THE GREWELTHORPE FEID

done it.'

Cocker 1

It was market day in Fulford, and it was very hot, as the red-whiskered Mahoney, the rough "cross-country" doctor, rode clattering in from the Barford road through a drove of panting sheep. His lank and jaded mare turned from habit into the yard of the old inn, and anified at the few drops of water at the bottom of a bucket before the door, while the bottom of a bucket before the door, while her master swung himself to the ground, and entered the dim passage to the bar-parlour, tagging his stiff moustache clear of his mouth. "Oh, now, be quick, me darlin'! A big drink—I'm as dry as a salted cod."

The farmers and dealers stopped their talk and turned on their elbows. He nodded to them, took a long pull at the ale, and then took a long breath

Weel, what be news, Doctor ?". asked Long Bibston; Dr. Mahoney was known to be the greatest gossip on the country-side. "Be an'd Kitty dead yet ?" asked old Bid-

ker, "is he been a lang time aboot it." "Yes, me old Tom; but to tso long as ye think. She died a fortnight ago. Everybody knows, but old sinners like you that niver come into the town but to the monthly cattle. Faix, now, there'll be a fine rumpus and a bit o' law about the old lady's will. walked up the hill wid Grewelthorpe-' Whie

"Watch ?" "Sure, big John o' the mill. We were beakin"— By the Lord ! there he is in the ard—but ye'll see this blessed day some fun speakin'wid him and his brother, the agent. He's as mad as the divil wid him and the will."

The white-haired old man in the corn the superannated landlord), who had beer muttering to himself "big John-big John," now rose and shuffled up to Mahoney, and peering in his face, said querulously, "Gearg at top o' toon is a deal foiner man, let me tel Gearge the top of consistence of the set of the tent of tent wives, an' thoo dawgs, but leave talk o' Grewelthorpes to them as knaws them."

'All right, old cock. I know the Grewel thorpe story is yours-all your own. Don't ye be airaid, I won't steal it."

"Sh 1 sh 1" sounded from this side and at. "Here he be." The patriarch shuffled back to his chair; that.

the doctor sat on the table and looked to the np their lips, laid their arms on the table and winked. The door had opened, while a voice in the passage said : "Yes lass, bring me a

"O' ale sir ?"

"Ale ? No ! Brandy."

The occupants of the room lifted their eye-brows and nodded to each other. A tall, burly man entered, looking as white as a barn owl, except that his whiskers were black and

"Here ye be a'," said he, taking a seat. The Doctor gave a light and of recognition, while the patriarch in the corner fussily fill-ed his long pipe and scratched a match. The dull eyes around observed these movements of they had never seen the like befor There was an embarrassed silence, broken only by the distracted bumping and buzzing e-bottle on the window-pane, which the new-comer watched with apparent in-berest. His brandy was brought in a little pewter measure. He poured out a glassful ad drank it off, and then turned to his neigh

"An' what be news goin' ?" "Nou't," said old Bidker promptly, from the other side of the table, "'cept aboot

"Ye say so."

"Ye say so." There was no change in his look or tone. But Dr. Mahoney knew how Bidker delight-to engender strife, so he turned at once, "Fact is, John, I just told them as how ye were mad aboot something in your aunt's will ; I didn't know what, but-" "Knaw ? 'Cod ! How should ye knaw ?"

He poured eat and drank the rest of his brandy. "The old lady may ha' left him the house and me the land-

"But," cried the patriarch, "she wur fonder o' thoo than o' Gearge." -or," continued Grewelthorpe, without

heeding him, "she may, peradventure, as pa'son says, ha' left me the house and him the land"

"Be that what she's done ?" asked the satriarch eagerly. Grewelthorpe turned and looked at him a

end o't' house ! So all John has be three quarters o' house an' a bid o' back yard !" "Whew ! Thoo say so !" "D- you 1" cried the town brother, and fell down in a fit. They gathered round to recover him. The victorious brother looked for a moment as if stung, and then turned away muttering, 'Done him out again. I swore I'd do it, and

Some months after, the case Some months after, the case came on in a London court. Of course all Fulford and the neighbourhood were agog with speculation as to the result and the cost of the trial; and there were a good many of the frivolous sort who had laid wagers on the event. So, when one wintry forenoon old Cocker was seen bareheaded and bespectacled, trailing an open newspaper, and shuffling across the street to the house of his friend the officer of Excise, the word flew round, and before he had climb-ed the bank he was pounced upon by the In this bitter fraternal fend the sympathie In this bitter traternal fend the sympathies of most had hitherto been, for no particular reason, with the bluff, obstinate miller rather than with the retiring and reserved corn-fac-tor and agent. They had observed with satis-faction, and pointed out to wondering strangers, how the town brother would give the big miller the wall whenever they passed in the street, how he would submit to be out-hidden at sales outdone in subscrittions, outthe word flew round, and before he had climb-ed the bank he was pounced upon by the grocer and baker, followed by Miss Hicks, the milliner (commonly reputed to have her maiden eye on one of the brothers), who in her haste had forgotten to put off her specta-cles, and to put her cap straight. Then up came the butcher, and out came the excise-man, and then another and another, each one quicker and more eager than the last(which is the law of accretion among human and other particles), till quite a crowd had gather-ed. But bless you 1 no one need have hur-ried, for everyone "knew" the case would have gone so. How could the hep it? The will ran so and so, and the parish boundary in the street, how he would submit to be out-bidden at sales, outdone in subscriptions, out-voted at parish meetings; though they could account for their partseanship no better than by insisting that "the agent looked such a poor creature." But after this extraordinary exhibition of passion over the sale of the heifer, and the apparent indifference is the miller as to his brother's condition, a gange of look and tone came over the crowd. They followed the miller's retreating figure with narrow eyes and something like repulsion ; another degree of heat added to their feelings would have made them hiss and hoot him. another degree of heat added to their feelings would have made them hiss and hoot him. They returned to regard the agent, who was now sitting up, with a kind of pity. "An' they wur once sae thick thegither!" said Long Ribston, looking from the one brother to the other, striding off with his hand under his tail. "Weel 1 there's nou't ene ourse to folks !" have gone so. How could the help it? The will ran so and so, and the parish boundary ran so—it was clear. A man with half an eye, old Cocker said, could see *that*, much

by by the Cocker said, could see that, much more then a judge and jury. "An' they two born idiots gone an' mayhap spent hundrecis o' pounds on settlin' what might ha' been set-tled ower a twopenny pot o' ale !" "An' it a' goes out o' t' town ?" exclaimed sae queer as folks !" "He dean't look ower strong," said Bidker,

the grocer. "Except what the witnesses get," said the

"He dean't look ower strong, "said Bidker, with his eye on the agent, now being led into the chemist's. "It be gey cruel o' that big John to harry and drive him as he do." This was seized and assented to on all sides as the expression of the prevalent feeling. "He carry it too far now," "he be fair mad It proved to be a terrible blow to John It proved to be a terrible blow to John Growelthorpe, the miller. He was for the first time "done out" by his brother; he was mulcted in heavy costs, and he was left in possession of the most ridiculous fragment of property man ever inherited—therequarters of a house and a small triangular section of back yard. If all the property had been won from him—that he could have endured; the leas would have been serious. but people would as the expression of the prevalent reeing. "He carry it too far now," "he be fair mad to run price up and throw money away like that." "They do say (speak low) as how he be taken' to t'drink." "Ah, it be time they made quarrel up, whativer it wur aboot. It been goin' on for some year now, bain't i loss would have been serious, but people would have regarded it seriously. As it was, he felt that everyone laughed at him, and that everyone had a right to laugh. His brother Some year ?" said old Cocker, chirruping

into his favourite theme of the mysterious origin of the Grewelthorpe feud, and attractfelt that ing about him a good many from Potle-thwaite's own audience. "It be nigh sivin year—sivin year come Michaelmas—sin' John buried his wife. Day o' funeral they were t' sent his lawyer with a kindly meant offer to surrender the right the law allowed him to a part of the house, but the lawyer came back "Noo," said the miller, "just tell Gearge, best friends, standin' by t' grave wi' fine new black coats on an' white handkerchiefs to their een ; for, ye see, Gearge wur ordel fond

you, if he sent onybody here wi'ou't, or come himsen' I'll'stick him head first i' that sweet duck-dabble! Dom his favours ! Dost knaw he began wi' doin' me a favour ? Dom ! Nae o' t' neat, long-waisted Peggy afore John married her. Ay, ay ; best friends day o' funeral. Next marnin' John walks into parlour at t' inn to ha'e a drink, and a little mair ! Law gi'es him quarter o' hoose, an' quarter o' hoose he'll ha'e ! Noo, sir, thoo after in comes Gearge. They wur by their-sens, an' I wuz thinkin' o' goin' in to keep 'em

can wag." The miller's answer, of course, soon got company, when *--- duf* !-- a hullabaloo that made us a' jump !-- there wur cursin', and bangin' ower chairs, and smashin' o' glass ; an' I opens t' door, an' there stands Gearge wipin' tipple frae his face and neck, an' John sed abroad ; and' it became a question great interest at gossiping corners, and in the tap-room and bar of the old inn, how the ivision of the honse was to be effected, "Run up a petition-wall," said old Cocker; that's w'a' they'll do."

Which tipple trace his face and neck, an' John in a white rage, wi' glass in his hand, like this, to thraw. 'What be up?' I says. 'Nou't,' says they. An' Gearge gangs oot past me, and says at bar, 'There's a glass broke. I'll pay for't.' (An'-he! he!-he has paid for 't.) An'-" "Faix," cried Dr. Mahoney, "I'd manage isier nor that. Let it out in rooms to tenants, and divide the rints." "Ah, well," said the exciseman, "they

hight just as easy let it to one tenant and d "An' naebody knaws yet," put in some vide the one rent. one of those who had heard the story before,

"Yes, of course," said the Irishman. "of "what it were a' aboot." Cocker looked at the man and frowned at

But one day Fulford became aware of the eurious fact that scaffolding was being put up about one end of the house—"the Gearge end," as it was called. On closer inspection his interruption of the steady flow of his nar rative. "Naebody," said he, "unless it be There threatened to be high words between the two, but the old story-teller was moved off home by this friends. There was a large company in the parlour talking all at once, it was observed that a line of whitewash had been drawn obliquely across the roof and straight down the wall. The very curieus went to question the workmen, and got for answer that it "warn't to be told; but" but not quite in unison, about the sensationa All were agreed that the feud of (with a sly twinkle) "this bit be comin' down." People watched the work of demoti-tion, how carefully it was conducted—the slates taken from the roof whole, and the the brothers had distinguished and disgraced Fulford long enough. "Why, next thing they'll be killin' t' une anither !" The cause of quarrel should be ascertained, and the ought to shake hands over it. But bricks cleared of mortar and piled. They looked at each other and laughed; no one how ? and by whom ? Cocker shook his ad expected such a solution of the difficult head ; they had always been "eruel, passionas this

Many friends had tried to bring them to-"Tell ye what," said old Cocker in cenfigether. Even the parson had done his best-and his worst. He had, so far as he could, excommunicated them. He had preached so directly at them that the eyes of a full plebeian dence to the exciseman, "that John be dom'd cliver, malicious divil the

It may be guessed that George was enraged at getting his quarter of the house handed over to him in this useless broken shape. But he said nothing, at least not in public, and at evening congregation were incontinently turn-ed on the two stiff-necked, stern-eyed men ome he had none but a deaf old housekeepe

who sat on either side the aisle, each in his place as churchwarden ; and when they rose to talk to Perhaps he was the more inclined to be silent because he had already prepared a scheme of retaliation, which threatened to be so serious in its consequences to his brother that he hesitated to carry it into execution

THE WEEKLY MAIL, TOPONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1881.

asked, enter that way and then open the door for Kitty? Perhaps something had happened to her father. In any case both were curious to see what it was the mill had been so busy ing belief that since he said so it must true. And certainly in this belief they e sustained by the evidence of their own were sustained by the evidence of their own eyes and ears. Whenever they passed the water was rushing and splashing, the wheel turning and dripping, and the hoppers clat-tering, just as in the busy old days. To shrewd and observant persons (which, of course, the men and women about Fulford were) this was all very puzzling, for no in-oniry could discover anyone who employed with for months. Soon they were both in the mill. They looked about them in the

were) this was all very puzzling, for no in-quiry could discover anyone who employed John the miller. Some, however, were found who had met him, sometimes early, some-times late of a night, going or returning on the Barford road driving the one lean horse left to him with a cart-load of full sacks. "Good-night, John,", they had said. "Thoor't busy at mill then, late and early." "Busness must be done, sirs," he had answered. sacks in the cart. * * * Filled with sweepings, decaying ropes and cords, musty hay and straw, earth—anything, everything! They did not need to speak. It was plain to both that during all these months the old mill had been busily grinding nothing / Through the mill they made their way into the house. In the kitchen they found the miller—he had been called "big John"—sit-ting in an arm-chair before a spark of fire, looking like an unwinking, ghastly death. At sight of the two a warm flush suffused his cadaverous face, and burned into his eyes. He tried to stand up, but he sank back in his chair again. He had always been a stern, undemonstrative father, and his daughter was always afraid to show any emotion ; but his sad condition now so moved her she could not restrain herself. She threw herself on her

If anyone pressed a question, where he was taking his sacks to or bringing them from, he would say, finger on nose, "Government contract.'

answered.

For want of another, this explanation of his continued activity was generally accepted though it did seem singular that Govern ment should come out of its way to emplo big John. The officer of excise declared, it was so, it must be a job; big John mas Thomas. The schoolmaster and the literary tailor (who had both wied to "get at" Sir Thomas and had failed) exclaimed it was "scandalous," and even the successful George, who had been having some qualms of con-science for having stripped his brother of business, again hardened his heart against

But, job or no job, either the Governm contract was very unprofitable or John was become a great miser. He contrived to work become a great miser. He contrived to work the mill without any assistance, he even al-lowed his daughter Kitty to go as maid into Squire Harding's family (some were "par-ticularly" told he insisted on her going); his jolly figure shrank to a gaunt skeleton ; there ?" motioning with his hand toward the mill. "Weel-weel. It be a' up-eh ! Or" mill. "Weel-weel. It be a' up-eh ! Or" -again flushing and sitting up-"be ye come to say folk got back to right mind ?--eh ? Nae mair divil's steam-eh ? 'Cod ! I'll do that Gearge oot yet ! Dom him !" But the excitement was too much for him. He sank back pale and faint. He crossed his joiny ngure strate to a gaint skeleton; his trousers attracted passing notice, from the transparent tenuity of one part and the thick, clumsy patching of another, and whenever he turned up in public (which now was seldom) and pressed his arms over his stomach, closed his eyes, and uttered a faint moan. Mahoney is manner was truculent and From all which (since it could not but be that guessed what this was-starvation. Till now he had stood in utter blank surprise. Now he the Government paid him) it was readily con-cluded John was a "miserable hunks." There was another thing which lent colour to this he had stood in utter blank surprise. Now he recovered his wits. He spoke to Kitty, and sent her to get a light and find what food there was, made John drink some brandy from the flask he always carried, and felt and counted his pulse. He tried to persuade him to let them help him to bed, but "No," said John, "I be a right. I'll bide here." view ; he never now tried to "do out" his brother at sales ; when he appeared at them he would fidget here and there on the skirts of the crowd, feeling and fumbling in his pockets, and if Pottlethwaite appealed to him for a bid he would seem to wake up and stand rresolute a moment, and then would shake his

head and stride away. "He got some sense at last," said old coal, crust nor scrap, to be found anywhere. In a minute or two Mahoney was driving Cocker. "He wean't throw away nae main into the town for food, in grave doubt whe

Yet his balance at the bank (as the clerk occurred to him to stop at the house of the let friends know in confidence) did not in-crease; on the contrary, it was gradually other Grewelthorpe ; he ought to know of his brother's condition. George Grewelthorpe growing less. But that was at once when he heard, was overcome with consterna-tion and remorse, called himself a fool for ever having believed in such a thing as a Govexcellent evidence of the miserly instinct working in him, which craves and lusts for the nightly fingering of the precious gold ; he was, of course, hearding away his large rnment contract, and begged to be taken t savings somewhere about the mill, and he in-tended, bit by bit, to withdraw what the bank held of his, and add it to the chinking, mun gan to him.' shining pile. But that Government contract was surely

door in great distress ; her father's behaviour was so unlike what she had ever known it bean unusually long one. Winter had softened into spring, spring had brightened and settled into summer, and summer deepend and swelled into autumn, and still the gaunt figure of John, with his gaunt horse and They entered the kitchen. John looked u loaded cart, was mot of an evening coming sharply. "You've been giving him too much of the brandy." said Mahoney to Kitty. At the sight of his brother he seemed to swell and bristle with the old malice and oband going on the Barford road : still, whe ever you might pass the mill, the water rush ed and splashed, the wheel turned and drip ped, and the hoppers clattered. The stinacy. "No, indeed, was never seen open now, not even its upper half, in the old sociable way, and no one would think of putting his nose into the miser's den and asking how he was. It was not to be wondered at that a feeling of something mysterious in all this should arise pean't done oot vet !" and spread. Sober, canny men began to shake their heads and purse their lips when talking of big John. It was agreed that it was no

to the credit of an honest, respectable town-ship like Fulford that John should be allowed "Hast left off steam, then ?" asked John. "Divil tak' steam !" "Ah, I thought so," said John with a smile in which he almost fainted away again. In a little time some chicken-broth was ready for him. While taking it he kept glancing furtively at his brother, and letting some-thing of an angry cloud regather about his face. to continue unquestioned his "secret, ne-farious traffic." (These last were the words of the tailor, with a taste for literature.)

old inn parlour—" be aisy. The old John's doing nothing wrong, I'll be bound. Oh yes,

WILLIAM LE ROY'S ESCAPE. A Dime Novel in One Chapter-The Des perate Rescue of the Famous Mail Bok

Denver News. When Deputy United States Marshal Car tril returned to Denver on last Monday after-moon with the tidings that William Le Roy, the dashing road agent and prince of mail robbers, had made his escape while en route to the Government prison at Detroit, under ten years' sentence, the United States officials here were as puzzled as they were angry. That Le Roy should have made his escape from Sim Cantril and a deputy only served to increase their anger and fan it into a flame of no small magnitude. Yesterday the News reno small magnitude. Yesterday the News reporter, in passing the excavation for the sewer at Holladay street, felt a hand clasp on the arm, and turning, saw the mysteri train-wrecker who had manifested so much Cameron a couple of days before. "You have not forgotten me, have you?" he ques-tioned in a moderate tone of voice. "Now, as you have manifested some interest in Le Roy's case, I'll give you the whole story

"When Billy was sentenced I was within easy call, and since that time I have not been asleep. Some years ago the boy used to be with a snide variety company and played the character of a female impersonator character of a female impersonator, and he was well up in his business, too, and if he had stuck to it would not have been compelled to go to holding up coaches on the road for a living. His old girl, who has been with him restrain herself. She threw herself on her nees before him, and wept and sobbed with from time to time for three years, and who loves him better, if anything, than I do, lives her face in his lap. He looked this way and that a moment, and his stubby chin began to in Del Norte, and we rung her into the scheme with us. As planned by Billy it was work strangely. At length he looked sudy at Mahoney : Weel—I s'pose thoo'st found a' out in to bring her up to town and get two suits o clothes for her just exactly alike-that is dresses of one colour, shawls of one colour, and hats and veils of one colour. Then we were to get a suit of clothes, men's clothes, for Billy, and the extra woman's rig and men's clothes were to be kept ready for a close call. We were to keep a close lookout for the time when he was to be taken away get on the train with him, and then at the first opportunity which offered at night, we were to take whatever guards were with him, put up a job on them, and dress Billy like the girl. Then we could go our way rejoic-

ing. "The day came and we knew all about it, and when the carriage containing Le Roy and his guards drove up to the train, the girl and were already on board. They took one suble seat and we took the one directly behind them and awaited developments. Kitty brought a piece of risiny wood and it it, whispering there was neither candle nor nind them and awaited developments. Along in the night all the passengers got to sleep. We were in a sleeping car, if it was not called such, and Cantril's boy got awful sleepy. I felt sorry for the poor little devil, and was glad when he went into the car for a nap. ther it would be of any use. It suddenly Billy was also very tractable. Cantril was thirsty that night, and I put up a job on him. Going to the water tank, after gauging his drinks and the time between the out some croton oil and left it in the cup. Then I pretended to take a hearty drink, and made so much noise about gulping it down that Cantril got awful thirsty. I had no more "It been a' my fault from t' first, Doctor than gained my seat till he made a dive for the tank, and without tilting the cup filled it and emptied it. To partially kill the stench of the croton I had put a dash of burned li-quor in it. If Cantril tasted anything wrong With such things as were necessary, they eturned to the mill. Kitty met them at the in the water he attributed it to his sour stomach, and so said nothing. It was not ore; he had been calling her by honeyed names. "And, oh, what do you think he's many minutes until the deputy marshal felt a general weakness about his bread basket. When Cantril left and slammed the door to, een living on all this time ?-rats ! ugh !' we acted. All of us were up and doing in second, for none of us had been asleep. The irons were off Billy in less than ten and the extra suit of woman's toggery was put on him. When all was finished wn in my seat, just like the girl had been, no," said he, trying to rise; "I and the girl got up and skipped into another car. My next move was to put my head over on Billy's shoulder, and in another "John," said his brother in a choking voice, holding out his hand. car. My moment the brakeman came in. As he passed by with his lantern I raised up as if awoke by the noise and the light, and discov-"Gearge?" said he, looking at the extend-ed hand a moment, and then grasping it and sitting down. The hands kept pressing each "Hast left off steam, then ?" asked John.

awöke by the noise and the light, and discov-ering that the prisoner was gone, raised the hue and cry. The brakeman took it up, everybody woke up, and Cantril came out of the toilet-room. Then ensued a scene of con-fusion. He wat ed the train stopped, and the conductor would not stop it until he got to Hays City, five miles away. When we got there the girl got off, Cantril got off, and his assistant with him and Billy and I went on It rains alike on the just and unjust—on the just mainly because the unjust have bor-rowed their ambrelias. assistant with him, and Billy and I went on with the train, tickled almost to death." "Where is Le Roy at the present time ?" asked the reporte

with a bouquet of white roses and hawthorn ; the Stadtholder of Vieuna received her at the station, and the President of the police like station, and the President of the police like-wise. Then there was a student's parade and deputations of quaint-titled citizens and burgesses and innumerable shouts of "Hoch!" from the populace. Long may they live, this young couple, and may they be able to ride about in the cities of their kingdom with a Nikilists to make them afraid The

A Philadelphia boy made \$120 in two days by taking worthless cheques for small sums to grocers, each with a forged note from one of that particular grocer's best customers asking for the cash as a favour.

A down-East genius has a plan for horse racing by which the racers would remain directly in front of the grand stand during the entire race. This is to be accomplish by means of a movable track.

no Nihilists to make them afraid.-Thu

AMERICAN NOTES.

An Elmira lady who sent an order in re-

sponse to an advertisement offering twenty-five useful household articles for a three-cent

stamp, received twenty-five pins.

Flaneur, New York Sun.

Two performers in a real negro minstrel company quarrelled on the stage, at Grinnell, Ohio, about the colour of the hair of a white woman in the audience. In the cars, on the following day, the disagreement broke out anew, and one minstrel shot the other. John Hahn, of Spades, Indiana, was so af-

fected by his wife's desertion of him that he tried to throw himself under a locomotive, but was prevented. He then built a large bonfire, and when it was well ablaze walked in, and was burned to a cinder.

New York Herald-Many tired men who New York Hertury have a few minutes to spare before the boat or the train starts, try to find temporary relief and acquire dyspepsia by hastily eating ferry pie and drinking ferry beer or lemonade A physician recommends that in such an emergency the famishing and thirsty man should take a few small raw clams with red pepper, the juice of the clams not being wasted.

The President of Oberlin College, Ohio, is urging the establishment of a Conservatory of Music there. He says Oberlin will furnish two things which musical colleges lack. The first is a general literary training; the second Christian instruction. There is not in the whole world, he says, a single Christian school whole world, he says, a single Christian school of music. "The best musicians, as a class, smoke, chew, drink, and are immoral," and "music instead of being the handmaid of re-ligion is more often the instrument of Satan." This is a very sweeping indictment, and is pretty rough on Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mozart, not to speak of Jenny Lind, Miss Kellogg, Miss Cary, and probably a score of others who do not, or did not, "smoke, chew, drink and be immoral."

on the wrong horse

poker to the cat's nose.

dun.

CURRENT HUMOUR.

It is wicked to go to horse races if you bet Bad drinking water brings a man to his bier

quicker than anything else. You mustn't think a dentist is mad because

you catch him grinding his teeth. The wise editor should sail down the stream of life because he is a good clipper.

Simply entitled: "How sweetly it snode."

"How do they steer locomotives, any

A young woman who had never learned

the gentle art of cookery, being desirous to impress her husband with her kuowledge and

diligence, manages to have the kitchen door

and on the day after their return from the bridal trip, and jast as her lord comes in from the office exclaims loudly, "Hurry up, Eliza, do ! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet ! Here, give it to me; where's the scan ?"

soap ?" A courtship scene. -George-Oh, Angelina!

(Old man enters

"When can you pay me ?" asked the polite lun. "Dun no," replied the truthful debtor. Can a young man who is writing to his weetheart be said to be writing for the press?' You can't hire a man to be honest ; if you do, he will want his wages raised every morr

If his love lies dreaming, what show is there for getting any truth out of her when she is awake ?

"The spring will be backward," predicted Vennor, as he was about to apply a red-hot

Never address your conversation to a per son engaged in footing up a column of figures. There's nothing so deaf as an adder.

AGRICULTURAT

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The record which the Moncton keeping of outgoing and incoming by the steamers plying between S Halifax, and Charlottetown and States ports shows that the exodu destined to be so comforting to Refo they expected it to be. The results w an influx rather than an exo St. John Sun observes that it will order for the Reform papers to their tears regarding the exodus. plain that the country is being or people from the States. The capital one, a first-class grievance

made out of it.

At an emigration meeting held in a couple of weeks ago, Mr. McCull rens, M.P., expressed the opinion Imperial Government should give sages across the ocean to those who to emigrate to colonies that want It is a pity Mr. Torrens is not a me the Government ; but if he happe Minister, and he were carrying into effect. he would have discretion as regards the classes of it he sent out here. Canada can tak mense population, but the people w must be honest, industrious, and in At the same meeting a lady asked become of the women if the were encouraged to emigrate. No pears to have been given to the

at there can certainly be no object women coming also. The Opposition press seems to tal granted that the Government have the order-in-Council compelling mill port the exact equivalent of the wheat imported. This is not the ca there any indication that the Govern tend doing so. The whole question the most difficult of fiscal problems, not be decided by the best experts flippancy that marks the Oppositio The Montreal Gazette in an elaborate ceedingly able article leans in favo lowing the millers to export an equi any kind of flour. The argument point of view is strong, but not c Meantime, no change has been ma that we know of is in contemplation exact product of the wheat importe

FARM NOTES.

The potato bug is causing much de e southern counties of New Je Amber sugar cane will be extensi vated in the county of Annapoli

exported in order to cancel bonds.

The second shipment of dead meat don by Mr. Symes in the Allan Hibernian was made yesterday. The first arrival of wool at Bellev

season came in latt week, and was twenty-five cents per pound.

The army worm is doing extensive the northern portion of New Y and the farmers are becoming uneas Since the 1st of January last 4 valued at \$5,970, have been shipped Belleville consular district States.

The loss to farmers from winte under water in five Illinois countie count of the break in the Sny levee i \$2,613,000.

The Privy Council in England h an order-in-Council requiring all i cattle from Spain or Portugal to be sl ed at the port of debarkation.

The farmers of Central Illinois repo winter wheat is suffering from the chi and Hessian fly. Thousands of a being ploughed up to plant corn.

Hon. J. H. Pope, Minister of Agr. offers a special prize of \$50 for the be of any breed shown at the Dominion tion to be held at Halifax in Septem

Anna Dickinson's failure to play Claude Melnome is explained. She couldn't find a pair of pants she could pull on over her head.— Philadelphia Chronicle. Mr. R. B. Goodfellow, of South 1 is purchasing horses for the Manitoba The car load he is about to ship will ifth shipped from North Leeds John Shields, of Jasper county, India has lost fifteen steers in six years by light-ning. Shields had better go out of the steer business, or else put lightning rods on their this spring Two Scandinavian agents have a this country for the purpose of examin farming lands of Manitoba and the tails. West, with a view to the settlement A bachelor, on reading that "two lovers of a numerous colony from Norw will sit up all night with one chair in the froom," said it could not be done unless one of A new horse disease has made its them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is pain ance in the vicinity of Belleville, an bers of horses have been attacked by "Oh, dear," exclaimed Edith to her doll. disease is a type of lung fever, existence is shown by a mucous "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why from the nostrils. don't you act like grown folks and be still and stupid for a while." A swindler giving his name as Jas is travelling through the neighbour London. His game is to pledge Talk about Southerners having no ill-will and enunity toward the North ! in the face of the fact that Georgia and Florida are just. jewellery for triffing amounts and call to redeem it. He caught Mr now flooding our markets with barrels o canson, of the second concession of green cucumbers.-Inter-Ocean. for \$3 with a brass chain. The Parisians have invented square um-The shipment of live stock from M to Great Britain last week consisted brellas. This enables the wearer to get rained on on four sides instead of ten, and to head of cattle and 918 sheep, again head of cattle and 850 sheep last weel stick the weapon more accurately into the ears of contiguous pedestrians. average rate charged for cattle to Eng four pounds sterling per head. The ins After the officials of a Kansas town had vainly endeavoured to disperse a mob, a min-ister mounted a box and made the simple ranges from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. There is a great scarcity of farm la announcement, "A collection will now be taken up." The result can be easily guessed. in the vicinity of London. Last week to-do farmer from the county of Elgin attendance at the Great Western raily Women are such inconsistent creatures ! We heard a young lady remark-rather ineletion at London endeavouring to end gantly, it must be confessed-that she hated "that Briggs fellow, he is such a soft cake ?" number of hands, but failed to attain ject. He stated that men such as he r could not be procured for love or mone Well, in less than three months she took the A carload of Kentucky thoroug Mr. Murat Halstead, writing from Washington, says :-- "The President is no longer Thursday night for shipment to Jap the improvement of stock in that of The horses were in a Union Pacific b oubled with insomnia; he sleeps like a hild." Mr. Halstead was evidently successto go through to San Francisco y transfer. They were attended by Janatives. The freight charge on each to San Francisco averages \$150. ful in inducing the President to subscribe for his paper.—*Chicago Tribune*. About the meanest thing was done at Keokuk, Ia., the other day, by the heirs of the Kuk, Ia., the other day, by the heirs of the Magoun estate, who got together and settled their differences. The estate is worth fully \$75,000, and the havyers had only got \$14,500 of it. It is believed there has been trickery. The attendance at the first meeting season of the Cheese Board of Trade of ville on Saturday afternoon was bat i About 200 cheese were offered for s no sales were reported. Considerable sion took place on the merits of the B -Peck's Milwaukee Sun ... Deal with him gently, Brush offihis clothes, Somebod's hit him Dab on the nose. Too late m the season He wrote a brief ode, Simply antitled: Trade, and it was decided to notify presidents of factories as possible to a the city hall next Saturday afternoon.

"Ah, now, be aisy," said Dr. Mahoney one night as the miller was being discussed in the old inn parlour—"be aisy. The old John's

the mill. They looked about them in the dim light. Strange ! A mere damp fustiness of smell ; none of that warm fragrant odour of flour and meal in which mills are embalm-ed ! Mahoney pushed open the shutters all round. * * * Not a single sack ; not a grain of wheat ; not even a floury festoon of dust on wall or roof ! They looked at each other in silent amazement ; not a rat squeak-ed ; the floor, the platforms, the hoppers were swept utterly empty and bare. A com-mon impulse sent them out to look into the sacks in the cart. * * Filled with sweepings, decaying ropes and cords, musty

ant and than said so traps, old Croker. Maybe he'll-A face darkened the little window, pe

It was his-the brother's. "D-nation !" slowly growled John, star-g at the window. "That's jus' how he's ing at the window. aye a-interruptin' me now. But I don out a' along, and I'll do'm out again !" He rose suddenly, and went as if to intercept his brother. But they heard him stop at the bar and call for more brandy. They all agreed with Bidker that he was "going it," and that he must have been going it for some

days. "He'll be havin' the divils," said Long

"Not he," said Mahoney, with a skilled, superior air to which all deferred with wistful interrogative " No ?" The Doctor went out. In a moment he put At what ? They all pushed and stumbled into the street; even the patriarch after a little hesitation put down his pipe and shuffl-

ed after them. The market-place (which was no more than a portion of the street widened on one side by the retreat of a row of well-to-do houses up sloping bank) was filled with men and beasts. The beasts were penned ; sheep and pigs on the shop side and the cattle on the bank. The men usually talked and laughed and felt handfuls of grain in groups, stood contemplative over a store pig, or gathered about Pottle thwaite, the auctioneer's, little pulpit at the top of the bank, as much to hear his jokes as to make a bid ; while the sharp horse-dealers from Barford, with loud tones and cracking whips, trotted with little nags of ponies up wn the street. But now sheep an cattle lay unheeded in the heat, panting and nt; every man was pushing toward the auctioneer ; shop-keepers and customers crowded together to their doors; and even Mr. Parr, the vicar from Easterwyke, linger-

ed on the grocer's step. "'Cod," said Bidker "it be just like a preachin' :" thinking, no doubt, of what he had seen in Methodist days. Not a voice was heard but that of Pottle-

thwaite, which sounded loud and clear, "Seventeen ; seventeen-ten ; eighteen." The Grewelthorpe brothers were bidding against each other for a roan heifer. The auctioncer was very serious; the bidders did not need the spur of his wit; their mutual hate urged them on. Many pushed and pressed to get a sight of the brothers' faces. pressed to get a signt or the brothers faces But there was little to be seen in themresolute lip, an eye fixed on the auctioneer and a light nod first from the one and then other. Up and up went the bid ding, till spectators began to stare at each other and to raise their eyebrows. Every one knew the value of the heifer had long been passed ; it was plainly now a foolish, relentless duel, in which the heifer was forgotten and hatred only remained.

"Twenty-seven; twenty-seven-ten; twenty-eight;" the eye of the town brother dropped a moment—" going at twenty-eight"—turned sideways, it caught the flash of triumph im the country brother's eye and the satisfied sneer on his lip, and it again looked resolute-ly at Pottlethwaite. "Twenty-eight-ten," said Pottlethwaite. A nod from the other; "twenty-nine; twenty-nine-ten; thirty."

The excitement grew intense. The brother the excitement grew intense. The brothers knew they were merely throwing their money away, but no, neither would yield. In the tension of their passion they gradually turned to face each other. The lips were firmly set, the eyes fixed and fiery, as if the men were engaged in a belt-to-belt fight with knives. Every little nod the one cast at the other was figures stab. The provide of it have a bar e stab. The passion of it began to glow bosoms and in the eyes of the crowd lethwaite showed signs of anxiety

unless they were ready to forgive and brace each other, upon which, without hesi-tation and without a word, they had surtill he was stung to it by this new instance of ed the plates and walked out. He had forbidden their appearance at the sacramental table, and their holding any office in connection with the church, so that for a long time the church had ceased to know or to see No : how or by whom the feud was to be

ate, and obstinate lads.

parson

him now.

stopped no one could say ; and old Cocker went back to his chair and his pipe in the But fate had already begun to prepare the

end of the feud in a way quite her own, by means which showed she understood the lives and tempers of men rather better than the

That evening George Grewelthorpe, the own brother, sat in the dusky shadows of the little bar parlour with Cocker. "I have, Cocker ; you know I have," he was saying in a voice of remonstrance, " tried to let it drop. But he wean't. An' see what a fool he do make me. But I'll be even with

'Um-m," murmured Cocker. " But if The mill was built and became very pop wur thysen, Gearge, played fool first-that I knaw, Now, look ye here; canstna get at him thro' his lass, Kitty? Thoo wert aye fond o' her mother, wertna?" "Now, Cocker, you knaw better than tell me to try thro' t' lass. You knaw he was aye

jealous o' me." "But it werens aboot that ye fell out-George looked full at him.

"Thoo'rt tryin' to draw me, Coeker." After a pause ; "If he'd just drop it ; but he wean't. An' I bain't goin' beggin' and holdin' oot my hand to him-after he make dam-fool o' me all aboot !" He was silent. There was a pause, during which Cocker felt about on the table, and got up and felt on the mantelshelf for a match.

Having found one he retarned to his seat. He scratched the light and held it up a moment to peer under it at his compan sat stern and angry, with his eyes averted, nervously plucking at his whiskers. lit his pipe and continued : Cocker

"John, thoo see, be gey different frae thoo in soom ways. When thoo tak' to thinkin' on't, it mak's thoo look ill and sort o' — drunk like. But he—he allus look as if 'twere his meat and drink, and as if he throve on't un-common weel. Well, thoo see, he has non't else to think on scarce, as thoo has ; so oot in field, or in mill wy'hoppers clatterin' and dust flyin', he nurse it and nurse it, and keep thought o't fair coddled, aboot's heart. But, for a', he can do nou't wi' 't onless thought o't fair coddled, aboot's heart.

thoo cross and conter him." "He makes me ; and so does she-Aunt Kitty, I mean. The last thing she do in her will was to try and make fool of me. But she didn't knaw how she gave me such fine hance to pay off scores wi' John !' "Humph ! What is this? I ask John,

and he on'y say 'Mouse-traps old Cocker.' Maybe thoo'll say 'Toasted cheese, old Cocker.' "Oh, it dean't matter. Everybody'll knaw

very soon; for it'll be up in court and in newspapers; an' I think I'll get it. She put into her will, just for flout at me, that John was to ha' a' proputty in Fulford Parish, and that I was to ha' a' in Thexton Parish. Now theo knaws it war joke that Aunt Kitty had just enough land in Thexton—a bit corner at field-as much as would mak' a

grave 'He ! he !" Cocker could not help laughing. "Weel, weel, 171 laugh too by'-m-bye.

Now, ye think ! I goes to lawyer Norton to arrange aboot gettin' ower my little bit

"He ! he !" When what do we find ?. The real old al boundary o parish comes up by drain, a was onst a bit brook, and goes thro the that he had curtly

implacable brotherly malice. On one pie of ground which his Aunt Kitty had by w nwittingly assigned to him, and which had for some years tried, with little success, to produce cabbages, he determined to build a steam mill. He knew his purpose was frat-ricidal, and he feared others would see it was, miser. and would cry "shame !" upon him. So he tried to cover it, for decency's sake, with talk about the necessity in these pushing times, when business had so much increased, of a town like Fulford bestirring itself to supply all the wants of the neighbourhood ; it was notorious that the mills of Barford did much of the grinding of the Fulford district ; why ould this be ? By a lucky chance he posses

ed a piece of worthless ground ; he would risk the building of a mill for the good of the community. But George need not have ex-cused his action so elaborately. He took very few in by his talk, and he might have known that friends and neighbours do not very severely condemn a questionable act when they expect to profit by it.

lar. Steam-power was then in its youth (at any rate in that district), and was believed to capable of the greatest marvels of work at the smallest possible expense. The belief, indeed, still obtained among the older and the more ignorant folk that it was a manifestation of the evil one. "Bat if it be divil," said old Bidker, "as

soom say, it will be very good divil; eh, Carts and waggons of grain from the up

lands, instead of rattling and lumbering on te Barford, now turned to Fulford, and miller John had the chagrin of seeing them slowly come down the hill, tearing open one side of the road with their clumsy skid-pans, and dash past him with fierce cracking of whips and wild "woa-hoos" to take the opposite slope, up which the great broad-hoofed horses panted and scraped on their way to his brother's. If anyone came upon him at such a time and ventured to condole with him on that "divilish trick of Gearge," he would face him with "Folk 'll soon find difference atween divil's steam an' God's water, and till that time, Godamoighty can look aifter's ain watter an' I can look aifter mysen," and then e would turn sharply off and enter his mill. Big John's faith that the popularity of eam was a mere passing whim was severely tried. All that year, even right through the usy grinding months that follow on an abundant harvest, team after team of toilin horses dragged their rich load of wheat, of barley, or of pulse through the hollow, past the old water mill, on to the town, and drew up under Aunt Kitty's house, which still stood as the workmen had left it, with one

end completely open to wind and weather, a woeful witness to the foolish strife and spite of kindred. It became a general belief in the town and among the farmers that the occupation of big John and his ancestral water mill was gone. There was no unseemly other. "Saddle, sir ?" joicing over the fate of the miller and his mill; on the contrary, there was much exression of sorrow, of a calm and unproduc-ive sort. A few, indeed, who did not like to see an old friend and neighbour and an old institution grow mouldy and pass away without an effort to save them, took John an occasional hurried job or two-a sack of oats

occasional hurried job or two—a sack of oats to hash for next day's provender, or a bushel of wheat to grind for Friday's baking. But the work was done so badly—" The grit and dirt in't," said one, "be just as if 'twere swept off barn floor" — and customers were received so grumpily—" Why," he ask-ed them, "didna ye tak' this where ye took t' rest ?"—and they were not tempted to re-turn to him. And their consciences were the more at ease in forsaking him, in the knownore at ease in forsaking him, in the know refused one or two

was lool little jobs," saying that he could get pl do without such dirty hits, and in the

face, "Gearge," said he at length, pressing his unse a man's lost his flesh don't ye go for Wuz I ? to take his skin !"

When the Doctor had gone out, switching " What ?' "Thoo knows : Drunk the evenin' o' her his boot with his riding whip, much disgust was expressed at his defence of "t' au'd neral-eh ? "N-no, John ; no."

Some one on the back bench spoke up and said he knew why "t' Doctor be so foand o' au'd John," Being pressed for an explanation, he said, "Doctor be sweet on t' lass. Ah, but I seen um ! an' t' lass 'll ha'e ay a waggon from the steam-mill brought something for the empty hoppers of the old mill to clatter about, and next week it was announced that the mills would be all th'au'd man's brass as he hide away in stockings an' rat-holes." "Ah, be that it ?" The wise topers at worked in concert by the firm of "Grewel thorpe Brothers."—Temple Bar.

once found this an explanation of a great deal, A MAD WOMAN'S CRIME. and made it an incentive to action. For might it not well be that Mahoney was in the miller's secrets, and was sharing—eh ? Ecod ! Demented Girl at Brougham Attempt to Murder Her Father. why should they not go down to the mill one night while the miller was out on the Barford OTTAWA, May 21 .- On the morning of Wednesday, 18th inst., about daybreak, Bridget Scully, a young woman about twenty road, and enter and see what games he was up to ? "And hunt out a rat or two from the five years of age, daughter of Mr. noles," suggested one. "'Cod, yes !" Now it chanced that the Doctor on leaving Scully, of the township of Brougham, made a

desperate attempt to murder her father while he was asleep in bed. She had risen some time before and lighted the parlour had turned into the bar-"just a hot whiskey, me darlin', wid a bit o' le a fire so as to heat a quantity of water, which she dashed over him without -and, being suspicious that the topers mitht

talk of him when he was gone, had, with a wink to the landlady, applied his ear to a convenient hole in the pine-board partition warning. Fortunately his eyes were closed or he would have been blinded. As it was rom which a knot had been pushed. the hot water scalded his face so that the skin pealed off. The pain woke him instantly, course he heard all that passed.

"Just sayin' plisantest things about your humble servant," he whispered to the landand he at once began to tear his shirts off, but before he could do so his neck and one lady. "But don't tell 'em I heard," and with that he swallowed his whiskey and went off arm down to the elbow were also terribly scalded. Bridget then struck at him with an axe and inflicted an ugly wound on the back

sucking the "bit o'lemon." It was quite true he was in love with the of his head. Without waiting to put on his clothes Mr. Scully rushed out of the house trim little Kitty. Even while she was a thin. pale-faced girl, slaving about her father's and made his way to his brother's place, a nouse, he had lingered to talk with her. But few acres off, closely pursued by the dement after she had been some months in Squire Harding's house, he had met her, had stared. bushed, and instantly taken fire with love. The poorly dressed slip of a girl, who had left the mill, was hardly recognizable in this fresh, graceful young woman. So now h was very much alarmed by what he had over So now he heard in the inn, not only on account of his sweetheart's father, but on his own. These valiant topers might set out on their expedition the very next night-drunk probably to hunt a rat or two / He knew what that meant, and he feared ; for, like every right-

minded young man who has his way to make in the world, while he loved his "sweet Kitty so dearly, so dearly, "he by no means despised her probable dowry, which he, like everyone else, believed to be bestowed in "stockings and rat-holes." Mahoney's medivour father ? cal practice made him quick to act in emergency. He stood a moment at the gateway of the inn, and looked up and down the street.

The grocer was putting up his shutters ; was half-past seven ; it would be dark in less than two hours. Yes ; he would do it. He ran up the yard. "Jim ! Jim !-Oh, there you are. Get

the mare out. No, no; she's tired-the night.

"No, begar, no-of course not. The gig. In twenty minutes he was at Squire Harding's side door. A quarter of an hour later he was dashing along with Kitty by his side, by the cross-roads to the mill.

The Doctor, after tying up his horse to the dusky yew, passed and looked at Kitty. He had not told her that half his parpose in com-ing to the mill was to ask her father's sancing to the min was to ask her lather's sanc-tion to their engagement, and now the air of the place seemed to damp his ardour. The only sound was the monotonous spill of the "waste-water." The great wheel looked sodden and mouldy. The cart stood propped in the tumble-down shed. It was full of racks, hed the milar inst storaged or sacks ; had the miller just returned, or was he just about to secout ? They went to the ouse door, and tried it, and k ocked. No mawer.) They went to the mill door ; it also

· · · · ·

ed, and no sound came in reply to repeated knocking. Ah, the littl uld he. Mahe

'He is safe," was the reply. Judging from the statement made by the train-wrecker, Le Roy has gome east for a time, but will soon return, place himself at the head of his gang, and once more take th Thus the Grewelthorpe feud ended. Next

OPINIONS.

A man's best wealth ought to be himself. Fidelity is seven-tenths of business success Men are never so good or so bad as their pinions.

He who makes too much haste will have but little success. Every man must work at something. The

oment he stops working for God and humanity the devil employs him. None know what it is to gain a living until

ey are forsaken by friends, and compelled to live on their own resources. Faith and persistency are life's architects

while doubt and despair bury everything under the ruins of endeavour. Our best actions are often those of which

we are unconscious; but this can never be unless we are always yearning to do good. Even philosophers find it difficult to excided opinion. When Socrates was ress a de asked whether it is better for a man to marry r remain single, he replied :-- "Let him take which course he will, he will sooner or later repent of it."

"In one of my visits, very early in life, to hat venerable master. Dr. Pepusch," says Dr. Burney, "he gave me a short lesson that ade so deep an impression that I long endeavoured to bractise it. 'When I was a young man,' said he, ' I determined never to go to bed at night till I knew something that did not know in the morning.

CHIT CHAT.

Is the nutmeg greater than the nut? That's he question.

Zebras are very stylish ; they wear striped tockings up to their necks.

There is a gambling flavour about the bro-ades used for the latest sunshades and fans, for the figures on them are diamonds, hearts, spades, and clubs.

"Fruit eaten at night is baneful." This is one of those wise axioms proved to be true by Adam. His trouble was caused by She had a beautiful diploma tied with pink ibbon from one of our best young ladies' coleating an apple after Eve. leges. In a conversation with a daring and

courageous young man, after he had detailed the dangers and delights of riding on a loco-Poor Patti! She is obliged to be even inging the same old round of operas, and motive, she completely upset his opinion of independent education of the sexes by inquirhere is her explanation :-- "I am poor as a newspaper correspondent. My money vested yields me only \$14,000 a year. My country seat in Wales cost me, 'tis true, only \$20,000, but I spent \$200,000 on it in fitting You have heard of "the snake in the grass," my it to my taste. I should starve—at least live on bread and cheese—but for my salary as boy, Of the terrible snake in the grass; But now you must know Man's deadliest foe Is a snake of a different class, songstress. Now, were I to appear in a new opera, rehearsals would take six months-Is a snake of a difference of the snake of the snake in the glass ! "Tis the venomous snake in the glass ! -J. G. Saze. ix months in which I should receive no pay. So, you see, I can't afford to appear in a new

opera. Even the cable can be picturesque. Does not the telegraphic description of the wel-come of the Princess Stephanie to Vienna reand you of feudal days, of the gigantic junketings of the times when men wore ruffles and swords in the streets and drank wine from stoups. (Much have I often wondered, with watery mouth, what a "stoup" of wine may have been. I am sure

A courtsnip scene __George_On, Angeina i idol of my being i star of my soul's exist-ence ! Oh ! ah ! . . . ? ! ! Ange-inna-Oh, dearest ! ! ? Ah ! . . . Oh !--- ! . ! How nice ! --- just arriage appear to have stepped from some glorious canvas by a grand master. The Burgomaster, bless his bulbous shoes and red nose—(they all have them, these Burgo-masters, for I have seen several in the "Black Crook" presented the Princess suddenty) _____ t t t t (O - 1 1 1 4 (Oh! ps. don't 1) ess | But he did

FUTURE OF THE DAIR

What Butter and Cheese Making is (to. From the New York Times.

A new era seems to be dawning up dairy. The ox, with the help of t threatens to displace the cow, and the ing-vat to substitute the churn. The airyman seems likely to be a sturdy with greasy clothes and bare arms, sq oleomargarine or sube from a press s with beef suct or port fat. At least, i beso supposed, if all that is said and wri fow around a press should be a start of a start of a start for a subtract of a start of a start of a start of a start for a subtract of a start of a start of a start of a start for a subtract of a start of a start of a start of a start of a for a subtract of a start o a few excited persons, who do not seem a few excited persons, who do not seem altogether disinterested in the matter, i taken for truth. For, curiously e those who complain the most and the 1 of the interference with the dairy inter not dairymen or directly interested in or cheese making, but are dealers or s tors in dairy products, or only indirect berested in them. The butter-makers on mirding their own business, mak best butter they can, and are not con themselves seriously about the irrup the butchers' offal man or the lard or i derer, or the dealers in the bogus bu the adulterated cheese. And yet this tion concerns them very closely, be after all, their craft may be in dange this substitute, which can be made so ly, and which may possibly, and even bably, displace their product in part for markets. For history records quite a prising changes as this, which have go ablet, and which have completely su

ed woman. She was secured and prevented from doing any further mischief, and then brought down to Renfrew and placed in the lock-up for safe keeping. Subsequently she was brought before Dr. O'Brien, reeve, and Was brought before Dr. O'Brien, reeve, and Mr. George Eady, jr., J.P., at the Town hall. After hearing evidence as to the par-ticulars of the assault, they committed her to Pembroke gaol as a dangerous lunatic. She had attacked her father on other occ but he had not ever felt himself compelled to

have her placed under restraint. Fair but False.

They were bidding each other good night, the rich man's daughter and the poor man's on, when she took occasion to remark : You say you have no expectations from

'No," he answered, frankly. "And all your other relatives are dead?

"All dead, darling ; but don't feel gloomy on my account; I'll come round to-morrow evening and all will be bright and cheerful.

"Perhaps you hadn't better come," she re-plied, gravely, closing the door on him, "I eel as if I had a sick headache coming on, and it will be pretty bad by to-morrow

And the next evening she engaged herself to the son of a Niagara hackman.

Suicide Through the Whipping Post.

John Schmidt (white) was found on Sunday morning lying in an unconscious condition in the yard of the Fifth Baptist church. It being ascertained that he was suffering from the effects of laudanum, he was conveyed to the city hospital The unfortunate man had been whipped in the police court on Saturday

for stealing bacon from Martin Oeters, and, smarting under the disgrace, had determined on self-destruction. Policeman Saunders, who found Schmidt, discovered in his

that he died anonany intring as 2 o down. His case is a particularly sad one. He was daring the war a brave soldier, and received a bad sabre cut upon the temple, From the Richmond State at of as not solve of or st sympt

pockets two two-ounce vials of latidanum, which had been emptied. The poison had gotten so effectually into the system that he died Monday morning at 2 o'clock.

it was a goodly measure, and should not object to test its capacity right now). The principal characters in the Rudolph-Stephanie