THE LADY SHOPPER.

A woman enters a dry goods store,
Slops to a clerk who stands near the door,
Asks him to show her the latest style,
And she pulls over the goods meanwhile,
She says: "I want a dress for my mother,
Will you please show me that under piece?
Oh, I didn't see 'twas a plaid dot,
That's too near like the one she's got,
That piece with the stripes would just suit her,
It's just as pretty as it can be:
But she wants a better covered ground,
With a few of wine running all round;
She don't want too dark, nor yet too light,
Or a striped piece, nor yet very bright;
I think she's about your size and weight,
But do you think the colors are fast?
Out off a piece before I decide,
I'll take a piece home and have it tried;
I had a dress like that last fall,
And the colors did not wash at all,
I like those patterns there on the end,
I'll take a few samples for a friend,
Now one of them, if you'll be so kind,
And a bit of that, if you do not mind,
They're the styles I've seen this year,
I most always do my trading here,
I've got a piece that came from here,
I forget the price—'twas pretty dear,
It's a sort of dark alpaca stuff,
I want to match it, I've not enough,
Do you think you have it in the store?
My dress is spoiled if I can't get more,
Will you put these samples in the bill?
I'll know where I got them if you will,
I'll take them home; if she thinks they'l do,
You'll see me back in a day or two."

WHY PEGGY MARRIED SILAS.

HER ACCOUNT TO A SYMPATHIZING FRIEND.

I used to be called an old maid. I think old Nancy Vincent was jealous, or she never would have started out all over the neighborhood on purpose to tell folks that I was cut out for an old maid. But thanks to my high knowledge of human nature, I have at last got a good man, and Nance may storm and whistle until her mouth is all out of shape. I married Silas Harris one year ago, and I am going to tell you all about it.

You see old Mrs Harris got took down sick, an' they had to hire a man to the house work, sich as bakin', washin', ironin', an' sweepin'; so I feelin' kinder tender hearted—I always was a tender hearted creter—I went up there to help Mr. Harris take care of his Mrs. Harris's son, that I would stay an' help 'em if they couldn't git anybody that would suit 'em better.

"Nancy Vincent has been here and offered her services," said the old lady.

"Then she has been here, has she?" I was afraid I had left a little leven that they would notice how mad I was, but they didn't; and I told em' plainly that all Nance Vincent was after was a husband—told 'em about her cookin', what miserable bread she made, what a figger she cut at the meetin' house, with a rather bustle clean up to her shoulders,—and told all about her try'n to catch Parson Smith's son, who is only about 20, and she 51, an' I didn't know but she might be 70.

"Well if she is such a creature we don't want her here," said Mrs. Harris.

You'd better believe I was glad to hear her say so. Mr. Harris had a good farm, a nice house an' barn, and I had no notion of lettin' old Nance come in ahead of me, though I never did care anything about the men sex, never; still I didn't intend to have wool pulled over my eyes. I always knew her to be a pesky old gossip. I hate to tell stories about my neighbors, and I don't gad all over town—unless there is something to gad about.

"She is all I've told you and more, too," said I, and then Mr. Harris, which is now my husband, told me to come home and stay with his mother and he would pay me.

"I don't ask no pay," said I. "She is my neighbor, and neighbors should help each other in case of sickness."

"Well, come, if you can, and I will see that you don't lose anything by it."

Of course I went right up there; what else could I do? Mrs. Harris made me bake some riz bread the first thing, then I baked sour pies, and then, as it was near supper time, I cooked some nice slapjacks, for I knew Silas liked slapjacks. Then I put a clean white spread on the table, placed some of my riz bread on, together with some of my best quince sauce, that I had brought from home, fixed the slapjacks, butter and tea in their places; then I blowed the horn to call Silas to supper.

Pretty soon he came in, but who do you think was with him? Why, nobody but old Nancy Vincent. I was mad. We went right into Mrs. Harris' and, taking a paper parcel from under her old yaller shawl, said "I thought you'd need some cookin' done, bein' so unlike and not been able to work, and I took the liberty to bring you some chicken and chees-;" then she laid little victims on the table and looked at Silas, while her dismal mourning face wrinkled up into what she meant to be a sweet smile, but it looked more like dried bacon sixty years old.

"Thank you very much, but we've got a good cook," said Mrs. Harris.

"Is she the one?" and Nance pointed at my face, while her squinting green eyes fairly snapped sparks.

"I came with the intention of helping our sick neighbor myself until she can help herself," I answered.

"You did, did you? I don't see what you are meddlin' around in—"

"She is not to blame. I told her to come," suddenly broke in Silas.

"Then I s'pose it's all right, if you told her to come, but there's folks in the world that happen to know more about sickness and nussin', I can tell you," and Nance flounced toward the door.

"Stay and take supper with us, won't you?" asked Silas.

"I don't know but I will, seein' as how your mother is so unwell."

"That's right, Nancy; sit down and be neighborly once in your life," and I placed a chair for her at the table. I could see that Nance felt dreadful uneasy, though I felt all right, except that I was kinder mad. Silas praised my sauce and said my slapjacks were the best he ever ate. And Mrs. Harris said my bread couldn't be beat.

Nance never said a word, but she was the spitefulest lookin' critter I ever did see. I determined that I wouldn't hand her old chicken and cheese, and so she thought she'd pass it round herself.

"Try some of my chicken, Mrs Harris, you'll like it, I know you will."

Mrs. Harris took a small slice, but only just tasted of it.

"Have some cheese," and she passed the plate, but the sick lady only took a small piece, gave a glance at it and laid it on the table, with the remark that she dare not eat cheese.

"You'll take a piece, Silas?"

"I don't care if I do, Nancy."

She again passed her plate, and Silas put out his hand and took up a piece, but just as he was going to bite off a chunk, a little shower of white skippers rattled off into his tea.

You'd better believe he didn't eat much of that cheese. He got up, sudden like, and said his head ached. I didn't see him again very soon. Mrs. Harris said she felt sick at her stomach, and left the room. Nance didn't know what to make of it all, but she bustled up and said I'd been a tellin' stories about her, so that I could catch Silas myself.

"You lie, you know you do, Nance Vincent!" I didn't care if I did talk plain, bein' as how Silas and Mrs. Harris was out of the room.

"You lie yourself, you old cap-settin' snipe!"

Now, to be called a cap-settin' snipe to be called so by old Nance Vincent—was more than I could stand; so I went at her, 'hammer and tongs.'

'Nance Vincent,' said I — and you'd better believe I felt mad—'do you think you can come here, with your fly-blown cheese, full of skippers, with your old chicken, so tough that a—a dog couldn't eat it, with the expectation of catchin' Silas Harris for a husband?'

'You may talk and talk,' said she snivelin, 'but I can tell you one thing,' and she looked vindictively at me, 'I didn't expect to find you here, folks told I didn't come there to set a trap to catch Silas Harris.'

'No, I don't think you did,' said I, 'skippery cheese and old chicken don't go half him with, and I don't think he would have such an old withered gadabout as you be, even if you should ask him.'

Nance swept her old cheese and chicken into a paper bag then she tied her old bonnet on her head, and stepped out on the piazza as mad as a hornet.

'You may go,' said I, 'nobody wants you here with your old maggotty cheese.'

'I'll write a letter to Silas,' she screamed as she switched down the path, 'and tell him what a mean thing you be.'

'I'm agoing to tell him what an old mischief-making body you are,' was my answer.

Mrs. Harris now called me, and I went into her room.

'Has that spiteful creature gone?' she inquired.

'Yes, I hope so.'

'Good riddance to bad rubbage,' said she.

'I hope so,' said I.

'If Nance Vincent comes here again, I'll get Silas to turn her away. 'I can't have my nerves disturbed again in such a manner. Now Peggy, you may do up the work.'

I went at it with a will. I washed and put away the dishes, swept the floor, blacked the stove, and then, as Silas appeared with two pails of milk, I went into the milk-room to help him strain it and put it on the shelf.

"You had quite a time with Nance, didn't you?" and he burst out laughing.

"I couldn't help it, she provoked me."

"You did just right, I don't see how I acted as though you had a good deal of temper," and he actually laughed right in my face.

I felt kinder ashamed that he had heard my quarrel with Nance, but I didn't care much, for I always do speak right out when I get a little mad.

After I had strained the milk, and he had put it away, he laid his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Peggy, you and I are getting pretty well along in years, and I guess we'd have a awful lonesome place, if you think it would be a good plan for us to get married?"

I looked at him kinder startled, it came so sudden. Finally, I thought that as I was 45 years old and he only 40, and as I was all alone in the world, it would be a good plan, especially as he owned a nice farm. So I told him I had kinder thought that I never did care anything about the men sex—and we were married a year ago.

But Nance ain't married, and I hope she never will be.—*Ex.*

Exiles in Siberia.

We do not know how many extinct criminals of Irkutsk have the cells harboring within her walls, but I should say at least a fifth part of the whole population belong to this category. It is generally assumed by writers on Siberia that the proportion of political to criminal exiles is about one in ten and there are 279 politicals at the present time in Irkutsk, all, like most of the criminals, living in the freedom in the city but kept under strict police surveillance. Mr. Landsell, in his recently published work entitled "Through Siberia" states that in 1880 only eighty political prisoners were sent to Siberia. This on the face of it is a preposterous statement, for the land-and-nobility-at-home party classed as politicals, and their number is very large. Of the 279 political prisoners in Irkutsk I should say that two-thirds of that number are Poles, who have grown gray in exile, and in most cases have become established in trade or have some useful occupation. The Poles are the "gentlemen" among the exiles; they are the most cultivated men in the country, and are deserving of all sympathy. Groups of them may be met at dinner or supper every day at the hotel where I stayed, looking specimens of their race, but grown old and weary, desparing of ever being able to get back to their own country, not for lack of permission but the necessary means of transport. They are courteous still, these aged patriots, dreaming of a grand future for Poland, but helpless as children in rendering any assistance to gain that end. It seems a terribly cruel thing to have done with these men, to have wrested them from the country and home they loved and fought gallantly for and to have condemned them to this more than useless life in the Siberian wastes. No one can grasp the terrible meaning of exiliation to Siberia unless he has seen these men, grown old and desolate in this far off place, their poor decrepit bodies thousands of miles away from the place where they have left heart and soul. I would curse human and humanity were I condemned to live forever in this soulless country, away from all that is beautiful away from the life where sentiment and love reign sweetly over hearth and home. And there is no escape from this land made hell except pardon tardily granted, or, more frequently, death and a grave that is frozen all the year round. These thoughts arise when I think of the fate of the Polish exiles still here. For the ordinary criminals I have no sympathy, nor yet for the nihilists, and only think it sad any country, however wretched, yet capable of any future at all, should be burdened with such scoundrels. Some of the former droves may be seen on the roads every day; of the latter large numbers are constantly arriving. On the 6th of March the notorious Dr. Weimar, who was implicated in the nihilistic attempt on the late Emperor's life passed through Irkutsk on his way to some place still further removed from the world, but his destination I did not learn, but probably somewhere in the Amur province, where he will be enabled to make interesting studies in the villages filled with disease and rotting humanity.

A True Servant who became a Brave Master.

In Holland, where the Rhine flows into the sea, there lived, in 1656, an admiral, who understood the sea as well as a general does that. His name was Michael Hadriani Ruyter—a name honored by every true Hollander. He was born at Vliessingen, in 1607. His parents were poor people, and wished to train their son to a trade; but he longed to venture upon the sea and to become a sailor.

Accordingly he sailed on a ship which traded with Morocco. The merchant, who followed the good maxim "Your own eyes are better than another's glasses," himself sailed with the ship, and soon found that the sailor, Ruyter, was very useful and, what was more important, a true man. He, therefore, trusted him in many ways in which it is not usual to trust a ship-boy.

Once, when the annual fair at Morocco was over, the merchant became so sick that he could not make the voyage to Africa. He resolved: "I will trust to no one but Ruyter the ship's cargo, which I will send to the market of Morocco."

Then he summoned him to his presence, and said: "Michael, you are now a man situated. I cannot go to Moroc My book-keeper is an old man. Wh think you, should I do?"

"Send another trusty man, Mynheer," said Ruyter.

"Right!" cried the merchant. "But whom shall I send?"

"That you should know better than I, Mynheer," was Ruyter's reply.

"It is an important business," said the merchant.

"I know it is," said Ruyter.

"Hear!" continued the merchant. "You must undertake the business. I could trust no one but Ruyter. He is called who has charge of merchandise sent by the sea.

"It was arranged. Ruyter received clothing and money suited to his rank. The sailor looked surprised when their young comrade came on board as supercargo, with the clothing of a merchant in no foul and he has chosen the right man." This was soon very evident. The ship sailed away, landed at Morocco, and Ruyter arranged all the market-place his goods, which consisted of fine wooden cloths.

There ruled in Morocco at that time a Dey, of princely rank, with royal power. The property and lives of all the subjects were at his disposal, and none of all who came into the country for the purposes of trade. Turkey was neither right nor justice. No man's head rested very firmly between his shoulders.

One beautiful morning Ruyter, himself, with a long retinue of courtiers, came and stood before Ruyter's booth. He examined the cloth and a piece of superfine quality pleased him greatly.

"What is the cost?" asked he.

Ruyter named the price his master had fixed.

The Bey offers half of it.

"I am not a cheat," said Ruyter, "who asks half more than the thing is worth, that he may have the pleasure of half of what he has asked. The price is fixed. Besides, it is not my property. I am only my master's servant."

All this was very novel for a Moroccan there was no law. Everybody looked alarmed, except Ruyter, as they saw the angry face of the Bey.

"Do you not know, "says the Bey, "that I am the master of your life?"

"I know that well, Herr Bey," said Ruyter, "but I know also that I am not asked over much, and that I have a duty, as servant of my master, to care for his interest, and not to think of myself. Take it at the fixed price, and you shall have the cloth not a penny cheaper."

The merchants, when they heard these words, were full of fear. "Good-bye, Ruyter," thought they; you will never see another sunrise.

They were mistaken. The Bey looked upon the bold man some time with angry eyes. All waited for the brief command, "Off with his head!" but he said: "I give you until to-morrow for your decision, and not change your mind, make your will.

Then he went away. Ruyter calmly put the cloth in its place and began to act upon the other customers.

Now arose an uproar among the merchants. "For Heaven's sake give in, Ruyter, or you will have your head cut off your head—and he will sure do it, as sure as you live—then your life and all your master's goods, and the ship and its cargo, are lost, and we all become of us? Give it—'tis but a trifle—and save the rest and yourself."

"I am in God's hand," said Ruyter. "He who is true to his master in such things, how shall he be true in great things? If my master loses through me a penny, I am not a faithful servant. I shall not yield it."

On the following morning Ruyter stood in his booth. The Bey approaches and looks grimly at Ruyter. Behind him stood a block, and a pile of bloody garments red as blood and had a broad-sword in his hand. The people of Morocco knew him and shunned him as he fire. He was the public executioner. The Bey paused before Ruyter's booth, and, looking sternly at the merchant, said: "Have you as yet come to a conclusion?"

"Yes," said Ruyter. "I shall give the cloth not a penny less than I asked yesterday. If you wish my life, take it. I will yield it with a clear conscience and as a true servant of my master."

All the people held their breath, for the one clad in the red garment examined the edge of his sword and smiled like a demon in his bloody work.

Then the face of the Bey changed and suddenly became as pleasant as bright. "By the beard of the prophet," cries he (and that is the highest oath of a Turk), "thou art a noble soul. A truer servant I have never met and would to God I had such an one." Then he turned to his attendants and said: "Take this man to the Grand Vizier. To Ruyter he said: "Give me thy hand, Christian. Thou shalt be my friend." He threw a purse of gold upon the table and said: "It is thine, and I believe, as much as thou hast asked. I will make of the cloth a robe of honor as a memorial of thy fidelity."

Ruyter returned to Holland with large profits, but he said nothing of this occurrence to his master, who learned it first from others. This was the beginning of Ruyter's great fortune. He soon became the captain of his master's ship, and, after his master's death, he entered into the naval service of Holland. He rose rapidly and finally attained the highest rank, that of an admiral, and won many victories over the enemies of his country.—*From the German.*

Notes on the Tiger.

The Burmese declare there are two varieties of tiger, those of the plains being much larger than those found in the hills. The latter have a shorter tail, and are said to be more active and vicious. But as no two tigers, whether shot on the plains or on the hills, are identically alike, varieties might be multiplied *ad libitum*. Tigers which live in the hills have far harder work to keep their larder supplied than a pampered tiger of the plains, who takes up his abode near a large village and slaughters as many fat bullocks or cows as he pleases, and increases in size until he becomes a monster, while the former remains small and lean. The largest tiger I was ever at the death of measured as he lay in feet 1 inch, when pegged out 13 feet 4 inches, but I tried measurements at the time, and it was laughable how, after the lapse of time, the dimensions of this animal varied according to the memory of the individual relating the circumstances. With some he was 12 feet long, with others 13½ feet, with others 10½ feet, as he lay dead. It shows now necessary it is to record in black and white at the time exact measurements, otherwise one's memory is apt to prove treacherous. We thus hear of tigers of fabulous sizes. I myself believe 10 feet 8 inches—perhaps 10 feet 6 inches—to be the utmost length of a tiger, living or dead. Mr. Campbell, Deputy Commissioner of Dublu, who has killed and seen killed a great many tigers, never saw one of more than 10 feet 4 inches. It is a disputed point how a tiger strikes down its prey, and I have lived in jungles and roamed jungles for the greater part of my life, and have had two ponies killed, I never saw an animal struck down, though I have come upon the quivering carcase not yet cold. Williamson, in his "Oriental Sports," The tiger's fore-paw is the invariable engine of destruction. Most persons imagine that if a tiger were deprived of its claws and teeth he would be rendered harmless. The claw is a great error. The weight of the limb is the real cause of mischief, for the talons are rarely extended when a tiger seizes. The operation is similar to that of a hammer; the tiger raises his paw, and brings it down with such force as not only to stun a common sized bullock or buffalo, but even crushing the bones of the skull I have seen many men and deer that had been killed by tigers. In no case was a mark of a claw could be seen; and when scratches did appear they were obviously the effect of chance, from the claws sliding downward, and not from design." Johnson is of a contrary opinion, for he says: "During a residence of nine years in Chittra I never saw a man or animal killed by a tiger that had not the mark of talons, yet I admit that the force with which a tiger generally strikes with the fore-paw, and the wind-pipe severe!, and I also saw a bullock thus treated at Papicondah, on the Godavery. My second pony was killed by a grip of the upper part of the neck by which the jugular was severed, and though the tiger was driven off, the pony bled to death.—*The London Field.*

The Uses of an Enemy.

BY GRANDMA DEBBIE D.

Always keep an enemy on hand, a brisk, hearty, active enemy.

It mark the uses of an enemy.

1. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never make, never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against somebody is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. Friends will tell you to your fold; it permits you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster, and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to conceal, when you become aware that you have a fault you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes night, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may *not* sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will keep you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and his mental *qui vive* must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend or enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will do everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is not a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all of his assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon again to feel the inconvenience of proof by the zeal your friend manifests. "Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy.

Young man go West and be cycloned with the country.—*Boston Post.*

Go to! old bean-patch! People will stand grasshoppers, cyclones, and anything else that comes along over the great prairie, rather than dry up on the bleak, barren hillsides of the East. The Post will please take notice that "the star of empire" is still westward.

An Adventure with an Octopus.

The octopus is, without doubt, the most disagreeable creature to be met with in the ocean. They are found in nearly all waters, from the coast of Maine in and on the borders of the gulf-stream; to the cold waters of the North Pacific Ocean. Imagine a big fish, over which waves of color are constantly sweeping and flashing, which eight arms radiate like the legs of a gigantic spider, their undersides lined with shaggy suckers, and let one fasten, where they join the body, two parrot-like bills. On each side of the lower part of the bag put two fierce green or yellow eyes, give the whole mass a tremulous motion, and you have a general idea of the appearance of the octopus, a second cousin of the giant squids, of which they may be a foot across, upward. The largest known was seen by Mr. W. H. Dall, at Sitka, and when spread out it measured twenty-eight feet from the tip of one tentacle, or arm, to that of the opposite. Specimens measuring twelve or four-teen feet across are very common in the Pacific, and are kept for sale in the San Francisco markets, and considered great dainties by the Italians and Chinese. When of this size, they are tremely dangerous, and have been known to throw their snake-like arms over the gunwale of a small boat and drag them out into deeper water.

In 1877, an Indian woman living at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, when in her canoe was seized by a monster octopus and dragged slowly into deep water and drowned. She was missed some time after, and boats were put out in search of the Indian. Some persons imagine that if a tiger were deprived of its claws and teeth he would be rendered harmless. The claw is a great error. The weight of the limb is the real cause of mischief, for the talons are rarely extended when a tiger seizes. The operation is similar to that of a hammer; the tiger raises his paw, and brings it down with such force as not only to stun a common sized bullock or buffalo, but even crushing the bones of the skull I have seen many men and deer that had been killed by tigers. In no case was a mark of a claw could be seen; and when scratches did appear they were obviously the effect of chance, from the claws sliding downward, and not from design." Johnson is of a contrary opinion, for he says: "During a residence of nine years in Chittra I never saw a man or animal killed by a tiger that had not the mark of talons, yet I admit that the force with which a tiger generally strikes with the fore-paw, and the wind-pipe severe!, and I also saw a bullock thus treated at Papicondah, on the Godavery. My second pony was killed by a grip of the upper part of the neck by which the jugular was severed, and though the tiger was driven off, the pony bled to death.—*The London Field.*

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Rural Improvement.

The question of rural improvement has been frequently agitated, and is a subject in which every citizen should feel an interest. Desiring to keep our people posted in regard to the progress made by the Rural Improvement Associations in the eastern states, we copy from the Continent the following from the pen of E. G. Cooke, Esq., the originator of these societies and author of a book upon the subject;

"Remarkable progress has recently been made in rural improvement. Here and there a single association, or remote village improvement was long since formed. But systematic efforts to multiply these associations are of recent origin. Such efforts have been made in Connecticut. A dozen years ago a superintendent of schools offered to "lecture on this subject, without charge except for services or expenses, in any town in the state. The offer was cordially met no response, and even for three years few invitations were received. The project was "chimerical" and sentimental. But it would encounter misrepresentation and ridicule I predicted. Though always confident that results would ultimately reverse such first impressions, the change came sooner than I expected, and now this work commands the sympathy and cooperation of the wisest and best men of the state. In my first report to the legislature in January last, expressed his high appreciation of what had been done in this direction, and strongly commended this movement as "worthy of all support." A prominent New York paper then said, in reference to this advocacy of rural improvement in his inaugural address: "Gov. Bigelow has taken the lead of other states in this matter, and set a noble example to them all."

Though no part of my official duties, but only a by-play, or rather a volunteer association, in addition to my proper vocation, my interest in this work grows with years and results. Over 50 associations for rural improvement have been organized in Connecticut. I have also aided in forming over 100 such associations in another New England, middle and western states. This movement has worked its way across the continent. Thriving associations are doing their beneficent work in Minnesota, Kansas, California, and indeed in almost every northern state. The associations in Berkley and Santa Barbara in California, are now initiating a movement which in five years will be likely to attract the attention of the entire state, for this work is contagious. One example makes another. The grand example of Berkley cannot fail to make many others