

Any other color cock—1 and 2, W. Fox. Any other color Hen—1, R. Burroughs; 2, W. Fox.

ANTWERPS—Short-faced any color Cock—1 and 2, W. Fox. Toronto. Long-faced Blue Cock—1, W. Fox; 2, J. L. Groves, Toronto. Long-faced Blue Hen—1 and 2, W. Fox. Hobden, Toronto. Long-faced Blue Hen—1 and 2, W. Fox. Silver or Dun Hen—1 and 2, W. Fox. Blue or Black Chequer Hen—1 and 2, W. Fox. Blue or Black Chequer Hen—1 and 2, W. Fox.

TRUMPETERS—Pair—1, H. Hutson; 2, W. Fox, Toronto.

TURBITS—Red or Yellow Cock—1 and 2, W. Fox, Toronto. Red or Yellow Hen—1 and 2, W. Fox. Any other color, pair—1, W. Fox; 2, H. Hutson.

SWALLOW—Any color, pair—W. Fox, Toronto; 2, R. Burroughs, Toronto.

NUNS—Any color, pair—1, H. Hutson; 2, W. Fox, Toronto.

OWLS—English Blue Cock—1 and 2, W. Fox, Toronto. English Blue Hen—1 and 2, W. Fox. English Black or Yellow Cock—1, W. Fox; 2, R. Burroughs, Toronto. English Black or Yellow Hen—1, W. Fox; 2, R. Burroughs, Toronto. African, any color Cock—1 and 2, W. Fox. African, any color Hen—1 and 2, W. Fox. Any other variety, not specified in this List, pair—1, W. Fox; 2, R. Burroughs.

Best pair Black Barb Pigeons—Diplomas, W. Barber & Co., Toronto. Best pair Dun Carrier Pigeons—Diploma, W. Fox, Toronto.

POULTRY APPLIANCES—Incubator—Silver medal, Gerrard Incubator Co., Toronto. Artificial Mother—Bronze medal, Gerrard Incubator Co. Brooder—Diploma, W. Crowie, St. Catharines.

Family Circle.

A Midnight Tragedy.

1
Three little mice
All in a row;
Three little tails
Waggle to and fro.

2
Six little eyes
Bright as any bead;
Looking round so sharp
See what mousies need.

3
Lithe tawny form
Crouched upon the floor;
Big green eyes
Peek thro' crack of door.

4
O, very still
Creeps each tiny mouse—
Hark! What squeaks
Echo thro' the house?

5
One 'tween her teeth,
One in each forepaw;
My! What a feast
Has grim pussy's maw;

AUGUSTA E. TOWNER.

THE TALE OF "SUSAN NIPPER,"

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN, THOROUGHBRED.

BY F. E. H. RAYMOND.

"Uncle Smith is gone."
"Gone where?"
"Why, Kate! John means that he is dead!"
"O-oh!" She tried to look sober, but smiled. It was very silly.
"There, mamma—I know I'm a dunce; you needn't frown to emphasize the fact; but in a case like this, where is the use of repining?"
"When did it occur?" asked Mrs. Emslie.
"About two weeks ago. I received word yesterday that I was mentioned in the will."
"Sensible old gentleman. I think I could have mourned him, if I had known him. I hope your portion was large."
"As large as that of all the rest."
"How much?"
"Katharine! I'm disgusted with you. So will John be."
"Not a bit, mother, dear. Leave me to manage Jack. I shall have to soon, you know."
The handsome fellow beamed upon her; he had no fear of her management.
"You needn't smile, sir. It's going to be serious for you. See here. She held forth a volume with a glittering title: "How to Manage a Husband. By one of the Managers."
"Where did you get that thing?"
"Lettie Stone sent it. She is the author, and it's making her famous."
"She is an old maid."
"That doesn't matter, it sells all the same. But tell me about your legacy; what is it?"
"A cow."
"A—what?"
"A cow; neither more nor less."
"Was the man insane?"
"Not at all. He really hadn't much to dispose of, and he portioned it out equally."
"Humph! What did the rest get?"
"One had the cottage; another, a few bank shares; Henry, a few acres of ground. The division was fair enough. I am satisfied."
"Inheriting a cow! It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard!"
Off Katharine went in a gale of laughter, but presently observed that her mirth was unshared by the others.

Mrs. Emslie looked perplexed; she was practical, and anything out of the common annoyed her. Jack seemed perfectly serene and content.

"Perhaps you would like to hear about 'Susan Nipper'?"

"And who is she, pray?"

Kate sat down beside him to listen.

"My legacy. She is a valuable Holstein."

"And why 'Susan Nipper'?"

"Because she is a registered thoroughbred. No other animal can ever bear her name."

"None in its senses would wish."

"Perhaps not. She is young; she will be more famous by and by. Even now she is worth two thousand dollars."

"John Lansing—a cow! Humph!"

"Yes. I was offered that this morning by Mr. Sampson, of Holbridge Farm."

"Well—but why didn't you take it?"

"I preferred 'Susan Nipper.'"

"And what are you going to do with her?"

"Keep her."

"As an attraction, in the store?"

"I fancy there was sufficient 'method' in Uncle John's madness. He knew me when a little shaver, and how I loved a farm; and was always an advocate of every one following 'their bent.' Agriculture was my desire—a drygoods store my fact."

Now I'm going to sell out and buy some land."

Katharine was speechless with astonishment, and Mrs. Emslie prudently left the scene.

"You do not look pleased, darling."

"I am not, I assure you."

"Then I am very sorry."

He drew her close, and smoothed the pretty curls in his tender, awkward way.

"You can't be in earnest, Jack, dear."

"Never more so in my life. It is generally a trifle which turns the course of a man's life, and uncle's legacy has turned mine. You know I have often talked of this."

"Oh, yes! when you are old and retired from business. I wouldn't mind that. Cousin Walter has a farm and an elegant Queen Anne house, and lots of servants. That is nice enough, and the only kind of farming which would suit me."

"You don't know, dear. Why, my sweetest dream is to see you fitting about, caring for our simple but comfortable home, with plenty of room to live, without stifling ourselves in a 'flat,' our own broad fields about us, and no restrictions on enjoying 'the grass.' Then, in the winter, with a cozy sleigh and good horse to carry us over the glittering roads. Here a sleigh-ride is an extravagance for us."

For a moment the pleasant picture her lover drew woke a mild enthusiasm in the gayety-loving heart, but it soon vanished.

"Jack, I will never marry a farmer." The angry flush in the beautiful face emphasized the tone.

"Hush, Kate! don't say things without thinking."

"No, I will not 'hush'! and I am thinking."

She sprang up and paced the narrow parlor, whence—in true city fashion—God's daylight was excluded, her dainty white tea-gown trailing over the carpet. Finally she paused before the long mirror.

"I look like it, don't I? A farmer's wife—I!"

Now, Katharine Emslie was in truth a lovely girl, not a bit more vain than was good for her; just enough to make her study her own apparel to achieve the best results, and she succeeded in being always charming. She shrank from things ugly and coarse, and—well, she had seen this despised class of women times and times! She knew!

Last Summer at Neversink, and the year before among the Berkshires; in those long, delightful drives, when Jack was taking his vacation with mamma and her. He would stand and gossip with the men, till every old "hayseed" in the community knew and had a kind word for him; while she would watch and pity the wives, in untidy gowns and barren of "frizzes."

Still, there was a piece of work before her, if she was to banish "agriculture" from that obstinate Lansing head over on the sofa-pillow. Preparing to begin the siege, she was disconcerted by the first remark.

"She has beautiful eyes, large and mild."

"Who says that?"

"Susan Nipper."

"Indeed! my rival?"

"Ridiculous, Kate!"

"Isn't it true?"

"Certainly it is not. I thought, at first, that I would sell her; but she looked at me—"

"And that settled the matter."

"Exactly. Depend upon it, there is a destiny, etc. I was a farmer born. I love the soil; the very odor of it is sweet to me; and to own it, to work in it, to enjoy the freedom of a life in the open fields—oh! I wonder I have ever imprisoned myself in town so long."

"If you had not, you would not have met—me!"

"True, sweetheart—another proof of 'destiny'—but now that I have you, I am free to live out my nature."

"I thought a wife—that is to be—had an interest in—in—her husband's plans." The shyness and the blushes were irresistible. John did what any other lover would have done.

"Ah, yes! a true wife like my Kate!"

"But you have decided without consulting me."

"Why dear girl, you shall settle all the details, even as to the locality; although, for your sake, I prefer Glastonbury, where your cousin Walter lives."

"Jack, very slowly and bewitchingly, 'I am not going to marry a farmer. Pardon my contradicting you.'"

"So you said. Pardon my contradicting you." He tried to kiss her pouting lips, but she drew back.

"No; you are in earnest—so am I. I will not be like those dreadful women."

"You can never be anything but the sweetest in the world."

"Then you won't give up the notion?"

"I cannot; it is not a 'notion.' In such a life lies my success. We are made what we are; we cannot remodel ourselves."

"Then eccentricity runs in your family, and—excuse me—I am afraid of it. Though you may have had a fancy for it, you had no intention of farming till your uncle died and left you—a cow! Immediately you give up a good business—"

"Which I detest!"

"And put your fortune into a pasture for your cow! I object to have my life ruined, and you forthwith trample my prejudices under foot to indulge the desires of a beautiful, mild-eyed cow! If I rightly understand, the line has now to be drawn between your wife—and this—cow!"

She had risen and gone away from him, speaking with a distinct inimitable sarcasm.

"Come, darling, don't let us keep this up any longer. Of course it is to make no difference in our lives together; our wedding-day is fixed, thank God! and our home shall be ready."

"No, John." She put out her hand with a forbidding gesture, and all the color left her face.

"You have chosen your life, and I choose mine; they do not lie together. Here is your ring. I wish you success, and joy—of 'Susan Nipper!'"

"Sweetheart!" But the slim figure ascending the stair did not turn back, and there was temper as well as obstinacy in "the Lansing head," so the door was closed between them.

"Mamma, I have 'broken off' with Mr. Lansing."

"Very well, dear. Then we will go abroad for a year or two."

They did; and for many a month neither heard or knew aught more of the would-be farmer, though Katharine wisely opined that since he was quite free to select his own "locality," it would not be Glastonbury, or any place near relatives of hers.

They tired of Europe at last, for though Kate was gay, she was restless, and her mother was glad enough to improve the first suggestion to "go home."

There they found a letter waiting.

"My dear, Cousin Walter writes that Emily is miserable, the children and the servants running wild; and he wants us to come up for a few weeks and help him out. Are you willing?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Don't be so indifferent. I, too, would prefer the quiet of home, but I feel under obligations to him. He has managed my business most kindly and faithfully since your father died."

"We will go, of course."

Mr. Emslie's hobby was scientific farming, and the Long Acre estate a magnificent one; and he who had not visited this "lion" of the county had missed a glimpse of fairy-land.

"You are not going to send those beautiful animals to a country fair?" expostulated Katharine.

"Certainly; I believe in this kind of life, and all farmers, great or small, must make an exhibit of their best to encourage their neighbors."

"I should think it would discourage them to compete with your stock. It is a foregone conclusion that you will capture all the prizes."

Cousin Walter smiled; he would rather take "first premium" at the forthcoming exposition than be bank president.

"I don't know—I don't know," he said contentedly rubbing his hands. "I thought I had the finest of everything in my line; but, perfect as my herd is, there is one creature I covet."

"And what is that?"

"A beautiful Holstein-Friesian, whose record beats even my 'Maggie Darragh's.' She is owned by a long-headed chap who runs the small farm next mine."

"Why don't you buy her?"

"Can't. Have offered him four thousand, but money seems no inducement. However, she and 'Maggie' are to compete at this fair, and if my neighbor comes out ahead—why, I'll have her, if I have to double my offer."

Katharine felt but little interest in the "Farmers' Show"; yet when the pastures of Long Acre were emptied of their splendid herds, they looked strangely lonely to her; and on the second morning of the exhibition she was quite ready to accept her cousin's invitation to visit the grounds.

"I shall have to leave you alone, though, most of the time. You see, I have so many 'entries' to look after."

"Is your neighbor's cow here?"

His face fell. "Oh, but she's a royal beauty! Not a blemish in her, and at yesterday's milking contest, five quarts ahead of famous 'Maggie Darragh.' I don't know how it will be to-day, but I fear the issue."

"There is no perfect happiness, Cousin Walter. All the world envies you, and you—envy a poor farmer."

"Can't be very poor and own 'Susan Nipper!'"

"Who?"

Kate visibly started. "Susan Nipper."

"Strange! I knew a cow—I mean, I heard of one—of that name."

"Must have been this one then."

"Why? Can't there be two?"

"Not in registered thoroughbreds. Names may be similar, not identical. But the animal you—were acquainted with—may it not have been a Holstein?"

"Yes it was."

"Then it's my neighbor's, and you'll have an opportunity to renew civilities. Was it in Hol-land?"