

den, and never fails to creep away if by chance any one approaches him. If these are manners, I don't think so very much of them."

"Oh, but you don't know," another would remark, "there's a mysterious story about him. They say that he leads a most melancholy and distressing life. Some love affair, you know, which no one dares allude to."

"Ah, but that has really nothing to do with it," a third, naturally wiser and better informed than the rest, would chime in. "Paganini is a miser. It's an undoubted fact. There is no secret whatever about it. Don't you remember that concert that was given the other day for the poor creatures that were turned out of house and home by the inundations? Well, he refused to have anything to do with it, and they say it was because he makes a rule never to play for charities. Not like the majority of professional people, is it? But after all, only look at the man's face. What more could you expect?"

These charming little ebullitions of feminine caprice, based literally upon nothing, were duly committed to memory, and innocently and artlessly conveyed to the ears of Paganini. Who could have been his informant? Well, we shall see that by-and-by.

Paganini, notwithstanding what he heard, never in the slightest degree altered his mode of living at the Villa Lutetiana. He lived entirely to himself, walked alone among the trees of the avenue and in the park, content with the pleasure of reading and re-reading a packet of old letters, which packet was day by day increased. There was one kind friend, at least, who did not forget the poor sick man.

With the aid of much sleep, and the benefits of this quiet and regular life, Paganini, little by little, gained back his health and strength.

It is not quite correct to assert that his life was quite a lonely one. There was one bright ray of sunshine which lighted the almost dreamy darkness of each day Paganini spent in the Villa. The artist had one friend, and one friend only in the household—Louissette.

"Who was Louissette?" may well be asked. The answer can soon be given. Louissette was a sparkling, pretty little damsel, fair-haired and silver-voiced, whose duty it was to attend to the patients. Paganini's quick eye soon detected her, and he made a special request that Louissette might be his sole attendant. Louissette was devoted to her distinguished master, and Paganini took an extraordinary interest in Louissette. Every morning, when she arranged his breakfast, she amused him with her imitations of the peculiarities of various people in the Villa, and detailed, to his intense satisfaction, all the ordinary gossip of the place. All the smiles that lighted up Paganini's face during his banishment were flung there by Louissette.

One morning Louissette came in as usual, but all her gaiety was gone. The musician, who was busy carving out a paper-knife from a block of ivory, saw at once that something was amiss.

"Why, Louissette, my child, what is the matter? I can see by your red eyes that you have been crying. What has happened?"

"Something dreadful, sir."

"Nothing so dreadful that it can't be got over, I suppose."

"Well, sir, I don't know; I hardly like to—"

Paganini fixed his large black eyes full upon poor Louissette's face.

"Ah," said he, without removing them, "I can guess what is the matter with you. A love affair, I suppose?"

Louissette did not answer. She only blushed very deeply, and that was quite sufficient answer for Paganini.

"Come now, my poor child, tell me all about it. Perhaps I shall be able to do something for you."

Louissette dried her eyes with the end of her little apron.

"Well, Louissette," continued he, "is it the old story? Broken promises, faithless swain, and pretty Louissette in tears—is that it?"

"Poor Henri," sighed Louissette.

"Yes, sir, he has left me, but it was not his fault, poor boy."

"How so?"

"Henri has just turned twenty-one, sir, and he was obliged to draw for the conscription. He drew an unlucky number, they have taken him away, and now he is miles and miles from here on guard at Lille, with a musket across his shoulder. This is grief enough for a poor girl, is it not, sir? But what can I do?"

"Can't you get a substitute?"

Poor Louissette smiled sadly.

"You are laughing at a poor girl," said she. "A substitute! How can I afford that?"

"How much would it cost?"

"Oh, ever so much this year, as there is a chance of war. I could not get any one under fifteen hundred francs."

Paganini took Louissette's hand in his, and pressed it affectionately.

"If that is all, Louissette," said he, "you may dry your tears. I'll get you fifteen hundred francs somehow or other; trust in me, and we will see what can be done."

When he had said this, Paganini made a note on his tablets. This is what he wrote: "Remember to give a concert for Louissette and her lover."

Time slipped away, and winter came.

Towards the end of November, Paganini's doctor said to him, in reply to his question as to when he might go into the world again:

"We must not undo all the good we have done. I can't think of letting you away from here till the spring."

"Very well, doctor," said the artist, "I suppose I must obey."

Paganini continued to live the same humdrum sort of existence. He mixed no more than he had ever done with the other inhabitants of the Villa, and Louissette's conversation was still his only amusement. His promise to the poor girl in the matter of the fifteen hundred francs was still constantly in his mind, and he determined that the very first moment he could depend upon his strength, he would carry out his project.

"In the course of the winter I shall be able to manage it," thought he; about January or February I will get them to advertise a concert."

Time wore on, and Christmas Eve came, with its kindly glow of charitable thoughts and happy faces. All was much the same at the Villa Lutetiana. Indeed, in some respects, where at such a season of the year there might well have been some improvement, none was at all visible. The old ladies gossiped as much as ever over their coffee in the drawing-room, and were hardly more charitable than when they were first introduced to us.

In France there is a charming custom—not unlike, in many respects, to a certain old-stock English theory—most cherished by children, and held in great veneration by all Parisian families. On Christmas Eve, an old shoe—or "sabot," as they call those heavy wooden clogs that the peasantry of France delights in—is placed in the chimney-corner when every one retires to bed. The fancy is that when all is hushed and quiet for the night, some good-natured fairy comes tripping down the chimney laden with toys, bon-bons and other childish delights, which are duly deposited in the wooden shoe, all ready to receive them. There are very few French children who do not wake at daybreak on Christmas morning, and scamper, bare-footed, into the sitting-room, to see what the fairies have sent them.

Over their breakfast, on the very Christmas Eve to which we are now alluding, these charitable old ladies who were so fond of saying spiteful things about Paganini, discussed with some vehemence the wooden shoe custom, which was supposed to have been slightly invented by them. They evidently hated the idea, for they

chuckled grimly to one another, and were noticed to leave off talking altogether if anyone accidentally approached their charmed coterie.

"You are quite sure it is all arranged for this evening?" said one.

"Don't you fear. Keep your countenance, and all will be right," was the answer.

And so the day passed quietly away, and no further allusion was made to the wooden-shoe controversy, the old maids' plot, or Paganini's whims and oddities.

After dinner, in the evening, Paganini was sitting in a quiet corner of the drawing-room that he loved, reading a novel and drinking a cup of

(Continued on page 939.)

The Mower.

I love the swish of the gleaming blade,
The thump of the lusty tread,
Where the timothy stalk is lowly laid
And the daisy bends its head.

There's freedom here in the mighty sweep
Distilling the hay's perfume;
There's freedom here in the hands that reap
And conquer the clover bloom.

Here toil is king; and the beaded brow
Seems never a-wrink with care;
Here work is play—or it seems somehow
To me it is; but there,

But there where the lusty mower goes
With a strenuous stride along—
Perhaps he'd sing, if he could, who
knows.
A different sort of song?

For here I loiter in the shade immense
With my old muse on the run;
I loiter this side of the zigzag fence—
He broils there in the sun.
—Horace Seymour Keller, in The New York Sun.

Sanitary Dairy Inspectors.

Mr. J. H. Echlin, a member of the staff of the Kingston Dairy School, and one of the dairy instructors for Eastern Ontario, and Mr. T. J. Dillon, formerly a maker at Bluevale, Ont., of late years a cheese dealer in the Maritime Provinces, and for the past year or so a resident of Toronto, have been appointed sanitary inspectors, under the amendments made last session of the Ontario Legislature to the Act to prevent fraud in the manufacture of butter and cheese. The former will enforce the Act in Eastern Ontario, and Mr. Dillon will do the same in the western parts of the Province. Both will give their whole time to the work, and will be under the direct control of the agricultural department. They have wide powers in the way of compelling the carrying out of sanitary regulations in respect to cheese factories, dairies, farms and other places. They commenced their duties this week, and they will make a special effort to inspect factories which do not receive instruction by the Dairymen's Association experts, covering, also, as many factories as possible which do receive the visits of the instructors. Not unlikely a few object lessons will be made of careless patrons as well as indifferent makers and factory owners.

GOSSIP.

ISLAND JERSEY TEST.

Seventy cows out of an entry of eighty-one competed for the prizes at the show ground, St. Helier, Island of Jersey, May 15th. The cows were shipped May 14th at 6 p. m., the milk of the next 24 hours being taken for the test. The milk was separated on the evening of May 15th, churning taking place the following day. The champion gold medal was won by Mr. De Gruchy's seven-year-old cow, Karnak, whose milk yield, 123 days after calving, was 50 lbs. 10 ozs., and butter yield, 3 lbs. 64 ozs.; ratio pound of milk to pound of butter, 11.86. The second prize and silver medal was won by Mr. Broes' Nurse, seven years old. Milk yield, 300 days after calving, was 35 lbs. 6 ozs.; butter, 2 lbs. 71 ozs.; ratio, 14.23. The third cow, 142 days after calving, gave 39 lbs. 12 ozs. milk, and 2 lbs. 74 ozs. butter.

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For lack of red corpuscles in the blood, the lungs are weak, the action of the heart feeble, the stomach fails to properly digest the food, the liver, kidneys and bowels become sluggish and inactive.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food overcomes these conditions because it contains the very elements of nature which go to increase the number of red corpuscles in the blood.

These ingredients are so combined in this great restorative as to act mildly and gently on the system, instilling new vigor and vitality into the blood and nerves and through these mediums reaching with a beneficial influence every vital organ of the body.

It is interesting to note your increase in weight from week to week while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

AGE FOR BREEDING FILLIES—WEED AND WEED SEED FOR IDENTIFICATION.

1. Is it generally considered advisable by men of experience to breed a well-developed two-year-old Clyde filly, or is it wiser to wait till three years old?

2. Find enclosed a sample of a weed found on our farm, grows mostly in clover and fall wheat. Please give name and how best to eradicate it. Is it a dangerous weed?

3. Also find enclosed a sample of black oats. Are they wild oats? W. B.

Ans.—1. Opinions differ. Many good horsemen breed well developed two-year-old fillies; others counsel waiting another year.

2. Without a fresh plant, in flower, we cannot be sure what species a plant belongs to. This seems to be one of the less noxious kinds of mustard. Send us a plant in bloom.

3. The long tails make it clear that the sample is wild oats, though the grains are plumper than wild oats usually are.

Anybody can spend money, but it requires wisdom to make money, and strength of purpose to save.