Beilia Boile Hand.

The week of the control of the

This was all that passed between them They went into the house, where the mar ahai, in a worse and worse humour at his fruitless search for moonshiners and moon-shine whiskey, was interrogating Gentleman Jce. He had advanced toward the group in

He had advanced toward the group in front of the fire, and said, cartly,

"You are tramps, and, as such, suspicious characters. Your names, or designation, at least, are on my list, as members of a gang engaged in illicit distilling. I amhere to search this house and arrest your whole party. Light me in my search."

"With pleasure, sir," Gentleman Joe responded; "there are only the bare walls were new residents, and the house is

not yet finished."

As Gentleman Joe smiled while uttering these words, the marshal considered that he was being trifled with.

"Light me!" he said, with asperity.

"We have no candles, sir," Gentleman Joe politely replied, "but a brand will perhaps answer. Be good enough to follow me."

The marshal looked with curiosity at the tramp who addressed him in such terms. Gentleman Joe, however, did not notice the look. Stooping down he took a flaming pine-knot from the fire, and went before the marshal, lighting up the deserted rooms one after another. There is nothing here, you observe,

Gentleman Joe shoot his head with sud-

Gentleman Joe shoot his head with sudden sadness.

"I see many things here which other people do not," he said. "There was a cradle yonder once."

"A cradle!"

"Under the window. It had a little baby in it. I can see the cradle now, and the baby, too."

As he spoke, his voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears. He was looking with a vague glance at the spot which he had indicated as that where the cradle formerly stood.

He then went to bed muttering, "I will know more to-morrow," and after awhile fell asleep.

On the next morning he came down and joined the cheerful group around the family breakfast table without a cloud upon his face. He had excellent nerves.

"Well, how did your lide turn out, Donglas?" said the general, who was sipping his coffee and reading his morning paper. "Did you find any of the moonshiners?"

"None at all, sir—or, at least, none of the stills."

windows. He had little doubt that his companion was a lunatio, and he might prove dangerous—lunatics were often exized with the idea of clutching their fancied foes, and leaping with them to destruction on such occasions. The worthy marshal therefore exclaimed hastily,

"Yes. yes—I understand. Farther exercise the such as the su

was applied to and granted a search warwith which he beat a hasty retreat down
the creaking stairs to the room below,
where Daddy Welles was standing with
his back to the fire warming himself, and
conversing in a low tone with Barney Jones
and Harry. On the reappearance of the
official he greated him with a charve!

"Where did you find them?" and Harry. On the reappearance of the official he greeted him with a cheerful smile, and said,
"Did you find any of the moonshine article friend?"

"There is nothing here, you observe, ir," said Gentleman Joe, entering one of the rooms on the second story; "nothing but what I can see."
"What you can see? What do you neck when he fell from the ropes? I wish

upon his nerves. He measured the distance to the ground through the paneless windows. He had little doubt that his companion was a lunatic, and he might prove dangerous—lunatics were often

and Harry. On the reappearance of the official he greeted him with a cheerful smile, and said,

"Did you find any of the moonshine article friend?"

"None at all—I might have known that—you are all in collusion with each other," the marshal replied, in great ill-humour, "What an idee?" responded the Daddy, smiling.

"It is deserted, you know six, and they will be greated."

"It is deserted, you know, sir, and they took up their residence there—no doubt am going home. Who are these people? Tramps? What right have they to be without permission from Colonel Cary, who must be aware of the danger of harbouring such vagabonds."

General Lascelles did not reply. His newspaper was lying in his lap and his eyes were fixed upon the table. Then he woke, as it were, from his seat went and these men have no horses."

To say nothin' of havin' nothin' aginst 'em, friend."

Without permission from Colonel Cary, who must be aware of the danger of harbouring such vagabonds."

General Lascelles did not reply. His newspaper was lying in his lap and his eyes were fixed upon the table. Then he woke, as it were, from his reverie, finished his coffee, and rising from his seat went slowly to the library. Mr. Lascelles also rose, took a cigar from his case, lit it, and walked out to the portico.

He remained at home all day, smoking donioally, "I begin to think you are a startled me!" she exclaimed.

Where Mr. Lascelles were heard on the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the port, and Mrs. Armstrong ran her fingers over the keys of the plane, in the

As he spoke, his voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears. He was looking with a vague glance at the spot which he had indicated as that where the cradle formerly stood.

"Yes, it was there," he murmured, "and she was leaning over the baby singing. The chair she used to sit in stood there by the side of the fireplace—why, there she is stiting in it now!"

The marshal suddenly retreated in the direction of the door-way. The deserted house, the darkness lit, up only by the fiaming torch, and the weird figure of his companion, produced a disagreeable effect upon his nerves. He measured the distance to the ground through the paneless windows. He had little doubt that his windows. He had little doubt that his series and reading his morning gour staits and put on your new dress go up staits and put on your new dress go up staits and put on your new dress go up staits and put on your new dress go up staits and put on your new dress go up staits and put on your new dress go up staits and put on your new dress for the series in fund along to the moonst the series of the stills."

"None at all, sir—or, at least, none of the stills."

"I thought so. I told the marshal he would have his trouble for his pains. Was no one arrested?"

"No one, sir. The marshal did take old Welles and a man named Jones along with him, but released them."

The general miled and said,

"You really are a perfect Dlana, Juliet !"

"And you are enough to spotl an angel, mamma," Miss Juliet said. onietly rode in at the gate,
"There is Mr. Lascelles, my dear! Do

Juliet I"
"And you are enough to spotl an angel,
mamma," Miss Juliet said, quietly.
"No, indeed—it is the truth. But do
go and put on something fit to be seen, my ove !"
Miss Juliet did not move.

"Why should I, mamma?" she said.
"This is a very nice dress, and I cannot bear to be worrying at my toilet all day long, and changing my dress for every visitor."
"But think, my dear! Mr. Lascelles, "But think, my dear! Mr. Lascelles, you know, is very oritical."

The argument seemed to make no impression whatever or Miss Juliet. She did not move.

"I really am too tired, mamma," she said, touching her piano.

"Well, my dear, you will do as you please, and if you are tired I will not insist."

She approached her daughter, and ranged the ribbon confining her hair.
"You must sing, my dear," she said,
"for Mr. Lascelles. He is fond of music, is he not?" "He says so, and I suppose he is. I cannot fancy any one being indifferent

The steps of Mr. Lascelles were heard on



"I try to do so," she murmured. " I try to do so," she murmured. Lascelles uttered a hearty laugh.
"Well let me be frank with you and tell

"Well let me be frank with you and tell you that you must be an angel. I know that I am very unceremonious to be talking to you thus. But come—let us be honest. Do you really enjoy the life you lead? I have seen what it is."

Miss Bassick turned away her head, apparently much embarrassed, and seemed looking for something in the road.

"Have you lost anything?" said Mr. Lascelles. Lascelles.

"My glove; I must have dropped it,"
she replied, in a confused volce, "and yet
I had it a moment ago."

"I will walk back with you and help

"I am afraid it will give you trouble." "None at all."

The smile was brighter, and the long look caressed him once more. With a little nod Miss Bassick then walked off toward Trianon. Mr. Lascelless stood looking at her until her figure disappeared. He then mounted his horse and set out for Wye; as he did so he muttered, which cannot be critically understood without reference to the previous volumes. But there is no reference to them—no in-timation as to how Spencer was led to deal with the subject.—Popular Science

offered Wiles, "to self," "specific approximation of the most experiency data and the most experiency data and the most experiency data and the production of the most data and the production of the production of the most data and the production of the most data and the production of the most data and the production of the production of the most data and the production of the production of the most data and the production of the most data and the production of the most data and the production of the production of the most data and the production of t

"Ge to the devil, you do feel," recretely a control of the fire you who has held in the month of the fire you have head in the different of Times of the fire you have head in the different of Times of the fire you have head in the different of Times of the fire you have head in the you have head in the fire you have head in the first you h ber what I am. Think how people would laugh—"
"What do I care for that?" he said. "I remember only one thing—shall I tell you what it is?"
She turned her head over her shoulder, and looked at him with an expression which made his pulses throb.
"What is it?"
What is it?"
It was a low murmur. The red lips soarcely moved.
"That you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen !" he said.
"That you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen !" he said.
"What would Juliet say if she heard you, Mr. Lascolles?"
"I don't know or care," he said, hitting his trows.
"I don't know or care," he said, knitting his trows.
"I shall take oare not to tell her," the youn glady said. "And now you must really let me go. Think how late it is!"
She held out her hand.
"She held out her hand.
"Good-byer 'she said, and have you she been wild flow in the head."
"She held out her hand.
"I shall take oare not to tell her," the youn glady said. "And now you must really let me go. Think how late it is!"
She held out her hand.
"I shall take oare not to tell her," the youn glady said. "And now you must really let me go. Think how late it is!"
She held out her hand.
"I shall take oare not to tell her," the young lady said. "And now you must really let me go. Think how late it is!"
She held out her hand.
"I shall take oare not to tell her," the young lady said. "And now you must really let me go. Think how late it is!"
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She held out her hand.
"I shall take oare not to tell her," the young lady said. "Yand now you must really let me go. Think how late it is!"
She held out her hand.
"I she have the shall man so very glad he met you.
"I shall take oare not to tell her," the young ledy said. "Yand now you must really let me go. Think how late it is!"
She held out her hand.
"I she have the shall have a poet of his said the province of the college was surprised to fairly play by never criticing or notioning the Bassick deepened. She looked straight at Mr. Lascelles, and the golden smile made her face a picture.

"Are you often near this spot about "Yes."

"It was a whisper, almost, but Mr. Lascelles heard it quite plainly, and it was evidently all that he desired.

"I shall probably come—to see Miss Juliet—again the day after to-morrow," he said, "and as I like to be at Wye before night these chill evening, I shall pass this place on my return about sunset. Shall I see any cne, do you think?"

"Perhaps," repeated Miss Bassick.

The smile was brighter, and the long again with immense odds against him. But the Times has given in at last. Now that the world's verdict has been decisively rendered, it pluckily determines that this author's work must have attention. And so it breaks the long silence by an elaborate review of "Ceremonial Institutions."

There is nothing noteworthy about the article except the significance of its appearance in the Times columns and the ludic orous perplexity of the writer's position. He writes as if he thought his readers were asking, after twenty years' reticence, Why are you moved to apsak now? The book he reviews is part of a series of works which cannet be critically understood

then mounted his horse and set out for Wye; as he did so he muttered,

"That girl is a witch! I really believe I am going to fall in love with her."

(To be continued.)

Greece has ordered nine million cartridges from France. At first glance this looks like a prospective war item, but it's not. When those cartridges are divided among the Grecian "army" the soldiers will be so overburdened that they will have to leave their rifles at home.

Scroyulous Hunours — The Vegetine Each many of the known remedies; and, after trying the Vegetine, the among the System. Try it.

Montaly.

The experience of the manufacturers of the "Mayri boloco is a valuable is a valuable at valuable and the tobacco made of the finest Virginia leaf, was always held at fancy prices, and put pin some fancy style of manufacture. It was thought that only the rich would buy such that no unpetitor only prices, and put the role would buy and the rich would buy such that they will have to leave their rifles at home.

Scroyulous Hunours — The Vegetine has no competitor only lossibly undershaped that they will have to leave their rifles at home.

Scroyulous Hunours — The Vegetine has no competitor only lossibly undershaped and put their profit at so low a rate has had many physicians, ried many of the known remedies; and, after trying the Vegetine, the common remark is, "It acts differently, works differently, if from any medicine I have ever taken."

Vegetine Wegetine the common remark is, "It acts differently, works differently, if from any medicine I have ever taken."

Vegetine Wegetine the common remark is, "It acts differently, works differently, if from any medicine I have ever taken."

Vegetine Wegetine the common remark is, "It acts differently, works differently, works differently, the common remark is, "It acts differently, works differently, the common remark is, "It acts differently, works differently, the common remark is the common remark is a try to the common remark is the common remark is the common remark is the common remark is th

"Time" Professor—"How do you explain that?" Student—"Very easily. How can a person exist if he hasn't time for it?"

Physician (to Government clerk)—
"Well, what do you complain of?" G. C.—
"Sleeplessness, doctor." Physician—"At what time do you go to bed?" G. C. office hours."

It is said that the deepest gorge in the

world has been discovered in Colorado.
We always had the impression that the biggest gorge in the country might be witnessed at a railway station where the train " five minutes for dinner."

And get out of town,
For your country cousins
They will all be down
When the summer closes
And the peas and corn
Have been dug from off the trees—
Sure as you are born.
A Sheffield manufacturer is reported to

absolument porter des lunettes, on doit en acheter de qualité supécieure, car c'est gaspiller son argent et se détruire la vue que d'en acheter de communes." There is a point beyond which patience ceases to be a virtue, and culminates, as it were, in pusillanimous subserviency. How can it hope to deceive its intelligent readers be

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

AILMENTS, DISEASE, &c. (Continued.) nything to be learned from the cry o

ant?

abe can only express his wants A babe can only express his wants and his necessities by a cry; he can only tell his aches and his pains by a cry; it is the haly language of babybood; it is the most amoint of all languages; it is the language mown by our earliest progenitors; it is, it is tened to aright, a very expressive language, although it is only but the languages.

There is, then, a language in the cry of an infant, which to a mother is the most interesting of all languages, and which it thoughtful medical man can well interpret. The cry of a child, to an experienced doctor, is, each and all, a distinct sound, and is as expressive as the notes of the gamut. The cry of passion, for instance, is a furious cry; the cry of sleepiness is a drowsy cry the cry of grief is a sobbing cry; the cry of grief is a sobbing cry; the cry of grief is a sobbing cry; the cry of an infant when roused from sleep is shrill cry; the cry of hunger is very characteristic,—it is unaccompanied with tears and is a wailing cry; the cry of pain tells to the practised ear the part of pain; the cry of ear-ache is short, sharp, piercing, and decisive, the head being moved about from side to side, and the little hand being ofter put up to the affected side of the head; the cry of bowel-ache is also expressive,—the cry is not so piercing as from ear-ache, and is an interrupted, straining cry, accompanied with a drawing-up of the legs to the belly; the cry of bronchitis is a gruff amphiegmatic cry; the cry of inflammation of the lungs is more a mean than a cry the cry of croup is hearse, and rough, and ringing, and is so characteristic that it may truly be called "the croupy cry;" the cry of inflammation of the membranes et the brain is a piercing shriek—a danger signal—most painful to hear; the cry of child recovering from a severe illness is a cross, and wayward, and tearful cry; howy truly be maid to be in a quarrelsome mood; he bursts out, without rhyme or reason, into a passionate flood of tears—into "a tempest of tears:" tears are always, in a severe illness, to be looked upon as a good omen, as a sign of amendment, as—"The tears that heal and bless."—H. Bonar. There is, then, a language in the cry o

"The tears that heal and bless."-H. Bonar. Tears, when a child is dangerously fil, are rarely, if ever, seen; a cry, at night, for light—a frequent cause of a babe crying a restless cry :-

"An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."—Tennyson.
If an infant be delicate, have you any objection to his having either veal or mut ton broth, to strengthen him? Broths seldom agree with a babe at the breast. I have known them produce sickness, disorder the bowels, and create fever. I recommend you, therefore, not

to make the attempt.
Although broth and beef-tea, when taken by the mouth, will seldom agree with an by the mouth, will seldom agree with an infant at the breast, yet, when used as an enema, and in small quantities, so that they may be retained, I have frequently found them to be of great benefit, they have in some instances appeared to have snatched delicate children from the brink

of the grave.

My baby's ankles are very weak: what My baby's ankles are very weak: what do you advise to strengthen them? If his ankles be weak, let them every morning be bathed, after the completion of his morning's ablution, for five minutes each time, with bay-salt and water, a small hannful of bay-salt dissolved in a quart of rain water (with the chill of the water off in the winter, and of its proper temperature in the summer time); then let them be dried; after the drying, let the ankles be well rubbed with the following liniment:—Take of oil of rosemary, three drachms; liniment of camphor, thirteen drachms: to make a liniment.

Do not let him be put on his feet early;

butallow him to crawl, and sprawl, and kick about the floor, until his body and his about the floor, until his body and his ankles become strong.

Do not, on any account, without having competent advice on the subject, use iron instruments, or mechanical supports of any kind: the ankles are generally, by such artificial supports, made worse, in consequence of the pressure causing a further dwindling away and enfeebling of the ligaments of the ankles, already wasted and weakened.

eakened.
Let him wear shoes with straps over the insteps to keep them on, and not boots; boots will only, by wasting the ligaments,

rease the weakness of the ankles,
(To be Continued.)

USEFUL RECEIPTS. PRESERVES.

PRESERVES.

Preserves to be perfect, must be made with the greatest care. Economy of time and trouble is a waste of truit and sugar. The best are made by putting only a small amout of fruit at a time in the syrup, after the latter has been carefully prepared and clarified, and the fruit neatly pared. It is difficult to watch a large quantity so as to insure its being done to a turn.

The cld rule is "a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit," but since the introduction of cans, three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit is sufficient, and even less is sometimes used, the necessity for an excess of sugar having passed away, as preserves may be less sweet, with no risk of fermentation, if scaled. Either tin or glass cans may be used, care being taken to make the scaling perfect.

Quinces, pears, citrons, watermeloninds, and many of the smaller fruits, such as cherries, currants, etc., harden when

as cheries, curants, etc., harden when put, at first, into a syrup made of their weight of sugar. To prevent this they should be cooked till tender in water, or in should be cooked till tender in water, or in a weak syrup made from a portion only of the sugar, adding the remainder afterward. In preserving fruits, such as peaches, toma-toes, plumbs, and strawberries, which are likely to become too soft in cooking, it is a good plan to pour the hot syrup over the fruit and let it remain over night, or to staw over it. stew over it a part or all the sugar and allow it to stand a few hours; by either method the juice is extracted, and the fruit hardened. Another approved method of hardening fruit is to skim it out of syrup, after cooking a few minutes and lay it is the hot sun two or three hours, and then pour over it the boiling syrup. Long protracted boiling destroys the pleasant natural flavour

over it the boiling syrap. Long protracted boiling destroys the pleasant natural flavour of the fruit, and darkens it.

Preserves should boil gently to avoid the danger of burning, and in order that the sugar may thoroughly penetrate the fruit. A good syrup is made in the proportion of half pint water to a pound of sugar. Put the sugar may have a statement of the system. half pint water to a pound of sugar. Put the sugar and water over the fire in a porcelain kettle, and, just before it boils, attr in the white of an egg beaten lightly with two tablespoons water; and, as it begins to boil, remove the scum with great care; beil until no more scum arises, and then add fruit. Or the white of an egg may be mixed thoroughly with the dry sugar in the kettle, and the boiling water poured over, when all impurities will immediately rise to the surface with the egg. Preserves may be made from canned fruit (and some prefer to do this rather than make in the hot season), using less sugar than the rule. When preserving canned peaches or apples, it is an improvement to add a few sliced oranges.

alades, or the different butters be smoother and better flavoured, and require less boiling, if the fruit quinces, oranges, and apples best) is well cooked and mashed

before adding either sugar or cider. It is important to stir constantly.

In making either preserves or marmalades, follow the directions as regards kettle, sugar, and putting up, already liven for jellies and jams, taking care not to cover or put away are able to cover or put away are at the still and given for jellies and jams, taking care not to cover or put away any of them till cold. When preserves are candied, set jar in kettle of cold water, and let boil for an hour; or put them in a crock kept for that purpose, set in oven and boil a few minutes, watching carefully to prevent burning. When specks of mould appear, take them off carefully, and scald preserves as above directed.