

THE FARMER'S GRINDSTONE.—No tool is more essential on the farm than a good grindstone; it is therefore necessary that every farmer should have one, and know how to take proper care of it. Formerly, the only grindstones used in the United States were imported from England. Then the Nova Scotia stones were introduced, and found to be a great improvement on the English ones. Ohio grindstones then made their appearance, and are largely used by farmers throughout the West. Last and best of all, the Lake Huron grindstones were put into the market, and they are superseding all others, as they have a fine, sharp grit, and leave a fine edge. A grindstone should always be kept under cover, as exposure to the sun's rays hardens the grit and injures the frame. The stone should not run in water, or stand in water when not in use, as this causes soft places. The water should be allowed to drip from some vessel placed above the stone, and the drip should be stopped when the stone is not in use. All greasy or rusty tools should be cleaned before sharpened, as grease or rust choke up the grit. The stone should be kept perfectly round.—*Hamilton Times.*

It requires ten or twelve acres of land to support one person on meat alone; for one acre employed in feeding cattle only produces eight or ten ounces per day, and it requires from five to ten pounds of flesh a day to support one man if he lives on flesh alone. The quantity of land required to keep one ox will produce an abundant supply of vegetable food for at least four persons. One acre of wheat, barley, oats, or corn, will support two or three persons; one of potatoes or yams, enough nourishment for nine persons; and Humboldt estimates that an acre planted with bananas is sufficient to support fifty men.

COST OF CATTLE FREIGHT.—The first shipment of cattle through by rail direct from Chicago to Lewiston, Me., arrived at that place one day a short time ago on the Grand Trunk Railroad. They were about six days on the way, and the cost of forwarding was about \$85 per car. The whole expense, including care and feeding, was about \$10 per head. The cattle were taken out and fed and watered every twenty-four hours, and allowed once or twice a rest of twelve hours on the way. They shrank sixty pounds a head, and came out in good condition.

Our readers may have observed that when treating of laying land down to grass, or the after management of pasture, we have laid great stress on the use of the roller, not only at the time when the grass seeds are sown, but also afterward. We should, perhaps, have been more particular when mentioning the roller to have laid stress upon its weight. The light wooden roller so much in use, is for the most part, quite inefficient; and in the case of grass land, it might as well be rolled with a quart bottle as with one of them.—*[Irish Farmer's Gazette.]*

Mr. Thomas Duckham, the English judge of cattle at the Centennial, who resides at Baysham Court, near Ross, Herefordshire, is well known as a successful farmer, but has attained greater celebrity as the editor of the Herd Book of Hereford Cattle. He has been visiting the Western States during the past week or two, and is now paying a visit to Canada, with which he expresses himself as highly pleased.

The parsnip has many valuable qualities which commend it to both farmer and gardener. Hogs and bullocks are fattened upon it in a very short space of time, and the flesh is considered of superior flavor, while in cows it produces an extraordinary yield of milk, having a rich color and affording butter of excellent quality.—*Schenck's Gardener's Text Book.*

Dr. Jenkins has returned from Philadelphia. His trotting Stallion "Royal Harry" took first honors in the trotting class, over 5 years old, and as a Roadster Stallion, he excited general admiration. The "Royal Harry," we learn, brought P. E. Island more into notice than did all the other productions of the Island at the Exhibition.—*Patriot, P. E. I.*

There are said to be 18,000 sq. miles of coal in the Province of Nova Scotia, or about one-third more than in Great Britain, which contains 11,900 miles. The deposits probably equal all the coal in Europe, Russia not included.

A very large quantity of pressed hay is being shipped from the neighborhood of Cartwright, per Windsor and Lake Superior Line, to Mr. J. P. Donnelly, at Bear Island, Lake Superior.

The Story.

A Proud Wife.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER FIRST—(Continued.)

"Yes!" he repeated wonderingly. "You could have remained in England, and with those great talents with which heaven had endowed you, have made your way as successfully—if not as rapidly—as in the land wherein you found your fortune. I think—though it may be only my poor opinion—that genius never dies neglected, but finds its way into the foreground, backed by honesty and perseverance; I do not believe in the cant of clever men being kept down by opposition."

"But you were not satisfied with life here, or life with me, and you went abroad, Gilbert."

"Without a dissenting word from you—almost at your wish."

"Ah, I should have spoken out then, not now. I acknowledge that mistake. I left it for your heart to see. I thought that you understood me, and that, with eyes wilfully blinded, you went your way alone."

"If you had accompanied me—"

"Again I interrupted him. 'If I had accompanied you, I should have been the drag upon your efforts, your freedom, as I had been in England, and have marred many of those projects which without me you have carried out. I might have lived to have heard your reproaches for depriving you of the one opportunity of independence that had been offered you, and you would have found no solace in my sympathy, or in my sorrows at your own ill-fate. I accept that view of the case—you married too early. You were better without me abroad, you are better without me now.'

"And have I struggled on for years to receive this welcome home?"

"This is my home, Gilbert, not yours. I have learned contentment within it. I leave me to its enjoyment, if you please."

"You set me apart from you—you tell me that you have outlived all the love you had for me, then?" he cried passionately.

"I tell you, Gilbert, that were you dearer to me than you have ever been, my pride would not let me return to your side. I am glad to hear that you are rich, but I cannot share those riches with one who would not let me share his poverty. You earned them for yourself, not for me. You have for years distrusted my power to be of service to you, and you have so surely proved that you were right, and could rise in the world more effectually without my encouragement and love, that I cannot face the humiliation of that independence which my absence from you has only helped you to create. I will not go back to your home—I will have no interest in your greatness."

He was in earnest in his efforts to make me regard less sternly the prospect in advance of me, but I resisted and kept strong. If he had reasoned less with me and told me more of his old love, I might have wavered, heaven knows, for I was a woman who had suffered much, and he by his selfishness had sorely injured me. He was angry, and thought only that my love had died away in the years that had intervened since we said good-bye to one another, and his parting words would have kept me at arm's length of him, had my courage been inclined to give way at the last moment.

"You have learned to love some one else better than me, and this is your excuse. Be it so, madam. I will not trouble you again."

Then he seized his hat and went out into the hot roadway, with a fierce look upon his face. This was the meeting to which I had looked forward for long years, and thus in my pride I cast myself away from him, and preferred the misery of life without him to the grandeur of a home I had not helped to raise.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE CRISIS.

I thought that Gilbert would have written to me after awhile, renewing, perhaps, his wishes by letter; or when a week or two had elapsed, that he would have called upon me to inquire if my resolution were final, and all was really at an end between us. But my pride had aroused his own, and I heard not from him again. We had chosen our separate paths, and we were of strong wills, that could pursue them to the end. We made no allowance for by-gones, and we let the time pass on, and widen the gulf between us.

I read of him as Mr. Graham, the celebrated engineer—the man who had carried forward some successful works in that country where he had not cared to take me, and who had constituted himself already an authority on those great problems which it took the wisest heads of his circle to solve. I read of him as receiving a special appointment which was a fortune in itself, and I was glad for his sake that all the fame for which he had longed and for which he had striven had come in the full tide of his strength and manhood. I knew that every fresh success took him further from me, that there were no apologies that I could make in which he would believe, and that my own pride had destroyed every hope of a return to him. I could not say, "You are famous and rich, I will come to you?" and his seemed not the generous spirit which would make a second concession. I believed that he was glad to be rid of me, that—heaven help me!—there was some one younger and fairer whom he loved, and who was, perhaps, waiting for my death to share his successful life; that I was the blot on all that rejoicing which should naturally be his now.

I strove to forget him in the books I wrote; I was grateful to that gift which shut him from me for a while. I worked hard and incessantly, and became, under the literary name that I had assumed, better known than I had anticipated. I saved money very fast, and I grew more pale-faced and old-fashioned than when my looks had startled Gilbert on the summer day he came to tell me how rich he was. Ah! if he had only told me how rich he was in love still, how he had looked forward to meeting me again, what a misery of thought we might have spared each other.

I kept to my country home, thinking that he might return some day, and he sent me instead his solicitor, a tall, white-haired old gentleman, who had come to propose terms for a mutual separation, to offer me, on behalf of Mr. Graham, the sum of five hundred pounds a year.

"I will sign no needs—I will have none of Mr. Graham's money," I repeated passionately. "Inform your client that I am quite able to support myself."

"You do not see that it is Mr. Graham's consideration for you that induces him to make this proposition," said the solicitor. "If incompatibility of temper will not allow you and him to live together, still, as his wife, you—"

"Sir, I will hear no more. If it were a question of dying of starvation, or touching a penny of that amount which you would place at my disposal, I would prefer to starve."

"I am sorry to see that you are still inveterate against Mr. Graham," said the lawyer, "that your peculiar views of his duties and your own still form barriers in the way of any better understanding of each other."

"I bowed very stiffly to this, and after a few common-places the man of law took his departure, and went back to report on my stubbornness and my intensity of hate. I guessed all that he would say; but I was too proud—still too proud—to try and explain for myself that it was my husband's love I yearned for, and for nothing else."

Thus three years more passed away, and I had settled down to my life, and looked not forward to anything brighter or better till the end was reached, when the great panic came at which men covered a little while ago. A considerable portion of my savings was swept away. The bank in which my money had been deposited for interest was crushed like an egg-shell by the iron pressure of the money market, and one read of nothing but ruin in the papers. I read of my husband's ruin in the record of the unfortunates who had gone down in the storm; of his railway speculations and contracts, and now he, with fifty others like him, were swept upon the world to face the bankruptcy court and utter shame. The world had no mercy on him then, no consideration for his genius, or his own belief in those who had entangled him in the meshes of a great contractor's business which proved unsound and almost fraudulent. The honor of Gilbert Graham was at stake, and the press laughed at his dreamy explanations, and had no mercy on him.

It was I who understood Gilbert, not the world. I knew the extent of his ambition, the depth of his faith in strangers who could flatter him and yet be plausible, the weakness of his character which trusted too readily at first, and the honour that was in him, and which set his own name the first thing in his heart—say, a long way first, or he and I had never been parted for a day. In his misfortune I knew the depth of my love for him, how much of pride had kept me back when my affection would have led me to his feet to ask forgiveness. I thought that he had long outlived all love for me, that he had only sought me out for duty's sake, and that I had played into his hands, and given him my peace and independence by holding forever aloof. But now that he was in trouble—very wretched, very poor and friendless, with the world against him, a world of unfortunates calling him a schemer, I found the strength of will to face him, or the courage to give up that strength of will which had kept me so long apart from him.

It was in the house which he was to resign to-morrow that I met him. There were bills of sale of the furniture upon the walls by order of the Court of Bankruptcy, and in one room of the splendid mansion that had been his, I found my way unannounced by the servant, whom I had bribed not to precede me.

It was my turn to be surprised at the change which disappointment had made in him. He had aged indeed in his lower estate, he had grown grayer than myself now, and all my pride melted away to see him in his fall.

"Ellen, you here?" he said, half-rising, and sinking like an invalid back into his chair wherein he had been poring over the figures which were never to come right. "I did not expect to hear from you again."

He spoke coldly, almost harshly, but no stern tones of his could daunt me in the days of his disgrace. I was only proud when he was rich and famous.

"You are surrounded by trouble, Gilbert, and I—I wish so much to share it with you."

"This is no place for you—no fitting time to distress me by your presence," he said, turning away his face.

"Oh! do not say that I distress you now; but consider me the wife again, the friend—if you will let me, even the counsellor."

"I am disgraced—irretrievably disgraced. They will tell you outside there that I have schemed to rob the widow and orphan of their heritage, and that my downfall is fair retribution."

"They will make many cruel charges of which our consciences will hold us blameless, Gilbert, and together we may begin the world again. I have not come," I said timidly, "to hamper you with a wife at a time when all your energy may be requisite to surmount the barriers in your way, as you have surmounted them without me before this, but to ask you to let me work for you till the clouds have somewhat cleared. I—I could not come without being of help to you, knowing all that parted us when we were poor."

This was not the old pride setting itself up strangely at the last, but the old fear that he should think that I added to his difficulties, when he needed much support. He thought it was the old pride until he understood me better, until, for the first time in his life, I let him see the whole truth which had rendered me unhappy.

"Yes—I was wrong and selfish, Nell," he murmured. "No—I was wrong in my resolves, and selfish in my determination, for all the grief it brought to me," I confessed.

"We were both wrong in our ways of making things come right," he said; "but I was not content, and here I sit the moral to a life's ambition. But it was not want of love that took me first away from you, and you might have been more merciful, more womanly, knowing that truth so well when the old love brought me back."

"Ah! a woman sees nothing well when she is jealous and at a distance from the loved one; and you—you spoke, Gilbert, of the money you had brought back, not the past affection."

"Yes—I see my mistake, and you must learn in time to forgive me."

"Ah! forgiven now, as the wife is forgiven all the stubbornness and pride engendered by her love for you? You will say that?"

He said it with a lip that faltered very much; he spoke of his own firmness, which would not make one step towards me after I had repelled his wishes so coldly and indignantly.

Our last quarrel was over, and we began the world together, an old-fashioned, grey-haired couple, who had sukked with each other for years, and preferred to be misunderstood rather than make one step away from that selfish dignity which preyed upon all peace.

Thus we began together the new life. We were very happy now, and working onwards patiently. If we look back at times at the gloomy retrospect wherein all past enmities lie buried, it is not to utter one reproach, but to read our lesson from it.

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