sluggish water—the water so hard of hearing—stirred, and this time it seemed to her tha

once relaxed her purpose. She was convince that she had seen the water move in obedience

to her will, and not till it over-leaped the barrier which confined it and dashed over its

edge before her eyes would she be satisfied,

for then she would know that a fierce storn

would be raging on the wide waste of waves over which that "false deevil Davie" was now

naking his way. She had seen the water

nent-she had afterward seen it rise and fall

So she told herself, and so she believed; then darkness had come. Darkness might come—

her hopes were strong; she felt absolutely confident that if daylight would but return

for a minute or two she would now see mimi

vaves swelling higher and higher until their

tiny heads tossed themselves in tiny white crests, and it would not be one wave only

that she would see, but wave succeeding wave at measured intervals, each rising and

falling and rising again, but always more and more angrily. She gloated over the thought, and repeated her rhyme still more fiercely, and

though the darkness was now complete, her

gaze was more intense than ever. She was weary and faint with fatigue, but it was only

the dull thing called body which felt fatigue

ner spirit was brighter and stronger and still

more resolute than ever; and so she sat, until suddenly an angry gust of wind dashed against

She looked up. All was dark' but when she tottered to the window, she saw a faint

ragment of a moon over which the clouds were driving fast. Again she heard the wind

as it swept round her frail cottage in menacing and wrathful gusts. The wind was ris

outside, and in the window-seat sat th

oor girl whom she loved better than any ne living—the daughter of her own dearly oved lost daughter. She was sleeping with

her head lying against the window-sill. Elsie could not see her, but she put out her

hand, and felt her warm, soft throat and hair. "Sleep away, my honey," said she,

kindly, "sleep while thou art able. I'm feared the wind will not let thee sleep

The girl did steep, and the old woman left

her and went and sat down by the embers of her fire, listering to the howling of the wind,

and wondering what news she should hear

fatigue and excitement, she herself fell into a sound sleep. The morning she awoke, chill-

ed to the very bone. She was sitting by her burnt-out the cold and desolate. It was

still dark, and she did not know how to find

She has crent her ways into hed and

hands failed her, the sparks glanced aside and she was forced to give up the attemp

At last day broke ; but though she saw her

rutches near her, she felt too numb to trust

saw how bright it was, her eyes turned to the

bed to look for Pheebe.

The bed was empty. She rubbed her eyes

ut Phœbe was not there, and when she say

this a terrible thought came into her mind,

and straightway she rose to her feet and walk-ed across the room without her crutches—a

She tried to call Phoebe-her voice refused

to form an articulate sound. She opened the nouse door and looked out. All was fair and

alm and bright. The sun was glittering

open as that of a child, seemed to be shifting an abswer to the sun's caress, but the base of the cliff was veiled with a tender mist be

driven spray, and on the shore lay a broad

riven upward far above high-water mark b

Elsie was looking at this, two fishermen came

oward her they were on their way to her

"You maybe do not know about it, mis

ress?" said one of them doubtfully.
"Have ye comed here for to tell me that l

ave lost my bairn?" said the old woman. to

"She might happen to come round, but they're all sadly afeared she won't, "replied

They went there with her for readiness, whe

they got her out."

"Got her cut! What's comed to her? Is

she drounded? My Phæbe! My own bonnie

the men to the other.
"No, tell me any way, but tell me quick

nivver till a few minutes back knew any different than that she was lying safe in bed

there, inside the house. I nivver went to bed mysel'; I dropped asleep by the fire."

"Ye slept last night!" cried both the mentonished. "Ye could sleep? There was

that wind at our end of the town, that I was

afeard it would ding our chimbley down, I was, indeed, and there was dirty weather out at sea. Law your Phoebe when she first cam'

out, though somehow or other I lost her after We were all hurrying down to the harbour fo

to render what assistance we could, when all in the wild of the night, down ran a figure by

us, and at first go off I reely thowt it was a

spectre, but it was your bonnie Phebe, poor lass! 'And what's the guns all firing for so terrible, Mr. Duncan? shesaid, said she to me.

and what can all them lights be about?"

she was so terrible anxious-like, for she was

a girl born and bred by the sea; so I said, said I, 'Honey, it's a boat—a fishing-boat has been drove ashore, and is lying there a wreck;'

think mysel' she mun just ha' said that beca

tied to know why all that was being do

You tell her—tell her kind," said one of

'She's lying at Atkinson's, by the shore

whom knowledge of the truth seemed to

us suddenly and strangely given.

their eyes grave and kind, and their

use. Their faces were full of rough pity,

the force of the gale of the night. Whi

ing sea-weeds, heaped up, and

hing she had not done for five years.

was a bright autumn morning, and when

rself to them. There was no gale now. It

and to sit where she was awhile longer

No answer was returned.

and praised forever and for evermore !"

sparkle with the first faint impulse of me

Thomas Carlyle,

From Punch. Shut fast the door! Let not our vulgar din Vex the long rest of patriarchal age; But one step more eternal peace to win, England's Philosopher! old Chelsea's Sage!

How they will greet him! when he nears the nome here dwell the deathless spirits of the dead-he and Schiller, sovereign souls, will come crown with immortelles his honoured head

Out from the unknown shore, the heroes past Cromwell of England, Frederick the Great-Will lead the grand procession, and recast The roll of genius that he joined so late.

What will his message bo, from life to death Grand hero worshipper of years ago? "Is England true?" they!l ask him in one bre "Faithful to history?" He'll answer No! To this indictment he must pledge his word— What warrant else could an historian sign?— He lived through England's triumph, but With dying ears the shudder of decline.

Perchance the revolution and the shame That like black shadows crossed the Cor Were spared him dying! Whisper not their

Shut fast the door. He's sleeping. Close the

## RIGGED WITH CURSES DARK

can o'ercast the night and cloud the moon, 'mak' the deils obedient to her crune.

-Gentle Shephere On a cold October afternoon many years ago, two women were sitting in a cettage which looked on the small harbour of St. Aidan's. One, a remarkable pretty but pale and delicate looking-girl of eighteen, was gazing intently on the sea; the other, her aged grandmother, was spinning, or rather was sitting by her spinning-wheel, but she was doing no work, and it was easy to see that the minds of both were so full of some one subject of absorbing interest that every one subject of absorbing interest that everything else was as nothing to it. Within the house all was dull; without it all was cheerless to the last degree of cheerlessness. An east wind was making itself felt, as it so frequently does in the north, by wiping out all colour from the landscape. The sky was leaden, the sea inky, every trace of green was expunged from leaf and shrub and herbage, and in its place the eye rested only on dull and dirty sandy greys. The wind was blowing briskly ring before it along the surface of the road long swirling wreaths of dust, or making them dance over the bare tracts of ground where the life of all vegetation had long ago been stamped out by the children of St. Aidan's, who made their nursery out of doors. St. Aidan's was not a large place. Two or three rows of red-brick, red-tiled houses were huddled together on the side of the steep hills which closed in the bay and harbour. These houses were for the most part occupied by a patient and much-enduring race of fishermen, but during the herring season they were crowded by other fishermen, who came from almost every sea-port from John O'Groat's house to the Land's End to struggle to possess themselves of some portion of this harvest of the sea. A fine and cheerful sight it often was to see the boats sail in with their silvery loads, and then to watch the bustle of ling and packing. But to-day no boats were there, nor was there any sign of life or movement anywhere. How dreary the sea Jooked ! For miles and miles there was no other motion on its surface than an unbroken series of harsh wrinkles. The girl inside the ttage was looking fixedly at this, with eyes smarting and heavy with much weeping. Her heart, too, was as heavy as lead. It is doubtful whether the sternness and harshness of all she saw ourside added to the pain which she was already feeling. It may have done so, for she sighed and shivered, and, for the first time for two hours and more, turned her eyes into the room where she was sitting. If during this time she had ever thought of her grandmother at all, she believed her to be engrandmother at all, she beneved her to be had tirely occupied with her spinning—she had never missed the sound of the wheel. Now, when she turned away from the pitiless sea to seek a respite from its tormenting power, her reyes met those of the old woman fixed on her with a gaze so earnest that they seemed to be trying to look down to the very bottom of her heart in search of an anguage to trying to look down to the very bottom of her heart in search of an answer to the question they were most unmistakably putting. The girl had not known that the old woman was looking at her, or she would not have fled "What's that?" cried Davie Trevethoe. from the sight of the sea to encounter one more distressful still. Now she could not take her eyes away from those which were watching her so narrowly. They fascinated her by their imploring by their imploring eagerness; they held her by their intensity. They were putting a question which would shortly be put plainly in words, and when that time came Phoebe well know that well knew that her grandmother would not stir from the place where she was until she got an answer, even if she had to wait for it for hours. By a great effort she detached her eyes from her grandmother's, to the extent of escaping from their direct gaze. She looked face, so puckered with age, with the veins so prominent and the strange spots of purply violet colour so often seen in the faces of old people. Her grandmother's aspect was strong and commanding, her eye hawk-like, her mouth, nose, and chin were all handsome and well formed, her hair was white as snow. She wore a large frilled cap, tied down by ick ribbon, a neat shepherd's plaid shawl over her shoulders, a scanty merino dress, and a spotlessly clean apron. But she looked so severe—so unloving! and last week she had never spoken to the anxious girl who was watching her without call-ing her "my bonnie birdie," or "my sweet lamb;" and last week, if she had been idle or "my sweet

that for two hours undisturbed by one word The grandmother still kept silence. The strain on the girl became too great, and at last she looked in the old woman's face with a helpless entreaty for pity. lpless entreaty for pity.
"Well, girl?" said the grandmother stern-

cherself, or had seen Phœbe idle, she would have thought, "The Lord had a good right to

one of His big thunderbolts just for a punish-

ment for such laziness !" and now she had

been sitting for more than an hour doing nothing but watch Phœbe looking out of the

window, and Phœbe herself had been doing

sh the roof of her cottage in with

1y. "Nay, there's no well about it !" said mebe, beginning to cry.
"Now, dinnot thou waste no time in foolishness!" cried the grandmother. "Let me know, once for all, does that man mean to wed thee or not? Just answer that. Sobs and tears came faster and faster "He—tells me he would—he always tells me

so; he promised me-he did indeed." "And he knows what he has brought thee Phœbe bent her head. "Hanging thy head down is no answer Hast thou tellt him thou's—?" 'I've tellt him ivverything! I setten

in desperation; she could not bear to hear her shame put in words. "Well?" again inquired the grandmother.

The girl was silent, but she was quivering

in every nerve.

The old woman paid no regard to the agony
Phobe was manifestly enduring. She was
determined, at any cost, to have a direct

answer, and that at once, and continued, mak's a doubt about marrying of thee, then?"
"No, he doesn't!" cried Phœbe eagerly.
"He mak's no doubt at all! He will marry me, I know he will !"
"When thy bairn has comed to disgrace

when the district has comed to disgrace thee! When thou is nothing but a mock and a by-word to ivverybody! When thou hast killed thy poor auld grandmother that has reared thee, and always held her head high, and never had none as wasn't decent folks belonging to her till now, when she's going to oe shamed for ivver and ivver by thee and thy wanton bad going-ons! Thou thinks he will marry thee then, but I tell thee he

won't."
Phebe's head dropped lower and lower—
she, too, had her fears!
"It's now, or nivver!" repeated the grey-

"It's now, or nivver!" repeated the grey-haired woman.

"It's now, or nivver!" repeated the grey-haired woman.

"It's now, or nivver!" repeated the grey-haired with one or two other Penzance boats which had staid to the very end of the St. Aidan's going away o' Thursday—the fishing's done."

"He's going away! Going away, and leaving thee here to bring scorn on a woman who thowt to lie her head low knowing none

"It's now, or nivver!" repeated the grey-haired by the sea; so I said, said to the very end of the St. Aidan's season, ware to sail, and would be seen in that harbour no more until the next year's fishing brought them again northward.

The day passed in silence. Occasionally Phebe dropped into a seat, and looked as if the glassy, smooth water. After a long, long

ould say no ill of her and her family ! Thou's the first lass among us all that has misconduckit hersel'. Thou's the first as has had a love-child to work for and rear, and when the day comes that there's a bairn running about day comes that there's a bairn running about here, and I have to see it and hold my tongue wi' trouble and confusion when folks asks who owns it—I'll be fit to toss mysel' over t' cliff—I will indeed! Woman and girk I have lived here at St. Aidan's seventy-nine years, and ninver a woman-body as could call me kin has awar had a bairn without having a man to take the shame off her! Thou may sigh and work on wi' wringing thy hands as sigh and work on wi' wringing thy hands as thou likes, but it's true! Thou may cry thy

rives, but thou'll not undo what's done! Thou's brought my good name and thy own to the very ground; shame on thee, say I! Where is thou going?"

Phoebe turned back. She had got up and was on her way to the door, possibly with some half-formed desire to hide away this sin and disgrace from human ken beneath the and disgrace from human ken beneath the water, for as yet no one in St. Aidan's knew of it but her grandmother.
"Dost thou know where Dav—nay, I'll

none say his name—where that deevil is?' Phebe could not speak. She pointed with her hand to a bit of rising ground by the sea where her cruel lover and a coastguardsman were standing, minutely scanning the signs of the weather

"I cannot see, girl. But he's there, is he? the base deceiving wretch! Well, if I have to die for it, i'll mak' a trial for to get nighhand him to speak to him." And she, who for years had not done more than cross the floor, and that, too, only by the aid of crutches, got up, tried to straighten her feeble rheu-matic legs, and laid hold of her crutches. "Grandmother! honey, thou munnot go! Thou'll fall! Thou'll kill thysel'! Thou'll

nivver get so far!" The old woman vouchsafed no answerstruggled slowly across the room toward the door. She was pitiably lame and infirm, and it was sad to see the effort this cost her.

"Besides, there's a man with him!"cried Phæbe; "thou'd surely nivver begin speaking about sike a thing as that afore another man?"
"Whist at once, Phœbe!" cried the grandmother. "Thou's the one to blame if there's disgrace in't and not me!" She opened the low door and let in the cold east wind.

"But, grandmother, it's a long step to where he is, and he is coming to-night for to say good-bye to me. Just for ten minutes, when the clock has gone six." Pheebe was driven to confess this, rather than see her grandmother go to confront her lover in nce of a stranger. Where is he coming to ?"

"To the gate down by the end of our back garden. I'll fetch him in for to speak to you

He shall nivver enter my doors till he has wed thee! And I'll nivver enter his when he has done it! 'I'll fetch him in,' ye say, girl! ye talk as lightly when ye do begin to talk as if all this was just naught, and sham' had nivver come nigh-hand us! To-night I'll force mysel' for to put one question to him!
I'll' ask him whether he means to mak' an honest woman on thee or not, but I'll do that outside the house-he shall not cross my door-

"Thou'll let me speak to him first and say what I can tiv him afore thou begins?" said Phoebe, in much dread of her grandmother's methods of persuasion. "Aye, mak' what thou can of him afore

come near him, and if I haven't to come at all I'se be all the better pleased."

Again there was a long silence, but this time, instead of looking at the sea, Phœbe's eyes watched the clock. Alas! with little enough hope in them. At six she folded her shawl round her and stole out; and when once she was beyond the garden she saw her lover standing waiting for her near the gate. The old woman had allowed her just one short half-hour to plead once more the cause which was to settle the fate of her whole life. In half an hour by the clock her grandmother was now watching the old woman would her-self come out and confront the man whom

she spoke and thought of as "that deevil!"

How terribly fast the time went! In what seemed not more than five minutes Phoebe heard the sharp click of the latch as her

the lover, who could not see over the high "It's my poor grandmother," replied Phœbe faintly. "She's coming out to speak to

She says she must see thee about this, What for should I see her, to have her tongue to listen to? Tell her she's wrong about me —that I mean to wed thee, but that I cannot possibly do it just yet, for I am not prepared

for such a thing."
"Why not, honey?" asked poor Phœbe, though she had already heard all that he had

"I must have something laid by first. must have a boat that's all my own—you keep saying I have one, but you don't take into account how many folks have a share in her. I must have more time altogether to turn my-self round about in and see what I can do for the best. She wants me to put off going home and wed thee now, but I have been here a month longer than I ought to have been already—I can't stop here now. Tell her that I can't manage that nohow, but I'll come back here with the boats next year, and then, if only we have luck with the fishing, things'

different.' "Oh honey, don't let us wait; just think what lies afore me, and do let us chance it." 'Chance it, and ruin everything!" said he. A great lump rose in Phœbe's throat-all hope was gone-all prospect of escaping disgrace faded away into a possibility thing being perhaps done next year, or some year sometime, when the fishing season happened to be more than usually prosperous.

The grandmother came nearer and nearer; off darted David Trevethoe." "Stop, honey ! oh, do stop !" cried Phœbe. ploringly.
"Not I!" cried he, and disappeared.

"Phoebe—Phoebe, bairn!" cried the grand-mother in a voice full of anguish. Even then, in the very midst of her own grief and torment, Phœbe could not but or the distress and pain of the poor afflicted old woman, whose legs had refused to bear her further, and who was now standing within a very few steps of the garden gate. She put her arm round her and helped her carefully

back into the house.
"He has had his one chance and he has not taken it !" cried Elsie Macdougal angrily, when she was informed what David's decision was, and all the way as they went Phobe heard her solemn and angry voice uttering bitter lamentations and reproaches; but not to save her life could she have said one word in answer, until at last, with infinite difficulty, she got her in and placed her once more on her own chair, safe inside her own wail-

"Say nought more to me to-night," cried Phoebe then, "I's fairly brussen-hearted!" and she threw herself down in the corner by the fire, and covered her face with her apron-"I'll not say more to thee, my poor bairn, said the grandmother, with returning love

"He says he'll wed me afterwards, when more time is by-past," pleaded Phœbe.
"There'll not be much more time for him ttered the old woman; and whether Phæbe heard what she said or not, she neither seemed to know or care. They went to bed to-gettier; neither of them knew whether the other slept or not, for not another word was spoken between them, and no token of sympathy exchanged.

Early next day the old woman said : "Phœbe. I lay thee on thy obedience not to cross our

Promise at once—promise solemn."

Phoebe promised solemnly—she dared not do otherwise, and the old woman relied on her given word. This was Tuesday, and on Thursday David Trevethoe's boat, together with one or two other Persente between

rows; but whenever she did this, her grand-mother said, "Phœbe, I mun ha' t' wark gone on with;" and Phœbe did go on with her work, until at last night came, and it was a welcome relief to creep into her bed in the darkness, and be able to fret as she liked. Wednesday passed in the save

Wednesday passed in the same way, but the old woman's face was hard set, and some-what terrible from the stern resolution it dis-played. Again Phœbe had to work, and if she stopped a moment, her grandmother said severely, "Girl, just please to mind what thou's doin'g," and during these days she neither allowed her to leave the house, nor to speak to anyone who happened to come in. Few were they who did come in, and to these the old woman said promptly and sternly, "Honey, we have no time to spend in talking the day; our Phœbe and me are both particular throng!" and on this hint they went their way, for Elsie Macdougal was not one to be trifled with.

their way, for Elsie Macdougal was not one to be trifled with.

Thursday was the day on which Davie Trevethoe was to sail, and down below in the harbour there was the usual little stir inseparable from a departure of this kind. Once or twice, unhappy Pheebe looked furtively out of the window, hoping to catch a glimpse of the man whom, in spite of everything, she could not help loving so passionately. The aged woman's eyes followed her with extraordinary sharpness and vigilance, and more than once she peremptorily exclaimed, "Girl! I'll have none o' that looking out of t' winder." So Pheebe could only cross the kitchen more fre-Phæbe could only cross the kitchen more freuently than was necessary, and hope for a dimpse of her Davie as she went to and fro.

But she never saw him!

Noon came, and she and Elsie dined, though httle enough was eaten by either. Then Pho-be" washed up," and " sided all the things," and" scrubbed down" the table and " cindered up" the hearth; but she knew that the tide was rising higher and higher, and that in an hour or two her Davie's boat must sail. She saw it gradually become buoyant. She saw it begin to rock on the heaving water.

She fixed eyes full of intense misery on her grandmother, but her grandmother was pitiess, and for all answer bade her "go on with "Poor thing! I dare say she means it kindly," thought the unhappy girl, "but she is tairly killing of me." Presently the old woman said. "Girl, reach

own the washtub from the shelf.' "She's surely not going to set me on to wash!" thought Phœbe, for now she was expecting to be ordered to get to her spinning rock, and she meant to sit somewhere near the window. "I'm tired, grandmother," she said; don't set me on to any more hard work

"It's not that," replied the grands 'it's not for any washing. Set the tub here fore me on the floor, and fill it edge-full with door and window, rattled their fastenings noisily, and shrilly passed away. Then she let her hands fall on her knees, and then she cried aloud, "The Lord's name be blessed lean water fra the well, and din not thou top to look about thee while thou's getting . Them boats can very well sail away with at having thou for to watch them." But while filling the pail at the door, Phoe

be saw the villagers crowding to the harbour; and while filling her pail for the third time, she saw Davie, her own cruel lover, standing on the quay giving his orders, taking in loave id other provisions for the voyage, and looking far too busy to have any thought of her. She saw the rich brown sails rise heavily, flapping to and fro until they were fairly set. quite overcame the poor girl, and she almost dropped as she carried in the water and emptied it into the washing-tub. At last her great suffering gave her strength to say to her grandmother, "Have some human natur' in Let me just tak' one last look at him

when he is going away so far and so long. Dear knows when he'll come back again!" "Dear knows, indeed!" muttered the old yoman, as she bent down over the large oval washing-tub, which was standing on the ground in front of her, filled nearly to the rim with water. Then she looked up and saw that Phoebe was profiting by her silence, and had approached the window, where she was doing her very utmost to get "one good

Bolt the door again, girl," said the grand mother, "and keep all the neighbours out; I want none of them in here now; and then when thou's done that thou canst sit down, and if thou wants any last looks, why I advise thee just to take them whilst thou can ! But let me alone, I beg of thee, for I want sore to be quiet.

This suited Phæbe's wishes perfectlywith all her poor tired heart she too was longing to be quiet. She dropped into the winw-seat and forgot her grandmother, and forgot everything, except that Davie Trevethoe was now in his boat in the harbour, and the very point of sailing away from her. The harbour was full of water—the flag flying on the top of the lighthouse, the bar must therefore be covered. Every child, every use-less straggling child in the place had found its way to the pier—every woman in town was standing giving her baby its death of cold while waiting there to see the boats take-their departure : and Phobe, the one who more than all others longed to be there, had to bide within stone walls! She never thought of her grandmother or of her own fear of her—

never once. At three the tide was high, a light breeze was blowing, and she knew the time had come for Davie's boat to go. Presently she saw its pretty sea-bitten sails catch the wind and slowly fill, then it sped on its way. Ah, how vide that sea was-how pathless and how terrible ! How much might happen before he touched hand of his again ! She bent her head lower and lower, and watched the sail dipping and the boat growing smaller and smaller as it glided over a smooth grey sea into a world hidden by white mist. Thus she sat watching all that long and lonely after ioon. Not once did she turn ; and at length, after weeping quietly to herself for an hour or so, her forehead dropped down off the win-dow-sill, where stood her conce loved and tenderly cherished geraniums and roses, and

the weary girl slept.

Meanwhile, the old woman was still sitting y the large tub which her granddaughter had illed for her. She had more than once gland ed at Phœbe, and had seen how entirely absorbed she was with what was going on out-side, and then she herself had set herself with all her soul, might, and strength, to accomplish the purpose on which her mind was bent. "That man—that Deevil, Davie Trevethoe, should never reach his home!"

Many a time she had heard from her own old grandmother, and from another very aged inhabitant of St. Aidan's, of the power which es in strong will; how anyone who knows the old rhymes-runes was what they called them—and had strength to go on repeating these for hour after hour, though head and heart might fail with fear and fatigue, would in the end most certainly prevail. Her grandnother had been a "wise woman"-not a sailor in the place had ever dared to cross her will. She knew what words to say and what arts to use to summon storm and tempest; and those who offended her knew that, though they might leave port with fair winds blow-ing and a bright sun shining overhead, she could, if she chose, pray down a gale which would wreck them. Elsie Macdougal, Pheebe's grandmother, well knew the rhymes her grandmother was said to have used, and now, her urgent need, she was resolved to em ploy them. She was sitting on a low wooden chair, her elbows were resting on her knees, her head was resting on her hands. She set tled herself firmly in her place, and fixed her now baleful blue-grey eyes resolutely on the water which Phœbe had just carried in for her. And thus she sat, quite silent and still but the wish of her heart was busy and strong -her enemy should not live! She might have sat thus for half an hour when her lips began to move. No words, not even a whis per, passed those lips, but, nevertheless, they ned words. Quickly those words came,

quickly and continuously, and then there was

another change, and again she ceased to speak, but whether she spoke or was silent, her eyes

never once strayed away from the surface of

the water. Sometimes she made passes over it with her lean and bony hands, on which the

rbour, hardly able for to steady hersel' in the wind. So I ran after her as quick as I could, and cried, 'Honey, it's none o' the St. Aidan's lads as is in that boat. It's one o' side:—nad she shaken the tub and made the water quiver? or were her muttered rhymes and her heartily prayed prayers being heard?—a faint white light on the surface caught her eye—was it really the water heaving slightly under her upraised hands? She saw it. Old as her eyes were, they caught the wished-for sight—her breath came quick and fast—she fixed her eyes more firmly than ever on the water—her thoughts on what she was them Penzance boats, David Trevethoe owns "'I knowed it was. I felt it was from the

very beginning, cried she, quite despairing, and with that she ran the faster, and then I knowed as how I and done wrong, for of a suddenty I remembered that she and him had kept company together the year afore, and that my missis had once or twice tell me that she helieved they were lovers still." she believed they were lovers still."

"Ay, ay," cried Elsie, impatiently; "but go on; nivver mind that; just tell me what she did." "Poor lass! she stood by the pier holding on agin the wind, and wet to the skin she

tast—she fixed her eyes more firmly than ever on the water—her thoughts on what she was doing. She bent nearer and nearer—she prayed as she had not prayed for years, and faster and faster came the words of the old rhyme which had been stored up unused in her memory since the earliest days of childhood—a rhyme handed down for centuries from witch mother to witch daughter, in the cold far north, where her fore-elders' ships went to and fro. Again she fancied that the sluggish water—the water so hard of hearing mun ha' been, for the whole water was com down all the time, and when Douglas' b cam' back she ran along for to meet it, and when she heard that Davie and all aboard with him had been drownded, she ran past ivverybody, and threw hersel' into the water."

"But they got her out again, you said?" -stirred, and this time it seemed to her that it moved more thoroughly—that it was not so much a sparkle as a regular upheaval of the entire body. She had no doubt this time! Assuredly she had seen it moving, and she laughed a silent laugh, and prayed a stronger prayer! She bared; her wrinkled arms and again stretched them over it, nor did she once pause to take rest. Barkness was falling fast; Elsie still sat there. She could not see anything in the room; to her aged eyes—to any eyes—the window itself was now a mere opaque blur. She did not require light for the work which she had in hand. She never once relaxed her purpose. She was convinced "Ah, but they were long about it; God only knows how it will be with her. Ye'll go-to her?"

"Ah, at once !" cried Elsie; "but how?" They placed her in an arm-chair and carried her quickly to a cottage just above the beach. A crowd was already collected by the door. Way was made for Elsie, and she was at once carried to the room where poor Phœbe

was lying. At the entrance a woman me them who shook her head and said. "Better

"My bairn is dead !" cried Elsie ; " let me see her at once." No one made any further opposition. large table in the centre of the room lay two dead bodies. David Trevethoe and Phebe were lying side by side. For a long time the old woman stood supporting herself by the edge of the table, and looking at the girl she had brought up from childhood. At last she turned to the sailors who had carried her there, and said: "Them two were sweethearts; I did not like the notion of her going right away from me who had been like a mo ther to her, to wed a stranger down south. nivver favoured the marriage, and nivver let this young man come within my doors. I kept her in the house for three days afore he left. She fret sore about his going away, poor bairn. She cried hersel' to sle e sailed, but she mun ha' heard the guns firing and have jealoused it was him that was in danger. That made her run out in the night. Poor thing, she has put herself away her trouble at losing him !- the Lord above us all forgive her for what she has

she loved so much a long farewell kiss, and then, after a struggle unseen by all, she looked at David Trevethoe. There he lay, cold, still, and with all his busy schemes for better-ing his own fortune brought to this abrupt and terrible conclusion. "Poor young man said she, "it was early for him to die "It was so !" said a bystander; "and maybe he would have been alive now if he hadn't took fright at the weather and put back here! It's not one boat in twenty as could have run in safe, in such a wind. He never should have tried it; he knew what a set the boats always has to come in here, when it's any ways rough."

Then she stooped and gave the girl whom

Maybe, whatever he had done, it would just have turned out the same," said the aged woman. "I mun go. Take me home."
They lifted her into the chair again and carried her home as they had brought her, and as she went she said to herself, while her heart ached with a pain which, as long as she lived, would never leave her, "My bonnie bairn Phœbe, bad as it is to have thee lying dead and cold there, it's better nor having thee living on to be pointed at with scorn ! Now none will ever know the shame that has comed on us, for I hid my thoughts and gave them a wrong turn, and I said. 'Poor young man!' Ay, ay, 'poor young man' was what my lips said, but my heart was calling him a deevil !"-Margaret Huntoin Belgravia mix

SHOCKING CRUELTY.

"Phæbe, my bairn, where art thou ?" cried An Infant Abandoned by Its Foster-Father

Abominable Institutions Against an Inent Party. thought Elsie remembering all that the unhappy girl had gone through. "She's asleep, and once asleep she'll stay asleep, and so she WELLAND, Ont., Feb. 28 .- Alfred Wilkerson had a hearing here to-day before E. R. Hellems, P.M., on the harge of having abandoned and exposed to the inclemency of the weather an infant about 24 hours old. It apmy for me, poor lass; I'll none waken her to pears that Wilkerson had agreed to care for the child, and to this the father of the mother So she sat where she was for some time consented, when the prisoner was allowed to take the child away. The infant was found nger, until the cold made her teeth chatter nes ache. " If only I could see to find on the door-step of Mrs. Thorne's house, in Pelham township, the same night. The prisoner was remanded for three days. The my cratches " thought she "I'd make for d mysel'. I'm fit to perish with cold sitting She felt for the steel and flint. She felt for worst part of the case is that the name of an innocent and most respectable young lady has been connected with the affair, causing no the old shoe in which she kept her tinder She did her best to strike a light, but her

A CLERICAL MURDERER.

little indignation among her acquaintances.

Execution of the Rev. Mr. Hayden, the Montpelier Wife-Murderer. WINDSOR, Vt., Feb. 25 .- The sheriff received a despatch to-day stating that there was no hope of reprieve for Hayden, the wifemurderer, who was sentenced to the gallows and went upon the scaffold this morning to show the sheriff how he wished to be pini He said he wanted death to be instantaneous. The prisoner then returned to his cell. At 30 the procession to the gallows formed. Hayden was seated while the sheriff read the death warrant. He looked around smilingly and bowed to all whom he recognized. was hanged at 2.07.

While on the scaffold Hayden said he had not been fairly treated. He denied that he ever abused his wife, and said he had always treated her kindly. After the body had been taken down and placed in the casket, the chest with a groan expelled air, causing consternation among those present.

BURNED TO A CRISP.

A Sunday Morning Tragedy at Ottawa. OTTAWA, Ont., Feb. 27 .- A most melancholy accident occurred to-day, resulting in the death of a man named James Matthews. About 12.30 o'clock, while the streets with citizens church, smoke was o from church, smoke was observed issuing from a small wooden building located on Bank, street, between Wellington and Sparks streets. Some little delay having occurred in giving the alarm, the building was enveloped in flames before the brigade reached the spot. On arriving, however, they quickly turned on a volume of water, and soon the fire was extinguished. Very little excitement was created until a rumour ran through the crowd that Matthews, who used the building as an office and bedroom, was missing, and that there was a probability of his having been burned alive. The firement instituted a search, and sure enough the charred remains were found a few feet from the door. There was but one room in the house, and the supposition is that the fire originated from a small coal stove which stood in the centre of the room, and that Matthews was asleep at the time and did not have an opportunity of escape. Matthews was a dissolute man and acted as a division court agent. He studied law with the late John B. Lewis, who refused to release his articles, since which time he has led an intemperate life. The remains were taken sion of by Coroner Wright, a jury empanelled, and after an inspection an adjourn-ment took place until to-morrow. The scene of the affair was visited by thousands people to-day.

making the arrests too soon they would have been caught in full blast. The East Middlesex Teachers' Association held its regular meeting on Friday. A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable lung disease or consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches do not disorder the antifurefly on the inflamed parts, allaying prination; give relief in asthma, bronchitis, coughs, catarrh, and the throat troubles which singers and public speakers are subject to. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere.

LUNATIC LOBBYISTS.

Insane People With Grievances at the OTTAWA, Feb. 25.—An insane man with a carpet-bag created considerable excitement in the House of Commons lobbies recently. He laboured under the hallucination that he

owned half of the wheat-producing lands of the North-West, and was desirous of throw-ing it into the market at once. He button-holed several of the members.

An insane woman named McRae is staying An insane woman indicated is staying at a hotel here awaiting an interview with the Governor-General. She halls from Cape Breton, and claims protection from religious persecution in her native town. It is probable that the Cape Breton members will have her sent home. The unfortunates are under the surveillance of the Dominion police.

BRANTFORD BLIND ASYLUM.

Continuation of the Investigation of the Charges Against the Principal. BRANTFORD, Ont., Feb. 24.—The investig tion of the charges against the principal of the Blind Institute has been going on all day. A number of the teachers and pupils have been examined. The evidence taken has all been upon one point, namely, whether the old print system or the new one introduced by the principal is the better. This new system appears to have been the cause of the trouble at the outset, as the pupils either trouble at the outset, as the pupils either could not or would not try to learn it. It is stated that the new system of print has cost the institution so far fifteen hundred dollars. No charges have yet been made against Mr. Hunter on the ground of incapacity. He appears thoroughly to understand his duties, but his manner of performing them has created much of the present trouble. It is not known when the investigation will close.

EXTENSIVE FIRE AT COBOURG.

Over \$100,000 Worth of Property De-COBOURG, Feb. 27 .- One of the largest and nost destructive fires which has ever occurred in this town took place this morning. About three o'clock flames were discovered issuing from the boot and shoe store of Graham & Son, in the Hon. Sidney Smith's four-storey brick building on the corner of Division and King streets. The alarm was sounded, and in a very short time the steam fire-engine was scene, and although three large and powerful streams of water were poured on the burning building it had no effect, and it was quite evident that the large block was doo Fanned by the fresh north-east wind the lames spread south to a vacant store, then to Stanley Howelk's insurance offices, Mr. Sidney Smith's law office, Sailsbury & Co.'s grocery store, and the Canadian Express Company's office, and around the corner on King street to A. Pratt's flour and feed store and W. R. Whitelaw's stove and tin store When it was known that all efforts to save the Smith block were fruitless, the firementurned their attention to a brick block owned by Wm. Hitchens, north of and adjoining he Smith block, but unfortunately the water ran short, and in a little while the building was one mass of flames. Deeming it useless to make any further attempts to save this building, the firemen, who were working nobly but at great disadvantage on account of the small supply of water, turned their attention to the buildings on the opposite side of the street, which were in great danger of attaining for from reaching for the street. catching fire from sparks from the burning of the two blocks lay a smouldering mass of

A little later on flames were seen issuing rom a store on King street, about fifty yards from the burnt block, occupied L. Woodcock, fruit-dealer, and o by E. Horton. The firemen were quickly on the spot, and succeeded in confining the fire to this store and the Sentinel-Star printing office upstairs. The wildest exciteme vailed, as it was feared at several times that the whole street would be burned. The heat was so intense that panes of glass were melted in buildings a considerable distance from the burning block, and it was impossible to approach within fifty yards of the fire.

A poor man named Alexander and his

everything they possessed, and had only time to escape with their lives in their night-The old man being paralyzed, had to be carried out wrapped up in a blanket. Mr. C. C. Field, prominent dry goods was up in the top storey of the Horton block, and when about to descend to the street, missed his footing and fell to the bottom, breaking his collar-bone and sustaining other

injuries. He is doing well. LOSS AND INSURANCE. The total loss is roughly estimated at about one hundred thousand dollars, and the insurance at about \$25,000. In one office were the title deeds of the town of Port Hope and a number of valuable

Listowel Billiard-Room the Scene Counterfeiting Operations.

LISTOWEL, Feb. 28.-The rooms occupied

papers, which were destroyed. RAID ON A COINERS' DEN.

Thomas Swan, and used ostensibly for a ard-room, have been known for some time past to be the resort of a large number of loafers, whose means of support were quite invisible. An inspection of the billiard-room by the police disclosed the fact that billiardplaying was only a secondary consideration, and that rooms had been fitted up in the rewhere gambling was carried on. One of the members of the police force succeeded in ingratiating himself with the ringleaders of the gang, and soon learned that counterfeiting twenty-five and fifty cent peices was also being largely engaged in. He was admitted to the rooms where the coining was carried on, and obtained sufficient evid vict. The gang was known to have worked all Saturday night at their nefarious calling, and were going at it again on Sunday night They had a team engaged for Tuesday for a five days' trip to distribute the proceeds of the might's work. It was decided to raid them on Sunday night while at work, but by some misunderstanding one of the ring-leaders, Geo. Everleigh, was arrested yester-day afternoon. The rest became alarmed, and got the dies out of the way. The billiard-room was immediately searched, and a quan-tity of metal and other material for coining taken, but the dies could not be found Several other arrests were made, and about thirty will be implicated in the manufacture and uttering of spurious coin. Their manner of "shoving the queer" was by frequent visits to the hotel-keepers, two or three going to a hotel hotel-keepers, two or three going to a hotel. ordering unlimited liquid comforts, tendering their spurious coin and receiving good mone in change. Working a country hotel in this manner they would frequently find themselves \$5 or \$10 ahead. It is supposed that a large quantity of the "queer" has been circulated in Collingwood and Owen Sound, as James Swan, one of the ringleaders, has made those places his headquarters, A notorious character named Thos. Davidson decamped a few days ago, ostensibly for Manitoba, but he is thought to be in the neighbourhood of Owen Sound with the counterfeiting dies in his possession. The first issue was an inferior article, but latterly the fact of it being passed in the banks shows it to be a very da counterfeit. It is supposed that about \$2,000 of coin has been issued in the past three months. There will be an investigation to night by Mr. Idington, Crown attorney, when some startling developments will be made. The detection of the counterfeiters was very cleverly managed, and but for the mistake in

Workingmen. Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an

cleverly managed, and but for the mistake in

SAULT STE. MARIE RAILWAY.

Text of the Bill to be Introduced by Mr. Dalton McCarthy. OTTAWA, Feb. 27.—So much attention hav-ing been naturally and properly directed towards the pending legislation regarding the Sault Ste. Marie railway, the following synopsis of the bill to be introduced by Mr. Dalton

McCarthy will have general interest. The preamble is as follows:—

"An Act to incorporate the Northern, North-Western, and Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company. "Whereas the construction of an indepen

dent line of railway from the village of Gravenhurst, in the district of Muskoka, to the town of Sault Ste. Marie with the nowe to the company incorporated to construct the same to bridge the Sault Ste. Marie rives and to connect the railway system of Canad with that of the North-Western States of the United States of America, and the construc-tion of an independent line of railway from some convenient point of the said last men-tioned line of railway to some convenient Pacific railway at or near Lake Nipissing, open to all the railways that could connect therewith and affording equal traffic facilities to all railway companies, and also from the junction with the Canada Pacific Railway Company to the waters of the Upper Ottawa, would be a general benefit to the Dominion, and especially to the province of Ontario. And whereas a petition has been presented for that purpose, and it is expedient to grant the prayer of such petition, therefore her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of ommons of Canada, enacts as follows," etc.
The names of the gentlemen who apply for

the Act of incorporation form a very strong phalnax of wealth, experience, and influence. phalnax of wealth, experience, and influence. They are as follows:—Hon. Frank Smith, Toronto; Adam Brown, Hamilton; Noah Barnhart, Hon. Alex. Morris, M.P., Dalton McCarthy, M.P., and Fred. W. Cumberland, Toronto; John Stuart, John Proctor, A. T. Aird, Alex. Turner, E. Gurney, P. D. Dayport, Thomas Robertson M.P., Q.C., M. Leggatt, Wm. Hendrie, Kilvert, Britton, B. Osler, Q.C., James Turner, and Alex. McGinnis Hamilton, C. W. Burt. and Alex. McGinnis, Hamilton; C. W. Bunting, M.P., Samuel Platt, M.P., James Beaty, jr., M.P., Q.C., G. D'Arcy Boulton, Fred. W. Strange, M.P., John Fisken, Wm. B. Hamilton, Toronto; William F. Mac-Matter, W. Theomeon, A. M. Smith Master, Wm. Thompson, A. M. Smith William Ince, Alderman David Walker, Wm B. Scarth, Eugene O'Keefe, Hon. John Mc Murrich, R. W. Elliott, Alfred Boultbee M.P., Alderman A. R. Boswell, and Rober Hay, M.P., Toronto; Thomas Arkell, M.P., St. Thomas; Timothy Coughlin, M.P., D. MacMillan, M.P., London; S. R. Hesson, M.P., Stratford; Wm. O'Brien, Simcoe; William Carruthers, — Little, M.P., Innisfil; Thomas Long, M.P.P., and Charles Cameron, Chliscopies The object of the company in seeking its

charter is stated as follows:—
"The company and their agents and servants shall have full power and authority to lay out, constract, complete, and operate a double or single line of railway of four feet eight and one-half inches gauge from, at, or near the village of Gravenhurst, in the dis-trict of Muskoka, in connection with the orthern and North-Western railways Canada via Bracebridge, and thence through the districts of Muskoka, Parry Sound, and Algoma to the town of Sault Ste. Marie in venient point on the said last mentioned line railway to and to connect with the Canada Pacific railway at or near Lake Nipissing, and Long Sault on the Upper Ottawa or to and shall have full power and authority t lay out, construct, and complete as an ex-tension of the said first-mentioned line of railway a spur or branch from, at, or near the town of Sault Ste. Marie to the navigable

waters of Lake Superior."

As a guarantee of western interests the following clause is inserted :-- "The Mayors of the cities of Toronto and Hamilton and the Warden of the County of Simcoe shall be ex officio directors of the company. The relations of the company to other rail-

ways are stated as follows :running arrangements with and to give run-ning powers to any railway company or com-panies in the Dominion of Canada situate on the lines hereby authorized or crossing or connecting with the same, upon terms to be agreed, and such running arrangements shall be made so as to afford equal facilities to all companies participating therein, and so that no unfair advantage shall be given to any of such companies over the others of them. Such agreement shall be subject to the approval of the shareholders present at a meeting to be called for the purpose of considering the same, and shall not be binding until ratified and confirmed at such general meeting by two-thirds of the shareholders present in person or represented by proxy. The company shall at all times work and operate its railway so as to afford equal facilities for the receipt, transfer, and transportation to, from, or over the same of the traffic of all other lines

railway in Canada which may connect with, or which by means of running powers over other line or lines may reach, the railway of the company; and the company shall establish, levy, and collect equal tolls, rates, and charges in respect of the tariff re-ceived from or to be delivered to all such other railways, and so that the same shall be received, transferred, transported, and delivered, and the tolls and charges in respect of the same shall be levied and collected on terms of absolute equality, and without diserimination of any sort in favour or against the traffic of any other such railway. The word 'traffic' in this section shall mean not only passengers and their baggage, goods, animals, and things conveyed by railvay, but also cars, trucks, and vehicles of any description adapted for running on any rail-way, and whether loaded or unloaded, owned or leased by, or consigned to any such other

AN ABSCONDING POSTMASTER.

Flight of a Bankrupt More Sinned Against LONDON, Feb. 28 .- The village of Longwood Station and the surrounding community were thrown into a state of excitement a few days ago over the absconding of Mr. Benjamin Bolton, formerly merchant and postmaster there. The cause of his trouble, as reported by some parties, is that he was in the of giving his notes to a certain wholesale nouse for goods bought of them, and these they deposited in the banks. As the notes came due he remitted the money to the wholesale firm, which did not pay the money into the bank, and the bank was now pressing Mr. Bolton for the amount due, which 1,100. That, together with the reported ailure of the wholesale house, caused him to decamp. For two or three days before his departure he was almost giving his goods away, taking what he could get for them. He has left the post-office in the lurch to the extent of about \$20, and it is not known how nuch his liabilities will amount to. two of his creditors have taken possession of what remaining stock he had on hand, which did not amount to much, as he was getting rid of it in a wonderfully short time.

EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATEFUL AND COMFORT-Ing.-"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful ap-plication of the fine properties of well-select-ed Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured bever-age which may save us many heavy doctors bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to ttack wherever there is a weak point. may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled LAWRS Epps & Co. Hom London, Eng." Also makers of Epps's Choco-late Essence for afternoon use. 101-35

## AGRICULTURAL

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The culture of sorghum promises to a profitable industry in this provi Tilsonburg a company established manufacture of syrup and sugar f long since as the result of the fir operations. They found the dema syrup so great that they were unable much sugar.

RETRIBUTION has fallen upon Chica was Chicago that invented oleoma butterine, sueine, and all the other nesses that are covered by the inno pellation, "substitutes for butter, now Chicago is suffering from an a epidemic of winter cholera, brough was to have been expected—by the these filthy compounds. When the comes on the Queen City of the W offer a fine field for the unpatiented

Potato bugs are not desirable pe fact we hold that wherever met should be ruthlessly crushed. A De magistrate evidently shares our opi on a farmer, who visited Canada last and took home twenty specimens of as curiosities, being brought before having them in his possession, he fifive pounds and made him jump upon presence of the court. If our farming wishes to replace his murdered pets, d another shipment could be forwarde the coming summer.

THE bill relating to market fees w duced on the 24th ult., by Mr. Woo Legislature. The bill provides that shall in future have the option of u markets in cities, towns, and villages, they shall only be required to pay they avail themselves of the accom-In places where the markets were free, the farmers could be required to them for a certain time during On the other hand the Act will not cities, towns, and villages where the toll-gates have not been removed to able distance, to be fixed in Committ Whole House.

It looks as though the time is near when the immense grain crops of the mian valleys will be moved by the route to the Atlantic seaboard, in being sent to Europe around Cape H proposition to transport 150,000,00 of wheat from California to New Yorcently made to the Union and Pacific railways, but the managers v able to seriously consider it, as they I the rolling stock necessary for such a taking, nor could the work be done single track. Politicians who now transcontinental railways as worse t less may live to see their dou crowded with the products of the slope.

Not satisfied with the embargo on the importation of American p France, the Prefect of Police at Paris sued a special monition to the public that ham and bacon should be subject very great heat and boiled for a ve time before being served up. "A two kilogrammes"—about four poun-half—the Prefect says, "should r boiled for a shorter time than thre while larger pieces should be subject least six hours of boiling. Finally, tion of vinegar to the water in which bacon is boiled, or used otherwise in ting, is a valuable assistant to the des of the parasite." If Canadians wer habit of half curing their hog's flesh as ing it abroad to breed diseasc, we sh ommend the Prefect's receipt to the of our people, but, as it is, it is only to show the paternal care French and have for those under their protection

Reports are prevalent in En horned cattle are subjected to a great unnecessary ill-treatment during passage from America. It is hinted that a large percentage of on shipboard that have occurred l due to this cause. Some London call upon the Board of Trade to dire tention to the matter. Under any stances it is asserted that the Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals u steps to obtain official protection for fortunate creatures doomed to end horrors of a long sea voyage tables may be plentifully supplied w has been assured that expedients of cruelty that we forbear from shoc public by describing them are in put in practice in order to compel or dened by sheer physical pain, to be board when the movement of the ver-violent as to preclude the possibility Telegraph says, significant that v of America with a cargo of 594 live should have arrived in the port of with only 45 of its horned passeng other 549 having perished during th 'in consequence of heavy weather.

recently was almost unknown on the the Atlantic, and the few cases that curred in the United States were the have been of European importation dent of the Committee of Council, stated that while he had no official tion of the existence of the disease continent, at different times cargoes mals from America with the disease landed in Great Britain. Mr. I made his assertion on the strength port from the Government Inspector pool. For a wonder, an English paper to throw discredit upon the Inspector ment. It also implies that what this calls pieuro-pneumonia is simply pure an affection of the lungs, neither con nor deadly, caused primarily by the changes of atmosphere. What he ha foot and mouth disease is said to be more than a soreness about the mout animals caused by their being carr distances by rail in severe frosts, the ed from their breath on the nose ar causing sores. In the feet, it is state is no appearance whatever of disease. body will agree that on such point thing more than the fiat of one ma be required, more especially of a n appears, if these statements are tru very ignorant of the real nature of of animals.

Foot and mouth disease among cat

Misfortunes never come singly. it were not enough that we should to endure a long and severe winter J. Lowe, an English scientist, afte of data recorded since the fifteenth lays it down as a meteorological tru evere winters are followed by From his researches he deduces a period of eleven years, and asserts that the series of years midway between periods of excessive heat and cold, fir to 1880, scarcely any drought is red the fourth, fifth, and sixth years computed commencement of what termed the cloven year drought period last drought in England prevailed in that the next one is due the coming if Mr. Lowe's cyclical calculation of Since 1870 Euglish harvests have sufmore than one occasion from floods, prospect of experiencing the opportunity must be anything but pleasant. Old Country farmer, Of course from experience that Mr. Lowe's does not apply to this country wilsok forward to a stiff British m readstuffs should the scientific Co