aeal in which w and w through might g r fellows for that It was messag ictor, ar thought the di lack."

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b Reaven, and however Juan Catheron nor Acouse no oue neither Juan Catheron nor a lighter all homes judgment is liable to ble sister—all numbers death Inez Catheron is dry of your mother's death Inez Catheron is lieve it was a mistake. Heaven knows how of the whole life has been indeed. To your father that life has been bleated. To your father that life has been bleated, the has been his number and the life has been bleated. The life has been bleated. The life has been his number and the life has been bleated. The life has been his number and life has been his been his number and life has been his number and his number a compensation, his more than sister or mother all lose Miss Darrell? Is that it? these years in loved him, and I could not have doe what she has done. He used her have done british british it is a saw and her revenge british life-long devotion and sacrifice. All has wars she has never left him. has years she has never left him. She will has years him until he dian." bes years and muttli he dies." One will her leave him until he dies."

hold. He listened in growing wonder. Flou believe me?" she demanded imperi-

ogly.

"I believe you," he replied sadly. "My
deraunt, forgive me. I believe all you have
gld. Cau I not see her and thank her "You shall see her. It is for that she has mained. Stay here; I will send her to you.

are but empty and vain for such a life-long martyrdom as hers." She left him hastily. Profound silence

fell. He turned and looked out at the fastfell He turned and looked out at the fast-faling rain, at the trees swaying in the fitful wind, at the dull, leaden sky. Was he asleep and dreaming? His father alive! He sat halfdazed, unable to realize it. a Victor !" He had not heard the door open, he had not

hen her approach, but she stood beside him. ill in black, soft, noiseless black, a face dend of all colour; large, sad, soft eyes, and her white as winter snow—that was the mman Sir Victor Catheron saw as he turned round. The face, with all its settled sadness and pallor, was still the face of a beautiful woman, and in weird contradiction to it youth and beauty, were the smooth bands of abundant hair-white as the hair of eighty. The deep, dusk eyes, once so full of pride and fire, looked at him with the tender. siddened light, long, patient suffering had wrought, the lips, once curved in haughtiest distain, had taken the sweetness of years of hopeless pain. And so, after three-and-twenty years, Victor Catheron saw the woman whose life his father's falsity and fickleness h d steckeed.

She held out her hand to him shyly, wist folly. The ban of murder had been upon her all these years.

Who was to tell that in his inmost heart he too might not brand her as a murderess? But the need not have doubted. If any suspicion get lingered in his mind, it vanished as he looked at her.

"Miss Catheron?" He grasped her hand and held it between both his own. "I have but just heard all, for the first time, as you know. That my father lives-that to him you have nobly consecrated your life. He has not deserved it at your hands; let my father's son thank you with all his soul?"

Ah, hush," she said softly. "I want no thanks. Your poor father! Aunt Helena has told you how miserably all his life has been wrecked-a life once so full of promise." "She has told me all, Miss Catheron."

"Not Miss Catheron," she interposed, with a smile that lit her face into youth and beauty; "not Miss Catheron, surely-Inez, Cousin Inez, if you will. It is twenty-three years -do you know it?--since any one has called me Miss Catheron before. You can't fancy how oddly it sounds.

He looked at her in surprise. "You do not bear your own name? And yet I might have known it, lying as you still

"Under the ban of murder." She shuddered slightly as she said it. "Yes, when I fled that dreadful night from Chesholm prison, and made my way to London. I left my name kehind me. I took at first the name of Miss Black. I lived in dingy lodgings in that crowded part of London, Lambeth; and for the lock of the thing, took in sewing. It was of all those years the most dreary, the

most miserable and lonely time of my probation. I lived there four months: then came the time of your father's complete restoration to bodily health, and confirmation of the tear that his mind was entirely gone. What was to be done with him? Lady Helena was at a loss to know. There were private asylums, but she disliked the idea of shutting him up in one. He was perfectly gentle, perfectly harmless, perfectly insane. Lady Helena came to see me, and I, pining for the sight ef a familiar face, sick and weary to death of the wretched neighborhood in which I lived, proposed the plan that has ever since been the plan of my life. L t Lady Helena take a house, retired enough to be safe, sufficiently suburban to be healthy; let her place Victor there with me; let Mrs. Marsh, my old friend and housekeeper at Catheron Royals become my housekeeper once more; let flooper the butler take charge of us, and let us all live together. I thought then, and I think still it was the best thing for him and for me, that could have been suggested. Aunt Helena acted upon it at once; she found a house on the outskirts of St. John's Wood-a large bouse set in spacious grounds, and inclosed by a high wall, called Poplar Lodge.' It stilled us in every way; it combined all the advantages of town and country. She leased it from the agent for a long term of years, for a 'Mr. and Mrs. Victor,' Mr. Victor being in very poor health. Secretly and by night we removed your father there, and since the night of his entrance he has never passed the gates. From the first-in the days of my youth and my happiness-my life belonged to him; it will belong to him to the end. Hooper and March are with me still, old and feeble now; and of late years I don't think I have been un-

She sighed and looked out at the dull, rainbeaten day. The young man listened in profound pity and admiration. Not unhappy! Branded with the deadliest crime man can commit or the law punish—an exile, a recluse, the life-long companion of an insane man and two old servents! No wonder that at forty her hair was gray—no wonder all life and color had died out of that hopeless face years ago. Perhaps his eyes told her what was Passing in his mind; she smiled and answer-

ed that look. "I have not been unhappy, Victor; I want you to believe it. Your father was always more to me than all the world beside—he is so still. He is but the wreck of the Victor I loved, and yet I would rather spend my life by his side than elsewhere on earth. And I was not quite forsaken. Aunt Helena often came and brought you. It seems but yesterday since I had you in my arms rocking you asleep, and now-and now they tell me you

are going to be married;" The sensitive color rose over his face for a second, then faded, leaving him very pale. "I was going to be married," he answered slowly, " but, she does not know this. My father lives—the title and inheritance are his not mine. Who is to tell what she may say

The dark, thoughtful eyes looked at him

"Does she love you?" she asked; "this

and sne was privy to it, "the young Miss Darrell?, I need hardly inquire whether you love her."

you love her so dearly that if I lose her away from her it was or not 2017 he assassin is known her and Heaven has dealt with him.

Heaven and Heaven has dealt with him. and she was privy to it in the young Miss Darrell?, I need hardly inquire whether from the first; I ought to have known. It may have been meant in kindness, but I be-

"I have said nothing of the kind. Edith is one of the noblest, the truest of women; but can't you see—it looks as though she had been deceived, imposed upon. The loss of title and wealth would make a difference to any woman on earth "

"Very little to a woman who loves, Victor. I hope—I hope—this girl loves you?" Again the color rose over his face---again

he turned impatiently away. "She will love me," he answered, " she has promised it, and Edith Darrell is the girl to keep her word."

"So," Miss Catheron said stiffly and sadly, "it is the old French proverb over again, 'There is always one who loved, and one who maineu. She deserves your thanks, though all thanks is loved. She has owned to you that she is not in love with you, then? Pardon me, Vic-

tor, but your happiness is very dear to me." "Bhe has owned it," he answered, "with the rare nobility and candor that belongs to ber. Such affection as mine will win its return-- love begets love, they say. It

"Not always, Victor—ah, not always, else what a happy woman I had been! But surely she cares for no one alse?"

"She cares for no one else," he answered, doggedly enough, but in his inmost heart that never-dying jealousy of Charlie Stuart rankled. "She cares for no one else-she has told me so, and she is pride, and truth, and purity itself. If I lose her through this, then this secret of insanity will have wrecked forever still another life.

"If she is what you picture her," Inez said steadily, "no loss of rank or fortune would ever make her give you up. But you are not to lose either-you need not ever tell her, if vou choose."

"I can have no secrets from my plighted wife_Edith must know all. But the secret will be as safe with her as with me."

" Very well," she said quietly; know what the result will be if by any chance 'Mrs. Victor' and Inez Catheron are discovered to be one. But it shall be exactly as you please. Your father is as dead to you, to all the world, as though he lay in the vaults of Chesholm church, by your mother's side."

" My poor mother 1 my poor, murdered, unavenged mother ! Inez Catheron, you are a noble woman—a brave woman; was it well to aid your brother to escape ?-was it well, for the sake of saving the Catheron honour and the Catheron name, to permit a most cruel and cowardly murder to go unavanged."

What was it that looked up at him out of her eyes? Infinite pity, infinite sorrow, infinite pain.

"My brother," she repeated softly, as if to herself; "poor Juan! he was the scapegoat of the family always. Yes, Sir Victor, it was a cruel and cowardly murder, and yet I believe in my soul we did right to screen the murderer from the world. It is in the hands of the Almighty—there let it rest."

There was a pause—then: "I shall return with you to London and see my father," he said, as one who claims a

"No," she answered firmly; "it is impossible. Stay! hear me out_it is your father's own wish .

"My father's wish | But-"

"He cannot express a wish, you would say. Of late years, Victor at wide intervals, his reason has returned for a brief space—all the

"The worse for him?" The young man looked at her blankly. "Miss Catheron, do you mean to say it is better for him to be mad?

"Much better-such madness as his. He does not think—he does not suffer. Memory to him is torture; he loved your mother, Victor-and he lost her-terribly lost her. With memory returns the anguish and despair of that loss as though it were but yesterday. If you saw him as I see him, you would pray as I do that his mind might be blotted out for

"Good Heaven! this is terrible."

"Life is full of terrible things-tragedies, secrets—this is one of them. In these rare intervals of sanity he speaks of you-it is he who directed, in case of your marriage that you should be told this much—that you are not to be brought to him, until-"

She paused. " Until-"

"Until he lies upon his death-bed. That day will be soon, Victor-soon, soon. Those brief glimpses of reason and memory have shortened life. What he suffers in these intervals no words of mine can tell. On his death-bed you are to see him -- not before and then you shall be told the story of your mother's death. No, Victor spare me now, all I can tell you I have told. I return home by the noonday train; and, before I go, I should like to see this girl who is to be your wife. See, I shall remain by this window, screened by the curtain. Can you not fetch her by some pretence or other beneath it, that I may look and judge for myself?"

"I can try," he said, turning to go. "I have your consent to tell her my father is alive? I will tell her no more—it is not ne- nounced that he has done with politics. cessary she should know you are his keep-

"That much you may tell her-it is her right. When I have seen her, come to me and say good-bye."

"I shall not say good-bye until I say it at: Chester Station. Of course, I shall see you off. Wait here; if Edith is able to come out you shall see her. She kept her room this morning with headsche."

He left her, half dazed with what he had heard. He went to the drawing-room—the Stuarts and Captain Hammond were there-

"Has Edith come down?" he asked. "I

wish to speak to her for a moment." "Edith is prowling about in the rain, some-"no doubt wet feet, and discomfort and dampness generally are cures for headache; or, perhaps she is looking for you."

He hardly waited to hear her out before he started in pursuit. As if favoured by fortune, he caught a glimpse of Edith's purple dress among the trees in the distance. She had no umbrella, and was wandering about pale and listless in the rain.

"Edith Sir Victor exclaimed, "out in all this downpour without an umbrella? You

will get your death of cold."
"I never take cold," she answered indifferently. "I always liked to run out in the rain ever since I was a child. I must be an amphibious sort of an animal, I think. Besides, the damp air belps my headache."

He drew her hand within his arm and led her slowly in the direction of the window where the watcher stood.

"E lith," he began abruptly, "I have news less than 18.

for you. To call it bad news would sound inhuman, and yet it has half-stunned me. It s this my tather is alive." Bir Victor ?

"Alive, Edith-hopelessly insane, but alive : That is the news Lady Helena and one other, have told me this morning. has stunned me; I repeat—is it any wonder? All those years I have thought him dead, and to-day I discover that from first to last I have been deceived.

She stood mute with surprise. His father alive-madness in the family. Truly it would have been difficult for Sir Victor or any one else to call this good news. They were directly beneath the window. He glanced up-yes, a pale face gleamed from behind the curtain, gazing down at that other pale face by Sir Victor's side. Very pale, very set just now.

"Then if your father is alive, he is Sir Victor and not you?"

Those were the first words she spoke; her glance unsympathetic.

His heart contracted. "He will never interfere with my claimthey assure me of that. Alive in reality, he is dead to the world. Edith, would it make any difference-if I lost title and estate would

l also lose vou." The beseeching love in his eyes might have though a stone lay in her bosom instead of a their trade associations into the West of Ireheart.

"I am not a sentimental sort of girl, Sir I must own it would make a difference. I have told you I am not in love with you-and sand times too good for so mercenary a creature as I am, and if you leave me it will only be serving me right. I don't want to break my promise, to draw back, but I feel in the mood of plain speaking this morning if you teel that you can't marry me on those termsand I don't deserve that you should-now is the time to speak. No one will be readier than I to own that it serves me right. He looked and listened, pale to the lips.

"Edith, in Heaven's name, do you wish me

to give you up?" "No, I wish nothing of the sort. I have promised to marry you, and I am ready to keep that promise; but if you expect love or devotion from me, I tell you frankly I have neither to give. If you are willing still to take me, and"-smiling-"I see you are-I am still ready to be your wife-your true and faithful wife from the first-vour loving wife I hope in the end."

They said no more. He led her back to the house, then left her. He hastened to Miss Catheron, more sombre even than when he had quitted ber.

"Well," he said briefly, "you saw her?" ace, a truthful face, and vet---" "Go on," he said, patiently. "Don't try to spare me. I am growing accustomed to

unpleasant truths." "I may be wrong, but something in her face tells me she does not love you, and un-

der her breath, "never will." "It will come in time. With or without love, she is willing to be my wife-that is happiness enough for the present."

You told her all?" "I told her my father was alive and insane first of September. The secret is safe with

ber." The door opened, and lady Helena came

hastily in. "If you wish to catch the 12 50 train, Inez," she said, you must go at once. It is a long drive from this to the station. The brougham is waiting-shall I accompany you?"

(To be Continued.)

BE WISE AND HAPPY. If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors and humbug curealls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments -you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy tor this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it.—Press.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

An English writer estimates that there are 10,000 Americans in England to-day.

The Brighton Resilroad tragedy has made revolvers sell like hot cakes in London.

The expression "the President passed a comfortable night" is becoming monotonous. The grand stand at Epsom, which dates from 1828, pays its shareholders forty per

A Milwaukee woman drowned herself by resolutely holding her face in a basin of water.

M. Ferdinand Lesseps has been elected President of the Geographical Society in Paris. It is thought by some sharp business men

that Jay Gould will yet be suchred by Vanderbilt. It is said seventeen busts of Lord Beacons-

field are in course of completion. Who would not go on a bust. If Roscoe Conkling were back again in the

Senate he would hardly resign. He has an-Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Tennyson are said to have disputed over the size of their heads, and had them measured. Mr. Tennyson's

proved the wider, the other the higher. The Rev. Henry Knight of Clifton, Kan. knocked down a man who expressed a hone that the President would not recover. An eye-witness estimated the weight of the blow

at 13,000 pounds. The prophetic Vennor is 40. His father was a hardware merchant, with a house in Liverprol and another in Montreal. prophet was educated at the McGill University of Montreal.

No one of Queen Victoria's daughters has ever mixed in general society so much as the where. like an uneasy ghost," answered Trixy; | Princess Louise this season. She drives out with the frequency of a regular diner out, presumably for her health's sake.

The last State ball in London terminated in a gallop "entirely in honor of the Americans present, who had expressed their longing for something more lively." It is thought that the fashion thus set will be followed at

private balls during the rest of the scason. Germany has nearly 400,000 shoemakers and cobblers, or nearly 90 to every 10,000 of her population. This is a larger proportion or sea-weed gathered from the rocks in the than in any country except Italy and England. Italy takes the lead of all. Then come, in the order named, England and Wales, Germany, Belgium, Ireland, Denmark, France, the United States and Sweden. It is a curious circumstance, that warm Italy, should have within a fraction of 100 cobblers to 10,000 of the population, and cold Sweden

A BRITISH DEMOCRATIC INVESTI-GATING COMMITTEE.

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

DUBLIN, July 11, 1881.—The history of the English in Ireland (even as told by their ablest and most eloquent apologist, James Anthony Froude), is one of the most appalling narratives of unscrupulous and continuous crime in the annals of modern times. A new chapter and a bright one is opening. The English Democracy are now engaged in investigating the condition of Ireland and equally amusing and gratifying to hear their expressions and surprise at their unexpected discoveries of the grievances of the Irish peasantry, and of indignation against the English ruling-class-maligners of the Irish race.

Some time since, a deputation of Northummoved her, but just at present she felt as berland and Durham Miners were sent by land " for the purpose," as they state, " of seeing the actual condition of the Irish Victor," she answered steadily; "I am alpeasantry." Mr. John Bryson was the Premost too practical and worldly, perhaps. And sident of the Northumberland Miners' Association, and Mr. W. H. Patterson was the Financial Secretary of the Durham Miners' vet-you have elected to take me and wait Association. They made a report on their for that. I tell you now truthfully, if you return to the north of England. As they told were not Sir Victor Catheron, I would not the simple truth in the homeliest words, their marry you. It is best I should be honest, best account created a profound sensation among I should not deceive you. You are a thou- the workingmen. Secretary Forster felt called on to deny its accuracy. Their report was investigated and it was found to be correct. A number of English Radicals then contributed a fund to enable them, and a companion named Mr. Birkett, to return and continue their investigations in Ireland. They are travelling now, and they are making speeches for which Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar would be imprisoned at once.

The "Democratic Federation" of England has also deputed six men and two ladies " to find out the true state of things in Ireland.' This "Democratic Federation" represents, according to Miss Craigan, one of its lady deputies, "Ten thousand English workingmen."

The Irish people are treating these Volunteer Investigating Committees hospitably, as their habit is with all strangers; and these inquiring friends, also, are everywhere esponeing their cause and reporting their wrongs. One of them is reported to have gone so far as to say in a public speech at Loughrea, yesterday, that the "landlord system, as deloped at a sheriff sale he had witnessed, was legalised robbery," and his comrade added, "I saw her. It is a beautiful face, a proud that "as an Englishman he would not be atraid to take up a rifle in defence of Irish rights!"

It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times for Ireland.

The North of England pitmen in their first report relate their experience in Galway. I will quote a single illustration of their personal researches. They met a tenant in Galway whose family had lived on a farm for more than a century.

"On this farm," they report "this man had

spent the money he had earned by cultivation, -no more. It will make no difference in in improving the land and farm buildings our plans—none. We are to be married the which were rendered as good as possible; first of September. The secret is safe with but not one farthing did the owner of the land lay out upon it—his agent merely meet. ing his tenant at term day and taking the rent, or paying flying visits to the land to see how it was looking. About ten years ago the narrator's father died, and it then became necessary to have the name of the son inserted in the agreement as the occupant of ne larm. Instead of congratulating him on an increase of 59 per cent. in his rent. In farm into his own pocket he would have been able to leave it to his son to start him either on the farm or in some other pursuit with capital in his hand. Having, however, put it into the land, he had not only handed it over

to the landlord, but had actually furnished the latter with an excuse for harassing and impoverishing his son." "This incident," the honest pit-men say, was neither more thrilling or more marked

in its incidents than the other stories we heard."

Such incidents are not the exception, but the rule, in the West of Ireland. The pit-men gave realistic descriptions of the villages and cabins of Connemara, where the landlords have rushed in with cruelties

where even Cromwell recoiled with pity. As their report in all likelihood will never reach America, I will quote a few passages from their account of Barna, in the county of Galway, premising that I have myself seen many villages in the west of Ireland that are equally wretched.

"Pigs there were none. . . The poor people supported themselves by tilling their wretched patches of land, or by fishing in the waters of Galway Bay, which roll in at their doors. • A few wretched poultry and a donkey or two, together with the boats and a scanty supply of lines and nets for fishing, and the spade and tools for delving the soil, appeared to form the sole wealth of the poor creatures. Strange sights we saw in the huts, about a dozen of which we visited in the few hours we were in

the village. "In one of the smaller, we found an old woman, her daughter and the two orphan children of a deceased son. All of them were clad in rage, and the atmosphere of the dwelling was most offensive, because the inmates were so poor that they were unable to procure any other kind of fuel than dried horse dung from the neighbouring roads.

"Furniture, there appeared to be none in the house beyond the rough plank seat, and one or two articles of earthenware, which looked as if they did duty as pans in which to boil the water used.

"Their chief food, we were told, is potatoes with Indian meal either boiled into a sort of porridge or worked into cakes, and sometimes they are able to obtain a little buttermilk. This latter is very rarely obtainable, how-ever, the extreme poverty of the people making it a luxury beyond their reach. I fear their diet more often descends to boiled kelp bay. The old woman was, like many more in the village, unable to speak one word of English—her sole talk being in Gaelic, but mother and the two children by the sale of boring rocks.

"In another cottage in the same village, we turist.

found a man, his wife and two sons fast springing into manhood. The dwelling was built by themselves and they also tilled some of the small patches of ground which had been pointed out to us on the land side of the village, and every inch of the said plots they had cleared of the stones which lay piled upon their edges .- Such land could not with the utmost industry produce anything but a scanty crop, and it seemed at best a very unpromising task to enter upon its cultivation. A portion of the land they had been unable to relieve from the stones until recently when the old man and his two sons set themselves to accomplish this task: . The result of their, labours was not an increase in their crops, but the agent at once raised their rent 10s.

per annum as a reward for their industry "For this wretched cabin of 11 or 12 feet square, and their plots of stony ground, which Mr. Bryson and I could easily shake hands across, the old man had to pay £4 10s per annum; but it had been a hard scrape to the reason why the Irish bate England. It is raise that amount from such a sterile source. To pay this extra 10s per annum was impossible, struggle as the old man might. The result was the usual notice of ejectment for failing to satisfy the agent's demands, and this notice was hanging over the heads of the old man and family when we saw them, and

would be executed at a very early date.' The pitmen thus describe the cabin of this

miserable holding: " Inside we found the poor old woman, the wife of the farmer, crouching over a turf fire, her only article of dress, which did not wholly suffice to cover her nakedness, being one of those thick porous sacks in which onions are usually sent to market. A hole in the bottom and one in each side of the sack, for head and arm holes, were provided—her

naked arms being folded over her chest,

whilst her crouching position enabled the sack to be drawn down to her heels. "We turned to question the eldest of the young men, who was compelled to cover up with his hands the rents in his ragged trousers, and both the old man and his sons had on them clothing in which they were almost as much on the outside of as they were inside. such marvels of tatters were they clothed in.

"The cabin, besides the farmer and his family, had also to do duty as a stable for the donkey, which was located in the corner opposite the fire, and which was a useful factor in the welfare of the family in carrying the few scanty potatoes they could raise on their land to Galway for sale, in order to procure the money for the rent.

"Where and how the poor creatures slept neither Mr. Bryson nor I could discover, as there was neither the slightest appearance of a bed in the place, nor the slightest vestige of anything that spoke of providing a substitute for one, and I fear that the sleeping hours of the family are spent stretched on the ground around the peat fire."

The guess was right: many of the rackrental families have no other bed in the West JAMES REDPATE. of Ireland.

AGRICULTURAL.

With this month begins the fall work, and

AUGUST.

the more promptly it is entered upon the better. The stubbles are now idle, and they can be plowed at once for the fall sowing, thus preventing a growth of weeds from ripening their seeds. Wheat requires a deep, rich, and mellow soil. All the hard lumps should be harrow does not bring them to a fine state. The bringing of the soil to a fine state is now recognized, and there are a great many "Pulverizers" upon the market especially designed for this work. To those who cannot afford (or think they cannot) such an implement, the common harrow and a log roller will be sufficient, if used thoroughly, to prethe improvements made on the land and ex-horting him to walk in the footsteps of his The old method of broadcast sowing of wheat father in taking care of his landlord's property, is fast being superseded by the superior one of the agent told his visitor that as his land was | drilling the grain. The drill secures uniin good condition, he would have to submit to | formity of depth, and by putting all the grains in a proper place for growth, there is a saving other words he would have to pay an increase in the amount of seed to be used—six of 12s for every acre he tilled, and what his pecks of good plump grain-and no other father paid 16s 6d per acre for, the son would should be used-is sufficient per acre, now have to pay 28s 6d. [for]. . . . Had if sowed with a drill. Much depends upon the father put the profits ne derived from his the variety of seed sown, and the farmer should make a study of this matter, to determine which is the best kind of wheat for his soil and locality. Early sowing is the best, except when there is danger from the Hessian Fly. Late sowed wheat makes such a poor growth before the frosts come that it is not in good shape for the winter, and is not sure of giving a fair crop. The preparation of the soil for rye is the same as for wheat, though it will do well on a poorer soil than wheat. A soil that is rich enough for a good crop of rye can be made, in many cases, to produce a more paying crop by adding a dressing of 300 pounds of any good fertilizer, and sowing it to wheat. The value of ryeatraw in some localities may make the rve crop, grain and straw together, more profitable than even a good crop of wheat. This only is the case near cities where the straw brings a high price. A number of crops may be sown this month, and on good soil, with proper care, 600 to 800 bushels of this excellent food may be obtained per acre. These roots need to be fed out rapidly; but if carefully stored will last until January. Millet, if sown early this month, on rich soil, will make an excellent feed for late fall; and rye, sowed now, will, if not needed for pasture, produce a fine growth for the spring solling of

The root crops, mangels and beets, and field cabbages need frequent cultivation during this month, and until the leaves cover the ground. If weeds are allowed to grow, and the soil is left unstirred, the crop will be small. Sugar beets are best if earthed up at the hoeings, so that the roots are entirely below ground. Mangels do not require this "hilling up." Potatoes should be harvested so soon as they are ripe, otherwise the tubers may start into a new growth. They are much more apt to be affected by the "rot" if left long in the soil. If this "disease," which is a vines should all be burned so soon as the potatoes are dug, as the spores are thus work is out of the way, much may be done to make the spring work lighter by plowing in the fall. When this is done early, it is much like a fallow in its effect on the soil-it kills the weeds, loosens the soil, and allows of chemical changes that make plant food available. Heavy clay soil is much improved by early fall plowing, Muck is a valuable material for the barn-yard, stable, and compost heap, and can be dug with the greatest ease at this season of the year. It may be drawn from the bed to a heap near by, where it can dry out, and afterwards be taken to the place where it is to be stored for use. During the dry weather of this month drains can be dug the younger woman was able to converse with greater comfort and less expense than with us. She told us that she supported her when the soll is full of water. The value of a drain depends upon the thoroughness with whelks, which she gathered from the neigh- which the work is done. It is hould be a permanent improvement.—American Agricul- be disagreeable in small quantities, to people turist.

the farm stock.

Latest Irish News by Mail.

INCIDENTS OF THE LAND WAR.

BEATING A BAILIFF. A correspondent writes:-

On Wednesday, the 29th ult., the town of Elphin was crowded with fully 6,000 peasantry from all the Land League branches in the neighborhood. The Croghan, Creeve, and Cloonfinlough fife and drum bands were in attendance. About 150 policemen were also present. The cause of all this display was the trial of Michael Lynch, sr., Mich el Lynch, jr., Patrick Duignan, and about a dozen other members of the Creeve Land League, who were charged with obstructing and assaulting a summons server named Dunbar.
The accused were represented by Mr. M'Keon, solicitor. After hearing the cases, which occupied three hours, the defendants were released on their own bail to appear at the next assizes. On leaving the court the accused were received with the wildest enthasiasm, the bands struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and then proceeded to the house of Mr. Peter Kelly, where the people were addressed by Mesers. Patrick Sloane, Dominick Conway, John Mulhern, &c.

BOYCOTTING MR. BENCE JONES'S BUTTER. A correspondent of the Cork Daily Herald

During the summer months, in addition to the ordinary butter market held in Clonskilty on Friday, butter is also brought into town on Tuesdays, and bought by local buy-

ers and persons appointed by a few of the Cork merchants who attend on Fridays. For some time past it appears those in charge of Mr. Bence Jones's farm and dairy send in the butter to market by some of the neighbors and by that means dispose of it. On last Tuesday the Cork merchant who usually bought it, having been made aware of who the owner was, refused buying. It was then of-fered to the other buyers, who likewise refused, and it had to be taken back unsold. It was stated that firkins were purchased in town for the purpose of having it firkined,

and disposed of elsewhere. A SCHOOL BOYCOTTED.

The Cork Herald of Saturday last says :-Yesterday the inhabitants of the town of Bantry were rather astonished to see some fifty or sixty boys and girls from the Kilkeel National School (about four miles from the town) march through the streets bearing green boughs and cheering repeatedly. They were divided into sections, each under the charge of a monitor, and marched four deep up to Mr. Githooly's house, and cheered for the secretary of the Land League. After proceeding through the streets, they departed to their homes. The cause of this unusual demonstration was the boycotting of a national school at Klikeel, in consequence of the son of a farmer named Conners, who had given evidence against Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., at the Winter Assizes, attending the school.

BOYCOTTING AT AN AUCTION. The Irish Times on Monday has the fol-

lowing :-At the Athlone petty sessions on Saturday Thomas Hogan, Patrick Bohen, Thomas Bohen, and Martin Tracey were charged that in April last they unlawfully assembled at Mount Florence, in the county of Roscommon, and prevented John Flynn from doing a certain act which he had a legal right to donamely, to bid for and become the purchaser of the grazing of the lands of Mount Florence. broken up by the harrow and pulverized, It was stated that on the occasion of the using a field roller to aid in this work, if the grazing land being auctioned Flynn had to cease bidding, owing to the fear he was in from the conduct of the defendants. For the defeace it was argued that Tracev and Bohen had not been sufficiently identified that the Crown had not proved their case, that no evidence of intimidation had been given, as the bidding was not interrupted until Flynn had addressed Tracey, and as to the assault such a large crowd being present, it was almost impossible to say who struck Flynn, if

he was struck. The bench lischarged Tracey and Thomas Bohen, and fined the other defendants 40s each, or two months' imprisonment, with hard

THE GRANT TO A "SUSPECT'S" FAMILY. The Cork Herold of Monday says :-The payment of the £1 a week outdoor relief given by the Macroom Board of Guardians to the wife of the suspect Matthew Healy Ballyvourney, was stopped by the relieving officer after the first payment, and on Saturday he was reprimanded by the chairman of the meeting, and a resolution was carried in

favor of continuing the £1 a week relief. NEWS AND GOSSIP.

California speculators in stocks who invest

large sums are called "high rollers." Vanity Fair says that attempts are still making in England to introduce persecutions for opinion, which have a tendency to drive sane men to madness and mad men to commit murder.

A gentleman writing to a sporting journal

says of a man who was reported as having

died of hydrophobia that if it had not been

for the dog the whiskey would not have killed him, and that if it had not been for the whiskey the dog would not have killed him. An American, while eating roast clams at Long Branch the other day, made a buil. While struggling hard to open a pair of shells with knife and fork he exclaimed, "This is the most striking instance of the instinct of

self-preservation that I remember to have l seen!' Edward Peacock, writing of early Scotland, speaks of the extraordinary prejudice that be-cause our forefathers lived in houses not more commodious perhaps than modern stables they were therefore barbarians. "It is," says he, "not in novels alone that we find men characterized as savages because they do not

use forks at dinner." An invention for easing the strain on horses in starting horse cars has been in six months' successful service in Boston. A fungus growth, makes its appearance, the little pedal touched by the driver's foot puts the device into operation. It connects the tongue of the car with a lever, which operates destroyed in vast quantities. When other a latchet, taking hold of a cogwheel on the axle, thus easing the dead pull nearly one-

half. At a civil service examination of candldates for sheriff last week, in a Colorado city. the venerable judge who presided asked an applicant from Jim Creek Canyon what were the most important duties of his office. Shoot your man first and arrest him after-The Jim Creek candidate received the nomination, and all hands drank whiskey

straight while standing. Affew years ago, when Dio Lewis was the rage, he said that people who ate many tomatoes would lose their teeth. There are many people who are fond of a raw tomato, but who cannot est one with oil and vinegario. The acid of the tomato mingles very nicely with fine sugar and a little salt, and is, said not to.