THE CONSEQUENCES

He and she were driving out together. He was dark, short and stout—in fact, some people called him fat-a sure way of enraging her. His redeeming points were
—a pair of keen black eyes, a certain manenraging her. His redeeming points were—a pair of keen black eyes, a certain manly, sensible way he had with him, and a reliable look. She was small and slender, looking as if the wind might blow her away some fine March morning, with "two eyes so soft and brown," and waving, natural—not crimped—chestnut hair, falling in little rings and spray around a white face, delicate, but full of life and spirit.

Every body in Knipsic Farms said it was perfectly absurd. At the last sewing society there was but one opinion. It was an unusually full meeting, the engagement in the native energy of her character rose up strong within her to meet the emergency. Old Debbie, Mrs. Bridges' washerwoman, used to say, "Laury's all grit. Folks say it don't take but a small skin to hold a deal of spunk, and that's true of Laury, anyhow." She possessed a latent resolution, a

an unusually full meeting, the engagement how." sionary in Bariboo. Quilting is the most social work imaginable; it so brings every social work imaginable; it so brings every social work imaginable; it so brings every oue together, and over "herring-bone" swung her lightly down to team and "shell" stitch the coldest hearts thaw his strong hands.

"An original conundrum strikes me, Why are you and I unlike Alexander with the strong hands." actly how she stood on the all-absorbing beating around the bush was necessary Aunt Polly Griggs boldly opened th campaign like the veteran she was.

"So Lance is really engaged at last,"
said she. He's flirted round so long I
didn't know's he'd ever settle down and git

'Oh, you know there's always some think irresistibly fascinating about school ma'ams," suggested sarcastic Miss Scraps, who had not found the same fact true of ssmakers in her own experience.
'Well, if I am his aunt—" said Mrs.

Dodge.

Every one listened with, as Virgil put "if I am his aunt." They felt it a promising beginning. When people mean to abuse their relatives they generally begin by proclaiming the rights of kindred not to spare a story for relation's sake. "If I am his aunt," said Mrs. Dodge, "I must say I think he's driven his pigs to rather a poor market. What he can fance in that little, pale-faced school-ma'am is more than I can see. Her highdown the chimneys, as if it were Mrs. Jack-son's ghost uttering warnings of doleful preflown village airs, I suppose. A pretty

"Well that's jest what I was a-sayin' to Miss Stowell before you cum in," said Aunt Polly. "Says I, Miss Stowell, you y words, Lance Lambert'll rue he ever let his eyes run away with his good sense. Lance is a fore-handed, well-to-do young man, and he ought to have a real smart, go-ahead wife—some good, stout, capable girl brought up on a farm, with plain, sensi ble notions, like your Lesta or Phemie, for instance. Says Miss Stowell, says she, instance. Says Miss Stowell, says she, that ain't for me to say, of course; but one thing I will say, my girls can their hand to anything from making bread to fodderin' and milkin' the cows. Says she, a farmer that marries a village girl—and a schoolma'am at that—is a fool. They don't know nothin' about work, and are above it, and full of all kinds of extrava-

up. He's dreadful set."
"Well, I'm afraid he'll be sorry," with an accent on the afraid that made it sound

"Weil, I'm afraid he'll be sorry," with an scont to the afraid that made it sound singularly like hope.

"Will be live a home with the old "The lackson farm I a houldn'th spose that would be quite grand enough to suit Lackson farm I a houldn'th spose that would be quite grand enough to suit Lackson farm I a houldn'th spose that would be quite grand enough to suit Lackson farm I a houldn'th spose that would be quite grand enough to suit Lackson farm I a houldn'th spose that would be quite grand enough to suit Lackson farm I a houldn'th spose that would be quite grand enough to suit Lackson farm I a houldn'th spose that would be quite grand enough to suit Lackson kept his cheese her I would be grand enough to suit Lackson kept his cheese her I would be grand enough to suit Lackson kept his cheese her I would be grand enough to suit Lackson kept his cheese her I would be grand enough to suit Lackson kept his cheese her I would be grand enough to suit in the other room, where the girls were concociting caliod creese for the missionary's children, the subject raged with even greater virilence, as might have been the went greater will be a suit of the suit of the

pork!" And Mrs. Jewett shuddered at the dreadful picture imagination thus presented of a farmer's life,
"Oh, it's truly dreadful!" said Mrs.

General Sampson.
"She can't endure it," said Mrs. Jewett.

Sampson.

"She won't live long," said Mrs. Jewett.
Meantime, the victims, "unconscious of
their doom," were jogging along in a state
of perfect happiness and infatuation. They
were driving over to the Jackson farm to
inspect their future home. It was a cloudy,
bleak March day, the roads muddy, the hisak March day, the roads muddy, the grass not yet turned green. People who met on the street added, "A disagreeable day!" to their "Good afternoon!" But Lance and Laura found it an uncommonly nice day. I think they laboured under a dim impression that roses were blooming and bobolinks warbling all along the road. The summer of youth and love in their hearts cast its glamour on all the world

needed to be looked at through a glamour, if ever house did. It was a story and a half house, the paint worn off, no blinds, the fence, poor at best, now dilapidated, a solitary scraggy lilac representing the shrubbery.

shrubbery.

There is always something slightly pathetic in these same scraggy lilacs and flowering almonds, one so often sees struggling for life in the otherwise dreary waste of a farmer's front yard. Some woman once had heart to try and redeem with such touch of the beautiful as came within her power the desolate barrenness of her surroundings.

she was young and hopeful, and still ex-pected something of life; before Jackson's harsh, narrow skinflintedness took all the heart out of her, and made her the broken-spirited drudge, who worked on like a tread-mill horse till one day she dropped into her grave, and there, let us hope, found rest. Then Jackson, finding a house-

keeper expensive, sold out, and went to live with his son out West, where he could get twenty per cent. for his money on first mortgage—as much of heaven as his meagre soul was capable of appreciating.

And now another young couple were coming here to try that difficult experiment we call Life—the experiment against whose success there are so many odds—the experiment so many of us would gladly try over again, with the dear bought experience that come of failure. Weuld Lance degenerate into a mere money-making machine, a "keep-what-you-get-and-get-what-you-can" sort of man, like Jackson? Would the light, and hope, and love fade out of Laura's eyes in the years to come, leaving her another Mrs. Jackson? Certainly, the associations of the new home were not calculated to inspire very cheerful ideas of a farmer's life.

Fortunately, Laura was one of those

an unusually full meeting, the engagement having but just come out. They were working on a bedquilt for the home missionary in Bariboo. Quilting is the most compared by the c

"An original conundrum strikes me, Lance. Why are you and I unlike Alexander the Great? Because he sighed for other worlds to conquer, and we don't need it. This will furnish scope for all our energies at present. It does look dilapidated enough. However, I am thankful it stands upon a hill. I like to 'view the landscape o'er.'"

By cutting away those forlors hamlocks.

stands upon a hill. I like to 'view the landscape o'er."

By cutting away those forlorn hemlocks we shall get a view of the river and mountains beyond, picturesque enough to satisfy even you. It's very pleasant here in summer, little as you would think it now."

Inside, the house was more dreary still. The papers looked all the more dingy and faded from having been originally of gaudy and flaunting designs and colours. Ochreyellow being a durable colour, not often requiring renewal, every room but the parlour was painted that hue. The ceilings resembled the works of the old masters in that they were very cracked and masters in that they were very cracked and smoky. Straw, papers, an old hat or two, a broken rush-bottomed chair, littred the floors. The March wind howled round the house, rattling the windows, and wailing

sage to her successor.

After inspecting the whole premises, and discussing their capabilities—after Lance had shown Laura how he intended to put a sink in the kitchen, with pumps to bring hard and soft water directly into it, instead of her lugging the former by the pailful from the well in the yard, and catching the latter in tubs or however she could, as the latter in tubs or however she could, as Mrs. Jackson had been obliged to do, Jackson never having time to "fuss about women's nonsense"—after Laura had confidentially assured Lance he was "the best old fellow in the world," and Lance had reciprocated in kind, only more so, they returned to the front-room, where, seated in state on an old dry goods box, they proceeded to engage in the pleasing occupa-

tion of erecting air-castles.

Let not the 'youthful reader sneer at this hero and heroine of mine as prosy, tiresome, uninteresting, because their talk above it, and full of all kinds of extravagant notions, enough to send a man to the
poorhouse!"

"How does his mother feel about it?"
queried Mrs. Jedediah Jones.

"Oh, she don't say much. It isn't her
way, you know. Besides, it's no use to
oppose Lance when his mind is once made
itiresome, uninteresting, because their talk
turned on pumps, furnaces, and similar unromantic topics. They, too, had been
through the era of hopes, despair, moonlight, ecstasy, rhapsodies. Now there was
a charm better than romance in the words
"our house," "we will do thus and so;"
it signified so much to them of the future, happy home they were to be separated, the happy home they were to share. Besides, hath not Solomon said there is a time for all things—a time for moonlight, and a time for bread and butter, a time for

ought to have known-in fact, I fear, did

know.

Then Laura said there was something on her mind, and Lance was anxious to offi-

her mind, and Lance was anxious to offi-ciate as father confessor.

"It's a fancy of mine, a secret desire, that I'm afraid to tell you. I know you will think it is really extravagant, far far worse than the furnace. You will be-gin to repent of your bargain, I fear, and think there is some truth in everyone's forebodings about my 'high notions,' vil-lage airs, etc.;" for people always find out, sooner or later, what "they say" about them, and Lance and Laura were no ex-ceptions.

ceptions.
"Nonsense, Laura. What is it—a roc's nest?"
"Almost as foolish, for us, I fear. A "Almost as foolish, for us, I fear. A bow-windew, if you must knew. I always did like bow-windows, they are so cheerful and sunny; and filled with plants in the winter, they give a room a perfectly summer-like look. Then one takes off the stiff angularity of a room, and gives it individuality. Here's a proposition in the Rule of Three for you, 'founded on fact,' as story-writers say:—As a spice of romance and imagination to a woman's character, so is a bow-window to a square room."

make and imagination to a woman's character, so is a bow-window to a square room."

"Ah, Laura, you have such an artful way of putting things! I foresee I shall be 'managed,' and never know it. However, we'll contrive the bow-window somehow, if possible, said the indulgent Lance, who—being, in that delightfully acquiescent state of mind often manifested in mankind before marriage, when the wish of the beloved object is law—if Laura had suggested a three-story cupols as a desirable addition to their modest mansion, would undoubtedly have seen at once the extreme feasibility and necessity of the thing.

Spring and summer passed away. Lance haunted carpenters like an avenging spirit, became an object of terror to painters and tinners, worked hard on the farm day-times, took Laura out driving in the pleas-

keeper expensive, sold out, and went to live with his son out West, where he could get twenty per cent. for his money on first mortage—as much of heaven as his means of the country of the mortage—as much of heaven as his means of streams of the country of the more comming here to try that difficult experiment we call life—the experiment with the dear-bought experiment we call life—the experiment with the dear-bought experiment so many of us would glain the experiment so many of us wo Early in October they were married, and moved into their new home, now hardly to be recognized in its daintiness of fresh paint, pretty papers, new furniture. It was far from being a fashionable or imposing residence; nothing Gothic, or Italian, or Elizabethan about it, unless indeed we except Laura's one extravagance—the little bow-window; but it had an eminently cozy, homelike air. The moment you stepped inside, you received a comfortable. them toward each other—alove that bound them only the more closely to each other as the years went on, and the experiences they brought were enjoyed and endured

DISCOVERY OF MISSING MUSIC.

lanuscript Works of Bach Found in an Old Trunk and used for Padding Fruit

bow-window; but it had an eminently cozy, homelike air. The moment you stepped inside, you received a comfortable, cheerful impression, as if here were a place where people were in the habit of enjoying themselves. Entering a little square hall—on one side was the dining-room; on the other, the parlour; back of the parlour, the bedroom. The furnace imparting a summer temperature, the doors of these adjoining rooms all stood open, giving good air, and a deal of roominess for so small a house. The parlour paper was a green and gilt flower on-a light drab ground; the carpet, an ingrain, small checks, green the predominant colour. Through the bow-window the sun shone brightly in over Laura's plants, making a summer within, even if the ground were white with snow outside and the mercury down among the zeros. Each side of the bow-windows, on little brackets, Parian busts, Eve and Psyche, wedding presents, looked out from English ivy that twined around them, and then met over the hanging basket in the middle of the window. On the walls hung two or three good engrav-Trees. (From the London Telegraph, Jan. 25) Great excitement has been created in German musical circles by the discovery, in an old country mansion belonging to the noble Saxon family of Witzthun, of a large number of manuscript compositions by John Sebastian Bach, hitherto believed to have been irretrievably lost. All the derman musical circles by the discovery, to have been irretrievably lost. All the works produced by the illustrious author of the "Eight and Forty" in the course of his long and musically-fruitful life are recorded, severally and collectively, in Mizler's admirable work, "The Musical Library;" and hundreds of the compositions therein mentioned have hitherto been mysteriously missing. Nothing was known of their destruction, by accident or otherwise; they were simply undiscoverable. Among them were works of the first magnitude, in which it is believed that Bach's surpassing genius found its most exalted expression, such as the Passion according to Saints Mark and Luke, and the Grand Christmas Oratorios. A theory has long been ventilated in the musical press of Germany to the effect that, were an exhaustive search instituted through

basket in the middle of the window. On the walls hung two or three good engravings and photographs, over them clusters of bright autumn leaves—souvenir of the wedding tour. A set of hanging bookshelves, bearing the united libraries of Lance and Laura, presented an odd combination of poetry and works on Agriculture and "The Horse." Then there was a lounge which was a lounge—not a rack contrived to exasperate the human frame to the utmost by its knobbiness—an easychair, a camp-chair, a shaker rocking-chair, one or two cane-seated chairs, a centre-table with the big lamp, books, papers, Laura's work-basket. an exhaustive search instituted through all the districts and places at one time or another inhabited or visited by Bach, it could not fail to be productive of some profoundly-interesting discovery. Robert could not fail to be productive of some profoundly-interesting discovery. Robert Franz, the well-known composer, and editor of Bach's works, determined to undertake this enterprise, and set about it in the most minute and painstaking manner imaginable. He went from town to village, and from village to country house, examin-ing garrets and cellars, and turning over papers, Laura's work-basket.
This was the family sitting-room. Look-

This was the family sitting-room. Looking in of an evening, you would have seen Lance one side of the table in the big easy-chair, reading his paper, or chatting with Laura, sitting opposite in her shaker rocker with her sewing. One great advantage in marrying a farmer is, that you have him at home with you evenings, provided you make yourself tolerably agreeable to him. Laura, even if she were married, still thought it worth while to fashionably arrange her hair, wear the bright bow, the dainty collar, the little et ceteras that really add so much to a woman's attractions. Lance had too much respect for Laura and himself too to sit down for the evening in his old frock, tumbled hair, overalls tucked into coarse boots, savouring strongly of the barn-yard. He brushed his hair, donned an old coat and slippers, and so, with a little trouble, gained vastly in comfort and his wife's affections.

From their windows the light a happy home streamed cheerfullyout over the snow, a benediction to the passer-by. People Lance's, went home thinking farming wasn't so bad after all, and they wouldn't be in

out of pure affection for Aunt Folly, but really to orb a sleeve pattern gratis out of Miss Scraps. This little preliminary settled, Mrs. Stowell said:

"Al I came down to the Lamberts, there sat Laura at her front window, as large as life, prinked up as much as I should be if I was going to ten at the Minister's. You don't suppose they've got company, do you?"

"Le, no," roplied Aunt Polly; "she sets there every afternoon, fadin' her best carpet all out. I never heerd anything to equal it."

"Nothing's too good for some folks, you know," observed Miss Scraps, with a spite ful snap of her soissors.

"I shouldn't think Lance would allow it, "suggested Mrs. Stowell. "That wan't old Miss Lambert's way of doing."

"Allow it! My, he thinks ahe's just right, and everything ahe says law and goong!!"

"Well, they do say she makes a tip-top housekeeper, better than folks thought for before they were married. Mrs. Jedediah Jones told me she gets fifty-five cents a goon dor all her butter, in Boston."

"Yelf, view cents." You see she fixes it all up in some sort of fancy balls. She's a regular manager, I cell you."

So it will be seen Laura was gradually rising in popular esteem. It was a fact that the same system, outlives, judgment, patience, that had made her a successful teacher, also made her a good housekeeper, the tent and the put some mind into her work, planned, had method and order, made her brains awe ter hands.

So it will be seen Laura was gradually rising in popular esteem. It was a fact that the same system, outlives, judgment, patience, that had made her a successful to missing, and that passage describing the parties of the fame of the fame

giving a brief biographical sketch of the

of wildfowl, for the days of commerce was not yet; the Missassagua wigwams still lingered along the river banks, whilst dense and almost unexplored pine forests stretched away to the lonely shores of Huron and Erie. Manitoba was a howling wilderness, traversed only by the red man and the trapper, and the very names of great lakes like the Winnipeg, and mighty rivers like the Saskatchewan, were hardly known in Canada, and not at all in Europe. Along Toronto bayafew fishermen's shanties represented the future Queen of the West; but the scheme of our metropolis was already born in the able brain of our first Governor. General Simcoe, with a true prescience, foresaw the coming greatness of empire, and had already selected the site of its capital. The hearts of loyal Englishmen were sore at the successful resite of its capital. The hearts of loyal Englishmen were sore at the successful result of the revolt of the colonies; and those who clung to the old flag had already determined to rival, if not to extinguish, the glory of the infant republic by building up a nation of loyalists upon the fertile plains of Ontario. They still commanded the great water route which was the natural outlet to the ocean of the mighty, and as yet undeveloped, regions of the west, and Governor Simcoe was a worthy chief to men of such energy and ambition. He determined to

energy and ambition. He determined to found a city as the seat of his Government, rocker with her sewing. One great advantage in marrying a farmer is, that you have him at home with you evenings, processes the hond in some with you evenings, processes the hond in the processes with the sewing. One great advantage in marrying a farmer is, that you have him at home with you evenings, processes the hond in the processes with the sewing of the hond of the processes with the sewing of the hond of and to equip it with the means of culture,

many prominent students, but perhaps the eagerly inquired of the gardener who was accompanying him through the grounds whence he had obtained these manuscripts. The man replied, the photoses of the eased mice of the through the theorem the roof there are several trunks full of old music, which was of no use to anybody; so I took it to wrap round the trees, as a the paper was thick and strong, and did just as well for my purpose as leather or linent as well for my purpose as leather or linent as well for my purpose as leather or linent as well for my purpose as leather or linent as well for my purpose as leather or linent as well for any purpose as leather or linent as well for my purpose as well for my purpose as well for my purpose and my purpose as well for my purpose as well for my purpose as well for my purpose meet affections of young well as well for my purpose well as well for my purpose well as well for my purpose well for my pu

A Pat Reply.

(From the Rochester Democrat.)

The warmth of the true Irish heart and the quickness of the true Irish tongue are proverbial, and feeble must be the cry of distress, or brilliant the wit that does not solicit a sympathetic response from the genuine son or daughter of the Emerald Isle. Not very long ago, a little boy, whose parents died, was sent to the orphan asylum, but the place was so distasteful to him that he ran away, and back to his own neighbourhood. Laving in the vicinity was an old Irishweman, whom we will call Kate, and pour though she was, with a large family, she took the orphan in and cared for him as her own. The other day she was in the city making some purchases, and in one of the stores a gentleman, who was conversant with the facts in the case, asked after the boy.

"Oh, as' he's a foine by, sir, an' glad I am to have him with me."

"Well, well, Kate, if there is a heaven in the next world you will get to it."

As quick as lightning came the reply, with all the heartiness of the race:—"God bless ye, Mr. P.——, an' sure if I do, I'll lave the gate open for you."

Strachan was a born schoolmater, and he never to the end of his life got free of his pedagogic imperiousness. In after years he would shout in the Synod to a delerical bore as to a tiresome schoolboy.

"Sit doen, sir, ye're taalking nonsense," and he was terrible to clerical delinquents and to parochial deputations. "So ye're not saatisfied with your elergyman's sermon send to parochial deputations. "So ye're not saatisfied with your elergyman's sermon send to parochial deputations. "So ye're not seatisfied with your elergyman's sermon send true, la lave them go home and tell him to preach that sermon again. He had under a crusty exterior a genial soul and a dry pawky humour. A deputation complaining that a clergyman had been seen purchasing a bottle of whiskey, Strachan replied "he'd better get it as I do in a casak." It is searty laugh and habitual whistle spoke of a cheerful soul, and if you only side in the case, aske

university, and by unflagging energy fos-tered it into life. He has succeeded in iragiving a brief biographical sketch of the first Bishop of Toronto, and hope that our description may serve as a guide and a hint to those who are now engaged in seeking for a man to fill the see once more vacant by the death of Dr. Bethune.

Perchance when the achievements of one strong mind and determined will are recalled, churchmen will be led to reflect how much may yet be done, even making an allowance for change of circumstances, if a true pilot shall be placed at the helm. Eighty years ago the country was but the stalwart young Irishman was quite get into life. He has succeeded in impressing his somewhat narrow conception of Anglicanism on that institution to the present day. Bishop Stractan was an untiring worker and he perambulated his huge diocese at all seasons and in the teeth of almost incredible hardships. A young clergyman, the present venerable Dean of Huron, having, as the Bishop thought, rashly accepted a challenge to controversy with a Dissenter, Dr. Strachan sent for him and took him straightway on a backwoods tour to knock the conceit out of his head. Before the end of the journey the stalwart young Irishman was quite shall be placed at the heim.
Eighty years ago the country was but sparsely settled between Kingston and the Don, Toronto bay resounded to the clang of wildfowl, for the days of commerce was of wildfowl, for the days of commerce was only just got his second wind. It was not only in ecclesiastical matters that the expression only in ecclesiastical matters that the expression was a power, he interfered the placed at the heim.

Sing a Song of Sixpence "dates from the sixteenth century, and "Three Blind only in ecclesiastical matters that the expression was a power, he interfered the placed at the heim.

Sing a Song of Sixpence "dates from the sixteenth century, and "Three Blind Mice" is in a music book dated 1600.*

A writer having spoken of "a charming the placed was a power, he interfered the sixteenth century, and "Three Blind Mice" is in a music book dated 1600.*

pitable to a fault, his modest palace was ever open wide to all comers, and the old man welcomed his guests with a genuine kindness which his somewhat uncouth manners only rendered piquant. His surroundings were not luxurious, but the old Aberdeen boy had not been used to soft living; indeed his brother gazing with awe at the, to him, unusual state of the episcopal residence, inquired anxiously:—"Eh! Lock is this a' year own and is it a' honestly. Jock, is this a' yer own, and is it a' honestly It is pleasant to remember that the boisterous and often dark day of the Bishop's life was blessed with a serene close. Liv-ing long past the allotted space, the cares of office were undertaken by his old friend and pupil Archdeacon Bethune, and the closing year of his life was devoted to kindly intercourse with ancient friends and stout old opponents, and at length on the 1st of

which during his life he had been so strenuous an opponent.

And now we heartily wish that our Anglican friends may succeed in finding a man who will grasp with unfaltering hand the crozier of the bishop, if not the weapon of the political gladiator, and renew the victories of that stately Church which Bishop Strachan loved so well and served so faithfully and so long.

Last week was examination week in most of the schools, and the boy who "passed" can easily be selected from the boy who didn't. One of those who didn't was on Saturday intrenching himself on Ledyard street behind a snow-bank, seemingly waiting for some one's arrival, and a man who had observed his preparations inquired:

"Making ready to have some fun, bub?"

"Well, it may be fun for me, but it'll be tough on the other feller," was the reply.

"Then you are expecting to have a figure to practising at home, it is an utter impossibility for the man living next door to be a Christian.

Pedestrian (who has dropped half a crown in front of "the blind"): "Why, you wretched humbug, you're not blind!" Beggar: "Not I, sir! If the card says I am, they must have given me a wrong one. Last week was examination week

"I just am that! The school teacher marked me down to fifty-seven because I said Russia bounded Lake Erie on the west, and now when her brother comes along I'm going to bound him on all four sides with the biggest licking a whiteheaded boy ever got."—Detroit Free Press.

A Hill Full of Reptiles.

(From the Atchison (Kan.) Patriot, Jan. 28. Mr. J. H. Beeson, the well-known Cen-Mr. J. H. Beeson, the well-known Central Branch contractor, gave the Patriot a pleasant call this morning, and from him we learn the particulars of the most remarkable snake story we have heard. In the extension of the Central Branch road from Beloit to Cawker City the line road from Beloit to Cawker City the line passes through the town of Glen Elder, A short distance from Glen Elder, on the Solomon River, is a steep and rocky bluff, about fifty-five feet high, a large portion of which had to be blasted away to make room for the road bed. A few days ago, while the excavation was in progress, a blast of nitro-glycerine caps and giant powder tore off an unusually large part of the bluff, and down the declivity there came writhing and rolling a bunch of anakes, which Mr. Beeson assures us was and its character asserted itself. Mr. Cartwright gave him charge of his boys, other had to be blasted away to make have recommenced. Once against of which had to be blasted away to make have seemed to have recommenced. Once against of the blast of nitro-glycerine caps and giant bound of the taws whistled in the air, and the sair them were stern if not brutal, literally licked his candian bear cube into shape of the bluff, and down the declivity there can writhing and rolling a bunch of which cannot understand." The old clergyman midly responded: "Then, cannot understand the cannot understand the cannot understand the cannot understand the cannot understand." The old clergyman midly responded: "Then, cannot understand the cannot understand the cannot understand the cannot understand." The old clergyman midly responded: "Then, cannot understand the cannot understand." The old clergyman midly responded: "Then, cannot understand the cannot understand." The old clergyman midly responded: "Then, cannot understand." The old clergyman paid then then cannot understand." The old clergyman paid then cannot un

MISCELLANY

A long tramp :- A tall vagrant. Football practice is studying play toe. Does an intellectual savage have a mental servation?

It is the brake of day that prevents night rom going too far. Birds are not noted for courage, but many of them die game.

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness. "One touch of nature," observed the inebriate as the ground rose and struck him. China merchants never have to invite sea captains to dine, as they always come at

A shoemaker's wife out West calls her susband "Sequel" because he is "always at the last. Ginger is not considered a very sleepy

compound, but we have all heard of a gir ger's nap. A woman too often reasons from her heart; hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles. Why does the new moon remind one of a

giddy girl? Because she is too young to show much reflection. It was a grocer who said he studied to be agreeable, and yet some people were for ever complaining of his weighs.

Young swell—"I should like to have my mustache died." Polite barber—"Cer. tainly; did you bring it with you?"

young lady of eighteen springs," a punster suggests, "probably her name is Sofy." You may mend a rent in a damaged repu. tation so that it may not show, but you can never make the reputation quite whole

The individual who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by say-ing they made a man forget all his other A cynical old bachelor says :- " Wed.

lock is like a bird cage; those without peck to get in, and those within peck to get out." "Yes, I'm a good dancer," said the barber as he sheared of the blonde locks of a customer, "See me clip the light fantastic tow."

A precocious Scotch lass, seven years old, when asked whether she would marry or remain single, said :—" Neither; I shall be a widew.

"Where will you put me when I come to see you at your castle in the air?" asked a gentleman of a witty girl. "In a brown study," she replied.

Suppose the baby-carts do injure the baby's health? Doesn't the baby have his revenge when night comes and the paregoric is down stairs?

The following explanation of a legal term is offered by a Teutonic member of the police force:—"Ven I get me out a habeas scorpious, I can chust so vell catch a man

where he ain't as where he is " An old man who had been badly hurt in An old man who had been badly hurt in a railroad collision, being advised to sue the Company for damages, said, "Well, no, not for damages. I've had enough of them; but I'll just sue 'em for repairs."

It is all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these times manages to make both

am, they must have given me a wrong one.
I'm deaf and dumb."

A bright little three-year old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she eagerly observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

"My dearest Maria," wrote a recently married husband to his wife. She wrote back: "Dearest, let me correct either your grammar or your morals. You address me, 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other dear Marias ?"

"I say, my fren', can you (hic) tell me where the other side of the street is?" "Certainly—just across the way; why do you ask?" "Why (hic), because a minute ago I asked another fellow the same thing, and (hic) he said this was the other side of the

It is said to be one of the most remarkable sights ever looked upon, and hundreds from the surrounding country visit the quarries to see the snakes.

One of New Hampshire's oldest inhabitants died at the age of 115 years. It is related of him that, wanting a smart wife, he gave notice to two women that if they would come out and fight he would marry the winner. They complied, and he kept his word. How he got along with the athletic winner is not known.

An Irish editor being short of editorial copy, or drunk, or something, out a huge leader out of the *Times*, clapped thereto a one-line introduction, "What does the *Times* mean by this?" and sent the paper to press. Some ten years ago a Montreal paper announced, "Editorial—There is no editorial to-day," and not long afterwards, when an awkward religio-social question came up that it was dangerous to handle at all, began, "With reference to this vexed mattar we must say that"—and then



CAKE MAKING. SPONGE-CAKE.

The good quality of all delicate cake, and The good quality of all delicate cake, and especially of sponge-cake, depends very much upon its being made with fresh eggs. It must be quickly put together, beaten with rapidity, and baked in a rather quick oven. It is made "sticky" and less light by being styred long. There is no a significant to the story of the started long. by being stirred long. There is no other cake so dependent upon care and good judgment in baking as sponge-cake. In making white cake, if not convenient to use the yolks that are left, they will keep until the next day by being thoroughly beaten and set in a cool place. To prepare cocoa-nut, cut a hole through the meat at one of the holes in the end, draw off the milk, pound the nut well on all sides to loosen the meat, crack, take out meat, and set the pieces in the heater or in a cool open oven over night, or for a few hours to dry, then grate; if all is not used, sprinkle with sugar (after grating) and spread out in a cool, dry place, and it will keep for weeks. In cutting layer cakes, it is better to first make a round hole in the es netter to hist make a round hole in the centre, with a knife, or a tin tube, about an inch and a quarter in diameter. This prevents the edge of the cake from crumbling in cutting.

CENTENNIAL CAKE. Two cups pulverized sugar, one of butter rubbed to a light cream with the sugar, one of sweet milk, three of flour, half cup corn starch, four eggs, half pound chopped raisins, half a grated nutmeg, and two teaspoons baking powder. BUCKEYE CAKE.

One cup butter, two of white sugar, four of sifted flour, five eggs beaten separately, one cup sour milk, teaspoon soda, pound seeded raisins chopped a little; beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the yolks and milk, and stir in the flour with soda well mixed through it; then add the white of the eggs beaten to a stifffroth, and lastly the raisins dredged with a little flour; bake one and one-half hours. Use coffee cups to measure. This makes a cake for a six-quart

ALMOND, HICKORY NUT, OR COCOA NUT CAKE. Three-fourths pound flour, half teaspoon salt, fourth pound butter, pound of sugar, teacup sour cream, four eggs, lemon flavour to taste, and a teaspoon soda dissolved in two teaspoons hot water; mix all thoroughly, grate in the white part of a cocoa nut, or stir in a pint of chopped hickory nuts, or a pint of blanched almonds pounded.

BLACK CAKE. One pound powdered white sugar, three-quarters pound butter, pound sifted flour (browned or not as preferred), twelve eggs beaten separately, two pounds raising stoned and part of them chopped, two of currants carefully cleaned, half pouncitron cut in strips, quarter ounce each of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves mixed, wine glass wine and one of brandy; rub butter

and sugar together, add yolks of eggs, par of flour, the spice and whites of eggs well beaten; then add remainder of flour, and wine and brandy; mix all thoroughly tewine and brandy; mix all thoroughly tegether; cover bottom and sides of a fourquart milk pan with buttered white paper,
put in a layer of the mixture, then a layer
of the fruit (first dredging the fruit with
flour), until pan is filled up three or four
inches, and then bake four hours. A small
cup of Orleans molasses makes the cake
blacker and more moist, but for this it is
not recessive to add, more flour. Bake not necessary to add more flour. Bak three and one-half or four hours in a slo

One pound butter, one of brown sugar one of flour, one of raisins, one of currants half pound citron, tablespoon each cinna mon, allspice and cloves, ten eggs the whites and yolks beaten separately, three teaspeons baking powder; add just before baking a wineglass brandy, or third cut good molasses; seed raisins, chop citrol fine, and wash and dry the currants; mit butter and sugar, add the eggs, and lastly the flour in which the fruit, spices, and baking powder having been well mixed bake in a six-quart pan four hours.

BLACK CAKE. One pound flour, one of currants, one raisins, one of sugar, half pound citron half pound chopped figs, three-fourth pound butter, ten eggs leaving out two whites, teacup molasses, one of sour crean and soda, one gill brandy or good whiskey half cup cinnamen, two tablespoons spice and cloves, four tablespoons jam.

BLACK CAKE. Two cups brown sugar, one and one-ha cups of butter, six eggs beaten separately three cups flour (brewn the flour), tw tablespoons molasses, one of cinnamon, on teaspoon mace, one of cloves, two cup sweet milk, two pounds raisins, two ocurrants, a half pound citron, one teaspoon soda, two of cream tartar. Bak three hours.

REPAKTAST CAKE.

One cup Orleans molasses, one of brown sugar, one of shortening (butter and lard mixed), one of cold coffee, four of flour, one teaspoon soda in the coffee, one each of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice, and one nutmeg. Add fruit if desired. BUFORD CAKE.

One quart flour, one pint sugar, a cup butter, a cup sweet milk, four eggs, spice of all kinds in small quantities, teaspoos soda, two of cream tartar, half pound soda, two of cream tartar, half pound so the cupartity of the cu raisins, half pound currants; this quar

BREAD CAKE, Three coffee cups yeast dough, ligh enough to bake for bread, two and two thirds cups sugar, one cup butter, threegs, one nutmeg; put all together an work with the hands until smooth: pound cake. It is very important that a should be mixed very thoroughly with the light dough. Add raisins and as muc-fruit as desired and let it rise half an hou in the pans in which you bake. The over should be about right for bread. This easily made and is quite as nice as commo loaf cake.

Two cups light bread dough, one and on half cups sugar, half butter, three tabl spoons sour milk in which has been disolved half teaspoon soda, half a gratnutmeg, teaspoon cinnamon, cup raisi chopped a little and floured; stir all we together adding fruit lastly, let rise he together, adding fruit lastly, let rise an hour and bake in a moderate oven. BRIDE'S CAKE.

Whites of twelve eggs, three cups suga small cup butter, a cup sweet milk, fo small cups flour, half cup corn starch, tw teaspoons baking powder lemon to tast Adding a cup citron sliced thin and dust with flour makes a beautiful citron cake. CREAM CAKE, Put two cups flour in a crock and

with two level teaspoons cream tarter a one of sods, make well in the centre it which put one cup sugar, one of swe one of soda, make well in the centre in which put one cup sugar, one of sw cream, one egg and small teaspoon sa mix all quickly together, flavour with t spoon lemon; put in pan to bake. A cup raisins, or currants if you like, and makes a nice cake pudding to eat hot w sauce. Sour cream can be used instead sweet by omitting the cream tartar a using two eggs instead of one.

WHIPPED-CREAM CAKE. One cup sugam, two ages, two tablespo softened butter and four of mms, heat well together, add a cup of flour in wh has been mixed teaspoon cream tartar half teaspoon soda. Bake in rather sn square dripping pan. When cake is have ready a half pint sweet cream whip to a stiff froth, sweeten and flavour to ta spread over cake and serve while from the cream will froth easier to be me cold by setting on ice before whipping.