

HOME OF THE ORANGE.

Once upon a time a man arose in Covenant meeting and said: "I thank God I have been a Christian 30 years off and on." So the orange has been cultivated in Florida for 300 years "off and on." When St. Augustine was occupied by the Spaniards, the orange was probably cultivated to some extent.

But it was left to the age of steam to develop the finer kinds of the orange, for until then there was no inducement to raise them in any greater quantity than was necessary for home consumption, as they could not be transported any distance on account of the slow means of conveyance, the fruit spoiling before it could reach its destination.

Why has this great change come over the country? Simply because their is at present

MORE MONEY WITH LESS LABOR

in orange-raising than any other line of business. An acre of wheat will return say twenty dollars, but an acre of orange grove in full bearing will return from two to three hundred dollars net cash. The fruit from an acre will fill a railway car, while it would take twenty acres of cotton or fifty acres of wheat to do the same.

Think of 40,000 oranges to the acre, and that is about the average. There are probably some single acres that will produce 100,000 oranges in a good year. Imagine those fine symmetrical trees, about 30 feet high and 25 feet across the limbs, loaded, on the outside only, with 2,000 or 3,000 bright yellow oranges—a veritable "pyramid of gold."

You ask what will be done when all the land now set out with young groves comes into full bearing, and the production exceeds ten million boxes. Well, they can then be produced cheaper, the cost of transportation will be reduced greatly, the consumption will be increased, and the increased output will enable the grower to make as much as he does now, even at a less price.

The Ocala Semi-Tropical Exposition presented the grandest and most perfect

EXHIBITION OF ORANGES

ever shown in the State. The Pomological Society held their annual gathering in Ocala and the members expressed their great satisfaction at the extraordinary varieties of the oranges there presented. At a little distance the tables looked as if they were loaded with the gold of Ophir instead of a most luscious fruit.

We believe we are correct in saying no country can produce so fine and perfect an orange as Florida, and produce them in such great abundance and within say a 1,000 miles of the great Northern markets of this Continent. This ought to place them in our Northern homes in the shortest time and at the cheapest rates.

A FURTHER SIGNIFICANCE,

as there is a good deal of bitter sweet in married life to some people. Although marriage may not be a failure, and the orange may not be the fruit Eve gathered in Eden, it may have been this golden orange which caused a little unpleasantness in ancient times known and declaimed upon by youthful collegians as the Trojan war, a fruit that grew upon

juicy and delicious orange is hidden under a rusty or russet skin.

There are three methods in vogue of establishing a grove. The first is to clear up a wild grove, cutting out all unnecessary trees and building those that remain with sweet fruit. The second is to clear up the ground thoroughly and plant budded trees, say three years old.

Some cut down through the skin and peel it off in quarters and then divide the orange by its sections, but this cannot be done with the best kind when fully ripe without losing a large proportion of the juice, which is specially rich and thick; or you may peel the heavy skin off, leaving the inner rind on say half the orange, then cut a hole in the end and suck out the substance; or you may make the hole larger and eat it with a spoon, which is the favorite way with the ladies, especially at the table.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Proud Mother—"Don't you think my little son looks very refined?" Blunt Doctor—"Yes, indeed; looks as if he could be knocked over with a feather."

The Point of Honor.—Teacher—Adams do you know who made that noise? Adam (who is the guilty one)—I know, but I do not like to tell. Teacher—You are a gentleman sir.

Why an oyster should be found clinging to an empty bottle is unaccountable, unless one believes in the transmigration of souls, and that the oyster was once the soul of a club man.

"Ma," said Bobby, "is it wrong for little boys to tie tin kettles to dog's tails?" "Decidedly wrong, Bobby; I hope you'll never do such a thing as that?" "No, indeed, ma," replied Bobby emphatically, "all I do is to hold the dog."

Husband—"Wife, I wish you had been born with as good judgment as I, but I fear you were not." "Wife—"You are right. Our choice of partners for life convinces me that your judgment is much better than mine."

Friend—By the way, how is your novel selling?

Aspiring Young Author—It isn't selling at all. The critics killed it.

"I am surprised to hear that. I didn't suppose they could say anything against it."

"That was just the trouble. They all united in saying that everyone should read it, on account of its lofty and sublime meaning."

It was long thought that blood oranges were produced by grafting an orange tree with a pomegranate slip, but it is now said that there is not the slightest foundation for this belief. The blood orange which is merely a variety of the sweet orange obtained by cultivation, was first raised by the Spanish gardeners in the Philippine Islands.

If the British Government has really made overtures to the Italian Government for an allied aggressive movement against the Arabs of the Soudan, it must be because they have cause to apprehend antagonism with El Senussi. This new leader is the son of the founder of a Mohammedan religious society which extends over the whole of the Soudan, Egypt and Arabia, and which has long been gathering funds for a jihad or lively war.

John Harkins of Boston ordered a \$50 suit of clothes to be delivered C. O. D. When the clothes were delivered Harkins gave the boy a \$50 bill in payment. As the boy was going Harkins suggested that the bill be put into an envelope for greater safety. The boy handed the bill to him, and he apparently put it into an envelope. When the envelope was opened by the tailor it contained a \$1 bill. Harkins was arrested, charged with having substituted the \$1 for the \$50 bill, and was convicted of larceny of the clothes.

Sure the boys were all crazy after Kathleen O Kelly, it's like her shadow they were, the spalpeens. There was little Cregan and big Mike Daly and Patsy Maloney all courting her together. But Pat was an Orangeman, and she turned up her nose at him for a man-spirited, law-abidin' goosoon. "Sure, thin," says she, "it's the boy that does the bouldered deed I'll be after marryin'!"

Of dragon's watch with unenchanted eyes To save the blossoms and defend the fruit From the rash hand of bold incontinence. Gathering begins in November and lasts till April. There are generally from 120 to 200 oranges to a box. The box contains two cubic feet with a division in the centre, making each part exactly a foot each way.

A CLEVER CRIPPLE.

About a hundred years ago a large party of guests (including several of the most famous men of that day) were assembled in the drawing-room of a fine house in the most fashionable quarter of Edinburgh. By their frequent glances at the door they seemed to be expecting some one whom they specially wished to see; and the one who looked most eager of all, although he never spoke a word, was a boy who was sitting in a corner all by himself.

At first sight you would have noticed nothing very remarkable about him except that his face was paler and thinner than it should have been, and that he appeared to be lame on one foot. But when you came to look closer you would have been struck with his high, massive forehead and clear, bright eyes, which showed that whatever he might lack in muscle was more than made up in brains.

"Is that sickly-looking boy with the lame foot the young prodigy of whom you were telling me last night, Mitchell?" asked a handsome and rather dandified young fellow, turning to an older and graver man beside him.

"The very same; and he is a prodigy, if ever there was one yet. I really believe he knows by heart every ballad that has ever been written, and he writes ballads himself, too. But the most wonderful thing about him, to my mind, is that he should be alive at all."

"Indeed! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that, young as he is, he has had almost as many narrow escapes of losing his life as I have had of losing mine; and that's saying a good deal, as you know. First and foremost, when he was only a few months old he fell so ill that the doctors despaired of saving him."

"Oh, that's nothing unusual nowadays," interrupted the younger man laughing. "Why, I saw a man myself only last summer, who when I met him was just completing his hundred year, and had been given up by the doctors before he had completed his third."

"Well, this boy of ours surpassed even that," said Mr. Mitchell, "for he had another narrow escape before he had completed his second. One night, when he ought to have been snug in bed, he slipped out of the house and ran away over the wet grass as hard as he could go. Before they caught him he had caught something else, viz., a cold and fever that laid him up for several days; and when he began to get well again they found that his right leg was crippled, just as you see it now. Then, a little while after that—"

"Why, he must have had as many lives as a cat."

"Poo! I tell that is nothing at all to what is coming. A little while after that, as I was saying, he was sent into the country with his nurse, an odd sort of a creature, who must, I should think, have been more than half crazy. Anyhow, she took a spite against the child, because her having to be with him kept her from going home, as she wanted to do; and at last what do you think she did? Why, took him out for a walk one evening, intending (as she afterwards confessed), to kill him with her scissors and bury his body in a swamp."

"You don't say so?"

"Fact, I assure you; but the little fellow looked so bright and happy, and clung to her so affectionately, that when the time came she couldn't make up her mind to do it."

"Well, that was a nice piece of work, upon my word. What an extraordinary boy he must be!"

"Yes, you may call him extraordinary. What do you think he did just the other day? I had been making a call at his father's house, and when I got up to go, he came to me and said, 'I've got a present to give you, Mr. Mitchell; but you must remember that gifts are to be estimated, not according to their intrinsic value, but according to the intention of the donor.'"

"Fine big words for a boy of that size," remarked the listener, as well as he could speak for laughing. "The last book he learned by heart must have been Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, for the old doctor himself couldn't have beaten that last sentence."

"And what do you suppose the gift turned out to be, after all this flourish?" continued his friend. "Why, an old copy of Adams' Grammar, with the cover half off, and a lot of dogs, horses, wild beasts, and what not drawn in pencil upon almost every page! I have it in my writing-desk now, done up in brown paper."

"And do you mean to preserve it as a relic of the donor?"

"Indeed I do," answered Mr. Mitchell, gravely, "for I'm very much mistaken if that little cripple does not make such a name some day that that gift of his will be well worth having."

But just at that moment their talk was suddenly interrupted. There was a loud knock at the front door, a bustle was heard in the hall below, and then a firm, heavy step slowly ascended the stairs. The door flew open, and into the room strode a big, sun-burned, large-boned man, with great, flashing eyes, while a liveried servant announced:

"Mr. Robert Burns."

A buzz of suppressed excitement, and a general movement among the assembled company greeted the entrance of the famous poet, who was already celebrated, not only throughout Edinburgh, but through the whole length and breadth of Scotland. Amid the universal bustle, no one noticed the crippled boy, who, with a sudden flush on his thin face, was devouring with his chosen hero.

Later in the evening, the lady of the house begged Burns to write some verses in her album. He was just about to do so, when a short poem on the next page caught his eye. It was a simple little piece, describing a soldier lying in the snow of a battlefield; but the great poet read it with evident interest.

"What wrote your poem?" asked he, in his deep, strong voice.

But the lady could only tell him that it had been copied for her out of a book of extracts; and all the rest, when they looked at it, were equally at a loss. Just then the little cripple called out:

"I know whose it is, Mr. Burns, and if you'll wait a minute, I think I can find it for you."

He ran into the next room, and came back presently, with a big and rather dusty book, which he opened before the poet, who cast one rapid glance at the page, and another at the lad's kindling face, and then said, gravely:

"You've begun to study these things ailly, laddie."

Then as the boy blushed and cast down his eyes, Burns clapped him encouragingly on the shoulder, and added:

"This boy will be heard of yet." And he was heard of in after years, as one of the greatest poets and writers of historical romance that ever lived, for the crippled boy whom Burns applauded was no other than Walter Scott.

Self-Made?

A wealthy business man not long ago made a short visit in his native town, a thriving little place, and while there was asked to address the Sunday school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a self-made man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles! You went into Mr. Wheelwright's office when you were only ten—"

"So I did! So I did! But my mother got me the place, and while I was there, she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged, told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

"While you were there you studied by yourself—"

"Oh no, bless you, no! Not by myself? Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, with pot-hooks and tammels, into the fire, and she burned her hand pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you had saved a little money, you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said, slowly "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday school good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were specked and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down cellar and filled my baskets as usual."

"They look very well on the outside," I thought, "and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they're gone, I'll get some sound ones." Mother was singing about the kitchen, as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"Ned," said she, in her clear voice, "what are you going to do with those specked apples?"

"Se—sell them," stammered I, ashamed in advance.

"Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son," she said, promptly. "Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that! Then she cried and I cried, and—I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles, but I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers are probably doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that those dear women may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for their children—for mine didn't."

Built His Rail Fence of Black-snakes.

"The Traps" is the name of a locality on the top of the Shawangunk mountains, about midway between New Paltz and Tuttleton. It is nearly all rock and covered, as the settlers who lived near there say, with "underbrush, huckleberries and snakes." The mountain seems to be split at this point, and into the split hunters set traps for game. This is why it is called "The Traps." This forenoon a resident of that delectable neighborhood told the following snake story, which he said he had every reason to believe was true:

About ten years ago a man named Daniel Hasbroock, called by his neighbors "Mountain Dan Hasbroock," owned a farm which took in a part of the mountain where "The Traps" are. One forenoon he started out to build a piece of rail fence. He had out the rails about two weeks before, and had them near at hand. The night before was a cold one, and early in the morning the frost covered everything. "Dan" worked hard and fast.

About 11 o'clock he went home for dinner. The forenoon had been cloudy and disagreeable. The wind blew cold and chilly, and "Dan" was satisfied to go home early. About noon the sun shone out brightly, the wind died away and it was warm like "Mountain Dan," after having finished his noon meal, returned to his work. When he reached the spot he found that his fence had disappeared. Not one rail was left. The disappearance of the fence which had been carefully made by him was beyond his comprehension. Going to the spot where he had commenced his work, he was startled by a big black snake.

"There," said Dan as he told the story. "I'll be busted, by gosh, if I ain't laid that there fence up with black snakes." "Sure enough, the snakes had been frozen stiff during the night, and "Dan," thinking they were rails, had laid them up just as he would wooden rails. While he had gone to dinner the sun had warmed them up a bit, and they crawled away. "Dan" says that he measured the snake he killed, and it was eight feet in length. He had an axe with him, and it was as long as four lengths of the handle. I reckon the whole lot of black-ies must have been from six to ten feet long and about from three to four inches through."

One of the veterans of the Peninsular War has just died in England. Thomas Palmer was the last survivor of the 14,000 men who fought in the battle of Corunna, and saw frequent service in that part of the military stage till 1814, when he received his discharge and a pension. The old saying that pensioners are long-lived was exemplified in his case, for he died at the age of 100, having enjoyed his pension for 75 years. In late years the veteran received greater emoluments through the influence of military friends who exerted themselves to reward one of the last links, if not the very last, binding the important events of that time to the present.

LATE CABLE NEWS.

The London Season—An Interview With Boulanger—The Samoan Conference—General Notes.

The London season is now in full swing, and any person in search of amusement who fails to find it must be very hard to please. Staring in at the shop windows ought to provide ample entertainment for a day or two, and then there are the picture galleries, where as many bad oil paintings and water colors are on view, mixed with some good ones, as in any other European capital.

In an interview the other day General Boulanger said that if the French government prolonged the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies until next year its action would be equivalent to a coup d'etat against universal suffrage, and it would be the duty of every citizen to rise in opposition. He declared that he would not be the last man to rise in case such action should be taken by the government.

The Samoan conference held a plenary sitting Saturday. In their report the Committee on the Government of Samoa agreed upon a constitutional council composed of native chiefs elected by the natives, the Council to be dominated by a Ministry in which each treaty power shall have one representative.

A difference has arisen over Germany's proposal that the Powers appoint a Premier who shall be vested with office for several years. The committee also disagreed on the formation of a Legislature. The discussion of the conference had no definite result. The delegates discussed harmoniously the details of the consular regulations and the question of the improvement of the harbor of Apia. The committee was instructed to resume consideration of the points in dispute.

The termination of the conference now seems remote, owing to the mass of details on which the committee is ordered to report.

In connection with the great strike in the German coal mine regions the government advises employers to consider all justifiable complaints and warns the strikers that any riotous demonstration will be vigorously suppressed. The government has decided not to proclaim the mining districts in a state of siege.

Advices from East Africa say that Captain Wisemann will make another attack on Bushire on Monday next. He hopes to cause a decisive rout of the rebels. Dr. Peters has chartered the steamer Meera and is preparing to leave Zanzibar. Captain Wisemann has instructions from Berlin to prevent Dr. Peters from venturing into the interior through German territory. It is supposed that Dr. Peters will persist and try to penetrate from Lamu, where he has been reconnoitering.

THE DEFENSE OF SHIPKA.

A Modern Instance That Parallels the Heroism of the Spartans.

In the last Russian-Turkish war the most important situation in the Balkan Mountain, Shipka, was taken by the Russians, who defended it successfully, notwithstanding they were greatly outnumbered by the Turks. The names of the Spartan king and his faithful 300 are well known in history, while the few regiments who defended Shipka against the pride of Suliman Pasha's army are known only to Russians. I think it is great heroism for a handful of hungry, suffering people to hold their own and repulse the fiercest attacks of about 40,000 regular Turkish troops (nisam). And in this case the words of Frederick the Great, who said: "It is no. enough to kill a Russian, you must knock him down" were verified.

The Turks made many desperate attempts, but could not take the position. They climbed up the mountains again, only to be set back once more. Still, as we Russians say, "strength crushes straw," and if the defence should last long the Russians would have perished from hunger, intense cold, or the bayonets of the Turks, if reinforcements did not come. In this critical moment, when the Turks, crazed by opium, made a most desperate attack, the Russians noticed far away a few companies of Cossacks and regular cavalry hurrying with utmost speed to their relief. Each horse had two riders, one a cavalry, the other an infantry man. It was the advanced forces of Radetski's army. In a short time fresh soldiers relieved those worn out, the attack was once more repulsed, and in a short time the whole army of General Radetski was at Shipka. A battle followed, and the Turks were driven away like cattle.

The true heroism and intrepidity of a couple of Russian regiments saved a terrible loss of Russian life and Bulgarian property.

New Railroad Line Proposed.

TORONTO, May 16.—Mr. George Doel, of Chicago, and Mr. E. Miller, of New York have been in the city for the past few days looking at the ground to the west of the city with a view to the entrance of a new railway line from Buffalo. The proposed road would connect with the Niagara Central over the cantilever bridge, thus avoiding the delay at Hamilton and the Bridge, and shortening the time between Toronto and Buffalo from 4 1/2 to 2 1/2 hours. This would make Toronto the terminus of the Vanderbilt system, and should the scheme be carried out, would prove another step towards making Toronto the metropolitan city of the Dominion.

Chicago's Modesty.

We understand that a Chicago man is writing a revised history of this country, based on important documents recently dug up on the lake front, in which he will prove that Columbus sailed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, up the river of the same name, through the lakes, making a portage around Niagara Falls, and finally discovered America at the mouth of the Chicago river. Our historical friend will also show that subsequently Washington was born where the Union stock yards now stand, that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought in the township of Lake, the declaration of Independence signed somewhere on Blue Island avenue, and the first inaugural held on the site of the Palmer house. Chicago might have been a large town before this if it had not been for her modesty.—[N. Y. Tribune.