XLVIIII. ENTIREMAN JOB TELLS NELLY THE WIND'S

STORY. Bohemia was in all its glory. Not the glory of the summer, when the slopes of the mountain and the banks of Falling Water were clothed in dense foliage full of the songs of birds; nor yet the glory of the autumn, when the fading days touched the forests hour by hour with a deeper yellow and crimson; but the glory, sweeter and sadder if not so picturesque, of the wonderful Indian Summer, which restores to early winter, if not the tender leaflets, at least the faint, sweet charm of the spring days and the childhood of the year.

of the spring days and the childhood of the year.

"They don't laugh at me now—I used to think they were laughing at me," said Gentleman Joe, who was walking along the banks of the Falling Water with Nelly. "I mean the cloud shadows;—look at that one coming. He is going to tell me something."

"Now, Gentleman Joe," said Nelly, looking at the old fellow affectionately, and addressing him as if he were a child, "you promised the you would not talk so about the poor shadows, and the pine-trees and all. How can they tell you anything? They are only shadows and leaves moving in the wind."

wind."
"In the wind? Yes, they move in the wind, my deer," said Gentleman, Joe, smiling. "That explains the whole matter; it is not the shadows that really talk, or the leaves either—it is the wind. Did you never hear the voice of the wind? I have heard it often. Sometimes it laughs then it covered it. hear the voice of the wind? I have heard it often. Sometimes it laughs, then it growls. When it whispers in the tulip-trees, as the bell-flowers are opening in the spring, it is in a good-humour—it is telling the tulips about the south, where it has been travelling, and the orange groves. But in winter it is very different. Have you never listened to it when it was roaring around the gables in the old, dark nights? It is angry then, and will tear up trees or blow people over precipices if tear up trees or blow people over precipices if they trifle with it."

they trifle with it."
"Oh, Gentleman Joe! why should you take
up all these fancies? Indeed, it is not good

for you."

"Fancies? They are not fancies, my dear; and really it does me no harm. I have nothing to say to the wind when it is in a bad humour—I wait. After awhile it gets over that and we have long talks. It has told me a number of strange things in my life. The strangest of all was what it told me only yesterday." "What did it tell you?" Gentleman Joc shook his head and fell into fit of musing.

th of musing.

"It was a very curious story, indeed," he said, after awhile. "Do you think you would like to hear it."

Nelly hesitated. She did not like to encourage poor Gentleman Joe in his vague wanderings, and was about to say that he had better tell her something else, when he added, "It is about Crow's Nest, and somebody who once lived there." to once lived there About Crow's Nest?"

"About Crow's Nest?"

"And old times there," said Gentleman
Joe, dreamingly. "It is a very strange story.
If you would like to hear it I will tell you
about it, Nelly. I really can't get it out of
my mind or understand it—perhaps you
may; and then you might tell me, you know,
Nelly."

Nelly looked at him closely as he uttered

"Thought? I did not think the wind told me. It really told me; and it was not very friendly, either, in the wind—it has made me rather sorrowful, for it is a sorrowful-la very sorrowful story. 'I remember Crow's Nest,' the wind began, 'in very old thins. (If was part of a great estate which once covered half of Bohemia and extended beyond; but in course of time the Bohemian part, all but the Crow's Nest farm, was sold, and at last there were two brothers who invented the whole were two brothers who inherited the whole property. Do you understand that, Nelly? "Yee," she said. "Well, the eldest took one part of the

property, and the youngest the Crow's Nest farm. It had a small house upon it—a very small one—but the land was good, and the owner set about improving it. Then he fell in love with and married a young girl of the neighbourhood. She was very beautiful, and neighbourhood. She was very beautiful, and he loved her dearly; but then she was beneath , as people say : she was an orphan, and father had been scarcely more than

labourer."
"Yes, Gentleman Joe."
Nelly was listening with great attention now, and wondering a little at the lucid and connected narrative, divested of everything like extravagance, which the old fellow was

presenting.
"That made trouble," he went on, with his head drooping—"a great deal of trouble. Her husband loved her with all his soul but his fine relations turned their back on her. They had tried to dissuade him when they heard of his intention to marry her, but as he loved her he only laughed at them, and turned his back on them. What was it to the man who loved her so much whether she was man who loved her so much whether she was a king's daughter or a peasant's? She was herself, which was enough, and he only loved her more dearly when others looked down upon her, as he ought to have done. He was a gentleman—if he had not done so he would not have been a gentleman."

"Yes," said Nelly, in a low tone, thinking, of what Frances Cary had said of Frances Cary had said of Frances.

of what Frances Cary had said of Brantz "Well, the time passed on," continued Gentleman Joe, "and his family never came to see them or took any notice of them. There was one person who did—his brother, who had never interferred at all in his marriage. had never interferred at all in his marriage. He was a very good brother, not at all like the chattering, gabbling women, who rolled their eyes and shook their heads, and would have nething to do with the poor fellow who had disgraced the family by his low marriage. He and his brother never had an unkind word, but the poor husband was ill at ease. He was suspicious, perhaps, and thought that his brother, too, looked down on his wife. So he grew cool to him—and he, no doubt, saw it, and the visits became fewer and fewer. At last they stopped, and the owner of Crow's Nest was left to himself and his quiet days in Bohemia.

"They were very bright days, He was married to one he loved better than he loved his life. He loved the ground she walked

married to one he loved better than he loved his life. He loved the ground she walked upon. He would take her slipper, sometimes, and kiss it because it had the shape of her foot. You can't understand that. It is the lish women-and there are a great

the more disagreeable they are; the very sight of the things they wear is distasteful, since the wearer has given them the shape of

gular expression of disdain quite changed his whole face. Then the vague and dreamy look came back to his face, and he said, They were very happy at Crow's Nest, young husband and the one he loved. the young husband and the one he loved. What had he care for the people who never came to see him? One face was enough—the face of his wife. Then another face came—there was a little baby that prattled and held out its small search. there was a little baby that prattled and held out its small rosy arms, and crowed and nestical close, and made its father and mother much happier than they had ever been before. But trouble was coming too—life is full of that. He was not what is called a business man—I mean the owner of Crow's Nest. His head was bad for managing, and his farm went down, and he fell into trouble. But that was really nothing. The world laughs at you and slights you when you are poor and a need; but what does it matter if you can go home and feel the arms of your wife and child around your neck, and see them smile

crushes you. You might stand that your-self, perhaps, but there are the others—the helpless ones. It is hard for them. They leave us sometimes, and then they are happier,"
Gentleman Joe looked up as he uttered these words. It was either at the clouds or at something or someone he saw beyond them.

them.

"One day she went away from him—I mean the poor man's wife," he continued in a very low tone. "She was his angel — it was natural, therefore, that she should become an angel of God. She was almost a child when he married her and when she died. A fever carried her off suddenly, and she died in his arms, with her head resting on his breast."

Nelly sobbed. As to Gentleman Joe, his expression was that of a human being who has shed all the tears he is capable of shedding, "Well, he longed for death," he said, "but it would not come, A dull stupor tollowed, and he fell into despair, but Heaven was merciful, after all, since it took away his memory, and his reason with it."

"His reason?"

"His reason?"

"Yes, he lost his reason. Poor man, I wonder if he ever got it back! He used to sit in the chair she sat in, dreaming of old scenes and seeing the face of his dead wife. He was not in his right mind then. He wanted to die, but he did not think of taking his own life. There was his child, and he wished to see his wife again—he will see her!"

wished to see his wife again—he will see her!"

He raised his head and looked upward as before, his eyes fixed and full of vauge longing. Nelly sobbed, and gazed at him with a startled expression.

"Gentleman Joe, what are you telling me?" she exclaimed.

"The God's truth—just what the wind told me, Nelly. I've nearly done now. Must I go on?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Something had to be done—there was the little one, and the dead mother; they were all three alone. The poor man only moaned, and broke his heart with longing—longing for the lips, and eyes, and the voice he was not going to hear any more. He sat thinking in this way, or trying to think; but it crazed him. He was waked suddenly. His boy was crying for bread!" was crying for bread!"
"Oh, how pitiful!" cried Nelly, with

streaming eyes; " is it true, Gentleman Joe?"

streaming eyes; "is it true, Gentleman Joe?"

"True? yes, it is God's own truth. His little boy was about four years old, and could not talk very plain. He said, 'I hung'y, papa!' and he cried, and the corners of his mouth were pulled down; and he put his arms up and hugged me around the neck, and I burst out crying for the first time."

"You? You speak of it as if you were the poor father, Gentleman Joe!"

"Did I? What could have made me do that, I wonder? I had nothing to do with it—the wind told it to me, and I thought you would like to hear it: it was only yesterday, while I was lying down under the big sycamore yonder. I may have dreamed it, as I was dozing; but I don't think I did. The wind told it, and it wouldn't take the trouble to tell me my own story."

Nelly Welles looked at the speaker with astonishment. What did all this mean? Was the poor victim of fantasy telling her a real history—his history? Could that be possible? He had often referred in his erratic talk to his familiarity with the scenes in Bohemia, around Crow's Nest and along the stream. Could it be possible that he was the poor husband and father? and was it only his fantastic imagination, the fancy of his disordered brain, that the wind had whispered the strange story to him, while all the time his own memory was dictating it? Full of wonder, and looking at him with a long. Nelly looked at him closely as he uttered these words. His voice was exceedingly sad. Would it not be a relief to him to unburden his mind? It might be.

"Well, tell me what you thought the wind "wistful glance, she listened for the rest of his narrative, feeling vaguely that there would narrative, feeling vaguely that the strange story to him, while all the time his own memory was dictating it? Full of wonder, and looking at him with a long, wistful glance, she listened for the rest of his narrative, feeling vaguely that there would narrative, feeling vaguely that the would narrative would narrative.

gular a revelation.

"Is that all?" she said, seeing that his glances were wandering, as if the whole subject had passed from his mind.

"Yes, Nelly—no, that was not all. There was the funeral. She was taken away from him while he sat looking at the floor—he could not move, but he heard the steps of men coming downstairs carrying something."

"Oh me!"

"That was sad for the poor man, but he scarcely felt it, as he was stunned. It was

scarcely felt it, as he was stunned. It was on the same evening that the little one came crying for bread, with his mouth pulled down. crying for bread, with his mouth pulled down. Then a neighbour came in, and touched my shoulder, and I saw he was crying. He went and got some bread, and called a servant to bring some milk, and when little Harry had finished eating he stooped down and kissed him. He was the uncle of the child, and a very good man — I could tell you his name. 'It won't do to leave the baby here,' he said, 'I am going to take him home with me.' When he said this the child's father sprung upon him and tore the boy from him. 'You shall not have my child!' he said. 'He is all I have left of her—you shall not take is all I have left of her—you shall not take him! The good neighbour tried to persuade him, but he would not listen to him, and the him, but he would not listen to him, and the neighbour went away. 'I will come again to-morrow' he said; 'it is better for the boy, as he cannot stay. with you.' He then left the house, and the father sat down holding his child in his arms and trying to think. He was out of his mind, you see, but he understood one thing. They were going to take his boy from him; they should not do that; he would prevent them. Before morning he took his child in his arms and went away from Crow's Nest." from Crow's Nest."

'And what became of him and his little boy ?" she said. boy?" she said.
Gentjeman Joe put his hand to his forehead
and tried to think. He was so much absorbed
in this effort that he did not hear the sound of wheels approaching.
"Where did he go? That is hard, very

"Where did he go? That is hard, very hard to say."

He smiled sadly—it was a faint sunshine on the old face, but still a sort of sunshine. This sudden change of mood was one of the idiosyncrasies of his fantastic temperament.

"I can hardly tell you where the poor fellow did go, Nelly," he said: "to a great many places—in fact, almost everywhere."

The noise of the wheels drew nearer, but either the laughter of the water or a sudden either the laughter of the water or a sudden wind which blew from the mountain made the

wind which blew from the mountain made the sound inaudible.

"He went on all day with his little boy in his arms," said Gentleman Joe, smiling, "and in the evening met a circus which had halted in a wood to feed the howses. Circus people are very kind, and they gave him plenty to eat. The big fellows danced the boy, and he pulled their beards and laughed. That made friends, and they ignied the company and friends, and they joined the company, and stayed with it for a great many years, and—" A carriage came out of the foliage within a few yards of them. It was the Wye coach with General Lascelles in it, on his way to Daddy Welles's, and as it had reached the foot of the

ascent, the driver stopped to ask if that was the road.

This question was addressed to Gentleman Joe, but he took no notice of it. He was looking intently at General Lascelles, who was also looking fixedly at him. Gentleman Joe then walked up to the carriage with bright smile upon his face, and said.

"How do you do, brother? Don't you know me? You have not forgotten Joe?"

General Lascellis looked at the speaker with profound astonishment. Then his face suddenly flushed, and tears rushed to his eyes, denly flushed, and tears rushed to his eyes. His whole frame shook, and with an unsteady hand he opened the door of the carriage and got out, trembling as he did so.

"I am very glad to see you, brother. Did you think I was dead?" said Gentleman Joe, General Lascelles, uttering a great sob, put his arms around the poor old fellow and drew

m close to him.
"God be thanked!" he said, in a low voice; "this is the happiest day of my life,

"Why, you are crying, brother entleman Joe, smiling. XLIX.

A MEETING OF MOONSHINERS. Half an hour after this scene General Lac-celles, Gentleman Joe, and Daddy Welles were shut up in the sitting-room of the small mountain-house and the old master of Wye

from Crow's Nest. The poor old ex-clown seemed to have waked up from his long night of hallucination, and evidently recalled now his whole past life and his own individuality. Was this the result of the sudden appearance of the face of his brother, which supplied the missing link in the chain of memory? It is difficult to say. It is always difficult, almost impossible to follow the operations of the mind diseased, and trace out the steps by which it returns to reason. A struggle was plainly going on in the brain of the poor man, as he had called himself; but happiness had evidently already worked an extraordinary change in him. His mind and memory had become lucid, if not strong yet,

The general was soon in possession of all the facts. His brother, as he had told Nelly, had married a young girl of very humble family—she had died, and he had gone away with his boy to avoid a separation from him. The person who wished to take the boy had been Daddy Welles, whose sister had been the wife of Gentleman Joe. When the old wanderer reappeared at Crow's Nest, Daddy Welles had at once recognized him; but it seemed impossible to separate him from his associates, and the attempt had not been made. Nor had Daddy Welles informed General Lascelles of his return. A lurking sentiment of pride deterred the mountaineer. Gentleman Joe's family had looked down on him for his Welles alliance, and as the Daddy was a proud old fellow, after his fashion, he said nothing now. He liked General Lascelles personally, but would have him discover for himself that his brother and the boy were home again.

himself that his brother and the boy were home again.

This came out during their conversation, and the general shook his head sorrowfully.

"That was a foolish thing for you to do, old friend," he said to Daddy Welles. "A man's brother is his brother, and Joe is the only brother I have. But let that go. Where is Harry, Joe? I am going to take you both to live with me at Wye."

But Gentleman Joe, who was smiling, shook his head.

"We can't leave Mouse, brother. Mouse

'We can't leave Mouse, brother. Mouse and the Lefthander are old friends of ours, and we are very happy at Crow's Nest."
"But you can't stay in that cabin, Joe! I

will never consent to that."

"It is a very good cabin, and I have been very happy there," said Gentleman Joe, gently.

"Impossible!" the general exclaimed. "Why, the house must be unfurnished.
What became of all your effects—I mean the furniture of the house?"
"I really don't know," said Gentleman Joe.

"I really don't know," said Gentleman Joe, screnely.
"They are stored away here," Daddy Welles said; "I took care of them. The land was sold under a mortgage, you know—or perhaps you don't know, Gentleman Joe."
The general reflected, and then consulted with Daddy Welles. It seemed best for the present to leave Gentleman Joe and Harry at Crow's Nest. The furniture could be moved over, and the house made habitable, and in time the wanderers could be persuaded to come and live at Wye.

"I rememder Wye; you know we played there when we were boys, brother," old Gentleman Joe said, cheerily. "I love the old place, and would like to see it again, but I never could leave Mouse and the Lefthander."

"Well, don't leave them Joe: at least for This movement was the result of the appearance of two or three horsemen in front of the house. These were Mr. Barney Jones and other gentlemen of the moonshine fraternity, summoned by Daddy Wells to meet the general, who was coming on this morning to have a talk with them. They dismounted and came into the yard, and the general and Daddy Welles went out and met them. Others were seen coming up the hill. They vagabond, was wholly wanting. The eyestlooked straight into your own, and the erect figures and firm steps were not the figures or steps of tramps or malefactors. Their moonshine business was illegal, certainly, but it was plain that they did not regard it as violating the deeper laws of morals.

General Lascelles was an old acquaintance of most of the moonshine people. He had ridden to and fro through the mountains and the valley of Bohemia, electioneering for

ridden to and fro through the mountains and the valley of Bohemia, electioneering for Congress, a long time before, and many of the persons who now greeted him had entertained him and voted for him. He was a popular man with them. His cordial manners and bonhomic had made friends of all classes. It was hard, in fact, to resist General Lascelles when hemicald with a record believed. when he mingled with a crowd, holding his hand out to everybody, and calling everybody by his name. It was a natural gift, this cor-diality; not calculation. He was friendly, and took an interest in people, and they were

and took an interest in people, and they were friendly to him in return.

The general at once proceeded to say what he had come to say. "The moonshine business," he said, was illegal, and had better be discontinued. There would be trouble, as the Government was bound to execute the laws, and, if civil process was not sufficient, to call in the military arm. For the laws, and the military arm. in the military arm. For the law was the law. It might appear oppressive, but it was on the statute book. He himself was a Virginian, and he was talking to Virginians They knew him, and it was not necessary for him to say on which side he was. But if him to say on which side he was. But if troops were sent, as it seemed they would be, there would be fighting if the business went on. That would be bad, for one side would wear blue and the other gray, and it would be better for all parties that Bohemia should not see any more of what took place there in old times. There would be a great deal of hot blood, and more dead men—which would be unfarturate. be unfortunate. Thebest course would be to shut up the stills, and not be at home when

Here a noise behind the crowd suddenly attracted their attention, and turning round they saw the United States marshal riding up, with three or four companions, to the gate, General Lascelles ceased his discourse, fixing his eyes on the intruders. He was evidently displeased, and the marshal as plainly more so than himself. He dismounted, and made a sign to the rest to follow him. He then walked into the gate followed by the men, and approached the group of moon-

shiners.
What is the meaning of this assemblage? what is the meaning of this assemblage?"
said the marshal, in an angry tone, addressing Daddy Welles.
"Why, good-day, friend," the Daddy said,
cordially; "glad to see you. So you are
back again?"
"I asked the meaning of all this. I re-

"I asked the meaning of all this. I recognize in this crowd persons I know to be connected with illiet distilling. What does it mean? I ask you, General Lascelles—you can tell me, perhaps, and will do so if you have a decent respect for the law."

The marshal was growing angry, and spoke the consequely for that reason, perhaps. It was

unfortunate, as well as unbecoming, however, that he should have adopted such a mode of address to a person like General Lascelles. "I have more respect for the law than for some of its officers;" said the general, bending his brows. "You ask what the meaning of this assembly is. I ask you in your turn

I came to preform my duty." "What do you mean by your duty?"
"To arrest law-breakers!—I see them round me.

"By what warrant?"

"By what warrant?"

"My orders are sufficient warrant, and I will not be intimidated, sir! I am not to be intimidated in the preformance of my official

"Where are your orders, sir?"
"I am not bound to show them to you, ir—unless you force me to arrest you."
The general frowned.
"I beg you will do so," he said. "Have you orders to read the riot act and fire on the young?" rowd? I am one of them, and I warn you,
you attempt that, we will fire back on you."
"You resist the law!"
"You outrage it. By what authority do
out attempt to disperse a meeting of Vir-

ou attempt to disperse a meeting of Vir-nia people! Are we free men are slaves? have come here no meet my friends, and

they have come to meet me. We are talking with each other—is that a violation of law? I notify you, sir, that if you attempt to arrest any one with an express warrant, which you exhibit, it will be at your personal risk. I speak for myself, at least."

The general had not raised his voice, but he evidently meant what he said. A rifle was leaning against the porch by him, and he quietly took it up and cocked it."

"Where is your warrant," he said, "for arresting any person you meet? If it is formal authority I will submit, and test the question in the courts. If you act without authority and attempt to arrest any one here, you will never leave this spot alive!"

There really seemed to be something in this threat. The visitors of Daddy Welles had brought their rifles with them, and deposited them in the passage of the house. Now they suddenly reappeared, and the crowd was armed in the twinkling of an eye.

"So you, a magistrate, abet the enemies of the law, sir!" shouted the marshal.

"I resist the absurdity of your demand that I should not visit my friends, sir," retorted the general.

"These people are your friends, then?"

"Yes, they are my friends."

"They are law-breakers, and liable to arrest at any moment."

"You yourself promised the search-warrants."

"You yourself promised the search-warrants."

"Your authority, sir?"

"You yourself promised the search-warrants."

"Yes; why were they not applied for?"

"I visited your house and heard you had driven in this direction, and followed you."

"To make arrests, sir?"

"If necessary. I have the right to demand the warrants now."

Here Daddy Welles interposed.

"Gineral," he said, mildly—very mildly, indeed, for a man fingering a rifle trigger—"If you sign the sarch-warrants you won't mind signing a have his-carcass too, will you?"

The marshal scowled at the Daddy, but said nothing. He had grown much calmer after some moments' reflection, and was really as much averse to any trouble as General Lascelles. This did not arise from a want of nerve—the marshal was quite a brave man; but he was really a very good-hearted man, and felt that he had acted precipitately.

"Well, sir," he said, at length, "I will not ask for the warrants to-day; I have searched this house, and I see it would be a farce to repeat the search this morning—I should do so at all hazards if I thought it my duty."

"You would be right," said the general.

"And you are right, sir, in intimating that a general order to arrest suspicious people is too loose—I acknowledge that. It is my duty to inform those around me, however, that the illicit distilleries will be suppressed by military force, if necessary, and the persons engaged in the business arrested and brought to trial in the Federal courts."

"Without a have - his-carcass!" sighed Daddy Welles.

The marshal looked at Daddy Welles with a grim smile on his face, and said,

"I'll get hold of you yet, you cunning old fox! Fox and goose now, and I am the goose, it seems. But in the long run the goose will get the better of the fox."

Having brought himself to take this philosophic view of the circumstance, the marshal scowled at the moonshiners, bowed stiffly to General Lascelles, who punctiliously returned his salute, and rode away with his associates.

Soon afterward the moonshiners, bowed stiffly to General Lascelles, who punctiliously return

"It will be naheky—and you will be one of the fighting men?"

"To be sure!" said Daddy Welles, cheerfully; "if there's fighting; but that's not likely. I'm gittin old, now, and I'm a peaceful man, gineral; but you must make allowances for us poor mountain folks, that have wintered and summered the Yankee troopers in Bohemia. We don't like 'em much."

"Well, you and your friends had better get over that. Don't you remember what General Lee said to the lady who wished her sons to be educated to hate the Yankees?"

"What was that, gineral?"

"He said, 'Don't teach your sons to hate the United States, madam — we are all Americans now!""

Americans now!""
"Did the gineral say that?"

"Did the gineral say that?"
"Yes."
"Well, I thought he was a good old Virginian," said Daddy Welles, thoughtfully;
"leastways I am, and I don't reckon I'll ever be anything else—I'm too old. But, then, a man can't tell; maybe some o'these days I'll git to be an American, as you call it. I'll try, but it'll be a mighty hard job, gineral."
General Lascelles laughed with evident enjoyment of these unpatrotic views of Daddy Welles.
"Well," he said, "You are right. The separate sticks in the fagot remain sticks, in

"Well," he said, "You are right. The separate sticks in the fagot remain sticks, in spite of all. They are harder to break bound together, but they are not a solid block. Enough of politics, Daddy. I am going to take Joewith me now, and go over to Crow's Nest and see my nephew Harry!"

The intonation of his voice was joyful. The old face flushed, and he said, as he had said

before,
"This is the happiest day of my life.!"
"You are right, brother," said Gentleman
Joe, with a cheerful smile. "I don't think I
ever saw the sun shine so bright as it does today!" Well, come on, old fellow! We are going

to look up Harry."

Gentleman Joe shook his head.

"We are not likely to find him at Crow" Nest, brother."
"Why not?" "He has gone to see his sweetheart I

not important—we have not far to go back, and it was worth making a mistake to see His sweetheart !-has Harry a sweet-Brantz Elliot knew the country perfectly.
"I have been here before," he said, laugh-"Mouse says so. She is very pretty. Her Lover's Leap, where some forlorn lover, they say, put an end to himself. I'm glad I'm not like him. Let me show you where they say

"Frances Cary! Has Harry fallen in love with Frances Cary!"

"I really don't know, but something or other takes him in that direction every day or two—naybe to catch—a sight of her; you know, but something or other takes him in that direction every day or two—naybe to catch—a sight of her; you two—naybe to catch a sight of her; you know young men are given to that, brother."

"Well!" the general exclaimed. "But it wouldn't be a bad match, Joe! Well, well—

wouldn't be a bad match, Joe! Well, well—but there is the carriage. Come, get in; I know the road. Come to Wye, Daddy, and tell me if anything happens—this moonshine business weighs on my mind."

And with a grasp of the Daddy's hand General Lascelles got into his carriage, followed by Gentleman Joe, and directed old James to drive to Crow's Nest by the way of the ford. foam over the rocks in its channel.

Nelly looked down and then drew back, clinging to Brantz Elliot's hand, and drawing him with her.

"It makes me dizzy," she said, in an agitated voice; "come back!"

"I am not going to jump over," he said.
"You might fall."

"I wouldn't like to fall now, Nelly."

She looked up guickly. His rety.

A FORTUNATE VICTIM OF MISFORTUNE. She looked up quickly. His whole voice had changed in an instant to deep earnest-ness. As their eyes met Nelly blushed—he It was late in the afternoon on this same day when Brantz Elliot rode up to the mountain-house on his return from Piedmont.

He had ridden to the village to engage his seat in the stage, to return to New York.

This resolution had been forced upon him at was looking at her with so much tenders that her heart throbbed as she caught "I have something to say to you, Nelly last. There was evidently no hope of inducing Nelly to marry him. The girl was more determined than ever that she would not take a step which would result in his unhappiness, and he found it utterly impossible to change her resolution. do you know what it is?" he said. "It is not what I have said to you so often before. You can't guess what it is. It is a misfortune—a great misfortune, as the world would call it—and has filled me with delight."

piness, and he found it utterly impossible to change her resolution.

Brantz Elliot had been thus compelled to accept his fate, and tried to accept it calmly; but it was a hard task. He loved Nelly Welles now with all the strength of his being, and had set out to engage his seat in the stage under the profoundestdepression. Nelly had seen his face as he went away, and retired to her room, and indulged in a hearty cry. It was hard for her to give him up—very hard indeed. The future without the young man seemed a weary blank; but it was of his happiness that she was thinking. If her action seemed fanciful, and her motive exaggerated, let us respect it—there are not so sion, murmuring,
"A misfortune—to you?" "Yes and no. There are misfortunes which are blessings. I am ruined! Here is the letter announcing the fact. I got it to day." "Oh! can it be true?" she exclair Ruined! What is the meaning of it?

"It means having a dishonest uncle for your guardian. My father died when I was in Europe, leaving his affairs in the hands of

did not press the matter; and now the whole and not press the matter; and now the whole story has come out. My father's executor, my uncle, was what unceremonious people call a scoundrel."

Nelly was quite overcome by this sudden anuouncement, and seemed much more agitated than her companion.

"Bút you are not ruined—how could you be ruined?" she murmured, scarcely knowing what she said.

be ruined?" she murmured, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Well, the process was very simple—my uncle stole the money," replied Elliot. "He disposed of my father's stocks and mortgaged his real estate, and speculated in Wall Street with the proceeds—and lost everything. This letter from him, written as he was leaving for Europe, acknowledges the whole transaction, and begs me not to expose him."

Nelly made no reply. Her heart was beating so that it could be heard almost. An immense tenderness filled her bosom for the man she loved so dearly in his trouble.

"So you see I am a poor fellow, without a dollar in the world, almost, Nelly," said Brantz Elliot. "There is a little remnant only, to keep me from starving—not near enough to enable me to live in Fifth Avenue."

His voice laughed again as he spoke, and he took both Nelly's hands, and looked into her eyes. eyes.
"But it will enable me to buy a small tract

here in Bohemia, which will give me a living. I could build a small Swiss chalet, and huntto my heart's content; but then I would die of ensus if I lived by myself, Nelly."

He drew her toward him as he spoke, and put his arms around her neck. She was blushing and trembling.

"You will have me now, won't you, Nelly." It was a long time since Brantz Elliot had

went into the sitting-room and lit a cigar,
"I knowyou don't object to smoke, Nelly,"

"Smoking is a good thing. It drives away dull care, and is a dead shot for the blue-

spoken in that tone. His voice laughed like his lipe, and he was plainly in the most joyous mood imaginable. This was a mystery to her, and caused her a pang. But if he was not unhappy at leaving her, it was all the better.

"I am glad you are in good spirits," she

"I am glad you are in good spirits," she said, trying to speak cheerfully.

"Riding always makes me gay," he said, laughing, "like walking. And that reminds me that I ought to walk over and see my friends at Falling Water before I leave Bohemia. It is a beautiful afternoon. Would you like to go and see your dear Frances?"

He was laughing still. What did it mean? Nelly felt like crying.

"I don't feel well this afternoon," she murmured.

murmured.
"Then the stroll will be good for you. Do."

with us again."

They were already crossing.

"Take care!" said Brantz Elliot, who was

holding her hand; if you fall in again I'm not sure I'd jump after you! But I would, too—the water is shallow now, and there's no danger!"

Nelly was in a maze. What was the mean-

ing of her companion's tone? It was one of actual hilarity. Could he speak in that man-

actual hilarity. Could he speak in that manner if he was really depressed at the prospect of leaving her? She coloured slightly. Then she drew ayay the hand which he was holding, ostensibly to raise her skirt and avoid treading upon it. A moment afterward they were over, and fellowing a path covered with

a deep carpet of brown pine tags, which wound through a thicket in the direction of Falling Water.

There is nothing more picturesque than a

tinued to pursue it, gradually ascending until it ended at last on the summit of a high

ground south of and above the ford at Lover's

eap, where Mr. Ruggles had been conducted by the Lefthander.
"Why, we've taken the wrong path,
Nelly!" exclained Brantz Elliot; "but it is

Was it a mistake? Nelly asked herself,

he leaped off."

He took Nelly's hand and drew her toward

the edge of the precipice—a sheer descent of about fifty feet to the water. A single pine

tree grew from the rock—it was that under which the Lefthander had taken his seat.

Far down beneath them the current broke in foam over the rocks in its channel.

come, Nelly. I shall be so lonesome. "I don't think—"

he said.
"Oh no!"

Nelly ?" Poor Nelly! She could not make the least bit of a reply to him, her heart was beating so. But she leaned her cheek upon his breast and looked up, and their lips met—which was, perhaps, as good a reply as any

> To be Continued. THE POOR OLD SLAVE.

was, perhaps, as good a reply as any

band, woman?" "What's gone of your hus.

'What's gone of him, yer
honour? Faith, and he's gone dead." "Ah!
pray, what did he die of?" "Die of, yer
honour! He died of a Friday." "I don's Sudden Death of an Aged Negro—An Unfortunate Family.

A coloured man named George Wilmore, aged about eighty years, was found dead in bed Sunday morning, at his home on the Kingston road. Rumours of foul play were circulated, and these coming to the ears of Coroner Riddel yesterday morning, he visited Wilmore's home for the purpose of making enquiries. There being no visible signs of violence, the Coroner considered an inquest unnecessary. The history of the deceased and his friends appears to be an interesting one, as related by the Coroner, who is well acquainted with the principal characters. About forty years ago John Sewell

WAS OWNED AS A SLAVE mean what day of the week, but what com-plaint?" "Faith, and its himself that did plaint?" "Faith, and its himself that did not get time to complain." "Oh, ay—he died suddenly?" "Rather that way, yer honour." "Did he fall in a fit?" No answer. "He fell down in a fit, perhaps?" "Why no; not exactly a fit, yer honour. He fell out of a window, or through a cellar door—I don't know what they call it." "Oh, ay—and broke his neck?" "No, not quite that, yer worship." "What then?" "There was a bit of sthying or cord. or that like, and it yer worship." "What then?" "There was a bit of sthring, or cord, or that like, and it throttled poor Mike." "Quite likely. Call

"I don't think—"

"Well, it is wrong to think, so you are perfectly right? Say you'll go, without thinking about it. There never was such an evening. Look at that faint new moon yonder, like a silver skiff following the sun as he is setting. The air is as mild as summer. It is not more than a mile or so to Falling Water; and I'll bring you back soon after dark, Nelly."

Nelly tried to resist, but had not the courage to do so. The temptation was too great. It WAS OWNED AS A SLAVE in the State of Maryland. He managed to escape and make his way to Canada, whither he was afterwards followed by George Wilmore, also a toiler in the cotton fields. Sewell managed, when land was cheap, to purchase ten acres on the Kingston road. When the Grand Trunk railway was in course of construction, he sold to them the right of way through his property, retaining the remainder, and investing the proceeds of the former in U. C. Bank stock. He married and became the father of one son and two daughters. The son grew up and was murdered by a female member of the once notorious Brooks bush gang. One of the daughters married a coloured man named Barry, by whom she had five children. A fire occurred at Barry's house about the year 1861, when Mrs. Barry and a couple of in the State of Maryland. He managed t Nelly tried to resist, but had not the courage to do so. The temptation was too great. It was their last evening together; she would not hear his voice any more very soon; so she yielded, and they set out for Falling Water. They always remembered this walk afterward. Certain scenes become the frames in which the pictures of memory are set, and are never separated from them. The faint new moon was sailing through light clouds, tinted with orange by the sunset, and the stream which ran beside them seemed to laugh and prattle to them as they followed the path along its banks. The sycamores were leafless now, and there was no verdure but that of the cedars and evergreen-pines along the little watercourse and on the slopes; but the air was so calm and soft that it was difficult to realize that the season was not June.

CHILDREN WERE BURNED ALIVE. "This is the very path we took that day when you fell into the water, Nelly," said when you fell into the water, Nelly, said the flames on that night, died from the affects of an abortion in 1876. Old Mr. Brantz Elliot. "Have you forgotten that day? I have not. That was the only time I ever kissed you—and I began to love you after effects of an abortion in 1876. Old Mr. Sewell was stricken with paralysis, and soon afterwards died. Previous to his demise, Coroner Riddel drew up his last will and testament, in which he left his property to the remnant of the ill-fated family. The executors of the estate are Mr. Geo. Leslie, c., and Sewell's son-in-law Barry. The property now presents a most neglected appearance, the house being a wreck and the land overgrown with weeds. Wilmore, for the sake of old times, had been allowed to make Sewell's liouse his home. There he lived for some of an abortion in 1876. her bosom heaved. She was only conscious of one thing—that if she attempted to speak she would burst into tears.

"It was not so strange that I should love. you after being nearly drowned with you, Nelly!"he said. "A man likes a girl better after going under with her, and not expecting to see daylight any more. Here is the log. It is another one—the mountain people were obliging enough to throw it across to get to Piedmont this way—I wonder if it will break with us again." house his home. There he lived for som years in poverty, filth, and wretchedness, h being an apparently half-witted

The Wicked Painter.

Painting and plumbing are crimes that go hand in hand. The plumber does not neces-sarily paint, neither does the painter neces-sarily plumb; but the man who is capable of the one is always capable of the other. The qualities that enable a man to follow a suc-cessful career of plumbing are precisely those cessful career of plumbing are precisely those that would fit him for painting. So close is the relationship between the two occupations that we often find a plumber associating himself in business with a painter, and brazenly displaying the sign, "Plumbing, gas-fitting, and house-painting done here." Thus, while one partner paints the outside of the house, the other plumbs its interior, and between the two the ruin of the house-owner is mad

complete.

The painter resembles the plumber in his path winding away before you, either across fields or through woodlands. It seems to beckon and say, "Come, I will lead you home to your bright fireside, where smiles and fond deep-rooted unwillingness to keep his agree ments. One of his chief objects in life is to ments. One of his chief objects in life is to put off the hour of painting until the house-owner's patience is completely exhausted, and his consequent indignation deprives him of that mental equanimity necessary for a suc-cessful contest with the painter's wiles. There to your bright lireside, where smiles and fond arms are awaiting you." It may run through lonely scenes and gathering darkness, but that is nothing. You have only to follow it, and it will take you home—if you follow it.

Sometimes, if you have a companion and are talking, you do not follow it; you unwittingly take a side-path, as Nelly and Brantz Elhot did. This obliqued in a gradual and very sneaking manner to the left; they continued to pursue it. was, probably, never an instance of a painter who painted a house on the day when he had who painted a house on the day when he had promised to paint it. He never makes less than three postponements. His excuse for the first of these is that he is out of white lead or turpentine, and has been unable to procure them. The second postponement is made because the painter professes to foresee a coming shower of rain—which refuses to come with as much obstinacy as if it had been prophesied by Prof. Vennor; and for the painter's third failure to appear on the promised day he pleads either an attack of illness or the failure of his assistant to provide him with ladders.

wide him with ladders.

By this time the house-owner has become so indignant that, when the painter actually arrives, the latter finds it comparatively easy to overthrow the arguments of the former in favour of any particular colour. It is a point of honour with the painters never to let a man have his own cho ice as to the colour with which his house shall be painted. The houseowner and his wife may have given much time to the selection of a nice colour for the house and a suitable shade for the trimmings, but when he lays the two tints painter the latter invariably replies, "O, them colours won't do at all, sir." In vain does the unhappy man insist that he likes them, and that, therefore, they will and must "do;" the painter bends a pitying glance upon him and asserts that he has no idea how the two tints in question will look when laid on the house. In most cases his obstinacy overrules the house-owner, and the latter is compelled to consent to having his house painted with colours which he privately

thinks detestable.

In any event, the painter, when he comes to make out his bill, displays an amount of unblushing wickedness which the plumber alone can rival. He charges for his paints, alone can rival. He charges for his paints, brushes, and turpentine; for his time, and for "the job." He never takes less than twice the time to paint a house which he originally said would be sufficient, and if he is lucky enough to be able to pretend that a sudden shower has spoiled the paint which he had just laid on, he can proceed to paint the house all over again. As between the painter and the plumber there is little to choose. The latter is perhaps a little the bolder of the two, but the former accomplishes his criminal purpose with at least equal success.

—N. Y. Times.

NERVOUSNESS, and all derangements of the nervous system, are usually connected with a diseased condition of the blood. Debility is frequent accompaniment. The first this be done is to improve the condition of the blood. This is accomplished by taking Vegeling power over the nervous system.

## FARM AND HOUSEL HUMOROUS. Head clerks-Barbers' assistants

The latest thing in boots-Stockings, The sun is the oldest settler in the West.

The most charming bridal veils are of illu-

Husband—"Mary, my love, this apple lumpling is not half done." Wife—"Well, inish it, then, my dear."

Young women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," says Grumwig; "love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

Oleomargarine is sold by the grocer, who tells you it is just from the cow. And 80 it

St. Julien has won even higher honours than Dr. Tanner. He is a much faster and

Now that Rowell has walked and Tanner

has starved, the next contest will be between two fashionable young ladies, who will test their strength by seeing which can wear her

The negro's definition of bigotry is as good and as inclusive as that of Webster's dictionary. "A bigot!" said he; "why he's a man who knows too much for one and not

The trouble about taking a medicine war.

ranted to cure all diseases is that it may not know exactly what is wanted of it, and in that case it will go fooling around in the system trying to cure you of some disease you

Miss Flirtington-"Yes, I like the place

very much, Major; you have such a jolly set of men down here." The Major—"Yes, awfully jolly. You'd better steel your heart, Miss Fliffington, in case of accidents." Miss F.—"Well, while I'm about it, Major, I'd rather steal somebody else's, don't you know!"

Court scene : "What's gone of your hus-

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. James Buist, of St. Andrew, Scotland,

bequeathed \$35,000 to missions.

A Presbyterian theological seminary has been established in Tokio, Japan.

A large number of Jewish negroes have been found in Africa, near the boundary of Barbary.

A London gentleman has given \$10,000 to fit up a mission-house in that city for the conversion of the Jews.

In connection with the American Baptist Mission among the Teloogoos of India, there have been ordained 24 of the converts for mission work. There have been more than 1,300 converts baptized since January last.

The Belknap (N.H.) Congregational Association has issued a declaration against divorce, "except for the single valid Scriptural cause," and has called upon the ministers and associations to take a stand on the sub-

Prof. Robertson Smith, in the course of some correspondence with a colleague, Prof. Binnie, asserts his belief in the supernatural

tion that he does not accept anything in the Scriptures of the nature of miracles.

Rev. Dr. Cochrane having resigned his

is, but the cow is dead.

more interesting animal.

spring hat the longest.

quite enough for two."

have not got.

POTATO HARVESTI

order, and this brings to mind press has been made in the labour-saving machinery for dig In other branches of farm wo improvements have effected a rev machine does the work of the tenfold rapidity, and does the In the same way the reaper place of the grain cradle and the the horse-power or steam three has supplanted the flail. In weeding, and cultivating of plabour is made available by a visibility of the supplanted that in the state of the supplanted that in the supplanted that is ful implements; but in the ha little progress has been made Laborious work with the fork hack unearths the potato t days of our forefathers, and time is, upon the majority of The uncertainty of the weather as proach of fall frosts all combine to potato harvesting season an emer All these reasons enforce the nece better appliances than are yet to

the tubers. Great merits have been for some of these machines, and it admitted that one or two of the level lands, light soil, and und tain favourable conditions will dwork. Nevertheless, the potato of the future has yet to be perif not yet to be invented. It of the great wants of the agriculture world and of potato growers especie when once a machine is made and periferent that will do the weight of the inventor will be assured are millions of profit in it, besides the of conferring a great boon upon a toili munity.

Till such an event happens the wor potato harvest will go on as heretofor expense of muscle and brawn. As to use there are wide differences of Some farmers dig with a fork, othe plough and finish with a hack or hoe, few instances two

formal connection with the Young Ladie' College, Brantford, Rev. D. D. McLeod, of Dumfries street church, Paris, has been re-quested to take charge of the classes in which the evidences of Christianity and natural The cure of Carentan, France, who refused to hoist the national flag on his church on the occasion of the national fête of July 14, and

spoke impertinently of M. Grévy, has been rewarded for his "courageous conduct under delicate circumstances" by his bishop, who appoints him honorary canon of the cathedral. The coloured Baptists of Texas, Arkansa, and Northern Louisiana, numbering about 100,000, have determined to build a college for the education of ministers and teachers, in the city of Marshall, Texas. They are making a vigorous and successful effort to raise \$10,000 for this purpose among them

selves.

The English pilgrimage to Lourdes has been postponed, and will probably not take place this year. This is said to be in accordance with the advice of Cardinal Manning, who with the advice of Cardinal Manning, who fears that such a demonstration by English Catholics might be thought in France to have a political significance. The Cardinal, by the way, is in rather feeble health. The Times of India notes the fact that the car of Juggernaut was not dragged through the streets of Puri this year, as usual, on the

9th of July. According to custom, the car cannot again be drawn until after 12 years have passed. The natives are greatly con-cerned about the omission, and charge it to the intermeddling Government officials. The latest statistics of the Old Catholi Church in Germany show that it has one bishop and 47 priests at work. There are besides 4 professors, 2 invalid priests, and 4 who withdrew on account of the celibacy decision. During the past year 3 priests die 2 were removed, and 2 were received. Abo a dozen of the priests have taken wives. I

The appeal from the Church authorites a Rome for liberal contributions from the faitheful for the support of the Pope is made with urgency and persuasion. The contributare told that in giving to the Pope they to the most august mendicant on earth, and for the greatest works of beneficence in the world. They give for the benefit of the Church, of hospitals, orphanages, and of their

own souls. Yung Kwai, a Chinaman, became a vert to Christianity while at school at Sprin field, Mass. He wrote home about it to he father, who is one of the highest of the Chinese nobles. The father wrote a very indignant letter to the son, who was order to return home at once. As he was derived to be true to his new faith at a server faith to return home at once. As he was dinined to be true to his new faith a azards, he looked upon his return to Chin as going to almost certain death. He st quietly with other boys for Boston, when they were to sail for home, by way of Eur but stepped from the train, and that is tall last that has been seen of him. Where he nobody seems to know. He is 20 years o and he is evidently hoping to keep hidden in a year, until he becomes of age and can be come a citizen of the United States.

The seventh Old Catholic Congress of the German Empire will meet at Baden-Baden, September 12-14. The invitations say: "Ten years have passed since Rome's most audacious attack on the life-power of the church, on the sanctuary of God and man, called us to defence and to arms. We were called us to defence and to arms. We have forced to reject energetically the perversion of the Gospel by the pernicious dogma and the actual enslavement of the church by the despotism of the Vatican decree, and in factor of the collapse of the last remnants of division order in Catholic Christendom to save and a free the Apostolic Church. Incalculable difficulties had to be met, incomparable brials to be endured innumerable trials to ficulties had to be met, incomparable hosties to be endured, innumerable trials to be undergone. We have done that which we could not leave undone, and God was with as We have organized ourselves, and stand forth determined and united. Our communities are developing themselves, our internal union is becoming closer, our cause, in spits of the attacks of opponents, is more highly exteemed.

An Agricultural Want from Whic tune May be Made. The season of potato cultivati

the trying seasons of the year. It during the rapidly shortening days of at a time when increased attention is making demands upon the farm shorten and lighten the labour of

field.

One of the discouraging features of is that a great deal of time and it have been given to the work of invenperfecting of potato-digging machines little success. There are scores of n most ingeniously constructed potato in the patent office at Ottawa, verthale if any are worth the cost of constructions. which, if any, are worth the cost of which, if any, are worth the cost of chion. These may be divided in classes, those with and those with thinery. The former, much the simpless costly variety, consist of an aion of the plough to the work ging. A broad share lifts the eapotatoes which are intended to be so otatoes which are intended to be so by passing over rods or bars that pro nind. Many patterns of this class of diggers have been put upon the mark act a few New Brunswick farmers have them a trial, after purchase or otherw have almost invariably in the end is have almost invariably in the end la aside as of little value. The oth have a variety of gearing, driven by twheels which support the machine one on each side of the row. The merites the machine one of the row. operates the machinery, variously co-for separating the earth and the stall the tubers. Great merits have been

few instances, two communities of living quite near to each other, have a one the former and the other th method, the members of each settlen ing unanimous in the view that their is the better one. Meanwhile all are that something better than either is needed, is anxiously waited for, at he had if ingenuity and money can pro-Management of Dairy Farm

The London Mark Lane Express On all dairy farms which consist arable and pasture land it is important sider how the arable land may be me ably cropped to increase the produc dairy, to supply green fodder any probable deficiency in the nature at various periods of the grazing or cabbages, roots, and straw for auto winter consumption. In ordinary making dairies this consideration has h been much lost sight of. When from or other cause the pastures became scar other provision has been made on the and the value of the use of purchas not having being sufficiently recognized yield of milk has been allowed to fall to w point; for although the practice of our dairy farmers in taking advant the capabilities of their land has left i to be desired, such management has be exception rather than the rule. Dairy cannot yield milk freely without an ab and regular supply of suitable food, a deficiency in the quantity or quality supply affects not only the present future yield of milk. The capacity to large supply of milk, if checked, especithe early stage of the milking, cannot be restored in the same season by any subs

improvement in keep.
On farms where the milk is sold the

tions in the yield from day to day are a apparent, and a regular supply being erally required, the necessity for proof extra food is much greater than on a c making farm. Brewers' grains are a and profitable food for dairy cattle at an son of the recent son of the year upon those farms in pro-to large breweries. A continual liberal them, however, is injurious to the stor of cows. Succulent green food, which a grown upon the farm, and which is of es-value to milch cows, is greatly to be prefix A fair proportion of arable land, of a quality well suited to the growth of roots and forage is a decided advantage to a dairy. On farms liable to burn in a dry summer pastures frequently become scanty in Juanguett. A small acreage of winter vet summer pastures that a creage of winter vet summer such as a constant of the summer s August. A small acreage of winter vet spring vetches, and clover or rye grass first or second cuttings, provides a su sion of excellent food through the sun and if not required can be made into fodder. Cabbages provide the best pos green food from Michaelmas to Christ The large drumbead cabbage is usually on a seed bed in August, pricked out in tember, and transplanted into the field april or May, for consumption in the three months of the year. Early, quick-sing varieties, such as the early oxheart of dwarf drumhead, may be sown on a v p'at of land in February or March, and pla cut in the field in damp weather early in Jinaci. out in the field in damp weather early in J ripening in August and September. A butter early cabbages can be easily raised, will often be useful to fill up blanks in many allows. will often be useful to fill up blanks in ma or turnip rows. Rape, either sown alon rows, or broadcast with a few vetches, on cland in good condition, produces a large quity of good food. It is sometimes useful grown on the headlands of root crops, but off with the scythe as required. [Cabb when sound are little, if at all, injurious the flavour of milk and butter, and on a bile land, heavily manured, they are very duction. bland, heavily manured, they are very tive. They are often best carted on to stures for the dairy cattle. They are sever, well adapted for keeping throw winter in average seasons, as severe a troys their feeding qualities, even way show no signs of decay. They show the severe is the most valuable of the cattle.

Mangles are the most valuable dairy cattle. Their freedom fro onable flavour, their keeping qualities, regreat succulence, combine to render to cally valuable for producing milk. Inately, they cannot be grown succin the majority of seasons in the metry counties of England, except used soils and situations, nor are the grop generally on cold or very in