THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

The Girl in the Gainsborough Hat.

(Chanson Militaire.)

She wore a hat with a curving brim
And a gleaming plume of white;
That nodded and laughed o'er the dusky rim
Like foam in the ink rising light.
I gave one glance; 'twas enough—and more,
For my heart went away with that.
My comrades smiled as I watched from the door
The girl in the Gainsborough hat.

Her locks were as dark as the blackbird's wing,
Her lashes [illegible]
Her eyes were the kind that the poets sing,
And a dimple ran over roses;
I looked [illegible] How should I begin
The good I could do to her?
I knew by her mien no sign would win
The girl in the Gainsborough hat.

[illegible] faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and so,
[illegible] a twist of my long mustache,
[illegible] boldly I marched to her door,
[illegible] the darts of Cupid dash.
[illegible] a stammering lord grows dumb, they say,
[illegible] like is better than chat;
And that is the way I won, that day,
The girl in the Gainsborough hat.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN.

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES.

"The very last think I wish. Of course we shall show him some slight attention, just to avoid remark; he must dine here so-morrow, but beyond that, I do not at all wish to go."

Cornelia left the room, out of patience with her sister's contemptible arguments. Passing up the stairs, she found Esperance in the deep window-seat on the landing, busily engaged with paper and pencil. She looked up brightly.

"Only two hundred and ninety-two minutes, and Gaspard will be here, Cornelia, just think!"

"How absurdly childish you are," said Cornelia, vexed anew. "If you want to improve your arithmetic, why not master the rule of compound proportion which you were so dull over yesterday."

Esperance shrugged her shoulders, glanced at the clock to see that now it was only two hundred and ninety minutes, then followed her cousin to her study, and pored for some time over a slate and book, in the vain endeavor to find an answer to the question: "If £240 be paid for bread for 40 persons for 20 mos., when wheat is 48s. a qr., how long will £234 fluid bread for 91 persons, when wheat is at £2 16s. a qr?"

But her head was far too painful just then for the solving of such a problem, and she multiplied and divided with a vagueness attended by unhappy results, in which the ninety-one persons existed for forty months instead of two, and when Cornelia, in despair, showed her the absurdity of this answer, she would only reply that perhaps it was in time of siege. The idea of such a frivolous suggestion so angered Cornelia that she summarily dismissed her unpromising pupil, feeling that all the world was going contrary to her that morning.

Esperance, in spite of her aching head, hurried off to the station in the very hottest part of the afternoon, her heart bounding at the thought of seeing Gaspard once more, and far too happy to think of being vexed with Mrs. Mortlake for having "forgotten" the carriage.

That was a rapturous meeting! Happier than the last, in many ways, for Esperance received no great shock as she had then done from Gaspard's appearance, being full prepared for it. Nor was he at all aware how very far from well she was, for her excitement and happiness had brought color to her cheeks, and given her temporary strength, so that the only change he noticed was in her hair.

"Your mane is gone, then?" he asked, regretfully.

Esperance laughed.

"Yes, quite gone; if you very much wish, though, you might perhaps see it once more; I believe it is hanging up in the window."

"You have cut it off!" exclaimed Gaspard, disappointed.

"You masculine mind! yes, indeed, how else did you think I had disposed it? It brought me five guineas."

"And you sold it for that wretched outfit of mine!" Cherie, I don't know how to forgive you. I wondered where you could have found the money for those garments you spoke of. You are like the girl in the fairy tale, who wove shirts of her own hair for her eleven brothers."

"No, she wove stinging needles," said Esperance, "which I would not promise to do even for you. Now do not begin to scold again about my cropped hair. I only told you because I was afraid you would talk of it at the deanery."

"Very well, it shall be as you wish, you are a wonderful little sister. But I wish we had known before of all the help that would come; I am afraid you have been tiring yours-if with these preparations."

"Do you think I would have let others do everything for you, and sit contentedly doing nothing! But how good it was of Claude Mortlake to help you."

"Yes, he was most kind, most generous; I could not have borne it from every one; but his manner of doing it was perfect. It will make a wonderful difference to us, and I shall be able to leave you something in hand when I go, besides being able to get on comfortably in my first six months in Ceylon."

"Yes, I could not have borne to think of your starving yourself over there, when you would have hard work, too. And I am so glad Sir Henry Worthington was so kind. When did you see him?"

"Last week, the day I wrote to you. He was more kind and considerate than I can tell you, and Lady Worthington, too; I am glad you know and like them, I shall feel happier about you."

Esperance turned a little pale at the reference to their parting, and made haste to change the conversation.

"See, that is the Spread Eagle on the left-side of the street, though why, among all the hotels, you should have chosen the one bearing the Prussian emblem, I can't think."

Gaspard laughed. "'Tis the only decent one, according to Claude Mortlake. Are those bells ringing for service?"

"Yes, will you come? I want you to see every one." You can speak to them afterward."

Gaspard consented, and Esperance led the way to the cathedral, but she was disappointed to find Cornelia the only occupant of the deanery pew. George Palgrave and Bertha had asked over to the Priory, and Mrs. Mortlake had chosen to prolong her drive that afternoon.

The service over, Cornelia, in spite of her shrinking from the meeting, hastened after her two cousins, overtaking them just as they reached the door, and greeting Gaspard as warmly as she could, though as she was almost ashamed to look at him, he could not think her anything but cold and forbidding.

"You will bring your brother home, will you not?" she said, turning to Esperance.

There was no great profession of eagerness to see him, and she could not bring herself to express any regret that the deanery was too full for them to take him in. For a minute Gaspard was almost inclined to give an excuse; this cold hospitality seemed to him worse than nothing. However, Esperance seemed greatly pleased, and understood better what it meant from Cornelia, so the three walked back together, and by degrees Cornelia thawed, forgot her shame and the awkardness of her position, and began to feel and to show more interest in Gaspard.

Esperance was delighted to see her being thus won over. They sat in the purple drawing-room, and she watched Gaspard, who looked delightfully incongruous in one of the ponderous arm-chairs, and listened contentedly to the conversation going on, perfectly happy as long as she was close by him.

Then some of the Misses Lowdell came in, and tea was brought up, while Cornelia became more and more engrossed with Gaspard, and Esperance was called upon to give Miss Grace Lowdell a full account of the battle in which he had earned his scar. This was delightful—she had scarcely hoped to make others appreciate her hero.

At last Mrs. Mortlake returned, and entering the room wholly unprepared, could not help starting with surprise and vexation when she caught sight of the thin, olive-complexioned, mustached stranger, who seemed quite established in the house, and was handing about cups of tea with a sort of careless ease which annoyed her.

Esperance saw the start of dismay and could not help being amused by it, particularly when it was quickly followed by a prompt show of politeness, and a "charming" smile.

"Monsieur de Mabillon! I am delighted to see you! I was beginning to think there was a fate against our meeting. I was so sorry to miss you last month in London, but my little girl was claiming all my attention just then. You are well, I hope?"

In spite of the silky voice, and the well-regulated smiles, Gaspard was by no means deceived; he remembered Claude's guarded description of the "would-be charming lady, whom it was hard to trust," and instinctively felt a shrinking from her kindness. His antipathy was confirmed when, in a pause in h's conversation with Cornelia, he overheard a low-toned remark from Mrs. Mortlake to his sister, not intended, of course, for other ears.

"Your usual want of thought! You might have seen we should want another cup. Just ring at once."

It was one of the difficulties of Esperance's situation that her duties were so undefined she could never find out what was or what was not expected of her, and was constantly being brought to task, either for neglect or for forwardness and meddling.

To hear her scolded was so new, however, to Gaspard, that he even magnified Mrs. Mortlake's offence. Her words were not so very severe after all, but her look and tone angered him, and hastily crossing the room, he intercepted Esperance on her way to the bell.

"Do not trouble, cherie, sit down. Allow me, Mrs. Mortlake"—thereby revealing that he had heard everything.

Mrs. Mortlake was vexed. She had wished to keep up appearances; she was anxious that Gaspard should think well of her, and now he had overheard her speaking crossly and had humiliated her before Esperance. She hated him, but strove to recover her place in his estimation.

"You gentlemen spoil us nowadays," she said, smiling graciously. "This is such a household of women, though, that we are used to waiting on ourselves."

"Oh, indeed!" said Gaspard, gravely.

She detected a sarcasm in his voice, and winced; then thinking that a little flattery might be of use, she continued more hopefully. "And Esperance is such a help to us—such a very great help—we should miss her so much. I cannot tell you how I, in particular, should miss her."

"It is very good of you, I am sure," said Gaspard, in that grave manner which made Mrs. Mortlake so uncomfortable. Of all things she detested irony the most, and there was, besides, an angry light in the clear brown eyes confronting her, which baffled her even more. She would not give up, however, without one more attempt to win his good opinion.

"I am so vexed that we cannot give you a room here, it seems so very uncousinly, but I am sure you will understand how it is. It just happens to be one of our full times, otherwise we should have been most happy to have had you with us."

There was something so very snake-like in her manner, that Gaspard could not believe a word of this; he turned with relief to Cornelia's straightforward coldness.

"I am very sorry, too," she said, gravely; "but I hope it will not prevent your seeing as much of Esperance. You must run in here whenever you like; my study shall be quite at your disposal."

Gaspard thanked her warmly, and rose to go. Mrs. Mortlake, in despair, sent off her last arrow.

"Yes, pray come in as often as you like, and you will, I hope, dine with us to-morrow; we shall be delighted to see you."

"Thank you. I shall be very happy to come," and Mrs. Mortlake tried not to look up, but felt once more the searching look from those keen eyes. Esperance watched with amusement, while Gaspard shook hands quite *à l'Anglaise*, and followed him into the hall for a few last words.

To her surprise, the door was scarcely shut before he caught her in his arms, kissing her again and again.

"Cherie, you should have told me before! Does that woman always treat you so?"

"How?" asked Esperance, surprised.

"Mrs. Mortlake, do you mean? She was only a little cross. What do I care, now that I have you?"

"And you never told me what you had to put up with!" said Gaspard, reproachfully. "It is a hard world, Esperance, very hard."

"But happy for this one week," she said, smiling. "This must be our carnival. How I do bless Mr. Magnay for sending you here! There is plenty of happiness in the world, after all, and kindness also. Cornelia was nice, too, this afternoon."

"Yes, we will take advantage of her study, I think. I shall come to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow, yes; how we shall talk! and, Gaspard, do not forget to send round all your socks; I must have a grand darning."

"You forget my new outfit."

"No, but for the voyage, you extravagant boy; now don't forget, as early as you can this evening. There! I must go; some one is calling."

"Bother them!" said Gaspard impatiently. "I won't have you run off your legs; you are as tired as you can be."

She let he her head rest on his shoulder just for a minute, then, as the call came again more impatiently, she started up.

"I must go. Enough treats for one day! Good-bye, *mon ami*, and promise me to have a good dinner at the Spread Eagle."

She hurried away, and was greeted by expostulations on her slowness, in a voice which Gaspard did not recognize, but which he fancied must belong to Mrs. Mortlake. As the speaker passed along the gallery, he could not avoid hearing the words, "If you don't know how to behave in other people's houses, you must be taught. No; don't quote Cornelia to me. While the house is full of visitors——"

He did not stay for more, but snatched up his hat and strode out of the house, slamming the door after him. To hear Esperance—his Esperance—spoken to in that way! It was maddening—intolerable! This terrible, oppressive dependence—what was it not costing her! How could he bear to leave her in such a place, to be coldly treated, snubbed, scolded! This week of his so-called "carnival" was too full of revelations to him to be a happy one.

He walked back to his hotel in fierce anger, vowing impossible vengeance upon Mrs. Mortlake; but by degrees he grew more rational, and consoled himself by thinking of the time when he should be able to release Esperance and bring her to a new home in Ceylon.

Later in the evening his mind was set at rest by one more sight of her; according to his promise, he carried to the deanery she work that was to keep her hands full during the coming week, and she, being on the watch for him, ran to the door to take it herself.

She was looking so quiet and serene that he could not allude to what was in his mind, and though she would only let him stay for half a minute, even that brief sight was enough to check his angry thoughts, and made him feel ashamed of his impatience. She was bearing all in her right way, of that he felt sure; she was patient for herself—and he would strive to be patient for her. He thought of his mother's sorrow of his father's troubled life and death agony, of his own home in the lands of strangers, and of this humbling dependence on others in a foreign country, mysteries hard to bear and impossible to understand, but to be understood then, and each and all ordered with a special end.

And Esperance, too, as she sat that night in her room, over her weary task, was strengthened by that very same thought which Frances Neville had first given to her months ago. Was not this present pain, and weariness, and separation, the fulfilling of that Will which is always best—to be taken on trust till the time came for "reading the mystery right?"

Those night-vigils, though they taxed her strength to the utmost, were by no means comfortless, and this particular evening she was full of the happiness of Gaspard's visit, and the prospect of the week to be spent with him.

Of darning and piecing there was indeed enough. The parcel of clothes proved to be in a sorry condition, and Esperance, having spread them over her table till the room looked like a "rag fair," proceeded to divide them into three classes, "hopeless," "possible," and "good." Among the "good" she placed the less ragged garments, and the socks in which the holes were not more than an inch or so in diameter, and then set bravely to work, nor stopped once in spite of her growing weariness till much of the tattered raiment was made wearable again, and the crowing of the cocks, and the red glow of sunrise, told her that she must make haste to bed if she were to have any sleep at all.

But this was to be the last of her nights of work, for the next morning Mrs. Mortlake called her aside, and in the voice of cold displeasure, which she disliked more than anything, asked, "Pray, what were you doing last night?"

"Nothing, Christabel," she answered, innocently. "Nothing particular, that is; part of the time I played bezique with George."

"Don't evade my question in that way. I said last night; you know quite well what I mean." Esperance started, and looked a little vexed. "Ah! now you are fairly caught. I shall hear at once, please, what is the meaning of this? Do you think I shall allow candles to be wasted in this way? I hear that you burn one every night down to the very sockets. I will have no more novel reading at night, so you had better understand at once. What were you doing?"

"I had some needle work to finish, and sat up with it. I am sorry about the candles, Christabel."

"Sorry, indeed! I dare say; and what was the all-important work, pray? One of your dainty little vanities, I suppose?"

Esperance drew herself up.

"I don't see that it is any concern of yours. It was work which had to be done."

"No doubt, in your opinion, but I should like to hear what it was, please, we have had enough shuffling."

"There has been no shuffling at all," broke in Esperance, passionately, "and I don't see that you have any right to question me like this. I won't allow that; you have, but because I choose, I will tell you that the work was for Gaspard."

"Indeed! it was very amiable of you to work for him at the expense of others."

"I don't believe for a moment that uncle would grudge me a few candles," said Esperance, half scornfully. "But as you seem to think he would, of course I will not sit up again."

"Spare yourself needless protestations," said Mrs. Mortlake. "You will not have another opportunity."

Just then one of the Miss Lowdells came in, and Mrs. Mortlake was immediately all smiles and graciousness, while Esperance hurried out of the room, wondering what her cousin meant by this last speech, and full of indignant her meanness and injustice.

The cathedral service quieted her, however, and she resolved that Gaspard should hear nothing of it. She knew quite well that many of the disagreeables of her life could not be concealed from him, but whenever it was possible to throw a veil over her petty sufferings, she would do so. The day, in consequence, passed happily and satisfactorily, and in spite of Mrs. Mortlake's interruptions Esperance saw a great deal of Gaspard, thanks to the privacy of Cornelia's study. The evening, too, went well, and though the dean evidently disliked Gaspard, yet he was quite civil, and George Palgrave good-naturedly threw himself into the breach and managed to keep his uncle in a good humor when the ladies had left the dinner table. Later on, in the drawing-room, Cornelia tried to make up for the family coldness by drawing Gaspard out as to his prospects in Ceylon, and making many really kind-hearted inquiries about h's previous life, and so far succeeded that he learned really to like her, and felt less unhappy in leaving Esperance at the deanery.

Cornelia's heart had been touched. Ever since the day when traveling back from London she had witnessed Esperance's passion of love and sorrow, she had been softened, had loved her little cousin, and taken a real interest in something outside the walls of her study. Harsh and sarcastic as she often seemed, she was really anxious to do what was kind and right; from the first her dislike of Esperance had never descended to meanness like Mrs. Mortlake's, and now her good-will was real and hearty, though her natural reserve gave her, when she least wished it, an appearance of coldness.

Mrs. Mortlake, as she came to bid her sister good-night, unwarily alluded to the incident of the candles, whereupon Cornelia was at once up in arms.

"You mean to say you had the stinginess to grudge them to her?"

"My dear, it is not so much the expense I mind, but think what a bad habit for a girl of her age, to sit up night after night. No doubt she often dropped asleep over her work; it is a wonder we have not had the house burned down. I'm sure."

"You are very prudent, certainly," said Cornelia, with a sarcastic smile; "and how does she mean to finish Gaspard's outfit?"

"How should I know," replied Mrs. Mortlake, with affected carelessness; "she will not finish it by candle-light, that is all I care about."

"So it seems. Well, she shall at least have the opportunity of finishing it by lamp-light," said Cornelia, majestically.

Mrs. Mortlake gave an inarticulate sound of annoyance; but Cornelia, with a cold good night, took her little reading-lamp in her hand, and marched the astonished lady a stately step and another word of explanation.

To her surprise she found Esperance already in bed.

"Oh, I am just too late," she said, regretfully. "I thought, perhaps, you would like my lamp to work by. Christabel has just been telling me about this absurd fuss."

Esperance looked up with gratitude in her tired eyes.

"How kind of you to think of it; I was wondering how I could get Gaspard's things done in time; I meant to get up early."

"That would be better for you than sitting up," said Cornelia; "indeed you do not look fit for anything to-night." And she looked with some anxiety at Esperance's flushed cheeks, and the purple rings round her eyes. "How much more have you to do?"

Esperance pointed to a formidable pile of work on her table, and Cornelia scrutinized the unsightly holes with an unprejudiced eye, and wondered if any skill could really mend them.

"I almost wish I knew how to darn," she said, thoughtfully. "There must be more here than you will get through."

"No, not if I wake in time," said Esperance, confidently.

"I will fetch you my alarm," said Cornelia, and she hurried away, returning in a few minutes with a little French alarm clock. "What time shall I set it for?"

"Four o'clock, please; the sun will have risen by then," said Esperance, watching her cousin's movements with languid interest.

"What! four hours' work before breakfast! must you really have so long?" exclaimed Cornelia.

"It is what I have always taken," said Esperance. "The time goes so quickly when one works, you know."

Cornelia did not know, for she rarely touched a needle, but she was a good deal shocked when she heard of the length of those nightly vigils, and touched by the thought of the love which had prompted them.

"My dear," she said, gently, "you will promise me not to sit up again; get up to-morrow morning if you like, and I will try to prevent your being interrupted in the day; you can work in my study, you know."

There was something almost laughable in the thought of Cornelia's sanctum being turned into a work-room, but Esperance's gratitude knew no bounds. She was so much pleased and surprised that her English deserted her, and throwing her arms round Cornelia's neck she exclaimed—"*Ma bien chere!* but you are good, but you are thoughtful; how can I thank you enough! How happy you have made me!"

It was a rhapsody, no doubt, but in spite of its Frenchness it went straight to Cornelia's heart. As she left the room her father's voice was heard calling her from the observatory, the door which stood opposite to Esperance's.

"My dear, just read this foot-note to me, will you; the print is too small for me."

She took the book, but was obliged to brush her hand hastily across her eyes before beginning to read—for incredible though it seemed to her they were dim with tears.

(To be Continued)

Gladstone's Brother and the Fishwives

Speaking of the late Robertson Gladstone, brother of the British statesman, he was, says a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, perhaps the most noted man in Liverpool in his day, for he was a most interesting character. He made it a strict practice to visit the fish market every day of his life and bargain with the fish-wives. There are hundreds of stories of his fish-markets experiences; and many brilliant sallies of wit used to pass between him and the fish-wives of the market. He was a terrible haggler about price, but he did it for fun, and it is well known that in the end he used to pay dear for his joke. Imagine an enormous man, over six feet, with broad shoulders and prominent features, surmounted by a huge old-fashioned half low crowned farmer's hat. Add to the picture shabby, unfashionable clothes, and you have the late Robertson Gladstone. Every day he crawled down to Liverpool in a curious little shabby brougham with one horse, and it used to be a puzzle, like the fly in the amber, how ever such an immense man contrived to get in and out of so diminutive a vehicle. For all this he was a very rich man—much richer, it used to be thought, than his distinguished brother, the ex Prime Minister. Robertson Gladstone was a powerful and slashing orator and dosed on his brother. In fact, in 1868 he compared his "brother William" to Christ on account of the persecutions he had to endure over the Irish Church question. This comparison raised a terrible storm, which took some time to subside.

A Long Sermon.

Holworthy (entering late)—How long has Dr. Yoz been preaching?

Bexton—Twenty-two years, sir.

Holyworthy—I guess I won't go in, then.

A monument has been erected at Quatre Bras to William Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, where he fell.

WORK ON THE FARM.

Things Which the Farmer and His Wife Should Know.

NOTES WORTH READING.

One Day.

The fire to kindle, the table to set,
The coffee to make, the bee-hives to see,
The dishes to wash, the floor to sweep,
A watchful eye on the children to keep,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to wash and dress and feed,
The cows and pigs attention need,
The beds to make, the cheese to turn,
The chickens to feed, the milk to churn,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to quiet, the table to set,
The meat to roast, the dinner to get,
The dishes to wash, the pies to bake,
The ironing then my time will take,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to rock and put to bed,
The little chickens again to be fed,
The cows to milk, the churn to use,
The kettle to boil, the supper to get,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to soothe ere supper I eat,
The dishes to wash, the room to make neat;
Then down to the basket of mending I sit,
Attention divided 'twixt baby and it,
For—there's the baby crying!

God grant me patience and strength to bear
The every-day round of household care;
To govern my kingdom in love and peace,
Until my rule with death shall cease,
And I at rest am lying.

Clogged Up!

Where watercourses along highways become clogged up, the road bed is apt soon to be in bad condition. Where the mature heaps of so many farmers as in this west season, are permitted to leach and the most valuable portion is allowed to run off in a convenient watercourse and be wasted, the intelligence of such men is certainly clogged up. When a person employs a scrub male of any kind for breeding he clogs up his financial interests. If the soil is tilled when too dry or too wet, or crops are not thoroughly cultivated in season, the crop prospects will be clogged up. If briers, bushes and weeds be not subdued, they will clog up useful vegetation. When buildings and fences become dilapidated, the owner clogs up a beautiful farm view that might be. If the dairyman does not properly care for his cows and always treat them kindly, he clogs up his milk and butter prospects. Quarrelsome neighbors clog up their own happiness. A scolding woman or man completely clogs up the pleasure of the entire household. The man who lies, cheats or deceives in any manner, clogs up his personal well-being here and hereafter. There is one kind of clogging up which is always commendable, and that is clogging up the avenues to error and sin.

Eggs That Will Keep.

One of the secrets which we again impress on readers is that eggs intended to be stored away for fall or winter use should be from hens not in company with males. The hens will lay just as many eggs when no males are present as with them, and there will be less cost of food to be consumed by non-producers. A fertile egg will spoil in one-fourth the time of an infertile egg. One of the surest signs that an egg is fertile is that it quickly becomes stale. We have had infertile eggs placed in an incubator, kept therein at a temperature of 105°, and when removed they were but little damaged, some of them being suitable for "bakers." The eggs containing the germs of chicks, if not progressing in incubation, would become spoiled in a week or ten days. If eggs can be kept for three weeks in an incubator at 105°, they will easily keep in a cool place for three months. As so much depends on the kind of eggs to store away, it is not only cheaper, but the results will be much more satisfactory.

A Pretty Sofa Pillow.

Make your pillow any size to suit. Cover both sides with satin of same color. Get two rolls of two shades of No. 7 ribbon that will harmonize with each other and also with the satin. Cut into 9 inch strips and fasten the ends; gather one edge, draw up tightly and fasten. Put four wheels of one color in the center to form a square; eight of the other color around the four, and so on, alternating colors till large enough to cover the satin. Finish the edge with fancy cord. You can commence with one wheel in centre and have a six-sided cushion, which would be pretty finished around the edges with puffed satin, and the ribbon wheel cover laced to back over the satin with silk cord. These wheels make pretty tidies, cushions, etc., using narrower ribbon.

Clipping and Shearing.

An ornamental hedge, to maintain its natural vigor and beauty, should never be sheared, but always clipped to keep it within bounds. Shearing gives it an unnaturally even and compact exterior, shutting out the light from the inside, and preventing the growth of leaves in the interior. Clipping, or cutting off protruding branches (by taking the longest of two at a fork), keeps the hedge within bounds, with a natural growth. The London *Garden*, speaking on this subject, says that well-kept hawthorne hedges never produce blossoms. This would be the case with all closely sheared hedges; but if merely clipped, so as to retain something of the natural growth of the exterior, flowers might be produced to a moderate extent.

Inflamed Udder.

The udder of one of my cows appears to be swelled and very hot; for some weeks one of the quarters of udder has been hard, and now it has spread to the other half on the same side. M. H. J., Somerset, Bermuda. [Rub the cow's udder twice a day with some of the following liniment: Tincture of opium, 3 oz.; chloroform, 2 oz.; tincture of arnica, 4 oz.; tincture of aconite root, 2 oz.; alcohol, 1 pt.; mix. Give a dose of physic, and repeat in four or five days. Mix in feed twice a day 1 dr. of iodide of potass. This is not treatment for agalactia.]

Wooden Troughs.

Wooden troughs are excellent for holding the drinking water for fowls, but there is one thing to be guarded against, and that is, they will become filthy and slimy. In such cases they should be cleaned with soap and warm water, rinsed and refilled. The drinking water is often contaminated by a diseased fowl, and this endangers the health of others, but more so when the troughs are unclean. Drinking fountains are not easily cleaned, but they should be well scalded with hot soapsuds occasionally.

Green Food for Ducks.

If ducks are to be kept in limited areas they may be fed all kinds of green food. In fact, as the duck is quite a gourmand, it does not restrict itself to any particular diet, and the various weeds may be made to serve a valuable purpose as food for ducks. The well known pigweed is quite a delicacy with ducks, and purslane, dandelion, all kinds of grass, and even young weeds that would be rejected when matured, will be eaten. It will pay to feed ducks on green food principally. At this season they need but little grain, especially if they are not laying.

Best for Young Chicks.

Although many foods have been recommended for young chicks, we have always had excellent success with stale bread and oatmeal, fed in the dry condition, until the chicks are ten days old, when they may then be given cracked corn and wheat screenings, also. Too much soft food is not wholesome for them. Chicks prefer dry food, and it serves the purpose better and entails less labor in preparation. Stale bread alone is insufficient, but it may be improved when dipped in milk.

Notes Worth Reading.

A prominent horticulturist states that by placing tomato leaves around the trunks of trees, and also by sprinkling roses and cabbages with a decoction prepared by steeping tomato leaves in water, insects did not disturb them. This is worth a trial.

Manure may fail to give good results the first year and show well the next. Much depends on the condition of the material. It cannot afford food to plants until it decomposes and its soluble material can be appropriated.

It has been claimed that Hungarian grass is equal to timothy, and that barley is an excellent late green crop.

Piling up the manure in the stables may be convenient, but the health of the animals will not be promoted thereby. There should be a place for the manure as well as for everything else.

The most effectual way for determining the requirements of a soil for the production of any particular crop is to test the question with different kinds and combinations of manures.

Manure is most valuable when the liquids and solids have been saved together. Neither is a complete fertilizer alone, but together they supply all the demands of crops.

The vast amount of wealth carried away by the sewers of the great cities is enormous. It is greater than the wealth taken from the sea. When some system is devised by which all this loss is prevented the crops will be grown at less cost, and the prices of fertilizers greatly reduced.

It must be clear to any man with the most ordinary business instincts that good roads mean thrift, liberality and wealth. They mean good farms and good real estate values. They mean that the farmer enjoying their use will save time going over them, will save wear and tear not only on his wagons but on his teams.

The manure heap is the farmer's bank of the farm. If any articles are unsalable or cannot be put to some use on the farm, they should be added to the manure heap in order that they may be returned to the land, and thereby made to contribute to the production of something better the next season. Nothing is lost when put into the manure heap, especially if the manure is managed with a view to having it as valuable as possible before applying it to the soil.

Growth of Cities.

The official returns of the United States are, as yet, by no means complete, but enough has been published to show that the city-building mania has been the country at large. Ten years ago there was a population of 6,100,000 in twenty of the largest cities. By the new census the population of these cities is 9,750,000. The increase in these cities taken altogether has been over 43 per cent., while the gain in population of the whole country has been only about 25 per cent.

Preliminary returns indicate that New York has kept pace, very closely with the growth in the nation's population, having gained 34.9 per cent. according to reports thus far published. But the gain would have been much larger but for the remarkable change in facilities for transportation, which have given Brooklyn an increase of 42.8 per cent., and added greatly to the population of Long Island, and kindred the Harlem and the Hudson at the expense of New York. Ten years ago, reckoning New York, Brooklyn, Newark and Jersey City as one great centre of population, it had 2,030,000 inhabitants, and has gained about three quarters of a million during the past decade in spite of the rapid growth of many suburban towns.

Philadelphia has gained less, only about 22 8 per cent., and yet probably more than the increase of population in the region immediately adjacent. So Baltimore has gained only 30 per cent., but Maryland probably less; Boston has gained 15 per cent., but Massachusetts probably less; New Orleans seems to have gained only 14 per cent., but that is probably more than the increase in Louisiana. Other cities which seem to have drawn but little if any from the surrounding population, are Cincinnati, with a gain of 33.6 per cent. (but the gain in Southern Ohio and Southern Indiana has not been large), and St. Louis, with a gain of 21 per cent.; but it may be doubted whether Southern and Central Illinois and Missouri have grown more rapidly. The noteworthy growth of the past decade has been along the lakes and in the great Northwestern region beyond the lakes.

Part of the gain of 100 per cent. by Chicago has been due to the annexation of populous territory, but the increase has been wonderful nevertheless. Of the entire addition of 2 650,000 to the population of the 20 cities, 583,000, or more than a fifth, has been added by Chicago alone. But Milwaukee has also gained over 100 per cent., and while the twin cities are accusing each other of fraudulent returns, St. Paul claims a gain of over 200 per cent. and Minneapolis of over 300 per cent. Other lake cities have gained much more than the average rate of increase; Buffalo about 60 per cent., and Cleveland about 55 per cent. The gain of 60 per cent. at Pittsburg is doubtless due in large measure to the extensive employment of natural gas in manufactures. Notwithstanding a central location which has not usually favored exceptional growth, Washington has gained 50 per cent., and a wave of local improvements, and Louisville about 40 per cent., having probably been enabled by new Southern railroads to divert some traffic from Cincinnati.

According to the New York *Commercial Bulletin* manufactures have contributed much of this concentration of the population into cities. It has been rather a noteworthy tendency of manufactures, during the past decade, to build up suburban and rural settlements for themselves, where land can be had cheaply and taxes are light, and where the working population is less interrupted by demagogues and agitators. The lines of transportation, inland, lake and ocean, have drawn much population to some cities, but changes in methods of trade and speculation have done much to swell civic population. "The greatest of all the forces operating in that direction, however, has been the growing desire of the people themselves for the chances and changes, the excitements, pleasures and allurements of city life. Progress in that direction is not by any means indicative of great industrial or moral health."

There have been great improvements in farm machinery in late years. The threshing machine and separator does the work of many flails and fanning mills. The self-binder does the work of many cradles and hand rakes. The labor of one man now produces much more grain than the labor of one man could produce thirty years ago. But we are sure the improvements in manufacturing machinery have been still greater than the improvements in farm machinery. For this reason a relatively smaller number of men ought to find employment in producing manufactured goods than in producing food. Besides, the exports of the country consist almost entirely of farm products, such as meat, grain and raw cotton. Manufactured goods make a small item in the exports. Instead of crowding into the cities, the people ought to betake themselves more and more to the farms, if they are to attain the greatest prosperity.

Eventful Career of Mme. Tussaud.

Everybody has heard of Mme. Tussaud and her collection of waxworks in London. This celebrated lady died just forty years ago to day. In her museum were many counterfeit representations of the persons who figured in the French revolution, but few of the visitors to her establishment in Baker street, London, suspected that the figures had been modeled from life. Mme. Tussaud actually lived among these men and framed their portraits from direct observation. It was her business one day to model the horrible countenance of the assassinated Marat, whom she detested, and on another to imitate the features of his beautiful slayer, Charlotte Corday, whom she admired and loved. Now, she had a Prince de Lamballe in her hands; then a Robespierre. At one time she was herself in prison, in imminent danger of falling a victim to the all-devouring guillotine. She had for her associates Mme. Beauharnais and her child, the grandmother and mother of Emperor Napoleon III. Escaping from France, she led for many years a life of struggle and difficulty, supporting herself and her family by making wax models. Once she lost her whole stock by a shipwreck on a voyage to Ireland, but she met adversity with a stout heart, and, being frugal as well as industrious, she was at length enabled to set up her models in London. There she had forty years of comparative prosperity, and when she died, at the advanced age of 90, she left a fortune and a host of friends.

A Yankee Gerrymander.

Word has reached Winnipeg from the Hudson Bay fort, in the McKenzie River country, confirming the report that a remeasurement by American surveyors of the Alaska boundary shows it to be 28 miles further east than heretofore supposed. This places Forty Mile Creek and the rich gold districts of that country in American territory. The Hudson Bay Company will have to abandon Fort Rampart House, which, by the new demarcation of the boundary, is within United States territory.

His Plan.

Bride (on honeymoon tour)—I hope the people in the car won't take us for a bridal couple and make fun of us.

Bridegroom—I've got a plan to make them believe we have been married a year or two.

Bride—How delightful! What is it?

Bridegroom—I'm going to leave you here by yourself while I go into the smoking car and play a few games of whist.

She Judged Her.

Travis—I must tell you, Miss Southmayd, what a delight your music is! Do you not enjoy playing to others?"

Miss Southmayd (frankly)—Oh, yes, I suppose I could if I did not have to hear it myself."

There are 5,000 insane people in the city of New York, and experts on insanity say that the ratio of lunatics is increasing much faster than that of the population.

Among the various charity societies of Moscow there is one for the endowments of poor brides. The funds of the society are constantly increased by the gifts or bequests of benevolent persons, but only the interest of the money is used for the designated purpose.

THE CENSUS COUNTING MACHINES.

How the United States Population is Counted.

The task of tabulating and summarizing the census figures of population will be rendered much more simple than in former censuses by reason of the employment of counting machines. A press dispatch says of these labor-savers: "At first sight the machines resemble pianos or upright pianos. They have headpieces of cast iron, and each one occupies about the same space a piano does. They are, however, eminently practical machines, and will, it is said, some time next spring, tabulate one thousand cards a day. It is expected that when the work of counting the census returns really begins there will be seventy or eighty of these machines at work.

"The returns from the census districts throughout the country are coming in fast. There are more than 50,000 of these districts, and so far only about 2,500 returns have not yet been received. As fast as the returns come in they are counted. Although no so-called 'rush' will be, it is necessary to train the young ladies in the use of the machines. In making this count, which is known as the 'rough count,' the returns for each district are counted twice. After being counted on one machine they are passed over to another, and when the latter count is completed the two are compared, and if these agree discrepancies necessary corrections are made. Following this method, if the total population of the country is 60,000,000, there will be counted in the census office an equivalent to 120,000,000 names.

"The machines, which are the invention of Mr. Hollerith, and supplement his tabulating machine, are very simple. A key board, resembling that of a typewriter, is at the right of the operator. Each key has a number from one to twenty. The operator has a pile of our sun schedules at her left side, and as she turns the schedules over she notes the figures which indicate the number of members in each family enumerated in that schedule. If there are five members in a family she strikes the key marked five. When a key is struck an electric connection is established with the hands on a dial in the frame work in front of the operator.

"That dial is marked No. 5, which means it records the number of families consisting of five persons. Each time the No. 5 key is struck No. 5 dial records one. When the account is completed the recorded number on each dial is multiplied by the number of the dial, the results added up and the total number of individuals in that district is ascertained. If the same result is obtained by a different operation, then it is concluded that the count is correct. It is expected that by the use of these machines the result of the census will be known much sooner than by any other known method."

The Pipers.

When I was in Edinburgh I used to go on Wednesdays to hear the pipers play in the Princess Street Gardens. They were true Highland pipers belonging to the "Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders," stationed at the Castle. There were seven of them and they were in Highland costume, of course, bare-kneed, and carrying a knife or a dirk in their stockings. They wore the Cameron tartan and the long plaid was fastened by a brooch at the shoulder.

They always marched when playing, to and fro, in the broad path which runs through the centre of these beautiful gardens, and the spectators lined the way on either side. I always took my station at one end of the "course" that I might see them advance and retreat the whole length.

When they started in the distance, the wild sweet notes of their pipes were but faintly heard; but as they advanced, louder and louder, wilder and wilder, they grew, and it seemed to me never was music so thrilling. Like that of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," it was enough to while the soul out of one, and if the rock on which I never sat down to smoke and chat, lest fatal hill in Browning's poem, and the pipers had entered, it is a question whether we should not all have followed.

So much the pipes have sounded, only with an added intensity, to the Scotch girl in the besieged city of India during the Sepoy rebellion when one day their familiar music came to her listening ear, heralding the approach of the rescuing Highlanders. Whittier tells the story in his "Pipes of Lucknow."

The appearance of the pipes was almost as exciting as the music. With heads thrown back and cheeks extended they marched briskly, keeping time with the sweet music of their pipes, and with the inimitable strut William Black has portrayed so accurately in his Highland novels. The ribbons on their Glengarry caps and on their stockings, the numberless tassels and ribbons decorating their pipes, and their long plaids, waved and fluttered and danced with their rapid motion. They were all stalwart fellows, broad shouldered and strong limbed. As they reached the end of the "course," they turned upon their heels with wonderful precision, and as the loud wild music grew fainter and fainter, sweeter and sweeter, you were in doubt and wonder whether it in the trim, well-kept gardens of Edinburgh or some heather-clad Highland glen.

This "strut" seems to be as peculiarly the piper's own as his pip