians, who had expected to find a large amount of hidden treasure in the miser's dwelling. In this they had been disappointed, as they were driven away by the approach of Alfred Fletcher, a young man employed in a bookbindery near Mildred Mason's poor home.

Mildred and Alfred were betrothed lovers, and it was when coming to spend an hour at twilight, with his sweetheart, that young Fletcher found Mr. Mason in an almost senseless condition.

Mildred was absent at the time on some errand for her grandfather, and on her return found Alfred between two burly, stupid officers of the law, charged with the assault on Stephen Mason.

The old man, in a state of semi-consciousness, declared that Fletcher was his assailant, and had attempted to rob him.

So the lover was rudely hurried, in spite of all remonstrances, to that dismal building designated as the Tombs, hooted at by idle boys on the street, and gazed on by those who had heard of the assault as a man who had attempted theft and murder!

No wonder the poor girl turned to me, and in despairing accents asked:

'What can I do, doctor? What can I do?'

It was a hard question to answer truly. I promised to explain the matter, as it had been related to me, to the proper authorities, although entertaining little hope of favorable results. For a very plausible case had been worked up by a celebrated detective, to the disadvantage of young Fletcher.

To help the poor girl, who had implicit faith in her lover, I firmly believed—whether he deserved it or not—and to be of service to the young man if innocent (for he appeared to be almost friendless in the time of trouble), I searched the premises, hoping to find some evidence pointing to the perpetrators of the crime.

There were indications of a desperate struggle, when, no doubt, the miser put forth all his strength to guard the accumulated treasure of years, and his white hairs were strewn plentifully about the place.

Mr. Mason's coat was torn also, and I noticed that one button was missing, with a small portion of the cloth immediately surrounding it.

I was obliged to leave the poor girl, but

promised to return again in the morning to render any assistance in my power.

My residence was at a considerable distance from the miser's dwelling, and it must have been nine o'clock in the evening when I threw myself into an easy chair at home, hoping that no one would disturb the rest I so much needed.

Ten minutes had not elapsed, however, when my doorbell was rung, and Bridget came to say a boy wished to see me, but would not come in.

I went to the door rather impatiently.

'Well, what do you want?' I asked.

'Is you the doctor, mister?' asked a ragged street urchin, by the way of reply.

'I am. What do you want?'

'A man wants ye in Harmon's row.'

'What's the matter with him—jimjams?'

The locality—a very disreputable one—suggested my question, and I knew that a street-boy would understand what I meant by 'jimjams,' while delirium tremens would have been Greek to him.

'No, mister, I reckon he's broke a arm.'

'Well, that must be attended to, I suppose.'

Making this reply, I took my case of instruments and followed the boy, who walked rapidly before me to Harmon's row.

As the distance was not great and the walking dry, I kept on the comfortable slippers I had put on my tired feet when I reached home, so my tread was almost noiseless.

'Here's the house, mister. Go up two flights, an' it's the second floor. You might give a fellow a tip for showin' ye.'

I felt as if I would have given several tips not to have been called out at that time, but I tossed the lad a coin, and off he ran, with a war whoop peculiar to city street boys.

I walked upstairs slowly—for I was very tired, and without noise, for I wore my slippers as before mentioned—and on arriving at door number two, overheard the following conversation:

'Sam Winder, you're the biggest kind of a fool I ever see, goin' to steal from a beggar!'

The voice was that of a woman, and her tone was shrill and shrill.

'He ain't no beggar, I tell ye; an' he's got lots of stamps somewhere, only I couldn't find 'em,' answered another voice, unmistakably that of a man.

Then you ain't smart, not to find out where the old un kept his valuables afore you risked your neck in goin' for 'em,' said the first speaker.

'Tain't my fault, Poll. I thought I could lay my hands on the spones, an' didn't calculate the old fool had so much strength. I've got the worst of it. I reckon you've got no call to fuss.'

'Are you sure they won't suspect you as the party that did for old Skinfint?'

'Tom Cannon says they don't. He was on the watch. It pears a young chap, as comes to see the miser's gal, has been nabbed, an' they've put him in the jug.'

'Well, you're lucky, I expect, to get off with a broken arm, after all. That's better than a rope around your neck.'

At that moment I heard some one coming in at the street door below; so I rapidly stepped down a few stairs, then returned, making more noise, purposely, than was actually necessary.

Ripping loudly at the door, the woman bade me enter.

By the dim light of a candle, I saw a man lying on a rude bed, while an old woman hovered about the room, exhibiting well-counterfeited distress at the accident to her son, as she called him. They were both rough-mannered characters belonging to the class who live by thieving from honest people.

The woman explained that her son was fixing a clothes-line on the roof of the house when he fell and broke his arm.

I set his arm properly, as was my duty and in doing so, made two discoveries.

The first was that, during their struggle, a number of long white hairs had been torn from the old man's head, and still clung to the cloth of the young reprobate.

Discovery number two was still more important. It was the missing button from the old man's coat, with a portion of the garment still adhering to it!

This dropped on the floor, while I was removing the man's jacket, and I quietly took possession of it, unobserved.

I lost no time in taking advantage of the discovery made; and although there was some difficulty in making the professional detectives believe it possible for them to have committed an error, they were obliged to acknowledge the fact at last.

In consequence, Sam Winder was sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of years longer than, under ordinary circumstances, he was likely to live.

Poll I never heard from after that night when her son was taken away.

Alfred Fletcher, who was promptly released, when the facts of his innocence were established, became the happy husband of Mildred Mason; and they were more successful in finding Mr. Mason's hoarded treasure than Sam Winder had been. Invested in the same business which young Fletcher had chosen, it served as a nucleus around which he accumulated a large fortune.

Happy in the love of a worthy husband, and surrounded by comforts, the trials of former years are forgotten by Mildred, the miser's grand daughter.—Saturday Night.

ABOUT RAISIN VINEYARDS.

A Great Industry that Flourishes in far off California.

The raisin vineyards of California are now alive with toilers, and every day tons of the delicious fruit are on the way to market. It is in the land of the mirage that the raisin flourishes—a country that bears the most striking resemblance in climate, soil and scenery to Syria. It has the same cloudless sky, the same burning sun, the same rich volcanic soil, the same long, dry season. In fact, nearly every feature of the Holy Land is reproduced along the western base of the Sierra Nevada in the foothills and valleys, which are cut off by the coast range from the cool trade winds and heavy winds of the Pacific ocean. In these great California valleys where the sun burns like a ball of fire in a brazen sky from May to November, the mirage is a common occurrence, and the toiler in the vineyards of Fresno or Merced counties sees islands of feathery palms in broad cool lakes all along the horizon, while he is parched with thirst, within five minutes after he has drunk the heated water from his canteen.

Any tourist who visits California will find it worth his while if he journeys through the hot dusty San Joaquin valley to stop over a day at Fresno and visit some of the great raisin vineyards near that city. The whole country is level as a billiard table; the roads are fine and hard, and along most of the highways are lines of eucalyptus and pepper trees, relieving the bareness of the country and furnishing a fine shade. The old established vineyards are superbly ornamented with hedges of fine shade trees, and the grounds about the houses contain many varieties of palms, rare shrubs, and flowers. All across the country he will see the shimmer of the irrigating canals, for Fresno has the most perfect and extensive irrigating system in the world, the water being brought from the rivers which flow down from the Sierra Nevada, in 2,600 miles of canals and 5,000 miles of lateral ditches. The big canals are generally twenty feet wide; the ditches which carry the water to each vineyard are from three to ten feet wide.

The Muscat vines are cut down so that the main trunk of the vine is about sixteen inches high. From this lateral shoots run out, frequently for ten or fifteen feet, thus covering the ground with foliage. Most of the bunches of grapes hang near the main trunk of the vine, and they are protected from the fierce sun by the leaves. They are large, amber-colored grapes, the bunches being frequently a foot long. The vineyard is cultivated regularly until the lateral shoots begin to invade the plough. By the first of September the grapes begin to show signs of maturing, but it is frequently the middle of the month before picking begins. This is a labor that demands care and skill.

To make the best raisins it is indispensable that the bloom on the grape should not be injured by handling. The picker takes the bunch by the stem, and, with a sharp knife cuts it from the vine. Then, with scissors, he removes any defective berries and places the bunch carefully on the wooden tray by his side. This tray is of redwood, is about two feet long by three broad, and holds twenty-five pounds of grapes which, when dried, will yield five pounds of raisins. When full the tray is left in the sun, and for ten days is not disturbed. This is done by two men, who place an empty tray over the full one and invert the lower. In this way the whole trayful of grape is turned without handling.

In about two weeks the second process of drying is completed. The trays are then stacked in heaps, and as rapidly as possible the cured grapes are transferred to sweat boxes, three feet long, two feet wide and eight inches deep. In these the raisins pass through a necessary stage, which frees them from moisture and gives them that aroma which the lover of raisins enjoys as much as the taste. These sweat-boxes are taken to the packing house, where women and girls sort and arrange the raisins in the boxes which one sees in the stores.

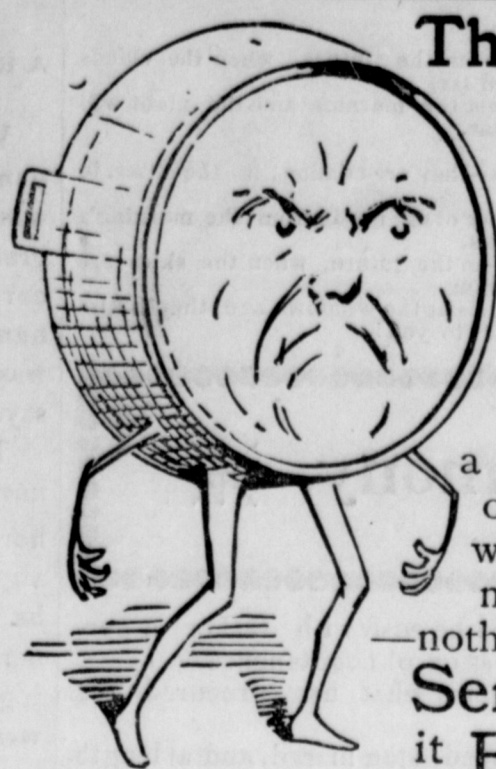
In the packing a good deal of art is shown, for the raisins of the top layer are

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. etc. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



That terrible wash-tub!

This is the way it looks to the women who do their washing in the old-fashioned way. They dread it—and no wonder. All because they won't use Pearline. Use Pearline—use it just as directed—soak, boil and rinse the clothes—and the wash-tub won't be a bugbear. You won't have to be over it enough for that. No hard work—no inhaling of fetid steam—no wearing rubbing—no torn clothes—nothing but economy.

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" Pearline. IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

spread by hand so as to make them appear large and flat. Every process of raising-making is clean, and even the packing-house itself has no illsmelling refuse. The women and girls are all neatly dressed, and many of them do no work in the year except in raising-packing time. They work by the piece, the average hand making \$1.25 a day and the most expert \$2 a day.

Some of the big raisin vineyards of Fresno county are grand places, for no care nor expense has been spared to make the surroundings beautiful. On the Barton and Eisen farms are noble hedges of eucalyptus and cedars, which make superb avenues; while the Butler and Forsythe vineyards are noteworthy for the finely ornamented grounds which surround the houses.—Detroit Free Press.

WESTERN FARM LABORERS.

'Birds of Passage' Who Work in the Big Wheat Fields.

There is a season between May and July during which the army of 'hands' who work on these North Dakota wheat-farms wait for the crops to ripen. In fact, except the half score of men who are regularly employed upon each place, all the men who are engaged upon the big farms—in ploughing seasons, at seeding-time, during harvest, and when the season for threshing comes—the men who do the most important work are transient laborers. Frequently they are birds of passage, whose faces are familiar to the foremen, but whose homes may be a thousand miles away. Men of this character are not 'hoboes'—yet now and then a tramp does 'rest from his loved employ' and work with the 'harvest hands.' A majority of the laborers come from the South in harvest-time. These men are regular harvesters, who begin with the early June harvest in Oklahoma, working northward until the season closes in the Red River country. Men of this class never pay railroad fare. Thousands of them—perhaps fifteen men for every thousand acres in wheat—ride into the bonanza district on the 'blind baggage' on passenger trains. When they have leisure and a taste for scenery they jolt placidly across the continent homeward bound in what lingo of these workmen calls 'sidedoor sleepers.' Many of these workmen live in the larger towns in the Middle West—in St. Louis, in Omaha, in St. Paul, in Chicago, or in Milwaukee. And they bring home probably a million dollars in wages. They are steady, industrious men with no bad habits and small ambitions. On the best farms there is no drinking, and card-playing is strictly prohibited. The foremen say that cards keep the men out of bed at night, and they have not their best strength to work during the day. There are no amusements on the farm and at 9 o'clock the fatigue usually drives the men to bed.—William Allen White, in November Scribner.

CHERRY-TROUBLES.

Were of the Heart—Human Skill was Almost Defeated When Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Fell into the Breach, and in a Few Minutes After one Dose He Found Great Relief, and Five Bottles Made a Bad Heart a Good one.

Wm. Sherry, of Owen Sound, Ont., writes: 'For the past two years I have been greatly troubled with weakness of the heart and fainting spells. I tried several remedies, and consulted best physicians without any apparent relief. I noticed testimonials of great cures made by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I procured a bottle, and the first dose gave me great relief. The first bottle did wonders for me. After using five bottles there are none of the symptoms remaining whatever. I think it a great boon to mankind.'

Ohio's Champion Whittler.

Edward Weyls, a barber of 114 West Mount street, claims to be the champion penknife whittler of the United States, and his work as displayed in several pieces of wood carving certainly stamps him as a genius in this line, even if his title honors are disputed. Weyls uses nothing but a penknife and out of blocks of wood he molds figures and articles with the artistic tact of a sculptor. He cuts chains, scissors, wagons, locomotives, machines and other articles and things out of white pine with the rapidity of a buzz-saw. All Mr. Weyls wants is a block of pine, his jack-knife and a seat on a store box, and he can execute the most difficult and intricate pieces of

art. His shop is filled with master pieces, among the number being a panel figure of Mark Hanna and the facial expression caught by the artist is wonderful. Mr. Weyls will put his work on public exhibition here in compliance with the wishes of his friends.—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

NINE TERRIBLE YEARS.

Misery and Suffering Day and Night.

Paine's Celery Compound Victorious Over Liver Troubles.

A Mighty Work After the Doctor Failed.

If proper treatment is not resorted to in time, the results of liver complaint are terrible, often ending in death.

Mrs. McRae, of Guelph, Ont., suffered for nine long years from liver complaint. Her case baffled the skill of the physician she employed; he could do no more, and the sufferer was left almost hopeless. Hearing of Paine's Celery Compound she procured a supply, and soon experienced returning health and vigor. Mrs. McRae writes for the benefit of all in misery and affliction; she says:

'It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to the value of Paine's Celery Compound. For nine years I had been troubled with liver complaint, and often had very bad spells from it. Two years ago this spring I had a very bad attack of it, and called in a doctor who relieved me of the trouble, but I remained weak, and could neither eat nor sleep, and suffered so much with my head that I procured a bottle of your Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had the contents used I could eat and sleep well, and the pain in my head was completely gone. I took the second bottle, and have never been troubled with liver complaint since. Your Compound has banished constipation which troubled me for many years, and has built me up and completely cured me. I am now 64 years old, and from what I know I consider your medicine the best on the market. Hoping that your valuable medicine will do for others what it has done for me is my sincere wish.'

Hard on the "Lady."

Helen, aged four, was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her mother's knee to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding her friend unable to help her out, she concluded with: "Please God, 'cuse me. I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know any."—The Voice.

Piles Cured by Dr. Chase.

I. M. Iral, 186 Drolet Street, Montreal. 15 years suffered. Cured of Blind Itching Piles.

William Butler, Possawan, Ont. Suffered many months. Cured of Protruding Piles by one box.

Pabano Bastard, Gower Point, Ont. Suffered for 30 years. Cured of Itching Piles by three boxes.

Nelson Simmons, Myersburg, Ont., cured of Itching Piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will positively cure all forms of Piles. Write any of the above in doubt.

It is not considered that a woman's grief at her husband's funeral is what it should be unless the doctor has been called to give her chloroform.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Heals and Soothes the delicate tissues of the Throat and Lungs.

... CURING ...

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, and PAIN IN THE CHEST.

EASY TO TAKE. SURE TO CURE.