The house stands somewhere between Plymouth and Modbury, a good distance from the high road, from which it is approached by a tall-hedged lawn.

Apple-orchards surround it on all sides; wildly luxuriant orchards, in which every kind of apple for which Devonshire is famous is to be found. There are a few quince and pear trees interspersed among the apple trees in what is called the home orchard on account of the trees in it encroaching more closely upon

pinks of every shade put the snowy bloom of pear and quince entirely into the minority. There is a court-yard in front of the house; a fine square court-yard, with a pond in the middle of it, with a willow weeping over its border. The stables and coach-house are on one side of this; the dairy and hen-houses are on the other; and opposite the house, at the extreme end of the yard, are the cow-

the extreme end of the yard, are the cow-houses and pig-styes.

There is always a great stir of life and ani-mation in this yard. The hens seem to cackle with louder complacency; the pigs give vent to more sonorous grunts of content; the gob-bling turkey-cock, and quacking geese and ducks, lift, up their respective voices with more animation on this prosperous farmstead than they do on neighbouring lands. Every-thing is scrupulously clean and bright; from the deep red brick pavement which runs along in front of the house to the wooden cat-tle-troughs at the further end of the yard. In tele-troughs at the further end of the yard. In winter carefully-trained holly-bushes, a pyro-canthus, and a scarlet japonica give the desir-able tone of colour to the front of the house. In spring the delicate apple-blossoms make the sweet air blush, and in summer there are masses of myrtle and elematis, of jasmine and cluster-roses, clinging about the eaves, and mingling their white and crimson and buff hues together in delicious hamony.

The place is known as the Little Firs, farm and house, and it has been held by the Ainslie family for several generations of Source.

and house, and it has been held by the Alishe family for several generations of Squire Rfolett. The present holder of the farm is a young fellow of about 27, who wisely follows in the economical footsteps of his forefathers in most respects, but departs from the path they trod in peace and prosperity in the matter of hearing.

ter of hunting.
"No tenant farmer, who gets his whole "No tenant farmer, who gets his whole living out of the land, has time to go galloping about after dogs and foxes; leave that to the gentry, who'd be up to worse mischief perhaps if they weren't trampling over the props, and trying to spoil the hedges and break their own necks," his mother, who lives with Richard Ainslie, and keeps the house with zeal and discretion, tells him. But Richard though he reverse her oningen house with zeal and discretion, tells him. But Richard, though he reveres her opinion, disregards it on this one point. He always has good horses in his stable, and his seat and are not at all inferior to those of the gallant old master of the hounds, Squire foldet himself. Moreover, though Richard Ainshe has cornered the field more than once, and is never known to be in a bad place, it is not after the hounds and the fox only that he rides so unremittingly and well.

The apple-blossoms are in their fullest glory

The apple-blossoms are in their fullest glory just now, and old Mrs. Ainslie, sitting in her comfortable highly-polished-up parlour at the end of the house, catches sight of dozens of the primest trees hung with sheets of rosy bloom. Her soul is glad within her this morning for several reasons. Unless high winds and destructive rains come to blur it, the cider prespect is a fairer one than ever the cider prospect is a fairer one than ever this year, and Little Firs cider always comnands a high price in the market. This is hands a mgn price in the market. And is a pine great cause of gratification. Another is that her favourite young friend, Janie Welbyn, has come to spend the whole day with her. And yet another exists in the consciousness that she has a new cap just out from Plysouth which will appear to the property of the property o month, which will presently surmount her was kind, clear-eyed, soft-complexioned face most becomingly. Lastly, she is not indif-ierent to the fact that the chickens now being basted carefully at the kitchen-fire for the one o'clock dinner are bouncing birds, weigh-ing five pounds apiece, being of a most suc-cessfully mixed race which she has carefully bred herself

ured, hazel-eyed girl, whose dress of galatea is moulded as accurately to inded form by her own deft fingers as

shall I be the day I hear it's settled that they are to be married," Mrs. Ainsley thinks as ner eyes follow them; for it is one of the pet schemes of her honest active brain that Janie shall succeed her as queen of the Little Firs

"There's no pinching, nor wasting, nor idleness in the Welbyn's house," she is telling herself in a self-congratulatory spirit, when her reflections on this agreeable point are cut short by the sound of a horse's hoofs clattering over the stones in the court-yard, and of a bright bell-like voice ringing out a de-mand to know if "Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie are at home?" The old mother's face grows curi-ously perplexed and flushed as these sounds greet her ears, for the voice is the voice of greet her ears, for the voice is the voice of Miss Ffelett, the Squire's daughter, and intuition teaches Mrs. Ainslie that Miss Ffelett's visits bode no good to her son.

But she cannot retain a touch of vexation in heart or manner when the room door is swung open and Miss Ffelett comes bounding

In, sweet and full of life as are all the spring influences around her, and beautiful with the beauty of youth and high breeding and gentlest courtesy. She is in her hat and habit tlest courtesy. She is in her hat and habit—she is rarely seen out of these garments until aightfall, indeed—and as she advances, her slender, willowy figure clearly outlined, her lender, willowy figure clearly outlined, her lapphire-blue eyes sparkling with high health and intelligence, her fair face bright and clear in hie as a monthly rose, Mrs. Ainslie feels that her Dick would be blind indeed if he did not see something in her that thrilled him more than Janie's more substantial charms will ever have the power to do.

"I come with a message from papa," says this dazzling young Diana, shaking the old lady's hand heartily. "He hasn't given a tenant's ball since the year I was born, and now he's going to give one on my coming of age—the third of next month, you know. I would come and give the invitation to Dick

age—the third of next month, you know. I would come and give the invitation to Dick and you myself, and I'll tell you what I'm going to wear, and all about it; but I must see Dick too, please Mrs. Ainslie, about the brown colt. I know I'm to have another horse given me on my birthday, and of all things I would like Dick's brown colt; but he musn't tell, and you musn't either, that I've said anything ahout it, for I'm supposed and to know."

She laughs delightedly as she says this, and Mrs. Ainslie is beginning to say how she is sure that the Squire would give this apple of his eye all that her fancy desires, when Belle Ffolett catches sight of the couple out in the orchard.

"Who's that with Dick?" she asks, quickly advancing to the casement and opening it." What a pretty picture they make under the apple-trees. No! don't call them; I like to look at them. I wish I could sketch."
"It's Jame Welbyn, Miss Belle," Mrs. Ainslie says, coming and standing by the side of her young visitor. "Don't you remember her? She's grown away a fine girl since she's been at school in Plymouth."

"And is Dick going to marry her?" Miss Ffolett asks with quick interest. "Yes, I know her again now; isn't she pretty? I'll tap to them, and make them look foolish;" and she taps with her whip on the windowpane, and rings out a clear merry "Good morning, Dick!" without hesitation.

Jame looks round from under the green leaves and pink blossoms happily and undisturbedly as Eve might have looked in Paradise. "It's Miss Ffolett," she says simply. "Oh! isn't she pretty, Dick?" and in her absorbing admiration for the pretty young lady of the land, the girl does not see the nervous agony of confused embarrassment which seems about to overwhelm Dick. Even if she saw it she would not understand it. For Miss Ffolett is "the Squire's daughter," a verue lady who sneeds her clittering life.

minded Janie has no understanding of the "desire of the moth for the star."

"Come in, both of you," cries Belle, with the gracious peremptoriness that is in her manner to all alike, from peasants to Princes; "come in and hear my news." And the pair obey her; the girl glad to go and be questioned and shaken hands with by "dear Miss Belle again," and the man sick unto death nearly at being so near to her, with such an impassable gulf between them.

"Shall I congratulate them?" Belle asked hurriedly, as the young people pass out of sight on their way round to the entrance door, and Mrs. Ainslie shakes her head and says:

"Dick hasn't spoken yet, Miss Belle, but I know what her answer will be, Bless the child, she worships the ground he walks on, and she'll make him a good wife; no wastings and no pinchings for the Welbyns; they're all through of a piece. I couldn't abide a coverslut to come here in my place."

"I think I should like the man to worship the ground I trod on," Belle says; and just then Dick and Janie come into the room, and Miss Fiolett proceeds to tell them about her birth-day ball, and to ask about the brown colt without delay.

Have him? Of course the shall have him; there isn't a wastient.

Have him? Of course the shall have him; there isn't a question about that.

Dick's eyes dance with pleasure at the thought of seeing her on the colt he has bred so cleverly and nurtured so tenderly. His soul burns with the ardour of his desire to give her the colt, but he does not dare to do this. He almost winces as he thinks of the surprise that would flash from her bright blue eyes if he proposed such a thing, and he almost hears the sternly grave tones in which the Squire would refuse the offering for his daughter.

"I had him out in the low meadow, and took him over some timber this morning, and if I'd had a cup of water in my hand there wouldn't have been a drop spilled. He's as clever at his fences already as his mother, Baylaaf, was, and you know what she was, Miss Ffolett? you've seen her many a time."

"Yes, and you rode her so splendidly," the young lady says, frankly complimenting him, without a thought of the way in which her words made the bloed leap along his veins. "I should like to see the colt, Dick."

"I'll bring him out," the young farmer says

"No, no, 11 go to the stables and look at him; and, mind, not a word to papa or anyone about my having asked about him. They want to surprise me," she laughs joyously, "so you must help me to keep the secret I've found out; but if you hear of anyone from our house wanting to buy a horse, mind you offer the brown colt." offer the brown colt."

She is going out to the stables with Richard
Ainslie as she says this, leaving Mrs. Ainslie

Ainslie as she says this, leaving Mrs. Ainslie and Janie in the parlour.

"What a pretty girl Miss Belle has grown."

Janie bursts forth with enthusiasm. "I saw her in Plymouth the other day, riding with her pa and Lord Charles Collingford, one of the gentlemen on board the Admiral's ship. They say in Plymouth that Lord Charles is after her."

"Now, do they?" Mrs. Ainslie responds fervently. With her whole heart would she rejoice to hear that every nobleman's heart in the country was laid at Miss Ffolett's feet. All the better for her son's peace of mind, the old lady deems it, that fair Miss Belle should have many ardent and gallant and suitable adorers. Right glad will she be when one of these is chosen. "Then Dick'll settle himself," she thinks; "settle himself with Janie."

The brown colt "is a picture," and deports

Janie."

The brown colt "is a picture," and deports himself faultlessly, Miss Ffolett, standing by him in his stall, flings her arm round his strong shiny neck, presses her fair cheek down on his satin skin, and vows that "he, and no other shall be her gwin deep horse." and no other, shall be her own dear horse."
Dick, standing about somewhere between the colt's heels and the harness-room door, colts heels and the harness-room door, watches the group with curiously compounded feelings of pleasure and anguish. How good she is to look upon! How graciously she permits him to look upon her! How closely she seems to approach him in her liking, and sympathy, and interest in the colt! How far she is away from him in reality!

reality 1 mixed race which she has carefully bred herself.

Presently she hears voices outside the window, and her face brightens as she looks up and sees her well-grown son walking along ander the glowing apple-trees by the side of a trim figured, hazel-eyad girl, whose dress of gold, if he is such a rough nugget that this lady's eyes cannot perceive his value? Would that he had the rank—aye, and with it the thousand and one traits and characteristics, habits and manners, and tricks of bearing, that mark the difference between those who wear the rank from mere "men" such as himself. And while these thoughts go surging through his brain, she lifts her winsome, proudly gracious little face away from the brown colt's near shoulder, and says:

"I mustn't selfishly give all my thoughts to the colt, Dick. Your mother tells me that Janie Welbyn and you—"

She pauses abruptly. The man's face is charged in a moment with such passion and such grief that she can say no more.

"My mother shouldn't trouble you with thousand and one traits and character

such grief that she can say no more.

"My mother shouldn't trouble you with the nonsense she thinks about Janie and me, Miss Ffolett." Here Jim, he calls sharply to the stableman, "you haven't given the colt half the grooming he ought to have after the sweating I gave him this morning."

He goes into the harness-room, and comes back a moment or two after, with a couple of fine brushes in his hand.

"I'll give the colt a rub down myself Miss Ffolett, he says, stripping off his coat and turning to work with more than groom's ardour. He takes a savage satisfac

groom's ardour. He takes a savage satisfaction in showing himself at his roughest before her. His honour demands that he shall assume to be no more than he is, a working farmer, before this radiant, unmercifully friendly young queen of his soul, who, standing by, says presently:

"I always wish to do that for any horse I like. The darling! look how he turns his nose to you, his dear fine quivering nostrils. How can you help kissing him? I couldn't."

"Miss Belle, will you go in to mother?" he asks despairingly. "She'll think so much of it if you go and praise up the colt to her, because Bayleaf was my father's favourite

because Bayleaf was my father's favourite mare, and mother thinks too much can't be said for the colt."

mare, and mother thinks too much can't be said for the colt."

He looks haggard and harassed, but Belle Ffolett takes no special note of his looks. She merely gives the colt a farewell pat, and then steps across the yard to the house, daintily tapping her pretty little Hungarian boots as she walks, thinking pleasantly of how much somebody will like to look at her when she is on that brown colt's back.

"Dear old Charlie!" she thinks; "I should be just as fond of him if he hadn't a penny and wasn't his brother's, heir." Then, in spite of this asseveration, her spirit kindles within her at the prospect of being a Marchioness, and she goes back into Mrs. Ainslie's parlour with a lovelier light than ever beaming in her eyes, and something in her step that seems like joyous spring itself.

Looking at the brightness and the light-

Looking at the lyightness and the lightness, and remembering that the girl has just come from the stable where her son is, the come from the stable where her son is, the old lady says to herself indignantly:

"She's no business to go on like this, flattering him, poor boy, with looking so happy because he's got a colt she wants to buy! And all her pretty ways make Janie seem set and heavy-like; yet Janie's the wife for him, and the wife he'll have, and this one will be no more to him than the exercised Conno more to him than the crowned Queen on

no more to him than the crowned Queen on her throne."

Belle lingers for a few minutes, babbling on in her happy unconsiousness, and then, without giving a thought to young Ainslie's protracted absence in the stable, she says goodbye to Mrs. Ainslie and Janie, mounts her horse, and rides away to luncheon at a big country house near Plymouth, where she is to meet many of her friends. To one of these, Lord Charles Collingford, she confides a little secret.

secret.

"You can have that brown colt, Charlie," she says, "I have taken the trouble to find that out for you this morning. Young Ainslie, of Little Firs, bred her himself, so you can bring the colt in one hand, and demand me of papa with the other, on my birthday."

then the pair, who are not 'engaged' before the world yet, but who are to be on Belle's twenty-first birthday, proceed to develop and to their own plans to one another, and to hope that Occington and paps will fall in with them.

"Meanwhite, the chickens, a trifle overdone, for Dick found a tiresome lot of things to detain him in the stable, are served on the Little Firs farm-house table, and Janie surveys with secret grateful satisfaction the well-worn table silver and linen, the glittering glass and fine of the glittering glass and fine of the glittering glass and fine if may be sold Wedgewood service, that will all be hers if matters go on as ahe and Mrs. Ainslie, to death with the gossip of the neighbourhood, have arranged that they shall.

The girl does not notice that Dick is suspiciously silent during dinner. It is the habit of her father and brothers, stolid farmers of a heavier type than Dick, to be silent during meals. Nor does it wound the vanity she has not, to find that Dick is alive and astir to get out over the farm after din the remainder of the strength of the savet them alone for a few minutes before he goes out, that Dick prefers to study one of the Plymouth dailies instead of talking to her.

"Is there much news in the papers, Dick?" is the sake. Poor soul, if he answered her that the Kimberley Horse had joined issue with the Home Rulers, and that the whole party had taken a tourist's ticket to Rome via Aighanistan, she would not be much the wiser. But he is very literal.

"There's nothing that you would care to hear, Janie."

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her own.

By-and-bye, as the sweet spring-tide even-

By-and-bye, as the sweet spring-tide evening shades are gathering, the girl takes leave of Dick's mother, and starts on her homeward walk to her father's farm.

"Strange of Dick not to come and walk along with you," the old lady says, as her favourite departs: "but men who never neglect their business, even when they're courting, make the best husbands."

And with these comforting words ringing in her ears, Janie is fain to leave without getting another glimpse of Dick.

in her ears, Janie is fain to leave without getting another glimpse of Dick.

But he sees her pass out of the court-yard, and go on alone into the dying light, from his post of observation in the harness-room, whither he has retired to smoke and think.

"She's a nice good girl, but I can't go home with her to-night," he says to himself with a sigh. "I couldn't say anything to her to-night, not after seeing Miss Ffollet; and I know mother thinks I ought to speak out to Janie, or have done with it."

It is the day before Belle Ffolett's birthday, and the Squire has his otter-hounds out.

Everybody who knows anything of either otter-hunting or the Ffoletts is here, for the pool to be drawn is the famous one on the Little Firs Farm property, down at the bottom of the home orchard where thesi presented.

Little Firs Farm property, down at the bot-om of the home orchard, where the river winds mong the apple trees in one of its most pi

turesque curves.

It is one o'clock when they near this point—
the best for the purpose of luncheon that they
will reach for the day. So the hampers are
taken out from the waggonette in which Mrs.
Ffolett is driven discreetly to see the sport,
and the Squire's friends, and every stranger
who likes to do so, draw near to be regaled.

Belle is here with her long otter-pole in her
hand, in a dress and hat of grev serre which hand, in a dress and hat of grey serge which suit her to perfection, and by her side—al-ways by her side—is Lord Charles Collingford, whom she addresses openly now as "Charle," and to whom it is generally understood she is

as they settle to the serious work of the day, and leave a couple of wise old fiounds to watch the hole from whence they know the otter will emerge by and bye. "Where is Ainslie? It's the first time he has not been out with us It's the first time he has not been out with us for two years. He must come and drink my daughter's health with the rest. His family are the oldest tenants on the property," he adds, in an explanatory tone, to the Marquis of Occington, who is down here to give his approval of his brother's choice in the most unmistakable way on the morrow. Bonnie pretty Belle is going to be a very great lady; but she feels a heartier pleasure this day in showing her father's tenants and friends how her father's daughter is appreciated than she will ever feel in her more dazzling triumphs in society by-and-bye.

"One of you young fellows run up to the house, and bring Amslie down," the Squire shouts; and good-natured Charles Collingford jumps up and declares he will fetch him out.

out.
"And I'll come with you," Belle says.
"And have a look at the brown colt," she adds in a whisper. And the handsome pair suit the action to the word, and walk away through the orchard to the house to fetch out Ainslie, and look at the colt.

But Dick is not at home to-day. His mother thinks he had business in Plymouth. At any rate, he went away early this morning on the brown colt,
"And is it settled with pretty Janie Welby

"And is it settled with pretty Janie Welbyn yet?" Belle asks, standing up proudly by the side of the young lord, her lover, who is so soon to take her away from her own people.

"Yes, thank God!" his mother says reverently; "Dick has made a wise choice, and will have one of the best and most prudent of girls for a wife."

"I'm so glad! and Lord Charles and I will go to their wedding; won't we, Charlie?" Belle says buoyantly, and then she whispers a few words to her betrothed, and he says:

"Will your son, Mrs. Ainslie, be kind enough to send the brown colt up to the Squire's to-morrow morning?" And then he laughs and adds gallantly: "He's to be the first present my future wife will deign to accept from me, Mrs. Ainslie, so I'm anxious to secure him—at your son's price, of course." cept from me, Mrs. Anslie, so I'm anxious to secure him—at your son's price, of course,"
Mrs. Ainslie makes the handsome, jolly-looking young naval nobleman one of her daintiest mixtures of bow and curtesy; and he goes back presently to the group by the river-side with Beile, declaring himself to be quite enraptured with the Ainslies and their surroundings.

quite enraptured with the Ainslies and their surroundings.

"If I were a girl, I should fall in love with that fine young fellow and this old-picture holm," he says jollily. "Belle, why haven't you found a pretty girl for him to marry? You neglect your duty. Upon my word, I shall have to brush you up, and make you keep your eyes open when I take you to our place;" and then he calls his brother to his aid, and they both begin chaffing her charmingly about her future duties as queen regnant of the house of Occington.

"Mr. Ainslie has found a pretty girl for himself," Belle chimes in. "Papa, you ought to arrange that your two old tenants' children should be married on the same day as your own daughter; I should like it of all things, for the brown colt (lie 'is mine now, isn't he Charlie?) will always be a bond between Dick Ainslie and me.

"You must be married the same day I am "You must be married the same day I am—the third of August." Miss Ffolett says to Dick in the pauses of the quadrille she is dancing with him; "and I shall ask Janie to accept her wedding dress from me, and it shall be made by my own dress-maker. What a pretty wife you'll have, Dick—the very prettiest girl about here; won't you be proud of her?" Dick looks a little wildly at her, but says

"Yes, Miss Floiett; as well then as any time," he says, hopelessly, and she looks at him in surprise, and asks:

"Is it too long off a date? It's only two months from to-day, you know—the third of August. I shall go and tell Janie it is fixed."

Presently the two brides-elect are holding avert converse of the

sweet converse together in a corner of the 'Are you very fond of him ?" Belle is ask

"Are you very fond of him?" Belle is asking. "I'm sure you are, and he and you will be such a dear, nice, happy couple; I shall like to feel that two other people are just as happy as ourselves down here the day Lord Charles and I are married. It will be another bond between us. I look upon the brown coit as one already."

The next morning Richard Ainslie receives a cheque from Lord Charles Collingford for the brown colt, which is about three times as much as he would have asked if he could have been persuaded to name a price. He does not say anything to his mother about it, but takes it into the home-orchard and tears it into little bits as he stands meditatively under a tree.

ittle bits as he stands meditatively under a tree.

Then he goes about his daily work. The wedding day is definitely fixed for the third of August, and preparations for the reception of the young wife at the Little Firs farmhouse proceed apace under old Mrs. Ainslie's able management. Janie will find everything in the most perfect order, and the admirable manner in which she has been brought up justifies Mrs. Ainslie's most sanguine anticipations of happiness resulting from the match.

But Dick does not seem happy. The third of August is a golden summer day, and numbers of people from the adjacent villages are assembled about the entrance to the churchyard to see the two weddings about which so much talkohas been made. Miss Ffolett's long train of friends have arrived, and now Miss Ffolett, leaning on her father's arm, walks up the little pathway through the church-yard, and looks round eagerly for the atter bridal party. As she advances to the altar-railings, and the service which is to unite her to Lord Charles Collingford begins, the Welbyns bring their daughter in, and two or three scouts are sent off to see what makes Richard Ainslie a laggard in love this morning.

His mother is waiting for him in the old

ing.

His mother is waiting for him in the old oak parlour, looking happier than she has looked since her husband's death. Her plain coloured silk dress and bonnet suit her well; Miss Ffolett has chosen them as well as Janie's

Where can Dick be? The friendly messengers come in breathlessly from the church where his bride is awaiting him. And there is a search made, gleefully enough at first, anxiously after a few minutes.

anxiously after a few minutes.

Then they find him.

There in the home-orchard, near to that same spot where her husband's father had died by his own hand, the poor mother sees Dick, her son, lying in his wedding clothes, senseless, cold, dead.

They find no marks of violence about him; his face is peaceful enough, poor fellow, now; and the doctor who is hastily called in declares it to be "heart disease," and no word is said to the bereft mother and the poor little girl who loved him so well of the fatally condemning little bottle which they find empty in a

who loved him so well of the fatally condemning little hottle which they find empty in a
tuit of grass close by.

"It is so sad," Lady Charles Collingford
says when she is down for the hunting season
the year of her marriage, as she rides Golden
Pippin surpassingly well after her father's
hounds over the Little Firs Farm; "he was such a nice young fellow, such a friend of mine, and so happy in the prospect of being poor Janie's husband; it almost makes me shudder to pass by this apple-orchard now after such a tragedy."

So he lives for six months at least in her

"Seth," said Mrs. Spicer, "I wish you would go and see to the furnace; that Kate is putting in coal as if she was firing a locomotive." And when Spicer remarked that the gift was perhaps a fallway-cinder-Kate Mrs. S. grew warmer than ever.

emory .- All the Year Round.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Sir William Harcourt and the Parnellite Party.

AMAN NOT LIKED BUT FEARED.

The Evacuation of Candahar and the Prospects of the Boer War.

In the ear ranged that they shall.

The girl does not notice that blick is suspicionally silent during dinner. It is the habit of he father and brothers, stolid it is the habit of he father and brothers, stolid it is the habit of he father and brothers, stolid it is the habit of he at father and brothers, stolid it is the habit of he as the property of the store of the store of the property of the store of the stor

Leaving the Irish question for the present, let me tell you something about Sir William Harcourt. He has been a member of the House of Commons since 1868. He was one of the new men in the vast majority elected of the new men in the vast majority elected to support Mr. Gladstone, and he entered the House with a reputation for great ability. During the civil war in the United States he wrote a series of letters in the Times, to which the signature "Historicus" was affixed. These letters displayed an amount of learning which surprised the ordinary reader. Much of it, however, was collected for the occasion, and was not the outpouring of a righly-stored and was not the outpouring of a righly-stored. Dick looks a little wildly at her, but says nothing, and Belle goes on:

"Lord Charles thinks the colt perfection. We're going to call him Golden Pippin, after your famous apples, and I hope to be often down here in the hunting season after I'm married, and then you'll see him."

Golden Pippin! It is not an auspicious name to mention to an Ainslie, for it was on one of their famous golden pippin trees that the grandfather of this present man hanged himself. But Belle has either never heard of this fact or it has entirely escaped her memory.

"Now, look here!" says Miss Ffolett: "If Janie and your mether agree to it, will you be married when bord Charles and I are, Dick?"

"Yes, Miss Ffolett; as well then as any time." he says, hopelessly, and she looks at him in supprises and sake." agreeable. Three months before the dissolution of Parliament in 1874 he was appointed Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's Government. During the Administration of Lord Beaconsfield, he took an active part in Opposition, several of his speeches being the ablest delivered in condemnation of Lord Beaconfield's policy. He and Lord Beaconsfield are on terms of personal intimacy; he has often been a guest at Hughenden Manor, and Lord Beaconsfield has a high opinion of his capacity. He once counted on getting him as a recruit, but the days of Sir William's hesitation are over and his fortunes are now linked with those of the Liberal party. Both he and Sir Henry days of Sir William's hesitation are over and his fortunes are now linked with those of the Liberal party. Both he and Sir Henry James, the present Attorney-General, were desirous that Lord Hartington should be the head of the present Administration. Sir William has a notion, which is entirely unfounded, that he can manage Lord Hartington, while he knows that he has little if any influence over Mr. Gladstone. When the present Administration was framed, Sir William intimated that he would not accept a legal office, having no ambition to be Lord Chancellor after passing through the grades of Solicitor and Attorney-General. Here he is right. He is not a bad counsel, and can conduct a criminal case before a jury quite as well as others who know more law than he, but his purely legal attainments do not rise above mediocrity. His ambition is to be Prime Minister; perhaps if he had the knack of making friends, he might have a better chance. A story is current about a number of gentlemen agreeing that each should invited Sir William Harcourt. There are many men of unpleasant manners who have risen to high offices in the State. Nothing could exceed the frigidity of the great Sir Robert Peel and karl Russell, yet the former was the trusted leader of the Conservatives and the latter of the Liberals. Neither the Earl of Beaconsfield nor Mr. Gladstone is gifted with geniality of demeanour. Many public men owe their

Liberals. Neither the Earl of Beaconsfield nor Mr. Gladstone is gifted with geniality of demeanour. Many public men owe their success to making themselves feared. Sir William Harcourt has developed a capacity for this which will stand him in good stead hereafter. His sharp tongue is a potent instrument for his purpose. He has a fine presence, being upwards of six feet in height, and his voice is both powerful and flexible. There are few among the younger generation of speakers who can impress an audience better than he can, and he is decidedly the best speaker in the present Government. best speaker in the present Government, with the necessary exceptions of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CANDAHAR. The large majority by which the House of Lords has expressed an opinion in favour of retaining possession of Candahar will have no effect on the policy of the Government. The ablest speech in the debate was that delivered by Lord Derby. In conversation one hours without any food."

ed by Lord Derby. In conversation one hears more frequent references to it than to any other. The truth is that the problem of Indian policy is not how to extend the area of the British possessions, but how to regulate the finances of the country. If money were no object, it would be comparatively easy to maintain a force at Candahar; but the late Government would have found the financial difficulty an insuperable one in carrying out their policy. What Lord Derby forcibly stated, and what the persons most intimately acquainted with India regard with apprehension, is the possibility of the country becoming bankrupt. At any moment the eight millions sterling derived from the cultivation of opium might cease to be available, and there is no other source from which the like amount can be raised. I understand that the withdrawal from Candahar is but a part of a scheme of policy which has been adopted chiefly for financial considerations.

The same consideration will, in due time, have great weight as regards the policy to be pursued in South Africa. It is scarcely doubtful that the cost of the war with the Boots will not fall abort of ten millions ster-

ling. I have conversed on the subject with gentlemen who have lived long in South Africa, and they assure me that that the conquest of the Transvaal is hardly possible. Unless the Boers succumb after a defeat, and agree to accept the favourable terms which will be offered them, the war may continue for years. A desultory warfare is what they can wage to the best advantage, and is the kind of fighting which can least easily be conducted by regular troops. A hope is entertained, while I write, that a battle which may be fought by Sir Evelyn Wood, before the arrival of reinforcements, will be accepted as decisive, and will be followed by arrangements for peace. If this should prove a mistaken forecast, then nothing will remain but to trust to the large battalions which are being forwarded to the theatre of hostilities.

SIE ALEXANDER GALT. I am sorry to have to state that the High I am sorry to have to state that the High Commissioner, Sir Alexander Calt, has been out of health for a few weeks. He has had a severe attack of influenza which he finds it hard to throw off. He has been working very hard, and his labours have told upon him. The last time I saw him he was evidently in need of rest. A short visit to the seaside will doubtless set him up again.

ECHOES FROM MAJUBA HILL.

Gathered from the Correspondence of the London Papers.

Story of Major Fraser's Wonderful Escape—Confidence Inspired by General Wood's Assumption of the Command—Commander Bomilly's Death.

Aylward, the renegade Irishman, acts Joubert's Military Secretary. The garrison at Mount Prospect now consists of 1,212 foot and 146 horse.

The 58th arrived in the Transvaal 500 strong, and now numbers about 230. It is computed that of the men who re-mained on the hill until the last, in the late fight, not more than one in four escaped.
Only eighteen out of one hundred and twenty
Highlanders returned to camp.

Although the Volksraad has observed neu-trality, the burghers of the Free State are said to lend aid to the Boers of the Trans-vaal in every possible way, commandeering on all sides on their behalf. English resi-dents in the Free State find life almost in-tolerable.

At this moment many of our readers may like to be reminded that the late Sir George Colley was the author of the excellent article "Army" in the new edition of "Encyclopedia Britannica." The article, which occupies some sixty pages, was one of the few writings of the lamented general.—Athenœum.

deneral Wood officially reports relative to the Majuba Hill fight:—"All officers behaved perfectly in action on Sunday; two companies 92nd fought admirably, but our men (350 all told) were greatly outnumbered and attacked on all sides. Sir George shot dead in fighting line, Fraser and Hay close to him."

Seen vaccinated, Miss Black?" "Yes, indeed, Mr. White, I should just hat to do of that nasty smallpox. Why, they say that if you die of it you must be buried in the middle of the night and nobody goes to the funeral?" "How very, very sad it is for the corpse, to be gure?"

There is an International Society of Thieves. Two French women belonging to it, passing for Americans, were recently than they "lived in grant they "lived in the grant they

Commandant Joubert, on the 2nd of March, sent a message to President Brand, through Sir Evelyn Wood, as follows:—
"Your telegram has been received. In reply, the Government and the people of the Transvaal agree with you in wishing that there should be no further bloodshed. It is in the power of the English Ministry alone, against whose attacks we are defending our selves to prevent it. We are willing to selves, to prevent it. We are willing to accept every effort made by your Honour for the restoration of peace so far as it is not in direct opposition to our liberty."

direct opposition to our liberty."

The Times' correspondent says:—"It is hoped that the appointment of Sir Frederick Roberts does not portend the establishment of a military despotism. South Africa is not Afghanistan. The arbitrary exercise of authority, which may be possible and perhaps necessary in Asia, will only result here in a general uprising against British rule. The maintenance of the Queen's empire in these territories depends upon the discretion, moderation, and conciliatory temper displayed by her representatives. Should the flame of disaffection be fanned by administrative in discretions, no one can say how far or how fast it will spread."

Commander Francis Romilly, who died officer wounded, being shot at a great distance. He was standing close to Sir George Colley when hit. He was the son of Mr. Charles Romilly, Clerk to the Crown in Chancery, and Lady Georgina Romilly, eldest daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford. In 1858 he efitered the navy, became a sub-lieutenant in 1864, and lieutenant in 1866, lieutenant in 1864, and lieutenant in 1866, and in 1877 was promoted to the post of commander on a "haul-down vacancy." Commander Romilly served for some time under the Duke of Edinburgh in the Galatea. He was with Count Gleichen in the Racgoon, and was flag-lieutenant to Sir James Drummond in the Hercules and Lord Warden on the Mediterranean station, and he served with the Naval Brigade in the Zulu war.

The story of Maior Francis coaces in these

The story of Major Fraser's escape is thus told:—"When the 58th Regiment retired on the central ridge, General Colley stood in the right centre, with Colonel Stewart next him, and Major Fraser on his left. The firing then and Major Fraser on his left. The firing then became so heavy that our men, by degrees, melted away from their ground—hardly a matter of wonder, considering the tremendous volleys the enemy kept pouring in upon them. Colonel Stewart ran back to rally the men on the last ridge of hill, and succeeded well. Our fellows there stood shoulder to shoulder, and made a most determined resistance, but to no purpose. They were flanked and shot down on all sides. Here it was that, sword in hand, General Colley fell, shot in the centre of the forehead. Major Fraser then moved to the south-west corner of the the centre of the forenead. Major Fraser then moved to the south-west corner of the ridge, the Boers continuing their heavy firing at a distance of certainly not more than fifty yards, and our men retiring towards the camp suffering severely beneath the continuous storm of bullets which the enemy camp, suffering severely beneath the continuous storm of bullets which the enemy poured upon us. Then Major Fraser suddenly lost his footing, slipped, fell, and rolled down the steep rocks about 300 feet, into some thickly wooded kloofs, where he lay until night came on. He then cautiously felt his way towards where he imagined Mount Prospect was situated—a heavy mist, combined with rain, preventing all probability of finding the true path, but he hoped by some lucky chance to hit a road. He kept on all through the night, stumbling over the rocks, slipping into streams, and soaked to the skin by the rain. To make matters worse the compass he had with him got out of order, leading him straight towards the Boers', position at Laing's Nek. When day broke, discovering this, he kept close in a donga to prevent his being observed, and towards night again moved in the direction of our camp, watching the Boer vedettes, and seizing every opportunity of concealing himself. Although bruised and sore in every part, he managed to reach Mount Prospect about three o'clock on Tuesday morning, having suffered great hardships, and having narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the enemy. He had been about forty-eight hours without any food."

German Syrup is the special prescription of Dr. A. Boschee, a celebrated German physician, and is acknowledged to be one of the most fortunate discoveries in Medicine. It quickly cures Coughs, Colds, and all Lung troubles of the severest nature, removing, as it does, the cause of the affection and leaving the parts in a strong and healthy condition. It is not an experimental medicine, but has stood the test of years, giving satisfaction in every case, which its rapidly increasing sale every season confirms. Two million bottles sold annually. Beware of medicines of similar names, lately introduced. Boschee's German Syrup was introduced in the United States in 1868, and is now sold in every town and village in the civilized sold in every town and village in the civilized world. Three doses will relieve any ordinary cough. Price 75 cents. Sample bottle, 10 cents. Every druggist in this country will tell you of its wonderful effect. Over 950.000 bottles sold last year without a single failure known,

WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A little love, a little glove,
A little rosebud for a token;
A little sigh for days gone by,
A little girl heart broken.

Another man woos Sarah Ann With bank-book well extended; A social crown, a house in town, And Sarah's heart is mended.

Carlyle thought women were especially fite ted to be doctors. Fanny Davenport is to have a close fitting lress made for herself of glass. Of all things that man possesses, women alone take pleasure in being possessed.—
Malherbe.

The Massachusetts society for the higher education of women has a balance of 82 cents in its treasury.

Why do girls kiss each other while men do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss and the men have.

Two women were fined by Justice Wallace, of Chicago, for smoking on the street, though they were neither drunk nor disorderly. Women of the world never use harsh ex-

Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage, they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points.

Mrs. Mary B. Post has been re elected town clerk and Treasurer of Georgia, Vt. Her husband held these offices nearly thirty years. He died in 1878, and Mrs. Post has acceptably filled them since.

A young woman belonging to a wealthy family at Atlanta, Ga., stepped into a railroad switch-house, removed every particle of clothing, and started out for a walk. This was the first indication of what is pronounced

hopeless insanity.

Miss Flora Torrey, step-daughter of Judge W. R. Wagstaff, of Paola, Kan., has just been admitted to the bar, after a searching examination. She is a handsome blonde, highly educated, and accomplished in music

A delicate compliment is worth preserving and repeating. When a lady asked Quin why there were more women in the world than men, he at once answered:—"It is in conformity with the other arrangements of na-ture, madame; we always see more of heaven than earth." In the year 1880 America issued seventy

patents to women. And not one of these was an indicator to be attached to a bed post to show if there is a man under the bed. And yet, think how much getting down on hands and knees such a thing would save women.—

At Edwards, Miss., recently, Mrs. Spaulding, a milliner, killed J. A. Maples with a revolver, and reported to the neighbours that she had shot a burglar. It was soon shown, by a note in his pocket, that she had decoyed

style, spent money like water, and were generous to the poor. Their portmanteaux and trunks were all provided with secret recesses, in which they had already amassed considerable booty in the shape of jewellery, deeds, bonds, etc."

bonds, etc."

On a quiet, starlight night one looks upon the surface of a clear and placid lake, and there he sees, reflected from its surface, moon and stars and clouds, the whole of the infinite expanse above. The heart of the true woman is such a lake; in its purity, sympathy, tenderness, long-suffering, and self-sacrifice there is seen on earth the image of the heavenly, of our Divine Mother which is in heaven.—Christian Union.

CURRENT HUMOUR.

Punch thinks that Victor Hugo, on his The man who took a seat in the orchestra when his ticket was for the second balcony felt badly at having to change. In fact he was moved two tiers.—Boston Post.

A tramp printer attempted to carry off bodily the library at the *Patriot* office, but his wholesale thieving was discovered, and he was compelled to drop the book.—Harrisburg

Pig-culiar People.—The Germans examine every American pig to detect its trichinosis. Do they adopt a similar plan with the unoffending Jews, and persecute the race on account of its striking noses?—Punch.

count of its striking noses?—Punch.

It is said that two French philosophers have kept nine hogs drunk for a year, as a scientific experiment. That's just the way some folks cast their pearls before swine. Why couldn't they have let some New York men have the fun of the experiment?—Boston Post.

An Englishman who went to see an Irish friend knocked at the street door and asked, "Does Mr. McGuire live here?" "He does, sorr; but he's dead!" "When did he die?" "If he'd lived till to-morrow," was the response, "he'd have been dead a fortnight."

A zirl heard her father criticised severals.

A girl heard her father criticised severely across a dinner-table. The careless critic paused a moment to say: "I hope he is no relative of yours, miss." Quick as thought she replied with the utmost nonchalance: "Only a connection of my mother's by marriage."

The steam-cars run so rapidly that they get way ahead of a child's age, so that the boy or girl who was fifteen when he entered them or gri who was fitteen when he entered them is no more than six or eight by the time the conductor comes along. Boast of our progress as you may, but there's no denying that the children are behind the age on railways and at the entertainment ticket offices.—

Boston Transcript.

When a man was called before the justice in Marseilles for having cut his wife in pieces the judge asked him why he had committed such a terrible crime. "I'm just going to tell you," he remarked, cynically, "I share their opinion with our noble deputies. I am violently opposed to divorce; but, sir, I am a partisan to the cause of the total separation of bodies."

A story is told to prove that Donivetti was

of bodies."

A story is told to prove that Donizet'il was the inventor of the ulster. One day at Paris, so it goes, he sent for his tailor to measure him for an overcoat. The tailor found him at the piano surrendering himself to the rapture of composition. Nevertheless, he was persuaded to quit the beloved instrument and deliver himself up to the man of tape and chalk. The tailor made the first measurements, then stopping becan to take the chalk. The tailor made the first measurements, then stopping began to take the length of the garment. "To the knee, sir?" he said, timidly. "Lower, lower," said the composer in a dreamy voice. The tailor brought the measure half way down the legand pansed inquiringly. "Lower, lower." The tailor reached the composer's ankles. "Lower, lower." "But, sir, you won't be able to walk." "Walk! walk! who wants to walk?" with an ecstatic lifting of the arms, "I never walk, I soar."

EFFS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFOR Errs's Cocoa.—Grateful and Comporting.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctorabils. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist twery tendency to disease. Hundreds of one the maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We 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 "James Errs & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, Eng." Also makers of Epps's Chocollate Essence for afternoon use, 101-35

AGRICULTURAL.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

for the week ending February 26th, 18 19,881 animals were shipped from Ire to England, of which 6,695 were cattle, to England, of which 6,695 were cattle, 542 sheep, 9,301 pigs, and 334 horses. F this return it would seem that the I Leaguers have not yet succeeded in "Boy ting" England, and it will be a bad day Ireland, judging from these returns, we they do. Few people, it is safe to ass have any idea how thoroughly the commentand industrial interests of the Emerald are bound up with the welfare of England.

An extensive land fraud, by which thous settlers have been duped, has just laid bare in Missouri. It appears that Robert L. Lindsay of Ironton, Mo., a ciated with himself a number of pers who secured fraudulent titles to more the million acres of public lands, which were to innocent settlers, who now find t selves without a valid claim to the land occupy. Lindsay has been arrested, what action the Washington Government will take to relieve the settlers from the astrous position in which they find the selves is not yet known.

One of last year's settlers in the Tu Mountain district, North-West Territ writes :- "This is a fine section of coun plenty of wood, good water and good l plenty of wood, good water and good is and will make one of the best settlement the North-West. There are a few grumb of course, but did you ever see a place wout them?" Our correspondent compl bitterly of the rates charged for the trans of freight, and, judging from the figure quotes, with good reason. It is to be he seems taking emigrants to the North-Well do what they profess to do look will do what they profess to do—look them to the end of their journey and care that they are not charged exorbi

The Ontario Government would be do good work if they had the Agricultural mission's report condensed into a handy practical volume. At present it is too l practical volume. At present it is too be to be of any great use in attracting attent to our farming resources and the fertilit our soil. Its very size, as it now is, is ento frighten any ordinary man. Still, twho have had the courage to look into it generally a good word for the work, editor of the New York Scotsman, for stance, says:—"The report shows clenough what a wonderful field for agricu Ontario presents." If the labours of Ontario presents." If the labours of commission are to have any beneficial re it can only be by the report being embedin a convenient, handy volume. It was great mistake to issue it at all in its prahape.

The death-knell of American canned r would seem to be sounded when the papers are found warning people as them. Recently it was the Maine Fo who declared some of the carcases I were unfit for dogs to eat : now it is the Moines (Iowa) State Register which "We have experimented with a good brands, and found none uniformly g concluding by pointing to three r deaths, one of a woman in I was from e canned salmon, and the others of a ma his wife from lunching off canned corned The canning industry in Canada has made considerable headway, but if continue to progress—as we hope it n care must be taken to steer clear of th ways of United States canners N the healthiest meat must in the first ins be prepared, and then care must be that it is properly canned.

Mr. Rauch, secretary of the Illinois of Health, says : Since 1866 eleven have occurred in Illinois by trichino in every instance from eating raw 1 sausage. As a sanitarian I regard to life from this source as practically ar ing to nothing, it being so easily prev by cooking. No doubt more deaths from many other articles of diet that a garded as harmless, no record being m the same." Mr. Rauch in his last sent speculating, and in his reference to en he belittles the danger from trichinosi the investigation of M. Vacher, a F scientist, is reliable, and there seems son to doubt it, ordinary cooking wil destroy trichine. He boiled a piece of more than the average time allowed for cooking, and found the temperature centre of the meat was not calculated the parasite. People, therefore, mus of the meat will destroy the danger. be well and thoroughly cooked.

It has been commonly supposed the

land agitation is confined almost entir the south and west of Ireland, and so is measure it is, but the north is not out grievances, as witness the fo petition which agriculturists in that s of the country are said to be langely sign. "We, your Majesty's loyal and lawasubjects, tenant-farmers of the North cland, humbly beseech thee to hear a the grievances we, cultivators of the have to complain of. First, the milliance when the same being appearance went. money that are being annually sent the country to absentee landlords, any return or circulation whatever. That the landlords will neither -Owing to a succession of bad seaso capital has melted away, our stock l come less, our farms barren and stell want of capital. Fourth—The flax t northernmen always depended on to prents is unsalable, or, if sold, we l submit to a price two-thirds less tha submit to a price two-thirds less that we were receiving some years ago. I We have to compete with the Americ their enormous produce exported here cland. We are no longer able to p present exorbitant rents. This is own the consider on the standard or own. We consider our no fault of our own. We consider our as sober and as industrious as any o Majesty's subjects, and beg your Maje use your great influence with your ment to get us a reduction of rent, complete ruin awaits us. To remain and law-abiding we must have fair rensale, and fixity of tenure. By grantin our humble petition, we shall ever pray

Cheese Made from Potatoes. A foreign paper says that cheese is from notatoes in Thuringia and S After having collected a quantity of p of good quality, giving the preference large white kind, they are boiled in dron, and, after becoming cool, they duced to a pulp, either by means of c or mortar. To five pounds of this which ought to be as equal as possed added one pound of sour milk and the sary quantity of salt. The whole is a together and the mixture covered up together and the mixture covered up lowed to he for three or four days, ac to the season. At the end of this th kneaded anew, and the cheeses are pi sheaded anew, and the cheeses are plittle baskets, when the superfluous n scapes. They are then allowed to dr shade, and placed in layers in large where they must remain for fifteer. The older these cheeses are the mornality improves. Three kinds are the first and most common is made tailed above; the second with four controls and two parts of surely and two parts of surely are the second with four controls and two parts of surely are the second with four controls and two parts of surely are the second with four controls are surely a potatoes and two parts of curded mi hird with two parts of potatoes a parts of cow or ewe milk. These have this advantage over other kind do not engender worms, and they kee for a number of years, provided to placed in a dry situation and in well