A PAYING TELLER.

CHAPTER I.

Most stories end with a marriage; mine be Most stories end with a marriage; mine begins with one. The marriage was my own; it was also Annie Burdon's. I think we both liked our wedding day the better for knowing that all our triends and relations, on both sules, thought us a couple of lunatics. As far as we could discover, our lunacy lay in my having no money and no prospects, and in her having no prospects and no money.

I had come down to D—— to see if the place was unhealthy enough to contain another.

place was unhealthy enough to contain another physician. I tound it nothing of the kind, but admirably suited to find a wife in. The long and the short of it is, we left

D——for London as rich as two young people can be who have not means to live together for more than the space of the honeymoon. I ought to say that I had been too hard a medical student to make many friends. But my first and foremost duty was to justify Annie's belief in me by getting on, instead of merely drifting along. I set to work and conquered my naturally retiring disposition by trying very hard indeed. If I had not been married, I should not have tried. But, on the other hand, the fact that made me try to win seemed to make me fail in winning We took lodgings in a poor neighbourhood where many patients might mean a few fees we economized more and more, and I occasion we economized more and more, and I occasionally carned a guniea or two from the medical journals. But we could not afford to wait, and meanwhile things kept getting worse, instead of better. But love did not even look toward the window, though poverty was knocking furiously at the door.

At last, when things had reached their worst, I was offered the place of surgeon on a ship bound for Jamaica. So I made arrangements with my employers to pay my wages to my wife during my sailings, sent her down

to my wife during my sailings, sent her dow to her father s, and went on my first voyage. The Darien, which was my ship, had many passengers, but none of them gave much trouble, save one. But then he made up for everybody. His name was Jules Londas, a singular name for an Englishman, but I was bold he represented an old West India commercial house, founded during the Spanish times. Mr. Londas was a small, dried-up man, between fifty and sixty, with a long house and a pair of sharp black gaves ooked nose and a pair of sharp black eyes

his expression harassed and eager, and yet not without dignity. People who knew nothing of him at home said he was a muser. I had ot been twenty-four hours at sea before found out his ruling passion, or rather his ruling terror. It was a morbid dread of death, which almost amounted to monomania. From the moment he discovered I was the surgeon I had no peace with him. I had to treat Mr. Londas for heart, stomach, brain— The day before we were

The day before we were due at Kingston he said : "Mr. Wilson, I must make a bargain with you. I have the greatest objection to every medical man in Jamaica. If I re is no one who will give me his whole time. The fact is—it is nothing to me whole time. The fact is—it is nothing to me whether you believe it or not—I am in the most imminent peril of dying before the end of my fifty-seventh year. I shall be fifty-seven on the 10th of September, and if I pass that date I may safely look forward to nearly forty years of increasing health and happiness. Of course you think I am talking nonsense, but that is not the question. You are a transport to Jamaica you are young you are stranger to Jamaica, you are young, you are free from other engagements, you have your whole time, you want money and I must trust your skill and hocour. Stay with me at my place till midnight on the 10th of Sep-tember. It will be worth your while."

tember. It will be worth your wante.
It is only too true that I wanted money. I did not like my patient, but it was a good hance, and I became private and confidential physician to Mr. Jules Londas. physician to Mr. Jules Londas.

His business was carried, on in Kingston, but he took me with him to his sugar plantation, near Trelawney, in the western part of he island. Mr. Londas had few neighbours,

ad saw none of them.

His household consisted of only some black creats, ruled by lan old mulatto women, who acted as cook, nurse, and householders and I had to draw up dishes as if they were

gular living and all kinds of exercises in the He followed my directions with careful panctuality, and thoughthe man grew to be as well as one who keeps, hiver can ever exect to be, nothing would o sabase him of hi

"Why should be dread Gath so much?" I citen thought; "he has no one else to live He certainly held a position on the island, and it was hard to say whather the higher families held aloof from him or he from them.

At the end of the first month he paid me fifty guineas, the amount agreed upon, which I nmediately sent off to Annie. At length, thank heaven, the 10th of September caine. Never shall I lorget the state of Jules Loudas on that fatal day. He spent the whole time, until aix in the evening, in an armchair, with his finger on his pulse. I

then compelled him to take some food, but he trembled at every morsel. At 7 he grew teverish; at 9 I was seriously alarmed and the him an opiate, hoping that he might sleep an past the fatal hour. But it did not act on his excited brain. And so the remaining three heaves the good by and at least 10 to 10 three hours dragged by and at last we heard the first stroke of 12. He rose from his chair and leaned on me

sounting them as they fell slowly, "10, 11, 12!" I should not have been surprised had be dropped dead at the last stroke. On the contrary, he drew a deep sigh of relief and turned to me triumphantly. "Thank you, Wilson," said he, taking my

hand; "you have given me a forty years' lease of life, and I thank you. I am now fifty-seven years old. I have the best part of my tife before me. I don't want you to think me inhospitable or ungrateful, but I should be obliged by your leaving me to-morrow morning without seeing me again. Thanks to you, I have done with doctors now. Here is your record above for offer mine. second cheque for fifty guineas. By noon to-morrow I shall expect to hear that you have

gone."

I certainly thought my dismissal under the circumstances was odd and abrupt, but I was used to the eccentricities of Mr. Londas, and was so tired of them that I was glad to be allowed to run away. We shook hands and parted, and that was the last I ever saw of Mr. Jules Londas. Matters had been so arranged—I fancy by the special intervention of Mr. Londas—that I was to return on the Davigu in a week or two. Meanwhile I sent ien in a week or two. Meanwhile I sent the bulk of the second cheque to Annie, keeping only a few pounds to last me till the day of sailing. But before the day came the low-lying sugar lands in which I had been living had done their work and I was prostrated

with yellow fever. CHAPTER II.

tered, but that Annie was with him. In a few minutes I was with her.

Need I describe such a meeting?

We were happy enough that day to almost atone for the long months of our separation. But for the future days? It was desperate to think of them; my health had terribly given way. By going with Mr. Londas I had thrown away the only opening into practice I had ever found. I gave up my professional hopes, and tried to get a situation of some sort, but it did not come, and hope of it grew steadily less. I need not recount the way in which we managed io get through those bitter, bitter weeks—the few pounds I made with my pen, the sale of little personal treasures, chance scraps of employment I found in town, and so on, and so on. But one day when I was at Annie's writing desk, looking for a pen, my eyes fell on an unopened letter directed to me. It had been posted in Spanishtown, Jamaica, as far back as the 12th of September.

"Bless me" said Amaie as I hald it make the said of little personal treasures, chance and so on. But one day when I was at Annie's writing desk, looking for a pen, my eyes fell on an unopened letter directed to me. It had been posted in Spanishtown, Jamaica, as far back as the 12th of September.

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Bless me," said Annie, as I held it up to

I opened it, and found a letter and a

"September 12, 183—,"

"My Dear Wilson: You must have thought it strange that I did not recognize your further success than by the fee which you would have received had you failed. I said nothing at the time, because I felt sure that you would make a tuss about receiving more than your due, and because I want all the thanks to be spoken by me in that supreme moment of my life. Besides, I did not wish to enable you—for reasons of my own—to remain in Jamaica. Having learned from you Mrs. Wilson's address, I sent this to await your arrival at home. Pray be kind enough to accept it by way of thanks.

"From yours, very faithfully,
"JULES LONDAS." "SEPTEMBER 12, 183-,"

"JULES LONDAS,"
The cheque was on the Bank of England for £1,000! At first I thought I was dreaming.
But it was real enough. There it lay before Annie's eyes and mine. Of course I had no real scruple about accepting it, and relieved myself by writing a 'letter of thanks to my late rationt. "JULES LONDAS."

late patient.

The next morning I started for London. I spent almost my last shilling to pay my fare. I happened to have with me as fellow-traveller a hale and hearty old gentleman named Deacon, with whom I had become slightly accounted.

quainted.

"Going all the way to town?" he asked, in his strong, vigorous voice.

"Yes—on business," I said, a little prond of so new a word. of so new a word.

"So am I, worse luck. I am going to give our member a bit of the town's mind about the town pump. Which way shall you be

going?"

"I am going to the Bankof England."

"What, to my old shop?" I haven't been on Threadneedle street these forty years. But I believe I should go straight to my old desk, as straight as if it had been yesterday. Yes—I was paying clerk in the old times. If you go through the door in the left hand correct of the court you will see where I used to ner of the court you will see where I used to stand. And by George, it's a fact that some desks are lucky, and some unlucky; some go

"ight and some go wrong."
"What a curious theory, Mr. Deacon."
"It isn't a theory at all—it's a fact, sir, Now the desk next to me was one of the downright unlucky ones, bad in every way. I knew both the clerks there in my time, and in fact rather more of them than anyone else. The desk on the other side was a lucky one. Men went up high in the bank from it, as if it were a step in the ladder. Mine was betwixt and between, both in place and in luck, and all the better for me. But about the unand all the better for me. But about the unlucky desk," and he settled himself for the inevitable anecdote of his younger days, to which he is given. "When I first stood at the bank counter, my left-hand neighbour on the unlucky side—was a young fellow named Frederick Hawes—Fred, we used to named Frederick Hawes—Fred, we used to call him. We all liked him, and two or three of us, who got to know him best, liked his sister, too—Nancy Hawes. She and her brother lived with an old aunt in Finsbury. I believe six of us asked her to marry us six times apiece—I did, I know. But she laugh-

ed at us all around and made us better friends with her than ever.

"Brother Fred must marry first,' she used to say. And we knew she meant it.

"But there was one of our set who wouldn't take no, like the rest of us. Isaac Ayscough was his name. He was older and closer than the rest, and the only one who ever talked about Miss Nancy, and somehow he was the only one with whom she never with her than ever. he was the only one with whom she never seemed to be easy or friendly. He was not only older but he was cleverer and better at

business and pleasure.

"After a time Nancy grew less cheerful
and Fred less sociable, and at the same time more intimate with Ayscough, until the others hardly, saw anything of him. I once spoke to Nancy about it, but she only cried

"'I hate Isaac Ayscough !" "I saw she knew that Ayscough was leading poor Fred wrong, though no one could tell him. And I know now that Ayscough was working in some villainous, underhand way to get Fred into trouble, so he might get.

Nancy into his power.
"Well, sir, one day it came out. had been forged by Fred Hawes to a transfer

warrant. Isaac Ayscough discovered the for gery, and Fred Hawes was hanged." Hanged?" Why not? That was law then." "And the girl !"

"And the girl!"
"Ah, poor Nancy! That is the worst part
of all. That day, after the hanging, when
Ayscough was just leaving his desk for Finsbury, no doubt—in walked Nancy dressed in white as if for a wedding, and went straight to Ayscough and asked him sweetly: 'Is my brother Frederick here to-day?' Ayscong didn't answer her. But though I was read to break down at first sight, I saw how things were, and just as quietly as if nothing had happened: 'No Miss, not to-day.'
"And so it went on, day after day, week

And so it went on, day after day, week after week, year after year.

"Every day at noon she would cross the Rotunda to Ayscough's desk at the paying counter and ask: 'Is my brother, Mr. Frederick, here to-day?' And one of the clerks always used to answer: 'No, Miss, not to-day.' And then she always said : 'Give my ove to him when he returns, and say I will

call to-morrow.'
"Poor thing! She was homeless, and some of us helped her aunt to keep her. But one 'to-morrow' she did not come, and then she was buried. If Ayscough wanted her he had

gone too far."

"And Ayscough, what of him!"

"I never spoke to him after, and he never spoke to me. By a queer change he had been at the lucky desk before. After Fred's death he was shifted to the unlucky one, where Fred had been. The years went by. He didn't rise. At fifty he had become a strange, solitary, friendless old man. He was punctual in all his duties and turned into a sort of machine. At 10 he came to his desk, at the closing hour he went out of sight, and nobody machine. At 10 he came to his desk, at the closing hour he went out of sight, and nobody knew what became of him till 10 the next day. At last he died without warning in a little lodging at Hackney. But here is our journey's end. Good day, Mr. Wilsop, and I

But to make the matter more complicated.

But to make the matter more complicated. thank you for your company.'

CHAPTER III.

The wholesome bustle of the street soon The wholesome bustle of the street soon drove this ghostly reminiscence of old Mr. Dawson's youth from my mind. I reached the bank, and entering found myself in a large office with desks arranged alphabetically, facing a courtyard filled with trees and shrubs, in the centre of which a fountain played lazily. I took a pen and wrote on the face of the cheque "Andrew Wilson." Then I stood for a moment or two hesitating as to which of the desks should honour my cheque. Presently, by some chance, my eyes met Presently, by some chance, my eyes met those of a clerk standing behind the counter,

those of a clerk standing behind the counter, who seemed to notice my hesitation, and beckoned me to him.

There were two clerks at the desk. One in the middle was engaged in making entries and did not appear to notice me. The clerk whose attention I caught was standing a little behind the other's left shoulder, but still close to the counter. He was a shrivelled, withered old man, who in appearance, though probably not in years, might have been the father of Mr. Deacon. And yet I don't know that I should have observed him at all had it not been for the very obtrusive singularity of his costume. He wore a snuffsingularity of his costume. He wore a snuff ped pockets in the skirts, and a flower-pattern silk waistcoat. The lower part of his body was hidden by the counter, and his neck was swathed in at least a dozen folds of snow-white cambrie, starched and frilled. But the eye soon shifted from the clothes to the face of the man who were them

eye soon shifted from the clothes to the face of the man who wore them.

It was the most hideous and ghastly I had ever seen in any human being.

Hideous and ghastly as it was, the factures were not ill-formed. It is not improbable that they were once handsome. The contour of cheeks and skin were eval, the nose straight, the eyes of a rich hazel, the brow square and fall.

The skin of the face had aged into the sem-blance of badly stretched leather, through which the bones seemed bursting; the colour was a corpse-like grey.

The cheeks had grown so hollow as to have

heard again. In speaking of my friend, Mr. Deacon, I ought to have said he had two sons in town, both middle-aged men—one a lawyer, the other was manager of the French bank where I had opened my account with my first thousand pounds. The lawyer was Mr. Robert. The bank manager was Mr. Wil-liam, and both were good friends of mine. One afternoon when I happened to be in at the bank Mr. William asked me into his pri-vate room. I found another in it who were vate room. I found another in it who was a stranger to me.

"Wilson," said he, "you remember when opening your account with us last May you paid in a single Bank of England note. Should you know it if you saw it again?"
"I endorsed it with my name."

"Your name in your own handwriting?" 'Certainly "Is this it?"
"It is," I said.

"How long ago and from whom did you reeive this note "On the 10th of May, at the Bank of Eng-The two gentlemen looked at one another.

"You say," said the stranger, "that you on the 10th of May last received over the counter of the Bank of England this note of this particular date and number. Would you swear it in a court of justice, if necessary?"
"I certainly would swear to it anywhere."

On what account was this note paid in to your hands?"
"In payment of a cheque drawn in my favour by Mr. Jules Londas, of Kingston, Jamaica."

"Can you give me the date of the cheque? "The 12th of September last,"
"You are sure of that?" 'Absolutely sure."
"Then I need not detain you or Mr. Dea-

con any longer. Good day."
"What does it all mean?" I asked Mr. Deacon, as soon as the other had gone. "I hope you are not in trouble about that note. I don't know much about banking."
"I hope that no one will be in trouble. but I have told all about the matter, and so have you. I dare say we shall not hear of it again. Will you excuse me? I am very busy

just now.' The following afternoon I was in the cell of

The following afternoon I was in the cell of a London police station. Within a week I had given bail to meet my trial on an indictment for having forged and uttered a note on the Bank of England for £1,000.

Mr. Robert Deacon acted as my legal adviser. He was a shrewd and careful lawyer, but the case puzzled him as much as it baffled me. Whether he believed me guilty I knew not; but if he did not, he was more credulous than I should have been. The case was this: It had always been the

practice of the Bank of England never to reissue a note, but to burn every one that re-issue a note, but to burn every one that re-turns to it. Now, on a certain day a note for £1,000, bearing a certain number and other marks of identification, had in the usual course of business, returned to the hank and been duly burned with the others. Of that there could be no question, unless there had been a conspiracy among many officials to save it from fire. Some time after I paid into the bank at D—— a note corresponding in every recorded particular with the note that had been destroyed. The case looked almost fatal for me. I had not been content with declaring that I had received what had proved to be a re-issued note from the Bank of England, but asserted I had received it in payment of a cheque drawn on the 12th of

eptember.
And to sum up all, the bank had been long ago notified that its customer, Mr. Jules Lon-das, of Kingston, had been accidentally drowned in Kingston harbour on September 11th, the very day after I had left him to the enjoyment of a new lease of life for forty years. And his cheque-book containing the stubs had been lost with him, and no evidence remained of his having drawn any such cheque save by his letter to me—if it had not been

written by me.
And so much for Mr. Jules Londas, his hopes and his fears. The man who had nothing to dread save a death by disease, on or before a sertain Saturday, had perished by drowning the next day. Perhaps he had mistaken his fifty-seventh birthday; perhaps not. Who can tell? At any rate there must have been some mistaken.

been some mistake.

But it was a terrible one for me. Nothing but the nature of Mr. Robert Deacon's defence for me—that no official or expert could

and dangerous for me, a note of the same amount had been given on the 10th of May in payment of a cheque drawn by Mr. Jules Londas, as appeared on the books, but it was of a different number, and had not yet been returned.

About a week after my arrest a communication from Mr. Robert Deacon informed me that the bank would give me all facilities for identifying the clerk who had, according to my story, cashed my cheque, if I thought fit to avail myself of them.

Which I did, and in company with my so-

to London, and the left them in one of the private offices of the bank while I walked the length of the counter. All was just as it had been before. I saw twelve clerks at twelve desks, but the thirteenth for whom I was looking I did notsee. He certainly was not at the counter, nor was he to be seen in the room, although my eyes went all over it from desk to desk in search of him.
"Well," asked Mr. Allen, the director,

when I returned.
"I can only say that I have not seen him,"
I answered, when I felt my heart sink within

me. "Then," he said, "we have done all we and, he said, "we have done all we met for; there is nothing more to be said as far as I can see. Mr. Deacon," turning to my solicitor, "you are satisfied that we have given Mr. Wilson every opportunity? He said he received it from a clerk who never even existed. Have you anything to say?"
Mr. Robert Deacon shrugged his shoulders
a little diplomatically. "Only that Mr.
Wilson has failed to remember one bank clerk
from another—nothing more. Many people
remember faces badly—we don't rest our defence on our client's memory, you know." "But I do," I could not help exclaiming, heedless of the look of angry warning my lawyer threw at me. "My remembrance of the natter is perfectly clear."

"Perhaps Mr. Wilson can describe him?" said Mr. Allen.

said Mr. Allen.

"Certainly not!" Mr. Deacon replied.

"Whatever he has to say his counsel will say for him at the right time and place."

"I can describe him," I said, "and since

become lost in the jaws. A thin circle of hair just prevented the wrinkled scalp from being wholly bald.

The dark eyes had sunk into cup-like cavities; the nasal cartilage was a livid blue.

The olothes hung loosely, as if they had been made for a much caller and stouter man. To judge of them by the head, they might have covered a corpse.

The ololong brooch which fastened the voluminous neckcloth was of gold, with the letters "A. H." in small seed pearls upon it.

I put my cheque into his outstretched hand.

"How will you take it," he asked in a vague, hoarse voice, without any strength or tone, "short or long."

His voice seemed as if heard in a dream; I passed my hand over my eyes to make sure it was not, while I answered: "I will take it in one note, if you please."

I heard a slight crisp rustle. I opened my eyes dreamily; they fell on a crisp bank note lying before me. I looked up from it to the cashier, but he had left his desk, and was gone.

I took the next coach for D——, which I had left with scarcely more than my fare, and returned a rich man.

CHAPTER IV.

My castle proved remarkably well built. By a piece of good fortune. I was able to step into a vecant practice in D—— itself. My health came back at a magical pace, and everything seemed destined to go on well, thanks to my West India patient, to whom I wrote once more, but from whom I never heard again.

In speaking of my friend, Mr. Deacon, The fact was this it when at a right to speak, and I will. He—the clerk—

"Did you understand that I throw up the case," whispered Mr. Roberto Jeacon, sharply, "if you say one word?"

"Very well; since there is such a man, my description will find him. For aught I know the note may be forged, but not the man. He was short, bert and ashy, sallow complexion, and tark, deep set eyes. He was short of bird. He was short, bert and ashy, sallow complexion, and can't will be a setting of fowered silk, and many are you do set from the set of fowered silk, and many average hockets, and a waistocat of fowered silk. Robe

t never satisfied me.

The fact was this: When at ten o'clock on the morning after my failure to identify the clerk in the bank the clief cashier opened clerk in the bank the chief cashier opened his letters, he found in one of the envelopes, unaccompanied by any letter or word or token to show whence or from whom it came, a Bank of England note for £1,000. On comparing its number with the proper entries it was found to be the note which, according to those entries, had been given to me in payment of Mr. Jules Londas' cheque on the 10th of May.

of May.

So when I surrendered to take my trial no evidence was offered of my having forged a note, which no one could say with the least reason had been forged at all.

I might have dreamed; I might have lied; but neither dreams nor lies are crimes, and I was discharged.

FATAL MINE EXPLOSION.

Over Forty Men Killed and Thirty Injured EVANSTON, Wyoming, March 4.—The gas in the Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron Company's mine exploded last evening, throwing flames many hundred feet in height out of the flames many hundred feet in height out of the main slope, blowing away the building around the mouth of the shaft, and setting the machinery buildings on fire. Fifteen minutes before the explosion, from ten to thirty white men and fifty Chinamen went down to work for the night. At 2 a.m. seventeen injured Chinamen were brought to the surface, many with their limbs broken and badly scalded, and thirty dead Chinaman were discovered, but not brought up. No white man has yet been found, and there are no hopes that any are alive. are alive.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

The Sad Fate of a Farmer's Daughter—She Meets Her Death Close to Her Home. Acron, March 3. - The body of the your oman found about three miles from here last night proves to be that of Catharine last night proves to be that of Catharine Keith, about 18 years of age. She was the daughter of Mr. Neil Keith, a farmer living about three miles from here on the second line of Esquesing. The body was found on the third line, and about three quarters of a mile from her father's residence. It appears that Miss Keith was working with a Mr. McCollon of the Section 18 of Catharine with a Mr. that Miss Keith was working with a Mr. McCollom, of the Scotch Block, and as her time was up about a week ago it is supposed that she attempted to walk home by the third line, which is very seldom used for traffic, and as the snew was very deep she must have become exhausted and coureeine with the cold and frozen to death. The body, which must have been lying on the road several days, was removed father's residence, and a corener sent for, but the County Attorney on being informed of the circumstance thought it unnecessary to

A SUICIDAL PRACTICE.

The Corporation of Quebec and the Tran-slent Merchants Tax. QUEBEC, March 8.—Recorder Dery gave his decision yesterday morning in the case of the Corporation of Quebec v. Piché, being an action for the recovery of the amount of the tax claimed by the plaintiff from the defendant, a commercial traveller doing business here. The action was contested in order that defendant, and through him the Commercial Travellers' Association of Canada, might test the legality Association of Canada, might test the legality of the Corporation's by-law imposing the tax by appealing from the decision of the corporation's own court to a higher and more independent tribunal. The Recorder gave judgment in favour of the city, condemning the defendant to the payment of the tax of \$60 and costs. The defendant represents the firm of Frotheringham & Workman, Montreal. An appeal by writ of certiorari will be immediately taken to the Superior Court, and the Association of Commercial Travellers will, if necessary, carry the case before the Superme Court of Canada, which has already declared illegal a similar by-law imposed by the city of St. John. The Recorder points out, however, in his decision, that the Quebec by-law was sanctioned by the Parliament of Canada before Confederation, and not by the Local Legislature, as in the case of the city Local Legislature, as in the case of the city

MURDER OR ACCIDENT?

Mysterious Death of a Resident of Quebec QUEBEC, March 8.—A resident of St. Roch's died in the hospital of the Sacré Cœur, St. Sauveur, later on Sunday night

The Lady Charged with Beating Her Husband.

EVIDENCE AS TO ILL-USAGE, ETC.

The Gentleman Accused of Opium-Eating and Intemperance. Montreal, March 4.—The case of Dr. J. H. Hammond, of this city, physician, v. Dame Annie Grace Power, his wife, for separation as to bed and board, commenced to-day in the first division of the Superior Court here before Mr. Justice Papineau. It is a most extraordinary case. The doctor in his declaration sets forth that on the 14th of January last he and the defendant (then the widow of Cornelias Houtman) were married at Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he was practising his profession, and defendant was earning her livelihood by manual labour; that she is a powerfully-built woman, imbued with brutal instincts, and inclined to resort to physical force whenever her passion is excited. Ever since the first week of their marriage she has inflicted upon him all kinds of outrage, illusage, and grievous insults, beating and striking him in the most brutal manner, and keeping him in perpetual fear of his life. They agreed to separate, and defendant took away all the furniture and sold it, although the plaintiff was paying her board at the time. She then persisted in persecuting him, visiting him against their agreement, abusing him a drunkard and an opium cater, and destroying all chances of his success in his practice, both in Minneapolis and in Montreal, to which latter city she foliowed him. The plaintiff then took refuge in his mother's house in this city, where the defendant followed him and behaved in such a rough and unintelligible manner that he was obliged to have his meals in his own room for fear of carned feed dealing and her rough and unintelligible manner that he was obliged to have his meals in his own room for fear of carned feed dealing and her rough and unintelligible manner that he was obliged to have his meals in his own room for fear of and unintelligible manner that he was obliged to have his meals in his own room for fear of scandal, foul-dealing, and danger to his life. On the 6th of July last she beat him brutally, and on the 15th of September she inflicted a wound on his head which left the plaintiff unable to show himself for was designed. unable to show himself for many days, at the same time exclaiming that this would not be the last treatment of the kind he would receive from her. Since then the plaintiff has not resided with her, but she the plaintiff has not resided with her, but she has continued to harass and waylay him and threaten his life. The plaintiff therefore asks for a separation as to bed and board, and that the defendant be ordered to desist and abstain for ever from molesting, visiting, or speaking to him under pain of being in contempt of court. The defendant in her plea maintains she is "sincerely and devotedly attached to her husband and he to her, but that the hatred now shown to her in the present action shown to her in the present action has been caused by his mother and two sisters, who have taken advantage of his passion for strong liquors and opium, and of his enfeebled and dejected mind, to poison his feelings toward the defendant, to stander her and throw exercises. ings toward the defendant, to slander her and throw suspicions on her sincerity and fidelity to him; 'that less than two months after the marriage the plaintiff began again to abandon himself to strong drink and opium, as he had done before his marriage, although then unknown to the defendant; that he degraded himself by the abuse of liquor and morphine, under which he lost all consciousness had repeatedly deligner treasure. and morphine, under which he lost all consciousness, had repeatedly delirum tremens, and had been picked up by the police in the streets of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and carried by them sometimes to his home and sometimes to prison. He also made rows in the house, and could be controlled only by "brute force." viz. two or three policemen. While

He entreated her to return to him when he was in Chicago (after leaving her in Minneapolis), which she did, and they lived together there for some time, and afterward at Providence, R.I. Strong liquor and opium, however, always gained the mastery over him and prevented his gaining a livelihood by his profession. They both lived together for some time in Montreal with the plaintiff's mother, with the same result, and finally the defendant, although about to become a mother, was abandoned and driven away from her home, and obliged to take shelter in the Western Hospital for Women and that of La Nativité, the Pélagie, in which latter she was delivered of a female child. Since the commencement of the present suit plaintiff has refused to see his wife and child or to provide for them. She attributes the principal cause of the hatred against her by plaintiff and his relatives to her refusal to sell some real estate owned by her son, Albert Houtman, in Winowned by her son, Albert Houtman, in Win-nipeg, and hand the money over to him and his relatives. She has already sold and pawned all her jewellery for the support of herself and her children.

The first witness for the plaintiff was his JANET HAMMOND, a widow lady seventy JANET HAMMOND, a widow lady seventy-five years of age, who keeps a gentleman's boarding-house on Upper Bleury street. She testified that her son the plaintiff is thirty-five years of age, a graduate of McGill Col-lege and of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, and has practised in Minneapolis ten years, Last spring she visited her son in Minneapolis and found him very sick in bed. On seeing her he exclaimed, "Oh! mother, you have just come in "Oh! mother, you have just come in time to save my life, I have been married just three months, and have died a hundred deaths." This was on the Friday. On the Monday night she slept with Mrs. Hammond, at her request, Mr. Hammond taking another bed. About two o'clock Roch's died in the hospital of the Sacret Cour, St. Sauveur, late on Sunday night under circumstances so strange and so paint of the as to call for careful investigation. Narcisse Racine, the deceased, a man of about 34 years, married, but living apart from his wife, who is in the United States, was a soapmaker in the employ of Mr. Dunn. He resided with a relative in Smith street, St. Roch's, and last Saturday night he went out to market, but did not return. About 7.30 on Sunday morning he was discovered some three miles from the St. Salier street crossing of the Q. M. O. & O. railway, lying close beside the track. He was at fine time insensible, and was thus discovered by a Mr. Rochette. This gentleman obtained the assistance of a Mr. Julien, who lives near, and together they drove the unfortunate man to Dr. Gingras, who immediately advised sending him to the hospital. This was done, but after lingering some hours in a perfectly unconscious condition he breathed his last without having been able to say a word respecting his unfortunate condition. Death, according to the opinion of Dr. Verge, who attended him at the hospital, resulted from fracture of the scalp on one side disclosing the skull. An inquest will be held this morning.

Mrs. Hammond, at her request, Mr. Hammond in an adjoining she awoke and found Mrs. Hammond in an adjoining room talking ato witness' son. She then left the house, and witness' son. She then l

the skull. An inquest will be held this morning.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATHFUL AND COMFORT-ING.—"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 doctors bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of the that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundredge of cubattack wherever there is a weak point. Was 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 EPPS & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, Eng." Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use.

Another time she rushed into the liverystable just as the plaintiff and the witness were going out in the buggy, and told him he was to come immediately to Mr. Gilfillan's office. They both walked up to prevent a row on the street, Mrs. Hammond following behind. Mr. Gilfillan was a lawyer, and was the plaintiff was professionally engaged with a gentleman in his office when the defendant entered, and heard him say that he and witness were going out in the buggy, and told him he was to come immediately to Mr. Gilfillan's office. They both walked up to prevent a row on the street, Mrs. Hammond following behind. Mr. Gilfillan was a lawyer, and was the plaintiff was professionally engaged with a gentleman in his office when the defendant entered, and heard him say that he and witness were going out in the buggy, and told him he was to come immediately for Mrs. Hammond following the plaintiff was professionally engaged with a gentleman in his office when the defendant entered, and heard him say that he and witness were going out in the buggy, and told him he was to come immediately for Or. Giffillan was a lawyer, and office. They both was the plai

solved to come to Montreal, as she was ruining his practice. He left without even a pocket-handkerchief. He left his horse and everything in Minneapolis, and witness gave him all the money she had and remained without a cent. Witness went from Minneapolis to Cleveland. After she had got all her things ready, Mrs. Hammond summoned a detective to search her things in order to see if she had stolen her boots. Witness was at this time staying with a Mrs. French. Witness remembered her son saying in the presence of that lady that he had been but five days married when his wife showed her temper. They were just had been but five days married when his wife showed her temper. They were just going to the theatre when a man called to have one of his fingers amputated. The plaintiff performed the operation, and in doing so soiled his shirt. He wished to change his linen, but his wife insisted that he should go in that state, and he did so. On his return she complained of his being gloomy, to which he replied that he was afraid their married life was not so happy as he had expected. Just as the train was afraid their married life was not so happy as he had expected. Just as the train was coming up that was to convey the witness to her relatives at Cleveland, she was again detained by a detective under instructions from Mrs. Hammond, who accused her of stealing a diamond ring, some silver plate, and a fur cap. Witness gave the detective her keys, and he searched everything and took out a silver tankard inscribed "For the Unknown," which witness had bought in Montreal and intended as a present for their little child which was yet to be born. This witness claimed that they had no right to take. The detective was going away when the defendant pointed to one of the trunks, which he searched and where he found a ring. "Well," said the where he found a ring, "Well," said the witness, "that ring is certainly not mine, and you must have put that there," and defendant did not deny it. Witness was in a dreadful state of mind at the

m a dreadful state of mind at the charge, and what happened next she does not know. She was put in a carriage with the Mayor of Minneapolis, the detective, and Mrs. Hammond. She said to the mayor before the search, "Now Mr. Mayor, I am well up to 75 years. You are an old man, and we both must appear before God in a very short time. I declare to you before God that I have nothing belonging to her in my trunk, but send for a priest and put her on confession and she will prove that the things are all in her own possession." The Chief of Police of Minneapolis sympathised with the witness, and said that this arrest would remain as a standing disgrace to Minneapolis. Witness was compelled to remain there all Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday Mrs. Hammond went down with her to the train. Witness bade her good-bye, and even kissed her and begged of her if she had any feeling of repentance to alter her ways. "We may never meet on earth again," witness said, "but I'hope we shall meet at the throne of grace. Do, pray, turn over a new leaf, and go home to your mother." Witness went on to Cleycland, taking with her, as she thought, her son's trunks, as well as her own. When she got there she found that she had the proper number of tickets, but not his trunks. She wrote to the station-master at Minneapolis, and found that Mrs. Hammond had got plaintiff's trunks into her possession. Witness forgot to mention that there was also a chain and locket which had been given her by her deceased husband, and which con-tained a portion of his hair and of witness'

children's. This she had kept at Dr. Smith's, at Longdale farm, on their visit there. She asked Dr. Smith to get it for her on his next visit, but he was informed that Mrs. Hammond had gone to the farm in the meantime and got it, stating that witness had sent her for it.

Mrs. Hammond, jr., is exceedingly good-looking, and from her modest demeanour in court betrays no signs of being the termagant which the evidence represents her. The ca is exciting great interest here.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

On Saturday last a book agent named McCormick was arrested and brought before the anyor on the charge of attempting to kiss a young lady, whom, on entering to sell the book, he found alone. He was fined by to gaol for ten days.

Campbellford Herald :- Perhaps the oldest horse in these counties, or it may be in the province, died in this village a few weeks ago, as near as can be estimated at the age of 34 years. The faithful old animal was in the possession of Mr. McGregor, and willingly performed its labour up to within a few days

of its death. The St. Catharines Journal :- A parrot belonging to Capt. Livingstone, of this city, died last evening. He has had the bird for thirtyone years, and it was a great favourite. The party he got the bird from in Halifax had it for nine years, he having purchased it from Brazil, and not knowing the age of it then. It was perfectly well yesterday, calling for dinner as usual.

The Stratford Times says that the winter in that district has been the longest and steadiest within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. There has been sleighing there and thereabouts since the 17th of November last, and it looks as though it might last for a week or two yet. This is something like a THE writs for the elections in East North-

umberland and Carleton, N.B., have been issued. The nominations take place on the latter constituency. however, the election is not likely to go to a poll, the return by acclamation of Dr. Connell, the Conservative candidate, and brother of the late member, being regarded as a foregone conclusion.

James Swan, of Listowel, writes us to deny James Swan, of Listowel, writes us to deny
the charge made in the telegraphic despatches
associating his name with the Listowel counterfeiters. He protests his innocence very
strongly, and feels hurt by the odium thrown
on him. The despatches came in the ordinary
way, and were not published by us from any
desire to injure any of the parties mentioned
therein. Other invands which articles.

therein. Other journals which published them will no doubt also give Mr. Swan the benefit of the denial which he makes. Iroquois Times :-- We are informed on good Iroquois Times:—We are informed on good authority that there is an agent for the body-snatchers in Iroquois, who informs and assists in grave desecrating. The bodies are taken to Ogdensburg, where they fetch \$30 apiece. Iroquois has a hard name, and we were not surprised to hear of such actions being carried on, but if the young men would treat this agent as they do the travelling humbugs who happen to call at our village, it would be better for that young man that he never were born.

Says the Galt Reporter: "In the year 1880 the Grand Trunk Railway Company carried six thousand tons of freight into Galt, and during the same period their outward freight traffic from this town amounted to upwards of seven thousand tons. During the first year after the branch of this railway was extended after the branch of this railway was extended to Galt the inward traffic amounted to two thousand five hundred tons. It will thus be seen that during the short space of six years the business at this point has increased over one hundred per cent."

The Napanee Standard protests against the gross injustice done that section of the province by the report of the Ontario Agricultural Commission, and says that "if the information contained in reference to Lennox and Addington is a fair sample of the care and diligence exercised in securing informa-tion respecting the agricultural and industrial resources of Ontario throughout, then the whole of the immense expense attending the labours of the commission has been worse than

The Montreal Herald follows up its attack The Montreal Herald follows up its attack upon its ally, the Globe, in re the Lake St. Peter debt, by calling in the aid of the Cornwall Freeholder, which tells the much belaboured Toronto organ that it must lose influence by its "narrow, local, and jealous view." Theirs is indeed an unhappy family. A remarkable feature of the controversy between the Globe and its fellow toilers in the get up she put him advanced "Murder, murder," and when the policeman came up insisted that he should arrest her as she was killing plaintiff. Between eight and nine at night Mrs. Hammond came to him at the farm, and it was then that he real debt. Surely the opinions of the ex-leader of

the Reform party are entitled to at least the courtesy of criticism in the columns of the chief organ. It is no reason that because Mr. Mackenzie has been unhorsed by Mr. Blake he should be trampled on by the Globe.

Petrolia rejoices because the Petrolia Oil Petrolia rejoices because the Petrolia Oil Company have received their charter of incorporation from the Dominion Government. The Petrolia Advertiser considers the formation of this company the prelude to the inauguration of a new system of carrying on the oil business by handling refined oil in bulk, and that it will be a great boon to the consumers; of oil throughout the country, as it will tend to lessen the price, and will also materially keep in clicck the monopolies and oil rings heretofore in existence.

The lumbering business in the Ottawa district will be extensive this season. A. Cald-

trict will be extensive this season. A. Caldwell & Son cut 100,000 feet in the township of Canonto, Frontenac county, to be sent down the Madawaska. They did not cut last season. Hillard & Dickson, of the same locality will take the contract of the same locality will take the contract of the same locality. Be Caldwell & Son will cut 400,000 feet of square timber on the Madawaska—about double their produce of the two previous seasons. On the Mississippi, Peter McLares will have from 300,000 to 400,000 feet, against 150,000 feet last season. 150,000 feet last season. The yield of sawn lumber on the Mississippi will be from twenty to twenty-five million feet. On the Clyde, in Levant township, county of Lanark, A. Cald well & Son will also cut about 200,000 feet o square timber.

On Friday afternoon a compositor in the St John Telegraph office discovered a young newsboy named Arthur French stealing letters out of the "drop" on the outside of the post-office. The youngster had a wire with a hook on it, by which he pulled the basket in which the letters dropped up to the newspaper slide, which is larger than the letters lide, and was thus enabled tograb the letters. He was caught and taken before the post master, and five letters were found in his possession, opened. He tried to put the crime off on another newsboy, but that "wouldn't go down." The officials gathered from his statements that that sort of business had been carried on for some time, and on one occasion On Friday afternoon a compositor in the St carried on for some time, and on one occasion he had got money from a letter. On account of his tender years he was let go unpunished

At Mr. R. White's shanty on Chalk river, says the Pembroke Observer, a teamster on going out in the morning was attacked by a large owl, which succeeded in fastening one of its claws in the man's head immediately behind the ear, causing blood to flow quite freely. Going into the shanty he related what happened, which only produced laughter amongst the other men. In a short time afterwards the foreman, Mr. John S. Poupore, had occasion to go out and was also attacked; this time the owl, after a few rapid passes, succeeded in carrying off Mr. Poupore's cap. A few minutes afterwards the bird again swooped down, carrying away another man's hat. The bird is a very large one, and defies all the means used to capture him. It is needless to say that during hihat and cap raid the greatest possible excitement prevailed. At Mr. R. White's shanty on Chalk river, ment prevailed.

Another staunch supporter of the Ontario Government, the Galt Reformer, has taken umbrage at the market fees measure, which it considers "manifestly unjust," and regards as involving a breach of faith with those as involving a breach of faith with those manicipalities which have gone to the expense of establishing markets and erecting market buildings upon the implied understanding that revenue therefrom would never be confiscated by the Government. The Reference denounces the third section of the bill as "as expedient to make the robbery of the town appear less barefaced," affording as it doed merely "partial compensation to a few towns as toll-gates have already disappeared over most of the province." Our Galt contemporary further speaks irreverently of the Government's measure as "this feeble and unjust bill." It is plain that during the current session of the Legislature Mr. Mowal and his colleagues have succeeded in creating considerable dissatisfaction amongst their supporters throughout the province.

The St. Groix, N.B., Courier says:—A little

The St. Croix, N.B., Courier says:—A little girl, 3 years and 8 months old, the daughte of Mr. F. Dwyer, school-teacher at Letete, i of Mr. F. Dwyer, school-teacher at Letete, is a remarkable example of precocity. He power of memory is developed to a wonderfu extent. After hearing a passage of prose of of poetry read over two or three times it be comes her own, and she is able to repeat i word for word. In this way she has committed to memory over one thousand lines of poetry. Our informant heard her recit "Hiswatha's Childhood," which consists of more than two hundred lines, without any apparent effort and without a mistake. Her enunciation was distinct, her expression natural, and she entered into the spirit of the extract with as much appreciation as would one who had made a study of it. She has be come familiar with the pictures in Webster's one who had made a study of it. She has be come familiar with the pictures in Webster's Dictionary and on being requested to poin out anything represented there, will imme diately turn to the illustration. As another example of her power we may relate that on the occasion of a public entertainment, her father undertook to recite "Hiswatha's Friends, but forgot a portion of it and was unable to proceed. The little Miss, who was present supplied him with the forgotten line and he was enabled to finish the recitation. She is a bright, lively child, and does not appear to be affected in any way by her intellectual abnormity.

bright, lively child, and does not appear to be affected in any way by her intellectual abnormity.

The letters concerning early editions of the Bible and other works which have appeared in the columns of The Man, have attracted widespread attention. A friend in Galt sends us an extract from the London Times which states that recently "Messrs, Sotherby & Cosold, by auction, at their rooms in Welling ton street, the earliest printed Bible knows to be in existence, and believed to be also the first book ever printed from movable types. It was described in the catalogue as "Biblis Sancta Latina (testamentum vetus) e versione of cum prefatione sancts Hieronymi. No name of place or date, but known to have been printed at Metz by John Guttenburg about A.D. 1452, folio. In the original pig skin binding on oak boards restored by Bedford. This copy contains the Old Testament only, and from the fact of the being bound originally in one volume it has been suggested that some copies were thus issued for the special use of the Israelitial community. The volume is quite complet down to the end of the Book of Maccabees with folio 486 and a portion of folio 506 is perfect fac simile. It has a few worm holes affected in any way by her down to the end of the Book of Maccabees with folio 486 and a portion of folio 506 is perfect fac simile. It has a few worm holes but the volume is in excellent condition, an measures 143 inches in height. A copy sol a few years ago at the sale of Mr. Perkin library fetched £2,690. The existence of thi copy, it may be added, was altogether un known until it was accidentally discovered is the sacristy of a village church in Bavaris where it was purchased by its late owner, foreign gentleman. After a spirited competition the book was knocked down by Mesar Sotherby at the sum of £760.

Sotherby at the sum of £760." The good housewife, when she is giving he more precious than many houses, and the their systems need cleansing by purifying th blood, regulating the stomach and bowels t prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she mus know that there is nothing that will do it s perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, th purest and best medicines.—Concord, N. H. Patriot.

VEGETINE.—The great success of VEGETING as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief with such remarkable cures.

The spring show of goods by the wholesal houses in the city are now in full swing, and country buyers should not fail to make a cal before leaving town at 82 King street west and see the new Wanzer "C" Sewing Machine. Mothers, wives, and daughters will be expecting some souvenir from Toronto and a "Wanzer," with new gothic cover and mckeled in all bright parts, and with all recent improvements known to the trade, cannot fail to gratify them. The spring show of goods by the who

AGRICULTURAL

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE live-stock trade in all its bra reported particularly brisk. It is to I our farmers will not deplete their ow in order to make sales.

Mr. MUNDELLA, vice-president Board of Trade, reiterated his states the British House of Commons on night, to the effect that the Imperial ment had no intention of prohibiting portation of American swi French-Canadian farmers have been

frozen milk in Montreal during the w two cents per pound, to the great dof the regular dealers in liquid "nay The ordinary milk of city commerce if frozen, make a capital pavement in grinks, and might be cut up in Tuse on the blackboards of our schools It is denied that the Imperial Gov have had under consideration the qu prohibiting the importation into E

American pork. Efforts have been influence the Government to take suc by means of forged letters and telegra the circulation of unfounded stories o nosis having been discovered in seve France is determined, if heavy du self. In the tariff bill recently pass proposed that the duties on oxer raised thirty francs per head, on cow

francs, and on sheep three francs.
duty to the cost of shipping, at le
America, and the French duty
slmost prohibitory. The Bobcaygeon Independent says abolition of market fees is "a st direction of free trade." This is when it is a step away from the un theory of free-traders, who hold duties and fees levied upon products by the consumer, while this measu dently in the interest of the produce free-trade friends are frequently imp the logic of facts to deviate in pract

The agitation for the sale of e pound has been revived. Some eg more to the dozen than others, ye bring the same price. This is not fa hens which produce the heavier an eggs, and which should be encountheir good work. No hen can feel the appreciated at her proper worth winds that her fine fruit brings no momarket than the dwarfed products lazy neighbour. The eggs which ar up in the fields during the hot weath to be sold as chickens, by the pair,

Some idea of the vast dimension the cattle export trade of this cont grown is gathered from the statem ments to Great Britain during month of January. To London no 41,532 head crossed the Atlantic 41,532. head crossed the Atlantic, 1,076 were lost, or about one in ev The shipments to Liverpool compricattle, 1,038 sheep, and 208 pigs, an 656 cattle, 181 sheep, and 89 pigs. The shipments to Glasgow were 1,1 of which 299 were lost. The experience of the compression of the co drain even upon such countries as t

Large quantities of oleomargarine concoctions have been shipped abr the United States, labelled butte injury to the dairy interests has re York Produce Exchange has appear clearances being given, in order that signee at least may know the true the article he is importing. To matters, the Exchange offered to a spectors that would be at the serv Collector, but the latter replied demake the pecessary examination and Collector, but the latter replied de make the necessary examination un special instructions from Washing peal will probably be made to the of the Treasury in the premises, leading to the York Exchange wish to take practical way to check dishonesty shippers, their wisest plan would be reference to the Governments of the ing countries.

ing countries.

A writer in Chambers' Journal adding to the British public's alr ciently large stock of ignorance of Canada and Canadians. He tel ravages of the "poisonous tomato acquaintance of which we have ye and comments upon the hardshi upon those who pursue the in hunting potato bugs through the mer days, from early dawn to He should have added that it is of necessary to call out the volunteers to check the advance of those monsters. Our "home life," acc this veracious deponent, is rende settled and precarious" by mosq caterpillars, the latter of which a sented as eating up the foliage of a in a single day, which says muce appetizing qualities of the Canadi pheres. The writer thinks little woodland warblers, but he kind word for "the bullfrogs musquitoes," whose renderings of thairs he considers not unpleasan sugar, of course, receives that without which no writer on Canada his picture complete. An alarmed assured that although wolves are even in the vicinity of Guelph, the dangerous to properly organized dangerous to properly organized parties, from which the intellig will infer that Canadians find it win liner that Canadians find it travel in caravans, after the manne traversers of the Sahara. The who tion, which has evidently been from some old histery of our earments, is a sample of the sort of traintending emigrants. intending emigrants are told ab our country. The writer says th our country. The writer says that lived ten years in Canada, but, accept his statement. He ought here, however, and let the countr with him. He might find excelle hunting bears in the vicinity of while the sharks in Toronto bay whim no end of excitement every tin bathing.

A twenty per cent. loss on a sir transactions, or on anything, is a v matter when one has to make a li his business. That is, however, farmers of Montana have to endur mount if they wish to continu homesteads. From no part of Couch serious news reached us, and are people who would prefer Uniterritory to the Dominion. In pursuits success is more or less a lo a man has brains, energy, and prud bound to get on. In agricultural is different, for while those qualities towards success they cannot alway barren soil fertile. To a fare thing depends upon the his land and the surroundings. the winter has been compa the winter has been comparative in some parts of our country, from have come wailings of great suffer From Kansas, Montana, Dakota, and many other parts of our wide domain we have had all sort of a disastrous season. In Montated, at the present time, hay necessary of all articles during niege, is not obtainable except at dinary price in the sections off the at travel, and the deep snow has