

You can do a great deal of good in the world by telling your friends about Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

THE SECRET OF THE GRANGE

My doubts were solved at last one afternoon. I took Helena with me to Weir Cottage. Blanche had invited us, and we found Mr. Charlton there. I saw in a moment, from the way in which he looked at her, what his feelings were. His eyes lingered upon her beautiful, happy face, as though drinking in such pure, sweet beauty, his voice softening as he spoke to her as he had never heard it before. The man's whole heart seemed bound up in her; it was not the first happy love of youth—it was a deep, absorbing, tragical passion, and some instinct told me that Blanche never seemed to notice it in the least; she was too much engrossed—too happy in her own love to think about him. He was laying his heart at her feet; and she walked over it smilingly and unconsciously as she would have done over dead leaves. When she sang his whole face softened and brightened. I thought how much I should like him if he wore that expression always. The gloom faded from his face as he spoke, soft, clear and sweet, like her voice. A tender light came in those dark, grave eyes. Allan Charlton was a handsome man when under the influence of his love.

He brought us home, but all that night I could not sleep. I could only think of the danger that hung over Blanche Carey. The next morning I saw Mr. Charlton leave the Grange with a most exquisite bouquet of rare flowers in his hand—white roses, white heaths, white lilies and carnations; they were beautifully arranged, and some instinct told me they were for Blanche, and that he had gone that morning to ask her to be his wife.

In vain I tried to give Helena her usual lessons. My thoughts were at Weir Cottage. Between the two her helpless old father and her wealthy lover, who held her father's life and happiness in his hands, what would she choose—that I let me sympathize with her; but she left me with the same bright smile upon her face, the same gay words upon her lips.

Let me that afternoon a note was placed in my hands; it was from Mr. Carey, saying that Blanche had gone to Richmond and that he wanted to see her. I knew then that my fears were realized, and I felt that he wanted me to break the news of Allan Charlton's proposal to his daughter, and to urge its acceptance upon her. I forewarned how this girl's heart would be torn, between love for Hugh Mostyn and the desire to see her father happy again. I resolved that I would not be the one to speak to her. I would not dash from the sweet lips the cup of happiness that she had so lately brimmed over; mine should not be the hand to snatch the hope from that young life.

Mr. Carey was alone when I reached the cottage. He seemed anxious to delay as long as possible naming the purpose for which he had requested the interview.

"You are my child's best friend," he began at length; "Miss Wood, you have been almost a mother to her; you will be pleased to hear from some good news I have to tell you. I have just received from her, and such a good offer, too."

"From Captain Mostyn, I suppose?" I said, innocently. "I am glad Blanche will never care for anyone else."

"No," he replied, angrily; "that was all childish nonsense. This is from a rich man. Will you believe me, Miss Wood, when I tell you that Allan Charlton has asked me for my daughter's hand, and says that if she will marry him he will settle the 'Croome estate' upon her as a wedding gift? Only this of it, I should go back to Croome once more."

He looked so wistfully at me, so old, so shrunken and helpless, that I could not help my heart aching with pity for him, although I felt the bargain was a cruel one, a mere matter of sale and barter.

"You will be on my side, will you not," he urged in frenzied tones, "and if Blanche still has any nonsense about Captain Mostyn in her mind, show her all the advantages of such a marriage as this? I have not grumbled, Miss Wood, but I feel my old comfort so much. Sometimes I feel weak, and would give anything for only one glass of wine such as I had at Croome. I am growing old, and you know we are very poor—so poor that I do not get the support I need. Oh, if my darling could but see the matter rightly, I might go home for a few years before I die."

He almost wept as he uttered the last few words. I pitied him deeply, but to my mind nothing could justify making Blanche unhappy and taking her from her lover. I was just going to tell Mr. Carey all I thought on the subject, when the young girl herself most unexpectedly entered the room. "That is her voice," cried Mr. Carey; "she is home two hours earlier than I expected her. You must stay with me while I tell her, Miss Wood, for I promised Mr. Charlton I would let her know to-night."

He looked so imploringly at me,

etacle was removed and he concluded by saying how glad he was that he could prove the disinterestedness of his love, and how happy they would make the closing years of her father's life.

It was a letter no woman could read unmoved; the love that spoke through it so true and loyal, the heart that dictated it so noble and trusting, that I could not wonder at the girl's sunny face, her glad bright eyes and radiant smiles. What were all the troubles of youth to this to rest upon?

That scene fastened itself upon my mind—the sunshine, the flowers, the beauty of the summer morning, the fair young face that looked into mine.

"Is he not good and true?" she asked, when I had read the letter. "Ought I not to love him very much, mummy?"

I did not answer, knowing what I knew, I felt like a traitor to the young girl, so utterly unconscious of the trial that awaited her.

"Do not look so grave," she said, "smile at me, and let us talk about him. Let me hear of the happy for at least one hour this beautiful morning."

I had not the heart to refuse her. She gave herself up to the charm of the love that filled her heart, of the sunshine that fell around her. Many a long day passed, many a sun rose and set before she spent a happy hour again.

She could not write to him in reply, she said; he would have left India before her letter could reach him. "But there is no need to write," she went on. "I shall want nothing more than the thought that I am to see him so soon."

Poor child, she was so utterly unconscious of the coming trial that I feared for her. She smiled me, and said I was a dreamer—that I did not sympathize with her; but she left me with the same bright smile upon her face, the same gay words upon her lips.

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his voice trembled, so his hands shook, and he seemed so helpless, that I stayed; yet I would rather have faced any danger for myself than have sat by while my darling was tortured as I saw her—that night.

Blanche laughed gaily when she saw us together.

"You look," she cried, with a bright smile, "as though you were two conspirators just found out."

She knew poor child, how near she was to the truth. Her father's eyes followed her everywhere; and when she had drunk the tea Susan had brought in for her, and told us all about her chattering adventures at Richmond, he called her to him. He held her two hands in his, and looked at her fondly.

"And so my darling, who used to wear velvet and silks, is proud of a pink print dress?" he said.

"Yes, papa," she replied, "prouder than I was of Geneva velvet at ever so many guineas the yard. I call myself a perfect model of adaptation to circumstances."

"What you could like to have the velvet again, wouldn't you," he continued—"to be back once more at the old Hall watching that grand cedar tree you liked so well? You don't like some way to give you back your old home?"

"That I should!" she replied, warmly; "but I am very happy here, papa, with you."

Then he drew her nearer to him, and broke into a wild passion of tears.

"Oh, Blanche," he sobbed, "if you like, if you are so happy, go back to Croome again. Tell her about it, Miss Wood; my heart quakes, my lips tremble; tell her how she can return to the Hall once more."

"What do you mean, papa?" cried Blanche; "what can I do? You know, darling," she continued, caressing the grey head that lay upon her shoulder, "that I would give my life to make you happy again, if it were of any avail."

"Not that," he murmured—"not that. You would be very happy with me, and I should live years longer if I could only breathe Croome air once again. I am dying by inches here—dying of sorrow and privation—and if you will, Blanche, I may be master of Croome Hall once more."

"I will do anything you wish me, dear papa," she answered; "only tell me what it is."

He turned to me, but I remained silent, my hand should not plunge the dagger in that generous, tender young heart. He did not look into the bright, loving face, but so tenderly over his own. He clasped those little hands convulsively, as though they would save him.

"You remember, Blanche," he continued, after a few minutes' silence, "that I told you before I left home how I had been obliged to mortgage my estate in order to raise money to pay my debts. It was a large sum that it takes the whole rental of my estate to pay the interest on it."

"I understand all that, dearest," said Blanche, tenderly; "but you say the man who advanced that money holds Croome in his hands; continued the old man, eagerly; 'if he called it in to-morrow, the estate would belong to him, and I should be homeless. I am all in his power, Blanche.'"

"Indeed we are; he is a terrible ogre," she said, lightly, and still with the same smile.

"I never told you before," said her father; "but it was our good neighbor, our kind friend, Allan Charlton, who advanced that money. He is rich and holds Croome in his hands."

He looked at her then with fevered, wistful eyes, but she suspected nothing.

"How strange!" she cried—"that quiet Mr. Charlton! I think I must be more respectful to him the next time he comes, papa; I am often very rude, and do not listen to one half he says."

She laughed gaily as she spoke, and the gray head dropped again.

"Yes, that is Mr. Charlton," he continued; "and oh, Blanche, let me say it quickly, darling—he loves you, he wants you to be his wife. If you will marry him, he will give you Croome—settle it upon you—and I shall live there again."

She did not cry out or faint; slowly the beautiful color died from her face, the rich crimson from her lips, and light from her eyes; a pale, startled look of unutterable pain, of hopeless despair, fell upon her, and I turned away, sick at heart. I had never known a woman so broken by words, and I could bear no more.

"I cannot marry him, papa," she said, very quietly; "I love Hugh Mostyn, and have promised to be his wife."

"I knew you would not do it," he cried. "For the sake of that childish nonsense you will let me die here in poverty and want. Hugh is very poor—and oh, Blanche, Blanche, my darling, let me go back to Croome!"

"Thank Heaven, I was never tried as was Blanche," he cried, then, trembling, pitiful old man prayed like a child that she would let him die in his old home, tears streaming down his face, his hands clasped in prayer. "Like a coward, I fled. I went out into the little kitchen and left them together. Even then I could hear the father's weak voice pleading with words and sobs that he might go back to Croome."

I had been there nearly an hour when Blanche came to me. I folded her in my arms and wept over her, but she shed no tears.

"What have you said?" I asked her, anxiously.

"Not much," she replied, "I am only half sold, mummy; for I have asked for time to make up my mind."

"And Hugh?" I said—"what shall you do with him?"

"Yes, Hugh," she cried, wringing her hands. "Was ever anyone tried like me? My poor father will die if I disappoint him. Did your father ever know a man like Hugh? I can't I forsake Hugh—give him up when I know he loves me, and I love him better than all the world beside? My heart is torn to bits. I cannot see my duty—I cannot tell what I ought to do."

"You have Hugh to consider as well as yourself," said, "you might be willing to sacrifice your own happiness, but have you any right to sacrifice his? Having given him your promise, have you any right to withdraw it?"

"None," she cried; "and yet I hate myself for being so selfish, when I think it is in my power to make my father so happy, and I must refuse. He is old and helpless; he is always longing for things I cannot get for him. When I think of his pleasure in going back to Croome, I feel that I

must give in. It will be my fate. They are too strong for me."

I felt it would be so, I tried to whisper a few words of comfort to her, but it was in vain.

"Only this morning I was so happy," she said, "and now, whichever way I decide, my life will be wretched. If I refuse, and my father dies, his disappointment, as I believe he would, even Hugh Mostyn's love could never make me happy again. If I consent—but I cannot—I cannot not give up Hugh. Fortune, happiness, life—they may take all from me, but I cannot give up Hugh!"

(To be Continued.)

NATURE'S BLESSING

Is Found in Health, Strength and Freedom From Pain

This Gift Is Meant for All—On It the Happiness and Usefulness of Life Depends—Without It Life Is an Existence Hard to Endure.

Health is nature's choicest gift to man and should be carefully guarded. It is health is a sure sign that the blood is either insufficient, watery or impure, for most of the diseases that afflict mankind are traceable to this cause. Every organ of the body requires rich, red blood to enable it to properly perform its life-sustaining functions, and at the first intimation that nature gives that all is not well, the blood should be cleared for purgative medicines will not do this—it is tonic that is needed, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been proved, the world over, to surpass all other medicines in their tonic strengthening and health renewing qualities. From one end of the land to the other will be found grateful people who cheerfully acknowledge that they owe their good health to this great medicine. Among these is Mr. Elmer Robinson, a prominent young man living at St. Jerome, Que. He says: "For some years I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. My appetite became irregular, everything I ate felt like a weight on my stomach. I tried several remedies and was under the care of doctors, but to no avail and I grew worse as time went on. I became very weak, grew thin, suffered much from pains in the stomach and was frequently seized with dizziness. One day a friend told me of the case of a young girl who had suffered greatly from this trouble, but who, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had fully regained her health and satisfaction. I immediately advised me to try these pills. I was so eager to find a cure that I acted on his advice and procured a supply. From the very first my condition improved and after using the pills for a couple of months I was fully restored to health, after having been a constant sufferer for four years. I am now as strong and vigorous as ever, and I feel that I owe my recovery to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I shall always have a good word to say on their behalf."

Through their action on the blood and nerves, these pills cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney trouble, partial paralysis, etc. Be sure that you get the genuine with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on every box. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by address to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BISHOP VINCENT

WOULD BE AN ANGEL.

If I were a boy, with my man's wisdom, I should eat wholesome food and no other. I should chew it well, and never "hold it down." I should eat at regular hours. I should never touch tobacco, chewing-gum or patent medicines; never once go to bed without cleaning my teeth; never let a year go by without a dentist's inspection and treatment; never sit up late at night unless a great emergency demanded it; never linger over my meals; never when the time came for getting up; never fail to rub every part of my body every morning with a wet towel, and then with a dry one; four tablespoonsful of ice water at one time. But all this takes will power. Yes, but that is all it does take.

I should never speak a word to anyone who might be worried about it, and only kind words of others, even of enemies, in their absence. I should put no unclean, vulgar, or untrue stories in my memory and imagination. I should want to be able to say, like Dr. George H. Whitney, "I have never pronounced a word which I ought not to speak in the presence of the purest woman in the world." I should treat little folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants, and be kind to the unfortunate.

I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers, and be able to do in reason all the noble things that belong to manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study with a will when the time came for study; read the best books; try to speak accurately and pronounce distinctly; go to college and go through college even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer, or a mechanic; try to help every good cause; "use the world and not abuse it;" treat older men and women as fathers and mothers, and young as brethren and sisters in all purity.

This I should try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous, and true. I should be a boy without a fault or cowardice; a man's will and wisdom in me; and God's grace, beauty and blessing abiding with me. Ah, if I were a boy!—Bishop Vincent.

The mountain climber evidently believes that there's plenty of room at the top.

THE TIME TO CUT HAY

The aim of our farmers in growing forage crops is to produce from a given area as large a quantity as possible of the digestible nutrients in a palatable form. The time at which a forage crop is harvested may effect the crop in three ways, viz., in the quantity of material harvested, in the composition of the crop, and in the palatability of the fodder. As a general rule, it has been found that the greatest amount of dry matter is secured where forage crops are allowed to fully mature and ripen. The only exception is in the case of clovers and other legumes, where the leaves rattle off and are lost, either before or during the process of curing.

It does not follow that when a plant increases in its yield of dry matter that its nutritive value has proportionately increased. It is quite possible that changes in texture and composition of the dry substance may offset the greater yield. The dry matter of mature grass contains a large proportion of crude fibre than the immature. The plant hardens in texture, and in high palatability and digestibility. It is, therefore, usually advisable to

Begin Cutting Hay Early.

and where there is a large crop to be gathered, work should begin early in order that it be completed before the grass becomes ripe. When the sun dissipates the dew from the late cut grass, chemical analysis has shown that plants are richer in protein in the earlier stages of growth than when fully grown or nearly mature. The chief with which our feeders have to contend is the lack of protein in the ration made up of our common feeding stuffs, and prudent farmers will use the fact that by cutting early they can get two crops of highly nitrogenous fodder where they

only get one by late cutting. Cutting the first crop even before the heads are fully grown will tend to cause a vigorous new growth and in this way a good crop of rowan is secured.

The two crops are more valuable, especially for feeding dairy cows, than one mature crop on account of the increased proportion of protein. The early cut hay is more palatable to stock, and, weight for weight, more satisfactory. On the other hand, by late cutting we secure a considerably larger quantity of carbohydrates, which are valuable for feeding, and of crude fibre, which is of low feeding value.

For the Dairy Cows

and sheep, grass should be cut early, since these animals do not relish hay that is woody and lacking in aroma, as is the case with late cut hay. For horses and fattening cattle later cutting is allowable, as these animals subsist more on concentrates than on hay, and hay serves more for "filling," as horsemen say. In tests made by Professors Sanborn and Henry in fattening steers with early and late cut hay, it was found that late cut hay gave the best results. If cutting is delayed too long the stems of the grass become tough and stringy, and the seeds scatter from the heads. Such hay has little aroma and lacks palatability for all nutrients. Though an indefinite quantity, the aroma of grass has real value in ruminants, as it is so palatable. When the sun dissipates the dew from the drying grass in the meadow, we detect the escaping aroma, because the dew in arising carries some of it into the air. This is one reason why hay should not remain scattered over the field at night. Green colored, sweet smelling hay is the best, and prudent farmers will overlook such seemingly small points as preserving the aroma and preventing "bleaching." F. W. H. on Live Stock Commissioner.

AGRICULTURE IN CANADA

How the Government Aids in Profitable Farming

The annual report of the Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion of Canada, for the year ended October 31st last, is a budget of interesting matter.

In the section devoted to Arts and Agriculture, there is an instructive review of Canada's agricultural requirements, coupled with a list of the various measures adopted to meet how they are being met. Cold storage, and its developments, naturally present a bold front in this volume, for next in importance to the production of food for export, comes in natural sequence, the necessity for their preservation, while waiting, as well as while actually in transit. The most far-reaching granular could not find a peg in this regard on which to hang even the flimsiest of complaints.

Augmented Profits.

The farmer views progress not only in enhanced production, but also by augmented profits; and under each of these headings he shows up well. The value of some Canadian farm products exported last year showed a phenomenal increase in volume, when compared with 1900, such as peas, which had risen from \$1,299,491 in the latter year to \$2,474,712 in 1901; flax, which had risen from \$718,433 in 1900 to \$4,015,226 last year; and oats, which in 1900 amounted to \$273,861, had risen in 1901 to \$2,490,521.

Growing Trade in Butter.

In the butter trade the value of the exports in 1901 was \$3,295,603, having increased from \$1,052,089 in 1896, or over 200 per cent, while from the port of Montreal alone the number of packages carried in cold storage increased from 27,883 in 1900 to 410,893 in 1901. Canadian butter is certainly winning a better relative place in the markets of the United Kingdom than it has occupied at any previous period.

The bacon trade also manifested phenomenal progress. In 1896 the value of the exports of pork, bacon, hams, etc., was only \$4,446,881, whereas at the close of the last fiscal year it had risen to \$11,820,820.

Our Great Cheese Export.

In cheese, while in 1896 the value of the exports was \$1,895,571, in 1900 they reached \$19,830,000, and in 1901 exceeded \$20,690,951. There has

been a threatened falling off in the export of cheese this year; but it is expected that this will be more than counterbalanced during the current twelve months by the establishment of consolidated curing rooms.

The special duty on eggs, which Canadian eggs are favorites in Great Britain; and, as importers have distinctly established that they can be successfully marketed in the English markets. Mr. Fisher has taken this opportunity of instructing poultry keepers how to prepare, pack and despatch.

The special fattening of chickens for old country markets has passed beyond the trial stage, and here, again, the spirited enterprise of the Minister has contributed to the profit of the poultry keeper.

Work at the Experimental Farm has been phenomenally prolific in information profitable to the farmer, the agriculturist, and to the poultry keeper, while researches in the entomological section have been of great service.

Valuable Work Done.

The continued systematic testing of promising varieties of agricultural crops obtainable in different parts of the world has placed Canadian farmers in the van as to knowledge of the best and most productive sorts of agricultural products. They have learned to observe the characteristic difference in varieties, and, their powers of observation thus awakened, they have been led to bring these facilities to bear on other problems in their business, to their individual advantage and profit. Their neighbors, in time, have become interested in this work, and have benefited thereby, and the good influence has thus been rapidly extended to all sections of the farming community.

The new feature in the annual distribution of seed, introduced under the instructions of the Minister of Agriculture, three years ago, has made this work increasingly beneficial. Under the new arrangement, larger samples of seed have been sent forward, the seed sent out being sufficient for one-tenth of an acre. In this way the relative yield per acre of the varieties under trial has been ascertained, and reported on by practical farmers in every agricultural constituency in the Dominion.

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MACLEAN AND THE WILD HOG

(Scottish American.)

In days gone by there lived in the Scotch settlement of Cumberland County, North Carolina, a gentleman of the name of William McLean. This was before the time of the percussion gun and the flint and steel lock was in general use. The forests then abounded in wild game, including a degenerate species of the hog, from which is descended the razor back of the south, which abounds to some extent in this day. This wild hog was usually of gaunt form, and having long legs, was almost as fleet of foot as the wild deer. It subsisted upon acorns, pine mast and roots found in the forests and swamps of this region, and when fat made quite a palatable food. The sport of hunting the wild hog was an amusement often indulged in and corresponded, in a way, to the chase of the wild boar in the Orient. A good story is told of McLean, who often participated in the sport of hunting the wild hog, and accompanied by his dog, he set out alone on a hunt one day. His dog soon scented a wild hog, and after a short chase brought him to bay. He proved to be an enormous

boar, with great protruding tusks and shaggy front. He stood with bristles erect, and snapping defiance at dog and hunter, near a large tree which had fallen and rested upon his limbs at an angle that raised the top several feet from the ground. As a matter of precaution McLean got on the log and walked toward the top until opposite the hog, which was quite a formidable and dangerous-looking beast. The moment was heavily charged, and it occurred to McLean that the recoil when he would fire might knock him off the log. His fertile brain soon suggested a plan to prevent this, upon which he acted. He decided to incline his body forward when he pulled the trigger, so that the recoil would just about straighten him up when the gun would go off. His took careful aim and touched the trigger, at the same time inclining his body forward. The treacherous flint and steel lock flashed in the pan and the musket did not go off. But McLean did. He could not recover himself, and plunged down upon the hog, falling astride. The shaggy neck of the beast, the surprised and frightened animal made a mad dash through the swamp, carrying the greater part of McLean's pants upon his tusks. McLean was left sprawling upon the ground, frightened equally as much as the hog, but glad to escape with his life. He returned home in a sad plight, and with an empty game-bag. It was some time before the mystery attending the chase brought him to bay. He proved to be an enormous