Revenge a la Portugaise.

They let the British Lion roar and lash his lordly tail.

And then they did some doughty deeds to turn the Lion pale; They laid a little English boy across their trembling knees. And smacked him till he howled again, those gallant Portuguese.

John Bull had trodden on their corns and made them all go mad, And so they put their coppers by to buy an iron-clad; Some day, perhaps in 'Ninety-two, they'll launch it on the seas, And then they'll bust the British fleet, those gallant Portuguese.

A duke has sent his medal back directed to the

A ducen ; The King won't put his Garter on—he, too, has got the spleen; And on the British Embassy they've chalked up words like these; "To h— with all the English dogs:"—of course in Portuguese.

They will not drink our English beer, no Eng-lish goods they 'll buy; They've forced an English circus clown to wash his face and fly. They would not let him hold a hoop or crack a harmless wheeze, But cried, "A bas le English clown:"—those silly Portuguese.

16-6

Go on and boycott English goods, and storm and fume and fret, And outrage every decency, and off your vapours let! vapours let! You'll only have at last to drop once more upon

your knees, And beg our pardon once again, you foolish -ILondon Referee

# THE LADY PENELOPE.

In going out of Casterbridge by the low-lying road which eventually conducts to the town of Ivell, you see on the right hand an ivied manor house, flanked by battle-mented towers, and more than usually dismented towers, and more than usually dis-tinguished by the size of its many-mullioned windows. Though still of good capacity, the building is much reduced from its original grand proportions; it has, more-over, been shorn of the fair estate which once appertained to it, with the exception of a few acres of park land immediately around the mansion. This was formerly the seat of the ancient and knightly family of the Drenghards. or Drenchards, now extinct the Drenghards, or Drenchards, now extinct in the male line, whose name, according to the local chronicles, was interpreted to mean "Strenus Miles, vel Potator," though cer-tain members of the family were averse to to the latter signification, and a duel was fought by one of them on that account, as is well known. But this is beside the

story. In the early part of the reign of the first In the early part of the reign of the first King James there was visiting near this place of the Drenghards a lady of noble family and extraordinary beauty. She pos-sessed no great wealth, it was said, but was sufficiently endowed. Her beauty was so sufficiently endowed. Her beauty was so perfect and her manner so entrancing that suitors seemed to spring out of the ground suitors seemed to spring out of the ground wherever she went—a sufficient cause of anxiety to the Countess her mother, her only living parent. Of these there were three in particular, whom neither her moth-er's complaints of prematurity, nor the ready raillery of the maiden herself, could effectually put off. The said gallants were a certain Sir John Gale, a Sir William Hervy and the well-known Sir George Drengchard. and the well-known Sir George Drenghard, one of the Drenghard family before mention-ed. They had, curiously enough, all been equally honored with the distinction of knighthood, and their schemes for seeing her were manifold, each fearing that one of the others would stata a moreh over birself the others would steal a march over himself. Not content with calling on every imagin-able excuse at the house of the relative with whom she sojourned, they intercepted her in rides and walks; and if any one of them chanced to surprise another in the act of paying her marked attention, the encount-er often ended in an altercation of great violence. So heated and impassioned, in-deed, would they become, that the lady hardly felt herself safe in their company at such times, notwithstanding that she was a brave and buxom damsel, not easily put out, and with a daring spirit of humor in her

and with a daring spirit of humor in her composition, if not of coquetry. On one of these occasions which had place in her relative's grounds, and was unusually bitter, threatening to result in aduel, she found it necessary to assert herself. Turning haugh-t'ly upon the pair of disputants, she de-clared that whichever should be the first to break the peace between them, whatever the provocation, that man should never be admitted to her prosence scain, could the the first to dimensional the provocation. "Hush, hush !" said she hastily. a imitted to her ne again ; and thus estly say, 'he answered. "I am not under bar to its object.

she often thought during her short married life. But he had not yet reappeared. Her heart began to be so much with him now, that she contrived to convey to him by indi-rect hints through his friends that she would not be displeased by a renewal of his former attentions. Sir William, however, misap-prehended her gentle signaling, and from ex-cellent, though mistaken, motivesof delicacy, delayed to intrude himself upon her for a long time. Meanwhile Sir John, now cre-ated a baronet, was unremitting, and she be-gan to grow somewhat piqued at the back-wardness of him she secretly desired to be forward. forward. Never mind," her friends said jestingly

"Never mind," her friends said jestingly to her, (knowing of her humorous remark, as everybody did, that she would marry them all three if they would have patience.) "Never mind; why hestitate upon the order of them? Take 'em as they come." This vexed her still more, and regretting deeply, as she had often done, that such a careless ensech should ever have messed her

deeply, as she had often done, that such a careless speech should ever have passed her lips, she fairly broke down under Sir John's importunity and accepted his hand. They were married on a fine spring morning, about the very time at which the unfort-unate Sir William discovered her prefer-ence for him, and was beginning to hasten home from a foreign Court to declare his unaltered devotion to her. On his arrival in England he learned the sad truth. in England he learned the sad truth.

In England he learned the sad truth. If Sir William suffered at her precipitan-cy under what she had deemed his neglect, the Lady Penelope herself suffered more. She had not long been the wife of Sir John She had not long been the wife of Sir John Gale before he showed a disposition to re-taliate upon her for the trouble and delay she had put him to in winning her. With increasing frequency he would tell her that, as far as he could perceive, she was an article not worth such labor as he had bestowed in obtaining it and auch surphismers as he had obtaining it, and such snubbings as he had taken from his rivals on the same account. These and other cruel things he repeated till he made the lady weep sorely, and well-nigh broke her spirit, though she had formerly been such a mettlesome dame. By degrees it became perceptible to all her friends that her life was a very unhappy one; and the

to be life was a very unhappy one; and the fate of the fair woman seemed yet the harder in that it was her own stately mansion, left to her sole use by her first husband, which her second had entered into and was enjoy-may being but a mean and weager thing the b ing, his being but a mean and meagre thing. But, such is the flippancy of friends, that

when she met them and secretly confided her grief to their ears, they would say cheerily, "Never mind; there's a third to come yet !'---at which maladroit remark she would show much indignation, and tell them they should know better than to trifle on such a solemn theme. Yet that the poor lady would have been only too happy to be the wife of the third instead of Sir John, whom she had taken, was painfully obvious, and much she was blamed for her foolish choice by some people. \* Sir William, how-ever, had returned to foreign cities on learn-ing the news of her marriage, and had never been heard of since.

been heard of since. Two or three years of suffering were pass-ed by Lady Penelope as the despised and chidden wife of this man Sir John, amid regrets that she had so greatly mistaken him, and sighs for one whom she thought never to see again ; till it chanced that her hus-band fell sick of some slight ailment. One day aiter this, when she was sitting in his room looking from the window upon the

day aiter this, when she was sitting in his room looking from the window upon the expanse in front, she beheld approaching the house on foot a form she seemed to know well. Lady Penelope withdrew silently from the sick room, and descended to the hall, whence, through the doorway, she saw entering between the two round towers which at that time flanked the gateway, Sir William Hervy, as she had surmised, but looking thin and travel-worn. She ad-vanced into the court-yard to meet him. "I was passing through Casterbridge," he said with faltering deference, "and I walked out to ask after your ladyship's health. I felt that I could do no less; and, of course, to pay my respects to your good husband,

to pay my respects to your good husband, my heretofore acquaintance. . . . But O, Penelope, th'st look sick and sorry !" "I am heartsick, that's all," said she. They see in each other an emotion which points which a state of the state of t

thus a long time with tears in their eyes. "He does not treat 'ee well, I hear," said Sir William in a low voice. "May God in heaven forgive him; but it is asking a great

hon "Nay, but I will speak what I may

It was somewhat strange that after this day, while she went about the house with husband grew vorse, and, what was more, to the surprise of all, though to the regret of few, he died a fortnight later. Sir Will liam had not called upon him as he had promised, having received a private com-munication from Lady Penelope, frankly in forming him that to do so would be inadvis-able by reason of her husband's temper. Now when Sir John was gone and his remains carried to his family burying place in another part of England, the lady began in due time to wonder whither Sir William had betaken himself. But she had been cured of precipitancy, if ever woman were,

you to hear me. It was too much, too degrad-ing. But would that I had been less proud ! They suspect me of poisoning him, William ! But I am innocent of that wicked crime. He died naturally. I loved you-too soon ; but that was all !" cured of precipitancy, if ever woman were, and was prepared to wait her whole life-time a widow if the said Sir William should that was all !' Nothing availed to save her. The worm had gnawed too far into her heart before Sir William's return for anything to be remedial now; and in a few weeks she breathed her last. After her death the peonot reappear. Her life was now passed mostly within the walls, or in promenading between the pleasance and the bowling green, and she very seldom went even so far as the high road which then 'skirted the grounds on the north, though it has now, and for many years, been diverted to the south side. Her patience was rewarded (if ble spoke louder, and her conduct became a subject of public discussion. A little later on the physician, who had attended the late Sir John, heard the runnor and came down from the place near London to which he latterly had retired with the express purpose of .calling upon Sir William Hervy, now staying in Casterbridge. He stated that, at the request of a relative of Sir John's, who wished to be assured on the matter by reason of its suddenness, he had, with the assistance of a surgeon. made a private examination of Sir John's body immediately after his decease, and found that it had resulted from purely natural causes. Nobody at this time had breathed a suspicion of foul play, and therefore nothing was said which might since ple spoke louder, and her conduct became love be in any case a reward;) for one day, many months alter her second husband's death, a messenger arrived at her gate with the intelligence that Sir William Hervy was again in Casterbridge and would be glad to know if it were her pleasure that he should wait upon her.

wait upon her. It need hardly be said that permission was joyfully granted, and within two hours her lover stood before her, a more tho ight-ful man than formerly, but in all essential respects the same man, generous, modest to diffidence, and sincere. The reserve which womanly decorum threw over her Which womanly decorum threw over her manner was but too obviously artificial, and when he said, "The ways of Providence are strange," and added after a moment "and merciful likewise," she could not conceal her agitation and burst into tears upon his neck

"But this is too soon." she said, starting back. "But no," said he. "You have passed

with a dreadful remorse at the share he had taken in her misfortunes and left the coun-try anew, this time never to return alive. He survived her but a few years, and his body was brought home and buried beside his wife's, under the tomb which is still visible in the count that is to be a still eleven months in widowhood, and it is not as if Sir John had been a good husband to

His visits grew pretty frequent now, as may well be guessed, and in a month or two he began to urgeher to an early union. But she counseled a little longer delay. "Why?" said he. "Surely I have waited long! Life is short; we are getting older every day, and I am the last of the three." "Yes," said the lady frankly. "And that is why I would not have you hasten. Our marriage may seem so strange to everybody, marriage may seem so strange to everybody after my unlucky remark on that occasion we know so well, and which so many others know likewise, thanks to talebear ers.

On this representation he conceded a little space for the sake of her good name. But the destined day of their marriage at last arrived, and it was a gay time for the villagers and all concerned, and the bells in the parish church rang from noon till night. Thus at last she was united to the man who loved her the most tenderly of them all, who but for his reticence might have been the first to win her. Often did he say to himself, "How wonderous that her words should have been fulfilled ! Many a truth hath been spoken in jest, but never a more remarkable one." The noble lady herself preferred not to dwell on the coincidence, certain shyness, if not shame, crossing er fair face at any allusion thereto. But people will have their say, sensitive

"Surely," they whisperel, "there is some third occasion took a singular shape. "Surely," they whisperel, "there is some-thing more than chance in this. . . The death of the first waspossibly natural; but what of the death of the second, who ill used her and show lavies the

who ill used her, and whom, loving the third so desperately, shemust have wished out of the way ?'

Then they pieced togener sundry trivial incidents of Sir John's liness, and dwelt upon the indubitable tuth that he had grown worse after her over's unexpected visit, till a very sinister heory was built up as to the hand she may hve had in Sir John's premature demise. But othing of this sus-picion was said openly, for she was a lady of noble birth—nobler, inced, than either of her husbands—and wha people suspected they feared to express informal accusation. The mansion that she occupied had been left to her for so long a time as she should choose to reside in it, ad, having a regard

to be for the so had costed Sir William to for the spot, she had costed Sir William to remain there. But in the end it was unfor-tunate; for one day, whn in the full tide of his happiness, he was ralking among the willows near the gardens where he overheard to the Count, saying, "This is eviwillows near the gardens where he overheard willows near the gardens where he overheard a conversation between ome basketmakers who were cutting the oters for their use. In this fatal dialogue te suspicions of the neighboring townsfolk were revealed to him for the first time, On us return home he seemed to have aged yars. But he said nathing in the oter is a substance of the secret instructions bit in the secret instructions bit is substance of the secret instructions is substance of the sec looked at the sneet and changed color. In-stead of the official letter he had by mistake handed to Bismarck the secret instructions he had received concurrently, calling upon him, while openly countenancing Prussia, to use his utmost endeavors to cause the other German states to vote against the measure. Here was Prince Bismarck's opportunity. How he used it the sequel will show. For a moment both statesmen looked at one an-other in silence. Then Bismarck said : "Don't be upset. You never intended giv-ing me the letter. Ergo, you never gave it to me; ergo, I know nothing about the whole matter." As a matter of fact Bismarck never reported the letter to Berlin. But he gained Count Rechberg's confidence, in his eyes an important conquest. for the first time. On is return home he seemed to have aged yars. But he said nothin; indeed, it was a thing impossible. And rom that hour an estrangement began. Se could not under-stand it, and simply wited. One day he said, however, "I mustgo abroad." "But why?" said she "William, have I offended you?" offended you ?" "No," said he ; "but I must go." She could coax little nore out of him, and in itself there was nothing unnatural in his departure, for he had ben a wanderer from

Family Affection Repressed.

No home can be truly happy in which the members of the family circle are ashamed to show their affection for each other. There comes a period in the life of all children, boys metionlash, when the merid a bid of the start of t particularly, when they regard a kiss or any other lovable demonstration as too babyish for them, and they shun it as they would

oison. Perhaps this is the outgrowth of neglect Perhaps this is the outgrowth of neglect on the mother's part. The care of younger-children crowds the older ones aside, and before she knows it these dear little ones have become accustomed to do without the endearments that were showered on them in infantile years, and can hardly be won back. Bishop Vincent says the average boy at the age of thirteen or thereabouts, has not a friend on earth except his mother. He is a terror to every one, but for all that his young heart yearns for a little petting and loving.

Too often we take home-love as a matter Too often we take home-love as a matter of course, just as we take the sunshine and other blessings of life; we fail to realize that it is like a plant, and that to give the best returns it must be fostered and culti-vated carefully. It is not an uncommon thing to find a household of half-grown chil-dren, who can scarcely remember when they have been kissed by father or mother, unless, perhaps. on a return from a long journey. have been kissed by father or mother, unless, perhaps, on a return from a long journey. But a good-night embrace, a little hug, a sympathizing pat on the shoulder when they are in trouble, is so remote an experience, dating back so many years, that they have utterly forgotten it. However, let one of these boys cut his hand or fall out of the haymow and get a bloody head, how quickly the whole family are alarmed, and run to his assistance with loving service 1 Through assistance with loving service ! Through his wounds he sees they really have hearts, and that they do care for him after all, and secretly he rather enjoys being bruised since it has revealed to him that his family have an interest in him beyond merely seeing that he has enough to eat and a place to sleep. How sad it is that he must nearly break his neck to find it out !

As for the attitude of the children among themselves, any loving demonstration toward each other would be almost as overwhelming

each other would be almost as overwhelming as if a cyclone had struck them. They are ashamed of the pet names of babyhood, and are distressed beyond measure if their mother addresses them as "dear" in the presence of a stranger. To grow up ignoring or cultivating a contempt for these little tendernesses makes boys boorish, and does not add one whit to their manliness or dismity. The maneres of gives are somehor dignity. The manners of girls are, somehow, less influenced by the absence of these demon-strations—at least, it is less painfully notice-able, but all the refinements of society can-not balance the gentle schooling of home, and not balance the gentle schooling of home, and although sister may not be as clownish and rude as is her brother under the same sur-roundings, yet her character soon takes on petty deceits and habitual dissimulations. This repression of the emotional side of our natures in our family life, is a grave mistake, and to it may be attributed one-half

our natures in our namity fire, is a grave mistake, and to it may be attributed one-half the heart burnings and little gnawing griefs that beset us daily. Many a good mother lives her life through, and goes to her grave misunderstood by those she would have died to serve, because she never gave expression to her real feel n.s. She has kept back her sweetest self until her chil-dren have come to regard her as unemo-tional and cold, Like begets like. This is a law from which there is no deviation. The children in turn soon learn to check any show of tenderness, until as the years go by, they have so well learned the lesson of indiffer-ence, that when they have arrived at man-hood and come to separate each to take up his own life work, they do so without a pang, and henceforth care no more for each other than for strangers.

Many years ago we were visiting in a fam-ily, and after tea were engaged in conversa-tion with the host and hostess in the parlor, tion with the host and hostess in the parlor, when the door opened and in trooped the children to say good night to papa and mam-ma. As they ran in turn to the parents, clambered on their laps or clasped them around the neck to receive a loving kiss; we thought we had never seen a lovelier sight. We have never forgotton it, and to this day whenever mention is made of home harming whenever mention is made of home happiness our mind instantly reverts to that pleasant scene in that happy country home. "It! would have looked better had the

mother and father gone to the children's room and bidden them good night, rather than have them make a show before Our dear Mrs. Punctilio, don't you know that in the beautiful innocence of childhood there are no shams—that everything is genu-ine? There little hearts are too full of love and warmth to think of stage-effects. Let cold-blood older people continue to enjoy a monopoly of repression and cultivated indif-ference, but for the sake of all that keeps life sweet, don't let us encourage it in the children children. In Mountford's "Euthanasy," we find the following pretty description of every day life: "It is to have friends to love one, it is to have a sight of dear, old faces; and, with some men, it is to be kissed daily by the same loving lips for fifty years; and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children and grandchildren and many friends."—[Garry Owen Gaines, "in Country Gentleman." children.

his wife's, under the tomb which is still visible in the parish church. Until lately there was a good portrait of her, in weeds for her first husband, with a cross in her hand, at the ancestral seat of her family, where she was much pitied, as she deserved to be. Yet there were some severe enough to say—and these not unjust persons in other respects—that though unquestionably innocent of the crime imputed to her, she had shown an unseemly wantonness in con-tracting three marriages in such rapid succession, and that the untrue suspicion might have been ordered by Providence (who often works indirectly) as a punish-ment for her self-indulgence. Upon that ment for her self-indulgence. Upon that point I have no opinion to offer.

fore nothing was said which might since have established her innocence. It being thus placed beyond doubt that this beautiful and noble lady had been done

to death by a wicked scandal that was wholly unfounded, her husband was stung

THOMAS HARDY.

# Anecdotes About Bismarck.

Prince Bismarck was on one occasion chal-Inde Dismarck was on one occasion chal-lenged to fight a duel by the Austrian states-man Count Rechberg. Both were at the time Ambassadors to the German Diet at Frank-fort. Prince Bismarck (then Herr von Bismarck Schaphausen), some found aut thet Good fort. Prince Bismarck (then Herr von Bismarck Schonhausen) soon found out that Count Rechberg was hot-tempered and passionate, but in the main honorable and good-natured. Count Rechburg, on his side, cordially dis-liked Prussia, and its astute representative, but did his best all the same to keep on amicable terms with his colleague. Both liked Prussia, and its state, cordially dis-liked Prussia, and its astute representative, but did his best all the same to keep on amicable terms with his colleague. Both officially and socially there was, however, plenty of friction between the two. On one occasion things came to such a pitch that Count Rechburg, entirely losing his self-control, passionately exclaimed, "One of my friends shall wait on you in the morning." "Why all this unnecessary delay?" Herr von Bismarck coolly replied. "In all probability you have a pair of pistols handy. Let us settle the matter immediately. While you get the things ready I shall write a report about the whole trans-action which, in case I am killed, I request you to forward to Berlin." Both set about their work. When Bismarck had finished he handed the sheet to Count Rechberg, rehanded the sheet to Count Rechberg, re questing him to examine it. Rechberg's pas sion had, in the meantime, given way to sober reflection. After having perused the report, he said, "What you say is quite correct; but is it really worth while to fight a duel for such a reason?" "That is exactly my opinion," was Bismarck's answer, and the matter ended. One day Count Rechberg called on the Drussing Archard contents of

would she effectually stultify the aggressor by making the promotion of a quarrel a distinct

While the two knights were wearing rather a crestfallen appearance at her reprimand, the third, never far off, came upon the scene, and she repeated her caveat to him 'also. Seeing, then, how great was the concern of all at her peremptory mood, the ladvis manner softened, and she said with a rougish smile

"Have patience, have patience, you fool-ish men ! Only bide your time quietly ; and, in faith, I will marry you all in turn !" They laughed heartily at this sally, all three teachers they at the sally, all

three together, as though they were the best of friends, at which she blushed, and showed some embarrassment—not having realiz-ed that her arch jest would have sounded so strange when uttered. The meeting which resulted thus, however, had its good effect in checking the bitterness of their rivalry; and they repeated her speech to their rela-tives and acquaintances with a hilarious tives and acquaintances with a hilarious frequency and publicity that the lady little divined, or she might have blushed and felt

divined, or she might have blushed and felt more embarrassment still. In the course of time the position resolved itself, and the beauteous Lady Penelope (as she was called) made up her mind; her c'hoice being the eldest of the three knights, Sir George Drenghard, owner of the man-sion aforesaid, which thereupon became her home; and her hushand, being a pleasant man, and his family, though not so noble, of as good repute as her own, all things seemed as good repute as her own, all things seemed to show that she reckoned wisely in honoring him with her preference. But what may lie behind the still and sil-

But what may lie behind the still and sil-ent veil of the future none can fortell. In the course of a few months the husband of her choice died of his convivialities, (as if, indeed, to bear out his name,) and the Lady P nelope was left alone as mistress of his house. By this time she had apparently unite forgotten her careless declaration to her lovers collectively ; but the lovers themselves had not forgotten it, and as she would now ent veil of the future none can fortell. In the course of a few months the husband of her choice died of his convivialities, (as if, "deed, to bear out his name,) and the Lady P melope was left alone as mistress of his house. By this time she had apparently oute forgotten her careless declaration to her lovers collectively : but the lovers themselves had not forgotten it, and, as she would now had not forgotten it, and, as she would now is free to take a second one of them. Sir John G de appeared at her door as early in her widowhood as it was proper and seemly to do so. She gave him little encouragement ; for of the two remaining, her best beloved was Sir William, of whom, if the truth must be told,

do so. She gave him little encouragement ; for of the two remaining, her best beloved was Sir William, of whom, if the truth must be told, only."

estly say, 'he answered. "I am not under your roof, and my tongue is free. Why didst not wait for me, Penelope, or send to me a more overt letter? I would have traveled night and day to come." "Too late, William; you must not ask it," said she, endeavoring to quiet him as in old times. "My husband just now isunwell. He will grow better in a day or two, may-be. You must call again and see him before you leave Casterbridge." As she said this their eyes met. Each was thinking of her lightsome words about tak-ing them in turn; each thought that two-th'rds of that promise had been fulfilled.

birds of that promise had been fulfilled. But, as if it were unpleasant to her that this recollection should have arisen, she spoke again quickly: "Come again" in a day or two, when my husband will be well

Sir William departed without entering the house, and she returned to Sir John's chamber. He, rising from his pillow, said, "To whom hast been talking, wife, in the courty and i he arguested the cure She here itated and he represented the cure She hesitated, and he repeated the ques

tion more impatiently. "I do not wish to tell you now," said she.

"I do not wish to tell you now," said she. "But I wooll know !" said he. Then she answered. "Sir William Hervy." I "By G-1 I thought as much !" cried Sir John, drops of perspiration standing on his white face. "A skulking villain ! A sick man's ears are keen, my lady. I heard the lover-like tones, and he called 'ee by your Christian name. These be your in-trigues. my lady, when I am off my legs a while !"

"On my honor," cried she, "you do me a wrong. I swear I did not know of his coming !

his youth. In a few days he started off, apparently quite another man than he who had rushed to her sideso devotedly a few months before.

It is not known when or how, the rumors, which were thick in the stmosph re around her, actually reached the Lady Penelope's ear, but that they did reach her there is no doubt. Then a reason for her husband's departure occurred to her appalled mind, and a loss of health became quickly apparent. She dwindled this in the face, and the veins in her temples could all be distinctly traced. An inner fire seemed to be wither-ing her away. Her rings fell off her fingers, and her arms huig like the flails of the thrashers, though hey had till lately been so round and beautiful. She wrote to her husband repeatedly, begging him to return to her; but he, being in extreme and wretched doubt—moreover, knowing noth-ing of her ill health, and never suspecting that the rumors had reached her also-deemed absence best, and postponed his re-turn a while, giving valous good reasons for his delay. At length, however, when the Lad / Penel-ope had given birth to a till-born child, her mother, the countess, adressed a letter to Sir William, requesting him to come back to her if he wished to see hir alive, since she was wasting away of some nysterious disease, which seemed to be cathelimental than phy-It is not known when, or how, the rumors

was wasting away of some nysterious disease, which seemed to be rathermental than phy-

## The Management of Sheep.

The successful shepherd has his eye con-tinually on his flock at this season of the year. This winter nothing on the farm pro-mises better returns than the flock of sheep year. This winter nothing on the farm pro-mises better returns than the flock of sheep; therefore the encouragement to give them special care; look them over carefully, and if you find any ticks, secure some Persias insect powder, place it in a box or can with perforated lid; open the wool on the sides of the sheep and sprinkle, continue this along the sides, and if good powder is used the ticks will grow beautifully less. Furnish salt and sulphur, four-fifths salt to one-fifth sulphur in troughs in a shed so the flock has free access to it at all times. A sheep can live without water, but always does best when supplied with plenty of pure water. A mixed ration has always given me the best results. Clover hay, straw and corn fodder, with corn, oats, bran and oil meal; also ensilage or roots are good for the flock. Coarse fodders should be fed alternately and the grains mixed, for the best results.-[G. McKerrow in Farm, Field and Stockman.

Be courageous and noble-minded ; our own hearts and not other men's opinions of us, form our true honor

### Light for Life.

Light for Life. Take a useful lesson from the plant grown in cellar or other dark place. All the fibres are soft and easily broken down. This, to a degree, represents the condition of the colt or other animal deprived of light and exer-cise. Exposure of the whole surface to light and air give great vigor to all the tissues. The shaded portions of the body of animals have a thinner skin and a paler color of hair than upon the upper portions of the body. Tropical birds, much exposed to sunlight and heat, have highly colored plumage. That side of an apple or peach exposed to light and sun grows larger, assumes a richer tint than the shaded side, illustrating the rule that prevades all nature. The stabling should be planned with these principles in wiew.—Prairie Farmer.

An Ottawa correspondent writes to the Portland "Oregonian:" "President Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific railroad thinks that a journey around the world will be made in thirty-eight days, within a few years. This will be when the great trans-Asiatic nailroad across Russia is complete, with shine crossing the Pacific in fixe days Ashter harroad across Fussia is complete, with ships crossing the Pacific in five days, and the journey from Atlantic to Pacific made in four days, which can be done to-day. All that will be needed will be close connections between boat and rail at every