

## FARM AND GARDEN.

Every farmer should keep at least a score of sheep. The keeping will hardly appear in the expense of the farm. The ordinary waste of a farm will maintain a flock of this number, and the gleaming of the fields will support it until the house feeding begins. After this the manure made will repay all the cost of the winter's feed.

The market for apples is about opening. Those who have fruit to dispose of should study the requirements of the people who are willing to pay a good price for a good fruit must have it presented to them in the very best manner. Buyers estimate the fruit by the package and the packing of it. But the packing is by no means all that is conveyed by the package itself. This must, of course, be clean, strong, and attractive in form. But the arrangement of the fruit inside must be equally attractive in every way.

The fruit should be of the first quality, of even size, preferably of a medium size, and not too big or overgrown. It should be ripe and free from all blemish, solidly placed in the package and free from bruises. Mixing varieties is a fatal mistake. It is easier to sell a thousand barrels of one sort than one of mixed kinds; these go as culls to the lowest class of purchasers. Only those varieties that are popular in foreign markets, which are now the best, should be offered, and the red and longest-keeping sorts are the most popular. Appearance goes a great way in the selling of apples and pears in the foreign markets, although there is a large class of purchasers who know which are the best kinds and want only these. But the majority of English consumers know little of the quality of an apple, and these choose by the color. Thus the Ben Davis, an apple of third quality only, sells better in foreign markets than the Baldwin or the Greening or the Spy. New well made barrels of the size of four barrels, or four barrels varnished, and well secured, make the most desirable packages, and are preferred to boxes or crates, which are not so easily handled as barrels are.

The smut of corn is one of the costly parasites supported by farmers, to their injury and loss, and which may be greatly lessened or wholly avoided by a very little trouble. It is not quite the same as the smut of the small grains, but we believe are sown with the seed, and may be destroyed by the simple use of steeping the seed in a solution of any corrosive substance—the best of all which have been tried being the common blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) dissolved in 100 times its weight of water. The smut on the grain, which is attached to a bunch of minute hairs at the pointed end of the grain, is, of course, sown with the seed, unless it has been destroyed by the steeping. But this seed is not infected, but the soil is, by the farmer leaving on the ground all the smutty, useless stalks and ears.

Now is the time when carelessness may be avoided, and the uncountable myriads of smut spores that exist in every bunch of it on the stalks of corn may be destroyed. The simple way to do this is to go through the field and cut out every bunch of smut and carry the collection out of the field and burn it. It is not done the soil is stocked for years, for the minute spores of the smut are enveloped in an oily matter by which they are preserved from decay for a long time.

It is in this condition of things which prevents the successive culture of corn on the same land for a number of years. Experience has proved that the corn may thus be grown for many years and yield the largest product under high culture, were it not that the smut utterly destroys the plant after a few years, five to ten being the limit of the possible successive culture of this crop.

It is a good time to consider whether anything may not be done in the way of drainage on the low lands of the farms. The deposit of muck is a most valuable source of food, which is decomposed by lime or compost with manure or the general waste of the fields and roadsides. It is quite as valuable in this way as ordinary manure, and if taken out before the winter, when the land is in its driest condition, the cost of it will be reduced to the lowest limit. After it has been drained on the bank to get rid of the most of the water it may be used to advantage in several ways, as for an absorbent in the yards, as litter in the stables to take up the liquids which are so much wasted for want of such care as this.

When drained, these lands make the very best meadows, yielding various kinds of the best grasses, as, for instance, timothy, orchard grass, meadow fescue, which is especially suited for this kind of soil. Fowl meadow grass and redtop, or other varieties, will suit to a drained swamp. A silo cover thrives well on the moist soil, and by mixing these a succession is secured by which at least two cuttings of hay may be made, and excellent and wholesome pasture may be provided on the aftergrowth.

If the Baby is Crying Cough  
Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children's coughing. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

## FIRESIDE FUN.

"Oh, it was a lovely funeral!" exclaimed the morbid Rosie. "Six coaches and a rehearsal all covered with flowers!"

The German Emperor's yacht Meteor is carrying off everything. We have heard some heartless people say it is a pity it will not "carry off" its owner!

Mrs. Rackett to her husband: "I am afraid, Anred, that you spend more of your time in very bad company." Mr. Rackett: "How can I? I'm scarcely ever at home, am I?"

The English is most confusing language, for though point and cape are synonymous, yet there is a great distinction between a fine point and a fine cape, as any woman will tell you.

On a tombstone in a rural New York cemetery is the following rather startling epitaph: "Here lies the body of Peter Bodson, who was shot through the body with three ounces of lead and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Poor Raminavivony, the husband of Queen Ranavaloa of Madagascar, is just dead. The doctors call it some internal disease, but the report is current that the poor fellow "snatched on pronouncing his own name, and tetanus set in."

Customer: "I want some spoons and forks in the new metal I've heard talk of lately, but I can't quite remember what it's called." Shopman: "Yes, madam. Was it electro plate, Britannia metal, Potomac silver, or Carpathian silver?" Customer: "No, 'twas none of them. Oh! I know now! It was Carmen Sylva!"

A good story is told of Sir Francis Johnson, who was Chief Justice of the Superior Courts of the Province of Quebec. On one of his circuits in the eastern townships during the winter he put up at a country hotel. The night was very cold, and the hotel proprietor was not extravagant in his fuel supply or in the warmth of his blankets. The judge put over his bed covering his heavy coat and other clothes, but still found it impossible to sleep. It was after midnight, and there was no one near to make a fire.

The judge rose, and putting on his slippers and dressing gown, went into the passage and shouted with all his power: "Fire! fire! fire!" In a few seconds the whole hotel was aroused, and the proprietor, panting and scared, ran to the judge and asked: "Where is the fire? Where is it?" Sir Francis, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "That's what I am trying to find. A good fire was soon made in his room, and the rest of the night was passed in comfort."

An examiner at Edinburgh University had made himself obnoxious by warning the students against putting their hats on his desk. The university in the Scottish capital is remarkable for a severity of cloak-rooms, and in the excitement of examinations hats are, or used to be, flung down anywhere. The examiner announced one day that if he ever found another hat on his desk he would rip it up. The next day no hats were laid there when the students assembled. Presently, however, the examiner was called out of the room. Then some naughty undergraduate slipped from his seat, got the examiner's own hat, and placed it on his desk. When the examiner re-entered the hall, he saw the hat fixed upon him. He observed the hat, and a gleam of triumph shot across his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if I told you that. Then he took his pen-knife from his pocket, opened it, and blandly cut the hat to pieces. What he said when he discovered that he had destroyed his own hat the story does not say.

## The German Catholic Congress.

The forty-third Congress or general assembly of the Catholics of Germany was held at Dortmund in the province of Westphalia last week. There is something peculiarly appropriate, says the Catholic Times, in the meeting at Dortmund of a congress at which the local question will be the chief matter for discussion, since the town is the centre of an extensive industry in linen and of a considerable trade in corn and Colonial produce. And not merely in the material but also in the spiritual order does the energy of the inhabitants manifest itself. In their eloquent Einladung, or invitation to the Congress, the local committee observe:—"Here, where the regular whirl of machinery never ceases, where the crimson sky indicates nightly the activity of the restless human mind, there also pulsates a vigorous religious life." A few decades of years ago the Catholics of Dortmund had but one church and numbered only a thousand; to-day they are at least fifty thousand, or a third of the inhabitants, and possess three parishes, churches, with various chapels, and beneficent institutions, which their zeal for the furtherance of their faith is attested by the fact that there are in the town no less than twenty Catholic societies. Historically, Dortmund is famous for having been the seat of the Supreme Court of the Vehmgericht, or secret tribunal, which was founded by Archbishop Engelbert of Cologne to curb the barbarity of the Knights and others, but which after his death was responsible for frightful scenes, made familiar to us by the pages of Sir Walter Scott.

## DOMESTIC READING.

Live a life equal to that of the stars. Nothing can equal a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness.

Joy and pain are very often so closely allied that it is impossible to point out the line of demarcation. The best cure for sorrow is work, and the daily demands of daily life leave but scant room for sentiment.

There is nothing that a man can do less afraid to leave at home than his conscience and his good manners.

There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving. Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.—Henry Drummond.

Flattery, like strife, is as one who leeches out water, the first drop soon becomes a steady stream, which undermines the judgment and prostrates the reputation.

No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life.

Time is short, your obligations are infinite. Are your houses regulated, your children instructed, the afflicted relieved, the poor visited, the work of piety accomplished?—Massillon.

Flattery never emanates from great souls. It is an attribute of small minds, who thus still further belittle themselves to enter into the vital being of the persons about whom they crawl.

Death is not half so horrible as life lived wrongly. The mental sickness and confusion of a wilfully degraded existence are worse tortures than are contained in the grossest notions of hell.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates.—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, maybe, into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.—Lamartine.

Life has no smooth road for any of us, and in the bracing atmosphere of a high aim the very roughness only stimulates the climber to steeper and steeper steps, till that legend of the rough places fulfils itself at last: "per aspera ad astra"—over steep ways to the stars.

Charles Kingsley thus counselled to a friend: "Make a rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser. A little happier, or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter."

The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves as for his advantage; the reproaches, therefore, of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the Fathers observes to be, not a virtue, but the groundwork of a virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigor to resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure interests shall lead their charm to guilt.—Dr. Johnson.

No man who sees the truth, however distant, can conscientiously go on as if it were not there. Thousands of years are vast periods, but the love of human liberty and happiness shall reach out and cling to two eternal. Let every man who believes faithfully in his share, sow the seed that he has received, and in God's time the glorious harvest will come of a pure, truthful people.—J. B. O'Reilly.

Does not a profound weariness of life grow upon you according as you advance in age? Do you feel yourself stricken with a morose and gloomy incapacity to find happiness? We are nearly all fired air, storm tossed souls longing for peace. Some may view this as a pernicious symptom that should doubtless be fought against. Studied closely, I regard it as an intense yearning for Heaven.—Madame de Gasparin.

No passion can lead to such extremities as involve man in such a complicated train of crimes and vices, and ruin whole families so completely as the baneful rage for gambling; it produces and nourishes all imaginable disastrous sensations; it is the most fertile nursery of covetousness, envy, rage, malice, dissimulation, falsehood, and foolish reliance on blind fortune; it frequently leads to fraud, quarrels, murder, forgery, meanness and despair, and robs us in the most unpardonable manner of the greatest and most irrevocable treasure—time.

It is natural for men when they leave one extreme in which they have been forced to live, to run speedily to the opposite without stopping in their course; thus men who free themselves from tyrants, if they are not restrained, rush into unbridled license, which may be justly called tyranny, for a people is like to a tyrant when it gives to the underserving and takes away from the deserving, when it confounds ranks and degrees of men.—Gaius Marius.

## Chats With the Children.

## SLEEPER SONG.

Slumber, slumber, little one, now  
The bird is asleep in his nest on the bough.  
The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings,  
And over him softly the dream fairy sings:  
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby—  
Pearls in the deep—  
Stars in the sky,  
Dreams in our sleep:  
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, soon  
The fairy will come in the ship of the moon.  
The fairy will come with the pearls and the stars,  
And dreams will come singing through sheet  
owly bare:  
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby—  
Pearls in the deep—  
Stars in the sky,  
Dreams in our sleep:  
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, so:  
The stars are the pearls that the dream  
fairies know,  
The stars are the pearls, and the bird in the  
nest,  
A dear little fellow the fairies love best.

Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby—  
Pearls in the deep—  
Stars in the sky,  
Dreams in our sleep:  
So lullaby!

—Frank Dromer Sherman in September  
Ladies' Home Journal.

Chinatown is preparing two great dinners for Viceroy Li. Each is to be a marvel in its way. One is to be entirely American, the other exclusively Chinese. The Chinese dinner will probably be given in Chinatown at the Mon Lay Wun Restaurant, and it will be the grandest, costliest and rarest entertainment ever given by the Chinese in America. The menu will consist of many dishes that Europeans and Americans have never eaten and some that they would not wish to eat. Chicken and shark fin, cooked together, make up one of the dishes. A plate of it costs a week's wages and the name of it is Kai Lee Yee Chee.

Another dish is known as Yoo Wei, the famous soup made of bird's nests. But the piece de resistance of the banquet will be Hoi Shum, or seaweed, which is imported from China and is boiled in small bunches and tastes a little like suetcrust. Chu Fong says it is the greatest delicacy of the table in China. It is so costly that the poor people never learn how it tastes.

At this banquet, which will be given on Sunday, the Chinese must be dressed in their national costumes. Nothing else will answer. No one will be admitted who does not wear the regulation costume. This will consist of a long flowing robe or tunic of rich silk, light blue preferred as to color. The robe must fall clear to the Chinese shoes.

Each guest will also wear a black silk cap. Under the cap and flowing down the back must be the national wig. It is inevitable, and those Chinese who, like Chu Fong, have long since conformed to American customs, and foreworn the wig, must get it and have it fastened to their cropped hair for the occasion. Fortunately, the shops of Chinatown keep a supply of pigtails.

It will wear his famous "peacock feather," which was taken from him on account of the failure of the Japanese war, but which has been restored to him. This feather will also be worn by the Chinese Consul and other distinguished persons.


Chu Fong said that the name of the restaurant—Mon Lay Wun—means the place where those who come from a great distance are refreshed.

It was not in a joyous fashion that school presented itself to a very bright little girl, Mary Fairfax, who was born over a hundred years ago, and who afterward became Mrs. Somerville and one of the most learned women in England. Mary was fortunate enough to live the first ten years of her life by the seashore, the happiest, wildest, shyerest little saint and made huge collections of shells, and weeds, and pebbles, and other treasures brought her as playthings by the waves. When it rained, and her mother would not permit her to run out, she read over and over again the three books which formed her library—"The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress." Now and then her father, who was an officer in the English navy, came home from sea; and finding his little daughter as ignorant as a child could be he made her read aloud to him every morning a chapter of Hume's "History of England."

This was all her education until she was ten years old, when, one dreadful day, her parents sent her to a boarding-school, a small and very expensive boarding school kept by Miss Primrose, who was so stately and so severe that her pupils used to say they never saw her smile. Thanks to the healthy outdoor life she had always led, little Mary was straight and strong as a young Indian, but that did not save her from the ingenious tortures designed for sleeping children, and which she describes for us in her memoirs:

"A few days after my arrival I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel buck in front, while, above my frocks, bands

The papers are full of deaths from



Heart Failure

Of course the heart has to act when a man dies, but "Heart Failure" is called, nine times out of ten is caused by Uric Acid in the blood which the kidneys fail to remove, and which the heart until it becomes unable to perform its function.

Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure" as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance on the physician's, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

**Safe Cure**

A Medicine with 20 Years of Success behind it

will remove the poisonous Uric Acid by putting the Kidneys in a healthy condition so that they will naturally eliminate it.

draw my shoulders back till the shoulder blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel buck in my stays. In this constrained state I prepared for the younger children to prepare our lessons. Think of it, you luxurious little people who prepare your lessons lying on rocking chairs, nestling in sofa corners, or lying comfortably on warm hearth-rugs before cheerful fires! Think of studying a whole page of Johnson's dictionary every day, spelling, definitions, even the very position of each word in the long columns, and all the while unable to lean backward, or turn your head from side to side—unable even to see what the girl next to you was doing! That was a discipline which must have made home and the dear shining one's hands a picture of Paradise, of Paradise Lost, to poor, tired, timid Mary Fairfax. And the worse of it was, she learned so little at Miss Primrose's school that, when she escaped for her first holidays, she covered herself with disgrace by writing bank-knot for bank note, and was severely scolded for being so idle, and wasting such golden opportunities.

She was taught to sew, however, very neatly, and in after years she grew so passionately fond of study, of real, hard, severe, uncompromising study that it was necessary, when she was fifteen, to take away her candles, so that she might not sit up half the night over her books. Even then she used to arise at daybreak, wrap herself in a blanket—not being allowed a fire—and work away at Algebra and Latin until breakfast time. She wrote a number of valuable works on scientific subjects and she lived to be ninety-two years old, proving that neither hard schools nor hard study are certain to shorten our days.—[At School a Hundred Years Ago], by Agnes Repplier, in September St. Nicholas.

An amusing scene took place not long since in an English police court. A farmer was brought up charged with ill-treating one of the farm hands, a poor idiot, he having beaten him most unmercifully. The defence was that the idiot was a thorough nuisance, and always doing mischief at whatever he was set to do.

Magistrate (severely): "Even so, it is a shame to ill-treat the poor wretch like that. You should remember that he is but a poor half-witted fellow—that he is a man like you and me."

Laughter in the court, and one or two were nearly being committed.

Mrs. Colosse Coon, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "For years I could not eat meat, and I was suffering from indigestion, a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parole's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required."

The present year, which has been prolific of alliances between the old English Catholic houses of distinction, will prepare our marriage shortly. Edward Charles, eldest son of Mr. John Gerard Riddell, of Hirmston Hall and Hildock Park, Notts, and Edith, the only daughter of Captain Gerard J. P., of Kilmartin Court, Glasgow, will be married on the 21st inst. at the chapel of the noble family of which Lord Gerard is the head.

Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads.

A taste for the beautiful is best cultivated out of doors.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the inflammation of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many who were supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

(God Only Knows.)

Whither are going with hurrying foot  
Forms that are passing to night in the street?

Faces all sunny, and faces all sad,  
Hearts that are weary and hearts that are glad.

Eyes that are heavy with sorrow and tears,  
Eyes that are gleaming with beauty and tears.

Pictures of pleasure and crosses of care,  
Going, all going, God only knows where.

Hands that have earnestly striven for bread,  
Hands that are soiled with dishonor instead.

Hearts that are tuned to a purpose sublime,  
Hearts all discordant and jangled with crime.

Souls that are pure and as white as a snow,  
Souls that are black as the midnight of woe.

Gay in their gladness, or drunk in despair,  
Going, all going, God only knows where.

Some to the feast where the richest wine  
And the rarest of jewels will sparkle a shine.

Some in their hungers will wander, as some  
Will sleep, nor awaken when morning shall come.

The robed and the ragged, the foe and the friend,  
All of them hurrying on to the end;

Nearing the grave with a curse or a prayer,  
Going, all going, God only knows where.

## EVELEEN BLAKE.

(FROM THE CORN EXAMINER.)

This is the legend of a house called the Devil's Inn, standing in the heather on the top of the Connemara mountains, in an upland valley followed between five peaks. Tourists sometimes come in sight of it on September evenings; a crazy and weather-stained apparition, with the sun glaring at angrily between the hills, and striking its shattered window panes. Guides are known to shun it, however.

The house was built by a stranger, who came no one knew whence, and whom the people nicknamed Coll Dhu (Black Ool), because of his sallow bearing and solitary habits. His dwelling they called the Devil's Inn because no tired traveller had ever been asked to rest under its roof, nor friend known to cross its threshold. No one bore him company in his retreat but a wizened-faced old man, who shunned the good morrow of the trudging peasant when he made occasional excursions to the nearest village for provisions for himself and master, and who was asseverated as a stone concerning the antecedents of both.

For the first year of their residence in the country, there had been much speculation as to who they were, and what they did with themselves up there among the clouds and eagles. Some said Coll Dhu was a scion of the old family from whose hands the surrounding lands had passed; and that, embittered by poverty and pride, he had come to bury himself in solitude, and brood over his misfortunes. Others hinted of crime, and flight from another country; others again whispered of those who were caught from their birth, and could never smile nor yet make friends with a fellow-creature till the day of their death. But when two years had passed, the wonder had somewhat died out, and Coll Dhu was little thought of, except when a herd looking for sheep crossed the track of a big dark man walking the mountains, gun in hand, to whom he did not dare say "Lord save you!" or when a housewife rocking her cradle of a winter's night crossed herself as a gust of storm thundered over her cabin roof, with the exclamation, "Oh, then, it's Coll Dhu that has enough of fresh air about his head up there this night!"

Coll Dhu had lived thus in his solitude for some years, when it became known that Colonel Blake, the new lord of the soil, was coming to visit the country. By climbing one of the peaks overlooking his estate, Coll could look sheer down a mountain side, and see in miniature beneath a grey old dwelling with ivied chimneys and weather-stained walls, standing amongst straggling trees and grim warlike rocks, that gave the look of a fortress, gazing out towards the Atlantic for ever with the eager eyes of all its windows, as if demanding perpetually, "What tidings from the New World?"

He could see now masons and carpenters crawling about below, like ants in the sun, over-running the old house from base to chimney, daubing down walls that looked to Coll, up among the clouds, like a handful of jacketones, and building up others that looked like the toy fences in a child's farm. Throughout several months he must have watched the busy ants at their task of breaking and mending again, disfiguring and beautifying; but when all was done he had not the curiosity to stride down and admire the handsome paneling of the new billiard room, nor yet the fine view which the enlarged bay window in the drawing-room commanded of the watery highway to Newfoundland.

Deep summer was melting into autumn, and the amber streaks of decay were beginning to creep out and trail over the ripe purple of moor and mountain, when Colonel Blake, his only daughter, and a party of friends