

like that, M. de Chaulnes! You know that nothing warms me so much as a scene from a comedy in five acts, and my coachman, who is abominably intelligent, will be asking himself what has become of me. You may dine with us to-day if you like; but do not come too early, or we shall be yawning in one another's faces before the evening is over."

She moved off at a leisurely pace, her parasol over her shoulder, and her long train sweeping the ground; and ere long a carriage was heard rolling away along the high road. Then De Chaulnes turned round, and became aware of Marguerite. For an instant he looked excessively foolish; but, as he was blessed with plenty of aplomb and presence of mind, he soon recovered himself, and taking off his cap, with a fascinating smile, wished mademoiselle good morning. Was she walking towards Fontainebleau? Yes! So much the better, for he was himself going in that direction.

The incident of which Marguerite had just been an unintentional witness had not been altogether displeasing to her. She wanted to think well of the man whom she loved, and in her haste to make excuses for him she could not help rejoicing a little in any proof of his wife's treachery. For M. de Chaulnes' company she was by no means anxious; but, although common sense told her that de Valmy must be far away, she was haunted by a nervous dread that he might reappear at any moment. Therefore she willingly accepted the hussar's proffered escort. And this was an unfortunate thing for the peace of poor Victor Berthon, who happened to be strolling up the slopes above the town, with his portfolio under his arm, in quest of sylvan subjects, and, who, desecrating the couple from afar, saw his direct suspicions confirmed, and made up his mind there and then that he would never more believe in the honesty or innocence of woman.

That afternoon Madame Vanne received a shock, which, to use her own expression, "turned her blood in her veins." Her niece, without assigning any reason for such a step, quietly announced that she intended to go away for the remainder of the summer.

"To go away!" cried the old woman in amazement. "What is the child talking about! To go away where, if you please?"

"I shall go to my cousins at the restaurant at Franchard," Marguerite answered. "I know they have a spare room, and they will be glad to have me with them."

"Eh! I would not be too sure of that. And in the middle of the busy season, too. You know what Pierre Vanne is, and his wife is one of the same sort; they would never understand your ways. Life for them means work, and plenty of it. They would not be very well pleased to have a guest just now, unless she came to lend them a hand."

"That is just what I mean to do. I want work; I am tired of being idle and useless." "Stay where you are, then, foolish child. If you want work there is enough of it to be had in Marlotte; and you need not seek for it any farther away than this house, either."

"But I want to leave Marlotte for a time."

"Aha! is that it? Madame Vanne thought she began to see daylight, and assumed an exceedingly knowing air. "You want to get away from somebody, is it not so? But what has he been doing then, that poor young man? Nothing very unpardonable, I am sure. He came here this morning to ask for you, looking as ashamed of himself as if he had stolen half a dozen of my chickens, and I would wager that he brought an apology with him. Come, it wants but a word to set these little misunderstandings right; and between ourselves, *ma petite*, M. Victor Berthon—"

"There is no question of M. Berthon," interrupted Marguerite. "There never will be any question of him in the way that you mean; and I have not quarreled with him at all."

"I was going to say that M. Victor Berthon is a man whom any girl might think herself fortunate to have at her feet. He will be a husband of the good sort. I do not speak of his position or his prospects—though these are good things not to be despised—but of his disposition. I have lived sixty years in the world, keeping my eyes open all the time, and it would not be easy to deceive me as to what a man is likely to turn out after marriage. This one will allow his wife to lead him by the nose always, and will thank her for doing it."

"His nose is in no danger from me. I tell you we shall never be anything to each other, except friends. I go to Franchard because I want change—change and work."

Madame Vanne shrugged her shoulders. "Take your own way, then," she answered rather crossly, "and I hope you will find the work at Franchard to your taste. I can see you carrying cups of coffee to the Fontainebleau shopkeepers on Sunday afternoons, and disputing over the bill with English old ladies—a pretty occupation for your father's daughter! If you are not back here before a week is out, I will give you leave to call me a simpleton."

It must be assumed that, in this particular instance, Madame Vanne's customary shrewdness was at fault; for a week passed away, followed by a second and a third, and Marguerite's room at Marlotte remained vacant, and she was seen no more among her friends the artists, where her absence was loudly lamented. Victor nursed his wrath, but kept his own counsel. Not unnaturally he attributed Marguerite's departure to a wish to be less hampered in her meetings with the gay hussar; and he smiled bitterly, without replying, when Madame

Vanne, whose delicacy of touch was hardly equal to her kind heart, urged him not to neglect the neighbourhood of Franchard in his walks. "Go and breakfast there one of these mornings, M. Victor," she would say. "My brother-in-law will not starve you, and there are other people at Franchard who will perhaps give you a warmer welcome than you expect."

These hints, supported by nods and winks of a most knowing and confidential kind, failed in their effect. Victor, vexed by their frequent recurrence, annoyed by the half-ironical condolences of his comrades, and angered most of all by his inability to shake off a passion which he felt to be hopeless, began to think that a garret in Paris was, after all, preferable to comparative affluence at Montigny, and to contemplate a renunciation of his schemes for the elevation of the ceramic art; and Madame Vanne, becoming despondent also, went back to her fruit and her poultry with an anathema upon the sentimental fancies of boys and girls who did not know their own minds for two days together.

Meanwhile, poor Némorosa was growing thin and miserable, like a caged bird, in her voluntary exile at Franchard, where her life was very much of the kind prophetically sketched by her aunt, and was to the full as distasteful to her as that sensible woman declared it would be. She was prepared at all points for visits from M. de Valmy and Victor Berthon, and would have known how to dismiss the one and make friends with the other had they appeared; but neither of them did appear, and Marguerite would not have been a woman if this had not been more or less of a disappointment to her.

(To be continued.)

THE LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.

FARGO, D. T.—Can you imagine a wheat field of 30,000 acres? Thirty thousand acres of slender golden stems, each bearing a cluster of yellow heads, bowing and nodding as if in acknowledgment of admiring glances. If you cannot fancy such a picture, you perhaps will admit that it must be one of the sublime scenes the human eye can witness.

I stood this morning at the centre of the largest farm in the world: the largest piece of territory ever cultivated under the direction of a single man. As far as the eye could reach, north, south, east, or west, there was nothing visible but the bluest of the blue sky, the reddest of the red barns, the great awkward-looking threshers, with their smoke-begrimed engines beside them, the whirling harvesters, and miles after miles of wheat. If this farm were stretched out like a ribbon, half a mile wide, it would reach as far as from Chicago to Milwaukee. If it were in a single rectangular piece, a mile in width, it would be forty-five miles from end to end, and there is not a fence, not a tree, not a bush; only an occasional strip of green across the golden that marks a road or section line.

Near us was a little white house where the storekeeper lived—the commissary of a great army, for an army it is—and we inquired of the gentlemanly Mr. Mandell how we could get across to the office of Mr. Dalrymple. He impressed a mule team that happened to drive up for supplies, and sent us to headquarters.

There was a cluster of great red barns, an acre or two of cabbages, beans, onions, and waving corn; a lazy-looking windmill that swung around as indifferently as if a regiment of thirsty men were not working in the field, and a cosy cottage, plain but comfortable. We rapped at the door, and were shown into the parlour. The room was handsomely furnished, with some evidences of luxury, but no more than are found in the houses of "fore-handed" farmers all over the West.

We asked for Mr. Dalrymple, and he came down from some room above; a slender, quiet-looking man, with a pen behind his ear, whom you would judge to be a schoolmaster or clergyman at sight. His hands were soft and white—more accustomed to the book or pen than the plough—and his face, were it not covered with beard, was not so much burned as mine. He met us cordially, invited us to spend the day and dine, and suggested that he would have a team hitched up to drive us over "the place."

I noticed he always called it "the place."

In the meantime I asked him a few questions. The first one was as to the yield this year.

"It was a late spring," said Mr. Dalrymple. "At the time when we are usually putting in a crop the place for miles around us here was covered with water from the melted snow, and you could have sailed a boat over a field where now there is wheat that will yield. I feared at one time that the crop would be a failure, but am very positive now that the average per acre will not be below twenty bushels."

"Have you sold your wheat?" "Our plan is different from the ordinary method. We are sending about three train loads a day to Duluth."

"How many bushels is that?" "About 30,000 bushels. We load a vessel at Duluth every two days and send it to Buffalo, where it is sold on arrival at the market place."

"What is that?" "The price to-day," said Mr. Dalrymple, consulting a telegram, "is \$1.27 at Buffalo. Freight is about 27 cents, so it nets us about \$1 a bushel."

"What will your crop amount to?" "I am expecting about 600,000 bushels. Be-

sides this we have about 90,000 bushels of oats, which we keep for our stock."

"Do you keep stock enough to eat up 90,000 bushels of oats?"

Mr. Dalrymple smiled pleasantly and remarked that 800 horses and mules eat up a good many oats.

"How much does your crop cost you?"

"It costs about \$6 an acre to produce a crop when we use our own stock and pay our men by the month, but when we hire men and terms by the day it costs us about \$8 an acre."

"What do you pay your men?"

"We pay \$30 a month for regular hands and \$2 per day for extra hands during harvest."

"What machinery have you going to-day?"

"Two hundred self-binding harvesters and thirty steam threshers. These 200 harvesters cut an average of 2,800 acres a day, and the threshers turn out about 30,000 bushels a day. As fast as it is threshed we bag the wheat, cart it over there to the cars, empty the sacks, and send away three train loads daily."

"Where do you keep your men?"

"If you had been here at 5 o'clock this morning you could have seen 800 men at breakfast. We keep forty cooks."

Mr. Dalrymple explained at length how this enormous business is conducted. The 30,000 acres under cultivation are divided into five divisions of 6,000 acres each, under superintendents, who are responsible directly to Mr. Dalrymple, the commander-in-chief. Each of these regiments is divided again into battalions, with a foreman or major, who has charge of 2,000 acres. Under him are three companies, each having a captain and cultivating a section, which is 640 acres of land. Each superintendent plants his crop and harvests it, reporting from time to time to Mr. Dalrymple, who directs and oversees the whole, but spends the greater part of his time at the office, planning and calculating for the best results from the smallest outlay. The superintendents are responsible for the good order of their men, stock and machinery, and there is a decided rivalry between them as to which can produce the biggest crop. When the ploughing commences in the spring the men go out in gangs, each taking 640 acres, under the direction of a foreman, who rides along on horseback to see that the work is done properly. Everything is in military style.—*Inter-Ocean*.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE marriage of Mlle. Mathilde de Morny with the Marquis de Belbœuf will take place at Madrid in the early part of October.

THE latest style of new shoe has a heel of the dice-box order, poetically called Louis Quinze, and has a lattice work of straps across the instep.

BLACKBERRIES, tomatoes, red and yellow, greenages, dark red pears, hazel nuts, elderberries, Scottish thistles, acorns, caterpillars made of silk chenille, and birds' nests filled with tiny eggs, appear upon French bonnets for the autumn.

As country seats it is becoming the mode to illuminate lawns with coloured glasses to represent glow-worms, and to give balls where the local costumes only shall be worn; another excellent plan to pass an evening is: some guest is selected to improvise the first chapter of a novel, and the other *invités* are compelled to contribute, originally, of course, a chapter.

How many hearts have been powerless to resist the smiles or to turn away from the hands which the pretty horsebreakers' kiss as they gallop round and round! Clotilde and Emile Loysset have long bewitched the *habitués* of Franconi's Circus. Their equestrian gyrations have been brought to a dead stop. Clotilde has married the reigning Prince of Reuss-Schleitz-Ebersdorf-Lobenstein, and Emile is *fiancé* to the Count Batthyany, one of the most illustrious of the Hungarian nobles.

At the Bois de Boulogne, where raw meat is distributed *ad libitum* to the Fugians now exhibited at the Jardin d'Acclimation, one of the females experienced the trouble incident on the eating of too hearty a meal. The woman rejected the proffered services of an experienced medical practitioner, but accepted those of the "medicine-man" of the tribe, who, after well rubbing and shampooing her limbs, put the climax to his healing operations by blowing through the patient's fingers as if to dispel the evil genius conjured up by him on the occasion. This final process seemed to act in a beneficial way, for the lauk and sable lady at once put on a grin expressive of satisfaction experienced by her at the treatment adopted by her male congener.

A FRENCH paper describes with approbation what it represents to be an American contrivance for making happy marriages. A number of young men and maidens, known to each other, are invited by a discreet matron to a dance; towards the close of the evening, each of them places in an urn his or her card, having written upon it the name of the lady or gentleman desired for a partner in life. The cards are

compared in absolute secrecy, which is, of course, an essential feature of the scheme. The cards of the young people who have not mutually chosen each other are destroyed, and nothing more is said of the matter. When the names inscribed reveal mutual love the parties are informed of it, and the parents of the young people are advised, and they are then supposed to promote matches so auspiciously set on foot. The French paper asks how long France will have to wait for such an institution.

THE *Evénement* gives the following fragment from a forthcoming sensational novel by Alexis Bouvier, the *Crime du Trou-d'Enfer*:—"When once the crime was accomplished, the old man assassinated by blows from an axe, and the girl burnt on bundles of straw in the stable, Fil-à-Plomb and Cascaret set out. The reader will not have forgotten that they had a rendezvous with the mysterious person under whose orders they were acting, on the morning of the 7th, at the inn called the Rat-Enragé. They had to reach Vaise in two days. Cascaret and Fil-à-Plomb walked all night. 'I think,' said Cascaret, suddenly, 'that we have lost the way.' The two looked around. They were in the midst of a sort of clearing at the edge of a ditch. 'Ah!' exclaimed Cascaret, 'what do I see yonder?' 'Telegraph poles,' said Fil-à-Plomb. They hastened their steps, and came to the railway that stretched away and away in both directions. They could not tell whence they were coming, or whither they were going. 'Wait a bit,' said Cascaret, 'I see something on the line.' The two companions advanced. What Cascaret had seen was a heap of five mutilated corpses. When he saw this he sprang forward joyously. 'We are on the right road!' he cried. 'How do you know?' asked Fil-à-Plomb. 'These corpses . . . we are on the Lyons railway!'"

MISCELLANY.

GENERAL HENRY L. ABBOTT, in charge of the Engineers' School at Willt's Point, N.Y., has recently perfected an apparatus by which photographs can be taken instantaneously. It being necessary to destroy an old mule, the animal was placed in position before a camera. Six ounces of dynamite were placed upon its head and were connected in the same electrical circuit with the slide of the camera, which was supported by a fuse. The fuse and dynamite were thus exploded together, and the photo-sensitive plate was impressed with a picture of the headless mule before the body had time to fall.

THE idea that lawn tennis is of modern origin is a mistaken one. It is analogous to a game played by the Greeks and was not unknown in Rome. There was a game, in many respects similar, played in France in the fifteenth century, called "paume," from the fact that the ball was struck with the hand, and there is a picture in Froissart's *Chronicles*, which illustrates the game. In the latter part of the seventeenth century it received the name of tennis, from the French verb "tenir," to hold, and a thick glove was worn by the players to protect the hand while striking the ball. The racket was afterward added.

LIEUTENANT BOURKE, United States Army, has seen more snakes than any man in the country. The Lieutenant, who is on the staff of General Sheridan, says he witnessed a Moqui snake dance in which naked Indians danced round a great circle, carrying rattlesnakes in their hands and even in their mouths, to the accompaniment of the serpents' rattles. Huge heaps of writhing, wriggling snakes, some of which were nearly six feet long, were grouped around the grand lodge of the Moqui high priest, and the celebrants, as they passed from one to another of these piles, seized whole armfuls of the reptiles, which they deposited near a sacred altar, but, at the same time, never relinquishing the snakes which they held between their teeth.

IN London, recently, Mr. J. Brander Mathews suggested to Mr. Austin Dobson the framing of a code of laws for the composition of *vers de société*, or, as Mr. Dobson prefers to call them, "familiar verse." The next day he received a note from the author of "Proverbs in Prose," containing these twelve maxims, which are here reproduced from the *Philadelphia Press*: I. Never be vulgar; II. Avoid slang and puns; III. Avoid inversions; IV. Be sparing of long words; V. Be colloquial, but not commonplace; VI. Choose the lightest and brightest of measures; VII. Let the rhymes be frequent, but not forced; VIII. Let them be rigorously exact to the ear; IX. Be as witty as you like; X. Be serious by accident; XI. Be pathetic with the greatest discretion; XII. Never ask if the writer of these rules has observed them himself.

HUMOROUS.

MUGGINS says he don't wonder that his sweetheart is afraid of lightning—she is so awfully attractive.

"What is your income?" was asked of a noted Bohemian in Paris. "It is hard to tell," was the reply, "but in good years I can borrow 10,000 francs."

It was somewhat hard on the student when his friend complimented him on his choice of a retired locality that he should have said, "You could read and write here from morning till night, and no human being be a bit the wiser."

"Hope for bald heads?" angrily exclaims the editor of the *Jersey City Journal*, after reading the heading of a newspaper advertisement, "Now hope is not what we want. We need hair."